

Humanity vs. The Wolf

Written by

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SCENE 1:

*An office-like room. It is night.*

THOMAS: Log One, February 6th. I've decided, after long consideration, to keep a log. I've been on the fence about it for a while now, but after what I saw today, I need somebody to tell, and I fear anyone I speak to about this matter will think I've gone insane. I'm not sure how to transition into this, so I'll just hop in. It was dusk when I went outside.

*Lights up on a different portion of the stage as Thomas walks there. Near the curtain, a humanoid beast stands.*

THOMAS: I saw something, a beast. At first I thought they were... a man, maybe? I called out to them and realized the figure seemed hunched, and was covered in dark hair. They stood on two legs, but as they crept towards me, I saw the fur seemed to climb up their delicate face.

*Thomas steps to the beast. The creature stills, then pulls back in fear and runs away, maybe on all fours.*

THOMAS: Then they ran away, and I haven't seen them since.

*Thomas sits in his chair and starts writing. The lights change to symbolize a new day—he's lovestruck.*

THOMAS: Today I met a woman, I found her in the fields, playing with the sheep. Something about her seemed so very familiar, but I couldn't for the life of me figure out why.

*He gets up—he is now in his memory. Nora walks in, laughing and smiling. She tenses up when she notices him.*

THOMAS: Hello. You—you aren't supposed to be here.

NORA: Oh! I'm so sorry, I just saw the sheep and couldn't help myself.

*Thomas smiles and approaches the stranger.*

THOMAS: They are quite sweet. The children in town love them.

NORA: I'm sure they do.

THOMAS: You're new. I've never seen you in town before.

NORA: Yes, I came from a few towns over.

*Nora walks offstage. Thomas walks to his desk and begins speaking again.*

THOMAS: We spoke for hours, I don't remember how much time I lost, but... something about her was just so... wonderful. *(He laughs)* So wonderful, I forgot to ask her name.

SCENE 2:

*Reset the poses and lights to signify night.*

THOMAS: Someone else saw them, the beast. They described them as a man-wolf, and claimed they ate their sheep. Brady came forth, claiming that we need to slay the beast, stop them from not getting our livestock, our children. I wish I spoke out, because something seemed wrong about it. When I saw the creature, they never threatened me. They seemed afraid. I'm not sure what to do

*Time moves forward again.*

THOMAS: I came to Brady, to tell him about what happened, the first day I saw the creature, I mean. He didn't laugh like I thought he would.

*Thomas walks up to a still Brady. They begin to talk.*

BRADY: You've seen it? Up close?

THOMAS: Yes, and it didn't seem aggressive, just... afraid? I think maybe we should just leave it be.

BRADY: Leave it be? Thomas, do you know what you're talking about? We hunt after wolves, don't we? What makes this monster any different from them?

THOMAS: You didn't see it, Brady. It stood on two legs, and had fur covering a face—not like dogs—but like ours. It had a small nose and a person's eyes. It was almost a human, I think—

BRADY: You think. Thomas, that's what's different between you and I. I hunt things, I'm brave, I'm strong, and you? You're like a new lamb, curious, and connecting with whatever you see. But that will make you vulnerable. Weak. And until you grow in yer horns and learn to stand on your own two hooves, that's all you can be. This thing is hurting this town, and I'm planning to stop it. What about you?

THOMAS: Yeah, I-

*Brady walks away, leaving Thomas alone.*

THOMAS: I guess he's right.

*Time moves forward again.*

THOMAS: It's been hunting livestock. Everyone has lost sheep or dogs. I've been lucky—it hasn't touched mine. Maybe I scared them off that day that I found them in the bushes. Well... I also saw Nora again today—her name is Nora, by the way—so beautiful. I remember my mother once telling me that the name ment light, shining light.

*The lights change to a darker color.*

THOMAS: Brady has invited me on a hunt tonight. I'm afraid to face the beast again. I'm afraid I will never see Nora again. She wasn't in the field today as she usually is, so instead I left her a letter on the porch. Hopefully I get back before she even has to read it.

*We are finally in real time. Thomas walks with Brady.*

THOMAS: Brady, are you sure this is a good idea? The beast hasn't hurt anyone, and they've taken no more sheep than the average wolf.

BRADY: From how you talk I'd assume you know the beast.

THOMAS: No I just—I don't like the idea of taking an unnecessary life.

BRADY: Oh, don't be so faint-hearted Thomas!

*Thomas looks uncomfortable, then fixes his sword and follows Brady into the forest.*

THOMAS: Brady! There!

*They both turn to see the wolf. She runs.*

THOMAS: Where did they go?

BRADY: We will split up. It'll be easier to find the beast that way.

*Brady runs off stage. Thomas looks around then sees Nora. Her clothes are tattered and her skin is torn and bruised. It's apparent now that she is the wolf.*

NORA: Thomas, I don't understand. I never hurt anyone, I never killed anyone. Why do you hunt me like some *beast*? Thomas, I—

*Brady stands behind and stabs her. Nora looks at the wound, then to Thomas. Brady takes the blade out and smiles.*

THOMAS: No! You can't! It's—she's—she's a person, Brady, I know her!

BRADY: It's a monster!

*Thomas looks at Nora, then Brady, then turns away. Brady raises his weapon. Nora flinches, covering her face. As he swings his sword, the lights go out and Nora screams.*

END