

One Screwy Day 29

by

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A 50 year old man with greying long hair and a 25 year old man in a Hawaiian shirt sit behind two microphones on a stand. On a desk in front of them, is a mouse and a huge mixer with about 20 sliders on it and loads of buttons. Behind that is a large computer screen. Finally behind that is a high up sunny view, with hills extending for miles. Behind the two is a door and a bin filled with sausage rolls. The elder DJ chatters into the mic with an energetic voice 'How about that Gary the Sneaky Sardine and the Sausage Roll Killer going on a robot killing rampage and fleeing to some unknown destination? What a couple of morons! Here as a joke, we've bought loads of sausage rolls and thrown them in the bin where he can't get to them!' The younger DJ butts in 'That'll show him! We felt we needed to do something.' The elder continues 'Exactly. I mean if we eat them, we destroy them which is what he wants, if we leave them on a table, we get tempted to eat them. Binning them seemed like the best option. If any of our audience have any better ideas, please give us a call!

A ringing sound comes from the mixer. The elder presses on a button and an old man's voice is heard 'Rather than binning them, you could worship them. The SRK would HATE that!' The former comments, coolly 'Well, that's an interesting idea, but it would make me feel somewhat foolish, so I can't see that happening.' He presses a button and continues 'Anyone else have any ideas?' Another ring is heard. The elder presses the same button, to hear a young man 'I think ALL sausage rolls should be destroyed! The SRK is a hero, and you're all...' The elder presses a button to cut the caller off 'That was disturbing. Let's hope there aren't any other wackos out there!' The younger DJ interrupts 'And how about Henry the Sneaky Salmon, Benny Orman and Sean the illegal pigeon dealer all being killed? What a crazy few days! Remember that brief period when all the evil people were behind bars and the craziest thing that happened was when someone lost his scooter and it turned out the guy was riding it? I miss those days.' The elder nods 'Right! I mean you hear of people losing small objects they're actually carrying, but scooters are in a very different league. We shouldn't laugh though, as it was very upsetting for the guy when he found out.'

The young man points in front of him and comments 'Hey, what's that chinook doing? It's getting closer and closer to us. I wonder if it's got anything to do with Gary and the Sausage. But they're long gone now, the army sure won't find them here. ..' The elder laughs 'Maybe they're coming to this station because they heard of the sausage rolls in the bin. Maybe they don't want anyone to even THINK of the foods, again! If so, we're in trouble!' The youth coughs 'Oh my God, they really ARE coming to this station!' The elder chuckles again 'Keep cool! We've done nothing wrong!' There is a stunned pause. The elder continues 'Huh... Its doors have opened and ten army soldiers with machine guns on their backs have jumped out, whilst hanging on ropes. That's weird. We haven't really done anything to bring in the army, have we?' The youth responds 'No one feels THAT strongly about food...

Unless they're mistakenly here for Evil Hawaiians, maybe...'
The elder shakes his head 'Dear God. If I hear ONE more word
about those pizzas... I'd be happy, actually.' The two's jaws
drop open. They point to the chopper and shout 'Keema Nan!'

The elder rubs his eyes and continues 'Oh. My. Word. Keema Nan
is hanging from a chinook by a rope and she's getting closer
and closer to this very station. I know Charltonham is very
strongly associated with crazy people, but I never thought I'd
ever see something like THIS...' The youngster continues
'Well, it seems that the helicopter and its crew are flying
over this building, now. I'm sure it was just some practical
joke with an old dude in a wig, as most people believe Keema
Nan is living in a mansion in Russia that's guarded by fire
breathing dragons and snakes.' The elder nods 'That may sound
nuts to some people, particularly to those who are new to this
town, but when you've lived here for a while, you really do
become a lot more open minded.' The youngster replies 'Right.
I actually believe in hobbits, now. I know that may sound
silly.' The elder shakes his head 'Nope. Not silly at all.
Orcs and fairies are highly plausible, too and one day I hope
to meet Santa!'

Rapid gunshots are heard up above along with screams. The
elder twiddles his thumbs 'Errr... Uh-oh.' The younger DJ goes
white and comments 'Sounds like the staff sunbathing on the
roof have been terrorised. Sounds like we're about to be
sieged by a small army and a mad old woman.' The elder sighs
'What's she want THIS time?' The youngster shrugs his
shoulders 'There's no vehicles to hijack, here. We need to go
tell her.' The elder nods then speaks into the mic 'Sorry,
listeners. Something very strange is happening. Hopefully this
is all just a massive misunderstanding.' An old lady is
faintly heard shouting 'This is Keema Nan! Let me run my own
radio show and no one gets hurt! Understand??' The youngster
speaks into the mic 'That's it. I'm moving out of this town,
ASAP. I simply can't stand this kind of crap anymore. It just
goes on and on and on.' The elder nods 'I hear you, man. And
the police are COMPLETELY incompetent. We all know they're
hiring robots to do their work because they're clueless and
lazy.'

The granny screams again, this time closer and at the same
level of the building 'Oh, God! This is it! This is my chance
to speak to the world!' The elder DJ looks down, defeated 'No.
She's not coming here to DJ with us. That can't happen.' The
youngster replies 'God knows what she wants to say. She
probably wants to boast about all the things she's knitted.'
The elder hits the mixing desk with his fist 'If she wants us
to help her do a puzzle I'll scream!' The youngster comforts
his friend 'We'll get through this.'

' He tries to present his show with professionalism 'Anyway! What a lovely day it is today, right? If anyone has any stories about what they'll be doing later in this glorious weather, please give us a call!' The granny screams closer, still 'The world needs to know about my new range of scarves I'm working on! They'll make me rich! Richer than ever, and they're SO warm, too! Is that it? Is that the door to the broadcasting room, right there?' The two DJs bite their thumbs. The older one sighs 'Oh no'.

A man knocks on the door, politely 'Hello? A group of terrorists, here.' The younger DJ comments 'Ah, they're TERRORISTS, not soldiers. Duh. It would be an even weirder world if people defending the country worked with eccentric old ladies'. The terrorist continues 'Do you mind if Keema Nan does a bit of presenting on your show?' The elder shrugs his shoulders 'Come in...' Ten armed men do so. Finally the Keema Nan waddles in and crosses her arms 'Hey, there. Boy do I have a lot to say.' The elder DJ replies 'Can you try to keep it light, please?' The granny sighs 'Well... I really wanted to give a taster of the gangster rap stuff I've been working on.. . What d'you think of this?' She bops her head up and down clicks her fingers at 120 bpm 'This is the Keema Nan, this ain't your average gran. I'll beat you with a walking stick, you little...'

The elder DJ butts in 'That's great, really. Really great. A bit offensive, yet outstanding at the same time. But can you maybe rap about being nice?' The granny rubs her chin 'Ummm... No. Do you mind if I talk about my conspiracy theories? For example, Evil Hawaiians are being filled with bits of the sun, to control people and turn them into killer monsters!' The younger DJ nods 'Please do.' Keema Nan laughs. 'No only joking. My mind is in tiptop condition. Of course it is, otherwise I wouldn't have been able to hijack the most well protected vehicles in the whole world!' The elder DJ claps his hands, slowly 'Well done. You're a thug'. The Keema Nan shakes her head 'Come on. What kind of a thug goes into space? I'm a badass super gran.' The elder DJ rolls his eyes 'Whatever. Go on then. Talk about your scarves. The world really cares.' As she walks to a mic and the two more professional DJs back their chairs away, she comments coolly 'I don't approve of wasted food, by the way. If you hate sausage rolls so much, give them to those less fortunate. Oh wait... No one's less fortunate than you hippies.'

The granny speaks into the microphone with larger than life confidence 'Hello, world! I bet you're glad those two twats are gone! Now it's time to talk about scarves!' The elder DJ coughs 'Errrrr... Do you mind if I go to the toilet?' The granny sighs 'I couldn't give a toss, you muppet!' The DJ gives a thumbs up and leaves the room. He is now in a long hallway with a number of doors and signed pictures of stars on each side. From the room he was just in, he hears the granny insult him further times. He has to get away from her. He walks to the end of the area and opens a door.

The room he is in now is not the toilet, but he doesn't care. It's actually a space filled with microphones, leads, unplugged mixing desks, and all sorts of equipment. The place is messy, quite frankly.

The abused DJ retrieves a mobile from his pocket and makes a call 'Police, please. Charltonham Radio Station, AKA Happy Radio has been ambushed by ten terrorists and one deranged granny!... Yes, I'll hold... You'll explain everything? Thanks... .. Hello, police? Oh you've been listening to her in the station... No, this is NOT funny, this is serious. How about sending some of those robots to storm the building?.. They have been retired for now because they keep demanding pizzas and won't work until they get some?... I know that robots can't eat damn pizzas!... Plus they're depressed about how easy it is for people to kill them?... Look, these guys have machine guns! You HAVE to help!... You can't bring in the army because they're all searching for the Sardine and Sausage guys?... You're not really suggesting I go back with those nutters and try to keep things light??... How the HELL am I supposed to just get used to them?' In disbelief the DJ hangs up and puts his phone back in his pocket. With his head down, he makes his way back to the broadcasting room.

The returning co-presenter stands by his friend, perhaps to make him feel more secure. The still on foot granny turns to the other stander and snarls 'You missed my theories on what makes a truly great cardigan. I hope you realise you will never know true comfort.' The armed men cross their arms and tut. The older DJ shrugs his shoulder, clearly annoyed. The younger one sheds a tear 'I'm scared...' The granny turns back to the mic 'Next on Radio Keema is my stand up routine I've been working on. Here goes, I hope you like it...' She rubs her hands and continues 'Hey there Charltonham, how you all feelin'? You're a great looking audience, not that I can see you. Not even if we were in person, I'm blind. That's an old granny joke!' The DJs laugh nervously and give unconvincing thumbs up. The granny's eyes light up and she continues 'Only joking, my vision is perfect. Of course it is, otherwise I wouldn't be able to hijack so many vehicles with such skill! Here comes another joke: What's an OAP's favourite music? Hip op. I HAVE had a hip operation, though.' The soldiers all laugh. The granny shakes her fists with joy.

She carries on 'What do you call an old woman who's good with her fists? A hand bag... Do you like that one? As in 'old bag'... Get it? I don't know what's funny about comparing someone to a container, but it makes me smile.' The soldiers chuckle. The younger DJ pulls on his hair 'You're loving this, aren't you?' The granny ignores him 'Why do old and wrinkly people make productive journalists? Because they have so many headlines...' The soldiers roar with laughter. The granny continues 'Now for some observational humour... What's with all the pizza? Pizza this, pizza that.'

You go to a church: Pizza; you get arrested, the cops talk about pizza; you suffer a heart attack, the doctors talk about treating you with pizza...' The soldiers slap their legs 'So true! So true! We can't get enough of them, though!' The granny points at the younger DJ 'Here's some more observation humour - this radio station sucks. The only reason it's called 'Happy Radio' is because the staff are deluded and think they aren't twats.'

The elder DJ's mobile phone rings 'Ah, that will be Charltonham Pizzas checking my order or something. I ordered everyone a takeaway when I was in the toilet. Do you mind if I leave this place and talk in peace?' The granny ignores him 'Let's see what else I can observe...' The DJ exits the room. Back in the hallway, he marches to the I guess storage room (?). He enters it and it's still messy. He talks into his phone 'Hi, there... What's wrong, you sound troubled... It's believed that mad old woman is getting this radio station's biggest audience of all time and it's feared she could be a dangerous influencer?... Oh thank God! She's really a priority now, so you've dispatched the army to stop her a short while ago?? Thank you!... Is that why you're calling? Just to give me the good news?... You want me to contain her in this building and to try and keep my cool? No problem. Bye!' He hangs up, strolls back to the broadcasting room and stands by a terrorist, looking understandably uncomfortable.

This time the granny seems to be giving her life story '... and that was the time I broke into a tractor. However, that was the easy part. Getting away was tricky as it only went about 5 mph at full speed. However, even though I got loads and loads of funny looks from everyone as I was riding along the roads, I kept my head together and got away with my crime spree. That was particularly impressive, as I was driving laid back and with my feet on the wheels.' The younger DJ interrupts 'Oh come on. How did you work the accelerator pedal, then?' The granny sighs 'Let me finish!... I worked the accelerator pedal with my walking stick, of course. Anyway, when the farmer eventually chased and caught up to me, he demanded I stop and give him his dirt bikes that I crashed back, but I told him he was dreaming, and you know what? He believed me.'

The younger DJ massages his temples and shrieks 'You're just a common crook! You know you are! Come on!' The granny holds her head up high 'Hardly. I'm the Keema Nan. Big difference... I'm da, I'm da...' The granny starts beatboxing 'I'm de Keema Nan. .. badum tshh dum dum... I'm da Keema Nan... Tshh tshh badum tshh... I'm a super gran... bum tish bum tish... Yes, the Keema Nan...' The two DJs put their fingers in their ears. The older one closes his eyes and prays 'Please God. Give me the strength to get through this...' The younger one points in front of him and at an approaching helicopter.

A terrorist shouts 'It's the police! We have to get out of here, now!' Keema Nan has one last thing to say 'Keema Nan! Remember the name! Next time things are going to get even bigger! That's all I have to say, bye! A terrorist opens the door for the granny and she runs out of it at a surprising speed. The bad men follow her. The last one slams the door behind him.

The elder DJ strolls to the mic and sits down 'As we were explaining earlier, Charltonham is a hellhole. I'm absolutely SICK of this place. When I get the opportunity, I'm leaving this town for good.' The younger DJ agrees 'Yes. At least the police got here quickly, though. That makes a change. Remember when someone fired a missile into a factory and all the police did was look at the fire and tut? When it was pointed out that it was a pizza making factory, they burst out crying. The fire crew refused to put out the blaze because the burning ingredients smelt too good. They just hung around the area for a few hours...' The elder man face palms 'All this talk of pizza... Want to get an E.H.?' The youngster rubs his hands 'Of course! Hey... Look... The chinook with those nut jobs in it is leaving the area. The police helicopter is just hovering and watching it... I guess the police aren't as clever as I just thought...' The elder DJ continues 'Sounds about right... Ok, it's just turned 12 PM, so that means... the news! According to my computer, the Keema Nan's rap album is expected to be a massive hit. Awesome. Amazing. Actually, it's not amazing. In fact... (Story ended because of countless expletives).