

**Don't fly too high – A Monologue. By Edith Fumarola**

*May all the ghosts be laid to rest some day*

*She struggles to get loose. She looks for a way to get out but realises there is none*

**Let me go!**

*One final yell, and then she falls to the floor in tears.*

**Let me go!**

*A whisper.*

*Something inside her awakens. She will not be able to fight them with strength alone, and putting up a fight will only make her tired She realises that to get them to listen she must humanise herself, and something else takes over. She hums, and the hum turns into delicate song...*

**Don't fly too high my little bird, your lonely cry won't be heard**

*She sings the melancholy song through her tears. She decides to lure him in.*

**Can I please have a drink of water. I am thirsty**

*He brings her a glass of water. She keeps looking him in the eyes. She changes her demeanour, looking at the glass of water, she smiles. He must have some empathy...she starts.*

**It is my younger brothers' birthday tomorrow...**

*She looks to see if there is any reaction but he remains stoic, not cruel, just distant.*

**He is turning 14...we don't really get along. I don't really get him, he is so weird...Al he wants to do is play video games and read fantasy books.... I am not allowed to go into his room at all...but I sometimes sneak into his room when he is not at home and hide these cheap little plastic animals. I don't know why...it just amuses me...the thought of him wondering where it came from...**

**Mom says we are lucky to have each other and that we will be best friends someday but I think she is just very optimistic...she always tries to see just the best in all situations, places, people and things. She says everyone**

has good in them...that we are all just trying to do the best that we can...

*She looks at him, trying to figure out if he is taking in what she is saying...*

Even when my Dad gets upset for no reason and just ignores us by hiding in his study. Mom says it is because he is so smart, she says he has so many thoughts and sometimes he just needs to be alone for the thoughts to order themselves...I can't really remember the last time I spoke to him...I don't really agree with Mom, she thinks I am just a kid, but I think I understand. Some grown-ups have ghost behind their eyes, always there just looking back at you...

Grandma says I am a little "sensitive" and that not all people can see the ghosts, but I think I just pay attention. Most people don't really want to be seen...so they stopped looking. Sometimes when my mom thinks she is alone, I can see her crying...not out loud. She just stares out the window, like she is staring into the past and then I see her ghosts too.

Grandma says you should never allow the ghosts to move in. She says you should look them in the eye, and fight otherwise they may take you alive...

*She is very aware of her current situation. She tries to lighten the mood a little to win him over....she starts to smile*

but Grandma also sneaky drinks so I don't always know when I should listen to her... She thinks we don't know, but she is terrible at hiding it. We have found quite a few empty wine bottles in her room...I am not kidding...as sweet as she can be...she sometimes is a little drunk. Mom says we should leave her, and that she would be mortified if she knew we knew...so we just pretend that we don't. but I know the moment she closes the door and puts her record player on...she still has a record player; can you believe it? She says technology is overrated...but you know Grandma is drinking when she plays this one song over and over again...I don't know a lot about the music of her time, but that song I know. "Don't fly too high" I think the lady that sings it is called Joanna Field...Do you know it? Oh it is terrible, it is about a homeless person telling a bird not too fly to high, because he will burn his wings when he tries to fly too close to the sun...Oh

**Grandma...she says it reminds her to be careful of dreams. She says it is the fractured pieces of lost dreams that turn into ghosts...*she smiles*. No wonder she drinks.**

**I am never going to have ghosts...when I get out of here, and when I am done with school, I am going to study to be a psychologist, and I am going to help to make everyone's ghosts go away. No wine required! My teacher says my marks are definitely good enough and I will be a very good phycologist...I am not bragging I worked very hard....Maybe I can help my brother one day to not be so stupid...His name is William by the way...William Conrad Grant, but he doesn't look like a William Conrad Grant, so we just call him Sticks...because when he was a little boy he always used to pick up sticks, everywhere he went. He would make these little bird nests out of them...but now he just mostly sits in his room. He is not all bad. He gave me this necklace for my birthday. It's OK I guess...Mom said he picked it out himself, and it cost him quite a bit of pocket money. (*She looks at her necklace*)**

**Let me go please. I have to help mom bake William a cake. We are going to bake him a cake in the shape of a car...It is rather silly really, we know he is too old, but we have made him a car cake every year since he was 4. It is a family tradition. We will probably still be baking him car cakes when he is 50.**

**Let me go it is my brother's birthday tomorrow...I promise I won't say anything.**

*She is starting to get excited and is speaking pleading loudly and this makes the kidnapper uncomfortable.*

**Please let me go! I won't tell anyone...I will pretend I never met you.**

**Please!! Please!!!**

**Let me Go!!!!**

*She gets up and tries to reach him, but in all the commotion he gets startled and he stabs her.*

**I see my mom staring out the window, she is crying out loud now. I see my dad hiding in his study and Grandma drinking in her room as the record turns around and around. I see William in his room finding a plastic animal,**

and he smiles. I think he knows where they came from.  
Don't cry Mom, I see you. For a brief moment they were  
my family...Don't cry Mom I made it out of life without any  
ghosts.