



THE T'N'T :

Prologue

MIKE'S MAFIA HALL,

A FEW HOURS AGO

The Mafia Hall was collapsing, I had no escape, I was trapped in a room, only having 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... [Static]... accomplished?”

Tom: “Listen... [Static]... care of Phil... [Static]... is collapsing. [Static]..... it’s locked and I’ve... [Static]... 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!”