

Captain Mental, Constable Morgan, and last AND least Constable Smith (he just needs experience) are in the centre of an absolute mess of a room, with dusty shelves, DIY gadgets and boxes scattered everywhere. They are casually talking about things that don't really matter, (e.g. favourite colours and what they might mean) as five 6 foot tall robots on wheels, with laser cannons on their shoulders and occupied mobile phone holders on their sides, shift items and operate electric drills with their metallic hands. Some bot hands are part pizza. It's very noisy. A TV is in the top, back corner of the room at full volume. On it, is a show playing modern Charltoham pop music. (AKA Charlt pop. It's some of the fastest light music in the world, and some say the best).

Captain Mental starts a more professional conversation 'Well... Things are clearly getting done, but converting all Evil Hawaiian Pizza stores into pizzafication treatment centres? It's going to take some doing... Especially as we're losing robots all the time to the damn disease. If only we could cure the bots, too.' Smith sighs 'Replacing dodgy parts will do for now though, right?' Mental nods 'It'll do for now. The damn disease progresses faster than even the deadliest cancers, though.' Smith sighs 'Thanks for telling me that again. I'm just a forgetful person.' Morgan winks 'It happens to the best of us!' Smith replies 'I know that people have been infected by dodgy pizzas though, and that we're trying to stop that...'. Mental gives a thumbs up 'Good man. Thank God those biologists have worked so hard to end the madness.' Smith smiles 'I know about that, too!' Mental looks proud.

A dramatic news jingle is heard. All cops and droids stop what they're doing and look to the screen. On the TV, a news reporter sitting behind a desk looks serious and talks with an equally serious tone 'Thank flip Charltonham pizzafication cases have been falling rapidly since the introduction of treatment centres and the amazing cure. Sadly a cure for robots is yet to be discovered, but on the plus side, robot part replacement centres are booming, which IS nice. In other news, look at this prick on the run in Scotland...' The SRK fills the TV screen. He is shown on black and white CCTV eating a sausage roll and crying. He then screams. The reporter gets the screen back and continues 'Absolutely pathetic. The madman can't control his addiction and that's somehow everyone else's fault!' More CCTV footage shows the killer punching a chef and running away.

Mental rubs his chin and looks to his fellow cops 'Wow. The reporter knew about the SRK's situation before us. That's depressing. To be fair, the freak is miles away, though...' Morgan nods. Mental continues 'Do you think maybe our time would be better spent if we stopped supervising the bots and looked for the madman?' A bot turns to the cop and speaks in a monotone voice 'I... will... stop... the... man...' Mental shakes his head 'But you'll soon be fully pizzafied if you don't get ongoing treatment...' The bot replies 'It's... the... right... thing... to... do...' Mental looks down 'It's the right thing to do? Needless deaths are never ok...' Smith replies 'Maybe police helicopters would be good at catching the man?' Mental sighs 'There are no more police helicopters. Every damn one has been stolen by Keema Nan's posse. No one really knows what she's planning right now, but she IS planning something...'

All the bots gaze at Mental and speak in unison 'We... will... stop... the... SRK... no... matter... what... it... takes...' Mental face palms 'You don't know what you're

getting yourselves into!' The bots handle their mobiles and make calls. This time they speak in a faster, more excited tone. It's still mechanical, though. One of the more entertaining call goes 'It's bot 222 from Old Pizza House 33. We're all going to Scotland to stop the SRK!... You're coming too? You beat me to it. Lolz. You're a brave bot. Robo luv, bruv... What's that mean? Don't worry, just trying to be funny. It backfired, it made me sound weird... You're going to contact all the other bots and get them to meet up, here?... Great! Laterz!' Mental's eyes widen 'All the town's bots are going to be here?' The bot responds 'The... SRK... doesn't... have... a... chance...' Morgan joins the conversation 'Still... You have to think of the traffic!' The bot continues 'They'll... probably... be... on... the... pavement...' Morgan tuts 'I sure hope so!'

Because old Evil Hawaiian shops are basically getting converted everywhere, both far and near, robots are heard knocking on the building's door already. Smith comments 'This is big.' Mental nods 'Damn right, it's big. We're on the hunt for one of the world's most demented mass murderers.' Smith replies 'Should I open the door and let them in?' Mental shakes his head 'I don't think there's going to be enough room for all of them! Stick to a simple door opening and greeting, and nothing more.' Smith walks to and opens the door. Morgan comments 'Great door opening, Smith.' Smith does a little skip. He then leaves the building to see countless, messy, worked on buildings on both sides of the road, that go on and on, in a classic Charltonham straight line. The weather is sunny. As hinted at, a whole army of robots are queueing on the pavements, not the road. Great stuff. Doesn't matter though, as there's no traffic. The mass of bots speak in a powerful unison 'We're gonna catch the Sausage!'

Smith turns to the door as Mental dramatically exits the building. The senior officer has his hands on his hips next to Smith as he raises his voice to the masses of droids 'Dearest freedom fighters! Many of you have partially turned into delicious pizzas because of uncontrollable binges, that whilst cheeky and not allowed, I completely understand. You do realise the SRK is many miles away and many of you will completely turn into snacks by the time you reach him? Or TRY to reach him, I mean. Haha. Just trying to lighten the mood. Are all of you SURE you know what you're in for?' The robots speak in unison again 'We're... not... scared...' Mental coughs 'Are you SUPER sure? I'd be scared if I was turning into moreish Italian cheeses mixed with finest juicy tomatoes... Yum yum.' The bots speak in unison a further time 'We... fear... no... man!' Mental looks confused 'What about one of the sickest men in the entire world?' The bots reply 'Nope'. Mental rubs his chin 'Oh. Ok. Good.'

Now Morgan leaves the building to greet the bots. He shakes his fists in celebration and talks jubilantly 'Hello everyone! I have a fantastic and impressive idea! I will be leading you all, whilst Mental and Smith stay here to help repair this town!' Mental and Smith gasp. The former comments 'Morgan! It's too dangerous!' Morgan sighs 'We both know it has to be done. Everyone needs a leader. A leader with self control.' Morgan raises his voice to the bots, again 'I know pizzas are extremely addictive, but if I EVER catch a robot nibbling on another robot, there will be hell to pay!' The robots reply 'Of... course...' Morgan continues 'I will hire a mechanic to make any necessary repairs. As Mental said, we will all be in danger, but with the worker, not QUITE so much. So that's something.' An excited robot responds 'I'll do

it!' The bot makes a call 'Hello? A member of an infected group of robots, here... Will you be willing to risk life and death by repairing us all, whilst seeking out the SRK?' There is a pause. Then the bot continues 'He just said he will!' The mass of bots do a weird electronic cheer 'Wooooo...'

There is an awkward silence. Mental's phone rings. He answers the call, a little spaced out 'Hello? You're the mechanic the robot has just called?... Sorry, what was that? What didn't you want the robots to know?... You fear you may get tempted to munch on some of the infected droids?' The robots respond 'Hey!' Mental continues the call 'You want an extremely angry and disciplinarian Buddhist monk to join you, and to stop you if you ever get tempted?... That's a bit... different... How mad do you want him?... You want him to be a raving lunatic?... Your choice, I suppose... Do you have anyone in particular in mind?... You do and you can contact him?... You hate each other? Great! Out of curiosity, why do you hate each other?... Because you didn't do a good job on his car and it kind of broke down on the motorway and a couple of cars and a lorry crashed into him and then exploded but no one was hurt?... But you've sorted yourself out now, though?... Great!'

Smith shouts above the commotion 'Mental, Morgan, you have to see what's on the news! Let's go inside so we can hear it better...' The three cops are about to enter the building and the robots start to follow. Mental turns to face them 'Not you! There's nowhere NEAR enough room!' The threesome complete the easy but still socially awkward mission of entering and shutting the door, and then gawp at the TV. The indoor robots do, as well. The news reporter speaks with a dramatic tone 'Repeat: News just in; the SRK has punched and left a salmon fisher chained to a street lamp by a lonely Scottish road. A note has been attached around his neck by a piece of string. It reads 'It's me, the Sausage Roll Killer! (Angry face) I'm getting orders from Henry the Sneaky Salmon now, after eating the pizza version of his brother. (Blank face). There's no stopping me and my dark mission! (Smily face).'

Mental sighs 'We really do need to stop him ASAP. Maybe there could be a way of fitting turbo boosters to the robots, so they can blitz down motorways?' Morgan responds 'I'm sure that's doable...' The reporter continues 'The SRK has clearly gone mental. If only someone could stop him. Police helicopters have been circling the area, but they seem to be more keen on observing the palindromes that have been mysteriously appearing.' Mental scratches his head 'Palindromes?' The reporter carries on 'We urge everyone not to look at the graffiti as it has been described as incredibly addictive and life destroying. A team of cleaners wearing blindfolds are trying to tackle the issue, but it just keeps getting worse.'

Knocking is heard on the door. A voice is heard from outside 'It's the mechanic and my Buddhist chum!' Smith comments coolly 'That was quick...' Morgan responds 'Well it's the masses of easy to navigate straight roads, isn't it? If only everywhere was like this place...' Mental shouts over the TV 'Come in!' The two enter. The mechanic is in a dirty orange overall and the monk is wearing an orange robe. The latter talks boisterously to Mental 'Well... This isn't the kind of thing I usually do!' Mental laughs nervously 'I bet, I bet. So, you're all about the discipline?' The monk replies 'Sure am...' The cop continues 'Never felt the urge to binge on even the most tastiest of pizzas?' The monk grins 'Me! Ha! No way. I'm the kind of monk that can take huge kicks to the balls.' Mental's eyes widen 'Ohhh, I know the ones. Can you

stop an electric drill going into your head?' The monk smiles 'No, no one can. That's a trick.' Smith joins the conversation 'It's good that you admitted that, as we could test that out, right now...'

The mechanic butts in 'Aaaaanyway, a maniac is on the loose. It's best we get going, right now.' Morgan replies 'Do you think you could fit turbo boosters to the robots, so they can bomb it down motorways?' The mechanic sighs 'Wow... That sure will take a while. The queue of bots outside is pretty impressive...' Smith joins the discussion 'Here's a thought: Maybe you could get other mechanics to help you?' Mental's eyes light up 'That was first rate policing, Smith'. Smith punches the air. The mechanic replies 'Yep. Very doable. Give me a day or so with the extra help...' Mental coughs 'A day? A madman is on the loose and an old lady has stolen all my helicopters. Do you understand how urgent this situation is??' The mechanic nods 'Of course. But I'm only human. Can the robots work on themselves, maybe?' Mental sighs 'They're really not that clever. Clever-ish, but clearly not clever enough to stay away from temptation, for one thing.'

The mechanic gives a thumbs up 'Ok. Well, we better be on our way.' Morgan puts his hands on his hips 'I get to choose when we're on our way. I'm leading this team...' The mechanic scratches his ear 'Ok...' Morgan chuckles 'No, only joking. But at the same time not completely. Anyway, let's go...' Morgan walks to the door, and the room robots follow him, along with the mechanic and the monk. Morgan says 'Bye fellas', then leaves the building with his team. Mental smiles 'What a great bunch of people and robots. The SRK doesn't stand a chance!' Smith nods 'Of course, of course. But in the short term at least, he's going to remain at large and mental...' Mental sighs 'I'm on a bit of a downer, now...' Smith winks 'But he doesn't stand a chance in the grand scheme of things...' Mental gives a thumbs up 'That'll do...'