

VISIONS OF A KILL: THE RAY TRUTH MONOLOGUES

CHAPTER 2: "I ALMOST KILLED A MOCKINGBIRD"

BOOM-BOOM.
BOOM-BOOM.
BOOM-BOOM.

RAY'S HEART PULSED WITH THE HEARTBEAT OF A COLD ASSASSIN. FLASHES OF HIS FORMER CAREER AS A MARINE SHINED BRILLIANTLY IN HIS MIND SECONDS AT A TIME, ONLY TO VANISH JUST AS QUICKLY. THE AIR WAS AS ICY AS HIS RESOLVE, AS HE WAS DETERMINED TO EAT THAT NIGHT.

I GOTTA SURVIVE.
I GOTTA EAT.
NOBODY GIVES A FUCK.
THE WORLD IS CRUEL.

A MERCEDES ARRIVED AT THE INTERSECTION — AN OLDER, CAUCASIAN COUPLE, BLISSFULLY UNAWARE. RAY QUIETLY MARVELED AT HOW INDIFFERENT PEOPLE WOULD BE TO THEIR OWN SAFETY; THE FACT THAT THEIR LIVES COULD BE PUT TO AN END IN HALF OF A SECOND.

THEY LOOKED HAPPY, UNAWARE, AND MOST IMPORTANTLY, RICH. INDEED, IT WAS TIME TO GET PAID.

HE FELT THE GRIP AROUND THE TRIGGER LOOSEN — HIS HAND WAS BECOMING SWEATY — ANTICIPATION FRAUGHT WITH THE UNKNOWN.

THE LIGHT HAD BEEN RED FOR ALMOST FIVE SECONDS NOW.
TIME TO MOVE.
DO IT.
IT'S EITHER ME, OR THEM.

SMASH!!!!

HE RUSHED THE DRIVER-SIDE WINDOW OF THE CAR. THE MALE DRIVER TURNED HIS HEAD IN ABSOLUTE TERROR — IT WAS THE END.

“PUSH THE GAS AND I’LL KILL YOU — GIVE ME YOUR FUCKIN’ MONEY!”

RAY’S EYES NARROWED INTO THE DRIVERS’ - THE BARREL LEVELED RIGHT BETWEEN HIS EYES.

“DO IT!”

“PPPPLEEEASE...DON’T HURT US!” THE FEMALE PASSENGER CRIED.

“RAY!” A VOICE CRIED OUT IN THE DISTANCE.

THE CAR SUDDENLY BOLTED OFF. RAY RECOILED IN SHOCK.

HE GLARED BACK TOWARDS THE SOUND OF HIS NAME. HE WAS STILL TREMBLING.

A SECOND CAR SLOWLY APPROACHED WITH ITS’ LIGHTS OFF. THE BLACK-TINTED DRIVER-SIDE WINDOW SLOWLY CAME DOWN.

“FUCK IS WRONG WIT’ YOU, MAN?”

RAY GATHERED HIMSELF JUST LONG ENOUGH TO RECOGNIZE THE DRIVER OF THE CAR-

IT WAS HIS LONGTIME FRIEND, NELLY.

—END OF CHAPTER 2—