

The SRK, now with a crude tattoo of a sausage roll on the tip of his nose, is chanting the Latin phrases 'Cibum Italicum conversio' and 'faceret delectamenti' (sorry if they don't make sense, that's online translator for you) over and over again as he sits on a wooden chair and rubs a large cardboard box on the floor and in front of him. It has 'special tomatoes' written on it in pen. He is in the middle of a small, cuboid wooden hut with a door-sized gap in front of him. (Technically speaking it's not a door as there's nothing to open or close, so yeah, let's call it a gap. I'm not sure if I've heard that word used in that way, but it's time to innovate). The outside view is grey-skied and high up. A steep, rocky slope goes downwards and beyond that, are a range of less impressive hills. Gary the Sneaky Salmon is unconscious in the left hand corner, tied up with shoe laces by his thumbs and toes. He's in a far from natural position. He looks like a wonky semi-circle, faced down. That's the best way I can describe it.

The SRK talks to himself, coldly and still rubbing 'Thank God I managed to hit Gary on the head and knock him out. That's the last time he'll be threatening to climb up Ben Nevis and throw me off it. So what if I kept going on and on about killing chefs and stupid people who eat pizzas? What's wrong with being dedicated to a cause? And it's not a stupid cause, actually. Millions of people suffer because of chefs every day. I suffer because of chefs. It's payback. If it wasn't for them, I wouldn't have health conditions such as mercury poisoning and god damn fat blood.' (Read One Screwy Week for details). He continues with a wicked smile 'Now that I've chanted the unholy phrases to the pizza ingredients, I can send them to Charltonham restaurants and turn more stupid fools into pizzas!'

Gary starts to wriggle and moan 'God... damn you, Sausage... What... have you done to me?' The SRK sighs 'All I did was stop you from killing me.' Gary laughs weakly 'Just a goof!' The SRK continues rubbing 'Didn't sound like a goof to me...'. Gary struggles harder and growls 'Yes it was! Where's your sense of humour? Where's the hilarious man with a tattoo on the tip of his nose gone??' The SRK screws up his face 'I'm sorry? Did you think I asked you to tattoo me as some kind of joke??' Gary coughs 'Well... No... Of course not.' The Sausage tuts 'You have a lot to learn, Gary. I got it as a warning. A way to say 'I'm dangerous'. Apologise now.' Gary mumbles 'Of course, I'm sorry, Sausage. You DO look dangerous. In fact, you look completely flipping mental. Really. Is THAT better?' The Sausage shrugs his shoulder 'You're getting there, I guess...'

Gary sheds a tear 'Look, I'm sorry for threatening and planning to kill you. I mean threatening you. I would NEVER kill you. And how are you supposed to fulfil your goals on your own?' The SRK chuckles 'Well... I don't really need YOU to chant the unholy phrases to my ingredients, do I?' Gary cries some more 'I was the one who helped pick the gourmet Scottish mountain tomatoes, wasn't I? I was the one who stole the jars for you, and I was the one who didn't report you! I taught you Latin, as well! I've done everything for you, and what have you done for me?? Have you EVER done anything to avenge my brother's death?' The SRK shakes his head 'Don't you see? I AM avenging your brother. It's only a matter of time before Mental and his team of idiots eat enough contaminated pizzas. Two people have died already, and a massive priest is about to snuff it. And where's the thanks I get? Nowhere. Who cares if I haven't blown any more stupid robots up? And who cares if I haven't shot anyone? Don't you see? We don't have to!'

Gary sighs 'Of course. But you must understand I have actual self-respect. I want people to know my name and fear it. You act all tough, but you're just a sick in the head freak working behind the scenes.' The SRK frowns 'Ouch. That hurt. But you don't really believe that do you? What's wrong with my mission being as effective as possible? You're not suggesting you don't really care about the results of your plans?' Gary winks 'Of course. You're right. Again, I'm truly sorry. Now... How about untying me, so we can be a team again? I have a couple of new Latin phrases for you that will REALLY make you terrifying!' The SRK stops rubbing the box and rubs his chin, instead 'Go on...' Gary looks confused 'Why were you rubbing the box anyway?' The SRK narrows his eyes 'I thought you told me to...' Gary shakes his head 'No. Never. Anyway, the first phrase: It's 'stultus farciminis'. Thank me later. I'll only give you the other one, when I'm standing again.' (Stultus farciminis means 'Stupid sausage.' Ok, ok, you want the first Latin phrases? They (apparently) meant 'Italian food conversion' and 'make delicious'. I wanted to use the phrase 'convert man to pizza', but the Latin for that proved to be gibberish).

The SRK leaves his seat with one loose shoe and rambles to his victim. The former looks a little embarrassed as he starts to untie the few centimetres of string. Gary groans 'Do you have any idea how much pain I'm in?' The SRK nods 'Yep.' Now free, Gary's head and feet smash into the floor like a just-released, stretched rubber band. He screams 'OW!!!!' He rubs his many injuries then rises to his feet. He spits his words centimetres from the SRK's face 'Here's the other phrase for you: You God damn twat, Sausage!! Who the HELL do you think you are, you little punk??' Gary jumps up and down, menacingly 'Seriously, what the FRIG is your God damn problem?? I genuinely think I'm going to have to punch your stupid looking nose! You know I only REALLY agreed to tattoo you as a joke? That's why I just said I did! You look like a complete MORON.' He finally stops jumping. The SRK wipes a tear this time 'You... lied to me...' Gary stamps his foot 'Damn right I did, you flipping prick!' Gary pauses and looks concerned.

'Hm. That's funny...' The SRK goes red 'What?' Gary scratches his head 'It can't be...' The SRK continues '... What?' Gary backs away, cautiously 'I don't mean to alarm you, but you really should look behind you...' The SRK laughs 'Ha. You must think I'm an idiot!' Gary shakes his head 'No, no, you've GOT to believe me.' The SRK puts his hands on his hips 'Why? Is there a massive monster behind me, that got in here without me noticing?' Gary furrows his brows '... It kicked a hole in the back of this room. It didn't need to use the main entrance...' The SRK shakes his head 'Without me hearing? You have to do better than that!' Gary stamps his foot 'You didn't hear it because it's using pizza power! You've NEVER heard of pizza power?' The SRK nods 'Ok, that does sound scary. I guess I'll have to turn round...' He jumps to face the so-called monster with his arms and legs spread out, in an aggressive star shape. He screams 'GOT YOU!' He then scratches his head 'Huh?'

Gary karate chops the top of the SRK's head. He crashes to the floor like a pile of soft bricks. He's out cold. Gary comments, coolly 'Now to tie him up. With HIS shoes, I mean. I'm not ruining mine.' He undoes the SRK's other shoe and gets to work binding him by his thumbs and toes. Soon enough, he turns him into a bumpy semicircle shape, facing down. Payback. Gary sighs 'Yeah, makes you feel powerless, doesn't it? Now what to do? I guess I can rock him back and forth, like a rubbish children's toy...' Gary pushes the SRK's feet forwards. The action does rock

the Sausage like a bit of a rubbish children's toy. He bashes his nose against the floor again and again. Very funny. Things have gone to plan in the small scale at least, but Gary is still bored 'Maybe if I rock him faster, that would be better...' Gary does so, and it's quite the spectacle. Gary gives a thumbs up to himself 'THAT was good. But let's take it to the next level. Gary rocks the SRK with such raging force, he makes him do a full spin across the room. He then slows to do some more nose-bashing rocks, then stops, facing the floor again.

Gary looks impressed with himself 'Awesome. You know what? I'm hungry. What's ONE little bit of pizza sauce going to do to me? People need to eat LOADS of it before they start turning into food. One drop. That's all. One drop...' The SRK moans as he struggles, weakly 'Grrr.... G... G... G... Gar... Nooo...' Gary strolls to the box and opens it up. Inside are a number of stacked glass jars, filled with a red sauce. Gary smiles 'So beautiful. So wonderful. So perfect...' The SRK moans some more 'Garrrr... Stp...' Gary opens a jar, dips his fingers in it and has a blissful, eyes closed taste 'Oh. My. God. Heaven. I don't really think it would be too much of a problem, if I maybe had a whole jar. Just the one. Just the whole jar...' He guzzles down the sauce, with wide and crazy eyes. He then smashes the empty jar on the floor, shattering it. He jumps high up and punches the air 'Wooo! Yeah!! No wonder Evil Hawaiians are only getting more popular! I've taken them to a whole new level!'

Gary rubs his chin as he stares blankly at his index finger. A pineapple is growing out of it. He screams 'NO!' He pulls on his hair, slaps himself hard and kicks the SRK in the head, fully waking him up and making his nose bleed. He yells again 'Sausage! Sausage! You've got to help me! My finger has become pizzaficated!' The SRK shouts 'I tried to warn you!' Gary paces around the room 'What do I have to do? What do I have to do??' The SRK growls 'I've got a connection who can help you. He's just a few miles or so from us. I'll take you on the back of our dirt bike. But first you have to untie me. Friend.' Gary looks relieved 'Ok, great!' He notices bits of ham coming out of his arms, but he ignores them. He undoes the string as he shakes, but the SRK doesn't smash into the floor like Gary did. He just flops down with relief. Gary makes a fist 'How come YOU didn't slam into the ground??' The SRK stands up to face his accomplice and laughs 'A patented Sausage Roll Killer secret. It's all about the knot. You wouldn't understand.'

The SRK puts his hands on his hips and smiles 'Boy are you going to get it! Pizza man.' He does a raging, continuous run on the spot 'Of course I can't get someone to have a look at you because you're turning into an Evil Hawaiian!!! You **** ***** ***** ***** ***** ** ** *** **** ... ' etc. A minute passes and the SRK finally stands still, out of breath. Gary sighs 'You finished?' The SRK nods 'Yep. All done.' Gary replies, massaging his temples 'I know you can get me treated. I can see it in your eyes.' The SRK nods 'You got me. If Latin phrases made you sick, Latin phrases can make you well again.' Gary smiles with lit up eyes 'Of course! Why didn't I think of that?' The SRK shrugs his shoulders 'Maybe it's because you're a **** *** * **** *****' etc. This time Gary loses his patience and casually punches the SRK in the face, shutting him up. The Sausage frowns 'Is THAT how you repay me for saving your life??' Gary winks and starts chanting to himself 'Remedium... Remedium... Remedium...' The SRK joins in with his eyes closed and his hands together as if praying.