

Monologue Scripts for Using Respectful Communication with LGBTQ+ People Teaching Strategy

Monologue 1 – Victor

I am Victor and I am a transgender man. I visited a neighborhood clinic because I was having symptoms of an upper respiratory tract infection. My husband, Roy, drove me to the clinic. At the front desk, the intake person asked my name. I said, “Victor Morales.” The intake person could not find me in the system and noticed a Victoria Morales. I said, “Yes, that is me. I go by Victor now”. The intake person rolled her eyes and said, “Victoria oops Victor, please take a seat.” I overheard the intake person say, “Wow, she really looks like a man.” I felt humiliated and frustrated. Like no one cares. When I was called to see the healthcare provider, the nurse addressed me as Victoria. I stated, “I go by Victor.” The nurse took my height, weight, and B/P without looking at me. I felt disrespected and ignored, like I didn’t count. I left the clinic before I could be seen. I will never go back there again.

Monologue 2 – Susan

I am Susan and I am a lesbian. I was admitted to the hospital for dehydration due to gastroenteritis. The nurse asked me about my marital status and if I had a husband. I informed her I was a lesbian. She wrongly assumed I was heterosexual. Later in the day, Debbie, my wife, brought our children to see me. The nurse entered the room and looked perplexed asking: “Is this your niece and nephew?” I informed the nurse that Debbie and I were their mothers. The nurse apologized and quickly left the room not knowing what to say. At change of shift, I overheard the nurse say to the oncoming nurse: “She is way too pretty to be a lesbian.” I felt misunderstood and not trusting in the care I would receive. I did not see anything friendly on the unit towards LGBTQ+ people.

Monologue 3 – Joe

I am Joe. I am 85 years old in need of long-term care. I have severe heart failure and my health is failing. Ben, my husband of 25 years, can no longer take care of me. I have been an activist for gay rights my whole life and now I face discrimination when talking with admission personnel. As soon as they meet Ben, their demeanor changes. It is as though he is not even in the room. Ben and I hope to move into a continual care community where he can visit me every day. We qualify economically, however, we have been turned down for unspecified reasons. Ben is all I have. I do not have any other family. I fought so hard to live my authentic life. Now, I fear I must hide being myself again. Ben says we can stay in our home but that will put too much burden on him. If only we can find someone to accept and respect us for who we are.