

SHOCKED

Written by

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INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dinner time.

JUNIOR, 10, a bit of a troublemaker, sits at the table and puts on a bracelet connected by a long wire from his wrist to a big machine.

The machine, with a sticker: "LIE DETECTOR", rests on the other side of the table.

MOM (30s), the good wife, and DAD (40s), world's most boring husband, also sit at table with the bracelets.

They eat. Quietly, until...

MOM  
How was work, honey?

DAD  
(putting salt)  
Work is work.

Mom turns to Junior.

MOM  
What about you, Junior? How was school today?

JUNIOR  
(gulps)  
Hum-- it was-- alright.

Junior jolts up. He gets *shocked* by the Lie Detector.

MOM  
Junior.

He turns to his mom, terrified.

MOM (CONT'D)  
You want to tell us what happened in school?

JUNIOR  
Nothing. Nothing happened, mom.

Mom glances at Dad, who drinks the orange juice.

MOM  
Are you gonna tell us the truth?

JUNIOR

Fine.

(a beat)

The principal wanted to congratulate me because of my extraordinary grades.

He jolts up again.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

(murmurs)

Stupid machine.

Mom nods.

MOM

If you don't tell me what happened in school today I'll have to call the principal myself. Right, Ted?

Dad chews his food.

DAD

Hum.

Junior looks down to his plate.

JUNIOR

Okay, okay. I skipped school today.

MOM

I knew it! Where did you go?

JUNIOR

I went to the library.

Junior jolts up again.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Dammit!

Mom drops the cutlery.

MOM

That's enough, Junior. You either tell us the truth or you're grounded for the rest of--

JUNIOR

But, mom--

MOM

Don't "but mom" me. Just be honest and tell us what happened!

Dad opens the newspaper.

JUNIOR  
I went to the arcade with my  
friends... happy?

MOM  
Oh, Junior, I told you to stay away  
from those boys! They're a bad  
influence on you.

He crosses his arms.

JUNIOR  
(murmurs)  
I hate this stupid machine.

Mom turns to Dad. Who reads the newspaper.

MOM  
What about you? What do you have to  
say about all this?

DAD  
Martha... leave the boy alone.

MOM  
W-- what?

DAD  
(reading the newspaper)  
He's fine. He's just a kid.

MOM  
You can't be serious--

DAD  
(dropping the newspaper)  
What do you want me to do? Huh?  
Ground him?

MARTHA  
That would be really  
appropriate!

JUNIOR  
Come on!

Dad turns to Junior.

DAD  
Junior, you're grounded. Three  
weeks without video games.

Mom nods.

JUNIOR

But--

DAD

What you did is very wrong, young boy. I never skipped school when I was your age.

Dad jolts.

Junior chuckles.

MOM

Oh, Ted, he is truly your son!

Mom jolts up. Her eyes wide-open.

Junior pushes the chair back, ready to leave, but he remains seated.

They look at each other. Complete silence.

The clock ticks...

Ticks... and...

Ticks.

CUT TO:

BLACK

THE END