

SLEEP TIGHT

Written by

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FADE IN:

1 INT. ANDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

A light flicks on to reveal a nearly empty room with boxes, children's furniture, a plastic tub full of dinosaur toys, and clothes in the closet. A tall mirror is propped up across the room. MARCIA (36) enters and pulls the bedsheets loose.

MARCIA

Come on, it's past my bedtime.  
Scoot.

ANDY (10), with puffy, tired eyes enters, hesitates at the door and eyes the abyss beneath the bed.

MARCIA

What's the hold up?

ANDY

(yawn)  
Nothing ... I'm just not tired.

MARCIA

Well, I am, so let's wrap this up before mommy's sleeping pills kick in, huh?

ANDY

I miss our old house.

MARCIA

Me, too. But we're here now, and we have to make the best of it. At least for a little while. Okay?

ANDY

Can I just stay up for a few more hours? Please?

MARCIA

Oh, sweetie, that's gonna be a hard no. You wanna tell me what's up?

ANDY

Not really.

Marcia raises an eyebrow.

ANDY

I just ... I had a really bad dream last night.

MARCIA

You hacked the parental controls.

ANDY

Obviously. But then, last night, I had a dream there was a monster under the bed. He said he was going to eat me, and he said he'd get you, too.

MARCIA

Yeah, well if he shows up tonight, you tell him this is not the week to mess with me.

Marcia takes a peek under the bed. She squints, reaches into the shadows, and removes a plush dinosaur.

MARCIA

No monsters, just bed bugs and Rex.

Andy shakes his head and climbs into bed. Marcia covers him, tucks Rex in beside him, and kisses him on the forehead.

MARCIA

Sweet dreams.

Marcia turns on a harmony lantern, flicks off the light switch, and leaves the door open a crack.

Andy pulls the covers up to his nose and stares nervously at the ceiling while the lantern's MUSIC BOX MEDOLY PLAYS.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 INT. ANDY'S ROOM - LATER

THE MUSIC BOX SLOWS TO A STOP. The lantern shuts off.

The bedroom door SLAMS SHUT on its own.

Andy wakes from the sound. A glance, then he shuts his eyes.

BED MONSTER (O.S.)

Pssst. Andy.

Andy opens his eyes in a panic.

BED MONSTER

Oh, Andy. I know you're awake.  
(lyrically)  
I can see you.

Andy pulls his cell phone off of his nightstand, turns on the flashlight, and pans it around the room. Light falls on the mirror, which reveals a charred demon, the BED MONSTER, who peeks out from under the bed with a wicked grin.

BED MONSTER  
Come play with me.

ANDY  
This is just another nightmare.

BED MONSTER  
If that's so, then you have nothing to fear. Come on!

ANDY  
I'm just having a hard time adjusting to the divorce. That's it. So, just go away, and I'll look for better ways to cope in the morning.

BED MONSTER  
... Well. If that's what you really want ... Okay, then. Goodbye, Andy.  
(drifting away)  
Goodbyyye foreverrrr.

Andy waits patiently. He gets on all fours and shakes his sheet out over the bed, dipping it as a decoy to bait his adversary. No reaction. He flares it once more -- nothing.

He creeps ever-so-cautiously closer and tries again. He squints in disbelief, takes Rex, and drops him to the floor, inches away from "the abyss."

No reaction.

Andy slowly extends his fingers toward his fallen friend ...

The Bed Monster's head, disguised as Andy, pops out to see him. Andy jumps back onto the bed.

BED MONSTER  
(Andy's voice)  
Weee! That was fun, Rex!

A clawed hand holds Rex to peek over the bed at Andy.

BED MONSTER  
(Andy's voice, as Rex)  
*See, Andy? You're having a great time. Come join us!*

Andy turns off his phone light, taps keys, and makes a call.

BED MONSTER

Hey -- what are you doing? Quit it.

ANDY

I'm calling my mom. You're in for it now -- this is not the week to mess with her.

Andy hangs up, hits re-dial, and waits ...

BED MONSTER

I said come here!

Monster yanks the sheets so hard, Andy almost falls out of bed; the phone slips out of his hand and lands on the carpet.

BED MONSTER

You get down here right now, you little swine, or I promise you that I eat your mummy alive, and I'll feed some of her to you, as well!

Andy raises his eyebrows, fearfully.

BED MONSTER

Yes, that's right. I snatched her from her bed just a little while ago, and I must say, her tears are exquisite.

ANDY

You're lying. You're not even real. You can't hurt us ... ?

BED MONSTER

Oh, but I can, child. So, you get down here right now, or I'll come out there and get you myself!

The bed thumps. Andy screams, jumps out of bed, snatches his phone off of the floor, and sprints toward his open closet. He throws his arms up in defense, but an attack never comes.

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AT THE CLOSET

Andy catches his breath. He calms, then forms a cocky smirk.

ANDY

Wait -- you can't, can you?

The monster's eyes glow angrily at him from beneath the bed.

ANDY

You can't come out, or you would've gotten me already!

The monster snarls.

ANDY

The scary, evil *Bed Monster* can't get me. Right? You can't!

The Bed Monster sighs.

ANDY

(taunting)

You can't get me. You can't get me!  
You can't get me!

BED MONSTER

You're absolutely right, child. I can't come out from under your bed, and worse still, I won't be able to devour your soul after all.

Andy smiles triumphantly, then dabs.

BED MONSTER

You see, Andy ... I'm afraid you belong to the Closet Monster, now.

ANDY

... *Closet Monster*?

WOOD CREAKS behind Andy. He slowly pivots around, turns on his phone's flashlight, and shines the beam toward the bottom of the closet. The beam travels up his clothes ... higher ...

Laughing maniacally, the CLOSET MONSTER, a terrifying clown, springs out, snatches Andy, and yanks him into the closet. Andy screams as his phone hits the floor; his screams fade out with every mile he gets closer to hell.

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UNDER THE BED

The Bed Monster taps his claws on the carpet.

BED MONSTER

Ah, well. I suppose I'll just have to find a playmate elsewhere. But, where ... ?

The Bed Monster's eyes drift to us. He smirks.

CUT TO BLACK.