

One Screwy Day 19

by

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Constable Morgan, Constable Smith and Captain Mental are sitting around a circular table, munching burgers and sipping milkshakes. Many similar tables are all around, seating mainly boisterous families with partying children. At the back of the room is a bar area, seating more mature customers. Behind the bar are various members of staff taking orders, cooking foods and preparing takeaways. 90s disco music plays in the background. Mental finishes his shake 'Mmm. Delicious. Anyway, now we're all relaxed, let's discuss the tragic deaths of Officer Charlie Gerry and Sergeant Neil Belger... And of course the partiers Radical Pete and Outrageous Bob.' Morgan and Smith nod together 'Good guys.' Mental nods, too 'Yes. Obviously they would like us to move on in life and continue policing, and that's the EXACT reason we must help capture disgraced pilot, Olly Orman. Even though he's all the way in America.'

Morgan responds 'But how? No one has a clue where he is...'
Mental responds 'I don't know about that. He always goes on about how he likes scenic places. How many scenic places are there really in Wrong Beach, California?' Morgan replies 'I think two...'
Mental nods 'There we go, two. Not so bad is it?'
'But Olly could have gone pretty much anywhere in the country in his plane...'
'Not without being spotted, he couldn't.'
'Oh yeah'. 'I hate to say this, but we need help from that manic, out of control and drug dependent Epic Dave.'
'That madman??'
'He may be insane and a complete moron, but he IS a skilled superhero.'
Smith joins the conversation 'How will we contact him, though?'
Mental gives a thumbs up 'Excellent thinking, Smith! See, you ARE valued in this force. Stop putting yourself down.'
Smith gives a warm smile. Mental responds 'You're right. We can't contact him. I should have realised that earlier. I'm serious, pat yourself on the back, Smith.'
Smith does so. Mental continues 'But maybe he'll do the right thing and contact us.'

Morgan raises a finger 'As we wait, maybe we could do something about his cousin, Benny Orman.'
Mental shakes his head 'No. Just because Benny's a relative, doesn't mean he's a criminal.'
'But he knows kung fu...'
'So what?'
'He's violent...'
'Yes, but not to members of the public. Mostly just to punch bags and stuff.'
'Maybe he's starting small and working his way up to passers by. Then the police!'
'Now that you put it like that...'
Smith replies 'Same with drugs isn't it? People start small...'
Mental's eyes widen 'Dammit, you're right again. You'll be Chief of Police one day, Smith.'
Mental shakes his head in disbelief and carries on 'Do you know how to contact him?'
Smith perks up 'Yes. On my mobile, I have a whole list of suspect people, ready to question immediately.'
Smith grabs his phone from his pocket, presses a few buttons and hands it to Mental.

Mental concentrates hard on the phone 'Alex the evil barber; Andy the mad scientist; ah here we go, Benny the kung fu teacher. I'll give him a call, now. Unless you REALLY want to impress me...'
Smith smiles.

Mental hands Smith his phone and he makes a call 'Hi there, Benny. I hope I'm not interrupting anything... You're just watching TV? Great... Oh, you want to watch TV. Look, never mind. I just wanted to say sorry about your cousin going mental. That must be very hard for you... Good, you agree. Great!... So... You're not planning on going crazy, are you? Why? It's just you know kung fu and I also know that people tend to start small and get bigger... What I mean is that for all I know - and please don't take offence - you could end up hitting the queen.' Mental shakes his head dramatically and mouths 'You've come on too strong!'

Smith coughs awkwardly and carries on the call 'As I said, no offence'. Mental nods. Smith continues 'Good, you took your bashing the queen as a compliment.' Mental scratches his head and stares at Smith. He continues 'You think Olly is a good man? That was a strange thing to say... He was just pushed too far by Epic Dave?... I know what you mean, but still, I don't REALLY agree... Say... Do you mind if I do a quick test to check your sanity levels?... Great, here goes: Question one: Do you look up to madmen?... Well, I think we know the answer to that one. Next question: 'Do you have a history of insanity in your family? Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, don't bother answering that. Next question... Hello?' Smith places his phone on the table. 'He's hung up.' Mental comments 'You were right to be concerned, Smith.'

A couple of rowdy men enter the establishment and stroll to the bar area. As they wait to be served, they start chatting to each other, more than audibly 'I can't believe the news!' 'I know, man! Epic Dave capturing Olly Orman, forcing him sleeping pills, then putting him in a box and mailing him to the police? That's too good to be true!' Suddenly, the three policemen turn to the twosome. Mental engages them 'What was that?' The loud man responds 'News just in, apparently... I'm not jibbling your jabble, seriously...' Smith stamps his foot 'How DARE you talk to a policeman like that!' Mental continues 'Please ignore my coworker. Do you mean to say the crazed pilot is not a threat, anymore?' The man replies 'Sure thing, boss!' Smith nods 'THAT'S better language'. The newcomer continues 'But I don't think Epic Dave has turned over a new leaf...' Mental sighs 'None of us suspected that. Anyway, I'm glad we won't be needing him at all. At least for now.'

Mental smiles at Smith 'Smith... How would you feel about going undercover as a kung fu student at Benny's dojo? I believe in you.' Smith inhales, deeply. 'Oh wow... You really think I have what it takes? Sure, I've never met him face to face, but what if he realises I'm a policeman?' Mental responds with confidence 'You're a new officer so you should be fine. I'm not saying you're a NOBODY, but basically no one knows you. That's different.' Smith rubs his chin 'What if someone jibbles my jabble and I lose my cool?' Mental sighs 'That's a risk I'll have to take. Let's do a simple test, now... ' Smith bites his nails and Mental continues 'Say, Leo...

' Leo Smith starts to tremble as Mental stares through his soul 'Why don't you go jibble my jabble?' Smith sheds a tear and stares back. Weakly, he says 'Never...' Mental gives a thumbs up 'With a little practice, you'll be fine.'

Here, all the walls are mirrors and a door is in the corner. The floor is shiny wood. Benny stands in the centre of the room, with his hands on his hips. He is wearing a white suite and a black belt. Ten students in similar suits face him, but they have belts of various colours. Leo Smith however, is facing the teacher in a jumper and jeans. Benny starts a conversation with him 'Newcomer, huh?' Leo nods. Benny laughs 'You're not going to jibble our jabbles are you, noob?' The students burst out laughing. Leo looks sad but replies with confidence 'Ha... Good one. Of course not. I'm a real fighter, you'll see.' Benny smiles 'I respect that. I respect how well you handled my jibbling, too. You ARE a fighter'. Leo does a little skip of joy.

Benny addresses his class 'Ok gang, let's start things off with your everyday jabs!' The class punch in unison. Soon enough, Smith works out what to do. Benny comments 'New to jabbing, huh?' Smith smiles, cockily 'At least I'm new to jibble jabbling!' The students gasp and stare at the officer, almost catatonic. Benny's face and tone darkens. 'Watch it.' Smith laughs nervously 'Just... a joke...' Benny snarls 'Say that again and I'll break your nose. Understand?' Smith shakes 'Of course. Sir.' Benny composes himself and continues to his students who are still in mild shock 'Excellent. Now how about some front kicks?' The class do the moves. Smith can't really work out that one, though. He coughs 'Errr... You do it like this, right?' Smith simply raises a leg. Benny comments 'No.'

Benny sighs 'Ok! Now that we're all warmed up, let's get on to the good stuff - How to defend yourself from tasers, batons and pepper spray!' Leo inhales with horror. Benny scratches his head 'You ok there, Leo?' Leo pulls himself together 'Is.. . there any reason you're teaching those techniques?' Benny replies, coolly 'Just in case a member of the public gets hold of such weapons and uses them on innocent passers by... Why are you asking?' Leo tries to be just as cool 'I, like all the students here just want to be sure we're all training for good and honest purposes...' Benny laughs 'You'll never find someone as good and honest as me!' Leo replies, cold 'Then what was all that jibbling about?' 'Eh?' 'You jibble jabbled me. Almost immediately...'

Benny sighs 'You got me. I'm not a good and honest man. No one here is. In fact I have a vendetta against the police and especially super heroes, and I'm trying to build up an army to crush them.'

Do you know what Epic Dave did to my cousin? He tied him up, fed sleeping tablets to him and posted him off to the police! Do you have any idea how humiliating that was for him??' Leo raises his chin 'Olly Orman is a murderous villain who had to be stopped!' 'He was driven to despair by constant taunting! You think YOU got jibble jabbed?!' 'I know it hurts, but it still doesn't justify Olly's actions!' 'Are you sure?' Benny stares at Leo and dances like a monkey 'Jibble my jabble! Jibble my jabble!' Leo goes red 'STOP THAT, NOW!' Benny composes himself 'Imagine that times a thousand.'

Leo growls 'Anyway, how would you know what happened to Olly?' Benny looks down 'When he woke up in his box, he blind-texted me, explaining everything.' Benny pauses and talks in cold blood 'Hang on... Are YOU a cop?' Leo starts to shake 'What? Why did you ask me that?' 'It's all the questions. All the lack of evilness. I'll ask again... Are you an undercover cop?' 'You don't know what you're saying!' 'You have one more chance to come clean...' 'No!' 'I'll give you another chance..' 'No!!!' 'Three chances is more than reasonable.' There is an icy silence. Benny marches towards Leo 'Mind if I... do a little search on you?' Smith backs away 'Why?' Benny gets closer and closer 'Because I think you have potential to be a great fighter...' Smith laughs nervously 'That doesn't make any sense...' Benny stops inches from Leo and stamps his foot 'Does jibbling your jabble make any sense?!' 'No...' 'Well that's what you've done to me. You've jibbled MY jabble!' 'What??'

Benny gets ready to pat down Leo, but the officer rips his taser from his pocket and zaps the gone bad instructor in an instant. To put it crudely, Benny dances like a mental case as the students stare at him again, with wide eyes. Finally Benny falls to the floor, writhing in agony and moaning helplessly. A student asks a valid question 'Weren't you able to stop that attack, Sir?' The other pupils say 'Yeah...' in surprised unison. One asks 'Can we have our money back, or?...' Benny finally finds the strength to speak as he looks to the ceiling 'I let that happen... I just... wanted to show... what Leo here... really is... A... prick...' Leo stands over Benny with crossed arms 'I'd watch it if I were you. Give me one good reason why I shouldn't put you in a big package and send you to the police...' Benny responds as he rubs his forehead 'It's... illegal...' Leo nods 'Fine. You win. I'll just cuff you, instead'. Leo lifts up his top with one hand to reveal his cuffs wrapped around his torso. With his other hand, he removes a key from his pocket. He unlocks his cuffs. 'Face the floor, Benny'. Benny does so and Leo puts his victim's hands behind his back and locks him up.

Leo lifts up his trousers and pulls his mobile phone from underneath his socks. He has a call to make 'Yo, Mental! I totally tasered and captured Benny. It was SO easy... Yeah, I know! Now we DO just need to get the granny!' Leo freezes 'Hang on, how did you about that??' Leo wipes his forehead 'Oh right, the space ship thing.

I thought you meant the old people's home incident... Anyway, got to go...' Leo sock-pockets his phone. Benny twists over to face his nemesis 'Mind if I... go to the bathroom?' Leo shrugs his shoulders 'I guess...' Benny smiles 'Can you help me up... friend?' Leo grabs the felon's shoulder and pulls him up, as the latter jumps to his feet. Benny comments, grinning 'Nice one... Say, do you have any butter or margarine on you? I'm really hungry...' Smith scratches his head 'You eat raw butter?' 'Sure do. Packed full of calories and gets you going for the day...' 'No'. 'Never mind.' Benny rambles off and leaves the room. The students stare at Leo. Leo stares back, baffled. He then inspects the room, bit by bit, in deep contemplation 'What?' Leo gasps 'BENNY!'