

The Confession

Classical · Monologue · 1 min · No gender marker · Young adult · Advanced

MOI

Must I confess it to you? My heart can no longer hide the turmoil your first glance plunged me into. I fought, believe me; I made a rampart of reason every day, and broke it every night.

MOI

I told myself: "Be sensible; such tenderness is only a young man's fire, and tomorrow will be ash." But tomorrow came, and a hundred other tomorrows, and the fire, far from dying, has taken all of me.

MOI

I ask for nothing. A confession is not a chain. Keep your freedom; it is the very thing I cherish. But grant me this one right, the only one I claim: to have loved without ever saying it, and to say it at last, tonight, with a trembling voice, so that just once my silence may have spoken.

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.