

One Screwy Day 7

by

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For better or worse, it's a cloudless day (nothing wrong with clouds, I actually prefer the rain, isn't that crazy?) in a grey, asphalt carpark. Birds sing and sweating-armpit visitors ramble. It's not exactly clever, but the sign 'museum carpark' on a tall sign is very easy to understand, so it does fulfil its goal. The wooden door of a not so faraway, large two storey construction is equally plain, but it's far from the end of the world. To be fair the building exterior is pretty cool looking, if you like to see lots of blue sheets of glass with an impressive lack of concrete - How does it stay up?? :O Most of the cars here aren't anything special, but one clearly stands out: It's a shining blood red (or tomato red if you're easily shocked - if so, stop reading) Ferrari. Perhaps because people are terrified of scratching its paintwork, no cars have parked immediately next to it. However, a black Lamborghini with tinted windows slowly approaches the eye candy and pulls up by it with care. All of a sudden the 'lamb' door gets kicked open with a black leather shoe that is under black trousers. The door smashes into the rival supercar, completely mangling its chassis and setting the alarm off.

A lanky, slightly slowed man steps out of the sheep, I mean Lamborghini, as cool as ice. He is seen to be wearing a suit that is dark as everything else he is wearing. He casually puffs on a huge cigar, as he retrieves an ivory comb from his chest pocket with his free hand, and tidies his short, gelled black hair. Once finished, he gives the Ferrari a good strong punch, straight through the window, then strolls to the museum entrance as wide-eyed people stare at him. The first room he comes across is the reception. It is certainly a lot more well thought out than the entrance but still, it's not exactly palace-like, with chandeliers and all. (Some similar establishments are, that's all I'm saying). It's more stylish, but that's fine. It's all about marble, here. The floors are marble, as are the walls, high up ceiling and even the staff member's clothes. Only joking, they all wear dark blue suits. By the walls are pillars that probably serve no real purpose, though it is nice to think the roof is held up with that added bit of support. After buying his ticket from a stone desk in the centre of the area, he enters another door, still smoking.

He is now in the gallery, which is in a similar design as just before, but now paintings of all eras hang on all sides and almost completely cover them up. All that can be said, is that the walls seem to be marble. But who really knows for sure? It is busy here, with all sorts of quiet and respectful people gazing. There are families, tourists whispering in various languages and a few old people with walking sticks. A curator tiptoes to the businessman and puts his hand on his shoulder: 'Sorry, no cancer sticks here, please.' The mysterious man nods, swaggers to a Van Gogh masterwork, and puts his cigar out on it. Everyone in the room gasps in horror, but all the vandal can think to do is put his tube of tobacco back in his pocket, (smoking side up!) like he's done it a thousand times before. (Which he might have done). The curator is speechless and his jaw drops open.

Finally, he finds the right words to say, as he marches up to the offender: 'Get out of the building. I'm phoning the police.' The man in black pulls a wallet from his trouser pocket, grabs what has to be about a thousand pounds and puts the cash in the curator's shirt pouch. He then walks off to another painting, which he examines in deep thought.

The curator puts his hand on his mouth as all eyes are on him. A youngster shouts 'take the money!' and quickly gets a slap from his parent. The staff member looks around the room in bewilderment and focuses on the pieces of art as if that helps him think. He slaps his face, hard. He then decides to jog to and raise an alarm on a little bit of wall that is showing. Actually it is definitely marble, but who cares? Deafening sirens sound and the lighting turns to crazy red flashes. Suddenly energised with a few shakes of his arms and hands, the businessman then sprints out of the room, bumping into others, knocking some over. He then blitzes through the reception with an athlete's legs and with an ever growing number of people chasing him. He repeatedly grabs more money and drops it on the floor, with clumsy movements. These actions do work at slowing the pursuers down, but only because they still don't know how to behave. Neither does anyone in the car park that has just turned into a racetrack/obstacle course. The man jumps in his ultra-expensive vehicle, starts the engine and reverses hard into a car behind it, before pulling away with bits hanging off the rear. He escapes the zone to the sound of deliberately exaggerated groans and a few added greedy people saying 'ooooo!' The people once chasing him punch the air and shout 'dammit!' Heard from the distance, the businessman shouts 'that was for Epic Dave!'

In the police station cafeteria, are five rows of plastic tables and seats. Most are occupied by off-duty policemen chatting about how delicious the chef's special pizza with pineapple, ham and chillies on it is. (The patented 'Evil Hawaiian' that you can order on sites that allow you to make customisations). At the front of the room is a selection of cooked meats, vegetables, snacks and of course the meals discussed, all under a glass cover. A chef in a multi-coloured apron and wearing comedy horns stands behind it. On the ceiling, hangs a TV. A weather channel is on it, but it's mostly ignored. On the walls are mugshots of wanted felons, many in novelty costumes. Captain Mental and Constable Morgan enter the room, get a pizza and burger respectively, thank the culinary artist and take a seat. Mental starts a conversation: 'God these Italian thingamajigs are good. I'm never going back to ordinary Hawaiian, the cook here really is destined for bigger things.'

Morgan coughs: 'I really think we should discuss the vandal at the local museum. We've had dozens of complaints about him...' Mental shakes his head: 'Try this cuisine, Morgan. Go on. It will make you understand why I have other things on my mind. Seriously, it will change your life.' Morgan takes a slice and has a bite. He starts to drool: 'The flavours... the textures.'

.. the kick...' Mental gives a thumbs up and continues: 'Told you...' His friend responds: 'Is this a limited menu item?' 'That's the great thing! It's here for good!' Morgan's eyes spin and his body vibrates for a few seconds: 'Hahahahaha!' Mental looks into his now expanded pupils, fascinated: 'Are you ok, Morgan?' 'I'm better than ok!' 'Ahem! Anyway, the crook... He should be on the news, now. I've got my act together...' 'Isn't it weird the way we're relying on the telly to get information about crimes?' 'Don't worry about it. This channel is known for being very unbiased.' 'Fair enough...'

A chilling jingle sounds. Everyone in the room stops their conversations and looks to the TV. The reporter on it says: 'A rich thug is on the loose! He's a complete dickhead, too!' Mental comments: 'Great telly...' The reporter continues: 'He would have been caught at the crime scene, but he kept leaving bribes of money on the floor and people didn't know how to react. When he deliberately crashed into a car and said 'this is for Epic Dave', the witnesses were only more befuddled.' Morgan scratches his head: 'Epic Dave?' Mental comments 'he is acting like him, isn't he? He must be a friend or relative...' 'How are we going to stop someone who seems to have unlimited power? He is basically above the law!' Mental tuts: 'Don't be so negative, Morgan, you know that's not true.'

The reporter carries on: 'The CEO in question's insurance company 'Totally Awesome Protection' is making more money than ever, and it is feared the man has limitless bribes that can buy anyone'. The Chief of Police bursts into the room, slams the door behind him and puts his hands on his hips whilst borderline shouting: 'God I'd love a new pond with all kinds of exotic fish! I'd even break the law for one! Am I right, fellas?' The apparently drugged Morgan points to the TV and comments: 'Maybe there's a solution for you, sir...' The COP looks up above and the reporter continues again: 'The following could benefit from the nutjob's free gifts: Poor people, people wanting to go on a lavish holiday, or simply the population who enjoy looking at pretty though expensive fish...'

The COP says: 'Free fish? Mental, you know I respect you, right?' Mental bites his nails: 'Right...' 'What would you say if I was open to the prospect of much needed home/garden improvements?' 'They're very important to one's state of mind...' 'Exactly. And you're having money troubles too, right? I heard you keep giving large amounts of cash to people who look sad...' 'My generosity is a curse...' 'How would you like to see a thousand more smiles over the next few weeks or so?' 'More than anything in the world...' 'Do you think that YOU could accept a bribe?' 'No...' 'Good man. Let's get him. Though if you offered me some money so I can buy those precious pets, I wouldn't say no...' Mental looks around the room in silence, nervously. So does everyone else, here. The COP stamps his foot: 'Dammit. Never mind.'

And what the hell is wrong with your eyes, Morgan?' Mental defends him: 'Just good pizza, sir...'

The boss's mobile rings in his pocket and he answers it: 'Hello? King of police, here... Epic Dave? What do YOU want?.. You're worried your brother is getting out of control?.. He phoned you to say he's taken a million pounds out of his bank, and you don't know what he's going to do with it all?... Dear God! How do you think he's going spend it? Buy some new fish, I mean a plane ticket to Australia?... You must have some idea?' Morgan, now recovered joins the conversation, laughing: 'I could do with a new car, if he's offering!' The Chief stamps his foot louder this time: 'Morgan! That was a test when I said I wanted some new pets, you can prove nothing!' The ambiguous Chief twiddles him thumbs and carries on: 'Ahem.. I said I don't want any new pets, hint hint... Never mind.. You're scared he's going to do something unbribeable? Like what?... Damage MY car?! No!... Oh that was just an idea... Well the news is on, I'm sure that will be helpful enough... Bye...' The COP hangs up. Everyone looks at the TV again. The reporter says dramatically: 'News just in! The crazy guy has targeted a top of the range restaurant! He's been spotted in its car park!' The COP has a suggestion: 'Let's not visit the place, quite yet... Not until he throws some more bribes around, right guys? I'm sure he's harmless... Anyway, lunch is over peeps! Mental and Morgan, keep an eye on the news... This case is your job...'

In this dimly red-lit restaurant, napkins are everywhere, even on the walls and ceiling. The carpet is SO fluffy. Indian music plays. Various curries and deserts are on the tables. Sitting by them are as wide a variety of people as earlier on in this eventful day. Some of the furniture seats two, some four, some as many as eight. Again similarly, all eyes are on the businessman the second he enters the room and struts across it, in-between costumers. His large, black stereo system which he carries by a handle gets many puzzled looks, even though it's not turned on. It's just out of place. He inhales and exhales a hands-free cigar as he wanders the room grabbing portions of other diner's meals and then eating them as best he can whilst he smokes. This is a very messy activity as sauces end up all over the place. No one stops him, or even complains, they just pull confused faces. The lunatic puts both his items on the floor. Again as earlier, he throws his money about, this time 'making it rain'. Still, everyone just looks kind of dazed. History repeats itself, right? He then progresses on to turning his device up very loud. It plays 70s funk music and the man actually does some pretty impressive moonwalks to it.

Back in the cafeteria, Mental and Morgan are alone and in the same seats, this time with a stack of 'Evil Hawaiians' each. Lots of chomping happens. After swallowing, Mental asks Morgan a question: 'Do you think we should contact Epic Dave again? Maybe's he's just come up with a great scheme to stop his brother, without us ever even leaving our meals.'

He does know him very well, after all...' Morgan nods. Mental takes his mobile from his trousers and dials a number: 'Hey, Dave!.. I said 'hey'... Why is Indian and old pop music playing in the background? Are you with the crazy guy?... Dave?... Did I just hear your brother saying how great you were?... Dave??' Mental lowers his communication device and comments to his coworker: 'He isn't replying, I don't know what's going on...' Morgan shakes his fist: 'I hope to God he's trying to stop the madman...' Mental narrows his eyes in thought: 'Of course he is, he's just finding the right thing to say...' Mental puts his phone to his ear again and mimics what he hears: 'It's party time... Give us your food, I'm a superhero, you know... I'd almost forgotten how great it is the commit serious felonies! Hear that, Mental??' Mental looks defeated and sighs: 'F***ing Dave's flown to the curry house..' Morgan sheds a tear: 'He's gone bad again, hasn't he?' Mental stands up: 'We have to go...'

In the restaurant, the guests have gone. Curried footprints are all over the carpet. The place on the whole is a mess to put it mildly, but at least the stereo is neatly parked on the floor. The same music blasts from it. Ten Asian chefs in white aprons and carrying meat cleavers observe ED and his relative who are dancing like crazed, constantly electrocuted animals in the middle of the area. As the workers get closer to the felons, cautious step by step and never taking their eyes off them, the entrepreneur calms down and gets out his wallet yet again. He throws what must be about ten thousand pounds of notes high up and they tumble to the ground as the cooks' peepers follow them. They appear to be hypnotised... .. History repeats itself... After running out of sick moves, ED gets bored and shoots a laser beam at a worker's face. The victim shouts: 'Hey! That hurt, you little freak!' He rubs the red mark, hard. The two criminals high five. The enraged chef throws his weapon at Dave with a spinning motion, but it gets incinerated to ashes with a further eye shot.

The foodery's door gets kicked open to reveal a red-faced Morgan and a purple-faced Mental. The latter screams: 'You've really done it this time, you two-faced penis!!' The partners in crime turn to the lawmen and the businessman asks a question: 'How did you get here so fast?' Mental replies: 'It's just a short run from the station, isn't it? You noob.' A chef replies: 'The pizza chef there won't put us out of business, will he?' Mental responds: 'Probably, yeah'. The chefs shout 'Dammit!', in unison. In frustration, another one of them throws his knife at the 'super-hero', but he twists in a blur and burns that one, too.' Mental ignores the drama and laughs: 'No, only joking just then; he works for a completely different market'. The workers breathe out heavily: 'Phew!' Morgan also sighs: 'Come here, then. Let's get you two arrested...' Dave faces the officers again, sticks his middle finger up, extends his arm out straight and sways it left to right slowly: 'That's right, I'm swearing at both of you!'

Perhaps more impressively this time, everyone is speechless and in a stupor as the businessman gets his wallet out again. You'd think people would be desensitised, by now. He makes it rain for about half a minute. It's more of a downpour, you could say. :P It rivals the kind of behaviour you'd expect from the patients of your local mental hospital, and that's a thought that only encourages the philanthropist. But there only two nutters here, and you know who they are. Mental finally comments on the situation: 'That... was a lot of money...' The chefs who still have them, drop their knives on the floor. Well most of them do, one drops his equipment on his foot, piercing it. Admirably he doesn't notice as red flows. The CEO nods his head up and down to everyone, one by one as he turns around: 'Very nice, huh?' Lastly he twists to the REAL hero: 'Want to buy some new medals?' Mental grinds his teeth: 'I earned these golden and silver things through hardcore bravery, you little punk!... Though I do need some new... No! F**k you! You're going to jail, moron!'

Epic Dave takes his brother's hand and shouts: 'Let's get outta here, bro!' With his brah, he faces the exit and bends down as if bowing. ED jumps and flies straight ahead at an incredible acceleration and speed, straight through the very solid building materials to the sound of loud crashes. Now rubble and the carpark can be easily seen by all. Unfortunately however, instead of taking his brother with him, he actually left him in the building, whilst pulling his arm off and carrying it away. The businessman screams in excruciating pain as blood flies like water from a very thick hose. Morgan covers his mouth as he shouts: 'Ohhhhh shit!!' Mental rubs his eyes in disbelief: 'No...' The chefs have their own things to say, such as 'f**king hell' and 'Please no, please!' The businessman faints, still spraying like a fountain and Morgan comments: 'How do you handcuff someone with one hand?' Mental replies 'you could do his ankles. But I don't think he going anywhere...'

The chefs quickly recover from shock and pick up the notes. One of them comments: 'It's not theft, he gave the money away, we have proof on CCTV...' Another replies: 'I'm not sure people will believe what just happened even with the cameras...' Morgan shrugs his shoulder: 'Maybe not. But you have us as witnesses.' Mental replies: 'But are we real though?' Morgan screws his face up: 'Eh?' Mental responds: 'Sorry. I just don't always think clearly in situations like these... Please forgive me.' Morgan nods his head: 'I understand. I'm going to have a real hard time trusting criminals after this you know?' Mental nods in an even more exaggerated way: 'Couldn't agree more. I need a bath. I'm not letting it show, but this is kinda horrifying...' 'What a s**t day...'