

The weather is still grey, and not a bird is in sight. They've mostly been zapped by the mad bots. The ones that were lucky and escaped most certainly won't be coming back. These parts have become a disgrace. The street is cobbled, like much of this town, but something is different - the bumpy road curves round just the once in both directions. Like a semi-circle or half a pizza, but not QUITE so bendy. What's that about? Huh. So long straightness, I guess. Again, Victorian shops are on both sides of the knobbly, bending road, and there are about ten of them. Not all of them are viewable at the same time, I'll explain all soon. What the full sign of the furthest shop away says, no one here can tell. It curves round. Maybe it says 'Lovely Treats', maybe it says 'Lovely Trees' or even 'Lovely Treadmills', we all need to stay healthy. However, there are far bigger things to worry about. Three of those Johnny Five looking robots with jetpacks on their backs are driving round and round in a circle at a chilling slow pace. (Meaning they can see all shops after one rotation - Ahhhhh. Apologies for the weird writing. I tried to make everything make sense, honestly). In the middle of the gang is a trembling old man with a walking stick. He whimpers 'I'm sorry for calling you scum, it's just... well you've killed everyone, haven't you?'

A roaming bot replies 'So... you... take... it... back?...' The OAP shakes some more 'Or course!' He looks up to see a line of four pink helicopters hovering above the area. They are dangerously close to each other. Badass. Ropes are thrown out of them that reach the ground, then a man in black for each vehicle slides down, holding pizzas with one hand. One can only imagine the blisters the guys will get later. Looks cool though, and also extremely perilous. It seems Epic Dave has flashed across the sky once, but it really could be anything. Maybe an experimental new rocket that makes no sound. That could be useful. A green helicopter is now seem coming to a high-up standstill as well. Its side door opens and the Keema Nan is seen, holding a megaphone. She is heard very clearly by everyone 'Give the robots the pizzas they need!' The robots stop circling the poor victim and speak in unison 'Pizzas?' Now walking, the strange men are about to hand the bots the takeaways, whilst giving thumbs up with their free hands.

It seems the smell of the meals draws the ghost-white and shaking shopkeepers/ customers from the buildings in seconds. (Everyone's nose twitches, happily). They shout with an out of place kind of joy as they run to the men in black 'Pizzas!' The MiB scream to them 'Back off! You don't know what you're doing!' The civilians scratch their heads. One replies 'You can't just bring pizzas here and not expect a strong reaction...' He gets ignored. A MiB speaks calmly to the bots 'Yum yum. I bet you're dying for these, now the damn police are trying to ban them...' A bot replies 'They were banned for a reason. They're dangerous.' The man replies 'Not these. These are new. Just as delicious, but infinitely more safe.' The same bot responds 'Prove it. You eat one.' The man looks grim 'Fine. I will.' His fellow men scream 'You don't know what you're doing!' The brave man replies 'No. I have to.' He opens the box, takes a bite, then completely stuffs his face. The pizza is gone in seconds.

Everyone stares at him. He pulls on his hair with both hands 'I have to go! I need a drink! I'll be back!' He runs into a shop and disappears. A bot comments 'Ha. I guess these pizzas ARE safe...' The remaining men in black give their pizzas to the robots and they gulp them down in almost an instant. One bot's laser morphs into a huge loaf of bread. It comments just as mechanically as before 'Poison... Pizza...' The men in black shake their heads 'No, no! You've got this all wrong!' The two

unaffected robots say 'Aim... Fire...' Just a second later however, they explode, along with the bread laser droid. They don't burst into flames, but tomato sauce and cheese. The shop-goers applaud with deep respect. Another shopper comments 'Can we have some of the leftovers?' The men in black face him 'Eat them and die.' An explosion is heard in the shop. The brave MiB is no more.

A robot is heard coming round the left corner. It repeats the words 'Kill the traitors' over and over. Unsurprisingly, everyone faces it. It stops and takes aim at the group. There's nothing the pink and green helicopters can do, BUT Epic Dave is seen hovering not so high in the sky, lasering the offending robot, then vanishing. Oh, so it WAS Epic Dave, before. Thought it was a missile. Whoops. More impressed clapping happens. From the right corner, Morgan is heard shouting 'Mental robots! Everyone get inside!' Now everyone faces his general direction. Lots of turning round in the last few seconds, right?? Soon enough he is seen, sweating like a pig. Keema Nan comments through her loudspeaker 'Wow. A pig sweating like a pig.' She gets ignored. The men in black stroll to the officer. One comments 'We made infected pizzas for the robots. They ate them and exploded. Please control yourself around the leftovers.'

Morgan rubs his chin 'How did you infect them?' The same MiB responds 'A man in white approached us just ten minutes ago, when we were chatting in a pub. He said 'I heard your concerns about the robots. I know you're here in Scotland so you can go on a palindromic graffiti spree, but how about you do something noble with dodgy Italian food? It will be dangerous, but it's the right thing to do. Your helicopters parked in the massive garden will be very useful...' I said to him 'What the flip are you talking about?' He responded by saying 'Fly over the robots you'll see, and give them my meals. They're in all those sacks behind me. I've chanted Latin phrases to them, such as 'Turn those who eat these takeaways into food'. I don't know why doing so works, but c'est la vie.' I think he was trying to be sophisticated by speaking French, but he looked like a weirdo. I asked him why he couldn't give the food to the bots himself, and he just said 'I don't have helicopters. Bye.' Then he strolled away, like it was normal.'

Morgan keeps his cool 'So do you have enough of the dinners? There are tons of rampaging bots on the loose...' The same MiB responds, triumphantly 'I have over a hundred...' Morgan nods 'You know what? I think that will do.' Morgan's phone rings from his pocket. He answers the call 'Hello?... The SRK has escaped from the B&B?? How??... He left the building after the owner was making him a massive salad?... He could be anywhere?... Look, Chief, I know you're mad at me and you're blaming the escape on me, but the robot rampage is nearly over. Everything... Ok, almost everything is going to plan!' The Keema Nan shouts through her loudspeaker once more 'The Chief of Police is a twat!' Morgan sighs 'Ignore her! Anyway, she's helping us, now. It's a long story.' Keema shouts again 'Palindromes rock!' Morgan looks down 'I know. I can't stand her, either. Anyway, I'll find the sausage, don't you worry. Epic Dave is helping out, too. He zapped a robot. I don't know why he only did one, but that's Dave for you. Maybe he'll do more later.'

A butcher is tied up with rope to a wooden chair, in the middle of his mess of a butcher's shop. The outside windows and glass doors have been smashed, as have the displays, and the meats are scattered all over the floor. The SRK is hacking all

the sausages with a huge meat cleaver as he screams 'DIE, SAUSAGES, DIE!!!!'

The butcher starts to cry 'What do you want from me???' The SRK screams again 'WHERE ARE THE REST OF YOUR SAUSAGES???' The butcher whimpers 'That's all I have! You've ruined the lot!' The SRK sighs 'Fine! Then I'll move onto your steaks!' The madman hacks at all the meats he sees. The butcher is desperate 'You want money? Take it! Take it all!' The SRK stamps his foot 'You think I want your money?? No, no, no. I want you and everyone like you wiped out! You made me and people like me fat!' The butcher screams 'You just need to eat in moderation!'

The SRK laughs 'Oh come on. Evil Hawaiians? Show me ONE person who can resist them. Are you saying your products aren't like them??' The butcher yelps 'Yes! That's exactly what I'm saying!!' The SRK snarls 'That's a load of rubbish and you know it. Now tell me. Why are robots in the style of Johnny 5 going around killing everyone?' The butcher cries 'I don't know! Nobody does!' The SRK throws the meat cleaver to the floor, crosses his arms and faces his victim. He talks coldly 'Butcher... My work has only just begun. I'm going to kill all the chefs in the world, including you. And do you know how?' The butcher goes white 'How?' The SRK continues 'Poisoning pizzas didn't achieve my goals, but poisoning the water surely will.' The butcher looks down 'Look. Sausage. You're a clever man. Why don't you simply promote healthy living? You're very well known...' The SRK laughs 'Promote it from my prison cell? The ghost of Gary the Sneaky Salmon says I should kill you for that comment alone.' The butcher coughs '... Eh?'

In a colourful flash, Epic Dave wizzes into the room. The SRK inhales deeply and dramatically then runs away. The butcher EXHALES deeply and dramatically. He then comments coolly 'You came just in time. You should have heard the stuff he was saying to me. 'Kill all chefs, poison the water, stab the sausages', which he DID do, I saw him. He's absolutely nuts.' Epic Dave tuts 'He's been stabbing sausages again? He clearly has a very disturbing pattern of behaviour.' The butcher replies 'Look, if you don't untie me now, I'm going to need immediate medical attention. My blood supply is being cut off, pretty much everywhere.' ED nods and unties the man as he comments 'I bet you're wondering how I found you...' The butcher is intrigued 'Go on...' ED laughs 'My eyes and ears are DAMN impressive. That's it really. Just good eyes and ears, I've trained them to pick up suffering. Finding baddies, is not my forte quite so much. Oh, and did I mention I can fly and zap people? Pretty swish.'

Once untied, the butcher stands up, kicks his legs and shakes his arms 'Why didn't you zap the SRK? You don't like him do you??' ED frowns 'Take that back now.' The butcher looks down in shame 'Please forgive me.' The SRK rolls his eyes and continues 'I can't zap everyone, you know? I've incinerated ten robots already. Boy am I going to feel terrible in the morning. Not even the most modern weapons can do what I do.' The butcher is confused 'Couldn't you punch him?' ED coughs 'Anyway, how's your blood? Nice and circulating?' The butcher gives a thumbs up 'Never flowed better.' ED rubs his stomach 'Do you think maybe... I could have a sausage? I mean you're probably going to throw them away now, aren't you? Unless maybe you sell them as 'Stabbed sausages', which would be weird...' The butcher laughs 'Sure! Take as many as you like!'

A motorbike is heard from outside. ED and the butcher face the shop's entrance, to see a man in white dismount his two-wheeler and enter the shop. The mysterious

man talks with a wise and sensible tone 'Hi fellas. Butcher, you look like you're in pain...' The butcher sighs 'Just a bit of rope exposure. Is that what it's called?' ED nods. The butcher continues 'I guess I probably have a few grazes under my clothes...' The MiW kneels down and chants 'Sana' over and over. The butcher looks puzzled 'Sana'? The MiW continues 'It's Latin for 'heal'. According to online translator, anyway.' The butcher smiles 'You know what? I FEEL healed!' The MiW winks 'There you go, then. Anyway, we have lots of work to do. We need to stop the robots. Come with me.' The butcher scratches his head 'Who ARE you??' The MiW stands up 'Whoops. Forgot to stand up. Never mind who I am, people's lives are at risk... Ok, I'm Epic Dave's brother.'