

The Plea

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

MOI

I come, no longer as a master; I come as a suppliant; I laid my pride down on the threshold of this door. Look at what is left, and see what is held by a hand that trembled at holding so strong a thing.

MOI

I believed I was enough for myself. One believes that at the age when the sap is strong and destiny is far away. But misfortune came, page after page, to teach me that no man, alone, is ever certain.

MOI

I do not ask for the offence to be erased; I ask for a hand, just one, in the dark. A word. One look that is not a sentence. Enough to keep hope alive until morning.

MOI

And if you refuse (for it is your right, I know it), I shall leave without a sound, as one leaves a church: head low, but standing; beaten, but at peace for having at least attempted what fear despises.

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.