

Monologues for White Men – 20s

MAX – *The Royale* by Marco Ramirez

I want to make sure you understand me:
His representatives – they were very clear every time.
And sometimes it's my job to negotiate –
But other times – there's nothing *to* negotiate –
And it's just my job to *relay* information.
I could talk the stripes off a fuckin' zebra,
But I am not a miracle worker,
I am not – a *magician*.

I should remind you that those crowds have been growing steadily, Jay.
And I should remind you that I am good –
No –
Great –
At my job,
And that you will not find anyone as dedicated to you,
To this sport,
Or to the pursuit of sport *in general* –
And I should also remind you that champs like that hardly *ever* come out of retirement,
And on the rare occasion that they do,
It's for nothing less than fifty-five percent of the purse –
Non-negotiable,
No matter what,
Idea being – if *they're* gonna put those gloves back on,
If *you're* gonna wake the dragon,
You're gonna make it worth their while, win or lose –

They said he'll consider it.

But he needs three months.

...

And he wants –
As for the purse –
Win or lose –

...

...

He wants *ninety percent*.

HUSBAND – *We Are Continuous* by Harrison David Rivers

After he met my parents, Simon said, “you and me, a tale of two very different sets of parents.” I hadn't met his yet, but from what he'd told me, I knew that it was true. Where the Yarbroughs were conservative, the Goolsbys were liberal. Where the Yarbroughs talked about nothing, the Goolsbys talked about everything. Politics. Money. Sex. You name it. Anything and everything was on the table at all times whether you wanted them to be or not.

Simon fit right in. He'd come for dinner and he'd brought my mom flowers from the farmer's market. Ranunculi. She'd loved them. And I could tell by dessert that they loved him. The way they listened when he spoke. The way they smiled. The way they laughed. And I hadn't been nervous. I had no reason to be nervous – Simon was great, my parents were great– but leaving their house, I'd still felt a kind of relief. Like we'd just taken a test that we'd studied for and done well on – maybe even aced. I'd wanted them to like each other and they had. On the bus ride back to the condo, I leaned into him and said, “welcome to the family.”