

A sleeping Captain Mental is wearing a blue robe as he lies on his back on his special, sci-fi bed. On his right arm is one of those things that monitors blood pressure and heart rate. It is connected to a wire that leads to a machine displaying digitised numbers. On both his left and right are three other sleeping patients monitored in similar ways, however they lie on more traditional beds. In front of everyone are two switched off TVs. One is connected to a Super Nintendo. Two retro controllers and various games lie on the spotless vinyl floor. Nurses Denise and Sarah look at the machine analytically as Sexy Moon Bazooka taps his foot impatiently. Out of the blue, Mental slowly opens his eyes. SMB jumps up with delight and points to the cop 'He's awake! He's awake!' Denise and Sarah back away in surprise. Mental slurs his words 'Wheere am I?' Sarah is calm 'You're in a special part of the hospital that deals with severely sleepy people...' Denise says 'Yes, the sleepy ward! Do you know why you're here?' Mental sighs 'Iiii wasted all my energy trying to charge this damn bed up?' Denise smiles 'Yes! And now you're fine! Well, almost fine, anyway!

SMB wipes his forehead 'We had to give you some Ultra Lazarus to wake you up!' Mental looks concerned 'Ultra Lazarus? The most extreme and dangerous coffee known to man??' SMB nods 'Yes. Thank God the side effects have finally worn off for everyone. You can't even LOOK at it without it seriously messing you up.' Mental puts his hands together as if praying 'Thank you! Thank you so much!' SMB chuckles 'Not at all. Anything for the UK's finest policeman!' Mental starts to get out of bed, but SMB puts his hand on the cop's shoulder, stopping him. SMB is calm 'Mental, you're not in a fit state to get out of bed, just yet.' Mental is frustrated 'But I have to stop crime, I NEED to stop crime!' SMB pats Mental's shoulder 'Of course. But not quite yet.' Mental lies down once more. SMB continues 'How about we play Super Nintendo? There are a variety of games to choose from, we have Mech Warrior, that's very good, we have Pit Fighter, that's not so good, we have Street Fighter...'

Mental interrupts 'Street Fighter, please...' SMB coughs nervously 'No, on second thoughts, I strongly recommend the other games. How about Donkey Kong?' Mental is confused 'Why?' SMB exhales deeply 'Weeeell, it's a long story. Ryu from Street Fighter left the game, turned evil, and broke into Sealife prison to rescue the fish convicts, where it is believed he turned them back into people with the special biblical coffee.' Mental screws his face up in disgust 'Why???' SMB frowns 'He was promised a lifetime of fish for doing so...' Mental replies 'I really can't play Street Fighter, then? Is that really how the game works? Are you suggesting real actors perform in it?' SMB responds 'Yes. Ridiculous, I know. They really do work very, very hard. I mean you can try playing the fighting game to see what happens, but I really don't think it will work.' Denise is warm 'I like Donkey Kong...'

Mental is defiant 'No, we can't let Ryu get to us even more, I insist we play Street Fighter.' SMB nods again 'Of course. I'll turn the TV and computer on, then.' SMB does so. On the TV, the words 'Street Fighter' are shown. The Prime Minister picks up a controller and hands it to Mental as he sits upright. The policeman comments 'It's been a while since I've played this...' Mental presses some buttons, making the TV screen show a character selection menu. He then speaks 'Let's see what happens when I try to choose Ryu... Hm... Nothing is happening...' The other characters in the menu shrug their shoulders. Mental jolts backwards 'Well that was creepy...' SMB runs to the TV and turns it off 'There we go, all better now. I really

wouldn't worry about it, Mental.' The cop replies 'Thank you. So, where is Ryu and his scummy gang now?' SMB looks down 'We don't know. We're presuming he's in a countryside area with little to no CCTV. It's only a matter of time before word of the escape gets out to the masses. It will be a worldwide scandal!'

Mental sits in a more upright position 'I think we should turn on the news. See if rumours are spreading already...' SMB replies 'Good thinking.' The latter marches to the other TV and turns it on. On the TV, a 40 year old, female news reporter sits behind a desk and speaks whilst shaking 'News just in, Henry the Sneaky Salmon, Gary the Sneaky Sardine, The Sausage Roll Killer, AND Bjorn Squeeze have been broken out of Sealife Prison by someone who is either from another dimension, or who is simply very, very thin. It's already a worldwide super scandal! Let's be frank, we're most likely going to have to face yet another deranged killing spree. Chefs are particularly at risk, as are any stores selling any kind of fish. Those specialising in salmon and sardines may want to stock up on powerful weapons for self defence purposes. May God have mercy on us all.' Mental clenches his fists 'We need to find them now! We need to find them NOW!'

The machine by Mental's side beeps quickly. Sarah talks calmly to Denise 'His blood pressure is through the roof...' Denise whispers to her fellow nurse 'He could be about to have a heart attack. I'll request medication. In the meantime, calm him down with whale noises...' Denise picks a walkie talkie from her pocket and speaks into it, losing her cool 'Hello, I'm nurse Denise and I'm in the Sleepytime ward. Code terror, repeat, code terror!' Sarah makes soothing high pitched noises to Mental as he lies back down, trying hard to relax. Denise then tells Mental to focus hard on the calming blues that are his clothes. Another female nurse bursts into the room carrying pills in a bottle. She runs to Mental and Denise speaks to her 'Great to see you, Paula, code terror.' Paula nods and tells Mental to open his mouth. SMB stares, teary eyed. Mental does open his mouth, swallows the pills and just like that, his blood pressure lowers and the beeping stops. Mental laughs 'The medications this hospital has really are very effective...'

SMB wipes his eyes 'Mental, we're doing all we can to stop the gang. Hundreds of soldiers armed with machine guns and Apache helicopters are scanning countryside areas as I speak.' Mental replies 'Oh good. A small gang could never take on a whole army...' SMB coughs 'Yes, there's just one thing...' Mental replies 'And what is that?' SMB continues 'If someone or a group of people decided to make minimum speed signs for helicopters, demanding they fly at say 500 miles per hour, it's going to be impossible to fly legally... Also...' Mental interrupts 'Also???' SMB continues 'Yes, also, if someone or a group of people, quite possibly mischievous children, decide to erect signs on the ground forcing people to go that fast, millions of people could get into very serious trouble...' Mental smiles 'But on the plus side, what a democracy!' SMB smiles too 'I'm glad you see it that way. Many people don't.' There is an awkward silence. Everyone stares at the news.

The reporter continues 'In other news, small children have been spotted erecting signs in countryside areas, forcing people to run at least 50 miles per hour. Not even the finest athletes can manage it, so dozens of people have already been arrested. May God help us all.' SMB looks up to the ceiling in frustration 'Well that's it then, isn't it!' Paula speaks 'I think we should turn the television off. Denise and Sarah nod.

Paula does so as SMB gazes at Mental's machine. Yep, it's beeping again. Paula rolls her eyes 'Mental, time for some more pills...' Denise and Sarah sing particularly peaceful whale songs as Paula gives Mental more meds. The beeping stops again. Mental stares in disbelief 'What's that stuff called??' Paula replies 'Ultra Digitalis'. Mental replies 'Well it sure does deserve being called 'ultra'. I'd go further and call it 'Mega Ultra Digitalis!' Shortened to MUD.' Sarah laughs 'Would you be happy eating a product called 'mud'? Mental looks sincere 'I'd swear by it.'

SMB says 'As you and your ticker are in fine shape Mental, I have a question for you...' Mental is curious 'Go on...' SMB replies 'What do you think's worse: The mad speeds or the fact this country is going to need thousands of new jails?' Mental starts to sweat. SMB sighs 'Oh, never mind.' Denise comments 'We need to get the special bed repaired ASAP so we can ask it what to do....' SMB looks serious 'Do you know where that bed comes from?' Denise moves towards SMB, fascinated and speaks 'No...' SMB replies 'It comes from aliens. That's right... aliens.' Everyone in the room who can do so, cover their mouths in shock. SMB carries on speaking with his hand on his face 'Only those in the highest level of the secret services know the details. I can contact them for help, but it's not going to be an easy, straightforward process.' Everyone's mouths are still covered.

Mental finally removes his hand from his face 'Oh. Darn.' SMB does, too. He then forces another smile 'Anyway, up for some Mortal Kombat??' Mental's eyes lights up 'Sure!' SMB puts a new game in the retro console and turns the TV on. On the screen, the fighter named 'Scorpion' appears in 1990s graphics. A speech bubble is by his head 'Hello, it's Scorpion. If Ryu from Street Fighter doesn't want to fight anymore, neither does anyone in the Mortal Kombat games. We've been fighting nonstop for over three decades and we've had enough. Do you know what it's like working that hard for that long? It's hell! And for what?? Do we get any kind of rewards?? Well I'm yet to see any! It's over!' The TV suddenly turns off. The nurses go white. Paula stutters 'Well... t-that was creepy... How does he know about Ryu? And how did he turn the damn telly off???'

The lighting in the room quickly fades to complete darkness. Paula shouts 'What in God's name is happening, now?!' An unknown woman laughs from nearby 'Sorry that was me, I just turned the lights down, that's all. Just trying to lighten the atmosphere! Or darken it! XD' The lights go back to normal to reveal another nurse, standing by the door and light knob. Sarah is fed up 'Oh. Hi, Tina.' SMB snarls 'Maybe you'd like to unplug everyone's medical equipment too? I mean why not go even further than that and start a bomb hoax??' Tina looks thoughtful 'A bomb hoax? Interesting... I mean comedians do often say there should be nothing that can't be joked about...' Sarah coughs 'Ignore her, Mr. Sexy Moon Bazooka. She's just out of university. It wasn't a good university. And she didn't do very well...' Tina says 'What can I say? Some people shouldn't be employed...'

Denise says 'If we can't relax by watching TV or playing games as they're both extremely disturbing, how about some ice cream?? Everyone loves ice cream!' SMB face palms 'Ice cream?? Are you insane?? Some seriously messed up things I can't even BEGIN to explain are happening, and all you can say is 'let's get some ice cream???' Denise speaks timidly 'It's good ice cream...' SMB replies 'Fine! Fine, let's all get some ice cream! Why not get some jelly babies too? To put in the ice

cream?' Denise looks pleased 'Oh that's a great combination...' SMB replies 'Off you go then.' Denise leaves the room. SMB continues 'Do you have any ideas what you can put in the ice cream, Sarah and Paula? And what about you, Tina?' Tina ponders hard 'Broken bits of chocolate bars?' SMB nods 'Right! Off you go then!' Tina leaves the room. Mental is polite 'After we eat the ice cream, we can do something more grown up...'