



THE T'N'T :

*Prologue*

**MIKE'S MAFIA HALL,  
A FEW HOURS AGO**

**Setting: A small room of nearly 5 square feet, all white with a few blood stains, marble flooring that was nearly a puddle of blood, a small door and no windows, filled with the smell of gunpowder, lit only by a bulb and a dead body of a man and Tom standing pointing a gun towards him.**

Characters: *Tom:* A 32-year-old American man with an ovular face perfect jawline, dark brown eyes, no beard, mid-sized black hairs set towards the right side, 6 feet tall with not a very muscular physique.

*Tim:* A 28-year-old Asian man, with a square face and jawline, black eyes, no beard, curly hair, 5'10, muscular.

They were all dead, the final gunshot was an exclamation mark that had led it to this point, I

**released my finger from the trigger. My enemy was finally dead, but before that he managed to press the button, and the bombs on the pillars went off. The Mafia Hall was collapsing, I had no escape, I had only a few more minutes before one of the walls fell on me and cracked open my cranium. I turned on my Walkie-Talkie.**

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Creation

**Tom:** “Hello, Tim... [Static]... you hear me?”

**Tim:** “I can hear you... [Static]... so fine but mission accomplished?”

**Tom:** “Listen take care of Phil, the building is collapsing. I’m stuck in a room... [Static]..... door locked and I’ve no other way out, no escapes.”

**Tim:** “Hey Tom don’t worry I’ll—”

*Tim heard a hard crash sound through the Walkie-Talkie, after*



*which it went offline, producing a beeping sound.*

**Tim:** “Tom? Tom?”

*As Tim is approaching towards the building in his helicopter he can see the collapsed building, surprised by the fact Tom couldn't make it out. He was in tears, unable to believe that it was the reality.*

**Tim:** “No.... No.... No... Oh, Tom!”