

Scarecrow
By Dana Hall

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Character

Scarecrow: A dad.

Synopsis

As the seasons change, this scarecrow is bound to leave his memory.

At Rise: A man dressed as a scarecrow is standing in a yard. He talks to his wife.

They're not getting any younger, honey- you have to evolve with the times.

It's not about the candy anymore; it's about the scare. That's why I've been working on this Halloween prank for weeks.

Look, I put that decoy scarecrow on the front lawn so the neighbors won't expect a thing. Weeks of them walking by it, then finally, the neighbor's golden retrieve Waffles gave it the inaugural urination. With that steaming urine, it officially took its place as a lawn fixture.

A lawn fixture - you know what that means?

No? Well, I'll tell you- they've psychologically accepted it. We're in!

That's right, all October, it was just the average everyday fall lawn decoration until All Hallows Eve it will reveal its true self.

[Slight evil laughs then like a villain in a cartoon explains his plans.]

You see, to guarantee my little ruse, I had to ensure we had other wholesome decor to throw them off our trail. The key is to show them that we're fun but not too edgy. That's how you lure them in. *[pause]*

What do you mean by "who"? The *children* honey- we want to lure the children.

That's why I have all the classic decorations- *[fake concern]* Uh Oh watch out, Cindy! A black cat on a pumpkin! See that over there, Tommy? Oh no! What's that? A witch flew right into our tree. And to seal the fate as the least-threatening house on the block- Look, kids! A collection of pumpkins carved like cats!

How purr-fect indeed. While they're mesmerized by the light flickering off the whiskers, it'll allow me to sneak up behind them. 'The pièce de résistance.' *[she doesn't get it.]* Me. Me! Well, me in the scarecrow costume. And as they ring the doorbell, I'll turn to get into place right behind them. I'll wait until they've just finished with their sweet chorus of "trick or treat," then I'll yell out, "BOO!"

I'll add in some waving of my straw limbs like I'm undead, and they'll scream with fright and runoff through the leaves to the Millers. Honey, I can just see it now.

It's beautiful isn't it?

[beat]

Ok. Ok, I see the look of concern on your face. But you don't get it.

The boys will always look to you as their support - but what about me? I feel like I was a phase. I'm like this scarecrow- oh yah, the farmer needs it in the fall when all the birds are eating his crops but come winter, no birds- no need for the scarecrow. My season is up.

John can already outscore me on the court and I understand zero percent about coding, so Zack has completely checked out from me, BUT you know the one thing we do all have in common? Do not say missing when we pee because that is NOT exclusive to us. It's PRANKS. Pranks are the one thing we all have in common.

And do you know what'll happen if I can pull this off?

They'll look at me like they used to, honey. I'll be the *cool* dad - John will give me a fist bump, or- or maybe he'll want to make up some elaborate handshake only he and I know that we'll only do at special occasions like when he gets drafted to the NBA or married. And Zack, Zack will toss his bangs to the side and mutter some monosyllabic praise in my direction [*imitates* "sweet" and I'll act all nonchalant and nod my head- like no biggie.

But it is a biggie. They're admiration will hit right here in the old crow's heart- Cuz I may not have much up here [*gestures to his head*] but man, I love those boys with everything I am.

I just want one for the old memory book, something I can take with me, so if it means scaring the daylights out of the Johnson twins, it's well worth it to me because in the end, everyone gets candy, and I get my boys. [*gathers himself*]

So if you don't mind, will you please stuff my backside a little more and help position me by the cat 'o'lanterns?

- END-