

A team of three middle-aged hippies with long dreadlocks and wearing Hawaiian shirts, sit behind a long and straight desk. Each man has a landline phone and flat screen computer to himself. The room is small but colourful with cartoony animal artwork on the walls. Also on the walls are pictures of dogs being petted, cats licking the team, and monkeys giving thumbs up. The hippie on the left talks to the other two 'Wow, quiet day, huh? I guess people are more concerned with going the right speeds...' The other two headbutt the desk in frustration. The hippie without the sore head looks at his phone as it rings. He comments 'I hope you don't think I want an animal to be in pain, just so someone rings us and stops the boredom??' The other two are sympathetic and say 'No, no, no' in unison.'

The pain-free hippie smiles as he takes the call 'Hello? The Centre for unhappy and neglected animals, here. That is the C.F.U.A.N.A. or the C-fawna. You are speaking to Keanu, what is it that you want, friend?...' A man with a dramatic voice is heard on speaker mode 'I would like to make an anonymous call...' The hippie replies nervously 'Ok...' The man on the phone continues 'Lots of birds have been handcuffed near Philip the Angry Gerbil's mansion. I can't say why. Got to go. Bye.' The hippie in the middle goes pale 'This is very serious...' The hippie on the right looks the same 'We have to do something right now. But who the hell would do such a thing??' Keanu replies 'If I had to guess, it was someone who feels a profound sense of powerlessness...' The man in the middle sighs 'Oh let's blame evil on a lack of power. Pathetic.'

The SRK is still a fish and has only grown. He is now four metres long and he bounces up and down in boredom and frustration on the floor that can be compared to a soft and extra comforting mattress. Another of those ladders leading to a closed hatch on the ceiling is on the left corner of the room. The walls and roof are cushioned, too. Philip the Angry Gerbil is seen opening the hatch and climbing down to greet the fish. He speaks with an excessively smiley face 'Hi, Sausage. As you've been such a good fish, you can spend as much time here as you like. Well, within reason, I mean. How's that sound?' The fish replies in a voice so deep and slow, it's almost incomprehensible 'I don't mean to sound ungrateful, but this room really isn't much a reward...'

Philip nods 'Of course. Can I get you anything? Maybe a slice of cake? What's your favourite music?' The fish replies 'Jazz.' Philip is cool 'Jazz? You've got it. Room music system, play some first rate jazz right now.' Philip looks sympathetic 'You do want first rate jazz don't you? You don't really want rubbish jazz, do you? I mean... why would you?' The SRK replies, fed up 'First rate is fine.' Philip smiles and leaves the room. He shuts the hatch. The fish whispers to himself 'Why are the gang so secretive around me? Why do they keep making me leave the room when they talk to each other? To reward me? I don't buy it. So why have I REALLY been sent here? Because I'm so impressive? This looks like a room for housing crazy people, or crazy fish. I think Philip simply TOLD me this was a reward room and lied. I like the jazz, though.'

It's getting slightly dark and the sky is clear. The chef famed for deep frying absolutely anything anyone wants is speeding on his motocross bike on the extensive green fields with scattered trees. He is wearing no helmet. His face is grimaced and sweat flies from his forehead as he shouts to himself 'I'm gonna find

you, buddy!' Quickly approaching him is a cheaply made wooden pole with a cardboard dinner plate on top of it. On the plate are the words 'Minimum speed limit for anything on the ground: 100 mph. Helicopters or superheroes must go 500 mph.' The biker screams 'One hundred miles an hour?! ONE HUNDER MILES AND HOUR?!?!' The poor guy accelerates as hard as he can, and his face only gets more intense. More trees fly by but the grassland remains more or less the same. Rapidly approaching him is a bird lying on the ground and in handcuffs. The biker screams again 'What do I do?! Keep going, or stop, break the law and help the poor little creature?!'

Two pilots wearing helmets with microphones attached, are in a helicopter cockpit. The one on the left handles the joystick steadily as the other sits, calmly. The dashboard features a speedo, a fuel level and an altitude level. All the other displays could do pretty much anything. I simply don't understand them, but they certainly look cool. It makes you want to study helicopters and how they work. Which is good! Do you want an indifferent and uneducated pilot? MAYBE that's the real point of the mysterious displays, as I think just three of them would suffice. But I digress. There is also a speaker in front of the two. A computer screen on top of the window shows a camera view, in this case, more rapidly passing grass. Out of the front window, the same huge, countryside area with the occasional trees are seen. Philip the Angry Gerbil's mansion is in the distance but quickly getting nearer.

The pilot on the left points to a tiny sign on the ground and shouts over the sound of the spinning blades 'Zoom in on the sign!...' The pilot on the right touches the computer screen to see the sign is the one the biker recently saw. The pilots then see the chef has crashed his bike very nearby and two of the animal rescue hippies are assessing him by what is assumed to be their Land Rover. The guy on the left shouts 'I can't believe we saw the sign before the casualty! That's what these speed limits are doing to us, they're making us paranoid and dehumanising us! Let's hover above them for a bit, it will make me feel better'. The other pilot replies as the aircraft slows right down 'As the guy is in good hands, we can ignore him and continue with our mission.'

The left pilot is clearly frustrated 'Yeah, and how are we going to find the fish gang, exactly? All we know is they're in a countryside area, somewhere in this country. All the helicopter pilots in the world couldn't find them, and that's pretty much what's being thrown at the gang!' The guy on the right laughs 'I bet the gang are with Philip the Angry Gerbil. He's a right oddball and VERY angry!' The other pilot responds 'Haha. No, he's the world's number one gerbil expert and dealer, what would he gain from helping criminals? Anyway, we simply can't fly at 500 mph. How about we simply ignore the sign? Who would ever know? You think the people below us will complain? Or do you think they're too busy, right now?' The pilot on the right is concerned 'They better not complain or there will be a worldwide scandal...' The camera shows those on the ground are pointing at the hovering chopper looking very angry. The pilots speak in unison 'We've gotta get out of here...' The two turn around and speed away.

Back on the ground, the two C-Fawna members are pointing at the floored chef, looking concerned. One of them speaks with a friendly tone 'Hi, Keanu here. You've been in the wars, haven't you?' The chef replies 'I'm in agony. How did you get here

so fast?' Keanu replies 'Actually we're here to rescue some birds, you're very lucky we found you! You see that Land Rover? It has been built especially for these speedy times, it does 200 miles an hour. Easy. You see, we're not like those people who were flying just now. Because it really is one law for me and you and another law for those in charge, and in these desperate times the military are in charge, too.' The chef moans angrily. Keanu continues 'I hope you don't take offence to this, but me and my pal really are an animal rescue team first and volunteer human medics second. We will have to save the bird in handcuffs before we save you. Luckily, you don't seem to be too injured...'

Back in the cockpit, both pilots have become red faced as they fly over more countryside. The one on the left speaks 'The way those farmers were looking at us... We're in serious trouble...' The other pilot replies 'Thank God they were running so fast for so long they collapsed in exhaustion. When they wake up, they probably won't remember a thing... We could fly to them, stop and provide first aid, but of course that would only make our crimes more severe...' The first pilot replies 'And the thing about farmers is they're very fit, from working hard all day I mean. It really is just another day for them. Nothing to worry about at all.' The second pilot continues 'Exactly. You never know, they may grow to love shouting at people because of us. We could well have introduced them to a brand new hobby, that is singing in a metalcore band!'

The SRK is in the same room, bouncing up and down slightly to the rhythm of mid-tempo, soft jazz. The hatch gets opened to reveal Philip, as he climbs down and greets the fish with more warmth. The former says 'I've heard helicopters nearby and I suspect we are about to be found. Luckily the helicopter flew away, but we are running out of time. I want you to brainstorm ideas with me, with your massive fish brain. What do you think we should do?' The SRK speaks with confidence 'Maybe the helicopter turned back because there would be a huge scandal if it was caught not obeying the speeds?' Philip widens his eyes 'That's incredible. You know what? I think you may well be right...' The SRK continues 'Epic Dave must never contact the government and tell of the gang you're keeping here. Luckily he didn't seem to notice I was fish when I shouted at him not long ago, but we got really lucky.'

Philip stamps his foot 'Dammit! We were so reckless!' SRK is nervous 'Say... Why do you keep sending me out of the room when you're talking to the gang?' Philip is cool 'Oh never mind that, as I was saying, I have big plans for you, that's all you need to know.' The SRK replies 'So... you're not planning on keeping me prisoner in your aquarium?' Philip is stunned 'What?? No! I mean... Why??' The SRK replies 'I'd just be a really impressive fish, that's all. Especially as I keep growing all the time...' The SRK laughs nervously 'Oh no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no... Granted you would make an absolutely incredible showpiece, but we're pals! Aren't we, pal? We're going on an epic adventure filled with all sorts of excitement and foods! We can't do that without you, which is why we are all super concerned with turning you back into a human, ASAP!!'

In the cockpit once again, the two are flying over more of the same. The pilot on the left talks into his microphone 'Hello, base? Mission aborted, we had to turn back. We couldn't fly fast enough and people were outraged, we could tell...' A raging voice comes from the speaker 'Aborted?! The world's sickest criminal gang are on the

loose, and you've just given up trying to find them?!' The same pilot replies 'We've just avoided a worldwide scandal! There was nothing else we could have done!' The voice from the speaker replies 'I'll tell you a scandal! You two twits not doing a very basic and routine job anyone could have done! I demand you keep searching for the scumbags right this second!!'

Keanu talks to the still floored chef as he bandages his wounds 'Right, now the bird has been dealt with, I can really concentrate on you. I haven't made you feel unimportant, have I?' The chef replies 'Well, I mean... maybe a little...' Kauna laughs warmly 'Oh I am SO sorry! Just part of my job description. It's like a mechanic seeing a broken down car and a broken PC. You'd expect him to fix the car first, right?' The chef is bitter 'Why would a broken car be next to a computer?' Keanu chuckles 'A car next to computer? That shocks you? What have you been living under a rock this year??' The chef sighs 'I guess no.' The other animal helper speaks 'You'll be right as rain in no time! Is there anything you'd like us to do to make you even better?'

The chef is defiant 'Yes. I was looking for my missing friend when I crashed my bike, he was delivering food. Do you think you could help me? It really would mean the world...' Keanu is positive 'Of course! Do you know where he was heading?' The chef replies 'Philip the Angry Gerbil's mansion.' Keanu is worried 'Philip the Angry Gerbil? He's really angry! You better pray your friend delivered his food to him on time or there will be hell to pay!' The chef replies 'I don't care.' The helicopter is heard approaching. The other hippie comments 'That damn helicopter is flying over us again!' The three all gaze at it in disbelief. The chef speaks 'At least it's flying reasonably fast, I guess...' Keanu sighs 'Yeah. Reasonably. How about five times faster? That would be good...'