

A Few Screwy Minutes (OSD Part 15)

by

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Constable Smith is marching up and down a carpeted corridor. His eyes are peeled for crime and he has a taser in a holster. Just in case. Two rows of doors are by his sides. He opens the biggest one on his right, to reveal a room consisting of ten mumbling elderly people of both genders, playing poker around a large table. An old lady with green hair, a Metallica logo on her back, and an electric scooter behind her, examines her cards. A 90 year old war veteran in a military uniform, is playing ragtime music on a piano in the corner of the room. At the back of the room are a number of windows with a garden view, letting in the sunlight and showing more old people, sitting on a bench.

Smith notices the punky old lady blatantly looking at her competition's cards, but they are too out of it to notice. Basically, they look like zombies. He remembers his training - don't use excessive force and NEVER arrest people for no reason. (Or next to no reason - it's all very complicated). However, as his past policing has been far from spectacular, he has a lot to prove. He rubs his chin hard and stares blankly at the crowd. He then has flashbacks of letting gunmen rob a bank he was standing in. That CANNOT happen again.

Like many of the lawmen around here, Smith makes a fist, turns around and punches the wall, hard. He turns back and finds he gets completely ignored, but he isn't really surprised. He suddenly gets an image of the Chief of Police in his mind, laughing at him as he presents the cheater in handcuffs to him. He stares daggers at the con artist and screams 'Noooo!!! !!' A sweet old lady facing him responds with a soft, caring voice 'What is it?' Smith replies, on the brink of tears 'It's nothing. Go back to your game.'

Smith, head down, faces the door, pushes it and then suddenly stops. 'No. I can't let any kind of dishonesty go on. No matter how small.' He stomps to the green-haired woman, pulls out his taser and holds it to the back of her head. He snarls 'That's enough. No more cheating. It's wrong'. The lady turns to face Smith, cards in hand, cold as ice and ignoring the weapon 'We're not playing for money, you know? What's wrong with a little mischief?' Smith sighs 'It will only lead to worse and worse things...' The lady laughs 'You have no idea.' 'What's that supposed to mean?' 'Do you know who I am?' 'No..' 'Ok...'

The lady throws her cards in Smith's face, leaps from her chair, waddles to and picks up her scooter and drives it out of the room. She is then heard blasting through the corridor and disappearing. The war veteran's music gets more dramatic. Smith puts his hands on his face, covering his eyes. He has another flashback. This time he is eating a burger in a restaurant as screams are heard from outside. Out of the corner of his eye, he sees a man in a chilli pepper costume chasing people with a flamethrower. He continues eating. Back in the real world, he wipes a tear from his eye and mutters 'that can't happen again. It can't. It can't happen again...'

Smith stands up straight with dignity and folds his arms with authority. He asks the group a question 'Who was that lunatic?' The collective mumble amongst themselves, scratching their heads in disbelief. The sweet old lady from before comments 'I have no clue whatsoever. But I heard her bragging about hijacking toy cars, motorbikes, a plane and even a spaceship. Quite frankly, I don't think she is all there.' An old man joins in the discussion 'She said she wants to be the first person on Mars and is already working on plans...'

Smith freezes and then stutters 'The... the... hijacking g-granny...' The sweet old lady responds 'You don't believe her, do you??' 'Yes, I do. She's been on the police radar for a long time, now.' Smith looks down and sighs 'I hate to say this, but nothing can be done about her. Not yet, anyway. She's probably in another country by now. She clearly has lots of connections.' 'I had no idea...' Smith closes his eyes and mumbles to himself 'God, this is making me look bad. Worse than ever.' Eyes open, he twiddles his thumbs.

He talks to the group, strangely calm 'Say... Is anyone here doing anything illegal so I can arrest them and therefore redeem myself? If word gets out I let someone like her get away, it's not going to look good. To be fair, she's clearly very smart, even though she looks and acts like a MORON.' His question is met with an awkward silence. There are a few coughs. Smith continues 'No one on drugs, here? The escapee didn't tell you to deal any, did she?' More silence follows. Smith makes one last desperate comment as he bites his thumb 'I'm going to get fired! Is that what you want??' Again, no one knows what to say. There's one last sympathetic cough. Sad piano music plays.

Smith's eyes open wide as he spots a business card with a green-haired head on it, on the table. He points to it and asks 'What's that?' Another old man comments 'Oh, that? It's the crazy lady's business card. We all thought it was a joke'. The man picks it up with a puzzled look on his face. Smith walks to him and grabs it from him. He reads the print aloud 'Hi, there. It's the Keema Nan. If you want me to hijack anything, and I mean ANYTHING for you, give me a call and I'll see what I can do for you. I have had years of experience in crime and I love a challenge! Talk with you soon!'

Smith pockets the card and comments 'Are there any more of those?' The same old man replies, stunned. 'They're all over the place!' Smith starts to shake 'I want every last one of them destroyed. Burnt, if possible. None of you saw her. Do you understand?' Everyone murmurs in agreement. Smith continues 'Excellent. And if you do get asked about her, she was a deranged biker punk, NOT a genius escape artist. Ok?' There are more positive murmurs. 'Great stuff. Well, see you all later, I guess. It's back to patrolling for me. Thanks!' Everyone says 'Thank you!' in response. Happy music plays.

Smith leaves the room behind and notices tire marks in the corridor. He finds that if he rubs them with his shoes, they at least sort of go away. It's a very long process, but it's equally important. A door on his left opens to reveal an old man with a zimmer frame. He asks Smith 'What are you doing there, young man?' Smith sighs 'Oh, it's a long story. I wouldn't worry about it. Have a nice day.' The OAP replies 'Looks like you're destroying evidence...' 'Oh, no, no, no. Just tidying.' 'But you're a policeman...' 'Again, long story.' 'Weirdo...'