

The Rhyming Schizophrenic Avenger

Book Three

Script by Colin J Platt

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Please be aware that this is part three of an ongoing script; to get the full story please read book one and two first.

Please be aware that this script has adult content.

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.

Scene one-Hotel

Loll: Well, Mal, we are on vacation.

Mal: Yes, Loll, what shall we do? Shall we fly to Rio or bus it to Florida?

Loll: How about getting some practice in at the indoor shooting range? We may need it in the future.

Mal: No, Loll, we are good enough. I want some pleasure, how about going back to New York.

Loll: Why do you want to go back there? You know we had trouble with the police more than once.

Mal: I thought we could look up some old friends.

Loll: You're not thinking about Duncan, are you?

Mal: Not particularly, I have more than one friend, you know.

Loll: You are, I can tell. He treated you like a dish rag and you still think about him.

Mal: He slapped me about a bit, I know, but I gave him as much back.

Loll: He broke your nose, ribs and teeth, and he would have killed you if I hadn't stopped him.

Mal: (looking down and starting to cry) you nearly killed him, Loll; if I hadn't held you back he wouldn't be alive today.

Loll: And now you want to see him?

Mal: No, forget it; we will talk about it later. Let's go out to dinner.

Loll: OK, sorry about the agro, but you can see my point of view, yes?

Mal: Yes, Loll, I am a sorry, good for nothing tramp who treats you like dirt and deserves thrashing. Why don't you leave me?

Loll: How can I? I tried it more than once, and finished up in a mental asylum.

Mal: I was there also, remember? I was sedated when that male nurse tried to fondle me. You beat him up so bad that he was taken to the intensive care unit.

Loll: How is it that we are so alike? It's like we are the same person.

Mal: I tried to figure it out, but gave up. I accept that we are together for life.

Loll: Please relax for a while, why don't you read some of your poetry?

Mal: That reminds me, I have a poem here I wrote it on the toilet while you were asleep.

Do you want to hear it, Loll?

Loll: Of course I do, what is it called?

Mal: It is called...Lonely Man. I feel for the outcasts of society. I am one also. I guess it's my attempt to figure out where we all belong in this overpopulated, stinking world.

Severed arms reaching

Eyes pleading

Sat in the dirt forever needing

Beggar is his name

People have no shame

Forgotten in life

Forever in strife

Lonely man where do you belong?

Known unto God

Loll: It's wonderful, Mal. You forget, I am also an outcast, but I wish I had your talent.

Mal: Yours is a hidden talent, Loll. One I would not want to be without. Come on let's make for that small dive on the corner of seventh and central. I feel like getting pissed.

Loll: You mean that seedy little shithole called The Central Bar?

Mal: Yes, I noticed a handsome guy outside earlier; he went to take a piss in the alley and came back with urine stains on his pants. He then started to fondle some girl who was sat on the step throwing up.

Loll: You're kidding me, I can tell.

Mal: Of course I am, but let's go anyway.

Loll: No, I refuse to be associated with such places. I want to dine well for once. We can afford it now, and I want good food. We'll go to the Ambassador.

Mal: Oh, OK, but I want to dress up in my new glad rags.

Loll: OK, but please be conservative.

Mal: Alright, Grandpa, would you like me to help you on with your corset, and fetch your walking stick?

Loll: You cheeky little minx, I should pummel your backside for that.

Mal: I wish you would.

Loll: (Pummels his own backside)

Mal: (Dresses up in an above the knee, off the shoulder, satin dress of red and gold with a black velvet choker which has a red stone inlaid with gold, plus several gold bangles and a gold watch. She also has her gun)

Loll: Aren't you overdoing things a bit? When did you get all this stuff?

Mal: So what? We deserve it.

Loll: What about me?

Mal: You can come later. I need you to keep out of sight while I eye up all the talent.

Loll: I refuse to be a part of this sleazy show.

Mal: Suit yourself, I will call you later. Remember to keep your phone near you.

Loll: You have the phone.

Mal: Oh, yes. Well, follow me later; I want you near me, Loll, you know I need you.

Loll: I'm not so sure.

Mal: OK then, bye for now, I'll see you later (Mal walks out)

Scene two-Taxi

(A taxi pulls up and Mal gets in)

Driver: (turns around and looks at Mal's legs) Where to, honey?

Mal: You're a bit fresh aren't you?

Driver: I've just come on shift, and this is my first week on the job. I feel good and you look good.

Mal: Thank you, I'm going to the Ambassador to dine.

Driver: Are you meeting someone or are you alone? You know it's dangerous out there for someone like you.

Mal: That's why I got a taxi. Taxi drivers are known to be gentlemen, yes?

Driver: Some are, maybe, but you can never tell. (Driver winks at Mal)

Mal: (Smiles back. She knows he fancies her)

The taxi starts to drive out of town.

Mal: Where are you going, I said the Ambassador?

Driver: Oh, come on. You're a working girl aren't you? (He pulls up in a secluded spot near an industrial estate)

Mal: OK, but it will cost you.

Driver: Surely you can give me a freebie for once.

Mal: No, I am off duty and going to dine, so either take me to the Ambassador or back to town.

Driver: (Turns around and smiles at Mal as he brings the gun up to her face)

Mal: What is this?

Driver: You just picked the wrong time, place and driver, sweetheart.

Mal: (Knowing that the driver won't comply agrees to do as he says.)

Driver: Just take it easy and get out.

Mal: (Gets out and while the driver is distracted by getting out Mal pulls her gun and is ready for action.)

Driver: OK Trampy, get your fanny or whatever you have over to the trees there and lie down.

Mal: (Holds her gun behind her back while standing at the side of the car.)

Driver: I said get over there, whore.

Mal: My, aren't you the gentleman.

Driver: I won't tell you again.

Mal: (Puts her hands on her hips while still holding her gun behind her back.)

Why don't you come here and make me.

Driver: (Getting nervous and angry starts to sweat.)

Mal: You could still be nice and agreeable. What do you say to me giving you a quick blowjob to ease the tension?

Driver: (starts to bring the gun up) you fucking slut.

Mal: Shoots him in the kneecap.

Driver: OH, you fucking bastard.

Mal: Don't play with guns when you aren't ready.

(Mal walks over to him. She notices that the gun is only a toy.)

I should have noticed that when you pulled it on me. I must be getting old. You will have to tell them that you got mugged or something.

Driver: I won't say anything, I promise. Please let me go.

Mal: I am getting sick and tired of people like you trying to hurt me. Let me think. I could kill you here and now and get away with it. I have to get back to town. I will take your taxi.

Loll: Now, Mal, please let's just go.

Driver: Who the hell are you talking to?

Mal: Never you mind, sonny. Just you be grateful that I don't shoot your dick off.

Driver: I won't tell the police. Just take the cab and go.

Mal/Loll gets into the cab and drives back to town leaving it in a back alley and wiping all the fingerprints off.

Loll: Well, that was a bloody big mess.

Mal: Blame it on the driver. It's a good job you followed me, Loll. Come on we'll go to the Go-Go club.

Loll: Why do I always have to be number two around here? Why can't we go somewhere I want to go?

Mal: OK, where do you want to go?

Loll: The Ambassador!

Mal: Oh, yes. I must be getting forgetful in my old age. Come on, we'll take another cab and now you're here we might get there, yes?

Loll: I'm sorry for being grumpy.

Mal: Cheer up, Loll. I only shot him in the kneecap.

Loll:I feel strange, Mal.

Mal:I feel strange, Loll. Mal, Loll collapses in a heap. A passerby calls an ambulance and Mal, Loll are taken to the hospital.

Scene three Hospital.

Mal: Wakes up after two hours. Where am I? Loll, are you there?

(No answer from Loll.)

Mal: What happened? I feel strange. Mal presses button for assistance. Nurse comes in.

Mal: Why am I here? Where is my husband?

Nurse: You were found alone in the street unconscious. You didn't have any identification on you. Please give me your name and address.

Mal: I can't remember. God, I know I have a husband but I can't even remember my name!

Nurse: The doctor will be here in a short while. We did some tests and he will inform you of the results when he arrives, please relax.

The doctor walks in accompanied by two M.I.B agents.

Doctor: Ah, you're awake, Mrs. Jones. Your brothers here have informed me of your circumstances.

Mal: My brothers?

Doctor: You have had a brain seizure. It has affected your memory. This is connected to the illness you have. Your brothers have shown me your hospital records. I advise you to rest and stay indoors for your own good.

Agent one: We will take care of her, doctor. She doesn't usually go out. We will get a full time helper for her from now on.

Doctor: Looks at Mal and smiles. Well you can go home now but take my advice and stay off your feet for now, Mrs. Jones.

Mal: Mrs. Jones?

Agent one: Don't worry, Sis, Everything is taken care of.

Agent two: I'll get the wheelchair.

Mal is taken to a safe house to assess her health.

Agent one: Well, it looks like the end of your adventures, Mal.

Loll: Don't count her out yet, I know her. She will be back.

Agent one: Are you OK!

Loll: I'm OK, but Mal is resting for now. Please let her alone for a while.

Agent one: Thank God.

Loll: I know you fancy her, but I'm her husband and I say she needs rest and calm. This has happened before. She overdoes things and then she blacks out. I'll look after her.

Agent one: Of course, Loll, we will go now but remember to call us if you need anything.

Loll: Thanks, but I'm all she needs.

The agents leave.

Loll: Well, Mal, you overdid it again. Please rest and get better. I don't want to be alone again.

(Loll decides to sleep.)

Agent one: This could be the end for Mal stroke Loll, but I hope not. She or he makes a good team. I thought we could use them for the Folsome Gang business.

Agent two: It looks like Mal may not come back. She sure was feisty.

Agent one: He or she is a phenomenon. Give them time.

Three days later Mal wakes up.

Mal: Loll, are you there?

Loll: Thank God. I thought you had gone for good this time.

Mal: I had the most amazing dream. I dreamt you had another wife! She came to our house and threatened me.

Loll: Which house?

Mal: The one we used to have in upstate New York. She started to strangle me and I blacked out.

Loll: It was only a dream, Mal. The truth is you did black out and were taken to hospital. The MIB agents came to assess you. I told them to leave.

Mal: How nice of them. They seem to like me.

Loll: They only want us for help with crimes they can't solve.

Mal: I know, and if I can help them I will.

Loll: You are ill.

Mal: Change the record, Loll. I feel OK now, let's go out to eat, I'm hungry.

Loll: You're unbelievable. I worry over you for three days and all you want is food.

Mal: What do you want me to do? I can't control these things. All I can do is carry on, although I am grateful, Loll. I suppose I want things to be normal but they aren't. I have to realize that my life is going to end quite soon and I want to live it to the full.

Loll: (starting to cry)

Mal/Loll: (Lies down and weeps holding himself/ herself and sleeps.)

Mal/ Loll wake up later with alarm then Mal suddenly searches for paper and pen.

Loll: What is it?

Mal: I had a dream about my Guardian Angel! I want to write the poem down which I just thought of. Here write this down, Loll, you're a better writer than me.

Angel.

I have a Guardian Angel

He loves and cares for me

Although I could be mistaken

He could be a she

In dreams it is my mother

When awake it is my wife

When driving he is advising me to care and tend for life

When I was in a tight fix he guided me safety

When I was abducted he guided me home

To think that he is a man or woman really doesn't matter

If we could see the truth behind the mirror of illusion would shatter

I know that in reality we are never apart

I believe with all my soul that he is in my heart.

Loll: It's wonderful, Mal.

Mal: Thank you, Loll. Come on, Loll let's go to dinner.

Loll: You are unbelievable, Mal, although I wish I could be like you. I worry my ass off for days wondering if you will pull through and you want dinner.

Mal: I have said it before and I will say it again, Loll. You are the most thoughtful, loving, truthful, romantic, good looking, silly old fart I ever met. I would back you against any other man for anything to do with simple common sense, but you are so old fashioned.

Loll: (Holding his head and beginning to faint.)

Mal: What's wrong, Loll?

Loll: I don't know, I feel strange.

(Loll has become the greater personality in the life of Mal and Loll.)

Loll: I feel I am starting to become more confident, Mal.

Mal: Be careful, Loll. You know you are better suited to stay low-key.

Loll: Well that is about to change, Mal. Come on let's go dancing.

Mal: Do you think that is wise? I feel we should stay in and dine.

Loll: Suit yourself, I am going out on the town, and I may be late back.

Mal: What am I going to do?

Loll: You can come if you want, but don't cramp my style.

Loll dresses up in his best suit plus the gun in the shoulder holster and heads for the bar. Mal is still with him but in the background.

Scene four: Bar

Loll: (standing at the bar and looking at the girls on the dance floor.)

Loll: I'm going to dance with that girl in the yellow dress, she looks hot.

Man standing next to Loll.

Are you talking to me?

Loll: No, why would I talk to you?

Man: Who else is there around here but us two.

Loll: Are you trying to be funny, bub. My wife doesn't take to dummies too easily.

Man: (Turning to Loll and staring him in the face.)

I would retract that statement if I were you, mister.

Loll: You're not me so up yours.

Man: Grabs Loll by the tie and pulls.

Loll: Knees him in the balls. Man folds up but quickly runs at Loll and grabs him by the waist and pushes Loll backwards to the dance floor where people scatter. Loll is now on his back with the man on top. Loll's coat is open and the man sees the gun. They both get up and the man backs off.

Mal: I knew we shouldn't have come here.

Loll: Who's old fashioned now?

Mal: Let's go.

Bar manager: I have sent for the police, the doors are locked so just relax, and stay where you are.

Mal: Now what?

Loll: Follow me, Mal. (Loll walks up to the door and casually shoots out the glass. The door explodes in a thousand pieces.

Loll/ Mal walk out and see a police car pull up. They turn into an alley.

Loll: Mal, have you got your clothes with you? We will have to disguise ourselves.

Mal: Yes, take off your suit and dump it in the trash can.

Mal/ Loll climb over the fence into another alley and walk out as Mal. They quickly get a taxi and are out of the area in two minutes. They get back to the safe house and decide to lie low.

Scene five: safe house.

The day after they get a phone call from the MIB.

Agent one: I know about the incident at the bar.

Loll: It got out of control.

Agent one: Can I talk to Mal.

Mal: Yes, I'm here.

Agent one: We sorted it out with the police. Can we meet up in an hour?

Mal: Yes, I think my husband is agreeable.

Loll: (Makes a humph noise.)

The agents arrive.

Agent one: We have a job for you if you are in agreement.

Loll: I am ready right now.

Mal: My husband has become more assertive recently. It must something to do with what happened to me.

Agent one: Yes, I realize that. I hope you feel better.

Mal: I think we feel better just being together. I feel that if we parted then that would be the end of us. What is the job?

Agent one: (Taking out a map from his briefcase.) This is the area where a Top Flight security van was taken. You may remember the incident some three years ago. It was supposed to be a normal trip with no special escort, but in reality it was an unofficial transport of some gold bullion. The van never made it to the depot. In fact it never made it to the interstate. We believe it was put aboard a truck somewhere between Highway 5 and 7.

Loll: What do you want us to do?

Mal: Excuse my husband's eagerness. What happened to the driver and mate?

Agent one: Agent two will explain.

Agent two: The driver was found some miles away in a flophouse in drunken stupor. The drivers mate was never found. The police tried everything to get the driver to cooperate but it was as though he was crazy. He was declared insane and is now in an institution.

Loll: The whole thing seems to be a botch up from start to finish. Why wasn't the van escorted? And why wasn't it full of armed men?

Mal: You must excuse my husband again. It must have been an inside job, obviously.

Agent one: That's where you come in. We have one suspect who we believe masterminded the whole thing.

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