

One Screwy Day 24

by

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Benny Orman has just woken up. As he rocks gently back and forth and slides across the floor to the sound of splashing water, he sees cushions, pistols and machine guns all around him, and unsurprisingly, he feels pillows underneath him. He used a very cliched and arguably not worth writing about sleeping method but it was comfy. He picks up a cushion and presses it against his face for a few moments. He then tosses it away and sighs, content. He whispers 'Yeaaah'. This has to be the best bedroom in the world. About 4 meters on his left and right are very watery, floor to roof window views. (Where the water sounds come from, duh. No Benny wasn't hallucinating. He's not THAT crazy). In fact, all is seen is water. (And skies of course, it IS Earth. Disappointing I know, but who knows what will happen in the future with a deranged granny on the loose). Above him on the ceiling are more cushions. Just in case. Fred Paul enters the room from behind and stands over his... well not friend, his... let's just say he stands over Benny.

Benny yawns and asks Fred a question 'Where the hell are we? Last time I was awake, I was surrounded by forks on a fork mountain...' Fred shakes his head 'No, that didn't happen. I think that was a dream'. Benny rolls his eyes 'Of course. Once I'm fully awake I'll be fine. It's just forks all the time. It's effecting me.' Benny jumps up and stretches his arms out whilst facing his... whilst facing Fred 'Last time I was awake I was by a path, I mean.' Fred nods 'That sounds right to me. Now, we're travelling the oceans.' Benny's eyes widen 'Wow. How long have I been asleep, then?' Fred widens his eyes 'About seven days!' Benny comments 'Woah, this room really is comfy.' Fred agrees 'Yep. That's exactly what I wanted when I designed this place.' 'How come I didn't dehydrate when I was sleeping?' 'I poured water over your face. You choked a bit, but you were mostly fine.'

Benny waddles to a window and stares out of it 'What if there's a storm? This is just an everyday, if stylish house boat!' Fred walks to Benny and stares, too. 'We die.' Benny slaps Fred. Fred looks angry. Fred IS angry 'What the hell was that for??' Benny scratches his head 'Sorry, I didn't mean to do that. What do you mean we die?' Fred looks puzzled 'We die. ..' Benny coughs 'We die?' 'Right, we die. This isn't a catamaran, the thing we're in now will get torn into pieces if we get into trouble. Duh.' Benny nods 'Right, right, right. Can we go back?' 'Relax. They'll be no storms.' 'Where are we going, then?' 'We're already here.' 'What's THAT supposed to mean?' 'I just needed to get away from the world so I could think in peace. I'm coming up with my next big idea, right now.'

Benny looks to the floor, disillusioned 'Does it involve forks?' Fred laughs 'Yeah...' Benny mutters 'Oh God.' He then retrieves his mobile from his pocket and taps it a few times. He speaks to his co-boater as his eyes light up. (THAT'S what I'll call him).

'Hey, Fred! There's fork stories all over the internet! There's even footage of Constable Smith talking about a super fork, I'll click on it now, look!' Fred moves his head to the device. Benny plays the video. Smith is being interviewed on a rainy motorway, as he picks up forks and puts them into his black bag. A microphone is in front of him. 'I'm urging everyone in Charltonham to stop throwing forks everywhere. It's not big and it's not clever.' The interviewer asks him a question, respectfully 'Is this just another day for you?' 'Unfortunately, yes. Apart from the time I saw a very unusual object. One that changed my outlook on life. It was the best damn fork I've ever seen...'

Benny pockets the phone as Fred shrugs his shoulders 'I don't know what that's supposed to mean. Anyway, I was only joking about my next big idea being fork related. I'm a businessman. I'm all about NEW ideas. I'm going to take things to the next level.' Benny backs away from Fred. Something's wrong 'How?... ' Fred gives an evil smile 'I've done offensive shops and obviously forks. Naturally next, I will be destroying the world.' Benny sheds a tear 'But... We live in the world... We'll, we'll die...' Fred laughs 'Yeah. But it will be worth it just to see the look on Mental's face. Or rather to imagine it.' Benny gets down on his knees and pleads 'Just imagine his face now! Please! Think of all the things you'll be missing out on! Evil Hawaiians! Confusing the police! Exciting entrepreneurial adventures!'

Fred sighs 'I know, I know. But Mental's face. It has to be real.' Benny scratches his ear and looks shifty as he eyes the guns on the floor. Fred furrows his brow 'Do you have any people in mind you'd like to shoot?' Benny jumps back up 'No, no, no. I'm just feeling hungry.' Fred concentrates harder 'That doesn't make sense...' 'No, it does, it does... You see... All the alien... pancakes... ships...' Fred looks concerned 'All the alien pancake ships?' Benny goes red 'I mean the alien... biscuit tins...' Fred responds 'Are you feeling ok? You look like you're burning up...' 'I have to be honest, it's all this psycho stuff. You used to be fun...' 'Fun?' 'Yeah, fun! The forks on the road? That was hilarious!' Fred shakes his head 'Benny, Benny, Benny. You've got this all wrong. The forks on the road was about sending a powerful message. We've started a movement.'

Benny rubs his eyes then talks, sternly 'I want you to take me back to land. I think you're crazy.' Fred disagrees 'If I'm so crazy, how did I sail for seven days across this ocean without being swept away by storms?' Benny shrugs his shoulders 'You were lucky?' Fred gives a thumbs up 'You're a smart man. Which is why I'd like to continue working with you. You're level headed, too which I admire. If it wasn't for you I would have seriously messed up six times already. Your wisdom has saved me from car crashes, electric shocks and industrial grade explosions. My trouble is I don't think things through. I wrote about each time in my diary. Would you like to have a look?' Benny backs away again 'I'm fine thanks.'

How are you planning to destroy the world, anyway?' 'Where there's a will, there's a way...' 'So really you have no plans?' 'Again, when there's a will there's a way. Do you deny that?' 'I don't know what to think.'

Fred clicks his fingers 'I know how to win you back. I'll get you the super fork described on the news.' Benny's eyes light up 'How?' 'Where there's a will, there's...' Benny makes a fist 'Tell me exactly how. Don't be so vague.' 'I'll sail to it, now. It's actually where we've been heading all this time. I wanted to surprise you.' Benny looks amazed 'Really??' Fred frowns 'Yeah. And now the surprise has been ruined. Happy?' Benny coughs 'Where exactly is the fork?' 'You want to ruin that surprise too??' 'You don't really know do you?' 'I told you! I'm sailing there now. It shouldn't take long to get there. Why not surf the internet to pass the time? God.' Benny retrieves his phone again and does more tapping. His face turns grim 'Turns out the police are very angry with us. They're going to hunt us down like dogs.' Fred growls 'Oh, screw them.'

Benny taps some more. Suddenly he becomes very calm 'Fred. Apparently the super fork was stolen by a man who looks like King Henry VIII.' Fred tuts 'You don't actually believe that, do you?' 'I don't know what to believe any more. The whole of Charltonham has gone insane. It's been that way for a long time and I just want to get back to teaching kung fu.' Fred turns his back on Benny and crosses his arms. Benny surfs some more 'Fred... Turns out Mr. Tudor went crazy in the cutlery facility when he found out some guy switched the super fork with an everyday one. He's held all his staff hostage. Consequently, fork research has come to a standstill. No one can replace the owner as no one has his knowledge'. Fred stamps his foot and screams in Benny's face 'Dammit! Imagine a world where forks never get any better!!' Benny starts to shake 'You're scaring me!' Fred picks up a machine gun and points it at Benny 'Makes me want to kill someone!' Benny screams 'Calm down! They're just forks! They don't matter!'

Fred goes red as he aims towards the ceiling 'Imagine a lifetime of the same God damn forks everyday!!' Fred starts to cry. Benny puts his hand on Fred's shoulder and tries to be soothing 'Relax. Sure forks will never get any better. Judging by this whole situation, that's not unlikely. But what about the knife research centre in Spain and the spoon research centre in Japan? They're doing absolutely amazing things with cutlery. Genuinely incredible. So that's good? Eh, buddy? And remember, you're going to end the world anyway...' Benny winks. Fred massages a temple with his free hand 'You sure do know how to make me feel better.' Benny smiles warmly 'So how about sailing back to England? We could work on a nuke together. We could put together a team! Wouldn't that be great? A whole nuke.' Benny's voice starts to crack 'We'll be.. living the dream!' Benny turns away from Fred, drops his phone, puts his hands together and mouths 'God, please help me.' He faces Fred again.

Fred smiles 'You're right. The nuking project does sound interesting. But all the fighting that's just gone on...'
Benny interrupts 'Well I wouldn't call it fighting...'
Fred continues 'No, it was. It was fighting. Ugly fighting. So, all this terrible fighting that has just gone on... We can't forget it. It will make the journey home very tense and unhappy. I hope you're proud of yourself.'
Benny twiddles his thumbs. Fred breaks the silence 'Say... How about a game of Monopoly? It's in the other room.'
Benny tries to think what to say '... Hm. Sure. Do you mind if I... open a window? It's a bit stuffy.'
Fred looks puzzled 'I disagree, but fine.'
Benny does slide open a window as much as he can and starts to crawl out of it. It's a difficult process. Fred shouts 'Benny, no!' With an extra bit of effort, Benny exits the boat to the sound of a small splashing sound. Fred then sees a green and red flash of light home in on the drowning Benny. Whatever it is, it swims down to him and flies off with him. Fred has a moment of clarity and shouts 'Epic DAAAAAVE!!!!!!'