

Security Novels Short Story S02 See It, Say It, Sorted...

It has been described as one of the most irritating tag lines or slogans ever by the many who have to hear it almost on a continuous loop nationwide across the UK's public transport network,

The 'See it, Say it. Sorted' mantra was introduced a couple of years ago and this little non-canon short story sees Commander Jack Regent of the National Police & Security Service Transport Division having to film an advertisement at which that well worn phrase is the key part of the dialogue.

Jack had not a clue as to either whose idea this advert was or quite why the Director and Producer had chosen such an uninspiring side street around the back of Bond Street Underground Station as the location for filming it but he was determined to make the best of it.

"All right Commander Regent" the Director called from behind the camera as the film crew were setting up their equipment, "We need to do a sound test for the microphone" he indicated the boom microphone hovering above Jack's head with its fur covered end, "so if you could just reel off something random, deep and meaningful please?"

"What, just anything?" Jack responded, looking up at the microphone boom with a little suspicion.

"Yeah, just anything you like" the Director confirmed.

"Okay then..." Jack took a deep breath, thought for a moment and then looked directly into the camera and smiled.

"This is going to be a long morning..." the Director quietly remarked aside to the Producer who nodded in agreement.

"If you have done six impossible things this morning" Jack duly announced in a very good impression of a 1980's cinema advertisement voice over, "Then why not round it off with breakfast at Millyways! The Restaurant at the End of the Universe?"

"Yeah, sounds good" the Sound Man confirmed with a thumbs up and trying desperately not to laugh at Jack's amusing choice of words straight from The Hitch Hikers Guide to the Galaxy.

"Good, good" the Director responded as he stepped forward, "So erm, Commander Regent."

"Yes..." Jack drolly replied.

"We are going to go for a live take now and see how we get on" the Director duly informed him, "So what I want you to do is do the spiel, then as you get to the 'Say it' bit, your officers there make the 'arrest' in the background whilst you coolly announced 'sorted' with a nice smile."

"Sorted..." Jack confirmed with an understanding nod.

"Exactly" the Director responded before turning to the film crew and clapping his hands to get their attention, "All right everyone, let's get this in the can, shall we?"

Everyone got into their places including the two Transport Division officers by the patrol car in the background and an actor who had been hired to play a suspect being detained as per the script.

"Are you all right with handcuffs mate?" one of the officers asked the Actor.

"Yeah, no problems pal" the Actor confirmed, "I've been on The Bill four times, three as completely different villains every time and then finally a guest appearance as a Detective Chief Inspector so I am used to it."

“Positions everyone please!” the Director then called and then indicated for one of the film crew to step forward with the distinctive clapper board that he held open in front of the camera.

“BTP Security Ad, Scene One, Take One” the clapper board operator called before snapping shut the board and retreating out of shot.

“And... ACTION!” the Director called.

Jack duly looked up at the camera as in the background, the two officers and the Actor prepared to act out their part.

“If you see something that doesn’t look right, speak to a member of staff or call the British Transport Police on 61016” Jack duly called which was when the two officers began to simulate the arrest of the Actor in the background.

“We’ll sort it” Jack then continued, “See it... Say it...”

At that point the Actor was duly taken by the arms and bundled to the front of the patrol car by the two officers.

“You’re nicked, mate!” one of the two officers loudly declared as with a thump, the Actor was slammed face first into the patrol car’s bonnet and handcuffed.

“Sorted...” Jack then concluded without missing a beat and smiling at what he thought was a job well done.

“CUT!!!” the Director shouted in clear frustration.

“What?” Jack innocently replied.

Security Novels Series - Short Story S02
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