

What Remains

Drama · Monologue · 2 min · Female role · Adult · Intermediate

(She packs her things into a bag, in no hurry.)

MOI

Don't say anything. Please. Not now, not in that voice.

MOI

I spent years translating your silences. I'm tired of always being right too late.

MOI

You think I'm leaving in anger. No. Anger wanted to stay.

MOI

What's leaving tonight is hope. And hope never slams the door; it just goes out.

(She stops on the threshold.)

MOI

Take care of yourself. It's the last tender thing I owe you.

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.