

Captain Mental is sitting alone on a small, wooden, circular table. On it, is the closed manual 'How to get along with your robot'. A robot shaking hands with a policeman is pictured. Many busier tables surround the cop. In front of him, on his right is a bar area with a number of occupied stools facing it. The bartender serves drinks with pineapples in them. It seems he's trying to make a drink as popular as Evil Hawaiians. What he doesn't seem to realise is that no one really understands what makes EHs so appealing. Some say they're made from the smiles of kittens, but not many truly believe that. In the top corner of the room facing Mental, is a TV. Sports news is shown. Below that is a door. Mental rubs his hands together and opens the manual. He starts to read aloud 'Let's cut to the chase: You're having troubles getting your robot to obey you. The problem with giving such things superhuman intelligence is that they understand emotions so much, they actually have them. If your robot is defying you, it's likely because it's scared...' Mental nods and comments 'Right!' He continues 'Or it's because it is jealous about the things humans can enjoy and it can't. Such as Evil Hawaiians'.

Mental shrugs his shoulders 'So what do I do?' He reads again 'Here's what you do...' Out of the corner of his eye, the policeman notices Constable Morgan has entered the room, carrying a letter. He sits down to face his superior and places the item on the table. He comments 'It's from Keema Nan. I haven't opened it, yet. I thought maybe you'd like to?' Mental gives a thumbs up and tears open the envelope. He wipes a drop of sweat from his forehead and reads 'This is Keema Nan. If you're reading this, you've just been mega-powned, as I know I haven't been caught. Because I can't be. After hijacking Happy Radio, I've been travelling up and down the country in my chinook and have been dropping stink bombs on packed football stadiums and on open air pop concerts. Day out ruined. Here is a list of crimes I've recently committed: Zoo theft (I own a number of wild animals, now); ultra noise pollution - I've been playing Metallica VERY loud...' Mental scrunches up the letter and throws it behind him 'I can't read that anymore...'

Morgan nods 'Do you think there's any point looking for her? Not only are there more dangerous people on the loose, she IS incredibly difficult to catch. She's not boasting. Well she is, but...' Mental responds 'At least she seems to be harmless. The same most definitely can't be said for the Sausage Roll Killer. The sad truth is, it's only a matter of time before he kills again.' Morgan rubs his chin and replies 'Everyone knows he only likes to be seen when he's dressed in his silly costume. How hard will it be to chase and capture someone who can only stumble about at best?' Mental replies 'True. But he has many food obsessed connections who can help him. All over the country, in fact. Luckily, few share his whacky beliefs that all chefs are evil.' Morgan wipes his forehead and Mental carries on 'It's of extreme importance we get our robots back on our sides ASAP, as whilst selfish and neurotic, they ARE easier to train than the police and are cheaper, too. It's not that we can't be bothered to work! I hate when people say that. I mean the SRK has an IQ of at least 115. That's fifteen points more than average, of course he's hard to stop!!' Morgan agrees 'Yep. Unless he made himself look dumber so we wouldn't be too suspicious of him and his capabilities.' Mental winks 'Well, that's worse, isn't it? Sure my IQ is higher, but some people say I have mental problems, so y'know. Balances out. That's not true though, I think they're confused and mean I solve problems, mentally.' Morgan looks convinced.

In a daze, Mental points to the TV. On it is a sunlit, bustling town. On the pavement, an old lady stands behind an extended hand carrying a microphone. Morgan turns to face the screen and comments 'The Keema Nan is being interviewed!' The old lady speaks, excited and larger than life 'Hello, world! I've just interrupted a news report and it's great! I'm luv'in' life! This is for Captain Mental and his fellow idiots!' Mental goes red as she continues 'You will NEVER find me. I'm faster than you and MUCH smarter. My IQ is at LEAST 120. I've had it tested online. That's 20 points more than average.' Mental hits the table with his fist 'Dammit!' The old lady continues 'I know how scary that is to the force, I've heard the rumours. Everyone knows Mental and co. are only adequately trained to deal with teenagers who stare threateningly at people.' Mental comments 'Fair point, but we didn't actually need the training. Not deep down anyway'. Keema continues 'One of the guys flying my chinook escape copter had an IQ of 140 in fact, but he had to go. Too high. Anyway, I also wanted to say... Screw you! Bye!' The old woman waddles away to a rope that slowly comes into view, from above. All pedestrians stare at her. The camera looks up and it's seen that the rope is coming from a chinook helicopter with its doors open. The mad old woman jumps onto the rope and gets carried away, into the distance.

Some of the other pub goers start to giggle. Mental pulls on his hair 'I can't take this anymore! Our team has to stop her, she's making a mockery of this whole force!' Morgan coughs 'But her IQ...' Mental massages his temples 'Forget that! We're getting laughed at!' Morgan looks concerned 'You're not REALLY suggesting she's a bigger priority than the sausage??' Mental tries to be calm 'Let the other police forces deal with him. He could be at the other side of the country now...' Morgan looks confused 'So can the granny...' Mental winks 'You're a smart man, Morgan. Which is why we CAN stop her.' Morgan is still confused 'But surely we should stop the SRK first, that's what I'm saying...' Mental sighs 'Sure the granny isn't murderous and never will be. But she has charisma. Other old ladies want to be like her. Can you imagine a world where all the elderly rebel against the system and cause chaos? At least the SRK has no charisma whatsoever. No one want to be like that mad freak, he's a joke...' Morgan mumbles, nervously 'I understand'.

Mental smiles, weakly 'Good. Morgan, I know this isn't what you want to hear, but this whole robot striking business is very serious. If we can get them on our side again, by feeding them pizza, our troubles would be decimated. But how the HELL do you feed robots pizza?? Maybe the explanation is in that manual...' Mental points to the book. Morgan laughs, lightheartedly 'That thing? You're not taking it seriously are you?' Mental furrows his brows 'Yes, I am. Why?' Morgan continues 'It was written by a robot as a joke!' Morgan takes the book, opens it and comments 'This is a good bit, check this out 'Here's what you have to do to get robots on your side: Give them as much power as possible and all of your money. Then what you have to do is say 'I'm a duck' over and over again. Sorry, but that's the only way. And then you have to dress as a duck. And swim in a river as you quack and...' It goes on and on. Apparently this thing has got a lot of five star reviews from other droids. I'm surprised you didn't know...'

Mental coughs 'Ah. No, I didn't know that... Well, we obviously can't and shouldn't give them EVERYTHING, but maybe we could get a robot specialist to make bots taste and eat? I really think the answer is simply pizza, again.' Morgan nods 'You know what? I think you're right. I've spent many sleepless nights wondering what

makes everyday Hawaiian pizzas with chillies added to them so special, and you know what? I don't think I'll ever know. But God damn, do I love them.' Mental looks thoughtful 'Hang on... I think I've got something...' He retrieves a pen from his pocket, opens the manual and manically writes on the blank last page. Morgan comments nervously '... You've just written 'pizza' a dozen times...' Mental starts to laugh 'Yeah! I ate one a few minutes ago!' Morgan tries to keep his cool 'That doesn't make any sense. Are you thinking clearly? Do you think... maybe... the pizzas are sprinkled with something not quite legal?' Mental is defiant 'No, no, no. You've got this all wrong. They just taste great, that's all.' Morgan smiles nervously 'Ok.'

He twiddles his thumbs and continues 'Do you think we should go back to the mangled base, and talk to the droids about pizzas, now?' Mental perks up 'Great idea. Let's go'. The two leave their seats and walk out of the building. All eyes are on them. I guess people are nose-y. I would be too. Now in sunny weather and in a quiet street filled with pizza stores (yes, I can't believe it, either), the two cops begin their ramble. Mental starts a conversation 'The walk back to the station would be a lot better if we weren't constantly tempted by fast food...' Morgan responds with widened eyes 'Rumour has it, there are some people who eat so much of the stuff they literally turn into pizzas. They say the foods aren't nutritional enough to make bones and muscles, and stuff, so yeah they actually become walking food. They're called 'The Pizza People'. Some say they mostly live in the underground tunnels of this town, and when it's dark they roam Charltonham and look for pineapples and tomatoes; not to eat, but to maintain their pizza selves.' Mental looks traumatised 'No... I don't think so.'

Eventually the two reach their mess of a station and stop on the fractured pavement, in front of a road. Well, it's not really a station anymore. It's just a pile of rubble with burnt down buildings by its sides. A poker-faced policeman stands in the middle of the destruction and holds a sign saying 'Police Station'. Not great. Still though, it is clearly written. Written in pen, but again, fine. Also on the walkway are a line of humanoid robots with laser cannons on their shoulders. They are concentrating hard on their mobile phones. One bot comments with a monotone voice 'Yes... That's... my... highest... score... on... online... poker...' The other droids turn to him and congratulate him. Mental looks at the bot as the odd car passes, and starts a conversation 'Hi there. I know you're angry at me and Morgan because you think we're trying to annoy you by not offering you pizza, and whilst that is paranoid thinking on your part, perhaps making you unfit to work, and certainly not in the right frame of mind to use weapons, I think we can come to some sort of a deal...'

The bot replies 'You... can... find... a... way... to... give... us... Evil... Hawaiians?' Mental nods 'Exactly. I'll find a specialist who can upgrade you or whatever.' All robots stare at the two cops and say 'Yay' in unison. Mental continues 'So... As you wait for your new software or hardware or whatever it is, how about you all get to work rebuilding the station and you chase the Keema Nan and the SRK?' The same bot responds 'That... sounds... great... But... we... won't... turn... into... pizzas... will... we?' Morgan joins the conversation with confidence 'We will do everything in our power to stop that from happening.' The furthest away robot gets VERY excited and seems to malfunction 'OhmygodIcan'twaitIneedanevilhawaiianrightnow!!!' Now on the road, it sprints away in a blur as the two officer's jaws drop open. Shallow footprints are left behind it. The whole street shakes. Morgan breaks the silence

'What's going on?' Mental looks down 'I hope to God it's not planning on doing what I think it's planning...' Morgan puts his hand on his mouth 'What???' Mental replies 'Ransacking a pizza store...'

The two follow the trail as fast as they can. Everything continues to rumble. After a minute or so of running past signs with the elusive granny and SRK on them and the words 'have you seen these nutjobs?', they see a row of pizza stores. One store's entrance has been smashed to pizzas. I mean pieces. Staff are heard screaming from it. The manic bot is heard again 'GivemeallyourpizzasIcan'twaitanymore!!' The cops run into the establishment to see the robot facing the cash machine/menus/etc. Behind that stuff, is a door with 'cookery room' written on it. The bot jumps up and down with excitement and cracks the floor. The staff shake with their hands on the sides of their heads 'Take all you want! Just leave us alone!' Mental face palms as he mutters to the employees 'I'm SO sorry...' The bot leaps over the checkout, smashes through the cookery door and disappears from view. Now screams from other staff are heard 'These pizzas aren't ready yet! You can't have them!' The droid responds 'Idon'tcaregimmiegimmiegimmie!'

Mental and Morgan jump over the checkout too and enter the new room. They see the robot jumping up and down again, and cracking the floor (again) as a number of chefs in white aprons run around in circles, clearly traumatised. On the outskirts of the area are ovens, sinks, frying pans cooking meals in various stages, etc. Numerous cupboards are above the equipment, saying 'dough, pineapples, tomatoes, cheeses, spices' and 'secret ingredients'. The head chef, wearing a black belt notices the spaced-out, browsing cops and shouts 'Please! Don't tell anyone about the secret ingredients! We're finished if you do!' Mental responds, coolly 'Just calm down...' The robot turns to the cops 'Thisisitthisisitpizzapizza!!' Mental replies 'You'll get your pizza. Ok? You just have to wait. You'll get the help you need. Trust me.' The droid ignores the lawman and jumps to the frying pans. It then attempts to scoff on the foods being prepared, but again, it is lacking the soft/hardware to do so. It chokes.

The bot does a funny dance then crashes down to the floor, where it fits uncontrollably. Mental sighs 'This is NOT acceptable behaviour for a member of the force! You do know that, don't you?' The bot responds whilst now merely twitching 'You... promised... pizza... you... promised... pizza...' The bot closes its eyes and comes to a stop. Morgan comments 'This is another black day for the police.' Mental agrees 'Yep. It's been worse, though.' He looks to the head chef as the other cooks appear relieved 'Once again, I'm SO sorry. Really I am. On another note, have you seen a guy dressed up as a sausage roll?' The head chef sighs 'I think it's best you just go.' Morgan sheds a tear 'You don't know what working as a policeman in this town is like!' A lesser chef replies with clenched fists 'How are we going to afford paying for all this damage??' Mental shrugs his shoulders 'Dunno.' The chefs cry out in disbelief. Mental quickly responds 'But we'll sort everything out! Just trust us!'