

Back in the hotel lobby, Knee Pleb still stands behind the reception desk with the receptionist by his side. Epic Dave stares at KP hard and says 'Listen, Knee Pleb, I know this is hard for you, but you need to apologise to Philip and then King Woo, you need to be as kind as sweet as possible, it's the only way of saving the galaxy... Ideally someone else would do the call, but I know how bossy you are. No, I've changed my mind, let me speak to him! Or at least to Bjorn Squeeze, he should be at least relatively easy to talk to...' KP is cold 'No.' ED sighs 'You are joking?' KP continues 'I'm taking this call or I'm kicking you out of this hotel. THAT'S how bossy I am!' ED says 'That's really bossy...' KP says 'That's what being called 'Knee Pleb' has done to me. It's scarred me, all the aliens here have been similarly traumatised and you're just going to have to get used to that!' Spork, No Feet, and Fuzz say 'Right...' in unison. The receptionist adds 'I don't like simply being called 'The Receptionist' either...'

Peshwari nan looks offended 'Well I've learnt how to embrace my name, there's nothing wrong with me and I'm certainly not rude. A bit rebellious, maybe...' ED says 'To be fair though, you did call yourself 'Peshwari Nan', didn't you? Who in their right mind would name themselves 'Knee Pleb'? KP nods 'Right! Anyway, I'm taking the call Dave, so you better get used to the idea.' There is an annoyed silence. KP then says 'Receptionist, give my Bjorn's mobile number.' The receptionist says 'Let me dial it for you...' She does so as ED and PN bite their lips nervously. ED shakes his head dramatically 'No, stop!' KP says 'What now?' ED shouts 'Don't do this! You're just going to make things worse!' KP says 'Look, I haven't called you a twat or a bellend in a while now have I? I've changed my ways, now let me go back to saving the galaxy!' ED covers his face with his hands.

KP speaks into the phone 'Ah, Mr. Squeeze, do you mind if I call you 'Bjorn'?... Oh that's great. Look, I got off to a bad start with your beloved leader Philip the Angry Gerbil. I in no way meant to insult him. No way at all. Or of course, you. Or anyone. This whole dispute is mad, isn't it? No one wins! How about we all make friends with each other and go back to our normal lives?... You've already sent dozens of missiles to Earth?' Everyone in the lobby looks horrified, but KP keeps his cool and continues 'Wow. That's big. Can you like... blow them up before they reach Earth, please?... That at least could be a possibility? Oh, that's great news!' Everyone wipes their foreheads. KP says 'Yeah, but can you hurry with that, I bet you don't you twat.' ED stares into space for a good few seconds then scratches his head. He says 'No... You see... Sorry, what?... What just happened?' KP is cool 'I called Bjorn 'a twat'. Oh, he's hung up on me.' ED stares some more and eventually screams 'NO!!!!'

Dave the van driver drives over mostly featureless grassland (there some scattered trees) at crazy speeds with Sexy Moon Bazooka by his side. Dozens of missiles are high in the sky. The former man shouts 'Are you ok, back there???' to the people in the back, those being Air Chief Marshal Ziegler, Captain Mental and the four Squeeze children. The group shout 'Yes, Sir!' in unison. SMB is calm 'Right, Dave. Like all good secret areas, Area 5,000 is underground. We're approaching it right now, so you can slow down a little.' Dave does so and says 'Wow, a secret base near a military base and the weirdest hotel imaginable... It does explain why house prices are higher around here, I once thought it was because of the scenery... SMB chuckles 'The views do help, but no this is where many of the people who work for

the government live...' Dave says 'Are they like... mentally ill?... I'm just saying, I've been to the hotel and everyone there was a freak.' SMB says 'They're happy living in their homes...'

SMB's mobile rings from his pocket and he takes the call 'Hello?... You're Knee Pleb, the alien? How did you get my number? Is this a prank call?... You're being deadly serious? You've insulted Philip the Angry Gerbil's gang and King Woo of planet Boo because it's in your nature and they may have got mad with you and started a full scale war with Earth in revenge?... He may well have sent loads of missiles to me already, but if he ever says he's done that, it is possible he could be bluffing, which is something?... No, that's what's happened, I can see the missiles riiiiight now... I've actually contacted all the world leaders about this whole nightmare of a situation. I sent them the same sorry text at the same time and I don't mean to make you feel guilty, but it was the very worst few minutes of my life... And you've just called me a 'twat'?... You're so sorry again?... It's just your nature? Hello?...'

SMB pockets his phone.

Dave sighs as he drives 'What's wrong now?' SMB says 'Everything just keeps getting weirder and weirder. Apparently this whole nightmare of a situation was caused by a mysterious alien called 'Knee Pleb', who somehow got my phone number, and...' SMB's mobile rings once more and he takes the call 'Hello?... Philip the Angry Gerbil??... You're just calling me to let me know every parliament on Earth will be destroyed in less than an hour?... Yeah about that, is there a way for you to blow the missiles up before they reach my planet? I mean we can negotiate... I'm outnumbered by countless millions of aliens? Oh. Well that makes sense, then. Is that all then Philip? How's things? Not feeling sad, anxious, a little blue? Oh that's good. Ok, bye. Bye, bye...' Dave asks 'Philip's gone mad, hasn't it?' SMB says 'On the contrary, he says he's feeling pretty good...' Dave says 'Oh. That's nice for him...'

Here, ALL the walls are completely covered with TV screens, (much like Philip's CCTV room but times by four!) each showing different images. Some are tracking the missiles and display various writings including the speeds of the warheads and their distances from Earth. Other screens show people in the fair screaming and running around in circles, another shows Dave's van approaching the base. As the only lighting comes from the TVs, the room is fairly dark. The team of twenty or so men wearing suits and sunglasses look more like shadows. The boss stands out however, as he is about a foot taller than everyone else and he occasionally mumbles 'I'm the boss' as he stares at the TVs with an analytical face. Why? Could be narcissism or even the complete opposite, a sign of low self-esteem.

The boss stops mumbling and says 'Team, I've been staring at these screens for what seems like a lifetime now and all I've learnt is that missiles are approaching us all and everyone is scared. How in God's name are we going to stop those damn missiles??' A team member puts his hand up and the boss yes 'Yes?' The member sounds particularly thoughtful and he probably looks that way, too 'No laser on Earth is powerful enough to shoot one of those missiles down let alone all of them, but how about... now bear with me...' The boss probably looks intrigued 'Yes?...' The member continues 'How many laser pens are on this planet?' The boss says 'You're not suggesting?...' The member replies 'Indeed I am. We get everyone on this planet

who owns a laser pen, we're likely talking millions and millions of people here, to aim the pointers at the warheads when in range!' The boss is curious 'And what is the range of an everyday laser pen?' The member says 'Not so good. HOWEVER, times not so good by millions and what you get is something VERY good!'

The boss says 'You've impressed me. And how do you plan on getting everyone on Earth to shoot down the missiles within less than an hour?' The member responds 'Through an emergency TV program and text messages.' The boss says 'Perfect. There is a very strong chance that you've saved the world already, so expect a promotion.' The member says 'Thank you, Sir!' The boss looks at a screen and says 'Great, Sexy Moon Bazooka and his team are just outside this base's entrance. Someone open the gate and get them through security!' Another team member says 'Yes, Sir!' and leaves the room. The boss says 'Well I say we're about to save the world, not all the laser pens in the world can stop millions of invading aliens which is likely a risk. I should have said we've saved the world from this first wave of missiles. I hope I didn't get anyone's hopes up...' Another member says 'No, Sir. We understand.' The boss simply says 'Good'.

Yet another member puts his hand up and says 'Sir, I think it's important to keep our spirits up. We know people in the fair are running around in circles, we all get the point. How about using one of the TV screens here to show some funny videos? I recommend James Ziegler's stand up routine, it's just him reading out jokes for four solid hours!' The boss sighs 'How about a single joke to keep our spirits up rather than a comedy marathon?' The member replies 'Sure. Why was the missile in the country evil?' The boss asks why?' The member is cheerful 'It was a bomb in nation!!' The boss says 'I don't think we need four hours of that. I get the joke, though.' The member says 'I'm trying to think of a joke about Philip the Angry Gerbil. Something about drum Phils? There's a joke in there SOMEWHERE.' The boss is annoyed 'Look I appreciate your lighthearted take on the world, but now is not the time.'

Dave the van driver and the rest of his group led by the second team member are out of breath as they enter the room. The boss says 'Hello, nice meeting you all.' SMB says 'Hello, Sir. I've been informed that our mission is to get everyone on Earth with a laser pen to shoot down the approaching missiles. It's a solid plan, and I am impressed.' The member who came up with the idea says 'Swish!' SMB continues 'We need to get the public information film done, ASAP. That was a first rate idea, too. But let's not film it here, eh? In the country's most secretive building, I mean.' The boss says 'Of course. How about a few metres away in the fields? No one would ever know. It's not ideal, but our time is of course, very limited.' Cheeseburger says 'This place is SO cool!' The boss says 'Did you really have to bring the children here?' SMB says 'Oh, they won't cause any trouble. Let them just watch the people in the fair running around.' Potato Chip says 'It's really funny...' Captain Mental sighs 'It's NOT funny, Potato Chip.' Cellphone says 'Hang on, wouldn't it make more sense if a news studio made the emergency broadcast, rather than us? I mean... it sounds a million times easier... I mean us setting up cameras, shifting equipment around secretly and all... know what I mean?' The boss scratches his head '... Good girl. I'll message the news team right now.'

A serious looking and smartly dressed news reporter in his 40s sits behind a desk in

a well lit room, with large windows behind him and a city view. Various papers are by his sides. 'News just in, I'm sure most of us have noticed many missiles approaching us at alarming speeds. However, I'm urging all of you not to panic and to simply grab hold of all the laser pens you own and shine them at the approaching weapons. Those good at DIY may want to sellotape multiple laser pens together so you can fire more than one at the same time, if possible. Pretty cool! I'm sure many of you are wondering why the missiles are coming from the moon and why the world's gerbil trade has crashed. Well, it's because Philip the Angry Gerbil - the world's leading gerbil expert - has gone mad, left the planet and formed an evil military base on the moon. Scary I know, but try not to worry, one single person could never take on the whole Earth. Unless other aliens helped him of something, but that sounds crazy!' The reporter smiles unconvincingly.

Back in Area 5000, everyone is watching the news program on one of the screens. The boss says 'Well... all we can do is wait. Wait until the biggest light show the world has ever seen...' Lightbulb says 'That was really badass, sir. If a film ever gets made of this whole situation, that line should appear in the trailer...' The boss says 'Glad we're on the same wavelength. How about this: 'This is a laser pandemic!' Lightbulb claps with respect. The boss says 'Anyway, enough of that. TV screens, show me films all around the world of major towns and suburbs.' The screens do so, revealing people looking up to the approaching missiles with laser pens in their hands. The boss says 'Good, everything is going to plan. Now we need to work out what we're going to do about a full blown alien invasion...' Air Chief Marshal Ziegler says 'Oh that doesn't scare me. My men have trained their whole lives for this situation. Or rather... planed.'

Philip the angry Gerbil, his gerbils and the rest of his gang are in a cozy room sitting on leather sofas. The walls are a soothing blue and a neon sign saying 'Contemplation room' hangs from the ceiling. Smooth jazz plays as Henry and Gary eat salmon and sardines, respectively. Philip asks a question to the group 'Fellas, why hasn't Earth contacted me about the whole missile situation, recently? You'd think it would be a big deal...' Bjorn says 'Maybe we should go to the surveillance room to see what's going on...' Philip says 'No, we need to contemplate and this is the best place to do so. So, any ideas?' Bjorn is nervous 'With all due respect, I really do think the surveillance room is the best room to be in right now. Philip... please. You need to get your head together...' Philip coughs 'Of course. I'm very sorry, I don't know what came over me. You're right. Of course you are. Let's go there now. See what happens when I don't get alone time with my gerbils?' Bjorn says 'Completely understandable.'