

VISIONS OF A KILL: THE RAY TRUTH MONOLOGUES

CHAPTER 7: "AND ALL THE DIMES WILL FALL"

BEADS OF DRUG-LACED SWEAT SLITHERED DISGUSTINGLY ACROSS RAY'S FOREHEAD. HIS GAUNT AND SHALLOW EYES, LIKE A DEAD MAN, STARED VACANTLY FROM BEYOND THE WINDOW OF HIS ONE ROOM GOVERNMENT FLAT. A TOILET SAT IN THE CORNER WHILE AN OLD COUCH AND COFFEE TABLE REMAINED IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM.

'T WAS FIVE DEGREES BELOW ZERO OUTSIDE; THE BLOOD COURSING THROUGH HIS VEINS WAS JUST AS COLD AND UNFORGIVING AS THE NIGHT AIR. HE WAS ONLY THREE MONTHS DEPARTED FROM TOURS IN BOTH IRAQ AND AFGHANISTAN- THE WOUNDS ON BOTH MIND AND BODY STILL SAVAGELY FRESH.

"HELLO?" A VOICE SOUNDED FROM BEHIND THE FRONT DOOR, FOLLOWED BY KNOCKING.

"MR. TRUTH, ARE YOU THERE?" SHE CONTINUED.

RAY WRAPPED HIMSELF IN HIS FILTHY, STAIN-COVERED BLANKET AND ANSWERED THE DOOR.

"YES?" HE BEGAN.

"YOU KNOW WHAT I'M HERE FOR," THE NURSE ANSWERED.

SHE FORCED HERSELF INTO THE ROOM.

"LET ME SEE YOUR WRISTS," SHE DEMANDED.

RAY HELD OUT BOTH ARMS, FREE OF TRACKS.

“TURN AROUND,” SHE ORDERED.

HE TURNED HIS BACK TO HER.

“BEND OVER, LIFT ‘EM UP,” SHE CONTINUED.

HE BENT OVER AND COMPLIED.

“THAT’S GOOD. STAND UP.”

RAY TURNED AROUND.

“YOU’VE BEEN TAKING YOUR MEDICATIONS?”

“YES.”

“EVERY DAY? ON TIME?”

“YES.”

“WHEN’S THE LAST TIME YOU’VE EATEN?” SHE ASKED.

“TUESDAY,” RAY ANSWERED FLATLY.

“MR. TRUTH, YOU’VE GOT TO EAT EVERY DAY. IT’S THE ONLY WAY YOU’LL GET BETTER.”

A QUIET RAGE BEGAN BOILING INSIDE RAY’S STOMACH. THE DRUGS WEREN’T WORKING.

“I’D LIKE TO SEE MY DAUGHTER.”

“YOU KNOW WE CAN’T DO THAT. YOU JUST HAD TWO PSYCHOTIC EPISODES LAST MONTH. IT’S NOT SAFE FOR YOU TO BE AROUND HER,” THE NURSE DECLARED.

“WELL, WHEN WILL IT BE?”

“NO DRUGS, NO EPISODES. THEN, WE CAN TALK.”

RAY’S EYES TURNED TO THE FLOOR TO HIDE THE RAGE.

“PLEASE EAT REGULARLY, MR. TRUTH. YOU DON’T LOOK GOOD,” SHE CONTINUED. “NOW, I’M GOING TO COLLECT SOME BLOOD, AND THEN I’LL LEAVE.”

THEY SAT DOWN AS SHE BEGAN COLLECTING SAMPLES.

“I’D GIVE EVERY DIME I GOT TO SEE MY FAMILY,” RAY MUTTERED.

“I’M SURE YOU WOULD,” THE NURSE ANSWERED COLDLY.

AS THE CRIMSON-COLORED FLUID SLOWLY FILLED EACH VIAL, RAY STOLE GLANCES OF HATRED WHILE HER EYES FOCUSED ON THE BLOODLETTING. HE KEPT A SMALL BLADE HIDDEN UNDER ONE OF THE SEATS OF HIS COUCH. IT WOULD ONLY TAKE A SECOND...

-- END OF CHAPTER 7 --