

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

An excerpt from: **A Coloured Place** by Lueen Conning

Where is he? (Pause) Gone Where? Flippen Coward. Are you OK, Ma? Can i get you something? (Purse)

(Angry) I stay out one night and he has to make the most of it! I'm not that stupid child who can't fight back anymore and knows it. Why didn't you phone me, Ma. You knew where I was. Or even call the bladdy cops for once in your life. Jesus, I'm sick of this. (Puse. She sits.) You know Ma, I could have got that flat with Clarissa and Ashley, but I thought of you alone in this house with him and I said never mind, I can wait a bit longer till you pull yourself together. I wouldn't have been able to go to bed in peace anyway, wondering what he's doing to you at night. But Ma you can't go on like this forever. I can't. I'm spending my life being your bodyguard and he hasn't stopped hitting you in all these years. What makes you think he'll ever change? He doesn't even need an excuse these days. You just have to look at him sideways and he says you're asking for it. I mean, tell me Ma. What was it this time, the food? Did he go off cos of something you said? (Purse) Me? Coz you let me go out last night? No, it can't be me. I'm in his good books. I'm not "living in sin" whigh Ashley and he wanted a teacher or a doctor or a lawyer, so now I'm doing my fuckin' LLB, so he can "broom" about it. I mean, even Bradley's out of his way. Always throwing it in his face that he wasn't his real son, so now he doesn't have one. The dog should be smiling.

(Breaking) Look at you man, Ma, what are you holding on for? So one day he can hit you so bad that the stitches and ice-blocks won't even help. Is that what you want, Ma? And for what? So he can live? (Long Pause) You remember that blue floral dress you had, Ma? You made it, hey. The one with the two pockets in front that you used to dig in for your hanky or some tissues. (Silence) Well, I remember it, it used to be your favourite. But you stopped wearing it that day after Aunty Sandra's wedding, remember Ma? The day your blue dress turned red. You know that's one thing about my father, He never leaves a job till it's finished. Standing there breathing like and ox, with his shoe in your face. He knew we were watching. It was like h e was trying to show us a point, but he just made us hate him more. (Pause) Ma, listen to me. We could find a flat together, you and me. I could work some nights in the week instead of only on the weekends and you could start working from home like you're always joking about. You've already got the sewing machine and all those stylish patterns in your head. I mean look at the outfit you make for my matric ball. No one could believe you copied it from a magazine and in no time. Ma, are you listening? Imagine Ma, "Gloria's Garments" or better "G. Designs." You could take orders. Half the neighbourhood already knows how good you are. (Pleading) Ma!

(Frustrated) Ma, don't sit there like a bladdy statue. You could do it Ma, start looking after yourself, instead of slaving in this fucked up house, just waiting for your next hiding. Ma...?