

The Vigil

Drama · Scene for 5 · 4 min · Female role · Adult · Advanced

(A bedroom. A night-light. They speak low, out of respect.)

VINCENT

We have to decide about tomorrow. The doctor needs an answer.

CLAIRE

"Decide." As if it were a menu.

JADE

Vincent's right. Someone has to sign. And it won't be Dad.

GEORGES

Your father, as a boy, refused to let anyone decide for him. Even for a snack.

HÉLÈNE

He hasn't changed. Look: even now, he's drawing it out.

CLAIRE

Don't speak of him in the present that judges, Mum. Not tonight.

HÉLÈNE

Thirty years I've lived with this man. I have the right to be tired in front of him, for once.

VINCENT

No one's judging you. We're all tired. That's what a vigil is: you find out how much.

JADE

What I'm finding out is that we're finally talking. It took this.

GEORGES

It's often like that, in families. You wait for the last fire to warm yourselves together.

(A silence. You can hear the breathing.)

CLAIRE

Then let's keep that fire lit as long as we can. Not for him. For us.

VINCENT

... All right. We'll decide tomorrow. Tonight, we stay. All of us. No watches.

HÉLÈNE

Thank you. That's the first right thing anyone's said in three days.

What you can do with it

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