Monologue 1:

Cleaning old, gross, forgotten graves is the one thing in life that brings me joy.

When I see a tombstone buried just enough under some dirt that you can't see the date of death,

or with dead grass placed in just the right position so you can't see the first name,

or bird poop that covers all the important parts,

I clean it with an old rag, some water, and my bare hands.

And you know why?

Because it makes me better.

Better than my sisters, better than you, better than everyone else.

You volunteer at the soup kitchens every Thanksgiving?

I go every day, not including weekends or days I have work, but practically every day to clean these forgotten graves.

You made masks for the hospitalized because we're in the middle of a pandemic?

Well because of those guys no one has time to clean their family graves, so I do it!

You went to South Africa with your church to feed starving children your leftovers from brunch, Linda? I fucking clean long forgotten tombstones, tombstones no one visits, by myself with my raw hands. As a hobby.

Nothing anyone will ever do will amount to how much better cleaning forgotten graves makes me.

And guess what? When I die, I know that I will have single handedly ruined the afterlife for hundreds of families.

You think your family can happily interact together in the afterlife after *a stripper* is the one taking care of your great grandfather? You think a family that died out is going to get along when the only one making sure people still see their tomb is someone who dances on pools and takes off their clothes for money?

I can't even read the tombstones because I'm dyselxic. Not even the stranger choosing to take care of their final resting place knows their name, and that is why I do what I do.

By the time I die, I expect the afterlife to be in ruin from the infighting. And that, that is a legacy worth protecting. A life worth living.

You may impact the finite world we live in, but I'm impacting the eternity we all face.

So, deal with it.

Monologue 2:

I have run this graveyard for over forty years now and in this time I have done my best to help everyone.

By destroying their loved ones graves and probably damning myself in the process, but all for the greater good of humanity and the future.

It's really not that bad, I mean I have a process so no one but me and maybe the undead soul of the person whose grave I demolished knows anything has happened.

Directly after the funeral I dig up the grave myself, never with anyone else and having anyone else dig it back up for me. I empty the grave, taking great care not to damage the coffin of course, and put the striped corpse back in before refilling the hole, myself.

Though I do take all the articles of clothing off, I make sure to never look at any private parts or areas. I would never, I am not like that, it's not like that.

I just want to make sure that by the time people stop remembering and visiting, I can allow a new person to be buried there as well.

It helps reduce space and fertilizes the earth, which in turn makes our planet healthier. Better.

I am not proud of my actions, I know that if anyone ever found out it would hurt everyone who put their trust in me and my graveyard. But, as long as no one ever knows, I think what I am doing is right.

Graveyards are for the living, the dead don't impact our world, so when the living no longer care, a grave is a waste of precious space.

Only there to be a depressing reminder of our own mortality and how we are inevitably forgotten.

No one wants a reminder of that.

It's better this way.

I'm sure it is.