

A sweating and twitching Captain Mental is sitting on a train seat with a window on his immediate left. Blurry trees go by at incredible speeds. In front of him is the back of a similar chair. On his right is an aisle and on the right of that is another row of seats. About eight metres in front, is a door to another carriage. All passengers turn to stare at the officer with wide open eyes. Many are sitting completely still, others shake their heads in disbelief. A voice is heard from a speaker up above 'We hope you're enjoying your journey to Scotland. Well, we hope most of you are. Of course we don't care about the villainous and horrible Captain Mental who condones the abuse of royalty, and most likely regicide.' Mental stamps his foot 'Now that's too far!' The voice continues 'Of course much of Scotland has burnt to the ground now, because of Mental, so don't expect to have TOO good a time, there. When you arrive, you'll be given a dust pan and brush, and a small Hoover. If everyone could do their bit, that would be greatly appreciated.'

Mental looks down in shame. From behind, someone taps on the disgraced cop's shoulder. Mental turns and looks up to the person, slowly. It's a punk with a red mohawk and wearing leather and chains. He is unusually animated 'Hey, man! I love all the anti-monarchy stuff! Us punks are a dying breed, then YOU came along!' The punk smiles widely, sits down by the cop's side and continues 'How do you feel about the government? Are you trying to bring that down, too? Maybe I could help you? I have lots of ideas, man...' Mental sighs 'No one in the force is anti monarchy. Morgan is just going through a difficult time right now. Never in his life has he trolled someone as high profile as the queen. When he was given a job interview by the Chief of Police, he explained that he's never trolled anyone. He said he always helps old ladies, even if they talk too much, and everyone believed him. We still do.'

The punk nods 'Right, right. I'm law-abiding, too. Sometimes too much. There was this one time I time where I saved the whole world from killer bees!' Mental scratches his head 'Why did you say that?' The punk shrugs his shoulders 'You don't believe me?' Mental pulls a funny face 'No...' The punk continues 'Huh. My mate James did. He's a pigeon, now.' A woman on Mental's right joins the conversation 'You say you're not anti-authority, but you look anti-authority to me...' Mental scratches his head 'What's THAT supposed to mean?' The woman continues 'You look like a scumbag. I mean why ARE you called 'Mental'? It has to be for a reason...' Mental sheds a tear 'I don't want to talk about it.' The woman carries on 'Maybe I should be anti-authority, too. As in anti-you? And rightly so; you do realise most of us are here as a rescue mission because of you?' Mental covers his face in shame for a few seconds 'No, no, no...'

Mental's face goes white. He jumps up, pushes the punk out of the way, and runs to the front of the carriage. By his left, he now sees a sweet looking old man with a walking stick. A panic button and speaker is straight in front of the OAP. Mental is agitated '(expletive) off!' The whole train gasps in horror, except from the punk who shouts 'Yes!' Mental is mortified by his own behaviour. He screams 'Aargh! I'm SO sorry! I'm under so much stress!' One person shouts 'You monster!', another shouts 'Down with the police!' Mental shakes more than ever, punches the panic button and shrieks 'Stop this train! Please! Stop this train! I have to get off!' A man is heard through the speaker 'You're just another queen hating cop! I don't have to do anything for you.' Mental doesn't give up 'Pleasy-weasy-cheesy-please!' The speaker man replies 'What the hell was that?' Mental clenches his fists 'I don't know!'

Mental shoves the OAP out of the way, (that's two assaults, now) whilst mumbling 'Sorry', then starts punching the window by his side. He starts crying 'I have to get out of here!!' Another passenger shouts 'Now he's vandalising the train!' The OAP comments casually 'If you jump out of the train at this speed, you'll die instantly...'. Mental nods 'Right you are.' The cop pauses and scratches his head 'Hang on... Why are you speaking with such a calm voice?... Say... What do you think of salmon?' The OAP replies 'Come again?' Mental continues 'Are you Henry the Sneaky Salmon?' The OAP rubs his chin 'No. Do I smell of salmon?' Mental carries on 'No, but...' The OAP sighs 'So I speak with a calm voice and I don't smell of fish. So I'm a criminal, I suppose? Well done. You've solved another mystery'. Mental nods 'Ok. Just checking.'

The door in front of Mental opens. He now sees a 6 foot 5, stocky security guard. The beefy man puts his hands on his hips and snarls 'Hello, Mental. I know how much you hate authority. We all know. Now, are you going to make this easy or hard for me? All I'm asking is that you behave yourself.' Mental nods 'Of course. But I'd REALLY like to leave this train. I think I'm having a panic attack.' The guard tuts 'YOU'RE having a panic attack? How do you think the people in Scotland feel now that loads of it has been razed to the ground?' Mental looks thoughtful 'Doesn't raze to the ground sound like a weird phrase to you? Raze sounds like raise. How can you raise something to the ground whilst demolishing it?' The guard frowns 'Are you trying to be funny?' Mental sighs 'Yes. Just trying to ease the tension.' The guard is curious 'And why are travelling to Scotland, anyway? You're not going to team up with Morgan and set up an anarchic state are you?'

The punk at the back of the train is head shouting 'You're the king!' Mental shakes his head 'No, I'm not going to set up a new kingdom led by me and my friend. I just want to help my pal through this tough time. That's all. And of course, do my bit for the community.' Mental sits by the old man's side 'You can go back to your office or whatever it is you came from, now. Good day.' An item slips out of Mental's pocket. The guard stares at it. It's a half-eaten sausage roll. The guard covers his mouth and trembles 'You're... on the Sausage Roll Killer's side?' Mental hits the chair with his fist 'What?? No! It's just a snack!' The guard replies 'No one eats that stuff anymore. Not because of the connotations...' Mental laughs 'What? That's ridiculous! Again, it's just a dumb snack!' The guard looks down 'Just a snack. Just a snack. What are you going to say next? Assault is just a punch?'

All passengers (apart from the punk) chant 'Get Mental off the train!' over and over.' Mental turns around to face them 'I WANT to get off this damn train!' There is a pause. Then the same people chant 'Arrest Captain Mental!' The punk is seen by the cop giving an energetic wave 'Burn everything to the ground with your epic robots!' Mental's phone rings from his other pocket. He answers the call, as jittery as ever 'Hello, Chief. I'm on the train, now... Why do I sound so nervous? Hm. Tough one. I guess I'm anxious about doing the best damn job that I can... Thanks, I thought that was admirable, too.' The punk shouts 'Mental is the king! He's finally going to destroy this whole country!' Mental sighs 'Wait, Chief, Chief, let me explain... No, I haven't gone bad, it's a massive understanding. You see... Yes, I know you've given me chance after chance after chance... I see. Bye, Chief.'

Mental pockets his phone and wipes his nose 'NOW I'm sacked. Apparently the force has no place for anarchists.' Everyone apart from the punk claps respectfully. Mental turns to face the guard who hasn't moved an inch. I guess he doesn't know what else to do. The cop looks sad 'I'm feeling lightheaded... I think I'm going to faint.' The Guard sighs 'Well if you're going to faint, don't faint on the old man. I think you've done enough to him, don't you?' Mental shakes his head 'I didn't mean to swear at him!' The guard widens his eyes 'You did what? I thought you just worried him. He looks worried...' Mental replies ASAP. Too fast even, he needs to think things through 'I didn't. Bye!' At this point, the officer finally faints. Everything goes black.

Lying down in a very uncomfortable position, Mental wakes up to see everyone has gone. He finds his way up to look out the window. The train has stopped moving. Thank God the busy train station and the countless vacuum cleaners haven't been burned to the ground. He sighs 'Well... I guess I'm in Scotland. Hopefully now that all the robots have been destroyed, I'll be respected again. Mental the robot destroying legend! Yes, I'm partly responsible for all the robo chaos, but the point is I helped stop it. It's like when you hear of a convicted felon who turns his life around and saves a drowning dog. It's inspiring.' With a spring in his step, he walks to the middle of the carriage and opens the door.

The first person he sees, is an in tears Constable Morgan. Mental looks sad 'Friend! What's wrong?' Mental steps off the train and shakes his coworker's hand. Morgan responds 'The ghosts of the SRK, Henry the Sneaky Salmon, Gary the Sneaky Sardine, and a robot have possessed me and made me say some DREADFUL things. You HAVE to help me You have to believe me!' Mental gives a thumbs up 'Of course I believe you! Your actions were completely out of character!' Morgan gives a warm smile. Mental continues 'Have the spirits made you say anything else?' Morgan looks down 'I've spent a lot of my time phoning prime ministers and presidents across the whole world.' Mental face palms 'What did you say to them?' Morgan sheds a tear 'I called them twats.'

Mental shakes his head 'Oh, Morgan. What HAVE you been through?' Morgan continues 'This is hell! You fool. You muppet!' Morgan widens his eyes 'I'm so sorry!' Mental chuckles 'It's ok. I understand what's going on.' Morgan winks 'You're a good friend. You mooncalf.' Mental screws up his face 'What's that?' Morgan shrugs his shoulders 'I don't know. The spirits are just trying to be funny. They're pathetic.' Mental nods 'Ok. Anyway, we have our reputations to save. We need to bring back peace of mind!' Morgan continues 'Epic Dave has been flying over the area on the look out for any threats, but you know Dave, whenever he does something good, he has to shoot lasers from his eyes at a work of art or a statue or whatever.' Mental laughs 'Oh, Epic Dave...'

Mental's mobile rings. He answers it 'Ah, hello Chief! Why are you calling this time?... Just to insult me?... I see. I'm a bad policeman. Well, when taking into consideration all the things that have been said to me recently, I'll take that as a compliment. Chief... Can I be a policeman again? I know you need me. I'm one of the most experienced officers in the whole force... I can help Morgan, but you won't pay me? I have to win back your trust first? Great! How can I do that?... By not antagonising people? Chief, I'm only human. How am I supposed to do that in this situation?... Ok, then. I'll try.' Morgan points to the sky 'Look! It's Epic Dave!' Mental

looks up to see the 'hero' firing a laser at Mental's feet. His shoes turns to ash.'  
Mental screams 'DAAAAVE!!'