

One Screwy Day 28

by

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With grey skies above him and in that flippin' pink dress, the SRK is running for his life in the middle of a puddly country road. Countless trees are by his sides. Making him look more macho, in his mind at least, he has a bazooka poorly mounted on his left shoulder. (I like the left, too. I don't approve of his behaviour, though. In contrast, I'm proof some 'un-normal' people can be high functioning, I just screw up more than usual). It kind of goes up and down with every step, and if I was in his shoes (which would be super out of character, even if I had a cup of coffee - stupid caffeine) I would be worried about accidentally firing the thing. As he pants, he jabbers to himself 'God damn that Gary the Sneaky Sardine is a freak! Hopefully he hasn't noticed I've run away from him. With any luck he just thinks I have a very severe case of constipation and I'm still in his bog. Constipation that was so bad, a bazooka was needed by my side to scare me and make it easier to poo. Yeah! That makes sense! And where the HELL are the good cars? I'm not going to drive around in one of those dumb vans again.'

Approaching the SRK is a swish Sheeporghini. (I thought that name was my idea, but Google disagrees. Damn. Still keeping it though). His eyes light up as he aims his weapon at it, as cold as ice. In an attempt at looking even more menacing, he gives a huge smile, too. However, because of his now cheerful mood, he simply looks happy. BUT, the bazooka alone is of huge concern to the driver so he comes to a dramatic stop, leaves the car and runs for HIS life this time, in the opposite direction. The SRK jumps in the vehicle, still with a weaponised shoulder and rubs his hands as best he can, trying not to pull the trigger. Despite the tense situation, he laughs 'Leather seats! Wow, the speedo goes up to over 200 mph, too. A challenge is a challenge.' The killer looks to his left and notices a mobile on the seat 'Well that will come in handy. Wow, it's a super phone made of gold. Throwing this evidence away sure will be painful. Hm. Oh, I'll find a way of keeping it. Maybe if I keep it in my socks people will be reluctant to trace it.' (Oh no, he's gone more mental). He continues 'I'm clearly not thinking properly. The stress is getting to me.' (Oh, maybe not). 'Let's just get outta here. And away from that freak.' (Oh, he's really thinking clearly, now).

Still in a ready to fire position, the killer operates the gear stick awkwardly with his right hand, turns the car around then puts the pedal to the metal. He is forced backwards in an instant. The trees soon become a blur and lots of winding roads have to be carefully judged. Glimpses of cars approaching then whizzing by the nutter may or may not be giving him the finger. It's far too dangerous to pay attention to that kind of stuff, despite his notoriously vigilant and vengeful nature. 'Jeez, this really is faster than a van. It may make me look cool (no it doesn't, cool people don't act and dress like he does - imagine the Fonz doing so, the ratings of Happy Days would plummet), but I'm going to have to put my shooter on the seat'.

Still blitzing along, he does so, then he picks up the phone, again, with one hand on the wheel. After placing it on his lap, he taps a few of the buttons, frequently switching his gaze from road to car interior. Well they're not REALLY buttons, but I don't know what to call them. Imaginary buttons? Tap buttons? Never mind. He comments 'What kind of news am I reading on this stupid device?? Even though the police station was destroyed, no police were harmed?? I'll see to that!' The madman sighs 'Oh, but all the robot security... I won't stand a chance... To stop me drawing attention to myself, really my blower-upper should be on the floor. That'll do.' He really does push the thing to the floor. Nutjob. It doesn't go off, though.

The Sausage navigates more tree-heavy winding roads, this time with extra confidence. The tires often screech. He then faces an extensive straight lane. At the end of it, an 8 foot tall, humanoid, marching robot with lasers on its shoulders and with gatling guns for hands gets rapidly closer. Beyond that thing is another blind corner. The murderer's eyes widen 'ROBOT!' He breaks so hard the tires start to smoke, obscuring his view and making him cough. He stops in seconds and the smoke clears. The droid is now meters ahead and is blocking the killer's path. The former talks coldly and mechanically 'Lady, or Sausage Roll Killer, whatever you like to be called, this is a scout bot. You've gone to far. Reinforcements are already on their way. There's nothing you can do. To calm you down, how about a funny story? Or maybe you'd like a heartwarming one about a sweet old man who finds companionship in an abandoned beagle?' The SRK screams 'NO!' He then unwinds his window and screams again, just in case 'NO!! If anything I want a crime thriller!' The droid looks down and shakes its head 'No. Crime thrillers will make you too excitable and angry. You're already a bad, bad man. And no one likes you.'

The SRK opens the door and growls 'I'll show you a bad man!' He picks up his gun and leaves the car. The robot looks back up and backs away slowly 'Don't do anything foolish. Look, I'm a new bot and am just looking for some experience. I don't want any trouble.' The SRK laughs 'This will warm your heart!' He fires his tank killer and the droid bursts into flames. It screeches 'Backup now! A rocket has been fired! Please be aware of cheesy puns! I don't even have a heart, I'm a robot. He's an idiot. 'This will warm your heart!' Dear God. What a tool!' The SRK snarls 'You better be glad I'm out of ammo!' The droid ignores him 'No! Please kill me now!' The killer responds 'I'm warning you!' Two sets of heavy thuds are heard getting closer from around the turn. A similar mechanical voice is heard, too. 'Our enemy is approaching. Watch out though, he's a complete moron'. Another distant mechanical voice replies 'Oh God, I hate people who make puns after firing weapons. Even when James Bond does it he's kind of annoying. But when someone in a pink dress does it, it's just bananas'. 'Right, exactly!' The SRK screams 'Do you think I like these clothes???' Screw you!'

He dumps his weapon, jumps back in 'his' car, turns around and drives away, just as fast as before through those bendy roads. He then talks to himself 'Well. Turns out the security was worse than I thought. A bit dumb, but certainly dangerous, though. I really was just expecting to do a casual drive by. Boy do I feel foolish.' The man coughs 'I seriously do need help from that Gary the Sneaky Sardine. Calling him sure will be awkward, but I have no choice. Oh God.' He slows the car to a more sensible speed, picks up the mobile and makes a call with one hand on the wheel, again 'Hi there, Gary! This is SO embarrassing! You know when I kinda escaped your house with your bazooka? I thought I heard the cops outside, so I thought I'd shoot them. Then I thought they were running away from me, so I chased them. I know you'd do the same! I'll talk about it over your's!' The SRK twitches 'Why don't you believe me?... You only didn't hear them because my hearing's much better than yours. Is my hearing still damaged after the police station blast? Yes, thanks for being so concerned. Oh. I see what you did there. You tricked me. Well done.'

The SRK coughs 'Anyway, I did blew a robot up for you. It wasn't hard, it basically said 'don't shoot' and I shot him. Still though, it was heavily armed. There's plenty more where that came from, too. On another note, you're not annoyed with me are you? You're not going to, like, make me go on a suicide mission when I see you? It's just that's what you tried to do last time we met, even though I bought you some fish. Would you like some more fish? How about a Sheeporghini? I can drive it to you right now, it's really fast, you'll love it. It's not on fire this time, haha!' There is an awkward pause 'Haha? No? Ok...' A few minutes of attempts at lightheartedness go by. Soon enough the SRK reaches Gary's hideout. He parks the supercar, walks on the gravel path and rings the doorbell. A frowning Gary opens the entrance 'Hello, my Sausage. Is there anything else you'd like to steal from me or my deceased brother? We're quite well off. Maybe you'd like to have my mansion for you to set fire to? And where is my bazooka you took from me?' The SRK looks down 'I threw it on the road'. 'You threw it on the road? And you've come here because you want my HELP? Not because you want to be punished by me?' The SRK looks up again 'Ahem. Anyway, what have you been doing to pass the time? I bet it was great!' The SRK smiles. Gary smiles, too 'YouCubing! There's this amazing video where people throw darts at a picture of you. Only it's not you, it's a massive rat. You should see it.'

The SRK looks annoyed. He then rubs his chin in thought 'Anyway, the thing is, we're being hunted down by robots right now. I didn't tell you at first because you'd be angry. But you're happy now, right? I've cheered you up?' Gary smiles 'I guess it's funny the way you're wearing a girl's dress. I bet you get that ALL the time. Especially from me.' The SRK nods and Gary continues 'I'm not going to make you a new sausage roll costume, you do know that, don't you? Not only can I not be bothered, I don't even like you. And of course I have to think of my reputation.'

You do realise how foolish it would make me look if I did what you asked of me?' The SRK nods, defeated. Gary continues again 'We need a new hideout and clearly we need to leave right now. Come with me through to the living room so we can stock up on guns and ammo.' Gary leads the way through the hallway and into the room discussed. As always bazookas hang on the walls. The dead budgie is still in the hanging cage and is starting to smell. The SRK comments 'Do you think maybe you should throw that thing away?' Gary looks offended 'No! It must be buried. After a proper funeral. It will take some organising.'

The SRK nods with respect 'Ok. So where do you keep the rockets?' Gary strolls to the deceased animal as the SRK mindlessly follows him. Under it, Gary opens a hidden, square, meter wide door on the floor. Slowly rising out of it are a number of shelves carrying projectiles. Soon they push the cage away and reach the ceiling. The SRK puts his hands on his hips 'Wow. Pretty cool. But why did Henry hide the ammo and not the guns?' Gary sighs 'He was an eccentric. He loved to confuse people, including the builders that made this fine home. That's why he sent toy ducks to MPs in the mail; cut off his hair and tried to sell it on Bbay; and took pictures of his feet and handed them out to people who were running for charity. Confusing people was an obsession for him. He was a true master at it. Don't you ever think you can compete with him, because you can't. Even if you are a complete weirdo.'

Knocking is heard on the front door of the home. Another mechanical voice is heard, too 'Give yourselves up. You can't escape. There is nowhere to go.' Cool as a cucumber, Gary unhooks a bazooka from the wall, takes a rocket from a shelf and loads his weapon. He leaves the room, enters the hallway and opens the door. This robot is on four wheels, is 6 foot tall and has those trademark laser cannons on its shoulders. Kind of think Johnny 5, but without those tank track things. (Sheeporghini may not be an innovation, but the robot was technically speaking). It speaks again, but more cautiously 'Now... let's not be foolish. We both have our whole lives ahead of us.' Always focused on the bot, Gary tiptoes away as it continues talking 'Prison's not so bad, you know. Fish is served all the time. How do... sardines sound to you? Eh?' Gary is now at the back of the passageway. He aims and fires at the robot and it explodes. Duh. Gary comments with raised eyebrows. 'Wow. Clearly the police robots ARE as dumb as the police...'

The SRK enters the hallway too, and talks to his associate 'They're SO easy to kill, aren't they?' Gary replies 'Let's just fill that car of yours with guns and ammo and drive it to my house. There, we can get a ride that's not actually being actively searched for. After that, we have to drive to the other side of the country if we want any chance of staying free.' The SRK coughs 'I don't mean to annoy you, but I think that robot found us because the mobile I stole and brought with me was traced. I'm assuming my carjacking victim found someone to call Mental for him.'

It seems him and his mental cops are faster than I assumed. I wanted to throw it away, but it was gold.' Gary sighs 'You damn idiot, Sausage. If you annoy me on the journey, I'm going to have to do our little mission alone. Because I'll kill you.'

' Gary casually picks his mobile from his pocket as the SRK stares at it 'Ha! You have a mobile too! What about the police tracing you??' Gary is annoyed 'It's a special phone. For criminals, basically. Is that surprising to you?' Gary presses some 'buttons' and comments 'Wow. According to the news, the police are super mad at us! Holy moly!' The SRK is intrigued 'What are they saying?' Gary grins 'Let me quote them: There's 'Gary and his sausage friend are scumbags'. There's 'They're cold blooded robot killers who don't care about robot feelings'. They're saying all sorts, really.' Gary pockets his phone and continues 'We're going to need to stock up on food, too. Do you like sardines as much as me?' The SRK rolls his eyes 'No...'

Gary gives a thumbs up 'Good.'