

From **The Gun in Saint Margaret's Basement (2)** by Dawson Moore

ANDREW: Male, 44. An office manager, highly agitated. He is speaking to a room of women he is holding hostage.

ANDREW

My wife and I, we were going to do it all, children, house... but we put it off... and then, when we were ready, it didn't take... and then (she died)

We had this training at work, last week. To satisfy new federal requirements. C.E.R.T. Community Emergency Response Training. How to react if... well... something like this happens... or an earthquake... you know, bad stuff. And we were talking about doing an initial assessment on a mass casualty situation. You've got thirty seconds to make sure they're breathing, their pulse is regular, see that there's nothing major broken with a full body spot check. At the end of class, the instructor gives us our homework: "go home and practice the spot check on your family." And I joked "can I do it on my hamster?" And my crew... it was that uncomfortable laugh, where they can tell you're kidding, and you want a reaction, but it just sounds like pity. And the instructor is confused. He doesn't understand that I'm alone. Why I'm alone. He's looking at me, he seems almost annoyed that I'm there, and he doesn't know that she died, how she died... I lunge at him, consumed in rage.

He beat the hell out of me. I don't know anything about fighting. It's probably also why I got fired.