

Here, in a small, cuboid and concrete room stand two men wearing jeans, and shirts with rolled up sleeves. One man has tattoos of skulls etc. on his arms and face and several scars, the other wears a cross on a neckless. They face a fish in a goldfish bowl, on a table. 'Interrogation room 1' is written on a door on the left. The more friendly of the two nods at the fish with respect and talks with a kind voice 'We all know you're the brains of the operation as you're the smartest of all the fish. It would mean the world if you could give details of all the crimes you've committed so we can start to tidy up the mess you've created...' The fish speaks with a squeaky voice 'No.' The interrogator continues 'Please...' The fish pauses. He then replies 'Nope.' The tattooed man stamps his foot 'Listen! You may look helpless, but you're a nasty piece of work and no one likes you! Even your so called allies have all turned against you and have given evidence against you, so screw them over too!'

The fish is cool 'What have they said, then?' The man scratches his head 'Errr...' The fish replies 'What's in it for me if I tell you what you want to know?' The man rubs his chin 'A novelty castle?' The nice man joins the conversation 'And some fish pellets?' Both men give thumbs up 'Deal?' The fish jumps up, does a backflip then splashes back down in the bowl. He is cool 'Niiiiice.' The nice man continues 'Well?' The fish responds 'You see, it all began I escaped jail to warn people how dangerous Evil Hawaiians were. I was thinking 'I don't have much time and I have to warn as many people as possible. But how do I do that? I know, I have to act as dramatically as possible. Only then will I get enough attention. Once I warned everyone, it was my plan to return to jail - like I HAVE done - and to bake everyone in the force a cake - which I will. Once I turn back into a human again, with your very kind and much appreciated help.'

The nice man wipes a tear from his eye 'Wow, you really are a kind soul aren't you? I was wrong about you, you're a real hero!' The fish nods as best it can 'Thanks'. The scarred man screams 'NOW TELL ME THE FLIPPIN' TRUTH!!!!' The fish is defiant 'That was the truth.' The nice man replies 'The only bits we believed were the parts where you escaped from jail and acted as dramatically as possible. Why DO you act that way? Do you know?' The fish gives a squeaky sigh 'Well... when I was very very young, I noticed that my local fireman was very brave, kind and larger than life. If only I could be as good as him, if only. But how? I know! Maybe I should be larger than life, too!' The nice man scratches his head 'So you later went on a chef killing spree...' The fish pauses 'You see... Wow. It's difficult to explain how angels kill other people for making food that's too tasty. Too bad would make more sense. I'll have to get back to you on that one. You know what? I feel like I've grown already. In the meantime, how about you have a chat with Henry?' The bad man snarls 'Already happening. Punk.'

In a similar room, just with 'Interrogation Room 2' written on the door, stands another man with scars (possibly made in the prison makeup department) and tattoos, and another man wearing a cross. If an idea works, right? They face another table and goldfish bowl. The angry man yells 'You're obsessed with fish?? Now YOU'RE the fish! How's that make you feel???' The nicer man comments 'Ignore him, he's just mad because he was late here because of traffic. He REALLY wanted to meet you. And between you and me, well... you make a great fish. Now tell me, Henry. Why were you collecting tinned fish and brainwashing the police so they ended up being you friends? Do you have any idea the stress they're going through right now?

They've been wearing signs saying 'kick me' just to make them feel better...' Henry is calm 'If you want to know how to make anyone your friend, speak to Bjorn Squeeze. If only I knew, if only I knew...' The man replies 'So you're giving evidence against him?' The fish is defiant 'Not a chance. I'm just saying he's super cool.'

In a similar room, just with 'Interrogation Room 3' written on the door, stands another man with scars and tattoos and another man wearing a cross. If the 'good cop, bad cop' idea can be improved on, please send your suggestions to Captain Mental and the rest of his team. No honestly, they'd love it. Anyway, they face another table and goldfish bowl. The scarred man screams 'HOW THE FLIP DID YOU CONVERT A COP AND UNDERCOVER AGENT?? TELL ME RIGHT NOW!!!' The kinder man smiles warmly 'Please...' Bjorn the fish sighs 'For one thing, you shouldn't shout at people. I mean... common sense, right?' The angry man puts his hands on his hips 'I'LL SHOUT AS MUCH AS I WANT!' Bjorn is still cool 'You do have a nice shout, I'm not just saying that, but you'll probably sound nicer if you calmed down a bit, bought me a castle with the goodness of your soul, and fed me pellets that are almost as sweet as you are...'

In another more or less identical room, just with 'Interrogation Room 4' written on the door, stands another man with scars and tattoos and another man wearing a cross. Classic manipulation tactics. The fish don't stand a chance. This time, the two face the fish version of Gary the Sneaky Sardine. The angry man clenches his fists 'Just because you named yourself after a fish Gary, don't think you can freak us out! All of your mind games and manipulation tactics? We're onto you! So come clean right now and don't give us any crap!' The fish jumps out of his bowl and flaps on the floor. He then tries to flap his way to the door. The kind man picks him up and puts him back in his bowl 'Nope. You're not going anywhere. Unless of course, you can work out how to open the door and breathe out of water?' The fish replies, agitated 'Bleb, bleb, bleb! I think I'm going mad!' The angry man tuts 'Not the bleb tactic? You must think we're fools!' The fish replies 'No, I really do mean my blebs! Please! Send me to a fish lunatic asylum!' The kind man replies 'Well, there's no such thing as a fish lunatic asylum, so get used to your bowl.'

Back in room 3, both interrogators put their hands on their faces in frustration. Bjorn the fish is trying EVERYTHING. He comments sweetly 'I'm trying to work out which of you I like the best. Both of you have nice elbows, and you most likely have exceptional toes, but I think the nicer of you two is, well... nicer. Sorry, angry guy. Also, the calmer of you has the better... chin.' The nicer man comments 'Well that was very sweet of you Bjorn. But let's face facts: It wasn't genuine. Was it?' Bjorn laughs 'As genuine as your very soul is!' The man replies 'I see. Forgive me for being accusatory, but what do you want from us?' Bjorn is confused 'What do you mean?' The man replies 'Perhaps you'd like us to take our shoes off and eat them? Because that would give you a sick sense of power?' Bjorn is confused 'Where did you get that idea from? Have you been speaking to the SRK?' The angry man looks as grumpy as ever 'Someone else is dealing with him'. Bjorn laughs it off 'Well... the only reason I would want you take your shoes off is to see your toes!' There is a stunned silence. Bjorn then breaks the silence 'No?...'

In room 2, Henry in nonchalant 'Look, I'll be willing to answer some of your questions if you get me some salmon. How does that sound?' The nice man replies 'You can

get some salmon IF you grass on your gang...' The fish is positive 'Yum yum. Ok. I'll grass on the SRK. But that's all...' The nice guy nods 'Ok. That will do for now. So what's the dirt on him?' The SRK replies 'I'm not sure where to start, really. I guess he keeps on going about sausage rolls CONSTANTLY. I mean it was weird at first, but when he slips the subject into completely irrelevant conversation? It's hard to react. The weather is about the food, as are trees, hills, mountains, you name it. Sometimes I'd just think 'oh will you just drop it?? You know?' The angry man is curious 'Did he ever talk about anything else?' Henry sighs 'No. If he went five minutes or longer without talking about the stuff, he'd have a panic attack and mention it again. He really was truly relentless.'

In room 1, the SRK is splashing in the water, clearly upset. He whimpers 'Don't you see? Don't you see? I've done nothing wrong! It's the CHEFS! The chefs are to blame for everything! I'm just a victim of addictive sausage rolls and other total CRAP!' The nicer man sighs 'Look, I can tell you feel passionately about your beliefs, it's just... they're REALLY weird! And I mean they're SO weird!' The angrier man nods 'Yep. I completely agree.' The fish stops flapping 'Look. Put yourself in my shoes. Say you want to eat a perfectly healthy meal...' The nicer cop shakes his head 'Oh here we go...' The SRK continues 'But all you see is sausa...' The angrier man pulls on his hair 'HOW IN GOD'S NAME DID YOUR GANG PUT UP WITH YOU???' The SRK is defensive 'I'm sorry?' The same man replies 'Look, you're going to rot in your bowl for life if you don't talk sense!'

In room 3, both interrogators are red faced. The cross wearing one taps his foot in frustration 'Look, I understand you're trying to protect your friends, but ALL of them have snitched on you! If you don't open up, not only will you be locked away in a super-duper-ultra-max prison, you'll never see your four humorously named children again, and what's more, we won't tell them you turned into a fish, we'll tell them you ran away with a random carpet saleswoman to start a new life together!!' Bjorn slowly floats to the top of the water. The nicer man comments 'He's fainted. Probably from stress... We have to resuscitate him...' His coworker sighs 'Oh God.' He places the fish on the ground and presses down on his chest twice a second. He comments 'Am I doing this right? I've never really done this kind of thing before...' His coworker is supportive 'I know you feel extremely silly and that your life is mad, but you're doing great.'

An hour passes...

Here is a far different room, but still of concrete walls, floor and ceiling. A fish in a bowl has been placed in an iron cage hanging from above by a metal chain. A dozen men in camouflage surround the cage and aim machine guns at the animal. A guard with his hands on his hips and wearing a belt of grenades stands at the back of the room, by an ultra-locked iron door. He is calm 'As you're not willing to give us any information about your gang other than the SRK, this is your fate. This is how you'll spend the rest of your life, Henry. All the other fish have similar destinies, apart from the Sausage fish who grassed so much, the interrogators eventually said 'Ok, we get the point.' Is there anything you'd like to say? Henry is defiant 'Tell the SRK that he's going to get what's coming to him!' The soldiers try to stop laughing. Henry is unconcerned 'Have I said something amusing?' A soldier cackles 'Your voice!'

Another hour passes...

The four similarly dressed good cops and the four similarly dressed bad cops all sit on bar stools, facing a table and a drink serving area. Yep, it looks very odd. Surrounding them are noisy customers of all shapes and sizes sitting on chairs by tables. Others stand up whilst having a drink. One good cop leaves his seat to shout to everyone in the pub, whilst turning slowly 'Hi, fellas, there's something I've been wanting to tell you all!...' There is a curious silence. He continues 'We've got them, everybody! We've stopped the SRK's mad gang, it's all over now! It's peace once again!' Everyone lifts their glasses in triumph and chants 'Heroes! Heroes!' repeatedly. The barman raises his voice over the hubbub 'Free drinks for everyone!' Another good cop yells 'No! No free drinks!' Everyone mutters 'Huh?' in unison. The cop continues 'Because I'm paying for everything! I've got a huge raise!' The chanting only gets louder.