

# MONOLOGUE

Play	<i>Have You Heard</i> by Krista Boehnert
Stats	High School, Drama, Monologue Play, 45 minutes
Casting	2M, 3W
Description	This monologue-based play follows what happens in a school when rumours and secrets spin out of control. What makes a secret more powerful: When it's the truth? Or when it's a lie?
Get the Play	<a href="http://www.theatrefolk.com">www.theatrefolk.com</a>

*CLEO is a teenage girl who is dealing with the death of her boyfriend.*

CLEO: Cause of death undetermined. That's what it says on the police report for Steve's accident. No mechanical malfunction with the car. No health problem. Not weather. He wasn't talking on his cell phone. No other car collided with him. They've ruled all that out, you see. So what we're left with — those of us that loved him — is "Cause of death, undetermined." He couldn't have fallen asleep behind the wheel because he had only been on the road for five minutes in the first place. And he didn't kill himself because the way the car careened off the road, well, that would've been impossible to orchestrate. Even if he'd wanted to.

Even if he'd wanted to have been ejected out the back window because the force of impact was so strong his seatbelt broke. Even if he'd wanted to hit that power pole when the car spun around, breaking it in half. Even if he'd wanted to – the police officer said there was no way someone could do that on purpose. No. Way. He could have swerved for an animal. If he did, he must've missed it, because there was no dead deer at the scene. No blood that wasn't his. There was so much of his blood.

He was leaving my place that night. Headed home on the highway to his parent's acreage a couple miles out of town. We'd just watched a movie and ate popcorn and joked around. Typical date night. I loved watching movies with him. Or just hanging out. Or just doing nothing

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at all. Together. Steve's parents called me. Told me there'd been an accident. Told me Steve was already gone. How could he already been gone? I could still feel the warmth from his body when we hugged goodbye. I could still feel his lips on mine when he kissed me good night. I could still hear him whisper "I love you" when he held me close. How could he be gone? Where did all that warmth go? Where did he go?

The police officer at the accident scene showed me where Steve lay in the grass after he was thrown from the car. He said Steve was already dead by then. The grass was cold and brown.

No. Red.

The grass was red.

And Steve wasn't there. Cause of death undetermined. Seems like such a poor explanation in this day and age. We can train satellites to see anything we want, anywhere in the world. We can clone sheep. We can send a rover to Mars. But you can't tell me why Steve had to die? Can't tell me how? Can't explain to me why it had to be him? Why he had to go? Why he had to be the one? Why I didn't get to say goodbye? You can't tell me? Not any of it? There's no explanation? Life just happens?

That's little comfort. In fact, it's no comfort at all.