

The Oracle Said Nothing

Tragedy · Monologue · 3 min · Male role · Adult · Advanced

MOI

I walked three days to question it. Three days without sleep, without food, driven by that hunger which is greater than all the others: to know.

MOI

And at the altar, when I put my question, the only one that matters, the one I dare not even repeat here, the oracle said nothing. Not a word. Not a sign. The silence of the gods, which is a thousand times worse than their anger.

MOI

A curse, at least, you know. You can hate it, fight it, break yourself against it. But silence... silence hands you back to yourself, and says: "Manage. Nobody is holding the reins. There is no plan. There is only you, and the night."

MOI

I built everything on the idea that above me somebody knew. That my suffering had a meaning, somewhere, in a great book I was not reading. And now the book is taken away. Now I am told there is no book.

MOI

So I came back down. Slowly. And with every step a terrible thought was growing: if the gods are silent, then it falls to me to speak. If nobody is writing my fate, then the pen has dropped at my feet.

MOI

It is frightening. It makes the head swim. It is the heaviest thing a person can carry: their own freedom. But perhaps that is what the oracle meant by saying nothing. That the first act of a free man is to stop waiting for an answer, and to become the answer himself.

MOI

I am still shaking. But I am no longer walking towards the altar. I am walking towards my life. And for the first time, the road is mine.

What you can do with it

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