
Dave Fenne is hiding behind the overhang of the communications tower's ground floor balcony.

He has a rifle in his hands, a scope lined up with his eye, as he holds his breath.

The crosshairs shift for a moment, before centering in on Tom Wreke's head.

He's standing uneasily on the lace like catwalks crisscrossing the platforms above a large, recessed theatre area. He has a gun slung across his shoulders, but oddly- a pink tape wrapped crowbar in his fist instead.

His head mills around the room, as he inches forwards. He seems unsure of how to continue- several holes punched out in the catwalk, leaving a delicate set of bare bones steps. He hesitates- clearly unsure if they'll hold his weight.

His leg tenses, as does his grip on the metal railing. He looks as if he's about to vault over the gap, head tilted as bright white projections skate over the area in front of him- a line anchoring and zigzagging all over as it tries to determine the best angle of trajectory and landing. He's preoccupied. Unguarded.

DAVE FENNE

Gotcha.

He holds his breath, squeezing his finger on the trigger.

Dave let's it go as he fires the shot.

Tom turns at the last moment, hearing the crack of the gun- but all it does is ensure that the bullet lodges into his left eyesocket, instead of burrowing through the back of his skull.

Tom drops to the ground like a leaden weight, blood pooling around his head.

The cat walk shrieks, swinging as metal groans, the catwalk seesawing across the room in wide arcs.

The crowbar drops to the floor, his fingers loosening around his previously white knuckled grip.

It rolls slightly out of his reach- and tumbles down into the abyss below, a sea of debris and crushed furniture.

Dave smiles crookedly- before he sets the gun down. He's shaking a little with adrenaline, giddy as a child in a candy store.

DAVE FENNE

Gotcha.

Dave props his face up on his hands, watching the edges of the puddle thicken and darken. It looks like a mockery of a halo, silhouetting his head.

There's a few frantic clicking and grinding noises that he can hear from even his vantage point- a small buzz of electricity skating along his body for a moment- only a tremble, a wet gasp, before he is unnaturally still.

Dave doesn't bother to head down to see the corpse for himself. He doesn't need the gun.

DAVE FENNE

Oh, Dr. Scoresby is going to love this.

Dave laughs, before he's grabbing his gun sloppily by the strap- and saunters off, his dyed hair sticking up wildly as he steps into another room, the quality of the recording shaking and stuttering out- as if the camera had been blasted with radiation, film going grainy before it goes black.
