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~~Then~~ I began to clap my hands as the first half of the play concluded for a break. I rose from my seat, standing there waiting for the crowd to clear so I could make my way to the centre aisle and exit the auditorium. Left. Right. Left. Right. My uniform motion of movement, one foot in front of the other, blending in with the little crowd still piling out the door. As I stepped out of the large, ~~large~~ brown swinging doors I placed my black sunglasses on ~~top~~ over my eyes and continued towards the front entrance of the building. Stepping outside I felt the ~~sharp~~ transition from the cool, air conditioned theatre to the disgusting, humid outdoor weather. Left. Right. Left. Right. Down the road I continued in no particular strain to get back to the play on time. I finally arrived ~~at~~ at another building looked up at the sign and saw the sign.

"So at the half time break I need you to make your way a few hundred metres down the road to a place called The Foundation. It's a small place, they deal with safety deposits. I once left a stone the size of your fist, I'd trust those guys with anything. Anyway, once you get there go inside and ask for Johnny, he'll take care of you, give you what you need. Oh, here, you'll need this key. Good luck kiddo."

I walked through the front door of the Foundation, key in hand and once again feeling the transition in weather. I stood still for a second, glancing around the shop. It was quite small, single property filled with storage cabinets. I approached the service desk and asked for Johnny. The young woman at the counter told me she would just be a moment as she went to get him. As she turned and left I just stood there in silence, glancing at her fine figure as she walked into another room through a back door. Not a minute later there was a man, a giant, 6 foot tall and bulk like I'd never seen before. He stood there looking down on me. I placed the key on the table and slid it forward towards him.

"Ohhh you're Michael's boy" he laughed, speaking with a peculiar southern accent. He made his way towards a safe in the back corner and retrieved a black briefcase for me. He walked back, ~~struggling~~ struggling to move his enormous body around the confined shop.

"Good luck kiddo!" he laughed again as he ~~sent~~ handed me the case and key, his accent sending shivers down my spine. With that I ~~was~~ shuffled over to the door, leaving without

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another word. Back ~~down~~ up the road and into the ~~auditorium~~ theatre again. Looks like I was just in time. People were queuing into the auditorium and just as before I waited before entering, somewhat nervous this time, hoping nobody had noticed my briefcase.

"Oi!" said a security guard, as he grabbed my ~~elbow~~ shoulder and poked me back, my heart now racing at a thousand miles an hour. Every second felt like a year, the man just ~~was~~ staring at me. Finally he smiled, my heart rate began to return to normal. He took my sunglasses off my face and ~~hand~~ placed them in my hand. I smiled and scurried into the auditorium, this time taking a seat at the rear of the hall.

The play began its second half. I sat alone and placed my briefcase on my lap, looking around to make sure nobody was watching. The latches of the briefcase were a shiny silver, cold to touch and embedded with a coded security lock.

"By the way, just remember, one, seven, nine, two."

I placed the numbers into the lock and just like that the latches flinged open, making a louder noise than expected but fortunately



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It was drowned by the pounding voices of the actors. I raised the cover of the case and looked inside. ~~The long silver gun~~ A newspaper and several pens, that was all. I sat for a moment, just looking into the case. I removed the paper and placed it on the floor beneath me. The base of the case was a soft cotton, black in colour. I placed my fingers on the back corners and applied pressure and as expected the false base came loose. Beneath was the silver pistol I had required, placed neatly in a groove with the silencer attachment besides it. I removed the ~~the~~ sparkling silver gun and admired it for a moment, reading the words 'Desert Eagle 3.5' engraved along the barrel. I removed the silencer and slowly attached it to the weapon.

"When he stands for the final act, you shoot him. Mr Holworth will be sitting three rows from the back, he should be the only one to stand. You do what I ask and I'll let you go free. A promise is a promise young Joseph."

The next thirty five minutes were agony, I sat there watching the horrible play waiting for my time to come...

... the woman walked across the stage with a look

piece of cardboard <sup>on which was</sup> written 'Act V'. This was it, the final act, my time to shine and secure my freedom. The play continued as I eagerly awaited Mr Holworth to stand, and as planned, he rose from his seat. I decided to watch him for a second as he seemed to be focusing very heavily on a particular actor on stage. A young girl, quite talented and playing a ~~the~~ better role. Mr Holworth looked to his left, another man whom he did not seem to know. ~~Mr~~ Holworth pointed towards the girl, then pointed towards himself, smiling as he exchanged words with the stranger beside him. Is it possible that this girl is his daughter? That I have been sent to kill a loving father just so I can return to my lousy life, a drifter with no family, no friends? My time here was closing, Holworth was likely to be elected any moment, it was now or never.

Time slowed down - the adrenaline pumping through my body made it all seem so fake, like I was playing a video game, seated on the edge of my chair. But no, this was no game, I stood, ~~and~~ facing the back of Mr Holworth. Is this what I have become? Killing a man I know nothing about, a father who I will shoot in the back? My heart racing fast again, faster than ever before. Additional writing space on back page.

The time was now, do or die. It was him or me. I raised my gun.

BANG!

The bullet leaving the gun ~~and~~ and soaring through the air. I stood there and watching the bullet float through the eerie medium, closer and closer it got, my heart pumping so fast that I could see it all. I should move, I thought, quickly, but I was immobilised, my feet wouldn't budge.

The bullet hit, ~~drilling~~ drilling right through my chest. I dropped my pistol and fell to the floor. Screaming and policemen running towards me. I placed my hand on my chest to see the red blood flowing from my veins ~~out~~ onto the floor around me. ~~It was the end of the world~~ ~~and I was dead~~ This was my end, Mr Holworth was alive and I was dying because I could not bring myself to do it. I did not act quick enough, I was only human.

You may ask for an extra Writing Booklet if you need more space.