

Constable Smith is rambling along a dry, muddy path in the sunlight. Birds fly overhead and tweet. Two extensive rows of neatly laid out, tall and full of life trees are by his sides. A few meters in front of him is a fifty year old in shorts and a sleeveless shirt with 'pineapple life' written on the back. He is walking a poodle at the same speed as the cop. Smith rubs his chin and thinks to himself 'I know Mental told me to go for a peaceful walk so I could sort my thoughts out and try and get some insights into this whole pizza nightmare, but it's simply not helping. Why are people turning into pizzas NOW? They certainly didn't before... Maybe it has something to do with the pizza's secret, special ingredients. Why were the chefs so guarded about them? I guess maybe if people knew what they were, any old person could make amazing Evil Hawaiians. Yes. That must be the reason... Completely harmless... It seems I'm back to square one. Hm. Maybe... No, it's gone.'

Smith shrugs his shoulders and continues thinking 'Maybe I should just enjoy the scenery...' As he walks, he gazes at the trees and gives them a thumbs up. He then focuses hard on the dog walker's neck. Smith goes pale and stutters 'Oh... oh n-no...' He has noticed a pineapple growing out of the other visitor. He raises his voice to him 'Sir?... Sir?...' The fellow rambler turns to face the officer 'What is it that you want?' He then coughs up a pineapple that lands on Smith's face. The walker also goes pale 'Oh, please no...' Smith sheds a tear 'I'll get you the help you need.' The walker opens his mouth to speak and it flashes yellow. His tongue is now 100% fruit. He tries his best to talk 'W-whs hpn-ng t mmmm?' Smith looks down 'What's happening? It's just your time. Errr... Did you lead a fulfilling life?' The walker sighs 'I ... giss...' Smith smiles 'Because of Italian food, right?'

Through his shirt, it's seen the dog walker's torso is slowly morphing into a man-sized, sliced pizza. Smith stares in complete disbelief. The casualty's head then lowers into the food and disappears. He collapses backwards, facing up. His arms and legs then also merge with the food. Only his hands and feet remain and stick out. The pizza starts to fit as the dog yelps and runs around him in circles, licking up all approaching ants that are looking for a meal. Smith kneels down to comfort the food and holds its shaking hand 'Are you in pain?' The lower slice flaps up and down manically behind the clothes, as the pizza speaks in a terrifying, deep voice 'The Sausage Roll Killer is great. The Sausage Roll Killer is great'. The pizza then freezes. Smith furrows his brow 'Do you know what you're saying? I'm finding it hard to feel empathy for you right now...' The pizza speaks again, this time in the same traumatised and mumbling manner, of not long ago 'I d-don't und-derstand... w-what's going on...'

Smith looks thoughtful and comments to himself 'I think this could be a breakthrough here...' He rubs the pizza's shoulder that transforms into a stuffed crust, and talks to him 'Just checking, but you're definitely not working for the SRK?' The pizza is outraged 'Nnnn-no!' Smith nods 'Ok. Sorry, but you must understand I've got into a LOT of trouble for being too trusting. Have you eaten any Evil Hawaiians?' The pizza sighs 'Yyyy-yes...' Smith nods again 'In the last few days?' The pizza responds, defeated 'Yyy-yes...' Smith replies 'That's what I thought. And to be clear, what do you think of the SRK?' The pizza replies, getting weaker 'I th-think he's a s-scumb-bag'. Smith smiles warmly 'That's very interesting...' The pizza speaks deeply again 'Long live the Sausage! Captain Mental is a muppet!'

The poor pizza's hands and feet morph into garlic bread sticks. His shoes fall off. Smith stands up and slaps himself, hard in the face 'Think, think! What do I do? Of course! Call for an ambulance! Sorry for not calling earlier, but I HAVE been really weirded out...' The cop retrieves a mobile from his pocket and makes a call 'Hello? Ambulance please... Severe pizzafication... Very severe, a medical emergency... How severe? He had feet and hands for a while, but then they turned into garlic sides... I understand how mysterious and un-researched the condition is, but you have to do something!... Ok, you're going to send an ambulance ASAP, that IS something. Is there anything I should do in the meantime?... No? Dammit, I'll try for myself, then!'

Smith throws his phone to the ground, kneels down again, removes the walker's shirt and attempts to give the kiss of life to the centre of the pizza. Consequently, he gets covered in tomato sauce. Smith takes a break and comments to himself 'God that sauce is good. I'm not sure if I can resist eating the poor thing... There has to be another way to save him... I just want one tiny nibble, first... No! I need to control myself! How about I sing you a song to ease the pain? Here goes 'Please don't die pizza man. Errrr... I don't want to say goodybe... ummm... pizza man. I may want to lick your face, but don't take it the wrong way. I want to lick you all over the place, but it's only because...' The pizza whimpers 'Please... S-stop...' Smith sheds a tear 'Of course. I'm so sorry. That's wasn't a good song. Some of it rhymed, though...'

A flock of birds descend on the pizza and start pecking at it. The dog keeps licking the ants whilst circling his owner. The pet now appears dizzy. He falls over, rights himself then does more licking. Smith looks impressed 'Good doggie... I'll deal with the birds!' In an act that would almost always appear to be completely unacceptable animal cruelty, Smith stands and kicks away the creatures away as best he can. He doesn't REALLY go for it, that would be too far, but he does scare them, even if they keep coming back for more. The pizza speaks, now almost lifeless 'It's ok... You t-ried your... b-best. You... just need... m-more ex-perience, then... you'll b-be fine. Criminals are... hard t-to catch. Most people think... you-re an... i-idiot and you ... are, but you... have a good... heart. I'm a gone...r. J-just leave me here...'

Smith picks his phone up and comments 'No. I can't just leave you like this.' He kicks away a returning bird every few seconds with help from the poodle. Needless to say it's a very bizarre spectacle. Smith makes a call 'Hi, Mental?... I've just had to witness someone else turning into a pizza. The thing is, he said the Sausage Roll Killer was awesome or whatever and then said he didn't know what was going on. Do you think... maybe the SRK is behind the pizza conversions in some way? I mean who else would want someone to say something so crazy?... I'm so glad you agree! I've just been called an idiot! It wouldn't have been so bad, but they were the very last words a dying person said to me... You want me to go undercover at a local pizza store to see what's going on?... Ok, great idea. Bye.'

The pizza has something else to say 'Hey... I don't w-want my last... words to be 'y-you're an idiot'. I want to say... you're a... God damn... fool. Now go.' Smith gives an emotional thumbs up, then sprints back the way he came with sad eyes. After about 30 seconds of running in-between more trees, he reaches a small wooden hut with an Evil Hawaiian sign on top of it. There are no windows, just a door. Anything could be going on inside. Beyond the foodery are MORE trees on both sides of the path.

They go on for as far as the eye can see. Smith bangs on the entrance as a distant ambulance is heard, and shouts 'Hey there! I need to work for your company right now! Please let me in!' A calm voice is heard from inside the establishment 'What's your experience?' Smith replies loudly, 'No experience, I just want to be around pizza 24/7!' The other voice sounds impressed 'That's good enough for me. Worker. We need as many people like you as possible.'

The door opens to reveal just a single room. Smith enters. Several cupboards are 6 foot high on the back wall, each with a different label on them. One says 'dough', another says 'tomatoes', another says 'Cheese', another says 'pineapples', another says 'ham' and another says 'secret ingredients - don't ask.' In the centre of the room are a number of pans on a stove, cooking the meals in different stages. Interestingly, there is no cleaning equipment in sight. A dozen or so chefs in white aprons and wearing gas masks are handling a mixture of ingredients and some are cooking them. The similarly masked chef who just opened the door for the officer is wearing black. It just looks more authoritative. Smith scratches his head and asks the head chef a question 'Where's the counter and that stuff?' The head chef is cool 'We're all about maximum production and efficiency, here. Features like tables and cash machines weren't regarded as essential...' Smith replies 'Where's the washing up stuff?' The chef laughs 'There really is no need for them. The pizzas are so dangerous, cleanliness is the least of anyone's worries!'

Smith's eyes widen 'What's that supposed to mean?' The head chef chuckles again 'Most of us know pizza is causing pizzafication deep down now, but people don't care. They need to get enough of the food as possible. That's why the people are wearing gas masks here - to stop them smelling the ingredients and getting tempted. I'll get one for you.' Smith laughs nervously 'No, I don't think I need one. I'm very self-controlled. And VERY intelligent.' The head chef shrugs his shoulders 'Well... If you're sure. But that same attitude has been the downfall of many.' Smith replies coolly 'Trust me. So, what's in the special ingredients?' The HC sighs 'No one really knows. All we know is that it's from Scotland. It really can be anything. It just tastes tomato-y, but not quite. It's hard to explain.'

Smith puts his hands on his hips 'Do you think maybe THAT'S what's causing the deaths, rather than the pizzas on the whole?' The HC replies 'Possibly. No one here goes near the stuff, if possible. It's said to be twice as addictive as heroin.' Smith looks confused 'It seems to me, that's a big warning sign.' The HC looks down 'You're right. Dough and such has never killed anyone has it?' Smith goes red 'So stop using the so called 'special stuff', then.' The HC sounds agitated 'You don't understand. You can't just stop using it...' Smith coughs 'What do you mean?' Another chef looks to the HC and says 'Show him...' Smith looks scared 'What's going on?' The HC walks to special ingredient cupboard and takes out a jar. He hands it to Smith.

Smith starts to sweat 'I have... I have to open it...' The HC shakes his head 'Do you see what I mean? We can't just simply stop using it. It has complete power over us.' Smith smashes the jar to the floor and screams 'STOP THIS MADNESS!!!' The HC is calm 'You want to lick it all up, don't you? You want to gather it and put it on a frying pan.' Smith screams again 'CLEAN IT UP NOW!' The HC responds 'It's not as simple as that. You try...' Smith massages his temples 'I... can't...' The HC nods

'See. How do you think WE feel? We have to deal with it every single day...' Smith stamps his foot 'I'm a cop working for Captain Mental and I demand you clean it up, right now! That's why I'm in police uniform! And I demand you take your mask off! Look at me in the eyes like a man!' The HC shakes 'Sir please! No!' Smith growls 'Do it!!'

The HC does so. In an instant he drops to the floor and licks every drop of the spilt sauce. Smith covers his face with his hands 'Oh no... What have I done?' The other chefs cry out 'Dear God no!' The HC looks up to Smith and comments in a deep voice, defeated 'The Sausage Roll Killer is a great man...' Smith looks down in sorrow 'Oh, here we go...' The HC continues 'The Sausage Roll Killer will never be caught as he's the best. Here's a message for Mental and all his freaks: Screw you!' Smith sighs 'How the hell is the SRK doing this?' A chef in white responds as the head slowly morphs into a suited pizza, leaving only human hands and feet again 'The SRK? Believe me, if we knew HE was involved with our business, we would certainly NEVER be ok with it!' Smith sighs 'Really?' The same chef looks down 'Dunno...'

Smith tuts 'Ok'. He phones Mental 'Hi there... You would not believe what's just happened. I've just made a huge breakthrough, but I'm in a very scary situation right now. The secret ingredients in Evil Hawaiians are killing everyone. Well I say it was a huge breakthrough, really it should have been obvious after a bit of investigating, but never mind. I'm convinced at least a few thousand Charltonham chefs know exactly what's going on. They just won't admit it to themselves as there's nothing they can do. It's all very disturbing. Now I have to call an ambulance. Should have done that first again, but hey. Anyway, later...'.