

Morgan is sitting on a leather seat with his hands clasped together, looking sympathetic. His head is slightly tilted. He is facing a table with tea and biscuits on it, and a man and wife on a leather settee are behind that. They look edgy and annoyed and grind their teeth. At the back of the room is an off TV, partly obscured by the officer. Pictures of cats hang on the walls. A door is by the TV. Morgan sighs 'So... We all know why I'm here...' The other man snarls 'Your damn robots blew up my DVD store... I just want answers and I don't want any crap.' Morgan nods 'You'll get your answers... Errr... Thanks for the biscuits...' The husband shouts 'Morgan! Just tell us what's going on!' Morgan gives a thumbs up 'A long time ago now, I heard one of the robots complain to me about how other robot's where portrayed in the Terminator films...'

The wife screws her face up '... And?' The cop continues 'No, that's the reason.' The woman replies 'What do you mean?' The cop responds 'Well... The robot didn't like the film, so he blew up your shop... Ridiculous, I know. Very hypocritical.' The husband snarls harder 'Is that how you train robots to behave??' Morgan sighs 'We really didn't know they were capable of THIS. Pizzas have driven people mad. They've driven everyone mad. Anyway, got to go. I have hundreds of people to apologise to in just an hour or so.' Morgan stands up and faces the door. 'Nice meeting you.' Still seated, the husband yells with his hands on his hips, nudging the wife 'Morgan!' Morgan turns to the man with a tear in his eye 'Yes?' The husband calms down 'What will you do about my shop?' Morgan frowns and shrugs his shoulders. He then faces the door again.

The wife screams 'We just want to get compensation!' Morgan faces the woman 'Look, I'm not a multibillionaire. No one in the force can pay for all the damage that's been caused. I know how annoying that will be for you as it's my fault, but there's really nothing anyone can do!' The husband stands with his arms crossed 'Well. I'm glad you've spent a good few seconds clearing the air.' The man picks up a biscuit and continues 'Open wide. I have a gift for you.' Morgan does so. A biscuit flies in his mouth. It's a perfect shot and arguably a legal form of aggression. Well it's borderline illegal. The victim doesn't have a leg to stand on when his crimes are taken into consideration. So Morgan swallows the snack and sighs 'I deserved that.' He then scratches his head 'Why am I tasting hints of metal and bad hair?'

The husband goes red 'How DARE you insult my wife's biscuits?!' Morgan looks puzzled 'No... I feel like somehow... Somehow...' The husband continues 'For God's sake, what??' The cop replies 'I feel like I was possessed when my mouth was open...' The wife tuts 'A pathetic excuse to avoid blame. Oh you're REALLY mental, aren't you?' Morgan clenches his fists 'I'm not mental, I swear I'm possessed!' The woman laughs 'Oh, so you've tasted metal. So that means you're possessed by a dead robot! Even though robots can't die, because they were never alive in the first place!' Morgan goes pale 'Actually, I think I may be possessed by a robot.' Morgan looks to the ceiling as if... possessed. He speaks in a monotone voice 'It's the SRK, here... And it's Gary and Henry, too!... And a robot! We're gong to make you say some messed up stuff.'

The wife leaves the seat 'If you're going to act like a fool, I'm going to have to show you the door. At first I thought it was clear where it was, but clearly you have some significant brain abnormality.' Morgan stares the woman in the eyes 'Screw you.' The

woman stamps her foot 'What??' The cop continues 'Screw you and your shop. It was really dumb'. The husband shakes his head 'Never in all my life have I been spoken to like this.' Morgan stares through the man's soul and growls 'Robot love.' The spouse furrows his brow 'Robot love?? You do realise what you're saying?' Morgan starts to sweat 'I'm SO sorry! I didn't mean to say ANY of that! Please! Please believe me! Doofus!' Morgan slaps himself in the face 'Ok. Ok. I know that sounded like I was building up your trust and mocking you, but...'

The man interrupts with a serious tone 'I want you to give me the phone number for the Chief of Police.' Morgan's eyes are wild 'I'll phone him, you muppets.' The housekeepers stare in silent disbelief. Morgan makes a call and rolls his eyes as he waits to get answered 'Hello, Chief. You prick... Yes, prick... How are the apologies to the Scottish going? Well... I've repeatedly mocked a man and wife, and to be honest, I have no plans of stopping. If anything, I'm going to up my game. Bellend... Oh, I'm in trouble, am I? Well... Well...' Morgan throws the phone to the ground and yelps 'You can't control me!' The spouses slowly clap their hands and the man talks 'Bravo! Bravo! An absolute masterclass in acting. So, you're going to up your game are you? What are you going to say this time? Maybe you'd like to say you'd like to burn the whole WORLD to the ground?'

Morgan looks up again 'Actually, yes.' Morgan turns around and punches the wall. The husband shouts 'Leave my house alone!!' Morgan faces the two 'Look. You have to believe me. The SRK has taken complete control of me!' Morgan starts to talk with the chilling confidence of a madman 'Morgan, I want you to phone the queen. It has to be right now. Don't be scared, it will be awesome.' The wife gasps and covers her mouth 'No, way!' The husband comments 'No... No...' Morgan continues 'Please. Please. I'm begging you. Not the queen.' Shellshocked, Morgan picks the phone up and gets dialling. The house owners approach Morgan with caution. The man speaks softly 'Morgan, I know you're going through a tough time right now, but I can't let you do this...' The woman smiles warmly 'Morgan. Give me the phone.'

Morgan's phone rings. The husband is still calm 'Do the right thing...' Morgan answers the phone as the other two's jaws drop open 'Ahh, hello Smith... The Chief is super mad at me?... He just said a swear word and my name and hanged up?... Look, I'm possessed. I need you to help me. I keep insulting important people and the needy. I AM THE SAUSAGE ROLL KILLER AND I WILL BE MORTAL AGAIN!!!!... SOMEHOW!' The other two back away with their jaws still open wide. Morgan continues 'See the crap I have to deal with??... You want me to prove it really is the SRK? Fine. Go on SRK, say something...' The man and wife twiddle their thumbs in anticipation. Morgan speaks again 'Ok. He's playing the silent game to make me angry and it's worked.'

Morgan wipes his forehead 'Oh thank God! You believe me!' Morgan face palms 'Oh, you tricked me... Just like I tricked you?... I didn't trick you, please! I didn't even try!... You're going to explain to the Chief that I was joking around when I made him angry??... Don't you think I've taken 'this joke' a bit far?? The Chief is probably going to attack me with a hammer!! Look, I get the feeling I'm going to do something really terrible... Will you stop laughing???' Morgan looks down with his mobile by his side 'He's gone.' The husband and wife back away, further. The former stutters 'You're... you're g-going to do something terrible?' Morgan closes his eyes 'Don't be scared. I

just... have a call to make...' Morgan dials some numbers. The wife scratches her head.

Eerily calm, the policeman makes a call then opens his eyes 'Hello, queen. It's Morgan. On behalf of all the police in Charltonham AND Scotland, I just wanted to say a big (expletive) you.' The husband stamps his foot 'NO!' The wife pulls on her hair 'You monster!' The two clench their fists, but are otherwise paralysed from shock. Morgan continues 'You moron. Everyone thinks you smell of cabbage and old shoes. The Chief of Police once said a cake you baked tasted of vinegar and acid, and we all had a good laugh... Oh has the cat got your tongue? Or maybe you're not allowed to keep cats any more, because you keep kicking them?' The husband shakes his head in disbelief 'Get out of our house.'

Morgan pockets his phone. He is as calm as before. Or tries to be 'Listen. That wasn't me. For the thousandth time, that was the SRK controlling me.' He closes his eyes again 'It's the sausage, here. Turn on the TV. Turn it onto the news... I bet you're on the news, already. Everything has gone to plan.' In a daze, the man and wife approach the TV and switch it on. Morgan opens his peepers, faces the television with his hands on the sides of his face, and with HIS mouth open this time. A news reporter behind a desk speaks dramatically 'Breaking news! It seems Constable Morgan, a once highly respected police officer has been caught insulting the queen as she was giving a speech to a crowd of thousands. Thanks to the expert editing of our team, we can replay you the time the monarch covered her mouth in offence, threw her phone to the ground and shouted a rude word ending with 'ing' followed by the words 'Constable Morgan. I know that voice from anywhere'. She then said to her audience 'The police are scum'. Let's play the footage, now.' The same dreadful images are shown again and again.

The house owners are spaced out as they turn the TV off. Morgan's phone rings again. It gets answered 'Hello, Chief. If you've just watched the news, it wasn't me insulting the queen. Yes it was! I mean it wasn't... What do you mean you have proof?... Because I called her on the emergency number only I and the other high ranking policemen and military personnel have?... The queen probably thought something serious was happening like World War 3, she paused her speech and then she just got a load of abuse from me?... Ah. Good times. No, only joking. Chief; in all seriousness, do you think it's possible the SRK or someone equally demented got the queen's emergency number somehow?... Oh. It's not possible, it was clearly me. Would it be rude to ask what's going to happen to me?... Oh it is rude.'

Morgan pockets his phone 'Well, that's it then, isn't it. I hope I haven't overstayed my welcome, but I'm off. Nice meeting you, and sorry if I've caused any offence. Bye!' The cop exits the room as the man and wife turn to each other. The latter comment's 'I don't think that man is BAD, I just think he's going through a difficult time, right now.' The man nods 'Exactly, exactly. Let's see if he's on the telly again...' The device gets turned on as Morgan is heard screaming, outside. His running, or rather stamping, is heard too, getting fainter and fainter. On the screen, the reporter is seen again 'Ok, that's enough about the queen. Coming up next is an urgent message from Captain Mental...'

Mental is seen in his bedroom and appears to be filming himself on his mobile as he

sits on his bed 'Thank you news program for answering my request to explain the police's strange behaviour as soon as possible. It really is much appreciated. No, this isn't the way us officers usually behave. Morgan, if you're watching this, you're not in trouble, you're just confused. I want to make that clear to everyone watching. He's confused. Gone a bit bonkers. He's flipped out and is on the way to the funny farm. Morgan, I know what you're going through, I've been in a dark place, too. Remember when I had to give a speech to the Charltonham residents as I was told to swear my head off? That was a bit of a nightmare, too.'

The man and wife keep staring at the screen, hard. Mental continues 'I'm fully aware how the situation in Scotland is a complete disaster, which is why me and a dozen other officers will be going to the country, ASAP.' The man turns the TV off 'I don't care what Mental says, Morgan isn't coming to this house again.' The wife gives a thumbs up 'Fancy speaking to the queen like that. It beggars belief.' The man rubs his chin 'Why was Mental so sympathetic to the madman? You don't think... Mental is a secret nutter, too? I mean... why is he called 'Mental'? That's not a real name.' The woman shrugs her shoulders 'I really don't think anyone knows what to think any more...'