

The Empty Chair

Drama · Monologue · 2 min · Male role · Adult · Intermediate

MOI

You see that chair? Nobody sits there any more. And every evening I lay the table. Two plates. The way we always did.

MOI

I know. You would tell me to stop. That it serves no purpose. That the dead are not hungry and the living have to eat. You were always right, it was unbearable.

MOI

The worst of it is not that you are gone. It is everything I keep finding out about you now that you are not here to defend yourself. People talk. They think they are comforting me. They are turning the man I lived with for twenty years into a stranger.

MOI

I kept your jacket. It still smells of you. Less and less. One day it will smell of nothing at all, and that is the day I think I will really lose you.

MOI

So I hold that day off. I do not wash the jacket. I lay two plates. I talk to you. And if that is what being mad looks like, then fine: I would rather be mad with you than sensible without you.

MOI

But tonight... tonight I am going to put the second plate away. Just once. To see. To see if I stay standing. Just to see.

What you can do with it

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