

The Rhyming Schizophrenic Avenger

Book Two

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: Hotel owner-underworld boss

The Ringer-underworld boss-second gang leader

Frenchie-Second gang member

M.I.B. Agents

Please be aware that this is part two of an ongoing script; to get the full story please read book one 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: OK, Mal, here we are again in a crappy hotel, in a crappy out of the way shithole of a town because you decided to get rid of any identification and also your passport.

Mal: You couldn't find your passport, also!

Loll: It was inside yours!

Mal: Never mind. We have enough money here to last me...us, I mean. (Mal sits down and starts to cry)

Loll: I'm sorry, baby; I never meant to make you sad. We don't need the papers, we don't even need to go to Canada, and we can get all we need here but please let us move to a better hotel.

Mal: Yes Loll, I know you don't like these places but I do, I like to meet real characters.

Loll: The last real character nearly killed you.

Mal: I know but you came through like a knight in shining armor.

Loll: We can't go back to Buffalo that's for certain.

Mal: I don't see why not, Hank wouldn't dream of trying to get us.

Loll: No but someone else might.

Mal: You mean he might hire someone to kill us?

Loll: Yes, we need to put the tapes and other evidence in a safe place.

Mal: We will do it tomorrow; we will also buy a car and head west. We can also get counterfeit passports now we have money so cheer up Loll, we are free and clear.

Loll: I'm sorry for being a grouch, Mal, but I love you and want the best for you.

Mal: I know, honey, please relax and get ready to have a swinging time; I am going to dress up in my new duds.

Loll: I suppose I have to escort you?

Mal: Of course, how could I feel safe without you? (There is a knock at the door) Mal feels her senses tingle, she knows something is wrong.

Loll: (putting his finger to his mouth and whispering to Mal)

I'll look through the peephole,

Mal: (pulls out her gun with silencer and hides it behind her back)

Loll: (sees two men with raincoats on and police badges on their coats)

(Whispering) There's something wrong here, Mal, I can feel it.

Mal: Yes, I know, what are we going to do?

Man at door:

We know you are in there, open the door or we will use force.

Loll: They are pulling out machine guns from under their coats! Let us get out of the window.

Mal: (whispering)

These aren't cops; don't go near the window, Loll, it's probably covered by a hit man.

We will have to take them on as they come in. Get behind the door.

First man: (tries the lock then it splinters inwards as he shoulders the door, he doesn't come in but waits at the side)

Second man: (runs in and throws himself on the floor while bringing the semi-automatic silenced Uzi machine pistol around in a sweeping motion. Mal shoots him where he lies)

First man: (shoots through the door but Mal is now flat against the wall; she sees him through the crack in the door and shoots through it, he crumples in a heap.)

Loll: (looks out but sees no one in the passage way, he drags the First man in and closes the door.)

Mal: Good work Loll, nobody heard anything because they had silencers on but someone might have heard the door being broke in, we'll get dressed in your old clothes and we will be out of here in a few minutes.)

Loll: Mal, this guy is still alive!

Mal: (brings her weapon up to his forehead)

You can die here quickly now, or you can live and tell us who sent you.

First man: I don't know exactly but I do know it is someone connected with the hotel business in Buffalo.

Mal: How do you know that?

First man: I make it my business to know.

Mal: Do not tell the police anything, and I will let you live, is that understood?

First man: I know when to keep quiet, lady.

Mal: You are not in danger of dying but it is serious, your friend over there is past caring. (Mal/ Loll dress in old clothes and take what small possessions they have and walk out and down the back stairs and into the back alley, they then walk out into the main road and catch a taxi to the shopping mall)

Scene two- Shopping Mall

Loll: We will have to lie low for a while, Mal.

Mal: That is what Hank wants, he means to kill us so what do we do?

Loll: How did he find us? We did everything right to avoid him and his cronies.

Mal: What matters is what are we going to do about him?

Loll:

We should send the tapes and everything else to the police.

Mal: Use your head, Loll, he will be crapping bricks now he knows we are safe. I vote we ring him up and make him squirm.

Loll: What?

Mal: Yeah, he must be two shakes away from a quadruple heart bypass already. Give me the info from his wallet and I will make him rue the day he met us.

Loll: OK, but be careful, you can use that phone over there it's secluded and I can see it's not used very often.

Mal: OK, Loll; keep watch while I get fired up for Mr. Pervert.

Mal: (on phone) Hank, is that you?

Hank: Who is this?

Mal: I once said I was your worst nightmare, is that still the case?

Hank: Holy, Jesus.

Mal: You don't mean that, if you believed in Jesus you wouldn't have done all those terrible things, now, would you?

Hank: What the hell do you want?

Mal: I want to know why you sent two hit men after us.

Hank: I didn't.

Mal: Don't beat around the bush, you piece of shit. Either you recompense me for all the agro or I will bundle these tapes up with all the other evidence which we have duplicated and I will send it to the FBI.

Hank: OK, I was sore at you. What do you want?

Mal: I want money and lots of it.

Hank: OK, how do we go about it?

Mal: I will phone you later, don't try any tricks as the tapes are with a true friend and if they don't hear from me every three days they will post the tapes, is that understood?

Hank: Yes, I wish I had never set eyes on you.

Mal: I bet you do, but you are the bad guy here not me, all I wanted was to be cosseted for a few hours and you had to try and kill me.

Hank: I'm sorry, I really am. My doctor says I may not be able to walk again.

Mal: Blame yourself. My husband would have killed you.

Hank: Please tell me what you want and let's get it over with.

Mal: Oh, no, you are going to stew for a while. Bye for now. (Mal puts phone down)

Loll: Who are we to leave the tapes with, Mal.?

Mal: My cousin Dolly, she is as scared of me as though I am the Devil. I will bundle it all up and put in a note that if she touches the tapes or any documents, I will give her a visit. I will also put in a thousand dollars and the promise of another thousand later.

Loll: I remember her; she literally shits herself whenever you are near her.

Mal: I will address it to the FBI and send the whole thing to Dolly; she will treat it like a bomb.

Let's relax a minute and I'll read my new poem to you, Loll, I know you like them.

Loll: They are funny, Mal.

Mal: It's called 'Be a Man'...

Be a Man

You have to be a man's man in this crazy world.

If someone takes a liberty what should you do?

Some people would fight and some would back down,

Stinky MacFarlane was my mate; he was a bit of a clown.

I won't say he was a coward but some people would.

I saw him knock seven bells out of Bruiser Howells.

But Stinky's trouble was he had loose bowels.

Time and again he would come out on top

but more often than not he had to stop.

He was fighting a guy called Danny Flynn

when he suddenly stopped and broke wind.

The people around started to laugh

but Stinky took offense and punched some guy.

The crowd started to fight, Stinky wanted a shite

then he let out a fart so loud; it was heard in St Giles

It traveled for miles; people thought it was a wonder.

He was offered a job as a lighthouse keeper just to get him out of the way.

But Stinky wouldn't go without his partner; I didn't know he was gay.

Nobody wanted to be near him but his beloved Malcolm.

They started a shop in a remote part of town selling fancy goods.

Then suddenly sold up, Malcolm said it was upsetting

But he couldn't stand the stink.

How could he possibly live with a person who could fart for his country?

I told Stinky to seek a job onstage where he could earn a decent wage.

He got a job at the local theater.

He took to it like a duck to water but there was trouble in store.

He fitted a pipe up his bottom to control the flow of gas.

The trouble was he couldn't control the excess of shit he passed.

He wanted to make musical sounds.

But he sprayed the audience with enough crap to float the Queen Mary.

He didn't know it was his fate to face so much shit and hate.

Thomas Crank took offence and climbed up onstage.

He hit Stinky between the eyes but to his surprise

Stinky leveled his pipe and sprayed him with shite

That was enough for the people, they walked out in disgust

at the mess and the pus leaving Stinky all alone.

I decided to follow what else could I do?

Stinky pointed his pipe and shouted with might

This is your fault Jim Magill!

If you hadn't told me to perform onstage I wouldn't be here.

I said you didn't need to stick a pipe up your arse

You could have been a singer.

He said well now I'm a laughing stock and gave me the finger.

I was about to go up and give him what for

when he pointed his pipe at me.

I said don't you dare point that thing at me

I'll have the law on you.

He started to laugh and said

Can you not see I'm a Superhero now?

I said how can you be?

You do nothing but shite.

He was about to give me a dose with rage

when someone came from backstage

and blasted Stinky with a shotgun.

I looked on with dread as Stinky was pronounced dead.

They put a plaque up in the theatre which said:

'This is the spot where Stinky Macfarlane was shot.

Rest in peace Stinky, you were a man.

It wasn't your fault you had loose bowels.

Loll: I love it Mal, they just keep getting better.

Mal: Thank you, Loll, come on, we'll start off. I want to put this whole bloody episode behind us and have some fun.

Scene three- Car

Mal/ Loll start to walk out to find a taxi when a big black car pulls up and the back window winds down.

Man in car: (pointing a gun) Get in and don't act nervous.

Mall: What is this?

Man in car: Shut up and relax, I want to put a proposal to you.

Mall: I am waiting for my husband.

Man in car: I know who you are and I know your husband, so let's not mess around. I want you to consider what I say, and I also want the bag with the evidence from your meeting with Hank.

Mall: (starting to look serious)

Man in car: Relax, we are not in his pay, we are people who want him to suffer, he has committed many crimes and we simply want him to pay.

Mal: Thank God! I thought you were his men.

Man in car: We liked what you did and we want you to consider doing it again to some other dirt bags who think they can get away with their crimes.

Mal: The trouble is my time is sort of limited.

Man in car: We know all about it. We don't want to pressure you and you can keep the money you got from him, but if you did work for us you would be helping many people to get even with some very evil low-life characters who think they are above the law.

Mal: I will think about it. My husband will try to talk me out of it but I am certainly tempted by it.

Man in car: We will be nearby when you start any job but there is always a risk of danger.

Mal: I have lived in danger most of my life, I sort of like it.

Man in car: That's why we want you.

Mal: I suppose I can't ask who 'we' are.

Man in car: (looks at Mal and says) Just call us the M.I.B. We will collect the bag with the evidence now, bring it to the elevator where I will be waiting, and we will contact you later, take this phone, it is a secure network.

Scene four- Hotel

Mal: (at the hotel later) Well, Loll, it looks like we are working for the M.I.B.

Loll: I don't like it, but what can we do?

Mal: The more I think about it the more I like it.

Loll: I knew you would say that.

Mal: Look, Loll, we have protection, money, and excitement. I feel like a female James Bond.

Loll:

And who am I?

Mal: You are my protector, and we don't need to worry about Hank any more. We need to tool-up though; I'll dig out my knuckle duster and my old friend flicker the flick knife, one can't be too careful, eh, Loll.

Loll: I'm worried, Mal. I feel we are getting into something which will bring us bad luck.

Mal: Luck is what you make it, I always say. Remember John Wayne in his last film 'The Shootist' Lol, he didn't want to waste away, he went out with a bang and that's what I intend to do. To hell with these scumbags who think they can get away with murder. I am going to make them pay. Are you with me Loll?

Loll: (looking serious) Yes, Mal, I am with you, I can't get away from you even if I wanted to. We are together till the end like another of my favorite films 'From here to Eternity'.

Mal: Yes, Loll, just me and you till the end. Cheer up Loll, let's go out to dinner, I feel hungry just thinking about what we have to do has fired me up.

Two days later Mal gets a call from the M.I.B. agent.

Agent One: Are you willing to work for us?

Mal: Yes, although my husband is a little apprehensive.

Agent One: It is understandable, I know, but we feel you can handle it.

Mal: OK, what do I do?

Agent One: Go to the corner of fifth street and Main and act like a prostitute, you will be approached by a person called Frenchie, he will hustle you and threaten you but stand your ground, punch him and don't back down, they will like your style, and you will be taken to a man called The Ringer, he will tell you to join their team or die. Do what you have to do and do it properly. There is an item of importance which we need to acquire from The Ringer; it is a key which he always has with him, it may be in a money belt or in some pocket, make sure you get it, also get their wallets and credentials, you can keep the money but give me the rest. Is everything clear?

Mal: Yes, I feel excited.

Agent One: (No answer and ends call.)

Mal: Right, let me tart myself up, I'm already a little tarted up but you know me, Loll, extra tart is extra smart, eh?

Loll: I suppose I have to take second place again, but by God I'll have my revenge if they hurt you, Mal.

Mal: Thank you, Loll, let's go.

Scene five-Corner of Fifth Street and Main

Mal: (walking up and down and acting like a tart)

Teenager walks up to Mal and looks nervous.

Mal: What is it, sweetie?

Teenager: I was wondering...

Mal: What?

Teenager: How much do you charge?

Mal: For you, honey, I would do it for free but I'm expecting someone, go home and get a girlfriend.

Teenager: I have but she won't do it.

Mal: Buy her some flowers and chocolates and say I'm sorry but I can't go on without having you and walk away. She will call you back, now skedaddle.

Ten minutes later Mal is approached by Frenchie, who is a small man but is stocky with weight training and steroids.)

Frenchie: (looks at Mal and scowls) What the fuck are you doing?

Mal: You look in need of some serious stress removal. Do you want a quick blowjob or a simple hand job?

Frenchie: You better get the fuck away from here or I will personally move you.

Mal: I didn't know you owned Main Street.

Frenchie: (walks up to Mal and tries to put her arm around her back)

Mal: Grabs him by the wrist and punches him in the face breaking his two front teeth.

Frenchie:

Shit, you whore; I'll kill you for that.

Mal: You better get some training in then, sweetheart.

Frenchie goes away to report to The Ringer. The M.I.B. car is sat across the street with blacked out windows its occupants observing with binoculars.

Agent one: (To his colleague) This Mal person is good; she or he doesn't scare very easily, that's for sure.

Agent two:

She could finish up dead.

Agent one: She isn't that bothered, her time is limited with the cancer anyway.

Agent two: The poor bastard.

Twenty minutes later a car pulls up, the back door opens and Frenchie is sat there holding a gun. Mal is told to get in. They drive to an industrial estate on the outskirts of town where they are let into one of the units.

Scene six-Industrial unit

Mal: What is this?

Frenchie: You'll find out in a short time, whore-bag.

Mal: My, you are a little scumbag, aren't you?

Frenchie: You will be nothing but pig meat tomorrow.

Mal: As long as I don't have to listen to you and your stupid little mouth; you silly little boy.

The Ringer is listening to the talk in a side room, he enters.

The Ringer: (A big man with large belly and ego)

What have we here, then?

Mal: I am a working girl who is just trying to make a living.

The Ringer: You are new here or you would know that this is my territory and no one hustles in on it.

Mal: So, what do we do?

Frenchie: Let me cut her fucking head off, boss.

The Ringer: Shut your fucking mouth, I can see her handiwork there; you can't even handle one old tart.

The Ringer gives a sign to the other three men to come out of the side room. There are five men now facing Mal, but another man has crept up behind Mal from the front door and grabs Mal by the arms.

The Ringer: Well, what is it to be? You can work for me, or you can die.

Mal: I'm afraid you will have to kill me, I have never been any good at working for people, I don't like to take orders, you see? (Mal puts her head down in a sign of despair.)

All the people in the room are stood looking around in silence as Mal suddenly brings her head back with a crack as it connects with the face of the person at Mal's back, he lets go of Mal and she grabs her gun, she ducks down as one of the bodyguards shoots. The man stood at the rear of Mal is shot in the stomach; he collapses over Mal and Mal jumps behind the car and lies down. The other men prepare to fire. Mal can see their legs and decides to shoot them. She hits one leg each from two people, they collapse and Mal shoots them again as they hit the floor and she slides beneath the car. Frenchie tries to run to the front door and Mal shoots him in the side. The Ringer doesn't feel the need to carry a gun so he has gone into his office and is now searching for it. Mal knows there are two men left to deal with. Mal also knows that one is hiding behind a crate on her left and the other has run up the steps to the upper storeroom. The man from the upper storeroom fires his machine pistol into the car in an attempt to get Mal but the car is armored and protects her. Mal grabs one of the guns that the men on the floor dropped and shoots at the crate. The man screams out in agony and collapses. The Ringer has now found his gun and shoots through the thin office wall at where he thinks Mal is hiding. Two bullets hit the bumper at the side of Mal's head. Mal fires back and The Ringer screams out but is still alive. Mal knows that one man is still a

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