

PLAYS FOR
New Audiences

A Division of Children's Theatre Company

***The Monster Under
the Bed***

by Kevin Dyer

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Characters.

BEN, a boy at junior school.

BEN'S DAD, a soldier.

MUM

VINCENT, Ben's best mate.

MONSTER, who lives under Ben's bed.

DAD MONSTER

MISS ROWLANDS, Ben's (and Vince's and Celine's) teacher

CELINE, a girl in Ben's class.

ANTHONY, the cleverest boy in the class.

DANNY, the coolest boy in class.

CELINE'S DOG

Part Sharing (could be):

1. (M) Ben
2. (M) Ben's Dad/Dad Monster
3. (F) Ben's Mum/Miss Rowlands/Celine
4. (M) Vince/Anthony/Danny/Celine's Dog
5. (M) Monster

The Two Back Stories:

1. Ben's dad gives him a pair of binoculars. They are a great gift. Dad is a soldier going away.

Yesterday: Ben takes them to school to show to his best mate, Vince. Vince loves them, takes them ... and doesn't give them back. The two boys have a big falling out.

Ben comes home, without the binoculars. Angry and upset, he takes it out on his mum. He goes to bed angry. His mum is angry, too.

2. The Monster and his Dad live under Ben's bed. During the day when Ben is at school, the Monster sneaks out and plays with Ben's toys. He sneaks down to the kitchen and steals food, and brings it back for his dad, who stays under the bed.

Set.

There is **underbed** and **overbed**.

On the boy's bed is where we start.

There is a point when the story goes underbed.

The play then has two strands, alternating between under and over – and sometimes the two worlds come together.

A bed, piled with bedclothes. An incomplete jig-saw, a few books are scattered around, a toy gun. The pile of clothes moves. A boy, in the bed, has troubled dreams.

Sounds of battle and war and helicopters.

His dad sweeps in.

BEN'S DAD: Here y'are, son.

He gives Ben a present. Ben unwraps it and finds a pair of binoculars.

BEN: Fantastic! Noculars.

He lifts them to his eyes, the wrong way round.

BEN'S DAD: Other end.

BEN: They're great. (Looking through them the right way)
They're all black.

BEN'S DAD: You've got to take the caps off. They protect the lenses.

BEN: It's all blurry. How do you work 'em?

BEN'S DAD: Close one eye and focus the other. Then turn the thing in the middle.

BEN: What can I see through them?

BEN'S DAD: Anything you want.

BEN: Anything?

Ben looks through. Ben's Dad looks back at him from the other end.

BEN'S DAD: Don't make trouble at school; don't let Vince, that mate of yours, be a pain in the butt; and look after your mum. OK? See you.

BEN: See you, Dad.

BEN'S DAD: Yeah.

Dad gives him a big hug.

BEN'S DAD: Love you, Corporal.

BEN: Love you, Sergeant.

Dad salutes – and Ben salutes back.

BEN'S DAD: Toodle-pip.

Ben's Dad picks up his bag and goes.

Vince, runs on and takes the binoculars.

BEN: Vince!

VINCE: A microscope!

BEN: Noculars, nugget!

VINCE: A periscope!

BEN: Noculars, div head.

VINCE: A stethoscope!

BEN: Vince, don't be a pain in the butt. Give them back!

VINCE: I'm only looking.

BEN: Just look then.

VINCE: Come on, I'm your best mate.

BEN: Give em back.

VINCE: (Smiling) O all right.

Vince puts them down. Ben relaxes. Vince snatches them back.

BEN: Vince!

And they fight, a huge fight, everything a boy could want in an adventure – Pirates, Ninjas and Wizards. Eventually... Vince is vanquished, completely dead.

BEN: Vince, you all right?

Then Vince rises like a zombie.

VINCE: I may be dead, Ben...

But I've still got the 'noculars.

Vince grabs the binoculars and runs off.

BEN: Vince! I've got to have 'em back, cos if I look through I can see... I'll get my dad!

VINCE: (Running back on) He isn't here, you maggot.

Vince goes.

Ben throws himself into bed. He dreams badly.

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The alarm clock goes off by the side of his bed, and he turns it off. It is morning. Mum comes in.

BEN: (Sleepily) I'm not a maggot.

MUM: Come on, sleepy. Up time.

BEN: Mu-uh...

MUM: School time.

BEN: Can't.

MUM: No such word.

BEN: Poorly.

MUM: Where?

BEN: Let's stay at home – on the sofa with a DVD.

MUM: We're short at work, I can't.

BEN: No such word.

MUM: Don't be cheeky. (Checking his forehead) You haven't got a temperature.

BEN: (Hoarse) Throat.

MUM: (Looking in) Looks all right.

BEN: Like stingers in it.

MUM: If there's a problem, Miss Rowlands will ring me and I'll sort something out.

BEN: My tongue's bad, feels green. (Shows his tongue)

MUM: It's pink. It's fine. Now shift.

He doesn't.

MUM: What's up?

BEN: The sky.

MUM: (Getting a bit fed up now) Out. Up. School.

BEN: Mum, my bed's been bulgy all night. Something digging in my back, hurting me. Bad dreams. There's something underneath.

MUM: (Getting his school clothes ready) Yeah, dust and rubbish; time we had a clean out.

BEN: Monsters or something, all night poking me.

MUM: I'll get the Hoover out tomorrow, suck them all up.

BEN: And I've lost my comfy. I had it when I went to bed. I think the monster stole it. The monster under the bed.

MUM: Ben, the only monster in this room is me. So tell me what cereal you want, or I'll grind your bones to make my-

BEN: That was a giant, not a monster, and I don't want any.

MUM: Mummy is under a lot of pressure. If she doesn't go to work, on time, she'll get the sack.

He sits there, not knowing what to do. Silence.

END OF PREVIEW. PURCHASE PERUSAL FOR FULL SCRIPT