

The Queen

Drama · Monologue · 3 min · Female role · Adult · Advanced

(A throne room, empty. A woman remains standing, alone.)

MOI

They left the way you leave a room where the lamp has just died. Without a sound. Without a glance for the lamp.

MOI

I reigned for twenty years. Twenty years deciding who ate, who waited, who lived.

MOI

And this morning, a boy I had appointed called me "Madam" instead of "Majesty." One word. A whole reign fits inside a word they take back.

MOI

People think power is the crown. No. It's the silence of others when you enter. That silence, I no longer hear.

MOI

My counsellors are already weighing my name the way you weigh meat that's turning.

MOI

I signed pardons. I signed deaths. Both in the same ink, by the same hand that did not tremble.

MOI

Let no one speak to me of regret. Regret is the luxury of those who never had to choose.

(She lays a hand on the throne, without sitting.)

MOI

I will not sit. To sit now would be to beg for the place one last time.

MOI

I'll walk out through the great door. Upright. So they remember I was not toppled. I stepped down.

MOI

And if History wants to forget me, let it try. I wrote too many pages in their blood for it to turn easily.

(She leaves the hall without looking 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.