

## The Death Monologues

By Chloe Giroux

Cast:

The Dead

Baby's Breath

Yellow Hyacinth

Orange Lily

Daffodil

Marigold

Funeral Attendees (Preferably two)

[The Dead comes centre stage into spot light, in all white, holding forget-me-nots, the rest of the stage dark leaving them alone]

The Dead : How shall I be perceived in my death? Now that I am dead will you remember me as I was or will I be remembered how you wanted me to be? There was so much I did, so much I wanted to do. Perhaps I was too bold, thinking I could live forever and complete every whim I so desired before I was left to lay here in never ending silence. I lived such a full life, will any of it be mentioned, will any of it be remembered here?

[Lights go up revealing four others standing behind character 1, all in grey monochrome, holding a different arrangement of flowers. They will speak in a clockwise rotation. Marigold stands behind all of them in all black, they will not be revealed until the very end]

Baby's Breath : How am I to love another now that you have left me all alone in this world? It is not your fault but I still blame you, I feel anger towards a choice you did not make, I am enraged at my need to learn to be alone. I will never love another, I will never see another and decide that they could replace you because how could you ever be replaced? I will not move on, I will sit on your grave and participate in my own form of grieving, planting flowers over a dead man to soothe my own wounds, I will mourn but I will not move on. I will kiss your casket as if it were your lips and I will sob as you are lowered into the earth, my love I give you everything even if you can no longer give me it all back, even if you no longer have use for my love.

[Baby's breath hands their flowers to The Dead and kisses their cheek, then walks off stage]

Yellow Hyacinth : I wish it were me instead of you, your cold body finally at peace while I am still here. I rot while blood still pumps through my veins, neurons fire off in my brain and I wish they would fire off a bullet instead of a blank and kill me. How can someone be envious of a dead man? Am I even envious of a dead man? Really does my jealousy apply to you or the idea I have attached to my possible death. I wish I could mourn you, remember how you were but instead I am overwhelmed by my need to be dead because it will

get me closer to you. I will stand back when they lower you into your grave in the hopes that I will be dissuaded from jumping in after you. I will glare at the priest and I will wait to cry until I am in my car. I will mourn in silence, I will be cold and distant and I will want it to have been me everyday until I don't.

[Yellow Hyacinth hands their flowers to The Dead then walks off stage.]

Orange Lily : Good riddance, finally there is silence and I do not have to be forced to hear you, I just have to be forced to listen to the cries of the people who were stupid enough to love you. Why was I even invited? Was this your final punishment to me, the last laugh made by someone who is too dead to hear the ring of it in my ears. I will not mourn because I will instead celebrate, I will drink and yell and shout to the heavens in thanks for getting rid of you before I did it myself. Congratulations to myself, the happiest man to ever attend a funeral, the only smile in a crowd of loud snotty sobs. Are you laughing at me now? If you are, I cannot hear you, I am too busy being able to enjoy the rest of my life while you rot. Worm food, what a fitting fate for a man as yourself. I do not mind being disrespectful, you are just a pitiful cadaver now after all. I will laugh back at you as I am escorted out of the memorial, I hope I have ruined your family's day, I hope they hate me just as I hated you, my greatest enemy.

[Orange Lily runs past The Dead, throwing their flowers at them as they exit off stage, chased after by two people dressed plainly in black]

Daffodil : I am glad that awful person has left, you deserve your peace and quiet. I really looked up to you, a mentor that I will never be able to become. You taught me everything you could, did you know that you would soon be gone? Is that why you sped up my lessons, taught me more than promised, wrote me manuals and instructions on how to continue my lessons without you? I wish you had told me why, I wish you had told me that you would not last much longer, that I would soon be left alone to figure out the stars by myself and that in due time I would have to venture out on my own. I am not upset with you, I understand why you did not tell me, not wanting to upset me or making me wait anxiously for the day you finally died. I will read everything you left me, learn everything over and over again to keep you alive and one day I will teach others what you once taught me. Will you ever truly die if I keep your memory alive? I hope not, I hope there will always be a piece of you in this world even if you are rendered down to a skeleton in a box, dust and decay taking you over, I hope at least your spirit stays. Can you guide me from the grave? I hope you can, even if just in written word, I hope you can.

[Daffodil hugs The Dead, putting their flower behind The Dead's ear, then walks off]

[Finally, Marigold steps from their place behind The Dead, revealing to be in a long black robe, fully covered]

Marigold : It is your time, I hope I have not made you wait too long. I understand that you have been slowly waiting for quite some time, you felt my presence not too long ago but long enough for you to get your affairs in order. Please understand that I do not take joy in taking you from here to there. I feel you know this but I still wish to clarify because it is my last want for you to resent me. Your body will be lowered in the

dark wooden casket your family chose for you, it will be left here and we will leave it behind. And then I will fulfil your wish to be among the stars, not nearly as frivolous as most requests I am given, you are after all just a simple man. I believe you have lived the life you wished for, I cannot ask anymore of you.

[The Dead is given one last chance to speak, it is their final monologue, their final words.]

The Dead : I suppose my question has been answered, whether or not I will be remembered how I was or how they believed I would be. Everyone will remember me differently, will see a piece of me that others never saw, I suppose that is how it would have always gone. There are those who will miss me and those who will wish I was gone sooner, how they feel was never my choice, never my decision. I feel every emotion as I feel nothing at all and as I am lowered I will finally be free, I will be alone. I hope when they look to the sky, they will remember me, not the me they have created but the me that they loved, I hope they remember that they can live without me and that I can die without them. I am ready to be at peace now my good sir, allow me to go wherever you lead, because while in life I followed the stars, now, death is all that I follow.

[Marigold hands The Dead their flower, takes their hand, and leads them off of the now empty stage]

[Black out. End]