

VISIONS OF A KILL: THE RAY TRUTH MONOLOGUES

-CHAPTER 3: "YOU CANNOT SEE WHAT YOU CANNOT HEAR"

SICKLY STREETLIGHTS GLOWED OMINOUSLY FROM BEYOND THE FROSTED, THICK-PANED DRIVER WINDOW.

RAY SAT SILENTLY IN THE PASSENGER-SIDE, BARELY TAKING HIS EYES OFF THE PASSING STREET AS THE CAR CONTINUED MOVING.

NELLY GLARED IN RAY'S DIRECTION BEFORE RETURNING TO THE STREET.

"MAN...THIS HOW YOU SURVIVE?" NELLY ASKED.

"NO," RAY ANSWERED COLDLY.

"YOUR GIRL KEEP CALLIN' ME," NELLY RETURNED. RAY GLANCED BACK FOR A MOMENT, THEN RETURNED TO THE STREET.

"DON'T YOU WANNA SEE HER?"

"NO," RAY ANSWERED FLATLY.

"WHAT ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER?"

SHAME BRIEFLY OVERCAME RAY. THE VISAGE OF HIS DAUGHTER FILLED HIM WITH DREAD. THE DRUGS HELPED A LOT – NO NEED TO THINK ABOUT ANYTHING.

"SHE KEEP ASKIN' ABOUT YOU, YOU KNOW THAT?" NELLY CONTINUED.

"WHERE WE GOIN', NELLY?"

"YOU TRYIN' TO GET PAID, RIGHT?" NELLY ASKED.

RAY BECAME NAUSEOUS AT THE THOUGHT OF WHAT “GETTIN’ PAID” MEANT. BUT, HE WAS DESPERATE. SELLING DOPE WAS ALWAYS A DANGEROUS BUSINESS; BUT, THE MONEY WAS ALWAYS THERE.

“WHERE WE SLANGIN’ AT?” RAY ASKED.

“NAW, BRUH,” NELLY ANSWERED, “THAT DRUG SHIT IS DEAD. WE MOVED ON TO BIGGER AND BETTER THINGS.”

“LIKE WHAT?” RAY ASKED.

“YOU DUMB AND BLIND, RAY,” NELLY ANSWERED, “YOU CAN’T SEE SHIT THAT YOU CAN’T HEAR.”

“WHAT?”

“I’LL SHOW YOU WHAT I’M TALKIN’ ABOUT,” NELLY ANSWERED.

THE CAR CONTINUED PUSHING THROUGH THE COLD, FRIGID NIGHT AIR.

— END OF CHAPTER 3 —