

## Monologues for Black Women – 40s/50s

### **PAMELA – *The Sea & The Stars* by Harrison David Rivers**

Honestly, little girl  
If you spent half the time you spend telling that boy what to do and how to do it talking to yourself  
God only knows where you'd be  
For starters  
You certainly wouldn't be pregnant  
Not by that Neanderthal you took up with anyway  
What was his name again?  
Robinson?  
Huh  
First off  
Robinson's not a first name  
It's a last name  
Everybody knows that  
Everybody knows that Robinson's a last name  
What was his mama thinking?  
And second  
Him leaving?  
Best thing for you and that baby  
Trust me—  
Ain't no buts about it, little girl  
Best  
Possible  
Thing  
End of story  
You want my advice?  
Stop moping about that boy.  
He got you pregnant  
Then showing himself to be the shiftless no-count non-committal so-and-so he's ALWAYS been  
He left you high and dry.  
You better recognize God's mercy when it full out slaps you in the face.  
And leave your brother alone!  
Honestly, Francine  
You concentrate on your shit and let Finn concentrate on his.

### **MISSUS LLEWELYN – *The Sea & The Stars* by Harrison David Rivers**

I remember I used to think that the heart was made of impenetrable stuff.  
Of some kind of super material.  
Ball it up  
Stretch it out  
And it will always return to its original shape.  
That would have been smart.  
That would have been the smart way to go.

But no.  
Our hearts are clay  
Not steel.  
And it only takes a tiny bump  
An awkward elbow  
Or a flailing hand  
To knock it over  
And shatter it into a million pieces.  
It only takes a little breeze to scatter those pieces to the four corners of the earth.  
And once they're scattered  
Once they've been taken by the wind  
You ain't never gonna get them all back.  
*(beat)*  
You should go after him.

**MOTHER – *We Are Continuous* by Harrison David Rivers**

Sometimes I think about him and he'll call. Just... out of the blue. Apropos of nothing. Like I'll be reading something, an article in the Times maybe, or a particularly poetic line in a novel, and I'll think, "I should send this to Simon." Or I'll remember something he said once, a quote or joke or a melody he played on the piano. I'll picture him doing a goofy little dance – as a boy he was always doing goofy little dances – or something else will come to mind, a memory, like the time he yelled "shark" at the city pool and got our swimming passes revoked for the summer. And I'll remember how we laughed. How we laughed so hard we cried. Sometimes I'll think about how quiet he was as a baby. How his fingers were always in his mouth and how his eyes were always wide, taking everything in. Me. His father. Our every move. So observant. Sometimes my son will come to mind – a flash of him – while I'm at the library or driving somewhere in the car and seconds later my phone will ring and it will be him.

*(She laughs.)*

"I was just thinking about you," I say. And he says, with a mischievous tone, "I know, that's why I called." It's our little joke. Or, well, I guess it's not really a joke. It's more like a bit, really. A comedy routine that isn't really a routine at all, it's just... well, it's just us. It's just the way we are with each other.