

# ***The Monster Under the Bed***

By Kevin Dyer

Extract

MUM: I've got work, you've got school. (Gives him his clothes) Dressed. Now. Then breakfast double quick. It's twenty to.

BEN: I don't-

MUM: But I do. So so do you, mate. (Looking everywhere) Where are your shoes? I'll find 'em. Get dressed.

*She goes, searching for the shoes.*

*Ben, alone, very reluctantly puts on socks... but takes them off again and chucks them away.*

MUM: (Entering, with shoes and a bowl of cereal) Your servant's arrived. Breakfast, Sir. (Sees he's not dressed) Ben! Get dressed, then get this down your neck or I'll... Sixty seconds that's all, then it's trouble, big trouble.

*She goes.*

*Ben puts the spoon on the floor... and slaps his hand down on it so that it spins across the room. He laughs.*

*He gets it so he can do it again. He puts it down, sends it spinning again.*

*Laughs again.*

*He goes over to get it again...and an arm comes out from under the bed and steals his breakfast bowl. Ben sees it.*

BEN: Oi!

*He grabs the bowl and pulls. The arm under the bed pulls too.*

BEN: Let go! Let go!

Let go of my...Aargh!

*He is being dragged under the bed, he has to let go. The bowl disappears under the bed.*

BEN: Give me my bowl back!

*We hear munching and slurping and swallowing. The bowl is chucked out – it's empty. Then the spoon.*

BEN: Where's my breakfast?

MONSTER: (Under the bed) Gone! Tummy!

BEN: Who are you?

MONSTER: (Under the bed) Hungry. I could eat a giraffe.

BEN: Don't you mean a horse?

MONSTER: (Under the bed) No morebiggerer than a horse.

BEN: Come out. Or I'll...

MONSTER: (Under the bed) Huffle and puffle and blow your house down.

BEN: You a wolf?

MONSTER: howls like a wolf.

MONSTER: (Under the bed) No. Not wolf.

BEN: Who then?

Some snuffling, then... the Monster squeezes out, smiling. The Boy backs off.

BEN: (Pointing under his bed) You live..?

MONSTER: Me underbed. You overbed.

BEN: What are you?

MONSTER: You up on the bed, stories at night, they good. Then you snoring, that's bad, like an elepotomus. Last night, worse than ever, rolling, blubbing, outshouting...Now daytime: you go with your mum.

BEN: Not today.

MONSTER: Yes. Down the wooden hill you go, then the door closes and the key turns and everything goes quiet, just the birds singyng in the treethings and the mice eating chocolate you hided behind wardyrobe so your mum no find it. And I come out and play. With your Lego and remoter control tank and Binonicle.  
But I put them back. Same place. As if nothing has happened nothing has been.

BEN: You're a...

*Monster nods.*

That lives under my...

*Monster nods.*

BEN: I need comfy. (Searching on the bed) I hold it when I get... ever since I was a baby.

*Monster goes back under and comes out with an old blanket. He gives it to Ben. Ben holds it close, sucks the corner.*

BEN: Are you really..?

MONSTER: Underbed Monster. I eat...

BEN: Children.

MONSTER: No, jammy crusts you've dropped under kitchytable and squashygrapes that have rollied under the washy-sheen. Fings from the fridgillator when you've gone. I finish off the milky mushy bit you leave in your brecklefast bowly. But today I got whole bowlyful.

BEN: You ate my breakfast.

MONSTER: Yurghh, chocolate crispies in banana milk - too sweet and badreallybad for teeth. When you've gone I'll borrow your teethbrush.

BEN: Wha!?

MONSTER: No worries. I'll put it back before you find out.

BEN: You can't!

MONSTER: No such word says Mummything. And tell her I don't like new blue teethpaste, it's blimmin' horrible.

MUM: (Off) I'm coming. You ready?

MONSTER: Today Mummything more scary than Underbed Monster.

BEN: It's cos Dad's gone, she's, you know...

MONSTER: Shouty.

BEN: We're late.

MONSTER: Go. Today gonna do my jigsaw of Doctor Who.

BEN: MY jigsaw. And you can't, there's a piece missing, of the Dalek's eye. A 100 piece jigsaw with one piece missing. It's useless.

MONSTER: Better than mine! My hundred piece jigsaw got ninety pieces missing. Wait there.

*He crawls back under, then re-emerges with the piece, gives the piece to Ben.*

BEN: It's the Dalek's eye.

MUM: (Off) Fifty-five.

MONSTER: Hurry up. Off you buzz.

*Ben goes to go, but stops.*

BEN: At school...

MONSTER: Problemo?

BEN: Big problemo.

MUM (Off): Fifty-six.

BEN: Vince.

MONSTER: You outshouting that word all night.

BEN: Yeah.

MONSTER: What is a 'Vince'?

MUM (Off): Fifty-seven.

BEN: My best mate. Was. He's stole my noculars and won't give 'em back and today's the last day of term so I've got to get 'em back.  
He was in my dreams.

MONSTER: Vince...bigger than me?

BEN: No.



MONSTER: *Little* problemo then.

MUM: (Off): Fifty-eight. Coming ready or not.

MONSTER: (Having an idea) Ping! You do jigsaw, and I'll go. Get noculars, eat Vince. Turn Vince into mince. (Sings) Me no afraid of the Big Bad Vince, Big Bad Vince.