

THERE IS A MONSTER UNDER MY BED

written by

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The panel descriptions and the number of panels on each page present a basic structure for the story. If you wish to tweak them a bit, go for it. You are the visual artist, after all. I would, however, like to preserve the flow of the individual pages, the story beats on them, and what happens before and after a page turn.

PANEL 1

BIG PANEL. I can even imagine this as a splash page panel, with all the other smaller panels placed on top of it. We're in a CHILD'S BEDROOM (feel free to fill it with all the toys, games, or posters you want). It's night and we are looking at a BED from above. On the bed a 10 YEAR OLD BOY is laying, eyes wide open, looking at us/the ceiling, even though it must be well after his bed time.

The bed has one side leaning against a wall and the three remaining sides are exposed. From under one side of the bed, a CLAWED HAND is reaching out. From the other, a lizard-like TAIL, emerging and slithering. From the third, a WING, like of a large bat or a small dragon or a gargoyle.

Whatever the creature under the bed is, it's not attacking the boy. It's just moving and sometimes partially emerging from under the bed. And the boy is very much aware of it.

NARRATION **There is a monster under my bed.**

PANEL 2

SMALL PANEL, a CLOSE-UP on the CLAWED HAND, SCRATCHING with its long nails into the bedroom floor.

NARRATION I can't really see it, but I know it's there.
 Moving and scratching. Whispering things I don't
 really understand.
 Scary sounding things.

PANEL 3

SMALL PANEL, a CLOSE-UP on the TAIL, SLITHERING around one of the bed's legs.

NARRATION It's always there. Even when I'm at school, I know
 it's here.
 Waiting for me.

PANEL 4

SMALL PANEL, a CLOSE-UP on the WING, SPREAD OVER some of the boy's TOYS and BOOKS laying on the floor.

NARRATION The only time I can hide from it is when I sleep.

PANEL 5

SMALL PANEL, a CLOSE-UP on the BOY, his eyes WIDE OPEN, face tired, bags under his eyes.

NARRATION **But it almost never lets me sleep.**

PAGE 2 - PANELS: 3

PANEL 1

Now we see the SAME ROOM filled with the morning sun. The BOY, his face still tired and numb, is sitting on the bed with his MOTHER, who is comforting him while the CLAWED HAND is holding the boy's LEG from under the bed. But the mother doesn't seem to notice.

NARRATION I told **my mom** about it...

THE MOTHER No monsters can hurt you here, sweetheart. We would never allow anything bad to happen to you. You know that, right?

NARRATION ...but i don't think she can see it.

PANEL 2

We are now in the KITCHEN. The BOY is sitting at a table with his FATHER, eating breakfast, with the mother in the background, washing dishes. The father is smiling, trying to be encouraging, while the boy's face remains the same.

NARRATION I told **my dad** about it...

THE FATHER Well if the monster climbs out from under the bed, just punch it right in its snout. Make it more afraid of you then you are of it. Show it who's the boss!

NARRATION ...but that made me even more scared. And how do I know if the monster even has a snout?

PANEL 3

We are now in a CLASSROOM. The class is over, the children are leaving the room (most of them are already gone). The BOY is talking to his TEACHER. The teacher seems young, younger than the parents are. She is trying to be supportive and understanding, while the boy's face remains the same.

One of the last children leaving the classroom is a GIRL, looking back at the boy and the teacher while she's leaving. Watching them like from over her shoulder. We may not see her face clearly, but if we do, it has a similarly tired and numb expression as the boy's face.

NARRATION I told **Miss Fletcher** about it...

THE TEACHER Monsters only want to scare us, nothing more. Just ignore it and eventually it will go away and leave you be. You'll see.

NARRATION ...she's very smart but I don't think she knows much about monsters.

PAGE 3 - PANELS: 5

PANEL 1

We are now outside, on a PLAYGROUND near the school. On the RIGHT SIDE of the PANEL, the BOY is sitting on a SWING, alone, with one other empty swing next to him. Not swinging, though. Just sitting.

NARRATION I don't really want to go home yet.
 Because I know the monster is **waiting for me**
 there...
 ...under my bed.

PANEL 2

Very SIMILAR PANEL, but now, on the LEFT SIDE, the GIRL from earlier is standing.

PANEL 3

Again, a SIMILAR PANEL, but ZOOMED IN. Now the GIRL is standing a bit closer to the BOY, whose head is up, looking at her.

THE GIRL Did you say there is a monster under your bed?
THE BOY What?

PANEL 4

SIMILAR PANEL, even more ZOOMED IN. The GIRL is again a little closer, but the BOY's head is now down, looking at the ground.

THE BOY No...

PANEL 5

Even more ZOOMED IN. The GIRL is now really close to the swing, looking at the BOY, and the boy looking at her.

THE GIRL There is a monster under **my bed**, too.
THE BOY Really?
THE GIRL Yeah...

PAGE TURN

PAGE 4 - PANELS: 3

PANEL 1

The GIRL is now SITTING INTO the OTHER SWING next to the BOY. Both their faces with similarly tired and numb expressions.

THE GIRL But it doesn't really do anything. It just makes **scary noises** and moves under my bed. So I always just go to sleep and hope that it goes away in the morning, **but it never does.**

THE BOY Yeah, my monster is the same. But it doesn't even let me sleep most of the time.

THE GIRL I'm sorry...

PANEL 2

The PANEL is PULLED BACK a bit, now with two children on the swings. The BOY and the GIRL.

THE GIRL What do you think they want from us?

THE BOY I don't know. I don't know if they even want anything.

THE GIRL But if they do...

Maybe we could try to find out together?

THE BOY Maybe.

PANEL 3

BIG FINAL PANEL, as far from the swings as in PANEL 1 on PAGE 3. But the CHILDREN are now actually SWINGING, even if just a little bit.

THE BOY Do you think...
...do you think they are trying to **tell us something?**

THE GIRL I don't know...
Like what?

THE BOY I don't know...
But maybe if we figure out what they're saying...

THE GIRL They **won't sound as scary?**

THE BOY I guess.
Maybe it's stupid.

THE GIRL Maybe.
Maybe not.

NARRATION **Maybe not.**

THE END