

I'm Waiting

Absurdist · Monologue · 2 min · No gender marker · Adult · Intermediate

MOI

I was told to wait here. So I am waiting. It has been, hold on while I work it out, it has been eleven years. Eleven years, three months, and two particularly long Tuesdays.

MOI

People walking past ask me: "But what are you waiting for?" As if that were the question! The question is not what. The question is whether I will last.

MOI

Because anybody can wait an hour. A child can wait an hour. But waiting eleven years, with no information, no proof, no timetable on the wall: that, ladies and gentlemen, is a profession.

MOI

They have tried to move me on. I have been offered more comfortable chairs, elsewhere. Waiting rooms with magazines. I refused. Because if I move, even one step, and it happens during that step, I would never forgive myself.

MOI

So I stay. Upright. Faithful. The last keeper of an appointment the whole world has forgotten, except me. And if it never happens... well, at least I will have been faithful to something. Which, these days, is not nothing.

What you can do with it

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