

Remorse

Classical · Monologue · 2 min · No gender marker · Adult · Advanced

MOI

You speak to me softly, and that voice is killing me; for a reproach that is shouted can be fought, argued with; but yours, so gentle, slips in and takes hold, and judges me the better for never being carried out.

MOI

I hold between my teeth a confession that weighs on me; to say it is to lose myself, and to keep it eats me through. Between those two torments my soul is caught in the trap, and silence, here, draws me out longer than any cry.

MOI

Ah, do not pity me for this apparent calm: it is the dead surface above the wrecks. Beneath this brow they take for cold, a whole torrent is roaring, and I am holding the dam with both hands, alone.

MOI

Leave me. For pity's sake, leave me to my pain. One day perhaps, one day, when the water is low, I shall tell you the name of the fault that chains me. But that day, madam, will not outlive me.

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.