

One Screwy Day  
by  
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Captain Mental (86 in a red military uniform and with a white handlebar mustache) and Constable Morgan (22 in a police uniform and with a tidy mustache) are casually chatting to each other at a desk, alone in a police station office. Many anti-crime slogans hang on the walls, such as 'a taser a day keeps the felons at bay.' A phone also is on the wall. With concern, Mental has to finally say what's truly on his mind... 'Anyway, enough about me wearing my own brand of detective clothing, let's discuss you know who'. Morgan replies in a similar worried tone: 'Yes, he just keeps getting worse. When he stopped someone jumping off a bridge and then stole his wallet... I thought it was a one off...' Mental continues... '... And then he helped an old lady cross the road and stole her walking stick... They're the actions of a loon' 'But we need him. He can fly, for Christ's sake, he's got a unique gift.' 'Maybe he'll calm down when we point out how valued he is to the force... Fuel his ego'.

The phone rings and Mental answers it. 'Hello?... Oh not something about Epic Dave again... He stopped someone stealing your handbag? That was nice of him... Oh, he then called you a 'f\*\*ing b\*tch'. I'm sorry to hear that, I'll talk to him about it. Bye...' Morgan looks concerned as ever and mutters... 'He's done it again, hasn't he?' 'Yes, he has. I'm going to have chat with him, right now. This police force is going through the worst time since that guy in a sausage roll costume went nuts and started killing people.' 'Good luck'. Mental dials Dave's number. 'Dave, it's Mental. We here are REALLY grateful for all the stuff you do, believe me, but swearing at old ladies and mugging people? That's simply not on!' There is a pause. Mental hangs up and looks grave. 'What is it, Mental?', asks Morgan. 'He just called us a couple of pussies.' 'Oh THAT DOES IT!' 'Exactly'.

Mobile phone in hand, Epic Dave is swaggering through the darkened streets in his red and green cape with 'ED' written on it. He hears screaming in the distance. He starts to sprint and then takes off and flies like Superman, to get a bird's eye view of the busy town. He notices people looking traumatised outside the local bank and homes in on them at great speeds. He lands with the grace of an eagle, kicks the locked (probably) door open and sees a couple of masked men pointing shotguns at the members of staff. 'What the f\*\*k are you wearing??' asks one of the criminals. 'Red symbolises passion and green symbolises peace.' 'You look like... a twat'. 'You ARE a twat. Bellend'. 'Brave words considering I have a shotgun'. 'No, that's a sh\*tgun. Sh\*t compared to my... LASER POWER!' Not caring that what he just said was completely cheesy, the superhero turns the crooks into ashes with his beaming eyes in a flash. 'You're a hero!!' shout the staff and customers. Dave leaves like Clint Eastwood then sets fire to a car, also with his eyes.

Morgan and Mental are still in their room, trying to calm down by playing the Snap! card game. The phone rings again. Mental simply mumbles 'Oh, God.' Shaking, he answers it. '...

What about your car?... Stop shouting 'my car!!!' over and over, I have no idea what you're on about... Epic. Dave. Set fire to it... For God's sake. I agree this can't go on. Let me see what I can do.' He hangs up and crosses his arms. 'Morgan, NOW it's time Dave went. That was the last straw'. 'What are we going to replace him with, then?? A supersonic apache helicopter??' 'With good old fashioned policing, the kind of policing that stopped the face-painted nazis. We'll be fine. I have a plan. We can drive him out of town; the only way I know how...' 'How?' 'With abuse. I know this may sound childish, but have you ever noticed that when you put an opaque shape in front of a light, a silhouette forms of that shape in the distance?' 'Go on...' 'What we could do is mod our police car lights, so they create a huge image of a hand and a middle finger. Then we threaten to arrest him with a loud speaker as he's completely embarrassed and temporarily immobilised by shock. Trust me, he won't know what to do. Other than leg it.' 'That's brilliant!'

The Chief of Police bursts into the room, beating his chest in a fury. He is 61 and tall with cold eyes. He is wearing a suit and tie. 'AAAAAARGHHH!!!' He screams. 'You're not REALLY planning on giving this whole town the finger are you?!?!' Mental desperately protests: 'You don't understand! It will be obvious who we're swearing at! Our loud speakers would make that clear!' The COP is only more enraged: 'Picture the scene: An elderly couple are walking down the street, and they see a huge obscene gesture rushing towards them as you two start screaming! Think that will go down well?!' 'Well no, but it's our only option. Without the silhouette, we won't be taken seriously. We've threatened him enough without it and it didn't work...' 'You're aiming to make a powerful statement he can't ignore?' 'Exactly!' 'Well tough, that's the reasoning of an idiot. You're fired.' 'But, Sir!'

The phone rings. The COP takes charge, answers it and soon slams it down. 'He just called me a dipsh\*t.' '... Is the plan back on, then?', Mental asks with his head bowed down in feigned respect. 'You bet it is. We need to stop him before he goes crazy. He isn't normal.' Morgan is relieved his nightmare may soon be over: 'I'll glue a cardboard cutout onto our car's lights, ASAP.' 'Be quick', said the COP... 'We don't want him swearing at me again, that's never happened before. Even if you looked at me funny, I'd stab you'. Morgan nods his head and continues: 'Of course we don't, I'll pick you up outside the station after I text you. Then I'll drive you to him. He is known to roam the local streets at this time of night to keep the peace and cause trouble.' 'Good man'. 'Who Dave??' 'No, you!' 'Oh, sorry. I'm not used to you saying that. Bye then...'

A few minutes pass. In the moonlight, the chief and Mental get in the crazily revving though still car with the driver, Morgan. The COP asks 'why aren't your lights on?' With a smile on his face, Morgan replies: 'I wanted to surprise you. Have a look at this.'

' The man then illuminates the street with a huge middle finger as promised. Whilst laughing the COP replies: 'That's great. I can't wait to see the look on Dave's face!' Morgan also starts to laugh whilst chatting: 'Take my speakers, you two'. The man gives the others their highly anticipated gifts, keeps one for himself then opens all windows and gets driving. As expected, all passers by drop their mouths open in horror when they see the special tactics police car, but it's so worth it. Morgan spots Epic Dave swaggering as usual whilst eating snacks and littering. The younger policeman has an opportunity to get his highly amplified revenge with one hand on the wheel... 'So I'm a pussy am I?!? Well, we're all saying 'up yours'! How'd you like that?!'

Knowing he's in deep trouble, Epic Dave makes a speedy break for it, stomping the road so hard, it crumbles and crunches underneath him. Morgan is unconcerned about his car's suspension, for now. He screams 'you can't stop me!' as he accelerates, bumps and swerves like a raleigh driver. Dave then burns the lane in front of him with his eyes. He keeps running through the fire, but Morgan isn't phased and puts his pedal to the metal. Not 100% with it, Dave trips over the devastated tarmac and seems to have broken his ankle. It certainly looks mangled. As cool as a cucumber, Morgan strolls out of his badly parked car surrounded by scorched destruction and stands over the disgraced hero. He pulls his taser out of his pocket and aims it at the man's forehead as he moans in pain. 'No, please, no!' he says in despair. 'After all the things I've done for you... All those people I've saved...'  
 Morgan is sympathetic: 'I am grateful for all that you've done for me. But I still have something I want to say to you...'  
 'What?...' 'Take this. Twat!' Dave screams 'Noooooooo!!!!!!!!!!'