

**A Haunted World**

(a monologue)

by

**Julius Galacki**

**(A ONE PAGE SAMPLE)**

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*The monologue is meant to be played by a male actor in his late twenties/early thirties. The Story Teller wears a black cassock with a hood. His face is heavily made-up with white and black to give the appearance of a stylized skull. As he begins to speak, he drops the hood, revealing the natural flesh of his ears and neck. Contrasting his costume and make-up, he is energetic and good-humored.*

## THE STORY TELLER

When I was seventeen, I worked in a horror house, a scare castle, a big poster paint grey and black haunted mansion built out on an old fishing pier. A real cotton candy vision of terror and kitsch floating out over the gray green ocean. A quarter mile away you could still hear the overblown Phantom of the Opera Vincent Price Christopher Lee music of doom, booming its synthesized tape loop to every visitor with sand between their toes.

Working there, the experience of it, has scarred me for life, mostly by the fact that I have chronic tendinitis in my right wrist. Any overuse, to the point of any use, inflames it. It's become a daily pre-occupation for me. When I walk home with groceries, I always carry the heavier bags with my left hand. No push-ups. No Frisbee. Essentially, it's affected my manhood.

Not once have I gotten the satisfaction of slamming a volleyball into someone else's face. Look, I'm a tall man, success in that sport is at least plausible for me. Instead, I am this anachronism: the tall guy who specializes in the back line, and the soft deceptive serve.

You make use of fate the best you can.