

# I Need My Monster

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## Characters (8):

Narrator 1, Narrator 2, Ethan, Herbert, Ralph, Cynthia, Mack, Gabe

## Scene 1

**Narrator 1:** Tonight, when Ethan looked under his bed for his monster, he found this note instead:

**Gabe:** Gone fishing. Back in a week.

*Talking to himself*

**Ethan:** What was I going to do? I needed a monster under my bed. How was I supposed to get to sleep if my monster was gone?

**Narrator 2:** Ethan tried to sleep but it wasn't the same without Gabe. He missed his ragged breathing. His nose-whistling. The scrabbling of his uncut claws.

**Ethan:** How will I ever get to sleep without Gabe's familiar scary noises and his spooky green ooze?

**Narrator 1:** It was no use. Gabe would be gone for a week and Ethan just had to have a monster.

**Narrator 2:** Ethan climbed quietly out of bed so his parents wouldn't hear him. (Grown-ups have some strange ideas about monsters under beds.) He knocked on the floorboards, then scrambled back under his covers. He waited nervously.

**Ethan:** Will a new monster appear? What will he be like? Will his snorting be as cheerful as Gabe's?

## Scene 2

**Narrator 1:** When Ethan heard some creaking under his bed, he knew that the substitute monster had arrived.

*In a low, breathy voice*

**Herbert:** Good evening, my name is Herbert and I will be your monster for the evening.

**Ethan:** Herbert? What kind of name is that for a monster?! You don't sound scary at all. Have you ever scared a kid before?

**Herbert:** Well, no, but I have read all the best books on the topic.

**Ethan:** Do you have long teeth and scratchy claws?

**Herbert:** No, but I have an overbite, And I'm a mouth breather. Listen.

*In a low panting tone*

**Herbert:** hih-huh, hih-huh, hih-huh, hih-huh, hih-huh, hih-huh

**Narrator 2:** Herbert's panting was kind of scary to Gabe, but was not for him.

**Ethan:** Listen, Herbert, I'm sorry, I just don't think this is going to work. It's nothing personal, but I really need a monster with claws.

**Herbert:** Picky, picky. As you wish. I'll go.

*Creaking and then Herbert leave*

## Scene 3

**Narrator 1:** Some scratching warned Ethan that a second monster had appeared.

*In a high, silky voice*

**Ralph:** Good evening. My name is Ralph. I understand you need a monster with claws. If you would please lean over, I will hold out an arm for inspection.

**Narrator 2:** Ethan crouched on the edge of the bed, hoping to see a horrible shaggy arm with sharp, ragged nails.

**Narrator 1:** Instead, Ethan was surprised to see sleekly brushed fur with smooth, shiny claws.

**Ethan:** Excuse me, I don't mean to be rude but is that nail polish on your claws?

**Ralph:** Yes, it is. I believe professional monsters should always be well-groomed.

**Narrator 2:** Ethan could tell that this was not going to work either.

**Ethan:** I'm sorry to disappoint you, Ralph, but I need a monster with scary claws.

*He thought*

Ethan: like Gabe's.

Narrator 1: Ethan heard some more scratching and he knew Ralph was gone.

## Scene 4

*A minute later, a third voice from under the bed rasped*

Cynthia: Check out these claws, kid.

Narrator 1: Ethan gathered his courage and peered over the edge.

Narrator 2: The claws were impressive-jagged and dark and razor-sharp. So far, so good. Ethan was a little nervous.

*Whispering*

Ethan: Could you stick out your tail?

Cynthia: Sure, but don't get scared!

Narrator 1: Ethan peeked through his fingers at the slimy tail slithering over the foot of his bed.

*Ethan notices the bow*

Ethan: Are you a girl monster?

*In a snappy tone*

Cynthia: Of course I am. I'm Cynthia. Do you have a problem with that?

*Admittedly*

**Ethan:** Um, yeah, I do. I definitely need a boy monster. Boy monsters are for boys and girl monsters are for girls. Everybody knows that.

*Sniffing*

**Cynthia:** Well, aren't you a picky one.

**Narrator 2:** And then she was gone.

## Scene 5

**Narrator 1:** Was Ethan being too picky?

**Ethan:** NO!

**Narrator 2:** Ethan knew his monster needed to be well-clawed and menacing.

**Ethan:** The whole point of having a monster, after all, was to keep me in bed, imagining all the scary stuff that could happen if I got out.

## Scene 6

*Shuffling noise and slobbering*

**Narrator 1:** With that, a fourth monster was under Ethan's bed.

**Mack:** Hey. The name's Mack.

**Narrator 2:** One look at his claws proved Mack was a big, scruffy BOY monster.

*Ethan shivers*

Ethan: Maybe this one will work out.

Ethan: Those are excellent claws, but do you have a long tail?

*Lean over to look*

Mack: No, my tail is stumpy. But I do have an unu-u-u-usually lo-o-o-ong...tongue!

Ethan: Why would I be afraid of a long tongue?

*Trying to sound terrifying*

Mack: Oh, I don't know. You never know when I-I-I mi-i-i-ight...lick you!

*Ethan falls back and laughs*

Mack: Well, if you're not even going to try-y-y to work with me...

*Ethan holds in giggles*

Mack: I re-e-e-ally don't think you should send me away. Kids who reject five monsters in one night...

Ethan: I did NOT reject five monsters tonight! My regular monster went fishing.

Mack: Fishing, eh? Maybe he just left because you're SO-O-O picky. Fine. I'm out of here. But I wouldn't expect another monster tonight if I were you.

## Scene 7

*Loud creaking and scratching*

Ethan: I-I thought no more monsters were going to appear tonight.

Gabe: Sorry I'm late, kid.

Narrator 1: It was Gabe!

Ethan: Whew.

Gabe: I thought I would enjoy fishing, but I didn't. Those fish scare too easily. No challenge at all. You, however, are challenging, my friend. You're almost too old to be afraid of monsters. You keep me on my toes. Ah, toes...a delicious snack.

Narrator 2: The bed quivered as Gabe's stomach rumbled with hunger.

Gabe: Now, if you don't mind, I'd like to start the evening with an ominous puddle of drool.

*Ethan peeks over*

Narrator 1: Green ooze spread soundlessly from underneath the bed.

Narrator 2: Then the bed trembled as Gabe unfurled his spiked tail.

Narrator 1: He was daring Ethan to guess where he might pop up.

*Ethan shivers*

*Gabe sharpening his claws on the bedpost*

Gabe: So, you had some substitute monsters tonight. Were you...scaaaared?

*Gabe starts tapping*

**Narrator 2:** Ethan could tell Gabe wanted to know if he still needed him.

**Ethan:** No other monster can scare me like you!

*Ethan giggles and dives under his covers and pulls them up tight*

*Gabe snorts*

**Narrator 1:** Through the blanket, Ethan could hear Gabe's soft, comforting snorts.

*Gabe growling*

**Gabe:** Ha! I knew it! We're made for each other!

**Narrator 2:** When Ethan's blanket started to slip off the bed, he knew Gabe was ready to eat.

**Gabe:** Now, if you could please stick out your foot, I'd like to nibble your pinkie.

*Ethan yanks blanket back up and hides feet*

**Ethan:** No toes tonight, but you can have this

**Narrator 1:** Ethan offered his pillow by pushing it off the bed. You couldn't even hear it hit the floor.

**Narrator 2:** Gabe was back. The ooze was perfect. Everything was back to normal.

*Gabe shivers*

**Gabe:** I'll be asleep in no time.