

One Screwy Day 21

by

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Businessman gone bad, Fred Paul and kung fu teacher probably always bad, Benny Orman are in a gently rocking room with a stormy river view on the left and a muddy path and field view on the right. Heavy rain is heard battering the home. The two stand facing each other with straight, businessman-like postures. They occasionally almost fall over, however. The fine mahogany table and chairs in the middle of the area, slowly scrape back and forth across the wooden floor. So does the cupboard in the corner. A wooden and glass door is at the front of the room. Bazookas, flamethrowers, pistols, machine guns and shotguns are scattered all over the place. Benny comments to Fred 'You know, all these guns on the floor and talk of the police screwing us over is giving me an idea...' Fred responds, rubbing his chin 'Go on...' 'Well I say idea, really I haven't thought of anything yet...'

Benny scratches his head and looks down, intensely 'Wait, wait, wait... It's coming to me...' Fred starts to brainstorm 'Has it got anything to do with the gu...' Benny interrupts, whilst making a fist 'Wait!...' Fred continues 'I really think it has something to do...' Benny interrupts again 'Please! You may make me lose my great idea forever!' Benny clicks his fingers and his eyes light up. He makes eye contact with confidence. 'What we do is get loads and loads of spoons, forks and knives and we scatter them all over Charltonham. The police won't know what the hell is going on and when they're weak from rampant overanalysing, we strike!' Fred looks awe-struck 'How??' Benny raises an eyebrow 'We dump MORE cutlery!' Fred shakes his head 'My word, Benjamin. To say I was impressed with you would be a huge understatement.'

Fred scratches his ear 'No, wait... Why would the police care about cutlery when they're used to dealing with mass murderers?' Ben looks proud 'BECAUSE it sends a message. It says 'We know how cutlery is normally used, but we don't care'. Putting forks and such where people normally drive for example suggests a seriously disturbed mind. I mean sure we start relatively low, but where do we end up? Ultimately we could start putting forks and spoons in zoos and even in massive fish tanks in aquariums. Does that sound like the action of a duo that is all there?' Fred nods with respect 'That's genius...' Benny also nods 'And the great thing is, dumping small objects is hardly a crime...' Fred replies 'Right. Who goes to jail for littering?' Benny coughs 'Well... To be fair, my granddad DID go to a mental institution for littering, but he was the most notorious and prolific litterer in the whole damn world. I actually got my idea from him. And you know what? Now he's an urban legend. Not exactly respected and he's completely mad, but well known at least.'

Fred mumbles to himself 'Huh. How about that...' He then pulls a pen and folded piece of paper from his pocket. He unravels it, then places it on the table and sits down, still sliding.

Benny sits facing him and asks him a question 'What's that for?' Fred crosses his arms and rests them on the furniture 'Where do you think are the best places to target?' Benny furrows his brows 'Hm. To be honest I thought the road was a pretty good idea.' Fred responds 'So it wasn't the first thing that came to mind?' 'No, no, no. As I said, my grandfather was a real fly-tipping legend. I learnt all his tricks, all his secrets.' 'So on this piece of special planning paper, I'm just going to write 'dump on road'?' '... Sounds good to me...' ' Fred nods and makes a brief note as he speaks 'Dump on road'.

Benny has a suggestion 'How about we order our cutlery online? Then we won't have to look suspicious in the local cutlery shop. I mean who buys hundred of forks, spoons and knives even from the cheapest store? Just why?' Fred shakes his head 'No. That too could raise suspicion. You're known to police and your grand father was the country's most notorious spoon misplacer? The cops are probably monitoring your internet history as we speak. As it's known I'm associated with you, I can't order what we need, either. The way I see it, we have three options: We rob local chef celebrity Nathan Gills and his massive cooking utensil collection; we batter our way into the top secret fork research facility; OR we rob the Charltonham fork, knife and spoon shop. The latter sounds the best to me.'

Benny looks thoughtful 'I don't know... That place is pretty high security since the great tableware burglary...' Fred looks at the guns on the floor. Benny looks blank, so Fred points at the weapons. Benny facepalms 'Oh yeah'. Fred gives a thumbs up 'If we want any chance of getting away scot free, we're going to need to dress in black from head to toe. With balaclavas, I mean. Nice and cliched, we could be any anybody. .. Unless of course...' Benny looks concerned. Fred continues 'You'd like to impress me by wearing a huge 'up yours' sign? I have a dozen or so in the basement...' Benny protests 'No! How am I supposed to run in one of your signs, if we get chased?? And think of the Sausage Roll Killer in his sausage costume! It's not original anymore! Keep up with cutlery stuff and you'll be onto a real winner. Sick, but cool'. 'Ok, ok, don't jibble my jabble.' 'You say some weird things, you know that?'

Benny twiddles his thumbs 'So... What guns can I have? Can I have a flamethrower, please?' Fred sighs 'And what for exactly? Burning the door open? Setting fire to the customers?' 'Well no, but...' 'What then?' 'Just shooting it and stuff..' 'Grow up. What you need is a bazooka. THAT will get you through the doors. Or make a new door...' Benny claps his hands 'Make a new door! That was badass!' 'Thanks. Maybe I could say something like 'Hey... I just made my own door!' 'Yeah, the shoppers would be in hysterics!' Fred laughs 'I think so! We'll be kings!' 'Yeah, then we steal all the knives and forks! If that doesn't make us urban legends, nothing will!' 'Yes. But remember, we're mainly doing this for... Why are we doing it again?' 'I'm not sure.'

It certainly made sense at the time, though...' 'I think we're doing it as some kind of terror plot.' 'Sounds about right to me.'

Fred looks curious 'Who was your grandfather anyway, Benny?' Benny replies 'Tommy the Spoon...' Fred smiles warmly 'That's what I thought... He's my grandfather, too.' Benny looks stunned 'Really? So that makes us brothers??' 'Well not brothers...' 'Sisters?' 'Get lost!' 'Uncles?' 'Look we're related, let's just leave it at that. You can think about this kind of stuff too much. Unless you're an expert in maths or physics, your brain won't be able to deal with such a concept.' Benny looks puzzled 'Ha! I knew we were like minded I never knew there was a spooner in you!' Fred gets up and hugs the seated Ben, briefly 'We're going to carry on the family tradition and we'll be great at it, too! As Tommy always said '... Spoon...' 'That was deepest one word phrase I've ever heard.' 'Really makes you think, doesn't it? Anyway, let's get kitted up now... Then we can just walk to our target. With the guns disassembled in our backpacks so we don't attract attention of course.' Benny rubs his chin 'Now that I think of it, won't our clothes raise alarm bells?' 'No. We'll look like harmless ninja wannabes.'

Fred and Benny are fully in black with balaclavas as planned, standing side by side on a rainy, puddle-filled road. It's impossible to say who's who, so I'll do it for you. Fred is carrying a machine gun and Benny is carrying a bazooka mounted on his shoulder. Understandably, the traffic has come to a standstill. No one goes through their normal routines when guns are occasionally pointed at them. Also, even running over felons is a felony. Well it might not be, but it's too big a risk. Many drivers toot their horns. It's hard to understand their motivations, but they are doing something. As expected, everyone on the puddly pavements in the bustling, rainy town are screaming but unfortunately for the super villains, many are calling the police with their mobile phones. On both sides of the street, people pour out of the many shops to see what the fuss is about. The not so far (I guess 20 meters) ahead shop with a huge spoon on top of it catches the duo's attention. One brave shopper by its side puts his hands on his hips and stares through the crook's eyes. He screams 'Who the hell do you think you are?!' Benny looks down, defeated 'Look... All we want are your forks, knives and spoons. Then we promise to get outta here.'

Fred shouts in Benny's ear 'Don't give into their demands!!' Ben responds 'But they haven't demanded anything!' 'I can see it in their eyes! They want us to stop!' Ben nods. He then screams at everyone in front of him 'Everyone get down! I'm blowing the cutlery store to pieces!' All shoppers dive for cover as Benny takes aim. Suddenly, a member of staff in a smart blue suit jumps out of the establishment with handfuls of spoons. He then throws them towards the twosome 'Take them! Take them all!! Just take them and leave!' Fred nods 'We need more...

' A grounded shopper replies, whimpering 'Of course. We'll get you all the spoons you need!' Benny comments 'And knives and forks!' Masses of people get up and enter the shop. Soon enough they leave with more cutlery and throw it towards the couple.

Fred turns to Benny and whispers in his ear 'Pick up as many of the things as possible and leave your bazooka here. I'll guard you...' Benny strolls to the masses of items on the ground. He then says 'That's enough!' He kneels down, removes a black plastic bag from his pocket and pours as much merchandise into it as possible as he gets universal funny looks. Fred fires his machine gun straight up into the air. Everyone freezes still, shrieks in panic and covers their ears. Fred talks without emotion 'Let that be a warning for you'. After an eerie silence, an oppressed customer shouts as he rubs his head 'Damn bullet landed on me!' Fred laughs 'Awesome! Now I'm going to fire again! Who will get hit this time??' There is an horrified pause. 'Oh no. Damn gun has jammed...' Fred picks up the bazooka and fires that into the air. A distant sky explosion follows. I don't know why he did that. I don't really understand the person at all. He then drops the weapon.

Fred shouts to Benny 'Let's go! You have enough cutlery now!' Benny sprints to Fred as Fred rips a car door open that's immediately in front of him. He kicks the driver out and jumps in with Benny. Fred speeds away, leaving the chaos behind him. Now in front of the crooks is a winding country lane with trees by its sides. Nice. However, a flashing police bike is chasing them. Benny starts to sweat 'Well this has been a disaster, hasn't it? There go our dreams of becoming mysterious rebels with a cause, now we're just a couple of eccentric freaks!' Fred sighs as he focuses hard on the road 'We did what we had to do. I hate to say this, but I think it's best we dump our stuff, now.' Benny nods and opens a window. He then throws his thieved goods away, one handful at a time. The police bike consequently gets a puncture. The officer dismounts it, then throws it to the ground in frustration. Fred comments 'That was easy. I was really expecting that to be the hard part of the mission.' Benny replies 'Yeah. Those shoppers really didn't want us to do the robbing. Part of me was expecting them to laugh and call us legends.'

The two are back in the houseboat, sitting with steeped hands by a more still table. The weather has lightened up. Ben comments 'Why do you think a police helicopter didn't chase us?' Fred replies 'Either because they knew we had bazookas, or the police were plain incompetent. That's far more likely. You wouldn't believe some of the rumours going around about some cops in particular.' Benny scratches his head 'Do you think we should get more spoons?' Fred coughs 'God, no!' 'What should we do?' 'I'm thinking, I'm thinking!... I've already done the up yours signs... Hm...

Maybe we could sell our businesses, retire and spend the rest of our days on the sea, living off takeaways?' Ben's eyes light up 'Curries?' Fred winks 'Michelin starred curries...'
Ben shakes his head 'I don't know. I kinda like crime...'
'Good man.'