**HEATHCLIFFE (KLAWS)** Hark, populace of Niff Naff, I have returned! It has been a full year and I have brought with me all the wonders of the galaxy. Who shall be first to receive my gifts?

**PETER (CALGON)** Sorry, just who are you? Where did you come from? And what are you doing spoiling my moment of triumph? This is my ‘crushing my enemy’ scene. Find your own grand entrance! What’s with all the flowing red gown and furry sleeves?

**SIDNEY** Is that a sign of white beard envy, Calgon?

**PETER (CALGON)** Shut up, Morningstar. You will get yours soon enough.

**ABIGAIL (PATTI-WAX)** Forgive these foolish frogs, oh jolly lord. They know not who they are dealing with. They have been holding your people captive. Forcing us to toil in the plum duff mines with no safety equipment. Making us abandon your teachings of being nice not naughty to others.

**HEATHCLIFFE (KLAWS)** You there, shouty green one. Why do you bring such sad tidings at this seasonal time of cheer? Speak and know me better, man.

**PETER (CALGON)** Well, I just want to rule the galaxy, free from those pesky Humans getting in the way… Wait, why am I telling you this?

**MIRIAM** It’s part of the ritual. When Klaws the Provider asks you a question, you must tell him what you want. He knows if you are lying, too

**HEATHCLIFFE (KLAWS)** You speak wisely, Juliet Angel, friend of the NiffNaff. I shall see you get your choice of gift.

**PETER (CALGON)** But that is madness! He must not stop my plans. I shall have victory!

**HEATHCLIFFE (KLAWS)** That all depends on how you have behaved, Calgon, oppressor of the scared. Have you been good and true?

**SIDNEY** Remember to answer honestly, old chap.

**PETER (CALGON)** Of course I have. I have fought bravely and justly for the glory of the Calgonian Empire.

**HEATHCLIFFE (KLAWS)** And have you always been nice? You? And all your soldiers?

**PETER (CALGON)** Yes, I cannot tell you a lie!

**HEATHCLIFFE (KLAWS)** Then I shall check the Balance Ledger and ensure this is the case. Pass me that book.

**PETER (CALGON)** Here, take the wretched thing.

***(THE SOUND OF LARGE LEATHERY PAGES BEING TURNED SLOWLY)***

**PETER (CALGON)** **(cont)** (LOW) A-ha! He will soon be on his way and we can resume our plan. Neither I, nor any of my fierce warriors, will have been mentioned in that damned book.

**HEATHCLIFFE (KLAWS)** Oh, here you are.

**PETER (CALGON)** What?!

**HEATHCLIFFE (KLAWS)** Oh dear. Not the best of writing, but it does clearly say you and your soldiers have been very naughty this year. Judgement has been passed. We shall be off and away from this planet.

**PETER (CALGON)** But my work? The Cataclysm Electron Cannon? The end of 68.7% of the Human Empire?

**HEATHCLIFFE (KLAWS)** No, sorry. No time. And away you go.