

# On My Feet

Drama · Monologue · 3 min · Male role · Adult · Advanced

**MOI**

They told me I would not get up from this. They told me kindly, in those soft voices people keep for announcing disasters. "Rest. Accept it. Grieve." Grieve for what? For me?

**MOI**

I spent six months lying down. Six months watching the ceiling decide my life for me. In the morning somebody opened the curtains; in the evening somebody closed them; and in between nothing happened, because nothing was all anyone expected of me.

**MOI**

And then one day, an ordinary day, a Tuesday I think, I wanted a glass of water. Not to be brought one. To go and get it. Myself. To cross the room on two legs that no longer obeyed me.

**MOI**

It took me twenty minutes to cover three metres. I fell twice. The second time I stayed on the floor a long while, and there, against the cold tiles, I understood something: nobody was coming to lift me up for good. People can hold out a hand a thousand times; the last inch, the one that decides, that one is mine.

**MOI**

So I got up. For a glass of water. Ridiculous, isn't it? A grown man crying with joy over a glass of water.

**MOI**

I still fall. Often. But I have learned the only thing that matters: it is not about never falling. It is about making the floor a place you leave from, and not a place you settle into.

**MOI**

You can pity me. You can doubt me. Go ahead. In the meantime, I am walking. One step. Then the next. And every step is an answer to everyone who wrote my ending before I did.

## **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](mailto:contact@acto.re).