

Today I will go to him.

A Monologue.

For one Female, any age.

In the hallway of a house.

Today I will go to him, not as a human, but as some kind of monster. Already my mind is racing, the blood in my veins shakes to the beat of my heart. My head is throbbing but not painful, my eyesight blurred but I can focus none the less. I take a look at myself in the mirror in the hallway, the one above the set of key hooks. Looking back at me is not the woman I recognise, her eyes are blood shot above grey unmade up cheeks, her temple wrinkled and her lips are tight and dry. I look sideways at her and she copies me, mocking me, almost laughing at me. I avert her gaze by looking down at my hands, why are they shaking so when the rest of my body remains focused and determined? I look back at the judgemental woman in the mirror, she is still smirking at me, or is she merely reflecting her imminent intentions? We both take a deep breath and decide to ignore each other. I grab my car keys from the second hook and look round for my Gucci handbag. It sits just where I placed it last night, its soft leather skin a perfect disguise for what is inside. I do not need to look in to be reminded, I can see inside it well enough, I can feel its content, can sense the cold hard steel, the sharpness of it thrills me from deep within making my blood shake faster and my brain pushes pressure on my skull. My stomach aches with an unfamiliar emptiness I have never felt before but I am not hungry for food, I have eaten well. I look at my stomach (or my spare tyre as *he* liked to call it) and try to analyse my hunger. Is this a hunger born of lust, of anger, of jealousy, of betrayal? Ah that is it. It is a base hunger for *blood*. As I look to my handbag on the floor I cannot help to see my own breasts, beautifully presented if I dare say in a black lacy top, enough flesh to tempt any roving eye. They are rising and falling in quick succession now as my breath quickens. I reach down to the soft brown leather and its lethal content, picking it up I feel its extra weight, its burden and importance. I stand at the front door, car keys in one hand, leather and sharp steel in the other, a shaking but determined woman in the middle. I open the door and step through. The cool

winter air calms my lungs and chills my already cold heart. As I place my bag on the bonnet of my Mazda, I hear a chirping sound from inside. I slip my hand in gently to avoid the cold sharp steel. Plucking my phone away I read the text. Oh what a coincidence, I won't be long my darling!

*Not long at all.*