

An excited roar from a crowd is heard from nearby. Here, the small room is plain, featuring only a clothes rack, cables, sound equipment, an acoustic guitar with a strap, and a large metal box. A light on the ceiling provides a cozy atmosphere. There are two doors, at opposite sides of the room. Mental twiddles his thumbs and paces up and down. Morgan enters the back door and shakes Mental's hand after convincing him to stand still. Morgan looks concerned and starts a conversation 'Why am I here, Mental? What's going on?' Mental looks down and sighs 'I've been told to give a last minute comedy slash music performance to calm the angry Scottish people down...'

Morgan widens his eyes 'That's why you interrupted my break? But you don't know anything about comedy... And your music is... well it's not BAD, but it is weird, you can't deny that...' Mental replies with a nervous smile 'I have a catchphrase...'
Morgan rubs his chin 'Ok...'
Mental stands proud 'I go 'How ya' diddlings!'
Morgan shrugs his shoulders 'It's different I guess...'
Mental replies 'Maybe that's the problem. It really could go either way, that's what's killing me.'
Morgan is curious 'Why didn't you tell me the reason you told me to get here?'
Mental shakes his head 'It's... Well, it's really dumb, isn't it?'
Morgan laughs 'Come on, I'm your friend you can tell me anything!'

Knocking is heard on the front door. Mental shouts over the hubbub 'Come in!' A man in a snazzy and sparkling purple suit enters the room and speaks dramatically as he bounces up and down with excitement 'Mental, my pal! It's time to perform! Get your guitar!' Mental massages his temples 'What if I'm not very good?' The colourful man laughs 'You'll be fine! I've heard your catchphrase, and it's the stuff of legends. Really catchy, everyone will be saying it! And your music? Even better!' Mental gives a warm smile 'You really think so?' The man replies 'I'm CERTAIN. Who's your friend?' Morgan joins the conversation 'I'm here for emotional support...' The sparkling man nods 'Good man. This question may come as a shock to you, but... Well, do you have any weapons on you?' Morgan widens his eyes 'I'm sorry??' The man replies 'It's just... some of the crowd are very angry...' He opens the box to reveal machine guns and grenades. 'Here are some of my own... just in case.' He winks.

Mental shakes more than ever 'I don't think I can do this...'
The sparking man talks as he picks up a machine gun 'Give 'em hell. Or I will for you...'
Mental backs away 'You ARE joking?'
The man responds casually 'Of course. Or course.'
He puts the weapon back and continues 'Ok, they've been waiting long enough. Pick up your axe and get entertaining! We'll be listening!'
Mental gives a thumbs up, grabs the guitar and 'wears it' or whatever, and leaves the room for the stage. The crowd roar like crazy and shout things such as 'Change! He's going to bring change!' and 'This hell will all be over!' Mental can barely see such people in the darkness, but he can vaguely see the first row. They shake their fists with excitement. Bright lights do shine on Mental however, and follow him around the stage as he walks to the microphone in the middle of the platform.

He coughs nervously and slaps himself in the face. He then puts his hands together as if praying, looks up and whispers 'Give me strength, God...'
A man in the audience shouts 'Hurry up!'
Mental loses all his inhibitions and larger than life says 'How ya diddlings!'
There is a brief period of silence. Morgan is heard from outside

'Oh no...' Mental taps his microphone. It's on. He rubs his chin and continues 'I said how ya diddlings???' A man in the audience is curious 'What's it mean?' Mental replies 'What's it mean? It means 'hello'...' The man replies 'Say that then'. Mental is nervous 'Hello...' Another man is heard saying 'muppet'. Mental clenches his fists 'Who said that? If that was Epic Dave, really you should be fighting crime.' The man says 'No' nonchalantly.

Mental bites his thumb 'Ok. You don't like my catchphrase. I'm sure you will love my music, however.' He clears his throat and speaks with a calm and soothing voice 'Here's a number I wrote called 'Mr. Beale's Biscuit Spiel'. A woman shouts 'No one cares about your so called comedy and music if you're not going to save our city!!' Mental tuts 'I AM saving your city! Through entertainment!' The woman continues 'So you're not rebuilding the ruins and you're not catching those responsible?' Mental looks defeated 'No.' An outraged roar breaks out. They then chant 'Off! Off! Off!' Mental starts to sweat. He then shrugs his shoulders and sings sheepishly 'Mr Beale had a biscuit, when he ate it, he missed it...' The chants only get louder. Mental starts to cry and carries on 'He bought another one, and put it in a bun. But that one was soon gone. Darn!'

The sparkly man enters the stage and another light turns on to follow him. He strolls to Mental, shakes his hand then nudges him out of the way. He speaks into the microphone 'How ya diddlings! Great stuff, eh? And the song? I'll be singing it to myself for months. Anyway, apparently there are rumours that the SRK and a naked guy car jacked someone, so be warned! Anyway, on with the show!' Mental pushes his boss out of the way with even more force and addresses his audience 'Here's one: Why can't vegetarians play sausages in theatres? Because they would be sausage roles!... Well, whatever. Is that funny? I don't know if it makes sense.' After another confused mass silence, a man in the audience screams 'On with the show??? Are you insane??? Catch the madmen!!' The sparkly man hobbles to the mic and whimpers 'Too difficult. Sorry.'

Morgan dramatically enters the stage and runs to the mic. There are three lights now. He shoves the sparkly man out the way and pulls a harmonica from his pocket 'Ahhh my trusty harmonica. I'm glad I bought you with me to chase the blues away. How's everyone feel about an extended jazz solo? Or maybe Mental could join me?' The audience shout 'For the last time, no one cares!' Morgan is brave 'Are you sure? Ever heard the beauty of major 9th notes? If they don't calm you down, nothing will! The sparkly man growls. 'I've heard the way the audience were disrespecting you, Mental. Let me get something...' Mental goes white 'What... do you mean?' The man replies 'You know what I mean. Let me get something a little... specialist... a little... hard to ignore...'

Mental nods 'I know what you mean. I know exactly what you mean. Grab him, Morgan. He's about to go nuts.' The sparkly man sighs 'You've disappointed me, Mental. I thought we the same. I thought your name meant something.' Mental clenches his fists 'No my name doesn't mean anything. It's for this precise reason I was thinking about getting it changed!' The sparkly man makes a baaing noise. In a fit of rage, Mental puts full force into a right hook, knocking out the madman. Morgan drags the body out the room, then reenters with his instrument. The crowd cry out in fury. Morgan gives a sweet solo and Mental claps politely, sharing the mic. A man

screams over the pandemonium 'I've never seen anything like this in all my life! Not from the police of all people!' Mental laughs it off 'Oh come on. How about when... Oh. You said from the police.'

Morgan stops soloing and turns to his friend 'We need to go full force, Mental. We need to play the most soothing music possible. How about some major sevenths, and some major 6/9 chords?' Mental nods and does some soft strumming. A man shouts 'Actually, that's pretty good.' Morgan comments to his coworker 'Told you.' He then does some super tasteful soloing. Mental starts to sing over everything with an aura of respectability 'Mr. Beale lost his biscuits, he lost his food. Mr. Beale lost his zeal, Mr. Beale could not feel.' Morgan stops playing and speaks over the strumming 'Here's a joke about killers that we can all relate to in these times: 'What do cool, awesome geniuses and serial killers have in common? They're both mentally sick!' Mental laughs 'Because sick also means amazing, right!' No one laughs or even reacts.

Mental's phone rings from his pocket. He puts the guitar down and takes the call 'SRK??? What do YOU want?' The audience gasp in horror, but Mental is too engrossed with the call to notice. Morgan stares at him like a zombie as the former continues 'Now come on, you can't kill EVERYONE...' Understandably, the gasps increase exponentially. Mental continues the tough conversation 'How will you do that, then? This'll be good... Oh. That's actually a pretty clever plan... Who are you going to kill first then?... Come on, you have to give me SOME clues, what kind of a killer are you?... A secretive one? Now that's a lie, what kind of secretive killer dresses the way you do?... You're complicated? I don't have to listen to this nonsense, it's just a waste of time.' Mental casually puts his phone in his pocket.

Mental notices some people in the front row are crying 'Are you ok, you look really scared... There really is nothing to worry about, that was just a call from my dentist...' A woman shouts 'What kind of dentist wants everyone dead???' Mental nods 'Ah. That's why you're upset. I really wouldn't pay attention to him, you can't just kill everybody, it wouldn't be feasible.' Morgan joins in the discussion 'Exactly! He's been trying to kill us two for ages and ages now, and all he ever does is weird people out!' Mental nods 'I tell you what's really scary - dentists! Have you ever had a hygiene appointment? My word! Agony!' A man in the audience sighs 'Thanks for that. I'm having one this week...' Mental responds coolly 'Well, be prepared, that's all I'm saying.'

Groaning sounds are heard backstage. Mental is suddenly alert 'The crazy gun guy!' Morgan runs to the room and screams from the maniac soon follow 'One grenade! That's all I want!' Mental jumps and shouts 'Oh (expletive)!!!' He runs to the room, too. Still to the sound of screams, the sparkly man is seen rubbing his head as Morgan bearhugs him. The nutter shrieks 'Get off me!' He then stares through Mental's soul as he tries to break free 'YOU! I think you've done enough already!' Mental tries to be cool 'What do you think you're doing?' The madman replies 'I'm doing SOMETHING. That's much more than you ever do. And your song? Whilst it did rhyme, it didn't make any kind of sense. There. I said it.' Mental shakes his head 'You're making this too easy for me...' The sparkly nutter spits 'What?' Mental tuts as he karate chops the villain on the head 'That'. Morgan lets him go, and the nutter falls to the ground.

Morgan nods with respect 'That should stop him from causing trouble for a while. Mental's phone rings again 'Oh no...' He answers it 'You again?? What do you want this time, to tell me how you will end the entire universe or something?... No? You're going to tell me where you are? Actually that's very helpful. Thank you. Where are you, then?... You'll only tell me if I promise I don't have access to any kind of weapons? You just want to have a chat with me, man to man? Ok. Sure. If that's what it takes to meet up with you, fine. Good man...' The sparkly man groans in a state of semi-consciousness 'So many guns here! I just love guns!' Morgan kicks the nutter's head, lightly. Mental throws his phone to the floor 'Well, that's that then, isn't it?'