

Chapter 1



My name is Christine and this is my story.

(Scene) Two men driving around through an alley way with the car head lights off looking for a store to rob.

Jay: Look there the lights are off around the back of that building.

As Jay points to the furthest building on the block.

Jay: No one will be able to spot the car over there.

Jay slowly pulled up to the back of the building. He then reached into his right front pocket and pulled out a small bag of pills he popped a few in his mouth, chasing them with beer. He then grabbed the review mirror and peered into it.

Jay: The coast is clear. Let's go, you go around the side of the building and tell me if anyone comes. I'll bust through the back window.

Larry: How in the hell are we going to do this without setting off the alarm.

Jay: Who cares if we set off the alarm by the time the cops get here we'll be long gone.

Larry: Are you sure?

Jay: You act like we haven't done this before. What are you so afraid of hu? Come on man lets get this done.

Larry walked around to the side of the building and Jay turned a garbage can over and stood on the top of it. He tried to gimmie the window open hoping that it was already unlocked. "Damn" he said as he took off his shirt. He wrapped it around his right arm. And whispered One ...Two... Three clenched his fists together and broke through the window.

Jay: Larry! Larry! Come on!

And they climbed through.

Larry: It's a sporting goods store, let's get us some guns!

He said jumping around. And ran straight for them.

Jay: Damn it Larry business first!

Jay ran to the resisters and then found the office.

Jay: Damn it where's the safe!

He spotted it in the corner of the room, and tried to pry it open with whatever he could find in the office. Larry ran into the room with some guns.

Larry: Here Jay which one do you want?

Jay: Don't you see I'm busy?

Larry: Shoot it open, here take this.

Jay: Now you're thinking.

Jay aimed and shot, and shot and shot until the safe door flew open.

Inside were a few stacks of bills, rolls of coins and a few loose papers.

Jay: This ain't nothing.

Larry: Did you hear that?

Jay: What?

Larry ran out of the office and looked towards the front of the store, there he saw a couple of officers with their guns drawn, looking through the front window. Jay was still looking through the office. Larry ran back into the room.

Larry: Jay it's the cops what are we gonna do.

Jay; We? Every man for himself.

Larry: What am I gonna do? What am I gonna do. I got to get out of here!

Jay grabbed the gun. Shoved as much money as he could in his pockets and ran towards the back door. He placed the gun on the ledge and lifted him self up through the windowsill. Larry was right behind him until he heard the police break through the front window.

Police: Stop or I'll shoot

Larry turned around and pointed the gun at the police officers. They fired until Larry was dead. Once Jay jumped down from the windowsill there standing in the alley were two police officers with their guns drawn.

Police: don't move drop your weapon. And put your hands where I can see them.

Jay turned to run and one of the officers shot him in the back of the neck. He only took two steps and fell to the ground.

One of the officers kicked the gun away from Jay and they both hand cuffed him.

Police: I'll call an ambulance.

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(Scene) My mother crying as she put her hand to the glass that separated her from my father. He was sitting in prison.

Mother: This is your baby Jay.

Jay: What the hell am I supposed to do with a baby in here? Look at me I'm in prison. Besides you've been running around on me. I don't even know if I'm the father.

Mother: I love you Jay, we need you.

Jay: Get out of here, and take your baby with you.

He disappeared from our lives never to be heard from again.

I was born in Long Beach California. Within a year my Mother had another daughter but didn't know who the father was. She was already involved with a man named Raymond, He said she could keep me, but he wasn't going to let her keep another baby so if she wanted to continue seeing him she had to give up her baby. So in order to keep her boy friend she gave her daughter up for adoption. My mother shortly married Raymond and two years later they had a son named Steven. Raymond adopted me because I was part of the package. I was led to believe that Raymond was my father; he was the only father I

ever knew. He was a violent man a heavy smoker and drinker. I always remember him with his Coors beer and Winston cigarettes.

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