

Your Hand

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

MOI

Give me your hand. One last time. Not to keep you, I know you cannot keep what the gods are claiming, but to carry with me, where I am going, the warmth of a living thing.

MOI

They will say I lost you. They are wrong. You do not lose what you have truly held. You set it down. And I am setting you down here, in the light, so that you live what I shall not live.

MOI

Remember me as a summer. Not the end of the summer. The summer. The days when my voice made you laugh, before fate wrote its name on both our foreheads.

MOI

There. You are crying. Good. Cry now, cry your fill, so that you need not cry afterwards. And when you have finished, stand up, and go. The world has more need of your youth than death has of my grief.

MOI

Farewell. It is a short word for everything it carries. But it is the last gift I have left: to leave you without a single reproach, and to leave you my last breath the way one leaves a door ajar.

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.