

Various bits of gas masks fall from a large tube on the wall, almost as high as the ceiling into a huge bucket on the floor as a dozen or so workers assemble the parts into finished products then toss them behind them. Other workers take the completed masks, put them in a trolley and lead them out of the building. The rest of the room is bare and made with concrete. A man wearing a military uniform with medals, stands with his hands on his hips as he shouts over the hubbub to the workers 'Listen!' The workers continue with their tasks as they shout 'Yes Sir??' The man continues 'Area 5000 has ordered you all to make and distribute as many of these masks as is humanly possible, enough for the whole country in fact. Let's be clear, millions and millions, other countries are making their own. Any questions??' Everyone says 'No, sir!' The boss replies 'Really? I'd have questions... You're not even a little bit curious?' A worker shouts 'Are we reenacting a World War 1 battle, sir?' The boss says 'A good answer, but no. Anyone else?' Another worker shouts 'Are we planning for an invasion?' The boss says 'Perfect! An invasion involving surprise, surprise, gas. And not only gas, but gas from the moon, which is different!'

Another worker says 'Sir, we're not used to making as many masks and this fast, we're only men!' The boss says 'Well what do you think is worse, being very busy or dying an agonising death?' The worker replies 'The death, sir.' The boss says 'Good. That's what I wanted to hear now keep working!' He then walks to the bucket and wears a mask. He speaks, muffled 'Perfect. I feel gas-proof already!' He takes the mask off, winks and strolls to the exit. Outside in the sunlight is an industrial town with massive, block-shaped and featureless concrete warehouses on both sides of the road. Travelling on such roads are lorries carrying various goods, whilst other lorries are parked on the sides as workers in tatty jeans load them with sealed boxes. In the distance is an equally busy T-junction and behind that is a coal power plant. How do I explain its shape? Hm. How about like upside-down mugs with thick smoke coming out of the top? Or like huge tubes that gradually get wider at the bottom, there you go.

The gas mask boss approaches a worker loading a lorry and starts a conversation with him as the latter continues to work. The former is jovial 'Hey! Business is really booming for me, I've been told by the secret services to manufacture millions and millions of gas masks, boy did that come out of nowhere!' The worker chuckles 'If only I could say the same thing, the fish industry is crashing as a strange monster keeps eating all the fish! These boxes? Half empty.' The boss looks sympathetic 'Is that a fact? Can't anyone stop it?' The worker sighs 'Oh you have no idea, it's very, very devious. It's almost like it has the intelligence of a human, it's like he's onto everyone's plans, it always swims away from fishing boats and it even attacks them!' The boss says 'It's really eaten that many fish?' The worker says 'It's crazy, isn't it? The other fishermen joke that we should call the secret services about that!' The boss says 'Well, if it's eating all your fish maybe that's a good idea. You know what? I'll phone Area 5000 when I get the chance.'

In the moon base's observation room, the gang stares at the various screens. Philip points to the industrial town and darkly says 'Why has the gas mask facility upped its production so dramatically in the last few minutes? This is just as I feared, they've got some intelligence about me and my plans, I know it. Do you have anything to do with this, Ryu?' Ryu trembles 'What?? Me?? No!' Philip continues 'And what about you, Ken and Biff? Nothing to hide?' Ken and Biff shake as well and shout 'No!' in

unison. Philip growls 'Good. So what do you think has been happening?' Ryu stutters 'It... could just be a p-precaution...' Philip gives an evil laugh 'A precaution? Is that the best you can do? Millions of masks as a precaution? Do you have any idea how much that would cost?' Ryu replies '.... Fancy dress?' Philip is cold 'Was that supposed to be funny?' Ryu looks down 'Yes, sir.' Philip replies 'Well it wasn't.' Henry gives an optimistic smile 'On the plus side, fish processing plants are apparently working at a suboptimal level suggesting there is at least something wrong with Earth's economy. Let's just pray it gets worse!'

Philip puts his hand on Henry's shoulder 'You're a good friend and I completely agree with everything you say. Let's just pray there is enough fish to go around for Earth's precious gerbils.' Philip then puts his hand on Bjorn's shoulder and says 'Bjorn, do your children have mobile phones?' Bjorn is polite 'Yes, sir'. Philip continues 'I want you to contact them. Get as much information from them as you can. You may be a villain and I know your relationship with them has been difficult lately, but you're their father.' Bjorn smiles 'Good idea, sir.' Philip says 'At very least you should be able to gather intelligence on the overall mood of the planet, who knows...' Philip chuckles '... they may even be working for the secret services!' Bjorn laughs 'Ha, good one, sir. Contacting my children a swell idea! The only reason I didn't suggest that is because I'm too concerned with your plans of world domination.'

In Area 5000, the shadowy figures stare at the screens as the secret service boss shouts 'Workers, this situation is very, very grave obviously but there is another issue you need to be aware of. There have been reports of a huge marine beast eating as much of the local fish as it possibly can. Any ideas what it can be?' A man shouts 'The fish version of the Sausage Roll Killer?' The boss says 'Bingo! We can't have him depleting even more of Earth's resources so I want someone here to capture him.' The man from before replies 'The fish is as good as dead, sir.' The boss says 'No! I want him alive, I want as much information from him as you can get!' The man replies 'Of course, sir.' The man walks out of the room. The boss says 'On the plus side, gas mask production is on target and I see no reason why the whole country won't be able to get gas masks within the next 48 hours! The various works say 'woo...'

A mobile rings from Cheeseburger's pocket. He takes the call '... Dad??...' Everyone turns to face the boy. He continues 'Why are you calling me now??... Because you love me?... Why did you leave me then?... Because you had to? I don't have to put up with your excuses... You want me to give information about Earth to your criminal gang, are you out of your mind??... You want to know why gas mask production has increased so much?...' The boss whispers to the other workers 'I think Philip knows the kids are with us...' Cheeseburger continues 'Again, why all the gas masks?... Ok, I'll tell you. They're going to be used to reenact a huge World War 1 battle!...' The boss whispers 'No!...' The child says 'I mean they're to protect us from French people. We can't trust them.' The boss whispers again 'Say you don't want to speak to him anymore and hang up.' Cheeseburger does so.

In the observation room, Philip looks through his gang and says 'I think the kids ARE working for the secret services, you know? I know the boss of Area 5000, he's a man called Arthur Noble and he has a very distinctive whisper, I really do think I heard

him.' Bjorn pulls an impressed face 'Your hearing ability astounds me...' Ryu laughs nervously 'Personally I couldn't hear a thing!' Philip asks 'You don't think that was all in my mind, do you?' Gary is cool 'Never underestimate the power of the subconscious. Maybe you saw the children with the secret services on one of the screens in the corner of your eye or something like that. I once saw a beef burger in the corner of my eye and I was instantly hungry. And I wasn't just randomly hungry, I genuinely wanted a beef burger!' Philip says 'That's a very interesting story and you may well be onto something. Let's just keep an eye on the screens, eh?'

Ryu looks at Philip and pulls a tearfully sad face as he says 'I just wanted to say...' Philip already looks angry 'Yes?' Ryu says 'I just wanted to say... I'm so sad I keep letting you down. And Ken and Biff are SO sorry for crashing your beloved helicopter. Aren't you?' Ken and Biff look to the floor looking even more sad. Ryu continues 'How about we go to the kitchen and make you something special? It will calm you down in this tense situation. We're quite the cooks!' Philip looks up in frustration 'Ok. You do that then. You can do that whilst I contact King Woo about how I can send gas missiles to Earth without them being destroyed, and what I can do about this whole gas mask situation.' Ryu, Ken and Biff leave the room, eyes to the floor. Henry says 'I wonder what they will cook!' Philip says 'Oh me too. I actually have an impressive range of herbs and spices!' Henry says 'You don't really trust them though, do you?' Philip laughs 'God no. Let's see what they do... In the meantime, I have a call to make.'

King Woo of planet Boo is enjoying a relaxing bubble bath in a golden tub. Fixed to its side and in front of the alien's face is a golden microphone and a golden speaker is fixed to the ceiling. The toilet is also gold and the carpet is a brilliant white and EXTRA fluffy. An alien with a planet Boo accent is heard from the speaker, saying 'Incoming call from Philip the Angry Gerbil.' King Woo sighs and says 'Take the call.' Now Philip is heard from the speaker 'Hello, dear King Woo?' The alien says 'Yes, Philip?' Philip says 'We can't send missiles to Earth or they'll get shot down with laser pens, and we can't send gas missiles either. Not only that, everyone will soon have gas masks anyway. So what do we do?' King Woo says 'Stealth flying saucers! It's just that... I'm so lazy...' Philip says 'No problem, you can get your generals to command the army...' King Woo's eyes light up 'That's easy...' Philip says 'Ok, stealth flying saucers. Sorted. Now what to do about the gas masks?' King Woo says 'Make your gas even stronger. There is only so much your everyday gas masks can do.' Philip says 'And how do I do that?' King Woo says 'You send me your gas and my scientists will do the rest.'

In the moon base kitchen, white, wooden cupboards on the ground surround (almost) the whole area. In between some of them is a metallic sink and an oven with a grill on top of it. The wallpaper is decorated with repeating pictures of cartoon fish. Ryu talks to Ken and Biff in front of him 'Look, you know the real reason why we're here. We know for a fact we're never getting vaccinated meaning we're already dead. We HAVE to get out of here.' Ken says 'How??' Ryu says 'I can slip through the gaps in doorways, but you? I have no idea...' Biff says 'There must be some explosives around here...' Ken points his finger upwards and says 'The missiles! Of course!' Ryu laughs 'Why didn't I think of that?? Of course, we blow the missiles up and escape! We can kill everyone else here, who cares?' Ben says 'I do like Bjorn Squeeze, though. He's so charming...' Ryu says 'I agree, we need to

rescue Bjorn. But everyone else? Who...'

Knocking on the door is heard. Ryu says 'Come in!' The door opens to reveal Philip with a curious gaze. 'So... what's going on here? What are you making?' Ryu taps his fingers on his hand 'Oh, er... extra delicious pasta. Best pasta ever!' Philip is cold 'The speakers in the observation room would suggest otherwise. Every room in this building? Fully monitored if I want it to be, my good friend. What would you do if you were in my situation?' Ryu is sheepish 'Cook you even better pasta than the best pasta ever?' Philip says 'Yes, you do that. Make me the best pasta ever, or even better pasta than that. You can stay here whilst I think what to do with you. I will of course be locking the door behind me. You understand, of course. And if you try to squeeze through the gap, Ryu? You're REALLY dead.' Philip marches out of the room. Ryu says to Ken and Biff 'We better get working!' Biff says 'I don't know how to make such a pasta! No one here does!' Ken says 'You've really screwed things up, haven't you?' Ryu sighs 'Oh yes, I forgot. We're being monitored...'

In Area 5000, the boss shouts to all his employees 'Philip clearly has a bigger surveillance system than we ever could have imagined but what he doesn't seem to know is the special bed is at least partially onto him. We have to stop him and of course the evil army, but for the last time how? If anyone suggests we simply repair the magic bed, I will scream. For the SUPER last time, it's being worked on by two of the country's finest minds. Again, forget the flipping bed.' A worker says 'I suppose if they're so keen on watching us, we show how powerful we really are. We deploy all our troops, our tanks, our warplanes, our battleships, our everything at the same time. Show Philip we're not scared.' The boss says 'Simple. Beautiful.' Cellphone says 'And we make more laser pens...' The boss says 'Yes! And we make more laser pens! Boy am I proud of you!' Potato Chip says 'And when we win the war, we all eat crisps!' The boss says 'Yeah! But not just any crisps, pickled gerbil flavour!'

Back in the observation room, with the gang (excluding Ryu, Ken and Biff), Philip makes a statement 'Friends, we need to send my special gas to planet Boo so King Woo can make it even stronger. How? At this point I do not know, however if I had to guess the ingredients are exclusive to the alien planet. An ingredient that is super deadly to humans but not at all to gerbils? Could be anything.' Bjorn is unsure 'Weaponised gerbil food, sir?' Philip shrugs his shoulders 'I don't know what that is, but maybe. Let's all head to the missile room. On the way we can ponder even harder what Woo will put inside the weapons. Paprika? It was worth a shot...' The group head to the door whilst rubbing their chins. Henry says 'Those weird gold leaves you sometimes get on gourmet burgers?' Philip laughs 'That was very creative, I liked that!' Gary says 'Biscuits with jam in them...' Philip laughs again 'Oh maybe, maybe...'