

I Walk

Tragedy · Monologue · 3 min · No gender marker · Adult · Advanced

MOI

Do not hold me back. Your hands are gentle, your intentions are good, and that is exactly what makes them dangerous. Gentleness, at this hour, is a slow poison.

MOI

I know what is waiting for me out there. I know it better than you, who are already weeping as though it were done. Yes, I will leave everything there: my rank, my rest, perhaps my breath. I have counted the cost, and the cost is terrible. And still I am going.

MOI

You ask me why. You ask what is gained by walking towards your own ruin when the back door is open, when nobody would blame you for running, when everything, reason, prudence, instinct itself, is screaming at you to stay.

MOI

Here is why. Because there are things you cannot delegate. You can entrust your fortune, your house, even your children. But not your honour. Nobody can carry that for me. The day I put it into another pair of hands, I would stop existing before I even died.

MOI

I have seen men outlive me by thirty years. I have watched them get up each morning, eat, sleep, grow old. And I have seen, at the back of their eyes, that they had been dead for a long time, dead since the day they said yes to what had to be refused.

MOI

I do not want those thirty years. I would rather have one hour standing than a century bent double.

MOI

So yes, I walk. Not because I fear nothing: I am shaking, look at my hands, they are shaking. But a man is not somebody who does not shake. A man is somebody who shakes and goes forward anyway.

MOI

Farewell. Do not pity me. Pity the ones who, tonight, will choose to stay, and who tomorrow will have to live with that choice. Whatever happens, I shall sleep in peace. It may be the last thing I have left, and it is the only one that counts.

What you can do with it

Original text written for Acto. Read it, print it, work on it in class, perform it at an audition or on a self-tape: that is what it is for, and you need no permission. For a public performance or any commercial use, write to us at contact@acto.re.