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Creative writing

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Well I’m pretty much fucked… No water, no food, no gas and no fucking service. How the fuck did I trust that bastard? Outside communications? BULLSHIT! How the hell did I trust him for even a second? “It’ll be fine”, he said, “The truck will be waiting for you there”, he said. Conniving bastard. He knew no one was going to be here. I didn’t fucking mean to get us in that hellhole. FUCK! Now what, I’ve got to walk 70 miles through a fucking desert to the nearest bloody town? God knows it’ll take less time to walk than wait for the next fucking car…

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I wake up lying in the most awkward position. Chest aching from the pressure of my body on it; my left arm crushed underneath my hip and my right, cold, paled hand, cuffed to the bunk above my head. With difficulty, I flip myself over onto my back and sit up to give my arm some blood back. 4 feet in from the hard bed is the second wall of this tiny cell. 10 feet long, 6 feet wide. By my estimate at least. I stand up and feel my arm grow warm as I regain some blood flow. I check the calendar that’s been faintly scratched into the metal bunk. A grin spreading across my face, I reach up to hit my cell mate

“Daryl! Wake up!” I whisper loudly. Groggily, a scruffy face looks down at me from the top bunk.

“Calm the fuck down man, we’ve gotta wait for dark… That’s like… a million hours still…” I check the clock in the hall outside our cell: 8:47am. 10 hours and 23 minutes until sundown. I feel like I can’t wait another minute. I go over the plan for the 47th time in my head; I can’t forget it.

At 9:00am the guard, David, comes and shoves food into our cell under. He bangs the butt of his pistol against the bars, “Wake up boys! It’s a big day ahead of you!” he calls out as loudly and obnoxiously as possible. He snorts at his own joke as he stumbles down the hall, needing to run his hands along the wall to keep himself up. I look over at the old tray. He’s placed it just beyond my reach, like he loves doing, and taken a bit out my uncooked potato. One of the idiot’s favorite pranks. I get off the bed and look underneath wooden plank keeping it off the ground. Between the plank and the metal bars is the little shank I’ve been working on for the past 3 weeks. I grab it and lean down, catching the rim of the tray with the shank and pulling it towards me. I delicately place the knife back underneath the mattress and ply wood and sit the tray on my lap. I grab my own plate and pass Daryl up his.

We eat breakfast in silence and sit in silence. I don’t have to watch the clock to hear the second’s hand ticking in my mind; every set of unintentionally counted 60 ticks signaling the start of a new minute. Every 3600 of them, an hour. Neither one of use speaks a word, both of us knowing what the other is thinking. I look over at the clock and as the tick in my mind to signal the minute goes by, both myself and the clock reach 8:15pm. Without hesitation, I silently get to my feet and look up at Daryl, who’s already looking down at me.

“Time?” He whispers so silently I’m almost needing to read his lips in the dark. I nod. I collapse to the ground, moaning loudly, clutching my chest. Daryl hops down from his bunk making as much noise as possible and start asking, in a panic, if I’m okay. The chain holding me to the bed rattles as I curl myself up into a ball, tensing every muscle in my body. A guard, who I can’t see through my tightly closed eyes jogs up to the cell.

“What’s going on in here? What’s all the noise?” He calls out in demand. Good, this one’s not drunk. He reaches for his keys and pulls one off. 5th one to the left of the big one. I don’t have to see to know exactly which one it is. It’s the same one used when we we’re locked up in here 7 months ago. He unlocks the door and barges in, shoving Daryl up against the wall. He leans down over me and is about to start yelling but then I feel the weight of his body collapsing on top of me. I feel my shirt grow warm as his blood seeps through it. I continue to moan loudly as though I’m still in pain as Daryl silently rolls the body off of me and pushes it under the bunks. I open my eyes and look down at his keys. I think back to when they first locked us up here and grab the same key they used back then. I unlock my own chains and soundlessly lay them on the cold bunk. I grab Daryl’s cuffs and do the same.

“Help me lift him onto the bed, common.” Daryl stands up and helps me pick him up to lay him down on my bunk. I roll his arms around and force him into the same position I usually sleep in. I grab my extra sheets and bundles them up, making up a fake Daryl on the top bunk. I cuff the guard to the bunk and make his arm hang from the ceiling, the same way mine does, and I lift Daryl’s chain back into his own bunk. I grab the guard’s hate and shove the keys inside it so they won’t make any noise and Daryl and I walk out of the cell for the first time in forever. I lock the cell back up and we run down the hall as silently as possible. When we turn left when we get to the end of the hall and there’s a door there. I fumble around with the keys try to find the one to unlock the door. 7th try, I open it and we walk into the vast room in front of us. The garage is filled with trucks and crates, everything filled to the top with anything from marijuana to heroin. The trucks are half filled, each one with a different type of crate. I run to the nearest one and crouch down beside it. “Quick recap- do you remember the plan?”

“I’m the one who managed to get us back in contact with Marty, I’d better know the fucking plan.”

“Just making sure.”

“Truck’ll be waiting for you somewhere to the north west about 3 hours from here, I’m headed north east. Highway that you’re taking will lead you up to Arizona, I’m heading up to Texas. That way if one of us gets caught, we the other will be able to let someone know where this bloody camp is. If one of us dies, then… well, that won’t happen.” I look at him in the moonlight and for a moment there’s a flash of a grin as he finishes speaking… I shake off the idea, seeing the shadows getting cast across his face, recognizing the now grim look. I nod cautiously.

“Well, here we go…” I walk around the garage and find a crate with weapons. Better these than my tiny knife. I grab an assault rifle and toss Daryl another. I dig farther into the crate, a wall of guns now pushing up against my arms until I find a tiny pistol sitting at the bottom. I dig around some more and pull up a silencer. I screw them together as Daryl and I walk towards our trucks. I aim the pistol at the tires of one of the trucks and fire. The silencer does nothing and the loud crack of a gunshot goes off inside. Daryl looks up at me in terror.

“What the fuck was that?”

“Shit the silencer didn’t work! Someone’s probably coming!”

“Well fuck it, we’ve blown our silence now, hurry the fuck up!” I run around the truck and shoot the rest of the tires and throw myself into the last truck left. My engine roars to life and I take off into the night, Daryl shortly behind. In the rearview mirror I watch the door of the garage burst open and 6 men armed with assault rifles burst in to see us driving away. They all start shooting as they run for the second trucks and jump in. I see the headlight turn on and they take off after us, their deflated tires spinning around getting torn up. I watch as the tires get ripped to pieces and the truck is attempting to drive on its metal rims, failing to get traction. I look at the tiny display in the truck and see that my compass is pointing south. I decide to take a wide turn around their base, clear it by a few miles and get myself headed back north. With the old camp behind me, I turn off the road softly and begin the long drive back up north.

After 4 hours on the road, I look down at the gas, worried. Still half a tank of gas and still going fine. I was supposed to meet up with someone an hour ago now, but I haven’t seen anyone else yet… I lower my foot on the pedal and pick up the speed a bit. I hear the engine struggling a bit, but then again, these trucks don’t look new. I feel myself slowing down as we go up a little hill, so I put on more gas, but nothing happens. I lower my foot and hear the engine whining. I get up to the top of the hill and start rolling down the other side, picking up a little speed again. I hear the engine whine a little more, then stop. Fuck. The car keeps coasting and comes to a gently stop. I turn the key in the ignition, hoping for something, yet nothing comes. I do it again, anxiety rising in my throat. I keep turning the key again and again, frantic for the car to make a noise… Any noise… I look over at the passenger seat, hoping to find a phone, a computer, something… I look inside the glove compartment and find a tiny flip phone and I press the on button. Nothing happens. I hold it down and cross my fingers. Suddenly a little logo flashes across the screen and it turns on. I look at the top of it as it’s looking for service, but after a few seconds, a little icon pops up. No service available. Well I guess you can’t find what’s not fucking there… Shit! Now what? I open the door violently and step out onto the road. I open up the back of the truck in search anything else. Food or water, anything, but you can’t find what’s not fucking there. I feel anger getting a hold of me and I try to calm down. I was on the road for 4 hours and 17 minutes. He said the truck would meet me about 3 hours in. I lost 13 minutes driving south and doing a wide detour around the camo which means I should’ve met the trucks an hour and 4 fucking minutes ago… I think back to when Daryl was recalling the plan to me. That grin across his face… Maybe I didn’t imagine it… I frantically hurry back to the cell phone and go into the setting. I turn the service off and back on again, hoping for something. No service available… I go into the texts and start searching for anything that might help. The phone was in the truck and maybe has something about the truck is in it… I look through the texts until I reach the only unknown number. I look at the display of the most recent text and see that it’s all written in Morse… I open it up and start reading through, trying to remember back to when I taught myself Morse in high school… Daryl’s name is in here several times… I skim over it not reading, looking for his name… It’s talking about us… I scroll back up to the top and start reading.

“Troy and Daryl want to escape”.

The first one said.

“What?”

“Daryl told me. Troy suggested

an escape.”

“Details?”

“None yet, Daryl said he’d keep me

Posted”

“Keep me posted too.”

“Will do.”

Confused, I keep scrolling until I get to the most recent ones.

“Daryl’s going up to Texas, Troy to

Arizona. Far as Troy’s concerned, a

truck will be waiting for him

Somewhere down the road.”

“What does Daryl want out of this?”

“Idk, payback for getting them in

There in the first place?”

“So he wants Troy dead?”

“That or he wants to prove he’s

with us by letting him die.”

I stop at the last text, paralyzed. “Prove he’s with us by letting him die”. It rings through my head in fast forward over and over. I stare down and wonder how this could be possible… Suddenly, my body kicks in without my thought or my consent. I lose control and whip the phone as far away from me as possible. I slam my palm against the side of the car and scream. I let myself lose control, I kick at the side of the car and bang my hands against it. I slam the driver door shut as hard as I can and watch the car shake. I go around to the back of the car and pull out a gun. I’m about to start walking when my mind finally kicks in and I start to think again. There’s nothing I can do now.

Hours go by and I see the fucking sun coming up and it brings with itself the blazing heat of the cooking asphalt and sand. I try to think about how many option I’ve got now, but nothing comes to fucking mind. I’m fucking anxious as hell now feeling my increase in pessimism… Well I’m pretty much fucked. No water, no food, no gas and no fucking service. How the fuck did I trust that bastard? Outside communications? BULLSHIT! How the hell did I trust him for even a second? “It’ll be fine”, he said, “The truck will be waiting for you there”, he said. Conniving bastard. He knew no one was going to be here. I didn’t fucking mean to get us in that hellhole. FUCK! Now what, I’ve got to walk 70 miles through a fucking desert to the nearest bloody town? God knows it’ll take less time to walk than wait for the next fucking car…