

Monologue 21

A Woman in her early 20s, American, is drinking a smoothie.

Woman:

Women should lift weights. For too long we've been told that only running, swimming, yoga and other bendy, flowy, "girly" exercises are for us. That we should squeeze our perfect little bodies into figure hugging lycra and gently glow as we carry out our designated sports.

Well fuck that...fuck that right in the ass. Girls need strength, not just because it's good for our bodies...but because it's powerful. Because it's gutsy and bad ass and scares the shit out of guys.

I don't look like a weight lifter...that's what those assholes said...I don't look like I could lift up a fucking lip stick...let alone a dumb bell. "You're not exactly the Rock are you"? Said the Mill Valley Mean Girls fucking mafia. "Why don't you put on some makeup and stop looking like a boy?"

But screw them. Screw them all. I knew where they'd end up in 10 years...screaming fucking babies hanging off their fat tits, while they're balding disgusting husbands removed whatever was left of their self-esteem. Fuck them right to hell.

The last laugh would be mine, I knew it...I've always known. Doesn't mean it didn't hurt though...doesn't mean it didn't make me feel shitty to be known as the skanky loser no one wants...

I don't really blame those girls though...we're all the outcome of the same problem. We're all the results of what has gone before. And every single one of us, every single one, has been fucked up by having to deal with some shitty man in our life. Whether it's a dad, boyfriend, husband, brother, teacher, boss...whoever.

Even the ones who pretend they're sweet little feminists and tell us we should expect more of the pie. They're the worst because they're liars. At least the ones who just openly act like bastards are honest. The whole fucking lot of them are just interested in our tits in the end. They're fucking animal, bastard, motherfuckers.

But I'm ranting. And we shouldn't rant...there's literally no fucking point ranting and raving and pretending that talking is gonna do anything. What's needed is action...serious action...lasting action...

Wonder Woman doesn't sit round and chat. Wonder Woman doesn't sign online petitions and share hashtags. Wonder Woman walks into the Nazi base and slaughters people. She kicks their fucking asses and walks out again.

That's the reason I started lifting weights...I needed to be ready to leap when the time came. You need strength to fuck people up.

The other thing you need is to pick targets people are gonna notice...make a big splash or go the fuck home.

I was in two minds on how to make my splash. The first question was who to target? The second was what to do with them? The third; how to make everyone know what had happened. With Game of Thrones, 24 hour news, and Pornhub the world's a pretty desensitised place.

Who to go for was the toughest question. The obvious choice was some Weinstein type dude...some motherfucking cunt prick the world would celebrate the death of. But there lays the problem...it's too obvious...it's too cliché...it's not shocking enough...

It also didn't feel like one was enough. What about several? What about a whole family? To really make people notice you have to be killing people's kids...you have to be going so far against this fucking soft momsey bullshit that someone sees you. You shoot Weinstein in the face and no one bats an eyelid...you slaughter every member of his family...that's when people notice. The mob knows it, the terrorists know it and I know it... No one respects you if you just pick an easy kill.

What to do with them was a similar concern. A JFK style sniper is for babies. To make a mark you've got to go to the mobster playbook. Think Casino, Goodfellas, The fucking Godfather.

Slow painful death, check...kids killed in front of the parents, check...wives killed in front of their husbands, check...the last man standing made to eat his owned balls as you chop off his toes one by one, check... Live broadcast the whole thing on Facebook and then upload to YouTube...check check check...

When you decide this is what you're doing then you know it's a onetime thing...you're not getting a second chance...the rest of your life is pretty much done. It's sad to think that you're gonna lose so much for one big protest, but we all have to make sacrifices...no one will forget you.

She sucks on the smoothie straw.

So...I found a guy...it wasn't difficult...he ran the real estate agency in town. Renowned as a huge perve, but like all those fucks...untouchable. Had everything I needed...wife...daughter. And this was what made him perfect...the daughter just happened to be the head bitch of the Mean girl Mafia that had made my life a fucking misery since kindergarten. Daddy's spoilt little rich girl.

Don't get me wrong...I'm sure she was the way she was because of him...I'm sure she was as much a victim as everyone else...but sadly this little stunt was always gonna cause collateral damage...and someone who had made me feel shit for my whole life was as good a person as any...

The right day was important...I picked a Friday as I knew they all did pizza and movies that night. Hit the gym first thing...deadlifted a PB...made me feel way happier about landing in jail. Went out for brunch at my favourite place...ordered like a fucking pig. It felt like the last meal of the condemned... maybe it was...