

## Monologues for Black Men – 50s

### **DR. PENNINGTON – *The Bleeding Class* by Chisa Hutchinson**

Thiiiiis is Dr. Wesley Pennington calling from the Kilgore Institute, where we have been conducting research, trying to develop a vaccine and a treatment for the HXNX virus that's been ravaging the world. You will hear about this on the news tomorrow, but I wanted to call because I thought you should be one of the first to know that we... have been successful and also...

...also I wanted to let you know that this was only possible because your daughter, Adina Luz Moreno, sacrificed her freedom, her privacy, and... uh... a kind of obscene amount of plasma for the cause. She did this selflessly and without hesitation, and we could not be more grateful that she did. She is... an extraordinary woman with an extraordinary spirit. And an extraordinary immune system, so... thank you... for the exquisite gift that is your daughter. I hope that you are just as proud of her actions as I am. Uh, as we are. Stay safe, be well, and thanks again. Good night. Uh... buena noche. Bye.

### **REVEREND D. – *In The Blood* by Suzan-Lori Parks**

You all know me. You all know this face. These arms. These legs. This body of mine is known to you. To all of you. There isn't a person on the street tonight that hasn't passed me by at some point. Maybe when I was low, many years ago, with a bottle in my hand and the cold hard unforgiving pavement for my dwelling place. Perhaps you know me from that. Or perhaps you know me from my more recent incarnation. The man on the soapbox, telling you of a better life that's available to you, not after the demise of your physical being, not in some heaven where we all gonna be robed in satin sheets and wearing gossamer wings, but right here on earth, my friends. Right here right now. Let the man on the soapbox tell you how to pick yourself up. Let the man on the soapbox tell you how all yr dreams can come true. Let the man on the soapbox tell you that you don't have to be down and dirty, you don't have to be ripped off and renounced, you don't have to be black and blue, your neck don't have to be red, your clothes don't have to be torn, your head don't have to be hanging, you don't have to *bate* yourself, you don't have to hate yr neighbor. You can pull yrself up.

And I am an example of that. I am a man who has crawled out of the quicksand of despair. I am a man who has pulled himself out of that never ending gutter—and you notice friends that every city and every downs got a gutter. Aint no place in the world that don't have some little trench for its waste. And the gutter, is endless, and deep and wide and if you think you gonna crawl out of the gutter by crawling along the gutter you gonna be in the gutter for the rest of your life. You gotta step out of it, friends and I am here to tell you that you can.

### **WYNTON – *The Royale* by Marco Ramirez**

I ever tell you 'bout *The Royale*?

First time I ever got in a ring,  
Back behind a sausage factory in Quint City,  
The smell of pork, so sweet it stung your nose.

Tuesday nights,  
Eighty, ninety men used to gather 'round.  
...  
What they called *The Royale*.  
...  
...  
Friend 'mine –  
Named Herbie Robinson, from Cleveland –  
Said you could make more'n a week's worth of wages if you won,  
So shit,  
There I was –  
And a man comes  
And he picks six of us, maybe seven,  
Takes us,  
*Blindfolded*,  
And herds us into this ring.  
...  
They take a bottle,  
They ain't even have no bell,  
They take a *bottle* and they *smash* it.  
And when you heard that noise,  
Boy,  
When you heard that smash,  
Blindfolded,  
That meant you start swinging.  
...  
Couldn't tell where you were, really,  
Sound of men throwin' change,  
Sound of men screaming their throats bloody at six black boys in a ring.  
...  
First time I went, I got knocked out in ten seconds flat,  
Didn't know *which* direction punches were comin' from,  
But my *second* Tuesday –  
...  
Shit,  
I'm a fast learner, ain't I?