

One Screwy Day 3

by

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Captain Mental and Constable Morgan are strolling through a picnic area on a sunny day. Fittingly, a handful of families are having a picnic, whilst others are laying face down on an insect covered bed of grass. Their choice. Mental may be a well known OAP copper, but his red military uniform gets the same funny looks as always. The lawman looks slightly hurt, but he chins up and starts a conversation with the cloud-gazing, young officer: 'Enjoying the scenery, Morgan?' Morgan faces his friend and replies: 'I know you're my superior, but I think you're out of your mind'. 'Is this about Epic Dave, again?' 'You know it is.' 'Look, he said he was really sorry, I don't know what the problem is'. 'The problem is you've let a hardened drug dealing, tramp racing, arsonist felon free. Again'. 'Oh come on, you know the good he's done for us. He stopped a bank robbery.' 'This is about the cake, isn't it?' 'What do you mean?' 'You hated him for ages, then he made you a cake. You said it was the best cake you've ever eaten, you said it was like Heaven. The you let him go.' 'Rubbish'.

Mental looks around the field for somewhere private to continue conversing. He spots a pillbox covered in weeds. He talks, quietly: 'Hey see that old abandoned fort, over there?' 'Yes?' 'Let's enter it and talk in private.' Looking shifty, Morgan peeks around then nods his head. After a brief walk, the two get inside. It is dark and grey all around, but rays of light shine through the gun holes. Mental whispers: 'Remember the Sausage Roll Killer, who went on that rampage?' 'How could I forget?' 'Well, he has a cousin who is equally deranged'. 'No...' 'I'm afraid so. He calls himself the Anti-Caking Agent'. 'Why?' 'Because he sees himself as an assassin who kills people who makes cakes.' '...Why?' 'You see, he's read a lot of ingredients lists on all kinds of products and noticed the phrase 'anti-caking agent' on many of them. He believes the additives are in fact James Bond style killers. If the ingredients can murder, why can't he?' 'Eh?' 'Basically he kills just because he thinks he can.' 'Jesus'. 'Right. We need to speak to the SRK to get a deeper insight into the lunatic's mind, ASAP...' 'ASAP?' 'Yes, I read a diary from the cake adversary that he sent to the station. He's made many threats to murder in it and it's not just chefs who are in trouble. He kind of hates everyone, in fact... He probably sees this situation as a game, and he's playing us.'

A few minutes pass. Mental and Morgan enter a pitch black room, with lasers in repeating grid patterns extending ten meters in front of them. A large black void is in the middle of the place. Mental flicks a switch of two by his side, to turn the alarm system off. Now not seeing a thing, he flicks the other switch to activate the lights. In the centre of the bare, soul-destroying room, the two policemen see an iron cage hanging from the ceiling by a rusty chain. In the container is the Sausage Roll Killer. He is tall, thin and clean-shaven and has a facial expression that can only be described as haunted and strange.

He rattles his enclosure like a wild animal and screams: 'MENTALL!!!!!!' Mental looks right into the criminal's eyes, cold as steel and replies: 'Sausage, you piece of poo. We need your help. If you assist with our enquiries, we will make it worth your while'. The SRK puts his arms by his side then slowly raises them. Mental cries 'YOU BASTARD!!' The killer replies with no emotion: 'You remember that guy exploding, then?'

Mental turns to Morgan and mumbles, defeated: 'I don't think I can do this anymore. Ever since that day, I've been having flashbacks and nightmares. What's the point of even trying? Crooks will always find a way to screw us over.' Morgan puts his hand on his friend's shoulder and reassures him: 'Come on, you CAN do this. I need you. We all do. Sure, some guy detonated right in your face and that will scar you forever, but what is it you always tell me? Be strong, right? You can't let that cake hating freak start killing people! We've been through all this before!' Mental sighs and finds the strength to reply: 'You're a very wise man for your age, Morgan. What is it Epic Dave would call me? A pussy?' Morgan laughs the comment off: 'Who cares what that nutjob thinks? He calls everyone a pussy. Firefighters, the SAS and daredevils have all received that very same abuse.' 'He makes a good cake, though...' 'What?' 'Sorry, I mean you're right. Let's get the anti food scum!' 'Good man!'

A load of gob lands on Mental's shoulder. The SRK throws his hands in the air and celebrates: 'Got you! I was saving all that up for ages!' Mental rages: 'You piece of turd! I will not rest until every sick member of your family is arrested! The ACA; then the petty cutlery thief who dresses up as a spoon; then the cannabis dealer who dresses up as a huge leaf; they're all screwed!' The SRK simply laughs. And loud. He guffaws, even. Mental's mobile rings in his pocket and he answers it: 'Epic Dave? Is that you?... You've just trespassed in someone's garden and vandalised their shed?... Never mind that, we need you to catch the latest killer on the block. Will you help us?... You will?... What do you want to do first?' From the phone, a faint 'GET THE F**K OFF MY PROPERTY!' and a crash is heard. Mental continues: 'Hello? You got his window?... Look, just meet me on the seesaw at the local park. .. Why? Because it will make you look like a complete weirdo. Bye!' Mental hangs up and the SRK spits at him again. His knee jerk reaction is to say 'f**k you, sausage!' Fortunately, the psychopath faints and collapses. Morgan points out: 'Mercury poisoning. Lol. But I don't think we'll ever get any info from him, unconscious or otherwise...'

It is still sunny and Mental, Morgan and Epic Dave are standing in an empty children's recreational area, featuring swings, those big spinny things, a small obstacle course and a seesaw. Mental is a little tired of speaking to the rogue superhero, so Morgan breaks the awkward silence: 'Look, we'll only let you off your recent crimes if you sit on the seesaw. What's the big deal?' ED says 'God dammit' and obliges.

He makes the best of his situation by bouncing up and down on his own. Mental's phone rings again, he picks it up and speaks into it: 'Hel... Sir... Bu... Have you finished swearing at me?... Ok, well I released Dave because he baked me, no I mean, he apologised from the bottom of his heart. And he meant it. And I mean REALLY. I saw him shed a tear... .. Oh, you're swearing at me again... Look trust me, we need him to catch the cake man, bye!' The Captain pockets his phone. Morgan is wide-eyed and shocked: 'Wow, you really cut the Chief of Police off?' Mental shakes a little: 'Yeah...'

Mixed gender screaming and gunfire is heard in the distance, along with the sound of shattering glass and thuds. ED comments: 'Those thumping sounds... If my super hearing doesn't deceive me, they sound like cakes being hit...' Morgan gasps: 'The Anti-Caking Agent!' ED agrees: 'It has to be...' Mental joins in the sinister conversation: 'Do you think chefs will be targeted?' More screams are heard along with a faint 'oh no, my food!' and ED simply responds 'yes'. Mental's mobile rings and the man answers it yet again: 'Yes, I fully understand that if I cut you off once more, you will cut my face off... I agree we need Epic Dave, AKA 'the one man army' as well, I'm glad you've come to your senses now you believe what the ACA is capable of... I also fully understand that if David commits even the smallest misdemeanour he's going to jail for good. Yes, I know this whole arresting/releasing him thing is getting completely ridiculous... Ok, bye.'

ED grabs a bag with powder in it from his pocket. Morgan nervously asks: 'What's that?' Mental butts in: 'Oh God, no. If the Chief finds about this you're done. So am I! Im serious! Please!' Dave snorts the drugs. Mental is in disbelief: 'This can't be happening! This CAN'T be happening!!' Dave tries to reassure the policeman: 'Relax, it just helps me focus more. Just let me get my syringe from my other pocket, to make me chill'. Mental is only getting more desperate: 'NO! Can you see the headlines? 'Speedballing Superhero off his face, leaves Earth's orbit!' How'd you like that??' Dave reaches into his pouch and retrieves a very small pistol. He scratches his head and mumbles: 'Whoops. How did that get there?...' Morgan starts to lose his mind, too: 'Why the flip have you got a gun??' ED casually shoots a pigeon of three flying overhead then replies: 'Just for fun'. The bird lands on Morgan's head and he violently shakes it off. ED is impressed: 'Bingo!' Morgan is outraged: 'Give me one good reason why I shouldn't lock you up, right now!' The superhero is irritated: 'Calm down, I'll catch Mr. Cake and laser him with my eyes.'

Epic Dave sprints away, raises a fist to the air and takes off. Soon the quiet parkland disappears. Urban zones turn from moderately populated areas with many residents fleeing the average sized buildings, to packed and running wild/horn-beeping areas with taller blocks of flats, multilayered car parks and businesses. It seems the man has taken too many narcotics and has flown with too much zeal.

He turns back to the less crowded region as he just realised in the corner of his eye, he may have spotted a man dressed as a cake on a house roof. He was correct. With his sniper rifle, the standing, focused and brazen ACA takes shots into the local bakery a few meters away. As suspected, many buns, donuts, sponges, etc., have been decimated. ED hovers high above the crazy man and decides to land on a roof a short distance behind him so he can call the police for backup. He explains he is feeling anxious and jittery for no reason whatsoever, and worries he won't be able to zap properly. After giving his position, the poor saviour has a laughing fit and consequently his shooting skills are even more compromised.

Things are only getting worse. The hero's hysterical howling is reaching dangerous levels. In desperation, he covers his mouth in attempt to muffle the sound but it's not working. Thank God the ACA is still too self-absorbed and distracted by loud pops to notice him. Dave starts panting more and more and then presses his hand tightly on his chest whilst making pained, screwed up facial expressions. He's having a heart attack. He limps like a wounded animal then falls over, still with his hands fixed on his heart. He closes his eyes in peace and is now in another world. He is sitting on the bed, in the bedroom he grew up in. It is very messy, but his huge, epic and old CD collection is laid out with obvious care and love. Standing in front of him is his mentor, Epic Monty. He is in the exact same clothes as Dave, just with 'EM' written on them. He is an old man with long, greying hair.

Dave is in disbelief: 'Monty! I haven't seen you in years! Not since you got tasered to death by a group of angry policemen!' His hero replies: 'It's nice to meet you, too.' 'Why am I here?' 'I've taken you to where you were happiest'. 'Why?' 'You need to be relaxed. You're dying.' 'Oh right... Jesus'. 'You need to visualise yourself getting better. Can you do that for me?' 'No probs'. ED's bedroom starts to fade into a cloudy white and swirling blur. The real world then gradually starts to get clearer as the man opens his eyes. He stands up and wipes a tear. He mutters to himself: 'That was easy. And good to see you, old friend.' He lifts his arm once more and jumps off the roof. However, he is far weaker than he realises. Rather than flying, he simply plummets to the concrete pavement. Many pedestrians gasp in shock and rush to his aid, whilst looking over their shoulders to the shooter. Unsurprisingly, they have no idea what to do with such a serious incident. Soon enough, Dave is back in his bedroom with a now annoyed Monty. He gives him the same advice.

The ACA looks towards the new commotion to see what it's all about. What in the world could be more dramatic than someone gunning like mad? Epic Dave, that's what. The so called 'agent' mumbles 'it's Christmas' to himself and shoots his nemesis multiple times. The bullets ricochet off him and smash windows and chip bricks.

However, whilst not life-threatening, the projectiles still hurt like hell; like when you go paintballing. Thank God sirens in the distance are heard getting louder. The ACA kneels down and gets ready for a Charltonham style SWAT team battle. The ambulance and the police vans park next to the injured wonderman. A couple of female nurses in their 30s attends to the complex, rather alien medical needs, whilst the small group of cops fire machine guns at the man in a desert costume. However, like with Dave the bullets don't penetrate. The clothes are way too thick. Consequently, the SRK's relative believes himself to be invincible and jumps off the building 'to safety.' He dies soon after, before saying his last words: 'But I've only shot cakessss, I've done nothing wrong... Oh yeah, and I shot Epic Da...'

Back in ED's bedroom, Monty is comforting his old student: 'You're doing great, David. Your foe is no more. He fell to his death and then said something completely demented, it was great. I know you're in pain, but people are looking after you now. They've certainly never seen a case like yours before, but they know what they're doing. The police are fine, too. They're getting hot crossed buns to celebrate.' The ex-pupil asks: 'Do you want me to visualise getting better again?' 'That's a solid idea. You might want to try even harder this time, though. Oh and by the way, try not to commit any more crimes. Not even the most over the top and outstanding gift in the world will save you, even if you simply go five miles an hour over the speed limit.' 'Are you just talking about driving? I can still fly fast, right?' 'Yeah, you can still fly fast.' 'What's the difference?' 'You're the only man in the world who can do what you do. Can you imagine someone making a law that only applies to one person? You're rather freakish, basically.' Monty pats David's shoulder and continues: 'Anyway, got to go'. ED gradually regains consciousness and sees medics munching on bakewell tarts attending to his wounds.

A nurse pinches Dave's cheek and comments: 'You're going to be right as rain.' The casualty responds, weakly: 'Thanks for helping me. I don't feel so good'. 'I bet you don't. You've been shot multiple times all over your body. You look fine, though.' Dave turns to a policeman and asks: 'Can I speak to Captain Mental please?' The officer dials a number and puts his mobile to ED's ear. The latter has one burning question: 'Hi Mental. Just to be clear... I'm not going to jail again, right? I'm going straight this time. I swear... Oh thank you so much. And I didn't really mean it when I called you a pussy. Sometimes it just feels right to say that to people, it rolls off the tongue. But you're SO not a pussy... I'm glad you feel that way... Oh you have another case to attend to already?... Yes I know of the elusive joyriding granny who stole and crashed a B-52 bomber... She's hijacked a space ship this time?... Oh my God...'