

# Karnak Monologue

## KARNAK

Hello. I am the Amazing Karnak. This is not a boast but rather what it says on my legal patent as a precognition machine. I was designed to predict the exact cause, time, and place of someone's death. A rather morbid function, I grant you; which is precisely why I was set on "family fun novelty mode" when sold to the Wonderville traveling fairground... Turns out... being told the place and time of your death in front of your family, with a mouthful of corndog at a fairground, is the very opposite of fun. I can even predict my own demise. I always could – tonight in this warehouse, in a little over an hour.

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Meet my executioner, a rat I've named Virgil. For the last two years Virgil has steadily been chewing on my power cable. In a little over an hour, Virgil shall chew his way through the rubber, biting down on two hundred volts of electricity... instantly killing us both. As there is nothing more base than Death... I've decided for tonight's concert, Virgil shall play the bass.

## KARNAK (CONT'D)

Before we begin, let me lay down some ground rules. The first rule: one that has baffled theatre goers since the days of Aeschylus... the armrest to your left is yours; the one to your right is your neighbor's. If you believe that both armrests are yours exclusively... you are part of the problem. Also, please turn off your cell phones. I assure you that none of the calls you are about to receive will have life-altering consequences... except for one of you... my most sincere condolences. Accidents happen.