

The Rhyming Schizophrenic Avenger

Book One

Script by Colin J Platt

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Characters

Mal / Loll: Same person

Larry: Gang member

Lenny: Gang member

Rennie: Gang member

Andy: Gang member

Hank: Bar/Hotel owner

Please be aware that this is a script with adult content

Overview:

Mal and Loll is the same person; born in a man's body, but always struggling to accept things as they are. Mal pushes herself to the fore and Loll has to take second place in a life of manic schizophrenia and bizarre circumstances. Mal gets cancer but decides to fight to the bitter end with anybody and anything which stands in the way of her pleasure; trouble is it's not the end but the beginning. Another troubling thing is Mal/ Loll has memory loss.

Scene 1: Death in the alley

'Loll: Mal, will you please go easy with that drink. Please put the bottle away. You know you can't take hard liquor and we are in a public place.

Mal: I can take anything you can take.

Loll: You are 49 years old! Will you please act it?

Mal: I will do as I please. I am sick and tired of you trying to improve my manners, if people don't want to know me, well, to hell with them.

Loll: I am just trying to look out for you, you know I love you.

Mal: I know, Loll, but will you please let me have my fun. I am not getting any younger and I want to wring every ounce of life out of what I have left.

Loll: The doctor said that you are supposed to take it easy; the cancer that you have will only get worse if you carry on this way.

Mal: To hell with the doctor, I know what's best for me, I feel good when I have my booze; I always could take it, you know that.

Loll: I know, Mal, but I am worried for you.

Mal: You are the sweetest and the most caring person I know, Loll, and I love you for it, but let me have this last fling. I love drink, I love men, I love partying and I love you. You wanted me from the first moment we met. Do you remember, Loll?

Loll: I remember; we were thrown together at the Bottle Mart store. I was nicking strong ale and you were shoplifting vodka, ha, remember the face of the young clerk when you put the soda water on the counter, and you were struggling to keep two bottles of vodka from falling out of your bra.

(Young man walks by.)

Mal: Good times Loll. Hey, doll face, do you want a blow-job?

Loll: Please, Mal, don't start your shenanigans.

Mal: Shut up, Loll, I am trying to get us some money.

Larry: Are you talking to me, lady?'

Mal: Yes, what are you looking at me like that for?

Larry: I want to make sure that you're a woman.

Mal: You shit faced bastard. I've a good mind to slap you one.

Larry: You try that, lady and I will break your neck.

Mal: Piss off, you little punk.

Larry: I tell you what, why don't you give my dog a blow job, and I will put it on you tube.

Loll: Let's go Mal; this is not a nice neighborhood.

Larry: What's this? Are you talking to yourself? You are one sad case, lady. Get help; go to the hospital, climb to the roof and throw yourself off, ha, ha.

Loll: He's going, Mal, let's get out of here.

Mal: I'm going to get even with that bastard.

Loll: Please, Mal, he is just another nobody that you seem to be attracted to.

Mal: I am attracted to men, yes. I am not attracted to people who give me abuse. Look, he's going into that bar over there. I'm going to follow him and demand an apology.

Loll: Please, Mal, don't do this. You know the trouble we had in Oklahoma.

Mal: Loll, you are so nervous now, what's the matter? You used to be a lion. I can remember when you could beat the shit out of people like him. What's changed?

Loll: I only want to protect you. You are ill, Mal, don't forget?

Mal: Forget the illness, I am living now, and by God, I will have my pleasure. Look, Loll, he's over there with that group of kids.

Loll: I want nothing to do with this, Mal, I have told you what I want, but you are, once again, going your way.

Mal: That's like a song, or movie, Loll. Remember the film? 'Going my way'; how wonderful it was. Bing Crosby was the tops then. Life is certainly weird and wonderful isn't it, Loll? He was the tops then and now it is my turn. Come on, loll, and let's start a little trouble. Hey you, shit face.

Larry: Well, if it isn't the Drag Queen?

Mal: I want an apology off you.

Larry: OK, then, here it is. I'm sorry you are a feeble excuse for a woman. I'm also sorry that you didn't commit suicide last night then I wouldn't have this conversation.

Mal: You little swine, I ought to kick you in the balls.

Larry: Here I am lady, let me see you try.

Mal: Come outside and I will.

Larry: Well, lady, here we are.

Mal: So we are, and here it is.

Larry: Oh, you fucking whore, I will kill you for that.

Mal: You will have to catch me first, shit face.

Loll: Quick, Mal, let's get out of here, we don't want the law here, you know we can't get mixed up with them again.

Mal: I am enjoying myself, but I can't run so quickly these days.

Loll: What are you running down this alleyway for? His friends will follow us.

Mal: I want them to.

Loll: Please, Mal, not that.

Mal: If they want to play, let them. I am not someone to back away from a fight, you know that.

Loll: Dear God, please no, Mal.

Lenny: Here she is, Larry, I said she must be nuts for running into this alley. We can rape the shit out of her and then dump her in the river.'

Larry: You can rape the shit out of her you mean; I wouldn't touch her with your dick, Lenny. I will cut her tits off though, that will be a good start eh?

Mal: You boys seem to be angry for some reason? Can you not just leave this as it is? It was a fair fight after all.

Larry: No-can-do, lady, you have to be dealt with properly. We are the Danger-Boys and this is our area, see, nobody can come here and start trouble; not even the Mince-Kids from twelfth street, let alone a scruffy disease ridden scum-bag like you.

Mal: I don't know why I like coming to places like this, Loll. I suppose it is the excitement of it all.

Larry: Who are you talking to, lady? Are you nuts?

Mal: I am talking to my husband and he is going to teach you a lesson.

Loll: Please, Mal, let's just get it over with.

Larry: OK, enough of this shit. Rennie, Duke, hold her down and gag her, and I will cut her tits off.

Mal: Come near me and I will kill you, be warned.

Loll: Please Mal, not again.

Mal: Hush, Loll, they are asking for it, so I will oblige them.

Larry: Yeah, lady, how are you going to oblige us?

Mal: Come here and find out, shit face.

Andy: What's she doing? I think she's is a total nutter, Larry, maybe we better just leave her.

Larry: Are you getting scared, Andy?'

Andy: No, but look at her, she is dancing around in a circle and singing as though she didn't care!'

Mal: One two buckle my shoe. Three four knock at the door.

Loll: Please Mal, let's hurry it up.

Mal: No, I want to enjoy it. Five six pickup sticks.

Loll: Watch it, Mal, here he comes.

Mal: A turn to the right, a turn to the left, one dead, two dead, all get red.

They're starting to run, they have no gun, and I hope to God they have no sons.

Three dead, four dead, five dead, six dead, seven dead with lead in the head.

Now, that was easy, loll; you see how you were worried about nothing.

Loll: Put the gun away while I pick up the empty cases, we don't want the police getting any evidence.

Mal: I must admit you picked a good place to hide my walther, right here in my bra, and I can also fit the silencer in there.

Loll: OK, Mal, let's get out of here.

Mal: Right you are Loll, what now? Do you want to go to Niagara Falls? It is lovely at this time of year.

Loll: We have to lie low for a bit. OK, Mal, we can travel easy now, these bums had some serious money on them.

'That's the spirit Loll, screw these no-hopers. All he had to say was sorry.

Loll: You're right Mal, I am getting too soft. Screw these scum bags.

Mal: We'll pick up our bags from the motel and off we go just you and me, Loll.

Loll: Yeah, just you and me, Mal, same as always, we can take on the world!

Chapter 2-moving on

Mal: Well, Loll, here we are in another shit hole of a motel. What say you to going out for a little dinner, just you and me?

Loll: Hey, look at this in the paper, Mal; the police are baffled by the deaths of seven members of a local gang who were shot in an alley in a suburb of Chicago, we were in the same place!

Mal: I wonder who did it, loll.

Loll: The police say it was probably a rival gang.

Loll: What is this world coming to Mal?

Mal: I know, Loll, let's buy a car and cruise up to Canada, but first let's get some food, but First I want you to listen to a poem I wrote, it is entitled 'Our Leader'

Our Leader

I want to pay tribute to our beloved leader.
It wasn't his fault that he was bit by a beaver.
He got ill with the pox and couldn't function
He didn't know the difference from the toilet to a luncheon.
He got out one day and headed for the town it was enough to make his family frown.
He only got as far as the local bar where he managed to meet striptease star.
He was so taken with her that he tried to touch her long hair.
Her boyfriend came over and didn't recognize our leader, and then he grabbed him by the balls. Our leader cried out, people started to shout, that's our leader don't let him fall.
Her boyfriend let go, our leader fell low and collapsed in a pile on the floor.
Give him some air and get him a chair said the people who stood above him.
I'll be alright said our leader in falsetto voice, maybe I made the wrong choice, I should have grabbed her soft bits instead of her long bits then I wouldn't feel so bad.
The girl bent over to help our leader she had a lovely smile, our leader saw her cleavage and couldn't get his leverage he had to tweak her bits.
Her boyfriend saw this came over with a hiss a knocked our leaders teeth in.
It was our leader's fate to swallow his plate. Our leader now is legend.
Our leader is gone but not forgotten like her boyfriend who feels so rotten.
He is now in jail awaiting his bail but maybe he will be acquitted.
But he should have recognized our leader and been quick witted.
They should put a plaque up in the bar to say...
Our leader was a man of the people, he wouldn't quit.
He only wanted to feel her soft bits.

Loll: I love it Mal, it is so thoughtful and emotional.

Mal: Thank you, Loll, I try to put feeling into it, maybe I should try to publish it?

Loll: I wouldn't bother just yet, Mal. Why don't you wait until you... get better?

Mal: You know I won't get better, Loll.

Loll: Miracles happen, Mal.

Mal: You sweet guy, the thing I feel most sad about is leaving you, Loll.

Loll: I won't be able to live without you, Mal.

Mal: Don't be silly, Loll. You will find someone to love you again.

Loll: No Mal, you are the only woman I have ever wanted. I used to look in the mirror and see your face, Mal; I don't know if I ever told you that before?

Mal: You sweet, sweet guy, come on Loll, let's go to the Mall and do some shoplifting.

Loll: Please Mal, not now.

Mal: I'm only joking, loll, we can afford lunch now, yes?

Loll: Yes, Mal, anything you fancy.

Mal: OK, Loll, we are here in the Saddle Bum Bar, let's order beer and ribs.

Loll: Why did you want to come here? This is a crappy place to eat, I wanted us to dine well for once, and not be bothered by bums.

Mal: Relax, Loll, I like these places, the people are real characters, not like Dean Westwell, remember him? He said he wanted to give me some of his stock, I went with him to his office and as soon as the door was shut he tried to drug me with his champagne. I was sure glad you followed us in there Loll; you broke his arm as he tried to get my pants off.

Loll: I knew he was keen on you, Mal, I saw the way he ogled your legs as you sat down.

Mal: You're my knight in shining denim, Loll. (Old man walks up)

Hank: Are you new here, honey? I haven't seen you around before.

Mal: I'm with my husband.

Hank: Where is he? Or are you trying to be hard to get?

Mal: He's around; he always turns up when I need him.

Hank: Well, if he doesn't turn up I will be pleased to escort you wherever you want to go.

Mal: That's sweet, thank you.

Hank: It's not often we see a real lady here.

Mal: I like these sorts of places, they excite me.

Hank: I know lots of exciting places and people.

Mal: I bet you do, what's your name?

Hank: Henry, what's yours?

Mal: Mal, its short for Marylyn.

Hank: Wow, I like it, and you can call me Hank, if you like, its short for Henry. Would you like some ribs and beer?

Mal: I'm expecting my husband any time, but if he doesn't show up after I come back from the ladies room, I'll certainly have a bite or two with you. (Mal/ Loll go to the toilet)

Loll: Mal, what are you trying to do? This guy is old enough to be your father.

Mal: I am trying to be courteous, he likes me, I can see that and he wants to pay.

Loll: He wants to get your pants off, I can see that.

Mal: You can be very gloomy sometimes, Loll.

Loll: I want to protect you, but you make it so hard, OK, I will let you have your little fling; just make sure you use protection.

Mal: What's the point, I 'm dying anyway.

Loll: The point is I want you to be safe.

Mal: Thank you, Loll, but I can take care of myself, although I want you to be near; promise me you will be?

Loll: Of course I will; we are like Siamese twins.

Mal: I wrote another poem last night, would you like to hear it, Loll?

Loll: Yes, Mal, you are so talented.

Mal: It's called Mutant Army.

Mutant Army

I remember all my friends from the Rebel Army but most of them were filthy and barmy.

How can you live with people who think that being a rebel you have to stink?

My killer robot is my best friend he saved my life at Newton's bend.

The Mutant army was camped in a dell I rolled a barrel bomb down and sent them to hell.

Why do they still function when they are blown to bits?

It's enough to send me to the pits.

It's unnerving seeing a severed head trying to talk or a single leg hopping and trying to walk.

Stinky McKenzie knew what was what he would pick up the bits and put them in a pot.

The other people in our crew didn't have a clue what was in the stew.

Laurie Dingle was one of our mates she was married to a guy called Luke, she didn't know what the stew contained, when we told her boy did she puke.

She would let the boys have their way with her, sometimes all at once.

Mutants caught them at it one day they saved Dingle but blew the boys away.

I was upwind having a crap when I heard the scrap but there was nothing I could do.

When I got back the whole place was black with bits of my friends on trees;

What could I do but sit down and scratch I just couldn't get rid of the fleas.

All the boys were scattered around like confetti at a wedding.

But first things first the fleas had to go I had to get rid of my bedding.

I stripped down to bathe in the river so mucky ten minutes later I came out as dirty but boy was I lucky; one of the Mutants had come back for his bag which was hanging on a tree, it contained an assortment of female adornments I guess he was a transvestite?

A transvestite Mutant I had never heard of but no matter whether her or he, my robot shot him in the rear and it blew him all over me.

Now I will have to bathe again there was more of the gore on me than the floor.

Two hours later I was at the Mutants camp they were having their way with Dingle.

There were forty odd Mutants standing in a line I knew this was my moment.

I told my robot to stay in the trees while I crept up behind them on my knees.

I stood up to shoot but to my surprise my pants fell down around my thighs.

The Mutants turned around they were having a fit, I pulled the trigger and blew them to bits. Luckily Dingle was fine apart from the swine who was still trying to fondle her, he only had an arm and part of a leg which was now just a peg but his hand was clutching her bosom.

I shoved it away with a look of dismay as Dingle gazed at me.

Let's get away from here she said I'm losing my sanity.

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