

The Speech

Comedy · Monologue · 4 min · Male role · Adult · Intermediate

(Someone, cue card in hand, rehearses in front of a mirror.)

MOI

Dear all. Dearest all. Dear... deaR. Right. Let me start over.

MOI

Good evening. I'm the best man. Well, "the" best man: there are four of us, but I'm the one talking. The others got scared.

MOI

I've known Thomas for fifteen years. No. Twelve. Fifteen means I'm forgetting three years of his life in front of his whole family.

MOI

Let's start again. I met Thomas at a certain point in our lives. There. That's true for everyone, it commits me to nothing.

MOI

I wanted to tell the story of the trip to Italy. But half the room was there. And the other half must absolutely never find out.

MOI

So: not Italy.

MOI

I'll talk about his qualities. Thomas is... punctual. No. Nobody gets married for punctuality. Though, at this stage, we'll take it.

MOI

Thomas is generous. That one's true. Exhibit A: he handed me this microphone.

MOI

Léa, if you're listening, and you are, you always are, you made my best friend better. That's mathematical and unfair: I was ranked very highly before you.

(He checks his card. The card is blank.)

MOI

I wrote it all down. On the wrong card. This one is my shopping list.
"Butter. Batteries. Don't cry."

MOI

Right. Butter, done. Batteries, we'll manage.

(He breathes.)

MOI

Okay. No card, then. The true things, you don't read them, you know them.

MOI

I'll just raise my glass. Because a failed speech people remember beats a perfect speech nobody listens to.

MOI

To Thomas and Léa. And to the card, somewhere, holding magnificent things.

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.