

Constable Morgan is lying back on his leather sofa with his hands on the back of his head. His legs are stretched out and resting on a wooden table in front of him. He wriggles his toes in content. A remote control and a closed laptop are sharing his seat. A Gibson Les Paul is on a guitar stand and extra large photos of the same policeman swimming with dolphins are on the walls. He is watching a huge flat screen TV, and on the television is Prime Minister Sexy Moon Bazooka, standing behind a podium. He is very tall and let's face it - sexy, but he has no bazooka. And of course he is mooning no one. Nor does he look like the moon. Maybe he's emotionally distant? Nope, he has the warmest face you could ever dream of. So I'll let it go and move on. The leader's audience is heard on the TV. Some are heard saying 'this guy is crazy', others are saying that they just can't figure his name out.

The PM gives an awkward cough, then speaks with his trademark calming voice. And boy does it have to be calming, my word 'Dearest audience, sweet audience, I'm sorry for letting famous crazy person James Ziegler run a prison instead of sending him to prison, I'm sorry that he let all the prisoners go, I'm sorry that I won't be putting them back in jail, I'm sorry for the crime sprees they've all caused and are causing, and I'm sorry that people across the country are forced to drive at speeds over 100 miles and hour, and indeed in some cases 500 miles per hour. Oh yes, and I'm sorry to say all those not obeying ANY minimum speed limit sign will of course be sent to jail. BUT... I am very proud to say that because of me, we all - that is every single one of us - have the right to free speech and the right to be involved with quite literally ALL decisions that are to do with the running of this great country, from very big to super small.'

Morgan's phone rings from his pocket and he stops wriggling his toes. He takes the call 'Mental?... I am watching the TV, yes... Sexy Moon Bazooka is turning the country to complete chaos? You don't have to tell me that, believe me!... You've tried phoning the Chief about it, but he's not answering?... I agree, we have to try and stop the Prime Minister. Of course he's gone to far, of course he has. Just checking, but you're not a fascist are you?... Of course you're not. It's just Sexy Moon Bazooka keeps calling his opponents fascists and he comes across as very believable. I think that's because he genuinely believes he's right. But he's not right, OBVIOUSLY... Yes I do know the Dominant Egg... He's protesting against the PM as we speak? Wow, that is one cool egg... You've got to some emails to write? Ok, byeeee.' Morgan hangs up and puts his device back in his pocket.

Morgan screws his face up as he talks to himself 'Does this guy actually have some good ideas with his all inclusive society?? I mean I have lots of great ideas this fine country can benefit from. I mean I crack my plastic CD cases all the time. Maybe Sexy Moon Bazooka could set up a company that remoulds the plastic somehow, making the cases look good as new? If making more cases is bad for the environment, I mean. And cardboard CD cases? What's all that about? They wear out in months. They have to be banned. And you know the vinyl sleeves you get? They're easily breakable, too. How about plastic cases for records?? That would be awesome! And let's bring minidisks back. And where the hell do all my socks go? Why not fix socks with some kind of tracking device, just for the sake of curiosity?? Enough of what I think, let's listen to Mr. Moon Bazooka, again.'

SMB gives a nervous smile and talks with less confidence than before 'Audience, I

just want you to stay with me on this one. Ok? So, here goes... We ALL love kittens and puppies, right? Of course we do. So, how about giving them the right to influence this wonderful country we all live in? My team of scientists is working on how to interpret woofs and miaows right this second! The audience moan in outrage. Morgan's phone rings again. He answers it 'Hi, Mental. Yep. I heard that. That was odd. However, I've had a great idea, you know how much I love my CDs, right? How about we fight to make CD cases more durable? Or easier to replace, or something like that?? And you love being honourable, right? How about we make it illegal for people to make cannon or animal sounds when they're around you? They'll go straight to jail!... You think that's too far? I do admire that about you, Mental. You're a great guy. With all due respect, how about we keep watching our TVs? I'm more than curious as to what our leader has to say.... Don't hang up though...'

SMB continues 'I also think that ducks, pigeons and even spiders should have their say. Think about it - ducks know a lot about flapping wings, so people won't have to spend countless hours pondering what that's like anymore, I know I'VE had many wasted days; pigeons know an awful lot about bread, and spiders? Don't even get me started on spiders. So many legs AND eyes!' The audience shout 'NO!' and 'Please stop, please!!!' Morgan speaks into his phone, calm 'NOW he's gone too far... You're going to try and call the Chief, again? Ok, but don't ask his ideas on how to run the country or you're not going to be able to stop him. He'll probably think Moon Bazooka is the greatest Prime Minister of all time. Just mention the ducks and spiders, and all the wacky stuff... Ok, bye...' Morgan pockets his phone again. SMB continues 'And of course elephants, cheetahs and rhinos are equally important as people, too. So, we need to go to Africa, put the animals on a business class flight to the UK and study them! The first thing I want to find out is if they can fly!'

The audience scream like never before. Two massive men wearing sunglasses, and with 'security' written on their black shirts enter the room from behind Sexy Moon Bazooka and whisper in his ears. SMB laughs dismissively 'I've not gone crazy actually, I'm just saying frogs...' The security guards start pulling the Prime Minister to where they came. The PM shouts 'Long live... errr.... beetles!!!!' The leader is now gone. Morgan looks puzzled 'Did he literally mean beetles or THE Beatles. I really would love to know. No, surely he meant the band, with their inspiring songs like 'Come Together' and 'Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da', but FROGS? What have frogs got to say? Apart from maybe 'let's jump 20 times our body length', which I guess is neat. And maybe they'd say 'please don't put me in water and gradually heat it up, otherwise I won't be able to tell when it gets hot'??? (That's a fact, don't gradually heat up water with frogs in it, as they won't jump out! :S)

A teenage, scruffy and male audience member jumps onto the stage and shouts 'Hello, crowds! I am your new leader! If everyone in this country has the right to their opinion, MY opinion is that I should rule you from this moment on! Here's my first law: Everyone, give all of your possessions to me! The audience groan 'You're even worse than the other guy!!' The teenager disagrees 'Nope. Now first up, I want your watches.' Dozens of people invade the stage and everyone tries to push everyone else off. Countless cries of 'I'm the new Prime Minister!' and 'No, I'M the new Prime Minister!!' are heard. This is a black day for politics. A man wearing karate gear jumps to the stage and kicks and punches his way to success. All prior candidates are out cold. The martial arts champion addresses his audience 'I guess I won. Now

give all of you possessions to ME.'

SMB enters the room from the place he left as his two guards are by his sides, arms folded. The karate guy hops off the stage and goes silent. SMB address his audience a further time 'I see lots of you people out there want my job. Unfortunately for you, that's not how it works. Whilst someone with no experience can apply for their right to be lawyers, brain surgeons or pilots, you can't apply for your right to be Prime Minister. You certainly can't just say you are. Imagine that, right? Very funny.' The guards chuckle. The PM continues 'Anyway, about beetles, I think beetles are cool. I also think THE Beatles are cool, so I've made Ringo Starr the head of defence and of course, Sir Paul McCartney is now head of the NHS.' A woman in the audience is heard 'Prime Minister Sensible Sam the Great will be turning in his grave if he knows what you've done to this country!!' SMB looks down in sadness. He speaks calmly 'We ALL miss Sensible Sam the Great, but tragically he died a few days ago, after tripping over his own shoelaces.'

Morgan turns the TV off, opens his laptop, turns it on and places it on his lap. No more lazing about with his feet on a chair, this is serious. He comments to himself 'Hurry up and load, I can't stand this situation any longer.' A computer jingle sounds. Morgan sighs with relief 'Ok, now to open the word program... and... done!' Morgan gets typing 'Dear Sexy Moon Bazooka, I understand your love of democracy. Hell, I admire it, I love it. It's great! But come on, I mean... cats helping run things? Puppies, spiders? You're an intelligent man, a real visionary, but this is madness! You know what I think you should do? Make things the way they were! Things weren't perfect, there were many cockups sure, especially when it came to the pizzafication epidemic, that could have been handled MUCH better, but NOW? Now very little if anything makes ANY sense. Again, just make things the way they were. Please. I'm begging you. The crime rate has increased one thousand fold at least and James Ziegler is now considered just a regular guy. STOP. P.S., I want to talk to you about CD cases! :)'