

Going Live in 3, 2, What?

By Adam Stark

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## About The Author:

My name is Adam Stark! I live in Minnesota. I have always been a writer for as long as I can remember. However, this is my very first book! I am a Rap Artist, first and foremost. I write lyrics about everything, and I thrive to prove with every single rhyme I write that I am very skilled at my craft. I have written some of the most creative punchlines in history, I take great pride in all of my work. I have broken down barriers in the English language to prove to everyone that I am among the elite. In one of my rap verses, I have a single rhyme with FIVE implied meanings. I don't just write punchlines, similes, alliterations, and metaphors though. I write stories, I write humor, and I rhyme intricate rhyme patterns of all types. I also would like people to know that I happen to be one of the fastest rappers in the world (in English.) I have recorded and performed many fast raps online with stopwatches to show legitimacy. However, it isn't just writing that I partake in when it comes to Hip Hop, I also freestyle and battle. I freestyle very often and I definitely consider myself one of the greatest freestyle MC's of all time. I'm always coming up with creative punchlines on the spot (improvisational performances) and once in a while in my freestyles I can even come up with a multiple implied meaning rhyme, on the spot- right there in the moment! Not too many MC's can do that. I love performing in front of crowds, no matter what the size is, Hip Hop is my talent. Additionally, I have started acting with a show I invented on YouTube called the Stark Kommand Center. It is a show that is mostly

improvisational, with some key points in every episode. I play Captain Stark, a guy in another galaxy who is a news reporter! I chose to play a news reporter in another made-up galaxy because that way I can make up the news I will report on. In this show I just try to make people laugh with my sense of humor. Now, as a first time author of a full length book, I hope that everyone can find something about it that they enjoy! I didn't try to write this book like anything I have ever written before. I tried my hardest to write action sequences in this book that don't resemble any others out there from other books, movies, shows, ect. I pride myself on being creative and original. I tried my best to make likeable characters as well as great story elements. Another thing I did was put stories within the book that would get people to think. I personally don't share any of the views expressed by any of my characters, but it is a ton of fun for me to pretend to get inside their mindset as I write their story and feelings. In the end, if I can get people to start talking about my book, and to critique it, I would love to hear it from everyone out there! Please feel free to contact me about any questions at all, whether it be personal or about the book.

To find me online, go to:

[www.youtube.com/user/adambomb51](http://www.youtube.com/user/adambomb51)

[https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCF\\_dt0yQW1v0a6K7QGAiSDQ](https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCF_dt0yQW1v0a6K7QGAiSDQ)

## 1. Abridged Too Far

What do you see when you look around Jack's house? Well you will see TV's, a master's degree in Marketing from college barely hanging on the wall, wooden floors, a huge operation area with computers and satellites, oh and let's not forget Jack himself! J.R.A.- Jack Racine Anchorage, whom has a tattoo on his arm that says "THE TRUTH HURTS" in all black ink, with the Twin Towers looking like the letter 'H' in the word 'TRUTH.' Using the alias on his underground radio podcast "The Shilling Truth Live" that is an alternative radio source started for fun, conspiracies, often laughing at everything throughout his first couple years of podcasting, and gained respect from his fanbase for always uncovering lies and inconsistencies in media reports. It wasn't until down the road, that his radio show was garnering the attention of some government shills, whom use fake names and aliases to call him out and to troll, lie and to defame his content and character, basically assassinate his character on radio as the views rose and climbed. He received many death threats throughout the shows history but it never once worried Jack. His alias & his emails would be the only means of contact from shills whom wanted him off the air, it also helped that he lived in a secluded location in Ohio. The best part about this was it's effect, it caused shills to mouth off against Jack online as well as some politicians to speak negatively about the show. This actually gave the show more credibility to fans and listeners. Not only that, but it brought up a common topic in Jack's show about how he feels that the freedom of speech is being censored more

and more. But it was about to be a 'Red Letter Day!' Jack was always on his programs he illegally installed trying to find signals nearby, he hasn't tried it in some time now, but for once there was activity present! The hacking commenced and a signal was found inside of a CIA headquarters, he uncovered a dangerous truth and planned on exposing he plot of the militia government traitors to betray their democratic principles by unleashing a weapon, a dangerous material known as EMP. Jack was eager for a podcast, so he said in advance the night before that he planned a podcast blowing the lid wide open to get tons of views and grow his fanbase! But how in the world did he hack such an important classified transmission? Well the answer is, Dwight Simmons, whom retired the CIA by faking his death with a cadaver switch, which is killing someone with similar features and faking a funeral. Now, Dwight retired from the CIA this way to avoid any possibility of enemy forces searching for him to seek revenge. But one thing Dwight didn't count on... Was making a grand mistake that puts his actual life at stake! He spent so much time at the CIA headquarters that he knew every nook and cranny for decades, and took the time to create a space using small tools days at a time, in secret. A very tedious task, but none the less he created a small area inside of the building unknown to anyone and outside of the building's blueprints/floor plan. In this 2 by 2 foot spot, he placed a device that would keep recording conversations, and that plan to stay secretive had failed abysmally, because that device was hacked and intercepted by Jack at the worst time for the CIA, when they laid out there engineer plan for a betrayal against the government

and the citizens to launch an EMP nuke that would wipe out technology in specific areas to send the economy back to the stone ages and cause anarchy! Well this interception did not go unnoticed for long, as it became clear there was a third party present. They did a reverse broadcast to find out that this was coming from the small home in the middle of nowhere in Ohio at Jack's.

## 2. Going Live in 3, 2, What?

The day comes, Jack has a visitor, by a man he couldn't identify. "Jack let me in! Your life is in danger sonny!" Jack gasps, "That's preposterous! What a load of malarkey get out of..." An arsenal of firearms gets exposed from the man's trench coat, he invites himself inside. Jack timidly acclaimed "Look look look, Sir I, ah, just..." Dwight briefly introduces himself at this point. Then he continues to expose the plot to assassinate him in a couple of minutes, scares the hell out of him and gives him guns. Weapons that Jack has never seen the likes of before, Dwight assures him there is no time, but to take cover and to follow his lead because he knows the rules of engagement. He tells Jack the wiring for the electricity in the house is going to get cut off anytime, and in the middle of explaining it - all the lights go out! Next he hands Jack a loaded assault rifle and begins to explain with half a breath between each word: "always hold this with both hands, use the Velcro strap so you don't hold all the weight, put your grip on the duct tape part of the barrel, and don't shoot a damn thing til' I start the fireworks! OH and one more thing, Jack, do you have a remote for those big speakers there? Do they operate on backup battery power? They're only expecting you to be here so I have an idea" Jack whispers: "Yes, I have batteries in them but it only works for my music..." Dwight interrupts: "Perfect, now I'm setting my stopwatch for 5 minutes and 30 seconds, when this beeps you blast the loudest song you have on full volume, and put these earplugs in right before!!" Dwight stays still as a statue and vigilant behind a tan file cabinet,

in a shadowy area. Jack sits on the floor by a sideways stepladder that sort of blends in with the wooden floors in the area, they are approximately 10 feet apart. Dwight looks at his stopwatch- 5:03, 5:02, 5:01. Jack hears footsteps, and there's a guy with a deep accent walking around his bedroom, making Jack more nervous than he has ever been in his life, he looks at Dwight, and displays some kind of hand signal suggesting 'Can you just shoot the guy?' Dwight silently declines, looks at his stopwatch again- 3:14, 3:13, 3:12. Jack has a series of horrifying thoughts in his head as he saw his pillows, blankets and mattress get tossed like laundry in his bedroom by 2 large armed men. It hits Jack, if Dwight wasn't here, he would have already been dead! Another man enters the house asking for something, they can't quite hear what it was though. Dwight looks down at his stopwatch again- 1:26, 1:25, 1:24, 1:23. Jack lays behind his cover, he continues to have very bad thoughts, sometimes irrational. At one point he starts crying slow tears and conceals his heavy breathing thinking to himself that his master's degree could have been used for something better than a podcast show laughing at the media's agendas and government shills. He sinks into deep concentration about what his family and friends' lives will be like with him dead. He starts to feel tremendous guilt for not making more attempts to socialize with them. As these thoughts remain in limbo he hears a faint \*Beep Beep\* and IMMEDIATELY stops his imagining, looks around and sees 10 or more armed men now wandering around and hits that remote! The music blasts at the highest decibel, louder than an airplane it feels like! But in the midst of doing this he fails to take the



precaution that Dwight suggested and drops his ear plugs! While he tries to pick them up he looks over at Dwight who storms out of his cover, fully exposed! Dwight had no fear, he marches forward and begins firing, 2 shots per target at the most, it helps that the surprise plan is really paying off as the intruders were all weakened and stunned from the loud speakers! Jack went deaf and tears are sliding down his face as he finally puts the earplugs in! Jack peaks out of his cover as he watches Dwight run sideways into the left hallway firing. Jack's worst fear came to fruition as a man comes into view, Jack holds down the trigger but couldn't quite do it, the trigger feels like its stuck! Jack pulls harder, 3 shots hit the wall above the man and he turns to Jack, Jack keeps on the trigger and moves his aim downwards to get the man before he would've got him! Jack had never done such a thing before, he saw the man just fall to the floor like it was nothing. The blood barely splattered until he lied there, deceased. Jack drops the gun, unable to fathom what he had just accomplished. Dwight was chasing a shooter into the laundry room, the light bulb was shot out, Dwight saw the direction the bulb shattered and fires staccato shots in that side of the room! It payed off, and he sprints to the staircase, he fires once on the floor below him, runs into the bedroom, pulls a desk out towards the stairs, fires again, watches the next shooter move for cover by the sofa downstairs. Dwight pushes the desk down the stairs and it flies the last 4 steps on the stairs and shatters the backyard window outwards! The shooter peaks out to see what happened and Dwight holds his breath and takes the shot... hit! The throat was directly hit and torn up while the man

laid on the floor bleeding out. The 2 new fellas found themselves in quite a predicament, they were having a normal day and then all of the sudden they are both wanted men for exposing a plot of mass destruction that could ruin the world. Jack had more thoughts on his mind, he had to ask Dwight something personal: "But Dwight, what about your family? Now that they know you're alive... Even though they know that I'm not dead... Won't they go out to get them?" Dwight planned for a way to slow down the traitorous killers from hunting his family, he had to make Jack's body look like he was a corpse and send a picture using one of the dead CIA's laptops in their car. Dwight wanted nothing more than to warn Jack that they might go for his family too, but Jack never once even for a moment seemed concerned so Dwight never bothered... "Jack there are risks I HAVE to take, I don't want to but I look at the bigger picture, they know it was me because the device you hacked was mine and only mine. It was a prototype at the time of my fake death, I finished it some years later, but besides I have a plan to slow them down... AHH here it is! Lay down on your bedroom floor, I'm going to open up this chili and pour it on your hair in the back for a picture, and in going to scrunch up this gray eraser and put it on your head as well. I need to send them a picture to convince them as well as stall them from going after my family. Take your earplugs out first! Once they fail a few times to hear an operative's voice than the stalling will end..." The quickly assembled a fake death scene with blood splatter and awful brutality.

### 3. What DID it really mean?

"Jack, we need to head to my hideout, let's get in my car- OH before I forget help me replace the license plates on it." The men quickly assemble the new license plates on Dwight's car and go inside. They are heading to Dwight's hideout. "The first thing you have to know about me Jack, is that I am not supposed to be alive. And what I mean by that, is that I faked my own death to retire from the CIA with death benefits for my family. I found someone that looked like me, and I killed him, followed by the infamous cadaver switch, to fake a funeral." Dwight explained. Jack is very curious at this point, "So wait, who did you kill??" Dwight sighs and explains, "I know of a town, where nobody does any good. Pushers, prostitutes, sickening. The most retched ills of our great country. So I did some surveillancing of a man who was old with white hair like myself, I used the old profiling method. I don't know if you were old enough to remember the Zodiac Killer? Racial profiling was used there to capture him, while I told those busters that of your going to catch a serial killer, predict his next move! Ahh that got on my last nerve, but so... We got that son of a bitch and I made sure to let everyone know to not give me any credit for it, I didn't want to be a target for anybody, after all. SO as I was saying, following this man in the ghettos of Detroit whom looked like me, I used my own profiling to predict that he was a no good criminal. I've never been wrong before about my instincts, but I had to be sure, so I wouldn't feel bad killing him. I knew he wasn't a family man, he had no ring, no car, just a bicycle. After only a week of watching, I saw him hit a woman,

knocked her cold out, and the cops were called. The woman awoke and was so scared of him, she actually told the police officers that he found her on the ground... I was taken back by this, poor woman I thought, but also very poor lack of judgement. So I felt no guilt about killing this man, putting my wedding ring on his finger and bringing the body to the right morgue where I had a chump working there who's owed me some favors. Got it done." Dwight explained the hack, and how they were going to kill Jack. However, the heinous actions don't stop there, they will also frame Dwight to say he committed insurance fraud and murder, since the device that Jack hacked, was his. The insurance on his life/retirement from the CIA would be seized and stopped from going to his family, and his fingerprints would be plastered all over the EMP weapon marking him as a terrorist, and would make them arrest his family for 'harboring a fugitive', which wouldn't be true of course but, what would stop them? Jack gasps, doesn't know what to say... Dwight makes light of the situation by comically blurting out: "Hah oh hell, the traitors in the CIA are as evil as they are predictable!" Jack laughs, but quickly recants his laughter and suddenly has a huge sense of doubt and asks: "But wait this all can't be true, how in the world could they possibly know that you're alive now?? Nobody survived at my house back there so why would they assume you sent them the picture of my fake dead body? I don't get it??" Dwight looks at Jack square in the face with his eyebrows so horizontal he couldn't get any more stern: "JACK! Look mister I'm not trying to be rude but you have to trust me on this, alright?!" Dwight demanded, "If my device was discovered, which OH it

most certainly was due to the fact that your house just got a new paint job, then they got inside my hardware and they know it could've only been me. I made that prototype and I was the only one who tried it before, and uh, by the way... When you cut off your hacked transmission, I heard them say my name and tell each other that my head needs to be in a garbage can in the Bronx, where nobody would ever find it. It is imperative that we stop the launch of this hellish weapon, there's 2 places we MUST go, I'll go into more detail later." Dwight mumbled his way through his speech.

#### 4. Dwight's Hideout

Dwight Simmons's home has pictures of him, some small grainy, barely visible pictures of him from all sorts of high profiled events in history. Lots of ID cards on the wall, maps, credit cards, foreign money, etc. But a vast collection of things to do with him that shows he's always watching his back and paying attention, essentially, his training never left him. Jack realizes by observing the carefully organized papers that Dwight's full name is Dwight Howard Simmons. He tells Jack that he hates the criminal part of the CIA, but loves his fellow operatives like brothers and talks about how they will never get recognition for their acts of heroism.

Dwight's briefly includes Jack in-on more top secret information: "Jack, you to truly know me, there's only one question that you need to lay on me... Who was my father? Well my father was the head of the C.I.A. before he passed. Taught me many things, I don't think I could be half the man that he is. I'll tell you this though, he would be ashamed of the criminals in the C.I.A., even though it was a small minority of them back then, now it's a larger portion! It goes against everything my father stood for." Jack felt a need to indulge into the conversation, taking Dwight by surprise because in his mind, Jack couldn't possibly relate, could he? "Dwight," Jack murmured, "You know that's great and all but I never knew my parents, I was always fostered in and out of the system. You see, to me: I could care less if someone disagrees with me but blood doesn't define your family, loyalty does. Just because I'm from a sperm donor and a lame ass hitchhiker doesn't

mean I consider THEM family! Not in the least bit, but my friends ACTUALLY helped me throughout my hardships and stuff... Anyways please continue I just, wanted to say that because I hate thinking that people assume they know everything about me."

Dwight took all the information in like a flash drive and treaded carefully with his words: "Jack, I'm truly sorry to hear that, I hope you don't ever think that I don't care about you and your personal life, I just have a mind that is almost exclusively task-based. You know my father used to turn to poetry to keep his mind sharpened and focused on happier things in life than the violence and stress he encountered. One saying I remember that you could learn from him is: 'Not everyone is born and raised, but EVERYONE is born and lowered.' Which is deep, it's saying that everyone whom is born, will die, which of course is obvious. But then it's also saying that everyone may not be 'born and RAISED' because as we know you can't choose your parents, or legal guardians etc. So technically speaking, being born, AND raised, is optional, unfortunately. Raised and lowering are opposites, but my father explained that when you die your body gets lowered, so be sure that whether or not you were raised right, to live with purpose. A true juxtaposition of life and death, life is what you do with it, not everyone grows up with 'help' and by 'help' I mean parents." Jack looks at Dwight with a whole new attitude, he gained a lot of respect for him with that deep quote from Dwight's father. Jack was very curious about Dwight's father but he kept those thoughts locked up because he felt focused on the mission of figuring out how to stop this weapon. Jack wanted to get to

know Dwight, and FAST. So he went straight for the throat with his next question: "So Dwight what exactly can you tell me about your personal experience with this EMP scare??" Dwight starts to pace around the room like a professor lecturing a class, "Jack I was a scientist before I ever considered combative careers... I had made my mark in history, but in disguise. I had experimented my weapon on cars, and although it was successful, the device was virtually immobile. Useless unless your target was straight ahead." Jack's eyes opened to new heights as he had become frightened, he prompted Dwight: "What... weapon..." Dwight jumps back in the conversation: "The EMP. This was mostly my hands on project and I had it down to all the blueprints, schematics, behaviors, risks and functions but I never had time to perfect it, but over my years of listening in, I've found out they took it to new lengths." Jack is scared by all of this information, he starts staring at the floor. Strange thoughts corrupt his mind, thoughts of the smell of blood, that first gunshot that hit his target and how his eyes never closed, his vision is permanently stained with this picture in his head. Jack gets asked by Dwight to talk about what's on his mind for it's the only medicine to help his pain. "Well Dwight, ugh, you know I have so much respect for our veterans. I truly am patriotic to a T. I think they get treated horribly in this country, and what made me start my show against shills and lies in the mainstream media, was when I found out about the Gulf Of Tonkin Resolution! It's a damn shame! How many great veterans had to eat lead and die in that was because of a LIE!" Dwight interjects: "You know I do agree, but it wouldn't be fair if I didn't reveal to you



something, I was supposed to fight in that war but I dodged the draft... My father revealed to me his real job and told me that my weapon could come in handy and the CIA was 'hiring' if you will, so I took my old man up on his offer. However if you haven't already guessed, inventing wasn't enough as I became trained ruthlessly to kill, to hunt, to... interrogate." Jack replies, "Alright, alright. I follow. So I mean, how do you do it, though? I keep having flashes of that man I killed! I hate this and I mean I hope you don't take this wrong but you just killed a lot more men than me so like how..." Dwight puts on a crooked smile and says: "Jack, believe it or not it's not too difficult. I just write in my diary. I have so much disturbing memories in the contents of this diary but it doesn't bother me, it helps me. I will be dead when someone reads it, you know?" Dwight sets the scene, he puts on a disguise, gives Jack a disguise, and orders several sandwiches from a local restaurant. The road trip is about to commence!

## 5. Road Trip

"Let me ask you something random Dwight, how did you know how to send the CIA the picture of me laying on the ground pretending to be dead?" Dwight tells Jack: "Well you see, I've been keeping tabs on the CIA and their actions for quite some time now. I got accustomed to all the new formats of reconnaissance by listening in on their processes and lectures. I take notes on each topic with different paper assortments for all of the aforementioned subjects and I studied it to keep sharp. I have the tactical assault techniques in my blue colored notes for example and my... Oh my god hahahaha!! You know I sound like I'm three sheets to the wind trying to explain my ways haha! Let's just say I kept listening with my device, sorry for getting carried away there, confusion to the tenth degree haha!" Dwight and Jack felt their spirits rise as well as their team morale stemmed from this conversation. A few minutes pass, Jack feels his curiosity about Dwight growing more and more every conversation. "So what do you have for a family?" Jack asked. "A wife and 3 kids, I had to do what I had to do to take care of them, and now they're all in danger..." Dwight tells Jack with a sense of despair. Jack had felt like he had possibly asked too many questions and got on Dwight's bad side. A few minutes of silence passes, Dwight decides that this is a good time to teach Jack another top secret lesson. "Jack, allow me to let you in on a top secret linguistics lesson. We've been decoding secret messages in text for decades, in a process we call 'L.I.D.' which stands for 'Language Infrastructure Decoding.' Look for an adverb in the title of the text that

ends with the letters 'ly', that's how you know we had our hands involved in a secret message. Look at the first letter on the left side of the page, put them all together and the sequence is complete. I remember my father had used this method to capture John Dillinger, the infamous bank robber. He was public enemy number 1, and was great at making a mockery of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Anyways, my father had an article about him, which the title contained, 'Gently Dillinger Evades Police' and in the short paragraph the first letters at the left side of the page made a mention of his hideout at Cable, Wisconsin. I'm surprised you didn't know about stuff like this the way you combated government shills young fella!" \*cough\* \*cough\* Jack's words skyrocketed out of his mouth with excitement: "WOAH WOAH! You listened to my show, Dwight?..." Suddenly Jack's attitude completely turns shallow and he utters: "Oh wait, you just heard my show when your device was recording it." Jack places his left hand on his cheek in a sad display. Dwight chuckles childishly, "Haha you've got me all wrong, I actually listened to it once a week or so, and it was sort of ironic that I wasn't listening to it the week you made the big discovery that landed us here together. You know I especially liked the one show you did where you showed how devious the mainstream media was when they covered that one shooting and didn't give much insight into each side of the issue but rather pushed for some agendas. Yeah, you know I think you're a hero I wish I could say your show could keep going I think you were well on your way to broadband to a much wider audience, but you know..." Jack thanks Dwight, then as they keep driving there is

silence for a couple hours. Jack put it upon himself to get some sleep. (Several hours later... location: Lake Superior.)

Dwight wakes Jack up, and parks the car alongside a huge body of water at peak nighttime hours. Jack freaks out as he assumes Dwight was doing this in a sense of urgency. "What, what is it?" Jack hastily demands. "Ahh you must not be a night owl, well here's the deal," Dwight puts his diary and pen in the glovebox and continues: "We are a half hour away from one of the EMP launch sites, I'm glad you got to sleep but I need to rest for awhile before we pursue this so go look what's in the trunk, you'll know what to do." Jack gets out of the car, quietly, as he has been apprehensive since the shootout he feels paranoid that he will meet his maker by a gun anytime. He goes to the trunk, opens it up to see Dwight had some white paper targets with skinny male silhouettes, some wooden stakes and a small black pistol. He immediately knew what Dwight needed from him, some target practice, the question on Jack's mind however, is more complicated. "Why isn't he given me step by step lessons this time? Why not demonstrate? What the hell, what in the hell..." Jack pondered. Not too long later he thought, maybe the lesson to be learned is that people can only teach themselves how to shoot because everyone's different? Maybe everyone overcomes obstacles differently or at a different pace? Jack chalks it up to his instincts must have went on a manhunt and he should stop being so paranoid. He sets up the targets and noticed his pistol had a silencer on it, and a flashlight. Jack feels confident in his aim after actually going through the practice. The first target gets obliterated and only 2 missed shots. The next target is hit mainly in the

chest region, which makes Jack happy. It didn't last long, as soon as the next target was set up Jack began to think that although his shots were accurate, it did take him awhile to aim each one. Dwight steps out of his car about 45 minutes later and asked Jack about his experience: "Well I'm good to go, and hopefully I don't mean die. It's just a joke Mister. Why didn't you wake me up sooner? Why didn't you shoot a squirrel for our breakfast? Okay okay I'm finished with my jokes... Anyways any questions?" Jack smiles but didn't quite laugh, "You know I think I've got it down, I mean I like it because it's much smaller than that long gun, I don't mind it. What else do you need to teach me?" Jack questioned. Dwight begins to put bullet proof vests on each of them, and starts acting out movement techniques for overcoming enemies. He also explains that it's only a mental game, if you make it that way, "Now it might take a few minutes to get used to that new vest, but try aiming your weapon straight ahead of you... perfect, now step side to side in one direction... good! That is a very valuable method used for flanking. Now, how well can you crouch, and barrel roll?" Dwight instructed. The lessons go on for awhile but it still remains dark outside and it has to be rushed, it was inevitable. Dwight grabs everything and puts them back in the trunk, puts on some special belts, and starts the car in a hurry. Although the mission at hand is stressful, neither of them want to talk about it. Dwight has a lot on his mind and has to get something off his chest as they drive to the first EMP launch site. "Jack I gotta tell you something before we get there," Dwight announces, "Jack, I lied to you a little bit, I'm not proud of myself for that but you should know more

insight. I blemished the story about how I faked my death, the man I killed was exactly the way I described him... except he had kids. 2 sons, in elementary school." Jack has no negative reaction to this whatsoever, he wants to ensure Dwight that he is just fine: "Hey hey that's not even a, thing to be sorry for. You said he was a bad guy?! If he was bad enough to hit a woman, knock her cold out in public than imagine what he'd do to his kids. They probably got beat bad or neglected, Dwight please there's nothing about what you did that makes me think differently of you, you saved my life I've appreciated your lessons, it's all good!" Dwight is hesitant to respond but he tells Jack: "Look, I mean thanks. But nobody else would know what it feels like to separate kids from their father, even if he was bad, those kids are hound and they will grow up one day and remember they USED to have a dad. The biggest problem is, do you want to know why I didn't know he had kids? Because I screwed up... I killed him, and I did it being so impatient that I never took the time to find out about his family. I feel guilty for it every day, I was just thinking about myself and my family I never thought that he could have kids and that killing him would be one of the most haunting resolutions in my life..." Jack doesn't like this side of Dwight, he immediately responds: "Look I still stand on my view, it was probably fate. Maybe for some reason he was meant to be killed by you, or you would have let him live and his kids would've been abused for years." Jack is delightful that he can finally talk to someone that could hold a conversation with him, and not be filled with such rage. The guest callers on 'The Shilling Truth Live' were always angry and on the attack, so to speak. It

meant a lot to Jack to have a good series of back and fourths with someone in his life. Dwight is happy on the outside, on the inside he is marred with fear of failure, writing in his diary and talking is his way of staying calm. See, Dwight too had no human contact in years with the exception of food deliveries, and even then he was wearing disguises. Dwight decides to think of a random question to ask despite his complete lack of caring for the subject: "So I like your tattoo, it really covers up your whole arm young man?" Jack responds: "Yeah, I wanted it big so that people would have to see it, I like the large black bulgy ink, that way people cannot miss it. I don't know man... I'm just not into artsy crap haha!" Dwight tilts his head upwards with a chuckle.

Out of the blue, Dwight pulls out a syringe and pokes himself under his vest, it shocks Jack so much that he pretends he never saw it happen. He had no intentions of bringing it up and asking about it. Dwight tells him: "Before I get involved in warfare, I strategize I don't fight a war fair! I take adrenaline shots to give me an edge in combat, and no I don't share I hope you didn't get any ideas..." Jack has no comment, he is glad to get an explanation though. He looks over at Dwight, and gives him a quick head nod. Dwight puts his hand on Jack's shoulder, pumps the breaks, and tells Jack: "We're here, remember your training."

## 6. First Come, First Serve, First AID

Dwight and Jack are armed to the teeth in vests and ammo belts, a baggy of spare ear plugs just in case, Jack with his pistol equipped with a silencer, and Dwight with some explosives and a submachine gun doctored with stability upgrades. They run to the door, get on each side of this small box-shaped gray building. Next step is placing small ear communicators in their ears, and Dwight gives a brief warning: "Make this clear, we cannot let an alarm go off, if it does the building will commence lockdown functions and I'm going to assume there will be many armed forces sent to this building to wipe us out, we need disguises, stay behind the very first place you can find cover! Put this fake beard on your face, it's a good disguise and it suppresses the sound of your loud breathing." Dwight begins using a synergistic compound that flows its way into the lock and molds a key, Dwight puts gloves on and slowly opens up the door. He runs while crouching up to a terrace by a trap door hid behind some scrap metal, Jack follows. Dwight sought for an opportunity to get inside that door...

Inside that door is a long tunnel system which makes room for the EMP weapon possible because the building on the outside is relatively small. Dwight peaks inside of the trap door hole and peaks through his gun's scope, and sees a hub of activity. He watches the camera in the room and memorizes it's movement pattern. He has an idea to manipulate the camera's core function, but he needs to get himself close enough to it, and figure out a way to jump down the door instead of using the ladder. The ladder was



likely a slow process and could easily be picked up by the camera's field of vision, Dwight believes. He sees a worker coming into the room below him, so he immediately thought that his cushion for the fall he is about to endeavor. The man walks in the perfect spot... but Dwight has his stopwatch running that coincides with the camera's patterns and he determines it would be caught by security, so frustratingly, he has to watch him walk by. The man walks his way over to the restroom. Dwight watches and makes hand gestures to Jack so that he understands to watch him perform the jump and repeat it on his command. So, as they wait a couple of minutes, the man finally comes out of the bathroom. Dwight prepares his jump for the one opportunity while simultaneously glancing at his watch with the camera-view patterns and... Failure. The chance came and went unfortunately. The timing of the jump would have been caught on video surveillance. Dwight quietly and slowly shuts the trap door. Dwight had a 'Plan B' for the next move he whispers to Jack: "New plan, take my watch, and my gun for a minute. Pull out the stand on the bottom of my gun... Yeah. Now keep it pointed at the camera and keep still like you have nerves of steel! Look at my watch, see how the timer is going continuously? When it's between 5-9 seconds in every 10 second interval, that's when the camera is on our landing position! When the timer is on those seconds, press this switch on my gun to use the laser projection and keep it pointed to the center of the camera lens out there, that's the ONLY way to block the view, and unfortunately it's going to look obvious but I need that window of time to jump and then to move the body to the bathroom to disguise myself with his uniform.

I'll be on the communicator, whisper to me when the timing is right to jump down for me to catch you." Jack takes a moment to let everything sink in: "Uh yeah no problem, let's do this..." Dwight opens up the door again, he waits a few minutes holding up this heavy trap door open just a crack. Another worker comes in the room, but someone else comes in and joins him! Dwight hears certain words being uttered in their conversation, but cannot conclusively figure out the basis of their chat. He watches so patiently while grinding his teeth to help avoid making a breath too loud. All the while, Jack has the gun set up and aimed for the moment to do his part in the infiltration. Dwight looks back at Jack momentarily, then he looks back and sees the 2 workers walk away from each other and once again, he proceeds to use the bathroom. Moments later, the time comes, the man comes out of the bathroom and the coast was clear! Dwight doesn't even look back, he has full trust in Jack to know when to use the laser, and he jumps down hard on the man! It is an unpleasant fall as Dwight lands on the man's elbow with one foot, and his head with the other foot. Jack is on point, he holds down the laser button only in the time frame instructed. Dwight quickly gets up, grabs the man and starts dragging the body to the bathroom; Jack has to use the laser again. Dwight shuts the bathroom door and talks to Jack on the communicator: "Okay stop! I'm out of view, let's not make this anymore suspicious, I'm changing into his clothes now." Jack replies: "Yup yup yup, are you going to kill him?" Dwight answers him: "No, I'm tying him up with zip ties and tying a sock in his mouth, he's behind these

dumpster cans." It doesn't take Dwight too long to do this, but to Jack it feels like it is a long wait.

Finally Dwight instructs Jack to get ready to jump down, and he will catch him. Jack looks at the stopwatch, and since Dwight is now in disguise, there is no suspicion by the camera seeing him, just Jack. Dwight stands underneath the spot. He begins to wonder what is taking Jack so long? Jack counts down in his communicator, "3...2...1..." Dwight looks up at the door in the ceiling nonchalantly for a moment... Nothing happens! Dwight says to try again, Jack counts down and slightly opens up the door again... and doesn't jump! Jack talks to Dwight on the communicator: "I can't! I just can't I'm freaking out!" Dwight tells Jack: "Okay well then... Stay there for a minute, I have another idea!"

Dwight is flustered on the inside, but carrying a calm demeanor on the outside as he wears the worker's outfit. He walks over to the camera, directly underneath it. He pulls out a cell phone, puts his arm with the phone straight up. The phone is on a video recording mode as Dwight mimics the camera's left-to-right motion. He then holds the phone, and starts a program he installed in it to loop the footage continuously. Then cleverly unwinds a tape measure he sees on the counter, and intricately ties the phone up with the footage still looping, and looks for an object sturdy enough to stand on. After moving some heavy crates around he finds a trash can made of metal that he feels will suffice. All of the sudden the plans change! A man enters the room aggressively walking towards the bathroom! The door opens and the guy is holding the door with one hand and looking around the room, he's angered by something. Dwight keeps his hand on his gun while laying down just in case, and he decides not to alert Jack on the communicator so the guy won't hear any whispering. The man storms out of the room doing a power walk and

mumbles, Dwight is intrigued by this, he couldn't figure out what language he was spewing. Dwight alerts Jack on the communicator: "Hey Mister did you see an ounce of what just transpired down here?!" Jack quietly answers embarrassingly: "N-No, what's wrong what can I do?" Dwight takes a deep breath and continues: "A man just came in here looking around, they're obviously on high alert now! SO, I am going to stand up on the tin can piece of junk so I can put up a video screen in front of the camera so we can get moving here without security catching us! I'll make an aggressive whisper if an intruder comes in, I need you to be on point and shoot if they come in, got it? Shoot. Shoot. SHOOT! Aim for the biggest area the chest, vital organs are there, start thinking about the mission while you wield and not make it personal every time you shoot someone, that's the best I can help you, okay? I'm moving..." Dwight wastes no time with that charged up speech. He puts the trash can upside down under the camera and out of view. He quickly puts the video in view of the camera, while the tape measure is in his mouth, spits it out, and quickly begins to tie up and restrain the phone's screen to the camera. The moment it was done, Dwight watches it's movement and makes sure it worked, success! He peaks under the door to see no one in sight, he goes to the trap door on the roof to get Jack. Dwight knocks on the ceiling with the barrel of his gun while his head is facing the door where people came from earlier. Jack takes his right leg and carefully puts it in down towards Dwight's knee and quickly falls down into his grip. They both lose their balance but manage to stay standing up without falling down. They both keep a quiet pace as they move

slowly to the door, Dwight peaks, makes a notion that it is clear and enters the next room. Jack follows and briefly looks at the setup Dwight made with his camera phone screen. Jack is perplexed at how Dwight always has a plan in these intense situations, Jack used to get shaky when someone merely made a belligerent comment on his show! In the next room there is short narrow hallways of tunnels, a few paths to go on which all lead back to the door they just entered. Dwight doesn't see any cameras around the area. There is constant noise... but neither know for sure what it is. To Dwight, it sounds like oil being pumped at a refinery; to Jack it sounds like car breaks and/or vacuums for some reason. Stopped by a decision of which hallway to enter, the men stand still between the farthest left two paths. Dwight peaks around the corner of the farthest left one, and to his misfortune there is an armed guard a few feet away walking towards him! Dwight remains calm, Jack's nerves were shot and he takes a few steps back... "HEY WHAT'S THE STATUS ON THAT A.S.?" The guard ferociously demands! He looks at Dwight momentarily, then harshly stares down Jack towering over him by a foot! Dwight begins to speak but he quickly and angrily gets interrupted: "NO YOUR NAME ISN'T MAINTENANCE!" And he looks at Jack! Jack flinches with his hand resting on his arm. Then out of nowhere with cat-like reflexes, the guard pulls out a spring-triggered switchblade and slashes at Jack's midsection! Dwight saw this weapon and lifts his foot in his direction to push him away and catch him off balance! The man is way too heavy to be moved back easily and Jack's shoulder suffers a laceration! Jack falls to the ground hard and fast, he

decides to hold his hand over his mouth so he won't yell! Jack is crying, his mind is going in circles, he cannot stop thinking about dying! Dwight's kick moves the man back a few inches but he was still standing, a quick thrust with his rifle towards the knife knocks it out of his hand. A strong grip and pulling match between the two starts with the rifle! Dwight pulls as hard as he can, the guard pulls as hard as he can... but Dwight let go of it! The man falls hard against the corner sticking out between the two walls! Stunned as the wind is knocked out of him, in a flash he gets pummeled with bare knuckle bruises to the throat and a contusion! Slowly, he gasps for air that seems to be a never-ending struggle. Not much longer and the body is dragged over to the corner by Jack. Jack still sits in agony and is curious to see what happened to him: "Are you okay Dwight? Is he finished?" Dwight tells him: "Well I was trained to rupture the larynx... and I happened to do just that. But forget about me lets take a look at you mister... Ah. You have a laceration directly above your shoulder blade's rotator cuff, it's not as deep as I worried it would be. You're in a state of shock right now, but time is flying so cover your mouth very tight I'm about to pour some water on your cut..." (Jack screams into his other arm) Dwight continues whispering: "Now I believe I've washed out the excess blood and grit, keep pressure on the bloody thing, no pun intended. You should be fine, now listen up: in 20 minutes I'm going to put this alcohol on the area and apply ointment. Hopefully this doesn't become an asinine abscess. Lay down... behind this body for cover, I'm going to have to move forward alone for this. Now Jack, don't shoot someone unless you are positive that they see you, I

know it's difficult to judge that but it is imperative! We don't need extra heat on our bums... I'm heading out." Dwight starting walking down the farthest left hallway. Jack is once again scared out of his mind and praying in his head that he will never see someone come by him. Dwight comes to a dead end, he assumes it is used for storage considering the file cabinets and cardboard boxes. Then, something peculiar catches his attention: a small vent. He approaches it and put his left ear to it, although he doesn't hear anything it certainly spikes his curiosity instead of deflating it. The thoughts flying around the airspace of Dwight's brain contains the high hopes that there is a basement where the weapon is like he figured. Dwight uses his gun's iron sights to pry open the vent from the side and pulls it off the wall. He still can't hear anything, but he isn't convinced. Nor is he susceptible to quitting. He takes out an eye-size portable camera and ties it to a thread found in the room. He begins to lower the camera slowly and prompts Jack to tell him his status: "Jack, how are you doing?" Jack hastily responds: "I guess I'm fine." Which is four words more than he expected to hear. Dwight puts on a small monitor screen over his left eye to see what footage is being captured by his camera feed. He lowers the camera all the way down to the bottom. He starts to lightly spin the string like a puppet to get the view he desires. He sees a sight for sore eyes, and a sound for sore ears, the EMP weapon control panel way out towards the farthest part away in the room. As it is recording he hears: "This better be the last time I go to the control room! This is all you need to know about the operation. From now on, every time YOU and everyone else come down stairs you should

know how to function this device properly. Do you get it now?" And the regularly dressed participant says: "Yes sir, we always respect your decisions around here. Ugh, I'm going to go and do my computer stuff so, I'm shutting off my radio okay?" In that moment Dwight has a surge of intense silent celebration! He has an idea brewing in his head, so he pulls on the tread to retrieve his camera very carefully. He pulls out his other smartphone and downloads the video footage he captured. He edits the footage out to just hear a few things that the leader said on the video. He edits it out carefully to say these words taken from the conversation in order: "Go to the control room; you and everyone else come downstairs; do; it; now!" Some of it was choppy but it was the best Dwight can do considering the situation and time. Dwight gets on the radio he took from the dead guard and goes channel surfing: Channel 1- \*static\* Channel 2- \*silence\* Channel 3- \*interference\* Switching between these three channels is daunting and tedious to say the least. After about 5 minutes Dwight finally hears some chatter about a bathroom break on channel 2. He knows that the guard may go by Jack and see the phone Dwight put in front of the camera in that room! So with no hesitation Dwight stays near the vent and puts his plan into action! He places the phone with the edited conversation with the leader on it and plays it through twice to everyone's radio on channel 2: "Go to the control room; you and everyone else come downstairs; do; it; now! Go to the control room; you and everyone else come downstairs; do; it; now!" Then Dwight gets on his communicator and asks Jack a question that's paramount to his plan: "Jack, was there a guy by you? Did he go to the



bathroom or..." Jack immediately responds: "Yeah, I mean well no he didn't make it to the room he was about to enter than he heard something on his walkie talkie and he was pissed off... he ran back where ever he came from!" Dwight is relieved to hear this, "Good, stay strapped I'm about to make some noise, and wake the neighbors so be on guard." Dwight sees that his plan is working and everyone is going into the downstairs control room because they are duped by his fake order over the radio. He lowers the camera down once again to watch. The room is getting piled up with guards complaining about coming in there. While watching, Dwight finds some paper clips in one of the file cabinets and starts to move them around with his two index fingers and thumbs. On the other side of the tread (opposite to the eye-size camera) Dwight is tying a grenade explosive to the thread using the paper clip. The grenade isn't touched with the exception of the hole in the middle of the pin, which acts as the primer for the explosion when pulled off with force. So he sets down the grenade with the paper clip tied around the pinhole, and finds a heavy slim toolbox that seems to be old and dirty. He views the camera again and sees everyone is bored and standing around there, some men are even sitting on the desk. The perfect moment came for Dwight's plan, the leader walks in and is flabbergasted to see all of his guards in the room instead of at their posts! As soon as he sees that, he pulls up his camera, out of the vent, throws the toolbox down the vent which startles everyone and it breaks the vent cover off on the downstairs wall! Quickly Dwight follows that up with fiercely chucking the grenade side end of the thread down the vent, and it can't be

lowered any more by the thread. Dwight pulls upwards as hard as he can and the force of the jerking action that the paper clip has on the pinhole successfully takes the pin off of the grenade! \*Explosion\* Dwight's plan works and the front side of the crowd of guards are being obliterated! Dwight gets on the communicator to briefly speak to Jack: "Jack my plan worked I managed to kill a lot of them but now they know there's intruders, stay vigilant, and shoot for the bigger areas on the body!" Jack hears every word but can't find a way to be happy about it. His arm is in agony still and he holds his gun tight. The alarm is pulled and there is a constant ring sound going off. Jack's state of mind is mixed between anxiety and anguish, due to his injury and his fear. Constant heart-racing and gut-wrenching feelings arise! A guard with a huge black helmet peaks around the corner across the hall. Jack's starts biting his lip, hopelessly praying in his mind that he does not give away his strategic position. He swears that the guard just locked eyes with him, even though Jack is still laying behind the dead guard's body. He starts contemplating whether to move his head back behind cover more so the guard won't possibly see his eyes, or should he stay still so he isn't seen moving? Then as he continues watching the guard look around his mind starts to wander off again, a mental psychotic episode. Jack's thoughts speak to him as such: "The guards expect me to hide behind a dead body don't they? They'll probably shoot at the body just in case and I'll get smoked! Every guard is going to kill Dwight and then surround me while I'm still laying on the ground and shoot me together in perfect unison!" Meanwhile Dwight keeps watching all sides he

can lay eyes on. Dwight sees a guard running towards Jack's position and has no time to shoot him. He sends Jack a verbal warning: "Jack I see one coming to you!" Dwight whispers aggressively. Jack stares down the hallway that the guard should come running through at any moment. In a flash, he's there! His shotgun is pointed forward, Jack gets both hands on the grip, aims, fire! Two shots rang out of the barrel, the guard gets his in the left leg and immediately falls to the floor. Jack goes back down behind his cover, taking some deep breaths. He's freaking out because the guard is still alive, he feels as though he suffered delusions of grandeur because in his illogic at the time, anywhere he would have fired it would have killed him. It's hard for Jack to think he has to go through this again and try to shoot him once more and not die at the expense of missing! Jack peaks out very quickly and fires toward the general area of the guard as he sees him trying to get on his knees, and wouldn't you know it... head shot. The bullet he fired went directly in the path of the guard's head. Jack is relieved, but also traumatized. It isn't the death he brings, or the guilt of taking life away that's causing this, but the very idea that how he thinks these situations are supposed to happen like, don't happen that way. The guard fell straight down on the floor like he was doing a push-up, and he never made a sound. Jack tries to focus and get away from his crazy thoughts, he decides to signal Dwight on the communicator: "I killed him Dwight." Enough said. Dwight responds with an idea, almost as if he didn't just hear a word Jack just said: "Jack I need you to go back to the bathroom area where I tied up the guard and took his uniform, stay with him and make

sure he doesn't get hurt! I believe we can use him for something!" Jack stands up abruptly, thinking in his head that hopefully this all meant (additionally) that Dwight knew that the coast was clear. Jack starts walking fast, and cutting corners. He finds the man still tied up. A thought enters his mind, he starts thinking like Dwight, a strategy. Maybe using the man as bait can make for an easy trap or ambush? So now he takes cover on the other side of the room behind some tall square machines. Dwight gets on the communicator: "I've got the back rooms clear, eyes open." Jack just stares into the doorway, ready and aiming. Several minutes go by, nothing to be heard except the sounds of machines outside the walls. Then, out of the blue, the sounds of boots walking aggressively fast. It's a small group of guards and they are all wearing head gear for protection. Jack's heart starts climbing again... The guards enter the room, Jack can see 5 of them. The one in the front points directly to the guard that's on the ground all tied up and says: "Hey we have a hostage! Clear the area! Now!" Jack feels defeated already, he believed that they wouldn't find the guy tied up and that maybe, just maybe, he could shoot a guard. He starts to think that maybe it's a bad idea to shoot now and give away his position. The thought that he can kill them is less important to Jack than to stay alive himself. Then as the guards are looking around ... BOOM! \*gunshots\*

Guards are getting hammered with lead coming from outside the doorway in the hall! They fall down and Jack could hear just how heavy their armor must have been by the sounds they make. There is one guard untouched however, and he turns around firing 16 shots into the

hallway! Then he backs up and goes to a corner next to the doorway to reload his clip. Jack moves forward and kicks a metal latch which makes a loud noise, the guard fires towards Jack. He takes cover laying down, and starts thinking about dying again. He had intentions of being the hero by killing the last guard with no resistance but was unsuccessful. Dwight gets on the communicator: "Jack if your still with me get ready to shoot him, I'M COMING IN!" Jack is now perplexed at this notion Dwight is making. The sounds of the halls are now going deaf by something: Dwight yelling! "YEEEEEEEAWWW!" The guard turns around again looking at Dwight's shadow. Jack peaks out of cover and aims his pistol straight for the guard and keeps squeezing the trigger! \*Gunshots.\*

Another man dead on the floor. Dwight waves to Jack, and does a 'thumbs up.' Jack takes a moment to look around the room, and for once he feels satisfied. He feels as though he can consider himself a great combatant on Dwight's side. Dwight wasted no time and grabs the guard all tied up by the shirt and takes all of his bondages off. He gives him an ultimatum: "Give us the info we need to shut this joint down, and I'll let you walk. In other words if you value your legs than lets get to business!" The guard takes some deep breaths, and agrees. Dwight writes down the password in his diary and walks with the guard and Jack down the hallway. They proceed to go down the stairs. The guard starts walking toward the machine then he screams in terror as Dwight fires his gun at the 2 cameras on the wall. Jack conceals his laughter by biting his lower lip. The men walk over to the machine in the control room and the guard goes to login ok the EMP user interface. Dwight is

happy to see that it worked, and he shoves the guard away lightly and demands him to stand in the corner. Looking through the programs, he figures out this EMP has much less range than the other EMP. Jack looks around the room and sees foreign languages written on papers along with documents and small machines with lights lit up. He has a thought that hopefully the second EMP won't take too long to find, in hopes that if he is going to die, that it will happen sooner than later. "Hopefully we can use an airport, and Dwight can make us some fake I.D.'s or something?" Jack contemplates in his head. Dwight arms the EMP on itself and programs a mass deletion of the hard drives connected. "10 minutes til' it's 10 digits of money down the drain, let's get out of here, NOW!" Dwight announces. Everyone starts running away and Dwight keeps his gun aimed at the guard that helped as he goes. The journey out of the building seems to be going by much faster than it was sneaking around to Dwight and Jack. The unarmed guard takes off running like there's no tomorrow. Dwight sits Jack in the passenger seat of the car and presses hard on the accelerator. While driving he instructs Jack to pour water from a water bottle over his injury some more, then pour alcohol over it from the first aid kit. Jack lays the seat back to get some sleep, and they start another drive. Jack is too tired to ask what's next at the moment.

## 7. No Heart to Spare

Jack wakes up and gets straight to business with Dwight: "What's the plan now... Where do we go from here?" Dwight smiles and glances his right eye over towards Jack, "Well I'd love you tell you, but you have to do me a solid first mister, can you drive while I rest my eyes? You just have to follow my GPS." Jack agrees, as Dwight already begins to pull over the car. Dwight keeps his eyes closed as he talks to Jack as if he's completely awake, "Now we have to hit em' where it hurts, while preventing any forces they have against us before hitting the final EMP site. There's a power grid that controls all of the electricity on the East Coast. It is imperative that we shut it down before going in, that security system on the EMP site is too strong I fear." Jack soaks all of the information in, and has a nice talk to himself in his head. He starts to think of a smart idea that will maybe impress Dwight. "So Dwight!" Jack announces, "We should maybe get some of those fake I.D.'s made for us and we could enter the building as workers there? Then it won't raise any suspicion?" Jack says with exciting confidence. Dwight has to respond carefully, because he knows Jack is proud of his intuition, and he disagrees. "That idea would work flawlessly... believe me! But unfortunately, we no longer have the technology to make them. My hideout has definitely been destroyed along with all of my resources inside of it." Dwight states with sadness. Surprisingly, however, this does not stop Jack's confidence as he has more to say. "Hey but Dwight you can't tell me that we can't get ourselves another corrupt I.D. manufacturer

somewhere?!" Dwight shrugs his shoulders, takes a second and exhales the following: "This country now has me and you in the crosshairs. Anyone of the sort is now fully aware of what we've done and they will kill us if we are found. No amount of bargaining will work with these people, trust me. For them it's not worth it to let us get away, but there's reward in taking us down. We're marked worse than tramp stamps." Dwight has to sigh after telling Jack another denial. Jack soaks it all in and keeps on driving while allowing Dwight to sleep. The GPS takes Jack no time getting used to, although it's voice is getting on his nerves.

Several hours later Dwight wakes up. They order fast food using cash and switch positions in the car so Jack can sleep. Jack takes another page out of Dwight's book (metaphorically speaking) and talks to Dwight while keeping his eyes closed: "So I suppose I should ask you, instead of guessing the wrong idea like I do every other time haha, so what is the plan this time around?" Dwight takes a bite out of his sandwich and talks with his mouth full: "I have a plan that I put careful thought into for years! But I have to tell you, I'm worried about your conscience... It's something that takes some evil sinister work in itself, but for the bigger picture which is 'the greater good' by stopping this EMP weapon of mass destruction." Jack is captivated by Dwight's speech at this point, but when Dwight is worried about something, it resonates to Jack and makes him worry. Jack spews his thoughts: "Hey I just need to make sure we stop this thing, I mean you know, well... How, how bad can it be?" Dwight wastes no time getting straight to business: "We have to get ourselves in a



big hospital. I need you to be melodramatic when we enter and simulate a person who's in serious pain. I'm talking about pain and anguish fella! We need to get you in an emergency room, I will act as your friend who brings you in and stays by your side. When the surgeon comes in that's when I pull out my gun, and demand to get my hands on restricted drugs and medicines. I need to get a hold of Succinylcholine. It's a dangerous muscle relaxer that can kill someone with minimal effort if just a small amount too much gets inside someone, plus it doesn't show up anywhere on an autopsy, literally no footprint. When doctors use it they dump the remainder down the drains so no one gets a hold of it. So this way we will harm workers at the power plant and they won't have a choice but to quarantine the place, allowing security measures to be much weakened. And that's not the part that's going to play on your conscience young man, it's that people will get hurt, innocent people that just happen to work there that we need to get past to continue our mission..." Dwight explains as he wipes the sweat off of his forehead. Jack begins to stare into space (even with his eyes closed, but not for long as he continues the conversation: "So, just to make sure I've got this down correct, we have to steal this powerful muscle relaxing drug to make people sick who work at the power grid place? And that, you're worried we could even kill some of them?" Dwight confidently replies: "Yes, there's a measurement of the Succinylcholine that can kill someone, so therefore I'm going to do my very best to be careful not to, but the risk is still there! I hope you know I'd never lie to you or keep secrets, it's totally possible we could accidentally kill someone innocent but

the plan is to just make them temporarily sick as to give them a reason to close down the building and we can make our entrance with significantly reduced security. I have a conscience too please don't get me wrong, but technically it IS more important to save potentially millions of lives than risk a few casualties whom may die anyways as a result of the EMP weapon." Jack says nothing, but reaches his hand over to Dwight and gives him a handshake. Dwight can't help but hold a crooked smile.

Jack wakes up and looks outside, he sees that the car is parked. Dwight is taking stuff out of the trunk. Jack gets out and stretches. The men are at a small city park at night time. Dwight starts pulling on some equipment with his hands and talks to Jack: "Good to see your awake moonshine, now, come over here for a second. I'm tampering with this prototype mannequin made a few years ago. It has a realistic blood-flow simulation inside of it. We use these things for target practice and to train combat forces to understand what it will look, feel, and smell like when we attack someone, by whatever means. SO! I'm going to make you fat, by putting this over you, I'm cutting off the torso and chest regions and you'll put these on. The simulation of a slow dying heartbeat is also an appended function. I know all I've done since I met you is ask you to do so much but may I ask you to do something once more? For our mission of course?" Jack instantly replies: "Yes! Yes of course, we're in this together and I am not stopping for any reason brother!" Dwight nods his head with acceptance. Dwight starts attaching the mannequin prototype body parts to Jack while he explains the objective at hand: "So, don't do it yet, I repeat, do not start

this process yet because I want you to save your energy until we get in the emergency room. You need to become the greatest actor in history, essentially. Grab on to some old depressing memories in your head from the past, and get emotional... strongly! This is urgent. If you can cry and simulate this pain like no other than we can pull it off, remember I just need to get you in the room long enough til' I see the surgeon." Jack gives a very quick thumbs up, and begins contemplating what he's going to think about while he embraces 'emotions' soon.

All of the body parts are now attached to make Jack look like a much heavier body type. Dwight reaches in Jack's shirt and activates the bleeding to death simulation. The car remains at the park on a spot that is under some tree branches. Jack looks over and sees the usual preliminary process of adrenaline injecting. Finally, Dwight pulls out the foldable wheelchair and sits Jack down in a slumped position. "Jack, here we go, across the street and we are THERE! We will be likely entering the camera's view the moment we hit the street so we can't act suspicious. Get into character, and then I will roll us inside frantically." Jack responds quietly: "Give me one second..." Jack reaches deep into the abyss of his memory, he starts to force his body to shake, and he tries to convince himself that the mood to be in, is to be sad. But not just a little sad as if a mere disappointment, but as if he has so much to lose. Jack believes he is just starting to get a rhythm down for being emotional, and all of the sudden the wheelchair is moving! Jack feels like it's too soon but he can't speak, he doesn't want to distort his progress he's making so he rolls along with the plan (no pun intended). They enter the

hospital and in no time they are at the front desk of the Emergency Room. Jack starts to utter the words: "I need..." and Dwight takes over the talking role. It hits Jack that he made a stupid mistake by talking, how dumb it was. Although, he lets Dwight do his part and he continues to act out these emotions. He starts showing his teeth with his eyes closed with muscle straining and exhales loudly. Simultaneously, Dwight is talking to the receptionist: "My friend has been stabbed! He don't know what the hell happened to him but he's bleeding really badly!" The receptionist gets right to the point: "Go to the right! Nurses will take you two down to room 233, and here sir take this visitor pass sticker!" Dwight grabs it and slaps it on his arm. He pushes Jack on the wheelchair in the direction of the restricted doorway that the nurse is opening. As this is going on, Jack begins to look around, but only with his eyes, not with his head. There's nothing but worry in Jack's mind that if he moves one inch too far, it will blow his cover. He starts to think to himself, where are the guns? Did Dwight bring them in? Is he going to make an excuse to leave and come back with guns from the car or something? When the loud door opens up, he shuts down all the speculation going on in his mind and continues on his emotional 'trauma' drama. They get inside of the room and both get sent to the corner near the hospital bed, this makes both men realize that this hospital is very busy because it didn't look like a typical Emergency Room. The nurse starts to ask a question and stops, she pulls out a stethoscope. Put her end of the tool in her ears and places the listening mechanism on Jack's chest area. Jack continues to act as if he can't speak from unimaginable

pain. She tries is over two different areas and stops to say: "Okay, your breathing is very unhealthy, we need to start an I. V. and start you on some oxygen!" She leaves the room, Dwight silently gives Jack a pistol in his sleeve and whispers: "Okay I'm going to get him in here, when I pull my gun and go for a tour, pull yours on the nurse and **KEEP HER CALM!** Constantly reassure her that she's going to be okay if she keeps quiet and don't let her touch any buttons til' I return!" Jack starts to ease off the emotions of sadness, and focuses on preparing himself mentally to hold the nurse hostage at gun point. Dwight hovers his hand over Jack's face with his back to him signaling that his eyes need to stay closed. Dwight opens the door open a crack and makes his announcement: "HELP HELP HE'S NOT BREATHING! WE NEED A DOCTOR! PLEASE HURRY UP!" Jack holds his eyes shut, and slumps his hand into his sleeve onto his pistol for a light grip. A doctor comes in the room whom wears attire of a prestigious surgeon. "We have a team on the way! I'm suspecting one or more internal organs are suffering hemorrhage..." The doctor announces. Dwight approaches the doctor very quickly and grabs the communicator out of his clothing with force! Dwight shoves him into the corner, then pulls his semiautomatic machine gun out from the back of Jack's wheelchair and puts the barrel right on the doctor's nose. Some heavy breathing and the motion of his hands go up in the air. Dwight tilts his head down with an angry pair of eyes staring him down and makes demands: "Listen up, you're going to take me to your restricted area of medicine NOW! It's a busy night here ain't it? Lots of 'customers' wouldn't want their waiter to bring them no

food? Don't do anything unintelligent to kill yourself and all of these patients tonight? Let's move now!" Dwight puts on a dirty scrub from the dirty linens container and keeps his gun touching the doctor from underneath it subtly. They begin to walk fast. The doctor doesn't say a word to any colleague he's passing by, and Dwight makes no eye contact. One woman behind a computer desk raises her voice at the doctor and asks: "Hey Dr. Chatlin, isn't the team there waiting in 233 for your orders??" Dr. Chatlin utters out his response in a high pitch: "Ugh I, I ugh, something important..." Dwight glances as they continue walking during this exchange while luckily, his attitude seems to make the lady mad and lose focus! A nurse, and three other uniformed people enter the room with Jack. Everyone is taking a look around at each other as Jack is still pretending to be unconscious. One man puts his end of the stethoscope on his 'chest' area and the simulation prototype body part gives him an alarming reading that they are losing him. His life, as a patient in their eyes, are slipping through their fingers. The nurse puts her hand on his throat and starts to feel around the area. Jack is now freaking out inside, he is becoming hyper and tense! Jack decides to end the charade and jumps up with the pistol in his hand: "GET BACK! Nobody leaves this room or its over for you! Come here now miss get your ass over here!" Jack holds on the nurse with the gun to her head, this causes a reaction with the nurse starting to cry and hyperventilate! Jack physically moves her into the corner adjacent to the door and points the gun towards the others now. "GET TO THAT CORNER! NOW! AND FACE ME WHILE YOU DO IT!" Jack screamed. He looks at the

other side of the door and has a mental sigh of relief because there is a ton of objects on that wall where he could be attacked with. He has another thought and decides to act on it immediately. "GIMME THE RADIOS NOW! SLIDE IT OVER! If, I, hear, a, single, voice.... This woman's will cease to exist!" Jack viciously demanded. In his head now he loses some of his worries knowing that all communications are cut off from the outside electronically, however there's more to his stress. Jack starts to think, with this monster he's become he's afraid of feeling guilty if someone DOES get hurt or killed. He has a scary daydream that in court for a sentencing he will have to hear his voice screaming these words on a tape of some sort as evidence. To deal with this, he thinks to himself, what would Dwight do? He would calm down, only problem is, how does Dwight calm down ten times more than Jack does even though he shoots up adrenaline?! He doesn't dwell on this for too long and has a new way of looking at it that's he is an actor who needs to be convincing so that nobody WOULD get hurt. The guilt he's feeling gets exiled from his psyche for now. The tension in the room is very high for all of the hostages but for Jack the quieter everyone is the stress goes down. Dwight gets into the restricted area with drugs and medicine with the hostage. He immediately sees the camera but decided not to worry about it since this is supposed to be an 'in an out' heist. Avoiding eye contact with the area of the camera, he starts to demand more from the doctor: "Where are the type one and type two muscle relaxers?!" The doctor keep his hands up and using his badge and password to open up a few very secure air-tight compartments. Dwight pushes him up against the wall and

demands that he stays facing the wall until further instructed. Quickly shoving through everything making a mess, he quietly puts the Succinylcholine in his inner pocket, and then loudly shuffles through the container with painkillers and steals some of them. Dwight's thinking that when they investigate to see what was stolen, the doctor can clearly say that painkillers were stolen because it is the messiest are and he heard that spot specifically throttled. It may not work as far as a 'red herring' technique where a false clue leading to know where can mislead investigators. Dwight is fully aware that it may not do anything, but it's worth a try to convince them that the motive here is some junkies feeding their addiction as oppose to some sinister plot by geniuses going after one of the most dangerous medicines! Then after his inner pockets are stuffed, he puts the gun back underneath the scrub touching the doctor's back. "Now let's get moving back to room 233, and for God's sake put you're hands DOWN! If you look a tad bit suspicious to me out there, I'm going to ruin your patients' chances of living! You understand me?!" Dwight aggressively yelled. The doctor doesn't say a thing or look back... He nods his head and wipes his eyes as he starts to experience lacrimation. He pulls out his badge once more to open up the door back to the E.R. floor. They start to walk together very fast. The same woman from before looks over at him after they pass her by about 15 feet and she says: "The infant in 247 is convulsing, is staff coming yet!" She asks with attitude. Dwight whispers in his eye: "Take care of that baby like it was your own, pretend I don't exist and shut the hell up. In that order." And he proceeds to keep his gun under his scrub while walking to



Jack's location alone. He opens the door and immediately pulls out his gun as he looks around. Jack did exactly what he had hopes of, keeping them in control. Dwight makes an announcement: "Everyone in the middle, right here, right now! Sitting, no one face the same direction!" They accept their fate very quickly and sit down, Dwight then grabs the cords from the medical radios and ties their hands together in a circle. Jack starts to walk towards the door and Dwight stops him, points over to the wheelchair they brought. "Oh I never got to show you my favorite part about my little friend here! Come, sit! Let's get out of here, I suppose we overstayed our welcome anyhow!" Dwight says. Jack sits down on it with his gun ready and looks at the ground to see what Dwight is up to. First he gives Jack his we plugs. Then, he pulls on this lever and it pulls out some extra wheels on the back with a standing platform. Dwight holds on the wheelchair like he's going to skateboard now that he has something to stand on. They push open the door and just as Dwight expected, security was on the way over! Dwight pushes off with the wheelchair making them move about twelve miles per hut down the hall. Two security guards see the guns and pull out their pistols. Dwight shoots one officer right in the leg and Jack shoots but misses because the speed they're moving at makes it hard for him to aim. As the security backs up into a corner more Dwight stops aiming for a second to push open the door, and then push off the floor getting their speed back up again. They glide more and more. They reach the lobby and people start to jump behind chairs, women are screaming! Dwight looks outside the hospital towards the street and sees two police cars with officer standing behind

them pointing guns! Dwight tells Jack: "Get off, hide behind that seating area and follow me when I leave!" Jack jumps off and crouches down behind the seats with his gun ready. Dwight pulls out an explosive incendiary device and attaches it to the wheelchair. He puts his gun in a young man's face: "Do me a favor if you want to live! Go push the two handicap 'door open' buttons at the entrance! Then you can run back to your seat. And I better see those hands up while you do it!" The boy walks over to the doors with his hands up, the cops look at each other in confusion and one says something to his walkie talkie. The boy pushes the button for the closest door and then very quickly pushes the button to open the farther door. He kneels down with his head between his legs and his hands still up in the air. Dwight puts the explosive on the back of the wheelchair and starts running with the wheelchair towards the doors. He lets go of it at the last second and it goes gliding fast! The moment before it touches the police cars it explodes up in flames! The police cars are on fire and their alarms are going off! Dwight looks at Jack and signals him to follow. They run out of the building looking to where the cops were, no sign of them? They continue to run on the sidewalk opposite of their car so the cameras won't see that's where they are heading. Dwight pulls off his scrub and throws it in an alley, Jack throws his prototype mannequin parts there as well. He looks like his skinny self again. They continue to run and Dwight hands him the beard disguise. They see cars everywhere but they put it on with their faces looking at the buildings as oppose to the street. Then they cross the street. They begin to walk to their car now, slowly. Nice and calm. They look

different now and they don't want to raise suspicion. Dwight starts talking "So, how bout' this weather? No okay but seriously, you handled that job perfectly! And to be honest, I'm glad you didn't have to kill anybody, but that's just me. I'm numb to it..." Jack responds: "Oh thanks! Yeah I just kept that room ruled with an iron fist! Or should I say iron gun, wait are guns made of iron?" Dwight laughs: "Well yea I mean there's iron plus steel is derived from iron haha!" Jack laughs then holds his tongue, he sees a fire truck and a lot of police cars at the hospital now. Dwight sees this too and decides to keep the conversation going: "We're almost there, we just gotta keep cool and put on different license plates again. Hey I want you to know, you really impressed me. Not for nothing I mean, I genuinely feel like you had my back one hundred percent there! You would make a fine officer or military man I strongly feel!" Jack looks at Dwight and says: "Hey thanks a lot, a ton. I'm not going to act like I like doing this but I do get a good feeling inside knowing what I am fighting for. I actually feel like I have meaning in my life now since you came in the picture, you know before all of Thai mayhem would you believe that I felt worse THEN? I mean I felt like I could've had depression, I just did nothing all day long at my place I barely even went outside I feel like..." Dwight gives Jack a pat on the back. "Jack, I hear you. I'm glad you didn't become a drunk or something because that's an escape for a lot of people in this world. Alright we made it here, you put on the front license plate, I'll do the back one." Let's go with a Virginia one this time.

## 8. Off the Grid

The men are driving to the power grid on the east coast. Dwight keeps the radio on turned to low volume. Driving can't seem to ever go fast enough, both men agree that time is better used for conversing than to be kept in their heads leading in circles. Dwight starts off the chat: "Well well well, I'm trying to think here, ugh, what's always been your biggest goals to achieve buster?" Jack clears his throat and keeps the airwaves going: "Well for me, I was very glad that I actually acquired my master's degree! I know that was in the past so it doesn't exactly answer your question haha! But you know then a gain man, it sort of does halfway. I didn't really do anything big with it! I could've made a ton of money if I applied myself and wasn't afraid of the world. Instead I thought it would be picture perfect to live by myself and have a nature home. I told all of my friends about it, and I stopped talking to everyone in no time... I feel bad but then I get confused because it's not like they tried so hard to talk to me either! I don't know man." Dwight shakes his jaw back and forth before replying: "So why didn't you want to live in the suburbs back then? Or something similar to that? Incongruous?" Jack hesitates a moment and speaks on the subject: "Hey Dwight you know, I just don't like people. I didn't need them and vise-versa. No relationship with women ever stuck either, always a few dates and then I was too boring for em'. At least you have a family! I think I would love the family phase, I wish I could skip everything before that and just- POOF! Family here! Well skip most things but not everything aha... But what about you though,

what was a major goal you wanted to make happen?" Dwight tells Jack: "This may sound confusing, but definitely my credit. I've saved many lives, killed many killers, outsmarted many terrorists, and invented a lot of weapons but I can't get the credit. It's just the nature of the game, when your name is put out there, you're a target. And I was trained to do great things, but to let my victories live in shadow. Besides that, I've always wanted to build cars. Do that whole deal for retirement. Live with my family and be able to do car projects for fun and still see the 3 kids after school! Not have to worry about paychecks and other nonsense!" Dwight lists his reasons as Jack nods in response. Jack starts to chuckle, he thinks of something funny to ask. "Hey Dwight, I got one out of left field for you! What was your worst date ever?" Dwight leans back to take a moment to think. He snaps his fingers and you'd think a 2400 watt light bulb goes on over his head, "Oh yes! I know what the worst was! I was in high school and I wasn't allowed to go out late at night. In other words I couldn't do anything fun! But anyways haha, I met this beautiful woman who was playing basketball after school and I asked her out. It worked because I was actually wearing my friend's letterman jacket, he let me borrow the damn thing and I bet him I could get a phone number! I didn't play sports but I did extensive weight lifting. Anyways with that being said I couldn't lift the burden of this woman on our date haha! So I snuck out of the house, and went to a nice joint that used to be awesome mister! And I mean AWESOME! Now it's a law firm I think, what a joke! So, she orders my drink for me right, and I didn't want it but you know I didn't complain because I just went

with the flow. Then every time I tried to talk to her she would cut me off and ask me about something on the menu! What in the world! I mean how much can I possible talk about a burger? Haha! So then I get to thinking in my head, maybe she needs to lead the conversation and I will just lay back and eventually get a kiss at the end of the night. When she takes over the talking, I was hoping my plan would work and she would like me better. She asked me about the stupid jacket... and would you believe I forgot I was wearing and I looked at her funny saying something like 'what do you mean' oh my lord! She rolled her eyes and I thought it was bad enough right there but no it's gets worse. She asked what positions I played for each sport shown on my friend's stupid letterman jacket! I was trying to play it off by being funny and sarcastic with answers like: 'oh you know baby I play them all, I'm a one man team!' Oh but that didn't work. The waiter came at a great time though, he actually saved me some time to think! So then we start eating and I talked about how much I loved the food and I asked her what she thought. She gives me two word answers and asks more about what I do in my sports! So I tried to change the subject and I talked about 'oh I really want to be a coach in the future so I can have kids look up to me!' Which was me just lying through my teeth some more haha! But so she leaves me very abruptly to pay the bill, by saying she has to go to the bathroom of all things and she just leaves the restaurant! So I pay it and I couldn't leave a tip, I just had enough to cover it barely! So I go outside and my car has a cracked windshield! She seriously did that to my car! Oh lord. So I drive home very quietly, I sneak back in my house and lay down in my bed

like I'm sleeping. I hit the car alarm button to wake my parents up and they took the bait! I acted like I was shocked that this happened to the car. Then... I swear my life was going to end Jack... My dad gets a phone call, guess who it's from? The guy who runs the restaurant! I had no idea, but he goes WAY back with my dad! They're friends and he was asking my dad if I got the cops to find out who did it to the car at the restaurant that night! My cover was blown, my dad was shocked as well that I snuck out, took the car and got the windshield cracked up to high heaven! My ass was grass because of one woman haha! Well how about you?" Jack laughs very loudly. He keeps the good vibe going with Dwight: "Oh my god man hahahahah! That is just too much! Let's see here... I went on an awkward double date that always comes to mind! Me and my friend, a girl, met some dates at our school so we decided to double date. So I didn't know the guy at all he was like, a math whiz or something man I don't know him from a can of paint. And the girl I met was so quiet but she liked me and asked me out at a homecoming game when we were celebrating a touchdown. In other words man she was an introvert, and obviously I'm not because of I couldn't have a podcast otherwise haha! But she was eager as I was for the double date. So we went to this movie theater place with tables and waiters and stuff. I tried to start so many conversations but they lead nowhere! And I wasn't about to start talking to my friend because then I thought that might make my date jealous if I spend 90% of the time talking to another girl. So it was so awkward that at one point I asked the guy what sports he liked and stuff, which lead to him talking about how many season tickets

his family had to football, lucky punk! Then while that went on, my date starts talking to my friend, so I'm just observing the girls talking, and in no time that's ALL that's going on! The volume of her introverted mouth is increasing, her curiosity is peaking, and I can't even get a word in! She's so interested in my friend! So the date ends and I invited her over just between me and her, and she said no thanks. I didn't think anything about it at the time because I thought that she just was shy and wanted to wait. So not even a DAY goes by Dwight, and guess what she does? She actually had the brilliant idea to send me an email saying that she's not interested in me anymore and that there's no way we work! So I thought woah woah woah sugar what's going on here? You asked me out? So I talked to my friend and she said that they talked once in awhile and my name never got brought up and she hasn't dated anyone since that she knows of. So that was weird, very weird. Looking back at it though it was funny, double dates don't bring the best results haha! And by the way my friend got married to that guy, they have some kids. They didn't date for awhile then they got serious and yeah. He runs a business repairing houses or something I'm not sure one hundred percent but good for him, no hate." Dwight looks puzzled at the moment, he decides to investigate this story further: "Wait but like, what do you mean by 'no hate' do you mean he did something to you?" Jack looks apprehensive but he respects Dwight enough to let him in on personal drama from the past. Jack puts his fingers on his chin and says: "You see I did something stupid I probably shouldn't have done. When my friend broke up with that guy, and this is still like 2 years before they got



married, I pressured her to date me. I thought, and I told her this, that we get along so well, we already hang out often, why not? Well so what happened THERE was a whole mess! We couldn't be a relationship basically, if that makes sense... we just did the physical stuff and slept together a lot. There wasn't even romance in it, and she kept on crying saying that I don't show her that I care about her like a girlfriend. I was way over my head. Without trying to at all, I technically abused her emotionally. So we had a pregnancy scare once, and that was it. It was over after that. She has gone back to that guy and dated him again. Now you think hey, I should be fine with that, BUT, not the case. It's not that I missed her as a girlfriend, but as a friend. And that guy she married... I want to be happy for her and her kids because he IS a good guy, but he won't let her near me! He thinks I was like a bully or something. To be honest I think he was jealous I got to sleep with her first but I really don't know! I didn't go at him in a bad way, I just wanted to remain friends with her! I never cared that he was her man, it didn't matter. But she let him change her way of thinking about me!" Dwight respected everything Jack just shared with him. He tries his best to lighten up the mood: "Well Jack if it makes you feel better, I never had that kind of relationship with a woman. Just a few girlfriends and then the right girl, whom became a wife, and lastly whom became a loving mother. Although I'm sure it was drastically different back in my day: the 'stone ages' haha! But seriously I thought that real solid of you to share that with me, I honor your honesty my friend." Jack gives Dwight a fist pound and turns on the radio. He spends a moment channel surfing until the A.M. frequency

picks up a funny talk show. Jack takes it easy now and shuts his eyes to go to sleep. Dwight thinks the humor is funny, Jack finds it to be bland. After approximately an hour, the radio program is interrupted by an emergency sound effect. The news anchor starts to speak: "We interrupt your regularly scheduled programming to deliver some horrifying details... We have just heard that there has been some kind of attack on the Midwest across five states... Many are suspected to have been killed... I am just getting told that hospitals are out of power and all communications from airports are also out of commission! Cell phone companies are suggesting that they lost their power supply from over 30 locations in the Midwest! This is still under investigation but the authorities suspect that this is a terrorist attack and that the nation is in danger! All schools will be closed tomorrow until the National Guard can guaranty some safety, will report more on this later..." Right after the first few words started talking from the news anchor's mouth, Dwight turned up the volume. Jack was woken up by it in a panic! Both men listened to the report and couldn't believe what they heard. Dwight decides to speak first: "This means, exactly what I think it means, I'm so mad at the traitors right now I could run them all over flat! They used the bigger, or should I say biggest EMP weapon on the Midwest to try and kill US! They killed all these people to try and get you and me! We need to get to a newspaper in an hour to see if they decoded any messages, and I'll bet my bottom dollar and top coin that they did! Dammit!" Jack jumps right in the conversation just as angry: "This is insane! We have to find some help let's find some C.I.A. that would know you to

help us? What are we waiting for! At this point we're screwed!" Dwight stops the car very abruptly. He puts his thumb and index finger over his eyes and lets out a big sigh. Now he looks at Jack to say: "Trust me I wish I could, or we could... Maybe I just don't explain everything crystal clear enough but what has happened I can guarantee you is this... The betraying portion of punks in the C.I.A. have by now, ruined my entire reputation. I mean, once they found out I'm still alive it was OVER. I'm probably a marked terrorist on the F.B.I.'s most wanted, and I know that they've made everyone out to think that I've betrayed them somehow! I'm sorry, I really am, even if I don't sound like I am, I'm very sorry. You think I like saying no? I don't by the way but, they'd kill us if we came to them for 'help' of any sort!" Jack looks out the window. He hits the side of the door. "Well let's use this anger to stop it from happening anywhere else, I just wish there was more we could do but it is what it is." Jack summarized. Dwight turns the radio off as it only seems to make their blood boil. They decide to stop at a fast food restaurant and rack up \$25 between the two of them. Now they go to the bathroom.

When the car starts again, the GPS is set, and they switch seats, Jack starts off the conversation: "So I gotta ask this question. I hate being so negative bro but I have to kinda be the one to say the things that are skeptical. DO YOU think... that we actually have a chance? With this? I don't know how to feel anymore, that weapon is powerful man!" Dwight signals to Jack to wait a moment. He's reading a newspaper that he grabbed at the fast food restaurant. Skimming through the pages, looking at the titles

of each article, segment, etc. Dwight feels a cold sweat sensation as he finds what he feared he was going to read. He immediately tells Jack: "The thing is, don't get me wrong I was trained to-well actually THIS I wasn't trained for but I sort of trained myself, anyways I don't look for the future with doubts or superstitions. I have a rudimentary understanding of indulgences such as: 'luck' and 'hope' but I have to tell you something bad you aren't going to like. I looked through this newspaper, and I found the article about the attack... and it's coded dammit! The first letters of the left side of the paragraph states: DWIGHT IS NOT DEAD, COMING INSTEAD. In other words they have to know that we're going to the second site, no doubt about it at all anymore! It's very discouraging of course, I know that's obvious." Jack punches the door. "You know what's crazy? I hate being in these shoes man, Dwight you know how weird it is for me to think that if we were in a completely different situation, this would've been awesome for me? Before you freak out let me explain! I'm not saying I'm glad people are dying or no crazy nonsense but if I was still doing my show, I would've loved to expose this weapon! And the mainstream media wouldn't even touch it until damage was done I bet! But then the real icing on the cake would be to have you on the show for an interview! Haha!" They laugh it up together. Jack loves the thought of having someone like Dwight on his show, it's become a fixation for days now.

Dwight pulls out a laptop & starts pressing keys really fast. Jack interjects: "what's going on?" Dwight turns down the GPS's volume and says: "I had my laptop pre-set with a few hours of roaming data with a fake I.D. I bought awhile

ago to browse the Internet. I'm looking up your name to see if there's any articles or other sources of work that have new things to say about you." Jack looks apprehensive... Dwight tells Jack: "Jack, it says here you're in prison right now?? Huh? I'm very confused, they wouldn't, say that if you were a wanted man like we are, so, wait, did you escape from prison or something?!" During the drive Jack decides to make a surprising confession, as he feels like death is right around the corner. "Dwight, I have to admit something to you. Well, not like that but, I want to tell you something I never thought I'd share before... That's not me. That is my father. We have the same name, and now I'm going to tell you what really happened. I never used to get along with my brother, ever. He was the one person in my life who could actually get underneath my skin! No one else could talk to me and get me going, like him. But then again Dwight, I am the monster here... One day we had a family get together at my grandma's house, a big house I might add. And one thing about my dad is that he was the most unselfish person there ever was. He was always so calm, never even yelled or hurled insults. He wanted nothing more than for our entire family to just get along and have fun together, but I failed him... My dad said hello to us kids while my mom was in the other room and me and my brother went to the basement. The devil's name is Timmy. Or I mean, my brother's name is Timmy. He started talking to me, with his arrogance and his bigotry. I couldn't stand it, and one thing about me is that I always stood up for myself. I get in arguments with anyone really. But I'm telling you, Timmy could really piss me off more than anyone else could for some reason. So, he takes it too

far, I tell him over and over again to shut up! I was being very blunt and harsh about it too! I told him so many times to shut up, and when he wouldn't listen to me and kept smiling his evil grin, I lost control... I grabbed his shirt and I started punching him right in the face, I mean I was decking him! He never even stopped his stupid smiling either, he kept doing it between every breath I took away. I didn't want to see that face anymore, at the time I just did NOT want to leave knowing he was going to keep running his mouth. And ugh, well I... killed him. Dwight I am a murderer. I never served any time locked up, and that's my biggest regret. You wanna know why I live alone, in a secluded area? Because I didn't get charged with anything. When I went upstairs, I saw my dad, who once again was just so happy to see me, it made my dad light up to see us kids, nothing more he could ask for than to see us or spend time with us, let alone all 4 of us getting along together having fun. So he sees I have blood on me, and I look to my left and in the hallway I see my mom, she's talking to my grandma without looking in my direction. My dad doesn't say a word, I told him that I lost control, and I finally killed Timmy! The last straw, and I told him I was so sorry but Dwight the screwed up thing about this is that I wasn't sorry at all, I just felt so sad that I took my dad's other son away! My dad quickly rushed me over to the door, he tells me to run, to drive away, and to never tell anyone what happened. So I ran out and drove off, ditched my clothes in a fire eventually. So no surprise here, the cops got me, and I just lied through my teeth, I told them I wasn't at my grandma's house at all that day. Here's the part that hurts... Being that my dad has the same name as me, he

told the authorities that HE killed Timmy! He took the fall for ME! The cops were very suspicious but his death was so plain with no external DNA evidence or defensive wounds to go by that with a confession, then were forced to agree with my dad's claims! I was in such a loss for words when I realized my dad would do such a thing for me, he knew that he would lose his freedom for the rest of his life as well as ruin his reputation! His wife, parents and all of his friends would think differently about him for the rest of his life! And it hurts me, it ruins me, and your probably wondering why I didn't stand up and do the right thing? Well my dad's expensive lawyer granted us a private meeting for a few minutes where my dad told me: 'Jack, it's a shame to me that you two couldn't get along together and go on to do great things. I really wanted to see my grandchildren, but Jack listen to me, you have your whole life ahead of you, I think you were in over your head and you made a mistake... But I'm granting you your freedom. Use your degree, be somebody, have a bright future. But please, don't visit me in prison, it would be too hard... I forgive you, my son...' That moment was the most powerful moment I have ever been a part of! Dwight, I was crying! He went down for life and I didn't get hit with anything. By the way I'm sorry I lied to you when we first met, I have killed before I just hate it, hate that I did, and it wasn't with a gun." Dwight takes a minute to process Jack's story. He turns to Jack, puts his hand on his shoulder and says: "Jack, your father sounds like the most selfless person, ever. Just know Jack, you have no reason to think that I'd have an ill will towards you for that. Please just try and remember this, your father FORGAVE YOU! That's

all you need to know, he made that decision, so I forgive you too, we have a lot in common and I think all of this was meant to be to fight the terrorism that's rising! Think about it Jack... your father means a lot to you, so it should mean a lot to you as well that he chose to give you another chance." Dwight gasps.

Jack lets his thoughts wander all over the place in silence. One amazing thing is that both of these men are thinking the same thing at the same time, they both have had to live alone, and miss out on normal lives.

Another few hours pass by, and the men get out of the car at a park. Dwight starts to assemble something while Jack stares at the clouds. Dwight begins instructing the process of his dangerous weapon: "Jack, take a step over here please. Now, these are some of the world's smallest darts ever made. Navy Seals use something similar that can make firing in water seem like bullets in the air! These are now set up with just the right dosage of Succinylcholine in them. Pull this mechanism back, make sure you can hit your target before pulling the trigger! It's important, the wind can affect the direction too so be as careful as humanly possible. The good news is, these darts have an automatic primer attached that will inject the drug into their bloodstream. The best shot to make, is going to be the armpit area, like I mentioned before Jack, this drug at this small dose will NOT kill anyone, and can NOT show up in any tests. Oh and I almost forgot to mention, these darts break apart post-injection, the way that we can ruin our plan is to miss a person entirely!" Jack nods as Dwight instructed him. He immediately picks up one of the dart guns and practices shooting at leaves hanging down from branches. Jack feels comfortable and takes a few steps towards the car, but Dwight had other plans. "Jack, let's play fetch boy!" Dwight exclaims. With no time for Jack to react, Dwight throws some rocks in the air. Jack hits the first one, misses the second and he can tell because the dart just keeps on flying way over into the grassland. Jack keeps his aim steady, direct hit! About 50 feet away he hits the rock! Dwight was happy with it, but is concerned about finding the dart in the grass. Jack follows him down the small hill. The men dig and dig and dig, it takes them 10 minutes and 10 inches of grass stains later to find it. The men get back



in the car, and head out to the power grid. Dwight starts the conversation right away: "Jack I hope you know, no matter what happens we ARE HEROES for this! We have to try our best, I can't thank you enough for everything mister! We might be the last chance in the world as far as I'm concerned." Jack listens to Dwight as he nods in agreement. Jack asks Dwight a question: "So the big thing now then, is what do we do with the EMP weapon when we see it? I might ruin my boxers but hey, but no I'm serious what do we do because this one is terribly larger and I'm sure it's complicated..." Dwight holds in his laugh as he answers Jack's serious question: "After we shut down the power, we need to immediately do an expensive wire transfer to get data roaming for my very high-tech computer where I can reset the password for the weapon itself, sort of like a rebooting program. Or a hangover. Okay fine my jokes suck compared to yours! Haha! But the big thing that ruins all the joy of remotely hacking is that I can't hack the weapon's uses itself, just the login programs. I have to log in it, and fire at its own location so stop it from ever being used again. The technical jargon on this weapon's interface would be hard for you to understand, and I'm NOT being offensive in any way please don't take that the wrong way... I just mean when you're arming it, there's a 'fire' function, but as far as aiming it I have to arm it and then open up a side menu plane in order to actually set a destination. I think that these traitors in the C.I.A. stay under the radar so well is because they have programs and files hidden in plain sight from the majority of C.I.A. which is the good people. These traitors need to be stopped man... I'm hoping that not only we destroy the weapon, but to be honest it will expose the traitors to the nation!" Dwight emotionally rants. Both men are sitting back taking it all in.

An hour of time passes by in silence as Dwight drives. The weather outside is perfect, a sunny clear day with no distortion. Dwight suddenly remembers something: "Oh I have to tell you something! I have to tell you something! It's a nice little surprise that will come in handy!" Dwight exclaimed. "You do? Like what? Shoot! I'm all ears!" Jack shouted. "In the trunk I have camouflage that we need to blend in. We have to be tree huggers for what's coming up

fella! There's these beautiful oaks' out in the boundaries of the power plant that we can use to our advantage. I don't know for sure what kind of fences they have so we'll definitely need the height." Jack rubs his hands together and grins: "Let's do that! Good idea. By the way, this might be a stupid thing to ask but I gotta know, will the people scream when they get shot by these darts?" Dwight clears his throat: "Hmm, no. This will certainly put them in a state of shock anyways, so even if they remained conscious I wouldn't believe they could yell." Jack starts to tremble. Dwight puts his hand on Jacks' shoulder. They keep their eyes glued to the road and the GPS.

## 9. Press Reset

Arriving late at night near the parking lot of the power plant, they sit in the car. Dwight grabs all of the equipment out of the car and starts putting everything on. Jack follows and does the same. Dwight holds his phone up and looks at Jack: "I'm setting an alarm, lets rest, and let's get our asses up one of these trees before the sunrise!" Jack nods his head in agreement. It seems like time is just flying by while looking out the window, asking questions to themselves about life. In their minds are battles of emotions. Their eyelids are heavy but yet, they don't feel like they've fallen asleep yet, just staying awake but with they're eyes shut. \*RING\* The alarm goes off, Dwight tightens his belt and hurries out of the car! Jack stretches and quietly closes the door behind him as he follows Dwight while crouching low. Dwight keeps peeking through his thermal vision scope to see if there's any presence of people around. "Looks clear, let's scurry up the big Oak over there, it has branches galore! Do you want to lead?" Dwight asks Jack. "Yeah, watch my six, I'm on it... Wait let me put some little wool gloves on first... alright let's go!" Jack says as he picks up speed walking faster and faster. Both men take a moment to urinate on some bushes. Now Jack takes one step, grabs on the hole in the tree and starts pulling himself up. Now he pulls on another branch and sits on the longest branch right next to it. Dwight whispers: "Convenient! Right underneath a roof of leaves! Our camo won't let us down, its kinda nuts I wanted to choose this spot myself when I was looking, good job!" Jack is too apprehensive to listen to Dwight and starts thinking about when the

employees are supposed to show up. Dwight looks at Jack: "Hey what's going on?" Jacks leans over and says: "When are these guys coming? Like what time IS it? Do you know when their shift starts?" Dwight takes a moment to think and says: "Anytime now, really. They have to start soon I'm assuming because generally these shifts are transitional from one group to the next so every 8 hours or so... however it's almost 8 o'clock eastern so I can't imagine too much more time!"

About an hour and a half goes by. Finally a car shows up in the parking lot on their right. On their left is a clear view of the entrance double doorway to the power plant. The car door opens, a tall man with a briefcase and expensive suit starts walking. Dwight zooms in... watches the guy go for the door, he puts his hand on the door... Dwight squeezes the trigger... direct hit! The small dart hits the man at his side, he panics but falls over. Jack asks: "Perfect! Now what's next?" Dwight responds: "Not so fast, the best result is it hit them in the armpit area, and I missed but at the same time I didn't want to hit his hand, ugh! I mean one might be okay, but I'm worried that if they see too many holes in these guys on their more open areas then it will look more suspicious than a chemical outbreak narrative that we want. OH! Jack... One thing that I am going to try to do is use this infrared laser pointer to hit their eyes making them uneasy, and I'm hoping for an appropriate response of them raising their hand up over their eyes by the forehead! Take the pea shooter!" Jack holds it tight against his leg so he doesn't tire out his arm. Another car rolls up, the man driving the car is on his cell phone. He puts the car in his parking space, it appears to be

a designated one. He keeps talking on the phone. Jack looks back towards the beginning of the parking lot to see if there's any new cars entering. He looks back at the parked car... finally the man is getting out of the car! He starts walking towards the entrance. Jack zooms in, Dwight aggressively whispers: "Wait until I aggravate his eye, get that armpit!" Dwight starts flashing the infrared light on his left eye, he turns his head to the left towards Jack, he drops his phone, bends down to pick it up... and Jack hits him! Right in the armpit! This wasn't the plan they were going for but, it worked out. Another car instantly shows up, this time an older woman gets out. Dwight wait until she gets closer to the entrance, it appears she sees the bodies! Dwight shines his infrared light on her eyes and she puts her hands up and screams! Jack takes a shot... got her, in the right armpit. She has a delayed reaction, but follows suit with the others to the ground. Dwight reaches over and puts his hand on top of Jack's gun, signaling to disengage. Jack puts the gun against his leg and removes his finger from the trigger. Dwight whispers: "Let's have the next person call the cops." Jack agrees with the idea. As they wait for the next car to show up, Dwight covers his eyes with his fingers, while Jack sits patiently observing. In Jack's mind, he is at ease for once. The mission is going well for him, no unexpected surprises, and he relishes on the enjoyment of being hidden. His thoughts are like a trampoline, jumping all over the place but this time his thoughts are like a trampoline in the winter, still, in one place. After what feels like an eternity, a car pulls in the parking lot. Simultaneously, another car rolls in. There's 2 men in dark leather jackets who immediately start running

towards the entrance! One guy takes his cell phone out and dials 9-1-1, the other guy tries to talk to everyone laying on the ground. While the guy on the phone starts pacing back and forth, the other guy is now looking on the ground around the area. Jack taps Dwight on the shoulder and carefully points in another direction, he sees a police car with lights flashing! That very same car rolls right up to the entrance, when the police arrive the other car that came in shuts off and a woman comes out looking terrified. Dwight and Jack watch as they see chatter going on. An ambulance pulls up! The paramedics get on the ground by the bodies and starts checking their skin. Not too much longer they get the bodies on stretchers and drive away in a hurry. The police has backup police cars come over and they begin to seal the crime scene with yellow tape. Dwight points to the ground signaling for Jack to get off the tree slowly, it takes Jack a matter of seconds. Dwight takes his time and slowly but surely climbs down the big tree. Dwight pulls Jack in close and says: "Boy oh boy mister! You handled that incredibly, well done! You know how much money we just spent in those shots? Astronomical!" Jack holding in his laughter responds: "I should've been a pharmacist! Haha! I'm really glad too though it was scary. Well not really scary but it was intense! I concentrated and I never wanted to shoot unless I thought I had a good chance! You can say money well spent, or stolen! Haha!" They stay low and vigilant, watching where the bodies had been like vultures. It just looks like commotion between law enforcement. The sun is settling now, it's getting to be dark outside. Dwight is connected to an ear piece listening in on the police radio: "NO CAPTAIN I REALLY CAN'T SAY I DO! THERE IS

NO BLOOD OR EVEN SKID MARKS... IT'S BIZARRE!  
\*10-32 SPECIAL EMERGENCY OPERATIONS UNIT\*"

Dwight smiles from ear to ear, he knows that they're coming to quarantine the building! The men turn around and walk farther down the trees/bushes to see the street side that the cars pull in from to get to the power plant. Dwight holds his binoculars and sees a convoy of cars coming in with men in suits that look like astronauts. Dwight listens in his earpiece as they communicate with the cars in order making sure that they make it safely. Dwight keeps his right hand on his binoculars and extends his left hand out to Jack and says: "Gimme the dart gun, be on point we are going to HAVE to be quick!" The cars from the convoy approach, there is one car in the back of the line on the road. Dwight has his dart gun zoomed in on the driver's chest area... The communicator tells him "TEAM THREE... ROGER. TEAM FOUR... ROGER."

Dwight sees that team Five is the last one, and he heard them confirm their approach! Right as they say it and are turning on the final road to the power plant... Dwight shoots his dart, direct hit! The car flies fast onto the sidewalk and hits it's right light on a fire hydrant! The passenger picks up the walkie talkie and Dwight takes two shots, one dart hits the guy in the ribs and the other dart hits the radio device! Jack immediately starts running, he's faster than Dwight, and wastes no time to get over to the car! Jack hops in the car from the passenger side and pushes the guy unconscious in the passenger seat through the space between seats to the back seat of the car! Dwight opens up the back door and take off his suit and puts it on. Jack starts getting the unconscious driver's body into the

back seat, and puts his suit on. Dwight immediately puts the car in reverse onto the road, and speeds up very fast up the road to the power plant parking lot! Dwight parks way far in the back of the lot with the front window facing a different direction from the power plant because there are holes in the window. They get out and speed walk to group up with the others. They start entering the power plant building going around the yellow tape. Dwight looks at Jack and doesn't quite know how to say it, but he doesn't want Jack to do any talking so he tells him to "Shh!" subtly. They walk through the hallways and almost walk right into the room where all the other hazmat teams are, but quickly divert their direction they walk. Dwight leads Jack to the control room and says: "Wait by this door, guard it! Here's a small pistol, only use it if they are getting suspicious!" Jack gives a thumbs up and stands by the wall with the gun in his hand out of sight. Dwight starts trying to figure out a way into the door without destroying it and blowing their cover. Now all of the sudden, a police officer runs down the hallway and takes cover yelling: "COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!" Jack freaks out and stays in complete silence ducking down to the ground. He pulls his pistol out and holds it steady. He doesn't know what went wrong, on the other hand Dwight knows already what the deal is: they saw the car, with the holes in the windows and the unconscious bodies inside. Dwight take off his hazmat suit, opens up his backpack and takes out a C4. He places it on the door to the control room and runs to Jack, presses the ignition, and the whole building shakes as the door flies open! The fire alarm goes off, Dwight runs in the control room, he doesn't look back or say a word, he



feels that time is limited. He goes on the mainframe and starts typing out a bunch of lines of code, while he's typing he hears Jack firing! He sets the power for a complete shutdown for the Eastern Seaboard! The screen is frozen while nothing happens, nothing seems to compute? Now in the blink of an eye it became very dark! Lights inside the building and outside of the building are off! He runs back to Jack and peaks around the corner of the hallway, he tells Jack to shoot out the window to the side of them. The glass breaks up everywhere and they jump outside of it. They run fast along the side of the building! They follow the trail of the fence and manage to allude the people in the parking lot. They sneak into the police car, Dwight gets behind the wheel and drives it pushing hard as possible on the gas! Jack ducks down as he sees that it's aiming right for the fence! Dwight crashes through it and hits a concrete bump at very fast speed! He drives the police car up to his car and they jump out. They get in their car and Dwight drives again. Jack catches his breath and says: "Dwight I see a ton of cop cars coming!" Dwight also trying to catch his breath says: "Yes, but with the power out now, the police station isn't fully aware of us, just the police cars that stick to their radios!" They speed up down the street at 70 mph! Jack rolls down his window and has his gun ready. Jack yells at Dwight: "Turn the lights off!" Dwight obliges. He speeds downhill on the road and makes a sharp left turn! Jack looks back and sees multiple police cars with flashing lights. Jack starts to think, should he shoot? Or not? Should he ask Dwight what the smart thing to do is? Jacks is freaking out and becoming impatient with himself and he leans out of the window. \*Bang\* \*Bang\* \*Bang\* Jack hits

one of the car tires and hits the windshield on another cop car! The police get on a speaker and start yelling, but Jack can't quite make out what they are saying. Dwight sees a public park area and drives over the curb and on the grass. They see so many light poles in the park and not one of them is on! One cop car stops sideways on the curb, Dwight sees it in his mirror and thinks presumably that was done to block that exit off. Dwight swerves side to side around trees, and to their surprise comes some kids right in front of them! Dwight holds the brake down and tears up a bunch of grass! The kids run off in the darkness. Dwight speeds forward and hits the high beams for a moment to see his path ahead. Jack leans out of the window again and fires! \*Bang\* \*Bang\* No direct hits. Dwight looks at Jack in a frantic stare, and goes down on a beach. He speeds up carefully and one cop car follows his path while the other one stays on the grass driving in the same direction. Jack puts his hand on Dwight lightly, motioning him to move his body back so he can shoot out the driver's side window. \*Bang\* \*Bang\* \*Bang\* Some bullet holes are created on the right side of the cop car chasing them from the grass. The passenger cop fires out of his window! \*Bang\* \*Bang\* The first shot hits Dwight's door and penetrates through that into his chair's bottom! The second shot goes through Dwight's window AND Jack's window, both rolled down. The cop stopped shooting because the two cars were separated by too much of the park's foundation blocking their view. The cop car from behind is firing and rattles the trunk of the car! The cop car on the grass to the side comes in view again, Jack doesn't notice right away but he sees Dwight lean back and immediately puts his gun to the edge

of the window. Jack starts firing! He doesn't stop firing until his clip is empty and he retreats back in his side of the car. The bullets he fired hit the officer in the passenger door, Dwight looks in his side mirror and can't tell if he's dead or not, but the cop car stopped so it's safe to assume that car is done for on this chase. The cop car behind them is yelling through their speaker system, but the noise is too quiet with the surrounding loud cars making their words inaudible. As the cop car gets closer and closer, gunshots can be heard constantly! Dwight's mind is racing too, not just the cars... He's very concerned that a tire might get shot out! Is it stupid or smart to go through bushes? Jack and Dwight thought about it and held their breath as they flattened the hell out of some bushes in the way! Visibility was a real issue now, but it put Dwight's mind at ease because his problem is now the cop's problem. Jack sits very low in his seat, he feels his heart pumping faster and faster! He looks at the glove compartment and the radio buttons, and tells himself that in an instant, a bullet could be there. He even imagines what the damage would look like, and where the bullet would go beyond there! Jack tries to think of a way to calm down, so he decides to look at the speedometer. This isn't helping Jack, he sees how insanely fast Dwight is driving! Jack has an idea, "Dwight! Hey! Let's throw a grenade! Would that do it? C'mon!" Jack shouted. Dwight is unamused and responds: "It ain't worth a try, we could just as easily be hit and be toast!" Dwight holds the break and makes a crazy right turn between 2 trees, and the cop car follows but nicks the tree breaking one of the headlights! Dwight drives on the edge of a pond area and shuts his lights off. Jack looks at

Dwight as he motions his hand on the shifter, Dwight puts the car in reverse and hits the pedal! The cop car is creeping up behind VERY quickly! Dwight quickly puts the car back in Drive and tries to go left and out of the way! The cop car makes an impact and starts to spin, simultaneously Dwight pulls the lever for the E-Brake! Both of the cars are just tearing up the ground. The cop car slides... and slides... and slides... and it falls off of the edge and into the pond! Jack takes a deep long lasting breathe, he leans over to Dwight and asks: "I... am so glad that is over... Oh lord. How did you learn how to drive so fast like that?!" Dwight perks up his left eyebrow and says: "Simple, I put coffee in the gas tank!" Both men start laughing, there's something to be said about 'comic relief' in this world. Seconds ago, a scared heart throbbing emotional state of mind was active. After a few minutes of silent driving, Jack breaks the silence: "Man... I am so glad we got that done, and behind us. I thought this was dragging on and on I didn't know if we would ever figure a way out safely. Ha 'safe' yeah right who am I kidding."

Dwight signals a thumbs up and says: "I've had a handful of experience with giving Death the middle finger. You wouldn't believe me but I've been in worse car ch- well we'll call it 'car drama' then this. NOW! We have to reset the password when we can and that will stall them at the very least!" Jack is containing his energy on the outside, on the inside he is kissing the floor for being alive! Dwight drives for several hours and constantly asks Jack to check the laptop for any service. When the moment came, you'd think Dwight won the lottery and became a millionaire... He stops the car very suddenly and demands Jack drives!

As this would indicate that the power is back on from emergency backup generators. They happen to have noticed the power going back on as they meet the outskirts of a big urban city. Dwight jumps in the passenger seat, from INSIDE the car... sits down, looks at the laptop, opens it up, and doesn't even bother to put his seatbelt on. Jack can't help but laugh but he stays focused on driving. Dwight is shocked and starts to yell with frustration: "AHH I HATE TECHNOLOGY! DAMMIT! Now of course, of COURSE! When the power goes out my laptop gets amnesia and forgets that I have roaming data service that I paid for! Jack, stop at this corner store over there! Please, I have to buy a disguise because I don't want any of my other ones to show up on any camera, and then we NEED to buy roaming data for this junk stupid laptop, junk, piece of trash! Then we have to change the password on the EMP." Dwight yells as he begins putting his thumb and index finger on his forehead. Jack stops the car. Jack takes a deep breath and says: "Are you sure this is a good idea? I mean buying clothes?" Dwight looks out the window and says: "It's a risk, but isn't it always? I have to get a new disguise I just can't risk one of these colors that I wore show up and disclose our location... But um, if for whatever reason I'm not back and out of there in 10 minutes mister... You know where the guns are and you get that password changed! To claim the laptop is yours look in the glove compartment where there's a secret spot and in there I have my fake I.D. corresponding with the laptop 'owner' and a fake I.D. for you, with the same fake last name so you can play it off as I'm your dad your my son." Jack gives Dwight a fist bump in agreement. Dwight gets

out of the car. Dwight starts to walk towards the store, and he freezes... he looks back at Jack, Jack is looking out the other window in another direction. Dwight is not feeling good about his idea for once. He slowly walks inside of the clothing store on the corner. He stays on the wall as he walks towards the men's clothing section. A man with a name tag comes over with greetings, then Dwight turns around and he is getting subdued by some men in tuxedos! Dwight is captured... **10. On Your 6.**

Dwight wakes up with his head in a daze. He can't see anything, he can tell there is a bag over his head. Dwight's legs are dragging on the floor as some guys are pulling him. Dwight has thoughts blaring in his mind: "No! No! This can not be happening! Alright well I need to remember my damn training for things like this, ears open... all I can hear is footsteps and little water dripping sounds." He is dragged on and on and on! Then he is thrown aggressively onto a chair and tied up very tightly! A man pulls off his mask and gives him a strong heavy punch to the gut! Dwight moans but bites his tongue... He was trained many years ago on how to counter-act torture. A few more deadly blows come his way and then another man comes over and burns Dwight's face with a hot glue gun! Dwight is screaming at this point, in pain, the kind of pain that isn't able to be silenced. One man with a three-piece suit pulls down a projector screen and starts to talk to Dwight with a heavy German accent: "If it isn't the dead man Dwight himself! You know how much you are worth? Word on the street is a couple of small islands, so what makes you think I'm just going to walk away and let you live?" Dwight listens to the angry man while catching his breath trying to find a way to get words out: "You won't hear it... from ME! Screw... you!" Dwight barely cries out. The man hits him again and gives Dwight a very big bruise on his cheek! The fear in Dwight is very much present, but only in the inside. He knows what he was trained to do, and he met a true friend in his life that felt like a son to him. He holds on to everything he has in his heart, he doesn't think about the consequences of his words, but of the safety of Jack on the run. The man points to some men behind Dwight and they bring something out of another room. The man tells Dwight: "Well

lucky you, you aren't ordered to die. You are going to make yourself useful in another manor, and for us. Or, would you rather us dump your body on your wife's car?" Dwight gets very mad, but he holds all of his emotions inside, he doesn't make any faces or gestures. The man pulls over an old projector for film strips that were used decades ago. Dwight really has no idea in his mind of what he is going to see. The projector starts displaying the video on the screen and at first there is just a black screen. After that, a transition begins and it is beyond belief... it is Dwight's father! He is giving a speech to a crowd that goes: "I am going further with the production of the ultimate weapon, the EMP Nuke! When I finish this diabolical monstrosity, you and I will see to it that we bring ourselves a new world! A world without levels of leaderships, a world with no more aggressive peasants holding on weapons, a world we will destroy and conquer! And then we will tell everyone there IS no more freedom! This weapon will destroy technology, wipe out electricity, deactivate security and shut down America's defenses! Join me on my voyage out of the country as soon as the EMP is operational and we stop these horrible advancements! This should never have been a land of opportunity, this is a land that we few good intelligence forces shall claim as ours and only ours! WHO IS WITH ME!?" The crowd in the video cheers after Dwight's father spoke, Dwight is so heartbroken and sad. This meant that there were a lot more traitors in the CIA than he thought. Dwight is overwhelmed, he doesn't want to show his emotions on the outside because of his methods to counter torture that he remembers, but no amount of training could've prepared Dwight for such a horrible realization. The man Dwight grew up and accepted (with ease) to call his dad, was the worst kind of terrorist. Dwight's mind is running in all sorts of different directions now, he wonders why his dad never told him any of his evil intentions. It is killing Dwight to know that he finished up the EMP for the wrong reason, and was lied to about it, by a man he looked up to so much in his lifetime! The man begins to talk again: "Dwight, great job keeping up the family business, now that you're up to speed I'll say, its time to tell you your last assignment before your REAL retirement! Lucky, lucky you. You damn hermit crab you! You actually get to live! Now it's very simple, do as we say or you and your family are taking a dirt nap. You are going to find and kill that stupid... coworker or whatever the hell you call him, that leach

on your ankle that follows you. KILL him, and we need verifiable proof too, you know the code of ethics you swine. If he's dead, then you and your family will go on our airplane out of the country and live in our own witness protection sorta thing. While you do that, the U S of A is toast. Your EMP is ready, but we're not stupid, or looking for a deadline we just need that boy dead, and we know you know how to find him. Oh and another thing, don't even... THINK about trying any file sharing, no emails or uploading any media okay? NOTHING. All of your 757 emails have been blocked along with your cards, so don't try to get the word out to the public because it won't work and the deal will be off! GOT IT! We know that Jack, Jackass kid is the only one with your knowledge so kill him, give us the proof and, your family and you get to live. GO!" Dwight gets a bag on his head again and takes a big hit to the temple, becoming unconscious.

Dwight gets up from an empty pile of trash in an alley. He finds a card in his pocket, he immediately becomes suspicious that's it's the old 'tailing method' which is a traceable bank card. Dwight isn't about to use that to be found by his watchmen! So he finds himself on a long walk through the city... over a mile later he finds a big bank and walks in. He has a plan conducted in his head! He asks to see an accountant. When he goes into the cubicle, Dwight tells the accountant that he needs to make a complete withdrawal of the money on the card. The accountant tells Dwight that it cannot be done, not realizing that he fell right into his trap! Dwight then says that it is for an emergency death in the family, and they look up 'Dwight Howard Simmons' on the computer to see that he is labeled as deceased. They have to follow the bank's guidelines and go empty the account. So now Dwight has all cash (which can't be traced by the people watching Dwight) and he makes another trip.

He walks to the electronics store and buys a data-roaming tablet and prepays it full of data to use while on the move. Dwight is feeling very sore and his head is pounding. He knows how to find Jack, he just needs to get himself a vehicle... the hard way. He walks in big circles around the supermarket looking for a 'ride.' He finally sees an old rusty beat up crappy car, he goes up the driver and



grabs his keys out of his hand before he can put them in his pocket, starts the car and drives off in a hurry! He knows that the car will be reported stolen but he hopes that he can at least use the car to get to Jack and his car before abandoning it. While driving with his left hand, he uses his right hand to log on to his tracker device locator and finds Jack is 20 minutes away! He remembers secretly sneaking a tracker in Jack's hair when he was sleeping. Dwight wonders why Jack didn't move more when he was alone, confusion? Maybe he knew Dwight was going to come back so he stayed out of sight? Other things were weighing on Dwight's mind as well, that his father was not a good man he thought him to be. A lot of his life feels like a lie now. His other thoughts are hoping to see at least his family safe from these upcoming EMP attacks, Dwight feels responsible for everyone who gets killed by them. Dwight hates himself, self-loathing to the tenth degree. He knows people will die but in his head he believes a lot of people will die anyway so he wants to at minimum save his family. Dwight drives up to the location where Jack is, a small rest stop! He sees his car and he gets out and runs to Jack at the window of the driver seat and... gives him a big hug. Jack smiles and says: "It is so great to see you! What in the world happened? Did you go to hell and back?" Dwight holds a fake smile and responds: "Well there's a lot to talk about... my dad was not the man I thought he was, it turns out that he wants the EMP nukes to destroy us and send us back to prehistoric times, essentially! I was lucky to fight my way out of there... I had to escape my rope I was tied on and ugh, kill them all before they killed me. I don't think they know you are helping me, I feel like they

would've mentioned something, but now we need you to make an account so we can change the password on the EMP since my accounts and emails have been caught now!" Dwight felt terrible having to lie to Jack about those key factors in his interrogation. They get on the old tablet and walk through the hacking process to change the password, Dwight is feeling worse by the minute, he knows what's coming, and he knows he is delaying the inevitable! Dwight writes in his diary to calm down. Jack goes to sleep and Dwight goes to sleep in the seat next to him for a little bit too. Dwight wakes up and wipes his eyes, he starts freaking out, he feels groggy and wonders how long was he sleeping for? He looks and sees Jack is gone! He is out of sight! Quickly, he grabs the nearest tablet and goes to his tracker locator, he has a big sigh of relief as he finds out Jack is inside the restroom stop right in front of him! Dwight runs out of the car, he starts tearing up, he feels like he is about to kill his own son! He takes an adrenaline shot, he stands still behind the wall, he wants to make this kill be the world record fastest stabbing, he doesn't want to kill him slowly and more painfully. Dwight grunts with anger... runs inside of the bathroom and sees there is only one person in there, in a stall. No one else is inside so he knows that it has to be Jack, he lunges at the door and kicks it open and thrusts the knife through the top of his skull causing a sensation of bleeding! He cries and weeps as he runs outside and he leaves the bloody knife on the floor in front of the camera view so the police will see it as soon as possible, and his watchmen will have their proof they are looking for. Dwight now knows he kept his end of the deal so he should get his family and himself

safely out of the country. The last imprint of Jack in his head is his dark black inked tattoo on his arm that he was using to grab toilet paper. It is stained in his head forever. Dwight drives very slowly to a motel. He uses cash to get in. He knows that the plan is for the police to arrest him for the restroom 'random murder' and take him in, when he's in jail the F.B.I. will show up and say he needs to be sent somewhere else, where then he should be met with his family on a flight out of the country. So he sits on his squeaky spring mattress bed, doing something that is very much out of the ordinary for Dwight to do, drinking lots of alcohol. He is spiraling with tears, he is a serious emotional wreck. He can't stop imagining that there could have been some other way to work around killing his best friend. While sitting on the bed downing beers and getting sick from them, he keeps channel surfing to find the news channel. When he finally does he watches the first few segments and waits for his murder to show up, all going according to plan. Now, the news segment is starting. The T.V. cameras are showing the crime scene being sealed off with yellow tape, and there's a quick glimpse inside of the carnage with certain areas censored. Dwight pauses the T.V. on Jack's body and has a flashback of Jack on his podcast before he ever met him saying: "Here we go again folks! They are lying to you! The corporate media is lying to you! They hide all of their mistakes and don't say sorry to skeptics they demonize!" Dwight loved Jack's show, he thought it was great and it made them have a connection with each other as a show host and audience listener, a connection that became a very close friendship when they met in person. Dwight had an eerie feeling when he

focused on Jack's still picture... he looked closely on his arm, Dwight drops his beer! He throws his remote at the wall! He realizes something! He sees there is a wedding ring on Jack's finger in the picture, he sees the tattoo looks skewed, he realizes the man he killed... was NOT Jack! Dwight is in disbelief! Did Jack draw marker on someone? Did he find his tracker, and take it off? Dwight then hears his room's phone ring, he answers it and says: "Hello?! " The other side of the line is a man with a heavy German accent who says: "Dwight, you didn't listen to us very well! Are you seriously trying to trick us? We see your mug on the security camera but you killed some other bum, DEALS OFF unless you kill that bitch in the next 24 hours! And we want REAL proof this time, REAL RESULTS! You want me throw your family off the plane?" Dwight yells "No no you don't under-" \*beep\* the phone is hung up on the other end! Dwight has an idea, but he is not doing the best job walking while be under the influence of alcohol. He runs outside to his car, he sees a cop car pull up and the cop yells for him to go on the ground! Dwight gets in the car and starts it, the cop is pulling on Dwight's left arm to get him out of the car, he uses all of his might to open up the glove box in the passenger seat! He breaks it open just as the cop pulls him out of the car and at that moment Dwight's questions were all answered... his diary was missing! He's being handcuffed and put in the back of the cop car, he remembers he wrote in his diary about being upset for having to kill Jack, and that his passwords were in there so Jack must've read into it and found out he was supposed to be killed and he had a tracker in his hair! It all made sense

to him now, Jack read the diary when Dwight accidentally fell asleep and he must've pissed off the C.I.A, traitors when he figured out how to hack the EMP computer and change the password! No wonder they were so mad in the phone call? As Dwight is taken away in the back of the cop car, he can't stop worrying about his family!

As Dwight is in one car, Jack is in another car, and in his hand is Dwight's diary! Jack reflects back on what he just went through: when Dwight came back, he was acting different, he was very nervous, and he was writing in his diary the moment Jack closed his eyes, when he peaked an eye open he saw Dwight writing vigorously so he knew something was bothering him. When he heard Dwight snoring, he went in the glove box and read his diary, once he picked up on information about Dwight's predicament, he took a chloroform rag out from the back of the car and made Dwight go into a much deeper state of unconsciousness. After running around the park nearby he found another man and used the chloroform on him. Took a black sharpie and made a dark-bold drawing that looked like his own on his arm. He swapped clothing with the guy, put the tracker in his hair on the guy, and put his disguise facial hairs on him that Dwight gave him. Then he dragged him into the bathroom and propped him up on the toilet, and ran for the car the unconscious man was driving. Wielding some guns, the diary, the tablet for directions to the EMP, and some of the license plates in the back of Dwight's car. He stopped at a gas station to use the car wash and inside there he changed the license plates and hoped to stop the trail. Jack knew he was on camera when he put the guy in the bathroom, he hoped that he wasn't too recognizable.

Jack arrives several hours later, he put his armored vest on and his head gear! He put stocks of ammunition around his straps, and he begins attaching his car with C4 detonators. Then he gets the car into position, and puts a heavy piece of scrap metal on the accelerator and the car goes full speed into the security gate at the entrance! The alarms start ringing and bullets are firing at the car, when the car gets really close to the gate Jack pushes the detonation button and the car explodes! It shatters the gate into many pieces and some guards fall out of their tower! Jack runs in and starts firing at the opening with his machine gun! Some guards drop instantly, some more come into the

area and take cover, Jack throws many grenades at the guards, one of them exposes their cover and Jack shoots him a few times in the neck, the next guard jumps out and shoots and hits Jack in the chest and Jack hits him back and kills him. Jack felt the bullet hit him but it didn't go through his vest all the way. Jack looks up and sees a big black helicopter with huge guns on both sides, he immediately storms in the door where there's a hallway. He knows he doesn't stand a chance against that helicopter! Hiding behind a wall, Jack has a hesitation and thinks about dying, he feels like he is committing suicide, he wishes he had maybe taken Dwight's adrenaline shot... then he snaps out of it and realizes where he is at and focuses on the mission! He hears footsteps and he lays down with his gun aiming in front of him. A group of guards come into his view and he holds the trigger down all the way! Three men get shot in the legs and one man gets shot in his stomach. He has to reload and he looks up to see a guard is still alive so he runs back in his corner and reloads his whole clip.

This clip didn't have duct tape on it. Jack looks down briefly and sees that his blood is flooding down his vest. Looking for a new vantage point, he runs over to a metal barrier behind some loud vents. In Jack's head, he is racing back and forth about which way to find the EMP control room. On one hand, he thinks he just needs to go for it! On the other hand, he strongly thinks he needs to keep moving to different places for cover and kill as many guards as possible first. In the middle of that thought, bullets start breaking the glass behind him! Jack hears someone running towards him... his cover spot is exposed on BOTH sides! He doesn't know if he should run out of it, peek over it and fire, look both ways with his head constantly, or what! He decides to put his gun on the edge of the right side of his cover spot and fire a few bursts, then he immediately holds his gun tight facing the left side of the cover and a guard wielding a shotgun steps in front of him! Jack fires the rest of the clip until it is empty. His plan worked, he just tricked the guard to try and flank him on the opposite side of where the gun was firing from. None the less, he takes a moment to relax, and he slides his glove off to see where he had wrote down the new password to the EMP Nuke. He takes a moment to reload.

Jack runs up to the next room and smashes a guard in the face with his gun's barrel and he holds him up as a

human shield. He moves with him into the control room, and puts his hand on the computer of the EMP to log in it, he sees shooters way up high on balconies aiming at him yelling to drop it or die! Jack hears the loudest sound he ever heard in his life, and the helicopter crashes through the ceiling on fire and breaks the balcony in half! The propeller on the helicopter hitting the floor explodes and the fire alarms go off causing the sprinklers on the ceiling to spray. Jack has no idea what happened! He looks out the hole in the wall and sees someone... its Dwight! He's running towards him while holding something... Jack holds the hostage guard up back in position and then uses his free hand to log in from reading the diary, he arms the EMP nuke to his location where he is standing in! The sharpshooters yell to Jack "Put him down and step away from the controls or we WILL SHOOT! You leave us no choice!" Jack yells back: "Go to hell! I'm sending this weapon to hell before you send this country to hell!" Dwight is just outside the room, he starts pulling the trigger on his weapon, while simultaneously the sharpshooters are pulling down their triggers aiming at Jack and at the exact same time Jack is pulling the switch on the EMP nuke...  
**TO BE CONTINUED!**