

Under The Bed

a Fanciful Adventure



with Bed Bugs,
Dust Bunnies,
Broken
Toys,
Monsters,
and
Mismatched
Socks

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BIG DOG PUBLISHING

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BIG DOG PUBLISHING

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*To the most fearless woman in my life—
my mother.*

Under The Bed

**A Fanciful Adventure with Bed Bugs, Dust Bunnies,
Broken Toys, Monsters, and Mismatched Socks**

COMEDY. Afraid of the dark, the Boogeyman sends his two minions, Snooze and Snore, from Under the Bed Land to steal a teddy bear so he can finally get a good night's sleep. Even though Mary is too old to be afraid of the dark, she sets out to retrieve her stolen teddy bear by venturing into the secret world under her bed. There, Mary encounters speed-dating mismatched socks looking for their perfect match, a support group for lost and broken toys, and bed bugs engaged in a battle with their arch-enemies, the dust bunnies. When Mary finally reaches Boogeyman Castle, she realizes that getting her teddy bear back may be more difficult than she thought. Her teddy is now known as "Mr. Bear" and has become the Boogeyman's best friend! Audiences of all ages will love the whimsical characters in this adorable play.

Performance Time: Approximately 75-90 minutes.

Characters

(6 M, 6 F, 12 flexible, opt. extras)
(With doubling: 6 M, 6 F, 3 flexible)

MARY: Teen who is afraid of the dark and can't sleep without her teddy bear; wears pajamas; female.

MOM: Mary's mother who loves to give big hugs; wears an apron; female.

BOOGEYMAN: Grumpy ruler of Under the Bed Land; can't sleep because he's afraid of the dark; wears green clothing or a monster costume; male.

SNOOZE: Boogeyman's minion and a student at Monster High School who thinks he's a ladies' man; wears blue clothing and a fuzzy blue hat with horns; male.

SNORE: Boogeyman's minion and a student at Monster High School; has a boy band haircut; wears blue clothing and a fuzzy blue hat with horns; male.

BONNIE: A sock who owns and operates "Perfect Pair Speed Dating," a sock dating service; believes a sock can't be complete unless it is paired up; wears a sock-shaped hat; female.

CLYDE: Bonnie's husband, a matching sock who hates being paired up with Bonnie; wears a sock-shaped hat; male.

FUZZY: A fuzzy sock who enjoys the arts and yearns to be a sock puppet; wears a sock-shaped hat; female.

GYM MONKEY: A sweaty, dirty athletic sock who plays hockey and is looking for his perfect match; wears a sock-shaped hat; male.

CUTESY: Nervous, immature cartoon sock who talks nonstop and believes in true matches; has a lot of energy and constantly moves around; wears a sock-shaped hat; flexible.

HOLES: Unemployed sock who lives in his parents' garage and likes to eat pizza and drink soda all day; sock with several holes looking for his perfect match; wears a sock-shaped hat; male.

HUCKLEBERRY PANCAKE: Doll who leads a support group for broken toys; takes her job too seriously; wears a pinafore and has braids; female.

MR./MRS. MARVELOUS: Superhero action-figure with an inferiority complex who constantly compares himself to the superhero “Dr. Daring”; wears a generic superhero costume in red and blue; flexible.

DOLLY: Doll whose owner has given her the worst haircut of all time; wears a cut-up wig with a hat to cover her hair; female.

ROBOT ROB/ROBERTA: Toy robot who keeps losing pieces; wears a robot costume with detachable pieces that can fall off; flexible.

TOY SOLDIER: Toy soldier who hates fighting; yearns to take up ballet and arrange flowers; wears an army uniform; flexible.

REGINALD/REGINA: Bed Bug commanding officer who likes to wage war with Dust Bunnies; speaks with a “British” accent, opt.; wears gloves and a military uniform/jacket similar to Gregory’s; flexible.

GREGORY/GEORGINA: Dust Bunny commanding officer who likes to wage war against Bed Bugs; speaks with a “British” accent, opt.; wears gloves and a military uniform/jacket similar to Reginald’s; flexible.

BED BUG 1, 2, 3: At war with the Dust Bunnies but can’t remember why; they have wings with antennas attached to headbands; flexible.

DUST BUNNIES 1, 2, 3: At war with the bed bugs but can’t remember why; wear bunny-ear headbands with cotton tails; flexible.

EXTRAS (opt.): As additional Socks, Bed Bugs, Dust Bunnies, and Broken Toys.

NOTE: For flexible characters, change the script accordingly.

Options for Doubling

DUST BUNNY 1/FUZZY (flexible)
DUST BUNNY 2/CUTESY (flexible)
DUST BUNNY 3/BONNIE (flexible)
BED BUG 1/MARVELOUS (flexible)
BED BUG 2/DOLLY (flexible)
BED BUG 3/ROBOT (flexible)
CLYDE/TOY SOLDIER (flexible)
REGINALD/HOLES (flexible)
GREGORY/GYM MONKEY (flexible)

Costumes

Costumes may be minimal. Costume pieces may simply be hats, headpieces, or different colored T-shirts. Simple costumes are especially helpful if you are doubling up parts as this will allow for quick changes. Black light fabric paint may be used to create glow-in-the-dark costumes, if desired.

Setting

Mary's bedroom and Under the Bed Land.

Sets

The sets may be as simple or elaborate as your budget allows. For a simple set, the set may be made up of minimal, movable pieces. Black boxes may be reconfigured and used to communicate different locations. Black boxes should be painted with black-light paint so that the boxes glow to give the impression of being under the bed.

Mary's bedroom. There is a bed with a blanket and pillow and a laundry basket.

Monster coffee shop. There are two chairs and a small table. A backdrop of a coffee shop may be used, opt.

Sock speed-dating room. There are two rows of chairs facing each other and a refreshment table off to one side.

Forest of Broken Toys Support Group. There are chairs arranged in a circle for the attendees. A forest backdrop may be used.

Throne room, Boogeyman Castle. There is a throne for Boogeyman.

Bed Bug and Dust Bunny battlefield. A bare stage will suffice.

Synopsis of Scenes

Scene 1: Mary's messy bedroom, evening.

Scene 2: Monster coffee shop, Under the Bed Land.

Scene 3: Mary's bedroom, later that evening.

Scene 4: Mary's bedroom, middle of the night.

Scene 5: Sock speed-dating room, Under the Bed Land.

Scene 6: Forest of Broken Toys Support Group, Under the Bed Land.

Scene 7: Boogeyman Castle, the throne room, Under the Bed Land.

Scene 8: Bed Bug and Dust Bunny battlefield, Under the Bed Land.

Scene 9: Boogeyman Castle, outside the throne room, Under the Bed Land.

Scene 10: Boogeyman Castle, the throne room, Under the Bed Land.

Scene 11: Mary's bedroom.

Props

Teddy bear with bows
Ugly sock
Doll
Ball of lint
Pen
Paper
James Bond-looking outfit, for Snooze
James Bond-looking outfit, for Snore
Cans of soda and assorted snacks, for Socks
Assorted weaponry (toy shields, swords, spears, etc.)

Special Effects

Fart sound
War theme music

“How is an evil overlord
supposed to function
without a little shuteye?
i need my rest
in order to wreak havoc
throughout the land.”

—Boogeyman

Scene 1

(AT RISE: *Mary's messy bedroom, evening. Mary enters DSL. She is in her pajamas and looking for her teddy bear.*)

MOM: (*Offstage, calls.*) Mary Elizabeth Smart, it's bedtime, little missy.

MARY: But, Mom, I can't find Bartholomew.

MOM: (*Offstage.*) What? Did that silly little Mr. Teddy-Weddy go missing again?

MARY: (*Offstage, annoyed.*) Mom! His name is not Mr. Teddy-Weddy. Mr. Teddy-Weddy is childish, and I'm practically a teenager!

(*Mom enters.*)

MOM: My mistake. You're very grown up, Mary. So very...grown...up. It seems like just yesterday I held you in my arms and...

MARY: Mom!

MOM: ...counted your little toes and you wrapped your...

MARY: Mom!

MOM: ...little hand around my pinky finger. You were so cute! You had the chubbiest cheeks. You looked like a chipmunk getting ready for winter—

MARY: Mom! Enough! Cute baby...I get it.

MOM: (*Sighs.*) The memories! (*Snaps out of it.*) Now, you better stop your dilly-dallying, Miss Mary, because I'll be back in two minutes to tuck you in.

MARY: I don't need to be tucked in, Mom, I'm prac—

MOM: I know, you're practically a teenager. Message received. I'll be back in two minutes. (*Starts to exit.*)

MARY: Mom!

MOM: Two minutes! And find your bear! (*Exits.*)

MARY: (*To herself.*) Shoot! (*Looking around.*) Where is he? Where is he? Where are you, Bartholomew? Are you

hiding? Are you under the rug? I know! You're under the bed. *(Pulls out an ugly sock from under the bed.)* Nasty! I guess I didn't wash my socks after soccer practice. Yuck! *(Throws the sock under the bed and pulls out a doll. To doll.)* Yikes, what did my sister do to your hair? Back you go! *(Throws the doll under the bed and pulls out a ball of lint.)* So much dust, I gotta vacuum. Ha! Yeah, right. *(Puts the lint under her bed and pulls out her teddy bear.)* Got 'im! Hello, Bartholomew, you tricky little bear. *(Calls.)* Mom, I found him!

(Mom enters.)

MOM: I'm surprised you can find anything in this pigsty.

Maybe if you cleaned this room every once in awhile—

MARY: I know, I know. Geez!

MOM: Now into bed with you.

MARY: Okay. *(Pause.)* Mom, can I leave the light on tonight?

MOM: Mary, not this again.

MARY: Come on, Mom, just this one time.

MOM: That's what you said last time.

MARY: *(Pleading.)* Please, please, please, with a cherry on top...I'll love you forever and ever and ever. Have I ever told you lately that you're the best mom in the whole universe?

MOM: Oh, really...

MARY: *(Pleading.)* Please, Mommy. Mommy, I really need you...

MOM: *(Hugging Mary.)* Oh, my poor baby! Is my little girl scared of the dark? Don't you worry. There, there. It's okay. Your mama's here and nothin'—not even the Boogeyman—can get you. You are safe and everything will be okay, just you wait and see.

MARY: *(Shouts.)* Mom! Mom! Can't breathe! Can't breathe!

MOM: *(Still hugging her.)* Mama will take care of you. I'll keep you safe.

MARY: (*Shouts.*) Air! Need air!

MOM: (*Still hugging her.*) I love you so much. Yes, I do. Yes, I do. More than anything...

MARY: Blue spots...the room is going dark...can't feel my feet...

MOM: (*Still hugging her.*) I will make sure nothing ever happens to you.

MARY: (*Shouts.*) Will you let go of me!

(*Mom snaps out of it and releases Mary.*)

MOM: (*Laughs.*) Sorry, dear. I got a little carried away. It's just you're growing up so fast and soon I won't get to give you hugs... (*Reaches out to hug Mary again.*)

MARY: Not this again. Mom, get it together, please!

MOM: Sorry, sweetheart. You'll understand, someday. Now into bed with you, and no light tonight, not with Mr. Teddy-Weddy here to protect you.

MARY: (*Annoyed.*) For the last time, his name is Bartholomew. Mr. Teddy-Weddy is for babies.

MOM: (*Sighs.*) Babies...I remember when you were a baby and—

MARY: Goodnight, Mom!

MOM: Do you need one more hug?

MARY: No! No, no, I'll be fine. (*Mom crosses to DSL, turns off the light, and exits. Getting scared.*) I gotta face the dark sooner or later, right, Bartholomew? I mean, I can't sleep with the light on for the rest of my life. Grown-ups don't do that sort of— (*Hears a noise.*) What was that? Did you hear that? Oh, man, I hate the dark... (*Lights fade to black as she pulls her blanket around her neck, hugs Bartholomew tightly, and tries to fall asleep.*)

Scene 2

(AT RISE: Monster coffee shop, Under the Bed Land. Snooze and Snore, two monsters, are hanging out DSL.)

SNOOZE: Who has two paws and a date for the Monster High Spring Fling? (Pointing to himself.) This guy!

SNORE: Yeah, right! And that line is so old. Lame-o!

SNOOZE: Excuse you! Who says "lame-o" anymore?

SNORE: I do, and there's no way you have a date to the dance. Last week, a girl in our English class said hello to you, and you ran face-first into your own locker. It's not like you didn't know it was there...it was your own locker!

SNORE: Whatever! You're just jealous!

SNORE: Jealous of what?

SNOOZE: Of me and all the ladies...

SNORE: Sure, that's it.

SNOOZE: Yep! I totally bought a new pair of jeans and *all* the ladies are checkin' me out. (Shows off his jeans.) I mean, look at me! Do I have the body of a hot monster or what?

SNORE: Say, did you know that the butt seam on those jeans is ripped and everyone can see your underwear?

SNOOZE: What?! No! (Trying to look at his own butt.) I swear, it's a manufacturing defect! (Trying to cover up his butt.)

SNORE: Sure it is!

SNOOZE: Yeah, well, you have a boy-band wannabe haircut! No one even noticed you cut it!

SNORE: (Flicking his hair.) Whatever! That's the style!

SNOOZE: Style?! You call *that* style? My grandma has the same do.

SNORE: Oh, yeah?! Your jeans are so tight they look like spandex!

SNOOZE: (Trying to think of a comeback.) Yeah, well...yeah, well...your haircut looks really, really, really dumb! So there!

(Boogeyman enters. He is grumpy because he hasn't slept for several nights.)

BOOGEYMAN: *(Shouts.)* Snooze! Snore! Get over here!

SNOOZE/SNORE: Uh-oh! We're in trouble!

SNOOZE: *(To Snore, aside.)* Do you think he knows—?

SNORE: *(Aside.)* Not the...you know?

SNOOZE: *(Aside.)* There's that, but there's also the time when—

SNORE: *(Aside.)* Oh, I bet it's about when we—

BOOGEYMAN: *(Shouts.)* Snooze! Snore!

SNOOZE: *(To Snore.)* He sounds too mad for those things.

SNORE: Which means it must be the really, really, really bad thing.

SNOOZE: We're in major trouble!

BOOGEYMAN: *(Shouts.)* Snooze! Snore! Now! *(Snooze and Snore scramble about. To himself.)* I am surrounded by complete incompetence! I swear, this kingdom would be nothing without me! *(Shouts louder.)* Snooze, Snore!

SNOOZE: Coming, Your Supreme Horribleness!

SNORE: We are on our way, Monarch of Maliciousness!

SNOOZE: We will be there any second, Lord of Lawlessness!

BOOGEYMAN: *(Shouts louder.)* Now, you idiots!

SNOOZE: What is your bidding, Emperor of Evil?

SNORE: We are here to serve you, Master of Extreme Scariness.

SNOOZE: *(Groveling.)* We are your humble servants, O King of Nightmare-y-ness-y-ness.

SNORE: *(Aside.)* What was that?

SNOOZE: *(Aside.)* Just go with it.

SNOOZE/SNORE: *(To Boogeyman, groveling.)* We are your humble servants. We are your humble servants. We are your humble servants.

BOOGEYMAN: Oh, quit your groveling. I can't handle the noise! My head hurts!

SNORE: Are you ill, Master?

BOOGEYMAN: I haven't slept in several nights...

SNOOZE: Master, that's terrible news.

BOOGEYMAN: I've tried everything, and I just can't seem to get to sleep.

SNOOZE: Take a seat, Master. Snore and I will take care of you.

SNORE: Let's take a look at him. (*Snooze and Snore manhandle Boogeyman as they examine him.*) His head is hot.

SNOOZE: (*Looking at Boogeyman's tongue.*) His tongue is spotted.

SNORE: (*Looking at Boogeyman's eyes.*) His eyes are bloodshot.

SNOOZE: (*Looking at Boogeyman's neck.*) There's a tumor growing out of his neck.

BOOGEYMAN: You idiots! I'm tired, not dying! I need to sleep.

SNORE: Oh, well, in that case, did you try counting sheep?

SNOOZE: (*To Boogeyman.*) Or taking a warm bath?

SNORE: (*To Boogeyman.*) Or listening to calming music?

SNOOZE: (*To Boogeyman.*) Or drinking a glass of warm milk?

SNORE: (*To Boogeyman.*) Or—

BOOGEYMAN: Enough! It's nothing like that.

SNORE: Well, then, what is it, Master?

SNOOZE: (*To Boogeyman.*) Yeah, what is it?

BOOGEYMAN: It's not something I'm willing to discuss with the two of you!

SNOOZE: Why not? We are totally trustworthy. You can tell us anything, and we'll take it to the grave. Cross our hearts and hope to die, stick a needle—

BOOGEYMAN: (*Sarcastic.*) Oh, yes, I'm going to reveal my deepest secret to a teenage monster who still believes in pinky promises.

SNORE: Well, it's Snooze. He'll probably forget.

SNOOZE: (*Nodding.*) That's true, Master.

SNORE: Besides, Boogey, it's good to get things off your chest.

BOOGEYMAN: I've told you before, do *not* call me that!

SNORE: My bad, Mr. Boogeyman, sir.

SNOOZE: Tell us, tell us, tell us...pleeeeeease! *(Note: This continues for the next bit.)*

BOOGEYMAN: Not now. Knock it off.

SNOOZE: *(Whining.)* Pleeeeeease...

SNORE: You know, sir, he has been known to go on for days. Monsters don't need oxygen. If you recall—

BOOGEYMAN: Ugh!

SNOOZE: *(Whining.)* Pleeeeeeeeeeease... *(Rolling on the ground.)*

SNORE: *(To Boogeyman.)* Annoying, isn't it?

BOOGEYMAN: Fine! Enough! But you can't tell anyone.

SNORE: Of course not.

(Pause.)

BOOGEYMAN: I'm scared of the dark.

SNOOZE/SNORE: *(Laughing.)* Ha-ha! Scared of the dark! Ha! What a scaredy-cat!

BOOGEYMAN: *(Shouts.)* What did you call me?!

(Boogeyman grabs Snooze and Snore by the ears.)

SNOOZE/SNORE: Ow! Ow! Ow! Nothing, Your—

BOOGEYMAN: That's what I thought. Nobody calls me a scaredy-cat! *(Lets them go.)* Now, I have a job for the two of you that will end my little case of insomnia. Are you up to the task?

SNOOZE: Yes, sir, we'll do anything you tell us to.

BOOGEYMAN: That's what I was hoping. I'm so lucky to have the best minions ever. I knew I could rely on the two of you...so loyal and dedicated. When you return from aboveground, I'm gonna give you two a raise.

SNORE: *(Scared.)* Aboveground?! *(To Snooze.)* Did he say aboveground?

SNOOZE: (*Excited.*) A raise?! I didn't even know we were being paid! Yes!

SNORE: But, but, but...Master, aboveground is dangerous. Do you know what lives up there? Humans! Humans live up there!

SNOOZE: Wait. Did you say *humans*? Like the ones with the eyes—

SNORE: And they wear those...what do you call 'em?

SNOOZE: Ears?

SNOOZE/SNORE: Gross!

BOOGEYMAN: What, are you two scaredy-cats? Ha! Here. (*Hands them a piece of paper.*) Just pick me up a few things and head straight home. How hard can it be?

SNOOZE: Any chance we can respectfully decline?

BOOGEYMAN: (*Threateningly.*) You can, but then I'll be angry, and then who knows what'll happen. I might just snap and need to take it out on someone.

SNORE: Yikes! Okay, okay, we'll go.

BOOGEYMAN: Good. I knew I could depend on you. See you soon, minions.

SNOOZE: (*To Snore, aside.*) This is all your fault!

SNORE: My fault?

(*Snooze and Snore start to exit.*)

SNOOZE: Yeah, if you hadn't gotten that stupid haircut, we wouldn't have looked like such easy targets.

SNORE: My haircut isn't stupid. You're stupid! Stupid head!

(*Snooze and Snore exit.*)

BOOGEYMAN: (*To himself.*) Oh, my head! How is an evil overlord supposed to function without a little shuteye? I need my rest in order to wreak havoc throughout the land. Everyone's gonna think I've gone soft... **[END OF FREEVIEW]**