

Farewell to a Son

Drama · Monologue · 3 min · Female role · Senior · Advanced

(A threshold, at dawn. A mother speaks to a son about to leave.)

MOI

Don't turn around too quickly. Give me time to keep your back in my memory. It's what will stay with me the longest.

MOI

I won't tell you to be careful. You won't be, and I'd have lied to you at the very end.

MOI

I'll tell you something else: come back whole. Not just alive. Whole. With your stupid laugh and the way you slam doors.

MOI

War makes people frugal. They come back keeping everything to themselves. You, spend. Stay spendthrift with yourself.

(She tightens the collar of the son's coat.)

MOI

I sewed something into the lining. No, don't look. It's not a lucky charm. It's just so you know my hands left with you.

MOI

When you're afraid, and you will be, touch the seam. You won't be brave. You'll be accompanied. It's not the same, and it's better.

MOI

I won't cry now. I'm saving that for when the door is closed. To each their own privacy.

MOI

Go. The day is waiting for you, and it has a head start.

(The son moves away. She raises her hand, without waving.)

MOI

...Come back whole. It's the only order I'll ever have given you.

What you can do with it

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