

Lightbulb, Potato Chip, Cellphone, and Cheeseburger Squeeze are standing on a gravel path and behind the door of a large detached house. Immediately on their right and on a gravel driveway, is a fancy BW double U, and beyond that is a row of similar houses and vehicles. A road connects all the homes together. On their left is more of the same. The weather is grey. Cheeseburger knocks on the door and comments to his siblings 'Hans Hugs is great, he really is. You all better get ready to be hugged!' Cellphone skips with joy. Hans, a 60 year old man wearing a smiley shirt, opens the door and stares at the children in disbelief for a few seconds. Then he gives the world's broadest smile 'Cheeseburger! Lightbulb! Cellphone! Potato Chip! What are you kids doing around here???' Cellphone smiles, but not quite so much 'We're on the run from the law, we stole a special psychic bed! We gave it back though.' Hans winks 'Ok. But never mind that, how about a hug??' Hans hugs the children, one by one.

Hans looks serious 'These are dangerous times, you know? You do realise that if someone wanted to make you their chimney sweeps or mini butlers, it would be very easy to make a law saying that was acceptable? And if the laws do get passed? You could go to jail for refusing the work...' Cheeseburger nods 'Yeah? Well us four have been making our own laws. We planted loads of minimum speed limit signs, saying the drivers had to do over 100 mph, it was great!' Hans claps with respect 'Good for you! Sure it didn't really gain you too much, but I'd imagine it was very funny.' Lightbulb's eyes are wild 'You have no idea!' Cellphone grins 'On the plus side, we heard that traffic jams have been at an all time low!' Hans looks impressed 'You've solved a problem that has been around for donkey's years. That Sexy Moon Bazooka may be completely mad, but you have proved that his all inclusive society CAN work.'

Hans looks hard at Cellphone and continues 'You know... as you're such a smart girl, maybe you could apply to make a law where stealing that special bed is ok? It really does sound amazing, think of the things you could do with it...' Potato Chip joins the conversation 'The bed can fly and teleport too!' Hans's jaw drops open 'No way... What did you do with the thing when you had it?' Lightbulb is cool 'Just flew on it, teleported to an idiot policeman getting told off, that kind of stuff...' Hans shakes his fists with joy 'Great stuff. Did you teleport ON the policeman?' Lightbulb continues 'No...' Hans replies 'Well, that's an idea for you to use in the future, maybe. You did well though. I give you a B plus.' Gunfire is heard in the distance. Potato Chip starts to shake 'What was that?' Hans is calm 'Happens all the time, nowadays. Again, that Sexy Moon Bazooka certainly has a screw loose.'

A helicopter is heard getting nearer. Soon enough, it can be seen by the kids and Mr. Hugs who look up in a daze. A chinook is high in the air. A missile from below shoots the thing down and a huge boom is heard. A group parachute from the destroyed vehicle that crashes into a not so distant house. Hans sighs 'I guess it's now legal to shoot helicopters down with rocket launchers. Forget about the bed, you need to stay here with me. You'll be at least relatively safe.' Lightbulb is curious 'How could shooting a helicopter down be made legal?' Hans looks puzzled 'It COULD be because chinooks are very noisy. I guess the person shooting was exercising his right to have peaceful skies.' Cheeseburger screws his face up 'But that boom was almost deafening!' Hans is thoughtful 'I know. I know. BUT what lasted longer? The boom or the whole journey of the helicopter?' Cheeseburger looks up in thought 'Oh

yeah. In the end, I guess the boom was at least relatively peaceful. People could have died, but in peace.' Hans nods 'There you go then. Anyway, come inside...'

Hans leads the young'ns through the hallway. On the walls are pictures of Hans hugging a huge variety of people, from friends, to family members, to celebrities and royalty. He opens a door in front of him, and takes the small group into the living room. There are more pictures of Hans hugging people. Sofas are against all the walls, and there is a door on each side of the room. A huge, turned off flat screen TV hangs on the wall facing the group. An acoustic guitar hangs on the left wall. In the middle of the area is a massive glass table with a dozen or so chairs around it. Hans smiles again 'Don't be shy, sit down!' The children do so on a sofa, still facing the TV. Hans is joyful 'What kind of man would I be if I didn't welcome you with a song??' Hans unhooks the guitar and strums a jolly chord progression. He then sings 'Hello!' He hangs the guitar up again. Cellphone is confused 'That was the entire song?' Hans nods 'Sure was. It was inspired by Napalm Death. But a country version of them. It's the shortest country song of all time! But record companies aren't interested in it.'

Hans faces the TV 'TV, turn on'. The TV does so. A news program is shown on the screen. Everyone watches the 30 year old female news reporter sitting behind a desk. She speaks with a calm voice 'News just in: It is now perfectly legal to shoot people in the legs or arms, but NEVER the face. A team of scientists have deciphered the miaows of cats and they THINK that's what the animals are saying. Because of course, now cats even have the right to influence this great, if apparently anarchic country. Let's all trust the animals at least for now, and see what happens. In other stories, ants have made joyriding legal, and snails have legalised bank robberies.' Cheeseburger asks Hans a question 'Is this real?' Hans responds 'No one knows for sure what animals are saying, but some of the country's best minds are trying to talk with them. This is just a theory, but I think the so called 'best minds' are mentally defective people hired by Sexy Moon Bazooka, himself.' Cheeseburger looks like a load has been lifted off him 'Ahhhhhh. Makes sense.'

Cellphone is curious 'You have a cat don't you? Does your cat doesn't want to shoot you in the arm or legs?' Hans is confident 'No. I know for a fact that's wrong. But I'll keep an eye on it. Actually I'll check on it right now.' Hans leaves the room through the door opposite the children and shuts the door behind him. The children look around the room. The news reporter keeps talking but she gets ignored. Too boring, relatively speaking, I mean. A distant, loud and angry 'miaow' is heard. Hans shouts 'NO, KITTY, NO!!!!' The cat miaows even louder. Hans is furious 'NO!!!!' The children look at each other and shrug their shoulders. Cellphone breaks the silence 'Well... There hasn't been any gunfire at least...'. Hans reenters the room with scratches on his face. He is calm 'Ok. It sure did look like my cat tried to handle my gun and shoot me, but I'm certain I was being paranoid.' Cellphone is concerned 'Where did you get the scratches from?' Hans replies, annoyed 'Never mind.'

Cheeseburger raises his finger to the air 'Hans, Hans! I have an idea!' Hans is intrigued 'Yes?' Cheeseburger continues 'How about... how about we write to Sexy Moon Bazooka and ask to get Bjorn Squeeze and his fish gang out of prison? Maybe they could be released into a river, and then somehow... somehow we turn them into people again?? I mean... when there's a will there's a way, right??' Hans is

impressed 'Cheeseburger! You're a genius, you really are! That's a great idea!' Cheeseburger looks smug. Hans continues 'However, Bjorn and co. are the most hated prisoners and indeed people in the whole country. How are we going to get THEM out? Seriously, let's brainstorm some ideas...' Cellphone puts her hand up. Hans responds 'Yes, Cellphone?' Cellphone replies 'How about we explain how the fish prisoners breaking those laws ages ago were simply ahead of their time? I mean people are doing what they want now, Bjorn and his friends were doing the same just earlier on!'

Hans looks proud 'THAT'S the kind of thinking I wanted from you. Out-standing!' Potato Chip puts his hand up. Hans responds to him 'Yes, Potato Chip?' Potato Chip is curious 'Maybe we could explain how you can't be tried for crimes that don't exist. And let's face it, Bjorn and in particular the Sausage Roll Killer can do bad things in pretty unique ways. I mean... has there been anyone who's acted like them?' Hans isn't quite so impressed 'Not a bad effort. But if you dress up a sausage roll whilst killing people, that's still a felony as weird as it sounds. It IS true that killing people in an amusing way isn't a specific crime, but sadly that doesn't matter. Again, it's just thought of as murder.' Potato Chip looks sad 'Oh.' Hans smiles 'Nice try, though.' Huge explosions are heard. Hans screams 'Get down! Grenade attack!!' Everyone dives to the floor and puts their hands on the backs of their heads.

Cheeseburger keeps his cool 'Are grenade attacks legal now??' Hans is nervous 'I have no idea. I'm not sure if anyone does, these are confusing times for everybody!' The walls shake and bits of ceiling fall to the floor. Hans sighs 'God dammit.' An even louder explosion is heard. The centre of the wall on the left of the children starts to crumble, slowly revealing a complete mess of a dining room with tables and another damaged outer wall. Beyond the large gap is a semi-visible suburban view in chaos. Houses are on fire and their back gardens and fences have been mangled. Lightbulb panics 'Someone has just blown a huge chunk out of the side of your house!' Hans is annoyed 'Thank you for that, Lightbulb.' Lightbulb responds 'Maybe we should take cover in a safe place?' Hans responds 'That does sounds like a good idea, but sadly there isn't really anywhere else we can go.' Lightbulb is scared 'Couldn't the floor above us squash us??' Hans replies 'I wouldn't worry about it. It's either we stay here and get squashed, we go upstairs fall and get squashed, or we go outside and get blown to pieces.'

Cellphone points to the now slightly more revealed neighbouring houses/gardens view. In the greeneries, the backs of punks with super spikey hair are seen. They are firing machine guns with grenade launchers fitted to them. Hans sheds a tear 'Please God, don't let this be legal. I can't take this anymore.' Cheeseburger tries to be positive 'On the plus side they're not firing at us...' Hans smiles 'I love the positivity, really. A lesser man would let this situation get to him. But not you.' Cellphone has an idea 'Maybe to get through this difficult situation, we could work on Bjorn's release letter? We don't have to type it up right NOW, that would be inappropriate maybe, but we can think up ideas, right??' Hans agrees 'How about... Dear Sexy Moon Bazooka, the sexiest of all bazookas, and indeed people...' Lightbulb's eyes light up 'I like it!' Hans continues 'Yes, Bjorn and his gang committed so called 'crimes' in the past, but now their actions are considered completely normal! So let them free, oh sexy, sexy moon bazooka. P.S. I like your style, it's fab!'

Whilst she was mostly ignored earlier for very understandable reasons, the news reporter shouts 'LISTEN!' That grabs the attention of Hans and the kids. Still on the floor, they stare at the TV, blankly. She continues 'News just in! This is very embarrassing, but it turns out many cats DON'T want to shoot people in the legs, arms or indeed anywhere. Thank flip for that, right? My word. I have a cat! I was about to accuse it of all sorts of crazy stuff. But not now. After a vote, it seems that much of general population don't want to shoot people either. What does that mean? Well, humans are intelligent aren't they? So if humans think like cats, that makes cats intelligent too. So cats and people will still be treated as equals. We finally have proof they're the same. And now we have proof, if anything happens to Sexy Moon Bazooka, he will be replaced by a cat.

Cellphone scratches her head 'Doesn't all of this sound a bit mad to you? Things just seem to keep getting worse and worse. Before I thought things couldn't possibly get any worse, but now?? Now I feel like absolutely anything can happen. Cats running the country? No!' Hans nods 'I know what you mean. But now we have a real opportunity to bend the law for our own purposes as discussed. Still, it's best we don't use Latin to turn our friends into people again. Sexy Moon Bazooka may be insane, but even he realises Latin phrases will bring the whole world to an end. They simply will never be legal. Ever.' Cheeseburger is cautious 'Are you sure?' Hans replies 'Never been more sure. But as was said, where there's a will there's a way, and we'll find a way.'