

Monologues for Black Men – 20s/30s

LEROY – *Feeding Beatrice* by Kirsten Greenidge

Lurie thinks burying his head in that newspaper's going to keep the past from creeping around. That is my verdict. But you can't just bury the past. You bury it, and any way it can it's going to rise up and live again. Any way it can it's going to make you work twice as hard to try and beat it back down and bury it again. The newspaper's Lurie's way of not having to look at anything that's right in front of his face. You. That baby. Waiting and waiting for another chance. But the past always comes creeping back around. It's always there. That paper's proof it's always there. It's proof now did not come from out of nowhere.

The past breeds the present. The present breeds the answer, if we listen. And they can't get away from each other. They're parent and child. How far away can a child really get away from its parent?

...

... (*JUNE looks at LEROY.*
LEROY looks at JUNE.)

She'll always be right here.

(*LEROY taps where JUNE's heart rests.*)

FISH – *The Royale* by Marco Ramirez

You been out there?
You seen those *people*, Jay?
Oversold by *six* hundred now.
I gave my ticket away, Jay.
Figured my granddaddy's waited long enough,
He should see this fight in person.
But I'ma be listenin' to the fight.
Place called Elmore's down the way.
Nice spot.
They've got a radio.
Cute ladies.
And twenty-six different kinds of bourbon.

...

Guess who just pulled up in a brand new Tin Lizzie two-door.
Only time I ever seen Champ Bixby was in the paper,
Growin' up,
But now?
In person?

...

He's *big*.

...

Wynton's checkin',
Double checkin' the ring,

Under seats,
They got ten policemen lookin' too,
...
This gon' be the safest buildin' on the block.
...
It's true what Max says,
About you havin' expensive taste.
I just found out the hard way.
I wanted to get you a lil' somethin' –
Thought of waitin' til this was over,
But seems like now might be a good time...
Seein' as you so talkative.

SON – *We Are Continuous* by Harrison David Rivers

I've never seen my parents naked. I'm thirty-something years old and I've never seen my parents naked. Either of them. My mom or my dad. And not that I want to — because I don't — or wanted to at any point — because I didn't — I just...I mean, is that weird, do you think? To have grown up, to be a grown up, and to have never seen your parents without clothes on? Even on accident? The bodies you came from? I don't even think I've ever seen them in their underwear. Swimsuits, yeah, but underwear? I mean, they're not exactly the same thing... Because there's modesty, right — on the one hand — and then there's something beyond modesty. Prudishness? And I wouldn't categorize either of my parents as prudes. They're not exactly progressive either, certainly not politically, but...

And I never got the sex talk, you know? “The birds and the bees” talk? I mean, I've seen it — on TV shows and in movies — and it always looks painful. And I'm sure that if my dad (or my mom) had sat me down and tried to explain, well, anything about, well, anything, I probably would have stuck my fingers in my ears and said, “la la la la la.” We didn't talk about it. About nudity. Or sex. Or anything at all about the human body or its functions. It just did not happen. Which, honestly, I didn't think was all that strange until I got to college.