

PLAN B

Bruce pulled a fresh yellow pack of American Spirits from his sports jacket. He wasn't a smoker, nor would he ever condone smoking indoors. But this was not a normal cyber crime or prostitution sting kind of day. The greater Los Angeles area was in a state of panic while Angelo "The Professor" Jones was in the interrogation room. He lit a cigarette and took in one long drag -- wishing that it would last forever.

Throughout graduate school and the early part of his career, Bruce analyzed The Professor's crime patterns and sadistic terrorist plots. The current threat had all the signs of his handiwork. The chance of a copy-cat was slim to none; the man was too calculated to mimic cleanly. This was the biggest moment of Bruce's career. Get the psychopath to squeal and he would be a hero. Miss the opportunity and hundreds, even thousands of lives could be at risk and he could kiss the kush desk-job promotion he was gunning for goodbye. He threw the burnt orange filter on the floor and, without even squashing it, picked up a black duffle bag and kicked open the door to the isolated room.

The Professor was sitting at the table, hand-cuffed wearing D.O.C. denim. He was thin, with static black hair, bright green eyes and dimples which fanned out from his lips all the way to the side of his geometrically-shaped jawbones. Seeing his nonchalant, creepy grin, Bruce thought of his son. How he was most likely terrified, locked down in his third grade classroom protected in vain by a frantic teacher who was, no doubt, on the brink of a nervous breakdown. How could this nut basket be smiling while the ten million plus of greater Los Angeles are horrified? He thought about ripping out his revolver and shouting a round through each of his unsightly facial crevices. But

he couldn't, because lying within that demented, skull was the only key to victory. Bad-cop? Good-Cop? Who-gives-a-fuck-cop at this point! Bruce needed to skip over the niceties, the protocol and go straight to *Plan B*.

He dropped the duffle bag on the table and pulled out a diner coffee pot -- one of those glass ones with the orange rim and handle on top. "Well hello mister good cop!" The Professor playfully uttered. Staring him in his deeply-set green eyes, Bruce slammed the pot against the edge of the table; shattering off the bottom half so all that remained was the orange handle and random shards of glass. Bruce then went all in:

b: "I don't know how you did it, and frankly, I don't care. But the bottom line is I can give two shits about what happens to me after this -- you need to know that."

p: "Ooowwwaaaaoooo! That, that's a very scary proposition sir. I, I don't quite know what you are talking about. This Professor has been on sabbatical at Metro for...what is it...seventeen months, ten days, thirteen hours and forty two minutes so how on earth could I know what sort of mischief you are worried about?"

b: "FUCK YOU DIRTBAG! I'm going to ask you one more time and, if I don't get the answer I want to hear, things are going to get very...very uncomfortable.

WHERE ARE THE BOMBS PLANTED?"

p: "Bomb? What..."

Bruce pulled The Professor up by his collar and slammed his face against the desk. He then took the makeshift glass pot and held it up to his left eye.

p: "Wooaoow Officer, you know, I still have my rights."

b: "To hell with your rights! Besides, in twenty minutes all of the lawyers in the city will be dead so good luck trying to find any representation!"

p: “There’s no way your going to kill me. Because you think I’m your only hope. Your last chance at that new promotion or your ticket to taking your wife on that belated anniversary trip the two of you have always talk about.”

Plan B had begun. Bruce slowly inserted the threatening shard of glass into the cocky man’s pupil. His bright green pupils were engulfed in a sea of red. And the sound! A blindfolded witness might assume that they were stuck inside of a lobotomy chamber. The shrieks and screams must have taken off a layer of paint from the wall. Shaking and with winded breathe, The Professor looked up at Bruce and said:

p: “Fu..uck you and your stupid food-chain.”

b: “Food Chain! I don’t have time for your non-sense or philosophical banter! Why the FUCK are you doing this!”

The Professor looked up at Bruce with his cyclops and grinned as if to communicate that he had Bruce right where he wanted him.

p: “You know, in the animal kingdom, if there is a disparity, the best way to bring back balance is to kill off the pride -- the top of the food chain.”

b: “You’re crazy and stupid! You kill off the pride, then what are you left with? The one’s below the top would eat off the animals below them and the lower-level creatures would be more in number and would annihilate the most vulnerable. Thus the top and bottom of the food chain would be gone leaving only the middle!”

Bruce felt accomplished by outwitting The Professor. Maybe this intellectual defeat would cause him to unravel, to lose focus. “*PRECISELY!*” The battered man replied. “*Killing off the scum at the top would eliminate the problem from repeating itself*”

and would put those without hope out of their misery. Thus, maximizing the utilitarian benefit. Don't you see Bruce? It's better this way!"

Now feeling stunted by the man's fancy mind tricks and wordplays, Bruce decided to take it to the next level. He pulled a Vitamix blender from the bag as well as five bright yellow carrots. *"Well! What are we blending up today? Maybe USC? Or Fox Studios? Or maybe young Eric's Kester Elementary School?"* He hit too close to home! Bruce skipped the demo, aggressively plugging in the blender, turns it to frappe and lets it hum. He picked up the professor out of his seat and forces him over the liquifying appliance. *"Remember... Top of the Food Chain."* The Professor bravely taunted. Bruce then shoved the man's clammy, cuffed hands downward. If it weren't for the sound-proof walls everyone on the block could've heard the agonizing wallowing as the tips of The Professors hands were transformed from solid matter into a liquid resembling a creamy tomato puree.

Pulling his hands back out, the man was left with five chipped fingers with no skin or meat from the upper palm to the fingertips. In between his hyperventilations and momentary gasps for breath, he muttered, *"You...came to play...today...Officer Bruce Daniels of 5326 Lemon Avenue."*

Bruce looked at his watch. Arguing with this man had already proved fruitless. With each rebuttal, The Professor won. Time was running thin and he needed to do something drastic - a *hail mary pass* of sorts. From the bag, Bruce pulled out a cigar-cutter.

p: “Oh I didn’t know we had time for a break, Officer. Do you have a spare cigar for an old friend?”

b: “I’LL SHOW YOU A CIGAR!”

With that, Bruce pulled down the man’s pants and briefs and exposed his hairy legs and genitals. He then slid the man’s penis into the cigar cutter hole and then stared directly in his eye:

b: “I’m gonna give you three seconds to tell me where the bomb is.
One....Two....Th.”

p: “WAH, WAH, WAIT! OKAY, OKAY! THE BOMBS ARE IN THE LOWER GARAGE OF THE STAPLES CENTER!!!”

Bruce was about to reach for his phone but first, he thought of his son. And how it would be for him to grow up in a world with more creeps like The Professor terrorizing the masses. He had already come this far, broken every rule in the employee manual and would probably have to serve at least five years for abuse of power or some other nonsense. Why not finish the job?

SNIP! Bruce abruptly closed the guillotine tool on The Professor’s flacid penis like a sashimi-grade knife through a lukewarm Hebrew National. Now the man wallowed as if his soul was broken -- like he had no reason left to live. Finally his grin had subsided and his face looked ghostly. He rolled onto the floor and curled into a ball, still whimpering as another pool of blood began to develop on the floor.

Bruce pulled out his Blackberry, holding down the one key to send in the good news:

b: “Chief! Send the squad to the Staples Center! You’ll find the bombs in the subterranean garage. Send backup to clear the area...Thank you sir! I did my best.”

p: “Bruce”

b: “What is it you sad-excuse-of-a-man?”

p: “What time is it?”

b: “It’s time for you to die you piece of shit!”

p: “That’s fine - I’ve been waiting for it. But what time is it exactly.”

b: “It’s 5:35, why?”

After hearing this, the man’s ghostly face squeezed out a grin -- larger than the one he had when Bruce had entered the room. Within seconds, a huge blast lifted the police station off of it’s foundation killing all inside -- including Bruce and The Professor.

This is what the bastard meant by the “top of the food chain” -- the one’s in power who were preventing him from carrying out his “cleansing”. Infamy was a small price to pay for the sweet revenge he felt in those last seconds. It sure as hell beat living out the rest of his days as a caged animal being constantly reminded of how loathed he was.