

One Screwy Day 25

by

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Here is a depressing, grey room. On the walls are photographs of convicts in orange clothes looking sad, whilst police officers stand in front of them doing 'whatever' signs with their hands. A scary gnome is in the corner of the room, presumably to raise the feeling of tension. 7 feet above that is a camera. In the centre is a table fixed to the floor. Smith faces Benny and both sit on chairs also fixed to the floor. The lighting is harsh. Smith screws his face up and scratches his head 'So let me get this straight: You wanted to start a movement where people throw their forks away, preferably on roads, to send a chilling message to the police?' Benny nods, calm but depressed 'Yes'. Smith shakes his head in disbelief 'Why forks?' Smith steeples his hands 'Because... forks never go on the road.'

Smith clicks his fingers 'I THINK I understand. Is it because you want to eat roads?' Smith sighs 'No, I did it because no one wants to eat roads...' 'Ok, ok, ok. Is it because you want to eat FORKS?' Benny looks stunned 'What? No! Look, I wanted to freak you out. What about that is hard to understand?' 'But why FORKS?' Faint screams are heard in the distance. It's the Sausage Roll Killer 'DON'T TELL HIM ANYTHING!!!' Benny widens his eyes 'I know that voice...' He screams back 'HEY, SAUSAGE GUY! YOU'RE A HERO!' Smith looks to the floor and tuts 'He's not a hero, he's a freak. I'll be talking to you later about how you know him.' Benny replies 'Why is he here? I'd have thought he'd be in a supermax prison...' Smith sighs 'No. He's too much of a risk. We can't have him shouting to the other prisoners and giving them orders. And he never gets tired, that's the thing. We keep him here, completely isolated in a single room. It's superdupermax security. You wouldn't even believe it how secure it is.

The SRK shouts again 'HE'S GOING TO TRY AND TRICK INFORMATION OUT OF YOU! I HEARD HIM CALLING YOU A BELLEND!' Benny goes red 'Is that true?' There is a pause. Smith coughs 'Oh come on. You started it by working with that Fred Paul moron. I bet you made plans to give the whole world the finger!' Benny nods. Then he shakes his head. He speaks with no emotion 'Nope. Not true. Anyway, I don't have to talk to you if I don't want to.' Smith rubs his forehead 'You're giving me the silent treatment?' Benny mimes zipping up his lips. Smith bangs the table 'NO!' He then readjusts his clip-on tie 'You're a very smart man, Benny. You know that. We all do. Now please explain what the forks mean to laymen like me. You legend. You king amongst men.' There is more silence. Smith looks puzzled 'I was told compliments work...' Benny gives a thumbs down.

Smith smiles 'Do you know what waterboarding is? It's very easy to do...' There is more silence. 'I bet you think it has something to do with surfing, you stupid little punk.' Again, there is silence. 'Not so. It's going to make you feel like you're drowning and it will be hilarious. For me. Certainly not for you. You stupid face. Now where's the waterboarding kit? There must be one in this station... I'll ask Mental.' Smith retrieves a mobile from his pocket.

He then makes a call 'Hello, Steve! I'm interrogating Benny Orman and he's kind of giving me the silent treatment. I was kinda thinking to myself 'Let's waterboard him. Could be funny'. So where's the kit?... Oh no, really? I can't believe it's illegal, that's ridiculous... You're going to check how things are going here, later? Ok cool, laterz...' Mental pockets the phone as Benny sighs with relief.

The latter looks thoughtful and opens his mouth, about to speak. He then closes it. Smith looks hopeful. Benny finally whispers 'So... About forks. I bet you're wondering what all the Javanese circle snacks are all about?' Smith shakes his head 'No, but please continue. You wonderful mastermind.' Benny does so 'They control the fork-styled hamster wheels...' Smith rubs his chin 'And that means?' Benny continues 'Extra tomatoes!' Smith rolls his eyes 'You're trying to confuse me, aren't you? I'm a policeman. Don't think you get one over on me. That would be like cupping the sandwich.' As quick as a flash, Benny responds 'Yes. I agree.' Smith frowns 'You do??' Smith nods 'I mean of course you do. Because you're fiving the fifty-three.' Benny gives a thumbs up 'Right. Like elephants walking on giraffes.' Smith winks 'Or rather elephants standing on geese.' Benny replies 'North Eastern bubblegum!'

Smith sighs and makes another call 'Mental... Me and Benny have tried to out-weird each other and no one has won. Quite frankly, things are going nowhere. I'd really appreciate it if you could drop by and help, now... Cheers, man. See ya.' Benny smiles 'Why are the blue goldfish hungry?' Smith growls 'God. Not this again'. Look, I've told you, you can't win. We police are trained to deal with being called muppets, jibble jabblers or whatever, and all sorts. This is more of the same and quite frankly it's getting annoying. Do you want to see how annoying??' Smith bashes his head on the table and bounces off it. He crashes onto floor. He lays still and Benny twiddles his thumbs. Finally he talks 'Smith... Are you ok?... It's going to look like I assaulted you... Smith? Leo? Leonardo? Lenard? Leopold? Leoroonio?... Oh no.' The SRK shouts again 'KILL! KILL! KILL!' Benny moans 'Oh no. NOW this is going to look bad.'

Mental opens the door. Benny was right, it doesn't look good. Mental screams 'BENNY! The Sausage Roll Killer told you to kill Smith and you've actually done it?!' The SRK shouts more 'Kills'. Mental sheds a tear 'What did you do to him?!' He pulls out a taser and aims it at Benny's face. The criminal protests 'Nothing! He hit his head against the table and knocked himself out! I swear! Look, he's still breathing!' Mental looks at an (almost) motionless Smith 'Oh yeah. Why did he do that then? Because of all the weirdness?' Benny shakes his head 'No, sir. It might have been because of the whole pickled onion herring maps.' Mental puts his hands on his hips 'I see what's going on here. Don't think you can out-gibberish me. I'm one of the most senior policemen in the entire country.' Ben laughs.

Mental laughs louder 'Say, Benny... How would you react if I were to say 'typewriters in space eat no duck beaks?' Benny rubs his hands 'Ah. A challenge! Well, I'd say 'Cars and tars of Lars exist in pickle jars!' Mental makes a fist 'No! That's too confusing!' Mental pulls himself together 'No! I meant how about this? 'Tubes of grass are in space...' No I've done space... How about this 'tubes of grass in London...' Er... Just 'tubes of grass in London are yes.' Benny claps 'Touche. Touche. Well to that, I'd say 'Golf, gold, ground AND grey on the shoe. Twice.' Mental breaks out in a sweat 'What the HELL does that...' Mental slaps himself in the face 'I can do this, I can do this...' Mental stamps his foot 'This isn't getting to me! It's not getting to me...' Mental faces the wall in front of Benny and hits his head against it. He's knocked out cold. Benny comments 'THIS will make me look bad. At very best it's going to look like I told them to jibble their jabbles. Not true, it's a completely valid and very different variant.'

Benny leaves his seat, picks up Smith's helmet and wears it. He then exits the room to see a corridor with similar pictures on the walls, which he looks at with disgust. But this time the police wear crowns and the convicts are dressed as chickens. Benny spits at the photos and rightly so in his eyes. It's cruel and unusual punishment. What he doesn't realise is he's a prick. After gazing, he turns to his right, walks to a door and opens it. His jaw drops open. In front of him in a large, red lit room is the back of a steel, 7 foot tall robot with laser cannons on each shoulder. Perhaps to look menacing, the thing has a punkish green mohawk. In its hands are a machine gun and a shotgun. All weapons are pointed at the SRK who is swinging in a metal cage that's hanging on the ceiling by a chain. The robot turns to Benny to the sound of heavy stomping and it's seen it's wearing a Slipknot mask. It talks with a cliched robot voice 'Who... are... you?' Benny rubs his eyes 'I'm Constable Smith'. The robot nods 'Awesome. You're... really... great'. Benny mumbles 'Wow, Smith really programmed a robot to say that?' The robot faces the SRK again.

The killer rattles his cage and speaks to Benny, calmly 'Hey, if you're trying to escape, just go through the other door at the end of the corridor. When you enter the room, turn to your left so the receptionist will just see the back of you and that police helmet. Don't worry, she's in the corner behind the door so you'll be fine. Calmly ask her to press the button to open the door to sweet freedom. Say you're in too much of a hurry to look at her as you need to see Epic Dave. The superhero has important information about Fred Paul. Tell her the password to leave and you should be completely fine. The password is 'Papa John's is my saviour.' Benny winks 'Thanks, man. How do you know all this?' The SRK responds 'Because I'm in ultra security, they assume I won't be able to do anything with any information, so they talk as loud as they like when they're near to me. I just ask you one thing: When you leave, find Henry The Sneaky Salmon and tell him to get me out of here - the Charltonham Prison of Doom.'

Explain about all the security updates. As far as I can tell, they do it simply for the sake of variety. They're crazy. They also move me to back and forth between two different prisons, probably in an attempt to break me. I don't understand it either. Tell him I could also be in the Death prison'.

Benny smiles 'No problem. Thanks man.' He leaves the room and shuts the door behind him. He strolls through the corridor with a spring in his step. He opens the door in front of him to reveal a reception. On his immediate right is indeed a receptionist behind a desk which he sees in the corner of eye for a split second. He turns away from her in a dash and walks towards the exit. The receptionist asks the escapee a question with a friendly tone 'Leaving in a hurry, I see?' Benny keeps walking 'Yeah. I need to speak to Epic Dave. He has vital information about Fred Paul.' 'Oh wow. Hopefully all this fork business will be over in a jiffy!' 'Right, right. Anyway, Papa John's is my saviour...' 'Of course. Let me open the door for you...' The door opens and Benny runs for his life, through the bust streets, shouting 'BYEEEE!!!!'

Back in the interrogation room, Mental and Smith are gradually regaining consciousness as they lie on the not-so-comfortable floor. They rub their heads, stand up, limp to the seats and sit down. Mental comments 'Ow!' Smith agrees 'Yes, that did hurt. Anyway, about Benny...' Mental scratches his head 'He seems to have gone...' Smith nods. Mental nods, too. There is a contemplative silence. Smith breaks it 'Never mind. You know what I like about Charltonham?' Mental is intrigued 'What?' 'The way people fight their battles with words, not violence. I think that's pretty cool. Getting a bit repetitive, but cool'. Mental disagrees 'What about the Sausage?' Smith facepalms 'Oh yeah. I guess I'm still not thinking clearly'. Smith and Mental scream together 'BENNY!' They run out of the room, turn left, sprint through the corridor and into the reception. Mental stares at the receptionist 'Where's Benny?' The receptionist starts to sweat 'You mean the guy who is in too much of a hurry to look at me? The one wearing a policeman's helmet that Smith seems to be missing? The one wearing strangely un-police clothes? Oh no...'