

One Screwy Week

by

Simon Wiedemann

1. Introduction

This is an odd book, I'm not going to lie. It's an important story, however, as by you reading it, you may be able to help with later police enquiries. And the law needs your help; crime is everywhere and until we evolve, or have mind-altering computer chips implanted in our brains, perhaps many, many months or even years in the future, it will always be everywhere; often where you least suspect. 'But wait, I'm not a policeman, how do I know how to fight crime?' Well; you'll learn. You'll learn what to do, and without a doubt you'll learn what not to do. At least you'll get some good tips, that will impress anyone who may later be training you, anyway.

Like any good education, you'll have some fun along the way; as long as you like a good meal, that is. By this, I mean you'll get ideas for your cooking that will blow your mind. Crime and cooking? Yep, there are also several puns you may be interested in. For those with a strong left brain preference, feet will get turned into meters to 4 decimal places, and for the excitement seekers in general... well, there's a lot for you, let's put it that way. Of course there is, this is a crime thriller. Though as this is a factual tale, don't enjoy what you read too much. Have some compassion. What more can I say, other than read with care, for God's sake, the police are always in need of new recruits! Do I need to say it, again? Join the police, now!

Annoyed you haven't learnt any facts yet? Not a problem: When building a settlement, don't set up too close to water; problems with insects. Enjoy!

2. Captain Mental's House

EXT: BLOODCLOTSWOLDS VILLAGE - SUNDAY MORNING, 11 AM

CAPTAIN MENTAL lives in a beautiful rural village, in the Bloodclotswolds, Cliff-Burton-on-the-Water. No one here likes the name of their region, famed for being among the most grisly in England. Perhaps the most offensive title in the country, is Throw-the-Elderly-in-the-Water, in the West midlands. That's pretty bad, so count your blessings whilst in this district.

In contrast, MENTAL'S charming cottage is unremarkable, and for the right reasons. It's the kind of place you wouldn't give a second look, unless house hunting. This everyday house is situated by the sides of two others, that are just as dull and pleasing, and they're along a peaceful, uneven road. The sky is drab and grey, though plants, etc. are a vibrant green. Trees are everywhere. In fact there is more vegetation in the whole area, than anything manmade. A moss covered and ancient stone bridge is also in sight, along with a narrow, splashing river rushing underneath it.

There are some who say it's filled with piss and let's face it, there's no smoke without fire. If you have the misfortune of falling in it and cutting yourself on the riverbed rocks, you'll be in a bad way for a good few days. They'll be pus, everywhere and some of it will be green. Let's zoom into the CAPTAIN'S house. (You can go through the letter box, with the unseeable entity that is me. Don't worry, I'll open it, but close your eyes. I don't want you trying to steal my secrets. Can you imagine that can of worms??)

Alright, open them, now. Inside MENTAL'S living room, things are no less pleasant. Oak beams hang on the ceiling, and the walls and floor are covered with a rich, warming wood. Everything seems to be old-fashioned; the antique table and four surrounding chairs where MENTAL is sitting are old; the whisky and the briefcase on the table are old; the fireplace at the back of the room and even the television, radio and phone, next to it, are all pretty much ancient. This is no coincidence, this is what the man prefers. So much so, that he orders all his colleagues and friends to contact him on his traditional communication device, just so he can hold the thing in his hand. If he's unavailable, fair enough; try the mobile.

'What does MENTAL look like?' Never heard of the 'furniture then people rule'. (The FTP rule). Never mind, you're learning. CAPTAIN MENTAL is an 85 year old man, wearing a red military uniform and slippers. He has a white handlebar mustache and a comb-over on his head, of the same colour. Despite his age, he is super-mobile and energetic.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(talking to himself,
whilst sad)

I just don't understand what happened to you... One minute you were preparing me a sausage roll in your kitchen, then as soon as I turned my back, you were gone. Well, I'll find you, my old friend, you can count on that. I don't care how much stress I'm under at the moment, I'll track you down... Well, at least I'm not a suspect, anymore. So that's... something.

CAPTAIN MENTAL opens his briefcase, to reveal a number of police files. He goes through them, one by one and reads their headings.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Man assaulted with rubber spade;
suspected roof tile theft; loud
argument scares off tourists...

Come on! How about kidnap and possible murder?! I don't care if it happened ten years ago, and there's no evidence. This is important! I'm an old man, for Christ's sake. All this stress will give me a heart attack! I guess now I know why this place is named after blood clots... They say it isn't, but I know it is...

In an attempt to unwind, CM pours out a glass of whisky, turns on his radio, then sits back down. The WOMAN ON THE RADIO he hears, seems to have the low-toned voice of a 40 something. Her accent is posh.

WOMAN ON THE RADIO

(calm)

.... So... After all of this debating, lets have a show of hands... Who here thinks pregnant women should go to jail?...

CAPTAIN MENTAL spits out his whisky, in horror.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

What??

WOMAN ON THE RADIO

....Ok, and who here doesn't?

There is a stunned pause, from CM.

WOMAN ON THE RADIO

Well, it seems most people think that pregnant woman should go to jail... Any comments from the audience?

MENTAL leaves his chair and grabs his phone. Someone must stop this madness.... But who to call? He stands still for a while, dumbfounded, thinking hard and listening at the same time. Now an AUDIENCE MEMBER on the radio show, is heard. He has the working class voice of a grown man.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Yes, I have a comment. If mothers give birth and have their babies with them in jail, I don't see how that would harm the child... The babies won't be neglected...

WOMAN ON THE RADIO

Good point.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Babies in jail, as well? What kind of
 fascist state are we living in? I have
 to tell Constable Morgan about this...
 Maybe we could start a petition.

Who's that? MR. MORGAN is a 21 year old man, with the same
 regional accent as MENTAL... But what does he look like??? :O
 MENTAL dials the number for this man's mobile, stewing with
 rage.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Hel.....

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (cutting in)
 Morgan! You will not believe what I
 just heard!

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 What?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Pregnant woman and their babies might
 end up being sent to jail!

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 What? Why??

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Ever read 1984? It's happening!

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Why weren't we informed? We work for
 the police!

AUDIENCE MEMBER
 I think teens should go to jail, as
 well....

WOMAN ON THE RADIO
 Off topic, but an interesting
 thought...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Did you hear that, Morgan??

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 About teens going to jail? Yeah, I
 heard it. Scary times...

AUDIENCE MEMBER
 and the elderly....

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Holy shit, that's me!

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Just turn the radio off. It will never
happen, I'm sure...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Maybe you're right...

In repressed dread, CAPTAIN MENTAL turns off the radio, with
the phone still in his hand.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(moving on, in a more
affable tone)
Do you want to come round my house,
for tea? That will take your mind off
things...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(starting to calm down)
That sounds good. What time's ok for
you?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
You can come round now, if you like...
There is something I want to talk to
you about...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Is it serious?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Most people I've talked to about it
say it isn't, but I disagree...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Oh, I know the feeling, believe me...
Ok, I'm coming over, bye...

MENTAL puts the phone down and leaves the house, still in his
slippers.

3. Constable Morgan's House

INT: CONSTABLE MORGAN'S COTTAGE DINING ROOM - FIVE MINUTES
LATER

To the convenience of both POLICEMEN, CONSTABLE MORGAN lives
next to CAPTAIN MENTAL. The interior of this residence is more
modern than the previous one. It still has unspoiled wooden
supports on the ceiling, but the walls are painted an
energetic white and a welcoming, pale blue carpet is on the
floor.

Even more modernised, are the phone and flat screen TV hanging on the wall. They are here so one can watch television, if the invited, munching guests are too annoying. Facing the TV, is a stylish coffee table with a remote control and two cups of hot coffee on it. It is surrounded by comfy and extra soft leather sofas, in a 'U' shape; arguably the most obscure of the vowels. (Just trying to be interesting. It's not always easy). Both POLICEMEN are sitting down on them and as time goes by, they sink further and further into them. Behind the TWO, is a medium sized aquarium housing around 10 FISH and their food.

The FTP rule dealt with, CONSTABLE MORGAN can now be described. As he isn't working today, he can dress in his preferred clothes, rather than his police uniform. He is wearing a Hawaiian shirt, shorts and a baseball cap, back to front. His face isn't as thoughtful as you might hope. His tidy mustache does make him look a bit more grown up than he is in reality, however.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(with warmth)

What's the matter, Mental? You haven't stopped looking nervous....

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I just don't understand what I did wrong... You can't jail people for being too old... Or indeed for being any age...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

That, again... I wouldn't worry. I've heard TV personalities arguing that people under 21 shouldn't be allowed to drink, and they've had lots of support and even government backing. I've seen 5 year olds drinking in front of policemen, and nothing happened... Just enjoy your coffee.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Wow, even in front of policemen? Maybe you're right, then. I think the stress of the job is getting to me... Anyway, why did you invite me over?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(revealing hidden sadness)

.... It's just my fish. They're getting me down...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

What do you mean?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Follow me...

MORGAN leaves his seat and leads MENTAL to the tank.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(trying to be cheerful)
Hello, little fishies... I've just
solved a really high profile case,
involving three robbers!

The ANIMALS seem to have no regard for MORGAN and keep
swimming around, in circles. They do so, much slower than
normal.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
See that? No reaction, whatsoever...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(also saddened)
Sorry, Morgan. I didn't know... Make
up a really big lie...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(speaking to the fish,
with an excited tone)
Hey fish! I've just been promoted! I'm
now king of police the world over!

Again, the PETS don't seem to care.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Wow... I don't know what to say...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
It's ok. I'm used to it.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
You know what will impress your fish?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
What?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
If we found the person who killed that
chef, all those years ago...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(inspired)
Yeah!..

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Shame there's no evidence, though...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (trying to find hope)
 Something will turn up...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 I just can't work out the motive... He
 made the best damn sausage rolls I've
 ever tasted...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Maybe that's a clue in itself...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Don't be ridiculous, Morgan.

MORGAN is a little hurt by the comment, inside.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Hey? Want to watch some TV?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Sure...

MORGAN sits back down with MENTAL, grabs the remote and turns
 the TV on. A butch 30 year old is shown. He is standing alone
 on a large boat, on the sea. The brutal weather is extra windy
 and dense rain blows, everywhere.

MAN ON TV
 (shouting over the
 noise of the weather)
 Needless to say, fishing in these
 conditions is EXTREMELY dangerous!...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 The fish! Turn it off, Morgan!

MORGAN is so anxious, he hits the controller's buttons without
 any kind of aim. This is in the hope the awful program will be
 turned off, ASAP. Thank God, the TV screen does go black.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 I'll check on the little fellas...

Trying to be strong, MENTAL walks up to the aquarium, showing
 no emotion.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 I think you should take a look at
 this...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Oh, God...

MORGAN walks to the container, fearing the worst.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
See that? They've left their food
pellets...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Call the fish therapist...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
You idiot, Morgan.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Of course, I'm sorry. I think we
should watch a different channel...

4. The Chef's House

EXT: UPPER MANSLAUGHTER - 5 MINUTES LATER

Being just 8 minutes to Cliff-Burton-on-the-Water, the scenery here is not much different; in view, are a handful of cottages, overshadowed by native trees and connected by a bumpy road. I know, right? Could be twins. The grey skies across most of the country, combined with the near-universal, healthy green plant-life can be perceived as either alluring, slightly depressing or just plain eerie. It just depends on context; where the virtuous MENTAL and MORGAN live, the conditions often seem more or less fine to those experiencing them. (What did you think?) However, here the same skies and such could be seen as pure evil. There's been an atmosphere in these parts for years. Rest assured, it can't have anything to do with the people who live here. MENTAL knows them like the back of his hand. Time to zoom into another household. Or perhaps, rezoom. A word I just made up that can't be misinterpreted. :D

Ok, the CHEF'S kitchen is a room filled with all the expected cooking and cleaning equipment. On the walls, various items hang, such as knives, cutting boards and dough scrapers. If something in the world serves even the slightest of food preparation purposes, the CHEF has it. In fact, he has number of pointless items, such as spoon dryers. Not cutlery dryers, I meant what I said. But then again, why not have such a tool if it makes him happy? Despite the clutter that is all around, the room is well designed. Here is a cozy space, decorated with relaxing light browns and cream colours. In it, an unsettled CHEF is making himself a full English breakfast, with his resting pan signed by GORDON RAMSAY. The potential heart attack is a bald 40 year old, wearing a white apron that pretty much reaches the floor. If it did, he wouldn't mind; he's not that self-conscious. I know right, the 'show don't tell rule' went completely out the window. Well... Fuck it. In his jean pocket, the tip of a mobile phone can be seen. It rings and the CHEF answers it, whilst now staring out the window. It provides fenced off and flowery garden views, and a maybe too rustic shed and wooden table is also in sight.

'Hey, what about the FTP rule?' Again, what can I say? I'm a rule breaker. MENTAL stands by MORGAN'S side as he calls.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(concerned)
Hello, Richie Downing?

RICHIE DOWNING
(surprised)
Mental? The person who welcomed me to this area?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Yes. I'm phoning, because I'm concerned (see) about you. I've been to Upper Manslaughter, and I felt really evil vibes, there... I thought telling you about the murder was enough to ease my mind, but I've had a change of heart. I think you're in danger.

RICHIE DOWNING
(a little nervous)
Haven't we all felt a strange, uncomfortable presence round here?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Exactly. As you know, James Tipton mysteriously disappeared from the exact same house you live in, all those years ago. So it's not just the aura that's bad. He was a chef, too, so you may be next. Don't tell ANYONE what you do.

RICHIE DOWNING
Mental, I've just moved in here. I'm not leaving because of some strange superstition, an unexplained feeling and a one off event, if that's what you're going to suggest I do...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
But you're living in fear...

RICHIE DOWNING
What do you suggest I do? This was the only house on sale I could afford, in the whole area...

MORGAN taps MENTAL on the shoulder.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(whispering)

Tell him to become a goth. Then he won't mind the scary atmosphere, at least.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(stern)

If you definitely won't leave the area, at least become a goth.

RICHIE DOWNING

Eh?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

You know, dress in black and stuff...

RICHIE DOWNING

Why in the world did you say that??

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Because then you won't mind the evil vibes... If leaving the place isn't an option, I think becoming a goth's a good idea... But you'll die eventually.

RICHIE DOWNING

I'm sure I won't. Will dressing as a goth really help me calm down, though?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

It might do. Let's discuss this round Morgan's house. I'm with him, watching TV...

RICHIE DOWNING

Sounds good. I'll just finish my breakfast, first...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Whenever you're ready...

RICHIE DOWNING

Alright, bye...

RICHIE puts his mobile back into his pocket, and continues making breakfast. He then faces away from the window and free(er) from distractions. A few somehow spooky minutes pass, but they don't stop his desire to eat. Once he's finished cooking, he puts each element of the meal onto an extra large plate, without much thought.

RICHIE DOWNING

Ah! Two sausages, two eggs, a slice of bacon and some baked beans! What could be better?

RICHIE'S part-cheerful mood is shattered in moments, however. He has created an abomination; the two sausages look like angry, arched eyebrows above the two eggs that look like eyes. The slice of bacon looks like a frowning mouth, and the beans look like a beard.

RICHIE DOWNING

AAARGH!

In terror, RICHIE scrapes everything off his plate with a knife, and into the kitchen bin. The slurping sound the moving food makes seems to say 'no more chefs'. (Or rather 'snooo smooree schefsssss'). Sweat drips from his forehead, as he leaves the house with an ever distracted mind. Still in his apron, he enters the back garden, tears opens his shed and gets out his bike. He then cycles to MORGAN'S house, pumped full of adrenaline.

5. Group Meeting

INT: CONSTABLE MORGAN'S COTTAGE HALLWAY - 30 MINUTES LATER

Here, the fresh blue carpet and white painted walls are continued. Next to MENTAL, MORGAN is looking out of the entrance door peephole, extra-alert. A MAN panting like someone escaping a pride of super-hungry lions, has been heard for a while now and he's getting closer and closer. MENTAL turns around in an attempt to block out his vicarious suffering. A staircase leading upstairs is seen a little blurry (that's anxiety for you), along with a plain rectangular door for each wall. No, he has to face reality. He turns back.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(worried)

That's who it is; it's Richie! He looks terrified!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

At last, he's seen reason!

The doorbell rings as MORGAN sees DOWNING'S spoon-like face, in extreme closeup. MORGAN opens the door and shuts it, once the GUEST is inside.

RICHIE DOWNING

(shaken up and
breathless)

Oh, thank God! I was chased by a tramp who shouted abuse at me! He called me chef scum! I said 'what of it!' I'm a proud chef! He only left me alone once I threw my bike at him, after I fell off!

In a state of surprise, MENTAL notices that DOWNING is wearing a chef's apron.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(in a rage)

Take that off, immediately!!

DOWNING tries to untie the knot at the back of the clothing, but finds the task a little fiddly. Frustrated, MENTAL rips the apron off of him and throws it on the floor.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

You know what happens to chefs round here! Never act in a way that implies you are one! We've just been through this!

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(trying to calm Mental
down)

You're being paranoid, Mental! Don't worry, Richie; only one man has ever died around here, and that was ten years, ago...

RICHIE DOWNING

(still out of breath)

I know, right? If one type of person gets killed once, that's not exactly a pattern, is it? And just because someone harassed me, doesn't mean he wants to kill me...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(ignoring Richie)

I'm being paranoid?? A man has been singled out for chef abuse, and I'm being paranoid??

RICHIE DOWNING

Calm down, alright?? I've just had a really intense few minutes! I got a really evil look from my breakfast, for one thing; it stared right into my soul!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I've had enough of this. I'm sick of people calling me superstitious, I'm sick of weird messages in food and God knows where else, and I'm sick of innocent people dying!

CONSTABLE MORGAN

.... person dying...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Shut up!

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Ignore him, Rich. Let's watch some TV, eh, and chill out?

RICHIE DOWNING

(starting to catch his
breath and loosen up)

That sounds good...

The THREE go through the single door for the dining room, and leave the hallway. They then descend into the sofas whilst watching a goth TV show, on the 24/7 Goth Channel.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

You'll like this, Richie.

RICHIE DOWNING

Let's have a look, then...

This TV program is a panel show, hosted by one apparent leading METALHEAD in the centre (the main person's usually in the centre, right?), and two LESSER MOSHERS, by his sides. Everything in sight seems to be black, including the clothes, makeup, walls, floor and ceiling. The only lighting comes from small, red LEDs on the GOTH'S sunglasses. I have no idea what any of these PEOPLE look like...

MAIN GOTH

As promised, this is going to be our worst program, yet. There isn't even going to be any discussion, it will just be us sitting in silence.

LESSER GOTHS, TOGETHER

Cool.

About a minute of ultra-experimental entertainment passes. How people will react, is anyone's guess.

RICHIE DOWNING

(disappointed)

Actually, this is kind of boring...

(Or is it common sense? Hm).

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Agreed. But once you leave this house, you won't be harassed by anyone, I'm sure. Angry people smell fear and you won't feel any, because of your new mentality. Your disguise will also hide you, should you run into any cheffists. We have plenty of black clothes for you and a black marker for your skin, too...

RICHIE DOWNING

If you think they will help...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

You'll be fine. Oh yeah, I forgot... Did you read through all the police files, Mental?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(sarcastic)

I browsed through most of them. The one about the rubber spade, or the loud argument?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

No, the joyriding granny...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(intrigued)

What?? That sounds like an actual crime!

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Yes. She started out with a child's scooter, then she moved onto shopping trolleys. Now she's stealing cars.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Jesus. Is there a pattern to her behaviour?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Not that anyone has spotted, according to the report; other than her taste for anything with wheels, that is. However, she does have an apparent catch phrase: Whilst going full speed, she shouts 'yippee kai yay!'

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(growing more
intrigued)

The quote from Die Hard? That's
plagiarism...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Yes. She's going to earn herself quite
the criminal record. The two offences
have never been combined, before.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Let's look at the files and try to
work out where she will strike, next.
That will take our minds off of the
chef case. You can join in too,
Richie...

6. The Tramp

EXT: CHARLTONHAM PARK - THE NEXT AFTERNOON (MONDAY) - 4PM

It is a cloudy but warmish morning, in a busy park. Here is an open space, 50 meters long and 20 meters wide. (You want feet instead? You'll have to wait). The shaded, spick-and-span grass is surrounded by thick, tall and leafy trees. Through the gaps in the branches and trunks, tall, pure white and well-kept buildings can be seen. Appearances are important round these parts, even if names aren't.

A TRAMP is sitting with arrogant, dominating body language in the middle of this walled off, family hotspot. He is an overweight 50 year old, with a thick black beard and scruffy grey hair. However, he is strangely well dressed; he is wearing an expensive, black dinner jacket and tie. He has a stolen bike next to him, and a bowler hat which he uses (or intends to use) to collect change. Some days are better than others.

TRAMP

(shouting to everyone
around him)

So the police think they can move me
on, huh?! Well, I've moved! Anyone
want to hear a song?! I'll sing even
for just a few of your unwanted
pennies!

There is an icy silence.

TRAMP

Ok, here we go!

A few PEOPLE exit through divides in the outskirts, trying
hard not to draw attention to themselves.

TRAMP

(screaming at full
volume)

WELCOME TO THE HOTEL CALIFORNIA! SUCH
A LOVELY PLACE, SUCH A LOVELY PLACE!

Now PEOPLE start to leave at an exponential rate. Some cover
their ears. In an attempt to win over his AUDIENCE, the TRAMP
uses his bowler hat as a bongo drum. This is largely seen as
just another reason to get the hell away, however.

TRAMP

SUCH A LOVELY FACE!!!!!!

The TRAMP checks his space, in the hope he didn't notice
someone walking past him, whilst tipping. He hasn't made any
money, but it's hard to be sure; he was concentrating pretty
hard on his performance. He inspects the grass with care.

TRAMP

God dammit.

He shakes his empty hat one last time, to try and encourage
the few remaining people to donate to him. However, the park
becomes barren not long after. All that is now heard, is
birdsong.

TRAMP

Oh well, at least I've got the place
to myself. Maybe I should look for
dropped coins, where everyone else was
sitting.

The TRAMP scans the area, one square meter at a time whilst
crawling on his hands and knees. It's not long before he spots
a wallet with cash beside it, and a mobile phone.

TRAMP
 (coldly)
 Finders Keepers.

Not bothered in the slightest by the rights of other's privacy, the THIEF notices the phone has been used for exchanging messages. He reads them aloud, after checking he is still alone. The life of a HOMELESS MAN can be pretty dull.

TRAMP
 FROM TRACY: 'Please pick me up. There is a man in the park who's shouting about how great is to be here in California, and I'm frightened. I can smell his breath over 20 meters away'
 FROM RUBY: He might be on drugs. Don't draw attention to yourself. I'm coming right now.
 FROM TRACY: 'Thnx.'

The TRAMP looks annoyed.

TRAMP
 (to himself)
 Young'ns nowadays, not knowing anything about good music... Ah, this phone has the internet! Let's have a look at her Youcube history, I bet it's awful; Lady Lala, or whatever. Ok, this should be funny... 'Mental Tramp Screams in Park.' Uploaded by CharltonhamTracy. 2 views?'... It's me! How was I screaming? I have a voice like an all time great. Idiot. I'll just leave a comment... 'He sounds better than Frank Sinatra, from CharltonhamTracy'. There you go. Anyway, all this thieving and whatnot has made me feel a bit peckish. Let's find a restaurant I'm not banned from... Just put me hat back on...

The TRAMP says he wants to find a place to eat, but in truth he's feeling kind of lazy. The feel of the grass sure beats that of concrete. He could lie there all day. No, he has to pull himself together and work on his 'go-getter' mindset. Who knows what delicious food is out there, waiting for him?

The TRAMP mounts his stolen bicycle and rides through the park, and then through the rural-tinged streets. He passes row after row of uniform styled tall, chalk-coloured businesses and households. Several minutes of light exercise and weird looks from others pass, before he spots something interesting. Not the building itself, it looks like the rest in this area, I mean the name; Skillful Curries. Everyone loves Indian food.

TRAMP

Aha! I've never eaten HERE, before!

The VAGRANT leaves his bike by the side of the well known all-you-can-eat outlet, without any care. He then knocks on the door, with politeness. It gets opened by a young Asian WAITER, who's once positive expression soon morphs. What doesn't change, however, is his similar taste in clothing, though it now gets a rethink. Enclosing him, is a tiny white and bare entrance cubicle, with a door on its right.

TRAMP

(with a more refined
voice than earlier)

Hello my good man! Do you like money??

WAITER

(awkward)

Er...

The TRAMP reaches into his pocket, and gets out a dozen or so £5 notes. He then spreads them out in a fan shape, with a now clear, yellow-tooth smile on his face.

WAITER

(with feigned respect)

Come in and follow me.

Now for an ultra obscure word you can use to impress your friends; let's rerezoom (into the building, that is)... Ok, so after passing through the mini lobby, a room lit with only warm reds is discovered. A buffet is in the centre, surrounded by around 20 tables and chairs, on a brown carpet. Westernised Indian-style music plays in the background. (Always keep in mind the FTPR). This room is packed with quiet and courteous DINERS. All kinds of people are here; the ELDERLY, CHILDREN, even the odd NAZI. Yes, what appears to be a courteous nazi.

The WAITER leads the TRAMP to an empty seat with discreet movements, then pulls a napkin from his pocket. After getting himself settled in and fitting his serviette, the HOMELESS MAN leaves his chair for the buffet. The WAITER leaves, pretending he has a reason to. Once his plate is dripping with sauce and has no surface showing, the TRAMP sits back down. He then starts to pig out, without a trace of self-awareness.

TRAMP

(shouting)

Oh, fuck yes! This is SO good! MMM-HM!

The WAITER hurries on tiptoes to the happy CUSTOMER, whilst bumping into some of the others. Everyone in the building is speechless and staring at the NUTTER.

WAITER
 (whispering)
 Hello, again. I think it's great
 you're enjoying your food, but can you
 keep it down a bit, please?

TRAMP
 (also whispering)
 Oh, I am so sorry. Of course. Please
 forgive me.

The TRAMP winks at the WAITER as he leaves.

TRAMP
 (whispering)
 Fucking hell! The main meal is even
 better than the starter! It's often
 the other way round!

The WAITER turns around and makes a short return journey, to
 the one man freakshow.

WAITER
 Ahem. You're spoiling everyone's meal.
 If you can't keep quiet, I'm going to
 have to ask you to leave...

TRAMP
 Of course. I won't say another word.

The TRAMP continues eating, with more restraint than before
 and at long last, licks his plate clean. He makes another trip
 to the buffet, and repeats the whole eating process. After a
 few minutes, he becomes immobilised with the food that has
 built up inside of him.

TRAMP
 My, my. I couldn't eat another bite.
 Hello, waiter??

The WAITER strolls from the buffet, where he was helping an
 OLD LADY with her food and cutlery. Yep, he just left her.
 Tst, tst. He then reaches out to collect the TRAMP'S money. It
 has been hard-earned.

WAITER
 (jokingly)
 Enjoy your meal, Sir?

TRAMP
 (casual)
 No, sorry, I didn't. I won't be paying
 for it.

WAITER
Excuse me?!

TRAMP
Very rubbery. Tasted like water.

All CUSTOMERS moan, and look at the TRAMP in disgust.

WAITER
(with hatred)
.... Ooooooh, it's you! I've heard about your little scam, you piece of shit! You'll never eat in another restaurant, again! And you'll never get another free pen from Sparkly's Bank, either! You've cost them hundreds of pounds, already!

A few PEOPLE start clapping.

WAITER
Go on! Get out!

The TRAMP throws his chair to the floor and stamps out of the place, in a rage. He is captured on mobile phone, once more. Back in the chalky streets, the MAN finds his stolen bike has been re-stolen. Therefore, he starts to walk to the nearest bus stop, heading for another city. He knows he'll never scam anyone round here, again.

TRAMP
Banned, again?! Baaaah!

7. Tramp Rage

EXT: CHARLTONHAM BUS STOP - 5:30 PM

The TRAMP has just reached the lightly populated bus stop, without mugging anyone. Abuse coming from his rampant, bearded mouth was minimal, despite the stress he has been under in recent minutes. The classy scenery he passed to get to this place calmed him down to quite a large degree, though far from 100%; here, a couple of newspapers have now become litter, after all. Despite that minor blemish, this is another picturesque area; the two rows of trees by the roadsides create a natural archway, above the asphalt. I just think that's a nice idea. Traffic is quiet, and pointless arguing among VISITORS and RESIDENTS is minimal. Every now and then, a distant TEENAGER shouts 'bus wanker'.

The TRAMP leans against a tree and waits, with relative patience.

To make the time pass a little quicker, he picks up a discarded publication from the pavement, and starts to read it. Soon, out of the corner of his eye, he notices two MEN talking to each other and walking towards him, on the same pathway; one looks familiar.

TRAMP

(thinking to himself)

Wait. Who is that man?... It's that damn chef, I'm sure it is! But why is his face covered in pen? Anyway, I bet he works for the people who banned me from eating at their establishments...

RICHIE DOWNING

There's the bus we need, No. 257...

TRAMP

Excellent, he's getting on the same bus I want - Any bus, far away.

The TRAMP hides behind the periodical, and every now and then moves it just below his eyes, to peep past it.

RICHIE DOWNING'S strolling FRIEND is now seen much clearer; he's a fellow chef. He is 40 (he seemed around 50 a few seconds ago, that would have been silly, wouldn't it?), and he is fat and short. His face is friendly, and his hair is long and tied back. He wears a long sleeved shirt with the words 'proud chef' written on it. After a few seconds of chit-chat and in-jokes, he stops walking. He and RICHIE are now only 10 meters away from the TRAMP.

RDF

That idiot scammer has been at it again, I hear.

RICHIE DOWNING

Really? I heard he's a right prick. He's more of a prick than I feel in these stupid clothes, and whatnot.

RDF

Definitely. I can't believe how long it took for us chefs to group together, and finally stop him. All it took was a few exchanges of emails. I guess it took us a bit of time to admit how stupid we were. Now that idiot will have to leave town or even country, if he wants any more free food.

RICHIE DOWNING

Really? What a bellend.

After slamming his papers down to the ground, the furious TRAMP runs at the two CHEFS, not so much 'like a maniac', but more like a full-blown 'actual maniac'.

TRAMP

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRGGGGHHHHH!!!!

In a merciless and heinous attack, the TRAMP grabs RICHIE'S FRIEND by the ankles and swings him around like a hammer. The resulting wind creates loud whooshing sounds, that draw in prying ONLOOKERS from quite a way away. One of them stands out as being more serious looking, than the others. He is a 30 year old, wearing a white suit. Anyway, the CONMAN uses his VICTIM to batter RICHIE DOWNING unconscious. When finished, RICHIE'S FRIEND gets dropped to the floor, like a floppy brick. In a panic, the OFFENDER then runs away, after making threatening karate poses and noises so no one follows him. Stunned and passive WITNESSES negatively affected by the 'bystander effect' don't chase him, but do call the police and an ambulance. It's looking bad; DOWNING is bleeding from blackened head to toe. A GROUP OF PEOPLE approach him with caution, as if he might by some means explode. (That's for another story). Somehow, his FRIEND has suffered only superficial wounds and a mild headache. He grabs RICHIE'S hand and reassures him he'll be ok. The sombre MAN described a few words ago kneels down by RICHIE'S side. Let's call him CONCERNED WITNESS NO.1.

CONCERNED WITNESS NO.1

Wow. I've never seen someone man-hammered so bad, and I work at the local hospital. The worst of the bleeding is coming from his head. I'll just take off my suit, and wrap it around the wound. Actually, I'd prefer to take off my sock. Less embarrassing.

RICHIE DOWNING

(weak)

God dammit...

8. Going Into Hiding

EXT: STREETS OF CHARLTONHAM - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

Here, is a mass of blind crossroads and T-junctions, 200 meters apart. Thus, hiding in these urbs and suburbs is easy. The roads are in-between more of the same fashioned, white architecture and such as before, but the invariability is of no concern. The TRAMP'S just not laid back enough to have any opinion on various aesthetics, at this point. The FUGITIVE is already out of the sight of the crime scene, and is simply walking away from it.

As the TRAMP has discarded his hat and jacket, the POLICE have nothing to go on, at this time; his now showing vest gives him a whole new image, and he is just another PEDESTRIAN of around 20 others coming into in sight.

TRAMP

(smiling to a man
walking towards him,
whilst hiding inner
tension)

Ah! Lange nicht gesehen; geh weg!

This man is a tall 70 year old, wearing a cardigan and aided by a walking stick.

PEDESTRIAN NO.1

(being friendly)

I'm sorry, I can't really speak
German... Guten Tag?

TRAMP

(enthusiastic)

Ja, ja!

As the OLD MAN leaves happy enough, PEDESTRIAN NO.2 gets closer. He is a 30 year old, muscular and bearded construction worker, wearing a yellow hard hat.

TRAMP

Lange nicht gesehen!! Geh weg!

PEDESTRIAN NO.2 is too confused to respond.

TRAMP

Auf wiedersehen!

PEDESTRIAN NO.2

Dummkopf.

The SECOND PEDESTRIAN seems to be ignored by the TRAMP. However, builders are now secretly added to his enemies list. The BUM continues walking a crooked and semi-random route, so it's harder for him to to be caught. He does so for a few minutes, whilst heading for Gothchester. That's where goths live, isn't it? They are just one of his three main sets of adversaries, and he's going to get all of them. In front of the TRAMP, there is now a choice to go left or right. The two options are similar, as above-average terraced houses are on both sides. He chooses left without much thought, and resumes walking. Now it can be seen that there are also terraced houses on the other side of the road. How boring. I guess this place won't be missed, too much. That's what the TRAMP tells himself, anyway. Soon enough, the MAN encounters a pathway between two groups of houses, Eastwards. He goes through the shady and lifeless brick enclosure, feeling alive.

His shoes echo, as he finds a number of plastic waste disposal units. After travelling two or three Altuves through the path, he checks his back.

TRAMP

Aha! No one is around, so time to self promote myself!

With an irresistible impulse, the TRAMP gets out his one remaining free pen from Sparkly's Bank. His others were broken trying to force open doors and windows. Some (most) just broke by themselves. He starts to write his name on one of the bins, by digging in hard. This is out of general anger and necessity.

TRAMP

'Gordon.... Becker.... Was.... Here....' Excellent!

After looking at his work with pride and from different angles, the CRIMINAL sees sense, however. This recent act of vandalism was just one of a series of mistakes that he has made, throughout his life.

TRAMP (GORDON BECKER)

Oh, why did I do that?! The police probably already about the pens I use! This is just another bit of evidence they can use against me!

In haste, mindlessness and alarm, the TRAMP crosses out his name, with large angular pen strokes.

GORDON BECKER

There you go! No one will be able to read that!..... But the crosses! They look like a swastika! I've just committed a hate crime!!

The TRAMP tries to disfigure the Nazi scribblings, but his pen has run out.

GORDON BECKER

Oh, shit! Fucking biros are all the same!

The TRAMP spits on the graffiti to try and wash it off, but nothing is happening. He licks the bin over and over, but there is no point. As a last resort, he pees on it. Again, that was a waste of time that will be added to his crime report.

Although he wants to, the TRAMP can't run away or he may be seen as a suspect. He tiptoes through the alley, and continues walking past further collections of winding houses.

More PEDESTRIANS are seen, and more German pleasantries and mixed insults are exchanged. After some of the more eventful minutes of his life, he leaves Charltonham and its stench of rejection. With all that trash just behind him, he comes across a group of fields and farmland in front of him, and by both his sides. They stretch further than the eye can see, but kind of smell of rejection, too. The road running away from him offers some hope.

GORDON BECKER

(depressed)

Oh, God. I'm violent nazi vandal, who urinates in public. If I get caught, I'm going to be locked up till the end of my days. No way am I walking along that lane... I'm going through the fields, so no one sees me.. And wait, why am I carrying a mobile that is probably traceable, as well?? What's happening to me??

A car can be heard in the horizon, along with an elderly woman shouting 'YIPPEE KAI YAY!!!!' over some super-fast riffing. Seconds later, she zooms past the TRAMP in what is seen to be a convertible, with its roof down.

GORDON BECKER

(shocked and impressed)

Is she blasting out Slayer??

The VAGRANT turns and makes a 'devil horn' sign, with his hand high up in the air. The JOYRIDER sees him in her rearview mirror, and copies him.

GORDON BECKER

Cool.

Before starting his hike, MR. BECKER throws 'his' mobile over his shoulder, without looking.

9. Charltonham Hospital

INT: CHARLTONHAM HOSPITAL, TRAUMA UNIT - IMMEDIATELY AFTER (6:15 PM)

Here is a small and dreary room, coloured, or rather infested with grays. It contains just one bed, on top of a wheeled trolley. God knows what all the equipment is about; there's wires everywhere. I recognise the flat-screen TV, but what it does, I don't know. It looks like it's turned off, but it might be on the Goth TV Channel. Let's leave the uncertainty and concentrate on the facts; RICHIE is on the bed, clean faced and semi-conscious, as 8 masked DOCTORS dressed in light blue, bloodied aprons operate on his exposed brain. As they use scalpels, it's very messy.

CAPTAIN MENTAL and CONSTABLE MORGAN are visiting him.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Is he going to make it? I know his friend should be fine; I heard he's in another ward, just for observations...

Oh, yeah and there's a surgeon, too. Ok, I admit it; my writing may seem strange at times, but THAT was a cockup. The SURGEON is dressed like all the other STAFF MEMBERS. He is tall with analytical eyes, and a soothing voice. He is talking whilst performing surgery.

SURGEON

Yes, Mr. Reynolds should be alright. Richie on the other hand has suffered serious wounds, and appears to have been attacked by a pen.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Actually, that was my friend's idea. He just scribbled on him.

SURGEON

Oh, right... Well anyway, you must remember, Mental, a surgery team is like an orchestra; each member has a different role to play. There are violinists, flautists, trumpeters...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(interrupting and on edge)

For God's sake! Now is not the time for some namby pamby chamber music session! Someone's life is at stake!

RICHIE DOWNING

(weak)

... I would like to hear some Apocalyptica, if you can find some extra string players... They're not namby pamby...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(humouring him)

Of course, Richie, of course...

MENTAL has just compromised his value system, but he doesn't let it show.

SURGEON

If you'd let me finish... The musicians can be compared to surgeons, anaesthetists....

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (cutting in, again)
 Ah...

SURGEON
 ... nurses, etcetera... Needless to say, the treatment we offer is very complicated. The more things that can go wrong, the riskier the whole situation. Let's be frank; you're friend was man-bashed quite badly. If he survives, he won't be the same, again.

RICHIE DOWNING
 (scared)
 Aargh!

SURGEON
 Sorry, I forgot you were awake...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (trying to be strong)
 What do you mean, doctor?

SURGEON
 (not really caring
 about Richie)
 For one thing, he may have trouble coordinating himself, making working with food difficult, if not impossible.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (troubled)
 I see...

There is a pause, then MENTAL stares off into the distance, in silence.

SURGEON
 Mental?

MENTAL is having a flashback...

INT: PETER'S KITCHEN - 10 YEARS AGO

This room was a more specialised and larger kitchen than most, with its contents made of a clinical and sterile stainless steel. On the sides of the room were large ovens, sinks, warmer drawers, dish washers, etc. They were expensive but not designed to be garish, and they weren't. In the middle, was a huge bubbling vat of grease, surrounded by a tiled walkway. There were no windows here, just white walls.

They just weren't needed to improve the room, what went on here was way too much fun. MENTAL'S flashback is accurate to a high degree, but what was never there were the white clouded edges of his view.

Precisely as remembered, MENTAL was standing next to JAMES TIPTON, as the latter cooked a sausage on a frying pan, over a sink. JAMES was 30 years old at the time. He was of average height and build, and had tanned, Latino skin. He was wearing a white chef's apron and that was fine. CAPTAIN MENTAL was 75. He wore the same military clothes, back then and had the same hairstyle. However, he had a little more hair on his comb-over and it consisted of more grey hairs, than white. For a reason known to him alone, he didn't have a handlebar mustache and though most would never say it, that was fine, too. If not much better.

JAMES TIPTON

You're going to love my new secret sausage roll recipe! It will make me a millionaire!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I don't know, I've had some AMAZING sausage rolls!

JAMES TIPTON

Wait and see... Mental, can you hand me one of those knives at the end of the room, please?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Sure thing, just have to move the clouds out of the way... (Ok, that never happened).

Seconds after MENTAL turned his back on JAMES, he somehow sensed a change. A change of what, he didn't know. He twisted round to check on his FRIEND, but the second he did so, he found he was gone. A note was left behind, where he was standing. Numb from shock, MENTAL picked it up. It read...

THE NOTE

Peter is gone, now. He's gone forever.
Lol.

Once MENTAL let the note go as a result of outright horror, he noticed the sausage his friend was cooking, left on the floor. There was a knife next to it, and the food had been stabbed multiple times.

INT: TRAUMA UNIT - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

Back in the real world, all the expected people are getting on with their surgical duties...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 JAMES!!!!!! NOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

.... However, the SURGEON now stops, so he can have all of MENTAL'S attention and eye contact.

SURGEON
 (calm)
 Are you ok, Mental?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (cracking)
 No. I can't do this, anymore. I don't want to be a policeman. I'm retiring.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Mental! We at the force need you!
 You're our most experienced and valued detective!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 I'm too old for this work, now. Take my place Morgan. Find the culprit. He couldn't have got far.

The SURGEON means to turn back to his PATIENT, but the shock has got to him. He does turn, but with too much strength. His scalpel carrying hand jabs RICHIE.

RICHIE DOWNING
 (in agony)
 AAARRGHH!!!! MY ARM!!!

SURGEON
 (continuing operating)
 Sorry, I slipped; Mental just surprised me. Mental, I want you to go home and think things through. Don't make any rash decisions. I'll keep you informed on Richard's progress.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (reassuring him)
 I'll come with you, out of the hospital. You can stay at my place, for a while.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Good luck, Richie. I'll be thinking of you. Let's go, Morgan.

MORGAN leaves the hospital with MENTAL, then the two make their own ways, to MORGAN'S house. The former gets in his unspectacular, but trusty Ford Escort and the latter gets a bus, to keep up his community loving reputation.

It's a miserable journey for both.

10. Depression

INT: CONSTABLE MORGAN'S DINING ROOM - 7:15 PM

Here, the curtains are closed and the lights are on. CAPTAIN MENTAL is lying down on one of the three sofas, that surrounds the coffee table in a 'U' shape. Ah, that esoteric letter. He is taking up all of its space, as MORGAN sits down in a normal fashion and opposite him. Both are watching the goth TV show in front of them. The program is once again just a black screen with a few red, moving dots.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(whispering and
depressed)

I don't want you to tell your fish
what just happened. It's too
upsetting.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(also whispering and
saddened)

Of course.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

On the plus side, it looks like after
all these years, we're finally going
to catch the killer. He was certainly
a lot more brash than he was before.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Yes. Stay positive.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I can't. I just can't. Not enough to
continue working, anyway.

MAIN GOTH

.... So, you all hear of the assault
in Charltonham?

LESSER GOTH 1

Yeah. That was messed up. Only a real
hero could solve that case...

MORGAN gives MENTAL an encouraging look and noise. He gets ignored.

LESSER GOTH 2

Yeah...

MORGAN gives another motivational look, but again, it doesn't work.

MAIN GOTH

This song we're are about to play, is dedicated to the individual who finds that scumbag. It's by a band who only use 7#9 chords. Yes, you guessed it, it's Satan is a Pussy!

CONSTABLE MORGAN

..... That is some grim music. Shall I turn it off?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

No... It's strangely therapeutic. I just want to lie here, if you don't mind.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Would you like me to get you something to eat? You haven't eaten in ages, have you?...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I'm fine. Don't worry.

MORGAN is worrying. He leaves the dining room as MENTAL stares at the TV, with ever more lifeless eyes.

SATAN IS A PUSSY SONG

Nooooo..... Noooooooooo.....
Everything is so dark. Do I see the
light? Noooooooooo.....

This repetitive song goes on and on and on. No one is meant to enjoy it, and few do. Hendrix would be spinning in his grave, if he heard that maltreatment of his signature chord. It's not meant to be arpeggiated, and certainly not at snail's pace! At least the singing is clean and not grunted, or even farted. MORGAN enters the room after a couple of minutes of extreme discordance, carrying a box in his hands. It has a picture of a ripped male model on it, along with the writing 'Muscle Maximiser 10,000'. To get it, he missed a displeasing yet innovative and technical guitar solo, using a 12 tone row. Never mind. Anyway, MENTAL is now sleeping; he missed it, too.
:(

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(still whispering)

Excellent; no resistance from you, my friend...

MORGAN opens the box and reads the instruction book...

INSTRUCTION BOOK

Congratulations on your purchase of the Muscle Maximiser 10,000.

Please note that there is no research into the long term effects of this product - not that we'd want any! :P Anyway, to use it, all you have to do is...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Yadayadayada.... Whatever.

MORGAN removes the 2 foot strap with three sticky rubber pads on it. He then wraps it around MENTAL'S head, as he sleeps. He turns it on to maximum setting, with a kind of innocence.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(not whispering)
AAAAAAAAARRRRRGHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!.....
AAAAAAAAARRRRRGGGHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!.....
AAAAAAAAARRRRRGGGHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!.....

MORGAN feels a bit guilty, so he turns the device off.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO THAT FOR?!?!

CONSTABLE MORGAN
It's electroconvulsive therapy. It's for your depression...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
I'm not depressed, just leave me alone! I want to go home!

MENTAL rises from the sofa a lot faster than he laid down in it.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
You damn lunatic!

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(ignoring him)
Why don't you go to the car museum, tomorrow? It will take your mind off things...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
No. I just need some rest. On my own. Bye.

MENTAL leaves for home, rubbing his head.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
What a nut!

11. The Car Museum

INT: BLOODCLOTSWOLD CAR MUSEUM - NEXT AFTERNOON, TUESDAY 5 PM

The Bloodclotswold Car Museum reception is a cramped room, with limited floor space. Most of the lighting is dimmed, though the various attractions are spotlighted. I say attractions, the majority of the folk round here, are individuals of simple pleasures. Cars, caravans and motorbikes from all eras of the 20th century are positioned by the windowless walls. On these walls, are a collection of amusing number plates and antique car badges.

A 20 year old, female RECEPTIONIST with a bob haircut and fashionable glasses, sits in the middle of this area. She is behind a desk of impulse-purchase products, such as toy cars and homemade toffee. She is trying her best to look busy and professional, but there is little to do; the dozen or so VISITORS here are minding their own business, whilst eyeing the memorabilia.

That changes however, once an OLD LADY noteworthy for her pathological overconfidence, walks into the room and slams the door behind her; she gets universal attention in an instant. She is 80 years old with dyed green hair, that reaches halfway down her back. She wears jeans and a shirt with a logo of 'The Who' on it, and it could well have been bought, today; there's not a crease in sight. She has a hunchback and walking stick, and carries a thick leather handbag. For whatever reason, it makes slurping sounds when it's moved. On her wrist, is a stunning Lolex watch.

OLD LADY
(to everyone,
cheerfully)
Hello!

RECEPTIONIST
(maintaining composure)
Hello, there. Would you like a single
adult ticket?

OLD LADY
I'm not sure, yet. What kind of place
is this? Do the cars here, work?

RECEPTIONIST
They would do, if they had petrol in
them. They haven't been filled up in
years.

OLD LADY
(under her breath)
Oh, I wouldn't worry about that.

RECEPTIONIST
Sorry?

OLD LADY

Nothing.

RECEPTIONIST

We also have remote control cars. Have you ever heard of the children's program 'Brum'? We have the car from all of the classic episodes. Some say the thing leaves the museum by itself, when the owner isn't looking. Just like in the TV show.

OLD LADY

How interesting. Don't you have CCTV to prove whether it does or doesn't?

RECEPTIONIST

We do, but the tapes have gone missing on occasion. Brum could have escaped a few times, without being seen.

OLD LADY

I see. Well this is clearly a fascinating place. I think I would like to buy a ticket.

RECEPTIONIST

Great! But you do realise we're closing, in an hour?

OLD LADY

(faking disappointment)

Really? That's a shame. All I want is a quick look around, though.

RECEPTIONIST

Ok, if you're sure.

The OLD LADY pays the £5.50 for the ticket and gets herself a souvenir. She then opens the door for the main room. This room and its exit for every wall, is a lot larger than the previous one, but no less stuffed. The lighting is similar, as is the overall design. It is a lot more populated, however, and once again, all eyes are on the strange OAP from the second she enters. This is despite the fact that colourful, eye-grabbing and chain-wearing punks are numerous, and from the other side of the area, is the CURATOR.... He looks... let's say, a little too energetic. He is short, overweight and 50 years old and is wearing a black suit and white gloves. That's normal, he just needs to work on his wide-eyed face. His grey-red hair is also side-parted. Just so you know, that is. Ignoring everyone, the OLD LADY is focused on the different highlighted cars, that face the walls head on. Such cars include vintage Bentleys, Volkswagan Beetles and Mini Coopers. Oh, and of course, Brum.

This radio controlled attraction is a little out of place, but it is popular among the CHILDREN and reminiscing young ADULTS, who have yet to grow up.

As the VISITORS (not the CURATOR) start to get bored with looking at the OAP, the OLD LADY strokes a Bentley with gentle hand movements.

OLD LADY
(to herself)
This is a nice car....

After observing the fact no alarm has gone off, she tests the waters a little deeper. She holds the door handle for a few seconds then opens it, just a tiny bit.

OLD LADY
(mischievous)
Perfect...

She then shuts the thing, making as little sound as possible. The MUSEUM CURATOR walks up to her.

MUSEUM CURATOR
(admiring her sense of style)
I see you like the Bentley...

OLD LADY
(happy)
Oh, yes. Very much, so. I bet it's comfortable...

MUSEUM CURATOR
It certainly is. You could sleep in there all night, without having any kinds of aches or pains in the morning...

OLD LADY
Is that a fact? I noticed the Brum car; that's an intriguing vehicle. Do you have its remote control?

MUSEUM CURATOR
Yes, it's on its seat, if you have a look...

OLD LADY
(still standing by the Bentley, with no plans of moving)
Wow, and it still works?

MUSEUM CURATOR

Good as new!

OLD LADY

(trying not to appear
shifty)

What would you do, if the thing suddenly vanished? Would you expect that to happen?.. I mean when you consider its history, it could do, couldn't it?...

MUSEUM CURATOR

Don't worry. We keep a close eye on it, so it won't get far.

OLD LADY

(trying to hide
disappointment)

Ah...

MUSEUM CURATOR

It's not really one of our priorities, though... Do you realise how much the other cars cost? Have a guess...

OLD LADY

(not caring)

£1000.

MUSEUM CURATOR

(laughing)

No! Try hundreds of thousands!

OLD LADY

(faking interest)

Holy moly! And what about Brum?

MUSEUM CURATOR

(happy)

Fuck all!

OLD LADY

..... Ahem..... Alright, well nice talking to you...

MUSEUM CURATOR

Cheers!

The CURATOR prances away from the OLD LADY, and starts a conversation with the nearby FAMILY OF PUNKS. The ostentatious group consists of a MUM, DAD and two male TODDLERS. The OAP listens in, standing still...

MUSEUM CURATOR

(speaking in a
mysterious tone)

I see you're interested in the Brum car! There are some who truly believe this car has a mind of its own.

TODDLER 1

(in awe)

Do you?...

MUSEUM CURATOR

Between me and you; yes. I've been told not to say that to people, as it apparently puts people off me. But I'm sure I can trust you.

TODDLER 2

Is it listening to us, now?

MUSEUM CURATOR

Mm-hm. He has shown himself to be harmless, though devious. I wouldn't be afraid, just keep your eyes open. He has enough battery life to get from here to Birmingham.

MUM

How would he get through the doors?

MUSEUM CURATOR

Brum is a needlessly powerful car. He could ram through the doors, with ease. Did you know the man who designed the vehicle, also made contenders for Robot Wars?

*(That's true, a nice fact for you).

TODDLER 1

Cool!

MUSEUM CURATOR

Yeah, that is pretty cool. Alright, I have to go and check on the children's area. That's a potential lawsuit right there, believe me!

As the CURATOR hurries across to the other side of the room, he trips over his own shoes. He falls onto the hood of a Mini Cooper, denting it. Whilst all other VISITORS rush to his attention, the OAP seizes the opportunity; she opens the door of the Bentley and hides in the part of the car, where posh, back passengers rest their feet. (What's that place called? The feet area? Hm. Dunno).

As she is now face-down and lying beneath the lowest part of the side windows, (window bottom?) she is pretty well hidden. She pulls the door closed, with her feet hooked on top of the handle, and waits... Then she remembers her attention-grabbing, green hair. She covers it as much as is possible to do so, by putting her purse on top of it. She then waits some more.

MUSEUM CURATOR

OWWW!!! Oh God, I've damaged the Mini!

The PUNK FAMILY helps the MAN to his feet, after much struggle.

MUSEUM CURATOR

Ouch. I think I'm ok. Just a bit bruised... Thanks... And the insurance will cover the car...

TODDLER 1

(in horror)

His hand's fallen off!

The CURATOR looks at his hands in alarm, as the others gasp.

MUM

(irritated)

Branden! Don't tell fibs!

TODDLER 1

(not sorry)

Sorry.

MUSEUM CURATOR

(laughing)

Don't worry about it....

The CURATOR leaves the room limping, as TODDLER 1 gets clipped round the ears. Not surprising. The OLD LADY, however, has just found herself in a more interesting situation, that is both boring and stressful. Needless to say, if she gets caught she has some serious explaining to do. It's time to brainstorm.

OLD LADY'S THOUGHTS

'Why was I lying down in a Bentley, with a handbag filled with petrol on top of my head?' 'This is a prank TV show! I got you!' That might work... But only if they don't request to see the camera supposedly filming me. I could say I forgot it... No. What else?... 'I thought I was SUPPOSED to lie in a car with petrol on my head'... No that's clearly rubbish...

Er... 'I was pushed by a ghost'...
 Well, the curator MIGHT believe that,
 but would anyone else?... Oh God. I'm
 so screwed... Might as well make the
 best of situation and turn on my
 mental playlist...
 'People try to put us down
 (Talkin' 'bout my generation)
 Just because we get around
 (Talkin' 'bout my generation)'

These haunting thoughts, mixed with semi-entertaining
 imaginations, go on for quite some time...

OLD LADY'S THOUGHTS
 Wow, cool bass solo.

I agree, it is a cool bass solo. She is clearly of sound mind,
 which makes her actions all the more disturbing.

OLD LADY'S THOUGHTS
 Alright, what else have we got? How
 about some Maiden?.....
 'Just sixteen, a pickup truck, out of
 money, out of luck. I've got nowhere
 to call my own, hit the gas and here
 go. I'm running free, yeah, I'm
 running free. I'm running free, yeah,
 oh, I'm running free!'

Over time, more and more VISITORS leave to the tune of
 Metallica, Slayer, Slipknot, then for the finale, Anaal
 Nathrakh. Note how the music gets heavier in a nice, logical
 progression. In parallel, the risks she has taken have also
 increased over the last few days. Make of that what you will.
 Despite the riotous nature of the music in her head, she dozes
 off as fast as most sane and typical people would in normal
 circumstances. It is soon 6PM and closing time...

MUSEUM CURATOR
 Hello?? Is there anyone here?

The CURATOR walks the length and breadth of the room, with
 slight falters. Does he realise how important his in-depth
 security training was, all those years ago? First rule: Check
 everything, inside out!

MUSEUM CURATOR
 Nope. Ok, then.

The CURATOR spins round at lightning speed.

MUSEUM CURATOR
 GOT YOU!

There is no reaction in any part of the room...

MUSEUM CURATOR

No sudden gasps? I think my work is done...

As his old teacher spins in his grave (just a few miles from Jimi, in fact), the MAN turns off all lighting. The room is now in total darkness. He hums some light jazz music as he leaves the room, swinging his hips. The sound of the door opening and closing awakens the OLD WOMAN, with a nervous jounce.

OLD LADY

(a little tired)

.... Excellent. Everyone is gone....
But 'no aches or pains'? Bullshit.

Prepared for a state of blindness, the OLD LADY gets up, sits in the car and grabs a small torch from her trouser pocket. She turns it on to reveal the same environment she saw before, but less of it and in large circles. The atmosphere is different, however; she is excited. She hovers the torch above her wristwatch, as the reflected light dazzles her.

OLD LADY

God dammit. A few minutes past 6?
Never mind, there's plenty of things for me to do, until 'Nightfall'. (Doom metal classic, just saying). But when it comes, what should I ride in? This lovely classic automobile, one of the motorbikes, or Brum?... Definitely Brum. Brum's unforgettable.

The LADY gets out of the Bentley in somewhat of a rush, and not at all appreciating how precious it is. She then finds her way to the room's lightswitch, aided by her flashlight, and without tripping.

OLD LADY

That curator was an idiot...

.... And there is light!... Such a simple act of flicking a switch may seem small to most, but to the OAP it suggests a Godlike power.

OLD LADY

Yes!

A few seconds of gazing around in wonder pass...

OLD LADY

You know what? This is boring, I'm just going to go now...

Ok, not a lot of wonder, but what's coming up will be epic. The OAP strolls up to Brum and nudges the remote across to the passenger seat. She then places her handbag next to it. She rests within the vehicle, feeling silly and invigorated. Then, she starts to experiment with the controller. It is found to be rather sensitive; even the smallest movement of the acceleration stick, causes the car and her neck to jerk back at quite a speed. Mild, temporary pain follows. In another test, she reverses a few feet as the tires screech. Had the controller moved a millimeter further, she may well have crashed into a small fortune. What car exactly? This is your chance to be creative. Basically, it doesn't matter.

OLD LADY

Sweet.

Now to test whether the CURATOR was completely full of shit. She maneuvers the car across the room with more dexterity than before, and faces the door leading to the reception. She lets loose, like a demented Michael Schumacher and accelerates with uncontrolled, maximum force. Not only does the car smash through the room's door, but also through the exit door in the blackened welcome area. Pandemonium is all around; the sound of shattering glass, falling witty number plates, and blazing alarms are deafening. The OLD LADY is now past the point of no return. In the ill-fitting calm and sunny weather, she has no choice but to get the hell away. She doesn't look back or take in the rural village views.

OLD LADY

HERE WE GO!!!

12. Not Again....

EXT: VILLAGE OUTSIDE BLOODCLOTSWOLD MUSEUM - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

A split second before anyone has a chance to process the previous, outrageous and ear-numbing events, everything seems normal; it is a spirited, yet easeful afternoon, deprived of any weirdos. Scattered FAMILIES are enjoying each other's company, by a driveway leading to the museum. Many are seated underneath table umbrellas, whilst CHILDREN spin them. Pub lunches and low volume wine are enjoyed. Dispersed, orange-brown brick houses are covered with vines, like they're in some medieval suburb. Mysterious. In addition, natural hedge-growth overtakes much of the area at a microscopic speed. Not too far away, a small group of TEENAGERS are chatting next to an empty, shimmering duck pond. (Or more fittingly, duck puddle). However, the bins spoil the ambience. A 60s style ice cream truck sounds its jingle, as a collection of BIRDS sing. A shrill voice is then heard.

OLD LADY

OUT OF MY WAY!!!!!!!

Moments later, everyone has sheer astonishment rammed up their bums. An ELDERLY WOMAN in a toy car is approaching them, at an unbelievable rate. Her reckless driving causes garbage cans (for the Americans) to be thrown high up in the air, making them soar and spill over a large range. A lone, roaming car has to swerve out of her way, as she leaves the exhibition's connecting path. This is whilst its angry DRIVER shouts and beeps his horn. Everyone has now taken in the awful crashing sounds coming from the museum, and have put two and two together; a deranged OUTLAW is on the loose. It is quite some time before a gobsmacked PEDESTRIAN takes the initiative, and phones the police. This MAN is a 90 year old bald chap, in a cardigan. His face shows a state of continuous confusion, not just because of the unfathomable events. A banana skin has just landed on his head.

PEDESTRIAN 1

Hello? I would like to contact the police, please. Brum has escaped. Remember him?

The WOMAN he is talking to, has a voice intended to calm others down, in times of stress. However, she has just lost this skill.

WOMAN ON THE PHONE

Who is this? Is it that wacky museum curator, who thinks his cars go for journeys, when no one is looking? If it is, you will get in trouble for wasting police time! This is your last chance!

PEDESTRIAN 1

But people ARE looking!

OLD LADY

(faint)

YIPPEE KAI YEY!!!!

WOMAN ON THE PHONE

'Yippie kai yey?'.... Oh shit!

PEDESTRIAN 1

Are the machines taking over??

WOMAN ON THE PHONE

What?

PEDESTRIAN 1

The driver didn't look in control, to me. She was driving no-handed...

WOMAN ON THE PHONE

Of course, Brum's remote controlled.
Can you give me some more details,
please?

PEDESTRIAN 1

The woman in the car had bright green
hair. She also had a crazed look in
her eyes...

WOMAN ON THE PHONE

... And what was she wearing?

PEDESTRIAN 1

She seemed to be dressed like some
good for nothing teenager...

WOMAN ON THE PHONE

(talking to one of her
co-workers)

We've got her...

PEDESTRIAN 1

She's driving through Larstown...

WOMAN ON THE PHONE

Thanks a lot for your help. We have
all the information we need at this
time. Have a good day.

The WOMAN ON THE PHONE hangs up, and contacts the MUSEUM
CURATOR.

INT: CURATOR'S LIVING ROOM - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

The CURATOR'S living room is a box-like place, with elemental
features; it contains just a sofa and a 90s era TV. Pictures
of cars and motorbikes cover much of the walls, which are
coloured a glorious red. The same shade is used for the
curtains. These are drawn, to stop people getting envious and
burgling (or burglarizing) him. The MAN'S mobile rings. He
answers it, annoyed by the interruption.

MUSEUM CURATOR

Hello?

WOMAN ON THE PHONE

Mr. Hudson? I'm sorry to tell you that
your museum has been... Well not
broken into, but rather broken out
of... Brum has been stolen...

MUSEUM CURATOR

I knew this would happen! Who's
wasting police time, now??

WOMAN ON THE PHONE

(trying not to sound
silly)

Brum didn't escape on his own. An old lady stole it.

MUSEUM CURATOR

Oh yeah, because that happens all the time, doesn't it? The country is plagued with pensioners breaking out of buildings and causing havoc! Get a grip. We need to contact the guy who made the thing. Only he can reason with it...

WOMAN ON THE PHONE

For the last time, the car has been hijacked! It does NOT have a mind of its own!

MUSEUM CURATOR

Of course! It's going to Birmingham, its favourite destination! Its been there countless times! I'll help you find it... We just need to think like a car...

WOMAN ON THE PHONE

Oh, for God's sake...

EXT: CLIFF-BURTON-ON-THE-WATER AREA - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

The GRANNY didn't get far on the tarmac routes, but she's free, for now. After bursting through some feeble and lonely wooden gates on her right, she was greeted by an extensive, fertile green field. Its countless rabbit holes make the area look like an animal war zone. Just looking at it would make most people feel alone, but the OLD LADY is used to solitude. (Yeah, fuck you 'show don't tell'). All was looking well, until she noticed an impregnable rows of trees a few hundred meters straight ahead, and approaching by both her sides. You can't run THEM down but nevertheless, she wants a closer look. After the rough and bumpy drive up to the woodland in front of her, she parks and inspects her obstructions. Her worst fears are confirmed; she's stuck.

OLD LADY

Oh, I've really done it, this time. Well, it was fun while it lasted. I guess it's time to destroy the evidence...

The WOMAN opens her tough old handbag, abandons the automobile and pours petrol all over the crime scene.

Then, from her pocket she produces a small lighter, with skull and bones artwork on its surface. She lights the car with one clinical flint scrape, then fumbles through the trees and their hazardous roots. To what would be the CURATOR'S envy, she manages not to stumble as she sneaks away from the almighty, warming fireball. Police sirens are heard and they are getting nearer.

OLD LADY
(out of breath)
I'm too old for this!

In good time, she is on lush though forsaken grass and is surrounded by towering woodland. Just like before. '#fml', she thinks. However, she only has to run another 100 more meters, before she reaches her next natural obstacles. Once through them, she will be safe from the POLICE. They won't have a clue which way she will go.

OLD LADY
(panting)
I can do this, I can do this, I can do this... (X ad nauseam).

She has done it. She's escaped into the thick and bothersome forest area, and a vast stretch of a bright yellow corn field is in seeing distance. This is along with a small settlement. Far reaching, sylvan impediments on her sides and behind her, will hide her. Unknown to the WOMAN, the POLICE have just parked by the side of the smashed wooden gate. A roaring blaze is seen and heard, not too far away from them.

POLICEMAN 1, is not surprisingly dressed in police clothes. He is 6 foot tall and black. Dreadlocks show underneath his helmet. POLICEMAN 2 is also dressed as a policeman. He is around the same height, but is white. His eyes are kind of clueless.

POLICEMAN 1
Oh God. Mr. Hudson isn't going to like this. Brum was one of his museum's main attractions...

POLICEMAN 2
I know someone local who can fix it...

POLICEMAN 1
Na, it's too far gone. It will be little more than a blob, in a few minutes...

POLICEMAN 2
It's worth a try...

POLICEMAN 1
 Alright, then.

13. Scott Ross-Knight's House

EXT: GOTHCHESTER - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Like Cliff-Burton-on-the-Water and the morbidly titled 'Manslaughters', this is yet another wonderful place to live. Shock horror, as goths would like, it's still sunny. The main difference here, is that it's more built up; there is a new semi-detached house, along with a garage and an ornate front garden, every few feet. Bird cages and clay gnomes are common. This layout applies to both sides of the roads the buildings surround. Typical, but not mundane. The architecture here is a bit old and worn, but this only adds to the village's appeal. This is as opposed to places like Hounslow, where the decrepitness makes things much worse. Contrary to logic, there are few goths around here; just regular, strolling PEOPLE in their own worlds. Well, one world isn't so regular, now that I think of it. It's also a goth world, but that's just a coincidence. Why don't you get a better look...

Ready? Close your eyes; I know what you're like, you thief... Ok, this oddball's bedroom is lit to perfection, which isn't surprising as the window is MASSIVE. It almost extends from roof to floor. To help stop it caving in, a number of thick wooden planks are across it, that resemble a 'naughts and crosses' grid. It's later hypothesised what the significance of that is but for now, you try and work it out. On the pale green carpet is a king size bed, a couple of wooden draws, and some basic gym equipment. On the walls are diet-promoting posters that are worshipped and hated, in equal measure.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT is in the corner of this room. He is an obese, 6 foot tall 40 year old, with a toothbrush mustache like Charlie Chaplin. His face is covered with a ghost-like, white make-up, (corpse paint, for those in the know) and he has dyed black curtains. He wears a tracksuit, trainers and chains. After doing star jumps, resulting in loud thuds and the spilling of his tightly-held sports drink, his mobile phone rings. It is in his chest pocket and it produces an eeire howl. After putting his drink on the floor, he answers it.

POLICEMAN 1
 Hello, Scott?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (catching his breath)
 Yes?... Who is this?

POLICEMAN 1

It's Alan Hamm. I'm on duty, so no small talk, please. I have a bit of a job for you...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

(diligent)

Go on...

POLICEMAN 1

Have you heard of the program 'Brum?'

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Oh yes, why?

POLICEMAN 1

It's a bit of a weird one, this. I want you to fix the car that featured in it...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

(intrigued)

That is a weird one. What happened to it?

POLICEMAN 1

(annoyed)

Someone set fire to it.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

And what's the damage like?

POLICEMAN 1

It's pretty bad. It's kind of melted into a thick, yellow puddle.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

(disappointed)

Ah.

POLICEMAN 1

(hopeful)

So what do you think?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

I think it would probably be best, if I just started a new model from scratch. I would be more than happy to do that. I'm sure I could find the time to do so, in-between some of my more standard jobs...

POLICEMAN 1

Ok, great. And how much would you be charging?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 For you? Seeing as you helped me out
 finding a gym and even trained me,
 I'll do it for free.

POLICEMAN 1
 (admiring him)
 Really? You're a star.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 No problem. Is that everything?

POLICEMAN 1
 Yep. Take care, bye.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 Bye.

SCOTT puts the phone back in his pocket, as he thinks to
 himself...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 Make a new Brum? Let's see what we've
 got in the garage...

SCOTT leaves his bedroom and makes his way down the winding,
 wooden staircase. No walls surround it, just banisters, open
 space and an air of something strange. Could be darkness or
 just plain depression. For some curious reason, the aura likes
 to hang around this area. Strange I know, but the worse is yet
 to come. Now SCOTT is in the hallway, which is connected to
 the living room. This super-room is a spacious gym-like area
 with a black, vinyl floor so shiny, you can see your thieving
 face in it. At the far end of the room and in-between the
 windows, are a treadmill and exercise bike. The middle of this
 room contains the standard sofas and floor-mounted flat-screen
 TV, just not connected to the 'rubbish channels'. Repetitive
 disco music plays in the background. Despite all of the
 distractions, now is not the time for a workout, relaxation or
 mental torture. SCOTT exits the house and enters the sunlit
 neighbourhood. He comes across a fellow neighbour, straight
 away. This man is a short and chubby 45 year old with strange,
 widened eyes. He has a brown and grey, monk-like hairdo and
 wears a checkered shirt and tie. Possibly all the time.

GOTHERINGTON RESIDENT
 Hello, Scott; lovely day! I love the
 new mustache! Charlie Chaplin is
 great!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 Hello, my friend! I like the hair;
 very holy!

GOTHERINGTON RESIDENT

Thanks, I've been growing it! Anyway,
must dash!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Bye!

As SCOTT opens his metal open and over garage door, he mumbles
under his breath...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Prick.

Because of the agreeable weather, the garage's contents can be easily seen. There is no car here, SCOTT'S flash BMUU is parked somewhere faraway on the pavement. This is done in part to appear modest. No, this building is filled with various appliances, instead. Hand held tools and welding equipment are on desks, and a number of bits and bobs hang on the Woodstock-illustrated walls. These include spare wheels, doors and bumpers, etc. However, some are on the floor after being bumped into and they're going to stay there, until an improvement in mental health. A worn lift and hoist is in the centre, so there is little stone floor space, here. There is just enough to get around and work on various projects. SCOTT enters this manly room, turns on the bog-standard lighting and slides the door shut, behind him. He then makes some space for him to rest, and sits on a desk. His legs swing and why not?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

(in anticipation)

Ok, what haven't I got here, that I need? If we're going for accuracy, quite a lot...

SCOTT gets out his mobile, about to surf the internet.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

'www.bits-bobs-and-everything-else.com', where would I be without out you? Let's find some pictures of Brum, too...

As SCOTT starts to tap in the web address onto his touchpad, he accidentally types 'h', instead of 'b'. His large fingers often cause such errors. 'www.how-to-hide-the-fact-youre-a-maniac.com' is shown in the address bar, instead.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Actually, I think I'll refresh my knowledge on this page, first...

WWW.HOW-TO-HIDE-THE-FACT-YOURE-A-MANIAC.COM

Tip 1: Dress normally.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Whoops.

WWW.HOW-TO-HIDE-THE-FACT-YOURE-A-MANIAC.COM

Tip 2: Be nice to people...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Not a problem.

WWW.HOW-TO-HIDE-THE-FACT-YOURE-A-MANIAC.COM

Tip 3: Only kill in SECRET; very important!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Dear God. Where's the tricky stuff?

WWW.HOW-TO-HIDE-THE-FACT-YOURE-A-MANIAC.COM

Tip 4:...

Before SCOTT gets a chance to finish reading the advice or make any necessary purchases, his front door bell rings. SCOTT slides open the door and lets in the golden sunlight, once again. He greets the DOCTOR waiting for him, with what was intended to be a smile. Instead he smirks. This oblivious DOCTOR is a 30 year old man, wearing a spotless white suit. He has a friendly, rounded face and bushy eyebrows.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Hello! I'm having a busy day, today, that's for sure!

DOCTOR

(trying to be positive)

Hello, Scott, I like the mustache! Charlie Chaplin is great...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Actually, I didn't base it on h...

DOCTOR

Never mind the small talk, let's get to the point... Your blood tests are back. It's not good, I'm afraid...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

(anxious)

What's wrong?

DOCTOR

You have fat blood. It's quite serious.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 But I'm always working out. I drink
 sports drinks all the time...

DOCTOR
 Sports drinks are a load of rubbish,
 Scott. They're filled with sugar...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (shocked)
 What??

DOCTOR
 (firm)
 I'm afraid so...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 I'm counting my calories, too...

DOCTOR
 (surprised)
 You're eating the recommended daily
 intake of calories?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 No, I'm just counting them...

DOCTOR
 Ah. The thing is, you're supposed to
 count them AND not consume any more
 than you're supposed to. Also, an
 acceptable under-estimation of
 calories on food labels, is 20%.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (trying to hide rage)
 WHAT?! But I'm mostly eating seafood;
 the healthiest of all foods!

DOCTOR
 Too much of that stuff will cause
 mercury poisoning, Scott. That's the
 other thing I wanted to talk to you
 about, though it's only secondary to
 your blood...

There is a brief but disturbing silence. SCOTT feels quite
 screwed over...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (cold)
 Never mind all of that... What
 are the worst foods to eat, in
 general, Stan?....

DOCTOR
 (ignoring the strange
 atmosphere)
 Processed meats aren't very good for
 you; sausage rolls, for example...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 That's a coincidence...

DOCTOR
 (a strange chill goes
 up his spine)
 ... What is?...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 Never mind... Well, I'm sure you're
 very busy. Good day.

DOCTOR
 Bye. Good luck with the diet.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 Yes....

SCOTT goes back into the garage, and forgets to slide the door
 behind him.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 AAAAAAAAAARRRRGGHHHH!!!!!!!

The DOCTOR turns around, after having walked to the other end
 of the street.

DOCTOR
 (concerned)
 Are you ok, Scott??

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (trying to appear
 cheerful)
 Ahem. Fine, thanks. Bye!

Soon the DOCTOR is gone. In new found apathy, SCOTT just sits
 on the floor with his back against the hoist. He stares out of
 the building with blank, expressionless eyes. A few weirded
 out PEDESTRIANS pass and stare back at him. One of them is the
 grass-stained TRAMP, GORDON BECKER.

GORDON BECKER
 (in a German accent)
 Oi! Goth scum!

Going through a period of heightened emotions, SCOTT finds it
 difficult to be friendly.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Idiot.

GORDON BECKER

(in disbelief)

What?!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Deaf, mindless idiot!!!

GORDON BECKER

I bet you're not just a goth! You're probably a damn chef, too!

Once again, there is a strange quiet...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

.... Wait.... You hate chefs, as well?

GORDON BECKER

Yes! All of them!!!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

(with a smile)

Come inside... I need someone like you...

14. A Turning Point?

INT: CONSTABLE MORGAN'S DINING ROOM - THE FOLLOWING MORNING
(WEDNESDAY, 10:30 AM)

To try and lift MENTAL'S spirits when he visits, colourful paper decorations have been hung from the ceiling's beams. The previously white walls have been painted yellow, the happiest of all colours, and the pale blue carpet has been vacuumed and air-freshened to the point of ridiculousness. A phone and flat screen TV hang on the wall, as always. However, the previous ringtone has been replaced with up-beat pop music, and the TV has been disconnected from the goth channel - whether MENTAL likes it or not. On the coffee table are relaxing, scented candles, and the surrounding leather sofas have been covered with vaseline, to make them even softer and extra cozy. Despite all of this, the aquarium at the back of the room and its 10 FISH isn't exactly buzzing with life. The ANIMALS swim like tortoises and have gone off their food. MORGAN stands over them, in concern.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(sad)

Mental doesn't want to hurt you. He's just going through a tough time, right now. So am I, which is why I've taken time off work.

MORGAN is so used to receiving no reply, he doesn't even pause for a reaction.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 ... And it's understandable that
 Mental isn't well... But we're going
 to help him through this rough patch,
 and get him fighting crime again! All
 I need is an idea...

MORGAN scans his dining room, in the hope of finding inspiration.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Well, that was pointless.

That negative comment seems to have been the last straw. One FISH stops swimming and floats to the top of the tank, as the others watch with dead eyes.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (in desperation)
 DEXTER! NOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

MORGAN hammers his fists, hard against the wall, over and over. Soon his frustration and despair becomes half-vented, then repressed. He plucks out the recent fatality and places him on the table, with respect.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (edgy)
 Wait... I have an idea...

With haste, MORGAN unhooks the phone from the wall and rings MENTAL.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (miserable and tired)
 Hello?...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (anxious)
 It's Morgan...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (in anger)
 I've told you not to ring me! I'm in
 bed! Not only that, you've rung my
 mobile!

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 I was just phoning to ask how you
 were...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (irritated)
 Same as ever.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (sad)
 Would you like to know how I am?...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Ok... Go on then...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 I've just been making the place look
 nice for you. Stuff like that. I
 removed the goth channel.

MENTAL can be heard yawning, louder than he was talking.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (under his breath)
 ... Dexter died...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (shocked)
 Dexter's dead??

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (grieving)
 Yeah, tragic...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 I'm sorry... I didn't know....

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 I know you didn't...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (feeling guilty about
 his previous attitude)
 ... Er... Is there anything I can
 do?.... I hate seeing your fish the
 way I saw them last. I know it's
 because of me...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 No, no, I'm not having that. It's
 because I'VE let them down, not you...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Um, Morgan... We both know that's not
 true. I've been so selfish...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Maybe a little...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Totally...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(warm)
... Maybe you could return to the
force?...

There is a long pause of deep contemplation, followed by
sighs. MORGAN is patient.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(with strong
reluctance)
Er..... I don't know. I'm out of
shape, Morgan... I just don't think
police work is for me, anymore...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(hopeful)
Fitness doesn't matter. I'll help you,
with that...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
The people at the station laugh at me
because of the way I dress...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
No, no, no, they laugh with you! They
think you're a right character!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(still reluctant, but
becoming open-minded)
My mind isn't what is used to be...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(trying to motivate
him)
That's a load of rubbish. It was pure
skill, the way you captured that bike
thief, a couple of weeks ago. He was a
right wrong'n; he even admitted that
he'd do it again, had he not been
caught...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(doubtful about his
usefulness, yet
intrigued)
Thanks.... Well... Maybe... But I'm
not making any promises... I'll leave
you to pay respect to your fish...
Dexter was a good lad.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (excited, inside)
 Thanks. Bye.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Bye.

MORGAN hangs up the phone and strides to his aquarium.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Mental's a police officer, again!

Mere seconds later, a palpable and visible energy arises from the habitat. The FISH turn from tortoises to turtles, and are on the road to recovery. Their depression is starting to fade; all they need is time.

15. Eye of the Tiger

INT: CAPTAIN MENTAL'S BEDROOM - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

Even though the curtains are drawn, visibility here is good; the sunlight outside is strong and warming. Still. Whilst MENTAL has lost his sense of self-worth and faith in his abilities, his walls show dedication to his work; newspaper reports of crimes hang everywhere, along with a number of e-fits, mugshots of wanted criminals and CCTV snapshots. Many of the photographed fugitives seem to know they're being watched, and stick their tongues out whilst tilting their heads somewhere in the air. It seems the exact position of the CCTV, is elusive to these bothersome punks. On the plain, wooden floor is a simple desk with crime files on top of it. A multi-CD stereo is a number of inches behind them. Its black wires are fastened to the walls with cable ties and professionalism. These cables lead to the modern speakers, that are in every upper corner. Their size suggests they were some sort of impulse purchase. They would be more at home in a stadium. A hero-size bed is in the middle of this room, and MENTAL is sitting on it besides a Grintendo BS and his disliked mobile.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (in despair)
 I can't believe I've caused a fish to
 die. I will never forgive myself...

MENTAL stands up and shuffles to his stereo. As he does so, he can see it in more detail. He only owns two CD's, and both are already in it. Because of his lack of interest in diversifying his collection, the two CD trays are forever labelled in pen. One CD is Satan is a Pussy's debut album, called 'What's the Point?', and the other is a motivational compilation album, called 'You Can Do It!' He presses the button for the latter and turns the volume up high. The walls shake.

EYE OF THE TIGER LYRICS
 Risin' up, back on the street
 Did my time, took my chances.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (sad, in response to
 the lyrics)
 Don't I know it...

EYE OF THE TIGER LYRICS
 Went the distance
 Now, I'm back on my feet
 Just a man and his will to survive

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (inspired)
 Yeah!

EYE OF THE TIGER LYRICS
 So many times, it happens too fast
 You trade your passion for glory
 Don't lose your grip on the dreams of
 the past.
 You must fight, just to keep them
 alive.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Yes! I'm going to fight!

MENTAL jumps around the room whilst playing rampant air-guitar
 and miming the lyrics...

EYE OF THE TIGER LYRICS
 It's the eye of the tiger
 It's the thrill of the fight.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 It sure is!

EYE OF THE TIGER LYRICS
 Rising up to the challenge of our
 rival.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Fuck you, murderer!

EYE OF THE TIGER LYRICS
 And the last know survivor
 Stalks his prey in the night.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 That's you!

EYE OF THE TIGER LYRICS
 And he's watching us all with the

Eye of the tiger....

As clear as day, MENTAL is pumped. He goes for his exercise regime full on. First he mimes whilst tilting his head, onto each shoulder...

EYE OF THE TIGER LYRICS
Face to face, out in the heat.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Don't care...

EYE OF THE TIGER LYRICS
Hangin' tough, stayin' hungry.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
You know it...

And then he raises his legs up and down...

EYE OF THE TIGER LYRICS
They stack the odds
Still we take to the street
For the kill, with the skill to
survive.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Yeah, cool...

MENTAL's last act is to goes crazy for the chorus and run on the spot. He sings along, whilst panting...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
It's the eye of the tiger
It's the thrill of the fight!
Rising up to the challenge of our
rival!
And the last known survivor
Stalks his prey in the night!
And he's watching us all with the
Eye of the tiger!

MENTAL turns the CD off after the mild workout...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
That was great... Now for some brain
training...

Invigorated, he sits on the bed and turns on his Grintendo. As he waits for it to load, he flaps his arms up and down in slow waves. After a short game jingle and navigation through menus, he gets down to business...

GRINTENDO BS SPEAKER
What is 15+11?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
26!

GRINTENDO BS
Correct!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Yes!

GRINTENDO BS
What is 7x5?

The door bell rings...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
35!

GRINTENDO BS
Correct!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
YES!

With elation, MENTAL leaves the BS game on the bed still running, and opens his bedroom door. He jogs down the wooden staircase to the sound of light taps, with more puerile mugshots passing him. He reaches the hallway faster than most teenagers would. But what does this hallway look like?...

There's more wood! Nice and consistent. The floor is also made from dead tree (can't keep saying the same words over and over, I'm annoying myself. It's hard now, but it will only get worse. :(), as are the supports on the ceiling. As you may have guessed, the walls are once again covered with work related papers. This time huge maps of the Bloodclotswolds areas hang, with a number of red pins on them signalling different crimes. The CAPTAIN opens the timber door to reveal MORGAN.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(with a new-found zest
for life)
Hello, Morgan!

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(pleasantly surprised)
Wow... You've changed your tube. I
mean tune... That was REALLY quick...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Haven't I just. I've been getting into
shape...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Yeah, I heard. You certainly played that cliched fitness song pretty loud!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Yeah, just been raising my pulse rate...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

I bet. Need any help with your work out, then?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Na. Let's get to work...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

I'll drive you there. I'll put my removable lights on too, so we can get there faster... Who knows? We could soon be responding to an emergency...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Logic.

16. Getting to Know Scott

INT: SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT'S LIVING ROOM GYM, GOTHCHESTER -
WEDNESDAY, 11:15 AM

SCOTT is running on the treadmill and GORDON is on the exercise bike, going at a steady pace. Although his clothes have been washed, he now runs the risk of getting them sweaty. And that is a big risk, as SCOTT won't like it. The windows in-between the two let in a healthy dose of light, but the strange aura is still dark. Behind them, the winding wooden staircase doesn't seem to be doing anything, though subconsciously it may be winding the two up? I'm just putting the though out there. This spacious gymnasium-like area and its black floor are covered with piles of discarded, un-eaten snacks. The TV in the middle of this room is switched onto a 'keep fit' program, but neither CHEFISTS are paying it any attention. The sofa in front of it is without a single groove.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

(out of breath)

... I swear to God, if you tell me that one more snack or meal that I eat is unhealthy, I'm going to go insane...

GORDON BECKER

(also out of breath)

I'm convinced you'll find something...

Do you want me to get you anything to drink? This workout must be making you thirsty...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Orange juice is good for you right?

GORDON BECKER
(a little nervous)
Er... Afraid not... Loaded with sugar...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
(saddened)
Low fat yogurt?

GORDON BECKER
Same goes....

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
(frustrated)
Whole wheat bread sandwich???

GORDON BECKER
The wheat around today, can increase cholesterol levels...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
I've had to put up with this kind of shit, my whole life! You think YOU have a grudge against chefs!!!

In a fury, SCOTT hammers his fist down on the treadmill control panel. It stops in an instant and SCOTT launches off of it, a few meters backwards. After making a huge wet splat sound, SCOTT is now stunned and laying on the floor. His pained, unfocused eyes face the ceiling.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Ow.

GORDON stops cycling and sits still on the bike. He turns his head backwards, to face SCOTT.

GORDON BECKER
(still nervous)
You ok?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
(still lying down)
Yeah, stuff like that happens all the time, these days. Damn mercury poisoning seems to be making me clumsy.

I didn't actually mean to hit the control panel, I meant to lunge at you. I didn't realise how far away you were as my eyes are a little screwy, at the moment. I should be fine again soon, though, right?

GORDON BECKER
(trying not to anger
him further)

I think so. Still sucks, though...

After rolling over, SCOTT pushes his arms and hands against the floor and starts to stand himself back up.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
(straining himself)

Yeah. Anyway, since you've got here, all I let you talk about were foods we can't eat, diseases, and how to burn off calories... Well, that and a couple of sentences about chefs.

GORDON BECKER
And...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
(ignoring him)

... I should have talked about my plans for us...

GORDON BECKER
Ooh...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
... but they need little explanation and certainly no improvement. Also I wanted to control you and keep you in line. And I am. Goth scum, indeed; I haven't forgotten that.

GORDON BECKER
Mm-hm...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
I'll explain all, once I find out more about you... But let me get this clear, first; if we were maids and butlers, I'D be the butler...

GORDON is still thinking about the word 'plans' and his eyes become ever more lit up, because of it. Even though he doesn't know what they are, he is sure they're good; SCOTT'S previous expression of hatred towards cooks was brief, though without any ambiguity, militant and evil.

Due this his overt eccentricity, his enigmatic last comment doesn't even surprise GORDON.

GORDON BECKER

We had some very interesting discussions. Even though I eventually suffered from sleep deprivation, I was never bored.

SCOTT nods in agreement.

GORDON BECKER

I thought I knew everything about food and drink, but your ice cream and cake stash really opened my eyes.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

(in a controlling tone)

Enough about that... Introduce yourself...

GORDON BECKER

(with hidden
resentment)

I'm just a tramp, basically. I had a great scam going, where I ate at restaurants and didn't pay. I just said I 'didn't like the food'. All of it was delicious. All that's over now, though. Every dump around here knows about me...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

(impressed)

That was you?? You should have said! I've heard about you!

GORDON BECKER

I might have told you if you'd let me...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Loose the attitude.

GORDON BECKER

.... Since going on the run after attacking a chef, I wandered around this village looking for work. I earned a bit of cash cleaning windows and cutting weeds. No one suspected me of being a wanted vagrant, my grass stains just implied I was a hard worker. I spoke with a thick German accent to avoid suspicion...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

So that's what that was about!...

GORDON BECKER

Yes... I slept in a small woodland area by a field, not so far away. When I called you 'goth scum', I was looking for someone to rob. With the money, I was intending to leave town for good. Seen any police around here, lately? I'm safe here, right?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

You'll be fine in my house. I'm sure you haven't drawn any attention to yourself.... I know some officers personally. They're looking for someone wearing a black dinner jacket.

GORDON BECKER

Meheheh. That's long gone...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

I can see. Well done for changing them, but you need a shave and a haircut; the police are seeking out someone with a thick black beard and scruffy grey hair. Don't worry, I can sort that out. But the people looking for you also think you are a right prick. You need to tone that down, a bit.

GORDON BECKER

(with hidden fury,
quickly building)

I see...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Don't you worry; we'll get back at them...

GORDON BECKER

(intrigued)

How?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

(inspired)

Now that I've found an accomplice, we can get down to my plans. In my garage, I've built a super key that can open any door. I also have produced a spare that you can have. If I end up in jail, which I almost certainly will, I just walk out...

You however, shall have a different fate... At least, if all goes well...

GORDON BECKER

(disappointed)

But the police will find your key when you're in jail...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Not if I swallow it and request laxatives... I will have up to 96 hours to poo it out...

GORDON BECKER

What if you choke??

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Don't patronise me. I've been practicing swallowing them... I can teach you, as well... It's not too uncomfortable to have the keys inside you; I made them rubbery, thin and slinky, so they glide through the intestines. You see, they are designed to adapt to any environment, which is why they can fit in any lock...

GORDON BECKER

(gulping)

Ok... So, what will we do that puts us in jail?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

A chef killing spree! You drive, as I visit as many bakeries and butchers as possible in the town centre. I then shoot the places up with a homemade machine gun... Before the police arrive, you get as far away as possible to a CCTV-less rural area, and leave me. When I'm in jail, I want you to hang around Jesters Way police station, with changed number plates that are in the boot. A wig is also there. Disguised, you wait for me to escape, then, you pick me up and drive off...

GORDON BECKER

Cool...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Soon enough, we discard the BMUU and start new lives in a nearby rural area.

There, we plan our next attack using the internet on a spare, untraceable mobile. The main phone I use, will be quickly thrown away. We never stop killing till we're finally stopped.

GORDON BECKER

Sounds crazy, but good. How much hanging around will I have to do at the station?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Up to 96 hours! I'm the one who's supposed to have the bad memory, not you! How much fish have you been eating?

GORDON BECKER

(concerned about his health)

Quite a lot... I know a few sushi places...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

God dammit. Anyway, I want you to take a look at something...

SCOTT leads GORDON to the centre of the room, behind the sofa. He then kneels down and fumbles around, with his hands stroking the floor.

GORDON BECKER

What are you doing?

Ignoring GORDON and focused on his long term goals with a part-absent mind, SCOTT feels a just about noticeable crack in the vinyl. He sits by its side.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Found it...

He taps on it with a jarring, secret rhythm in 13/8. This results in the circular hidden tile with an 8 foot diameter and a pivot in its centre, to tilt open. It does so at a gradual, somehow Satanic momentum. Underneath it, is a rounded gap with what looks like a blood stained metal ladder fixed to its right hand side. This unsettles even the hardened GORDON and his muscles contract, which doesn't matter, as he appears like he is exercising. This in turn doesn't matter, as his actions get ignored. The thing just mentioned leads downwards for about 20 daunting feet, whilst piercing blue light starts to make its way upwards, from bottom to top. It can't be seen what this pit leads to at this point; just a small area of flooring and some kind of downward curving platform, sticking out a couple of feet.

This enigmatic construction is near the bottom and on the other side.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Come with me...

GORDON BECKER
(reluctant)
Is this about the whole 'goth scum'
incident?...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
I'm not going to kill you. Trust me.
I'll go first.

With the large plate soon facing upwards and behind him, SCOTT starts to clamber down. GORDON follows him in a suppressed and uncomfortable fear but rather than clambering, he climbs. After much exertion and grunting, SCOTT is at the rocky bottom. He turns around and away from the steps with anticipation. Now in front of him, is an iron archway that seems well maintained. It surrounds an armoured iron door, with a handle in the shape of a wheel in its middle. To revolve it, a fingerprint scan must be completed first. SCOTT must be hiding something quite substantial, to justify that level of security. With GORDON still above him, he twists the disk round with a smooth, well-oiled motion. He then pushes it open at a cumbersome pace, revealing the secret room. He pussyfoots into it and GORDON jumps down and follows him.

Here is a roomy, cube-like opening with 10 foot dimensions. The walls and floor are of nothing but silver coloured steel, that are without any features; not even bumps or scratches. The metal roof on the other hand, is fitted with dozens of small in-built lights, laid out with perfect symmetry. They shine with much more power than necessary and emit a cold, white glare that could well cause eye damage. In the middle of the solid, pristine floor is a 6 foot tall and 3 foot wide sausage roll costume, standing upright. It looks authentic down to its smallest detail and has two small eye holes at the top. The zip across its length isn't noticeable beyond a foot, and neither are the flaps for one's limbs.

GORDON BECKER
I don't understand...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
(optimistic)
This, my friend, is my trademark. I unzip it, stick my arms out the sides and my feet out of the bottom, then I shoot every chef in sight. I'm the Sausage Roll Killer! Cool, huh?

GORDON BECKER
 (disappointed)
 It's alright...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (in disbelief)
 Alright???

GORDON BECKER
 I was hoping you would strike fear
 into your victims... Wearing that
 costume will make you look like a
 joke...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 You really think so?

GORDON BECKER
 Kind of...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 Na, it makes me look bigger. More
 menacing...

GORDON BECKER
 Well... Maybe...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 Definitely. My eyes are better now,
 and I can see that it looks damn
 impressive. My whole life has been
 leading up to this moment, Gordon. Not
 only have sausage rolls damaged my
 health, I had a strange run-in with
 the food, 10 years ago. That old
 experience now makes sense... Don't
 you see? Scott Ross-Knight and Sausage
 Roll Killer? Same initials...

GORDON BECKER
 (humouring him)
 Oh, yeah... What shall my nickname
 be?...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (cheerful)
 You're my partner in crime; the Great
 Bellend. :O

GORDON BECKER
 Er....

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 You don't like it?...

GORDON BECKER
Um, not rea...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
The Grotesque Bumface?

GORDON BECKER
I think that's worse...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
It's not. You're a bum, don't you see?

GORDON BECKER
(sarcastic)
Ahhh...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
How about...

GORDON BECKER
(interrupting)
How about we leave the nicknames?
Maybe I could just be a mystery,
instead?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
The Sausage Roll Killer and The
Mystery Prick.

GORDON BECKER
(in disbelief)
What?? Where did that come from???

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Never mind. I want to show you the
places to attack on my phone... I also
want to send Captain Mental a little
message...

SCOTT reaches into his chest pocket and grabs his mobile.

GORDON BECKER
(excited)
Can you connect to Youcube? I think I
may have gone viral...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
No, taunting Captain Mental via email
is much more important. I met him once
and he was stupid enough to lend me
his contact details. I've set up a
fake account, so he won't know who
sent it for a bit of precious time...

Oh yes, and I've sent him a special package that will certainly get him thinking. He should have received it by now... Only when I'm caught, will he know what it symbolises.

17. Just Another Day At Work

INT: CAPTAIN MENTAL'S OFFICE, JESTER'S WAY - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

Here is a small, light brown room with a desk at the back. One chair seating MENTAL is behind it and another seating MORGAN faces it. Humdrum, but functional; we are at work at the end of the day, but the day is a refreshing one. On the desk is a PC from the 80s, with just enough power to produce stylish green writing on a black background. A pile of floppy disks are next to it, as is a misty old photo of his lost friend, JAMES TIPTON. A cup of steaming tea is next to his image, as well as a half eaten sausage roll. Breadcrumbs lead to an opened package. Two tall, aluminium drawers are by the sides of walls and some are open, revealing filed documents. Who says you can't have fun at work? These files are sectioned by all the colours of the rainbow. MENTAL'S mobile rumbles in his pocket. He reaches into his trousers and pulls it out. The screen lights up with bright, flashing colours.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Ooh, I have a new email. Hopefully it will be a valuable clue, to help solve the joyriding or assault case...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Excellent.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Yes. And thanks for getting me the tea...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(thinking to himself)

Better late than never...

MORGAN leans in to get a closer look at MENTAL'S phone. However, the screen is too small for him to read its writing.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(reading aloud)

You will never catch me (for long), you chef loving scum! Also, you look stupid. You've been upset by... the SAUSAGE ROLL KILLER!!!

MENTAL'S FACE goes white...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Are you ok??

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(stoic)
... No, I've just been mocked, and I think I know who by...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(edgy)
Who? What's his email address?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
.... sausagerollkiller@gotmail.com...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Sausage roll?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Just like what James Tipton made all those years ago, before he suddenly vanished...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Maybe it's a coincidence...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
I don't think so; 'Chef lover?' It's the tramp, I know it is...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Hey, why did someone send you the same kind of food?...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
It's just a gift. I wouldn't worry about it. All we have to do now is wait...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
And work?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(with determination)
Excellent thinking. That con artist is history! However, as Richie Downing isn't ready for questioning yet, we can't get info about the suspect from him; he's suffered massive trauma to the back of his head. He's not in pain, he just kind of vibrates a lot at the moment. You can't really talk to him, when he's in that state...

His friend that was with him at the time didn't recognise the attacker, and neither did any of the other witnesses. The chefs that knew him said he could be charming and was rather eccentric, but deep down, he was a right bastard. From looking at CCTV footage we have a rough idea of what he looks like, but once he left the Charltonham area, he disappeared forever... Maybe we could have caught him after the attack, if the operators weren't so obsessed with that crackpot granny...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

I'll get someone to trace the man who sent the email...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(puzzled)

Thanks... But his behaviour, recently... It's almost as if he WANTS to get caught...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

... Or maybe he just doesn't care...

As MORGAN leaves the room, MENTAL takes two of the files from the opened cupboards and sits back down. After placing one of them down in front of him, he reads the other from his hands.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(concentrating hard)

'Suspected murder of James Tipton; the offender is most likely highly intelligent, self-controlled and organised'.

After reading just one small paragraph, he places the first information sheet to his side and picks up the remaining one...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

'Assault of Richie Downing; the suspect probably has difficulty controlling his emotions and is impulsive. He is likely to have average or below average intelligence.'

MENTAL hurls the report onto the desk in frustration...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

It's like he's two different people...

There can't be two attackers who single out only chefs, in this area. It's the most random kind of grudge in the world! This doesn't make any sense! Maybe he's just snapped... There's no point going over this anymore, I'll just wait for someone to track him down... But what if he knows how not to be tracked??...

MORGAN bursts into the room with a POLICE SERGEANT. The latter is a fit, 35 year old man with a few inches of blonde hair flowing from underneath his hat. He is wearing the expected clothes and is carrying a police file.

SERGEANT EVANS

(urgent)

We've located him, Mental! A SWAT team is already on the way to his house! They should be there in a few minutes!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(impressed)

That was quick...

SERGEANT EVANS

(pleased with himself)

I try my best.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I'll go, too...

SERGEANT EVANS

(awkward)

I don't know... No offense, but you're kind of out of shape...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(to the police sergeant
and nervous)

No!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

It's ok Morgan, I'm not going to retire. And I understand, Evans, I'll only get in the way of your team...

SERGEANT EVANS

Thanks for being so understanding. I think you should work on the joyriding case, for now... Take this file... You'll know what you have to do, once you've read it...

MENTAL rises from his seat in anticipation, and takes the report from EVANS. He then gives his hand a good, sturdy shake.

SERGEANT EVANS

You're a good man, Mental. I know I can trust you to find the culprit, before someone gets run over...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Much appreciated.

SERGEANT EVANS

No problem. If you will excuse us, we have some paper work to do... By the way; I like order. Not to the point of OCD, I just like order.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I know. Bye...

With a visible respect and bowed heads, MORGAN and EVANS leave the room, shutting the door behind them. Holding the report like some kind of treasured gift, MENTAL sits back down and gets ready to open it.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(thinking to himself,
with excitement)

Please be a psychiatric report, please be a psychiatric report, please be a psychiatric report...

With a planned, delayed gratification and building glee, he opens the book up. His hopes are confirmed, it IS a mental analysis.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

YES! Let's see how this nutjob thinks...

MENTAL takes a sip of his piping hot drink and gets to work.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(reading and thinking)

'Hypothesis: Kleptomania'... No shit... 'Possible Bipolar disorder may exaggerate thieving traits, when in a manic episode. Stealing seems to be like a drug to her, and she may need bigger and bigger challenges to get a consistent rush.'... Wow, what a loon... 'She may be going through a psychotic episode, where she believes she is in Diehard.

She may have a grudge against the fictional character, Hans Gruber and thus may lash out at Germans. It is strongly advised that people of German ancestry in Charltonham are warned against her, so they can take action and protect themselves.'.... Holy shit. I guess I have some warning letters to send.

MENTAL puts the report onto the far corner of his desk, opens up a retro writing program and gets typing.

CM'S WARNING LETTER

Dear German; alles klar! I don't mean to alarm you, but an old lady with green hair is out to get you!... I know, right? Crazy. Hopefully you see the funny side. She hasn't attacked anyone yet as far as we know, but better safe than sorry. I recommend that you look at a few self-defense videos on youcube, and get studying. Also, she is a keen thief so make sure your car or motorbike is locked-up, safely. For reasons I can't go into, don't mention anything AT ALL about the Die Hard series. Doing so will likely exacerbate the whole situation. Try not to worry and thanks for your time. Or danke, danke! :)

MENTAL leans back against his chair, in satisfaction.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Good letter; short, to the point and friendly. Now to save it onto my trusty, hack-proof floppy disks and print out my work en masse in the printing room.

Before MENTAL gets a chance to stand up, his mobile rings. With heightened nerves, he answers it. He thinks he knows who it's from and he's right; it's the SWAT TEAM MEMBER. He is 20 years old and has a voice pumped full of adrenaline.

SWAT TEAM MEMBER

Hello, Mental? You'll never guess where we traced the offender's mobile phone...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(with a relief that's been wanted for years)
Where?

SWAT TEAM MEMBER
Scott Ross-Knight's house...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(dismayed)
Scott Ross-Knight??? But I bought him
dinner!

SWAT TEAM MEMBER
(concerned)
Was it healthy?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(not caring)
Not particularly....

SWAT TEAM MEMBER
(darkly)
Then you're already on his enemy list.
You see, he has a grudge against all
those who supply or make unhealthy
foods. A note explaining his actions
was pinned to his front door. He's
gone...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Oh, God... Why did he explain
everything?...

SWAT TEAM MEMBER
We believe it's because he's planning
an imminent attack, and he assumes
himself to be unstoppable.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Shit!

SWAT TEAM MEMBER
Yes. I want you to contact every
bakery, butcher, supermarket, etc.,
and order a mass lockdown! Put
together a team, right now!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(with a strong will)
I'm on it!

CAPTAIN MENTAL hangs up the phone, quicker than you can
say 'oh fuck!'

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(surprised)
So there ARE two attackers!

MENTAL looks at his gift, with tension.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

God, I'm never going to get a chance
to eat that sausage roll...

That's a fair enough comment. You can't work properly, on an empty stomach.

18. Vengeance

INT: SRK'S BMW - IMMEDIATELY AFTER - WEDNESDAY, 11:45 AM

A hairless GORDON BECKER is driving the SAUSAGE ROLL KILLER, in the latter's BMUU. The PASSENGER'S outfit is so big, it almost crushes GORDON, compromising steering and breathing to the point of danger. He's not the only one who is miserable; SCOTT is boiling up and has been for quite some time. The car's off-white-coloured leather and busy dashboard, filled with green and orange lights are cool, but more attention needs to be paid to the poor air conditioning. Many buttons are also scattered, mostly serving low-importance functions such as deploying cup holders and such, but again, no one cares.

The two are speeding, though not raging through the sunlit streets of Charltonham and are dodging numerous cars, in light traffic. They are about to arrive at their target, making GORDON feel a little better for those last few seconds. Three to four storey, beige shops, restaurants and houses pass the two across a lengthy, linear road. Outraged ONLOOKERS give evils, but are powerless to stop them. At long anxious last, they reach a butchers on a crowded high street corner, turning to the right. Once 'parked' without thought in the centre of the road and blocking tooting motorists, the SRK opens his door. On his left is a clearing surrounded by a mass of shops, only accessible by foot or bike. There, on the wide, tiled walkways, dozens of already scared PEDESTRIANS go about thier business.

SAUSAGE ROLL KILLER

(urgent)

Push me out! I'm stuck!

GORDON un-buckles his seat belt, turns to his side with one robotic-like movement and tries to kick the SRK out, with both legs. It is a long, aggravating and violent process that draws much attention and nervous laughter. After much embarrassment, the SRK is projected a few feet into the air, with one extra-strength push. He makes an impressive though precarious landing, inviting some teasing.

He is already breathing with every millimeter of lung capacity, as his manic eyes peep from the tip of what looks like a very convincing sausage. The SRK barks out orders to everyone that can be seen, whilst turning full circle, bit by bit.

SAUSAGE ROLL KILLER

Everyone who isn't a chef, get down!!!

To GORDON'S surprise, everyone is horrified and can't get to the floor soon enough. Even so, many make a pressured effort to keep their mouths shut tight, and grin-proof. A pin could be heard dropping in this dreadful atmosphere. Due to the volume of the MAN'S screaming, even the birds are freaked out and have stopped singing.

SAUSAGE ROLL KILLER

Come on, there must be SOME chefs round here!

GORDON opens the SRK'S glove compartment, to reveal two loaded uzi type weapons and several magazines. Also filled with tension, he shakes as he hands a gun to the now energetic and bobbling about SRK. GORDON then drives off past the corner, sometimes on to pavements to pass the motionless cars and their confounded DRIVERS in his way. To all MOTORIST'S disgust, GORDON is the one who beeps at others and shouts at them to let him through. The lying RESIDENTS and VISITORS are as speechless as ever.

SAUSAGE ROLL KILLER

(angered)

No response, huh?! Bunch of wimps who don't want to get shot!

With his heart still dead set on his mission, he approaches the butcher's. He walks there with clumsy movements, sometimes almost tripping over the now ear-covered bodies beneath him. However, the door is locked. Not caring, he opens fire on the glass entrance, mowing it down in seconds. Everyone in hearing distance screams in terror. Again, due to the bystander effect or perhaps chronic, life-threatening laziness, no one stops him as he accesses what could end up being the mouth of Hell.

This biblical butcher's shop is (or was) a cosy little establishment, with a few seats and tables to make waiting around that little bit less aggravating. Under glass shields that extent across the room, are a variety of cooked and uncooked meats. As an already enforced safety precaution, it is free from customers but not staff. Behind a cashier, is the MANAGER of the outlet. He is a thin, 60 year old bald man with a goatee. He has a warm demeanor and is wearing a white apron with the provocative slogan 'everyone loves chefs', written on it. Next to him, is his trembling ASSISTANT. This man is 18, obese and geeky looking.

He wears glasses and has a military style, black haircut. He is also wearing an apron.

MANAGER
 (cheerful, with
 massively repressed
 trauma)
 Isn't life great?

SRK
 (curious)
 No, why?

MANAGER
 (a little shocked)
 Why?? Can't you hear the birds
 singing?...

The MANAGER strains his ears.

MANAGER
 At times... I mean, not now...

SRK
 You make a good argument. You are very
 wise. Though I kind of want to stab
 myself with a fork, into my leg to
 take the pain away.

MANAGER
 But what about the lovely trees that
 are nearby?

SRK
 My friend, I feel better already.
 Anyway, can I have two sausage rolls,
 please?

MANAGER
 No problem, that will be....

As the MANAGER is about to leave his position for the meat display, the SRK shoots him once in the heart, without any thought or emotion. The BUSINESS OWNER crumbles to the floor and bleeds behind the till. His left hand is held tight on his chest.

MANAGER
 (in severe pain)
 that will be.... £5.20.....

The MANAGER dies not long after dutifully finishing his sentence. His last act is to point at the SRK'S order, so the ASSISTANT can get it for the unhappy CUSTOMER.

ASSISTANT
 Noooooo!!!!!!!!!!!!

The disturbed COLLEAGUE kneels down and performs CPR whilst yet more screams are heard. The sad fact is, nothing can be done about the VICTIM as his wounds are far too serious. A 50 year old female WITNESS outside can be heard calling an ambulance in peril.

WITNESS OUTSIDE
 (on a mobile, whilst
 stuttering)
 Did... I catch a g-glimpse of the
 killer? Yes, he's dressed as a... s-
 sausage roll!!!

SRK
 (to the assistant, and
 cold)
 Hey, I've done you a favour. You need
 to lose some weight.

ASSISTANT
 Who... are... you??

SRK
 (chillingly)
 I'm the Sausage Roll Killer...

The MURDERER waddles out of the store and over broken shards. Now he sees several armed POLICE, head to toe in black, aiming machine guns at him without any sense of hesitation. They are at the far end of the road that the two CRIMINALS drove down, not long ago. They have to ignore the massive standstill, even though the threat of road rage is real from the psychopathic 1%. The TEAM are now approaching SRK with caution and bewilderment, as the PEDESTRIANS find the confidence to stand. Cornered, the SRK drops his uzi onto the floor. This results in shots being triggered at one of the adult male PASSERS BY. The others in the line of fire dive out of the way, and bang into the various surroundings.

INJURED PEDESTRIAN
 (in the distance)
 Ow! God dammit!!! Right in the shin!!!

A man of habit, he falls to the floor again in agony.

SRK
 (calm)
 It's ok! Don't shoot! I just want to
 make a couple of phone calls....

The POLICEMEN continue creeping up on the SRK, as everyone else are stiff as rocks.

However, the MURDERER is having a hard time finding his pocket... It is located on the costume... somewhere...

ARMED POLICEMAN
(on edge)
Ok, but keep it quick...

INT: CAPTAIN MENTAL'S OFFICE - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

MENTAL is working behind his desk. MORGAN is standing just in front of the door opened a short while ago.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
AAAAARGHH! I'm sick of the trauma of this job! I can't believe my old friend is an evil genius! Please don't tell me you've just entered my office to screw around Morgan, the work we do is important!

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(almost as tense)
I'm just here to check on how you're doing!...

CAPTAIN MENTAL throws over the table in a fit of rage, smashing his PC and photo. This action also results in the spilling of his now warm tea as his half eaten sausage roll gets forced to the floor.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRGGGGHHHH!!!!
!!!!!!!!!!!!

CAPTAIN MENTAL pants with heavy, rapid breaths. He doesn't stop until he slaps himself in the face and pulls himself together.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(inspired)
Of course!! Morgan, when you look at that sausage roll, what do you see??

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(confused)
... Captain Mental, I just see food...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
God DAMMIT Morgan, try harder!!

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(confused and annoyed)
I see a dead pig in breadcrumbs....

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 What else, Morgan?...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (pleasantly surprised)
 Oh, my God!!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Exactly. Come with me to the research room. That sausage roll was posted to us for a reason and we need to do tests on it. It's surely from the killer; you were right to question it...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (a little confused)
 ... Do you always eat the packages sent to you? Isn't that a bit risky?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Morgan! Where's your sense of trust??

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Of course. I'm sorry.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 It's ok. I was a fool to think it was a harmless gift. Fair enough, my faith let me down. And sorry for shouting.

After picking up the food, the DUO leave the mess that covers much of the floor and head to a more dangerous and precious environment. Knowing the potential hazards that smashed gas containers can cause in the research room, MORGAN makes an effort not to aggravate MENTAL on the way to it, even though a little more sympathy would be nice. The TWO walk in an uncomfortable silence through a number of pathways, before reaching their target.

... And after the opening but not closing of a high security door, here it is. This is a pure white space with not even a speck of dirt to be seen. In the middle of this area is one large, long table with test tubes and strange equipment on it. Dangerous chemicals and such are kept on shelves on the room walls. Unfamiliar with some of them, MENTAL handles them with inquisitive eyes, pretending to know their purpose. He holds his 'gift' at the same time. From MORGAN'S reaction, he finds he's a bad actor so he soon puts the items back and pretends he never touched them. His mobile phone rings and he answers it filled full of all kinds of emotions. Both his hands are full again, and he makes an effort not to crush the sausage roll in his tension.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Hello? Who is it?

SRK
(mockingly)
I'm the killer. Enjoying your pork?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(furiously, and
throwing his food on
the floor)
DAMMIT!!!

SRK
Hahahahahaha..... hahahahahaha....

The SRK hangs up the phone, probably still laughing.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Morgan, we've been mocked again.
Anyway, let's just do the research,
shall we?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Of course, Mental. Shouldn't we report
the call and trace it?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(thinking deeply and
rubbing his chin)
No... He doesn't have a chance against
a SWAT team with an unblemished
record. Doing so would only be a waste
of time. Ok; sausage rolls is an
anagram of 'seagull oars'.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
We're here to work out anagrams?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Yes, in the peace and quiet... Why did
you think we were here?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
I thought I saw a hair on the sausage
roll... I thought we could do some DNA
testing...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(angry)
AAARRGGHH!!!! New technology
destroying the mind!!!

CONSTABLE MORGAN
You're shouting, again!

MENTAL closes his eyes in shame for a while.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (genuinely remorseful)
I'm sorry, I don't know came over
 me... Please forgive me...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (nervous)
 Ok, for an anagram, how about AA slug
 roles...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 As in alcoholics anonymous? Alcoholics
 Anonymous Slug Roles?...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 I was thinking he could be an
 alcoholic with a fantasy of fulfilling
 slug-like duties...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (ignoring him)
Anyway; 'seagul oars'? What does
 that mean??

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Maybe he trains seagulls to use oars
 as murder weapons..

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Dear God. The perfect crime.

After picking it up and leaving crumbs on the floor, CAPTAIN
 MENTAL puts his banger under a bunsen burner. It catches fire.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 The food is flammable?... But how does
 that help us?

CAPTAIN MENTAL'S phone rings, again. MENTAL answers it, trying
 to fight his nerves.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 ... Hello?....

SRK
 Hahaha! You're still thinking about
 the sausage roll, aren't you?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (losing it)
 WHAT DOES IS IT MEAN?!?!?!?

SRK

Let's just say I'm angry at the fast food industry. Because of the exact same food, I'm as large as soul music was in the 1950s.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Sausage roll is an anagram of 'large as soul', not 'seagull oars'!

SRK

Oh, yeah! Another piece of evidence, confirming my heroic destiny!.... I mean, yeah. Yes, yes, yes. But I can say all I want. You will never catch me... Well, not you personally. So I've won. Prick.

The SRK hangs up the phone with a profane disregard for everyone involved in the case.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

We've just made a significant breakthrough! Cancel the experiments, they are meaningless. I see that now.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

So this guy dresses up as a sausage roll and shoots the chefs who make the food, because they made him fat.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Exactly.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

.... And he sent you the sausage roll for you to work out an anagram of the food, and that anagram describes a random trait he has.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Great work, Morgan.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

This person's a fruit cake.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Is that a surprise? Let's just profile this guy and build up the evidence, eh?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Why did you think burning the thing would help?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (hiding embarrassment)
 Maybe you should work on the case on
 your own?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (quiet)
 Of course not. Sorry, Captain... Just
 seemed a bit weird, is all...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 I wonder where he's going to
 strike....

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Maybe he wants to kill the new manager
 at the butcher's. He in particular has
 got a lot of bad press recently,
 because of all the salt he uses in his
 rolls and such.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Maybe a bit obvious...

SERGEANT EVANS burts through the research centre entrance with
 some alarming news.

SERGEANT EVANS
 Captain Mental! The new manager at the
 butcher's has been shot dead by a man
 in a sausage roll costume!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Ohhhhh, shit.

SERGEANT EVANS
 We have some good news, though... We
 caught him! He requested to speak to
 you. He should be at the jail in a few
 minutes.

Relieved, the TRIO make their way to a metallic, single row of
 gated cells, housing small time vandals and early afternoon
 drunks. Almost all colours in sight are grey, but they're well
 cleaned greys. In a similar fashion, all rooms are soulless
 and bare, containing nothing but bunk beds and steel toilets
 and sinks. However, the SRK was allowed diet promoting posters
 for him to later look at, to try and make him more open to
 interrogation. After a short period of time waiting around in
 criminal banter, the SRK is seen coming through the prison
 door. He is led by two uniformed MEATHEADS and the CONVICT is
 taken to his cell, in chains. Once locked in it, the SRK
 converses through the gaps, free from stress.

SAUSAGE ROLL KILLER

You, know Mental... Part of me wanted to be caught. At least now I'm free from the temptation of salty, fatty foods. I hear the food in prisons is rubbish.... And now I can work out for free, too.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Shut up. Does the name James Tipton ring a bell?

SAUSAGE ROLL KILLER

Ah, yes. My first victim; that was quite some time, ago.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I knew it! Did you capture him or did you kill him? How did you do it? Is he still alive, or not??

SAUSAGE ROLL KILLER

No comment.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

We'll get an answer from you, don't worry about that. And we'll find your driver...

SAUSAGE ROLL KILLER

(coolly)

No you won't. Do you have any laxatives?

Before MENTAL has a chance to answer the strange question, his phone rings from his pocket, again.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Oh God, what now?...

MENTAL answers the call, with gritted teeth.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Hello?

It's the CHIEF OF POLICE. This MAN has a monotone and serious voice of a 60 year old.

CHIEF OF POLICE

Hello, Mental. Needless to say this whole situation is a complete disaster. I want you to meet me in my office at 2:30 PM, sharp.

MENTAL nearly drops his phone onto the floor.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (hiding internal
 terror)
 Of course. You can count on me.

MENTAL hangs up, looking sheepish.

SERGEANT EVANS
 Are you ok, Mental? You don't look
 ok...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 No, I'm not. We're all in trouble...

SERGEANT EVANS
 (nervous, but
 unsurprised)
 Shit.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Yes. The Chief of Police wants to see
 me at half past 2.

SERGEANT EVANS
 Oh, God. Come with me to my office;
 I'll help you with what to say and how
 to act. That bald, lanky idiot and his
 cold eyes will try and rip you to
 shreds, just by looking at you...

19. A Crazy Idea

INT: THE CHIEF OF POLICE'S OFFICE - 2:30 PM

Here, is a spacious and fancy room of thick brown carpet and regal, red and gold patterned wallpaper. Like MENTAL'S office, a couple of filing cabinets are in the corners, but these are of much higher quality. They could well be antiques. With complete certainty, they were not confiscated from any of the PRISONERS when their houses were searched. Everything here is lit by a glass chandelier that wouldn't be out of place in a chateau. Yes, the contrasts in this whole building are enormous. The suited and tied CHIEF sits behind a rich mahogany desk, with a small pile of clipped paperwork on it. A motionless and wide-eyed MENTAL is facing him on a cheap, plastic children's stool as cigar smoke gets blown in his face, over and over. The hot clouds entering his nostrils receive no reaction.

COP (COOL COINCIDENCE, RIGHT?)
 Mental?....

MENTAL isn't responding to questioning, either.

COP
 MENTAL!!!

MENTAL jolts with a powerful set of movements, that involve almost all muscles.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (nervous)
 Sorry, I think I passed out from stress... How did I get here? What's happened?

MENTAL'S suffering gains no sympathy, just icy silence.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Er, never mind... Nice suit, Chief...

COP
 (darkly)
 Shut up, Mental. You've just sat down, and already you're rubbing me up the wrong way. But there is a much bigger matter I have to attend to. Because of you, your coworkers and the SWAT team, this whole force has been disgraced. Public outrage is already sky-rocketing.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 I know. I'm sorry...

COP
 Sorry isn't good enough, I'm afraid.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 I'm afraid, too...

COP
 Good. So... Can you please explain to me why you complied with ordering a lockdown, and you didn't tell the targeted staff to run to a safe area, instead? In a building consisting of only a couple of rooms and an easily destroyed door, those inside had next to no protection...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (upset and trying to make the COP less aggressive)
 Oh, yeah! How insightful!

COP
 (raging)
 How insightful?! This shouldn't be
 news to you, Mental!!!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 I know... It's not.... I've just had a
 lot on my mind, recently and haven't
 been thinking straight. I don't think
 it's the SWAT member's fault for
 suggesting it, either; I think in the
 high pressure situation he just said
 something without thinking about it.

COP
 But he should be trained to think
 clearly in times of panic!... And what
 about the joyriding pensioner? She has
 struck multiple times in the same
 area, and to outsiders it seems like
 you've done nothing about it!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 She's very devious, Sir!

COP
 Just be grateful that you're not the
 only one involved in this fiasco; if
 it was just your fault, you would
 already be sacked or at least demoted!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (miserable)
 There must be something I can do...

COP
 Actually, yes. It is a bit of a weird
 one, but I think it might just work...

The COP peeks at the report at the top of his pile of papers,
 with surprise. Then the atmosphere becomes a little brighter.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (starting to find some
 hope)
 Go on...

COP
 I've recently come across a legit,
 scientific report, that proves that
 people who swear more are more
 trustworthy.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (surprised)
 Is that a fact?

COP
 Apparently.

Something about the COP'S face unsettles MENTAL.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (nervous)
 Where are you going, with this?...

COP
 I want you to make a public apology
 where you say how deeply sorry you
 are, whilst swearing your head off.

MENTAL just about fights the urge to pass out, again. He
 almost falls off his chair.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (speechless)
 Errrrr.....

The atmosphere has changed back.

COP
 (already getting
 angrier)
 ... You're not having thoughts of
 disobeying me, are you, Mental?...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (quite uncomfortable)
 Um... No... I mean, if that's what you
 think is best....

COP
 Are you doubting my judgement???

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (highly distressed)
 Yes!... I mean, no! Of course not! I
 think you have a great idea!

COP
 (starting to relax)
 Good. Now go to your office and learn
 your speech! Someone should have
 already put it in your door letter
 cage.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Right you are. Have a nice day.

COP
Not bloody likely!

With relief and tension, MENTAL leaves the child's chair and exits the room with his head to the floor. He shuts the door behind him, trying not to make any eye contact. He doesn't.

COP
That Sausage Roll Killer and his
accomplice have really screwed things
up for me... Couple of twats...

20. Deception

EXT: HAMMETT - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

With sun rays sometimes blinding GORDON BECKER, he parks his BMUU on a path-like, curvy road a few hundred meters long. As it is isolated, occupied cars and pedestrians haven't been seen for a couple of minutes now, even though the weather is family friendly. To the right of this road is a dense row of thin and not too tall, flourishing trees. Untamed bushes climb a quarter of the way up to them, and show no signs of stopping... Or growing - too slow. Without google maps, it's impossible to say just how thick this forest area is. But I have it and it's width is just under 200 meters. Doesn't matter, but true. On GORDON'S left, is a grassy field of a size even greater. On it, no signs of life can be seen but an abundance of birds can be heard, without effort. Just about observable in the distance, is another row of woodland. However, from this point it looks more like the tip of an ongoing toothbrush.

GORDON BECKER
Hey, fuck you!

There are a few moments of confusion.

GORDON BECKER
Hm. Don't know what that was about...

Moving on, GORDON opens the car door and makes his way to the boot. Always checking his back, he opens it with as little force and volume as possible. Moments later, a new couple of number plates are revealed with the writing 'HIPPIELOVE' on them.

GORDON BECKER
Christ...

Also in this space is a screwdriver, some sunglasses and a long black wig. There is also lipstick but he assumes, or rather hopes, it is optional.

GORDON BECKER

Idiot.

Last but not least, GORDON eyes his fluorescent green, special key with its three buttons on the circle-like bow. In its natural state, the rest of it is in the form of a very thin, green rod with a dozen tiny holes across the shaft. Never seeing anything like it before, he forgets to look around and picks it up with all his care and attention. Then he experiments...

GORDON BECKER

This is incredible! It's a solid as a rock most of the time, but when you hold down the first button on the handle, it turns into one runny though sturdy piece of goo, that magically grows and fits any gap. Once my finger is lifted off, it doesn't expand any further, just like Scott said. Then, with another press of the button it solidifies and you just twist. Scott said this function is for warded locks and I can certainly understand, now.

Once the key is buttoned again and elasticated back to its natural form, GORDON presses the second one, multiple times. With each two pushes, a different and random combination of pistons stick out the holes along the shaft. Thier material is again seen to be rather special and defies physics. These cylinders stretch out far, from what looks to be nothing.

GORDON BECKER

And this is for pin tumbler locks... The key's pistons push up against the pins above it, then I twist and see if the combination fits. If it doesn't, I twist back and press the button again. I repeat until the pistons and pins match up, correctly. Cool... And this third button creates a general small scale floppiness for swallowing. Alright, time to change number plates.

After putting the item back, GORDON equips his new hair-do and darkened glasses, trying not to look shifty. Not easy. He then picks up the screwdriver and plates. He kneels down by the exhaust with the boot still open, a touch calmer than he was earlier; not a single person has been seen yet, after all.

GORDON BECKER

(reading the plate on
the car)

SRK 666. Ha. I didn't even notice that...

With a tool in his left hand, he gets to work and starts unscrewing whilst his right hand holds the plate against the back. However, his mercury poisoning is starting to get the best of him. In poor attempts at mounting the screws, he jabs himself in the hand every few seconds. His lack of ability begins to frustrate him, so his actions become more savage. Now when he tries to locate the plate screws, he stabs at them with full force. But he doesn't stab at them. He stabs at his soon bloodied fingers. In a rage, he loses sight of his objectives and begins to puncture his hand on purpose with rampant, burning eyes. Red flies in his face and on the car; a vein has been ruptured.

GORDON BECKER
AAAAAAAARGHHHHH!!!!!!

GORDON takes a few deep breaths. With each one, he loses his grip on reality a little further. The air seems to be like a drug. It isn't, GORDON'S eaten way too much seafood.

GORDON BECKER
(dreamily)
Wait.... This isn't hippie love. What was I thinking??

Half spaced-out and half set on his goals, he is subconsciously and consciously influenced by his number plate - that is superconsciously. In a now serene and ultra-carefree state, he gets back to work as his injured hand loses much fluids. He doesn't notice it, but his body moves up and down at sloth speed as he tries to maintain balance. Despite this, he does a pretty good job with the fitting in the end. Without warning, his brain fights back against the toxins and he regains his sanity and coordination.

GORDON BECKER
Ah. Done. Don't know what came over me, there. Damn hippies... Let's get back to Charltonham! Just open the door like this and get in... Does it feel like I'm flying? Nope. Good. Oh, yes... Better wrap my socks round the wound...

After some rather unhygienic first aid, GORDON is about to leave his trail of gore and get going. He revs his much appreciated, borrowed car with enthusiasm as he checks his back once more and turns the vehicle around. Now is the start of a captivating 15 minute drive through winding roads, farmland and meadows. It is kind of uneventful, apart from when a Harley Davidson-bound old lady with blue hair approaches GORDON, whilst coming out of Charltonham. She makes the 'peace' symbol in his general direction, as soon as she notices his number plate.

But who could she be? As she passes him, she uses that familiar, stolen catchphrase. It's clearly the same ODDBALL from before. Getting on with his assignment, GORDON is soon entering the town. To be precise, here is Kerry Kings; a busy street of two-storey, semi-detached houses that are on the sides of a three-lane road. Just in case she wasn't heard, the now quite far-away OLD LADY shouts again.

OLD LADY
(faint)
YIPPIE KAI YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEY!!!!!!!

The adrenaline fuelled and sensory-heightened GORDON unwinds his righthand window, so he can stick his head out, shout backwards over the abundant 4-wheelers and be heard by the Slayer fan.

GORDON BECKER
Guten tag!!!

At the drop of a hat, the OLD WOMAN goes full throttle in her comparable, current mentality.

OLD LADY
(just about audible)
AAARRGGHH!!!! HANS GRUBER!!! DON'T
SHOOT, I'M UNARMED!!!!!!

That comment makes GORDON wretch. With his eyes compelled forwards against his will, he carries on to Jesters Way with anxiety.

GORDON BECKER
How did she know I had a gun?...

GORDON'S paranoia is fuelled further, once he hears a police siren getting nearer...

GORDON BECKER
Oh, shit...

As he continues driving straight along the road to the imitated scenery, the flashing car comes into view. GORDON sticks out his hand and gives the POLICE a thumbs up as they are about to pass. Now they are within spitting distance, one POLICEMAN can be just about seen, though his face is obscured by his windows and the light beams, bouncing off of them. He gives the impression of a 30 year old.

GORDON BECKER
Hey! I think you're doing a GREAT job!

DRIVING POLICEMAN
 (gradually getting
 quieter)
 Thanks! Everyone thinks we suck!

GORDON BECKER
 (faking disbelief)
 Whhaaaaaaat????

DRIVING POLICEMAN
 (in the distance)
 I know, right!

With a new found self-assurance, GORDON carries on in relative peace for another 15 minutes. A little drama comes his way when PIGEONS that play the game of 'chicken', fly close to him. This is as their FRIENDS watch, whilst perched on the roofs of lofty, chalk-coloured businesses. (Chalk coloured? I would ask in online forums how to describe the same kind of things twice in an engaging way, but I'm starting to annoy people. I'm not being paranoid, PEOPLE actually said that. There's a certain amount of honesty in this book, that you don't get with others). To the local's relief, no hedonistic BIRDS are killed.

After seeing ever much of the same go by and without anything else really grabbing his attention, he arrives outside Jesters way police station. But wait, you can't park or even stop, here. Why did SCOTT not mention that? I guess his mind isn't what it once was. Time to look to his left and memorise what the building looks like, then. Once pictured in his mind, he can walk to it from a car park. It's a two-storey building that looks like the houses next to it, (*insert house arrest pun), just a little neater and not as cheap. Its only really significant feature, is a blue sign with the word 'police' on it in large writing. It's simple and to the point, I guess. On his right, are a couple of small-time shops and a 15 foot tall bush behind a long, stubby metal fence. To GORDON'S luck, several PEOPLE walking down this 400 meter linear street are on hand for some much needed help. BECKER stops with no regard to the law and without even pulling up onto the curb. Several cars beep at him, as he questions the PEDESTRIAN least bothered by his behaviour. This woman is a 20 year old, dressed in casual clothing. She has a harsh, uneducated voice.

GORDON BECKER
 (to the pedestrian)
 Hey, do you know the nearest place to
 park, round here?

HESTERS WAY PEDESTRIAN
 (a little uneasy)
 Sure, it's Abomination Square, just
 down the road...

GORDON BECKER
 (cheerfully)
 Ohhhhh, yeah. I remember...

Now recalling the whole Charltonham area well from months of relentless conning, he pulls away, creating what feels like an impressive g-force. Maybe it is to him, but in actuality it is just above average. Ignoring the threat of potential local police, he leaves for the park in tire smoke. This is whilst muttering under his breath, with a casual tone.

GORDON BECKER
 Jesus, what the fuck is wrong with my head?

Wait... Was the police station 2 storeys tall or 3? 2. It was definitely 2. Ok, good. Out of the corner of his eye, as he confirmed that thought with one last check, he notices a burdened and absent-minded CAPTAIN MENTAL leaving the station. GORDON ducks his head down as far as he can without losing sight of the road, and keeps driving.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (memorising his script)
 Hello fuckers, I'm deeply sorry.

Everyone within a dozen or so meters turns to stare at the POLICE OFFICER, faster than you can say 'w...?'. They have a weird expression on their face, as they try and make sense of the ambiguous comment. It's not long before this expression just turns to plain hatred and disgust.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 I'm dead.

With his head down in shame and peril, MENTAL lumbers to the nearest bus stop. Several PIGEONS try to poo on him along the way, in what looks like a targeted attack. The bus journey is a semi-catatonic ride that gains much sympathy from the other PASSENGERS. The CAPTAIN however, doesn't notice. Once off the transport in Cliff-Burton-on-the-Water, he walks to his pretty cottage and goes straight to his nice, warm mattress; even though it is only the afternoon. He spends no more time learning his lines, he can remember every awful word. Time for sleep.

21. Relapse?

INT: CAPTAIN MENTAL'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING, THURSDAY 10 AM

MENTAL has just woken up, blinded by his sleeping mask. For a couple of seconds, he forgets about his mortifying near future.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

FUCK!

Now he remembers. He peels off his blindfold in dread and sits up on his extra-large, disheveled bed, fully clothed and wearing a Lolex. As he faces the window it is seen that the glowing curtains are drawn, once again. It is clear it's another bright day outside, but MENTAL isn't feeling sunny; due to the amount of time he spent sleeping, he is rather groggy. Already his mind has turned to work, however; he looks at his wall, now holding updated, less goofy images for the most part. A frail old lady with coloured hair takes up more and more wall space, as does a mysterious lip-licking, scruffy-haired man in a posh suit. MENTAL doesn't know what to think, so he gazes at his desk, instead. On it, above his crime reports, lies a warning letter from the CHIEF OF POLICE. Its intimidating red writing stands out from quite a distance, unsettling MENTAL. His mobile starts to ring from his pocket and he holds it against his head, shaking. (I know; a whole lotta shakin' goin' on. Don't get that reference? Don't worry, it's no real loss; just a madman taking his anger out on a piano, whilst singing. In his defense, it's a miracle he doesn't play more wrong notes... Not that he cares, sometimes he plays with his feet. Enough about him).

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Hello?

COP

Hello, Mental. I trust you have memorised your apology?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Yip.

COP

Excellent. Don't screw up; you're going to have a very big audience at Charltonham Town Hall...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Mm-hm...

COP

... and you're going to be filmed, as well...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(half-hearted)

Woohoo...

COP

I like your attitude. See you there...

Without bothering to wash or brush his teeth, MENTAL leaves the comfort of his home for the displeased CROWDS of Charltonham. At least when being driven on the roads, he doesn't have to concentrate. Instead, he just sits back and pretends the whole sorry situation isn't happening. A coping mechanism that has proved its worth, time and time, again. From the public transport, he walks the rest of the way to the Town Hall's entryway. It's now 10:50 AM.

After shuffling through the attraction's triple golden-brick archway and observing, but not caring about the building's glamorous, palace-like exterior, MENTAL starts to progress to the Holst Suite. However, to get there he needs to pass well-groomed and helpful lobby STAFF on red carpet, first. As they are a little too helpful, the diversified sights are forced upon the CONDEMNED, as he is stopped. In front of him, he sees a number of paying VISITORS of various ages, peering at the electroliers and the silver-framed paintings on the walls.

STAFF MEMBER

Hello, sir! We're all looking forward to your speech!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(guilty)

Thanks...

STAFF MEMBER

I heard there will be music, too!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Yes, you will hear some fine musicianship. Don't you think it's terrible the way children are exposed to so much swearing, nowadays?

STAFF MEMBER

(a little confused)

I guess so...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(awkward)

So y'know, if any children leave this building swearing like sailors... That would be normal, right?

STAFF MEMBER

(even more confused)

No, I don't think so...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Well, I beg to differ.

STAFF MEMBER

I'm telling you, you're wrong. Do you see the children here, swearing?

In desperation, MENTAL shoves an innocent child walking past him. He is 10 and chubby, with spiked hair.

CHILD

Ow, what the hell?!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Hell! You see! Mouth like a sewer!

STAFF MEMBER

(offended by Mental,
not the child)

I think you need some time to yourself to think over your actions.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(grave)

Yes. I'm sorry.

MENTAL departs with an attempt at grace, as the STAFF MEMBER attends to a hurried question about one of the works of art. Soon away from the hubbub, then the busy, part-gilded passageways, the CAPTAIN meets the COP. The TOP DOG has been waiting for him, whilst standing in the pre-booked suit. Here, is a simple place of standard grey carpet and light green wallpaper, around the every-day windows. The only furniture of note here, is an ignored mid-range table with 8 chairs around it.

COP

(with disingenuous
respect)

Hello, Mental! I bet you're nervous, aren't you?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(trying to withhold
anger)

You bet, I am!

COP

Well, there's no need to be. Not according to scientific research, anyway. You give 'em hell!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Literally? Is that what you're going for??

COP

Sorry?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Maybe I could pee on everyone, at the end?

COP

(thinking hard)

It's a different idea. Is there any research that proves it would be beneficial?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Probably!

COP

Well, if you can't say for certain, give it a miss. Give 'em hell, my boy!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Will do... Is that all you have to say to me?

COP

Is there anything you're unsure of?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I don't think so.

COP

Then you know where to go... Knock 'em dead!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Maybe some of the audience will have heart a...

COP

(ignoring him)

And I'll see you later at the station, for what will be a most joyous occasion.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Right.

COP

Yes. Just get there in your own time, you will have earned your break. I've earned mine schmoozing and whatnot, but stuff has to get done, back at the old Way. I'll leave you to it.

MENTAL strides away to the offstage area, and waits for his time to make his appearance. Once again, the noble ambience of precious metal door frames and royal blue lining paper go unappreciated.

He looks at his watch with restless twitches, as the walls of the already cramped space seem to be closing in on him. The AUDIENCE outside is as quiet as a mouse.

22. The Speech

INT: CHARLTONHAM TOWN HALL - 11 AM

Here, is a grand room of pure white walls and Corinthian columns. High up, golden chandeliers stick out from the sides on frown-shaped, bronze rods. Additional lighting comes in from the arch-shaped (frown shaped) windows, that stop not far from the ceiling. 25 rows of engaged folding chairs are laid out with symmetry across the centre. Two ailes separate them and expose a shiny, well polished, light brown floor. On the lavish balconies are a further two rows of seats, and all are occupied. Nothing weird about any of that, so let's hope the CAPTAIN doesn't start reading too much into some of the artificial facial expressions he sees; in this time of extreme mental stress, psychosis could be just around the corner. MENTAL has just arrived on the raised, pearl-white stage, after passing a door hidden from the VISITOR'S view. A luxurious red curtain is now behind him, seen after a quick glance. It makes MENTAL feel important, much to his guilt. Behind that, is a historical organ almost as tall as a house, again not helping the ill-fated POLICEMAN. The angry but mute CONGREGATION, and the microphone on a stand now in front of him, look nightmarish and blurry. He can't believe what he's about to say. He starts to sweat.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Ahem...

Now he fiddles with his hair.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Er....

Much of the AUDIENCE stares at him with growing disappointment.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Alrighty. So..... Hello fuckers, I'm deeply sorry.

There is a brief moment of not knowing how to react. After a mass of bewildered head turns in search of clues, the now incensed SPECTATORS gasp at quite a loudness. MENTAL speaks over them in a now more agitated tone.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

... I'm sorry I ordered a lockdown that resulted in the death of a chef... Or chef death...

MENTAL was told to wait for a laugh. He doesn't get one.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

No?... I'm sorry that I didn't investigate a package sent by the killer, and I'm sorry I didn't trace a phone call that could have been a significant piece of evidence. Er... I know I fucked up and the shit really hit the fan. Fucking hell, basically.

An old, hunch-backed LADY with grey hair half way down her, shouts from the back of the room.

OLD LADY

You bastard!

MENTAL starts to cry, but he soldiers on.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

But.... but... Nothing this fucked has ever happened to this force, before.

A MAN in the front row throws his shoe at MENTAL'S face. His nose bleeds from the strong impact.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Ow!... And I can promise that nothing like it will happen again, because I'm the shit. The dog's bollocks. We all are around Charltonham, aren't we?

Charltonham town hall seems to be on the brink of a riot. The groans of the CROWD are rocketing in volume.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(angry)

I KNEW this wouldn't work!

MENTAL remembers his warning letter. It stated that if he doesn't finish the whole speech, he will be sacked and disgraced.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(trying to hold back further tears)

Already you consider me trustworthy, but did you know I also have a great vocabulary? You may be interested to know that people who swear have better language skills.

OLD LADY

No one gives a shit!

A large group of PEOPLE shout 'hear, hear!' Many start to exit.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Fuck, fucking, fucked, fucker, fuckup,
 there's a good one, fuckwit...

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE
 Get off the stage, you maniac!

MENTAL tries to pull himself together. He's almost finished with the whole terrible ordeal, at least.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 So; any fucking questions?

An OLD MAN in a cardigan puts his hand up as half of the GUESTS have already left.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 What the fuck do you want?

OLD MAN IN THE AUDIENCE
 What the hell do you think you're
 doing?!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Good question. I think now's a good
 time to explain my actions a little
 deeper; you see, my friend's pet fish
 died and I'm going through a really
 hard time, right n...

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE
 (insulted by the poor
 reaction)
 Get out, before we all throw you out!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Right you are. Now's the time to make
 my exit to the sound of Slipknot. I
 hope you all have a great day,
 goodbye!

MENTAL runs off the stage in hysterics, blindly clutching his face. SPECTATORS are now sprinkled. (Or SPECTATORS are few and scattered, if you like). However, there is one person bent on staying a little while longer. It's the OLD LADY who just swore at MENTAL. She is rocking out, hard. She hunch-headbangs to blastbeats and screams like someone a quarter of her age. Seizing the opportunity, she then runs to the stage and does a nu-metal karaoke.

OLD LADY
 (singing along to
 Slipknot)
 Who the fuck are you? Fuck you!
 Better suck it up 'coz you bled
 through.
 Better get away from me.
 Stay the fuck away from me!

This is by far the best entertainment of the day, so far. A few hoodied YOUNGSTERS with dyed black hair start to sing with her, and decide to stay. It sure beats slumping their heads over their seats, bored and going unnoticed. Some join her on stage and start jumping around.

EXT: RUNNING AWAY TO JESTERS WAY - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

MENTAL is running on the pavements of Charltonham and has tragically, gone a bit mad. He keeps singing to himself to block out his own thoughts, as many stare at him with unease. A perhaps too common theme of the town, (for me as you know), tall, white buildings go by yet again as well as tasteful, well laid-out plant-life. Sports cars and economy cars go by, even faster.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (nervous)
 It's the eye of the tiger
 It's the thrill of the fight
 Rising up to the challenge of our
 rival...

MENTAL has 3 and a half miles to run before he gets to his place of work. He needs to get away from the public, ASAP. To his despair, he encounters many of his previous AUDIENCE along the way; like this fat, bearded man driving a van.

VAN DRIVER
 (going into the
 distance)
 Baaaaastaaaard!!!!!!!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (panting)
 Well, at least it can't get any
 worse...
 And the last know survivor
 Stalks his prey in the night
 And he's watching us all, with
 The eye of the tiger...

EXT: ABOMINATION SQUARE CAR PARK, CHARLTONHAM - 40 MINUTES LATER

GORDON has just come back from the police station area, where he looked for some more change for the pay and display machine. Mission accomplished. He is now sat fidgeting in his BMUU, thanking his maker he's in disguise. The car park he is in is expansive, half full and has a brick wall of a depressing orangey colour behind it. Behind that, are some houses. These are what GORDON sees the most as he checks his rear, over and over. In front of the park, is an exit enclosed by what have to be the most boring buildings of all time. They are little more than oblongs of many bricks, with windows across them laid out at random. Charltonham! You were doing so well, before! On GORDON'S right are some equally (well, almost equally) dull flats and on his extreme right, is an access road to the failed architect's dream. GORDON also looks there every few seconds. That makes more sense, as no one can enter the park behind him. Kind of a natural place to look though, when on edge. The left gets ignored as it is neither artful, awful or useful. It's roughly more of the same... Or is it?

Seconds after investigating his location once more, (not the left) he hears someone shouting out the lyrics of 'Eye of the Tiger'. He recognises that voice from somewhere... It has to be CAPTAIN MENTAL! An out of breath MOB seems to be pursuing him and they all chant 'GET MENTAL OUT! GET MENTAL OUT! - Evidence to confirm GORDON'S suspicions.

GORDON BECKER

What in God's name is going on, now??

GORDON has to see the spectacle; his break is cancelled and it's time to revisit the station. As he strolls out of the car park, fighting his nerves and winning, he sees those familiar sets of semi-detached homes to his right and a long road, and wooded parkland on his left. 'Ehh????' (You're - or more likely I'm - not going mad, the shops come later). Far more interesting, is the jogging GANG he just heard on the drab old walkway. It's right in front of him, it must be 50 strong and it consists of almost every demographic you can think of. GORDON joins them and hits his fist in the air. The idea spreads, fast.

GORDON BECKER

GET MENTAL OUT! GET MENTAL OUT!

A short 80 year old, male MOB MEMBER with pink hair is spotted in the middle of the lawlessness. He pulls out his mobile and waits for his FRIEND to pick it up. This is whilst being pushed around by those who circle him. However, he gets many apologies.

OLD MOB MEMBER
(loudly, to get himself
heard)

Hey, you've got to come round Jesters
Way Police Station! A mob is chanting
to get that idiot to resign!... Hey,
do I hear Slipknot in the background?

OLD LADY
That's Slpiknot, alright. Check out
the drumming! It's before they used
all those triggers!

OLD MOB MEMBER
Not now! This is important!

OLD LADY
Alright, I'm coming. How about I start
a petition?

OLD MOB MEMBER
That's a great idea!

OLD LADY
Thanks, I'll be there soon after I
drop off at the pen and paper store...
Hey, I have to go guys, it was great
jamming with you...

OLD MOB MEMBER
Who were you talking to?

OLD LADY
Never mind...

After what seems like an eternity, MENTAL has reached the
wonderful police station doors. He turns to the CROWD and
stops his amateur singing or rather, now quitened mumblings.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(nervous)
Er.... Bye!...

Even though he is gone in an instant, the CROWD remain as loud
as ever.

INT: JESTERS WAY POLICE STATION RECEPTION - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

Here, is a humdrum room of only functional equipment. The
walls are a dull stone colour, as are the doors and floor. In
the middle of this minimalist room, is the COP and his
mysterious piece of paper. He is standing with intimidating
body language, facing what he presumes to be the
RECEPTIONISTS.

The CHIEF is refusing to look at them or make any kind of warm eye contact; he doesn't think they're showing enough respect, and many would assume they aren't. The repetitive phrases heard from outside are putting the CHIEF in a tizzy, compounding his feelings of animosity. The neglected SECRETARIES are behind the jet black reception desk and its three laptops. Probably. The TV screens on the ceiling and most likely facing them, display PRISONERS in their cells and some of what is shown on them sounds quite entertaining.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Oh, God!

The COP turns to face MENTAL.

COP

Ah, Mental! You're here, already?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I'm in trouble, sir!

COP

(coolly)

Yes. Turns out the whole swearing/trust thing is a myth.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(in disbelief)

But you said the research was legit!!

COP

I'm afraid, not. That's gooblewoobledooble for you. I wouldn't worry, though; I'm sure you can keep working for us as long as it's clear you're being punished. I've already written a letter explaining your actions. I'm going to send it to everyone in the Charltonam area. Would you like to take a look?

The COP hands MENTAL a copy of the letter with a reassuring smile.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(reading aloud)

Dear Charltonham resident; I understand that many people are urging Captain Mental to resign, and that's understandable. However, he is a highly skilled detective who has solved countless crimes for you. Such crimes include the case of the teenager who stared at passers by, and the infamous bun thief.

Also, Captain Mental may be an idiot but he's OUR idiot. If he left, we'd miss him. I've decided to reach a compromise; he will remain at the police farce BUT will be treated with persistent cruelty. Thanks for your time and have a great day.

COP

So, what do you think?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(nervous)

.... Maybe.... you could take... some of the blame?...

COP

(raging)

ABSOLUTELY NOT!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(very upset)

... Alright... So what do you mean by me being treated badly?...

COP

(back to normal)

I've booked you a table at the Fascist Restaurant later, today.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(in protest)

But some of the people who eat there, never come back!

COP

You'll be ok. Just make sure you do a good essay on why the owner is so great. If he likes it everything will turn out fine, I'm sure.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(with strong
reluctance)

Ok....

COP

Good man. Anyway, enough of all that business; look at the SRK. We've all been counting the amount of times he's fallen over whilst doing star jumps. Some say they've heard 29 splats, others 30. Would you like to help?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Yeah, go on, then.

MENTAL and the COP join the CLARK'S positions, so they can see what the workout regime looks like. MENTAL is given a wink by the CHIEF so he doesn't look at his EMPLOYEES. He knows what it means. A few minutes of laughing and joking go by as MENTAL cries inside. This is whilst his eyes are glued to the screen in a trance. The shouting in the streets isn't going anywhere, and MENTAL isn't getting used to it. It is more or less ignored by the CHIEF however, as SCOTT is too entertaining. After his 40th fall or thereabouts, he doesn't get up.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I should go check on him...

COP

Ok, but be careful. I would go with you, but... y'know...

MENTAL is handed a cell key and a 3 shot taser by the COP. He trudges through the passageways, leading to the SRK'S lock-up.

24. Enhanced Interrogation

INT: CAPTIVE AREA - A MINUTE LATER

MENTAL has just reached the room of secured, barred cells. This whole complex's demoralising ash-grey, is starting to make everyone's circumstances just that little bit poorer. It may be well kept, but I would imagine the extreme tedium is a lot worse than a bit of dust. Neighbouring the lying face down SRK, is a sweet looking OLD WOMAN sitting on her own and enjoying the top bunk. She looks similar to the JOYRIDER, but doesn't have her hunchback or green hair. However, her wet perfumed grey hair raises suspicions. It has to have been just washed. The DRUNKS from before are now gone. The SRK and OLD WOMAN are now the only ones who are imprisoned.

OLD WOMAN

I'm telling you, I'm innocent!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(calm but depressed)

If that's true, you have nothing to fear, ok?

OLD WOMAN

You can't just pick up old women off the street!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 You can when people's lives are at
 risk... I think...

The OLD WOMAN remains on her bed with her arms crossed.

OLD WOMAN
 God dammit.

MENTAL ignores her and focuses his attention on the SRK.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (with caution)
 Hey sausage guy?

As the DETECTIVE receives no response and doesn't even notice any movement from the SRK, he opens the CRIMINAL'S cell door with a touch of fear. His main emotion however, is responsibility. No, not really; not after what he's done. He keeps his eye on the KILLER and aims his taser at the back of his head. All of a sudden, SCOTT twitches like a man possessed. His gestures are so substantial, he effectively swims across his room in circles like a dolphin, before turning over and over again like a buckled wheel. This guy has serious mental issues; his face is one of abhorrence and foreboding.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (freaked out)
 AARGH!

As a result of building stupefaction, MENTAL shoots the SRK just above the eyebrows as he turns. As thousands of volts enter him, he stops revolving pronto, but flaps his arms and legs about as if he were star jumping for the olympics, instead. This is whilst screaming his burning head off.

SRK
 Bleblebleblebleblebleblebleble!!!!!!!

MENTAL waits for his VICTIM to grind to a halt and stand himself up. A laser dot never leaves his forehead.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 You ok?

SRK
 (angry and weakly
 standing up)
 Do I smell sausages?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(trying to calm the SRK
down)

No, that's you. I just cooked you a
bit.

SRK
Where are my laxatives? I asked for
laxatives, I'm really constipated!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
If you're not going to respond to any
of our questions, we're not giving you
anything... So... You ready to talk?

SRK
No...

Frustrated, MENTAL shoots again. In consequence, the SRK flaps
his arms up and down with such velocity, he becomes airborne
for a couple of seconds. He hits the ground with a loud thump
and screams even louder.

SRK
AAARGH!! Police brutality!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(starting to feel
better)
Yep. What happened to James Tipton?

SRK
Go to Hell!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Open wide...

SRK
What? Why?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(with a smile)
Just do it.

SRK
No, I'm not d...

As the SRK talks, MENTAL shoots his taser in the former's
mouth and hits the tip of his already burning tongue. (BT is a
symptom of mercury poisoning).

SRK
AAAAAAAARGGGGHHHHH!!!!!!!

Whilst the SRK covers his mouth with both hands, the COP bursts through the door leading to this collection of cells.

COP
What's going on, here?!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(casual)
Just tasing the sausage man...

COP
(shocked)
In the mouth?!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(laughing)
Yeah...

COP
Look at this...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
What?

COP
Hey sausage, you want laxatives? Put both hands up and I'll get you some.

Confused, the SRK does as he's told. Faster than he can blink, the COP draws a taser from his pocket and shoots the CRIMINAL on the tip of his little finger.

SRK
NOT AGAIN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The SRK falls to his knees in excruciating pain. The COP shoots him again to get more squirms and screeches.

COP
... And that's why this force uses three shot tasers!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(withholding general
resentment)
Wow, Chief. You been practicing?? That was a million to one shot!

COP
(not realising)
Thanks. It was the result of lonely days at home. Not much to do on my annual holiday, so I got good with the old weapons...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Your work is really paying off...

COP
Oh, you. You are a charmer. Seeing as
he's fine...

SRK
(upset and
interrupting)
I'm not!

COP
(ignoring him)
... let's get back to work.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Ok, boss.

After locking the cowering PRISONER in his cell, the two POLICEMEN leave the whole area and go their separate ways. MENTAL goes back to his private room. The COP goes somewhere irrelevant.

25. Preparation

INT: CAPTAIN MENTAL'S OFFICE - A MINUTE LATER

Following that cathartic release of emotions and after opening his letter cage, MENTAL sits down at his fractured office desk. It seems he has been given an unusual written assignment along with a pen and paper, so his new PC is ignored. As asked for, the CAPTAIN'S replacement is a dated replica that was gathering dust in a cupboard. As out-of-date as it may be, you can't deny how well green and black go together. The cracked photo of his former friend, JAMES TIPTON is next to the computer, placed with as much respect as ever. To show his dedication to his work, the once opened drawers by the walls have been shut. Nice and neat.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(to himself)
I'm supposed to write an essay for the
fascist restaurant's owner, explaining
why I think he's so great... Dear
God...

With no choice, MENTAL gets writing.

CM'S ESSAY
(talking, as he writes)
Dear Benito Brown. As a police
officer, I admire fascism's fixation
with crime and punishment.

A big thumbs up, for that. I also hate the arts, in a way; I find visits to galleries extremely tedious. I know this isn't much of an essay, in fact this isn't an essay, but I also know that you hate intellectualism so I didn't bother to do a good job. Thumbs up, again; well done.
Regards, Steve.

Someone knocks on MENTAL'S door with a polite rhythm.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(unhappy)
Come in....

SERGEANT EVANS opens the door and forgets to shut it behind him.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(not optimistic)
Hello, Evans... Good news?

SERGEANT EVANS
(serious)
I've just come to deliver your sunglasses and black clothes.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Evans, I don't want to go...

SERGEANT EVANS
Mental, the chances of you being 'removed' are tiny. Murder is extremely bad for business.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
But the franchise is already struggling! The reviews are terrible and the owner doesn't care!

SERGEANT EVANS
Actually, it may not be having hard times, anymore. As that tramp inspired so many more people to eat free food, many softer establishments are going out of business. The fascist restaurant is planning their hostile takeovers and Brown is taking himself more seriously than before...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(in desperation)
We have to stop this!

SERGEANT EVANS

Mental, you're not going to the place to be punished. It's time you knew...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Knew what?...

SERGEANT EVANS

You have a mission. You will taser the owner whilst no nazi visitors are looking, and drag him to your police car.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Without being seen??

SERGEANT EVANS

The visitors will be distracted.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Who by?

SERGEANT EVANS

(with valour)

Me. I'm coming with you.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(with hope)

Why didn't you tell me, earlier?

SERGEANT EVANS

We all just wanted you to up your game and fight for your work, after your cockup. You're not really being punished but it will look like you will be.

As MENTAL gives a relieved sigh, the COP enters the room.

COP

I hear a sigh of relief. I assume all has been explained? You're not on your own, Mental! That's nice, isn't it?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Well, it's better...

COP

Come with me into my police car. We can take 'the scenic and mostly pointless route', to the restaurant; that will give us extra time for us to discuss our objectives.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(nervous)

Jesus...

The THREE march out of the room, get changed then leave the building. By good luck that appears to be in very short supply, most of the MOB from before have got bored and gone home. The one exception, is GORDON BECKER who keeps a key eye on the station whilst posing as a TRAMP. Now that I think about it, he is a tramp. Or at least, was.

26. The Fascist Restaurant

INT: THE FASCIST RESTAURANT - 12:45 PM

The monarchical reds from before are gone; these are evil reds. The iron floors, walls and ceiling are all as red as blood and are decorated with black, nazi cross patterns. The same goes for the cast iron staff counter, tables and chairs. Seated there in discomfort though enjoying the ambience - as much as they have the capacity to do so - are around 10 unpleasant looking, bald INDIVIDUALS. All wear denim and discuss various matters in low pitched drones. As there are no windows in this building, this place is dark both in its company and actuality. The lighting is minimal and nazi friendly. There is just enough to make reading the steel sheet and engraved menus possible. However, doing so is difficult and no one here is at this time.

As MENTAL and SERGEANT EVANS pass through medieval iron doors and leave the COP in the safety of his car, two bells a tritone apart sound. The twosome are greeted by the OWNER who runs into the room from a door, far at the end of the foodery. He passes the counter like he has no other customers. It's BENITO BROWN, the only MEMBER OF STAFF of the franchise. He is tall and thin with pale skin and soulless eyes. For whatever reason, he has a mustache in the style of Charlie Chaplin. He is dressed exclusively in black.

BENITO BROWN

(enthusiastic)

Sieg heil!

With no expression on his face, CAPTAIN MENTAL reaches for his taser.

SERGEANT EVANS

NO!

MENTAL sees reason faster than the blitzkrieg and shakes the MAN'S hand, instead.

BENITO BROWN
 (disappointed)
 You have a weak and inferior
 handshake.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (not knowing how to
 react)
 Ah...

BENITO BROWN
 I'll let it pass, this one time.
 Where's my essay?

MENTAL reaches into his pocket and hands BENITO his work.
 BENITO reads it with a cold face.

BENITO BROWN
 (as he reads)
 M-hm... M-hm....

MENTAL and EVANS look at each other, trying to control their
 nerves.

BENITO BROWN
 (to Evans)
 Ok, good. And what about you? Where's
 yours?

EVANS examines his pocket. Nothing is there.

SERGEANT EVANS
 Oh, shit.

BENITO BROWN
 WHAT?!?!?

SERGEANT EVANS
 (desperately trying to
 calm him down)
 Doesn't matter, doesn't matter!! How
 about I sing you a song??

BENITO BROWN
 Jazz?

SERGEANT EVANS
 (firm)
 No. No, way.

BENITO BROWN
 Good, just testing. Hitler hated jazz!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (confused)
 ... But I think Mussolini lik...

SERGEANT EVANS
 SHUT UP MENTAL!

BENITO BROWN
 Mental? That's an interesting name you
 have...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (hurt by Evans and
 uncomfortable)
 Thanks...

BENITO BROWN
 Anyway, where's this song?

SERGEANT EVANS
 (improvising and upset)
 Ahem... Ok... Don't kill me, please...
 Don't kill me, please... I like your..
 shoes... heil...

EVANS gulps, with fear.

SERGEANT EVANS
 You....

BENITO BROWN
 (rubbing his chin)
 Ok. Sit down...

MENTAL and EVANS pull out a seat from a table as far from the
 SKINHEADS as possible.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (excited)
 So; what's to eat?!

BENITO BROWN
 YOU WILL EAT WHAT YOU'RE TOLD!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (jumping)
 Of course... What will I have?

BENITO BROWN
 (calming down)
 Sausage.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 That sounds great. I notice you almost
 only serve sausage...

BENITO BROWN
 (with pride)
 Yes, but done in different ways!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Excellent. And what is my version of
 sausage?

BENITO BROWN
 (cold)
 Sausage with spit.

MENTAL strokes his taser under the table.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Er...

BENITO BROWN
 (to Evans)
 You will have...

EVANS tries not to show his internal pain.

BENITO BROWN
 (cheerful)
 Sausage and ham!

SERGEANT EVANS
 (appearing amazed and
 trying to find the
 right words)
 Sausage and ham!... I always wondered
 how you make sausage and ham! Can I
 see you cook it??

BENITO BROWN
 Sure, I'll show you how supermen cook!
 Come with me to the kitchen!

BENITO leads the way marching as EVANS follows, acting more confident than he feels. In an effort to fit in he marches too, as best he can. However, his moves are reminiscent of JOHN CLEESE. MENTAL turns to the skinheads and starts a conversation.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (a little awkward)
 Hey, I think Hitler had some good
 ideas!...

The SKINHEADS murmur in cold agreement.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (gaining confidence)
 Volksraisins? Beautiful. Anyway, I'm
 here today to give a free VR to one of
 you guys! I'm from the company and am
 here to promote them. One of you will
 be the lucky winner!

The SKINHEADS murmur a little louder, this time.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 The winner is, the person who can run
 the fastest mile! Sound good!

SKINHEADS, TOGETHER
 Yerrrrr.....

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Good! Go! My coworker will be waiting
 at Uncle Tim's friendly restaurant!

SKINHEADS, TOGETHER
 Yaaaaa.....

The GROUP stamps out of the building, ASAP.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Taser the bellend, Evans!!

A shriek is heard, as well as the sound of crashing pots and
 pans.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Yeah, you like that, you prick?!?!

MENTAL runs into the kitchen and gets ready for some dragging.
 Sadly, the first room doesn't seem to be an act; this room and
 its features are coloured and styled in the same way as the
 super dodgy dining room. To be fair though, cooking equipment
 is often made of metal but not with crosses engraved on them.
 As the previous sounds suggested, pots and pans are indeed on
 the dark-lit floor along with BENITO. EVANS is standing over
 him with semi-eaten bratwurst in his hand.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Stop eating your sausage! That's nazi
 sausage!

SERGEANT EVANS
 Oh come on, what's the difference?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 He might have stuck it up his bum!

SERGEANT EVANS

Shut up... Let's just get him in the police car...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Nice and stiff, I see. Makes him easy to slide across the floor.

BENITO BROWN

Arrrrrghhh....

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Don't worry, Ben. You're muscles are getting a good workout.

SERGEANT EVANS

(with cold feet)

The easy part's over. The real challenge is explaining the situation to passers by outside.

MENTAL'S mobile sounds before he gets a chance to bring BENITO to prison.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Hello?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(urgent)

Mental, I've spotted a similar BMUU that was used in the murder...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

That's nice. I've seen a few, myself. Are the number plates the same?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

No, but...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(interrupting)

So what you're trying to say, is that you've seen another BMUU?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Yes.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Morgan, if you don't get your act together, you'll be sacked... Stop wasting your time and interrogate the sausage killer, instead.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (upset)
 But, it's not just that, it's...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Morgan, that's an order!

27. A Controversial Suspect

INT: JESTERS WAY, POLICE STATION RECEPTION - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

CONSTABLE MORGAN has just entered the room, looking troubled. The dingy, dust-coloured backgrounds only heighten his feelings of imminent failure. From this angle, the OFFICER can't see the three screens hanging from above. He wishes he could though as he really doesn't want to miss any kinds of clues or information; or indeed, anything funny. A RECEPTIONIST in standard police uniform sits behind the charcoal counter and her laptop. This overlooked 25 year old from before, questions MORGAN in concern and plays with her blonde hair in unease. For whatever reason, she is the only SECRETARY here, this time.

RECEPTIONIST
 Hey, Morgan are you ok? You don't look ok...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 No, I'm worried I'm going to be finally sacked...

RECEPTIONIST
 Why do you say that?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 I've just spotted a valuable piece of potential evidence, but I've been told to ignore it... I'll most likely get in trouble whether I do or don't. But I really shouldn't!

RECEPTIONIST
 What evidence?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 I think I've seen the car used as the getaway vehicle.

RECEPTIONIST
 In the chef murder?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Yes...

RECEPTIONIST
Same number plates?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
No, but...

RECEPTIONIST
(interrupting)
So you've just seen another BMUU, have you?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Y... No! Just trust me, ok? The driver of it has been hanging around here for ages!

RECEPTIONIST
God. Alright, if you really think it's best, I'll let you out of the station for a while.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(relieved)
Thank you!

MORGAN exits the site and welcomes the lingering sunlight and wonderful street views, of passing cars and minor stores. This is just what's in front of him, what about everywhere else??

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Ahhh!... No. Now is not the time, for taking in the sun...

After a miniscule period of some kind of stress-induced dissociation, MORGAN remembers his duties and plans the car park journey in his head. As it is only a few hundred meters away, doing so is brief and effortless. He turns 135 degrees left before he sets off, to check the row of homes. Restlessly searching for clues he stares at them, knowing deep down doing so will be fruitless. He then rotates right 45 degrees (how's that for accuracy, but you have a real treat later; I haven't forgotten), so he can start walking. As he turns, a manic and bent-backed OLD LADY with extra long, grey hair appears right in front of him. She invades his space, without concern. Under her arm are clipboarded papers.

OLD LADY
(energetic)
Care to sign my petition??

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Sorry, I'm really busy...

OLD LADY
CARE TO SIGN MY PETITION???

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (in frustration, but
 remembering he has to
 be respectful)
 God, ok. Let's read it, then.

For some reason, the OLD LADY is reluctant to hand the POLICEMAN her little project. She insists on holding it, tight against her face as the MAN reads its mission statement, above the list of signatures. Little does he know, the WOMAN is covering the small print below the signature lines. It asks for the laws banning joyriding to be scrapped. However, not as oblivious as one may expect, he is suspicious about the LADY'S strange posture.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (reading the petition
 aloud)
 By signing this petition, you agree that Captain Mental should be forced to resign. Then be told he can work again and then told 'no, only joking', immediately afterwards.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 I'm sorry, I can't sign this.

From behind her board, she mumbles.

OLD LADY
 (disappointed)
 Why not?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Because Mental is a good worker.

The OLD LADY laughs.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Hang on... Are these signatures from real people?

OLD LADY
 (nervous)
 What do you mean?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (reading the
 signatures, aloud)
 Jeremy Rocky McJeeves MMMMCMXCIX,
 Ken Ben Pennington,
 Grange Rover Sport Thompson.....
 Can I take a closer look at this
 petition, please?

OLD LADY
 (in panic)
 NO!

Even though this LADY is quite old, she runs at a surprising pace into obscurity.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Whatever next?...

MORGAN is about to find out; someone from behind taps on his shoulder. It is found that the MAN doing so, is the pink-haired MOB MEMBER, heard not long ago.

OLD MOB MEMBER
 (cold)
 Going somewhere?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (surprised)
 Err... You do know you're speaking to a police officer?

OLD MOB MEMBER
 You're not going to swear at passers by?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Nope...

OLD MOB MEMBER
 I'm not sure I trust you. You're not letting Captain Mental off the hook, are you?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (curious)
 Don't you trust him?...

OLD MOB MEMBER
 It's not that I don't trust him, I just find him very offensive.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Ahhh.... Of course.

OLD MOB MEMBER
 So?....

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 I assure you Mental is being punished as we speak.

OLD MOB MEMBER
 I'm sorry, but that's not good enough.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

M-hm...

MORGAN tries to walk away but the MOB MEMBER blocks his path.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Please, stop that...

The MOB MEMBER isn't going anywhere.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(irritated)

By wasting my time you're endangering
lives, you know that?

The MOBSTER ignores him and rubs his eyes with blatant sarcasm.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Hey, look over there!

As MORGAN points in front of himself without looking, the OLD MAN turns around. The latter hopes to see some disenchanted reinforcements. Not the case, the OFFICER then runs past him in the direction of the car park.

OLD MOB MEMBER

Hey!

Recurring backdrops pass MORGAN on both sides for a few hundred meters, along with persistent traffic. Such traffic includes a window-down, white van.

VAN DRIVER

Wow, you're running! Does that mean
you're doing your job?

After that unwanted encounter, an added mixture of parkland goes by. 'I know, I know, I know, same as before, same as before'. Actually you're wrong, a vandal has chopped a tree down. No not really, it is the same as before. MORGAN still has a further few hundred meters to go, though this time things are just that tiny bit nicer; despite his responsibilities, he still likes to gaze at any kind of vegetation on occasion.

After a fair bit of effort, he arrives at the car park a little breathless. He can now see GORDON BECKER staring at him from his car, whilst still as a spade and with his mouth tight shut. MENTAL approaches him and his BMWUU with care. With each small step, the dismal brick wall and the houses behind it get closer and closer. With expert control, GORDON never twitches once, even though he is sure he is about to be arrested. After about a minute of intense eye contact and regular movements, MORGAN reaches the EX-TRAMP'S car.

Having passed the unsightly constructions beside him, he can now see some MORE walls on his right, but of different types. There is a mixture of plain brick walls, along with wooden and metal gated ones. Who cares? I don't know. I know GORDON doesn't. Fancy not looking left in a car park. Crazy. Behind those obstructions are some flats and a playing/sunbathing/whatever area. On MORGAN'S left, is the exit. And more flats. Everything is in reverse for him, basically. MORGAN taps on GORDON'S window. GORDON winds it down.

GORDON BECKER
(seeming calm with a
French accent)
Bonjour... I mean hello-uh.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Murderer!

GORDON BECKER
(withholding nerves)
Pardon?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Why have you been parked here for so long?? Are you planning to break the sausage man out???

GORDON BECKER
I don't know what you mean-uh! I'm a journalist-uh! I've just been taking note of anything to do with the recent killing. I've been interviewing passers by and stuff like that... uh.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
No you haven't. I've seen you on CCTV. You just sit here and hang around the police station!

GORDON BECKER
That's not true, I interviewed some of the mob...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Can I see your notes, then?

GORDON BECKER
(defiantly)
.... No...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Then you'll have to come with me. Open your door and get out.

After being completely disregarded, MORGAN forces his fist through the BMUU'S side window and obliterates it.

GORDON BECKER

(nervous)

Aargh!

MORGAN proceeds to open the door for him from the inside. Without mercy, he then pulls out the SUSPECT to the floor, by his ears. He cuffs him to the tune of much French blue (bleu) language, and begins to march him to the police station, though not without resistance. After just leaving the car park for the streets, MENTAL, EVANS and the driving COP spot the two from their police car. MENTAL winds his window down as he is about to pass them, at a speed that diminishes to walking pace.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(surprised)

Who have you got there, Morgan?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(nervous)

Er... The BMUU driver.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(in frustration and
sadness)

God dammit, Morgan. Speak to me in the car park.

The COP pulls away, round a nearby ring road (or more accurately, square road), encircling (or ensquaring) an ideal picnic area. 'Hey, why didn't you tell me about that feature, before?' I forgot. Happy? Anyway, following that he parks just where GORDON was before being escorted. MORGAN and GORDON walk the short journey back there, too.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(concerned about Morgan
and his fate)

Why have you just arrested that man?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(not thinking clearly
due to worry)

He was driving a BMUU...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Uh-huh.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

No, wait! What I meant was...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(interrupting, and to
Gordon)

Sorry about my co-worker. He clearly
has some issues with BMUUs; most
likely related to some tragic
childhood trauma.

GORDON BECKER

Don't worry about it-uh...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

That's a load of rubbish!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Have you seen this, Morgan? Hippie
love? Since when have hippies hurt
anyone?

COP

(serious)

Come into the car, Morgan. We may have
to treat this as a racial incident.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(desperate)

But hippies aren't a race!!!!

COP

(outraged)

What are they then? Animals??

BENITO BROWN

(calm)

He's got a point, there; everyone
belongs to a race...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

WHAT?! I never said they didn't, I
just...

COP

(cutting in, and to
Gordon)

Sorry about all of this. You can go,
now.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Hey, what happened to your window?

MORGAN gives GORDON an icy stare.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (to Gordon, with
 authority)
 It was smashed by the mob from
 earlier, wasn't it?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (to Gordon)
 Was it?

GORDON BECKER
 (casual)
 Non.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 It was you, wasn't it Morgan?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Yes.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (despairing)
 Get in the car, Morgan...

MORGAN does so, with no hope in his now tired eyes. As the GROUP drive off with counted upon professionalism, GORDON waves to them. Once out of sight, the GETAWAY DRIVER gets into his car and sits back in leather made comfort.

GORDON BECKER
 (thinking to himself)
 That was close! I need to get out of here and find another car park. But my number plates; I can't change them, again! God dammit, Scott; I'm giving you one more day to get out of jail and after that, I'm gone for good!

With little else he can think of, GORDON foots it back to his old tramp spot, but this time hides in bush next to the retail outlets. (It's a little under 3 Smoot tall). From here, his eyes never lose focus of the station, as uninteresting as the design is. Even though he is quite a number of meters from the place, he can just about hear an argument, leaking from the shut doors.

28. Another Unfavourable Reaction

INT: JESTERS WAY POLICE STATION RECEPTION - IMMEDIATELY AFTER (2PM)

Here in this familiar, grim room, the COP is shouting in MORGAN'S face. Witness to this are EVANS, MENTAL, BENITO and the RECEPTIONIST that was seen not long ago. All are looking distressed, but the shackled BENITO is for different reasons.

It is well known in the profession that the colour 'black', intensifies the COP'S rages. Black! Black! BLACK!!! Never mind. Thus, the RECEPTIONIST tries hard not to draw attention to herself and her unfortunately pigmented desk. Unusually, the three TV screens above her are neglected, for the time being.

COP
DO YOU KNOW THE DAMAGE YOU'RE DOING TO
THIS FORCE????

CONSTABLE MORGAN
I'll pay for the window!

COP
Oh, you'll pay for the window!!!
Because I was going to let you get
away with it!! Hell, why don't you
smash every window in this street??

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Don't respond to that Morgan, he
doesn't mean it!

COP
Shut up, Mental!!

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(desperate)
What do you want me to do??

COP
(bitter)
I don't know. Go to your office whilst
I think of a punishment. Mental; take
Benito to his cell and let the old
woman go.

Without making a sound other than hasty footsteps, the GROUP go their separate ways. (In the end; part of the route is the same). The COP walks to his office without saying a word, and sometimes with his head to the floor. Is he feeling guilty? Not likely. MENTAL on the other hand, obeys his orders and shows BENITO to his new, temporary home. Once the CHIEF is gone, those well known corridors go by way too slow, and more details there would be appreciated to offer some kind of distraction; conversation is as non-existent as ever, though now, perhaps for the best.

After one minute, MENTAL and BENITO reach the row of cells. This is to the sound of a closing door, the encouragement from the standing SRK and angry sighs from the seated OLD WOMAN. The SRK'S personal cell is as bleak as always, but now even more health-inspiring posters hang.

The OLD WOMAN'S accommodation on the other hand, is decorated with pink-framed boyband posters.

SRK
(through the gaps in
his gate)
Hey, nice mustache!

BENITO BROWN
Same to you.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
What in the world is the association
between vintage black and white
comedies and evil???

OLD WOMAN
(with authority)
Black is the colour of death...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Interesting point.... Er.. You're
free.

OLD WOMAN
(in disbelief)
What??

CAPTAIN MENTAL
That was very insightful. You're a
genius, even. Everyone here loves you
and so does everyone else. I'll bake a
cake for you, personally.

OLD WOMAN
You mean that?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Oh, certainly. So please don't
complain about the whole
misunderstanding.

OLD WOMAN
What kind of cake?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
What would you like?

OLD WOMAN
(happy)
Coconut.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Not a problem. Let me get you out...

Without BENITO, MENTAL strolls to the OLD WOMAN'S cell, hiding the fear that he will end up being sued. He unlocks her cell as the soon to be PRISONER eyes the door to the exit.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Shit, I forgot about Benito! You're not going anywhere!

MENTAL pulls out his taser and aims its laser dot at the VILLAIN'S ear lobe. He fancies going for something different this time and topping the COP'S skills. Proving himself to be a complete fool, BENITO decides to charge at MENTAL with disabled hands.

BENITO BROWN

(whilst running)

AAAAARGGGGHHHHH!!!!

MENTAL aims with care and calm, even though he has but nanoseconds to do so. He shoots and hits the micro-target with a flawless execution. If only the COP saw, but maybe he did. BENITO plummets to the ground in intense pain, whilst shaking at an incredible speed; just not as much as SCOTT. Despite the hit, MENTAL continues to aim his weapon at his new VICTIM.

SRK

(with respect)

Hurts doesn't it??

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(to the old woman and calm)

Just open the door and make your own way out. I didn't lock it, but don't tell anyone. It's not too hard to find your way around, here.

OLD WOMAN

Ok, bye. Don't forget about my cake! I want it as soon as possible!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(with an exaggerated, friendly tone)

Of course! Who do you take me for??

The OLD WOMAN achieves what BENITO couldn't, and leaves. As she does so, MENTAL waits for BENITO to right himself. Now a laser shines in the FASCIST'S eye.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Tough guy, huh? As a punishment, you will share the sausage's cell. As part of the prisoner's code, you will have the bottom bunk.

BENITO BROWN

What code?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Scott tapped his top bed twice before you got here. There's nothing you can do. Face the wall as I open it.

MENTAL switches view from BENITO to the SRK, every second. This is a tricky situation, for sure. The SRK has learnt his lesson however, and doesn't plan on escaping. Those taser darts really do smart. Once the gate slides open, BENITO is led beyond it and locked up.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Byeee!

MENTAL walks away with nonchalance, proud inside that his tasks were fulfilled. Now's the time to ask the COP a favour. He needs to bake a cake in the prison canteen, as a matter of urgency.

29. Evil Squared

INT: THE SRK'S CELL - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

There is an ill at ease silence for a brief period of time. This is until the SRK plucks up the courage to communicate with the (other) dodgy looking MAN.

SRK

(in that controlling tone)

So... Tell me about yourself...

BENITO BROWN

(in another controlling tone, trying to outdo him)

I'm a chef... What about you?

SRK

(already angered)

You're a chef?

BENITO BROWN

(confused)

That's right...

SRK

I bet you would make everyone fat if you had your way.

BENITO BROWN
 (cheerful)
 Oh, you bet! Fat and very unhealthy!

SRK
 (getting angrier)
 What do you think of my diet posters?

BENITO BROWN
 I kind of hate them, to be honest.

SRK
 Do you want me to be fat?

The SRK makes a fist and gets ready to punch BENITO.

BENITO BROWN
 Yeah. But if you ever eat at my
 fascist restaurant, I will insist on
 you getting the best, least rusty
 table.

The SRK relaxes his fighting hand.

SRK
 (warming to him a
 little)
 Ah, the fascist restaurant. How's it
 doing?

BENITO BROWN
 (becoming more
 comfortable)
 Pretty good. You see, people want to
 feel terror and be totally submissive,
 and I give that to them.

SRK
 (puzzled)
 Uh-huh...

BENITO BROWN
 Beatings, death threats, occasional
 murder; it all adds to the
 experience...

SRK
 Your restaurant sounds quite
 intriguing...

BENITO BROWN
 (in a friendly tone)
 Thanks. I try to appear as a
 reasonable man, and that's how I get
 my customers to keep coming back.

SRK
That's quite the paradox...

BENITO BROWN
(with a rational tone)
It's a proven method. I learnt it from
Hitler's instruction manual.

SRK
Is your mustache based on Hitler or
Charlie Chaplin?

BENITO BROWN
Hitler...

SRK
(relieved)
Right! That's the obvious answer! Why
does everyone compare us to the old
film star???

BENITO BROWN
(frustrated)
God knows.

SRK
(with evil intent)
Are there other chefs in your family?

BENITO BROWN
Yeah. But I drove them all out of
business, and had all of their records
destroyed. They bring shame to my
reputation. They're
more 'traditional', if you know what I
mean...

SRK
Well, at least that's something. How
would you feel about removing your
competition?

BENITO BROWN
(intrigued)
Pretty good... Why?

SRK
(dark)
I have a plan to kill as many chefs as
possible, and I want you to help me.

BENITO BROWN
But what about my restaurant? I want
it to be replicated as much as
possible...

I don't want to leave it behind!

SRK

What crime are you about to be charged with?

BENITO BROWN

(with pride)

Attempted war...

SRK

Yeah, you're not going to see your business again. You're going to be locked up, forever. Unless you escape with me...

BENITO BROWN

Good point.

30. The Punishment

INT: CONSTABLE MORGAN'S OFFICE - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

Here is a room of pale blue; the colour of sadness. The nappy floor covering (thanks, thesaurus.com) is of this colour, as are the sides and topside covering (thanks again). The desk is an unspectacular plastic, and so is the seat behind it and facing it. On the table, is a more modern computer than MENTAL'S. It is even connected to the internet, and is playing a youcube video on dealing with aggressive people. MORGAN listens to it as he paces up and down the room. The COP knocks on his door in a deliberately unsettling 5/4 rhythm; not grouped in 3s and 2s, but 2s and 3s. This unusual use of time only adds to MORGAN'S despair.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Hello?

COP

(firm)

Hello, I've thought of a punishment for you.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

What is it?

COP

You're fired.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(losing all hope)

What??

COP

(lightening up)

No, only joking. I know that your actions were a mostly harmless mistake, and I am aware of the death of one of your fish. Had one of my gerbils died, my actions may well have been destructive to MY spotless reputation. May I offer my condolences?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(surprised)

You've changed your tune...

COP

(seeming to hold back sadness)

Well, I knew Dexter well. He was a good fish. One of the best. I'm going to miss him.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(relieved, but still confused and surprised)

That means a lot. How are your pets getting on?

COP

(soldiering on)

Not bad. One of them has a cold.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

I'm sure it...

COP

(interrupting)

'He'...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

.. He will be fine.

COP

I hope so. So, how should I punish you?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(trying to lighten the mood, further)

Being a religious man, I disapprove of materialism. How about a nice car?

COP
 (not amused)
 Yeeeah....

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (uncomfortable)
 Er...

COP
 Time is money, Morgan... Don't waste
 mine...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (kind of cheerful about
 being able to continue
 working)
 Of course not. We all like money don't
 we?

COP
 Yep.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (a little sad)
 Maybe you could give me some time off
 work? I would like to see how Richie
 Downing is getting on...

COP
 That's a great idea. Give him my best
 wishes, and tell him we'll catch his
 attacker!

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Will do. You have been very fair.

COP
 Yes. Maybe too fair...

The COP exits the room with what appears to be, some kind of warmth. MORGAN doesn't care too much though, as he's guessing his positivity will change in an instant. At least the almost as unstable and sometimes unnerving MENTAL is his friend. MORGAN switches off his PC, straight from the wall with impatience. He then departs the building, as he waves the various STAFF goodbye. The bush-bound and roughed-up GORDON sees him, but MORGAN doesn't see GORDON. No one does. It's time to drive the 3.5 mile journey to Charltonham Hospital, in his ordinary Ford Escort. Ah, ordinary. Kind of makes a nice change, doesn't it? After the drive, NURSES check him in and help navigate him.

31. The Visit

INT: CHARLTONHAM HOSPITAL WARD - 2:45 PM

As he has made an exceptional recovery since last Monday, RICHIE DOWNING has been moved to a lower intensive ward. Nevertheless, to prevent other patients from seeing RICHIE in his often agitated state and in turn freaking out, DOWNING has been placed in a single bed and one chaired room. RICHIE is laying down on his mattress by the side of strange, though what looks like, non-threatening medical apparatus. Some decoration would be nice; everything here is pretty lifeless. Most of everything in sight is white. Had the designers known that in some cultures the same colour is associated with death, they may have rethought the whole scheme. To RICHIE'S surprise, MORGAN enters the room led by a calm, 40 year old NURSE in a blue apron. She then leaves the TWO to chat in private. MORGAN stands by the PATIENT'S side with open body language.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(positive)
Hello, Richie! How are you?

RICHIE DOWNING
(a little weak, but
pleased to see him)
Not too bad...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
It seems you've made a really quick recovery. Don't you have trouble eating or anything like that? The Doctor said you wouldn't be able to move properly at first, didn't he?

RICHIE DOWNING
I'm fine. I just vibrate every now and then.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Yes, I know about that.

RICHIE DOWNING
I'm getting better, though...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(relieved)
Gooood.

RICHIE DOWNING
(pleased)
Wow, you used four zeros instead of two? You must be really happy for me.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
You counted four? I thought it was five?

RICHIE DOWNING
No, that would be goooood.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Well, whatever.

RICHIE DOWNING
So, why did you come to visit?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
I'm here as a punishm.... I mean, I just wanted to offer my support.

RICHIE DOWNING
That's sweet of you. Are you any nearer to finding my attacker?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Na. Maybe you could help with that? Is there anything you think I should know?

RICHIE DOWNING
Er....

CONSTABLE MORGAN
... Actually, Richie; this is a shot in the dark, but did you notice the tramp ever speak in a foreign accent?

RICHIE DOWNING
(intrigued)
Now that you mention it, I think I heard a German voice far away from me as I lay injured on the floor.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
German? Not French?

RICHIE DOWNING
No, I don't think so.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(thinking he's making a breakthrough, anyway)
Hm. Remind me; what size was the offender? What age was he?

RICHIE DOWNING
He was overweight and around 50.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Very interesting...

RICHIE DOWNING
What is?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
I can't say for sure, now.

RICHIE DOWNING
(awkward)
Ok. Sorry, but I'm really tired right now. Do you mind if I go to sleep?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(understanding)
No problem.

RICHIE DOWNING
Can you stay with me though, please? I'm having nightmares and I don't want to be alone...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
If you wish. I'll just get myself a book, and I'll be back.

As RICHIE shuts out the world, MORGAN leaves to query the same NURSE on any books she has available. After choosing the recommended 'The Danger of Proverbs', the dedicated FRIEND sits by RICHIE'S side, once more. He is already in another bizarre, disturbing world. Soon, MORGAN will be too.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Ha. Sir George looks like me. What a random book.

Eight hours of bewilderment and utter obliviousness to surroundings, go by. This is even though ever quiet NURSES check on how the TWO are getting on, at sporadic intervals. (Note too, how I say 'sporadic' at sporadic intervals. This book is deeper than you can ever comprehend. No, only joking it's just a coincidence). It doesn't seem long, before it's 10:45 PM.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(trying to maintain his grip on reality, and not letting the book get the best of him)
.... And finished.

That mid-volume comment along with the passage of time, helps wake RICHIE from his slumber. His eyes open at their own pace.

RICHIE DOWNING
 (shaken up and tired)
 You would not believe what I just
 dreamt...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 What?

RICHIE DOWNING
 I saw people exploding, dogs talking,
 swans carrying grenade launchers...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (freaked out)
 Ha...

RICHIE DOWNING
 I'm just going to ignore it.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Good idea. Do you mind if I make a
 phone call?

RICHIE DOWNING
 Sure, go ahead...

MORGAN grasps his mobile from his trousers and contacts the
 RECEPTIONIST at the station. RICHIE twiddles his thumbs and
 looks around the room.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (unsettled)
 Hello, Anne?

RECEPTIONIST
 Morgan?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (in a matter of fact
 tone)
 Yes. I think I'm going mad.

RECEPTIONIST
 (trying to remain calm)
 Are you feeling violent, again?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Not really.

RECEPTIONIST
 So what's your concern? Can you be
 more specific? Let me try and make a
 diagnosis...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Ok, well...

As the TWO continue their discussion, some freakish happenings are going on in the SRK'S cell. If only the RECEPTIONIST was looking at the CCTV above her.

32. An Opportunity

INT: THE SRK'S CELL - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

To the SRK'S extreme annoyance, the healthy-lifestyle posters on the walls have been ripped off and eaten by BENITO. Now this cell is just a mass of nothingness. The latter stares out of his gated door, bored out of his mind. The SRK however, has just turned away from the camera mounted on the ceiling. And rightly so; something in his stomach is pressing down on the key button inside of him. All he did was swallow his own saliva. As a result of the key being activated, he feels it enlarging at a slow but torturous rate.

SRK

SHIT! Kick me in the stomach, Benito!
It will switch my key off and stop it
expanding!

BENITO BROWN

But the CCTV!

SRK

Just do it!

In clear reluctance, BENITO runs in front of the SRK and deals out a powerful sidekick to his belly. The SRK then pretty much coughs and retches his face off, whilst rubbing his aching gut, hard. Due to his bulky stature, he remains upright as he takes the added pain.

SRK

(in excruciating pain)
OH, GOD!!!

Out of the SRK'S mouth, BENITO sees a thick, bright green goo dribbling down SCOTT'S chin. He seems to be gaining quite a few pounds.

BENITO BROWN

Holy shit!

The SRK makes panicked sign language, that appears to beg BENITO to pull the alien object out of him. Knowing that his own situation is in jeopardy, the FASCIST complies.

He grabs hold of the foot of sludge now available with both hands. He yanks it, hard.

BENITO BROWN
(straining himself)
Aaaargh!!!

So that gravity can aid him, BENITO kneels down and tugs again, over and over. The SRK'S facial expression is one of pure horror, but BENITO isn't going to be phased and give in to what seems like an awful, suffocating fate. Now the visible gunk is the size of an infant and the SRK is twice his normal diameter. It's death or glory for him and his tearing clothes. The FASCIST heaves with all his might, and separates the key from SCOTT. The NEAR-CASUALTY then appears to deflate like a punctured balloon, whilst making a goofy popping sound. Now however, stretch marks show on his neck and his pain isn't going to go anywhere, soon. Thank God, neither are his clothes, though they do look tacky. Without any other option, he bears up and plans his next actions. Even though saved from explosion, the key is still a mortal and crushing threat for the two.

SRK
(out of breath and
urgent)
Step on it, Benito! It will switch the
key off. I'll stamp, too! The right
button must be somewhere!

The TWO stomp all over the thick, massive blob like wild animals. They land blows to every inch of the material, until it settles down and solidifies. It seems like many minutes have passed. More like seconds.

SRK
Thank God for that!!!

BENITO BROWN
(angry)
Fucking hell...

The SRK stamps once more in the same place, trying to look like he's done it a million times before. As designed, the key shrinks like a released, snapping rubber band. It almost whips the PRISONERS.

BENITO BROWN
.... Shit... I guess we're going to be
found out...

SRK
Not necessarily. The police round here
are completely incompetent. They're
probably not even watching the CCTV...

BENITO BROWN

Or maybe they've been distracted by something...

SRK

Not unlikely. Let's escape now. I think we may be in some kind of luck...

BENITO BROWN

Excellent.

The SRK covers his hand as he puts his now slight key in the pin tumbler lock. Whilst doing so, he looks forward with sleepy eyes, out of his barred cell gate. BENITO follows suit. The two just look like they're disinterested, and are looking around for something to engage them. Nothing wrong with that.

SRK

Opening this thing may take a while... Finding the right combination of pins to push is highly improbable in the first attempt...

Once entered, SCOTT pushes down on the key's button and then twists back and forth (then pushes again), every couple of seconds. After two tense but hopeful minutes, the lock is defeated and the TWO leave their confinement with as much stealth as possible - not a lot.

SRK

Yes! Ok, let's go! With any luck, we won't even have to use the key as a building-evacuating weapon! Take a look at all these cages, Ben; you won't see them for a while, yet...

After facing the door leading to the network of corridors, they come up against a warded lock. This one is a lot easier to deal with; the SRK simply puts in his device, presses a knob so that it moulds into the hole, then hardens the thing and swivels it. Piece of cake.

BENITO BROWN

Cool.

SRK

Is that all? I have just defied physics...

Time to go through the passageways, then. Still, not a lot is seen or heard here despite more and more appeals for improvement. It's good to be cautious, so the CRIMINALS tiptoe from door to door and get ready to attack anyone who comes in their way.

With the SRK'S feet aching, they soon reach the door to the reception and open it with the slow carefulness of a (good) surgeon. As they kneel down and peek through the ever expanding gap, they see and hear the RECEPTIONIST on the phone. They listen in on the conversation in the fear that they are being set up.

RECEPTIONIST

(concerned)

But do you BELIEVE that the water is being drugged to prevent nuclear war?

SRK

(whispering)

Let's just crawl past her and get out of here... I'll go first, while you keep an eye out...

BENITO BROWN

(almost mouthing)

Ok...

As he lurks by the reception desk, the SRK doesn't make any kind of sounds other than vague, rhythmic shuffles. They are easily (and in fact) mistaken for white noise. Soon lying down and a few feet from the automatic door, he takes off his shoe and throws it at BENITO, with a complete void of goodwill.

BENITO BROWN

OW! What the?!

As the RECEPTIONIST is distracted, the SRK runs through the door and into freedom. After seeing BENITO, the WORKER drops her phone onto the table and grabs the taser from her trousers, as she stands. She then aims it at the MAN'S chest in the traditional, yet different manner.

BENITO BROWN

(faking confidence)

Er... I just came to check on your friend. He sounds mental. Is he ok?

33. On the Run

EXT: OUTSIDE JESTERS WAY PRISON - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

It is cool, dark and starlit and a one-shoed SCOTT is making a break for it on the station sidewalks. He is in search of GORDON and for the first real time in his life, wants to see him. He doesn't know it, but he is moving towards him and his shrub. (Well, around that area, anyway). Street lamp-lit cars go by in both ways at a moderate pace, and some almost crash into each other as they focus on the crazy-eyed FANATIC. Many horns are tooted in anger and hypocrisy.

Ignoring the numerous hazards, SCOTT runs to the other side of the linear, 200 meter road. ('What?' That was a test! It's 400 meters. Well that's its total length. As we're in the middle of it, there's another 200 meters to go. You believed 200 meters? You're excused). On his right once more are the now closed, old shops. But GORDON wouldn't be stupid enough to steal anything from them, would he? The SRK checks them out, just in case. No windows are broken at least. He just needs to go a few feet past them and he's there. Just to be sure, he turns to the houses on his other side. He fears GORDON burgled them, instead. It seems he hasn't.

SRK
 (shouting in no
 particular direction)
 Hey, Gordon?! Where are you??

At last, it's clear the MANIAC has escaped; an over-worked and half-asleep GORDON crawls out of the leafy bushes and greets him, before jogging the way to his BMUU. With every tread he becomes more alert, as one would because of endorphins, etc. Furthermore, he is now pumped full of adrenaline so he doesn't guide SCOTT across the pavement, he rather runs all over the place and SCOTT gets the general idea of where to go.

GORDON BECKER
 (energetic)
 You made it!

SRK
 Where's the car?

GORDON BECKER
 In the car park. A policeman smashed my window, so I got paid off with a massive wad a cash! They just left it in my glove compartment, in an envelope!

SRK
 Is that the standard procedure?

GORDON BECKER
 I don't think so. The police are as dodgy as hell, round here!

SRK
 Let's just go!

Sirens can now be heard somewhere behind the OUTLAWS, but to their gratitude, they can't be caught sight of. However, it's not as if they don't try to spot the fuzz. At the end of the avenue and after making their way around a left-hand turn, they find they have a few hundred meters of low cost dwellings and barbecue areas to get through. Sound familiar? Super.

To his disgruntlement, the SRK is way out of shape and struggling with the trek across the road; so much so, that he pays little to no attention to the region's smaller details, such as bus stops - but there is one. Intrigued? I hope not. Neither does GORDON, but that's because he's kind of in a frenzy.

SRK
(catching his breath)
Oh, God. Leave me here and pick me up,
would you?

GORDON BECKER
No problimigings.

As GORDON sprints away with an enhanced vigour and sense of direction, the SRK limps to the bus shelter a few feet away from him. He then sits, or rather collapses on the stop's bench, his face in part hidden by the poster-covered walls by his sides. A black, plastic roof above him should also offer protection against any potential police helicopters. (Unless they have heat radars - which they do). After looking round, it's as if this whole residential area he's found himself in seems to go on forever; but it doesn't, his drained legs are just telling his head that's the case.

SRK
Come on, hurry up...

To fight his anxieties and divert attention from his troubled internal dialogue, the SRK starts to read one of the advertisements next to him. Its picture of a swan with a knife held in its beak, suggests it's a horror film; SCOTT'S preferred type of movie.

SRK
(reading aloud)
From the creators of 'Dieday the 13th,
666, 1289', Heinous Pictures bring
you... The Danger of Proverbs!
Starring Anthony Hopkins and Simon
Wiedemann. Coming to a theatre, near
you!

Reading the thing didn't work. If anything, his stress has been accentuated. The ANIMAL'S eyes were just so dead... The SRK checks his sides as sirens go back and forth. He then checks his left again, without out conscious decision. Once he twists back to face the road and it's users, he is confronted with a grey-haired OLD LADY all of a sudden. She sticks out her clipboard like a tray.

SRK
(jumping)
Argh!

OLD LADY
Care to sign my petition?

SRK
(still surprised)
Er...

OLD LADY
CARE. TO. SIGN. MY. PETITION?!
BAAAH!!!!

SRK
(remembering tip 2,
from www.how-to-hide-the-fact-youre-a-maniac.com)
Sure. Why not. What's it for?

OLD LADY
(calm)
It's to get that obnoxious Captain
Mental to resign.

SRK
That's a great idea. You have no idea
what goes down in Jesters Way Police
Station...

OLD LADY
What?

SRK
Police brutality, extreme ineptitude.
It's like the place is run by 5 year
olds.

OLD LADY
Did you see the speech Mental gave at
Charltonham Town Hall?

SRK
No, why?

OLD LADY
It was dreadful. 'Fuck this, fuck
that'...

SRK
Well, I trust he tries to do his
best...

OLD LADY
Me too. But it's just not good enough.
Anyway, sign here please?

After the OAP points where to write, she hands her document and biro to SCOTT.

SRK
Who the hell is 'The Karate Grandad?'

OLD LADY
(nervous)
Just a friend of mine...

SRK
... and what about 'Bleblebleblebleb?'

OLD LADY
Just sign the thing, will you?

SRK
Of course. And joyriding isn't a REAL crime, is it?

OLD LADY
Thanks for being so understanding.

SRK
Don't worry about it.... Signed 'Scott the Mighty'.

OLD LADY
(disappointed)
Ohhhh... You're one of THOSE people, are you?

SRK
What do you mean?

The POLICE'S alarms are getting a little too loud, giving SCOTT the jitters. Thank God, or perhaps Satan, GORDON can also be heard getting louder.

GORDON BECKER
Scott?! Scott?! Can you hear me??

The SRK scans the road in the hunt for his vandalised old car. The moment he sees it coming round the corner, he feels a huge weight being lifted off his shoulders. For a few wonderful seconds, he even feels thin. He waves his arms up and down at the edge of the pavement and shouts back at him.

SRK
I'm here!!! Let's get out of here!

As GORDON parks without reck on the double yellow lines, SCOTT squeezes his way in the glass-filled vehicle, trying not to cut himself and spill his podgy blood. Apparently it takes longer to reproduce, so he needs every drop.

Before his door even shuts, the GETAWAY DRIVER puts the pedal to the metal as automobiles zoom past his right. However, they won't be able to for long, as GORDON cuts across the road and off of its markings. To the relief of everyone involved, the psycho car's acceleration is potent; a van would have crashed into the TWO'S rear, had it been going a tiny bit faster. And we all know how angry van drivers can be. Why do so many hot headed people get employed in the delivery business? My guess is to make them faster.

VAN DRIVER
(raging)
Imbecile!!

Van men get added to the two's blacklist, as the buildings and parkland by the two CRIMINALS become hazy. After passing the road with Jesters Way by their side, they go round a gradual right-hand curve, almost smelling of freedom. After that tiny bit of added g-force, in clear view is another town road, half a kilometer before the following corner. Again, it heads right. In this instance 'right IS right', but 'white isn't right'. That's racist. Uniform and drab flats with shared garden areas and windows illuminated at random, soon become discarded memories. It's a much better idea to concentrate on not smashing the speeding saloon car. Police sirens are louder than ever.

SRK
(to Scott whilst still
being forced
backwards)
Turns out I didn't need to use my key
as an unstoppable, spreading device. I
have it right here!

GORDON BECKER
Nice.

SRK
I'll get my uzi out to fend off any
police cars and helicopters. Our crime
spree has only just begun!

With a chilling hard-headedness, the SRK opens the glove compartment and retrieves his sub-machinegun.

GORDON BECKER
Well, I can see those flashing blue
and reds right now in the distance...
They're only seconds away from us. Do
you think they know this car is being
used as a getaway vehicle?

SRK
No idea. But I'll shoot them, anyway.

That's what they'll get for frying me!
Slow down a little.

Manipulated and a little worn down, GORDON does so in fear. As cold as ice, the SRK aims forward at the oncoming CRIME FIGHTERS.

GORDON BECKER
Err... What are you doing? You're aiming THROUGH the windscreen?

SRK
Yep. Might as well coordinate the police's new design...

GORDON BECKER
N....!!!!!!

SCOTT fires without much thought or concern. The car gets lit up from inside, as glass flies into the TWO'S eyes to the tune of rapid hammering.

GORDON BECKER
I can't see you moron!!!!

SRK
Just keep going straight!

Once the debris has cleared, SCOTT removes a few tiny shards from his retina and checks his irritatingly intact rearview mirror.

SRK
Got him. He's stopped and getting out of the car. I seem to have shot his lights!

GORDON BECKER
(sarcastic)
Well done.

As the two turn to their right yet again, they see more of the same. But no police cars! So things can simmer down a bit, right? Nope. A most frightening sound is heard, high up.

GORDON BECKER
(not looking forward to the response)
Er... Helicopter hovering above us, Scott. About 20 meters in the air...

Even though GORDON has had little experience of SCOTT'S recent audacious behaviour, he's sure he has already spotted a pattern. He's definitely going to shoot through the roof.

As expected, the SRK'S arm moves in what seems to be slow motion for the TRAMP, as the SRK holds down on the trigger with joy. Complete pandemonium and anarchy follows.

GORDON BECKER
AAAAAAAARGGGHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

SRK
Just fecking drive! They'll back off!

GORDON BECKER
I can barely even hear, anymore!

SRK
Don't worry, we're nearly out of here. Then we can dump our car and walk down the fields, towards St Navy Bean's Farm. The shady B and B there will accept all kinds of bribes. I've bribed them before, when they overheard me mumbling about chefs. I was nearly sectioned by them, but he still hid me.

GORDON BECKER
I know, you told me.

SRK
Did I? Oh yeah. Things just getting crazy. Anyway, now the BMUU's fucked, your wad of cash will do just fine as hush money.

GORDON BECKER
Hey!

SRK
Deal with it.

GORDON BECKER
At least the helicopter is leaving...

SRK
Alright, once we're through this commercial area, we're finally free. Just one minute to sweet, sweet freedom...

GORDON BECKER
The roads have thickened and greenery is now more or less absent. There is the occasional grass patch by the tarmac, however. The two outlaws come across all sorts of enterprises; car washes, tyre fitters, carpet stores...

There is little else to be seen, other than parking and places to spend you HARD EARNED CASH. The way cars go by the minimal grey, steel architecture and the two heros is completely MENTAL; everyone within a few dozen meter's lives are at serious risk.

SRK

What are you doing?

GORDON BECKER

I'm narrating the story...

SRK

What an odd man, you are...

GORDON BECKER

Of course, forgive me, Mr. Sausage.

A few seconds of resentful muteness follow.

SRK

Bellend.

The far-reaching rows of mixed companies, come to an end in an abrupt fashion. A row trees (!) are now on the left and will be for a few delightful seconds. (What else can I say? Super plants?) Opposite these predictable plantations, are your everyday abodes and their front gardens. Or private shrubbery areas.

SRK

Ok, once we're passed these suburban houses, we've made it. You bring the money, I'll take my GUN!

Not long passes before the TWO flee the town and find far reaching fields in front of them. GORDON slows the car down and gets out with SCOTT, though quicker. They have some late night hiking to do. With significant artificial lighting far behind them, navigating where to go will be a challenge but they have no choice. The hooting of wise though indifferent owls, bring a touch of peace to the TWO'S souls, however.

GORDON BECKER

Hey, where's your other shoe?

SRK

I threw it at the owner of the fascist restaurant.

GORDON BECKER

Random.

34. An Awkward Phone Call

EXT: PRINCESS LIZARD BATH WAY - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

Remember the zone where the police car was shot at? Here it is for a second time. But now, due to the lack of high-speed action it can be viewed in a less vague manner. SCOTT and GORDON were right to notice blocks of flats with communal yards and irregularly lit windows, but did they spot the fact they were 4 storeys tall? Probably not. To the luck of those who live there, these flats aren't your typical faceless oblong designs. Instead they could be mistaken for sections of one large mansion. Opposite these homes however, are architectural wrongdoings. These terraced houses are hideous and are filled with inconsistencies; the roof angles don't match and neither do their heights or width. But at least it's dark and they don't stand out too much, at this time.

This whole avenue is now cordoned off and empty, and it's half a kilometer before a turn to the right. (The repetition's for the mercury poisoning sufferers. If this book becomes a success, I'll donate money to a charity helping their cause. You have no idea how much they suffer; their lives are living hells. All they want is a little bit of money). SERGEANT EVANS is at the rear end of this street, by his bullet-ridden police car and its shattered windows and lights. He is lucky to be alive and has only suffered superficial cuts to his face, due to flying glass. EVANS pulls his mobile out from his chest pocket and phones CONSTABLE MORGAN. By pure fluke, it takes precisely the same amount of time for MORGAN to pick up, as it does for you to read the next paragraph.

Humbucker pickups are generally better for metal, but single coils have their place in the same genre. Yngwie Malmsteen uses singles, and his tone is legendary. I'm not sure what was going on in his brain when he chose the ear-piercing distortion for 'Odyssey', but for the most part he sounds great. I could have made a great guitar salesman. Wasn't to be though, even though it would be piss easy. >:(

Ok, now MORGAN picks up.

SERGEANT EVANS

(stressed)

Hello, Morgan?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(worried)

Sergeant Evans?

SERGEANT EVANS

Yes. How are things with you and
Mental?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(loosening up)

Not bad. Maybe a little tense because
of all the arguing.

SERGEANT EVANS

Well, it turns out the arguing wasn't
necessary; you were right about the
BMUU...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

I knew it!

SERGEANT EVANS

(also starting to
loosen up)

Anyway, how's the wife?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Still undercover, in Scotland...

SERGEANT EVANS

... and are you looking forward to the
weekend?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Not really...

SERGEANT EVANS

Oh. How's the guitar coming along?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Just been learning some Van Halen
solos... Where are you going with
this?

SERGEANT EVANS

You're fired. The BMUU driver got
away.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(stunned)

What?! But that wasn't my fault!

SERGEANT EVANS

(calm)

Well, you're not really fired but you
can't be seen at the station ever
again. Things have gone way too far on
the whole, and the Chief needs a
couple of people to blame.

Don't take it personally, your name was just picked out of a hat. And don't worry either, you can work on the chef case at home with Mental. He's in the same situation as you, but a tad worse. You see, the old lady he arrested complained about him. Apparently had he made a decent cake she wouldn't have minded. It was rushed and the officer who delivered it to her kind of sat on it a bit, by accident... Anyway, enough about that; we have lots of evidence for you both to make use of, now... The sausage killer's shoe, testimonials from Benito Brown, descriptions of the accomplice by you...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Why don't you pretend to fire the Chief of Police?? It was more his fault than mine! He stopped me from arresting the driver!

EVANS laughs.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

....

SERGEANT EVANS

Oh, you were serious. No, the Chief really hates the idea of taking the blame. Not going to happen....

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Wait... What do you mean by the sausage killer's shoe?

SERGEANT EVANS

(a little quiet)

Oh, yeah. He escaped and left his shoe behind...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Oh, God!

SERGEANT EVANS

Yeah. We have no idea where he's gone. He shot at my car as I pursued him, and he shot at the police helicopter, too. Thank God he didn't hit me.... So, any ideas?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Where he's gone? No clue whatsoever.
But send out a warning to chefs, right
now!!

SERGEANT EVANS

(offended)

What do you take me for?

He receives no answer.

SERGEANT EVANS

Bye...

35. The B&B

INT: ST. NAVY BEAN'S FARM B&B - NEXT MORNING, 8 AM (FRIDAY)

In the B&B bedroom, are two far apart beds separated by drag marks across the wooden floor. Also here, is a wooden cupboard and a small, box-like TV that is turned off. The walls are covered with flower patterned, creamy orange wallpaper that is most nauseating to hardened criminals, on the whole. One sizeable, curtained window is positioned exactly in the outer wall's middle, as if that improves the room in some way. It doesn't, but in its defense it brags reasonable first floor, summery views of empty farm land with leaf covered trunks, (er, trees) 100 meters ahead. Less impressive, are the road and the handful of residences on the left. A gravel pathway leads to the hotel's entrance, which is a little nicer as there's just something about the sound walking on it creates. Not desirable at all however, is the loud snoring next door. The FTP rule enforced, we can move on...

SCOTT and GORDON have just got back into the clothes they were wearing, yesterday - the only clothes they have, right now. Their collection is even smaller than you might think, as GORDON'S wig and sunglasses have been discarded somewhere in one of the fields they trekked through.

GORDON BECKER

I can't believe you gave the owner a
load of my money!

SRK

I can't believe....

GORDON BECKER

What?...

SRK

(thinking hard)

... You.

GORDON BECKER
What do you mean?

SRK
Never mind.

A knock on the door is heard in a delightful, dancing 6/8 rhythm. Simple and straight to the point.

SRK
Come in...

As the door opens, the B&B OWNER is seen. This 60 year old MAN is of medium height, is dressed in a plain blue t-shirt and jeans, and wears silly large glasses. His hair is obviously dyed black and it flows down to his shoulders.

B&B OWNER
(stressed)
I'm doing you a huge favour hiding you, you know? Burglary is a very serious crime.

SRK
(calm)
It's much appreciated.

B&B OWNER
Just be grateful that you're not involved with the recent chef murder!

SRK
(coolly)
Do you know what the suspects look like?

B&B OWNER
Yes, one is a hippie and the other has a Charlie Chaplin mustache. Not a Hitler mustache, like yours...

SRK
Anyway, why would it be bad if we committed that particular murder?

B&B OWNER
I knew the victim well. He used to come to this place, all the time. Now that he's dead, his ghost comes here instead. He would want your blood.

SRK
(concerned)
What kind of ghost is it?

B&B OWNER
 (dark)
 ... A poltergeist...

GORDON BECKER
 They're potentially dangerous aren't they?

B&B OWNER
 Yes, one could smash that TV over there, right in your face...

A mysterious tapping sound is heard on the windows.

GORDON BECKER
 What's that?

B&B OWNER
 It's the ghost. It knows morse code... Don't worry, I know exactly what he's saying. We've had many discussions in morse code, before; mostly about inspector Morse and his web of lies. He knows shit about any kind of code.

GORDON and SCOTT look nervous.

B&B OWNER
 (decoding the taps)
 The killers... Are in... This room...

GORDON BECKER
 (trying to remain composed)
 Great band... Great band. Can't see them, though...

SRK
 They were just on the TV!

B&B OWNER
 (angered)
 Shut up!

The SRK walks up to the window and tries to punch the invisible entity. He can't.

SRK
 (in frustration)
 Aargh!

B&B OWNER
 (continuing with the decoding)
 They... have massive...

GORDON BECKER
 (cutting in)
 C....!

SRK
 (interrupting with an
 impressive reflex)
 No, Gordon!

B&B OWNER
 Wads.. of cash... hidden under... the
 bed...

GORDON BECKER
 Lies!

B&B OWNER
 (calm)
 Give it here...

An irked GORDON gets the money for the OWNER.

B&B OWNER
 They also... think.... you're a...
 pillock...

GORDON BECKER
 (nervous)
 That's a good insult isn't it... First
 recorded in 1566...

SRK
 1568. It seems to me you've fallen
 into a very common trap. You see, when
 it comes to ghosts, people see what
 they expect or want to see...

B&B OWNER
 It was right about the money...

GORDON BECKER
 And the fact we think he's an idiot.

The SRK doesn't know what to say to GORDON, so he just says
 nothing.

B&B OWNER
 (peevd)
 What have you got me into??

SRK
 Look, we don't want to stay here long.
 We just want to hang around here and
 plan our escape on my mobile.

Some more knocks are heard.

B&B OWNER
They... are planning to... leave,
and... kill more... chefs...

The SRK has an idea. He opens the window, hoping the ghost will be sucked out of it.

B&B OWNER
What are you doing?

A further set of knocks are heard but now on the wall, next to the window.

B&B OWNER
I think... he tried... to push me...
out.

SRK
Just a bit hot.

GORDON BECKER
(relieved that is
actually hot)
It is quite hot...

SRK
(to the owner)
Look, you're already in potential
trouble for accepting bribes from us.
I can prove the money came from me, as
I've written the letter 'x' on every
note. The money will always be traced
to you and me if I explain my little
signature. Let us stay here for the
night, and you'll never hear from us
again or the police, I'm sure.

B&B OWNER
Jesus Christ.... Ok then.

This time, coded thuds are heard.

B&B OWNER
Fuck.... you...

SRK
Disgraceful. Absolutely disgraceful.

B&B OWNER
Yes.

The betrayed ghost flies through the open window.

36. The Ghost of the Butcher

EXT: OUTSIDE THE B&B - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

Picture the B&B window views and magnify them. Because the GHOST OF THE BAKERY OWNER is where the GUESTS were previously gazing (well, on occasion). Not looking back as he's too driven for such pointless activities, he doesn't get a glimpse of the hotel itself. Sorry about that. That's just life; sometimes you get disappointed. Needless to say, the B&B OWNER has no interest in avenging the GHOST, so the latter plans to hover the journey to CAPTAIN MENTAL'S house in Cliff-Burton-on-the-Water. Why doesn't he go to Jesters Way Police Station? Because, having heard the SRK and GORDON talk about MENTAL'S infamous speech the previous night, the GHOST half-rightly assumes he has been sacked. As you know, he's just pretend-sacked. How does the GHOST know where MENTAL lives? Information gathered from SCOTT, again yesterday.

Having no mass and armed with supernatural powers, the POLTERGEIST can travel at a phenomenal speed whilst immune to the heat. The expedition to the village is a grass green and sky blue blur, over in seconds. There's so little grey, it would go unnoticed had the GHOST been a mere mortal. He however, is not smug about his gifts.

So now we return to the quaint hamlet in the Bloodclotswolds, Cliff-Burton-on-the-water. MENTAL'S cottage and the two next to it are as homely as ever. Their connecting road is yet again quiet, and as no trees have been cut down, they're still everywhere. To the paranoid, they are winning the fight between nature and man. Due to many events of late, more and more residents demonstrate such suspicious traits and even trees are now potential villains. Note that much of the local population are well into their 90s. The old-age stone bridge and the river flowing beneath it not far away, only look more pleasing due to the now agreeable conditions. They just don't smell right.

The unobservable GHOST knocks on CAPTAIN MENTAL'S door in fast morse code. MENTAL hears the BEING from inside his living room, even though his hovering produces a bit of a racket. The rich woods on the floor will be crystal clean in a matter of minutes, if all goes to plan. So will the aged table and four chairs; everything will get a good going over. Except the pen and heap of papers on the table and the burning fireplace, that is. He's not a complete idiot, as of yet. Now that I think of it, the oak beams on the ceiling will also escape the vacuum cleaner for the time being. MENTAL just needs to get hold of a light weight and solid tube extension.

The outdated TV that sometimes catches the MAN'S eye has been switched off for good reason; MENTAL doesn't want to be reminded of all of his shortcomings and it seems he is being on an almost hourly basis. He's on the news, chat shows, you name it. As it's purposely ignored it won't be hoovered. Next to the TV, hangs the phone that he's guessing will start ringing in the near future with more bad news. That's ignored and dusty, too. Enough about cleaning.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
I'm coming, I'm coming!

MENTAL heads for the door through the hallway, leaving his vacuum cleaner running. This new room is constructed of the same woods as before with more beamed ceiling. As a matter of urgency, the previous crime maps on the walls have been replaced with more serious murder details. Faster than a cheap biro, MENTAL stops...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Hey, that knocking... It's very irregular... 7/8... 5/8... 3/4...

The code isn't stopping.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
If you think you can get me to indulge in an epic prog-rock jam, you're sadly mistaken, Morgan! What is it with people, round here?! I have serious work to do!

MENTAL opens the door, annoyed but tapping his feet. Unknown to him, the GHOST infiltrates his house and looks around the hallway for a pen and paper. He has a clear task in mind.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Huh... There's nobody there.

The GHOST then enters the living room, but soon gets sucked up by the cleaner. Coded communications didn't work. Now he needs to work out how to get out.

37. Working at Home

INT: CAPTAIN MENTAL'S LIVING ROOM - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

After that rude disturbance, MENTAL turns off his cleaning aid and sits down at his table. His writing equipment within reaching distance.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(annoyed and thinking
out loud)

I can't believe the people at the station do all the important stuff like DNA testing, and I have to design stupid questionnaires for when the suspects get caught. Better than nothing though, I suppose... Let's try and impress the Chief of Police by getting down to work, early...

MENTAL grabs then sucks on his pen in thought for a while, filling it with more and more spit. (Apologies for that). Then he gets writing with his eyebrows furrowed in concentration.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(speaking as he writes)

Part 1, Question 1:

What do you think should happen to convicted murderers?

- A: Hanging
- B: Life sentence
- C: Fine
- D: Nothing

Question 2:

Which of these items would you rather use?

- A: Playnation
- B: Violin
- C: BC Mitch and Besa Moogie
- D: AK 47

Question 3:

How angry would you describe yourself?

- A: Saint
- B: Normal
- C: Constantly peeved
- D: Upset Hitler

Question 4:

What do you think of Charlie Chaplin?

- A: There's something wrong with him
- B: I prefer more modern comedy
- C: He's hilarious
- D: I like him so much, I dress and act like him

Part 2, Question 1:

Do you hear voices in your head?

- A: No
- B: That's normal, right?
- C: I hear Justin Beiber singing
- D: I hear voices in your head

Question 2:

Which of the statements is more accurate?

- A: No one is out to get me

B: Some people are out to get me
 C: Everyone is out to get me
 D: Dinosaurs helped build the pyramids
 and they're out to get me, too

Question 3:

I would describe myself as

A: A regular guy

B: Eccentric

C: A fruit cake

D: Ozzy Osbourne

Question 4:

I can control things with the power of
 my....

A: Hands

B: Feet

C: Nose

D: Bleb

(*Just for fun, you can take the test, too; just add up your
 total score):

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (speaking and writing,
 again)

Part 1

Q1: A = 0, B = 0, C = 2, D = 3

Q2: A = 0, B = 0, C = 2, D = 3

Q3: A = 0, B = 1, C = 2, D = 3

Q4: A = 0, B = 1, C = 2, D = 3

Part 2

Q1: A = 0, B = 1, C = 3, D = 3

Q2: A = 0, B = 1, C = 2, D = 3

Q3: A = 0, B = 1, C = 2, D = 3

Q4: A = 0, B = 0 or 1, depending on
 tested ability. C = 2, D = 3

(Now's the time to do some addition
 and score yourself...)

0 points; you're completely sane, well
 done.

1-8; you have one or two screws loose.

9-16; you need urgent hospitalisation.

17-23; dear God.

24; Hitler reincarnated.

MENTAL puts his pen down, satisfied.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (thinking aloud)

Good questionnaire. Just subtle enough
 to trap someone into giving away
 incriminating evidence...

The phone rings on the wall and MENTAL answers it, with his characteristic energy.

COP
(professionally)
Hello, Mental?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(a little nervous)
Chief?

COP
Yes. Down at the station, we've questioned Benito. It turns out that Scott's mustache isn't based on Charlie Chaplin, but Hitler...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(shocked)
Hitler? That changes Scott's whole psychological profile!

COP
Yes.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
That's awful. What else has Benito said?

COP
He said Scott may be planning to deploy the ever-growing blob somewhere, and crush as many chefs as possible. He actually planned to get out of prison in a similar way. Apparently the weapon works on the same principle as the big bang did - the key expands out of nothing; it's very clever. Benito said it can only be stopped by finding the off switch. But finding the switch will be extremely difficult, even dangerous once the key reaches a certain size. The only other way to stop it is by using anti-matter.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Do you have any anti-matter? It sounds like some people will get swallowed up...

COP
No. A gram of the stuff would cost over 43 trillion pounds.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
FUCK ME!

There are a few moments of embarrassment.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(trying to be
professional, too)
I mean... what's our budget?

COP
(disappointed)
Around 95 million pounds.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
How much anti-matter can we afford?

COP
Just 0.0002%

(For a more accurate sum, you're going to have to wait till the end).

COP
But this force is in enough trouble, as you know. Imagine what people would say if we spent everything on an almost un-weighable amount of stuff, to destroy what will look like an innocent green bubble. No one can know about this material, Mental. Imagine if everyone had access to it!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Good point... Wait... To find the off switch, why not just drop a load of iron, or whatever from a B-52 or something. Just completely cover every inch of the key.

COP
That's a good idea. But a better idea is to stop the thing from ever being activated. Luckily, I have evidence suggesting that Scott and his accomplice are hiding nearby. He hasn't been spotted on any trains or buses and his car has been abandoned locally, anyway. We at the station will deal with intelligence, whilst you compose a warning letter to everyone in this county. Once finished, read it out over the phone and I'll send it, by mass email.

Morgan is already knocking on the doors of suspected hideouts, along with a number of other officers going their separate ways...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(confused)

But don't you want people to think Morgan has been sacked?

COP

(not completely confident)

He's wearing sunglasses...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

You think that's enough?

COP

Eyes are the windows to the soul.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Right you are. Bye, then?

COP

Yes, bye. No actually, one more thing; in your letter, don't tell people to avoid the food festival coming up. There's no need. Things will sorted out by then.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(surprised)

By tomorrow?

COP

Yes, without a doubt. I know stuff you don't. Bye...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

You sound s...?

The CHIEF is already gone. Once MENTAL has hung up the phone, he goes back to his table and works on a blank piece of paper, under the pile of others in front of him.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

This is serious stuff. This email needs to shock.

MENTAL goes for one last suck, before getting to work.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (thinking out loud
 whilst writing)
 Email heading: 'YOU'RE GOING TO
 DIE!!!!'

MENTAL nods his head in his own approval.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (thinking out loud,
 again)
 Nice. Alright, now for the body of the
 email...

Next to no time passes. Wow.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (and now thinking out
 loud AND writing,
 again)
 'Seriously though, you might.
 Especially if you're a chef. If you
 are a chef, don't go to work until the
 sausage roll killer - that is Scott
 Ross-Knight and his accomplice are
 caught, which will certainly be by
 tomorrow. Don't return any tickets to
 the Charltonham Food Festival, you'll
 be fine! Nevertheless, if you see
 anything unusual, perhaps some king-
 sized chewing gum, contact the police
 ASAP. But try not to worry. Have a
 great day.'

38. No Remorse

INT: ST. NAVY BEAN'S FARM B&B - 5 MINUTES LATER

This bedroom is covered with flower patterned, creamy orange wallpaper. As it's only been a few minutes, it hasn't changed. Neither has the infuriating snoring from the next room. The window however, has since been shut - no one must hear the two CRIMINAL'S plans. The beds are as far apart as ever, even though the TWO are starting to trust each other just that tiny bit more. The wooden cupboard is still irrelevant, as is the off TV but it's nice to set the scene, isn't it? SCOTT and GORDON have just sat down on their beds facing each other, after searching for the POLTERGEIST in vain. For all they know, it has gone and as you know, it has. SCOTT'S mobile buzzes, signaling a new email for him to open.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (reading aloud)
 YOU'RE GOING TO DIE!!!!

GORDON BECKER
(nervous)
Eek... Five exclamation marks...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
(relieved)
No, just four...

GORDON BECKER
What else does it say?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
(reading again)
.... 'Seriously though, you might. Especially if you're a chef. If you are a chef, don't go to work until the sausage roll killer - that is Scott Ross-Knight and his accomplice are caught, which will certainly be by tomorrow. Don't return any tickets to the Charltonham Food Festival, you'll be fine! Nevertheless, if you see anything unusual, perhaps some king-sized chewing gum, contact the police ASAP. But try not to worry. Have a great day.'

GORDON BECKER
King-sized chewing gum? Does he mean your key?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Probably; that Benito Brown has surely told the police everything he knows about me and my homemade items. What's funny though, is the CCTV of us escaping. It must have been pretty damn bewildering.

GORDON BECKER
Do you really want to make enemies with nazis?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
(coolly)
Not really. But still... He's a chef...

GORDON BECKER
The police seem pretty confident we will be caught...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Just arrogance.

GORDON BECKER

(confused)

Of course it is. But how are we going to attack chefs, if they won't go into work?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

(now cold)

There are a few chefs we could kill, right now...

GORDON BECKER

(shocked)

You don't mean...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Yep. Then we can get our money back and move on to plan our biggest target, yet; the Charltonham food festival.

GORDON BECKER

But no chefs will turn up. They're not going listen to that stupid email...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Not if we fake our own deaths... We could take our clothes off and leave them for the what will be, massive green blob. Once the key is deactivated, our DNA and other leavings will be recovered, on its outside. I will chisel a brief message in the block paved driveway, instructing the police to examine the key and its note up close on a microscope. They'll read our decoy in no time. We're super high-profile.

GORDON BECKER

Chisel a message with what?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

The key to our room, but we'll have to be quick...

GORDON BECKER

How do you know the police will know how to turn the key off?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

As I said, Benito has no need to hold back any information about me and my plans.

GORDON BECKER

What if they can't find the switch?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

They could drop a load of metal on it or something, from a plane. Seemingly over-the-top, but they're not really going to have a choice. It's not as if they have anti-matter.

GORDON BECKER

(uncomfortable)

Will we have to escape naked?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

God dammit, Gordon. We'll just steal some clothes from the room next to us. Actually, you can do that for me while I write our suicide note. You still have your key on you, don't you?

GORDON BECKER

Jesus Christ...

GORDON leaves the room in a huff and SCOTT gets out a pen and paper from the cupboard. (So the thing WASN'T irrelevant! How's that for a twist?? #award). The metal room key is also seen, there and MR. ROSS-KNIGHT places it in his socks for the sake of small-time efficiency. He then writes his note, sitting on his mattress and using his thighs as a table.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

(writing as he talks)

As it is clear that the policemen round here are admirable workers, Gordon and I will have no chance of escape. Thus, we have decided to kill ourselves along with a few more chefs and the nudist next to us, for snoring too loud. Want any more information? Tough.

Soon enough, GORDON enters the rented room carrying a large pile of clothes. This time it's fortunate the snoring hasn't stopped.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

(cheerful)

Ah, Gordon! All go well?

GORDON BECKER

(justifiably nervous)

You're not going to like this...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

What?

GORDON BECKER

These clothes are very small for you,
they'll only fit me...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

(not too angered
actually)

God. Well, they're better than
nothing. Don't look at me undress, you
hobbledehoy.

GORDON BECKER

16th century?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Now's not the time for this kind of
talk.

A couple of minutes of undressing then dressing go by. I'm not
going to go into details, it's not that kind of book.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

For fuck's sake Gordon, it looks like
I'm wearing a bra and shorts!

Ok now it may seem like it, but it's not. Buy 50 Shades of
Grey, you perv.

GORDON BECKER

(upset)

There's no need for that! I did warn
you!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Don't worry. Just gives me that extra
bit advantageous fury... Let's go,
now. Follow me after I put my mobile
and key in my lingerie.

GORDON BECKER

Sexy.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Watch it.

This time, the TWO leave the room combined. Now by their
sides, are a couple of bedrooms. A few feet of carpeted level
floor is all around and in front of that is a simple
staircase, heading straight down. By the side of that, another
goes upwards. Nothing showy, it's not that kind of place. On
the way to the ground floor, a few small landscape
watercolours are noticed by the FELONS.

None of them have any kind of calming effect at this time, even though it's theorised they take many CUSTOMER'S minds off the high prices. Now there are three directions to go; the exit a few feet away, again decorated with painted scenery; the locked-up canteen; and the door-less dining room. The latter has twenty cotton dressed tables, just a couple of which are occupied by two chatting GRANNIES. The way they shout in each other's faces suggests they're deaf.

SCOTT knocks on the canteen door in plain old 4/4. A sweating B&B OWNER opens it with a hard-working, though forced smile. As there are no windows here, the room is quite steamy. Some vapour goes into the CRIMINAL'S faces, causing a few moments of annoyance. Four diligent CHEFS in white aprons are seen, yet all look deceitful. One is busy with his frying pan and the others are chopping up vegetables, on wooden chopping boards. This is pretty much the only wood in view; most of everything is made from steel, including but not limited to sinks, ovens and dish washers. However, there is also a singing fish to provide entertainment. The floor is tiled with alternating blacks and whites in triangular patterns.

B&B OWNER
(cheerful)
Hello, Scott! Nice bra!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Er.... Thanks... Do you have the money
I gave you?

B&B OWNER
Yes, it's in my pocket right now...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Can I have a look at it, please? I'm
worried it may be counterfeit.

B&B OWNER
(dark)
Sure... But if you try anything funny,
I'll get the chefs to stab you...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Ah, chefs. The world's finest men.

The militant CHEFS look confused.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
(trying to lighten the
atmosphere)
I mean, chefs are great, aren't they?

Their look doesn't change as the OWNER reaches into his pocket, still behind the door.

B&B OWNER
Here's the money.

SCOTT inspects it so close, it almost touches his eyeball. Then he drops it on the floor by his feet, for some reason. It doesn't look like mishap.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
(dramatic)
Turn your key on and throw it in the kitchen, Gordon!

The instant after GORDON does so, SCOTT slams the door shut. Once his hands are freed, the former holds it tight with him. With his one, at this moment liberated hand, SCOTT gets out his last key from his lingerie and activates it; all whilst pulling his other arm with every ounce of his might. He gels the item into the warded lock in seconds. He then hardens the device, twists it round and retrieves it.

B&B OWNER
NOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

The awful PEOPLE step back and relax. SCOTT picks up the cash.

GORDON BECKER
(to Scott)
How long do you think they have to live?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Maybe 5 minutes...

B&B OWNER AND OTHER CHEFS
NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

GORDON BECKER
(a little concerned)
Eleven zeros? They must really hate the situation...

B&B OWNER
(raging)
Twelve!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
They're fine.

GORDON nods.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Drama queens!.... Let's go....

The KILLERS leave the B&B without another thought about their PREY.

39. Creeping Death

EXT: OUTSIDE THE B&B - 20 MINUTES LATER

The bed and breakfast exterior is a Victorian, four-floor detached building. It has one main slanted, tiled roof across its length and has a further two, joined and sticking out of its front in symmetry. No rain is going to gather up and crush this building. Underneath these extensions are bird-poo covered windows for each level. Also on the glass are thin, decorative strips of metal, laid out in diamond patterns. In-between these panes and at the bottom, is the panel front door with dog poo next to it.

CONSTABLE MORGAN has just parked his car in the block paved driveway by the side of the hotel, opposite the local houses. Following that, he walked its footpath to crunching sounds whilst wiping the sweat from his forehead. He knocks on the what seems to be the thousandth door of the day, in an ambiguous rhythm; could be half a bar of 4/4, could be 2/4 or even 1/4. Whatever it is, it's in simple time. With any luck, the person answering will be nicer than the previous majority. MORGAN waits with low expectations for around half a minute, before he notices some green goo oozing through the door's letter box.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

What the?....

After making that puzzled exclamation, a disconcerting creaking sound is heard from what seems to be every part of the inn. It's getting louder and louder.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Hm...

MORGAN notices the door being cracked open, one group of splinters at a time. After that, green leaks out of the breakages and then the developing fractures in the walls.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

That's not good...

The creaking sounds have now evolved into loud, widespread snapping sounds. The whole of the shattering front wall is coming loose at the top and is in danger of landing onto MORGAN, like a lethal version of the classic old Buster Keaton film. The previous widespread hints of green are soon huge bulges of it.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Oh shit!

Always looking back, MORGAN runs across the lawn in terror as every side of the building comes toppling down. The way they screech as they separate is terrifying. The sound only gets more demented. Many bricks are flung into the air from the highest points of the planks, after they gather speed at around a 45 degree angle. Chalky powder-like substances are then shot out from every single disintegrated area, like volcanic eruptions. At last as the walls crash against the ground, just meters away from the OFFICER, a total cacophony is created along with further, thicker dust clouds. These rush up almost as high as the building was in the first place. The sides are now smashed into smithereens and scatter everywhere. The bricks are starting to fall but as they have been projected far, they have some way to go, yet. Once all the debris fades away, a hair-raising glob is revealed with the crumbling roof on top of it. The key spreads out over the field at a sludgy walking pace, and as it gets shorter it also gets longer. At least the physics there are standard and predictable.

MORGAN is now a good distance from the other-worldly device, which is good because otherwise, he would be dead. Even so, he keeps running, now facing ahead as bricks land around him and get half-buried in the earth. A strange, intact ringbinder folder lands in front of him, and MORGAN kneels down in the pseudo-war zone to take it with him. Following that, he gets going but with less urgency than before. After all, now it seems he's through the worst of the chaos. Things in front of him are oddly calm in fact, supporting his suspicions, or rather hopes. Passing the light woodland 50 meters in front of him should be a piece of cake, adding to his settling mood. However, his car is quite rightly assumed to be long gone, so he will have to remain on foot. I said 50 meters, now it's 10. Now you guessed it, he's there. As he forces his way through thin branches and groups of leaves, he is confronted with an additional, same sized field, walled off with further natural growths. Never has something so familiar been so cherished. On his left, the occasional traffic on a road is heard. However, now is not the time for taking in the sights, so he doesn't look. The CONSTABLE is out of harm's way and free at least, so he makes a call.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(a little distressed)
Hello, Mental?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Hello Morgan. Sorry for all that silly
arguing...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Forget about that. I've just seen one of those keys cause a B&B to explode! The thing's still getting bigger, as we speak! My car's almost certainly crushed. Can you pick me up, please? I'm at St. Navy Bean's Farm...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(relieved he's ok)

I don't have a car.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Oh yeah.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Any clues on what happened to Scott and his accomplice?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

No idea. They've either escaped or are dead...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I'll just inform the Chief about what's happened, and get Sergeant Evans or someone to get you out of there...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Thanks. How's work going your end?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

A little dull. Just preparing some psych evaluations and stuff.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Ok, I'll leave you to it. Bye.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Bye.

MORGAN has a fair bit of waiting around to do, so he sits cross-legged on the warm turf, and opens and examines the strange portfolio he picked up.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(reading in his head)

TOP SECRET POLICE FILES

Top secret? He can open it right? He's worked at the force for years...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Let's see what we've got, here...

MORGAN'S head zooms closer in interest.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(reading in his head,
again)

Operation: Detain Jermaine.
The B&B owner, Jermaine Espedal, is a
suspected con man and thief. Many
people who enter his business leave
with many of their belongings, gone.

MORGAN is a little annoyed.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Why wasn't I told about that?.. Never
mind.

He continues to read.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
I want you to go under cover and pose
as a chef. I want you to get him to
talk about his suspected crimes, as
you record them with a hidden
microphone.

A little bored, MORGAN skips the page.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Operation: Aquarium Assassination.
Captain Mental has quit the force
due to the mental trauma of his friend
Richie Downing, being swung about like
a potato in a sack. However, it is
known that he has a very close
relationship with Constable Morgan's
fish. If one of his fish were to die
of an apparent, severe depressive
episode, it is likely that Mental will
feel extreme guilt and responsibility.
To stop other fish joining the
deceased, Mental will most likely
rejoin the police.

MORGAN goes red.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(quite loud)
What the FUCK is this?

Already sure he's been stabbed in the back, he continues
reading.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

I want you to sneak into Morgan's house at midnight, and inject a single fish with a slow working poison.

MORGAN slams the folder shut in torment.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

DEXTER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Filled with vengefulness, he opens the unspeakable evidence again and photographs it with his phone. As the liquefied key is probably near to the POLICEMAN now, he decides to lurch the hundred meter journey to the road that he hears, whilst carrying his source of torment. His head is fixed to the ground. He tries to look up to the sky, but his eyes burn. (#Deftones). Once met with bushes in front of the car path, he climbs over them with absent care. Now he's standing on what is shown to be a nice but rough, pale-grey route with fields of hay on its other side. (To remove any risk of being charged with the low-level crime of roadside carelessness, he compels himself to look up again. Ouch). Serenaded by bird song, the waiting around isn't as bothersome as it could be. However, he is still mortified; a lot is going on in his mind, that's for sure. After a few minutes, a traditional police car is seen not too far away. MORGAN jumps up and down with the negligible energy he has in case the driver misses him. In result, the car pulls up beside him and the RESCUER gets out with self-assurance. It's the COP.

COP

Hello there!

Shocked, MORGAN throws his files back over the hedges.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(with repressed rage)

Err.... Hello, Chief... Not busy?

COP

(light-hearted)

You've nearly been killed, Morgan! This is a situation easily serious enough for me to delay my fine Cuban cigars and motivational intimidations. Get in the car. Hell, you can even work at the station for the day...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Err... Thanks...

The COP gets in the automobile the same way he got out of it. MORGAN gets in it looking sheepish. However deep down, his fury is going nowhere.

40. The Unforgiven

INT: POLICE CAR - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

Even though the outside of this traditional vehicle looks rather functional, and elicits (or tries to elicit) obedience, the interior is of sleek, black leather. It would almost be sports car themed, if it wasn't for the cheaper, plastic dashboard. Just look at those slick curves; they're everywhere! MORGAN and the COP lay back at a slight angle, with very different levels of stress.

COP

So... Your car's crushed, eh?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(raging inside)

Mh-hm.

COP

Don't worry about that. I'll have a brand new Ford Escort delivered to you, by tomorrow morning!

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(not feeling any better)

That's awesome...

COP

Are you ok? You look a bit tense...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

I'm great. I just think things are a little fishy...

COP

(with a level head)

Damn straight, they are. Alright, let's get going. Best turn around, so we don't come across the blob...

The COP starts the ignition and reverse turns away with grace and with respect to the law - even though no one is watching.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

These bumps in the road are MURDER.

COP

Yep. They sure are...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

They should go to jail...

COP
Road bumps? Are you sure you're ok?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Don't worry about me. Worry about
catching the killer. After all, an eel
escapes from a good fisherman.

COP
(impressed by his
creative choice of
words)
Excellent point.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(angry, despite the
compliment)
Yes. He who does not bait his hook,
fishes in vain.

COP
Yep, I suppose you're right.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Looking for a fish? Don't climb a
tree.

COP
(intrigued)
.... Care to elaborate?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Er... I don't think that Scott has the
ability to climb trees.

COP
Ah. Of course. What is it with you and
proverbs?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
I guess they're just easy to
gooblewoobledooble. Sometimes, I run
out of ideas.

COP
I see.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Anyway, how's the intelligence
gathering?

COP
 (with a focused mind)
 Pretty promising, actually. Benito just said he knows where Scott and his accomplice are now heading.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Where?

COP
 Some rural area. He's going to take us to their hideout, whilst being escorted by police and handcuffed.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Excellent. What's going to be done about the blob?

COP
 A B-52 is going to drop a load of metal on it...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 That sounds like a good pla....

MORGAN freezes in terror.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 OH SHIT!!

COP
 (alarmed)
 What??

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 I've just thrown away top secr.... I mean.... Top quality... watch... clothes...

COP
 (calming down)
 What do you mean?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (thinking, desperately)

COP
 Morgan?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (soldiering on)
 Sorry, I don't know what just came over me... Keep driving...

COP

You sure you didn't hurt your head? No bricks fly on you?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Ahhhh.... Yes. Exactly. I'll be fine in a minute, though.

COP

You trouper.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

I try my best. Mind if I send a text message?

COP

Of course not. Go ahead.

MORGAN gets typing on his touch pad. He isn't as good at working the thing as modern day young'ns are, so the process takes a while.

CONSTABLE MORGAN'S TEXT

Hi Mental, this is important..... I've just thrown.... away top secret police piles, in a field....

MORGAN gives the phone a cold stare. It's largely its fault.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(not typing)

Fuck it, I meant files...

COP

Sorry?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Whoops. Nothing.

Driven, he continues the message.

CONSTABLE MORGAN'S TEXT

If someone.... picks them up, the whole..... police force in this area is finished, for good..... Some very dirty.... tactics have been used.... I want you to..... make sure the B-52s that will.... be used... to.... stop.... the.... k....e....y, don't precision bomb, but.... bomb over a wide range..... Tell the Wing Commander at RAF Post Mortem, that I have reason to believe the..... k.... e.....y.. has been broken up into tiny..... fragments, not able to....

be... seen from a distance..... If he believes that, the airforce will expand.... the danger zone and prevent..... civilians.... picking the documents up.

When MORGAN looks up after those few minutes of tapping, he realises he is travelling near the cordoned off crime scene. Diverting the route is not a problem, but does he care? Of course not. Through all the twists and turns the two run into as an alternative - and there are a few - the overall layout remains similar. A mixture of your common terraced and semi detached houses seem to go on forever, along with their somewhat tidy front yards. If you want crazy stuff, look elsewhere. (In my future books, fingers crossed). Due to unusual violence encountered the previous night and its consequential restrictions, traffic here is heavier and more ruffled than usual.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(trying to sound friendly)

Ah, the last time I will enter Jesters Way police station is coming up, soon...

COP

(awkward)

Yeah... Sorry about that...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

No, no, don't apologise. I'm fine. Aren't you concerned about people seeing me with you?

COP

Don't worry. I'll just say I arrested you.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Naturally. To stop any kind of hassle, why don't I just get out now, while you park?

COP

(with a smile)

That's a great idea!

The COP parks on a curb and drives off. What follows, is a short and sensible drive to the police headquarters.

INT: JESTERS WAY POLICE STATION RECEPTION - A FEW MINUTES
LATER

The COP has just entered the room with a hopeful, bright face. The walls and such now look silvery to him. He starts to amble to one of the three uniformed, coffee drinking RECEPTIONISTS; the blonde 25 year old you know and love. Why her? The other two are kind of introverted and rude. Even so, they are working just as hard behind their computers and desk as the popular one. Now next to his PET after a few light footsteps, the three screens over the CHIEF'S head can be viewed, head-on. After a quick check, BENITO is seen in his cell looking remorseful.

COP

(to his favourite
receptionist)

Okey-dokey! I'm here to have a few words with Benito!

RECEPTIONIST

(calm)

Ok. But I'm sorry, he has recently said that he will only take the police to Scott and his conspirator, if he is escorted by as many officers as possible.

COP

(pessimistic)

That's different... Did he give a reason?

RECEPTIONIST

He said that he has a fear of wearing handcuffs. He said they make him feel trapped. Instead he wants to have many tasers aimed on him instead, to give you maximum piece of mind.

COP

I hope he's not planning some strange escape...

RECEPTIONIST

It kind of sounds like that, to me...

COP

Well, no one can stand up to a taser. He surely realises he will be severely punished if he's lying about Scott and his friend?

RECEPTIONIST

That's all been explained.

COP

Alright, a helicopter and ten men led by Sergeant Evans is all he's going to get. Seeing as they should only be a few hours or so, this station shouldn't be too compromised.

RECEPTIONIST

I'll just send the necessary emails.

COP

(trying to remain strong)

You're a star. So where are the two outlaws, then?

RECEPTIONIST

Apparently, after that key attack they are now planning to go to St. Schmeichel's church, in Dowdesill.

COP

I knew they wouldn't go too far. Alright, get on with your work whilst I pay Benito a visit...

The RECEPTIONIST starts typing at a commendable speed, as the COP walks the hallways, somewhat less optimistic than he was before entering the base. After a minute, the one long row of gated cells is encountered for what feels like the millionth time. BENITO is all alone in the complex and is now seen looking excessively sad, through his door. The diet posters of the past have been replaced with posters of Jesus on a (Christian) cross.

COP

(with a skeptical tone)

Hello, Benito...

BENITO BROWN

(hopeful)

Hello Chief... So we have a deal? I bring you to Scott and his friend, and you halve my sentence?

COP

(hiding shifty intentions)

Yes... Half of forever.

BENITO BROWN

Great. And thanks for telling me about the key attack, straight away. You must really trust me... Just curious....

Have you ever heard of the bystander effect?

COP
(growing more confused)
Sure I have. Why?

BENITO BROWN
Does it really exist?

COP
Sadly, yes..... Why?

BENITO BROWN
I was just thinking how awful it is. I would like to think it wouldn't apply to me.

COP
(warming to him, a little)
You've become a kind-hearted soul, Benito.

BENITO BROWN
I try.

COP
(curious)
So... About White Power... What kind of person wakes up and thinks to himself... 'Wow.... I'm so powerful'...?

BENITO BROWN
(awkward)
Er...

COP
.... And calling Jews inferior, yet claiming they control all the money... How does that work?

BENITO BROWN
(secretly getting angry)
.....

COP
(oblivious to Benito's feelings)
People dressing up as ghosts and calling themselves things like, 'The Grand Wizard'.... Don't you think that's a little odd?

BENITO BROWN
 (gritting his teeth)
 Yes. Very. All of that's behind me
 now, though...

COP
 That's very noble of you. But why the
 change of heart?

BENITO BROWN
 Jesus spoke to me...

COP
 (thinking in his head,
 unconvinced)
 I see.

BENITO BROWN
 ... He said he would forgive me, if I
 straightened myself out.

COP
 Did he say anything about me?

BENITO BROWN
 (disgusted with
 himself)
 He said you were great...

COP
 (analytical)
 and what about Captain Mental?

BENITO BROWN
 He said he was an idiot...

COP
 I wouldn't describe him as a COMPLETE
 idiot, but near enough... One wrong
 word and you're going to the psych
 wing.

SERGEANT EVANS and 9 standard-clothed OFFICERS parade into the
 area, single file. Once the last one shuts the door behind
 him, the GROUP line up against the wall, behind the COP. The
 CHIEF keeps his eyes on BENITO as he talks to him, then twists
 with nonchalance to EVANS when conversing with him.

COP
 (happy)
 Sergeant Evans! God's been commenting
 on everyone! Do Evans, Benito!

BENITO BROWN
 (a little nervous)
 God thinks Sergeant Evans is very
 forgiving...

SERGEANT EVANS
 Aw, that's nice. Tell God he's very
 forgiving as well.

BENITO BROWN
 Will do...

COP
 Ok, I'll leave you guys to it, whilst
 I go back to my office.

As the COP leaves, EVANS takes the CHIEF'S previous position.

SERGEANT EVANS
 (bitter)
 You better not be lying to us,
 Benito...

BENITO BROWN
 Of course not!

The nine MEN behind the two aim their electrocution devices. As part of the popular police in-joke, they do so in-between the CRIMINAL'S eyes. To stop himself getting shot, EVANS stands to the apparent EX-FASCIST'S left as he frees him. A nazi's least favourite direction.

SERGEANT EVANS
 (cold)
 Follow me, Benito...

With a weird sense of calm, BENITO walks out of his box and follows EVANS. The latter then heads for the door he accessed, not many seconds ago. The nine other OFFICERS don't leave their position, yet. They continue to aim with care, but this time at the back tip of the CONVICT'S ear. Maximum points. As the first TWO leave, the other nine march out through the passageways in their previous single file, though with added caution. After all, only three electric darts can now be fired with success. After the two minute journey, another PERSON enters the reception one by one. First EVANS has the taste of freedom, then BENITO, then the nine on-the-ball CREW. Isn't coherence great?

RECEPTIONIST
 Be careful!

SERGEANT EVANS
 I knowwww....

BENITO BROWN

(optimistic)

It's a busy morning, isn't it? I can hear the traffic pretty loud from here...

SERGEANT EVANS

Who cares, Benito?... Nutjob.

The GROUP led by the SERGEANT depart the station, line up west across the sidewalk and face the traffic, looking amiable. This is to give the public much needed peace of mind; BENITO looks crazy. Also, as the CONVICT is on the right of EVANS, everyone else hopes he isn't seen as some kind of friend. Legally, this interpretation is difficult to prevent. Anyway, the GROUP encounter near bothersome sunlight, AMBLERS and a complete absence of mischief, as per usual. One busy, long road, a stubby steel fence and minor shops are in front of them in that order. Mercury poisoning sufferers, that was for you. :) To their left and right are a number of your usual residences. Same as always. As BENITO starts to sweat for two reasons, EVANS looks at him to converse with him.

EVANS

Ok, two police cars are going to pick us u.....

Without warning, BENITO hook punches EVANS, hard in the cheek and knocks him spinning to the floor.

SERGEANT EVANS

OW!!

BENITO manages to run a few more millimeters towards his VICTIM, before getting nine super-powered bolts discharged all over him in succession. Better safe than sorry. The first hit was easy, after that however, each OFFICER had to kindly move out of the other's way, before returning to their preceding spot. Looking welcoming is now challenging, to put it mildly. After freezing eerily still with one raised knee in the air, the NAZI'S skin, hair and clothing start to catch fire. All he can think of to do, is scream.

BENITO BROWN

(in excruciating pain)

BUT..... THE BYSTANDER EFFECT!!!!!!!!!!

Without help, EVANS picks himself up, wipes his bloodied nose and faces the now blackened and burning MR. BROWN. Believe it or not, the FASCIST has maintained balance on one foot. The nine OTHER'S positions remain fixed and they are ready for more resistance; after a little relocation, that is. Sorry, make the eight OTHERS...

SERGEANT EVANS

(calm)

You idiot, Benito.

A colossal B-52 bomber's growl can be heard getting closer. Soon, it is seen by a distracted, recently spaced-out OFFICER. It is flying not too high up in the sky and over the station. Not a remarkable sight, so why is he so inattentive? Should he really be here? Of course, it's just a mistake. Try telling that to MY boss, though. :S The fast moving plane isn't the main source of attention in these parts, however. All PEDESTRIANS in sight are not only speechless, but are motionless and rubbernecking at you know what. DRIVERS maintain basic road safety however, and go about their morning; though not without the occasional glance at the FIREBALL.

SERGEANT EVANS

Excellent, the bomber's arrived.
Hopefully, a black hole isn't going to
created by the key or something else
bizarre...

The preferred, coffee-carrying RECEPTIONIST bursts through the station exit to come to BENITO'S aid. Finally obeying the laws of physics and biology, his leg gives in and he collapses to the floor, with flames and now smoke spreading. The bomber has now travelled half way across the observable sky, visible to the absent-minded POLICEMAN, alone.

RECEPTIONIST

I knew this would happen...

SERGEANT EVANS

You knew Benito would get shot by nine
people and catch fire?

RECEPTIONIST

Well... No...

The RECEPTIONIST throws what's left of her warm drink onto the WOULD-BE-ESCAPE-ARTIST. It doesn't help as much as she hoped, but it does work as much as EVANS hoped. The plane starts to disappear.

42. Into the Day

INT: B-52 COCKPIT - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

Out of the 7 windows that span a half-circle, it can be seen that Charltonham is already gone. Who knew there was so much countryside in England? Divided grassland makes up the vast majority of what is seen. Only a small percentage of the view consists of small roads and fanciful hamlets. (What a relief; heavily built up areas are often shitholes).

According to the radar shown on the top of the electronic, transparent middle pane, this is the case for many, many miles.

On the right hand window is an image of what the plane's camera shows. The device can moved in different directions, by pressing one's fingers on the highlighted glass 'buttons', like a touch screen. The thing zooms in and out and takes pictures in a similar way. A nice modern, perhaps even addictive adaptation of the classic design. Underneath the windows are a now retro seat and joystick, for each of the two dark green-suited and black-helmeted PILOTS. In between these two 20-somethings are dozens of cramped, small gauges and buttons laid out in an oblong shape. Again pretty dated, though at night everything looks quite atmospheric, as intended. Each indicator has its own primary colour. Below these are a heat radar, a microphone and speaker, and a number of metal levers. And a few more buttons. The engines make an all-consuming humming noise.

PILOT 1 (SITTING ON THE RIGHT)

(shocked)

Wow, that man outside of Jesters Way had one of the highest temperatures I've ever seen. No wonder so many people came to his aid, he must be really sick!

PILOT 2 (ON THE LEFT)

(sad)

I think he was on fire...

PILOT 1

Who would set someone on fire outside a police station?

PILOT 2

Probably a lunatic, or maybe it's a spontaneous combustion.

PILOT 1

(with a level head)

It figures. Anyway, we need to focus on our mission. Now that we've passed St. Navy Bean's Farm, and photographed our target from a safe distance, we can see that it hasn't grown too much. Like the universe, I THINK it's slowing down. However, reports suggest that we need to expand our target area, to prevent any small key fragments from growing out of nothing. Let's continue going straight ahead and away from the B&B, for now.

That will allow more time for people to collect any precious belongings, and such. We also need to wait for our commander to give us orders to drop our payload...

PILOT 2

Thanks for the info dump. Falling asleep during the mission briefing was very embarrassing.

PILOT 1

I don't think many people noticed.

PILOT 2

Caffeine is very overrated.

A distorted, POSH MAN'S voice is heard from the speaker.

COMMANDER

(firm)

You are not authorised to bomb the B&B area, yet. Repeat, you are not authorised to bomb the B&B area. Disenchanted residents have started using the green blob as a bouncy castle. They don't want you to bomb their town.

PILOT 2 presses on the radio button below the panel, so he can speak to the COMMANDER.

PILOT 2

(irritated)

God dammit. But they have no choice...

COMMANDER

They don't believe such a thing can simply emerge from nonexistence. They think a strange conspiracy is going on. They just need reassurance that their currently intact properties are fully insured, then they might go away.

PILOT 1

Have you explained that the key works on the same principal as the big bang?

COMMANDER

We've told the select few in strictest confidence, but they can't get their heads round it...

PILOT 1

Fair enough. Maybe their attitude will change, when they see a few bombs heading towards them...

COMMANDER

Apparently firing at them would be illegal, but thanks for trying...

PILOT 1

All's fair in love and war...

COMMANDER

We're not really at war though, are we?

PILOT 1

Sort of. We are going on a bombing raid...

PILOT 2

Yeah, let's just bomb them.

COMMANDER

(seeing sense)

No. Scandal in the police and now the military? Have you gone out of your minds?

PILOT 2

No...

COMMANDER

Wait.... You could plead insanity...

PILOT 1

Well, not really... Now that I think of it, this conversation is being recorded and could be used as evidence....

COMMANDER

Really? I guess I should have listened to my teacher all those years ago.

PILOT 2

Obviously. You should see the views in here. I must plan a ramble one day.

COMMANDER

(lightening up)

It's a great time to do so. Not too muddy...

PILOT 2

I just need to get some proper hiking
boo...

PILOT 1

(edgy)

LISTEN!!! This is important! We need a
clear plan of action, or we could get
in serious trouble!!

COMMANDER

(reorganising his
thoughts)

Of course. I'll send a secret squad to
fire tranquilisers at the protesters
and drag them away...

PILOT 1

Right! Ok!

COMMANDER

They should be sorted out in ten
minutes. I'll contact you when the
rebels are dealt with. Over and out.

The radio gives an outdated crackling sound. What follows is
an awkward silence.

PILOT 2

..... I like fields as much as the
next man, but this is getting
boring...

PILOT 1

Nice day, though.

PILOT 2

Mm. Shall we do a barrel roll, seeing
as we have nothing to do for a bit?

PILOT 1

Yeah, go on then...

PILOT 2

I don't think one has ever been pulled
off by a plane this size...

PILOT 1

More the reason to go for it, isn't
it?...

Slowly but surely, the PILOT'S world's get turned upside down,
making both feel dizzy. Even though they are strapped in
tight, what they are doing is most perilous. Headaches can't
be avoided.

The two CREW MEMBERS hope no one is filming them, as the ginormous stratofortress flies the wrong way up and risks bombing itself. Alarms sound, along with a recorded voice repeating the words 'you are flying at a dangerous angle.'

PILOT 2

(excited)

This is pretty crazy... It looks like the sky is green and we're flying over the sea.

PILOT 1

Mh-hm.

PILOT 2

You spin me right round, baby right round, like a record baby, right round, round, round.

PILOT 1

I so wish we had a CD player right now.

PILOT 2

Me too. I wish we were flying at night and listening to 'Into the Night', by Racer X.

PILOT 1

Only cool bands write about planes bombing stuff.

PILOT 2

Damn straight.

The duo see reason and begin to fly in a conventional manner. Righting themselves is a long and nerve-wracking process however, and every movement is felt with intense rushes. Proving to be skilled, the PILOTS complete the maneuver.

PILOT 2

Backflip?

PILOT 1

(firm)

No!

PILOT 2

What do you think of this song?...

A few minutes pass to the tune of pop-classic humming. You know how time flies when you're having fun? Well, time goes by a lot quicker for PILOT 2 than for the quiet PILOT 1. Both check the heat radar way more than they were taught to, just in case someone else catches fire.

No one does, although one or two barbeques are clearly enjoyed. Pushed to the edge, the mute PILOT coughs like he's dying to shut his CO-WORKER up. Praise the Lord, the COMMANDER brings news.

COMMANDER

Got them! You know what you have to do!

PILOT 1

(relieved)

Sure do. Bye!

That cracking sound is heard once more. Not long after it, the PILOTS proceed the drawn-out process of turning the plane around. As dramatic as it feels, steering 220 tons at hundreds of miles an hour, the landscape is in contrast getting as monotonous as I say things are getting monotonous. A lake or two would be nice. What's worse is the fact that most of what they just passed will be seen, again. But wait... There is some bombing to do... :O

PILOT 1

(trying to get psyched up)

You excited about testing our special new weapons?

PILOT 2

(slightly uninterested)

Not really. Not our most daring mission.

PILOT 1

Fair enough; we won't even see any explosions...

PILOT 2

Can you really call big chunks of metal, weapons?

PILOT 1

Interesting point... I think you can call anything a weapon...

PILOT 2

Rubber baseball bat?

PILOT 1

You could kill someone with a rubber baseball bat, if you hit them hard enough on the temple.

PILOT 2

It would certainly make the victim angry.

PILOT 1

You bet it would. No one wants to be killed by a toy.

PILOT 2

It's insult to injury, isn't it?

PILOT 1

... Or insult to death!

After several long conversations about various hypothetical scenarios, and such - some more deep than others - the dreaded green blob is seen. Seeming to be nothing more than a bright dot, the B-52's camera zooms in on it and its neighbours, as PILOT 2 presses down on the window controls. On closer inspection, it's found that the target hasn't grown as big as it was feared it would, but its supernatural power is still unmatched. Remember how I said the physics were predictable as the key got flatter and longer? Well, what's less predictable is its overall shape. It's kind of a long oblong, that stretches forwards and behind where the CRIMINALS were looking out the window. Why? The reason could only be explained in a book of its own. And it wouldn't be an easy book. Put simply, like the universe, it is saddle shaped. Even more esoteric is the rate of which the key expands; it speeds up then slows down at random, again, just like the universe. You didn't know the universe did that? Well, that fact hasn't been discovered yet, and it won't be for a few hundred years. So no cop out.

Anyway, the key the B&B housed has been obliterated, along with two houses behind it. It is only a few feet away from crushing some more houses, passed the road on its left. Many trees have been toppled and the sizeable, neighbouring recreational field area has been more than half-filled. Being a small community, around a quarter of it will soon be gone if the mission fails. By happy chance, the zone is encircled by many acres of uninhabited grounds.

PILOT 1

(with a smile)

Alright, here we go. I'll let you release the bombs.

PILOT 2

Thanks. That wasn't patronising at all.

PILOT 1

No problem.

PILOT 2
Would you like me to hold your hand?

PILOT 1
Er...

PILOT 2
...

PILOT 1
....

No cameras are now needed to offer any kind of clarification. The bulky threat is just seconds away and a careful eye needs to stay on it, or it will be missed altogether.

PILOT 1
(urgent)
Drop the bombs! Cover the whole area!

After PILOT 2 releases his payload, PILOT 1 makes sure the camera never leaves the target. His fingers seem glued to the screen, as he intensifies his attention. Shown by the electronics, dozens of what look like tiny black homing flies, pour over a couple of acres of estate. In result of the bombardment, the key implodes to almost nothing in a split second. What is now observed, is a small heap of bricks and timber and your everyday countryside; though with added craters.

PILOT 2
(a little surprised)
That was easy.

PILOT 1
That doesn't mean it wasn't worthwhile...

PILOT 2
Time to go home, then?

PILOT 1
There goes the siren that warns of the air raid, then comes the sound of the guns sending flak...

PILOT 2
Iron Maiden? I'm liking it...

PILOT 1
Thanks... Out for the scramble we've got to get airborne, got to get up for the coming attack...

A less tense few minutes go by, but heavier and with better musicianship - if only in fantasy. PILOT 2 taps his feet and fingers as if he were a drummer. He's not very good, but NEITHER care. He's even worse at singing, so that experiment ended after a few sentences. The man on fire may have been a freak occurrence, but that still doesn't stop the CREW from eyeing the heat radar every now and then. There comes a point however, when the instrument is more or less useless and that point is nearby. As what is approaching is built up, almost everything is heated; cars, ovens, etc.

Things are different to Charltonham, round here in almost Soxfordshire. Despite the silly name, it's a nice place to live. Now brown and grey rooftops are seen in front of the PILOTS. As bright and well kept as the old chalky whites were, they threatened to induce a mild though real form of sensory deprivation. There is only so much of the same one can take. The irony is I keep pointing that out and I will keep going to. Coming up, no actually now, the general layout is in typical town style; for the most part just houses across roads.... (Again). Getting from here to the airport in front of them should take a hassle-free few seconds, with next to no risk of SAMs. The runway is a good 3,050 meters long and 75 meters wide so rest assured, crashing shouldn't be a concern.

43. Getting More Hardcore

EXT: RAF POST MORTEM - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

The now multi-coloured-haired OLD LADY is standing in the middle of the runway. That means exactly 1525 meters of the thing is in front of her. OCD? If so, such a meticulous mind could explain why she hasn't been caught. At least that's what the POLICE and indeed the PUBLIC hope is the reason. To her right passed a few dozen square meters of grass, is a standard road in front of some common trees. Not too interesting, but it is factual and being factual is important, too. Especially for police. Cop-out No.2 discredited. To her left is an even greater amount of green, along with three jumbo military aircraft (now we're talking) on an extensive ground level concrete area. This district is linked by a diagonal aircraft path, ending just behind the part of structure the OAP is situated. In the faraway left, are some civilian constructions and unrestricted meadows.

Getting lower and coming towards the WOMAN, like a massive, raging washing machine (not intimidating, but that's what it sounds like) is the B-52 from earlier. Its engines roar with counted upon, non-stop consistency. She more than has enough ability to run away from the aircraft, but should she at this age? Whatever happened to 'respect your elders?' Instead, she waves her arms up and down so the vehicle stops for her. She shows a true lack of fear as the many dozens of tons heads for her, straight on. It MIGHT be slowing down fast enough from well over 100 mph, but a collision is more than probable.

OLD LADY

Dear God. Please stop this B-52 from hitting me. I have too many goals to reach before I die.

The prayer appears to be working. Once landed, the bomber's brakes squeal like Justin Bieber fans, (and Justin Bi... never mind) and sparks fly through the smoke from the tires. The thing is merely half a mile from her now, but will GOD draw up a plan to defy physics?

OLD LADY

You're a star.

It seems so. The aircraft is now travelling a pleasing 30 mph or thereabouts, and will soon be stopping. Now about 100 meters away, the WOMAN runs to the plane that towers above her. After some athletic legwork and not even out of breath due to her jubilation, she shouts through the extra-sized windscreens.

OLD LADY

Hey, you there! Good morning and great job!

The doors by both sides of the cockpit open with two maddened shoves. Then, the PILOTS toss out a ladder made from rope and wooden steps. They climb down in disbelief and haste, and prepare themselves for everything from a possible terrorist attack, to simply an encounter with someone who isn't all there. Once on the asphalt, the TWO march up to the LADY with quick professionalism whilst taking off their helmets. PILOT 1 has a neat, short black haircut and ever-concentrating eyes, and PILOT 2 could almost be his twin. Though he looks more apathetic and even miserable.

PILOT 1

Who the hell are you??

OLD LADY

(hurt)

Would you speak to your mother that way?

PILOT 1

No, I know my mother...

OLD LADY

(casual)

Touche. Alright, I'm just here for a tour. I've noticed a lot of really big planes round here... Can I ask what they are called?

PILOT 2
 (with respect)
 We have Airbus A330s, Lockheed Martin
 C130Js, Boeing C-17 Globemasters and
 Airbus A40M Atlases.

PILOT 1
 What are you doing?? What if she's a
 spy??

OLD LADY
 (appearing baffled)
 Do I look like a spy?

PILOT 1
 (serious)
 ... Wait.... Your hair... Are you the
 joyriding granny?

OLD LADY
 How DARE you!!

PILOT 2
 No, she had green hair...

OLD LADY
 Right, I could be anyone! Does dying
 my hair make me a maniac in you eyes??

PILOT 1
 I think your actions speak for
 themselves...

OLD LADY
 Good point. But I was just being
 assertive, earlier. Don't ask, don't
 get.

PILOT 1
 (starting to trust her)
 Quite.

A mobile phone rings from PILOT 1's pocket. He answers it with
 a composed tone.

PILOT 1
 Hello?..... A high profile fascist
 with connections with Golden Dawn has
 been critically tasered?

OLD LADY
 (quiet)
 Golden Dawn?.... They sounds nice...

PILOT 2
 (also quiet)
 Trust me; they're not. But they're
 nowhere near as bad as the dreaded
 Lovely Party.

OLD LADY
 Really?

PILOT 2
 Yes. Them and the Daisy Brigade...

PILOT 1
 (not so composed, any
 more)
 A militant retaliation is expected?
 Then get the best man on the job;
 Captain Mental..... You think he's an
 idiot?.... Then I'll contact him,
 myself! I'm higher rank than you, so
 what I say goes!

PILOT 2
 Come with me. I'll show my favourite
 plane.

OLD LADY
 You're very kind.

As PILOT 2 takes the OLD LADY by the hand, the latter seems to
 have found a new vulnerability. She shuffles off, looking
 innocent as PILOT 1 makes a new call.

44. Whisky in the Jar

CAPTAIN MENTAL'S LIVING ROOM - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

MENTAL is still sitting at his table, enclosed by those
 enchanting natural materials. The warmth of the fire adds to
 his comfort, much to his guilt. Now is not the time for
 relaxing and certainly not for watching 'The World's Greatest
 Policemen', on in 5 minutes. So he doesn't plan to. He
 continues working hard on his new profiling assignment, as his
 main heap of papers gets messier and messier. Finished
 questionnaires are laid out with pride, on the corner of his
 desk. He makes little movement until his dated, though trusty
 and intriguing phone on the wall rings. He leaves his
 furniture with a strong sense of accountability.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Hello?

PILOT 1
(stressed)
Hello Mental, it's Wing Commander
Forrest. I'm afraid it's bad news.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(more so)
Oh, what now?

WC FORREST
A nazi retaliation is expected in
response to Benito getting burned
alive...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Yes, I know. He's not dead, though...

WC FORREST
Doesn't matter, apparently.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
It gets worse, I'm afraid. We police
tricked a whole group of nazis into
leaving thier sausages, and running a
mile to a non-existent prize.

WC FORREST
Shit.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Yeah. Do you have any specific
information?

WC FORREST
Not yet. I was hoping you could get
into the minds of the potential
offenders, and try to predict their
actions.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
I'm already doing my best. Is that
all?

WC FORREST
Yes. Good day.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(trying to be positive)
Byeeee....

MENTAL hangs up and sits back down.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(thinking to himself)

Ok... Where would nazis want to attack? Wait a minute....

'Retaliation'.... The definition of retaliation is 'the action of returning a military attack.' I've got it! They're going to want to strike the police. It seems so obvious, now! Let's go a little deeper... Their shaved heads are most likely anti-Russian statements; Russia is very cold and having no hair would make things a lot worse, over there. Nazis subconsciously want to distance themselves from such climates and long for warmer, more Aryan weather. Therefore, they dress accordingly. But what does this mean?... Maybe they will only attack in sunlight in a weird, idealistic ritual... But it's sunny, now! Is time running out??

The CAPTAIN springs from his seat and makes an urgent call. He doesn't unhook his phone, rather he yanks it off.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Hello, Chief?

COP

(a little tired)

Yes Mental? What is it? I'm very busy...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I have reason to believe nazis are planning an imminent attack on the police.

COP

(becoming focused)

Why do you say that?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Their hair...

COP

Sorry?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

They have shaved heads...

COP

(annoyance, mixed with relief)

Ok. Well keep up with the profiling. Anyway, we seemed to have avoided a disaster. The team who tranquilised the protesters found a top secret police file, nearby. Had the public got hold of it, the effects would have been disastrous!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(very curious)

Why? What's in it?

COP

(awkward)

Er... Just that the granny is still on the loose...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(confused)

But everyone knows that...

COP

She knows karate.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Oh. Shouldn't you warn people not to approach her, then?

COP

I can't go into it. It's top secret.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(confused)

Ok...

COP

Thanks for being so understanding. I seem to have some more good news for you, too...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

What?

COP

A shrunken shoe matching Scott's has been obtained from the now dismantled key. Also found in it, were he and his friend's clothes and a suicide note. I believe the two are now dead.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Wow, you discovered all that stuff in the last few minutes?

COP

Yeah, a bit of a weird one, that... The officer who touched the key, examined it too close and poked himself in the eye. He then went on a space odyssey, visited Kepler-452b and met Gtnenbehad Brilkenged...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Who???

COP

... With his magic time gift from Gtnen, he then saw the end of the universe, went back, wizzed home to Earth and carried on with his duties; all whilst time was still for the rest of us. The officer is now 10 years older...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Jesus, he can control time, now?

COP

Yeah, but he's not very good at it...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(still kind of stunned)

Fuck...

COP

Yeah...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Well... Ok, then; the items you recovered must have been tiny, if they key is now only centimeters long...

COP

Yes, we used a high-powered microscope.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

What did the note say?

COP

The exact words were... Let me just get a copy for you.....

'As it is clear that the policemen round here are admirable workers, Gordon and I will have no chance of escape. Thus, we have decided to kill ourselves, along with a few more chefs and the nudist next to us, for snoring too loud. Want any more information? Tough.'

CAPTAIN MENTAL
But what if they're lying?

COP
That's what I want you to find out.
Have you remembered the message?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(with pride)
I sure have.

COP
That's very admirable. I want you to analyse it. Oh, and don't worry about any potential public outrage; no one knows you could have done anything to stop the goo. They don't even know what it was. Good day.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(trying to be creative)
Toodle pip.

COP
(awkward)
..... Yes.

MENTAL perches himself down one more time, and jots down the memorised note whilst thinking.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
'As it is clear that the policemen round here are admirable workers'....
Well, it seems he's being honest.
'Gordon and I will have no chance of escape'... Seems consistent, to me...
'Thus, we have decided to kill ourselves along with a few more chefs'... Why did he say that? I guess just to prove he's won... 'and the nudist next to us for snoring too loud'. Wow, he was a nudist? Shame there's no local CCTV to prove that... Best not bring that up round his friends and relatives, that's clearly a very sensitive subject...

Maybe that's something to ask them about later, once they've finished grieving... Maybe say something like, 'Hey, what did this guy think of sunbathing?' Something subtle... 'Want any more information? Tough?' Joke's on you, I don't, I just needed to know you were dead. Actually, that's not true. I also want to know what happened to James Tipton. Dammit... I think I'm going to phone Constable Morgan and get a second opinion about the note.

MENTAL leaves his seat at a more relaxed pace, this time. The phone in the CAPTAIN'S hand moments later, is still warm from his previous body heat.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Hello, Morgan?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(slurred and depressed)
Hellooooo Moooorgann.....

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(shocked)
Are you drunk??

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Yeeeaahh.....

CAPTAIN MENTAL
W...? Wh...? How??

CONSTABLE MORGAN
I took the boooze, confiscaaaated from a prisoneeeerr.....

CAPTAIN MENTAL
What's gotten into you??

CONSTABLE MORGAN
I've dooone somethingggg
terribleee....

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(concerned)
..... What??...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
I'veeee had peopleeeee's houses
bombeeed...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(light-hearted)

... But you were doing the right thing! You said the police were using dirty tactics, and you saved the force and the public's peace of mind! Plus, they are insured!

CONSTABLE MORGAN

That bastard Chief of Police killleed my fiiiish!!!!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(confused)

He did what??

CONSTABLE MORGAN

He had Dexter assassinateeeed!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(stunned)

How?!

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Poisssoon!!.....

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Why would he do that??...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

To guilt trip you into rejoiiniing the policeeee....

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Oh my God!... That's very serious!... You can't go on like this, I'm taking you home before you do or say something you regret! I should have phoned you, earlier!

MENTAL ends the call in a hurry and checks if his bus pass, wallet and keys are in his pocket. They are, so he gets ready to leave for Jesters Way.

45. Lies

INT: GNOME FARM EQUESTRIAN CENTRE BARN - FRIDAY, JUST BEFORE 2 PM

GORDON is next to a snoring, but still scary SCOTT. The former is peeking out of two of four holes, punctured by a now discarded pitchfork. The size of the damage suggests someone has anger issues. (Many murderers do, apparently).

GORDON'S spying stops when he checks his back out of duty, and as way of avoiding punishment. It's now seen that the CRIMINALS are lying stomach down on top of well laid out, 10 foot high and six feet wide stacks of hay. These soft though spiky bundles are by the left and right of 20 feet long walls, and another group is opposite the entrance. Like the rest of the building's contents, they are lit by many orange-tinged lanterns, spaced apart with surgical precision. This barn's design was taken rather seriously, considering how little it's used.

Above the TWO is a triangular, wooden ceiling held up by several supports of the same substance. In the middle of this barn is a hard dirt floor, holding spades, ropes, chains, truck parts, a rusty yellow tractor, etc. Nothing odd on their own but creepy spider webs are running rampant. This shelter is quite packed, but other than the two MANIACS and INSECTS, etc., it is unpopulated. Seeming to be safe and alone with his COMPANION, GORDON resumes his spying. Out of the gaps, he can see 75 meters of widened field in front of him and beyond that, is a serene road and more grassy space without any real, memorable features. Actually no, I THINK I see a TURTLE DOVE.

GORDON BECKER
 (peeking outside,
 tired)
 Hey, Scott? Are you awake?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (waking up)
 What?... I must have dozed off
 for a while... Damn mercury poisoning
 making me sleepy. I thought it had
 gone away...

No, no; mercury poisoning is a chronic condition, and not one to take lightly. SCOTT lifts his head against the wall, to spy with GORDON.

GORDON BECKER
 I'm tired too, but I never slept.
 We're too comfy to stay alert, that's
 the problem. We haven't missed
 anything though. Do you know how long
 you were asleep?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 Probably not much longer than an
 hour...

The SRK stops his surveillance, and retrieves his untraceable mobile from his unmentionables. He then sits cross-legged, with his back against the wall. GORDON doesn't move and tries to remain conscious.

SRK

The time's dead on 2 PM. You know what? I think the police think we're dead, too... We're only a few hundred meters from the B&B and I assume no one knocked on the door here, otherwise we would already be in jail. As I said, due to the high profile nature of our crimes, a massive search would have been carried out if they thought we were alive. I can't hear any police sirens, helicopters or whatever... I guess we didn't have to hide in the hay after all...

GORDON BECKER

Yeah, it seems we got lucky.

SRK

Anyway, seeing as the police have probably already let down their guard, unleashing chaos on the Charltonham food festival should be a piece of cake. Obviously we don't have a lot of time to make plans, and I still don't really know what to do with our key. It would be good if we took our guns... Whoops.

Some speedy light taps are heard, far away. They soon turn into muffled thuds.

GORDON BECKER

(relieved to see something different.
So am I. Let's face it, so are you)

... Hey, look at that! A skinhead in jeans is running towards us....

The SRK places his phone on the hay. He stares through the gaps in the wall, whilst crouched down on both knees and a little buried. He's already more attentive.

SRK

Oh, yeah...

Now, panting and shouting can be heard coming from the lane, in sight.

SKINHEAD 1

(at a perceived, ironically soft volume)

Where the FUCK is my car?!

SRK
 (quiet)
 You know what skinheads love?

GORDON BECKER
 (at the same volume)
 What?

SRK
 Hating people. He'll be a great asset
 to our team...

The SRK hammers the wall as madly as he is. The SKINHEAD turns to look at SCOTT, looking pissed off. It's assumed he always looks like this. Even though the SRK'S face is more or less totally hidden, the NAZI somehow senses his eyes. He stares through them with malice.

SKINHEAD 1
 (grumpy and just about
 audible)
 What the hell do you want?!

SRK
 (shouting)
 I have a free mobile phone and some
 money, for you!

SKINHEAD 1
 (intrigued and even
 quieter)
 Alright... Cool....

SRK
 No problem!

The TWOSOME leave their positions and sit down on the bales, waiting for the FASCIST. Scampering is once again getting more noticeable with every tread.

GORDON BECKER
 (to Scott)
 Are you sure you know what you're
 doing?

SRK
 (dauntless)
 Not really. But we may both be dead
 soon, anyway.

GORDON BECKER
 Shot by police, you mean?

SRK
 Shot by police, killed by nazis,
 mercury poisoning, hell we could even
 be swallowed into a black hole by my
 key. The list is basically endless...

GORDON BECKER
 Sad times.

SRK
 (trying to be strong)
 But productive.

GORDON BECKER
 (speaking whilst
 yawning)
 Now that I think about it, what if the
 nazi gets caught running into this
 barn?

SRK
 Good question... He probably won't,
 though. It's quiet round here...

GORDON BECKER
 How will you explain your bra?

SRK
 I've been giving this one a lot of
 thought.

GORDON BECKER
 (very interested)
 And?

SRK
 I can think of nothing.

GORDON BECKER
 Oh. How about the weather is hot?

SRK
 It's something, I suppose.

After breaking through the doors and letting in the rain... I mean wind... I mean snow... No, I mean sun. (Sun? Yes, sun), the SKINHEAD walks and climbs his way into the center of the room, and finds some space for himself. He then decides to jump up and down, ready (and hoping) for a fight.

SKINHEAD 1
 WHERE'S MY MOBILE?!

The two CONSPIRATORS move to the edge of the hay and dangle their legs off it, with as much coolness as they can manage.

The NAZI looks up to the SCHEMERS, but only physically.

SRK
Ever heard of the word 'please?'

SKINHEAD 1
What the FUCK are you wearing?

GORDON BECKER
(whispering)
Go on... Say it's hot...

SRK
(same, again)
Oh, for fuck's sake...

GORDON nudges SCOTT, gently.

SRK
A bra. I mean it's hot!!

SCOTT ends that sentence ASAP, to start a new one.

SRK
You can have my phone and dough, BUT
you have to kill someone to get them.

SKINHEAD 1
Who?

SRK
As many chefs as possible at the
Charltonham food festival, tomorrow.

SKINHEAD 1
You want to give me a phone, in return
of a life sentence in jail?

SRK
Er...

SKINHEAD 1
(extremely frustrated)
This is ridiculous! I've spent all my
time since yesterday looking for a VR,
and then you pricks come along!!

SRK
(intrigued)
VR?

SKINHEAD 1
I was told I would win one, if I found
it near this restaurant in
Charltonham. I've looked everywhere.

SRK

Where you in the fascist restaurant
when someone said that to you?

SKINHEAD 1

Yes. Why?

SRK

(hiding manipulative
intent)

Benito Brown told me about the so
called competition. There is no VR for
you. It was a lie told by undercover
police, to get you out of the
building.

SKINHEAD 1

WHAT?!

SRK

The police explained everything to him
to piss him off, and it worked. Nazis
on the whole look very stupid because
of you and your friends.

You know who rams his fist into the hay. The other two pause
so the NAZI can calm down, at least a little bit. Once eye
contact is regained, the conversation is too.

SRK

... How would you like to get
vengeance on the people who lied to
you?

SKINHEAD 1

(calming down)

Pretty good... In fact, I'm already
planning to...

SRK

I'm sure we'll come across some pigs
at the festival, tomorrow.

The BALD MAN rubs his stomach.

SKINHEAD 1

I bet. And what about some police?

SRK

(trying to appear like
he respects him)

.... Yes... Them, too. Say.... Do you
have any weapons?...

SKINHEAD 1

At home, I do...

SRK

How interesting... And how many people are in your gang?

SKINHEAD 1

How many people are in the Pony Crew? About 10...

The SRK strokes his chin.

SRK

(getting more and more interested)

And where do you hide out?

SKINHEAD 1

We're based in Northjay, Duke's-Berry.

SRK

So just under 10 miles away. That makes things easy for us. And what are you doing round here?

SKINHEAD 1

Mostly promoting the fascist restaurant and trying to destroy other businesses. We repeatedly ask for food, dressed as mechanics, doctors, you name it, but never pay.

SRK

(with growing respect)

Good for you. If I had my way, there would be no food in the world, let alone diners. Why don't you contact your gang and tell them we're planning an attack? Use my phone, it's non-traceable...

GORDON BECKER

How's your balance, Scott? How are you getting down?

SRK

(annoyed)

A: Shit, B: No idea... Wait, I'll push a load of hay down onto the floor, and jump on it.

SKINHEAD 1

(baffled)

How did you get up there in the first place?

SRK

(annoyed)

Can't remember...

The SRK shoves huge piles of the yellow material onto the floor, with both hands. In doing so however, he topples most of the whole batch the TWO were sitting on. They descend then plummet to the bare ground, with hay flying all over the place and into everyone's gasping mouths. As SCOTT and his FRIEND right themselves with agricultural shit (sorry, bad mood) all around them, they spit the straw out of their mouths, like it was never in there in the first place. Bruises are expected to develop, later.

SRK

(trying to be cool as ever)

Here's the phone and m...

The NAZI snatches the goodies, pockets them and picks the wiry substances from off his tongue.

SRK

(annoyed)

Tell your friends to drive us to your base. Needless to say, we can't really hide here, anymore. How many cars does your gang own?

SKINHEAD 1

We all have cars...

SRK

How about they drive round with one more car than needed, to pick us up. Then you could drive off with the remainder and see what Captain Mental and Constable Morgan are up to, if anything. If you're very lucky, they will be round Cliff-Burton-on-the-Water and you might be able to snoop on them. If not, see if anything is going down at Jesters Way Police Station...

SKINHEAD 1

Alright...

The SKINHEAD makes a call.

SKINHEAD 1

(trying to sound hard)

Yo Baldo, it's Nails. You're right, there is no VR it's all a lie..... Exactly, it was worth a try, though..... We can get them at the Charltonham Food Festival on Saturday... Tell Razorface, Pitbull and the others to meet me at the Gnome Farm Equestrian Centre.... I've met a couple of guys who want to help our cause... Pick them up and bring another car for me to drive to Cliff-Burton-on-the-Water, so I can spy on a couple of police..... Cool... See ya.... Oh, you have an idea for a new nickname? What is it? I'm getting bored of 'Nails'.... Oh..... It's 'Muppet.'

The SKINHEAD hangs up.

SRK

What's happening?

SKINHEAD 1

They'll be here in 20 minutes.

SRK

Excellent. If we get caught here, we're pretty screwed... Let's shut the door and hide by it. If anyone comes into this building, I'll knock them unconscious with that spade over there, and then hide them in the hay.

EVERYONE nods in concurrence. The two FRIENDS (or at least ALLIES) take one corner after SCOTT picks up the tool. The SKINHEAD takes the other edge by the gate.

SKINHEAD 1

(giving Scott a funny look)

You must really like Charlie Chaplin...

GORDON BECKER

Oh for fuck's sake, this is getting ridiculous! It's a Hitler mustache! You must know that!

SRK

Right!

SKINHEAD 1
 (defiant)
 I wouldn't talk that way to someone
 called 'Nails'....

GORDON BECKER
 Alright, Muppet Nails, I'll be quiet.
 This is going to be a shit 20
 minutes...

GORDON collapses to the floor by the side of SCOTT, without
 saying another word.

SKINHEAD 1
 What's wrong with him?

SRK
 Mercury poisoning. Too much seafood.
 He'll be awake, in a minute.

SKINHEAD 1
 (cold)
 I didn't ask when he'll be awake.

An even more hostile atmosphere starts to grow. The SRK looks
 away from MUPPET and at the wall in front of him, instead. He
 plots inside his mind, as if he were playing a game of chess.
 The SKINHEAD doesn't know whether to trust SCOTT, and wonders
 where the prize VR could be. He must have covered every inch
 of Charltonham... Maybe someone stole it and drove off with
 it. After a long third of an hour, a collection of rackety
 thumps travel through the barn door along with the deep,
 uneducated voices of 9 NAZIS.

GANG OF NAZIS
 Hey, Muppet! You in there??

Being rather impatient, a couple of the GROUP kick the door
 open. It doesn't break, instead it slams towards the walls and
 into SCOTT'S and the SKINHEAD'S faces. Milliseconds later, it
 wallops GORDON'S limp body. The TWO carry on standing like
 they aren't in agony, whilst the bald, denim-clad GANG pile
 into the shed. They leave the door open, ready to take the
 INHABITANTS away.

GANG OF NAZIS
 Let's go.

After being awoken by the disturbance, GORDON picks himself
 up. The GANG pull MUPPET by the clothes and the two ALLIES by
 the hair, far outside. It is now seen that around and
 underneath the barn, is a level concrete area, covered with
 snow... No? Alright then.

The large metallic, block shaped construction now in front of them and on their right, is on the same stuff along with the three poorly parked saloon cars, in front of that. On the right of the just described and its passageway, are a couple of unknown but non-suspect (just a farm, isn't it?) wooden buildings, again on top of concrete. Beyond the whole site is an indefinite amount of countryside.

SKINHEAD 2

Hey, what's your name?

SRK

I'm the Sausage Roll Killer.

SKINHEAD 2

Cool. I'm Nuke. Come with us. Muppet, go see what the police are up to.

SRK

What are you doing about CCTV?

SKINHEAD 2

Relax; we have no reason to be watched, we've done nothing illegal. Well, nothing that could have been seen. Anyway, CCTV can't see through car windows.

SRK

What about CCTV round your base? I'm known to police...

SKINHEAD 2

Are you? Cool. Don't worry, I'll cover your face with something.

As SCOTT and GORDON are forced into a backseat by two of his new ASSOCIATES, MUPPET makes his way to his ride.

46. Nazi Radio

INT: NAZI SALOON CAR - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

The insides of this car are composed of grey tanned goatskin, for the most part. The main exceptions are the ash-white (another form of grey) plastic dashboard and its speedometer and buttons; a fundamental design, but a design done well. The thick, black carpet is the main deviation to the near unified style, chosen perhaps by some kind of subconscious reasoning; does the nazi want to around things that are thick, like him? Finding out is a job for MENTAL. The NAZI slides the key into the ignition, and starts the car to get down to business. This action also lights up a number of green lights on the control panel, but the FASCIST is far too serious to appreciate them.

He revs the car's thunderous engine with little concern for his safety, or anyone else's.

He thrusts away from the other cars as well as the equestrian centre, leaving skid marks and irked OBSERVERS behind him. Having passed the timber buildings that were just in view on the right, a similar two approach on the same side right away. These were once hidden by the unknown, metal building opposite them and that was facing the NAZIS, before leaving the barn. (Once they turned 45 degrees to the right, that is). Seen, but not for long is the steel building's plain left side, not front. (Yes, this is very matter of fact writing, even difficult, but get used to it. This is how policemen operate. Want a joke or something? Read Nostradamus Ate My Hamster). The whole settlement is long gone in seconds. With a kilometer of now very, very familiar countryside to get through before he reaches Charltonham, MUPPET relaxes at breakneck speed. He enjoys the undisturbed landscape alone and right now, being alone is just dandy; Muppet, indeed. -- He turns on his favourite radio channel and the HOST is heard. This PRESENTER could be almost any age or even sex. He/she has a sinister, disguised and deep voice.

RADIO STATION

Welcome to the Aryan Weather
Forecast...
Frankfurt am Main; 30 degrees celsius;
very pleasant.
Cologne; 30 degrees celsius; again,
very nice and superior.
Hamburg; 30 degrees celsius;
excellent, predictable and efficient
weather, yet again. I think you know
how hot everywhere else in Germany
is...

SKINHEAD 1

(idealistic)

What a great place to live...

RADIO STATION

Planning a nice holiday to the old
axis countries? Italy, Japan, Hungary,
Romania, the Slovak Republic,
Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Croatia and
Thailand, have universal temperatures
of 28 degrees celsius. Not as nice as
Germany, but still more than
reasonable.

SKINHEAD 1

(sad)

No mention of England...

RADIO STATION

Now, we move onto previously and remaining communist traitor countries.

SKINHEAD 1

(with a childlike
anger)

God, they make my blood boil...

RADIO STATION

Moscow; -50 degrees celsius; your exposed fingers and nose would quickly freeze off.

St. Petersburg; -60; what a shithole...

Novosibirsk; -70; a fast, but horrible death...

SKINHEAD 1

No surprise, there...

RADIO STATION

China, Korea, Vietnam, Lao and Cuba all have temperatures of around -20 degrees, celsius.

SKINHEAD 1

I knew it!

RADIO STATION

... And finally, we move on to the only other country that matters; England. Everywhere is around 29 degrees, C.

SKINHEAD 1

Take that, commies!

Now in front of the NAZI is the entrance to Charltonham. Probably best to slow down and obey the speed limit. Especially as the police presence has increased like cancer over the last few days - the cancer on crime. Was that too cheesy? I do apologise. Here is just your everyday middle-class, vegetative setup along with a never ending supply of DRIVERS going to places of work, etc. You may have seen one or two, before. Things aren't too different from the kind of descriptions you read before of the spa town. ('Nooooo shit.....' Well.... Alright, fair enough). Use your mind and be creative; maybe you could be a detective.

RADIO STATION

Now that I've dealt with the weather, I will start this afternoon's first discussion...

Should the police in Charltonham be removed and replaced by a Nazi army?

SKINHEAD 1

Interesting....

A few seconds pass.

RADIO STATION

Wow... We have a caller, already...

ADULT MALE CALLER

(proud)

Hello. Yes, it should.

RADIO STATION

Ok and can you go a little deeper for me, please?...

ADULT MALE CALLER

Sorry, no. Bye! White power!

RADIO STATION

Alright, anyone else?

ADULT MALE CALLER NO.2

Yes, it should...

RADIO STATION

Mm-hm. Care to elaborate?

ADULT MALE CALLER NO.2

White power!

RADIO STATION

And anything else?

ADULT MALE CALLER NO.2

(awkward)

... We must secure the assistance... a system... pistons...

RADIO STATION

(hopeful)

Go on....

RADIO STATION

(gaining confidence slightly)

We must secure pistons for our people... steeple... We must secure pistons for church steeples, and a future for white cauldrons...

RADIO STATION
The 13 words?...

ADULT MALE CALLER NO.2
No, 14...

RADIO STATION
No, I think 13. You really put a
different spin on the old slogan.

ADULT MALE CALLER NO.2
Thanks.

RADIO STATION
Shame it meant fuck all.

ADULT MALE CALLER NO.2
Oh.

RADIO STATION
(frustration shows
through the
distortion)
Any opinions from someone sane?

The SKINHEAD needs to watch himself. He is listening so hard to the radio he risks crashing. What makes things worse, is the infamous lack of diversity the town has to offer. Such routine could tire out anyone. He has so far made no slip ups, but all those curbs are easy to overlook...

ADULT MALE CALLER NO.3
(angry)
There is no VR, it's all lies!!

RADIO STATION
Well... A response like that had to
come some time in this nanny state, I
guess...

ADULT MALE CALLER NO.4
(passionate)
WE MUST DESTROY THE SPREAD OF
TUESDAYISM!!!!

RADIO STATION
You moron...

ADULT MALE CALLER NO.5
HE MEANT CHEWSDAY! EATING DAY!

RADIO STATION

(getting angry)

This isn't fascism it's anarchy and technically, you're enemies of the state... Go back to Russia.

ADULT MALE CALLER NO.4

NO, I MEANT TUESDAYISM! HATRED OF TUESDAYS!

RADIO STATION

Jesus Christ. Here's some music so I don't have to listen to your nonsense. You should all be sterilized.

Wagner is heard on the radio and the uninterested SKINHEAD turns it off, causing him a touch of shame.

SKINHEAD 1

(thinking to himself)

Dunno what to listen to, now... At least the traffic isn't bad.. Need to get some white powder, it sounds great...

Bored, the NAZI switches on the radio, again, but this time does a spot of browsing.

RADIO STATION NO.2

We're finally married! I've never been so happy! Wait... What was that flash?... Oh shi.....

SKINHEAD 1

No...

RADIO STATION NO.3

The weather in Hamburg is mostly rainy, today...

SKINHEAD 1

Lies...

RADIO STATION NO.4

On Anthem Repeats FM, we have Germany's theme tune coming up next...

SKINHEAD 1

I guess that will have to do..

RADIO STATION NO.4

After the advert, that is...

A jingle plays...

RADIO STATION NO.4

Stacy's Toothpaste should never go to waste. It will cleanse all of your face.

SKINHEAD 1

'All of your face?' How does that work?

Little does he realise, he is thinking about the product like the advert intended.

RADIO STATION NO.4

Deutschland, Deutschland uber alles...

A few misguided and patriotic minutes pass, before the SKINHEAD leaves the streets for the cities of ants and worms. What goes on there, is a subject for another publication. You think THIS story is dark. It's a lot safer to speed round here, both physically and legally, so he does once more. What would be a 20 minute journey through hushed, mild twists and turns, instead takes around ten. To the benefit of all concerned, the mid-tempo music repeated on the radio has a sedative effect on the NAZI and reduces his urge to speed even further.

.... And after that 600 second adrenaline rush, is Cliff-Burton-on-the-Water! MENTAL and MORGAN'S houses are near by. However, left hand detached cottages opposite grounds, need to be passed first. Seeing reason, the NAZI drives by them with a more easy going attitude than before. So that's something. Everyone here has their own fenced off little area, and all keep up appearances by demonstrating often obsessive cleanliness. Roads are without potholes, individualised bushes are trimmed with ostentatious skill; everything seems ideal. Much of this town develops little. Its most notable difference between its entrance and much of its heart, is that the latter has homes on both sides of the road, not one. Double the likeableness? Maybe...

After a few more dollops of cruising, CAPTAIN MENTAL'S abode is now in sight. His cottage is situated by the sides of two others and along a peaceful, uneven road. Plants, etc. are a vibrant green. Trees are everywhere. In fact there is more vegetation in the whole area than anything manmade. A charming, ancient stone bridge is also in sight along with a narrow, energetic river running underneath it.

Do you remember that paragraph? Probably not, so does it really matter? It's just a reminder. :P

The SKINHEAD parks on the side of the road. Now he is a few meters away from MENTAL'S and MORGAN'S hard to describe twice in an interesting way, residences. He gets out and sneaks up to the former's door.

He then presses his ear against it, hard. His idea is working; a conversation is just about heard.

47. Behind the Scenes

INT: CAPTAIN MENTAL'S LIVING ROOM - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

MENTAL is again seated at his trademark table, but with MORGAN now facing him. The old piles of paper on it have been filed away with respect, and are out of sight. The heat from the fire is now appreciated by both and its soft, snapping sound has a healing effect. The TV plays in the background but it goes pretty much unnoticed. However, its cheerful gardening program showed on it adds to the overall atmosphere of positivity. MORGAN is still drunk, so let's hope he doesn't start feeling too good. A nice, balanced and happy outlook is the ideal goal.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(slurred and ecstatic)

You're the greateest.... The way you got me out of Jesters Way, without me being suspected of being drunk, was puuuuure geniuuuus....

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(with an impressive tolerance)

No problem. All I did was tell you to lean against the various walls we passed, so you didn't fall over. I did all the talking, so why would anyone notice anything weird from you?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

I noticeeed, you did...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Mh-hm. The worst part was getting you out of the reception, without your limping being spotted. The way I held the three receptionist's concentration as you left and nearly fell over... THAT was genius, my friend... I think the bus driver now thinks you're an alcoholic, but you can't have everything.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(almost falling off his chair)

We should get to....
woooooooooooooork.....

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Woah there... Yes... As you know...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (quickly cutting in and
 trying to appear
 professional)
 Yes...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (ignoring him)
 ... There have been no sightings of
 Scott and his accomplice, and his
 suicide note checks out...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 ... You mentioned we're
 investigaaaaating the threat of a nazi
 retaaaaaaliation?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 I was about to get onto that. The
 Chief of Police said that for all we
 know, nazis are planning to spy on the
 police, and gather intelligence right
 now. And I'm sure that's not all! If
 you weren't drunk the whole day, you
 could have at least opened your letter
 cage... Just saying... But you're
 incompetent...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 So, what dooo we do?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 You know...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (cutting in, again)
 Yes...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 ...what the good thing about nazis,
 is?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Whaat?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 They all dress and look the same. Not
 one of them has any hair, apart from
 maybe a beard or two. Some of them
 even have swastikas tattooed on them.
 They might as well just shout that
 they're racist.

Monitoring them on CCTV is almost effortless, in built up areas with surveillance. Did you know that?... Intelligence suggests most nazis round here, are based in Duke's-Berry.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

That's what I thought... What about places withouuut surveillance, like here... Should we be on guuuuard? Naziiss are scaryyy.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I wouldn't worry. No nazi knows of any police personally, I'm sure. We're safe.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

That's what I thought.... Has anything weirrrrd been spotted round Duke's-Berry?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Morgan, you're making this sound like another info-dump! I mean, nope. Not yet. Just the overheard chatter about a non-specific retaliation, against us police.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Ohhh, so that's whyyy we suspect themm...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Mm... That was in response to Benito being fired at. Apparently it was very funny.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Yesss, Benito is a bellennnd...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(under his breath)

I'm the butler...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

What?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(ignoring him)

It's assumed a lot worse talk goes on behind closed doors. What we do know is, one individual was seen running around Charltonham, for a number of hours.

However, it is believed he was looking for a free VR. In fact, I'm almost certain that's what he was doing. At least you know about THAT.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Thaaat's what I thought. I guess we couuuld bugggg the nazis.....

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Exactly. Now they have the legal power to do so, a secret service....

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(confident)
Yes.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
... officer is bugging their hideout, as we speak. Unfortunately for us, we have harder assignments to work on... Such as explaining how the B&B protesters suddenly ended up at the police station, without explanation....

CONSTABLE MORGAN
That's what Iiii thought. Just saaay the green blob, which had nothing to do with king-sized chewing gum, and that we couldn't have stopped, attacked them and temporarily dammmaged their braaaains. Then giveee them a loaaad of money...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Sounds good, to me.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
That's wh....

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Please be quiet.

A very soft tap is heard coming from the entrance.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Hey.... Did you hear that?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
I think soooo...

EXT: OUTSIDE CAPTAIN MENTAL'S HOUSE - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

CAPTAIN MENTAL'S abode is in sight again by the NAZI, and as you should remember, up very close. (You haven't been skipping pages, have you? :O). His cottage is situated by the sides of two others and along a peaceful, uneven road. Plants, etc. are a vibrant green. Trees are everywhere. In fact there is more vegetation in the whole area than anything manmade. A charming ancient stone bridge is also in sight, along with a narrow energetic river, running underneath it.

Now that I've set the scene once more, we can get to the action. The last two sentences spoken by the POLICEMEN startled the NAZI, and rightly so. He has mere seconds to get out of here. As you probably would expect, he dashes away from the door towards his transport. Not even bothering to check if anyone is looking at him, he pulls his car door open and leaps in. Performing all the necessary operations in one single haze, he speeds away at maximum power. This causes his wheels to skid and howl and create a choke-inducing smoke, once more.

To get to the quiet safety of the nearby, rustic roads, those palatable cottages need to be passed, beforehand. Doing so doesn't take long at this velocity, but it's hard to get away from somewhere in such a noisy fashion, without drawing attention to oneself. Whether he has or hasn't is impossible for him to say. Soon with only road and farmland for company, he stops, picks his mobile from his trouser pocket and makes a call from inside his car.

SKINHEAD 1

(dramatic)

Hey Nuke... I have some very important news!!

NUKE

(calm)

What is it, Muppet?

SKINHEAD 1

Look, fuck you. I'm only telling you, if you give me a decent name.

NUKE

(with a kind of respect)

Of course... Gun Face.

GUN FACE

Right. So, the police know we're going to attack them! They're bugging our Duke's-Berry hideout, as we speak. We need to go somewhere new.

NUKE

(rational)

Fuck. Meet me and the gang at Code Zero. You know where to go. I'll tell the others.

GUN FACE

Cheers. Oh, and wear a hat and sunglasses and change your number plates. You're being monitored on CCTV!

NUKE

God dammit. At least there isn't any CCTV at Zero... What are you going to wear?

GUN FACE

There isn't a lot I can do, really...

NUKE

Well to be safe, dump your car a few miles away from us, and walk the rest of the journey with something hiding your face. But don't stand out!

GUN FACE

Er... I'll try not to. See ya.

After hanging up, he turns on the radio and flicks through the channels, once again. He settles on the following...

RADIO STATION NO.5

Many of our listeners have been phoning in, saying they're worried about an attack at the Charltonham Food Festival, tomorrow. As I have said before a number of times, the chef killers are now DEAD. There will be no risk to life, whatsoever.

49. The Risk

INT: CHARLTONHAM HEAD OFFICE - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

Here is an eccentric room with colourful, abstract artwork on the ceiling and all walls. Steve Vai-inspired swirls of greens, yellows, blues and reds go up and down in long, semi-random waves. The carpet in contrast is a simple light, revitalising grey. Centered in the madness, is a pink plastic desk with the latest TV, iPod, computer and radio on it. However, just the last two are turned on. Seated on his yellow, rubber-coated chair is the EVENTS ORGANISER. This MAN is 50 years old but dresses like a teenager, in a hooded top and tracksuit bottoms.

He has dyed yellow hair and a pure black, pencil beard.

RADIO STATION NO.5

Rumours that visitors will need to purchase helmets and bullet proof vests, have been spread by hopeful, specialised dealers and are completely without basis. The following companies have apologised...

EVENTS ORGANISER

I knew it! I can't believe some of my fool advisors suggested I cancel the whole event. I've spent months planning the thing and have invested most of my money into it! Not going to happen!

RADIO STATION NO.5

... Having said that the general public are safe, police officers however, are in grave danger. Why? Because of a nazi grudge.

The RADIO STATION HOST sounds a comedy-horror jingle.

RADIO STATION NO.5

If anyone notices a non-existent police presence coming up, it's because they will be soon dressed as normal civilians, so they won't draw attention to themselves. It is hoped that no nazi will be bothered by this and end up shooting at people at random.

An even more sinister tune is played.

RADIO STATION NO.5

Only joking, I'm sure that won't happen. Just trying to keep things light at Inappropriate FM! Here's some Abba! :D

The EVENTS ORGANISER turns off the radio.

EVENTS ORGANISER

That better be taken as a joke. If people turn up at all, I don't want them panicky at my festival and not feeling like eating. Though maybe they'll be more likely to consume alcohol, to deal with their anxiety... Hm... That gives me an idea...

The E.O. opens up condesendmail.com, and composes an email to all of his employees.

EMAIL

Dear employees, as you know we're a business. As business people, we want to make as much money as possible. SO... how about we play calming music in the food tasting sections of the festival. That should put people at ease and make them feel like spending their money on food. After all, people don't feel like eating when they're stressed. Which brings me to my next idea. For the wine tasting sections of the festival, we could scare the shit out of our customers and make them want to get drunk, to take their nervousness away. Really brutal death metal/goregrind could be played in the background. Staff could wear hockey masks and carry knives 'to cut up food, elsewhere', etc., etc. As valued workers, I would love to know what you think. Best wishes, Howard.

With an open mind, he sends the email with the click of a mouse. An automated message responds to this action.

CONDESENDMAIL.COM

You've just sent an email! Well done!
Have a biscuit!

EVENTS ORGANISER

This new email service is weird...

The E.O. Tries to shut the program down.

CONDESENDMAIL.COM

You've just tried to close me down.
Are you SURE that's what you want to do? Why don't you sit and think about it, for a while?

EVENTS ORGANISER

(annoyed)
No thanks...

The MAN tries again.

CONDESENDMAIL.COM

You responded to my message really quickly! I would love someone as clever as you, to continue using my services. :)

EVENTS ORGANISER

Yes I did. Can you fuck off, please?

He clicks, a third time.

CONDESENDMAIL.COM

Did you know by leaving this page, you may miss emails that have been sent in the last few seconds? They could be important... Click 'yes' or 'no' to the question.

He clicks 'yes'.

CONDESENDMAIL.COM

Wow, you're knowledgeable as well as quick! I hope you have a great day, because you deserve it! Bye!

EVENTS ORGANISER

Right, good! Now I can do some goddamn work!

An enveloped shaped icon is shown on the top right corner of his now website-less computer screen. Confused, the E.O. clicks on it.

CONDESENDMAIL.COM

You're awesome!

EVENTS ORGANISER

Christ...

After shutting the notification down, HOWARD opens up his events planning software and gets busy. A couple of bars of specially composed jazz music, plays.

TYPING INTO EVENTS ORGANISER

Large, sound-proof tents to house food and drink: £1000 each.
The hiring of famous TV personalities: £2000 an hour, each.
Royalties to pay obscure death metal/goregrind bands: £10 an hour.

HOWARD sits back to think for a while. It's best not to rush these things... At this point, knocking is heard on the door.

EVENTS ORGANISER

(calm)

Who is it?...

SERGEANT EVANS
 (heard through the
 entrance, with a
 serious tone)
 It's the police...

EVENTS ORGANISER
 (under his breath)
 Oh, God...

SERGEANT EVANS
 I heard that!

EVENTS ORGANISER
 (even quieter)
 Good.

SERGEANT EVANS
 (getting frustrated)
 And that!...

EVENTS ORGANISER
 (more so)
 Come in...

EVANS enters the room in a Hawaiian shirt and jeans. He shuts the door, behind him.

SERGEANT EVANS
 (grave)
 It's bad news, I'm afraid...

EVENTS ORGANISER
 I bet it is... You're dressed up,
 already?..

SERGEANT EVANS
 Might as well get used to the idea.
 Anyway, never mind all that, the chef
 killers are still alive; they've been
 seen on CCTV. We went to their nazi
 hideout, but they weren't there. They
 could be anywhere, and they're most
 likely planning to attack your
 festival, as we speak...

EVENTS ORGANISER
 What evidence do you have?

SERGEANT EVANS
 They have proven associations with
 nazis, for one thing...

EVENTS ORGANISER

I don't mean to sound cold, but that suggests they want to attack you, not me and my staff.

SERGEANT EVANS

Ok, well the Sausage Roll Killer has already killed chefs on three separate occasions! He's stated that he wants to kill as many cooks as possible, and your event is the obvious target...

EVENTS ORGANISER

(dark)

Oh, I knew you'd bring that up... Say... Let's talk this over at dinner...

SERGEANT EVANS

(edgy)

Ok....

EVENTS ORGANISER

Maybe we could have..... Fish....

SERGEANT EVANS

What do you mean?...

EVENTS ORGANISER

Y'know... Fish... Obviously we can't eat them alive.. First they'll have to be poisoned... Or however you kill the animals...

SERGEANT EVANS

(shocked)

What do you know?

EVENTS ORGANISER

Enough...

SERGEANT EVANS

How??

EVENTS ORGANISER

That's not important.

SERGEANT EVANS

(desperate)

Look, that had nothing to do with me...

EVENTS ORGANISER

That's not important, either...

SERGEANT EVANS
But people's lives are at risk!

EVENTS ORGANISER
Rubbish! They'll be police all over
the place, they won't have a chance of
hurting anybody! They probably won't
even have a chance of making it to the
festival!

SERGEANT EVANS
(nervous)
Good point...

EVENTS ORGANISER
(with a subdued but
threatening tone)
So we have a deal? I keep quiet and
you let my plans go ahead?

SERGEANT EVANS
I guess the criminals won't have a
chance...

EVENTS ORGANISER
Exactly. Now let's pretend this whole
conversation never happened... And by
the way; who sent you?

SERGEANT EVANS
No one, I came alone...

EVENTS ORGANISER
Uh-huh?... Make your excuses, did you?

SERGEANT EVANS
(confused)
In a way, yes...

EVENTS ORGANISER
Were persuaded everything will turn
out fine?

SERGEANT EVANS
Yeah...

EVENTS ORGANISER
That's what I thought.

SERGEANT EVANS
(creeped out)
Ok...

INT: LIVING ROOM IN UPPER PENSOCK - 5 MINUTES LATER, 3:30 PM

Considering this smoke-ridden room is holding a good 13 heavily puffing PEOPLE, this place is quite small. 9 of the vapour-cloaked GUESTS in it, are AK47 wielding GANG MEMBERS. There is also a weaponised SCOTT and GORDON, as well as a male and female CAREGIVER who are also armed. The 'father' calls himself NUKE SENIOR. His name is a paradox. He is a 50 year old respectable looking man in casual clothes, typical of his age. He is thin and has a grey-brown mop haircut. MRS. NUKE is also 50 and is fat with long blonde hair. She wears fashionable clothing.

Evidently cramped with evil, it is not however uncomfortable here; everyone is sitting on soft, cotton settees that are against the walls. As fluffy as they are, they don't make GORDON and SCOTT any less wired. Just about perceivable is the glass table in the centre, holding a box of some kind of grenades. It could easily shatter, just like... No, that's too many one liners for now. Enough is enough. Most of the fumes have risen to the ceiling, covering it in entirety. Thus, the lights are invisible; instead, there is just a bright yellowy glow that fades into nothing. Other than the thick atmosphere, this is a normal appearing room as intended. No black, red and white nazis colours are here, just a mixture of different shades of beige.

NUKE

(edgy)

Thanks for letting us hide here, at such short notice.

NUKE SENIOR

(cold and unemotional
like the 9 gang
members - excluding
Nuke)

Any time. I still had enough time to set up a surprise for you, that you'll see later... Didn't I, Nuke?

NUKE

That's right, Nuke Senior.

GHOST

Are you ok, Nuke? You seem a little troubled....

NUKE

I'm fine.

NUKE SENIOR

Anyway, our face painting friend you asked for should be here, later today.

She's going to stay the night and work on you, tomorrow. Hey Scott, I've been meaning to ask...

SRK
(a little nervous)
What?

NUKE SENIOR
What in God's name are you wearing?

SRK
Er... Just a bra and a shoe... Do you like them?

NUKE SENIOR
No, I don't. You're not planning to wear them to the festival are you?

SRK
(respectful)
No, Sir. Do you have a change of clothes, please?

NUKE SENIOR
Not for someone as big as you. I'll get Mrs. Nuke to get you something.

MRS. NUKE
(warm)
What would you like?

SRK
I don't mean to sound ungrateful, but can I have clothes for men, please?

NUKE SENIOR
(puzzled)
Did you think I was going to give you some of my wife's clothes?

SRK
(awkward)
That's what it sounded like.

NUKE SENIOR
For Christ's sake. I just meant she could get you something from the local shops!

SRK
Oh thank God. Ok that would be great, thanks...

NUKE SENIOR
So, what clothes would you like?

SRK
Hippies are pretty harmless, aren't they?

NUKE SENIOR
(trying to bring him
closer to the group)
Good thinking. Get the transvestite
some sandals and a shirt with flowers
on them, Deirdre! And while you're at
it, get hippie clothes for everyone
else!

MRS. NUKE
Right you are! Bye!

DEIRDRE leaves the room in part guided by her hands, and seeming eager not to let out any smoke. Then she leaves the house. The front door is heard slamming with about as much force as normal, so that's something to be pleased about.

NUKE SENIOR
(in a sort of friendly
tone)
I like the toothbrush mustache, by the way. You must be a really big fan of...

SRK
(with frustration that
has built over many
days)
NO! IT'S BASED ON HITLER!

NUKE SENIOR
(surprised)
That's what I was going to say...

SRK
(relieved)
Really?

NUKE SENIOR
Yes!

SRK
Oh... Ok...

NUKE SENIOR
I mean Hitler would be the obvious thing to say, wouldn't it?

SRK

Yes... Yes, I suppose so...

NUKE SENIOR

Fruitcake. Anyway, you need to shave it off. Does your friend ever say anything?

GORDON BECKER

(cheerful)

Hellooo....

NUKE SENIOR

(disapproving)

.... Never mind. Is everyone enjoying holding their guns?

The NAZIS raise their weapons to the air in triumph.

GROUP OF NAZIS

(in high spirits)

Yeah!!!

NUKE SENIOR

And no one has left any weapons or ammo at the Duke's-Berry hideout?

GROUP OF NAZIS

No!

NUKE SENIOR

Excellent. Tomorrow will be a very black day for the police!

GROUP OF NAZIS

Yes!

SRK

You have a very cool dad, Nuke.

All the NAZIS murmur as they often do, but this time with high regard. Nuke leaves his seat to pat NUKE SENIOR on the shoulder. The LATTER looks at him with grateful eyes.

NUKE

(sort of warm)

He's not my dad, but he's been like a father to me. Our relationship has been kept secret for many years. We don't phone or use any electronic communication, - other than Scott's untraceable mobile, that is - we just meet in person. That's why here is such a great place to hide. No one would ever know.

SRK
 Excellent. Are you sure we'll all be
 able to fit in Nuke Senior's van,
 tomorrow?

NUKE makes his way back down.

NUKE
 Of course we can, we're not idiots.

SRK
 Just checking. So... What are you all
 getting painted on your faces?

GROUP OF NAZIS TOGETHER
 (excited)
 Bratwurst!

SRK
 (nervous)
 Can't you have some less Germanic
 artwork done?

NUKE
 Not all Germans are nazis, Scott.

SRK
 No. Of course not. But how about going
 for something Russian? Beef
 Stroganoff?

The irony is, there is a cold silence.

NUKE
 (moving on)
 ... Now, I guess all there is to do is
 to wait for Gun Face to arrive...

SRK
 Who's Gun Face?

NUKE
 You know him as 'Muppet'.

SRK
 Muppet the Muppet...

GORDON nods with a couple of small movements. Perhaps to his
 luck, no one notices.

SRK
 ...Ok, well whatever.

NUKE claps his hands together.

NUKE

(edgy but excited)

Right! Let's get a conversation going... I spy with my little eye, something beginning with 'B'...

BALDO

We can barely see anything...

NUKE

Use your imaginations... What do you think's here?

BALDO

(hopeful)

Is it me?

NUKE

Nope.

RAZORFACE

Is it me?

NUKE

I said 'B'.

PITBULL

Is it me?

NUKE

Er...

STITCHES

That leaves me, Scary, Ghost, Python and Concrete...

NUKE

It's none of you!

A couple of ever more sightless hours go by, and the overall mood is one of almost constant enthusiasm. However, NUKE'S game produces both its highs and lows. After much brain-straining, the GROUP OF NAZIS become exhausted.

GROUP OF NAZIS

We give up...

NUKE

(with a cheesy grin)

It's 'bobsleigh'...

BALDO

(confused)

What? A bobsleigh would NEVER be in a place like this!

NUKE

That's where you're wrong! Me and Nuke Senior glued a bobsleigh to the smoke covered ceiling for special, blind I-spy events! I'll let out all of the fumes and show you...

NUKE opens the living room door and then the front door, trying to appear humble. The GROUP OF NAZIS wait around in suspense, as their vision gets more and more restored.

RAZORFACE

This has to be one of the best setups I've ever seen.

PITBULL

Here, here...

All Nazis waft the smoke from the room with their hands. Contrary to all reason and sure enough, a bobsleigh is revealed above EVERYONE. A universal round of applause starts to build at an exponential rate, as NUKE sits back down having left the doors open.

NUKE

You're too kind. It was really nothing.

PITBULL

That's a load of rubbish. A lot of thought and effort went into that.

NUKE

Oh, you...

PYTHON

It's not just that. Everyone round here smokes all the time, so this seemed like just another day. And you never gave us any kind of clues. We didn't expect anything weird, at all!

GUN FACE burts into the room and jumps into a star-shaped pose. His trousers cover much of his face, as blood pours from his forehead. Everyone gawks at him.

GUN FACE

(excited)

Ta-da!

NUKE

(calm)

Hello, Gun Face.

CONCRETE
I liked 'Muppet'...

GUN FACE
(annoyed)
No. Gun Face. Get used to it.

GUN FACE looks upwards at a rate so slow, it appears something is wrong with his neck. In reality, he is just in shock.

GUN FACE
... Why is a bobsleigh on the ceiling?

STITCHES
For a special event, you just missed it.

NUKE
He should have been here earlier. Anyway, you appear to be bleeding quite heavily onto Nuke Senior's Carpet.

GUN FACE
Yes.

NUKE SENIOR
(trying to appear honourable)
I'll clean it up later.

GUN FACE
Thanks. I couldn't get someone to paint my face, so I used natural paint - blood.

NUKE
I see...

GUN FACE
(excited again)
I bashed my head through the side windows of my car, then wrapped my trousers round the wound, so it looked like I was on my way to hospital!

GF takes off his homemade bandages, resulting in blood spurting even more from his many cuts. Some NAZIS next to him get blood in their faces.

NUKE
(ignoring the blood loss)
I was going to ask about your trousers...

Did you come across many places that may have used CCTV?

GUN FACE

No, I went the long route across rural roads, and sometimes off road... That's why I took so long to get here.

NUKE

So you losing a pint or so of blood was in fact pointless?

GUN FACE

(not caring)

I think so, yeah. Anyway, I have a bit of bad news...

NUKE

(stoic)

Go on...

GUN FACE

I was listening to the radio and apparently, the police are going to dress as normal citizens, tomorrow. They won't stand out and we won't know who to attack...

NUKE

Oh, for fuck's sake...

SCARY

How about we just shoot at everyone at the event?

NUKE

Sounds good to me. Twenty guns and countless ammo? They'll be carnage and most likely some of the dead will be police, anyway.

MRS NUKE enters the room, carrying several bags of shopping and looking pleased.

MRS NUKE

Brought it home, daddio!

A collection of 'thank yous' are heard, then SCOTT has an idea.

SRK
 (happy)
 Hey, I have a policeman's phone
 number? Who wants to hear a prank
 call?

51. Let Down

INT: NAZI BEDROOM IN DUKE'S-BERRY - IMMEDIATELY AFTER (5:40
 PM)

Oh dear. This isn't good. Portraits of Adolf Hitler hang on the black, brush stroked walls. Next to the posters are 20 weaponless gun racks, from black roof to black floor. The bed is in the shape and colour of a scaled-down (no shit) V2 rocket, and the drawn curtains have pictures of panzer tanks on them. The bin's just a bin, but it's metal; arguably one of the most angry materials. The red lighting comes from a skull shaped lantern, hanging from the ceiling by a black wire. It rocks back and forth with a slow eeriness. Yes, even the light which is often associated with Jesus is creepy. The royal-attired CAPTAIN MENTAL and the party-clothed SERGEANT EVANS, are wandering about and searching for clues. Both white gloved OFFICERS are carrying sealed plastic bags, with clothes and other various items showing through. When the CAPTAIN'S phone rings, he places his container on the bed and takes the call.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (stressed out)
 Hello?

Loud giggling is heard in the background.

SRK
 (trying not to laugh,
 and just about pulling
 it off)
 Hello Mental, it's Prince William.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Really?

SRK
 Yeah...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 What do you want from me?

SRK
 I want to award you a new medal to go
 with your red army suit.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Oh my God! That's great news!

SRK
Yes, congratulations!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(fascinated)
What's it for?

SRK
(excited)
It's for being the best, greatest one
of your kind of all time! You're a
true hero!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
What's my kind? A policeman?

SRK
A nincompoop!

Loud laughter is heard from the phone.

CONCRETE
(heard quietly)
Excellent put down! First known use,
in 1676!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(trying to contain
anger)
You're just like your brother, you
know that? I could go to a newspaper,
about this!

A 'sieg heil' is heard at a moderate volume.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
I'm going to go, now. You think about
what you've said.

MENTAL hangs up, infuriated.

SERGEANT EVANS
Who was that?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Prince William. Royalty today is a
joke.

SERGEANT EVANS
How do you know it was him?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
He knew how I dress. I don't give my
phone number to just anyone, so it
couldn't have been a prank call.

SERGEANT EVANS
 (surprised)
 Does he have your number?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 He's the Prince, he has everyone's
 number.

SERGEANT EVANS
 (expecting a negative
 answer)
 What did he say?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Just that I've won a medal for being
 the best ever bellend or something,
 sieg heil, and all of that stuff.

SERGEANT EVANS
 Wow. I bet he's dressed as a nazi,
 right now.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (upset)
 Most likely. Can we talk about
 something else?

SERGEANT EVANS
 Sure. Just ignore the call. You're
 better than him.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Exactly.

EVANS twiddles his thumbs.

SERGEANT EVANS
 (in a comforting tone)
 So... Obviously you're not going to
 dress in red military uniform
 tomorrow...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Na, I think I'll dress like you.

SERGEANT EVANS
 Nice...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Yeah.

Having spent a long period of time with each other,
 conversation is running dry. The two OFFICERS look around the
 room, trying to find something else to say. They soon realise
 they don't really have much good to look at, so they're stuck.

Then without warning, someone throws a rock through the window, missing the TWOSOME by a whisker. Glass flies all over the place.

ANGRY TEENAGER
Nazi scum!

The youngster is heard running off.

SERGEANT EVANS
(moving on)
Eek... So, any more thoughts about the suicide note that was on the bed?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Let's have a look at it, again...

EVANS hands MENTAL the folded note from inside his pocket.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(reading aloud)
Dear Captain Mental, as you are a fine policeman, we know we have no chance of getting away from you. Therefore, the Pony Crew and I have to decided to kill ourselves. Also, we have thrown all of our guns away. To show our respect for you, you can do what you want with the house. It's now yours. Want any more info? Tough... You scullion! You rampallian! You fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe!

CAPTAIN MENTAL screws up the paper and throws it to the floor, in frustration.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
I'm not falling for that, again. And Scott could have least written a more original suicide note, if he wants us to think he's dead...

SERGEANT EVANS
Maybe that's what the Shakespeare was about... Anyway, I wouldn't be too annoyed. As it suggests they're not coming back, it's still a vital piece of evidence. They must be clever if they know we're already on to them...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
They can't be that clever if they didn't know we could see them through car windscreens.

SERGEANT EVANS

Good point.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Anyway, I think we're done here for now. We've collected all the DNA samples we need in our bags, and the secret services have already bugged the place. Just in case the nazis do come back, that is... What else is there to do?

SERGEANT EVANS

(concerned)

We could phone Constable Morgan and see how he's doing. He looked really unwell when I picked you up, and he couldn't stand properly.

MENTAL coughs with unease.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(with quickly found confidence)

That's flu for you.

SERGEANT EVANS

(surprised)

Is it?

MENTAL kneels down and gathers the shards of glass in his palm, as he speaks. Occupying himself makes him calmer and lie that little bit easier...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Yes, I think so. I wouldn't worry, I'm sure he's fine. He's happily carrying on with the work I left him with. He's such a trouper...

SERGEANT EVANS

The apology note for the now homeless protesters?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Yep. I trust he's doing a good job. He's very hospitable, when he's drunk.

Or maybe it doesn't...

SERGEANT EVANS

(stunned)

He's drunk??

Against his will, EVANS drops his bag onto the floor and MENTAL resumes his tidying.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Drunk on life, drunk of life...

SERGEANT EVANS
(apologetic)
Oh right. How silly of me.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
It's an easy mistake to make.

EVANS picks it back up.

SERGEANT EVANS
(still concerned)
.... Is he drunk on life, though? He must be having an awful time right now...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
You know Morgan, he's an odd person...

SERGEANT EVANS
I guess...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
No, scratch that last sentence. He's getting a new car delivered to him tomorrow, and the Chief's paying for it.

SERGEANT EVANS
I see; because of the blob?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Exactly.

SERGEANT EVANS
Maybe we should have some more words with the Events Organiser, instead?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Good thinking.

SERGEANT EVANS
I don't know what we can do to stop the thing, though... He was really weird around me, as well... It's like he was implying there's some kind of cover up going on...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Na. I'm sure that's not true.
Definitely not. The Chief is just
confident the killers will be caught.
The only cover up, is the extra amount
of secret police that are now working
on the case. Anyway, how do we try and
stop the thing? Is killing fish a
serious crime? Knowing about the
humane killing of animals many people
eat anyway, isn't the best way to
blackmail someone. Just tell Howard he
doesn't scare you and threaten HIM.

SERGEANT EVANS

People would expect better from the
police. A life is a life.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(knowing deep down, all
along)

You're right. Anyway, I think I know
how to get him to change his mind
about this whole business...

After getting up and dumping some fragments in the bin, MENTAL
makes the call. EVANS tries to be hopeful and crosses his
fingers.

EVENTS ORGANISER

Hello?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(with an intentional
warm voice)

Hello, it's Steve.

EVENTS ORGANISER

Mental Steve Mental?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(not so warm, anymore)

A pun on my name. Well done.

EVENTS ORGANISER

(annoyed by the
distraction)

What do you want?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I want you to cancel your event.

EVENTS ORGANISER

(clear)

No.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Pleaaaaase...

EVENTS ORGANISER
No.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Pleeeeeaaaaseeee....

EVENTS ORGANISER
(getting angry)
No!

In the background of the E.O.'s office, a computer voice is heard.

COMPUTER
You're the greatest!

EVENTS ORGANISER
(to his computer)
Fuck off!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(appalled)
What??

EVENTS ORGANISER
Not you!!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(hurt)
Good...

EVENTS ORGANISER
Oh I'm glad you called, actually. I heard on the radio earlier, its presenter telling everyone you will be dressed as normal civilians, tomorrow. It's not unlikely the gang of nazis know about your strategy because of him, and people talking about him. And lots of people are talking about the guy; he kept threatening to kill people, and then playing the music from the Psycho shower scene.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(shocked)
My word...

EVENTS ORGANISER
Kind of makes going undercover that extra bit harder, doesn't it?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(angry)
Yes it does.

EVENTS ORGANISER
I would have phoned you earlier, but I
was busy with last minute planning.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
I see.

MENTAL hangs up with obvious rudeness.

SERGEANT EVANS
Well?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Didn't work...

SERGEANT EVANS
Let's just go back to the station. We
can try and help our fellow officers
with spotting any nazis, on CCTV. I'll
sneak you passed reception and the
Chief.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Good idea. If we can't catch them yet,
at least we'll stop them from ever
causing trouble. There's no way they
can get passed our cameras, without
being spotted or drawing attention to
themselves...

SERGEANT EVANS
It's going to be a long night. I guess
I'll see you on camera at the fair,
tomorrow?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
You know it. God dammit that Howard is
reckless.

52. You Know Things About to Get Crazy, Right?

INT: CHARLTONNHAM HEAD OFFICE - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

The multi-coloured room is here, again. However, the computer on the intense pink desk has just been smashed to smithereens. Only the iPod, TV and radio remain on the table and only the latter is switched on. Music by Swervedriver plays. The EVENTS ORGANISER is sitting down with an angry face, and with his most trusted ADVISOR standing and facing him. This MAN is a tall 50 year old with a grey, monk-like hairdo. He is in a cardigan and jeans.

ADVISOR

(casual)

I see you smashed your computer,
again.

EVENTS ORGANISER

(with a strange calm)

Yeah, it was that damn email service
pissing me off. I'm sure it was
intentional. Some kind of conspiracy
to make people buy more computers.

ADVISOR

Quite possibly. I'm glad your
blackmailing is still working,
otherwise we could both end up more or
less bankrupt.

EVENTS ORGANISER

Don't I know it. Thank God that dodgy
chef at the B&B told me everything,
before he died. You'd think the secret
service would do a better job at
hiding their files, wouldn't you?

ADVISOR

You'd think a repeat offending old age
pensioner, who blatantly stole cars
and motorbikes would have been caught,
by now.

EVENTS ORGANISER

(surprised)

I heard she stole Brum...

ADVISOR

(freaked out)

What's happened to this country?

EVENTS ORGANISER

(a bit spooked)

Is it an anti-proverb conspiracy?

ADVISOR

Sorry?

EVENTS ORGANISER

(calmly again)

Just something I heard about. Don't
worry.

ADVISOR

Ok. So why did you call me in, here?

EVENTS ORGANISER

Can you fix my computer, please?

ADVISOR

I don't think anyone could; it's taken quite a battering.

EVENTS ORGANISER

Alright. Can you order another one for me then?

ADVISOR

I'll get to it, right away.

EVENTS ORGANISER

Cheers.

The ADVISOR leaves the room.

RADIO STATION NO.5

... And that was Swervedriver, NOT Skrewdriver. My bad. I got some very angry calls about that mix up. We at Inappropriate FM do not play nazi music, that would be too far. I don't know what a Swervedriver is, but they are very good.

The HOST plays a sad jingle.

JINGLE

I'm sowwwy...

RADIO STATION NO.5

Moving on... I'm going to kill you!

That familiar shower scene music plays. Seconds after, a slamming door then a voice is then vaguely heard...

VOICE FROM THE RADIO

(infuriated)

Right, you've had your last chance, you're coming with me...

RADIO HOST

(pleading, desperately)

No!

VOICE FROM THE RADIO

Don't make this any harder than it already is...

EVENTS ORGANISER

That anti-proverb conspiracy sure seems to make sense, right now. Let's

hope Mental doesn't do something
stupid and tell people not to turn up
to my festival... Or he'll pay the
Fischer Price...

The E.O. laughs to himself, as cold as liquid nitrogen. No,
liquid hydrogen. Very frightening. Or chilling.

RADIO HOST

Aaaargh!!

EVENTS ORGANISER

I've had enough insanity for one day.
I'm going home.

53. Maybe Things Will Be Fine

EXT: CHARLTONHAM FOOD FESTIVAL - NEXT MORNING, SATURDAY 8:45
AM

It is another warm, cloudless morning and a buzzing police
drone is high up in the 'Diamond Sky'. (A song by Power
Quest). The device scans the festival region in search of any
unusual activities and thank God, nothing messed up has been
discovered. No bombs, no nazis, no whatever. Excellent. Now
some facts... It records a high definition image of everything
it sees. On the outskirts of the 150 by 200 square meter park,
(its contents currently hidden by me for entertainment
reasons) are trees spaced apart slightly, and in rows for each
side. Beyond this recreational area, are congested roads, a
car park (hidden for personal, practical reasons) and
buildings, averaging three and a half storeys. What colour are
they? We're in Charltonham, have a guess. If you can't, it
doesn't matter anyway as they are barely ever seen by those at
the festival.

Saving the weirdest and best till last, what's actually in the
park and on the helianthus-spotted lawn? Small white tents
with pointy roofs, that resemble Ku Klux Klan hoods. 'Really?'
Yes. I'm sure it's a coincidence, but if nazis do attack this
place, rumours the assault was an inside job are more than
likely. These quasi-racist designs are all over the place. So
too, are much larger oblong versions with sound-proofed doors.
Black speakers are laid out around the plaza in a rather
sporadic fashion, and are often encountered. Whilst the just
described take up most of the space, in the centre of this
land are sections for quad biking, archery and shooting. As it
is early and the event hasn't started yet, the place is empty
other than the black-suited MEMBERS OF STAFF (none of whom
wear hockey masks and rightly so), the UNDERCOVER POLICE and
the ORGANISER. Everything that needs to be seen has now been
seen, and everything still looks fine. Thus, the drone flies
off as it focuses on the resented and closely watched HOWARD,
one last time. To the OPERATOR'S happiness, his image gets
smaller and smaller.

Encircled by tents, the just spied on E.O. is greeting one of his many busy WORKERS. To appear friendly and professional, he never stops grinning, even though the short, 20 year old and brown-haired LIZZY is standing in front of him. She likes to worry about getting murdered and other such nonsense. There are only around 10.4 murders per million in England, per year. Though to be fair, I got that statistic from the internet, and MENTAL would be the first one to tell you how unreliable that source is. :S

E.O.
Hello, Lizzy! Looking forward to today's action?

LIZZY
(anxious)
What kind of action?

E.O.
Archery, quad biking...

LIZZY
Not a nazi shootout?

E.O.
(very frustrated)
That blasted radio station!

LIZZY
Everyone's been talking about it...

E.O.
Oh for God's sake. How they knew about how the police are now dressed, I don't know. It wouldn't surprise me if they tapped the police's phones. That shit happens all the time in the media, nowadays. It could've been worse though, this whole thing was nearly cancelled...

LIZZY
Why?

E.O.
Between you and me, the sausage roll killer and his accomplice are still at large. They're most likely targeting this place. It was lucky THAT wasn't found out about!

LIZZY
(traumatised)
They're alive??

E.O.

Don't worry, don't worry! There's miles of CCTV they'll have to get through, before they reach here. Or about a mile, depending on how they travel...

LIZZY

I suppose they won't have a chance...

E.O.

(still smiling)

Right! Exactly! Off you go...

LIZZY minces away into a nearby large shelter, shaking. Light jazz is heard for a couple of seconds, as the cotton doors open and close. Out of the corner of his eye, HOWARD spots STEVE MENTAL. Although he wants to, the E.O. doesn't stop his beaming as he jogs up to the OFFICER and welcomes him. His position has changed, but his view is more or less repeated. Yeah, a new expanse with lots of replication. Fml, I thought I would be ok for a while.

E.O.

Hello, Steve! Funky shirt!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(bitter)

Hello Howard. You do realise this could easily be my last day, alive?

E.O.

Stop being so melodramatic. You look tense...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(cutting in)

Er... Yes...

E.O.

... So have some wine. It's on the house.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Ok...

HOWARD leads MENTAL to one of the nearby structures and opens its door. In the centre of this grassy, flowery space is a 3 meter radius inflatable paddling pool, filled to the brim with purple coloured, red grapes. By the walls are lines of inexpensive, white plastic tables. On them and laid out with much more care than necessary, are dozens of bottles of wine along with glasses, cutlery, a CD player and a cash machine. Behind the checkout is a still, meditative and uniformed WORKER wearing earplugs.

The WINE LECTURER is standing in the corner, looking more eccentric than her COLLEAGUE. This WOMAN is 40 years old, tall and thin and has very short black hair. She is psyching herself up for her talks, in silence. She mouths various motivational slogans with her eyes closed, to block out her field of view and really enhance her brain power. For all inside this place, Goregrind music is heard. For those unfamiliar with the genre, it features rapid-fire guitars tuned an octave or so (sometimes more) too low, and its singing is guttural fart noises. No jokes, check it out on Youtube.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

What the HELL is this music??

E.O.

(calm)

Not to your taste?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(upset)

God no! The singer sounds like he's been fired, mugged, beaten to a pulp, asked for a divorce, been declared bankrupt then set on fire.

E.O.

Your taste is more old school?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I like heavy metal and even goth as much as the next man, but this is too far...

E.O.

It's not making you edgy is it?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Kind of, yeah...

E.O.

Then choose your drink... Would you like a strong one?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

No, I have to be focused. Give me your wine with the least volume...

E.O.

The 1% wine?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

That sounds good.

HOWARD grabs a bottle and pours its contents out onto a tablespoon. The CASHIER stares at STEVE with passive eyes.

E.O.
Here you go...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(confused)
I think you can give me a bit more than that...

E.O.
Nope... That's all the bottle contains.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Eh?

E.O.
It IS 1% volume...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
1% in entirety, not alcohol content?

E.O.
Good idea, isn't it?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(secretly angry)
And how much are you charging for it?

E.O.
Five pounds. A reasonable amount for a bottle of wine, I think.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
I think what your doing is illegal...

E.O.
(aggressive)
What would FISCHER PRICE, charge?...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(clearly angry)
What?

E.O.
(relieved)
Yes! I found a chance to say it in conversation!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Fischer Price sell toys not wine, you idiot.

E.O.
 (annoyed)
 Doesn't matter...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 You're really pushing your luck, you know that? After tomorrow, you're not allowed to commit any kind of crimes, ok?

E.O.
 (trying to lighten the atmosphere)
 Alright, alright...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Can you please turn that shit, off?

E.O.
 Sorry, no. Let's just go outside, I don't like it either.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 It's kind of funny, though...

E.O.
 Yeah.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (wanting to get away)
 I better keep an eye out for the gang...

E.O.
 Don't you trust the CCTV?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 You can never be too careful...

The TWO leave and go their separate ways, with little variety ever by their sides. (Why say 'little variety' again, you may wonder, 'I know that...' No, no, they could have headed to the quad biking section, etc.) HOWARD strolls to the entrance which is at the end of the day, nothing more than a larger than average gap in the trees. Here, he meets the motionless, hard-faced and muscular DOORMAN. Out of the clearing, a small amount of litter and one of the many local car parks is seen. It's elephant-coloured, 50 meters wide and 15 meters long, with you know what kind of buildings surrounding it. Even though they are about 25 minutes early, a few dozen VISITORS, for the most part FAMILIES, are already here and out of their neatly parked cars. They are eager to enjoy the many famous munchables and activities available. One such PUNK FAMILY (remember them?) is more eager than most, and its two TODDLERS hobble up to the E.O. as fast as they can.

The MUM and DAD follow, but at a relaxed pace.

TODDLER 1
(excited)
Who are you??

E.O.
(grateful for the
attention)
I'm Howard, I organised this whole
thing!

TODDLER 2
All by yourself?

E.O.
Er... Yep!

PUNK MUM
You seemed to have dropped
something...

The MUM picks up a folded piece of paper on the ground, and starts to read it without manners.

PUNK MUM
(reading aloud)
Events risk assessment form?...

E.O.
(nervous)
Er... Hahaha.... Give me that...

Suspicious, she refuses to do so and continues to read more than audibly. EVERYONE in the parking lot stares at the WOMAN, not knowing what to think.

PUNK MUM
Hazard: Mass shootout...

Without exception, all gasp and look horrified.

E.O.
Um...

PUNK MUM
(growing more and more
alarmed)
Persons who may be harmed: Everyone.
Property which may be damaged:
Everything.

E.O.
You see...

PUNK DAD

Shut up!

E.O.

Right you are...

PUNK MUM

Risk controls already in place:
Incompetent policemen and CCTV.
Risk assessment, LOW, MODERATE, HIGH
or EXTREME: EXTREME.
Further action to control risk: Can't
really think of anything, TBH.

PUNK DAD

What the hell was that?!

E.O.

(nervous)

Just a joke...

PUNK DAD

Just a joke?!

E.O.

Not my idea, obviously, I wasn't
carrying the thing, honest! The thing
was just next to me!

PUNK DAD

What kind of joke was that??

E.O.

A sick joke! The person who printed it
off is already in serious trouble,
believe me! I mean, come on... 'Can't
really think of anything TBH'... Does
that sound like something you'd put on
a risk assessment form??

PUNK DAD

('seeing sense')

I guess not...

E.O.

Exactly. I'll tell you what, everyone
here can come in early and have a
bottle of low volume wine on the
house. How does that sound?

PUNK DAD

(embarrassed)

That sounds good. I'm sorry. About
this whole misunderstanding.

E.O.
Not at all, not at all. Make your way
through...

PUNK DAD
Thanks.

E.O.
Oh shit, the music!!!

PUNK DAD
(appalled)
What?!...

E.O.
Ahem. Nothing. Sorry.

The many VISITORS enter the attraction in a collective good mood, and with offense that fades faster than one might expect. Once everyone is gone, HOWARD composes a text message ASAP, to all relevant MEMBERS OF STAFF.

TEXT MESSAGE
Everyone in the wine tasting tents,
turn off the music right now!! I've
just avoided a complete disaster and I
don't want to alienate our guests any
further!

E.O.
(to himself)
Fucking hell.

By the time he finished that communication and vulgarity, a few less colourful VISITORS have arrived; an ELDERLY COUPLE get out of their rusty vehicle and approach HOWARD.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Where's the grub?

E.O.
(grinning excessively)
Through there, Madam. You're a little
early, but fine. Enjoy!

The COUPLE enter without replying to or looking at HOWARD. They travel by the many tents, take a brief peek into a few and settle on one of the wine tasting venues. Had they noticed the quad bikes, they may have headed straight for them. After all, it seems the aged are somewhat more hedonistic than they used to be. But anyway, they didn't; tents, tents, tents. It's nice and quiet here, and the CASHIER doesn't seem to have moved an inch in the last few minutes. The setting is almost identical as before.

However, some of the wine bottles on the tables have been taken and the two TODDLERS are crushing grapes with their bare feet. Note there are no washing facilities, here. The 10 or so other OCCUPANTS are standing and listening to the WINE LECTURER, with enthusiasm that hasn't faded quite yet.

WINE LECTURER

(hiding boredom)

... and because wine can reduce the risk of heart attacks, stroke and diabetes, all whilst tasting delicious, it is clearly the perfect drink. Any questions before we move on to the wine making course?

PUNK MUM

How much wine are my sons making?

WINE LECTURER

Probably enough to fill hundreds of bottles...

PUNK MUM

Wow. And it will really be sold on the market?

WINE LECTURER

You bet!

PUNK MUM

But we don't get paid for making it?

WINE LECTURER

Sorry, no. Not for legal reasons. If I had my way, you would get 100% of the royalties believe me, but the business just doesn't work that way. :(So any other questions?

ELDERLY WOMAN

(sad)

I'm worried my son is drinking too much. The wine he consumes is around 15% volume, is that a lot? He drinks two glasses a day. Is that a problem?

WINE LECTURER

(with professionalism)

15% is a lot of wine, and two glasses of that does sound a bit much. I would recommend he cuts down. Interestingly, most wine doesn't have as much volume as people think. On average the beverage is around 1.5 to 2% volume.

The wine companies make much more money that way.

PUNK DAD
That's an outrage!

WINE LECTURER
(composed)
Don't shoot the messenger... or indeed the events organiser. Any other questions?

ELDERLY MAN
(soldiering on)
What do you think is the best wine?

WINE LECTURER
I think the best wine has to be the wine that is least harmful...

PUNK MUM
(disillusioned even further)
But you just said wine was the perfect drink...

WINE LECTURER
(ignoring her)
And that wine would be the one with the least volume.

PUNK DAD
(angry)
Because it makes more money, right?

WINE LECTURER
(ignoring him as well)
You can't put a price on your health and you get what you pay for.

The ELDERLY COUPLE perceive the LECTURER to be shifty and untrustworthy, so they sneak out. Being a little lethargic in their old age, they just plod to the nearest larger tent. After infiltrating it, they see another ten PEOPLE standing on the grass in a room containing only a microphone, wires and a PA system. The mesmerised AUDIENCE stare at the TV PERSONALITY, hanging on his every word.

TV PERSONALITY
(passionate)
...You may think that all the gameshows I appeared on and all the money I earned would give me satisfaction, but quite the opposite was the case.

I felt empty inside, like I was missing something. Cooking food just didn't excite me, anymore. I tried everything; preparing curries with whole ghost peppers in, milkshakes with double the normal amount of sugar, obscure beers with 50% alcohol. Nothing made me happy. I needed a bigger rush.

As he says the last word of that sentence, the MAN makes a strong fist.

TV PERSONALITY

I went to my garage with my battery powered frying pan and ingredients, and got into my Ferrari. That's when I went mad.

ELDERLY WOMAN

What did you do??

TV PERSONALITY

I started to drive down the 30 mph roads, but the idiot in front of me was only doing 20. I thought to myself, 'it's ok; I'll be on the motorway, soon'. So I kept my cool and waited patiently. Soon enough I was indeed on the motorway, but I still felt nothing as I accelerated.

The ENTERTAINER puts his foot down to the imaginary metal, and mimes being pushed back by G-force.

TV PERSONALITY

I took the roof down and the wind was in my hair at 120 mph, but it wasn't enough. So I started to steer with one knee on the wheel, whilst baking pancakes with me now free hands.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Why??

TV PERSONALITY

(confused)

I don't know why!

ELDERLY WOMAN

(with empathy)

It's ok. Keep going...

TV PERSONALITY

I was tossing the things into the air, but I wasn't thinking clearly. I didn't realise that my cakes would be forced backwards at high speeds, and onto the cars behind me. Amazingly, no one crashed. A minute later, a police helicopter was chasing me and two police cars were in my rearview mirror and gaining speed. I panicked as they waved manically for me to stop.

Looking mortified, the PERSONALITY mimics the police's dramatic attempts to make him see reason.

TV PERSONALITY

All I could think to do was try harder. I put extra doses of lemon juice onto the flour as it cooked, but surprise, surprise, it didn't help. I knew I was in trouble so in a moment's clarity, I parked on the hard shoulder. I got out of my car to offer the policemen some of my preparations. But they didn't care. They didn't care one bit.

ELDERLY WOMAN

What did he say to you??

TV PERSONALITY

For a while, he was speechless. His facial expression was one of complete amazement. Eventually, he simply said 'get in the car'. I'm not an idiot; I did. He took me to the local police station and explained to me I would likely face 3 years in jail. I cried. For 3 years I cried, everyday. When I got out, my career was in ruins. Everything was over and I was bankrupt, so I was forced onto the streets. With my frying pan, I offered to make pancakes for tourists in the busy streets of London, but they just laughed in my face. One day however, everything changed. A man in a black suit and sunglasses with a rubber chicken tattooed on his face, started talking to me and took me somewhere quiet. He started talking to me about how dangerous proverbs were. I didn't understand what he was talking about and I wasn't really listening; it was far too weird for me.

Really crazy stuff about killer swans or something. I voluntarily zoned out for a few minutes, then he stopped. This surprised me and I was in the real world again. He then offered me a job here, and I took it with open arms. After this event, I will be back on TV and famous once more. But for the right reasons!

EVERYONE in the room burts into a wild applause. They haven't been this entertained in years. In the racket, the ELDERLY COUPLE turn to each other.

ELDERLY WOMAN

What a story teller!

ELDERLY MAN

Sounds like a load of crap, to me.
Shall we go?

The two leave without discretion, and are now outside among those temporary buildings. The celebration is still far from bustling and so a sheepish looking HOWARD thinks he is alone. He leans on the cotton, careful not to damage it and takes a phone call with his head pointing to the ground.

E.O.

(whispering)

What do you mean a B-52 has been hijacked by an old lady, and it's heading towards this festival?..... Well what the fuck do you want me to do with that information??..... Evacuate everyone? What's an old woman going to do, for God's sake??.....

The OLD COUPLE run away, screaming.

ELDERLY MAN

A B-52 is coming! Everyone get out of here!!!!

E.O.

Oh shit.... No, not... Never mind.
That keeps happening.

HOWARD puts his hands and mobile by his side and starts shouting, in a reassuring tone.

E.O.

Just some crazy people! Don't worry!
The police will deal with them!

HOWARD continues his conversation.

E.O.

(whispering again)

Look, the event has opened just this second. If I told everyone a bomber is coming round, a stampede will be created and many lives will be lost that way. Do you have any evidence the granny's going to bomb this place or anything remotely like that?.....
No?.... Then go away.

HOWARD strolls to the entrance as if the call never happened. PEOPLE of all shapes and sizes rush passed him, to proceed into one their year's biggest highlights. No one cares about the unspectacular pavilions that you now know are everywhere, they just want to get stuffing their faces.

54. The Final Goals

INT: B-52 COCKPIT - IMMEDIATELY AFTER (9 AM)

Soxfordshire has just this second, disappeared. You know what that means? Fiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiieeelds. Fields, fields, fields, fields, fields, fields, fields, fields, fields, fields, fucking fields!! Whoops. Fields are almost all that are seen in the plane's field of view, as the vehicle gets higher and higher. Soon enough, the grassland turns into mere indecipherable shades of green. The window radar informs the flight-suited PILOT and the multi-coloured-hair GRANNY, that the festival and indeed the first main populated area is around 25 miles away. It is hoped the latter's civilian clothing will keep her warm in her old age, along the journey. She is fine for now. What isn't fine, is her lack of aviation training; the OLD LADY has been ordered not to touch her joystick, despite her more than keen interest to do so. The radio beneath her, has so far been ignored. However, that doesn't mean it's receiver isn't being activated whilst the engines hum.

B-52 RADIO

(rageful)

You are ordered to turn back now,
repeat, you are ordered to turn back
NOW!!!

PILOT 2 presses on the radio button, a little below the panel.

PILOT 2

(calm)

No.

He presses it again, to end his message.

OLD LADY
 (excited)
 You tell him!

PILOT 2
 He'll get bored.

OLD LADY
 Good. And thanks for hiding me round
 your place, for the night. It was
 really good of you. I'm always up for
 watching a Monty Python marathon.

PILOT 2
 No problem. And we both have nothing
 to lose, so why not go down in history
 before we die?

OLD LADY
 Right, exactly. I hate cancer.

PILOT 2
 Me too. Remember when I asked your
 name and you just kept laughing... You
 never really told me what it was...
 Who are you? Keehaaahaaha? Keemahaha
 or something?

OLD LADY
 (trying to keep a
 straight face)
 Keema Atkinson.

PILOT 2
 (intrigued)
 Keema?

OLD LADY
 As in Keema Nan.

PILOT 2
 That's an interesting name...

OLD LADY
 Much obliged. I had it changed years
 ago. I used to be called Deirdre.
 'Deirdre Nan?' Who cares? Anyway, are
 we on course?

PILOT 2
 You still sure you want us to fly over
 the Charltonham food festival, eject
 and crash the plane in the
 countryside, right?

OLD LADY
 (with high hopes)
 Sounds good.

PILOT 2
 How will you ever top that?

OLD LADY
 (accepting the
 situation)
 I don't think I ever will...

PILOT 2
 I'm sorry to hear that. Running away
 from the police there will be a big
 rush though, I'm sure...

OLD LADY
 Yes, I can also try some wine and
 hopefully some cheeses. If things get
 ugly I have the CCTV jammer, but I
 can't work out if using it's
 cheating...

PILOT 2
 Noo...

OLD LADY
 Ok cool. Once grounded, I think I'll
 hike to Skipton to live with my
 friend. Or maybe I could do the Bear
 Grylls and live in the wild. Where
 will you go?

PILOT 2
 I'm still not sure. I think I'll just
 hand myself into the police, but I'll
 see what happens. You have to live in
 the moment, don't you...

OLD LADY
 If that's what you want, hand yourself
 in...

B-52 RADIO
 (getting angrier)
 Turn back, NOW!!!

OLD LADY
 Can he hear our conversation?

PILOT 2
 No, for him to hear us, you have to
 press that button.

PILOT 2 points at one of the controls underneath the collection of gauges. The OLD LADY presses it, straight away.

OLD LADY
(immaturely)
Prick!

She presses the button again to turn the radio speaker off.

PILOT 2
You must have led a very full life...

OLD LADY
Not really. I was a maid, most of my life. Things only really got interesting, when I became involved with the street racing scene, in my 60s. I was small and lightweight and that gave me an edge over all of the rest.

PILOT 2
Did it pay well?

OLD LADY
(with fond memories)
You bet it did. I was a legend in the underground, all around the world. I've raced across the L'Arrabassada road in Spain, the Vasco da Gama Bridge in Portugal, as well as industrial estates across all of England. I've done it all. What about you?

PILOT 2
Not much. Just partying and bombing raids, really...

OLD LADY
That's a shame.

PILOT 2
Have you ever parachuted out of a plane, before?

OLD LADY
No, but I bet it's a hoot...

PILOT 2
Parachuting? To put it mildly! However, for someone like you who has had no training, ejecting sure won't be. But you'll be fine... Just relax and try to stay limp.

The OLD LADY pulls out her bucket list and biro, from her pocket. She gets ready to tick off the second to last goal.

PILOT 2
(fascinated)
Is that your to do list?

OLD LADY
Yes. Would you like to have a look?

PILOT 2
You're a box full of surprises, aren't you?

With respect, the OLD LADY hands the PILOT her paper as he steers with one hand. With his free one, he holds the page against the window and starts to read.

PILOT 2
Shake Ozzy Osbourne's hand
Become street racing mythology
Steal a pack of biscuits
Steal a tricycle and ride it across
Edinburgh
Steal a motorbike
Steal a car
Steal Brum
Hijack a plane
Find Hans Gruber

The OLD LADY looks proud of herself.

PILOT 2
You really did all of these things?

OLD LADY
Most of them. Now I just have to find that Hans guy.

The first large town can now be seen. Though from this altitude, it looks more like a small splodge of grey.

PILOT 2
That's amazing, I'm sure you'll get him. Or at least the police will.

OLD LADY
(sad)
Yeah, but I want to catch him personally.

PILOT 2
(under his breath)
That's if he exists...

The OLD LADY heard the comment and looks puzzled.

PILOT 2

Ok, Charltonham is coming up. Close your eyes, things are about to get scary!

PILOT 2 grabs a lever with intense, rigid body language and gets ready to activate the ejecting system. Then he reminds himself he needs to chill out. Moments later, the GRANNY'S world goes black as she hears a deafening whooshing sound and feels an extreme, near back-breaking G-force. She goes unconscious in seconds.

55. So, here it Goes...

EXT: CHARLTONNHAM FOOD FESTIVAL - A FEW MINUTES LATER

A rumbling explosion is heard and felt from a few miles away, waking the OLD LADY up and even making her clothes quiver. In her sturdy parachuted seat, she now understands that she is in the middle of a white and large, teetering room with a seat-shaped hole above it. She seems to be in a tent. She unbuckles her belt without concern and leaves it behind her, so she can stand on the grass. Having checked that she is more or less alright from a distance, the TV PERSONALITY continues with his talk, having since gained a few more SPECTATORS. He holds his mic like its his best friend.

TV PERSONALITY

Any more questions?

There aren't any questions for the time being, as the entire AUDIENCE has come to the OAP'S aid. One of them is a spotty TEENAGER, wearing an Avenged Sevenfold T-shirt.

TEENAGER

Hey, are you ok?? You've pretty much just this second smashed through the roof!

OLD LADY

(mostly calm)

I'm fine, thanks. Just in shock a bit.

TEENAGER

Did you hear that explosion? Was that something to do with you?

OLD LADY

You could say that. I'm sure no one was hurt.

TEENAGER

What happened?

OLD LADY
 (her excitement is
 already building)
 I'm sorry, I have to go.

The OLD LADY reaches into her pocket and activates her CCTV jammer, in discretion. She sneaks up to the exit and peels it open. She peeks round to see if anyone in the sunlight is looking observant, and therefore suspicious. She doesn't, so she makes a run for it through the dense CROWDS, and with that super-familiar cotton architecture all around. (Tents).

OLD LADY
 (energetic)
 Yippee Ki Yay, Motherfuckers!!!!

Little does she know, the famous CAPTAIN MENTAL ditched his red military suit for something even more unconventional. The same OFFICER chases after her in disbelief. It's not a long chase; in fact it goes on for about three meters. The LADY barely had enough time to finish her exclamation. MENTAL grabs her tight by the wrist and stops her, with a jolt. She then turns around as everyone glares in her face.

OLD LADY
 Who are you??

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (with authority)
 Captain Steve Mental.

OLD LADY
 (starstruck)
 THE Steve Mental?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 That's right. Come with me.

MENTAL leads her to a neighbouring, large shelter after cuffing her wrists in front of her. She has no chance of getting away, as STEVE'S constant grip is far too strong. She gets taken to the far corner, to give WITNESSES the hint they shouldn't be looking. Nevertheless, the thirty standing VISITORS put their browsing on hold for a bit, to inspect the POLICEMAN and soon-to-be PRISONER. Here on top off the earth, are the same kind of plastic tables from the wine area. While there is no alcohol here, every fruit known to man is here, instead. Also on the desks, are a radio playing easy listening music, and a cash machine. The FRUIT CASHIER stands behind it, not looking as bored as he once was.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(in despair)

Do you know how much time I've wasted on you? I've been looking for you all over the place!!

OLD LADY

(rationally)

All I was doing was having a bit of fun...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

A bit of fun?? You've just crashed a whole B-52!! It's a miracle no one was hurt!

OLD LADY

Right! No one was hurt!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Do you realise how much one of those things cost??

OLD LADY

I wouldn't have thought any more than a few shillings, nowadays... How old are they? They're not exactly F-22 Raptors...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Try millions of pounds!!

OLD LADY

(embarrassed)

Fuck me!

A collection of VISITORS gasp in offense.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

..... And now swearing, too??

OLD LADY

Oh, come on. Crime is everywhere. Look at those bananas! All of them are bruised! What kind of sicko goes around punching bananas??

CAPTAIN MENTAL

We're dealing with them...

OLD LADY

Coconuts cracked open, dehydrated grapes? Calling fruits 'ugly'.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

It's spelt with an 'i'. U-G-L-I.

OLD LADY

Oh, like that makes a difference!
You're a prick, but spelt P-R-I-K.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

You watch it!

Two menacing MEN in hippie clothes and with sausages painted on their faces, stamp into the room carrying long boxes of roses. They tear them open to reveal AK-47s. Only in the craziest of circumstances, could they get more attention than the MASTER CRIMINAL. But they do.

OLD LADY

(warning everyone)
Terminators!!!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(grave)
Oh, shit.

The disguised NAZIS open fire. Or at least try to. As they press down on their triggers and attempt to mow everyone in sight down, nothing happens. Well nothing other than red flags with the word 'BANG!' on them, getting forced out of their gun barrels at about 5 miles an hour. They don't even leave the replicas, they just stick out a bit. The WOULD-BE-MURDERS become stupefied as MENTAL walks towards them with caution, and still gripping the OAP above the hands; mainly out of habit.

CONCRETE

Um.

PYTHON

Fuck.

An expert with his tool, MENTAL has some more tasing to do. He lets the GRANNY go as he aims, and picks on CONCRETE for no particular reason. He doesn't discriminate, he's a reasonable person. The fact the NAZI is now 4.5 meters away, the weapon's maximum range, is a testament to STEVE'S ability. The GANG MEMBER gets shot right in the lip. Another target to tick of the list. Needless to say, a lot of screaming, flapping about then falling like a domino to the floor ensues. However, he can't enjoy the spectacle, yet. Ignoring the drama and MENTAL'S clear 'no' head gesture, PYTHON charges at the MAN using his toy gun as a bayonet. The now too stressed to function, undercover OFFICER gets poked in the eye so hard, he almost faints. The first few seconds are the most agonising.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

OW!!!

KEEMA NAN is facing PYTHON up close, but that doesn't matter. She sneaks up behind him whilst he is distracted and celebrating, and power punches him on the top of the head with both her banded fists. The NAZI falls to the ground, well and truly knocked out and EVERYONE starts to clap, having regained their ability to move. After a hard retina massage, MENTAL uses both his shoe laces to tie the OFFENDERS hand's behind their backs. He feels but doesn't show a huge respect for the OAP. Shrieking is then heard from a nearby attraction.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Not more of them?!

MENTAL finishes his job with competence, pulls himself together and sprints to the TV PERSONALITY'S tent. Two bloodied and bruised NAZIS with used novelty guns by them, lie face down next to the proud ENTERTAINER. CROWDS gather round the INJURED, with the damaged roof above their heads.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

What happened here??

TEENAGER

It was incredible! That man with the mic, started swinging it around and using it as a nunchuck! Everything was over in a flash!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Let's hope this is the end of the madness. Can I borrow your shoe laces, please?

TEENAGER

(with duty)

If you have to....

MENTAL borrows part of the BOY'S shoes and gets busy.

GHOST

Aaargh....

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(annoyed)

Shut up.

SCARY

Owww.....

CAPTAIN MENTAL

You too.

SCARY'S mobile phone starts to ring in his trouser pocket.
 MENTAL takes it from him and answers it.

STITCHES

The guns are fucking toys!!! We're out
 of here!

STITCHES hangs up.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(trying to be friendly)
 Do you know where Stitches is going,
 you two?

SCARY

(tired)
 Fuck off.....

CAPTAIN MENTAL

God dammit.

MENTAL makes a call with his own newfangled gadget.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Hello? This is Steve Mental, some of
 the nazis who tried to attack this
 place are attempting to get away!

SWAT TEAM LEADER

(with stoicism)
 I know. Is anyone hurt?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I've had a stick rammed into my eye. I
 think I'll be alright, though.

SWAT TEAM LEADER

Good. But bad news, I'm afraid. All of
 the local CCTV is jammed. We won't be
 able to trace the gang...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Well at least they're not a
 significant threat, at the moment.

SWAT TEAM LEADER

Yeah. At the moment...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Anyway, I've captured four of the
 guys. Get someone to take them away.
 They're in the fruit and TV man's
 tents...

SWAT TEAM LEADER

Some people will be there, right away.

MENTAL hangs up with some gaping at him, and others keeping an eye on the RACISTS. A disguised, hippie GORDON BECKER with a fruit salad painted on his face, creeps into the single room. As he is carrying no visible weapons, he doesn't raise concerns. Especially as MENTAL is under enormous pressure right now, and not 100% with it. However, something about the MAN is odd.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Is there anything I can do for you?

GORDON lurches up to the TV STAR with his hands in his pockets, and stops about a meter away from him. No one here knows what to think.

GORDON BECKER

(with feigned awe)

Hey, I remember you from TV. I love your work.

The TRAMP activates his key in secret, and gets ready.

TV PERSONALITY

Thank you very mu....

GORDON throws his device into the air with one light movement, making it follow the path of an arch, or more fittingly, a frown shape. It goes straight into the SPEAKER'S mouth as he replies. He just about manages to gulp it down and avoid choking. BECKER rubs his hands with glee.

TV PERSONALITY

(upset)

What did you do that for??

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(trying not to let his
horror show and
obviously failing)

Oh God no!

This is a very serious situation, so GORDON gets shot in the eye.

GORDON BECKER

AAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!!!!

The retired TRAMP experiences a far more severe pain than the NAZIS did. He stumbles to the floor with both hands held tight on his face. Without a doubt, he isn't going anywhere. MENTAL runs up to the CELEBRITY and starts punting him in the stomach in panic.

A disgusted GROUP of ten then tries to pull STEVE out of kicking distance. The action is effortless.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

You don't understand! He's going to explode!

No one pays him any attention. Instead, the GROUP pin him to the grass with no plans of letting him free. That is until they notice the TV STAR now writhing on the floor and growing. Stunned, they release the wrongly disgraced MENTAL and let him find his way back up. They then approach the VICTIM, looking more than concerned.

TV PERSONALITY

Ohhhh.....

TEENAGER

Someone call an ambulance!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(in desperation)

Kick him in the stomach!

TEENAGER

(outraged)

Show some damn respect!!

Two SWAT TEAM MEMBERS rush into the room, without fear showing in their eyes. One cuffs the incapacitated CRIMINALS, whilst the other comes to the STAR'S aid. He kneels down and starts punching his grossly stretched belly. It is a tormenting experience for all concerned.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Everyone stand back! He knows what he's doing!

Baffled and pacified from shock yet again, all obey MENTAL'S enigmatic orders. The STAR is already double his normal size and is going through the worst torture, imaginable. Viscous green is dribbling from his mouth and elongated nose. His eyes are wide open and terrified.

SWAT TEAM MEMBER

I can't find the off switch!!!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Try harder!!

SWAT TEAM MEMBER

It's too late! He's a goner! No one look! Everyone leave the area!

After all VISITORS have fled in horror, the SPECIAL FORCES POLICEMAN pulls out his Glock, and aims it at the DYING MAN's head as he trembles.

TV PERSONALITY
(in despair)
How did this happen?

SWAT TEAM MEMBER
(sad)
I don't know...

To put the ENTERTAINER out of his misery, he fires whilst he and MENTAL'S eyes are locked shut. Once they are opened, all that is seen is a large green and bloodied blob with clothes on it.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Oh my God. This is a disaster.

SWAT TEAM MEMBER
(trying to keep calm)
We have to get out of here...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(likewise)
I'll help you take the captives to the police van...

A new wave of screaming is heard. It never seems to end.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
What n.....

A thin, 40 year old MAN in a suit and carrying what seems to be a very important briefcase, gets hurled through the tent doors. Again but more so, the whole structure seems to almost topple from the impact. However, it morphs back into its intended shape after a fair bit of wobbling. Sturdy stuff.

SUITED MAN
(depressed)
Arrghhh....

CAPTAIN MENTAL
What happened??

SUITED MAN
(in agony)
I got clobbered then swung about for ages. He threw me here...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Who did?

SUITED MAN

A fat man with broccoli and low fat yogurt painted on his face. He kept shouting 'this is something I learned from Gordon Becker!'

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(alarmed)

The sausage roll killer's here!

SUITED MAN

(weak)

I thought he was dead...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(trying to get a level head)

I'll get him for you.

As MENTAL begins his pursuit and leaves for the outside, smoke rushes into his face. It makes its way into his nostrils, mouth, ears and tear ducts faster than you can cough.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(coughing)

Smoke bombs??

Anything and anyone could be anywhere. In all of the drama and trauma, STEVE has lost all thoughts of the flamboyant OLD LADY. Little does he realise, she has just passed him.

OLD LADY

(thinking to herself as she walks away)

This is it. This is the biggest crime I will ever commit, and it's all going perfectly. Even Mental can't stop me!

The OAP falters about but has clear objectives. Whooshing sounds are heard a few meters away from her, followed by pained protests.

SMOKE-HIDDEN MAN

(coughing)

What are you doing?? Let me go!!

SRK

(cold)

You're getting used as a hammer!

The SHM'S head is heard colliding with an OLDER MAN next to him. It's sound is comparable to a coconut dropping on wood.

SMOKE-HIDDEN MAN

What?! Ow!

OLDER MAN
 (more coughs)
 What the hell was that??

More swishes are heard and the SHM'S croaky voice gets quieter and quieter.

SMOKE-HIDDEN MAN
 Aaaaaargghhh! You can't go around
 throwing people!

A thudding sound is made, somewhere in the distance.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Scott! Come here!! You can't hide in
 the smoke forever!

SRK
 Yes I can. I have loads of smoke
 grenades!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Ah.

OLD LADY
 (almost choking)
 You're making things too easy!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Hey! You there! Are you the person I
 handcuffed?!

OLD LADY
 (feigning a convincing
 offense)
 How dare you?!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (getting back to
 business)
 My mistake...

SCOTT wasn't bluffing, the smoke is only getting thicker. The OLD LADY ignores the dangers and walks away at an unusual, relaxed pace, finding her way out of the park with her tied hands. All she knows is the exit is somewhere in front of her. She bumps into frightened VISITORS every couple of seconds. They seem to be far more on edge than her, but then again, most of them haven't been through a whole world war. After about three minutes of trial and error, it's apparent she's out of the celebration. She can see those tall, homely white buildings through the now thinning vapours. The emerging roads she's standing on are silent to the point of eeriness, but are welcome nonetheless. Trees behind her are always welcome, no matter how often you hear about them..... I hope.

She's back into what was normal society, though as she's now a part of it, society is now somewhat odd. She turns left. With one long check, she looks over her shoulder to see a confused CAPTAIN MENTAL, wafting the polluted air away with some success. Many in the area are hyperventilating and are using tents as supports. The quad biking track and archery competitions on their right (and behind more..... tents!) have been halted for safety reasons; one of the EVENTS ORGANISER'S only good moves.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (just about heard by
 the old lady)
 It's ok! Everyone is out of danger!
 The man with broccoli painted on his
 face is long gone, so calm down!

TODDLER 1
 (even quieter)
 Can we go on the quad bikes, now?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (in a comforting tone)
 Sure. Why not?

The EVENTS ORGANISER is heard coming from the various speakers.

EVENTS ORGANISER
 (nervous)
 I hope everyone is having a wonderful
 time! Meet me in my tent for a
 question and answer session, and free
 cheese and biscuits!

After turning her head back forwards, the OAP starts to stroll away into the streets. Even though the park is now quite clearly on her left and her trademark outlandish hairdo is more than discernible through its trees, she puts on a brave though foolish face, and continues. A more rational thing to do would be to leave the festival behind her, but she needs that thrill of danger. The three-to-four-storey, snow-coloured buildings on her right give her more than enough hope. Everyone likes to be reminded of snow, especially in such an elegant way.

After a few seconds of pacing, she comes across a crossroads. Every direction offers similar sights, but all are reasonably posh so it doesn't matter, too much. Although all roads are silent, the one on the left is for a far more obvious, though curious reason. So here, the OLD LADY peeks round. Seen in-between the other side of the fair and the new row of tall, traditional paper coloured apartments, is a nearby van that has crashed into them. A shirtless NUKE SENIOR is observed through the smashed windscreen.

All the other NAZIS are just heard, through the opened back doors. A couple police cars and a SWAT team van are next to the wreckage, along with a number of their EX-OCCUPANTS. The avenue has been cordoned off.

SWAT TEAM MEMBER 3
(angry)
So, what the hell happened?

NUKE SENIOR
(weak)
That moron sausage man threw too many of my smoke bombs. He stole some of them from the rest of us, when we weren't looking! We had no idea where we were going! Now that I think about it, my wallet's gone too!

SWAT TEAM MEMBER 3
Ever consider stopping?

NUKE SENIOR
Things were getting rowdy in the back. Everyone kept egging me on...

STITCHES
(in severe pain)
Sorry about that...

PITBULL
(ditto)
Yeah, soz...

SWAT TEAM MEMBER 3
Do your other partners in crime ever speak?

GUN FACE
(emotionally numb)
I think they're all dead...

SWAT TEAM MEMBER 3
(keeping cool)
So that's three fatalities?

GUN FACE
I think so, I can't feel any pulses.

GENERIC POLICEMAN
An ambulance is on its way...

NUKE SENIOR
(sad)
Rest in peace, Nuke, Baldo and Razorface. You will all be missed.

SWAT TEAM MEMBER 3

Why are everyone's faces covered in blood? From the crash? It's strange you all have identical injuries...

GUN FACE

That was my idea. We bashed our heads together to give us cuts and wash the face paint away.

PITBULL

That was a shit plan...

SWAT TEAM MEMBER 3

No, no, it worked. We were all looking for people looking like bratwurst...

GUN FACE

See...

SWAT TEAM MEMBER 3

Yeah, you made it all the way to your van. We were also looking for hippies. I assume you're all semi-naked to avoid suspicion?

GUN FACE

Mh-hm.

SWAT TEAM MEMBER 3

Anyway, do you know where the Sausage Killer went?

NUKE SENIOR

No idea, we would have already told you by now.

STITCHES

Back stabber.

All the NAZIS grumble in concurrence.

SWAT TEAM MEMBER 3

... Do you know anything about the CCTV being disabled?

NUKE SENIOR

No idea.

SWAT TEAM MEMBER 3

You better not be lying to me. Needless to say, you're in enough trouble already. Charltonham has been put on complete standstill because of you.

A GENERIC POLICEMAN'S phone rings.

GENERIC POLICEMAN

Hello?..... Concrete, Python, Ghost
and Scary are all being held at
Jester's way? What about Gordon
Becker?.... Hospital?... He got a
taser dart in the eye? I bet that
stung..... You're just phoning to say
the hospital has enough places for the
rest?... Alright, bye...

The MAN hangs up.

GENERIC POLICEMAN

Looks like you lot will be joining the
old tramp, for a while...

The OLD LADY'S curiosity has been satisfied, so she starts the
long journey in her FRIEND'S house's direction. Instead of
walking passed the LAW ENFORCEMENT, she heads backwards and
goes the way she should have went in the first place.

56. Drugs

INT: PRISON CELLS - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

The one, long row of silvery gated cells is encountered for
what feels like the billionth time. No NAZIS have been given
the rights for posters or any other luxuries, because of their
never-ending, let's be frank, abysmal behaviour. CONCRETE and
PYTHON share one cell, GHOST and SCARY share another on their
right, and BENITO has one to himself on their right. As he is
head to toe in white bandages, he could be anyone, however. He
is standing still as a rock in perpetuity, but not by choice.
Far from it, he's in chronic pain. A tall, good looking and
MYSTERIOUS CRIMINAL wearing an orange boiler suit is next to
the cripple just described. All stare through the bars like
zombies, as the COP parades up and down the complex with
obvious tyranny, and dressed with fine taste. (As he's not
going outside any time soon, there's no way he's going to
dress like a party animal). His anger shows in the way he
holds his mobile; it's as if strangling someone.

COP

(always walking,
aimlessly)

You all heard that phone call? All
your friends have been hospitalised.

All except that Scott. But I'll find him; don't you worry.

SCARY

We don't care...

COP

(ignoring him)

So... You used an unknown driver to take you to the Charltonham Food Festival, whilst you all hid in the back... The perfect crime. You must be very proud of yourselves...

BENITO BROWN

(muttering in agony)

Well... Done... For trying....

COP

Shut up you. Is anyone here carrying any kinds of keys on them?

GHOST

(cold, like the other gang members)

No...

CONCRETE

No...

PYTHON

Nope.

SCARY

No.

COP

And how can I trust you?

SCARY

(in a threatening tone)

Our word is our bond.

COP

I see. The correct answer would have been 'you can't. Not in a million fucking years.' So... You'll have to take some laxatives.

SCARY

(angry)

You can't make us take anything. We have rights.

COP
 Oh Jesus Christ, I knew you'd say
 that. I'll be back...

The COP leaves the room, stewing with rage and cracking his phone's glass. As long as it's still usable, he doesn't care; it just makes him look more fearsome. For everyone else, there is a brief moment of semi-catatonic quiet.

MYSTERIOUS CRIMINAL
 (whispering to
 everyone)
 Hey?... Who wants some of my goodies
 that I got hold of?

SCARY
 (quiet and without
 emotion)
 What kind of goodies?

MYSTERIOUS CRIMINAL
 I got some powerful new street
 drugs... They will help pass the time
 away...

SCARY
 Sounds good... What are they called?

MYSTERIOUS CRIMINAL
 The drug's called 'Snack'.

GHOST
 (also quiet)
 Give it here...

CONCRETE
 (a bit louder, as he's
 further away)
 Me and Python want some, too...

BENITO BROWN
 (this man can only
 speak quietly)
 I'll have some, when I..... Can
 move... Properly...

The MYSTERIOUS CRIMINAL takes out four label-less tin cans with pull tabs on them. They are each about the size of your average can of Toke. After sticking his hand hand through his cell's bars, the MC rolls his items with skill, to each mobile NAZI. The RACISTS catch them with their hands through the bars, as well. Intrigued, all open them within seconds and down the contents.

PYTHON

(whilst everyone else
guzzles their gifts
down)

It has a very interesting taste...
What's it made from?

MYSTERIOUS CRIMINAL

All natural ingredients, hence the
name. But that doesn't mean it's not
strong...

PYTHON

How long will it take for the effects
to kick in?

MYSTERIOUS CRIMINAL

(annoyed)

Forever, if you keep asking
questions...

Hopeful of escaping his undesirable situation, PYTHON gets
drinking.

GHOST

(in shared suspense)

Ah, finished!

SCARY

Me too...

CONCRETE

Same here... Finished yet, Python?

PYTHON

(getting annoyed)

Ahhh... Now I have. I'll ask again;
how long till the effects kick in?...
And what the hell are the effects?

MYSTERIOUS CRIMINAL

(calm)

To your first question; a few more
seconds. To your second; the drug has
laxative effects.

GHOST

You basta... OH GOD!!!!

The MYSTERIOUS CRIMINAL pulls a mobile from his chest pocket,
and makes a call.

MYSTERIOUS CRIMINAL

Hello?.... Yes, it's a message from
No.2.

Everything has gone to plan and I'm sensing some are willing to talk. But get some air freshener..

The following events have been cut out, due to their graphic content. No one has any keys, but some are willing to give information.

57. Breakdown

INT: MEADOW PEA RESTAURANT AND BAR (COMING UP AFTER A LITTLE BACKSTORY) - 1 AND A HALF HOURS, LATER

The SRK can't believe his luck. He had to walk a good two and a half miles to get out of Charltonham and into the country, and no police gave him any kind of hassle. Wiping the makeup from his face from his now thrown away hippie clothes, seems to have worked a treat. What's he wearing now? As he was battering people and such, he managed to steal a few tops and change clothes in the smoke and lawlessness. 'No Surprize', (an Aerosmith song) he picked the larger of his options, though even that was too small. His new ultra-tight, blue and buttoned shirt makes him look odd but not necessarily mental. Whilst he doesn't look like a cross-dresser, he does have a bit of flab sticking out above his same old trousers. However, it wasn't his new look that helped him; little did he realise the CCTV was being jammed by KEEMA NAN, heading in the same rough direction.

After all the rambling he did, he came across the Meadow Pea Restaurant and Bar. The most risky part of the day was/is over but walking through the entrance doors, dressed the way he was/is (again) was still embarrassing. What's the restaurant look like inside? Get ready; you're in for a treat.

Fact time: Here, pale brown strips of wood are laid out across the extensive floor, with the neatness you would expect from a high end enterprise, such as this. The left walls are painted a lighter shade. Through one of them is a door for the kitchen, and through a connecting wall is the door for the toilets. By the corner on the opposite side, is a black double door with gold handles on. (Very classy). The top half of these fancy doors consist of framed windows with small supporting grids across them. On this entryway are two un-drawn curtains, matching the wallpaper. Whilst there is tasteful, dim lighting coming from high up wall lanterns, most of the brightness is let in from the outside. I know right? A boring few sentences. Well... Tough.

In this place just described, are a dozen almost invisible mahogany tables.

(They are near-enough completely covered in silk dressing, that flows down just a few inches above the floor). The chairs of the same material (as the tables not dressing, you nutter), are more obvious in construction. Most tables have four of these seats, others have just two. The 15 spread out DINERS look at a short-winded SCOTT after pretty much every bite, thinking he doesn't notice. He does notice, but he doesn't care. Why does he stand out? Because SCOTT is all alone and has spent every penny of NUKE SENIOR'S £104 and 52 pence. Four plates of different types of curry lie in front of him, as well as two bowls of melting ice cream. With all hope lost, SCOTT has gone on an ultra-crazed food binge. At least as time goes by he catches most of his breath. It's something, isn't it?

A CONCERNED DINER is a few meters away from the SRK. He is a 70 year old man and is dressed for the special occasion, whatever that may be. (A birthday). He is tall and grey and is eating food with his well-mannered WIFE and SONS like a normal person; with nice small movements and more or less inaudible chewing. To SCOTT however, he and the OTHERS are little more than boring zombies.

CONCERNED DINER

Don't you think you're eating a little fast? You might choke!

SCOTT ignores him and shovels curry into his mouth at a speed even he feels uncomfortable with; his thinking and sense of reason is getting more and more clouded, not just because of his affliction.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

(a tiny bit out of breath)

Nomnomnomnomnom!....
Nomnomnomnomnom!....

CONCERNED DINER

Aren't you worried about your health? You probably already have diabetes...

SCOTT doesn't even bother looking at the SAMARITAN, but he does at least tone down his chomping for a bit.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

(breathing isn't getting any easier and it won't. It's plateaued)

No I'm not. This will be the last good meal I'll ever eat, but I wouldn't change a thing...
Nomnomnomnomnomnom.....

A short, 20 year old WAITRESS enters the room and minces up to the SRK. All the sane population feel a huge sense of relief but there's always one, isn't there?

WAITRESS
Can you please eat with a little more class? We've had three complaints about you, already...

Another INDIVIDUAL gets overlooked.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Ahem... No I can't. It's my money, isn't it? Nomnomnomno....

WAITRESS
(interrupting his eating)
It is your money, but it's everyone else's money, too...

SRK bashes his fists on the table forcing curry sauce into the air, on his new now splitting clothes and into his eyes. He wipes the food away with strong flicks to the floor.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
(still focused on his meals)
DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM??? DO YOU?!! I doubt it, otherwise you'd leave me the hell alone!!

WAITRESS
Do you want me to call the police??

That comment causes enough concern to make MR. ROSS-KNIGHT glance at the EMPLOYEE, but none can guess for how long.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Fine, I'll go! Just give me a bag to carry my food in...

WAITRESS
A bag??

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
A fucking bag!!

WAITRESS
Oh my word!

Turns out, not that long.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Nomnomn....

WAITRESS
One bag, for all your food?

He looks at the WOMAN again.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
(with more than obvious
sarcasm)
You look too young to have a
doctorate...

WAITRESS
You want me to mix your curry, rice
and ice cream together, so you can eat
it outside with your hands? Is that
what you're saying?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Oh I get it. You're a genius. Is that
it? Been at university since eight?

WAITRESS
I'll get you your bag if that's what
you want; which you obviously don't. I
mean if you actually thought about
what you said. Don't ever come here
again.

The WAITER leaves the room, trying to keep cool. Obviously furious, SCOTT pushes back his chair and stands up, about to get ready to leave. He hobbles a few feet in-between the tables towards the kitchen, then starts to fall down like a plank of wood. For whatever reason, his arms are fixed to his sides as he lands flat on his face. Damn mercury poisoning. Striking it lucky for the first time in a while, he missed crashing into the tables and doesn't have to pay extra for things he can't afford. The WAITER rushes into the room again, with her paper-thin container. Everyone else stares, withholding their complex emotions.

WAITRESS
Er... Hello?

The WOMAN gets no response, so she gives him a light kick.

WAITRESS
Sir?...

The SRK springs back up like nothing has happened. He then snatches the bag from the WORKER, turns and scrapes all his plates and bowls into the economy sack, with large dragging knife movements. He then faces the WAITRESS with defiant body language, vaguely resembling an aggressive penguin.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (spitting everywhere
 like a man possessed.
 His pupils shake
 about)
 Do' vay' Sach ngaQHa'moHwI'mey ghewmey
 vIghaj jIHDaq!!!

WAITRESS
 What?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (back to normal)
 I haven't gone mad, it's Klingon, Miss
 Prodigy!

CONCERNED DINER
 He said you're lucky he doesn't have
 any expanding keys on him.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (stunned)
 What?

WAITRESS
 Is that what you said?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 Oh fuck off.

WAITRESS
 How dare you speak to me like that?!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (thinking hard)
 How dare I? Or... how pear pie... kite
 hat?...

WAITRESS
 Excuse me?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (trying as hard as
 ever)
 Fused bee?...

WAITRESS
 Child...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (getting quicker)
 Tiled?

WAITRESS
 Are you trying to outsmart me?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (confident)
 Yes, and I am.

WAITRESS
 Do you really think so?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (defiant)
 Toe.

WAITRESS
 No, you're making a fool of yourself.

By happy chance, the tense atmosphere has been eased a bit; the doors have opened and the fully uniformed PILOT 2 goes through them, limping. He gets about half the room's attention, including that of the stained KILLER.

WAITRESS
 What in the world happened to you?

PILOT 2
 Don't as..... Hey! I know you, you're the sausage roll killer!

The SRK gives a small, self-satisfied bow.

WAITRESS
 (panicking)
 He's who??

PILOT 2
 Don't approach him! He's extremely dangerous!

Now the SRK has complete attention.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 That's right!... Now give me a Hot Spicy Dare, I mean Pear, a Gulab Jamon and a Banana Bay! Don't bruise it, I'll do it myself!

WAITRESS
 (trembling)
 You monster!... I mean of course, Sir. Would you like anything else?...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 On second thoughts, just take me to the kitchen and we'll see what happens...

WAITRESS
You're the boss...

The WAITRESS leads the SRK away. Seconds after the doors are closed, loud rampant scoffing and the odd word is heard.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Yummyyum... Delicious!....
Yummyyumyum... Wonderful!!....

PILOT 2
(whispering)
Everyone listen up! You all need to
get out of here, that man is CRAZY!
Does anyone have a phone on them?

The now NOT SO CONCERNED DINER puts his hand up. Everyone else, including his FAMILY gets ready to get out of here. You can measure everyone's age by how fast they leave. The ELDERLY shuffle out as fast as they can, but can barely manage average walking speed. It's in bad taste, but this looks funny. Soon the place is almost empty.

NOT SO CONCERNED DINER, ANYMORE
Here you go...

PILOT 2
(edgy)
Actually, can you take the call
please?

NOT SO CONCERNED DINER
(confused)
Ok...

PILOT 2
Just say that the Sausage Roll Killer
is eating in the kitchen of the Meadow
Pea Restaurant and Bar. Oh, and that
you think you saw a suspicious
multicoloured hair lady, hiding in a
large bin in Charltonham...

NOT SO CONCERNED DINER
Why??

PILOT 2
Just do it!

The NSCD dials 999.

NOT SO CONCERNED DINER
Hello? I would like to speak to the
police....

Because the Sausage Roll Killer is in the Meadow Pea Restaurant and Bar! Also I saw a suspicious looking old lady with multicoloured hair, hiding in a bin in Charltonham.... I saw her on the journey, here.....

PILOT 2 gives an enthusiastic thumbs up.

NOT SO CONCERNED DINER
(mouthing to Pilot 2 in panic)
.... What bin precisely?

PILOT 2
Fuck...

PILOT 2 puts on his thinking face.

NOT SO CONCERNED DINER
(still mouthing)
Hurry up!

PILOT 2
(thinking out loud, unfortunately not to himself)
Charltonhaaam...

NOT SO CONCERNED DINER
(embarrassed)
Fuck Charltonham?...

Even before finishing that sentence, the NSCD knew he was saying something stupid. The pressure has just got to him.

PILOT 2 AND NSCD, TOGETHER
(easily loud enough to be heard on the phone)
NO!

NOT SO CONCERNED DINER, ALONE
..... No, this is NOT a prank!

The NSCD puts his phone in his pocket, looking grave.

NOT SO CONCERNED DINER
Oh dear God...

PILOT 2
It seems the chefs are stuck in the kitchen with a murderous lunatic...

Plates smashing to the floor are heard, along with the screams of mixed-genre STAFF.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (with guttural
 pronunciation)
 JIghung!!!!

WAITRESS
 Get a translator in here!!!

PILOT 2
 Don't go in there, it's too dangerous!

The NSCD walks up to the kitchen door and shouts through it.

NOT SO CONCERNED DINER
 He said he's still hungry!

WAITRESS
 Have all you want!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 Nuq chup SoHvaD?

NOT SO CONCERNED DINER
 What do you recommend??

WAITRESS
 Monkfish is pretty good...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 SoH paSlogh-qab qoH tar jIH 'e' nID
 SoH?!

NOT SO CONCERNED DINER
 Are you trying to poison me, you sock-
 faced fool?!

WAITRESS
 What are you on about? Why don't you
 speak English?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (back to relatively
 normal)
 I'm on a higher level!

WAITRESS
 Of course, please forgive me...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (back again)
 Fairy chatlh vIneH.

NOT SO CONCERNED DINER
 He wants fairy soup...

WAITRESS

Don't Klingons have a word for fairy?

NOT SO CONCERNED DINER

Interesting you mention that...

A few minutes of bizarre, but strangely refreshing three to four way conversations go by.

58. Yet Another Cockup

INT: POLICE FERRARI - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

The predictable, perhaps now frustrating (it shouldn't be infuriating :S) local countryside and a handful of lonesome, small buildings FLY by. This isn't surprising as SERGEANT EVANS is driving MENTAL in a super-police car, only used for special occasions. Almost everything inside is covered with stunning black leather, and there is no plastic to be found. Instead, the various buttons are made from stainless steel and to top that, they have carved gold writing on them. Even better still, it's in an elaborate font. Many such buttons are found on the steering wheel, making the vehicle resemble a Formula 1 car; in a way. Through the gaps in this wheel are your typical speedometer and tachometer, but also a gauge that measures G-Force and a special intelligent one, that measures legality. It turns out EVANS'S driving is currently a serious offence.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(with an inappropriate excitement. The stress is just getting to him)

This car's amazing, I can't get over it! You really picked me up from the fair, fast!

SERGEANT EVANS

(a little concerned)

Isn't it just? We need to find a way of convincing the Chief to let us use it all the time.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

That's something to think about, later. Those jailed nazis better not be lying to us. If Scott isn't at the Kilmeny Inn, God knows what will happen!

SERGEANT EVANS

A killing spree?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Yep...

SERGEANT EVANS

I think he will be there, the CCTV cleared at walking pace in the direction Sausage was said to be heading.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

So that's why we're driving this way?

SERGEANT EVANS

Mm-hm. Sorry about talking about my party shirt, this whole time.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

No, I had fun. Did you see anything else interesting on CCTV?

SERGEANT EVANS

Not really. It just seems that the risk has gone, now. Also, electronic communication evidence is being gathered as we speak, and nothing alarming has been found.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Super. Ooh, here come the Gs!....
Hey... What's the building over there?

After being turned round a corner, MENTAL points to what looks like a large, secluded and purple house. It has one or two nearby trees by three of its sides, (one might say the layout was rather sporadic) and they're arriving, fast. Too fast in fact, so EVANS slows to cruising speed along the lengthy, line of a road.

SERGEANT EVANS

(already annoyed)

It's the Meadow Pea Restaurant...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(alarmed)

Do you hear those screams?..

SERGEANT EVANS
Yeah, I hear them. Damn pranksters.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
They're extremely loud and they sound
real...

SERGEANT EVANS
No, just a bunch of Charltonham
haters...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
But they're in Charltonham...

SERGEANT EVANS
Probably immature tourists.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(still edgy)
If you say so...

SERGEANT EVANS
Yes... Did you see that cop outside
the building, though? Maybe I imagined
it...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
The copout?

SERGEANT EVANS
Yes, a short while ago...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
No, I don't think so...

SERGEANT EVANS
Hm. Let's just get to the Inn. We've
already wasted valuable seconds
driving like this.

The drive to this place is similar to what has been seen in
the last few seconds. However, buildings become even more
isolated. (Though at this pace, they are seen or rather
glimpsed at, often).

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(anxious)
That events organiser should be on the
radio now, to give an interview... The
crap that will inevitably come out of
his mouth can get EVERYONE in
trouble...

SERGEANT EVANS
 (also getting anxious)
 I can't believe someone like that
 would ever be allowed on the radio...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 I know, he's being broadcast
 everywhere...

SERGEANT EVANS
 That's crazy; he's such a nutjob. I'm
 not sure I want to listen, though...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 We have to listen.

MENTAL turns on the radio. He flicks through the channels,
 until he reaches OFFICIAL CHARLTONHAM FM.

OFFICIAL CHARLTONHAM FM INTERVIEWER
 (serious)
 I have a few harder questions for
 you...

EVENTS ORGANISER
 (nervous)
 Go ahead...

OFFICIAL CHARLTONHAM FM INTERVIEWER
 You claimed the Sausage Roll Killer
 and his accomplice were dead... Why?

EVENTS ORGANISER
 Because I thought they were...

OFFICIAL CHARLTONHAM FM INTERVIEWER
 And what evidence did you have?

EVENTS ORGANISER
 A suicide note.

OFFICIAL CHARLTONHAM FM INTERVIEWER
 Is that all?

EVENTS ORGANISER
 And a shrunken shoe.

OFFICIAL CHARLTONHAM FM INTERVIEWER
 And how does the shoe qualify as
 evidence?

EVENTS ORGANISER
 Er...

OFFICIAL CHARLTONHAM FM INTERVIEWER
(clearly not believing
what he, himself is
saying)
Never mind, I'm sure it was very
significant.

EVENTS ORGANISER
(still nervous)
Thank you.

OFFICIAL CHARLTONHAM FM INTERVIEWER
And why did you let your festival go
ahead, if you suspected a nazi
shootout at the same place?

EVENTS ORGANISER
Because I only thought the police
would be targeted...

OFFICIAL CHARLTONHAM FM INTERVIEWER
You thought it was likely the police
would be killed?

EVENTS ORGANISER
Oh you know nazis, they hate everyone.
If the officers weren't killed there,
they would be killed somewhere else...

OFFICIAL CHARLTONHAM FM INTERVIEWER
Don't you think the sight of people
being murdered would have spoiled your
event for people?

EVENTS ORGANISER
Yes, in just the same way anything
else would be spoiled. Shoppers miles
away from here could have been
affected, commuters, diners, what's
the difference?

OFFICIAL CHARLTONHAM FM INTERVIEWER
I have an idea that could have
worked...

EVENTS ORGANISER
I bet you do...

OFFICIAL CHARLTONHAM FM INTERVIEWER
The police could have put Charltonham
on lockdown until the killers were
caught. Just as you could have
cancelled your event...

EVENTS ORGANISER

I'm telling you, the shoe was tiny. Literally microscopic. And not just that, the nazi's guns were toys. A huge operation went into distributing those things. Because of the great work of the secret services, no one in the whole of England owns a working AK 47!

OFFICIAL CHARLTONHAM FM INTERVIEWER

But how does that have anything to do with you?

EVENTS ORGANISER

(awkward)

I know some of the agents...

OFFICIAL CHARLTONHAM FM INTERVIEWER

... That's all?.. And wait, why didn't you mention that when I talked about the police being targeted?

EVENTS ORGANISER

Because I didn't know anything about the AK 47s at the time.

OFFICIAL CHARLTONHAM FM INTERVIEWER

I see.

EVENTS ORGANISER

Whoops.

OFFICIAL CHARLTONHAM FM INTERVIEWER

I hope the police knew about the toy AK 47s...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(in response, with
building tension)

You don't understand how the security services in England work! We weren't told, so our abilities would be tested. That made us more alert! Other than the threat from the SRK and Gordon, everyone was safe!

SERGEANT EVANS

He can't hear you, you know?...

Distracted, EVANS almost runs over what looks like a depressed pigeon. This is as he goes round an otherwise deserted bend, in a fury.

SERGEANT EVANS

Eek...

EVENTS ORGANISER

I tend not to talk to the police very much. Most of them are a load of bellends.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Grr...

OFFICIAL CHARLTONHAM FM INTERVIEWER

You didn't have words with police about the threat to the public?

EVENTS ORGANISER

No, I did. Just as little as possible.

OFFICIAL CHARLTONHAM FM INTERVIEWER

Mm-hm... We're running out of time, so is there anything else you want to say?

EVENTS ORGANISER

(nervous as ever)

Yes. The second part of the fair tomorrow, will be the best in fifty years! Hope to see you there! Bye!

MENTAL turns off the radio.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(grave)

We're going to get in serious trouble with the Chief...

SERGEANT EVANS

(stoic)

Are we? We have some very sensitive information that he wouldn't want getting out...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Blackmail the Chief of Police??

SERGEANT EVANS

It's our only choice...

MENTAL nods in fear and agreement.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Now that you mention it, I have one or two questions for him that he'll have a hard time answering...

Why was he so confident the place
wouldn't be attacked?...

SERGEANT EVANS

Hm...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Ok here we are, you're going to go
passed it...

SERGEANT EVANS

I know... I'm the one who's driving..
Control freak...

EVANS brakes hard, to park in the solitary inn car park. Nothing much to say about it other than it's small, and is encircled by tire smoke and bushes; not manmade walls of bricks or whatnot. Once the two OFFICERS leave their treasured ride, they walk across the unoccupied road to the inn's entrance. It would be easy to mistake this building for about seven terraced houses, but not made with orange-red bricks; they look to me like limestone. That's right, not your everyday bricks. :) Vines grow on them, making the whole building look very old and intriguing. The POLICEMEN enter.

59. A Brief Visit

INT: KILMENY INN RECEPTION - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

The first thing the two POLICEMEN notice is a lack of blood. Phew. Here is a cozy but mediocre, brown-carpeted room with gold framed, landscape paintings and wooden doors. Both kinds of features are on all orange-coloured walls. The INN RECEPTIONIST sits in the corner, behind his centuries old ornate oak desk, enjoying the tasteful dim lighting from his personal 50s style lampshade. This WORKER is a 30 year old man in a blue suede suit and wearing old-style glasses. His hair is blonde and curtained.

INN RECEPTIONIST

(on edge because of the
recent, terrible news)

Hello gentlemen. What can I do for
you?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (trying not to show any
 emotion)
 Have you seen a fat man with a HITLER
 mustache...

EVANS nods.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 ... and wearing a bra, around here?

INN RECEPTIONIST
 I'm sorry?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 So that's a no?

INN RECEPTIONIST
 (with assurance)
 It certainly is a no. Had I seen such
 a person, I would have called for you
 people immediately...

SERGEANT EVANS
 (quietly, so Mental
 doesn't look stupid.
 However not quiet
 enough)
 It is believed he wore a disguise to
 the festival...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Of course he did. Please forgive me.
 Let me rephrase that; have you seen
 any fat men, around here?

INN RECEPTIONIST
 (confused)
 Um... I don't think so...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Someone who threatened to, or did man
 bash people?

INN RECEPTIONIST
 What's a man bash?

SERGEANT EVANS
 Someone swinging someone by the legs
 and bashing them against an object, or
 other person...

INN RECEPTIONIST

There's a name for that? Are you trying to tell me there is such a person on the loose??

SERGEANT EVANS

Afraid so...

INN RECEPTIONIST

Wait... A fat man? A man obsessed with food?

SERGEANT EVANS

Yes...

INN RECEPTIONIST

A crazy guy, right?

SERGEANT EVANS

What do you know?

INN RECEPTIONIST

(with guilt)

Are you talking about the Sausage Roll Killer?

SERGEANT EVANS

That's the one. Why?

INN RECEPTIONIST

I think he MAY be at the Meadow Pea Restaurant and bar... At first I thought it was a prank call...

SERGEANT EVANS

(still poker faced)

What did you think was a prank call?

INN RECEPTIONIST

I heard this man shouting a load of gibberish, screaming and guzzling things down. A man told me 'he's begging for fairy soup!' I thought it was a joke, so I hung up. As I was about to disconnect, I may have heard a reference to sausage rolls... Or maybe hostage holes... Or even mileage tolls... I can't say for sure, I'm a little deaf. I was called again, but I ignored it... Only afterwards did I put two and two together. I phoned them again later to check on the place, and I just heard some strange language... He sounded happy enough, though...

SERGEANT EVANS

(in suspense)

I think this is it. I think the Sausage will be caught and the madness will finally end...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(likewise)

I'm sure you're right. He doesn't stand a chance against a helicopter.

SERGEANT EVANS

(positive)

... And us...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(with hesitation)

Mm...

SERGEANT EVANS

You don't sound sure...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

It's just... Well, things haven't really been going well for us these past few days, have they?...

SERGEANT EVANS

Mental! Are you serious?? We've defeated the Pony Crew, and the Fascist Restaurant! You do know how quickly the franchise would have spread, if it wasn't for us??

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I suppose you're right...

SERGEANT EVANS

Of course I'm right! Dear God!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(nervous)

..... I hope Scott doesn't have any more keys on him...

SERGEANT EVANS

Me too. I'm definitely keeping my mouth shut around him...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

What happened to that TV chef was awful.

SERGEANT EVANS

For sure.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I can't imagine the fear people must have felt, as the B-52 flew over them to deactivate that key. They must have been convinced it was going to crash somewhere near them, even if everything was explained...

SERGEANT EVANS

Mm... And a granny hijacking a plane and crashing it? It's a black day for the RAF...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

It's pretty much a black day for everyone round here... Well, a black week...

It's about a minute of lawful mania and continued chatter, before that strange, purple foodery is approached on its unmeandering road. In response, EVANS slows down to jogging speed and sees something even more peculiar. SCOTT has climbed up one of the intermittent trees and is looking more than happy. This is in part because of his never-ending bag of curried ice cream, and the fact all his shirt buttons have been forced off. Now he feels so free and more importantly can actually breathe without issue. His previous discomfort may well have added to his anger, experienced at the Meadow Pea place. I mean, now that I think of it. EVANS parks his car across both lanes of the road, so no other vehicles can get passed. Another police car and four ambulances have the same idea, but quite a bit further along the lane. A couple of female PARAMEDICS are attending to a now unconscious M.B. victim (that's medical code), in the middle of the byway and in-between the two groups of LAW ENFORCEMENT. Thank the almighty, he is the only casualty. A police helicopter hovers high up in the air. One of its PASSENGERS has a loud speaker, which he uses to talk with the KILLER.

MAN IN THE HELICOPTER

(trying to be nice)

For the last time! You may think otherwise, but the trees aren't going to help you! Give yourself up!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

(completely spaced-out)

But I feel at peace, here!

EVANS and MENTAL get out of their Ferrari, and walk up to SCOTT'S favourite tree. They tilt their heads up towards him in bemusement, and cover their mouths as they talk.

MAN IN THE HELICOPTER
Be careful you two! He's lost the
plot!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(treating him like a
naughty child)
What do you think you're doing? Get
down, now.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
You wouldn't talk me down if you
understood how great I was feeling! I
am at one with the trees and they feel
the same way about me!!!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Is this your attempt at pleading
insanity?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Insanity?? They're so beautiful!
You're calling me insane for
appreciating mother nature?!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
No, I'm calling you a liar!

SERGEANT EVANS
(quiet)
What if he's on drugs?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(trying to sound sad)
Are you on drugs, Scott?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Are you serious?? I'm a notorious
health freak!

SERGEANT EVANS
He's got a point...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
(with a wide smile)
Deutschland, Deutschland uber alles!
Come on! Everyone sing along!

SERGEANT EVANS
(whispering)
Do what he says... He may start to
trust us...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(nervous)

Deutschland, Deutschland, uber,
alles.... I'm sorry, I don't know the
rest of the words...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

It's ok! Neither do I! Deutschland,
Deutschland, uber alles!....

SERGEANT EVANS

(also nervous)

... Deutschland, Deutschland, uber
alles...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Oh, this is amazing!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(in a matter of fact
tone)

Scott, this isn't amazing, this is
shit. Like, seriously.

A door is heard opening from the restaurant. Its sound
startles all of the EMERGENCY SERVICES and all turn towards
the thing.

MAN IN THE HELICOPTER

(angry)

Hey! You were told to stay inside with
the others!

PILOT 2'S goggles and whatnot have been discarded after he
realised he was needlessly dressed. This was soon after his
attempt at negotiating with the pigging out SCOTT. Anyway,
this MAN ignores the AIRBOUND MAN and walks from the
establishment, to just underneath SCOTT. He expects MENTAL and
EVANS to continue negotiating, but they don't. They just stare
in his sweaty face.

SERGEANT EVANS

(in disbelief, to Pilot
2)

YOU!!!

PILOT 2

(embarrassed)

Er... Yeah... Sorry...

SERGEANT EVANS

You will be! You're going to jail for
AGES! The least you can do is phone
the hostages, to see if they're
alright...

PILOT 2

I'm sorry, I can't. Scott took everyone's phones in return for their lives...

SERGEANT EVANS

God dammit.

A POLICEMAN previously too far away to be recognised by MENTAL and EVANS, jogs up to the PILOT to cuff him.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(as the man gets closer)

Hey is that you, Alan? I haven't heard from you since scene 12, I mean in ages!

There are a few seconds of unhurried running.

ALAN HAMM

(stopping, slightly out of breath and extending his arm to shake Mental's hand)

Yeah, I've been dealing with the Brum case; not like you with your high profile stuff...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(appreciating the shake)

I know who did it...

ALAN takes his hand back with politeness.

ALAN HAMM

No, I mean I've been patrolling around the car museum to give people peace of mind, and stuff like that...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Oh. Still worthwhile, though. You're certainly helping the museum's business. Without you, people would be too scared to go there...

ALAN HAMM

Yeah, I guess so.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

So; why have you been called, here?

ALAN HAMM

All police have been stretched out across Charltonham, to deal with serious crime, now.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Oh yes. How silly of me.

ALAN starts to cuff the obedient PILOT 2 against the tree, as he talks.

ALAN HAMM

Did you know that man up there and I used to be friends?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(light-hearted)

I did know that! I knew him too!

ALAN HAMM

Yeah. You think you know someone, then they go on a chef killing spree...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Tell me about it...

ALAN finishes the job and takes the PILOT away to his vehicle.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Why didn't you cuff the pilot before?

ALAN HAMM

(whilst walking)

Mental! Where's your sense of trust?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(with respect)

Touche...

ALAN HAMM

Well... See you later.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Bye...

SERGEANT EVANS

Yeah, bye...

With hard work ethics, MENTAL and EVANS focus their concentration back to SCOTT.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Sco....

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (cutting in)
 Wemustsecuretheexistenceofourpeopleand
 afutureforwhitechildren!!!!!!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 What?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 EinVolkeinReicheinFührer!!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 You're speaking a little fast...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 I'monahigherlevel!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Oh, Jesus...

SERGEANT EVANS
 (sly)
 Hey... Want some fairy soup?...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (quiet)
 Evans, you genius!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 Whatkindoffairy?...

SERGEANT EVANS
 Er... Alven...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 AllthewayfromtheNetherlands?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 That's right! Never Never Land!

MENTAL laughs under his breath.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (to Evans)
 Fruitcake...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 Alright. I'm coming down...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Well done! Ever been in a Ferrari?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 Why?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
You're going to get driven in one!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Are you serious??

CAPTAIN MENTAL
I sure am!

SCOTT is so excited, he jumps from the tree.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
W....

Yep, he didn't even have enough time to say 'weee'. As disappointing as that must have been for him, it does however mean his injuries aren't too serious. That is despite the loud splatting sound.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Hello, Scott?

SERGEANT EVANS
It seems he's not going to be able to appreciate the ride...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
I'm sure he'll be fine in a few minutes...

61. A Lot More Public Enemies

INT: PRISON CELLS - 30 MINUTES LATER

SCOTT has just regained consciousness, with an uncontrollable urge to go to the toilet. He has more than callously been left to wake up, to see the saddened, self-pitying PILOT 2 in a bare prison cell. Well, here is sort of bare. Everyone needs a bed, etc. (Again, that's for you fish poison sufferers; I haven't forgotten about you). Next to the TWO are CONCRETE and PYTHON, and next to them are GHOST and SCARY. Next to them, is the rigid stiff and bandaged BENITO. Note that the MYSTERIOUS CRIMINAL is gone. Of course he is, he was an undercover agent.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
(running to the toilet)
OH SHIT!

Some things are better left unsaid. Others are better left undescribed. This is the latter.

All you need to know, is everyone (apart from the toilet-bound SCOTT) starts to poke their heads through their bars, so they can just about be seen by everyone else. Yep, even the crippled BENITO found the will to do so. Just imagine nothing but blackness as the talking goes on.

GHOST

You bastard!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

PLEASE HAVE MERCY!

SCARY

If it wasn't for you and your stolen smoke bombs, we would have escaped!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

I'M SORRY!!! HELP ME OUT AND I'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE!

PYTHON

(cold)

There's nothing we can do to help you. Take your enema like a man.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

(now crying)

WHERE ARE THE OTHERS???

CONCRETE

In hospital. You'll meet them soon enough. I'm sure they'll be more than happy to see you...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

(crying more and more)

OH GOOD!....

About a minute of intense suffering and veiled threats pass. The COP walks into the room with pride and a nose peg, as the SRK wipes away his tears. SCOTT doesn't want to be any more of an odd one out, so he sticks his noggin through the bars, too. Ah vision, welcome back.

COP

(with malice)

Got you!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

(with a patronising tone and stopping crying, more and more)

You certainly did! Well done, you!

COP
Indeed. So that's all of you turds
caught.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
(hiding rage)
.... That's right...

CONCRETE
How come the other nazis are in
hospital, yet Benito is here with us?

COP
(with faked sympathy)
He's on morphine, (he's not) he can't
feel a thing.

BENITO BROWN
(shouting on impulse)
I'm not being used as an undercover
grass!

COP
Exactly. He's just on morphine.

All NAZIS look at BENITO, done up like kippers.

PYTHON
You C...

Oh my word. We can't have that kind of language.

BENITO BROWN
I didn't do anything, I swear!

COP
Thanks for your help, Benito. We
pretty much have all the information
we need. Now your sentence is
quartered.

PYTHON
MOTHER F...

Er...

COP
Joke! That was a joke, Python. Lighten
up!

The COP winks at BENITO in plain sight. Ignoring the outraged
and further unspeakable exclamations, he pulls a tape recorder
from his pocket and activates it.

COP

(serious)

Let's get this over with as soon as possible. Scott, do you confess to the murder of a Charltonham butcher; the escaping from prison; the murder of the B&B owner at St. Navy Bean's Farm; the murder of the B&B's four chefs; the murder of the B&B's three guests; the destruction of that whole B&B; the man bashing of three men at the Charltonham food festival; the threatening of someone with a deadly weapon at the Meadow Pea Restaurant; the theft of food, mobiles, and the damage of property there; and finally, the man bashing of someone outside of the restaurant?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

(proud)

Yep.

COP

Ok, good. And Mr. Nigel Perez, do you confess to ultra-joyriding; the crashing of a B-52; and hiding information about a known offender?

PILOT 2 (NIGEL PEREZ)

(ashamed)

I also stole some biscuits.

COP

... And were these good quality biscuits?

NIGEL PEREZ

Yes...

COP

I see.

At least one person in NIGEL'S cell has gained some respect. SCARY starts to clap, but on his own.

COP

Quiet, you. I have to go now. I'm sure you'll all get along, nicely.

62. Surprise!

INT: CAPTAIN MENTAL'S OFFICE - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

The small, brown sugar-coloured room (mm-hm; I found a replacement for light brown in my own time. You know the score now), with a desk at the back is here afresh. MENTAL is sitting behind it and MORGAN faces him, also seated. On the desk is a PC, updated a short while ago. It was replaced against MENTAL'S will, by the impetuous COP demanding more efficiency. A pile of stacked and resented computer CDs are next to it, as well as the still cracked picture of his old, missing FRIEND. As always, two lofty aluminium drawers are by the sides of walls. In an increased effort to appear professional, everything in sight (other than the soon to be mended picture frame) is tidy and clean.

SERGEANT EVANS

(tense)

Our plan better work or we might be finished, forever. We might not be allowed to work as policemen, again.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(likewise)

It could be worse. If the COP was REALLY angry with us, we'd be ordered to see him in his office. The fact he wants to talk with us here, shows he is at least sympathetic to our situations...

SERGEANT EVANS

You really think so?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I dunno, maybe... I think he still wants to sack us, though... But maybe not; some of his moods have been really strange and erratic lately, and that's coming from ME!

SERGEANT EVANS

Yeah, remember when he tasered Benito? Rumours say the Chief cried, afterwards...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I've been hearing similar stories...

SERGEANT EVANS

Anyway, I hope Morgan still has his mobile phone picture of the files...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Don't worry about that. He has the pictures backed up on computer CDs and everything...

SERGEANT EVANS

I wonder what will happen to Constable Morgan. He was ill before the shootout business happened... You can't really blame HIM for how things turned out...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

The Chief might want to fire him, too. Public outrage is so strong, a complete overhaul is what I expect he's being urged to carry out...

SERGEANT EVANS

My God...

Fast knocking on the door is heard with a strong ritardando and diminuendo. As intended, this has an soothing effect that is appreciated by MENTAL and EVANS.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(trying to appear calm)

Come in...

The Cuban cigar smoking COP does so, and MENTAL and EVANS stand up to greet him. A couple of brief handshakes are completed.

COP

(warm)

Hello, fellas...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(nervous)

Hello, Chief...

COP

Remember how in trouble you were, when the butcher was butchered?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I do...

COP

Well, times that by ten...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I'm sacked?

COP

You sure are... I know I've said that a lot recently, so I think I should be clearer; you're super sacked.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(unsurprised)
Constable Morgan, too?

COP
Yep...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Why?

COP
He just is, ok? This whole force needs
to be rebuilt from scratch...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(trying to be strong)
Are you going to resign?

COP
(confused)
Errr... No... Why did you say that?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
You're in charge of us, and therefore
are partly responsible...

COP
Um....

CAPTAIN MENTAL
....

COP
(uncomfortable)
... I've been dealing with far more
important issues than what you're
involved with... I've been helping
with the distribution of toy AK 47s...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Why didn't you tell us?

COP
To keep you on your toes... You know
how this place operates...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Why didn't you have the fair
cancelled?...

COP
(stuttering)
Mental, I...

The COP's hard shell starts to crack. A lone tear drop falls from his eye.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Chief?...

The COP adjusts his tie, looking grave.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
What's going on?

The COP takes a deep puff.

COP
(open and saddened)
.... Do you know why I became Chief of Police?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(confused)
No. Why?...

COP
I really like money. Ok?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Where are you going with this?

COP
The events organiser paid me off, in return for me not interfering with his activities... I'm not going to lie; I haven't been the same man since the whole scandal. I can't believe what I've done... I just... y'know... like money...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(in disbelief)
Are you being serious?

COP
I'm afraid so... Mental... I want to come clean...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Again?

COP
Yes. I killed Dexter...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Morgan's pet fish?

COP
Yes. I'm sorry.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Is there anything else you want to tell us?

COP
(dark)
... I once killed a man with a spade... Then hid his body in a forest.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(not knowing what to think)
Excuse me??...

COP
(with a smile)
No, only joking. Kind of makes the whole fish incident seem smaller now though, doesn't it?

The COP pats MENTAL on the back with force.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(appalled)
No...

COP
(with remorse)
I haven't let it show because I don't want to be seen as weak. However, I've been giving this a lot of thought over the last few hours. Over the last days, if I'm truly honest...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
You've been giving what thought?...

COP
Maybe... Maybe I SHOULD take the blame for you... What do you think?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(delighted, very surprised and with a new found respect)
How??

COP
Deep down, everyone knows it's not your fault...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Can you please stop being so cryptic?...

COP

What I mean is, who's ever heard of a hippie criminal? Someone saying 'peace and love' then killing a load of people? Doesn't make sense, does it?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I guess not...

SERGEANT EVANS

Charles Manson?

COP

Oh, he doesn't count. He carved a swastika on his forehead...

SERGEANT EVANS

The famous good luck symbol?

COP

No, it's later meaning...

SERGEANT EVANS

Ah. Good point then.

COP

Right. So can you REALLY be blamed for the attack on the festival? Where is the public's sense of trust?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(with growing admiration)

You make a good point. I learnt from the best.

COP

That's very much appreciated. Sure we've all made mistakes, but we can learn from the past and move on!

CAPTAIN MENTAL AND EVANS TOGETHER

(motivated)

Yeah!

COP

Let's work on our explanations, together... Mental, sit down and get typing.

EVANS still stands, but looking more bouncy and positive.
 MENTAL gets ready. As he sits however, he remembers something.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(brainstorming)

Wait... How do we explain the fact we ignored a nazi threat, and we mistakenly believed the SRK and his accomplice were dead?

COP

(starting to face reality)

... Of course. We can't can we?

SERGEANT EVANS

(hopeful)

We can lie and say no nazis did anything. No nazis were dressed in their standard clothes at the fair... Did anyone actually see any nazis?

The COP inhales his soothing toxins, harder than before.

COP

....No. I'll have to come clean. It's time for me to start a new life.

SERGEANT EVANS

(surprised once more)

What will you do?

COP

I want to be a carpet salesman.

SERGEANT EVANS

(quite puzzled)

Ok...

COP

I'll type up my apology with Mental. You go and punish the already jailed nazis, for lying about Scott's whereabouts...

SERGEANT EVANS

How?

COP

Enemas. Also, try and find out what happened to Mental's old friend, James Tipton... If Scott refuses to talk...

SERGEANT EVANS
 (cutting in)
 Give him an enema?

COP
 Good man... Oh, and Evans?...

SERGEANT EVANS
 Yes?

COP
 (raging)
 FUCK YOU!!

SERGEANT EVANS
 I'm sorry???

COP
 (lightening up)
 Joking, joking! I just heard rumours I
 was unstable. I was playing on that...

SERGEANT EVANS
 I see.

63. Surprise No.2

INT: PRISON CELLS - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

SCOTT is still with the miserable as ever PILOT 2, in his dreary container. The stench in the air is nauseating and possibly even harmful. Only time will tell. Next to the TWO, are CONCRETE and PYTHON and next to them, are GHOST and SCARY. Making them unknowingly switch places in an instant, with Gtnebehad Brilkenged powers would make a great practical joke. It's a shame the ability must never be abused. BENITO has lost some of his confidence and is standing frozen still in his corner.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 This is fucking boring.

PILOT 2
 (agreeing)
 Mm..

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 Nigel, why did you crash a B-52?

PILOT 2
 You wouldn't understand...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Damn straight, I don't. Was it out of
boredom, anger?...

PILOT 2
I have cancer...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Now we're getting somewhere...

SCOTT pauses so NIGEL can continue his explanation.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
That's it?

PILOT 2
Yes, then I stole some biscuits...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
From where?

PILOT 2
I mugged someone outside of the Meadow
Pea restaurant...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
(shocked)
... That doesn't sound like you...

PILOT 2
You wouldn't understand.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Why didn't you tell the Chief?

PILOT 2
You wouldn't understand...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
(very confused)
Ha...

EVANS enters the complex, carrying a 15 strong multi-pack of
Snack under one of his arms. In effort, he lurches along each
cell looking fearsome.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
(almost jumping out of
his skin)
NO!

CONCRETE AND PYTHON
Oh, shit.

GHOST AND SCARY

Fuck.

SERGEANT EVANS

(serious)

You know why I'm carrying 15 enemas?

CONCRETE

Er...

SERGEANT EVANS

It's because you four nazis are a bunch of lying, time wasting bumfaces!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

But why do you have 15 cans?...

SERGEANT EVANS

Let's hope the other 11 never get used.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Yes, let's...

SERGEANT EVANS

Do you know how many cans of Snack I have in this jail, Scott?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

No...

SERGEANT EVANS

Guess...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

10?

SERGEANT EVANS

Times that by 1000!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

990?

(Again, that's mercury poisoning for you).

SERGEANT EVANS

I think I know where you're coming from... But no. I have 10,000 of the most brutal laxatives the world has ever known.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Eek.

SERGEANT EVANS

Yes... So... Tell me where James
Tipton is...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

NEVER!

Picture the black once more, and you'll thank me for it. Ten minutes pass. All done. SRK leans against his cell wall hyperventilating, as PILOT 2 is as far away from his shared toilet as possible. All other CRIMINALS have head to their far corners and hold their noses. EVANS however, is strong.

SERGEANT EVANS

So you'll take me to James?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

(desperate)

Of course I will. Who do you take me
for?

SERGEANT EVANS

Right! Now, that wasn't so bad was it?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

I guess..... I guess, not...

With vigilance, EVANS tells NIGEL to lie on the floor with his hands on his dopey head. He then orders SCOTT to put his paws behind his stupid back (how mean; I guess NOW the smell is getting to him), so he can cuff him. The SERGEANT does so, and leads him out of the station to the special Ferrari police car. What follows, is a speedy 6 minute drive out of Charltonham and into the country. It's time to go back to Gothchester.

64. Rescue Mission?

INT: SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT'S LIVING ROOM - SECONDS AFTER DRIVE

Led by the shackled SCOTT, EVANS enters the KILLER'S abode. In an instant, EVANS is impressed with the amount of space on offer, and wonders how he can afford it; how did this guy used to be so functional?? Here in the hallway connected to the living room, much is seen but not TOO much. Nothing disturbing. No tortured sausages pinned to the walls or anything like that. Noticed first as it is right in front of the TWO, is the winding wooden staircase with banisters by its sides. The ambiguous vibes felt by SCOTT'S past various visitors are now more than clear. This place is all out evil.

On the floor, the piles of thrown away snacks remain. EVANS is hungry, so he stares at them like double A batteries.

(A bit of a weird comparison that one, but have you ever noticed that the designs on batteries are always really cool?) At the end of the room and surrounded by windows, are the exercise bike and treadmill. ('Still?' Yes! They don't move, it's the people on them that do, you silly!) The more traditional sofas and flat screen TV on the floor and in the middle of this area, help EVANS little to get used to the overall sinister character. EVANS does like order, but there's not enough. Far from it; such an amount would be impossible. Loud disco music plays, making things worse.

SERGEANT EVANS

Has disco music been playing all this time? I heard it from quite some way, away...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Er... Yep.

SERGEANT EVANS

I might have to charge you with disturbing the peace...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

(not really caring)

Bummer.

SERGEANT EVANS

(a little excited)

I might go easy on you, if I can have some of your chocolate... Is that Belgian chocolate?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

What it is, is poisonous rubbish.

SERGEANT EVANS

American chocolate is poisonous rubbish, my man. What you have there, is highest quality confectionary.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

How easy will you go on me?

SERGEANT EVANS

Oh, never mind. Let's just find James.

SCOTT leads EVANS to just behind the settee. He then kneels on the floor and strokes it, trying to find his secret, circular and 2.4384 meter diameter (yes, that is accurate) entrance. Once located, he squats on its left and knocks his classified password, in 13/8. At a much too slow pace, it opens. A huge disc now tilted, points upwards towards the ceiling.

Before you complain of the repetition, let's be fair; things are getting repeated, so what do I do? Lie? 'Yes please, you've gone way too far saying the same kind of stuff about duplications all the time...' Ok, if you like... Here goes then. I mean you paid, right?... (Right?) Beneath the disc is a rounded gap, decorated with colour-changing fairy lights. The toy, plastic ladder fastened to the right is starting to crack. The TWO have 6.096 meters (I know, it's Christmas come early) to go in unseasonal lighting, before they reach the chestnut covered floor. They have about 4.096 meters to go, before they get to the top of the bumpy orange-brown, arched platform on the left, famously extending a couple of feet outwards and made of gingerbread men. Not long after climbing, SCOTT reaches the lumpy floor with the SERGEANT still above him.

SCOTT makes a couple of steps to his unbreakable, even unbombable door. Both scared and excited, EVANS descends to pursue him. Soon after grounding and now behind the KILLER, he sees a curved entryway passed SCOTT'S shoulder and arm, that is very sweet-smelling. It surrounds a far sweeter, fortified door made with candy canes of all shapes and sizes. A handle in the shape of a sturdy cookie, is in its middle. SCOTT forces it round with much strength and thrusts it forward, inch by inch. Fascinated but hyper-vigilant, the POLICEMAN is now never more than two feet away from the MADMAN, as he enters the secret room. (Back to reality, now. It's for the best. However, it may not seem like it for a bit - duplications).

Here is a big, cube-like design with 10 foot dimensions. Again. The walls and floor are of nothing but silver coloured steel that are without any features. Again. The metal roof, on the other hand is fitted with dozens of small, in-built lights laid out with perfect symmetry. Again. They shine with much more power than necessary and emit a cold, white glare. Again. (It's ok, Simon, it's ok, the book is nearly over). In the middle of the solid floor is.... Nothing. The old sausage roll costume is still under lock and key, at Jesters Way Police Station.

SERGEANT EVANS

(shocked)

He's gone??

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Relax. We need to go through one more portal.

SERGEANT EVANS

(relieved)

What rhythm do we need to use, this time?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Evans, you know me too well. We need
29/16.

SERGEANT EVANS
(with a nervous drive)
Dear God!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
It gets worse, I'm afraid. We need to
tap it at around 160 BPM.

SERGEANT EVANS
160? We'll never pull that off!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Maybe not at first, but we have lots
of time.

SERGEANT EVANS
I'll be the judge of that. Where do we
enter the rhythm?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Follow me. Can you un-cuff me, please?

SERGEANT EVANS
No. You don't need to be un-cuffed to
enter that meter...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Whatever.

SCOTT walks to the middle of the wall in front of him, and
bangs on it with a relentless attitude. He manages to keep
calm and tap with light, energy conserving movements.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
(stopping the taps with
patience)
Shit...

He tries again, then stops again.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Fuck...

SERGEANT EVANS
(getting angry)
Scott!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
I can do it, I can do it!!

SERGEANT EVANS
 God dammit, I'll try too. Wait; what
 are the bars divided into?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 A bar is, 2,3,3,2,3,2,2,3,2,2,2,3...

SERGEANT EVANS
 You bastard.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 Hey!

Half an hour passes, then the room goes black. A door is heard
 creaking in front of them.

SERGEANT EVANS
 What's going on??

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (a little edgy)
 It's ok. Just keep walking.

The unlikely DUO do so. EVANS has no idea what he is walking
 through, but it is suddenly cold and the floor seems to be
 jagged stone. Cans and bags of food are trampled on, over and
 over again.

SERGEANT EVANS
 Do you have planning permission for
 this?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 What do you think?

SERGEANT EVANS
 No?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 I'm going to jail for a long time,
 aren't I?

SERGEANT EVANS
 Yes, though in relative comfort and
 sanitation.

After about half a minute of shared emotional wrongness but
 thankful silence, SCOTT bumps into a rocky wall ahead of him.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (dark)
 Ah, here we are. The light switch
 should be around here, somewhere...

Something hits EVANS in the eye.

SERGEANT EVANS

Ow...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

There you go. Now pull on it.

EVANS does so. As well as a primitive block of wood on a string, a long, rugged red-brown tunnel is revealed with a ceiling only inches above SCOTT'S head. In addition to the shortness, the walls are separated by just 0.9144 meters. A sleeping though upright, 40 year old JAMES TIPTON is now right next to EVANS. His arms are free, but his legs are chained to the wall as if he were an animal. He is still wearing his same old white apron from the day he vanished, though it is now in tatters. He is also much thinner and his Latino skin is far paler. His greying beard flows down to the floor, and tripping over it is more than possible. Unopened containers of food lie next to him, but his supplies are running low.

SERGEANT EVANS

(astonished)

James!!

JAMES is startled, to say the least. This is uttermost startlement that has built up over 10 years! A few seconds of mute bafflement go by.

JAMES TIPTON

(not knowing what to think)

..... Evans???... I haven't seen you since you were a little nipper!

SERGEANT EVANS

(trying to be friendly, but sad for James)

Since I was 25. How are you??

JAMES TIPTON

.... I'm kind of bored... Can you get me out of here, please?...

SERGEANT EVANS

Of course!!

JAMES TIPTON

So, still in that prog rock band? What was it called? Basil Brush Mugged off my Uncle?

SERGEANT EVANS

That was a long time ago. No, now I'm a police officer!

JAMES TIPTON
In Hawaiian shirt??

SERGEANT EVANS
It's a long story...

JAMES TIPTON
Are all police officers dressed like
you, now?

SERGEANT EVANS
Most are, some of the guys down the
station aren't. Don't worry, I'll
explain everything, later.

SCOTT has a look on his face that suggests he feeling a little
left out. No one cares.

JAMES TIPTON
(with much repressed
anger)
What are you doing with Scott??

SERGEANT EVANS
(reassuring)
I'm going to be arresting him...

JAMES TIPTON
(weak)
Can I taser him?

SERGEANT EVANS
Of course you can! That's the very
least I can let you do!

JAMES TIPTON
Thanks...

Even after all this time, the SRK still dreads being fried.
Again, his distressed body language and facial expression
gains no sympathy.

SERGEANT EVANS
So, what have you been doing all this
time?

JAMES TIPTON
Nothing much.

SERGEANT EVANS
No, of course not; please forgive me.

JAMES TIPTON
 (trying to appear as
 interesting as
 possible)
 I did a lot of counting...

SERGEANT EVANS
 That's good... Fun?

JAMES TIPTON
 No, not really...

SERGEANT EVANS
 Oh... Anyway, how did you end up here?

Removing all negative thoughts from his mind, SCOTT perks up a bit.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (with pride in his
 work)
 I'll explain that... I overheard James talking about a new sausage roll recipe, whilst I was hiding in the bushes pretending to be a cat.

SERGEANT EVANS
 (obviously weirded out)
 Ok...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 Yes. I then followed him home. I made a note of where he lived and made a special key to enter his house. When James was out of it at work, apparently at a local restaurant, I built a special compartment in the kitchen ceiling, with two peep hole doors. The way they open and close in itself is a work of genius. The same goes for the hatch I made on the floor above, so I could fit in the whole area. When James was back from his 9 to 5 with Mental, and when they were facing away from each other, I jumped out of the compartment hanging on a rope. In between both, I then drugged them with a syringe, making them unknowingly unconscious for 5 minutes. In this time, I wrote the note, attacked the sausage and sewed the bedroom carpet up with a speed and mastery you can't even comprehend. Finally, I left with the drugged James to my basement.

SERGEANT EVANS
(withholding anger)
Ohhhhhh..... Now, Scott; where's your
key?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Key?

SERGEANT EVANS
(nervous)
That's right, your key...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
There is no key...

SERGEANT EVANS AND JAMES, TOGETHER
What???

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
It's ok!

SERGEANT EVANS
Let me guess. You have to tap out a
weird time signature to unlock the
chains...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
No, of course not! If it were that
simple, James could have easily
escaped by now. We need to tap a
polymeter.

SERGEANT EVANS
I see. And what are these meters?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
7/4 against 19/16...

SERGEANT EVANS
So we have to tap out a perfect 19 bar
phrase?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Yes.

SERGEANT EVANS
God dammit, Scott. Don't you have an
axe?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
An axe murderer? That's far too
cliched. Just do the rhythm, it will
be fun...

SERGEANT EVANS
 (secretly agreeing)
 Oh, oook.

Half an hour passes and the novelty is starting to wear off. If only EVANS took part in all those djembe classes, whilst at university.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 We can do this...

Another half an hour passes. Now things are really starting to get frustrating. If only EVANS learnt drums to be like his hero, MIKE PORTNOY... But wait...

SERGEANT EVANS
 YEESSS!!!!

Maybe things aren't so bad...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 That wasn't so bad, was it?

SERGEANT EVANS
 It so was. Alright, let's go... Ever been in a Ferrari, James?

JAMES TIPTON
 Oooh!

The THREE make their way through tunnels and strange rooms, until they get outside in the sun. Ah yes, the lovely Gothchester sun. Looking at those shining, old houses and their photographic gardens certainly beats years of total darkness and false imprisonment. You may remember such manmade and natural constructions are everywhere, and are on both sides of the road. Very nice. Just outside of Scott's house is the SERGEANT'S gorgeous police super-car.

JAMES TIPTON
 The sunlight is weird...

SERGEANT EVANS
 I bet it is. You can get in the back, whilst Scott can sit next to me. I'm not taking my eyes off you for a second.

Everyone gets in.

65. Flight of the Bumblebee

INT: POLICE FERRARI - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

Back to the chic, funky Ferrari interior. This ultramobile is not so tantalising for EVANS, you can have too much of a good thing, but it is for JAMES and to a lesser extent, the SUPER-VILLAIN. Almost as elegant for the KIDNAPEE but not quite, is the view out of the windows. The passing near-alien world sure is colourful and varied. Wow. Just wow. Cars go by infrequently, but when they do their DRIVERS without exception, have to have at least one glimpse of the powerhouse.

JAMES TIPTON
 (with a newfound zest
 for life)
 I'm loving the black leather...

SERGEANT EVANS
 (happy for James)
 Good, isn't it? Almost as good as your
 beard!

JAMES TIPTON
 Na, it's too much - Excessive... And I
 love the metal buttons. Is that real
 gold writing on them?

SERGEANT EVANS
 24 carat...

JAMES TIPTON
 What's that weird gauge, behind the
 steering wheel?

SERGEANT EVANS
 The G-Force one?

JAMES TIPTON
 No, the other one.

SERGEANT EVANS
 It measures how law abiding my driving
 is...

JAMES TIPTON
 The needle's very low down...

SERGEANT EVANS
 Yeah, I don't want to get in further
 trouble. You would not believe the
 kind of week I've had.

JAMES TIPTON
 Bad?

SERGEANT EVANS

You could say that. This Scott here,
went absolutely apeshit.

JAMES TIPTON

I can believe that.

SERGEANT EVANS

Fair point. Also, a load of nazis
tried to massacre everyone, at the
Charltonham food festival.

JAMES TIPTON

Why?

SERGEANT EVANS

Oh, you know nazis. They have to go
around killing people, so they feel
better about themselves. Anyway, 10
years in darkness? That must have
sucked. I'm not surprised you want a
go on my taser... Would you like to
have a go before we reach the station?

JAMES TIPTON

Sure...

With his eyes still on the pretty passing road, EVANS reaches
into his left trouser pocket to get his weapon. He then sticks
his hand out by his side so JAMES, behind him can grab it,
already relishing in what will be classic retribution.
Interestingly, houses will soon only be on the dexter side.
Actually, now they are.

SERGEANT EVANS

DEXTER!!!!!!

JAMES TIPTON

What?

SERGEANT EVANS

Sorry, I just got reminded of one of
my friend's dead fish...

JAMES TIPTON

(a little
uncomfortable)

Oh right... Can we stop by that road,
just in front of us? They'll be no
witnesses, there...

SERGEANT EVANS

That's a good idea.

Seconds after speaking, the views change. Now seen out of the side windows and passed the wild, roadside hedges are bright green, summery flats. They may be dull for you, but they're not for MR. TIPTON. He might as well be on Jupiter. These horizontals extend out to what could be the end of time. (But they don't, it IS actually Earth. For this kind of story, it's good to be clear). Through the front windscreen, is a straight road. It is unclear how long this rustic route lasts at this point, it just narrows into nothing.

SERGEANT EVANS

(excited)

We're out of Gothchester! You know what that means, Scott?

SCOTT doesn't reply; he's far too scared. His muscles are rigid stiff, perhaps in preparation. EVANS parks his borrowed police car on the far edge of the deserted road, crushing part of the shrubs.

SERGEANT EVANS

(cold)

Get out of the car, Scott...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

You can't do this!

SERGEANT EVANS

Oh yes I can.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

There are laws against this!

SERGEANT EVANS

Would you like some more Snack, instead??

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Er...

SERGEANT EVANS

(calm)

Just get out. We're only going to shoot you once... I'll let you free from your handcuffs...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Really?...

SERGEANT EVANS

Yeah!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Ok then...

After EVANS frees SCOTT, both in anticipation, the three get out of the car and walk across the tarmac.

SERGEANT EVANS
I hope you're not planning to run
away...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
(unconvincingly)
No...

SERGEANT EVANS
Good. Now stand in the middle of the
road with your hands behind your head.

SCOTT does so. He is now facing away from EVANS and TIPTON, and is about four feet from him.

JAMES TIPTON
(intrigued)
Where would be a good place to shoot
him?

SERGEANT EVANS
Try the back of his head...

JAMES TIPTON
Ok.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Fuck you!

The moment SCOTT tries to leg it, JAMES fires. The CRIMINAL is just out of time.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
NO!!

SCOTT'S arms flap up and down like mad. They accelerate to warp speed in warp speed. The resulting buzz is deafening. Think a bee, but times by 100. Strong winds are produced, as JAMES and EVANS cover their ears and get forced backwards, quite a few paces.

JAMES TIPTON
(shouting)
Er... Is that normal?!

SERGEANT EVANS
(not heard, even by
himself)
Hmm...

SCOTT'S flapping isn't going anywhere, if anything it's getting worse.

His feet lift a few inches off the ground, and he mindlessly starts to hover for quite some consistency.

SERGEANT EVANS

Oh no...

The SRK now leaves the earth at an exponential rate. Inches turn into feet and soon enough, the MAN rises as high as a house, in geography and in mind. At this point his acceleration slows, bringing at least some relief to the two WITNESSES. Both are too stunned to do anything however, and they become mute. Not that they'd hear each other anyway, even at this range. What they have managed to do, is resume their arm's normal positions, though their efforts were handled by their subconscious and nothing else.

JAMES TIPTON

W...?

The FREAK OF NATURE is getting higher; his elevation will soon be doubled what it was, before. Not quite, though.

SERGEANT EVANS

Buh?

SCOTT'S height has now doubled what it was before, but is stagnant. Thank God! Imagine an evil human satellite hell bent on destroying the world, because that's what EVAN'S was fearing! A strange thought I know, but who can blame him? In a stupor and after circling round and round a few times, the SRK disappears into the distance, but certainly not from memory. No, this event will stay with the two WITNESSES for a whole lifetime, as it would for everyone with a functioning brain. After a fair dose of exertion, EVANS re-groups his thoughts and picks his mobile from his pocket. He phones MENTAL with humming coming from somewhere, or another.

SERGEANT EVANS

(in a daze)

Er, Steve?... I electrocuted Scott, then his arms thrashed up and down, and then he started flying...

A small dot is seen in the four-storey high sky, and it's getting bigger and more raucous. As it would... Or would it? It's MR. ROSS-KNIGHT, and it seems he's coming for EVANS and JAMES. The dot evolves into a blotch which continues to expand.

SERGEANT EVANS

I'm being serious! Steve?....

EVANS hangs up, hoping his apparent phoney message doesn't get reported.

If one of his best friends doesn't believe him, who will? SCOTT is now about 100 feet away from EVANS and JAMES, and his height is still consistent. Good, that's SOME order. However, as he gets nearer still, one can see his face. In a one of a kind situation such as this, a one of kind expression goes with it. It's truly awful and ominous.

SERGEANT EVANS

I think he's going to land in that field, over there. He can't carry on like this till the cows come home. Come with me.

After climbing over the feeble hedges with EVANS, and wrapping his beard around his neck so he doesn't fall over himself, JAMES and his FRIEND sprint through the level pastures. This is as SCOTT flies lower and lower and becomes more discernible in every way, other than sonority. Things are easing in that respect. Think a bee, times around 20. In good time, the ESCAPEE becomes only a few feet away from the TWOSOME, in distance and in height. All of a sudden however, he turns away from the duo with amateurish control. With a huge smirk, he starts to rise.

SERGEANT EVANS

(becoming out of breath, and shouting, to get himself heard)

I think he's learnt how to control himself!

JAMES TIPTON

(likewise)

We'll be fine!

SERGEANT EVANS

I'm guessing so! He not getting away particularly fast, anymore! Just keep running!

As expected, SCOTT IS running out of energy. Now he's getting used to his new gift, he would without a doubt prefer it if he could soar above the clouds (if there were any, that is). In contrast however, he is about the height of your average cyclops - which SCOTT could himself be, if he had a little surgery and was given a fair dose of growth hormones. But he won't have any chance to experiment where he's going. Hopefully.

SERGEANT EVANS

Come back, here! You can't carry on forever! Listen to reason!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (in a lot of pain and
 almost hiding it)
 Neither can you!

Filled with pent up malice, JAMES jumps up whilst running, to try and pull SCOTT'S feet. However, all his attempts are in vain; kind of to the point of silliness. I guess no one has been thinking quite right, this past week.

JAMES TIPTON
 I hope no one is seeing this!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 I do!

JAMES TIPTON
 Just come back here, you weirdo!

Without warning, SCOTT drops to the grass unconscious as his arms stop. Ah, silence. (Though with tinnitus). Whether his plummet is due to exhaustion or too much fish is impossible to say, right now. Even though most of his mind is now somewhere poles apart, maybe even pleasant, in the flick of a switch, something in the darkest corner of his brain makes something happen; his arms start to move up and down again, faster than the COP'S and MENTAL'S notorious moods swings, combined. (Like a mental illness smoothie). They start by beating against the grass as quick and loud as a machine gun, then slow to a stop in a nice, gradual manner. Still weird, though.

JAMES TIPTON
 (amazed)
 Has this sort of thing been happening
 a lot, this week?

SERGEANT EVANS
 (tired)
 I told I've been having a crazy
 time...

JAMES TIPTON
 Jesus...

SERGEANT EVANS
 Let's just take him to the car.

66. Nazi Wunderland

EXT: SOMEWHERE IN GERMANY - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

Here is an old fashioned, nazi German village. It seems the colour 'white' is just as appreciated here, as over in Charltonham, though perhaps for more sinister reasons.

All buildings are of this colour, but they also have additional brown strips of wood across them, in cross patterns. (Just because they look good. Actually, 'cross' is a good word to describe all nazis. Hm). The various constructions just described are most often four storeys tall, but some are five. On their tops are epic black, slanted roofs with windows sticking out of them. These sections alone are two storeys in size. I don't know what the significance of that is. Is evil associated with large roofs? I doubt it. Around 10 completed buildings surround a bustling market on cobblestones. All sorts of Germanic food are being sold by muscular, 9 foot tall SALESMEN. Boxes of fruit under umbrellas, trays of sausages cooked just this minute, etc. All of this is in the open air, and this air is exactly 30 degrees celsius. Everyone in sight (no matter what age or sex) has a Hitler mustache, and all are happy and content.

SCOTT doesn't understand how he ended up by the stalls in such haste and without planning to, so he does a spot of observation before he acts in any way. In particular, after seeing his mangled sack-like arms, he notices a cheerful family of two PARENTS and one talkative CHILD, sampling some sausages. Despite this CHILD'S age (he's only 6 months old), the words he uses are pretty damn lengthy.

BABY

Fünf außergewöhnliche Hologramme, die nicht singen!

FATHER

Der Stift ist auch heiter!

MOTHER

Ja. Aber einige Koffer sind frenetischen...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

This is weird...

Trying to get a complete picture, SCOTT then focuses his attention on one of the RETAILERS.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

(in awe)

How come there are no fat people, here? Everyone is stuffing their faces!

SALESMAN

(confused)

Are you serious? This is Germany!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

In Germany you can't get fat?

SALESMAN

Of course, not!... Wait... Where's your mustache?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Sorry about that. I had to shave it off so I could evade the authorities...

SALESMAN

That is so cool!

A voice is heard somewhere.

SERGEANT EVANS

(straining himself)

How did this moron ever fit in the car??

.... Along with another.

JAMES TIPTON

(more so)

No idea. Just keep pushing...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Did you say that?

SALESMAN

(jokingly)

About you being a moron? No! That stuff happens all the time, round here... Just voices from another world.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

(freaked out)

What world?

SALESMAN

The inferior world. The place where people get fat and cold...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

I think I used to come from that world...

SERGEANT EVANS

(nervous)

He's never going to fly, again. Both his arms are shattered...

SALESMAN

You could fly?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (trying to impress him)
 I still can, look!

SCOTT raises his arms once, but that's all he can manage.

SERGEANT EVANS
 The prick punched me in the face!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 Ok, maybe I can't fly. But I could.
 I'm in a lot of pain. Do you have any
 pain killers?

SALESMAN
 Not in this country, no. There's no
 need for them...

SRK notices something strange in the corner of his eye. He
 turns his head and his suspicions are confirmed.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (sneaky)
 Hey, you see that building right in
 front of you?

SALESMAN
 (intrigued)
 What about it?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 Those two people that just came out of
 it... One's an English policeman and
 the other's his friend, or
 something...

SALESMAN
 Impossible.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 Why don't you ask them?

SALESMAN
 Alright... Hey! You two!

SERGEANT EVANS AND JAMES, TOGETHER
 (cheerful)
 Guten tag!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (angry)
 You liars, you're not German! Sergeant
 Evans and James are a couple of twats!
 Go on, call me a prick in English
 again, I dare you!

SALESMAN
You're not making any sen...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
(in agony)
AAAARGH!!!!

Against his will, SCOTT has just punched the towering SALESMAN in the face with one of of his super-charged, flailing arms.

SALESMAN
(calm)
Come here....

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
(nervous)
It's not what you think! Someone tasered me!

SALESMAN
I can't see any tasers...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
(scared)
Sorry, I'm off!

SCOTT jumps high up in the air, and tries to flap his arms one last time. With essential extra drive, he's done it. He's flying again... But for how long? At the end of the day, SCOTT is doing no more than waving two bags of gravel-like bone by his sides. Deep down, he knows he's in a terrible way. The settlement gets smaller and smaller, and it is soon realised it is surrounded by thick, feral forest with a single road forced through it. Already out of energy and in excruciating pain, SCOTT gives his arms a break and dives into the heart of the woodland. It's prickles weren't seen before, but they are now felt all over his body. He crashes through leafy branch after branch after branch, as he gets knocked about like a kipper. These break his fall and his injuries aren't serious, once he reaches the ground. However, he's far from happy. Interestingly, this ground is made only of 6 feet long smoked sprat and 3 foot wide dumplings. Maybe things ARE going SCOTT'S way. He shovels everything in sight down, with his saggy, formless limbs and gets munching.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
Nomnomnomnomnomnom....

SCOTT can feel his arms being moved behind his back, but he can't do anything about it. Not bothered, he just eats using his neck and facial muscles, alone.

SERGEANT EVANS
Stop chewing on the seats, Scott!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (dreamily)
 Is that you, Evans? Where are you?

SERGEANT EVANS
 (frustrated)
 In the car with you!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (strangely happy)
 Bullshit, I'm in the forest of fish
 and dumplings! You must be in the sky!

SERGEANT EVANS
 (down to earth)
 What does the fish taste of, Scott?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 It's not good fish, but it's better
 than nothing... Got any ketchup?

SERGEANT EVANS
 I'm not giving you any ketchup. Just
 wake up, so you can appreciate how in
 trouble you are!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 I'm in trouble? You're dead, when the
 nazis find you!

SERGEANT EVANS
 Oh God...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (with pride)
 Yes, I am God. I demand ketchup! And
 make it good!

Chunky rain is heard falling on the trees in spatters. First a few spots, then a few more. Next, SCOTT looks up to see a sky of nothing but red, through the messy and limited woodland clearings. Then all of a sudden, a massive downpour of tomato sauce makes its way into the whole area.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 This is so awesome...

SERGEANT EVANS
 (peeved)
 You're not God, Scott, you're just
 dreaming and ruining my car...

The Ferrari's roaring engine is heard starting.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
What's that sound?

SERGEANT EVANS
My car!!!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
(nervous)
No it isn't, it's the sound of trees
being cut down!

It appears SCOTT is right. Those sturdy timbers are being mowed down by gigantic hovering chainsaws, that have risen from the fish. He has to watch himself; telling whether he is covered in blood or just sauce, is now futile.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
I am God, and I order you to stop
cutting down the trees!

This time, SCOTT'S apparent authority has been questioned; nothing happens.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
(panicking)
STOP CUTTING THE TREES DOWN, RIGHT
NOW!!!

JAMES TIPTON
(frustrated)
When do you think he'll wake up?

SERGEANT EVANS
Oh, I don't know...

JAMES TIPTON
And how do we explain his arms?...

SERGEANT EVANS
Just say an unusual taser mishap.
Technically, he was trying to escape
as you shot him, so it's all fine. I
think they just need some ice.

Rows upon rows of mighty lumber start to topple over at a haunting, slow speed. With nowhere to go, SCOTT doesn't have a chance. He is just going to have to accept his mortal fate, just as the sea creatures on the earth once had to.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
NOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

Everything goes black, but the SRK is somehow still conscious in his unconscious world.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (confused)
 Hmm...

SERGEANT EVANS
 (unsurprised)
 Still alive?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 God's don't die...

JAMES TIPTON
 (jokingly)
 I've only been free a few minutes, and
 I've already experienced more than I
 ever did in the past ten years!

SERGEANT EVANS
 I bet. Let's just get this aberration
 to the station.

JAMES TIPTON
 Nice rhyme.

SERGEANT EVANS
 I try my best.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 Yeah, thanks for the rhyme. Things are
 boring now. I can't see shit...

SERGEANT EVANS
 Good.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 Hello? Is there anybody there who can
 help me? Nazi guy?

Due to the effects of sensory deprivation, SCOTT falls into a deeper, less mindful sleep (if you can imagine that). No one knows when things will change for him and in what way.

67. Nazi Reality

INT: PRISON CELLS - 10 MINUTES LATER

SCOTT has just semi-awakened, squatting in a corner with two large ice packs sellotaped to his arms. The first person he sees is NIGEL the PILOT, though to the KILLER he looks like a mirror reflection of himself. This however, isn't distressing for him. No angry NAZIS are in this cell, but they are heard cursing nearby; mainly at SCOTT. Next to SCOTT and his CELL MATE but unseen by them, are CONCRETE and PYTHON; no change there, but STITCHES and PITBULL have now joined them, after their short stay in hospital.

'But wait, these cells only have two beds...' You got me; mild spoiler alert, but these people should be leaving for prison, soon. Next to those just mentioned, are GHOST and SCARY now along with NUKE SENIOR and GUN FACE. Next to them is the crippled BENITO, together with the eye patch-wearing GORDON BECKER.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 (to Nigel Perez)
 Scott, were you there?

PILOT 2
 (edgy)
 What?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 In Germany?

PILOT 2
 What are you on about?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 That's a no, then? Doesn't matter...
 Take my hand... I'll take you there...

As SCOTT stands up, like a joyful human tank, NIGEL backs away with caution.

PILOT 2
 What are you doing??

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 You'll see!

STITCHES
 Prick!

PITBULL
 Scum!

NUKE SENIOR
 (with authority)
 You tell him, everyone!

GUN FACE
 Muppet!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT
 Ah, the old gang is here! Who wants to
 come with me??

NUKE SENIOR
 Yeah, we're all coming with you, you
 fucking idiot.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Great!

SCOTT spins round in the middle of his confinement, with a mystical and delighted expression on his face. With every spin, his cell changes. At first, the changes are subtle and are difficult to describe, but after a while it becomes more obvious. It seems his room is turning into chocolate. It is. Without a doubt, it is.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

(to Nigel)

Chocolate! Do you know what this means, Scott?

PILOT 2

You're scaring me...

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

We can eat our way out!

SCOTT runs to the cell gate and starts to gnaw on the bars.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

That is some bitter food. Must be 99% cocoa or something. It's tough, too. Help me Scott.

NUKE SENIOR

I hear you're trying to eat your way out! Good for you, I believe in you! But bite harder!

SCOTT'S teeth are heard cracking by everyone. It's almost felt by everyone, too.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

(in pain)

German confectionary is so overrated!

NUKE SENIOR

No, no, you just have to get used to it!

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

I'm trying to, I've just never had blood with dark candy... But I'm not bleeding, I'm just leaking syrupy sauce from my gums. Tastes like blood, though... None of this makes any sense... Why aren't you helping me, Scott 2?

PILOT 2

I'm leaving the chocolate for you.
It's the least I can do...

The COP enters the complex looking like he's seen everything, but then understands that may not be the case, round here. He stands in front of SCOTT with his hands on his hips.

COP

(firm)

You really like causing trouble, don't you Scott?

SCOTT stares through the COP'S soul as destroyed teeth drop from his mouth, and blood shoots through the holes.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Which Scott?

COP

You. How are your arms?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Like two cold sacks of needles.

COP

And how did you injure them?

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

By flying.

COP

Good answer. A fully qualified medic will be seeing you soon.

The COP turns to face the other CONVICTS.

COP

What's great about him, is that he doesn't ask questions.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

(slurred)

Chief, why are you turning into an eagle?

COP

It's because you've gone mental. Or rather MORE mental. Like GG Allin times a thousand. I wouldn't worry, though. It's been explained you've been having a great time.

SCOTT ROSS-KNIGHT

Yes! Until the trees fell on me!

COP

Yes, I know. Anyway, everyone keeps quiet about the dodgy medic, and they don't have to face any more unpleasantness. Agreed?

EVERYONE, EXCEPT SRK
(demoralised)

Yes....

COP

Super. How's your eye, Gordon?

GORDON BECKER
(angry)

It's totally useless...

COP

Well, had you not tried to bang people together in hospital, the surgeons may have been willing to do a more thorough job on you.

GORDON BECKER

I have an addiction. I need help...

BENITO waddles away from GORDON, in peril.

COP

(reassuring)

But we CAN help you, here! You try anything dodgy, and your insides will be forced from you at around 100 miles an hour. It's called negative reinforcement!

GORDON BECKER

(scared)

Oh good...

COP

Anyway, I'm planning to make a public apology concerning the poor performance of the police. Any help?

STITCHES

You could say 'shit happens'...

COP

Ah, yes. Of course...

STITCHES

Of course what?

COP
Racists are notoriously stupid.

STITCHES
But shit does happen!

COP
That's my whole apology? 'Shit happens?'

NUKE SENIOR
Stitches makes a good point. No one gives a fuck about your apology, they want to see as little of you as possible...

STITCHES
Right!

COP
No, I'm not swearing in front of a load of people. The first time something like that happened was a COMPLETE disaster.

STITCHES
What happened?

COP
Oh, I got Captain Mental to swear his head off in front of a large audience. If you had the information I had at the time, you'd do the same.

STITCHES
You bet I would!

The COP puts his head in his hands in shame, as he talks.

COP
Oh God!!!

The COP can't face the world just yet, so he stays in the comfort of his palms.

PITBULL
You could say you were under extreme pressure, because of us! You could say we were the cleverest criminals you've ever come across.

COP
No, no one would ever believe that.

PITBULL

Why not?

COP

Because you tried to shoot a load of people with toys, and you never thought to test them once you bought them... Your bullets were also filled with lemon aid...

The CHIEF finds just enough strength to look at the NAZIS, again.

PITBULL

(angry)

Who is the cleverest criminal you've come across, then?

COP

Definitely the joyriding granny, but I'll find her... Anyway, enough of this. This little talk has clearly been a waste of time. I'm off to do some thinking; you should try it. It might help your dismal sentences.

The COP tries to leave like his confidence in his abilities hasn't been eroded, and like he isn't painfully insecure, deep down.

68. Rapology

INT: CAPTAIN MENTAL'S OFFICE - 2 MINUTES LATER

It's CAPTAIN MENTAL'S room, again! Did that exclamation mark get you excited? That was the intention, as things are about to get ghetto fabulous/shiznak/like the goose, whatever.... The end of the book is approaching, so let's spice things up a bit with a bit of multiple choice. Let's test your recollection abilities, and who knows, maybe even future policing ability. (Those police need good memories, as you remember). Alright, is MENTAL'S room...

1A: Dark green?
 1B: Pale blue?
 1C: White?
 1D: Light brown?

Is MENTAL....

2A: Sitting at the back of the room, behind a desk with an updated computer on it?
 2B: Sitting in the middle of the room, behind a desk with a bomb on it?
 2C: Sitting at the back of the room, behind a desk with a typewriter on it?
 2D: Sitting in the middle of the room, in front of a desk with piles of paper on it?

As always...

3A: 2 huge statues of Chino Moreno are by the sides of the walls.
 3B: 2 huge coffee machines are by the sides of the walls.
 3C: 2 lofty aluminium drawers are by the sides of the walls.
 3D: 2 mysterious doors are by the sides of the walls.

That's right: CAPTAIN MENTAL'S room is 1D and MENTAL is 2A. As always, 3C. Well done. What you couldn't have known however, is that the COP is sitting, facing MENTAL and is brainstorming things to say in his apology video, for Youtube.

COP
 (as if he's preparing
 for a massive gig)
 This is it, then? We're really doing
 it?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (not quite as excited)
 I can't think of a better idea...

COP

Neither can I. Rap music is both popular and allows one to get their message across, in a quick and efficient way...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

A rapping apology is also very different and memorable...

COP

Yes. It's still a risk but he who dares, wins... Ok here goes, this is just a practice run...

The COP bops his head up and down.

COP

I'm the rappin' Chief of Police, my message is of peace. I'm sorry for all the deaths and stuff, I wish they would all cease. But can you really blame me? The nazis were disguised. They turned up at the food festival with love showing in their eyes. If you were in my shoes, you'd think nothing of them, too. In a world without trust, there's nothing but bird poo. Maybe I should have monitored phone calls and Facelook, but is big brother what you want? Everyone under suspicion, even your shifty aunt? I can't put chips in people's brains and monitor how they think, the paranoia that would ensue would drive many to drink. I think.

The COP resumes his previous unemotional sitting posture.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I'm liking it. Before you post the video to Youcube, let me just work on my beatboxing...

COP

We should get Constable Morgan to add a flashy guitar solo to it.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(awkward)

No, I think he's still ill...

COP

Oh yeah. Damn...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Are you going to let him work at the station, again?

COP
Yep. I think so.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Ledge.

COP
I'm sorry?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
It's just what people say. I don't understand it, either...

COP
(surprised)
Ledge? As in a narrow shelf that sticks out of a vertical surface?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
The slang of today isn't supposed to make sense. It's gone all weird...

COP
Indeed.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Did you know 'sick' means 'good?'

COP
'The Chief of Police's ledge sick rap'.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
I'm liking it! Alright, let's get this thing recorded.

Apprehensive, MENTAL walks up to one of his drawers and opens it. A well packed recording microphone is revealed on top of some files and he grabs it, inspired. He then plugs it into his computer, and sits down. The CHIEF rubs his hands, as MENTAL opens up his PC recording software.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
You know, I never thought I'd use half of the stuff in my drawer...

COP
Always be prepared. Our recording equipment makes us not only the best police force in England, but easily the most innovative.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Agreed. Alright, it's recording. Rap
over me and look cool. I'll do
the 'big fish, little fish, cardboard
box'....

The COP kneels down by the side of MENTAL, and in front of the
computer's camera.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Bum-tish-dada-Bum-tish-dada-woop-woop!
Bum-tish-dada-Bum-tish-dada-woop-woop!

COP

I'm the rappin' Chief of Police, my
message is of peace.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

You know it!

COP

I'm sorry for all the deaths and
stuff, I wish they would all cease.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Check it, check it!

COP

But can you really blame me? The nazis
were disguised. They turned up at the
food festival with love showing in
their eyes.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Woop, woop! Say no to racism!

COP

If you were in my shoes, you'd think
nothing of them, too.

MENTAL hums the intro guitar riff of 'Crazy Train' and repeats
himself, over the rapping.

COP

In a world without trust, there's
nothing but bird poo. Check that
guitar! Maybe I should have monitored
phone calls and Facelook, but is big
brother what you want? Everyone under
suspicion, even your shifty aunt? I
can't put chips in people's brains...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

...Not potato chips!

COP
 and monitor how they think, the
 paranoia that would ensue would drive
 many to drink... I think.

MENTAL stops recording with obvious pride.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 I think we're geniuses...

COP
 Def. Let's get this on Youcube.

The COP stands up and sits back on his seat, to face MENTAL.
 He steeples his hands together in thought and enthusiasm.

COP
 Was that Crazy Train you were humming?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (hopeful)
 Did you like it?

COP
 It was a great move! It opened us up
 to a whole new audience!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Yeah, I guess it did. Rap and metal,
 you're right.

COP
 How long's this going to take?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 It's on Youcube, already...

COP
 Ooh! Any comments?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 (disappointed)
 Yes, actually; but then again,
 Charltonham police force has had a
 massive increase of subscribers in
 recent times. We have over a million
 but we don't want a lot of them. The
 first comment is; 'Wtf is this?'

COP
 Any good comments?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 One of them just says 'lol'. That
 one's kind of ambiguous.

COP
 (positive)
 I think that's a good comment.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Mm. Here are a few others: 'I don't see how this is appropriate'... 'This video will put people off rap for life and I think that's good'...

COP
 That's a good comment...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 It's a relatively good comment. I think we should take the video down...

COP
 Na, give it time.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Ooh, this is a good one: 'This video has restored my trust in the police'... Ah, he then adds another message saying 'not really'.

COP
 Just delete the last message.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 Already done.

The COP reaches into his pocket and examines his mobile. It appears he has no new messages, so he places it on the table in front of him.

COP
 (frustrated by the comments)
 You know what? I think I'm going to call Morgan and tell him he's promoted. You're promoted, too. Everyone is, now that I'll be gone. Today will be my last day at the station. It's clearly for the best. ... I'm on kind of a downer, now...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
 I think you'll make a GREAT carpet salesman.

COP
 Oh, you do know the right things to say to me...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Who will be the new Chief of Police?

COP

Oh, I don't know. Sergeant Evans?...
Are there any good comments, now?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

The best one is: 'I blame the Chief of
Police for everything that's gone
wrong. He's clearly mental.'

COP

(sad)

I guess my little plan worked then,
hey?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(with a warm smile)

You did fine. But Chief... You want to
promote me? I'm not sure I could
handle the stress...

69. Many Kinds of Hope

INT: CONSTABLE MORGAN'S COTTAGE DINING ROOM - 15 MINUTES LATER
(2:30 PM)

This multiple choice is a touch more challenging:

1A: The ceiling is arch-shaped and the wooden walls and floor
are varnished.

1B: Unspoiled wooden beams hang on the ceiling, and the walls
are painted an energetic white. A welcoming pale blue carpet
is on the floor.

1C: The ceiling is flat, stereotypical and grey and so are the
walls and carpet.

1D: The ceiling is about 6 foot high and is made of oak. The
walls and floor are also made of this wood.

2A: A BC Mich hangs on the wall, and facing the guitar is a
coffee table.

2B: A police-issued machine gun hangs on the wall, and facing
the machine gun is a desk.

2C: A painting by Yngwie Malmsteen hangs on the wall, and
facing the painting is a desk.

2D: A phone and flat screen TV hang on the wall, and facing
the TV is a coffee table.

3A: The table is surrounded by extra soft leather sofas, in a 'U' shape.

3B: The table is surrounded by nothing.

3C: The desk is surrounded by nothing.

3D: The table is surrounded by wooden chairs.

4A: ... and behind all of this, is a snail farm. (Come on, really?)

4B: ... and behind all of this, is a medium sized aquarium housing around 10 fish. (Now without Dexter).

4C: ... and behind all of this, is a worm farm.

4D: ... and behind all of this, are 3 snakes in a tank.

Alrighty; 1B. 2D. 3A. 4B.

CONSTABLE MORGAN is laying down and chilling on his sofa, recovering from an alcohol induced migraine. Despite the brutal attack on his kidneys, he is doing so with a large degree of success. Let's just hope he learns from his mistakes, even though by exceptional good fortune, his actions have produced minor consequences. Not feeling so lucky, he is watching the news straight in front of him. On the program, a male, suited, 40 year old REPORTER sits at his lone desk, whilst talking behind his papers. To the rear of him is a high up view of Charltonham.

REPORTER

Breaking news; the Chief of Police in Charltonham has resigned, after making a bizarre Youcube apology video. In the comments section, he states in detail how everything that has happened recently, including but not limited to an attempted massacre, was ALL his fault. In contrast, everyone who previously worked for him has now been promoted. In a huge career move, the well known Sergeant Evans is now the new Chief of Police. The role wasn't given to Captain Mental, as he's too old and is not as ambitious as he once was. Hopefully he isn't planning on retiring...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

I'm promoted??

Recurring splashing sounds are heard coming from MORGAN'S aquarium. Energised, he stands up to see what's going on.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Dear God, Chief. What have you done?

Concerned, MORGAN starts to read the comments.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(reading aloud)
Idiot...
Moron...
Spanner...

MORGAN then proceeds to watch the rapped video response. In it, a 15 year old BOY wearing gold jewelry does the 'big fish little fish...' whilst speaking with a solid rhythm.

RAP VIDEO
Chief of Police, why don't you go shut the fuck up? The shit that comes out of your mouth, makes me want to blow up! Acting like everything is a storm in a tea cup? No, nazis are here and that alone is fucked up. And who's ever heard of a canny joyriding granny? Why you haven't caught her yet, is giving me ants in my panties. Anyone could find her, where are the vigilantes? And remind me, what is your mission? Sing a stupid song and act like a respected musician? Word.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Could be worse, I guess. I think I should phone Richie and see how he's getting on...

Trying to forget what he just saw, MORGAN closes his PC and makes a less sprightly walk to his phone.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(trying to be positive,
again)
Hello, Charltonham Hospital? I'm just phoning to check on my friend, Richie Downing.... Thanks..... Richie, how are you?! How's the vibrating?

A weedy voice is heard, coming from the phone's speaker. Note how the COP wasn't heard. I guess he's been feeling more unsure of himself, of late.

RICHIE DOWNING
(optimistic)
Getting better, I've been putting it to good use. I've been charging people for massages and stuff like that.

I should be leaving hospital, soon...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

That's great news! Would you like me to come and visit?

RICHIE DOWNING

Yes, I would like that. My friend who was with me at the time of the attack, is with me too.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Super duper. What's his name?

RICHIE DOWNING

Frank Reynolds.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Nice name. Very manly.

RICHIE DOWNING

I'll tell him you said that.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Cheers. Oh yeah, I got promoted too...

RICHIE DOWNING

Why?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

No real reason, everyone has. Sergeant Evans has even been promoted to Chief of Police...

RICHIE DOWNING

Wow, that's a big leap from his old rank...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Tell me about it. And you should see my fish, they've been doing crazy acrobatics and stuff...

RICHIE DOWNING

That's random...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

I think they're just excited. I think I've finally won their admiration.

RICHIE DOWNING

(with a business-like interest)

.... You know.... I have friends in the zoo trade.

If your fish are as athletic and ostentatious as you say they are... Well, the sky's the limit...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(surprised)
Really?

RICHIE DOWNING
Oh, yeah. People love watching animals do crazy things. I think someone like you could be one of the country's best fish trainers...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(reluctant)
But I think my fish are a one off...

RICHIE DOWNING
Rubbish. All fish share roughly the same DNA. All you have to do is inspire them, like you did your own...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Yeah!

RICHIE DOWNING
We can talk about this, later. Frank has been discussing a new recipe with me. He wants to show me what he's made, before it goes cold.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(pleased with life)
I understand. I'll see you in half an hour, then?

RICHIE DOWNING
So, you have the day off?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Yeah, pulling a sickie...

RICHIE DOWNING
Ah. Ok, bye then...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Byee....

MORGAN hangs up the phone and gets ready to leave, in his shiny new Ford.

70. On the Mend

INT: CHELTENHAM HOSPITAL WARD - 25 MINUTES LATER

Now, how about rearranging the following previous setting to make a paragraph that makes sense? (The words are grouped in fives)... Also, try and spot the words that no longer apply in the latest visit to it... Here goes...

.... low intensive ward. To prevent has been placed in a though seemingly non-threatening medical apparatus. and consequently freaking out, DOWNING RICHIE DOWNING is in a single bed, and one chaired in his often agitated state, other PATIENTS from seeing RICHIE sight is white. RICHIE is room. Most of everything in by the side of strange, laying down, on his bed,

That was a tough one. Think of it as the final boss. (Or is it?) Better things to do with your time? Just read the un-jumbled following. However, still keep your eyes peeled; where do you think that sneaky misinformation is?...

RICHIE DOWNING is in a low intensive ward. To prevent other PATIENTS from seeing RICHIE in his often agitated state and consequently freaking out, DOWNING has been placed in a single bed and one chaired room. Most of everything in sight is white. RICHIE is laying down on his bed, by the side of strange though seemingly non-threatening medical apparatus.

Yep, as you may remember (unless... you know, now. Well not if your symptoms are extreme, I guess. If so, reading this book is pointless but thanks for the money), RICHIE is no longer in an agitated state, but is recovering nicely. Things still haven't really changed for him since last Thursday, though. Not his environment anyway, and that may be because of staff laziness. Yes, whilst Charltonham is well-off it is so low-functioning, a new word needs to be invented to describe it; like 'ohmygodwhatthefuckaaaarghh'. The one real difference in this room, is that FRANK REYNOLDS is visiting him. This masculinely named MR. REYNOLDS is sitting on his chair with a strange, half-eaten cake-like concoction on a platter. This, in turn is on his lap.

FRANK REYNOLDS

(uncomfortable)

You're clearly symptom-less a lot of the time, but what will you do if you never completely stop, er....

RICHIE DOWNING

(trying to be strong)

Spazzing about the place?...

FRANK REYNOLDS

Yeah...

RICHIE DOWNING

Well, preparing food will definitely be difficult. Maybe I could pioneer new recipes like you, instead. Only a true food virtuoso could find a way of making chocolate and gravel beef burgers work. Don't worry about me anymore, tell me, how did you come up with the idea?

FRANK REYNOLDS

(also trying to be positive)

Just trial and error. I have to admit, what I've just shown you is a one off. Most of my creations have been complete flops; chicken flavoured jelly babies, fish ice cream, Chinese food with wood clippings in, etcetera, etcetera...

RICHIE DOWNING

(genuinely interested)

You've tried wood clippings, as well? Is gravel the only non-food that can be eaten?

FRANK REYNOLDS

(slightly stressed)

I don't know. I tried to get my hands on some plutonium, but I ran into lots of problems with it. I'm now a suspected terrorist...

RICHIE DOWNING

Well, you have to suffer for your art, don't you?

FRANK REYNOLDS

(cheering up)

Exactly. Where's that Constable Morgan? He should be here soon, shouldn't he?

RICHIE DOWNING

Yeah. Spending time with him is a lot of fun; he's got some great stories. He's dealt with the Brum theft and everything...

FRANK REYNOLDS

Oh, the old granny?

RICHIE DOWNING
 (laughing)
Yeah...

 FRANK REYNOLDS
How has she managed to evade the
police, for so long?

 RICHIE DOWNING
I don't know. No one does. The nazis
were caught pretty quickly, but the
old lady?... She's been on the run and
been causing havoc for ages. To be
fair though, she started out as merely
a petty thief and no one really cared
about her crimes that much, at
first...

To the two's surprise, impressive blast beat knocking is heard
on the door.

 RICHIE DOWNING
That must be him, now. He's a highly
skilled drummer. I bet that knocking
is done with just one hand...

 FRANK REYNOLDS
 (in disbelief)
No.....

 RICHIE DOWNING
Come in!

MORGAN does so and shuts the door behind him.

 CONSTABLE MORGAN
You're still!

 RICHIE DOWNING
Yes, I have been for quite a few
minutes, now...

 CONSTABLE MORGAN
That's great news!

 RICHIE DOWNING
Anyway, you been working on your blast
beats?

 CONSTABLE MORGAN
Yeah, look at this...

MORGAN strolls to the wall opposite RICHIE and knocks on it
with one hand. This is whilst feeling kind of special, but
appearing casual.

A true showman, he starts off at a light doom metal tempo. He then spends about half a minute building to two knocks a second, and every knock has its own groove. In a flash however, he goes for it full throttle; his single (yes, single) hand and wrist become an apparent fog, as he produces semi quavers at well over 250 bpm.

RICHIE DOWNING

Oh. My. God.

MORGAN continues as nonchalant as ever, as he turns his head to RICHIE.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

That's nothing.

With an increased concentration, MORGAN focuses his attention back to the wall and adds his other hand to his beats. In an instant, his uzi drumming speed is doubled.

RICHIE DOWNING

I've heard a lot of brutal death metal in my time, but none as fast as that... Are you in a band?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

No. I'm too busy with my police work...

FRANK REYNOLDS

You could call your group 'Police Brutality'...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Mmm... Not really the kind of image I want to portray...

FRANK REYNOLDS

No. It would be inappropriate, wouldn't it... Want to try some food?

RICHIE DOWNING

You'll never guess the ingredients...

With admiration for MORGAN'S well-honed technique, FRANK is the one who stands up to offer the upright and far from uptight POLICEMAN his gravel-burger. It's still on the tray, just to be clear. Intrigued, the CONSTABLE takes it with both his hands. The heat from his recent wrist activity, acts as a low level radiator to FRANK.

FRANK REYNOLDS

Your hands must be burning up, I can feel them from here!

CONSTABLE MORGAN
That's death metal, for you...

FRANK REYNOLDS
I should give it a try. Recommend any
good bands?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(casual)
Mangled Face Torture are pretty
good... Anyway, let's try this
thing...

With gratitude, MORGAN takes a huge bite. His face turns to
one of confusion and joy as he munches. FRANK sits back down,
looking forward to the anticipated flood of compliments.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
I'm sensing chocolate and meat.... But
what else?...

FRANK REYNOLDS
Go on... Have a guess...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Is it lumps of sugar?

FRANK REYNOLDS
(with a smile)
No...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Ground up cocoa beans?...

FRANK REYNOLDS
Nope...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
I give up...

FRANK REYNOLDS
Gravel!

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(stunned, but not
outraged)
Gravel??

RICHIE DOWNING
You heard the man!

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Why??

FRANK REYNOLD
Just trying something new...

RICHIE DOWNING
He couldn't get his hands on any
plutonium.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Well that's a relief...

RICHIE DOWNING
I don't think anyone has put gravel in
food, before...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
It really works... I think you're onto
something, Frank!

RICHIE DOWNING
He's not the only one... I've heard
about your fish...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Ah, yes. I filmed them on my phone
just before I left for this place...
Take a look at this...

With his cake placed by his side, MORGAN sits on the edge of RICHIE'S bed so he can get a look. FRANK then moves his chair closer to the TWO. EVERYONE shifts their heads towards the small screen, in suspense. As promised, fish are seen doing all kinds of wonderful things; Arabian Doubles, Barani somersaults, crash dives, everything. Once the video is over, they move to a less strenuous position and lay back.

RICHIE DOWNING
That's unbelievable! How did you train
them??

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(confused)
I didn't, that's the thing...

RICHIE DOWNING
Not only are your fish skilled, they
also look full of life when they jump!
That removes any kind of ethical
concerns! You can be the bast damn
fish coach in the world! Think harder;
how did you do it??

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(straining his head)
I just... They just heard of my
promotion...

RICHIE DOWNING

Then you must tell many fish of your promotion. But form a bond with them first, so they care...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

That's a great idea...

FRANK REYNOLDS

I have contacts in the aquarium industry. I'll contact them ASAP, for you.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(excited)

Thanks!

MORGAN'S phone signifies a fresh text message. Not having a clue what to expect, he reads it aloud.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

From the Chief of Police; this is a big 'hello' to everyone in the force. As you all know, I've decided to resign and become a carpet salesman. (Gotta love the warm comfort of a good carpet!) Therefore, I will be having a massive leaving party, tonight at 8 PM. Please bring a friend or two, for the time of your life! Ciao!

FRANK REYNOLDS

That sounds like fun...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Yeah, it might be as long as the Chief doesn't go all weird, which he might. You want to come?

FRANK REYNOLDS

(with enthusiasm)

Sure...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(ditto)

How about you, Richie? I haven't seen you go screwy once, today...

RICHIE DOWNING

Yeah, I think I'm ready to leave... What's the time, now?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Just before 3 PM...

RICHIE DOWNING

That gives me time to dress up,
properly.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

This'll be good. I'll just message
Mental, to see if he's going...

MORGAN glues his eyes to the screen, and gets typing at a
rather slow rate.

CONSTABLE MORGAN'S TEXT

Yo.... yo.... ('....' etc.) yo. Are
you going to the police party,
tonight? I'm going to try and bring
Richie and his chef friend. (Richie's
doing much better, now). You want me
to pick you up from Jesters Way, and
get you into some funky clothes? Hope
to see you soon, byeeee....

MORGAN sends the message and looks to RICHIE.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Now all we have to do, is get
permission from the nurse...

RICHIE DOWNING

Didn't you hear? She just came in
here, I asked her and she said yes...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Really?

RICHIE DOWNING

Yeah!

CONSTABLE MORGAN

I guess I zoned out whilst typing. I
was trying hard to think of something
funny to write...

RICHIE DOWNING

Think of anything?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Na...

RICHIE DOWNING

Oh. Doesn't matter, though. I'm
looking forward to getting out of
here, and having some fun!

CONSTABLE MORGAN

I bet you are!

It seems the CONSTABLE already has a new message. Perhaps trying to be impressive, MENTAL'S fingers have been like lightning. MORGAN scans it, trying not to take himself as seriously as before.

CONSTABLE MORGAN'S TEXT FROM MENTAL
(reading aloud)
Yeah, ok. You can pick me up whenever you are ready. Today has been kind of a doss. The Chief has made it clear today is a non-work day, and a few other officers have already gone. I have a great pink tuxedo in my wardrobe, that I've secretly been dying to use. Maybe we could chill out and watch a few Youcube videos, as well?

RICHIE DOWNING
Woo!

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Woo, indeed. I'll just send one more text, and we can be off...

MORGAN looks down to his mobile, for one last time... He's as slow as ever.

CONSTABLE MORGAN'S TEXT
(reading aloud, whilst tapping his fingers)
We're in business. Richie has been given the all clear and he's coming, too. We're leaving around now. Interesting rapping, by the way... See you soon.

Time to look up, again...

RICHIE DOWNING
What was that about the rapping?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Don't ask.

Without issue, RICHIE leaves his bed and gets ready to leave, with FRANK. The THREE then give their thanks to the STAFF who looked after them, and go into party mode to MORGAN'S car.

71. Pseudo-Opera

EXT: CHARLTONNHAM HOSPITAL CAR PARK - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

Yes, the weather is still sunny. If such a concept is foreign to you, the sun is big and yellow.

But don't stare at it; you'll go blind. Despite Charltonham's new propensity for serious violence, the glowing hospital car park remains kind of small. Everyone knows what a car park looks like, so I presume little explanation is needed. Just a large space of tarmac, with white paint signalling where to stop your vehicle.

For the poison victims one last time, Charltonham is a very nice area. Thus, in place of the perhaps expected brick wall that separates the whole zone from the streets, is a lovely hedge. (Well I say streets, most of what's seen in them are rows of soaring woodland. Behind these however, are tall fancy brick buildings). Also seen from this small-scale extortionate business, is the reassuringly big hospital itself. Other than the sloping black roof, the health centre is a blocky, brown coloured building, varying between 3 and 4 storeys high. Well maintained strips of blue windows are frequent. And once again, as we're in a nice region this construction features the occasional balcony.

The fixed environment dealt with, now we can move on to the variables (that's the fixed-variable method, for the scholars); back in the car park, most stationary cars are mid-range but it seems a few VIP'S are ill. MORGAN, RICHIE and FRANK belong to the average class and sit in the POLICEMAN'S Ford Escort.

As it's a far lower range transport than MORGAN is used to, things aren't to exciting, here. Also, FRANK and RICHIE are far into adulthood, making them less prone to excitation. Who wants an excited policeman, anyhow? Dreary, grey cotton seats and tacky plastic controls and ometers are everywhere. What's more interesting is MORGAN'S CD collection; he opens up the glove compartment so RICHIE, next to him can have a butcher's at it. Whilst the CD collection isn't diverse, it is somewhat obscure so it is hoped MR. DOWNING will be impressed. As FRANK has proven to be already interested in the genre, he leans forward with obvious eagerness, whilst seated in the back and strapped in. After picking up a CD by the infamous Mangled Face Torture, MORGAN turns around to hand it to FRANK. To the latter, even at this short range, the CD cover appears to be nothing but a mess of red on a black background. He inspects it further.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(cautious)

Are everyone's windows closed? This is the kind of music that can get you sectioned.

FRANK REYNOLDS

This is the fast stuff, right?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

You could say that. Have a look at the CD cover. I'll give you one thousand pounds if you can work out what the logo says...

FRANK REYNOLDS

Er.... GFOPMMRTGMLKPMOPMED?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Try again...

FRANK REYNOLDS

NIO5N JI767MO=FD5?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Last chance...

FRANK REYNOLDS

PPPPFDMMI555555?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Nowhere near. It's that Mangled Face Torture group!

FRANK REYNOLDS

Are they out of their minds?? Their logo looks like nothing but a heap of goo...

MORGAN picks a bunch of CD's this time, to give to the DEDICATED FRIEND.

FRANK REYNOLDS

Are these by the same band?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

No, you have to look for subtleties. Not only are the bands different, so are the genres. There you have Brutal-Super-Stab-Death-Metal, Brick-to-the-Teeth-Core-Death-Metal, etc, etc.

FRANK REYNOLDS

What are the differences between genres?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

No one knows. Just the select few who perform it. Anyway, let's put this music on. This is crazy driving music. There's about half a minute of instrumental riffing, then the real insanity starts...

MORGAN starts up his car to the added sound of ultra-speed, downtuned tritones, semitones and major 7ths (often in that order) and leaves the car park for the streets. It's a good 30 seconds before those trademark white houses are seen, and then there is a mixture; cliched bricks AND painted buildings. For the last time I'm going to mention them (woop woop), trees are never far from view. In fact it seems they're almost as common as anything manmade, they're just not taking over. Everyone here is sane, even through such adversity. Traffic is as moderate as ever, and that's the last time I will be mentioning that! Ahhhh.

The surroundings just described apply right up until Jesters Way, though with different, impossible to predict ratios of colours and designs. The total distance to the station is 3 miles from here and takes 11 minutes. This makes the average speed roughly 16 mile per hour. No, of course I'm not going to disappoint you. :) The exact mean speed is 16.3636 miles an hour. A nice relaxing drive that creates a huge contrast with the music.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(not knowing how he'll
react)
Alright, here comes the singing...

FRANK REYNOLDS
(uncomfortable, but
intrigued)
I feel unwell...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(intrigued as well)
That's intentional. It's because of
the ultra-low frequencies...

FRANK REYNOLDS
That's different...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
I guess it is strange some bands want
to make their listeners sick, yes...
Alright, try and work out what the
singer is going on about... Riiight,
now...

DEATH METAL SONG
(going apeshit)
Grrrrrrrrrr!!!! Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!!!!!!
Grrrrrrrr!!!!

FRANK REYNOLDS
Are you being serious?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (jokingly)
 Of course. Why?

FRANK REYNOLDS
 You mean to say, he's singing actual
 lyrics?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 You have the CD case, why don't you
 read them?

FRANK opens the case and takes out the red and black mess of a
 booklet. The lyrics and song titles are able to be read, even
 if nothing else is.

FRANK REYNOLDS
 Which song is this?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Death Metal Pioneer.

FRANK REYNOLDS
 (reading aloud,
 confused but KIND of
 liking it)
 I mangle your face with my spade. Cut
 up your eyes with my rusty spade
 blade. Batter your nose with metal
 blows, leave your mangled face to the
 hungry crows. Sever your ears with my
 shears, leave them hanging on my wall
 for years and years and years and
 years. Celebrate with cold beers, I am
 the death metal pioneer.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 What do you think?

FRANK REYNOLDS
 It really says all that?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 You have to train your ears, like in
 more sophisticated genres. Therefore,
 this kind of music has been compared
 to opera...

FRANK REYNOLDS
 Opera??? Now I KNOW you're joking!

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 Nope.

FRANK REYNOLDS
What opera is it likened to, exactly?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Just opera in general...

FRANK REYNOLDS
Alright...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Not your thing?

FRANK REYNOLDS
Can't say it is, but it's different...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Want to try a new genre?

FRANK REYNOLDS
I think just have nothing. The bird
song outside is nice. How about
opening a window?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Good idea.

Some peaceful, though weird minutes pass. Is that music REALLY compared with opera? Hm. Feeling a tiny bit alienated, MORGAN finds his way to the car park near the police station.

Ok, we've done multiple choice, word jumbles and even plain copy and pasting... How about learning a new language (after I copied and pasted into an online translator)?

Dieser Park ist expansiv, halb voll, und verfügt über eine Mauer eines deprimierenden orangey Farbe, dahinter. Dahinter sind einige Häuser. Vor dem Park, ist ein Ausgang, und was hat das langweiligste Gebäude aller Zeiten zu sein. Es ist etwas mehr als ein Lang vieler Steine, mit zufällig Fenster gelegt, über sie. Cheltenham! Sie waren so gut, bevor! Auf seiner rechten Ecke sind einige gleich (fast) dumpfen Wohnungen und auf der extremen Rechten, eine Zufahrtsstraße zu den Traum des gescheiterten Architekt.

Or, alternatively...

This park is expansive, half full and has a brick wall of a depressing orangey colour behind it. Behind that, are some houses. In front of the park, is an exit and what has to be the most boring building of all time. It is little more than an oblong of many bricks, with randomly laid out windows, across it. Charltonham! You were doing so well, before! On its right hand corner are some equally (well, almost) dull flats and on the extreme right, is an access road to the failed architect's dream.

*note that's not a completely accurate translation; that's a job for a future editor. In fact, some of that German paragraph doesn't even make sense.

In this car park, MORGAN reaches into his pocket and starts to compose another text for MENTAL.

CONSTABLE MORGAN'S TEXT

Alright, I'm here to pick you up... I don't have any opera for you, but I have a newer genre that you may like, that comes pretty close. Let's get you in that tuxedo.

MORGAN puts his phone away with a smile on his face.

RICHIE DOWNING

What's so funny?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Mental's going to get the shock of his life...

RICHIE DOWNING

Death metal?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Yeah. I told him it's like opera...

RICHIE DOWNING

Well, it has been compared to opera...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Right, exactly.

Perhaps to get out of the COP'S presence as fast as he can, MENTAL reaches the Ford in just a couple of minutes. For everyone else, even the waiting around was fun. A short joke competition was held, and it was agreed that FRANK was the winner with his composition. It is as follows: 'A life without chocolate is a life half lived. A life with too much chocolate is a life half lived'. A little callous but arguably witty. The CAPTAIN gets in the back.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Let's get ready to rumble!

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Interesting you should say that...

MORGAN activates his CD player.

RICHIE DOWNING
(going along with it)
Hey, what's that rumbling sensation
I'm feeling?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(angry)
... Fucking goregrind!

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(laughing)
No, no, it's death metal...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
You said you had opera!

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Well, it's like opera, isn't it?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
What???

CONSTABLE MORGAN
You don't see the connection?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
No, I don't. Just get back to Cliff-
Burton-on-the-Water, eh?

CONSTABLE MORGAN
You're the boss...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Yes, I am your boss. I'm
superintendent, not you...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
No, you've been promoted...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Well, I'm retiring soon, so it doesn't
really matter...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(saddened, but
accepting)
What? Why?

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(trying to be positive)
Because I'm old for this madness!
Things were bad before, but now?...
Anyway, let's just get funky, eh?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

I completely understand this time, but that's unhappy news. Are you still going to call yourself 'the Captain?'

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Of course I am. My army days fill me with pride...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Good. But let's just have a great time, eh?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Oh by the way, Sergeant Evans found his old kidnapped friend, James Tipton! Both are going to the party...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Really?? What happened to him?...

MORGAN starts up his car and begins the half an hour journey to MENTAL'S home.

72. A Different Kind of Prison

EXT: BLOODCLOTSWOLDS VILLAGE - IMMEDIATELY AFTER DRIVE

Once again, we're in Cliff-Burton-on-the-Water. Excellent. Yada yada yada. MORGAN parks his car in MENTAL'S cottage driveway without any problems, as MENTAL will most likely always use the bus to get around from now on. Maybe he would get himself the mentalmobile he's been fantasising about, if the various passengers weren't so contented to see him. Everyone gets out of the Ford as the CAPTAIN leads the way.

FRANK REYNOLDS

(with peace of mind,
like everyone else)

Nice cottage, Steve... Love the sound of crunching gravel...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Cheers.

RICHIE DOWNING

Gravel tastes nice, too and you have loads of it...

FRANK AND MORGAN

Mm-hm!

CAPTAIN MENTAL

What?

FRANK REYNOLDS

Oh, I'll explain all later...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(confused but moving
on)

Alright... It's a nice place in
general though, isn't it?

FRANK REYNOLDS

Yes.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

That's my cottage, next to it...

FRANK REYNOLDS

(positive)

Ooh, lucky you.

MENTAL retrieves his keys from his pocket and opens his door. Wooden beams are seen on the ceiling, the floor is wood and now outdated and unnecessary crime maps hang on the walls. Never mind all of that, today is the first day in ages any OFFICER will have fun. CHEF'S are notorious for their hard work ethic, too. According to TV, they're also extremely angry. What's all that about? Anyway, even if FRANK and RICHIE were grumpy cats in general, they wouldn't be right now. Again in charge of everyone's direction, MENTAL opens the door for the living room.

Revealed to FRANK for the first time, are the aged table and four chairs where MENTAL does most of his work and thinking. Such thought is well known to be heightened by those beautiful oak beams, now above the FOUR. The TV at the back of the room will get ignored for now, as Youcube is much better. The fireplace next to it however, will get started soon if MENTAL has his way, as everyone likes that primal, natural warmth. The hoover in the corner of the room goes unnoticed, as most would.

FRANK REYNOLDS

I'm glad I took the day off, for this.
I love a good leaving-do.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(nothing spoiling his
day, yet)

Who doesn't? Everyone sit down and
check out my new mobile phone.

The Chief just gave it to me as a leaving present... I'll show you my pink tuxedo, later. Let's save the best till last!

CONSTABLE MORGAN

You're new mobile? Don't you think new technology is destroying the mind?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Mmm... No. Not any more; it's too cool. Like really cool. It will drive you crazy. It has this great game on it, called 'legless lizard'.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Don't you mean s...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(cutting in and nervous, for some strange reason)

No, legless lizard. It's awesome.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

You've changed...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(fine, again)

I like to think I've grown.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Me, too. You look like you want to say something, Richie?

RICHIE DOWNING

Just that I've seen some pretty cool mobiles. I'm sure I won't be THAT impressed...

Strange taps are heard coming from MENTAL'S Hoover. Confused, everyone looks at it.

RICHIE DOWNING

What's that sound?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I have no idea. I've been hearing offbeat drum solos quite a lot, recently.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

You should get to know Scott a bit better. He's OBSESSED with weird time signatures...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I can't make out what it is... The meter keeps changing... 5/8, 2/4, 9/8, I can't keep track...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

I think I may have even heard 7/5...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

That. Is. Mental. Only extremely skilled drummers could pull that off...

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Maybe it isn't prog coming from your Hoover... It could be more code...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Morse code?? Why?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

I don't know. Why would music be coming from it?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

There's one way to find out, once and for all...

MENTAL takes out his new super-mobile. As he expected, everyone else sighs with jealousy.

RICHIE DOWNING

Gold plated??

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Mm-hm. This little guy can do more incredible things than play state of the art games... It can download whole films in an instant and it can even compose its own muzak, to work as relaxing background entertainment for me. Most importantly however, it can decode almost anything. Morse code will be a piece of cake.

MENTAL walks up to the drumming cleaner and holds his new phone against it. The other THREE watch as a robotic voice sounds from the mobile's speakers.

MENTAL'S PHONE

(metallic and monotone)

Oh, thank God. Please get me out of here.

For obvious reasons, everyone gasps and their jaws hang open.

However, MENTAL needs to speak, so his doesn't drop for as long.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
What??? Who are you?

MENTAL'S PHONE
I'm the ghost of the murdered butcher.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
How did you get in my hoover??

MENTAL'S PHONE
I knocked on your door and you let me in. You thought no one was there, but I was. I flew to your living room, hoping to find a pen and paper to write with, but I got sucked up as you were cleaning.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Oh, I remember that strange knocking on the door! That was yesterday, right?

MENTAL'S PHONE
Yes, early in the morning.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(with compassion)
Well, let's get you out of there...

MENTAL'S PHONE
Yes, please do.

At last, everyone else's jaws return to normal. Hoping not to add to the GHOST'S distress, MENTAL nobly empties the hoover bag onto the once pristine floor, and not into the bin or fireplace; even though it isn't burning anything at the moment. A magical but dusty grey cloud, spreads across the whole room from the sack like a strange, rising carpet. It changes to every colour of the rainbow as it grows and flies, then vanishes into nothing to the sound of an unwinding major 7 chord. Why? No idea; ask a necromancer. For whatever reason, no one coughs as the particles enter their lungs. In fact these particles cause a few moments of euphoria.

FRANK REYNOLDS
That was cool!!!

CAPTAIN MENTAL
Hello? We haven't breathed you in, have we?...

Some knocks are heard on the wall by the fireless fire. With a kind of shared religious inspiration, MENTAL jogs close to it, trying not to bump into the poltergeist. Deep down, everyone knows his efforts are pointless - the ghosts are invisible.

MENTAL'S PHONE

No. Lolz. Can you get me some clothes, please?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Would you like my pink tuxedo?

MENTAL'S PHONE

Really?

CAPTAIN MENTAL

No problem, you can come to the police party. It will certainly freak the Chief out!

MENTAL'S PHONE

Cool, thanks.

RICHIE DOWNING

What an odd situation...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Oh, we caught your killers, by the way... Is it Mr. Loeffler?

MENTAL'S PHONE

Yes. Larry Loeffler.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(brightly)

We've also given them LOTS of enemas...

RICHIE DOWNING

I believe the old tramp got tasered in the eye...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Oh yes, and not just there. We police can get ANY target!

MENTAL'S PHONE

Yes, I heard all about all of that stuff, when I was stuck... Great job; much appreciated.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

I'll just get my clothes for you, now... Richie, take my phone so you can keep talking...

MENTAL leaves the room, still a little dazed but with growing friendliness. Everyone else is tinged with obnoxiousness, though not directed at anyone in particular. With his appreciated, borrowed super-technology, RICHIE stands then moves to the CAPTAIN'S previous position as the grateful hammering continues. The others gaze in LARRY'S general direction.

RICHIE DOWNING

(polite)

So, what's it like being a poltergeist?

MENTAL'S PHONE

It's pretty good, you can basically do what you want. The best things about it are the pranks... Sneaking up on people and tapping them on the shoulder and stuff like that...

RICHIE DOWNING

(intrigued)

That sounds like fun...

MENTAL'S PHONE

Yes. One of my favourite things to do is find really high profile people, and screw with them...

RICHIE DOWNING

Like who?

MENTAL'S PHONE

I got the queen, once...

RICHIE DOWNING

(with interest)

Hmm!... You must do your fair share of travelling!

MENTAL'S PHONE

Yeah, I'm as fast as hell. No mass, you see...

RICHIE DOWNING

Nice. Can you eat and stuff like that?

MENTAL'S PHONE

Not really. No organs...

RICHIE DOWNING

That's a shame; my friend here has created a new kind of food, you would love...

FRANK talks, trying to be casual. Yes, many try to be so, round these parts. Why? Ask a psychologist. If you can find one, I also recommend asking for an analysis of the CHIEF. Just to satisfy any potential curiosities, you have. I know I would like to peek inside his brain if I weren't a magical salmon, and didn't already have my abilities. I digress...

FRANK REYNOLDS

Yeah, chocolate and gravel beef burgers...

MENTAL'S PHONE

That sounds good.

FRANK REYNOLDS

Really? You don't think I'm crazy?

MENTAL'S PHONE

Not at all. I'm a chef and I know what works. You see, gravel is famously crunchy and chocolate is equally well known for being smooth. The two create a nice contrast, whilst the meat appeals to the instinctual desire for good old-fashioned energy. Your genius, is that you've created something that ticks all the boxes of flavour and desirability. You'll be famous.

FRANK REYNOLDS

(modest)

Thanks. You should check out Morgan's fish...

MORGAN tries to be just as cool, as he hides his fascination.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Yeah, come here; I'll show you on my phone. It's not gold, but...

MORGAN gives a longing sigh, one last time.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(annoyed)

... Oh, just for God's sake, Steve.

As the knocking on the wall stops, it is assumed the GHOST has sat somewhere with FRANK and the CONSTABLE. RICHIE joins them and has correctly, though thoughtlessly guessed with chair isn't been used. Well, in his defence he is pretty out of it, right now. Sure enough, knocking is heard on the table nearby the apparent empty seat.

MENTAL'S PHONE

I'm ready...

MORGAN starts the footage and places his phone in the middle of the table, so everyone can see. This is before a bit of ever inquisitive head movement towards the now insignificant appliance.

MENTAL'S PHONE

I've never seen anything like this, before... How did you train them?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

They're just showing their excitement. I need to find a way of inspiring others in the same way...

MENTAL'S PHONE

But you know how to?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

I THINK so...

MENTAL enters the room, with a cheesy grin that doesn't seem to have any desire to fade. We both know what's he's dangling, high up with his hand.

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Oh, here we go... Look just move on about the thing...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

What? It's not for me it's for the ghost, isn't it?... Oh, is that your fish?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

Yeah, take a look. Sorry, you'll have to stand...

CAPTAIN MENTAL

(kind of surprised)
.... Who's house is it?

CONSTABLE MORGAN

(awkward)
Oh yeah... Alright, sit where I'm sitting then... I guess Mr. Loeffler has discombobulated me, a bit.

With justified entitlement, MENTAL does so after laying his suit on his shared furniture, with care. MORGAN now leans over MENTAL, to watch his animal friends once more.

CAPTAIN MENTAL

Not bad, Morgan, not bad. But what I think we all want to see, is Mr. Loeffler in that sparkling suit!

RICHIE DOWNING

Here, here!

CONSTABLE MORGAN

God dammit, Mental.

A few hours of merry internet surfing and banter go by.

73. The Party and Conclusion

JESTERS WAY POLICE STATION HALL - 8 PM

It's been no more than a few hours, since the COP specially ordered and began fitting some disco lights, but everything is already looking quite professional. In this bare hall, big enough to house one hundred average people (or 60 Germans, apparently) multi-coloured, beaming lights line all the tops of the walls. Despite the excessive amount of illumination available, the areas the thick, wandering rays don't cover are almost black; visibility is just a few feet, at best. As a consequence of this, the 50 or so PARTIERS often bang into each other but whilst seeing the funny side and changing colour as much as the CHIEF'S mood, view on life, taste in clothing, etc., etc. 'We are the Champions' by Queen, is blasting out of the PA system at the far end of the room and quite possibly, out of the building. The COP is hanging around this area so that the bass notes pierce right in his ear. Most however, try to avoid such proximity. With a carpet wrapped round him and two holes for the arms cut out, the CHIEF has had enough and wants to find someone to talk to. The first person he comes across, is SERGEANT EVANS. As a joke, he's wearing the SRK'S confiscated sausage costume.

COP

(shouting to get himself heard)

So you changed your mind about the costume, huh?!

SERGEANT EVANS

(also shouting and pumped up)

Yeah, you were right; wearing it IS a good idea!

COP

You did a good job trimming it down to your size, too!

SERGEANT EVANS

Thanks! I like the carpet! I think it's good you're not taking yourself too seriously!

COP

(confused)

What do you mean?!

SERGEANT EVANS

Er.... Never mind! When are Morgan and his friends coming?!

COP

They should be here any minute, now!

SERGEANT EVANS

Can you really trust Benito, though?! I know he's been cooperating much more recently and has been behaving well, but he's a nasty piece of work! Should he really be here?!

COP

Of course! He's not going anywhere, he can barely move!

SERGEANT EVANS

I hope no one thinks he's wearing fancy dress and starts talking to him! He looks like a mummy!

COP

Don't worry! All has been explained to everyone!

SERGEANT EVANS

You really couldn't think of a better reward for him?!

COP

I've told you! Relax!

SERGEANT EVANS

Ok. Where's James Tipton, then?! I feel bad for him, he's had a terrible few years! I think I should see how he's doing!

COP

I think he's being welcomed by the receptionists and the two officers from the Brum case, he's fine!

SERGEANT EVANS

The officers first seen in scene 11?!

COP

What?!

SERGEANT EVANS

Sorry, I don't know!

COP

You mean Alan Hamm and Leroy Marshall?!

SERGEANT EVANS

Right!

Out of the blue (literally, although not for long) a MAN bumps into EVANS. Due to his bulky attire, this makes the SERGEANT sway like a wrong way up pendulum. A lot of concerned, inaudible 'eeks' and 'ums' follow, before the victim rights himself with skill. Following the commotion, it is realised the clumsy individual is the 20 year old SWAT TEAM MEMBER first seen in scene 16, I mean a while ago. This time, he's wearing a striped yellow and green shirt and jeans.

SWAT TEAM MEMBER

(again shouting and energised)

Oh hello, Evans! I'm sorry about that! I must be the most uncoordinated SWAT team member in the whole world!

SERGEANT EVANS

Don't worry about it! Everything has gone to plan and everyone has been caught! Chill out!

SWAT TEAM MEMBER

Well, everyone except the granny!

SERGEANT EVANS

Forget about her! She'll never be captured! Anyway, apparently she's retired and won't commit any more crimes! Her pilot accomplice said she's dying of cancer, and her medical records have confirmed this!

SWAT TEAM MEMBER

But where is she?!

SERGEANT EVANS

I couldn't get Nigel Perez to say!

SWAT TEAM MEMBER

Well, good enough that she won't reoffend, I guess!...

COP

Right! We ARE the champions!

SWAT TEAM MEMBER

Agreed! Awesome song!

To kick up his heels, the STM starts dancing whilst standing still and going in and out of the darkness, just like everyone else; he's not arrogant, he knows this.

SERGEANT EVANS

What are you doing?! You can't do the 'big fish little fish' to Queen!

SWAT TEAM MEMBER

Of course you can! It's the one dance move that works to anything!

SERGEANT EVANS

If you say so!...

SWAT TEAM MEMBER

Let's see you dance, then!

SERGEANT EVANS

(jokingly)

Fuck off!

SWAT TEAM MEMBER

(likewise)

You're too old to dance, I guess! It would look stupid!

SERGEANT EVANS

YOU look stupid!

Out of the blackness, something very peculiar is seen. At this moment it's being lit up red, but be prepared to change things up a bit.

SWAT TEAM MEMBER

Am I going mad?! Do I see a pink tuxedo, sunglasses and a pair of boots right next to me, with no one inside them?!

SERGEANT EVANS

Ummm.... I think I see it to!....

COP
 (not knowing what to
 think)
 It's doing the 'big fish little
 fish!'...

After the short dance, the GHOST taps the COP on the shoulder
 and runs away into the shadows.

COP
 (suddenly very
 troubled)
 Stop the party! Something ungodly is
 going on!

Out of nowhere, MENTAL, MORGAN, RICHIE and FRANK jump into the
 previous GROUP'S faces. They have their arms half way upwards
 and they shimmer their hands about, like dramatic games show
 hosts. (I think they do that sometimes, right?) RICHIE shakes
 the most. In a few seconds, everyone starts to stand like
 normal people but RICHIE seems stuck, for now.

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 (as loud as everyone
 else)
 Got You!

COP
 (not really feeling any
 better)
 What the hell was that?!

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 To cut a long story short, it's the
 ghost of the butcher!

COP
 (now a little bit)
 Larry Loeffler?!

CONSTABLE MORGAN
 That's right! And here with me and
 Mental, are Richie and his old chef
 friend!

COP
 (recovering well, as he
 adjusts his previously
 hidden tie)
 Oh hello! Richie! You can really
 dance!

RICHIE DOWNING
 I'm stuck like this! I'll be fine,
 though!

COP
Oh, right!... Anyway, about Larry!...

CONSTABLE MORGAN
I don't know where he's gone! I think
he's just gone to mingle!

SERGEANT EVANS
(spellbound)
No, what I think he meant was!....
What the fuck?!...

CAPTAIN MENTAL
He's cool, he's just undead!... Like
the mummy I guess, huh?!...

COP
(sarcastically)
Very funny! That's Benito!

CONSTABLE MORGAN
(shocked)
What?!

COP
He's here because of good behaviour!
He's been cooperating for hours,
today!

CONSTABLE MORGAN
Are the nazis here, too?!

COP
No, everyone else has gone...

As the song stops playing, the COP unwittingly shouts in the
faces of everyone close to him, at the end of the sentence,
coming up.

COP
... TO PRISON!

How embarrassing.

COP
Whoops.

Doesn't matter, a new one follows straight away.

CAPTAIN MENTAL
(reminiscing)
Oh, cool! 'Eye of the Tiger' has just
started! That song has got me through
the good times and the bad!

.... And so that's how the story ends. Everyone (not locked up) lived happily, throughout the rest of the night. Not ever after, that's not how life works. Want a little more detail? No problem!...

All NAZIS were sent to the same high security prison, where they divided into two gangs; mainly out of boredom. One mob calls themselves the Pony Battalion and the other, the Pony National Front. It is assumed they will fight amongst each other, until they die. The SRK has been sent to the same prison, where he spends most of his time in solitary confinement. This is because he is very open about wanting to kill all of the penitentiary canteen workers. GORDON BECKER has been sent to a distant high security prison, so he and SCOTT can never mix. A healed (sort of) BENITO however, has been sent to a medium security lockup, where he teaches business studies for beginners and a business studies top up course to convicted bankers, high profile MPs and the now convicted EVENTS ORGANISER. (He was charged with criminal negligence). NIGEL PEREZ sees BENITO every now and then, but has no interest in spending time with him. Lastly, KEEMA NAN is so shifty, not even I know what happened to her; but God help HANS GRUBER.

Now onto the POLICE: CAPTAIN STEVE MENTAL retired, shaken but happy in the knowledge, a large proportion of the public forgave him for his notorious speech. As time goes on, more and more people see the funny side. As promised, SERGEANT EVANS became the new chief of police. He was grateful for the enormous career boost, despite a lasting, well disguised anger about the old CHIEF'S immoral behaviour. Understandably, CONSTABLE MORGAN remained the utmost angry but he appreciated his promotion, with many mixed feelings and some kind of gratitude. What he appreciated more, was his unconditional part time job at the local aquarium and his new found, though local fame in the fish industry. However, his reputation is expected to sky-rocket. Nothing much happened to the SWAT TEAM on the whole; just extra training and a reduction in salary.

Now we move to the CHEFS: After intensive therapy, JAMES TIPTON got used to the sun and other such things you and I take for granted. He helped FRANK REYNOLDS develop his peculiar, new cuisine with RICHIE DOWNING, and it is presumed it will take the art of cooking to a golden age of experimentation. The GHOST OF THE BUTCHER continues pranking people till this day, with his new found friend, the murdered TV-CHEF PERSONALITY. Just in case you've been living under a rock all your life, his name is GERRY GIORGIO.

And now, we move onto someone ambiguous. Not quite a criminal and not really law abiding, either; yes, the old CHIEF OF POLICE found success and some happiness, selling carpets to people of all walks of life. His knowledge about his line of work is impressive and he may well rise to the top of industry, one day.

Oh, and how much anti matter could the police have afforded, if they required a gram and they used up their whole 95 million pound budget? Just 0.00022093023255813954% of what they needed.

And that's it. Byeeee!