

EXT. BEHIND THE CONVENIENCE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

The BACK DOOR opens and Tyler brings the store's CLERK out at gunpoint, forces him to his knees. Jack follows, freaked. Tyler points the gun at the Clerk.

RAYMOND

Please... don't...

TYLER

Give me your wallet.

The Clerk fumbles his wallet out of his pocket and Tyler snatches it. Tyler pulls out the DRIVER'S LICENCE.

TYLER

Raymond K. Hessel. 1320 SE Benning, apartment A. A small, cramped basement apartment.

RAYMOND

How'd you know?

TYLER

They give basement apartments letters instead of numbers. Raymond, you're going to die.

Tyler rummages through the wallet.

TYLER

Is this a picture of Mom and Dad?

RAYMOND

Yesssss...

TYLER

Your mom and dad will have to call kindly doctor so-and-so to dig up your dental records, because there won't be much left of your face.

RAYMOND

Please, God, no...

Raymond begins to weep, shoulders heaving.

TYLER

An expired community college student ID card. What did you used to study, Raymond K. Hessel?

RAYMOND

S-S-Stuff.

RAYMOND

NOOOOO!

Tyler UNCOCKS the gun, lowers it.

TYLER

I'm keeping your license. I know where you live. I'm going to check on you. If you aren't back in school and on your way to being a veterinarian in six weeks, you will be dead. Get the hell out of here.

Raymond staggers to his feet, heads down an alleyway. Jack and Tyler watch Raymond flee, then Tyler looks at Jack.

Tyler brings the gun to his own head, pulls the trigger -- CLICK. Empty.

Tyler walks away.

TYLER

Tomorrow will be the most beautiful day of Raymond K. Hessel's life. His breakfast will taste better than any meal he has ever eaten.

Jack turns to look the direction Raymond ran. He finally turns back, following after Tyler.

TYLER

"Stuff." Were the mid-terms hard?

Tyler rams the gun barrel against Raymond's temple.

TYLER

I asked you what you studied.

RAYMOND

Biology, mostly.

TYLER

Why?

RAYMOND

I... I don't know...

TYLER

What did you want to be, Raymond K. Hessel?

Raymond weeps and says nothing. Tyler COCKS the gun.
Raymond GASPS.

TYLER

The question, Raymond, was "what did you want to be?"

A beat.

RAYMOND

A veterinarian!

TYLER

Animals.

RAYMOND

Yeah ... animals and s-s-s ---

TYLER

Stuff. That means you have to get more schooling.

RAYMOND

Too much school.

Tyler shoves Raymond's wallet back into Raymond's pocket.

TYLER

Would you rather be dead?

RAYMOND

No, please, no, God, no!

Tyler moves the gun right between Raymond's eyes.