

PAIN IN THE TOOTH

By J. Gordon

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

D.J. sits on the bed with a bag of Halloween candy. Dad pops his head into the door.

DAD

You don't have to eat all that candy tonight.

D.J.

(chewing candy)

Yeah right. You think I'm falling for that again? Last year, I woke up and fifty-percent of my stash 'mysteriously disappeared'.

DAD

This isn't a trick. I'm honestly just concerned for your health.

D.J.

I have the metabolism of a squirrel. None of this sugar is going to affect me.

D.J. bites into a gobstopper and CRACK - one of D.J.'s teeth breaks. The pain is extreme but DJ covers.

DAD

What was that?

D.J.

Nothing.

DAD

You sure. You look kinda funny.

D.J.

I'm fine.

DAD

Okay, you convinced me. I won't stop you from going to town on that bag of candy.

D.J.

Actually, I think I've had enough for tonight.

DAD
Suit yourself.
(leaving the room)
Light on or off?

D.J.
You can leave it on. 'Night dad.

Dad exits. D.J. stops pretending and whimpers in pain.

D.J. crosses to the mirror, opens mouth and looks deep at the molars - have of the tooth is missing and blood is streaming out of the gums!

D.J. cries, shudders in pain, then grabs the tooth fragment that remains and YANKS it out.

D.J.
Aaaarrgh!