

Bourne
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creative writing
workshops

Good Morning

a timed exercise

by Sue Hitchcock

“Good morning. You have not slept well?”

“You made sure of that.”

Actually I am dog-tired. When did I last sleep? Six weeks since I slept a long night, curled up with my wife. Six weeks since this deadly invasion by the Russians. Six weeks since the last kiss, as she climbed on the train with my sister. We couldn't get her mother and father to leave. I wonder if they are safe?

“You see we have a camera here?”

“I'm afraid you don't catch me at my best – you made sure of that.”

“You look exactly as we want – defeated.”

“Appearances can be deceptive.”

“We can make you bleed again, if you'd like?”

“Oh, go on. What do you want me to do? Smile? Cry?”

“No, you simply have to learn these words. That is your part. You are going to be on television.”

This so-called film director, - polo-neck sweater, rough hands with too many rings – handed me my script. I read it, while he strode around, flicking my ear as he passed. Why did I eat the breakfast of rye bread and tasteless coffee? It wasn't worth digesting anyway, so out it came and I got his shoes. He kicked me and wiped his shoes on my ankles. Did he really think I'd want to obey him?

The camera and lights were arranged.

“Here's your big moment!” and he aimed a gun at my head.