



Alpha Tango Monorail, Part 3: Transcription

Length: 8:15

Opens with music playing in the background.

Introduction: Having done something wrong, dear listeners, do you accept responsibility and look to change your ways? Or do you search for excuses? Placing the blame on those around you? This is Jones and Woolf. A monthly audio fiction podcast featuring original music. The third and final part of this month's story, "Alpha Tango Monorail," shows what it means to deal with one's mistakes honestly. Enjoy.

Music continues to play in the background as the story begins.

Narrator: And now you know the story
 about how I wound up in this dive bar downtown
 six beers and counting
 a broken man
 who'd had everything
 and lost it all
 if I wasn't a fugitive already
 I figured it was just a matter of time
 everyone at the 2020 Club
 knew about the blow-up between me and Penelope the week before
 and now
 I was an easy suspect
 I'd been in her room earlier that night
 I'd cradled her lifeless body in my arms and begged her to come back
 my fingerprints were everywhere
 and her blood was all over my shirt
 shit
 maybe tomorrow
 they'd have my picture in the paper
 naming me as the DC Slayer
 when I finally knew
 it had been the Senator all along
 I was starting to wonder
 had he always been that way?
 a sociopath
 a killer of women
 or was it all that
 Zulu Delta Terror I'd given him
 along with confidence
 that had scrambled his brain

and driven him to
create a monster he could run against in his Presidential campaign
I wasn't sure
and I was tired of thinking
but I didn't stop running through all of it again and again
and sitting there at the bar
smoking my last cigarette
sometime around last call
I got an idea
the kinda idea
that you get
six beers deep
and the longer you drink
the better it seems
but sober or drunk
I knew
I only had one move left
and I knew
I had to play it before *The Post* came out tomorrow
so I left the bar
around 4AM
headed straight to the Lotus Corporation
gathered all the Alpha Tango Monorail I could find
and a body camera
and headed directly
for Senator Adams's home
deep in Bethesda
ready to make my play
even though
I knew it was going to bury me too

Music continues to play in the background.

Narrator: Don Adams
full of rage
blustering
boasting
screaming again and again
that he was the only man tough enough
to stand up to domestic terror
he lived in a twenty-room home
his wife and kids
must have been asleep
but I knew the Senator

would be staying up late
after all
it wasn't so long ago
he'd committed murder
he answered the door
in a bathrobe
I guess he'd just come
out of the shower
probably scrubbing Penelope's blood
from his fingernails
he acted
surprised to see me
but I just barged in
told him it was urgent
said we needed to talk about
his emotional regulation
but first
I asked him
to fix us a couple drinks
and when he came back
holding two glasses of whiskey
I mentioned he looked a little unsure of himself
a bit insecure
and offered him a taste of that Concord Beta Mousetrap
free of charge
to raise his spirits
and once he agreed
I adjusted what looked to be an American Flag pin in my tie
the smallest body camera money can buy
making sure it was on
before I slipped him
the biggest dose of Alpha Tango Monorail anyone had ever taken

Music continues to play in the background.

Narrator: It didn't take long
once I saw the intimidation
and confidence
creep off his face
and the honesty settle in
I could see
how much of a coward he really was
and I thought
that maybe he'd always been sick in the head

but that he never would have been capable of murder
if it hadn't been for me
and the emotions I sold him
Alright Don, I said
I was ready to drop the charade
Why don't you go ahead and tell me who you really are
I watched him try to lie at first
to pretend he didn't know what I was talking about
but it was hopeless
pathetic
like a fish flopping around
trying to breathe outside its bowl
I...I'm a stranger to myself, he said
I'm all twisted inside
Torn apart
The things I've done...I don't understand
But I know I can't stop
And what exactly have you done? I said, forcing back tears
I killed...so many girls
How many?
Too many to count
and then the Senator buried his face in his hands
and I just stared at him
disgusted
with him
and with myself
thinking
again about all that Zulu Delta Terror I'd supplied him with
and the monster
I helped create
I suppose you'll be wanting some additional payment then?
I guess that's what this is all about
To keep it quiet about the girls?
What amount did you have in mind?
No amount, I said. I don't want any more money.
What do you want then?
You already gave me what I want, I said
syncing my body camera
with his massive TV in the living room
playing back his confession over and over
the Senator
he stared at me for a long time
all he could do for a while was blink
I think he was starting to understand
that I'd gone through a transformation rarely seen in D.C.
and suddenly caught a conscience

I got up to leave
but stopped all of a sudden
because there was something that was still lingering on my mind
something I wanted to know
even though
part of me already did
Why Penelope?
the Senator looked up at me for a moment
as if the answer should have been obvious
Because she didn't fear me
None of them did
I put my hat back on
and dried a tear that had streaked down my face
I'd heard enough
but Don he just kept on talking
There are more of them you know
more DC Slayers
It's not just me
I'm one of many
Even if you get rid of me
There are plenty more monsters out there
Ready to take my place
I paused at the door
straightened my tie
and looked him dead in the eye
What makes you think I'm done? I said
and then I left
and as I walked to my car
and the sun began to rise
I was thinking about Penelope again
and the ancient wisdom she'd been blessed with
by her mother
and I was wondering
where the other DC Slayers were hiding
and how I was going to find them
and then I remembered my client list
at the Lotus Corporation
and I thought
that's a pretty good place to start

Closes with music playing in background.

Closing: And so our narrator rides off into the sunrise like an old gunslinger. Armed with nothing but honesty to carry him through his future adventures. The only question that remains is, will it be enough? "Alpha Tango Monorail" was written and narrated by me, Anthony Jones. The music was done by Joel Woolf. F(r)iction

Magazine co-produced this story and it was an honor to work with them for the past few months. We'll be back next month with another story. Until then my ephemeral friends, thanks for listening.