

VISIONS OF A KILL

THE RAY TRUTH MONOLOGUES

Chapter 1: "No one"

An icy wind swiftly snuffed out his lingering cigarette.

"Shit," Ray thought to himself.

He stood up to another blast of cold air. The fire burning in the corner provided little respite. The crack den was unusually cold tonight. His drinking buddy, Paulie, sat in another corner of the room, silent and motionless. Ray walked over.

"Paulie!" Ray called out. No answer.

"Paulie, get up!"

Silence.

Ray tapped Paulie on the shoulder – his body slumped over sideways.

He brushed his fingers across Paulie's forehead – cold as ice.

"Oh, well," Ray thought to himself, "They'll find his body."

Grabbing three cigarettes from his jacket, Ray built a small memorial to Paulie in the shape of a tent. He then lit them.

"Peace, man," Ray muttered.

Ray walked to the terrace of the building. It was freezing outside and the moon was full. The neighborhood was shit, and nobody gave a fuck. His stomach began growling something fierce.

"Belly's growling," Ray thought to himself, "so somebody's 'bout to get jacked tonight."

He jumped down to the 1st floor and walked out to the sidewalk. Nothing but the usual burning barrels surrounded by fellow crackheads and meth users.

DOWN THE SIDEWALK

Ray continued. The growling in his belly was becoming painful. He looked around – nothing but grass, concrete and chain-link fence to eat.

When he finally reached the intersection, he waited. The pistol in his pocket was indeed old, but still reliable.

NOBODY GIVES A FUCK ABOUT ME, SO I DON'T GIVE A FUCK EITHER

Ray said this to himself before going out on his “adventures.” A quick barrel to the forehead and most people gave up their wallets in a heartbeat. This night, hopefully, would be no different.

And so it began...