

One Screwy Day 2

by

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Captain Mental (86 in a red military uniform and with a white handlebar mustache) and Constable Morgan (22 in a police uniform and with a tidy mustache) are alone in a police station office, once again. As ever, many anti-crime slogans hang on the walls, such as 'a taser a day keeps the felons at bay.' A phone also is on the wall. (Now comes the new material)... With an admirable, calm tone of voice, Mental defends that very familiar issue: 'No Morgan, I'm not going to wear typical clothes today, either. Morgan responds: 'Please'. 'No. anyway, what do you think will happen to Epic Dave, now he's been released from prison?' 'God, I don't know. Either he will be grateful for his lenient sentence of a week, or he'll see it as a massive joke and he'll go back to crime immediately.' 'We really should have asked him about that, shouldn't we?' 'Yeah. But he's still a superhero. What kind of legend goes out of his way to cause trouble? He must have simply been having a bad day or something'. 'Couldn't agree more'.

Mental clears his throat and continues: 'Anyway, we have bigger problems than a thuggish granny hater - the latest drug dealer on the block'. 'I know, but he's an idiot. Rumour has it he once sold drugs to himself.' 'I heard he thought a five pound note was a drug and he injected into his eye. Apparently you could occasionally see the money flowing through the veins on his arms and neck'. 'That's insane'. 'Tell me about it. But we both know a criminal is still a threat, no matter how dumb he is'. The phone rings. Mental answers it. 'Hello?... The world's most moronic douche bag accidentally left his illicit goods behind on his flat doorstep?... Tramps got hold of them and they got high? Then they started to race each other on the roads causing traffic jams?... They were running as fast as the cars, but they ignored the red lights, causing chaos?...' Morgan interrupts: 'What's going on?' 'No idea...' Mental hangs up and continues: 'But things are getting crazy... .. Again'.

It is a clear and sunny day. Five wide-eyed and not-so-well dressed tramps are lined up across the width of a road with many angry, horn-beeping motorists behind them. In front of them is more road with much lighter traffic, extending far off into the distance. To their left and right are a seemingly endless range of shops and businesses. One homeless man takes the initiative and almost sings with an unusual level of excitement: 'When I couuuunt down from fiiiive, let's make this the best race yet!!!' The other men laugh their heads off. 'Ok! Fivefourthreetwoonego!!!' The vagabonds accelerate at a truly amazing pace. It's not long before they reach speeds over 20 miles an hour. Cars follow them, still tooting. The event is pretty evenly matched until the order giver reaches speeds of around 30. That doesn't dishearten any of the other competitors, though.

Minutes pass. Back in the station, things are tense but less lively than outside.

To lighten the atmosphere, Mental jokes: 'A bunch of superhuman tramps going nuts is a pretty funny thought, though...' 'Morgan doesn't respond. The phone rings again. Mental answers it, still with a small smile on his face: 'An unhappy bum who lost a race has come forward to an on the beat officer, giving him information about the future?... The merchandise he was on has made him psychic?' His smile quickly goes. 'The petty drug dealer will become known for unintentionally getting homeless people high and he will be approached by a mystery man. He will suggest the two of them could make serious money racing tramps on a huge scale?... I understand'. Mental hangs up with a cold, blank face. Morgan breaks the silence: 'That was the Chief of Police, wasn't it?' Mental pauses then pulls himself together: 'Yes. It was. It was him before if you're curious. Things just keep getting worse'.

Epic Dave, dressed in his red and green cape with 'ED' written on it, is in a rowdy pub about to get served by a female bartender in her early 20s. People are constantly pushing past and bumping into him. The woman speaks with a raised voice, just to be heard: 'Hey! Do I know you?' Epic Dave reciprocates at the same volume: 'No, I don't think so...' 'I do! You're Epic Dave!' 'Alright keep it down. I'm trying to keep a low profile. Superheroes don't always get treated with respect in places like this'. 'So what are you doing here, then?' 'I'm looking for a fight. Please excuse me...' Dave turns to face the crowd of men and pushes one to the floor and shouts: 'Epic Dave reigns supreme, bitches!' All hell breaks loose. One man jumps on the hero after another. All of them get pushed off and Dave runs out of the establishment into the busy street, raises his arm like Superman and takes off.

This time in the station, the atmosphere is worse than ever before (that day). The phone rings and its sound is somehow more brutal. For the sake of variety, Morgan picks it up: '... No. I don't believe you.' 'What is it, Morgan?' Asks Mental. The constable looks to the respected officer: 'Epic Dave has started a barroom brawl and left the scene...' 'Christ'. Morgan continues on the phone: 'Of course. We'll get him arrested, ASAP. Ok. Bye...' The man hangs up looking betrayed. He picks up the confidence to speak to his friend: 'This guy's on drugs, too. I'm convinced'. 'I wonder if he's on LSD and believes he can fly. The thing is, he CAN fly, so we'll never truly know.' 'He's probably on cocaine. He seems the type to want extra amounts of energy.' 'Agreed. Let's put together a team to track the lunatic and put him away for good!

Later on in the day, Epic Dave is chilling with the well-known, far from expert drug dealer, AKA Doug. They are in the latter's run-down, messy flat. They are staring out the window with wide eyes and an expression of awe on their faces. They are very high up both literally and metaphorically, and beneath them (only literally) is a busy area with countless pedestrians and cars.

After standing still and doing nothing for a minute or so, Dave starts a very necessary conversation: 'You were right, that IS a nice view. Anyway, we have to get back at the police. Did you know they tasered me? They also gave me the finger in a way you wouldn't even believe.' Doug replies: 'Let's just get our revenge by making money racing the homeless as you suggested. I'm not interested in tasering them back, if that's what you're suggesting.' 'I respect that. That's a solid idea. However, you have a reputation of being a complete moron and you kind of are. BUT that doesn't matter, as I can teach you to be invisible.' 'How??'

ED vanishes. Doug is speechless for a moment. After looking out the window once again as if that helped, the latter gets his s**t together and speaks: 'How??' The superhero reappears and replies: 'It's not so hard. Just imagine yourself being see-through'. The dealer tenses his muscles and screws up his face. These actions are completely ineffective. Dave offers more advice: 'Think of a glass window. Be the glass'. Doug puts his hands together as if praying and closes his eyes. He then says 'Ommmmmmmm', with the calmness of a Buddhist monk. 'How was that?' the apprentice asks with a satisfied smile on his face. Dave then whispers: 'You are air. Tell yourself that over and over.' 'I am air. I am air. I am air. How's that?' 'You know what, you haven't got the gift and that's fine. I have, and that will be enough.' ED looks out the window, too. Just because it's nice.

He puts his palm to his face for a moment and breaks the short, awkward silence. 'Of course, I've been such a fool! I cause trouble at the police station whilst they can't see me, and you earn serious cash from people watching speeding tramps. The pigs are certainly going to focus on me and ignore you when I put my plans into action!' 'What are they?' 'I know for a fact Captain Mental and Constable Morgan don't like being called 'muppets'. Through a loud speaker I will also make invisible, I'm going to taunt the two from a variety of different positions. They won't be able to stand it. You on the other hand, are in the early stages of something global. From now on, when you drive around Charltonham, all you'll see is opportunities.'

An hour passes. Back in the unhappy station a further time, Morgan and Mental now pace around as they converse with each other. Mental is the more vocal: 'You know what, I'd probably prefer it Epic Dave got into another fight. At least we'd be able to pin him down.' Morgan agrees: 'Exactly. We're surely going through the calm before the storm, right now.' 'Exactly'. A slightly distorted voice from outside is heard getting louder. Mental comments: 'Did you hear that Morgan? It sounded like a weirdo saying 'pets' over and over. Morgan disagrees: 'It sounded like 'muppets' to me.' Mental runs to a wall and punches it: 'Epic Dave!!!' 'It couldn't be', Morgan responds. The two officers then hear the much hated words, clear as day: 'Muppets! Muppets!! Muppets!!! MUPPETS!!!!' 'Yes, it is Dave', Morgan agrees.

Mental punches the wall once more and through gritted teeth snarls 'order all our officers to this station right now!! He'll be exploiting his new invisibility skills, but we'll find him!' Morgan retorts: 'we SO shouldn't have given him the magic spell book when he was locked up. Him flying and shooting lasers was bad enough.' 'You thought he'd use his powers for good. We all did'.

A crowd of a hundred has gathered in an extensive, lovely green and sunlit field that is surrounded by tall trees. Doug is in the middle of the area along with 20 tramps. He speaks through a megaphone so he can be heard: 'What you are all about to witness is something very special!... With me here, are 20 of the finest athletes in the whole world!... They're all off the faces on cocaine, and consequently can reach speeds in excess of a whopping 30 miles an hour!' The crowd cheers like a collection of wild animals. They jump up and down and applaud like mad. Doug continues: 'These nutters will run around the outskirts of this beautiful terrain like cheetahs!' Doug leads the vagrants to a corner of the field and speaks through his amplifier a final time: 'Five! Four! Three! Two! ONE! Let's race!! The drifters go like bullets and begin their epic contest.

So... the station AGAIN... Things are still crazy, as you might expect. Another load of 'muppets' are heard. Mental exits the building and slams the door. In the sunlit urban setting, drivers are spotted looking around and pedestrians are going crazy and scratch their heads in bewilderment. One old lady shouts: 'What's going on??' Mental does his best to explain everything: 'It's Epic Dave! He's gone bad again!' Another 'Muppet' comes out of thin air and the policeman looks in the direction it came from and loses his cool: 'F**k you, Dave! F**k you!' A further series of 'muppets' circle around the officer, mockingly. Suddenly, the thug becomes visible. Mental is delighted: 'Ha! Big mistake, tosser!' The criminal replies with a stutter: 'W-what?' 'I can see you!' 'Impossible! What do I look like then?' 'A prick!' 'Whoops. I didn't think that question through. Anyway, I am the air. I am the air'. That repeated phrase does nothing. 'I guess I need to practice my skills...' Mental lunges at Dave to rip his cape off, revealing more green and red clothes. He then teases him: 'Ha! Try flying without that!'

Dave legs it through busy streets, then lonesome paths and alleyways. Mental may be old, but he is fit and doesn't lose him. Still sprinting, ED rips his mobile from his pocket and stabs in a number with his raging finger: 'Doug! I'm in trouble! I need some of your drugs so I can run fast... Why can't you get me any?... You've used them ALL up??... I don't care how great the race was!!... Forget about it, even better, pick me up! I shoulda suggested that before... No?... You have a plan?... You want me to meet you at your block of flats?... Ok, see you there...' The oddball hangs up. He pushes over the bins he comes across to make the trail behind him harder to cross, before reaching Doug's block of flats.

He pushes the buttons by the door to call the druggie's home and shouts into the speaker next to them: 'Doug, it's me! Hurry! Mental is just behind me!' The door opens just as the furious policeman is about to grab the disgraced hero by the shoulders. The Captain trips over, buying Dave more time. The latter shoots up the multiple staircases, reaches his 'friend's' flat and bangs the living daylights out of the entrance.

Doug opens it and says something strange: 'Come in and don't close the door. I lied when I said I didn't have any drugs. I always keep some with me just in case this event ever comes up.' 'What are you on about?' ED replies as he rushes in. Doug pulls a bag of white powder from his pocket and places on the doorstep. 'What the hell is wrong with you, man?' asks Dave. 'Trust me', says the dealer, coolly. He then takes Dave by the shoulder to the back of the room. He pulls a camera phone from his other pocket, just as an out of breath Mental is about to enter. He then shouts: 'Stop right there, pig!' Scared, the law enforcer does so. Drugs are under his feet. 'What's going on?', he asks, shaking a little. Doug takes a picture of Mental on the narcotics then laughs in his victim's face: 'Ha! You're high on drugs! I have proof! You'll never work again!'

Mental face palms himself and says something he always wanted to: 'You Goddamn idiot, Doug'. From both sides of his trousers, he pulls out a taser for each hand and shoots the crooks in the face like it's nothing. Lots of crippled, perhaps amusing screaming follows. Mental strolls to and handcuffs the twosome whilst talking: 'Is there anything you two would like to say?' Doug insists his idea was good: 'Yeah. What are you going to do exactly?... DRUGGIE.' 'What's that supposed to mean? You're not serious are you? I thought you were joking.' 'Afraid not. You're looking at YEARS in prison.' 'Good one'. Dave joins in the conversation: 'Just ignore him. You won't get any sense out of him'. Mental replies: 'Why did you do this, David?' 'Because racing tramps? That's some funny money making s**t.' 'Is that all? Why did you swear at the granny and all that craziness?' 'A bad mood. Sorry.' Mental picks his mobile from his pocket and makes a call: 'Got 'em. Things went pretty weird. I'll explain later.'

A short while passes and Dave and Doug are sharing a prison cell, next to a line of others that are all occupied. The two's conversation is far from polite and it has only been getting worse. The former felon seems to have the strongest opinions: 'You f***ing imbecile, Doug'. The latter does his best to defend himself: 'Yeah, well what kind of moron dresses in red and green? You look like a Twister ice cream.' 'Is that the best you can do? You prick. You bell cheese.' The neighbouring prisoners start to join in. One says the epic 'you're both a couple of w***ers. How d'you like that?' Mental enters the complex corridor and joins in the abuse: 'W***ers' is a great word to describe you. Thanks for that, Bill.' The perceptive convict replies: 'Cheers, Mental'.

Much of the same banter continues through the night, weeks, months, etc.

THE END.