

# THE LIMPING WOLFMAN

By Bobby Keniston

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**EDDIE:** HE is an average guy, a college student, recollecting his first visit home after starting college. HE has a great deal of energy in recounting this story, and, since HE is an actor himself, slips in and out of different voices and characters with ease and fluidity.

**NOTES:** Much as I hate to admit it, this monologue very closely resembles an event from my own history, with a few details embellished here and there for comedic effect. Having lived through much of what happened in this monologue, I can honestly tell you that I DELIGHT in telling this story to people, as it always gets a good laugh. At the time the events actually occurred, however, I was not a happy camper.

My advice to the actor delivering this monologue is to have fun with it, but to also keep in mind just how unpleasant the actual experience was. This adds to the humor. Trust me, I know--- I have been telling the true variation of this story for years.

Slipping in and out of the different voices should be practiced for fluidity. For “Jeff’s voice”, I would suggest making it a distinctive nasal quality.

This piece is dedicated to Tracy Sue, as always, for her unending support and goodwill. Also, I must give a special “shout out” to Lakewood Theater’s “Boo Crew”, 1997.

**AT RISE:** *EDDIE, a good-natured young man.*

EDDIE: Your honor, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, if it wasn’t for what my parents call my “unwavering passion and devotion to the theater,” I probably wouldn’t have wound up in this court for “allegedly” traumatizing a 10-year old girl.

Let me just lay it all on the line for you: I was just looking forward to a nice relaxing long weekend at home. It was my first college break from Camden. The semester hadn’t been going as I planned. The girl I was seeing had just given me a (*adopts “girl’s voice”*) “I think we should just be friends, but I’ll keep all the nice things you gave me. We weren’t

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really serious, right? We can still be friends.” Of course I said I understood, and went back to my dorm room, just wanting to go home.

So I needed to recoup, gather up some strength on my weekend home. I caught a ride with a weirdo who called himself “Tree” because that was (*affecting a “hippie” voice*) “My real name, man... not the name my parents gave me, but my real spiritual name.” But, he got me home, regardless of the patchouli smell that wouldn't wash off me, after a fairly insane seven hour car ride. (*Beat*) Yes, your honor, I'll get to the point. I was just trying to give you an indication of my state of mind, or whatever they say on those courtroom dramas.

Soon as I got home, my folks told me: (*affecting mother's excited voice*:) “You get to be part of the Boo Crew while you're home!” I knew all about the “Boo Crew,” had even been involved for a few years. The theater I grew up at had started doing this Haunted Hayride and Haunted Theater Tour the week before Halloween. Since it was usually a summer theater, they thought it would be a nice way to use the theater before it was closed up for the winter. And don't get me wrong--- I love Halloween, I love the theater, but I was just so tired, physically and emotionally, and I really just wanted to spend the weekend sleeping in and watching television. When I told my parents this, my father said, (*affecting father's voice*) “But we already told everyone you'd do it!” (*affecting mother's voice*) “And your sister's going to do the make-up for it! You get to be the Wolfman!”

I was told that all the Wolfman had to do was stand-off behind some bushes and wait for the hayride to go by, and then run out growling, waving my arms and all that. You want to hear it your honor? (*demonstrating*) GRRRRRRR! Ya know? (*affecting mother's voice*) “It's easy, honey. And everyone will be so happy you agreed to be a part of it!”

So I changed into the skillfully “distressed” jeans my parents had made up, all torn and dirty, smelling like a graveyard, and a nasty, stiff plaid shirt that had been covered with sticky red syrup to look like blood. My sister, the make-up artist, sat me down telling me, (*adopting sister's voice*) “This shouldn't take long.” Two hours later, my face was covered with spirit gum and fake hair that felt more like glued-down steel wool. Errant strands of the stuff kept creeping toward my eyes, which were

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exposed to the elements because I wasn't allowed to wear my glasses. Whoever saw a Wolfman with glasses, right? So my face was itching like crazy, and I could only see colorful blobs through weepy, hair-filled eyes, as we headed down to the theater to get all set-up.

Jeff and Bruce, the guys who run the theater, show me the bush that I'm going to hide behind, and tell me that a hayride will come through about every twenty minutes or so, and all I need to do is run out, go "Grrrrr!" and all that, and then run back to the bush.

Until the second group, anyway. (*adopting Jeff's voice*) "From the second hayride on, we have a girl who's a plant for us. You'll grab her, take her off the back, and pull her back to the bush with you." "Who's the girl?," I ask. (*Jeff's voice*) "Oh, she's got dark hair. She's about thirteen." "Well, is there any way I can meet her beforehand so I don't grab the wrong kid?" (*Jeff's voice*) "No, she couldn't be here until later, that's why she won't be on the first hayride. I'm sure she'll make some kind of eye contact with you to let you know she's the one."

So you see, your honor, the odds were stacked against me from the start.

I went to my bush, wishing I was home, or, at this point, even back at school hiding out in my dorm room for the weekend.

Dusk approaches, and it's getting colder, especially in the torn jeans and syrup shirt. With the light fading, my already impaired vision was even worse. Slowly, down the dirt road path to the theater, I see the first hayride approaching. It's a glorified tractor, with a wagon on the back. I can't make out how many people are on it. Fortunately, for this first round, all I have to do is run up around the wagon, "Grrr-ing". (*Jeff's voice*) "Make sure you get right up next to the wagon, get good and close," I had been told, so I prepared myself to make the best of this and scare some kids. The wagon creeps down the path, finally making its way to my bush. I take a deep breath. I am the Wolfman, I think to myself. I sprint out from behind the bush, making my way to the wagon, growling with all my *might...* (*Demonstrates*) GRRRRRRRR!... And I'm waving my arms around, acting all *savage...* (*demonstrates, waving his arms and growling*) GRRRRR! I run right up to the wagon, have a

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moment where I see some of the kids' faces, and they're startled, and I'm getting into this now, actually having a good time, and then... my left foot is run over by the back wagon tire!

The Wolfman, in pain, throws his arms up to the sky and howls (*demonstrates a pained howl*), and abruptly turns away from the wagon, and begins to limp back to his bush. No longer savage, no longer growling. Instead, the Wolfman sounds curiously like a college student muttering very naughty words under his breath, words that, in a few minutes, parents sitting on the hayride will be complaining about their kids hearing.

For the record, though, I want to say that I normally would never use naughty words like that with kids around. It was the pain swearing, not me.

So, I go back to my bush, waiting for the second hayride to come through. I'm not only in pain, but now I'm nervous. I'm supposed to grab this "dark-haired" girl who's about thirteen. And, in truth, without my glasses and with make-up all over my face, I don't what thirteen even looks like!

As the second hayride nears, I lumber out from behind the bush, half-running, half-limping, an old man's stagger, which may actually be heightening the horrific effect, who knows? I come real close to the wagon, "Grrrrring!" like a trooper, and scan the kids, who, by now are all just little blobs to me, looking for dark hair and eye contact. Of course, the wagon is still moving, and I'm behind it, trying to keep up, trying to see my victim. A little dark-haired girl makes eye contact with me and smiles. Is she about thirteen?, I ask myself, but there's no way I can tell. I reach out my arms to grab her.

I don't know if I'm responsible for "traumatizing" her as the documents I was served say, but by the way she started screaming, I would have to guess that it is a real possibility.

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