

## **Monologue from my play *The Queen, The Knight and The Tower*.**

*Death is everywhere here. The stench of it clouds the place. It makes you think about your own.*

*A few weeks ago. I started hearing a voice. A speech no less. Every day the same speech, each day getting more confident. Then, finally, I watched him from my cell, dragged to the scaffolding. He opened his mouth, ready to perform, and then, nothing. Like he had nothing left. The axe swung down. That was it. No one else heard his voice. Nothing to remember.*

*My death will be meaningful. People will remember me and my last words:*

*My Lords, my Ladies. I stand before you as a condemned man. But I say, aren't we all? Condemned for our choices; condemned for our loyalties; even condemned for our existence.*

*I was a servant of two kings. Knighted at sixteen. My crime? A friendship with the wrong man.*

*My youth, like yours, was full of suffering and sacrifice. Due to a divided family of pure blood.*

*But I say now it is us, the subjects of this vast land, not titles or crowns that keep the peace of this nation.*

*Many slandered my name with ugly rumours. Will this be my remembrance? For all the days I've been on this earth, many are merely interested in one. For the truth of two boys who stayed at this tower nearly twenty years ago.*

*My grandfather had a motto: Sans Crainte. Without fear. That is how I faced life, and now death. Without fear.*