

# MY DEATH

(1 page sample)

by

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*(A man <sup>1</sup> - The Author - is writing something down in a spiral notebook.*

*He is youthful, healthy, mid-30ish – definitely not sick and not dying. But there should be some clear indication(s) of impending middle age – be it lines on the face, a sprinkle of grey hairs, stiffness in the joints, etc.*

*He closes the notebook and immediately addresses the audience.)*

## THE AUTHOR

I've already died a thousand times a thousand ways. Hurling through the seven common gases after slipping off of the Hoover Dam. Lacerated by nine ninjas. Suffocated by a giant stuffed bunny. Imploded by a neutron star.

The latter, of course, was an accident.

Fortunately, I woke up and avoided any clean up.

Unless I only dreamed I woke up....

If I ever was really asleep....

Day sleeping. Too much day. Too much sun breaking through the chrysalis.

A brand new moth.

Well, that's how I died. Before. This time around would be different.

This time it would be dramatic. First Folio dramatic. I want to die being stomped on by a snorting, steaming war horse while battling the army of Henry the Fifth. Yes - *against* Henry - I am an Anglo-phobe after all. America wouldn't exist without the French. Yorktown, people? They saved our asses.

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<sup>1</sup> While this part was written for a man, it can also be played by a woman, with only the following textual changes: "grandfather" to "grandmother" and "grandpa" to "grandma.")