

## Monologues for Black Women – 30s

### HESTER – *In the Blood* by Suzan-Lori Parks

There were once these five brothers and they were all big and strong and handsome and didnt have a care in the world. One was known for his brains so they called him Smarts and one was known for his muscles, so they called him Toughguy, the third one was a rascal so they called him Wild, the fourth one was as goodlooking as all get out and they called him Looker and the fifth was the youngest and they called him Honeychild cause he was as young as he was sweet. And they was always together these five brothers. Everywhere they went they always went together. No matter what they was always together cause they was best friends and wasnt nothing could divide them. And there was this Princess. And she lived in a castle and she was lonesome. She was lonesome and looking for love but she couldnt leave her castle so she couldnt look very far so every day she would stick her head out in her window and sing to the sun and every night she would stick her head out and sing to the moon and the stars: “Where are you?” And one day the five brothers heard her and came calling and she looked upon them and she said: “There are five of you, and each one is wonderful and special in his own way. But the law of my country doesnt allow a princess to have more than one husband.” And that was such bad news and they were all so in love that they all cried. Until the Princess had an idea. She was afer all the Princess, so she changed the law of the land and married them all.

*Rest.*

And with Bro Smarts she had a baby named Jabber. And with Bro Toughguy she had Bully. With Bro Wild came Trouble. With Bro Looker she had Beauty. With Bro Honeychild came Baby. And they was all happy.

### LENA – *Sans-Culottes in the Promised Land* by Kirsten Greenidge

The principal’s son was my sweetheart: so I got my diploma: I wasn’t one of those drop-outs that smoke behind the Walmart. I found my way. I’m not stupid: I pay attention. I had a teacher who was real into words, real into saying words the right way. I paid close attention to every little thing she said, and it worked: I don’t sound like one of those people on the T.V. who can’t put a sentence together, can’t hardly talk: I’m not stupid. I keep up with everything. Even my bills. Each bill I get I send to my grandmother in Fort Worth. Over the phone she tells me how to make out my checks. The only problem right now is that washing machine. Greta’s going to be walking around in rags if I don’t tell them about me soon. People usually understand after I explain, after I tell them that letters don’t work for me. Letters twist around before my head gets a chance to figure them out. People usually understand, but sometimes, sometimes they don’t. That’s...that’s what happened at my last place. The mother there would write me things. I was really good at figuring them out except this one time, my last time, I wasn’t so good. It was a birthday party. I was supposed to take her two girls to this birthday party. She wrote the directions on this piece of paper. Easy, I thought. I just get the big one to read it, say my eyes hurt, or I forgot my glasses. I got a whole list of things I can say. And I can drive okay but directions, when they’re on paper like that, are no good. So I stay calm. I drive around for a little. I wait. I drive a little more, then I make a joke: I say “Hey, make yourself useful.” I give a little laugh, too, to go with the joke. But the big one, the ugly one with the big teeth she says “No.” Just “No” flat out like that. She says it’s not her job, it’s mine. She says it’s what her mother pays me good money for.