

The Clock

Supernatural · Monologue · 2 min · Female role · Adult · Intermediate

(A room. A wall clock, its hands turning backwards.)

MOI

The clock started going back on Tuesday. First a minute. Then an hour. This morning it went back a year. And the world around it follows.

MOI

The crack in the ceiling sealed itself. The expired milk in the fridge turned fresh again. And the armchair, there, the armchair empty since winter, has taken on the shape of someone.

(She looks at the armchair, not daring to hope.)

MOI

If the clock goes back far enough... will he come and sit down again? Will I hear the newspaper rustle, at 6 p.m., like before?

MOI

Part of me wants to tear off the hands. Keep this moment. Stop it running forward again.

MOI

But I know how clocks work. They only go back to gather momentum. So I'll sit down opposite. And make the most of every minute it gives me back, before it takes them all away.

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.