

It is nighttime. The van guard and four Squeeze children are standing on the centre of the prison roof, with an open hatch immediately nearby and ten helicopters in a circle surrounding them. The van remains on the edge of the building, on the special lift for road vehicles. The guard speaks to the group 'Let's get these gerbils, then...' Cellphone replies 'Can I just have one? Philip would never know! They're just so adorable!' The guard is stern 'No. He's the kind of person to check absolutely everything. One animal goes missing, we all get on the wrong side of him and he won't cooperate at all. Now let's go.' The guard leads the way to the van as he speaks 'I will be driving you from now on, by the way. The previous driver's shift has finished.' Lightbulb is curious 'All he has to do is drive people to the prison?' The guard chuckles 'No! Policing this country is extremely complicated now, with all the wacky rules and all. He's a driver but a part time philosopher, too. One of the best. I'm Dave Garrison, by the way.' Dave smiles.

Dave starts to open the van's back door with his key as Potato Chip has a question 'Isn't Dave the name of someone who is most likely to be a criminal?' Dave replies as he opens the door, revealing many gerbils and gerbil toys in a cage 'Yes, and it tears me up inside.' Cellphone looks into the van in awe 'How can anyone who spends his life with such creatures ever be angry?' Dave replies 'That's for the criminal profiler to find out. Personally, I think Philip is crazy, you're right.' Dave climbs into the van and drags the cage out. Lightbulb talks to the animals 'Bye, little fellas. We had some good times together.' Now Cheeseburger has a question 'Why is Dave associated with crime, though?' Dave replies 'I don't know. Maybe because it rhymes with grave? As in 'I'm Dave and I'll put you in a grave'. That sounds offensive, though.' Cellphone is warm 'But it's ok for you to say it as that's your name!' Dave nods as he carries the cage towards the hatch. The children follow.

Biffridton Biffson is still in front of the super still and standing Ken, Biff, Henry, Gary, Bjorn, Ryu, Philip and Peshwari Nan and pizzas are still on the floor. Philip twiddles his fingers with excitement and then starts to jump up and down. Biffridton is cold 'I'd stop that if I was you. Unless of course you want to touch those invisible walls, again. I mean... ow! Am I right?' Philip is even colder as he stops jumping 'You don't scare me, Biff.' Biffridton corrects Philip 'Biffridton. Biffridton Biffson.' Philip replies 'No, it's Biff. Because no one is called Biffridton. Not even you.' Biffridton responds 'You may have been a powerful person before, Phillip, but you're not anymore and you really should be treating me with respect.' Philip jumps up and down again as he speaks 'No, you respect ME. I will after all, be very soon receiving as many gerbils as I could ever want.' He stops jumping again 'Ok, ok, fine, you can never have enough gerbils, but YOU'RE the one working for me. Not the other way around.' Knocking on the door behind Biffridton is heard.

The cop opens the door to reveal the four kids and Dave carrying the gerbils in the cage. They enter the room as Philip starts crying with happiness. 'My gerbils! They're here!' Cellphone says 'I like them, too. Can I have one?' Philip sighs 'Ah, Cellphone, daughter of my good friend Bjorn Squeeze. This is indeed a difficult situation.' Bjorn says 'Cellphone! What did I tell you about not being greedy?? You have brought shame to your father. Apologise, now!' Cellphone looks to the floor and replies, sheepish 'Sorry, Philip the Angry Gerbil. You have every right to be an angry gerbil.' Bjorn nods 'That's better!' Peshwari nan says 'Oh come on! What's one gerbil, Philip? Aren't these sweet children deserving of a reward? They have after all, turned

their backs on crime, which is more than anyone here can say.' Bjorn turns to Peshwari Nan 'I appreciate your kindness, but my children need to learn to respect others. That's all.'

Dave coughs 'Anyway! Me and the kids better get on our way to find Keema Nan and the Sausage Roll Killer!' Biffriton turns to Dave 'Of course. But prioritise the SRK... It's just that... you mentioned Keema Nan, first...' Dave laughs 'My word! I did, didn't I?' Biffriton nods 'Yes, you did.' Dave winks 'Ok. Well, best get going!' The fivesome led by Dave make their way up the super tall staircase and reach the top of the prison again. Dave opens the van's front door and sits in the driver seat. He then speaks warmly 'Come on, kids! Get in! You're going to have to squeeze together, though... Hang on... Is that where you got your surname from?' Cheeseburger replies as the four children squash themselves in the vehicle 'No, our dad's ancestor was famous for hugging people. It's a very common surname in Norway. Very friendly people.' Dave replies 'Ah yes. Of course. May I call you 'Cheesy'?' Cheeseburger looks puzzled 'Cheesy Squeeze?' Dave looks embarrassed 'No. That sounds silly. Please forgive me.'

Dave looks ahead and speaks to apparently no one 'Lift, take us down'. The lift slowly lowers, resulting in a view of the prison walls on the left and a countryside view with the occasional tree on the right. When on the ground, Dave starts the engine and turns the radio on. The song playing goes 'Gerbil, gerbil, gerbil!' over a techno beat. Then it says 'Gerbil love'. Dave chuckles 'Ah, gerbil-core music, the most popular music in the world because of the now notorious music mogul slash gerbil dealer that is Philip the Angry Gerbil.' Potato Chip comments 'This music is crap...' Dave responds 'I know. But it's fashion now and we just have to deal with it.' When the song ends, an advert is heard 'Do YOU like blowing things up? Then Timmy's TNT is for you! Is rubbish music driving you crazy? Then take your anger out on someone else's car and tick 'em off with Timmy's...' Dave turns the radio off and comments 'maybe it's for the best if we don't have the radio on...' The car pulls away as Cellphone speaks 'We're going off road?' Dave is cool 'We sure are. Things might get a little bumpy...' Dave turns on the super powerful headlights that shine far into the distance.

After a few minutes of bumpy rural driving in repeating scenery, Dave spots a mysterious man far away, shining a torch on the ground as he walks up and down. Dave asks 'Who in the world is that?' The children shrug their shoulders. As Dave drives towards him, he gets clearer and clearer. (As he would). Dave smiles 'Constable Smith?? What's he doing here? I haven't heard from him in God knows how long!' Dave soon reaches the cop and pulls up by his side. He then winds the window down so he can talk to him 'Smithy boy! What are YOU doing here??' Smith is friendly 'Oh, same old, same old, really...' Dave responds jokingly 'And what is that, my friend?' Smith is annoyed 'Some punks are dumping spoons in random places, all over the country! The problem is only getting worse.' Dave looks sad 'Wow. Well I hope you find who's responsible!' Smith is curious 'What about you? What are you doing? I bet it's important. More important than my work, eh?'

Dave replies, almost annoyed 'All cops do work that is valuable, don't you ever forget that!' Smith winks 'And what equally valuable work are you doing, friend?' Dave responds 'We're looking for Keema Nan and the Sausage Roll Killer...' Smith looks

surprised 'The SRK? You're looking for public enemy number 1, I'm looking for spoons and we're supposed to be equal?' Dave sighs 'Smith, no one likes a litterer.' Smith says 'Fair point, fair point. Anyway, I'm praying no one makes a new law saying dumping spoons is fine, otherwise all my time will be wasted!' Dave replies 'Oh I wouldn't worry. Most people just make up laws that make other people speed. God knows why.' Smith asks 'Have you been made to speed?' Dave looks defeated 'Look... It's dark and there's no one around for miles... Maybe it's ok to... bend the rules, a little... sometimes... Right?' Smith nods 'Of course. I understand. Will you still be jailing others who don't drive fast enough?' Dave is cold 'Yes. Of course.'

Smith tries to lighten the atmosphere 'Anyway, look at these spoon I've collected!' Dave leaves his van so he can get a better look. The children leave, simply because they were squashed. Smith retrieves a spoon from his pocket and holds it right in Dave's face. The van driver reads the writing on the utensil out loud 'James woz ere?' Smith looks puzzled 'What's it mean?' Dave replies 'I have no idea... I mean there are thousands of people called James in this country alone... How many people called James are capable of graffitiiing on spoons? Not a clue...' Smith replies 'Well whoever it was better be ashamed of himself. Fancy committing two crimes in one go. A litterer and a vandal AT THE SAME TIME? Here's clearly a very dangerous offender.' Dave responds 'Exactly. An animal.' Smith says 'People like him shouldn't be allowed to tell other people how fast they should drive...' Dave is awkward 'I agree, but keep it down. You don't want to be labelled as anti government. If you end up going to jail, you know what will happen to you? You'd get taunted endlessly.'

Smith is cool 'I know.' Dave cheers up 'Anyway, must go! There are villains to imprison!' Smith lightens up as well 'Of course. Well nice seeing you, we should meet up properly when all the madness is over.' Dave says 'Oh and it will be over. Soon. Very soon. Almost all of the country's worst offenders have been caught already!' Smith replies 'Oh, I know! Anyway, bye!' Dave and the kids get back in the van as Smith continues walking up and down with his torch. Dave drives away and starts a conversation 'You know, kids? You're probably going to have to go to a home for troubled children, soon. It will be a lot of fun, though. There's already a band of loopy children there who play classic pop music. The band are called 'The Brave Little Sausages.' Cellphone is delighted 'Well, pepper my uncle!' Dave says 'Glad you're happy.' Potato Chip is curious 'Can you turn the radio back on, please? Maybe someone will call James's radio show with a sighting of the SRK...' Dave looks thoughtful 'That's good thinking. Hang on, why not call the police instead?' Potato Chip sighs 'Do you really think people have faith in people like Smith or Sexy Moon Bazooka?'

Dave replies 'That's an interesting point. But Sexy Moon Bazooka is the Prime Minister.' Potato Chip responds 'Oh. Isn't that a funny name for such a person?' Dave says 'Yes, it's exceptionally strange. I think it's an Italian name or something. Anyway, I'll turn the radio on, then.' James is heard 'Wow, that was some of the best gerbil core I've ever heard. Music mogul and gerbil dealer, Philip the Angry Gerbil has been wrongly imprisoned! I mean how can someone who specialises in such a benign form of music commit any kind of crime? It doesn't make sense! I encourage everyone out there do dump spoons with your name on as a form of protest!' Dave facepalms with one hand on the wheel 'Of course! It was James Ziegler who wrote on the spoon! How didn't I realise that??' Cheeseburger points to a leafy tree in the

distance 'Is that Keema Nan hiding in a tree?' Dave is calm 'I don't know, but let's check it out.'

After a short drive, Dave stops his van by the tree and leaves his vehicle along with the children. Dave looks up through the leaves in a daze 'Keema Nan? You there?' There is no response. Lightbulb comments 'I think the confusion was the tree looks old. Like Keema Nan. Definitely older than the other trees.' Dave agrees 'Yes, fair point. And what would an old lady be doing high up in a tree?' Cheeseburger responds 'I like climbing trees...' Dave replies 'Why do you climb trees, then?' Cheeseburger replies 'To chill out and have fun... Would you like to try?' Dave is determined 'No. I have work to do. We all do. Now let's get back in the van.' Everyone does so to the sound of more Radio James. The DJ continues 'You want to know how to REALLY screw with people? Bend the spoons before dumping them. That way the police will believe those dumping the items have special spoon bending powers! Sure it's possible to bend spoons with your fingers, but spoon bending is more associated with the paranormal than it is vandalism!'

Dave exhales 'James is an idiot.' The driver tries to start the van, but it doesn't work. He clenches his fists 'Great. We're stuck in the middle of nowhere with an idiot on the radio.' James has more to say: 'If you burn the spoons in a bonfire for a while, the police would more than likely assume the damage was caused by some REALLY strong paranormal activity...' Dave turns the radio off and speaks 'Nope, I can't stand him anymore. I'm going to have to phone the prison, explaining our situation.' Dave retrieves a mobile from his pocket and makes a call 'Hello, Biffidton? My van won't start, I'm stuck... I'm not missing out on anything too great, but it is odd, you say? What's that mean?... I should see the look on Philip's face as he's playing with his gerbils? It's freaking you out?... Actually I do want to see that... I don't understand?... Can you maybe make a video of him and share it with me? I'm more than curious... Why is now not the time?... Oh never mind, then. Anyway, can you get someone to pick me up, please?... Ok great, bye.'

Back in the prison everyone is in the exact same position as before, but a cage of gerbils and their toys are in the front corner of the room. Philip lets two gerbils climb all over him as he stands completely still. He doesn't want the invisible walls surrounding him to zap him, after all. The look on his face is one of pure joy. Looking shifty, Biffidton makes a video of Philip, hoping he won't notice. Philip starts to sing a gentle song 'Gerbil, oh gerbil, gerbils are cool.' Philip notices Biffidton filming him and stares through his soul 'Do you have a problem there, buddy?' Biffidton is nervous 'No, no... No problem at all. I'm just trying to understand, that's all. So... why are you acting like this?... Buddy?' Philip is cold 'Why am I acting like this? Like what? I like singing sweet songs to gerbils and that's somehow something to question?' Biffidton backs away slightly as he pockets his phone 'No, no. Not at all. Please continue...'