

For the first time in several decades, Captain Mental is dressed in jeans and a worn out T-shirt. For the first time ever (apart from that time he appeared in an ice cream commercial, in his teens) he is facing a suited man in his mid thirties with a goatee. The latter has his hands on his hips. Cameras on tripods are scattered throughout the large room. What look like green carpets hang on parts of the walls. People in casual clothes frequently shuffle past the two. A loud hubbub of various conversations is heard. The goateed man talks to Mental with a concentrating face 'Mental, your story about the SRK and his gang is truly fascinating. I honestly believe it will be one of the greatest stories ever told on film. But we need a catchphrase. Something to make it REALLY stick in people's minds... Any ideas?'

Mental rubs his chin 'Fish my bish?' The goateed man is confused 'Fish my bish? What's that mean?' Mental sighs 'Nothing! It doesn't mean a damn thing! But that's what he'd say...' The goatee dude nods 'Ok, cool. I get that. Do you have any more ideas?' Mental nods 'Smell my biscuits?' The goatee man is intrigued 'Can you use that in a sentence, please?' Mental gives a thumbs up 'Sure. The SRK would be like 'I'm the Sausage Roll Killer. My friends call me 'Sausages'. There's nothing you can do, I've imprisoned you in a cabin in the middle of nowhere. What have you got to say?' Then the captive would be like 'Smell my biscuits'. Then the SRK would be like 'Big mistake.' Then he'd claim the phrase as his own and keep saying it to people...'

The goatee geezer looks serious 'I think that's a great idea. Smell my biscuits. Have you got any more of that stuff? You name it, I'll get it made.' Mental looks puzzled 'You're so stupid, you couldn't stop a cherbation in a bus yard.' The goatee man widens his eyes 'That's different...' Mental agrees 'Yes. The irony is that's a particularly stupid thing to say to someone. I want you to make it absolutely clear that the SRK is not a person to be looked up to in our film. Who do you want to play him?' The goatee wearer looks thoughtful 'Chuck Harry, maybe?' Mental steps back 'THE Chuck Harry?' The goatee man smiles 'The very same.' Mental is concerned 'But he's super cool... We need to get a freak...' The goatee man nods 'I completely understand. But he can play freaks. Anyway, I'm yet to hear back from him.'

Mental chuckles 'You haven't heard from him? Never had I heard such fuff buffery.' The goatee guy scratches his head 'What's that mean?' Mental winks 'More gibberish for you. If we get called stupid, we'll say the SRK said it first. Payback.' The goatee devotee's face darkens 'Mental, I want you to be completely honest with me. Is there ANYTHING about this film that is so out there, people simply wouldn't believe it's true. I get the catchphrases, sometimes I say dumb things too, such as 'spongbongbibblybongdeebongdeebongdeebong', but are there any events that spring to mind that are just TOO over the top?' Mental looks up in thought 'Maybe when the SRK turned into a pigeon through Latin and went back to normal again. He went into great detail about that in a police interview, after he turned into a fish. It was like he was really proud...'

The goatee fan nods 'I can see how people wouldn't believe that... But these are wacky times when it seems like anything can happen.' Mental is quick 'He also said he is five hundred years old. But I don't know if I should believe that.' The goatee dude is shocked 'Five hundred? He must be some kind of a God...' Mental growls 'No, he ISN'T!' The goatee man chuckles 'I knew that would get to you. It's cool, he's a nasty piece of work. I know that. We all do.' A mobile rings from the goatee man's

pocket. Let's call him the film director from now on for the sake of variety. The director answers it 'Hello?... Chuck, you're calling me already?... You're interested in the role? Oh that's GREAT news. Tell me, how would feel about saying things that are... a little weird?... How about... 'Smell my biscuits'?... What's it mean? Nothing, but it SOUNDS offensive.'

Mental joins the conversation 'Now that I think of it, it could literally mean 'smell my biscuits' if it does mean at least something. Why someone would say that, I don't know. I wouldn't worry about it, though. Thinking about similar things has driven many to insanity. I've heard of some officers saying nonsense in their sleep over and over again and crying.' The director continues his call 'Chuck, do you think you have the skill to play a pigeon?... No? I really thought someone like you could...' Mental butts in 'CGI will help him...' The director continues 'CGI will help you...' The director winks at Mental 'He's on board!' The director talks into his phone 'You'll turn back into a human though, so don't you worry. But then you'll turn into a fish. Again, CGI...'

Mental speaks quietly 'Tell him he'll have to put on a hundred pounds...' The director sighs 'Chuck, I have to come clean... You'll need to put on a hundred pounds. But, you'll have a great time! Eat anything you want! Burgers, fish and chips, piz...' Mental waves his hands frantically 'Don't mention pizzas! It's too soon!' The director clears his throat 'Don't eat PIZZAS, they still might be dangerous. But you get what I'm saying...' Mental gives a sigh of relief. The director's eyes light up as he speaks to the cop 'He's perfectly happy with the role!' He puts his phone back in his trousers. Mental is nervous 'Great we've got one of the world's finest actors playing the strangest story ever told. But don't you think it's a dangerous film? Some of the points the SRK has on sausage rolls are valid. They ARE unhealthy, that's obvious. What if people want to copy him?'

The director shakes his head 'No, no, no. You're overthinking like you always do. You might as well say pigeons will be offended by the thought of looking similar to the SRK, and will go around pecking people in retaliation.' Mental pulls a funny face. The director is curious 'What are you thinking?' Mental is edgy 'I'm thinking that could happen.' The director is cool 'Don't be silly.' His mobile rings again and he answers it 'Biff Ericson?' Mental is stunned 'THE Biff Ericson??' The director continues his call 'You DO want to play Bjorn Squeeze?... He sounds like a fun guy?' Mental goes red 'NO HE ISN'T!!!!' The director keeps his cool 'Ignore that, Biff. Just a guy with understandably strong feelings, that's all... Look you know Bjorn is a bad man, don't you, Biff? You know the kind of role you're getting into?... Great! Bye!' The director sighs 'Mental, we're supposed to get people excited with this film. Stop putting people off.'

The director coughs 'Having said that, the four children playing Cheeseburger, Potato Chip, Lightbulb, and Cell Phone will have to be kept in the dark about a lot of this movie. I mean it will be rated 18. I wonder how we'll talk to them about their roles without being too horrifying. Any ideas? We'll have to think fast, they won't be in this studio for long. I believe they're in the canteen right now.' Mental mumbles 'Take them to the happy room and talk to them there, I guess. That would cheer anyone up. And be careful what we say...' The director nods 'Good thinking. Let's go there, now.' The two walk past more cameras, green sheets on the walls and a series of

studio doors until they reach a similar door with 'Happy Room' written on it. The duo enter the room and shut the door behind them. It is now relatively quiet, but the sound of people chattering can still be heard.

The walls are green and a plastic table and four chairs for children is in the middle. At the back of the room are baskets filled with toys. The director is cool 'Really this happy room is for telling children they will never see their parents again because they're too busy with their movie careers. You've thought outside the box and I like that. I'll get someone to send the children here. He gets his mobile, again 'Yo, are the four kids still with you?... Great, send them to the happy room, I have something to tell them. Later.' Mental comments 'I'm still wondering how we'll tell them about a film about murderers without scaring them...' The director shrugs his shoulders 'Just focus on the fact Bjorn loves hugging people, I suppose. They'll only have a small role as his kids...' Mental replies 'But the main character is called 'The Sausage Roll Killer... The film is called 'That Twat, The Sausage Roll Killer And His Dumb Gang'...'

The director rubs his chin 'You make an interesting point. You've thought outside the box, again.' Knocking on the door is heard. Three boys and a girl are heard from outside shouting things such as 'We've been promised toys!' Mental bites his thumb 'Time to bite the bullet, I guess...' The director opens the door, and the kids burst in. They pull toys out of the baskets. The director is annoyed 'Please sit down.' The children do so and face the adults. The director is impressed 'Oh you actually did it. Cool. Well done. I wasn't expecting that. Anyway, do you understand your roles?' The kids say 'No' in unison. Mental is confused 'You weren't briefed on the film?' The children say 'We weren't listening' in unison. Mental responds 'Ah. Well, you see... It's about...' Mental sheds a tear 'I can't do this anymore. I can't keep hiding the truth. It's about a group of killers. Real scumbags.'

The girl stutters 'W... We were told it was about a lovely rainbow...' Mental is confused 'Really? How does that work?' The director cuts in 'Never mind what the film is or isn't about, you'll all make a TON of money! This film will go down in history as the most awesome of all time! So who cares if a few people are attacked in a sausage-hating fury?' A boy frowns 'We were told it was about the brightest rainbows of all time!' Mental sighs 'Look, rainbows are lame even for people of your age. You do know that?' The boy replies 'We were told the rainbows were robotic and could shoot lasers...' Mental nods 'Oh, that does sound cool. Nice lie. But yeah, not so, the film is about a bunch of freaks.' The director comments 'And of course, it will make tons and tons of money. Certainly worth pointing out twice. Think of what you could buy... Anything!' The children murmur in approval. The director's eyes light up 'We've won them over!' Mental comments 'Yes. But let's not show the young'ns the film premier...'

A few weeks pass...

Mental and the director stand at the back of a cinema, twiddling their thumbs. All seats that are placed on a downward slope are occupied. The only lighting comes from a huge screen at the front of the room. On the screen are the words 'That Twat, The Sausage Roll Killer And His Dumb Gang'. The audience rub their hands in anticipation. The film begins. An actor portraying the SRK is in a busy butcher's

shop, wearing a huge jacket. He growls at the butcher 'I see you're selling sausage rolls. Are they tasty?' The butcher smiles 'Best sausage rolls in town! That's what people are saying!' The red faced SRK replies 'Are they good for you?' The butcher sighs 'Well, no... but...' The SRK retrieves a handgun from his coat pocket and points it at the worker 'That's all I needed to hear. Do you have any last words. The butcher sheds a tear 'I'm not scared of you. I guess my last words are...' The butcher stands defiantly and continues 'Smell my biscuits.' The SRK is cool 'You using my own catchphrase against me? Big mistake.' He pulls the trigger.

An hour and a half passes...

On the screen, a fish flaps helplessly in a goldfish bowl, that's in a cage hanging from a cell ceiling. The cage is surrounded by soldiers standing on the floor aiming machine guns at the fish. The fish speaks in a squeaky voice 'This isn't over, you don't have the brains to keep me here! You couldn't stop a cherbation in a bus yard!' A soldier pulls a funny face 'What's that mean?' The fish is defiant 'That proves my point nicely'. The screen goes black and a dark theme tune is played. Think The Godfather. The audience cheer wildly. They then repeat the words 'Fish my bish!' over and over again. The director comments in Mental's ear 'We've made a great film'. The audience gradually stands up and faces the exit. When they see Mental, they shout 'Hero' repeatedly.