

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Thursday Afternoon

by James Stiffel

5.30pm

Come on, come on! A first day recruit with snot hanging off of his nose could've done it by now.

.29

What's taking so fucking long?

.28

Follow protocol, mark those suckers off one at a time...IN ORDER...job done!

.25

Confirm the serial number...

.24

...call it in...

.23

...wait for some dickhead to say "Proceed"...

.22

...disarm all modules...

.21

...cut the correct wire...

.20

...DO NOT strike out.

.19

It's THAT simple.

.18

Maybe he's hit 2x strikes already. Maybe he's worried about hitting the third.

.16

Maybe there was a fail safe.

.15

Some sicko playing games.

.14

Who was this fucking Simon anyway?

.13

Shit!

.12

Cassandra.

.11

I'll never see her again.

.10

Tonight was the night.

.09

I was going to propose tonight.

.08

I hope she knows I love her.

.07

That I would crawl naked over broken glass, sliced lemon and the last packet of salt & vinegar just to hear her call my name.

.05

Cassandra.

.04

My angel.

.03

My jewel.

.02

I...

.01

Thursday Afternoon 5.31pm

Muffled music.

Sirens wailing.

Traffic.

People.

Chilled London breeze.

Foggy daylight.

Blurry red LCD.

Blink.

5.31pm. Pain.

Dizziness.

Joe showed some resemblance to consciousness to the rest of the world. His slumberous pit barely changed from the day before, aside from a new bottle of Budweiser, just out of reach on the side of the bed. Fuck. Where did he wind up last night? He gradually brought himself horizontal and surveyed his surroundings.

Where's breakfast? He groaned and lifted his left leg over the side of the bed and onto the floor. His foot skimming an evening old sick puddle, he saw an open pizza box with 2 remaining slices in it. Ah, there it is.

A quivering hand reached out and took a slice. He zombied over to the window and looked out over the busy city streets and roads. The thundering noise encouraging his headache. He opened his mouth to take a bite.

BOOM!

The concussion wave threw him across the room to the far wall, firing shards of glass in his face as he went. He landed heavily and banged his head.

What the fuck was that?

Thursday Afternoon 5.32pm.

Cassandra threw her arms in the air and yawned. She smiled wide. Fresh happy memories toiled for supremacy in her mind. Of him. Finally a man she wants to stay with and call her own. She rolled over...and found him.

"Are you awake enough for another go?" She said playfully.

"What? Already?! I need time to heal!" Rubin said. "Buzz! Wrong answer!" Cassandra said as she straddled him.

BOOM!

A noise in the distance broke the mood and shook the room.

What the fuck was that?

Thursday Afternoon 5.30pm.

Shit! This has been the worst goddamn bomb ever. Six modules to disarm, 1x dummy wire, 2 strikes hit and now 3x wires to choose from. Red, yellow or blue. This Simon was a twisted idiot without a doubt. Blue. It must be blue.

.05

Please be blue! Please be blue!

.04

Please!

.03

Shit. My hands are shaking so much.

.02

And...there! I did it!

.02 ****INCOMING MESSAGE****

****YOU****

****DIDNT****

****SAY****

****SIMON****

****SAYS****

Oh god.

0.1

.0