How to Catch a Monster

Setting: Staged like a younger boy’s bedroom, there is a bed in the center of the room, a small bookshelf, a laundry basket, and a couple of toys lying around. The mom is tucking the son into bed.

Characters
Mother: an older woman dressed in a casual outfit
Son: a young boy dressed in pajamas
Cat: Cat (black or gray)
Narrator: Male or female

Props
A sock
Sandwich
Sandwich with a bite out of it
Book
Several toys
A laundry basket with clothes in it

SCENE ONE

Setting: Staged like a younger boy’s bedroom, there is a bed in the center of the room, a small bookshelf, a laundry basket, and a couple of toys lying around. The mom is tucking the son into bed.

Son: (Son is sitting in bed under covers) “Will you check under my bed for any monsters?”

Mom: “Okay sweetie.” (Mom looks under the bed)

Son: (nervously) “Do you see anything?”

Mom: (Still looking under the bed) “No. Wait!” (puts on a pretend anxious voice)

Son: (Pulls blankets up to chin and responds in a scared voice) “Wh-aa-tt is it?”

Mom: (Lightly screams)

Son: (Jumps up on top of blanket and squeals) “Mom, what is it?”

Mom: (Stands up laughing and holding a pair of socks) “Your VERY dirty socks!”

Mom: (Throws socks at son)
Son: *(Laughs and catches socks)* “Eww, they’re smelly too.”

Mom: *(Laughing, tucks son back under blankets and kisses him on forehead)* “Good night.”

Son: “Good night, Mommy.” *(Rolls over on side)*

Mom: *(Leaves stage to the left, shutting off light)*

*(Thudding noises start happening near bookshelf)*

Son: *(Scared whispers)* “Wh-o-o’-s th-e-e-r-re?”

*(Another noise, louder than before)*

Son: *(Screams and pulls blanket over head)*

Mom: *(Runs in the room from the left and turns on the light)*

Mom: *(In a frantic voice)* What’s wrong?

Son: *(Standing on top of the bed, shaking in fear)* “There is a monster in my room. I heard it moving around!”

Mom: *(Hugs son and in a reassuring voice)* “Baby, there are no monsters. They don’t exist. I will tell you a story to make you feel better. Okay?”

Son: *(Slips under covers)* “Okay.”

Mom: *(Sits on edge of bed and strokes son’s head as she tells a story).* “Once upon a time, a brave little boy met a monster.”

Son: *(Cuts mom off)* “Like me?”

Mom: *(Laughing)* “Yes, like you.”

Mom: *(Hugs son and continues)* “And this little boy met a monster and was scared!”

Son: *(Frightened)* “Like me?”

Mom: “But the monster shared his toys with the boy and the boy realized that not all monsters are mean.”
Son: “I like toys.”

Mom: “So the boy and the monster became friends. The boy would share his food with the monster, and they would play together. The end.”

Son: *(Looks relieved)* “Oh, so not all monsters are mean?”

Mom: *(Laughs, and gives his nose a gentle tap with her fingertip)* “They are nice to nice little boys like yourself. Now, it is time to go to sleep.”

*(Mom hugs her son one more time and starts to walk out)*

Mom: “Goodnight sweetie.” *(Leaves room to the left, turning off the light)*

Son: *(Whispers)* “I want a monster friend.”

SCENE TWO – Next Evening

Setting: The boy’s room. The bed is made and the toys are put away on the bookshelf.

Son: *(Son wearing pajamas. Walks across the room holding a sandwich and places it under his bed)* “Don’t worry monster, I am nice. I brought you my favorite - a tuna fish sandwich.”

Mom: *(Walks in the room from the left, wearing different outfit)* “Ready for bed sweetie?”

Son: *(In an excited voice)* “Yes!” *(Jumps onto the bed)* “I am not scared of monsters anymore.”

Mom: “That’s great.” *(Tucks son under covers and kisses his forehead)* “Would you like a story tonight?”

Son: *(In a brave tone)* “Thanks, Mom. But I don’t need a story tonight. I am going to be brave.

Mom: *(Laughs)* “You are my brave son. Goodnight sweetie.”

*(Mom walks out of the room to the left, turning off the light as she leaves)*

*(A few minutes later there is a thudding sound. Then another)*
Son: *(A little nervous)* “It’s okay, monsters can be nice friends.”

*(Thudding gets louder)*

Son: *(Sits up in bed, pulls blanket up to chin, and nervously whispers)* “Hello?”

*(Book falls)*

Son: *(Screams)*

Mom: *(Runs in from the left, turning on light)* “Honey, what’s wrong?”

Son: *(Jumps out of bed and runs to mom. In a scared voice)*. “I heard noises again and a book fell.”

Mom: *(Puts arm around him and comforts him)* “Oh son, it was probably nothing. *(Glances around room)* “Here I will look under your bed for you.”

*(Mom kneels down and looks under bed)*

Mom: *(Pulls out sandwich, in an inquisitive voice)* “Why is there a sandwich with a bite out of it under your bed?”

Son: *(Jumps onto bed, frightened voice)* “A bite?”

Mom: *(Stands up holding the sandwich)* “How did one of your tuna fish sandwiches from lunch get under your bed?”

Son: *(In an excited, yet scared voice)* “My monster liked the food!”

Mom: *(In a surprised voice)* “What? You didn’t bite out of this?”

Son: “No, I made it for the monster because you said they are nice.”

Mom: “Um, sweetie, monsters are not actually real.”

Son: “But you said that…”

Mom: *(Cuts son off)* “I made that up so you wouldn’t get scared.”

Son: *(Curiously and nervously)* “So then, who bit out of my sandwich?”

Mom and Son: *(Confused looks on their faces)*
Mom: “There is a logical answer for this.”

Cat: *(Soft thumping sound from laundry basket and then cat meow)* “Meow.”

Mom: *(looks in laundry basket and pulls out cat)* “Smokey, how did you get in here. Mrs. Carlson called yesterday afternoon saying he was missing.”

Son: “Oops, maybe I let him in when I left the door open last night. I was bringing my toys in from the front porch and had been playing with him earlier.”

Mom and Son: *(Laugh)*

Mom: “Well, so much for a monster. It’s just Smokey. I will call Mrs. Carlson. You get back in bed. And promise me, no more sandwiches under our bed.”

Son: *(Son laughs and jumps in bed)*. “I promise.”

The end