

Keep Going

It didn't happen, okay? Just keep going, get out of here. Look out for that speed-cam. Slow down, idiot! Just breathe. Watch the road.

Trouble is, you saw her face. Just that glimpse was enough. Was it surprise? Was it terror? What did you see in her eyes, mate?

Watch the road. What're you going to do next? No question of turning back, okay? Her chinstrap had ridden up with the impact, hadn't it, so you couldn't see her mouth – just those eyes. No, listen: it didn't happen.

She was on the wrong side of the road. Just 'cause they've got all that hi-vis Lycra, they think they can do what they like. She must've been on your side of the road.

Keep driving, get away. Get onto the motorway, and you're miles away in no time. So that you weren't there. Motorway's only five minutes up here. Wipe the sweat from your eyes. You need to see.

Was it Parv you were thinking of? Smug git! It took you six months to land a contract for a few hundred k, and then *he* gets half a mil in a week. But he's not the problem, is he? It's Simon. You can see Simon thinking: who's he going to let go? Parv? Or you?

She landed in the ditch. You saw her in the rear-view mirror. You'd have stopped if she'd finished in the road. You heard her roll over the roof, straight after you'd seen that face, those cheekbones, those eyes. That helmet, trying to come off.

Motorway, three miles. Steering-wheel feels greasy. You wish you had a drink.

What would Lynsey say if you lost your job, hey? She's always saying how much she wants a proper house. You just need to get Simon to give you a rise. Fat chance. So you can't go back.

You notice there's a dent in the bonnet, where the bike hit. They'll be able to trace that, won't they? *Black Audi, probably with a dented bonnet*. You'll have to fix it yourself, you can't take it to a garage. And the bike – where did that go? Bloody hell, you've no idea.

One mile now. Get away. Your throat's tight. Lynsey doesn't get it, does she? She doesn't know you're holding on to that job by your fingernails. You'll *never* be good enough, will you?

Some cars came the other way. They'll see her, they'll stop, they'll call the ambulance. It's covered. You'll get away. The police will never know.

She landed in the ditch, you said. You didn't see where the bike went . . .

You're nearly on the motorway. Idiot, you've passed the exit! Oh, you're going south? Third exit, then.

Maybe no-one's going to find her.

Here's the third exit. Blast down the motorway, safe. Argh, you've missed it, you stupid git! No, not this road – this'll take you back to where it happened! You don't wanna go back! Do ya?