

In this tiny room with no lighting, there are two seated members of staff. One is Constable Smith gazing at his bright computer screen with CCTV images on it. The cop often clicks his mouse and types on his keyboard. Other times he sips on a hot chocolate. On his right is a security guard also at a computer, but on his screen are videos of animals falling down holes and getting rescued. Many 'aws' are heard from the device. He snacks on chicken nuggets and drinks Ribena. On the left of both is a door, just about seen. Smith comments to his coworker as he clicks 'This gang we're spying on... My God are they strange... I mean this can't be real.' The other guy nods 'Strangest people I've ever heard of. I was surprised when I saw the Sausage Roll Killer, but when I saw the fish guy, and then Bjorn? I really felt that. And when I heard of his four children that were named after junk foods and household items? Didn't know WHAT to say. Actually, that's at least part of the reason I'm taking a break, now. But of course, the main reason is, I'm hungry. And there's no shame in liking a children's drink. Everyone likes sugar, they just don't admit it.'

Smith replies 'Couldn't agree more. I like eating crisps in the shape of bears. They're German and I guess crisps are nicer there. But the looks I get!' (I get you Smith, they're good crisps - comment from Simon). 'Anyway, the weirdos have robbed a fish shop, again. Just about fifteen minutes ago.' The coworker shakes his head in disbelief 'Why didn't you say?' Smith responds 'I was going to, but I know how much you like your nuggets and Ribena. And of course your warmhearted videos. I know a show you should check out - You know that soap opera called 'Carnage' where all the characters are usually really nice to each other, but sometimes get driven to kill their friends? It's finally getting pulled from the air because of poor ratings. In the last show, it's rumoured there will be a full-scale bloodbath where everyone gets armed to the teeth and kills everyone else. The winner of the battle is the last man/woman standing...' The coworker sighs 'Oh my word. On another note, a more serious one and perhaps more important, I hate to sound hypocritical, but shouldn't the police headquarters of the UK have more than two guys monitoring CCTV? You're the only person I feel I can talk to about it... I couldn't really approach the last guy who was working here...'

Smith rubs his chin 'I know what you mean... But surely you're not knocking the 'only look at videos when there's been a crime and the images get emailed or posted to us' policy, too?' The coworker shrugs his shoulders 'I don't know. Maybe in these times...' Smith widens his eyes 'Wow. You want complete reform?' The coworker replies 'Maybe I do. Maybe I do...' Smith replies 'Maybe we should go back to trash talking the people we're trying to catch?' The coworker laughs 'Sounds good to me!' Smith gives a double thumbs up, then goes back to clicking as he jabbars 'The crooks we're after keep stealing cars, abandoning them and stealing more cars as if it actually makes a difference...' The coworker chuckles 'Ha. No no, now they're on the radar, they're never getting away.' Smith responds 'Some of the stuff I've seen them all do... It makes me want to give a message to dispatch all police cars and helicopters right now. It's so hard to keep my cool...'

The coworker is calm 'I know how you feel. Just try to remember we have to catch them in the safest and most efficient way possible.' Smith sighs 'I know. Anyway, have you tried the latest chicken nuggets from...' Smith widens his eyes in horror and freezes. The coworker is concerned 'Yes?...' Smith finally manages to speak 'Oh. My. God.' The coworker furrows his brows 'What??' Smith points to his screen

and the coworker stares blankly. The former comments 'It's Bjorn. He and his gang are leaving their latest car and they're approaching a police officer on the beat... Why in God's name are they doing that?' The coworker replies 'The policeman is pointing to his car... He's not actually going to tell the gang to get in it?' Smith shakes his head 'No. Bjorn is friendly, but he's not so friendly he can just walk up to someone and take their car from them...' The coworker face palms 'Looks like what's happening to me...'

Smith replies 'If I didn't know any better, I'd say the cop just thumbed-up Bjorn as the gang drove away...' The coworker continues 'Just keep your eye on them. Again, that's all you can do for now.' Smith sighs 'I know.' The coworker winks, then so does Smith. The latter comments 'Maybe to lighten the atmosphere, we could watch the advert for Carnage's last show?' The coworker agrees 'I'll put it on my computer, now...' He does some typing on his computer and continues 'Ok, here we go...' A dramatic voice is heard from his PC 'After several decades of love and friendship comes the grand finale of Carnage. A battle royal stemming from an everyday gardening dispute that has grown and grown into something unforgettable. Drama, action, humour, you'll get it all. Missing the show would be like missing life itself. Watch Carnage this Friday.' The coworker scratches his head 'That can't be real.' Smith replies 'Yep. Real as Ribena as the saying goes. My saying anyway, maybe it's dumb. Anyway, it gets better, look at 'Carnage, final kills preview...'

Smith does some typing on his friend's keyboard and plays a new video. A male 'actor' in a living room is seen on the computer with his same sex chum. The former comments 'It's not safe on Carnage Street, anymore. Do you feel the same?' The buddy is sad 'I feel EXACTLY the same. CARNAGE!' The latter pulls out a gun from his trousers and fires at his friend. The coworker scratches his head 'Did that guy just shoot that person for no reason whatsoever?' Smith laughs 'Yep. Then he falls down a hole. We CAN'T miss it when it's on.' The coworker replies as he closes the video 'Maybe we should check the CCTV again...' The duo fix their eyes on Smith's computer. Smith tuts 'The gang have parked the car and are making people on the street do funny dances...' The coworker replies 'Why??' Smith shrugs his shoulders 'Power tripping, I guess. God they're making me angry. I should have some more hot chocolate to calm me down.' The coworker points to the screen 'The dancers are taking things further. They're doing the whole YMCA routine...' Smith shouts 'NO!' In a knee jerk reaction, Smith throws his drink all over the screen and keyboard. The computer keeps repeating the dancing actions over and over again. It's broken.

The coworker looks defeated 'Looks like the UK's main intelligence service has been cut in half...' The Chief of Police enters the room and stands over the two workers. He puts his hands on his hips 'What in God's name are you watching???' Smith looks down in shame 'People on the street dancing to the YMCA song, Sir.' The Chief growls 'And may I ask WHY?' The coworker is quick 'Smith spilt hot chocolate over his keyboard and computer so it's jammed on some rather bizarre CCTV.' The COP replies 'So if I were to fix the computer and look at both your search histories, you'd be completely fine with that?' The coworker yelps 'No, please!' The COP is curious 'And why not?' Smith stutters 'E.. er... I have to come clean. We've been watching a couple of soap opera clips when we should have been working. But that's all!' The COP shakes his head 'That's all??? A gang of madmen are on the loose, you are ignoring them and that's all??'

The coworker gives a nervous smile 'The clips really were exceptionally funny. Would you like to see them?' The COP stamps his foot 'NO!!' The coworker tries to be calm 'Look, the felons are making people look really silly and it's best we all pull together and act as one. Let's stop this fighting, eh?' The COP sighs 'Fine. As you're so wise, maybe it's best you end your lunch break early and we start using your computer?' The coworker nods and the COP continues 'Been watching kittens get rescued, I bet?' The coworker smiles 'Adorable. Absolutely adorable.' The COP checks Smith's screen one last time. He jolts backwards 'Argh!' Smith is confused 'Argh? Why argh?' The COP clenches his fists 'That man dancing. He's an undercover spy working on the case! And now he's debilitated!' Smith replies 'Don't worry. It may be embarrassing for him, but he has got fairly good moves...'

The COP shouts 'That's not the point and you know it! I'm going to phone him up, right now.' The COP retrieves a phone from his pocket and makes a call as the two workers stare at him 'Agent 53, you've been spotted doing the YMCA on CCTV. Are you ok??... Oh, you have GOT to be kidding me...' Smith is curious 'What's going on?' The COP sighs 'He's on the gang's side now, and is in the stolen cop car...' Smith replies 'Because Bjorn converted him?' The COP nods 'Exactly... Agent, I want you to stop the gang right now. I want you to karate chop them all on the head, one by one. Can you do that for me?... As a friend?... Where are you going?... Hello?... Who is this?... Bjorn Squeeze?... You think I'm the nicest man you've spoken to in your whole life? Wow. You really mean that?' Smith shouts 'Don't listen to him! It's a trick!' The Chief continues 'You like my voice? It's like velvet?' Still seated, Smith smashes the COP's phone from his hand. It crashes on the floor and breaks. He then wipes his forehead 'I did that for you. I was saving your sanity.'

The COP nods 'Good man. I did feel like I was going a bit funny.' The coworker is cool 'Let's just use my PC to check out the latest news and to monitor CCTV...' Smith and the COP stare at the coworker's screen as the latter does some clicking. He reads from his monitor 'News just in: People are dancing and feelin' funky as a kindhearted and cool criminal gang carjack numerous cars in minutes. Great guys! If they ever meet me, naturally I will be giving them my car just to make them happy. And my house and belongings, too! Want my money? No problem!' Smith grits his teeth 'We have to stop them right now.' The COP is curious 'Do YOU think I have a nice voice?' Smith hits his desk 'Pull yourself together! We have criminals to catch!' The COP looks down 'So that's a no, then?' Smith sighs 'You have an alright voice, I guess. Now let's get brainstorming!'

The COP rubs his chin 'As this situation is so grave, do you think... maybe we could use Latin?' Smith and the coworker scream 'NO!' Smith continues 'No way. If even a madman who kills chefs has stopped chanting the language, don't you think that's a sign it's a bad idea?' The coworker joins the conversation 'How can you know for sure he's stopped using the language?' Smith laughs 'How do I know? Because random members of the force and the population in general have stopped turning into rabbits, ducks, kittens, etcetera. That's how. That was a time best forgotten.' The COP is still thoughtful 'Just one phrase. That's all. For example the Latin version of 'Stop the gang.' Smith is confident 'No. It will lead to retaliation, it's simply out of the question.'

The COP nods 'Fair point. SO... What to do then?' The coworker grins 'Ever watch Carnage?' The COP is curious 'What's that?' The coworker's eyes light up 'Only the worst AND best soap of all time!' The audio is all you'll need, we can leave the CCTV on the computer, it will still be work!' The police cameras show more dancers. After some clicks and typing, a narrator is heard from the coworker's computer. 'You are watching Carnage's best ever moments. Coming in at number five is a classic murder scene...' A male actor's voice is heard 'Would you like this pie? I baked it just for you. It's filled with raisins, chocolate and strawberries.' Another male actor's voice is heard 'Mm. Delicious!' The previous actor is then heard 'Thanks. It's also poisoned. You have five seconds to live. If you're like my first few friends, that is.' The second actor's voice is heard 'Well I killed your dog!' The COP tuts 'What is this rubbish?' The coworker replies 'All the episodes are like this, I believe. It really is relentless.'

Smith's phone rings from his pocket. He answers the call 'Hello?... You're the criminal gang and you've got my number through my spy who is now working for you?... W-what do you want from me?... I have a nice taste in socks?... Do you have any idea how much of a pathetic compliment that was?... Having said that, what exactly is it that you like about my socks?' The COP kicks the phone out of Smith's hand. The latter is grateful 'Thanks Chief.' The narrator from the computer speaks again 'Coming in at number four is the birthday party plane crash!' A woman's voice is heard 'Wow, what a great birthday party! It been going on for two hours and not a single person has been murdered!' A roar from a jet engine is heard getting closer and closer. The woman sighs 'I've jinxed it, haven't I?...' The COP is relaxed 'Actually, that does look like a program I'd be interested in watching...' The coworker replies 'Told you.'