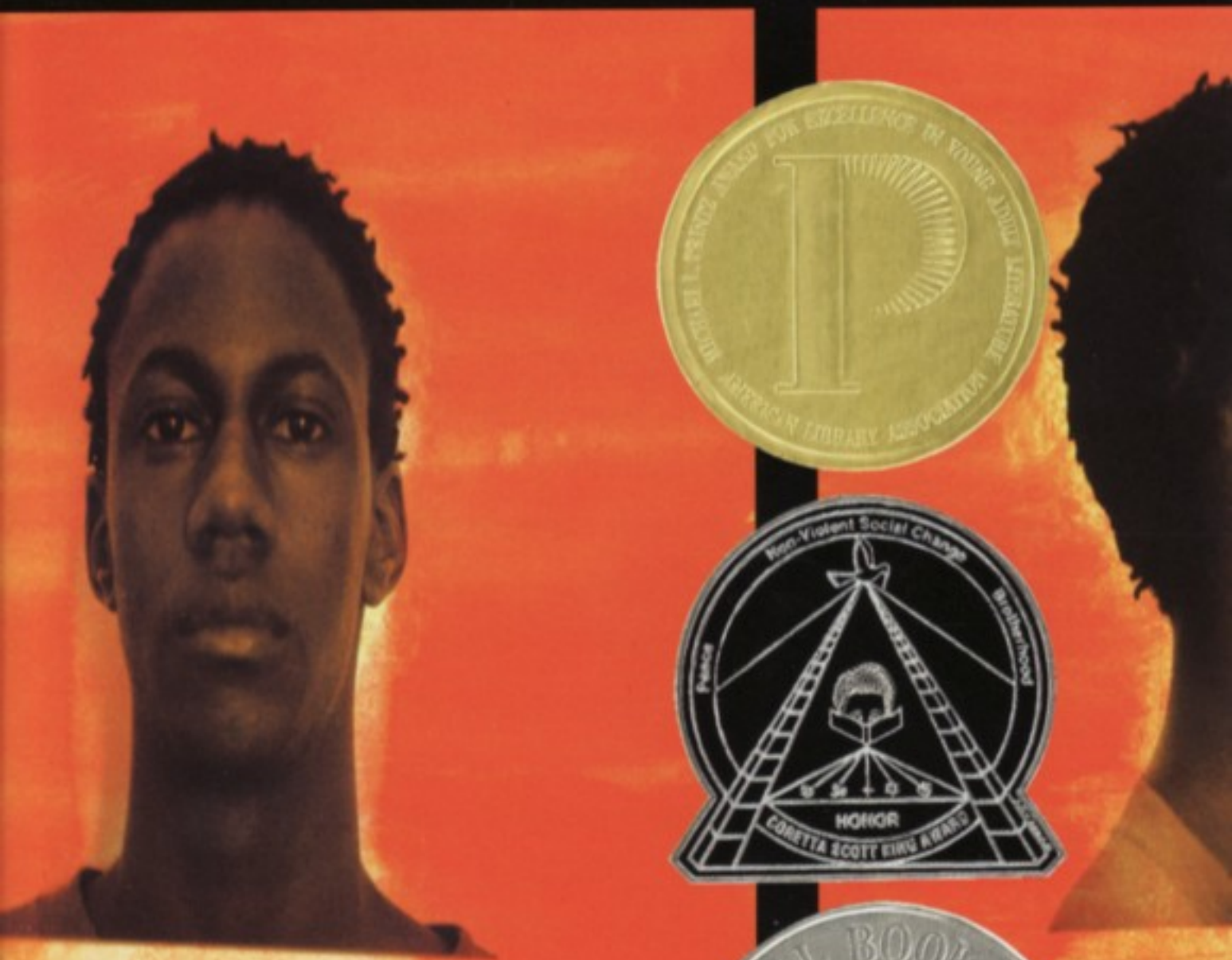


New York Times Bestseller
WALTER DEAN MYERS

MONSTER



-17 -12/59-4 8-23-

STATE CORRECTIONAL

W YORK

EXTRAS
INSIDE

Monday, July 6th

Monster!

FADE IN: INTERIOR: Early morning in **CELL BLOCK D, MANHATTAN DETENTION CENTER.** Camera goes slowly down grim, gray corridor. There are sounds of inmates yelling from cell to cell; much of it is obscene. Most of the voices are clearly Black or Hispanic. Camera stops and slowly turns toward a cell.

INTERIOR: CELL. Sixteen-year-old **STEVE HARMON** is sitting on the edge of a metal cot, head in hands. He is thin, brown skinned. On the cot next to him are the suit and tie he is to wear to court for the start of his trial.

CUT TO: ERNIE, another prisoner, sitting on john, pants down.

CUT TO: SUNSET, another prisoner, pulling on T-shirt.

CUT TO: STEVE pulling blanket over his head as screen goes dark.

VOICE-OVER (VO)

Ain't no use putting the blanket over your head, man. You can't cut this out; this is reality. This is the real deal.

VO continues with anonymous PRISONER explaining how the Detention Center is the real thing. As he does, words appear on the screen, just like the opening credits of the movie *Star Wars*, rolling from the bottom of the screen and shrinking until they are a blur on the top of the screen before rolling off into space.

Monster!

**The Story of
My
Miserable
Life**

**Starring
Steve Harmon**

**Produced by
Steve Harmon**

**Directed by
Steve Harmon**

(Credits continue to roll.)

***The incredible story
of how one guy's life
was turned around
by a few events
and how he might
spend the rest of his life
behind bars.***

***Told as it
actually
happened!***

STEVE HARMON'S BLACK.
HE'S IN JAIL, MAYBE FOREVER.
HE'S ON TRIAL FOR MURDER.
AND HE'S SIXTEEN YEARS OLD.

FADE IN: INTERIOR: Early morning in CELL
BLOCK D, MANHATTAN DETENTION CENTER.

STEVE (Voice-Over)

Sometimes I feel like I have walked into
the middle of a movie. Maybe I can make
my own movie. The film will be the story
of my life. No, not my life, but of this
experience. I'll call it what the lady
prosecutor called me. . . . **MONSTER**

"This riveting courtroom drama . . .
will leave a powerful, haunting impression.
An insightful look at a teenage suspect's lost innocence."
—*Publishers Weekly* (starred review)

By the author of SHOOTER

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Walter Dean Myers talks about why he writes for
teens, provides a sneak peek at his novel *Game*,
and more!

EXTRAS
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