

One Screwy Few Days (OSD Part 4)

by

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Captain Mental and Constable Morgan are sitting on the former's police car-shaped bed with a small, box-shaped TV in front of them. Behind that is a huge black and white portrait signed 'General Mental', Captain Mental's now deceased father and law enforcement legend. All around is policeman helmet repeating wallpaper. Anyway, the TV (it's good to save the best part of the setting till last, now that I think of it): On it is a news spectacular; a reporter explains that an 81 year old lady in a space costume and with spiked green hair has hijacked a spaceship launched in Texas. Even worse, she tied up and gagged the two squirming and mumbling crew members in their seats. She sits in-between them in the cramped, metallic, futuristic and button-filled space. The granny gives the finger to both the duo and the craft's camera facing her. Mental somehow finds the strength to comment on what is one of the most baffling things he's ever seen (today): 'This is impossible. You can't just hijack a spaceship. It's like breaking into Fort Knox...' Morgan replies: 'Let's just see what she says. She has to give an explanation, she's a complete narcissist'. 'Good idea. I bet she's loving this attention...'

Soon enough she speaks to the world with a chilling, calm tone of voice: 'Hey there thanks for letting me say what's on my mind, it's Keema Nan. You bellends. And in particular, hello Captain Mental. You muppet.' Mental pounds the bed with both fists and screams: 'NO!! NOT AGAIN!' The old lady continues: 'I may have started out as a petty toy car joyrider, but look at me now. I've taken control of a bitchin' space ship. What are you gonna do?' Mental knows she can't hear him, but he has to get something off his chest: 'You think you're so smart, but you're not! You only didn't get caught when you went on your previous crime spree, because we were dealing with the most brutal and cunning felon of all time - the guy dressed as a sausage roll.' Morgan raises a triumphant fist: 'And we got him locked up for good!' 'We have to get her arrested, too. For the totally new crime of calling me a... for using that word about me...' 'We could get her done for contempt of cop.' 'But it's not an arrestable offence. What you don't understand is...' Mental cringes and continues: '... that word is exceptionally crushing for someone like me. Who's ever heard of Kermit the Frog stopping any kind of serious crime?' 'Good point'.

Mental scratches his head and continues: 'What can we do to stop her, though? What can anyone do?' Morgan has an idea: 'We can contact her and explain she won't be arrested if she gives herself up. Then we arrest her.' Mental is intrigued: 'Is that legal?' 'Come on. Is calling someone a muppet legal?... Well it is, isn't it?' 'Well, I'm trying to get that changed, now that I think of it'. 'No. We'll lose the trust of everyone if we lie. Law-abiding or otherwise'. 'Let's just keep watching the TV. Maybe the nutcase will offer clues on how to catch her, too. As a kind of cliched game you hear about on crime documentaries.' 'Great thinking.'

To be honest, I think I'd rather just get an explanation of how she got there, though'. 'That's valid'. It seems the loon isn't giving anything away. Rather, she is doing a kind of double handed up yours, seat dance. She is surprisingly mobile for her age and has a great sense of rhythm. The helpless crew are watching, horrified.

After getting bored with her moves, she has thought of more to say: 'Oh... Here's another great comment for Mental: He's a twat of the highest order'. The outraged officer springs up from the bed and kicks his TV over, smashing it. He may be temporarily insane, but he is still open to knowledge and reason. After taking a few deep breaths, he has a question: 'Morgan... how many orders of twats are there? Go on... I can take it.' His friend replies: 'I would say five, personally.' 'What's the difference between them?' 'I wouldn't worry about it...' 'Please.' 'Ok. Well on the lowest level you have people drive 30 mph in a 50 mph zone. Annoying, but such people often have a valid reason. Maybe they're just overly cautious people.' 'That's not so bad...' 'Level 2 twats, drive 30 miles an hour in a 50 mile an hour zone because they're drunk and don't know what they're doing.' 'Oh God.' 'Level 3 twats are drunk and go 40 mph too slow just to piss people off...' 'It doesn't get worse?...' 'Level 4 twats drive the right speed, but in the wrong direction, and level 5 twats are people such as the Sausage Roll Killer'. 'Oh my word. I'M a level 5 twat??' 'Just ignore her.'

Mental can't ignore her. He has to get her locked up, ASAP. Now more ASAP than ever. He has an intriguing idea: 'Morgan! We could go into space to catch her!' 'How? That would cost many hundreds of thousands of pounds...' 'We organise a fun run'. 'A fun run that will get us into space?' 'Here's the twist: It goes on for AGES and everyone in Charltonham watches it.' 'How much will it cost to be a member of the audience?' '£1,000'. 'I'm sorry?' 'I do apologise. I wasn't thinking clearly then. How does £5 sound?' '£5 from everyone in Charltonham? So 5 times 117,100...' 'That would be roughly 5 billion pounds profit!' 'Dammit, stop thinking of that mad old woman and concentrate!' 'Of course. Let's just say £600,000. That's quite a lot.' 'You know what? That might be enough...' 'Great! I'm going to contact the Chief of Police right now to get this trip organised!'

It is a cloudy and rainy day. Some would call it 'crappy'. Jogging and wobbling in the lightly crowded, tree heavy residential streets is someone dressed up as a huge truncheon. Next to him/her is a person in a massive pepper spray costume going the same speed. There are cheers, but they are far from wild. Applause is loud-ish, though. The truncheon gives muffled shouts whilst panting; it's heard to be Mental: 'Thank you all for turning up!' The pepper spray (Morgan) continues: 'Yes! You're raising the force many hundreds of pounds already! Wait till we get to the town centre!' A nervous spectator comments: 'But... We're the only people who turned up to watch you...'

Most people want the granny to stay in space...' Mental can't believe what he just heard: 'What?' The crowd member continues: 'It's certainly the best TV I've ever seen.' Mental stops dead in his tracks. (After a bit more wobbling). So does Morgan. The latter comments: 'Do you think many people would show up to a custard pie throwing contest? Who here would like Mental to get splatted right in the face?' A young boy shoots his hand up. Mental's facial expression is a mystery, but he gives an annoyed grunt. Nevertheless, he is open to the idea: 'Would you pay a couple of thousand to watch?' The young boy starts to cry. The policeman continues: 'I guess not'.

A day has passed. It is now sunny (very important) in the same street, but puddles are scattered. Mental appears to be back in his old, red military uniform but he is so covered in pie, it's hard to be sure. Oh yeah, and he's tied high up on a tree with ropes around his waist and stretched high arms. Hyperactive children are going apes**t and attack him with dessert after dessert. Many have whole backpacks full of food, much of it surely isn't fit for human consumption. Maybe a new law could be made against snack lobbbers not paying attention to use by dates, too. Ah, screw it. There are more important things to worry about. Interestingly a much smarter Constable Morgan in his typical police outfit really is making the best of the situation. Parked nearby, he has a van with 'Morgan - hardcore crimefighter 4eva' written on its side. Participants frequently enter the vehicle's rear, leave it with full hands and pelt their munchables hard at the unhappy Mental. He is getting fed up and shouts over the commotion: 'How much... Ow! ... How much money have we... Ow!... made, Morgan??' His potential ex-friend is a little disheartened, but he is having more fun than anything else: 'About £100!' Mental can't take any more: 'Get me down! This is a waste of time!' He still gets hit.

Morgan gets a ladder from the van, leans it against the tree and climbs it whilst getting splatted. He then unties Mental with sharp, focused eyes. When finished rescuing, he steps down. You may expect the ageing, sacrificed fundraiser to drop to the grass like a stone, but he is so covered in sticky pie, he simply slides down the tree like a slug whilst talking, free from anxiety: 'Well this has been a disaster, hasn't it?' When he reaches the ground he wipes some food off his clothes and puts it in his mouth. He then spits it out. Morgan comments: 'Hungry tramps are going to hate us, too...' Mental's mobile rings from his pocket and he answers it as calm as he can: 'Hello... Yes, I would love to have a chat with the granny... You want me to do so in the privacy and security of MI6?... Ooh very exciting... Ok, bye...' Morgan is curious: 'Are you a secret agent now?' Mental replies: 'Hmm... Not much of a secret right here, but it's an interesting thought. I'm at least an agent.' Morgan jokes: 'Like the anticaking agent?' Mental is stone faced: 'No'.

In an otherwise darkened room, disco lights shine and light up the smoke machine vapour a foot high off the ground.

70s party music blasts out from speakers in every corner. On the outskirts are 50 or so black-suited workers at flat screened computers. In the middle space are a group of people in afro wigs, doing moonwalks. A still messy Mental is also in the centre of the area looking somewhat confused. He is facing the Chief of Intelligence, who is tall, smartly clothed but intimidating. His eyes could do with being more puppy-like. That would be strange for his profession, but reassuring. Mental has to know what's going on: 'Why in the world is everyone partying whilst working?' The CoI replies: 'Of course. I need to do some explaining. This is what happens when we catch a terrorist. We got a really big one, dressed as a peanut. Anywho, as explained, the mad granny wants to talk to you.' The man hands his mobile to Mental who is still clearly shocked. He comments: 'This isn't how I pictured MI6 at all...' The Chief gives a hearty laugh and replies: 'I bet! If this kind of scene was shown in a James Bond film, people wouldn't believe it. Many would think it inappropriate, too.'

Mental talks into the communication device: 'Think you're clever, eh?... You'll only return to Earth if I bake you a cake?... What is it with people and cakes around here?... How did you know Epic Dave made me an incredible one?... I don't care if you're jealous. Listen, I've never made a cake before in my life, it's not going to happen. Sorry... No, I won't... I won't... I won't... This is childish! You want a video of me baking it as proof?' The Chief interrupts: 'Give me the phone'. Mental does so and the Chief continues: 'Look, what you're asking is totally unreasonable. How about a million pounds? With that, you can buy all the food you like for a lifetime!' Mental gives a sigh of relief. The Chief frowns: 'She is still demanding the cake'. Mental sheds a tear: 'Oh God, no...' The intelligence worker speaks with a forceful tone: 'Mental is crying, now... No, he's not crying because no one will dance with him at a disco... It's a long story... Fine. He'll back you a cake.' The man hangs up, shakes Mental's hand hard and comments: 'You can do this. I believe in you.'

A stained, apron-wearing Mental is working on an icing covered blob in his kitchen. All the necessary equipment and ingredients are scattered around the room. Some broken eggs are on the tiled floor. This time the wallpaper features countless tasers. Out of the window in front of the poor soul is a garden view. It's a typical grassland area, but in the middle of it is the SRK's sausage costume. Disco music plays out of an old radio. If it works for spies, it must work for him. By its side is a portable TV on a news channel, covering a cute story about a kitten rescuing a puppy or whatever. In the top corner of the room is a camera recording everything. Mental takes a break from cookery, picks up his effort with it bulging through his fingers and talks to the lens: 'Keema Nan, this is killing me. Personally, I would have taken the money'. All of a sudden, the rookie chef's nose twitches. He can't stop himself and says: 'Oh God. Not here. Not now...'

Aaaa-choo!' Yep, he sneezed all over the badly prepared food then dropped it on the floor. He looks at the camera a last time and says: 'Please... Just take the money...'

There is a horrified silence from the officer. Then he is distracted by the television program's dramatic jingle. The news reporter on it wipes a drop of sweat from his forehead and says: 'News just in, the space terrorist, Keema Nan has threatened to crash her stolen spaceship into Captain Mental's house after he screwed up his cake baking that was being live-streamed.' Mental puts his hands on his head and shouts: 'No!' The tele continues: 'We have the granny live with us now. Keema, would you like to explain your side of the story?' She does, still with the crew tied up: 'Mental has really done it this time. I think I speak for all of us when I say he's not just a twat of the highest order, he's a muppet of the highest order, too.' The presenter is curious: 'How many orders of muppet are there?' The granny continues: 'Well, on the lowest level...' Mental throws the TV to the floor and casually says: 'That's enough of that.' He then turns the camera off and continues: 'That's gonna piss her of...'

Mental's phone rings: 'Hi there, Chief of Intelligence... With state of the art computer technology, you've doctored a video of Epic Dave baking in the prison canteen?... You've made it look like it's me that produced an astonishing cake?... You've put my face on his? But my kitchen is nothing like the one he used. Keema won't fall for it... She has dementia?... She keeps calling the captives by different names? She once called one of them 'Tony Blair'? Did she forget my name?... You're right, mine is kind of unusual and easy to remember, fair enough. It's not a joke name though, there are all sorts of stories about me. Mostly about me being mental... Hang on, why not just send the fake video of me in the first place?... Yes I know the sort of parties that happen in your headquarters... Oh. It was decided that I should bake a cake as a joke before someone sending the film of Dave... Ok.. You want me to watch the news? Err... I kind of smashed my TV. I can listen to it on the radio... You've got to go? Ok, bye...' Mental switches the radio channel. It goes: 'Keema Nan has been so impressed by Captain Mental's amazing pudding made in his stunningly well kept kitchen, she has decided to release the astronauts.' Mental gives a small 'whoop!'

In the baking, sun-drenched space centre (or 'center' for the Americans) in Kennedy, Florida, a zooming shuttle is seen far up high by a lone, perspiring man in a black suit and sunglasses. With a truly remarkable cake in his hand, he waits patiently for the vehicle to land. The ship is on direct course for the wisely positioned, rural runway. Man made buildings are minimal. It would take balls of steel to live in such a hazardous area, especially when considering the fact space ships are prone to blowing up. There are plenty of lovely green trees a moderate distance away, but collisions with them are only likely if the pilot is drunk, and no alcohol is allowed onboard.

Ok, fair enough, an old lady did manage to get in, so who knows, maybe he could be intoxicated. Whatever. The spaceship lands, the door opens and the astronauts flee in terror. Keema Nan limps out with her arms open wide and with a huge smile on her face. She exclaims: 'My cake!' She grabs what is rightfully hers.

A short distance from behind, a speeding car is heard but unsurprisingly, it doesn't get much attention from the mysterious man. That is until what is seen to be a Land Rover pulls up by the side of the woman. The car door then opens and a strange, tattooed guy drags her inside the vehicle. It speeds off forward, still on the airstrip, then finally off road. A note is left behind which simply reads: 'Later f**ers. Keema Nan.' A dozen or so more black-dressed men, armed with machine guns rise from the grass and dirt by the sides of the asphalt track, wipe themselves clean and look on, whilst scratching their heads. The original man in black mobiles the police (or feds) but it's explained that a suspected, near-future terrorist attack must get the force's resources. A few minutes pass where the men kind of just wander around a bit, bored. Then it's explained the so called attack was a hoax, organised by her getaway driver. A text message was sent to the CIA saying 'Got you!'

Back in MI6, England, the partying is over and depressing blue lighting is all around. Sad classical music plays in the background. The agents have just learned of the escape and huge trick. In the centre, the staff-observing Chief of Intelligence phones Mental: 'Hi there Ment. The granny got away. Just so you know, neither us or America can look like a bunch of muppets, as you would say. We've covered up her escape and said she died. However, we've also said if anyone spots her identical twin, the public should phone us immediately... I wouldn't worry about it though, I very much doubt she'll offend again; where would she go from hijacking a spaceship?... She could take over parliament? Nooo. That's crazy... Yes, we did get an explanation of how she managed to get on board and tie up the astronauts, the ex-prisoners will be giving a TV interview shortly. Anyway, got to go...'

Mental is sitting on his policeman bed watching a bigger TV. Getting it here from the living room was a challenge, to say the least. On it is that news special he's been so looking forward to. Unkempt astronaut 1 of 2 in a room and behind a microphone speaks: 'She was really charming. When she said she was going into space as a last minute decision to study the effect of space travel on the elderly, we believed it. She also explained that the third astronaut was sick and she was replacing him. Turns out he was mildly poisoned. Keema had a whole folder of documents and after doing a bit of speed reading, we came to the conclusion they were legit. Through our headsets, we got the cover story about the lady, it wasn't until after takeoff the real communicators explained what happened. This whole event was clearly a huge operation every step of the way.

You can't just walk into a spaceship, you can't just walk into the centre.' The interviewer waves his mic to the other interviewee: 'How did she tie you up?' He comments, visibly shaking: 'She tied us up when we were unconscious. She must have drugged us. However, I think she was on drugs of a different kind - shortly after leaving the ship, her head exploded'. Mental speaks to himself: 'Jesus...'