

The Chief of Police and Constable Smith are alone and facing each other in the middle of a room with a filing cabinet on the side. There are no windows, making things seem just a bit more serious. Great, but that does mean the two are prone to rickets. I'm so sorry, I have hypochondria. The duo are standing behind a chair and a desk. It has a switched on computer, a number of envelopes and a phone on it. By the left of the table is a marble statue of the Chief of Police with his hands on his hips and looking grumpy. Smith asks the real Chief a question 'So... Where's Mental?' The Chief copies the statue's pose and expression as he replies 'You don't know?' Smith scratches his head and smiles nervously 'No, I don't... That wasn't obvious?' The Chief face palms 'He's leading a team of builders, converting old Evil Hawaiian stores into pizza treatment centres. I told you that ten minutes ago.' Smith looks down 'Oh yeah. I was miles away.'

The Chief responds 'Anyway, now that we've masterminded... well it wasn't 'we' was it? Now that I'VE masterminded the robot operation led by Morgan, let's move onto the smaller issue of all the people wanting to sue us. All because we apparently didn't do enough to stop people turning into pizzas. Look on the desk. There is loads of mail and it's probably all complaints. Open one and read it out.' Smith tears open an envelope, takes out the letter, then drops the former on the floor. The Chief stares in disbelief as Smith reads 'Dear Police. Thanks to you, I had to walk around Carltonham with pizzafied feet. It was several days before I got treated. People said to me 'I've heard of people having cheesy smelling socks, but I never thought I'd see the day when I'd smell literal cheese that I wouldn't mind eating.'

The Chief comments 'Read another'. Smith does so and litters in the same way again 'Dear Police. If you can't read my handwriting it's because my thumbs are now snacks. I know I've made this letter greasy too, and I don't care. I won't be able to get treated for days as the treatment centres are far too busy, and there aren't nearly enough of them yet. I have a friend who's eyes have turned into pizzas and now he can only see cheese shops, bakers selling bread and greengrocers selling tomatoes. What if that happens to me? What if that happens to everyone??' The Chief sighs 'Smith, we're in trouble, and quite frankly I don't really trust you. I want you to write an apology letter now. Treat it as an examination.' Smith wipes his forehead and sits at the computer. The boss stands over him.

Smith bites his thumb 'So... Do you want me to be firm or nice?' The Chief replies 'Your choice.' Smith nods as the cops look to the screen. Smith speaks what he types 'Dear respected pizza casualty. I understand you're miffed at the police for not protecting you against serious, yet comical diseases (you know they ARE pretty wacky, right? ;) ) However, it's not as if we knew all this business would happen. Hang in there and you'll be cured sometime in the next week. How about that?? In the meantime, I could send you more TRIED AND TESTED pizzas to make you feel better. I know they're not the same - we all know - but I'm sure they will ease your pain. Have you heard of Papa John's? Even if you're scared off pizzas for life, they also do chicken sides, and jalapeño bites.'

The COP sighs 'Smith, that was really poor. In fact it was plain silly. Maybe you would be better suited to visiting affected families and simply smiling at them? There's no shame in it.' Smith leaves his chair to face his boss 'I'm smarter than you realise, you know?' The Chief tuts 'How so?' Smith raises his chin in superiority

'Check this out: 5, 10, 15, 20, 25...' The Chief rolls his eyes 'You know your five times table?' Smith gives a thumbs up 'THAT was the warmup. Look at this!: 7, 14, 21, 28, 35, 42... I always thought 7s were the hardest...' The Chief tuts again 'And how will the five OR seven times table make grieving families feel better?' Smith rubs his chin 'Well... you see...' The Chief rubs his forehead 'Yes?...' Smith scratches his head 'It will... make me look smart?'

The phone rings. Smith answers it as the Chief shouts 'NO!' Smith speaks into the device 'Hello? You're an angry caller? How did you get this number?... It doesn't matter?... You're calling because you lost your job because you're unfit to work, now that your legs are pizzafied?... To be fair, I wouldn't hire a pizza either... No I'm not trying to be funny...' The Chief's jaw drops open. Smith continues the call 'Look, you can get treated in the next few days, I don't know what the problem is... The problem is that you worry you won't ever get your job back?... Maybe it would make you look better if you didn't shout quite so much? I do have feelings, you know?... You want me to write to your employer and get your job back for you? The thing is my boss says I'm a poor writer, and I trust him... Hello?...' Smith looks down 'He's gone.'

The Chief shakes his head slowly 'Smith, that was a complete disaster. I'll be blunt: I want you to tell me why I shouldn't fire you...' Smith goes pale 'Errr...' The Chief is calm 'In your own time'. Smith rubs his chin 'Because I know about the fish assassination you covered up way back and I don't fully understand how to answer difficult questions from curious people without supervision?' The Chief's eyes widen 'No, not that. Think of something else.' Smith replies 'I can juggle?' The Chief's eyes widen further 'Try thinking of something else RELEVANT.' Smith face palms 'I've helped countless lost elderly people navigate round the town and have given dozens of good ideas to Captain Mental. For example, I told him go to home to sleep when he was tired. The next day, he said he felt really refreshed and ready for a hard day's work...'

The phone rings again. Smith answers it as the Chief screams 'SMITH!' Smith talks 'Ah, it's you again. I'm SO sorry for suggesting you're unemployable. It's just... y'know... a pizza getting work is a strange image. You know what? I WILL write a letter to your boss. You'll go back to doing whatever you were doing in no time. What WERE you doing?... You were a professional footballer? To be fair, I can understand why you were deemed unfit to work. I mean... how would you run with pizza legs?... You just fell over every now and then? Ok, that's not too bad. Well as I said you have no need to worry. Is that all you want from me? I could also make you my patented Smith salad. If you would prefer it if I didn't include tomatoes or cheese, I'd fully understand... Great, I hope you enjoy it!... Bye!'

The Chief does a slow hand clap 'Now THAT'S the kind of policing I'm after!' Smith coughs 'Thanks. But I didn't ask for his address, so I don't know where to send my salad...' The Chief replies 'Get his phone number from the phone and ask him later. I'm really impressed how you completely changed his attitude, I'm not sure if even I could do that!' Smith twiddles his thumbs 'Sir, this may seem a bit out there... But... Maybe I should be the the Chief of Police?' The Chief freezes. He gradually gets redder and redder. His body starts to vibrate. His forehead starts to sweat. Smith backs away 'Sir?' The Chief's eyes shake. He makes tight fists. Smith backs away some more 'Sir?'

The Chief grinds his teeth. Smith mumbles 'Chief, I think you may be turning into a tomato. Are you ok? Have you eaten any bad pizzas, recently?' The Chief growls 'No, Chief Smith. I haven't eaten any dodgy pizzas.' Smith replies 'I'm Chief, then?' The boss snarls even more viciously 'No, you're not Chief. If you were, everything would go to Hell. The Keema Nan would steal all our cop cars, dangerous graffiti would be everywhere, and the SRK would quite literally kill EVERYONE. So no. You're not getting my job and you never will. Even if all the other policemen in Chartonham died, you wouldn't be Chief. The next in line would be the army, then it would be the fire brigade, then it would be bakers, and then it would be hairdressers.'

Smith points behind the Chief 'Look over there!' The Chief does so, as Smith dashes to the phone and makes a call 'Hello? This is an emergency! My boss is becoming pizzaficated. His face is bright red and it's getting redder!' The Chief snatches the phone from Smith 'No, I'm not turning into a pizza! Smith has just infuriated me, that's all!... No, my lips don't taste of tomatoes... Look, I'm a very important and respected man! I'd KNOW if I was suffering from food conversion disorder!... No, me going to a treatment centre for tests would be a complete waste of time. Good day!' Smith coughs nervously 'You know... I was only joking when I said I should be Chief. I thought you'd laugh.'

The Chief sighs with a more normal face colour 'Thanks for calling the hospital for me, Smith. I know you meant well. It's like when you bought me all those books on dentistry when I said I had a tooth ache. It may have been excessive, even odd, but it was a sweet thing to do. To be honest, the force needs more people like you. At least in a way. A bit of a way. Many other cops say things like 'I can't wait to batter the Sausage Roll Killer', but you're all about the kindness and I respect that. I bet you'll even feel sorry for the madman when he's caught...' Smith screws his face up 'Not really... But thanks.' The Chief nods 'Good. Because I flippin' hate him.' Smith gives a thumbs up.

The COP winks 'Smith, I do have plans for you. I want you to visit every pizza affected house in this town, and smile at the occupants. If they get angry with you, smile harder. Don't say anything. Maybe tilting your head at a bit of an angle will make you look more sympathetic. But don't overdo it, or you'll look nuts! Try tilting your head, now...' Smith does so. His head is touching his shoulder. The Chief frowns 'No. Too over the top. Apparently that's what mentally ill people do.' Smith does a more normal head tilt and the Chief looks impressed 'Great! Now do puppy dog eyes. Again, Smith does so. The COP grins 'I feel less irate already. I'm reminded of my own dog, that I named 'Doggy Dogsquish'. He's adorable. Now get to work!' Smith nods, shakes his employer's hand and leaves the room.

The Chief sits at the computer and talks to himself 'Ha. I really told Smith not to say anything? I'm not sure how's that's going to work. Might look really weird, if not crazy. No, I'm sure he didn't take what I said completely literally. I'm sure if people start talking to him, he'd reply. Yeah, he will. Definitely, def, deffers. Anyway, let's send an email to Morgan. I can only pray the mission will be a success. No, of course it will be, the SRK against one of the country's finest officers and countless robots? He doesn't stand a chance. Let's just wish him good luck. Morgan, I mean, not the killer. And give him a smiley face, too. And tell him to check the video on Youcube, where a

cat says 'I love you.' That's great! Really is. A bit sickly, maybe even weird coming from me, but worth a watch.'