

Please locate and read the entire play – the monologue below is merely a suggested one.

An excerpt from: *The Blue Period of Milton van der Spuy* by Greig Coetzee

Mona Lisa van der Spuy. Died aged 15 years, 2 months and 5 days.

We live on the eleventh floor. It's raining. Ma is sitting in the lounge knitting. It's a Sunday. Pa is drinking on account of it being Sunday. Mona is bored and sulking on account of being told no you can't and stop being stupid or you know what will happen. I'm there too. I do not drink, or sulk, or knit, on account of my talents lying elsewhere, which is what Pa always used to say. Ma is rocking back and forth and back and forth in her chair, she's looking down at her knitting and she won't look at Mona. Mona storms out onto the balcony like she always does, but she's trying not to cry. Not sad tears. Cross tears. Mona says: But Why? And Pa says: just because, now shut up!

When she hits the concrete her head explodes. Before she jumps from the balcony, Pa looks up at her, and she looks back at him right in his eyes, and says no. And that's the last word that comes out of her head. And then everything comes out of her head. Mona didn't fall like a swallow diving before the rain; she fell like a swallow's egg, falling from the nest and landing on the concrete eleven floors below. She died of boredom. Lots of little things that add up. "just because". A thousand times no. A thousand times no. NO NO NO NO NO NO NO no. Her body looks fine, mostly, but her head is just gone. `

After they put Mona in a bag and take her away, Ma is taken away too so they can give her some tablets. I sit and look at Pa and play that thinking game that me and Mona used to play. You stare at someone's head and try to let them know what you're thinking. Like mind reading, but backwards. Maybe it works, because Pa goes to the bowling club to get another drink. Maybe it's because his bottle is empty.

I stand alone. At the bottom of the flats. Where Mona fell Looking up at the balcony Romeo looking for Juliet, like Laertes waiting for Ophelia. But they've already cleaned up all the bits, and the rain has washed the concrete even cleaner.

