

Monologue Mania!

The Boy Who Cried Werewolf

By Daniel Guyton

Male / Early teens / Present day

About the play: Things get wild and hairy when a group of middle school students start to believe their teacher is a werewolf! Chris is really spooked because he's certain he saw a werewolf in his neighborhood... wearing a bowling shirt. His pals don't believe him at first, but when their teacher walks in wearing the same shirt and looking a bit worse for wear, the kids begin to suspect Chris is right! Determined to discover the truth, the young teens sneak into their teacher's home, and just as expected, the werewolf is there! Still... not all is as it seems.

About the scene: Chris, an ingenious and at times reckless youth, offers a thrilling—and challenging—dark tale to inform his classmates about the werewolf that he saw last night. The monologue is a genuine moment of humor that prompts laugh-out-loud surprises and could be a funny, frenetic audition piece.

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CHRIS:

I saw one last night. I was in my room doing my homework, and I heard a dog howling, or at least I thought it was a dog. But when I looked out my window, I saw the dog standing on his hind legs! And he was wearing a bowling shirt and pants, and he had a hat on that said Nike on it. Or... maybe it was Mike? I couldn't really see it. But anyways, he looked like a man kinda, but... really hairy. Kinda like your dad, Benny, but... younger and skinnier, I think. Anyway, his clothes were ripped, and his eyes were really yellow, and he had teeth... like really long teeth. Like the way a dog's teeth look, you know, and... and then he saw me. He looked right at me, and my whole body went numb. And then he snarled, and it looked like he wanted to eat me. I wanted to run, but I couldn't move. I just stared right at him. And that's when he howled. It was the loudest

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sound I have ever heard in my life, and my entire room shook. It even broke the glass on my iPad. So I ran as fast as I could down the hall into my mom's room, but my mom wasn't there. I called out to her, and that's when I heard the window break in my bedroom. So I immediately crawled under my mom's bed! I kept expecting someone to grab my leg or to bite me or to rip me to pieces! But then everything went quiet. The noises all stopped for what seemed like forever. And that's when I heard screaming. It was my neighbor, Mrs. London. She was yelling that someone ate her cat. Yelling over and over again, "Someone ate my cat! Someone ate my cat!" It was horrible. When I finally looked out my mom's window, I saw Mrs. London standing there, yelling. But the dog, or... man, or whatever, wasn't there. But it wasn't a dog at all, you guys. It was... it was a werewolf.