

MONSTERS IN THE CLOSET

Written by

Tyler W. Moore
And
Theodore J. Kowalsky

INT. TIMMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Timmy is in his bed, his father is sitting in the chair by the bed finishing a bedtime story.

FATHER

"So then the puppy found his way home and Billy never played with matches again."
Alright, time for bed, Timmy.

TIMMY

Just one more story, dad?

FATHER

No. Now get some sleep.

TIMMY

Okay, dad.

FATHER

Good night, Timmy.

Father turns off the light and walks out.

Timmy lays in the dark for a moment. Everything is silent.

Suddenly, there's a creaking noise. Timmy's eyes grow wide and he grips the covers tightly.

He quickly looks under the bed...

Nothing there.

He looks back up to the closet door.

He slowly moves the covers over, staring intently, moving slowly toward the direction of the door.

A light suddenly turns on inside of the closet.

Timmy jumps back into bed and hides under the covers.

He peaks out.

The light becomes brighter, the sounds of echoing wind blowing, dark tones and echoing screams.

The door slowly creaks open.

A hand with knives coming out of the fingers reaches out around the door.

Timmy quivers in fear.

The monster continues opening the door and looks out. He is in a black cloak with glowing red eyes. The monster makes frightening gestures.

Timmy tries to ignore it and hide.

Another monster creeps out from under the bed. Half of it's face is burnt and covered in blood. He has fangs with rotting teeth, covered in black gunk. He laughs maniacally.

The Closet Monster signals for him to come into the closet.

It crawls out from under the bed and rolls into the closet.

The door slams shut.

There is an eerie silence.

Timmy moves the covers down slowly. Staring silently at the door.

Suddenly loud grunting noises start coming from the closet.

Timmy hides under the sheets, screaming.

The bedroom door swings open.

The noises stop as Father enters and flips on the light.

FATHER (CONT'D)

What the hell was that noise!?

TIMMY

Dad! There are monsters in the closet!

Father hangs his head.

FATHER

Oh, not this again.

He sits by Timmy's side.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Timmy, there are no monsters in your closet. You were just having a bad dream that's all.

TIMMY

No dad, I swear there were-

FATHER
 Everything is fine, Timmy. We are
 right outside in the living room.
 Nothing bad can happen.

TIMMY
 ...Okay...

FATHER
 Okay. Now get some sleep.

Father walks to the door and turns off the light. He walks
 out, closing the door behind him.

There is once again a moment of stillness.

Timmy tries to relax himself.

BED MONSTER
 Are they gone?

CLOSET MONSTER
 Yeah.

The horrible grunting and yelling resumes.

TIMMY
 Will you guys shut up in there!?
 I'm going to get in trouble!

The grunting stops.

The closet door flies open and a stream of water hits Timmy
 in the face.

The door slams shut and the yelling continues.

Once again, Father enters the room.

FATHER
 Timmy! I told you once already to
 knock it off with the noise!

TIMMY
 It's not me, dad. It's the-

FATHER
 Yes. Of course. The monsters! You
 said they were in the closet,
 right!?

Father opens the closet door. Empty.

FATHER (CONT'D)
See? Nothing in there.

Father looks over to Timmy, noticing that he is soaked.

FATHER (CONT'D)
Timmy, why are you all wet? Did you
wet the bed?

TIMMY
No dad! It was the monsters! They-

FATHER
Timmy, that's enough lying. There
is nothing to be ashamed of.

TIMMY
Dad!

FATHER
Okay. Here's what we're going to
do. We are going to leave the light
on, just this once. Will that help?

TIMMY
Maybe.

FATHER
Okay. Now please try to get some
sleep.

He once again exits the room.

Timmy lays back down.

The closet door opens. The monsters stand laughing.

CLOSET MONSTER
Knock knock.

BED MONSTER
Who's there?

CLOSET MONSTER
I killed your parents.

BED MONSTER
I killed your parents who?

CLOSET MONSTER
You're next!

The monsters break into a fit of laughter.

TIMMY
You guys aren't real.

BED MONSTER
I'm going to eat your toes while
you're sleeping!

Bed Monster brings up a severed foot and starts chewing on it.

Timmy turns away.

CLOSET MONSTER
He's ignoring you.

BED MONSTER
Hey! Hey kid! Hey kid!

He throws the foot at Timmy.

BED MONSTER (CONT'D)
Hey fuck you, kid!

The monster starts throwing rubber balls at Timmy. They bounce off his back and he tries his best to ignore it.

As this goes on for a while, the monsters continue to taunt him and make loud noises.

Father once again enters the room. But this time, accompanied by Dr. Chang.

TIMMY
Who's that?

Dr. Chang sits down in the chair next to the bed. As he passes by we see the monsters have disappeared.

DR. CHANG
My name is Dr. Chang. I'm a child
psychologist. I'm here to teach you
that monsters no in closet.
Monsters in head.

FATHER
I'll leave you two alone.

Father walks out of the room, closing the door.

DR. CHANG
Okay. We gonna play a game now.

Chang holds out two fists.

DR. CHANG (CONT'D)
Which hand is the coin in?

TIMMY
I don't know.

DR. CHANG
Just guess. That's what makes it
fun!

Timmy points to his left hand.

TIMMY
That one?

DR. CHANG
Coin no in hand! Coin in pocket,
stupid! You even see me pick up
coin!? No wonder you believe in
monster! You stupid!

Timmy looks confused.

DR. CHANG (CONT'D)
Okay. I'm gonna show you some
pictures you tell me what you see.

Chang reaches in his bad and pulls out a small pile of
pictures.

He lifts up the first one, which appears to be an inkblot
butterfly.

DR. CHANG (CONT'D)
What you see, Timmy?

TIMMY
I don't know. A butterfly?

DR. CHANG
Is no butterfly! Is ink blot,
stupid!

Chang sets down the first picture and brings up another one.
This one is a picture of a man yelling at a woman threatening
to hit her.

DR. CHANG (CONT'D)
Okay, dummy. What's this one?

TIMMY
A man threatening to hit his wife?

DR. CHANG

No! Is man requesting dinner. Man,
you messed up, kid.

Chang sets down the picture and brings up the last one.
Basically a balls accurate drawing of the Closet Monster.

DR. CHANG (CONT'D)

Okay. Last one. What you see here?

TIMMY

That's the monster that was in the
closet!

DR. CHANG

What you talking 'bout, stupid!?

Chang turns the picture 90 degrees and it looks like a
kitten.

DR. CHANG (CONT'D)

Is kitten! I'm done with you!

Chang gets up and walks out the door, passing Father in the
hallway.

FATHER

Any luck, Dr. Chang?

DR. CHANG

Your son retarded! He not even good
retarded where he can lift heavy
things. Just stupid! I'm sure glad
he not my son.

Chang leaves.

TIMMY

What are we going to do, dad?

FATHER

There's nothing we can do. It seems
you're just severely retarded.

He closes the door.

Timmy sits alone in the room.

The monsters reappear and begin chanting, "Kill your parents,
Timmy."

Bed Monster tosses Timmy a large knife.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Father sits on the couch, reading a newspaper.

Timmy walks in, drenched in blood, carrying the Closet Monster's head and the knife.

Father looks at him blankly, in shock.

Timmy sets the head down on the table.

Timmy leaves the room.

Father stares, no idea what to say.

FADE TO BLACK.