

The Monster Under the Bed

By

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INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An OLDER MAN sits on a couch. He looks to be in his mid 50's. He watches the news as he takes a puff from his cigar.

In walks DAVEY, 17. Davey stands there, staring down the older man. The older man takes another puff from his cigar and glances over at Davey.

DAVEY

Hey, Dad.

The older man, who is Davey's Dad turns his head ever so slightly, able to see Davey while still watching the news.

DAD

Hello, son.

Davey stands there, just staring at his Dad.

DAD

Do you need something, son?

DAVEY

Um...well...it's 9:30.

DAD

And?

DAVEY

Well...I'm going to bed now.

DAD

Alright. Goodnight.

Davey inches closer to his Dad.

DAVEY

I was just kind of wondering if you could do me a favor...

DAD

What?

Davey takes a deep breath and closes his eyes shut.

Davey's Dad takes a puff from his cigar.

DAVEY

Could you check under my bed for monsters?

(CONTINUED)

Davey's Dad chokes on the cigar smokes and shuts off the T.V.

DAD  
Are you gay, son!?

DAVEY  
No! I'm just...afraid.

DAD  
I did not raise you to be a pansy! You are 17! There is no way I am doing that!

DAVEY  
Fine. Could you at least check my closet then?

Davey's Dad gets up from the couch and heads for the front door.

DAVEY  
Where are you going?

DAD  
Where do I go every night?

DAVEY  
To drown your emotions in alcohol?

DAD  
Bingo.

He slams the door as Davey stands alone.

INT. DAVEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Davey slowly opens the door peeking inside. Without turning on the lights he sprints to his bed and flops down in it.

He thrashes the covers over himself.

DAVEY  
It's okay, Davey. It's gonna be okay.

Davey slowly pulls the covers from over his head and closes his eyes.

SCARY VOICE  
(Off Screen)  
Hello, Davey.

(CONTINUED)

Davey pulls the covers back over his head.

DAVEY  
Who's there!?

SCARY VOICE  
(Off Screen)  
Your worst nightmare!

Davey screams. He leans over to his night stand and turns on his lamp.

He looks up. There stands a green, furry MONSTER. Davey calms down, noticing the monster reminds him of Oscar the Grouch.

DAVEY  
Oh.

MONSTER  
What? Why aren't you screaming anymore?

DAVEY  
I don't know. You just don't look that scary.

MONSTER  
You have got to be kidding me.

Davey chuckles.

DAVEY  
No. Actually you kind of remind me of Oscar the-

MONSTER  
Don't say it!

DAVEY  
-Grouch.

The monster shakes his head.

MONSTER  
God damn it. I don't believe this! I do not look like him! Why does everyone always say that! Fuck!

DAVEY  
Sorry. What is your name then?

MONSTER

...Oscar.

OSCAR flops down on a bean bag chair, and puts his head in his hands.

DAVEY

Hey, Come on. It's not that bad.

OSCAR

Oh great. They fucking 17 year old kid still afraid of monsters is telling me it's not that bad.

DAVEY

True...

OSCAR

Ah. Who am I kidding. Your practically the only one who was. I guess this business is just harder than I thought.

Davey gets up from his bed and takes a seat on the other bean bag chair next to Oscar.

DAVEY

The monster business?

OSCAR

Yeah. Things used to be good. I used to be able to make any kid shit their pants. Those were the good old days.

DAVEY

Yeah...nothing like a pair of pants full of shit...

Oscar takes out a cigarette, and lights it.

OSCAR

You know what really fucking ruined this business? Monsters fucking Inc.

DAVEY

How?

OSCAR

They made us look like pussies! I go to scare some little girl, and you know what she does?

(CONTINUED)

DAVEY  
Shits her pants?

OSCAR  
No. She asked me for a hug! A  
fucking hug! Can you believe that?

DAVEY  
Well...you do look like Oscar the  
Grouch...

OSCAR  
I don't believe this!

Oscar stands up. He begins to pace around the room.

OSCAR  
(Continued)  
Even the 17 year old kid who sleeps  
with the sissy night light doesn't  
think I'm scary!

DAVEY  
Hey! That is not true!  
(Beat)  
It's a Bat Man night light! That's  
pretty bad ass, man.

OSCAR  
I'm just sick of this shit!

Oscar throws his cigarette on the floor.

DAVEY  
Hey! Stomp that out!

Oscar stomps it out.

OSCAR  
I'm sorry. I just need a pick me  
up. You know? I could also use a  
nice back rub too. Cause god knows  
my wife won't do it. Always  
watching her soaps. Ugh. Never  
marry a Mountain Troll, kid.

Davey leans back in his bean bag chair, staring at the  
ceiling.

DAVEY  
I think I have an idea!

OSCAR

You do back rubs? Nice. I'll pass on the happy ending though.

DAVEY

No, Oscar!

OSCAR

Damn! Sorry. I'll let you do the happy ending. Jesus.

DAVEY

No. I mean I know someone you can scare.

OSCAR

Who?

INT. DAVEY'S SISTER'S ROOM - NIGHT

The door slowly creeks open. Davey and Oscar tip toe their way into the room.

OSCAR

Are you sure she'll be scared?

DAVEY

Positive. She's afraid of everything. Even the greeters at Wal Mart.

OSCAR

Well I don't blame her. Those people scare me too.

They come upon the bed. They look down at Davey's sister, LIZZY, 7.

DAVEY

You think you can do this?

OSCAR

Watch and learn, kid.

Oscar hops onto the bed, getting close to Lizzy's face.

Lizzy opens her eyes.

Oscar starts to scream and holler. He makes a scary face, while drooling all over Lizzy.

Lizzy screams bloody murder.

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR  
Yes! I still got it!

Lizzy screams again.

LIZZY  
Oh my gosh! It's really you Oscar  
the Grouch!

She leans closer and gives him a hug.

LIZZY  
I love you so much!

Oscar pushes her away and gets down from the bed.

OSCAR  
I'm done! I'm fucking done! I  
can't scare anyone!

Oscar looks down at Davey. He is in the fetal position.

DAVEY  
Well. I see what you mean about  
you making kids shit their pants...

OSCAR  
Don't try to make me feel better!

Oscar storms out of the room.

DAVEY  
I'm gonna need a wet towel...

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Davey's Dad sits at the bar. Several beer glasses surround him.

Oscar sits down next to him.

OSCAR  
(To the bartender)  
6 beers. On the double.

Davey's Dad looks over at Oscar.

DAD  
Rough night?

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR  
You don't even know. Whats wrong  
with you?

DAD  
My son's gay.

END