

A black cat is stretching and yawning on a cushion that is on the top of a marble podium. A light shines down on it. A microphone on a stand is immediately in front of the pet. All that stuff is on an empty wooden stage. Behind and above the animal is a huge screen that is currently blank. The cat starts miaowing into the mic, and words appear on the screen. An audience member is heard saying 'The cat is being translated?' and another says 'I hear he's our new leader now, OMG.' The screen shows the writing 'Hello dear audience.' The crowds only murmur louder. The cat continues 'speaking'. The writing now says 'Prime Minister Sexy Moon Bazooka is sadly in hospital after slipping over a misplaced bit of fish and falling down the stairs. I am now his replacement. As many of you know, he considers me an equal, if lazy and self-centred.' A man in the crowd shouts 'We all just want things to go back to how they were!'

The calm and snug cat continues. The screen now says 'More catnip for England! Also, let's invade Scotland.' The outraged crowd shouts things such as 'You're mad! You're mad!' The screen says 'Here me out. Scotland has lots and lots of fish. Yum yum!' A woman shouts 'Pizza, salmon, sardines, all I ever hear from people is damn food! No one cares if the whole country is in complete chaos, as long as there's good food available everywhere you go, that's fine! Well I've had enough! We all have!' The crowd shout 'Here, here!!' The cat is as calm as ever. The screen says 'I want catnip to be everywhere, too...' A man screams 'No one here cares about catnip! It has no effect people!' The screen now says 'People nip, then. Is that a thing? Rather than a drug, it might be people sleeping. No, I was thinking people NAP.' There are disgusted moans from the audience. A man yells 'What are you talking about??'

An elderly woman has a question 'What are you going to do about the massive crime wave that is happening throughout the whole country right now??' More writing is shown 'For the last time, there is no crimewave. People are getting done for speeding much more nowadays, sure, but...' A man interrupts 'Lies! Just today I've been mugged twice, my house has been fired at by a rocket launcher, and someone called James ran me over with my own car! Now before you say that's fine, just think - how's that supposed to make me feel?' The writing continues 'Excited?' The man screams 'EXCITED??? EXCITED??? I was absolutely terrified! What good has come from that???' The cat makes quote marks with his claws. The writing carries on 'The 'offender' who 'attacked you' needed to calm down, I think we can all agree. He could do with some catnip. Yes, the stuff doesn't affect people at the moment, but a team of scientists...'

The man interrupts 'No, no, no, no, no, no, no!!!! You may think people have more power nowadays, but people DID have power before all the madness! Jury duty? People getting charged with crimes if they did something bad to you? That was great stuff! And what if someone got injured? Without paying a penny, they would get treated in hospital! NOW if someone gets injured they get sent to hospital but only get treated if the nurses feel like treating you. And if they want to run you over with one of those beds with wheels on it, that's fine! But only if Sexy Moon Bazooka agrees to it, which he will because he agrees to everything. I've seen someone getting attacked with a bed with my own eyes. I'll never forget the look on the doctor's face. He was in hysterics! He just said 'beddy-cine' and laughed! Bazooka thinks he's being nice and inclusive, actually he's a huge twat!!!!' There is more writing 'Agreed.'

The man replies 'Good, you agree. What would you like to say to Sexy? What do you think is best? Most appropriate?' The screen shows the words 'I didn't put the fish on the stairs...' The same man is nervous 'Oook.' The writing carries on 'I think he should be assassinated. Or a-cat-inated. Haha.' A woman's voice trembles 'Come again?' An old man is confused 'And do you think Sexy would be ok with that? Is THAT too democratic for him? There has to be a limit, surely? More writing appears 'Well, cats are equal to humans now, always have been, so my ideas are equally valid.' A different woman is heard 'I understand that but again, we're all wondering... What's the limit?' The cat miaows once more 'No limit.' A smiley face is on the screen. It then shows the message 'Just remember, whilst we're all equal I have that little bit more power than you, as I'm leader. Otherwise it would be communism, and that doesn't work as we all know. As you all feel so strongly about the situation, I'll send a message to Sexy right now.' A man in black enters the stage, dials a number and puts a mobile phone to the cat's ears.

Sexy Moon Bazooka is lying on a hospital bed with both his legs in plaster casts. He is alone in a cramped area surrounded by blue curtains. A desk is by his side and an on but blank flat screen is immediately in front of him, hanging from the ceiling. A mobile rings from his pocket and he takes the call, slurring heavily. 'Hello, Prime Minister Whiskers. I'm on morphine so I can't talk or think so well.' Miaows are heard on the phone's loudspeaker. Writing then shows on the screen. It says 'Hello, Sexy Moon Bazooka. I've had an interesting thought. How about I get you killed so I can rule this country forever, and not just until you recover? Also, I want to invade Scotland. Sound good?' Sexy replies 'Errr...' More writing shows on the screen 'Don't worry. I've thought long and hard about it. I think they're good ideas. Just say 'yes' and we can move on. Anyway, how's the food in hospital? If it's fish I'll be super jealous. And just for the sake of audience curiosity, aren't you banned from using mobiles in hospital?' Sexy scratches his head 'Wow, that was a lot to take in. I'm not banned from mobiles anymore. They do cause some problems with the electrical equipment, but you know, some people feel strongly about phones. Anyway, I'll say 'yes' to your other ideas, whatever they were. Bye!'

Back in the news conference, the cat continues miaowing as the mysterious man is by its side. The screen says 'So, Sexy Moon Bazooka thinks him dying and us invading Scotland is a good idea. There you go. The man by my side is employed by me and will help me get the job done!' There is a very long pause. The venue is in complete silence. The strange man leaves the stage and comes back with two large wires. He puts them in both the cat's ears, then plugs the other ends into the screen. The man explains that as the cat has stopped talking his mind's eye can be seen, instead. Now on the screen is a film of the cat lying on a sofa, being petted on the head and fed fish. Words can be seen over the images. It's very cool. They say 'I've had so many great times with Bazooka. I couldn't get rid of him, could I??'

Now the cat is shown to be fantasising about him driving a tank in sunny weather, as his head sticks out of the vehicle's turret. I don't THINK you can drive and do that at the same time, but it's just a dream. On a mountainous path and with mountains all around and as far as the eyes can see, he fires his cannon at a group of kilt-wearing hikers in the distance. He then looks up to see fish falling from the sky. He opens his mouth and fish fall in. A woman in the audience comments 'Is this really appropriate

behaviour from someone running the country?' The strange man shrugs his shoulders. On the screen, the cat dreams about diving into an ocean. The animal swims down and eats all the fish he sees. A pigeon is also in the ocean and that gets eaten too, as does a chicken and a mouse. The same woman continues 'This is important, there are more important issue at hand! Stop thinking about food!!! Please!'

An old lady has a question 'I want you to be honest with me. Are you related to that Henry the Sneaky Salmon and that Gary the Sneaky Sardine?' Were you once a psychopathic man?' The cat mews and 'Sigh' is written on the screen. More words appear 'Fine. I am. I'm not Prime Minister Whiskers, really I'm Barry the Sneaky Sushi. And God knows I love sushi. How did I turn into a cat? Well, ages ago I once tried to turn SOMEONE ELSE into a cat through Latin, but I made a rookie error and did myself. Very embarrassing. I would turn myself back into a human, but as we all know that's illegal. Making speed limits? Allowing mobile phone calls in hospitals that interfere with the equipment and kill people? All fine. But to be as clear as possible, Latin is simply too far. Always will be. No excuses, it's now punishable by death. Old offenders who used the language before the death penalty on the other hand will have to die in prison. I know that.'

The old lady has another question 'How did you get involved with Sexy Moon Bazooka??' The cat explains 'I'll come clean. As I know more about fish than almost anybody, I found out where Mr. Bazooka lived and kept dumping fish on his doorstep over and over and over again. Eventually he took me in. I then dumped fish on his bed, his chair, his table, you name it. Then before you know it, he says to me 'You could be Prime Minister, one day.' And the guy by my side? He has to do everything I say. Because if he doesn't? He gets no more fish.' The audience are horrified and scream things such as 'You can't get away with this!!!' and 'This is wrong!' The cat continues miaowing 'There's nothing you can do to stop me. The thing is, Sexy Moon Bazooka may not have long to live. Yes, I've had good times with him, but on second thoughts, he has to go. Mysterious man, you know what you have to order. Do it right now.' The mysterious man scratches his head. The writing continues 'Get the world's fastest to respond assassins!'

Sexy Moon Bazooka is in the same cubicle he was before. A ninja wearing black robes and a black mask, with a samurai strapped sword on his back, opens the front curtain and politely shuts it behind him. Mr. Bazooka is stunned 'Ninja!' As cold as a stone, the ninja unstraps his weapon, raises it high in the air and gets ready to slash the resting PM. The latter is even cooler. He says 'Activate left plaster cast.' Moments later, the cast rockets off the leader's leg, with burning flames propelling it forward and leaving thick smoke behind it. Soon enough, blackness fills the whole area. The blinded PM is still calm 'Hello?' Soon enough, he can begin to see more and more. He wafts the smoke away to see the ninja has been incinerated. His left leg has cuts, bruises and burns on it and looks a bit mangled. Now the front curtain is gone, the man can see the rest of the ward. There are a number of other closed off cubicles in front of him, along with stunned nurses staring at the leader. He is nonchalant 'Sorry about that... And I told you my rocket cast won't cause too much damage... Pretty neat, huh?'