"VIBRATION"

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET-MORNING

The sun has only risen a little bit in the horizon, creating a beautiful peach colored sky. A shadow quickly crosses the camera.

The camera pans a little bit to the left. A young boy on a bicycle tosses the day's newspaper at one of the houses on the street.

This is Caleb, 12.

He appears to lose control by swerving frantically to the right. The bike slips from underneath him. It CLANKS to the ground.

Caleb lies still for a few seconds before looking back where he swerved. A Tickle Me Elmo is lain out on the sidewalk with a tire track on his belly.

CALEB

Sweet...

EXT. DRIVEWAY

Caleb slowly rides up a driveway towards a blue and white house. He wipes from sweat from his brow while hopping off his bike.

INT. FAMILY ROOM

The front door opens quietly, Caleb enters the house with the Tickle Me Elmo gripped in his right hand. He un straps his helmet, heading upstairs.

INT. BEDROOM

Caleb walks in, tosses the Tickle Me Elmo across the room before taking a leap onto his bed. After silence, something vibrates

CALEB

(confused)

Elmo?

Caleb surveys the room. Elmo sits with another stuffed animal, but he isn't vibrating. Caleb scratches his head with confusion.

INT. ANOTHER BEDROOM

The walls are painted pink, pictures of boy bands and various emo groups are posted on the wall, a girl, ANDREA, 17. She chats away on her cell phone.

ANDREA

Did you steal Channing from me, Izzy?

There is a pause. She reaches inside a waste basket.

ANDREA

Well it isn't anywhere else I would've hid it.

Andrea is becoming anxious; she lifts up her mattress with a groan. Then she searches inside the desk beside her bed.

ANDREA

Godammit!

INT. CALEB'S BEDROOM

He is now knelt down beside Elmo holding him in his hands. He squeezes him, producing an annoying laugh followed by.

ELMO

I love you! Tickle me!

CALEB

Dude, you aren't vibrating... What is?

Caleb drops Elmo, turns around towards his bed. He crawls towards it with curiosity in his eyes.

INT. ANDREA'S ROOM

Andrea still is searching the room with the enthusiasm as before. Now she is digging through her closet, still chatting on her cell.

ANDREA

I know you took it, Izzy. Or was it Katie?

MOM (OS)

Honey, we need to talk about your grades.

ANDREA

Oh my God, Izzy, I think maybe my mom took it.

MOM (OS)

Andrea. I hear you talking on your cell phone. We seriously need to talk about your grades.

Andrea's eyes widen.

ANDREA

I'll call you back once I find it. Love ya.

Andrea clicks the end button, drops the cell phone on her bed heading towards the door.

INT. HALLWAY

WINONA, 38, stands across from a closed door with her arms crossed. Andrea exits, takes a deep breath.

WINONA

Do you have any idea what your grades are, dear?

INT. CALEB'S BEDROOM

Caleb gets down on his chest, lifts up the sheet exposing the gap between underneath his bed and the floor.

CALEB

What the heck?

He pushes a couple things out of the way. He pauses, slowly pulls his arm out. In his hand, is a giant purple DILDO.

Caleb SCREAMS loudly with the dildo twisting around in his hand.

INT. HALLWAY

Winona is producing a folded piece of paper when there is the SCREAM from Caleb's room. They both look at each other, sprint towards his room.

INT. CALEB'S BEDROOM

Both women burst into the room. Caleb is running around in circles with the dildo flailing around in his right hand.

Andrea SCREAMS. Winona grabs Caleb when he is around the room again, she shakes him. The dildo drops to the ground still twirling.

Andrea picks it up.

WINONA

Where did you get that honey?

CALEB

It was... It was... Under my bed...

Winona glances at Andrea, flares her eyebrows.

WINONA

We now have more to talk about that your grades, young woman.

Andrea stomps out of the bedroom.

WINONA

Are you okay, Caleb?

CALEB

I guess so.