

The Departure

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

MOI

It is done. I have chosen. Let heaven be my judge. Too long I drifted between a duty and a vow, listening by turns to blood and to the heart, like a ship with no master between two currents.

MOI

But the hour of half-measures is past. One does not serve two kings; one does not walk two roads. A man must cut, though he cut himself along with them, and pay in blood the price of a single path.

MOI

You will see me go without a tear, without a cry. Not that my soul is a stranger to doubt and dread: I feel them, they are there, crouched beneath my armour. But a man is great only by the weight he lifts, and mine, today, is called my destiny.

MOI

Farewell, then. If I fall, they will say, I hope: "He hesitated a long while; but once he had chosen, no reverse, no fear, ever made his hand shake." And that word, that one word, will be worth every triumph.

What you can do with it

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