

THE JOURNAL OF A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF AN “IN THE CLOSET” ANTI-PEACE WOMAN IN LOS ANGELES.

THIS MONOLOGUE HAS A DISCLAIMER:

THE PERSONS AND EVENTS IN THIS MONOLOGUE ARE FICTIONAL. ANY SIMILARITY TO ACTUAL PERSONS OR EVENTS IS UNINTENTIONAL.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 2003:

Today I got an e-mail from my friend about the peace protest on Hollywood Boulevard this Saturday. I panicked. I need to find a believable reason not to go. I need to find a good one. Let me think... It can't be that I have to work - that sounds like I don't want to go. I know - I should make an appointment for something, and then say I couldn't get out of it. That's great. What can I make an appointment for? Doctors don't work on Saturdays. My therapist doesn't work on Saturdays...I do need to make an appointment for a massage, though. I'm sure massage therapists must be anti-war. I think it comes with their degree. She's probably going to go to the big protest. I'll just tell her it's the only day I can do it. I am paying her after all. Peace or no peace, she has to make a living.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 2003:

I made an appointment with a massage therapist. I just told her straight out that I could only do it this Saturday. I'm a busy person. She agreed. The first thing I did this morning was to send an e-mail to my friend. "Hey, Jennifer. What's up? Wow, the protest sounds like it's going to be great. I bet it's going to be so much fun - and it's for such an important cause, too. I'm really sad about this, but I can't make it. I have an appointment with my massage therapist that I made like 2 months ago. She is so booked that if I change it, it would take another 2 months to get an appointment with her. I'm so bummed. I really wanted to go. You'll have to tell me all about it".

A few other friends also approached me about the big protest. Thank god I made that appointment. They couldn't say anything to that. I did see them cornering another friend about coming to the protest. Poor guy. I think he may be an anti-peace closet case, too. I think I have good wardar. The guy wasn't prepared - so I think he's stuck going to the protest. I also went and bought a t-shirt today with a peace sign on it. Just in case. I never know what anti-war situations I will find myself in, in L.A.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 2003:

It's the day before the big protest. Everyone at work is talking about it. They're all going. I have the best excuse ever. I'm good. We all went to lunch today like we do every Friday and of course, five minutes into lunch, everyone started talking about the war and Bush. I ordered the biggest dish on the menu, so I had food in my mouth throughout the entire conversation. Then my boss asked me what I think about the war situation. And I gave her the answer that gets me out of that question every time, "Bush is so stupid". That always works and takes the conversation away from me. I have to make a note to myself to wear my peace T-shirt to work on Monday.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 2003:

I woke up today and the first thing I did was turn off my cell phone and my home phone. That way no one could reach me and try to talk me into going to the protest. I ate breakfast and went to my massage therapy appointment. When I got to the woman's house, I could tell just from walking up the stairs that this was a peace house. I took a deep breath and knocked on the door. The woman was very nice. We sat in her room with candles

lit and relaxing music playing. She said she really wanted to go to the peace protest today but she didn't because of me. Great. She asked me why I wasn't going to the protest. I opened my mouth instinctively to tell her that I had an appointment that I couldn't get out of but then I realized who I was talking to. This wasn't good. I choked - I wasn't prepared. I had no choice. I had to come out to her. I took a very deep breath, looked down, and told her "I don't really support the anti-war cause entirely." I looked up. She was pale and wasn't breathing. She had a vague smile on her face that I think got stuck there from our earlier conversation. In a broken voice she asked me, "Why?" I explained to her my view and my thoughts. That was a mistake. This peace woman wasn't so peaceful when she was arguing with me about peace. I tried to look at my watch to signal to her that I didn't have a lot of time. But she wasn't going to start until she was finished with me. I sat there quietly listening to her. Waiting for her to finish. It's always like that - every time I think it's okay to come out to someone nice, that's the reaction that I get. I'm not telling anyone any more. Even my family doesn't know about me. When she finished lecturing me, I took my clothes off and she gave me my massage. She came very very close to hurting me. It was painful. Really painful. When she was done with me, I got out of there as fast as I could. As I was driving home, my entire body in pain, I checked my messages. I had a message from an old writing teacher of mine. She wanted me to be a part of an all-women anti-war comedy night. Monday night. If she only knew. My first thought was to call and schedule another appointment for Monday night. But then I thought that it would be a great opportunity to blend in - to not be noticed. To be one of the cool anti-war crowd. I like that. I'll invite all my friends and then the next time someone asks me what I think about the war, I'll just tell them about this night I was a part of. Brilliant. I wonder if I should invite that massage therapist.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 2003:

I should have turned off my phones today, since all I did today was listen to people's stories about the protest. It seems like everyone was there. This protest was bigger than the Joe Millionaire season finale. Today I started working on my monologue for the show on Monday. I'm still not sure what I should write about. I don't want to lie, but I obviously can't tell the truth. I think I will come out eventually one day but I don't think an anti-war show is the place to do it. Can you imagine the look on everyone's faces? Now that's a comedy show. I've got the best idea! I will write about an anti-peace woman and put in a disclaimer that it's a fictional monologue. And then tell them everything. Even that this is actually true. And that I am putting in a disclaimer. They wouldn't know if it was true or not. Even when they hear it they won't know if it's true or part of the show. This will be my anti-war sixth-sense monologue. Nothing is as it appears to be...or is it? Oh and maybe I will wear my peace t-shirt. I knew that shirt would come in handy. But maybe that's too much. Because if you're really anti-war you wouldn't wear a shirt that says that. You will just be anti-war. Yes, it's better to just act like it's not a big deal. I can tell them about the big protest and that massage therapist. God, my back still hurts from that.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 2003:

I wrote my monologue last night. I think it's good. This morning I checked my e-mail and there were 17 anti-war e-mail petitions in my inbox. I think some people are cheating and signing more than one petition. How come there's no petition for the anti-war petition? But one of the e-mails that I got was an e-mail with photos of all the anti-war protests around the world. Thank god. I quickly forwarded it to all the people I know. I wanted to be the first one to send this e-mail out, since I knew there would be more e-mails like that today. But if I am the first one, that shows that I am involved and passionate. I wrote the word "peace" in caps in the subject line and then a few words about how cool the e-mail was. That's a great cover. I'm glad I checked my e-mail. Tonight is the show. I hope they will have a good sense of humor. Otherwise I am fucked. Going to an anti-war show and talking about anti-peace. I am going to leave my journal here on the living room table, in case something happens to me and I don't make it back home from the show tonight. I hope whoever finds this journal will please pass it along or, even better, write a book about it and then sell it to a studio. All I ask is that Winona Rider play me in the movie. She looks hot as a dyke. Oh, and also tell my mom and dad that I love them, and my sister that she can have all my DVDs and CDs, and my brother that he can have all of my clothes. Maybe I should wear that peace t-shirt tonight. Wish me luck. I'm leaving right now. Peace out.

THE END.

