

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.