

The Name

Tragedy · Monologue · 2 min · Male role · Adult · Advanced

MOI

You want me to disown my name. To kneel, to beg for mercy, and in exchange to be allowed to live. To live! As though it were a gift, when it is bought at the price of everything that makes it worth the having.

MOI

My father carried this name. His father before him. They fell, all of them, one after another, but not one of them fell to his knees. You can take the breath from me; you will not take that.

MOI

You think you hold me because you hold my body. Poor creatures. The body is only a door. What I am does not live there; what I am is beyond any chain, and no blade cuts it.

MOI

So do it. Do it quickly. The executioner is waiting, and I will not keep him standing with the pleading that would please you far too much.

MOI

But know this: in a hundred years your names, judges and kings, will be forgotten. Mine will still be spoken. Not because I won, I won nothing. But because I refused. And refusal, when everything commands you to yield, is the one victory death cannot take back.

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.