

The Poison

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

MOI

Smile. Go on smiling. You, raising your cup, have no idea that I know every drop of what you have poured into me for twenty years.

MOI

I said nothing. One says nothing, while one is preparing. I smiled as you smile. I wore your colours, applauded your triumphs, kissed the hand that tightened my chains at night.

MOI

You thought me weak because I was patient. An old mistake, the mistake of the powerful: they take silence for submission, when more often it is a blade being sharpened out of sight.

MOI

Drink. Drink to my health. The wine is good, is it not? I chose it myself. With a care you cannot imagine.

MOI

No, do not set the cup down. It is too late to set it down. It was too late the day you decided that a humiliated man was no longer a dangerous one. Look at me closely. This is the face of your last mistake.

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.