

"J ackass!" Colleen Smithwick screamed to no one in particular. She ran her fingers through her salt and pepper streaked brown hair and squinted her green eyes as she listened to the tersely worded voicemail on her desk phone. Colleen has been working overtime and skipping lunches to try to keep up with the avalanche of loans she was trying to process. Ever since she had come to work at Sunshine City Bank, it had been a never ending grind. And this was the last straw with this pushy and arrogant loan officer. She was trudging through five loans that were closing this week, and she wasn't about to take crap off of Richard Shiver. Hell might not know the fury of a woman scorned, but Richard was about to find out who he crossed this time. Today wasn't the day.

"Maybe if you provided all the information I needed, I could complete your damned package. I swear on all that is holy that man is going to make me commit lencide. I have had more than enough of that pushy butt wipe."

Still fuming, she pounded the numbers for Richard's extension.

"What's the status of my loan package?" he quipped when he picked up her call. "I need docs so I can close tomorrow morning."

“Well, Dick,” she started purposely substituting the common short name for Richard which relayed her thoughts on his personality. “I am still waiting on the proof of insurance and disbursement information that I requested two days ago. Have you sent me those items?”

Colleen thought she heard crickets.

“Dick, are you there? Hello? Have we got a bad connection?”

She tapped the phone receiver on the side of her desk three times.

“Hello?”

Richard began to stutter.

“I...uh...I guess I forgot about that.”

“Oh, I see. I am working on 20 other loan packages while I am waiting on you to provide me with what I need to complete your docs and send them to review, but you’ll leave me another one of your nasty voicemails wanting to know when the hell I am going to get you your docs, huh? Well, you’re lucky you’re not in the office, because I would walk down to your office and hit you in the head with one of my shoes, you jackass! You get me the outstanding items, and we will discuss when you can schedule closing. But you can bet your ass it ain’t gonna be tomorrow. Got it?”

Richard continued stuttering. "Um...yeah. OK. Let me call the client and see if I can get that together."

"That sounds like a great plan, sunshine," she said before slamming down the phone.

"Prick!" she shouted to no one in particular.

She resumed working and tried to calm herself down. While she worked, she began to imagine creative ways that Richard might meet his demise. She could run him over with her car. No! She loved her Maserati, didn't want blood on the body work, and there would be way too many witnesses. She imagined putting a bullet right between his eyes. Nah, bullets were too expensive to waste on someone like him, and ballistics were too easy to trace. She thought about a scene she'd seen in a movie long ago where a killer had snuck in behind the victim and strangled him with a piano wire. Her husband played guitar, so she had easy access to guitar strings. She wondered how much strength it would take to pull that off.

When she looked at the clock on the phone, it was 5:15 already. She hadn't noticed anyone leaving yet, but she realized that it was definitely quieter than usual. Time to leave before someone stopped her. Colleen clocked out, stood up, and grabbed her purse and the unopened Coke sitting on her desk. The phone started ringing again, but Colleen ignored it and walked out. "They can leave a message and wait 'til morning," she said out loud to herself.