

VISIONS OF A KILL: THE RAY TRUTH MONOLOGUES

CHAPTER 4: “DEATH IS COLD”

THE NIGHTCLUB AIR WAS DENSE WITH SMOKE AND THE STENCH OF STALE ALCOHOL. NELLY, FOLLOWED BY RAY, WALKED CAUTIOUSLY AMONGST THE FILTH. DARTING EYES AND AWKWARD, HATE-FILLED GLANCES CLOSELY OBSERVED THEIR EVERY STEP.

THEY REACHED A NEARBY POOL TABLE. ONE OF THE PLAYERS FAILED TO APPRECIATE RAY’S PRESENCE.

“THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING HERE?” HE ASKED.

NELLY REACTED WITH A GUN TO THE FOOL’S STOMACH, HIDDEN FROM BEHIND HIS JACKET.

“BACK THE FUCK UP. DON’T SAY A MOTHERFUCKIN’ WORD, JUST BACK UP.”

THE PROBLEM WENT AWAY.

THEY SOON ARRIVED AT A BOOTH. SEATED AT THE TABLE WAS A SEEDY-LOOKING CHARACTER. HIS GRAYING FACE AND SAGGING THROAT HAD SCARS ON BOTH SIDES. RAY COULD SEE THAT HE APPEARED TO HAVE LOST A FEW STREET BATTLES. HOWEVER, NELLY KNEW BETTER.

“SUP, MAN,” NELLY GREETED HIM, EXTENDING HIS HAND.

“YEAH,” THE CHARACTER FLATLY REPLIED, FAILING TO RETURN THE FAVOR.

NELLY AND RAY BOTH SAT DOWN. RAY INTENSELY OBSERVED THE MAN SITTING OPPOSITE OF THE TABLE. HIS FACE MADE HIM NAUSEOUS, AND THE FACT THAT HE COULD TALK ONLY INTENSIFIED THAT FACT.

“SO, WHAT’S BEEN GOIN’ ON?” NELLY ASKED.

“WHO IS THIS?” THE CHARACTER ASKED, LOOKING IN RAY’S DIRECTION.

“THIS MY BOY RAY,” NELLY ANSWERED, “RAY, THIS IS HOTSHOT.”

HOTSHOT GLARED BACK IN RAY’S DIRECTION. RAY APPEARED COLD, SECRETIVE, HARSH AND CALCULATING, AS IF TO BE DISCONNECTED FROM CURRENT REALITY.

“WHO THE FUCK IS RAY?” HOTSHOT ASKED.

“FRIEND OF MINE. WE WAS IN THE MILITARY TOGETHER. EX-MARINE.”

“MARINE?” HOTSHOT ASKED RAY, “SHIT, YOU MUST BE A PROFESSIONAL, HUH?”

“PROFESSIONAL WHAT? RAY ASKED.

HOTSHOT LAUGHED.

“MAN, WHO THE FUCK IS THIS?” HE ASKED NELLY.

“HE’S A NEW RECRUIT, CHILL OUT!” NELLY ANSWERED.

“RECRUIT?” RAY ASKED SUSPICIOUSLY.

SUDDENLY, A FIGHT BROKE OUT IN THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE BAR. ONE OF THE PARTIES QUICKLY PRODUCED A BLADE FROM HIS WAIST AND SAVAGELY PLUNGED IT INTO THE CHEST OF HIS COMPETITION. IT WAS OVER JUST AS QUICKLY AS IT STARTED. RAY WATCHED AS THEY DRAGGED THE BODY TO THE BACK DOOR.

“LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHIN’ SON,” HOTSHOT RESPONDED BLUNTLY, “IN THIS BUSINESS, DEATH IS COLD. COLD AND PLENTY.”

-- END OF CHAPTER 4 --