

Nick of Time
by
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EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Commuters bustle about the platform. The general HUBBUB of noise mingles with the sound of the ANNOUNCER over the TANNNOY system.

A CCTV CAMERA surveys the scene. It hones in on a rough looking man in his twenties. His shades and hood fail to hide the fact that he is scanning the crowd for something.

ANNOUNCER

The next train arriving on
platform one will be the 12:34 to
Manchester.

People form a disorderly queue. They jostle for position.

The young man watches as briefcases, handbags and rucksacks hurry by on the arms and backs of businessmen, mothers and students.

His eyes fall on a BLUE RUCKSACK left unattended by a bench.

A dart of his eyes.

No-one is watching.

The TRAIN appears on the horizon. The waiting passengers are joined by out of breath late-comers. All heads turn towards the train.

The young man moves forward, target in sight.

The bag is his.

He moves quickly off, unnoticed in the movement for the train.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

He walks quickly, his head down, trying to look natural amongst the shoppers and turns into a dark, piss stained alley.

CUT TO:

EXT. DARK ALLEY - DAY

Kneeling he unzips the bag to reveal his ill-gotten gains.

He removes his shades. A look of confusion crosses his face.

The bag contains some kind of electronic equipment. There is a digital clock face that reads 12:33 and counting...

Around it are wires leading to batteries and some kind of bottled liquid.

The mans expression turns from confusion to horror as he realises...

He's stolen a BOMB.

The clock ticks to 12:34

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

A huge explosion causes the commuters to turn around. A mushroom of smoke plumes from behind a wall.

Something small and black flies through the air and lands on the platform.

A cracked and bloody pair of shades.

The End.