IMAGINATION, SMAGINATION

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM – NIGHT

MASON (30s) and KATE (30s) sleep soundly in their bed.

The bedroom door slowly creaks open. On the other side in the hall stands OWEN (5). He walks to the bed and taps Kate on the shoulder.

    OWEN
    Mommy.

Kate groans ever so slightly, but doesn’t acknowledge Owen. Owen shakes Kate this time.

    OWEN (CONT’D)
    Mommy.

Kate wakes up.

    KATE
    Sweetie, what are you doing up?

    OWEN
    There’s a monster in my closet.

Mason turns over.

    MASON
    What’s up? What’s going on?

    KATE
    Monster in his closet.

Owen nods his head.

    OWEN
    Can I sleep with you and daddy?

Mason sluggishly rolls out of bed, wearing nothing but underwear. He reaches down beside the bed, grabs a shirt and puts it on.

    MASON
    Not tonight, buddy.

    OWEN
    But there’s a monster in my closet.
MASON
I know. And you and me are going
to go kick him out of there and
make sure he never comes back
again. How does that sound?

Owen shakes his head.

Mason walks around the bed to Kate’s side and lovingly pats
Owen on the head.

MASON (CONT’D)
It’s okay, Owen. Come on.

Mason puts his hand down for Owen to grab it, which he
reluctantly does.

KATE
Daddy will take care of the
monster, okay sweetheart?

Mason and Owen walk hand in hand out of the bedroom.

INT. OWEN’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

The door is wide open. Mason and Owen step into the door
frame. Mason reaches in and turns the light on.

Actions figures scatter the floor. A mess of superhero
bedsheets rests on the twin sized bed.

The closet door is slightly open.

The two step into the room.

MASON
Go sit on your bed.

Owen does as he’s told. He looks nervous.

Mason gazes at the closet door.

MASON (CONT’D)
Well there’s your problem right
there. You left the door open.
Everyone knows that closet monsters
can’t get out of a closed closet.

Mason walks to the closet door and shuts it.

He walks to the bed and takes a seat next to Owen on the edge
of the bed, feet on the floor.
MASON (CONT’D)
That wasn’t so bad, was it.

OWEN
But he’s still in there.

MASON
I don’t think so, Owen. It’s just your imagination. There’s no such thing as monsters.

OWEN
But I saw him.

MASON
I know you think you saw that, but it’s not real. Trust me.

OWEN
But he’s real. I saw him.

Mason sighs.

MASON
What does he look like?

OWEN
He’s green, and he has big eyes, and he has big ears, and he has long nails, and he’s ugly and scary.

Owen is clearly shaken up.

Mason hugs Owen.

MASON
Boy, he does sound ugly.

CLOSET MONSTER (O.S.)
(muffled through closet door)
Alright, alright, enough of this gong show.

Mason screams and jumps back. His head darts over to the closet.

The closet door swings open, revealing the CLOSET MONSTER. It resembles Owen’s description.

OWEN
I told you.
Owen hides behind his dad.

    CLOSET MONSTER
    Not real, huh? How’s this for not real for you, punk.

The monster moves closer to Mason and Owen. Mason shields Owen.

    CLOSET MONSTER (CONT’D)
    I’m sick of this bologna... always trying to convince your kids we’re not real, playing it off to imagination.
    (beat)
    Well I got news for you, you dick, we’re totally real.

    MASON
    I was...

    CLOSET MONSTER
    (overlapping)
    And I’ll have you know that I’m extremely handsome where I come from. Can’t say the same for you. Look at that pale skin, those small eyes, those short nails. You disgust me.
    (beat)
    And it doesn’t take a genius to open a doorknob, Einstein.

Mason opens his mouth to speak.

    CLOSET MONSTER (CONT’D)
    You shut your mouth. Shut it.

Mason’s mouth snaps shut.

The closet monster makes his way to the bedroom door.

    CLOSET MONSTER (CONT’D)
    Thanks for ruining my night, asshole.

    KATE (O.S.)
    What’s going on in here?

Kate walks into the room in a panic and comes face to face with the monster.

She stops short, stares and screams before fainting and falling to the floor.
The monster looks down at Kate, then back at Mason and Owen.

CLOSET MONSTER
You want to talk about ugly? Woof.

The monster walks out of the bedroom.

Mason and Owen sit on the bed, Mason in total disbelief.

MONSTER UNDER BED (O.S.)
Don’t worry about him.

Father and son yell in unison. Mason’s feet dart up from the floor to the bed.

MONSTER UNDER BED (O.S.) (CONT’D)
He’s just upset that he didn’t get the promotion under the bed.

A pair of red eyes glow underneath the bed.

FADE OUT.