Forces Deadly Reasonable Reasons: Peanuts Tribulation

**Chapter 7 Mr. Do-It**

“Get away from them.” Regal scolds Bobby for being close to Peanut and Junior. He pulls him far away from them, still going off on him, “Are you out of your damn mind?”

“I was just making sure if they were alright.” Bobby explains.

Regal pokes him in the chest. “Wrong. What you were doing is a sure fire way to getting yourself killed.” While poking Bobby’s chest, he notices that he doesn’t even have his police uniform on; he slaps him across his chest concerned, “You don’t even have your fucking uniform on.”

He takes a step back and franticly looks in every direction. He mutters, “Where is he? Why is everything off script?” Checking his watch and in confusion, he looks past Bobby, “There he is.” and begins to wave.

<<Rewind a couple of minutes.

Within the breakroom of the Police Department, the microwave can be heard running in the room. ‘Beep, Beep, Boooo-‘ The lid of door quickly opens as Talbot anxiously grabs his snack. *Finally I can eat something. I’ve been on empty since the gas station.* Feeling the Hot-Pocket in his hand, he looks at the microwave annoyed. *Piece of junk. It’s barely even hot.* About to put it back in, but he gets shoved out of the way.

“Move it dumbass! Your turn is done.”

Stumbling back regaining his footing, he complains, “I wasn’t even-“

The Doberman officer slams the microwave lid shut and stands tall staring him down. He snarls back as he threatens, “You were saying?”

“Umm, nothing.” Talbot quickly backs off taking a small bite out of his snack. “Mmmm, yum. I like eating it cold.”

The officer backs off as he crosses his arms. He asks, “So what happened to that Bobcat at the gas station?”

Talbot snaps back, “You mean the Bobcat that ‘I’ had to kick in the head before ‘YOU’ were going to put a bullet into it? I locked him in one of the cells.”

“You should’ve kept him there. Now we have a child killer in the station. Right now he’s standing next to the two kids in the office room giving them a hard time.”

Talbot turns to the exit. *He knows who it is. He’s not going to do anything to them.* He turns back to the officer as he backs up to the exit informing, “He’s not going to do anything to them. He’ll behave if he wants his Lamborghini back.”

The officer eyes widen with curiosity, “Where did you put that damn car?”

Talbot just gives a big smile in return and quickly exits out.

*I’m not telling him shit.* He looks at his cold hot-pocket and sighs. About to take a bite, he notices Regal waving at him with the Chauffeur right next to him. *What the hell does he want?*

He walks up to them taking another bite out of the hot-pocket. “What… I can’t eat lunch?” he says annoyed with his mouth full.

“You never got Marcus’s message?” Regal asks.

Talbot waves the Hot-Pocket in his face. “What do you think?”

Regal snatches it out of his hand. He points at the Chauffeur, “You’re in charge of him.” then points right past him, “Go put his uniform on before he gets here. Right now!”

“OKAY! …Shit. …Locker room, right?” He puts his hand out as Regal just looks at it. “You’re not going to eat it.”

Regal extends his arm out to his side, opening his hand, letting it fall into the trash.

Glaring right at him upset, “Let’s go.” Talbot angrily says, grabbing him by the shoulder and pulls on him still complaining, “Told you he’s an asshole.”

Reaching the Locker Room, he opens it while saying, “Get inside.”

Inside the Locker Room, Talbot closes the door and locks it. Searching around, he sees a box on one of the benches. On the box it had the name Marcus with a message on it saying: ‘For Mr. Do-It’*.* Looking back at the Chauffeur, Talbot realizes something, *Shit… I don’t even know his name.* Talbot points at it while walking to it. “This is it.” Opening it, he takes his pants out and throws it at him. “Put it on Mr. Do-It.”

Catching it and looking at it, Mr. Do-It asks displeased, “And if I don’t?”

Talbot warns back, “Just know that it won’t end well for you if the boss sees you without a uniform on.”

Mr. Do-It sighs and begins to un-buckle his pants. Just when he’s about to lower them, he stops to look at what Talbot is doing. He sees him looking at him right back. Feeling awkward, “Do you mind?”

“Mind what? You got nothing to brag about, so *DO IT!*”

He takes his pants off and folds them neatly and then puts his pants on. And once done, Talbot then throws his shirt next without warning. “Geez.”

“Hurry up. Who knows if he’s here already,” Talbot orders as he also goes through a locker taking out a small uniform shirt that fits him. He quickly removes his large shirt and puts it on.



Turning back to Mr. Do-It, he was looking back with disapproval for stealing. “Don’t give me that look. Put your shit on.”

Mr. Do-It unbuttons his chauffeur’s vest to take it off.

Talbot just watches him struggle to put his uniform on while he still holds onto his vest. He shakes his head and asks with his hand out, “Hand it over.”

Mr. Do-It holds it out to him.

Talbot reaches out to grab it and while taking it… he notices something from within the vest. Something was hanging out from one of the inside pockets.

While Mr. Do-It is trying to put his cops uniform on, he hears Talbot mutters concerned, “What the… What the fuck” Wondering why he said that, he turns back to Talbot, seeing his chauffeurs vest on the floor while he’s putting two pieces of paper together.

Talbot’s face was in disbelief reading what was on it. It was the crazy Ex-BOA maniac’s Prison Background Information. Talbot slowly turns back to him. “You… you know him? You fucking know him”

Mr. Do-It slowly puts his uniform down, “Look… it’s not what it-“

“Oh fuck you.” He pulls out his gun and points it at him. “You brought him here. You’re friends with him.”

With both hands out trying to calm Talbot down, he confesses, “Yes… I brought him here. Yes… I know him… ‘But’… I’m not friends with him.” He points at the exit. “One of the kids out there is. He’s best friends with him and he’s out there looking for him.”

With realization hitting him hard, he remembers, “Oh shit… The Warehouse… what he did there…”

Noticing how worried Talbot was becoming, Mr. Do-It remained calm seeing his hands shake. “That’s correct. When he gets here… and he will. He’s going to-“

“We’re fucked.” A sense of dread slams down onto him that shakes him to his very core causing him to lower his gun. In a panic, he puts out his other hand out asking, “New deal.”

Mr. Do-It scoffs and crosses his arms. “We already made a deal.”

Talbot, seeing his refusal crossing his arms, he demands desperately, *“THIS IS FUCKING DIFFERENT, ASSHOLE! MONEY AIN’T GOING TO MEAN SHIT TO ME IF I’M FUCKING DEAD!”* He takes a step forward while his handshakes pointing his gun. “New Deal… Alright?”

Mr. Do-It doesn’t answer and just stands there with his arms crossed, knowing he has the upper hand.

Taking a step forward as he desperately begs, “I keep *‘YOU’* alive *OUT THERE* while *‘YOU’*… you keep me alive *FROM HIM!*” He takes another step to him with his hand out shaking. “Deal?”

Mr. Do-It grabs and shakes it. “Deal,” he says with confidence.

And as soon as Talbot tries to tighten his grip… he feels his very own hand gets squeezed even harder, being pulled forward by force instead. In shock from what just happened, he looks up seeing Mr. Do-It staring him down.

Mr. Do-It smirks and asks, “Does this mean that you’re going to stop aiming that at me?”

Talbot slightly shakes his head, not backing down, “Hell no. This shit going to be front and center the whole damn time,” he answers while he still pointing it into his mid-section.

Mr. Do-It grabs the Prison Information from him then releases his hand. “Guess I should finish getting dressed,” he said.

“Yeah… you go do that,” he remarks back, putting his gun away. Going back to the box and looking inside of it again. He raises his hand saying. “Hold up.”

He stops half way putting on his shirt again.

“I didn’t notice this was in here. It was blended to the bottom of the box.” Looking at the note along with it, he reads it. “Have Mr. Do-It wear this ASAP before being seen by Brutal. From: Marcus.” He pulls it out and throws it at him. “Put it on.”

He catches it, realizing it’s a vest but heavier and thicker. “Is this really necessary?”

“Coming from Marcus, then it has to be. So put it on.” Mr. Do-It begins to put it on as theirs a knock on the door. “You finish up. I’ll go answer it.”

Opening the door, he can hear loud commotions coming from the main office room. The sound of so many people talking as if the whole building is full to capacity. “What is it?”

“Brutal’s here and wants everybody in the main room right now. He’s pissed too. I think he knows about the warehouse incident.”

“Alright, be there in a sec.” He says and closes the door. Looking back to Mr. Do-It, he sees that he was done getting dressed. He was folding his clothes neatly and putting it back into the box. Once he was done, he then stands straight up, adjusting the vest under his shirt. He then looks over to Talbot, to let himself be seen in his uniform. Looking at his uniform, he notices that it had a lieutenant badge on it. *Its Marcus’s spare uniform. He never let anyone touch his stuff. Whatever he did out there with him, earned a shit ton of trust to let him wear it.*

Mr. Do-It gestures to Talbot as he presents himself. Dissatisfied, he asks, “Are you now satisfied?”

“Yeah, a lot better. Now I don’t have to worry about you getting shot.” Talbot rudely answers back as he grabs the doorknob to-

“I do have a question,” Mr. Do-It asks.

“What is it?” Talbot asks back releasing it.

“Regal, are you friends with him?”

Talbot shakes his head answering, “Not really. That crazy rooster has flown over the coo coo’s nest one to many times and just hovers around me.”

“It seems like he knows a lot about you.”

“Ya’ think, right? But there’s no way. He just showed up today and never leaves me alone. Always says random shit as if this is nothing but a TV show to him.”

“That means he’s concerned about-“

“I don’t need anyone to be concerned about me!” Talbot snaps back. “The only thing *I’m* concerned about is getting my money.” He grabs the doorknob and turns it. “We got to get going. There’s a meeting going on.”

Exiting out, “Hey dumbass.” Talbot hears an insult being called and once he looks, but Mr. Do-It quickly heads back to the main office room to where everyone is. He doesn’t waste time to get in front of everyone to make sure Peanut is ok.

Talbot loses sight of him… again and turns to who called him. “Fuck… not this asshole.” He mutters annoyed seeing the same Doberman officer from the breakroom approach. “What is it?” he rudely asks.

The officer orders, “After the meeting, we need you to check something out for us.”

Talbot looks back to where Mr. Do-It ran off to then back to the officer asking, “Check what out?”

“A Donut Shop. We got a call, that someone saw the Ex-Boa maniac head into it. Need you to go check it out.”

Pondering to himself, *If I‘m going to be sent to a death trap… I’m going to need him by my side. Dying isn’t really on my to-do list. I can bring him along to calm his ass down and have him stand still for one fucking second… Then I can then get the drop on him and kill him myself... and…* He starts getting excited. *Oh shit... I’m going to get payed so fucking much.* In excitement, he accepts, “Sure, I’ll go check it out. Just got to get someone first before I go. Ya’know, Buddy System, right?” He quickly heads to the main office room.

“Alright, but after the… AFTER THE MEETING,” the officer shouts back.

Ignoring his orders, Talbot heads to the main office room.

Entering the room he can hear Brutal shouting threats to everyone. *Damn… he must know what happened, but fuck him. I just need to find him and get the hell out of here.* Trying to force his way through the crowd to find where he is, he manages to get in front of everyone. As he looks around while ignoring Brutal’s threats, his eyes go past Regal eating popcorn. “Hmm?” He quickly looks back, seeing Regal staring right back, shoving a hand full of popcorn past his beak. Talbot just looks back concerned. *He seriously needs some help.*

Regal eyes go from Talbot and looks to his right.

Curious, Talbot does the same and sees Mr. Do-It fifteen feet away from where he’s standing at. *There he is.* Just when he’s about to go back into the crowd to get to him… A chair gets knocked over by an Officer, tripping over it as he hits the floor. Getting his attention, he hears a shotgun preparing to fire.

Brutal storms to him aiming it at him as he demands, *“WHO… GAVE… THE FUCKING ORDER… TO DO IT?!”*

*He’s mad about someone doing it?*

*“IT-IT WASN’T ME!”* the Officer shouts begging. He points at the dispatcher. *“IT… IT WAS HIM!”*

Talbot looks at the Dispatcher, as Brutal does the same causing the dispatcher to panic. *“YOU FUCKING LIAR! IT WAS TREY’S IDEA!”* Brutal takes a step to him making him confess even more. *“I SWEAR!* Trey ordered Marcus to do it, but he couldn’t go through with it. He came back here and grabbed someone else to do it instead.”

Talbot tries to remember about it. *That’s right. Marcus came here to find someone… to… do it. To do it?*

Brutal then grabs the shotgun with both hands and demands again, looking at everyone in the room. *“Who… did… he pick?”*

*Do it?* With realization hitting him hard, “Oh shit. Mr. Do-It.” Talbot mutters worried while looking at everyone point to who did it.

They were all pointing at… *Mr. Do-It. You assholes. The fucking Idiot is just standing there with his head turned staring at the two kids.*

Backing up into the crowd and forcing his way over to him as fast as he can… He hears the first shot sound off causing him to panic.

Trying not to lose focus, he keeps forcing his way through the crowd even faster to get to where he is. *Get the fuck out of my way.*

Almost reaching Mr. Do-It, he sees him stand up only to get shot once more, making him collapse to the floor in front of him. He looks over to Brutal approaching aiming the shotgun down to his face, but quickly Talbot shoves the closest person near him to collide into Brutal to stop him.

He grabs Mr. Do-It by his shoulders and drags him backwards into the crowd before Brutal can fire off another shot.

*Go… fucking go…* Without looking, his back makes contact against the nearest wall while still holding onto him. Near to him, was a closed door. Looking away, he sees someone just standing there looking right back to them concerned. In anger, Talbot demands, *“Open the fucking door!”*

Startling the Officer, he quickly opens it.

With no hesitation he drags him into the room and lays him on the floor.

Mr. Do-It clutches onto his chest, coughing and wheezing for air. Every deep breath he does, he then gives out a shout of pain.

Talbot just stared down seeing him in pain on the floor and the only thought that was crossing through his mind was, *I can’t have him die on me.* Falling onto his knees, he yells out, *“MOVE YOUR HAND… MOVE IT!”* He grabs his bullet ridden shirt and tears it apart. Looking down at his vest, he sees two spots on his vest where the shotgun blast made contact. One: On his midsection and the Second Shot: directly in the center of his chest.

Once he was about to reach out to touch his chest… his wrist gets grabbed. Looking at Mr. Do-It hand and his forearm… the fur on it was flared and tensed. Following it up his arm and to his shoulder and then up along his neck… He stops at his face, seeing just how enraged he was… looking directly back.

Before able to say anything… the sudden impact of his fist connects to the side of his face. Trying to get up to back off, he felt his wrist being pulled back, just to get punched directly in the face again. Talbot’s head whipped back, exposing his neck for it to get clasp around it and then slammed to the floor onto his back. Staring into the anger in Mr. Do-It eyes, Talbot reached down and un-holsters his gun. He then aimed it at him, and with the very little air in his lungs… he pleaded, “Didn’t know. I didn’t know.” Just when he was about to pull the trigger… he then feel his neck get released. Talbot coughs and wheezes for air in relief.

Mr. Do-It gets up clutching his chest and staggers to the window. He stares out to the main office room.

Rising up, Talbot also looks out the window, seeing the two kids that he’s looking at being taken away. *It has to be one of them… but.* He sighs, “Whatever you were trying to get out of them… forget about it. You’re dead to them now.” Talbot sees him take a deep breath while still holding onto his chest; he slightly shakes his head like he’s blaming himself for something.

Remembering about the Donut Shop, Talbot smirks and informs him, “I got a lead on that the BOA prick was last seen entering a Donut Shop. We can go meet up with him there… so you can let him know that those two kids are here, But we got to go now.”

Mr. Do-It nods in agreement but then mutters in pain, “Ok… but I need to go to the bathroom for a moment.”

“Right, but don’t take too long… who knows if he’s still over there.” He walks to the door ending with, “I’ll be at the squad cars.” Once opening, he then exits out.

Closing the door, Talbot rubs the side of his face then moves to the back of his neck trying to alleviate some of the pain. Once he stops, he looks for Brutal not seeing him around then looks at everyone instead, staring right back. He then points not saying anything… then gives all of them the finger. He shakes his head then walks to the exit while muttering, “Assholes, every single one of you.”

The door then re-opens again as Bobby exits out without his Police uniform shirt and his vest on. He was now wearing his chauffeur’s white undershirt that he still had on. Everyone just stares at him as he looks right back while he holds onto his chest. He begins to walk towards the bathroom not saying anything. Once reaching it, he stops at the door and before entering. He then lets them know, “Just so you know… they’re alive… and in safe hands, but… by the end of the day… I’m not too sure how all of you will turn out, once this is all over.” He enters the bathroom.

Inside of the bathroom, the exit door opens as Regal enters. He closes the door and locks it. Standing there looking around seeing that it’s empty, he listens for anything trying to figure out where Bobby is but then shortly after… he hears him vomiting in one of the stalls. He smirks and asks, “Are you okay in there?”

“Go away,” Bobby request back.

Regal heads to the sinks going through his pockets and takes out a bottle of Aspirin. He puts it on the counter along with a bottle of water. Crossing his arms informing, “I’m not going to do that.” Hearing him cough and spit… the toilet gets flushed.

The stall slowly opens as Bobby staggers out clutching his chest. He looks at Regal and asks, “How’s your show turning out?”

Regal shrugs, “It’s alright, but seeing where the source material that it originally comes from, it’s kinda weird seeing it so close down to earth and realistic then what it’s usually portrayed like.”

Bobby just awkwardly stares at him.

Regal smirks, seeing his reaction. “Right now it’s on intermission cuz one of the characters, is in the bathroom.”

Hearing what he just said, Bobby asks with concern, “Are you… well?”

“I’m fine, but you...” He grabs the bottle of water and hands it to him. “You got places that you need to be.” He then hands him two pills. “Talbot is waiting for you.”

“I don’t want to have anything to do with him.” Bobby says in refusal as he swallows the pills and goes back to rubbing his chest.

Regal smirks, “Do you really mean that? Because I doubt it.”

“I really do mean it.”

“No ya don’t.”

“What makes you so sure?”

Regal walks around him and washes his hands in the sink. “Because you got something that those assholes out there don’t have.”

Bobby continues to rub his chest. “What would that be?”

Regal turns to him, grabbing his hand pulling it away from his chest. “What you have is-“ He jabs him in the chest, forcing him to take a step back in pain. “Compassion.” Another jab. “Morals.” Another jab. “Heart.” Reaching the door, he pulls his hand back one last time. “And most importantly…” he swings again, only to go for the door to open it, finishing with, “you’re not an asshole.”

Bobby stares at him in pain.

“The story needs to continue. Talbot needs your help. He’s in a bad place.”

Being pushed out the door, Bobby looks to the side exit and asks, “What does he need help with?”

“You’re not going to figure that out, by being in the bathroom.” He sees Bobby looking around knowing who he’s looking for. “Bobby? Don’t worry about the MC, I’ll look over him. You got a side plot to do with Talbot.”

Being dumbfounded and utterly confused from what he heard him just say, he heads to the exit. He stops at the door and looks back to Regal seeing him waving back. He mutters, “Did that just happen… or am I going crazy?” He then exits out.

**Chapter 8 One Donut with Extra Terror**

Exiting out of the Police Department and onto the back parking lot, Bobby rubs his aching chest still trying to relieve the pain. He takes a deep breath trying to calm down while he ponders to himself. *I have… an anger problem. Out of all the professions that I’ve been associated with, time after time my anger would get the best of me, causing me to quit. I thought I would never be able to find a job, till one day I found the perfect profession for me. That is to be a Chauffeur.*



Standing out in the parking lot and heading to the squad cars, he stops and sees Talbot sitting on the hood of one of them. “I hate him.” He mutters*. I can’t stand him. His awful attitude and foul mouth… I just can’t stand him. He kicked me on the head, knocking me out and he also shot at me… but he knows where Craig is, so I’m going to have to deal with him for the time being.*

Talbot turns his head to his direction and activates his frustration, “Fuck me… was about to fill out a missing person report on your ass. *LET’S GO!*” He tosses the keys to him. “You’re driving Mr. Do-It.” He opens the passenger door and enters.

Approaching the driver’s side door, he glances up to the PD. *Don’t worry Mr. Plummer. I’ll come back with Craig and we’ll get you out of there.* He remembers about Craig killing everyone at the warehouse, coming to terms with his actions. He glares at the PD. *…Even if it has to be by deadly force.*

Bobby enters the car and sits down, not making eye contact with Talbot while starting the car.

Talbot just smirks back knowing that he’s still in pain and asks, “So… should I call you Mr. Do-It or Mr. Chauffeur?”

“Neither. My name is Bobby,” he answers with restraint.

Talbot snickers. “Bobby? Really? Bobby the Bobcat. How original.”

Offended, he snaps back, “You dare mock the name that my parents gave to me?”

Talbot quickly apologizes, putting his hands up, “Whoa, Whoa… Don’t want you to get angry on me again. I’m done getting punched in the face by you.”

Putting the car into drive, Bobby glares at him and remarks, “Then you do realize that the name Talbot will brand you as someone who can’t be trusted.”

Talbot smirks. “I know… that’s why I picked it.”

His anger subsides getting curious, “Picked it?”

“Yup.”

Bobby hits the brakes before exiting out, not getting on the street. “So what’s your real name?”

“I don’t trust you enough to tell you that.”

“What do I have to do, to acquirer that kind of trust?”

Talbot chuckles, “Guess you’re going to have to save my life to get it?”

Remembering what Talbot did for him, dragging him away from Brutal. He had to apologize. “Thank you, for saving me…”

“Sure… and my reward is getting the shit beat out of me. Nice,” Talbot quickly interrupts sarcastically.

After hearing his remark, he then has a hard time finishing his apology. “And… I’m sorry for losing my temper on you, causing me to strike you.”

Talbot sighs, “I don’t fucking blame you. I would’ve lost my damn mind if I got shot in the chest like that.” He looks out the window to his right and points. “You see that over there… that car that’s covered?”

Bobby looks over to it. “I see it.”

“That’s your Lambo, in case you’re wondering where it’s at.”

“Thank you for keeping your word.”

Talbot realizes that he’s not getting onto the street, he teases, “You can get on the street. It’s not going to hurt us.”

Bobby sighs, “I don’t know where this donut shop is.”

“Ya don’t?”

“You’re the Officer.”

Talbot pulls on his own uniform. “Just because I’m wearing this shit, doesn’t mean that I put donuts into my diet now. You really don’t fucking know?”

Bobby growls back, “I don’t live here. Of course I don’t fucking know where…” He grips the steering wheel tight as his neck hair flares in frustration. “Now I’m sounding like you.”

“Calm your ass down.” He grabs the radio. “Ey’ Dispatch, you there? This is Talbot.”

An annoyed Dispatcher answers back, “What’s going on, Talbot?”

“We’re supposed to check out a donut shop, but we don’t know where it’s at?”

“Where are you right now?”

Talbot answers, “Still at the PD and about to hit the street.”

The Dispatcher gets away from the radio. They can hear him mock, “He didn’t even hit the street and the dumbass is already lost.” Laughter is heard as he answers back, “You see the park ahead of you?”

Bobby looks over to Talbot seeing how angry he was, but he somehow manages to politely answer back with gritted teeth, “Yeah?”

“Straight ahead on the other side of it, do you see an auto shop?”

They both follow the Dispatchers instruction as Talbot answers, “Yeah?”

He sarcastically says next, “Look what’s next to it.”

“Oh… Yeah, we see it. Talbot out.” He points at it. “Now you know where it’s at.” Bobby pulls out of the PD and heads to it. Talbot looks over to Bobby seeing his flared fur smooths back into place. He chuckles. “You know what, when you flare up like that… you kinda look like that one super hero that gets big, green and angry.”

As Bobby pulls into the driveway, Talbot un-holsters his gun requesting, “Take it nice and slow.”

“That’s not going to be necessary,” he informs.

Talbot then goes through his pocket, taking out the silencer nozzle and screws it on. “I’m not taking any chances.” He points at his gun. “This is going to be in my hand, no matter what.”

They both exit out as Talbot points his gun at the two individuals in the Donut Shop.

Rewind 10min before Craig exits out the back of the Donut Shop.



Kenny, a young adult mongoose heads to the donut shop that his best friend works at for his daily 7pm free samples.

Arriving and just as he walks pass the front main window… he peers into the shop seeing Carl talking to… the… Crazy BOA Maniac.

*Are you kidding me?* *It’s him.* He looks back to Carl being oblivious. *I know he’s a squirrel but does he really have nuts for brains?* He tries not to panic seeing them just casually talking to each other, he had to think of something quick. He had to warn him.

Kenny frantically waves his arms up high as he jumps up and down to get his attention.

Seeing Carl turn to face him, he stops waving and then points at the maniac.

Once done pointing, he then gestures by sticking his thumb out and slides it across his own neck… but before being able to finish, he notices The Maniac turning his head. *Shit.* He quickly runs, stumbling over himself trying to get out of view. *Crap… did he see me?* Carefully checking, he sees the maniac go pass the counter, going pass Carl and heads to the back room. *He went out the back?* With a sigh of relief seeing Carl was safe, he heads to the entrance.

Inside, Carl just stands there trying to calm down as the front entrance opens. Turning to it, he sees Kenny cautiously come into the shop as he asks. “Are you ok?”

“Yeah I’m fine.” Carl answers back relieved.

Kenny then mocks, “How dense are you? That was him and you were talking to him like it was nothing?”

“I didn’t know what he looked like. You think I pay attention to the fucking news? I’ve been working here all day.” He sees Kenny takes out his phone as he quickly says, “Don’t!”

“Why? That was him. You have to tell them.”

“I know. It’s just… just let him go.”

“But Why?”

“Cuz he’s the only one who can do something about it. They’re not going to do anything about it.”

A Patrol Car pulls in front of the donut shop as they both look at it. Carl looks at the back exit while Kenny says while raising his arms. “Hope you have a good excuse cuz I got nothing.”

Carl looks back to him, seeing his arms up. “Put your arms down. There’s no…thing… to… Why are they aiming their guns at us?”

Bobby enters first while Talbot enters next cautiously aiming his gun. Talbot then un-plugs the OPEN lit up sign and flips over the OPEN sign to CLOSED.

“Is uhh… something wrong… officer?” Carl asks concerned from the other side of the counter.

“Shut-up.” Talbot points the gun at him, as he demands, “Get over here.”

Carl raises his hands and slowly goes around the counter asking, “Can we at least-“

Talbot quickly punches him in the face, grabs and pulls him away from the counter. He goes pass the counter, aiming all round, checking to see if Craig’s there hiding. He points it right back and demands, *“WHERE IS HE?!* Don’t even think about lying. We know he came in here.”

Bobby raises up a hand and tries to calm him down. “Don’t you think that your-“

“Shut-up. They know where he went. Where is he?!”

*“WE KNOW, WE KNOW!”* Kenny confesses as he points. “He went out the back.”

Once he confesses, Bobby notices Talbot’s grip on his gun trembling. *Again? There’s no reason for him to be afraid… or… has he always been doing that? It was frightening when I first woke up in the jail cell never paying attention to it, but in the locker room… he was. His hand was shaking. He only fired the gun at me once, but was he really trying to hit me? No I don’t think so.* He calmly approaches Talbot to reason with him, “You don’t have to do it.”

 In regret, Talbot says, “This needs to happen. It’s one of the orders to do, being a part of all this.”

“Oh c’mon. Please don’t,” Carl begs.

Remembering about the kids and what had to be done to them, and also that Talbot didn’t want to kill the kids. He looks at him being hesitant about pulling the trigger. “Then I’ll do it,” Bobby request as he pulls out his gun.

Surprised seeing him taking it out of his pocket, Talbot asks, “What the… When did you get that?”

“Marcus. He gave it to me. The kids, remember?” He then point to the back exit. “Go check the back exit… I’ll deal with these two.”

With a sigh of relief, Talbot lowers the gun and backs off. He heads to the back exit while saying, “Make it quick.” Once reaching the exit, he places his hand on the knob and gives them one last look. He quietly opens it and exits out gun drawn.

The two friends watch Talbot exit out, and then they both turn to Bobby to see what he’s about to do to them.

Bobby point to the bathroom and tell them, “Get going.”

In shock, Carl asks, “Look… Can we even talk about this?”

“Sure we can talk about this,” Bobby answers calmly.

“Really?” Kenny asks.

 “Indeed.” Bobby points to the bathroom again, “We can talk about this in the bathroom. Now go.”

They walk to the Bathroom as Kenny tries to remain calm, “Dude… I’m fucking panicking. We got to do something. Should we fight back?”

“Can you even fight? You can’t even harm a fly,” Carl mocks.

Bobby, being in ear shot of them trying to come up with a plan, he shakes his head at them. “I can hear you.”

Entering the small bathroom that only had one toilet and a sink, Kenny turns around desperately and bargains, “Let’s make a deal… I’ll give you… uhh… all the donuts and-and coffee that you want… Deal?”

Carl, surprised by what he was hearing, he lashes out, *“What?! I’M THE ONE THAT WORKS HERE ASSHOLE! I should be saying that!”*

“Shit… ALRIGHT! I’ll… I’ll let you have all of my daily free samples. Every single one. Please don’t shoot us and I’ll make sure that it’ll happen.”

“I’m not going to shoot you,” Bobby casually answers back, hiding his annoyance to them.

Becoming hysterical, Kenny pleads, *“WHY?! WHY ARE You… WE DID EVERYTHING THEY WANTED US*…to… to… wait… wha, what? …Really?”

Carl takes a step back, “Oh bullshit. You’ll do it when we’ll least expect it.”

Bobby grabs the tip of the gun and hands it out to them. “I swear. I won’t shoot you.”

Carl reaches out and grabs the handle of the gun, slowly pulling it away. With the gun in his hand and in disbelief holding on to it, he didn’t know what to do next.

Kenny leans over to him and asks, “Is this really happening? Now what?”

Carl just looks at the gun in confusion and mutters, “I-I don’t know… what to do…”

Bobby closes the door. “What you can do is trust me.”

They both look at Bobby waiting to hear what he has to say next.

“Was he really here?” Bobby asks.

Carl nods and explains, “He came in wanting to use the back exit. He just wanted to get to the freight yard that’s right behind here. He thought it was a recycling center but it hasn’t been that for a couple of months now.”

Bobby then looks at Kenny and asks, “What did you mean: *That you did everything they asked for?*”

“Umm… The Police Department. We’re trapped here against our will that we can’t even call for help. Everyone in this town has specific orders that they have to do around here. That PD is full of… desperate criminals or people who are in insane debt.”

“Wait… Criminals and People? Does that mean… are you telling me that their not even cops?” Once that question escaped his mouth he remembers Talbot pulling on his uniform saying, ‘*Just because I’m wearing this shit…’*

Kenny continues, “Yeah, there following orders from this crazy sergeant dude that showed up a day ago. The whole town is under his control. Either do what he says or get disposed like he always says.”

*Crazy Debt... Is that why Talbot is doing this?* Being close to the door, Bobby hears the back exit door open. Talbot was back. He looks that them and instructs, “Ok… here’s the plan.” He puts out his hand. “Give that back.”

Carl looks at him deciding to give it back, but then looks at Kenny for advice.

Kenny gestures, “Give it to him. I trust him.”

Carl hands it back to him.

“Thank you.” He listens to figure out where Talbot is. Knowing that he isn’t close by, he then whispers, “You’re going to stay in here till we leave. Once we do… exit out the back and head straight home. I fear that something bad is going to happen tonight. You do not want to be outside when it happens. Understood?”

They both nod agreeing.

Bobby then opens the door. He exits out, and while closing the door, he turns off the lights.

They both remain silent in the darkness until Kenny whispers, “I’m putting it on the list.”

“Putting what on the list?”

“Donut shop. Dangerous places to work at. …It’s going on the list.”

Exiting out of the bathroom, he hears Talbot quietly muttering to himself. “This is… this is enough… for the flowers.”

Entering the waiting room again, he sees Talbot at the register taking money out of it. Raising his left hand, he was holding onto a donut, he then takes a bite out of it. Clearing his throat to get his attention, Bobby mocks, “I thought you didn’t add donuts into your diet.”

Talbot gives the finger in return and explains, “I haven’t eaten anything all day. I was going to get pizza at the gas station, but I bumped into your dumbass instead; and as for the Pizza-Pocket? I was denied that too. So yeah…-” He takes another bite and says with a mouthful. “-I’m fucking hungry.” He looks down to the left, then to the right followed with a spit, ejecting the donut out of his mouth. He looks at the donut and tosses it away. “Yuck! If they ever made a donut out of pizza, I’d be here eating one everyday too.” After his little tangent, he looks to the bathroom and then back to Bobby asking in regret, “Did you… get anything else out of them?”

Bobby answers, “Nothing. It was the same information that we got here.”

Talbot looks at the back exit while he goes through his pocket taking out his phone. “Shit… He did jump the fence.” He puts the phone on the counter and turns on the speaker volume.

The ringing stops as someone answers, “Hello?”

Talbot rolls his eyes hearing the wrong voice come out of it, he rudely asks, “Why the fuck are you answering Trey’s phone?”

An audible groan comes from the phone, “What do you want Talbot?”

Bobby snickers, “Do you always leave a bad first impression on *everyone*?”

Talbot looks back annoyed and delivers the finger at him again, then answers the phone, “Oh nothing much. Just calling you guys to warn you that the BOA Maniac is about to shove a knife up your asses.”

*“What?!”* he answers back startled.

Talbot smirks hearing the reaction. “Yeah, the fucker jumped the fence and is heading your way… heck, he’s probably there right now.”

The phone just hangs up.

Talbot just looks at it… losing his smirk. In anger, he mocks, “Thanks Talbot… Thanks for saving us. Pfft, assholes.” He grabs the phone and puts it back into his pocket. He then smiles and looks back at Bobby giving him a smug look. “Welp… You can forget about that last deal. You don’t have to worry about saving me anymore.”

Bobby was completely speechless standing there after what Talbot just did. *He warned them… he warned them that Craig was heading right to them.* Trying so hard to contain his anger and to keep his fur from flaring, he keeps a tight grip around the gun. He wanted so badly to use it on him. All he had to do was raise it up at him… and pull the trigger, but he wasn’t a murderer. *I hate him. …I Fucking… Hate Him.*

Bobby just stares at him, as Talbot just gives back a smug look, thinking that he’s safe now from Craig. He tries to remain calm, as he shoves the gun back into his pocket. He needed to make sure to not have it in his hands, because any longer he would’ve definitely put a bullet between Talbot’s eyes. *I can’t bring myself to killing him. I’m not going to shoot him. I’m not even going to lay a single hand on him. What I will do… is destroy him slowly from within the very core of himself. Guilt, pain, sorrow, hate, anger, depression and self-doubt. I’m going to hit him where it hurts the most.*

Talbot looks back at the bathroom then turns away from it. “We got to head back. You did say something about one of those kids being the one… right? That he was looking for?”

Bobby glares at him. “I’m not going to point out who it is. You’re going to have to shoot me, to get that answer.”

Talbot then aims his gun at him. “Hand it over… nice and slow.”

*I know that he isn’t going to shoot me, but I still going to have to do what he asks.* Bobby goes through his pocket and hands the gun over.

Once grabbing it, he takes a closer look at it being a Revolver. He nods at it. “Yup, it does belong to Marcus. He likes using revolvers.” He flips open the magazine, checking it and then glances to the bathroom again. He shoves it into his side pocket then gives the bathroom one last look. “Alright, we’re done here. Time to head back.” He point to the exit ordering, “You’re still driving.”

Exiting out first, Bobby held the door for him to exit out next.

“Why thank you. You’re such a gentle bobcat.”

Once he exits out, Bobby look to the bathroom one last time as he turns off the lights to the donut shop.

Reaching the driver’s door, Bobby looked over to Talbot, seeing him standing at the back door instead of the passenger door. He sees Talbot looks at his door and then back to Bobby with a smirk. Knowing exactly what he wanted, Bobby opened his own door and declared, “I’m a Chauffeur to Mr. Plummer. You… unfortunately better figure out how a door handle functions.”

Talbot then enters and chuckles. He sits and just looks at Bobby letting him realize something, “Mr. Plummer? Are you talking about Plummer Senior or Junior?”

*Dammit… My damn habit got the best of me.* Bobby doesn’t answer.

“Ya’ know what; I like how this shell that’s breaking off of you.”

“You’re talking gibberish.”

“Am I? At first glance at the gas station, you were nothing but business. You’re a stuck up piece of work.”

Starting the car and beginning his exit from the parking spot, he looks into the donut shop seeing two silhouettes heading to the back exit. *I might be slightly broken… but my heart has always been in the right place.* He glances over to Talbot angrily. *Now I can start to break him.* Driving slowly back to the PD, Bobby asks, “How old are you?”

“I’m not in the business for small talk,” he quickly answers, avoiding the question.

“Really? It’s just that you seem a little young to be in the kidnapping business.”

Offended, he snaps back, “Young? I’m nineteen years old.”

“That’s still young to me.”

“Young, then how old are you?”

“I am… twice your age.”

Talbot looks over to him, checking him out. “You’re fucking with me. Talking about me looking young. You’re not forty… ish.”

“Indeed I am. Which I have to ask… Why are you in the kidnapping business to ruin family lives for?”

Talbot looks away and back to the streets not answering.

“You keep going on about money. Why do you need it so-“

“*I NEED IT BECAUSE I NEED IT!* I’ll leave it at that. Stop driving slow and hurry the fuck up.”

Bobby smirks, knowing that he’s pushing the right buttons. He continues, “I saw you taking money from the register. You have to be in some kind of debt if you’re so desperate to do something like that.”

Becoming frustrated from his slow driving and being accused, right when he’s about to respond back…

*“Attention to anyone that’s out patrolling! Answer this call right now!”* a dispatcher announces.

Talbot quickly grabs the radio and answers back, “Talbot here, what’s going on?”

Audible sigh is heard. “You’re still out there?”

Talbot slowly shakes his head ashamed and looks at Bobby having a smile on his face. He points at him to keep him quiet, knowing exactly what’s on his mind. He answers back rudely, “Yeah, I’m still out here. What is it?”

The Dispatcher can be heard hesitating to answer back, then comes back giving him his orders, “Brutal’s issuing an order to go take out the Captain of Maple PD. Head to the Southern Side Area of the Residential Street and block her exit. Make sure she doesn’t escape so that the guys take her out. That’s your order.”

Talbot just sits there surprised by what he just heard and feels the car come to a stop. He looks over to Bobby watching him unbuckling his seat belt. “What are you doing?”

“You’re driving. I will not be a part of this,” he demands while exiting out.

“Wait… what? You’re just going to leave?” he asks surprised.

“No… I’ll be taking your seat. *YOU* are the one who’s going to drive there.” While exiting out he sees Talbot placing both his hands in front of his face, not believing the position he’s was being put into.

Once putting his hands down he then opens the door exiting out. “Whatever.” He walks by Bobby heading to the driver’s door. “I can go through with this.”

They both get right back into the car as Talbot quickly drives to their destination. Bobby then ridicules, “I hope you’re proud of yourself.”

“Shut-up. I don’t want to fucking hear it.”

End of Chapter. Thanks for Reading.

Next: Chapter 9/Final Chapter: Lockdown, The Missing Side of the Story