

It's slightly dark, but the visibility is clear with just a few clouds. Mental is standing on a small lawn with twenty or so scattered, stone graves. Immediately in front of him and by both his sides are three-storey tall, plain and oblong-shaped buildings with numerous windows. The policeman looks up to the sky, stares hard, and thinks to himself 'These are dark, dark times, and the sky is getting darker too. But crucially, that's a coincidence. That schizo Simon Wiedemann would probably be frightened by the thought of dark thoughts accompanied with dark skies, he'd be really freaked out and think it meant something on a profound level. He really is very odd and I wish he'd stop visiting this place. He doesn't like needles though, and that's pretty funny. Anyway, one of the most dangerous gangs of all time are on the loose as I speak, no one can catch them even though they're fish, which is embarrassing, and for better or for worse, some of the laws people are making now are absolutely ridiculous. What should get more priority? The gang or the abuse of democracy?'

Mental exhales deeply and thinks again 'Anyway, I'm here to find some peace of mind, and maybe I should empty my head for a while...' The cop focuses on a tombstone just ahead of him and reads to himself 'In loving memory of Denise's pet dog, Floppyyears Clevernose, you are sorely missed. 2022 to 2024.' Mental sheds a tear and comments 'I had no idea Denise was going through such a tough time lately. I should have been nicer to her... I'll get her some chocolates and write her a note...' He walks to a neighbouring grave and reads from that, too 'In loving memory of Doctor Fuller, you are always in our thoughts and we are all eternally grateful for your serving in WW2. 1920 to 2020.' Mental bows down with respect and salutes. Still in the same pose, he speaks 'Dear Mr. Fuller, may your brave actions never be forgotten.'

SMB taps Mental's shoulder from behind and asks him a question 'What are you doing?' Mental keeps looking at the grave and speaks 'I'm saluting a war hero. You should do the same.' SMB walks to the cop's side and talks 'Of course.' The Prime Minister salutes briefly, and talks again 'Mental, are you sure this is the best place for you to rest? Come back in and play some more video games.' Mental stops saluting and turns to SMB. He snarls 'More video games? What, like King Kung? A game where the goal is to smash up as many buildings as possible and step on people??' SMB is confused 'Yes...' Mental frowns 'I fail to see how ultra-violence is entertainment, my friend.' SMB smiles nervously 'I know you're outraged, you have every right to be, that's respected even, but... the game is meant for 7 year olds...' Mental replies 'When was the game released?' SMB responds 'About 40 years ago...' Mental is cold 'Well, there must be some pretty sick 47 year olds around today.'

SMB is warm 'Mental, we all know you have a strong mind, very strong, but if you can even handle puzzle games like Petris, maybe you should think about toughening up a little... We all understand how you've mellowed with age, but you've been starting to mellow out a bit TOO much over these last few minutes, and I'm trying to work out why.' Mental stands up straight with pride 'Play trash and lose my soul? I'd rather die. Let's just stay here for a while and look at the graves. That poor old Denise has a dog that's died, I had no idea! We should get her something...' SMB covers his mouth 'Oh no! I was rude to her when she suggested we should get some ice cream in such an alarming situation!' Mental nods 'Exactly. I was thinking of getting her some chocolates, but not just the death of a pet but a TWO YEAR old

pet?? Let's get her something special.' Mental salutes the dog's grave too. SMB copies him.

A phone rings from the politician's pocket. He takes the call 'Hello? A helicopter searching for the fish gang had to fly back to base a good two times because people on the ground were spotted looking outraged by the pilots? Order them to continue with the mission!... There will be a worldwide scandal if they don't abort, it's quite possibly a scandal already?? Look, I don't care, this is an order, ignore the damn speed signs if they can't fly that fast! Bye!' SMB puts his device back in his pocket. Mental is concerned 'I think you've made a mistake, there...' SMB tries to be calm 'No. The gang are capable of extreme violence and simply must be prioritised.' Mental sighs 'The thought other countries are jealous of our political system is really quite chilling. How can things be any worse?' SMB is cold 'Believe me, I know.'

Mental points to a grave out of the corner of his eye and speaks 'Look at that one! It says 'In memory of Doctor Alfred Gregory, who sadly ate too much pizza and turned into one.' The memories are still raw...' SMB says 'Excellent observational skills, Mental. You're very aware when you're paranoid, you know? I admire that. So... How about some King Kung for the UK's most hardy lawman?' Mental looks down 'I may be a hyper-aware, diligent man with a heart of steel, but I'm no animal.' Denise is heard running to the two from behind. They turn to face her to see more of the same kind of building and Mental starts a conversation 'Denise, I can't even begin to express how sorry I am! I'm sure Floppyyears was damn fine dog...' Denise looks sad, but urgent 'Floppyyears was brave, compassionate and inspired, but stories of that must be for another time!'

Mental goes pale 'What do you mean??' Denise continues 'There's a news story on TV, you must see it!' SMB puts his hands on his hips 'Why? What's going on?' Denise replies 'A hippie called Keanu, associated with the animal welfare group C-Fawna has posted a Youcube video in a field about scummy pilots going WAY to slow, and thousands of disgusted people have already commented on it. People are demanding a revolution! I'm no politician, but how about we lighten to mood with some ice cream?' Mental and SMB face-palm. The former then speaks 'Denise, your ice cream suggestion is simply FANTASTIC.' Denise backs away a little 'Are you sure?? It's just last time... I didn't get such a good response.' SMB speaks with an excessively friendly voice 'Oh no, no, no. A great idea! First rate!'

Denise looks pleased 'So, I should get some ice cream, then?' Mental winks 'Get as much as you can.' Denise goes back to where she came with a bounce in her step. SMB turns to Mental 'Mental, I think I have an idea... Maybe, just maybe we could use supersonic jet fighters to find the gang?' Mental jolts backwards 'Are you insane?? The world's biggest jet fighter show is tomorrow! Are you seriously suggesting you're going to cancel the whole damn thing?? These are bleak times we're going through now, with all the people getting arrested, the public need to remain positive!' SMB replies 'We could just use the planes for this ONE day. Then tomorrow they'll be all ready...' Mental laughs 'You're mad! The pilots are practicing this very second! What if they don't get enough?? A bad show is even more of an insult than a cancelled one!'

SMB is stoic 'I have no choice.' He grabs his phone once more and makes a call 'Air

Chief Marshal Brett Ziegler, I demand all the supersonic jets in this fine country search for the fish gang... They're practicing very dangerous manoeuvres and if they don't master them, they will likely crash tomorrow?... Can't you just stick with the moderately dangerous moves, then?... No can do?? The public needs to be wowed and they're mad enough already? Because of me?? Look, do as I say or I'll tell everyone you're related to James Ziegler... I wouldn't? Oh yes I would, I'll do it right now!...' SMB puts his phone by his side and screams as loud as he can 'DENISE! DENISE! I'M ON THE PHONE TO AIR CHIEF MARSHAL ZIEGLER! DID YOU KNOW HE'S RELATED TO JAMES ZIEGLER??? Wow, you'll never look at him the same way again? Wow, imagine the reaction from everyone else!... Yes, I was speaking to Denise actually, I most definitely didn't make that conversation up...'

SMB sighs 'Sending the supersonic jets really isn't an option, then?... I suppose you're right...' SMB laughs nervously 'You're honestly suggesting me and Mental take it easy? And how am I supposed to do that, then?... Play some video games?' Mental starts to shake uncontrollably. He stutters 'Se... sexy Moon Ba...azooka, I think I'm going to faint...' The cop drops to the floor like a sack of potatoes. SMB hangs up and shouts again 'Denise! Denise!' The nurse opens the door and runs to the two with ice cream lollipops in both hands. She speaks as she stares at Mental, looking worried 'What is it? Is there something wrong with Mental or are you just surprised about James Ziegler being related to someone who isn't a freak?' SMB is cold 'Does Mental look ok?... SMB looks ashamed and continues 'I am so sorry. What I meant was Mental isn't looking good...' Denise nods 'I'm sure he'll be fine. He's just stressed, that's all. Let's get him inside...'

Keanu is somewhere in a field with more scattered trees, and with the chef by his side. The former holds a mobile phone in front of him. He rambles in to it, filled with uncontrollable emotions 'Hello, Youcube. Philip the angry Gerbil got really, really angry with me and told me to go away, but you know what? That's absolutely NOTHING compared to the corrupt people in power who have absolutely NO regard for the law. They really do seem to think it's ok to go pretty much as slow as possible, whereas honest people like me are getting sent to prison every single day. Well I think enough is enough, and I think it's the politicians who should be in jail!' Keanu then films the chef who speaks into the phone 'Yeah, we're coming for you Sexy Moon Bazooka! We ALL are! But first we need to find our friend! If you can find him for us, we'll go easy on you, how's that sound??'

A lone fighter pilot wearing a G-suit and helmet has a fancy cockpit in front of him with all kinds of controls and gauges. He holds a joystick. Out of the windows, a suburban view far below quickly goes by. Nothing but peaceful skies are ahead of him. The pilot pulls the joystick back as hard as it will go, and consequently starts to perform a backflip. However, he gets stuck halfway through the move and continuously flies upside down. He speaks to himself, frustrated 'Wow, I really am going to need the rest of the day to figure this move out, not a minute less...' After handling the joystick again, he flies more normally. He speaks once more 'Not a minute less... And I mean REALLY...'