



Nothing Hidden

Honesty • 2025

7 char ▾

27 min ▾

When Jake forges his parents' signature to join a school field trip, he thinks he's found an easy way to escape being grounded. His small lie quickly spirals out of control as he becomes caught between two voices, Truth and True-ish. True-ish makes lying sound easy and harmless while Truth shines light on the consequences. As one lie leads to another, Jake digs himself deeper into trouble and learns a painful lesson that every lie has a price and earning back trust is far harder than losing it.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

Jake	(male)
Sam	(male)
Dad	(male)
Mom	(female)
Ms. Lane	(female)
Truth	(male voiceover)
Lie	(female voiceover)

Nothing Hidden

(Jake enters frantically looking through mail as Sam follows behind)

Sam:

[chewing] You know, we should bring a portable charger on Friday.

Jake:

The mail came in.

Sam:

Hm?

Jake:

It's not gonna happen.

Sam:

What are you talking about?

Jake:

She saw it.

(Jake shows Sam his report card)

Sam:

Ooof [chewing], and I thought mine were bad.

Jake:

[frustrated sigh]

Sam:

Wait, now I don't wanna go.

Jake:

No, I'll make it happen.

Sam:

But your grades–

Jake:

I don't care. I'm going.

(Jake digs through his drawer tossing clothes behind him)

Sam:

How? [chewing]

(Jake pulls out a sock and throws it on Sam)

Jake:

Ueghh..

Sam:

Ueghh. When was the last time you washed these?

Jake:

What? I only wear them once a week.

Sam:

[pinching nose] Mmm, understandable.

(Jake pulls out a permission slip)

Jake:

[chuckles] If they don't let me go, I'll use this.

Sam:

This?

Jake:

[whispering]

Sam:

Nooo—

Jake:

Watch me.

Sam:

You wouldn't.

(Text message. Sam looks at his phone)

Jake:

Look, it's not everyday—

Sam:

Snap! I totally forgot.

Jake:

What?

Sam:

I got piano lessons.

(Same packs his things to leave)

Jake:

Just skip it.

Sam:

I can't. I already missed last week.

Jake:

So—

Sam:

Sorry, I gotta go.

Jake:

Later.

(Sam exits. Jake begins collecting his clothes and notices Lie, a black ball, under his bed)

Jake:

Hmm.

Lie:

Hey there, Jake.

Jake:

AHH!

Lie:

SHHH. Keep it down.

Jake:

I'm done. I'm so done.

Lie:

Done? We're just getting started.

Jake:

A talking ball?

Lie:

Look, I'm here to help you.

Jake:

I didn't need help.. at least not until you started talking to me.

Lie:

Allow me to introduce myself. I am True.. ish.

Jake:

Huh?

Lie:

True.. ish.

Jake:

Yeah, whatever.

(Jake prepares to throw Lie outside)

Lie:

Ah-ah-ah-ah... you want to go on that field trip, right? [pause] I know you do, and you won't be able to without me.

Jake:

What are you?

Lie:

Truth is inconvenient, Jake. It forces you to be embarrassed, ashamed, to feel guilt. Disgusting. But Tru-ish, Tru-ish sets you free.

Truth:

Excuse me?

(Truth, a white ball on the closet, lights up)

Jake:

ANOTHER ONE?!

Truth:

Did you say, Tru-ish sets you free?

Lie:

Ugh. You.

Truth:

Lies won't get you far, Jake.

Lie:

Woah. Woah. Woah. We don't use that word.

Truth:

What, lies?

Lie:

I'm Tru-ish.

Truth:

Lies.

Lie:

Tru-ish.

Truth:

Lies.

Lie:

TRUISH!

Jake:

QUIET! BOTH OF YOU!

Lie:

Throw him out, Jake!

(Jake approaches the window)

Lie:

Jake? Jake, where are you taking me?

(Jake throws Lie out the window)

Lie:

Ahhhhhh...

Truth:

Good choice.

Jake:

What part of quiet do you not understand?

Truth:

You're not planning to...

Lie:

[cough] [cough]

Jake:

Huh?

(Jake opens drawer)

Lie:

Home sweet home.

(Jake throws Lie out again)

Lie:

[clears throat]

(Jake opens drawer again)

Jake:

WHAT?

Lie:

You didn't understand, I'm here to stay.

(Parents arrive and Mom's voice is heard from a distance)

Mom:

And then he wants to go on a field trip.

Jake:

[gasp] They're home.

Lie:

That's what I'm here for.

(Door opens and parents enter)

Jake:

Shh!

(Jake throws Lie into the drawer closing it shut)

Dad:

Are we out of bread?

Mom:

Did you hear me? It's getting out of hand.

Dad:

He's a boy, it's not a big deal.

(Dad reads tablet)

Mom:

What do you mean it's not a big deal?

Dad:

[sips tea] Huh. They invented a robot that learns on its own.

Mom:

James.

Dad:

Hm?

Mom:

Three F's, James. Three! How will he go to college?

Dad:

Three?

Mom:

And a D in P.E. In P.E. It's those video games, that's all he cares about.

Dad:

I'll talk to him.

Mom:

I think you need to talk to him today.

Dad:

[exhale] Jake! JAKE! Get over here.

(Jake slowly creeps into the room)

Jake:

H..hey, Dad, did you call me?

Dad:

I'm out there working from morning to night so you can have a better future, and you bring home three F's and a D? Are you kidding me?

Jake:

I was going to–

Dad:

I'm not taking any excuses. No electronics until your grades go up.

Jake:

But, Dad, I need it–

Dad:

Phone.

Jake:

But I need it for homework.

Dad:

I said, phone.

(Jake surrenders his phone)

Dad:

And you're not going on the field trip either.

Jake:

Please!

Dad:

No.

Jake:

I'll do better.

Dad:

No. First, you do better, and then you get privileges, not the other way around.

Jake:

But—

Dad:

Go to your room!

Jake:

I hate this! [stomps foot]

Dad:

Excuse me? Stomp your foot one more time, and you won't see this phone for the rest of your life.

(Jake returns to his room and sits on the bed)

Dad:

No respect at all. If I stomped my foot in my father's house, I wouldn't be able to sit for a week.

Mom:

It's okay, honey. Hopefully, this will teach him.

Dad:

[sigh] Anyway, what do we need besides bread?

Mom:

I'll come with you.

(Mom and Dad exit while Ms. Lane enters the office. Jake opens his drawer)

Jake:

Hey, you. I'm listening.

Lie:

Wonderful. So, how has your vision been lately?

Jake:

My vision?

Lie:

[whispers] Listen up. [whisper noises]

Jake:

That's not true– ish?! That's a flat out lie.

Lie:

No, it's only a lie if you tell them parents let.

Jake:

Mhm.

(Jake returns Lie to the drawer and forges the signature on the permission slip)

Jake:

There.

(Jake grabs \$20 and goes to the office)

Jake:

Hi, Ms. Lane.

(Ms. Lane is preoccupied with work)

Jake:

Ms. Lane?

Ms. Lane:

Huh?

Jake:

I have the field trip form.

Ms. Lane:

Leave it there, thank you. [pause] Did you need something else?

Jake:

Well- [phone rings]

Ms. Lane:

Hold that thought. Uphill Middle School, Ms. Lane speaking. Yes, this Friday. Uh huh. Bus leaves at eight. Of course, no problem. Where were we?

Jake:

Well, my mom took me to a clinic.. the guy who checks people's eyes.

Ms. Lane:

An optometrist?

Jake:

Yeah, optomistrist.

Ms. Lane:

Optometrist.

Jake:

Right. Anyway, apparently, my vision is like negative three.

Ms. Lane:

Negative three?

Jake:

Or like negative point three. I'm not sure, but it's bad.

Ms. Lane:

Did you get glasses?

Jake:

The guy said they should come in a few weeks, so I was wondering, would it be possible to sit a little closer in my classes? [phone rings]

Ms. Lane:

[exhale] Sorry. [picks up phone] Please hold. [covers phone] Um, I'll talk to your teachers, it shouldn't be a problem. [uncovers phone] Uphill Middle School, Ms. Lane speaking. [whispers] Just bring me a note from the optometrist.

Jake:

[whispers] I'll bring it by the end of this week.

Ms. Lane:

Mhm, yes, yes, lunch will be provided.

(Jake exits)

Ms. Lane:

It's twenty-eight dollars. No problem. You too, buh-bye.

(Lights off)

Truth:

Psst, Lie, you there? Lie? [chuckle] You won't respond unless I call you "Tru-ish," huh?

Lie:

[muffled] Leave me alone.

Truth:

Congratulations, Jake went on the field trip. But aren't you worried it will come to light?

Lie:

[muffled] I don't wanna talk to you.

Truth:

What are you afraid of? [chuckles] Light, Tru-ish, you're afraid of the light. You can't stand against the truth.

Lie:

Hmpf.

(Lights on. Sam and Jake enter)

Sam:

But how did you get your parents' signature?

Jake:

I just put a random scribble.

Sam:

A scribble?

Jake:

Literally, a random scribble. I figured, no one's gonna check.

Sam:

No way, that's crazy! [chewing]

Jake:

You know what's actually crazy?

Sam:

[chewing] What?

Jake:

Grown-ups keep saying: [mocking] "Lying is a sin. Lies won't get you anywhere." [chuckles] And look.

Sam:

Uhh, I guess—

Jake:

Check this out.

(Jake opens his backpack and notices Lie)

Jake:

What are you doing in my backpack?

Sam:

Huh?

Jake:

I mean, nevermind. Anyway, there it is.

(Jake pulls out a note)

Sam:

What is it?

Jake:

Watch this.

(Jake and Sam go to Ms. Lane who is on the phone)

Ms. Lane:

Pick-up time is as usual.

Jake:

[whisper] I brought the note.

Ms. Lane:

Yes, they did.

Ms. Lane:

Of course, thank you. Buh-bye.

Jake:

The note from the eyetomotrist.

Ms. Lane:

Optometrist. You already moved seats, correct?

Jake:

Yeah, a few days ago.

Ms. Lane:

Great. [phone rings]

Jake:

Thanks, Ms. Lane!

Ms. Lane:

Mhm.

(Jake and Sam leave the office. Dad enters the kitchen)

Jake:

That easy.

Sam:

Wait, your vision is bad?

Jake:

[chuckles]

Sam:

Serious?

Jake:

Ms. Lane spoke to the teachers. They let me choose where to sit.

Sam:

So that's why you're sitting in the front now.

Jake:

Mhm. I can sit anywhere I want.

Sam:

[excited] Sit with me!

Jake:

[mocking] "Me." Do you have straight A's?

Sam:

No—

Jake:

Exactly. Thanks to the goodie goodies up front I aced our last test.

Sam:

[gasp] THAT. IS. GENIUS. How did you think of that?

Jake:

[chuckles] I'm just too good.

Sam:

But what if they notice you're not wearing glasses?

Jake:

I'll tell them parents bought me contacts.

Sam:

Wow.

Jake:

Mhm.

Sam:

You think they'd let you skip the mile tomorrow?

Jake:

What mile?

Sam:

For P.E., we're running a mile.

Jake:

I doubt it. [pause] Unless I come up with something. [chuckles]

Sam:

[nervous laughter] You're getting a little too good at this.

Jake:

You won't tell anyone, right?

Sam:

Me? Of course not.

Jake:

Promise?

Sam:

I actually don't make promises.

Jake:

I want you to promise me.

Sam:

Sorry, Jake, but really I can't.

Jake:

Sam. I need you to promise me.

Sam:

Uhh- I uh, the thing is, I can't. Parents said I should never promise.

Jake:

Sam.

Sam:

Trust me, I won't tell anyone.

Jake:

Alright, I see how it is.

Lie:

[build up sneeze]

Sam:

What was that?

Jake:

[cough, cough] I think I'm getting sick [cough], I gotta go!

(Jake just runs off)

Sam:

O-kay? Bye?!

(Sam exits. Jake enters the kitchen)

Dad:

Jake, you're home!

Jake:

Hey, Dad.

Dad:

Is everything okay?

Jake:

Yeah. I— just thought I left my textbook for a second. Anything interesting?

Dad:

There's always something interesting. Listen to this: "Robot that learns on its own tried to lie to its inventors." Can you imagine? [laughs] They invented it, and it tried to lie to them.

Jake:

Yeah [nervous laughter].

Dad:

Oh, right. I didn't tell you, Mom spoke to Ms. Lane.

Jake:

She did?

Dad:

When were you planning to tell me?

Jake:

Dad, it's not–

Dad:

A ninety-seven? On a math test? I'm so proud of you!

Jake:

Oh [chuckles], thanks dad!

Dad:

I understand everything. I was just like you your age.

Jake:

Right–

Dad:

Come here. Mom and I want the best for you, son.

(Dad hugs Jake)

Jake:

Mhm. [pause] Well, it's getting late, and I have a mile tomorrow. Good night!

Dad:

Sleep tight! Don't let the bed bugs bite.

Jake:

Dad.

Dad:

Okay.

(Jake goes to his room, opens his backpack, and finds three lies)

Jake:

Three?

Lie:

[yawn] Don't waste your time.

Jake:

Why are you everywhere?

Lie:

We are a team now. Afterall, that big-

Truth:

The losing team.

Lie:

AFTERALL, that BIG HUG was thanks to us.

Truth:

Admit it, Jake. It doesn't feel right, does it?

Lie:

No, no, no. Jake feels great! He made his father proud. Tell him, Jake.

Truth:

Is this really who you want to be, Jake?

Jake:

I'm going to bed.

(Jake covers Truth with a cloth)

Lie:

Good choice.

(Jake places Lie into the drawer)

Lie:

Wait, wait, wait. What about the mile tomorrow?

Jake:

What about it?

Lie:

You deserve a break [cough, cough]

(Jake shuts the drawer)

Lie:

[muffled] Good night.

(Jake goes to bed. Lights off)

Truth:

Jake. Jaaake? What are you hiding?

Jake:

[snoring] I didn't lie. I didn't lie.

Truth:

[exhale] Even in your sleep.

(Rooster crows. Lights on. Mom in the kitchen drinking tea)

Jake:

[deep sigh] Mooom. [sickly] Moooooom!

(Mom enters Jake's room and sets her cup of tea on his night stand. She feels his forehead with her hand as he pretends to be sick. Mom leaves and returns with a thermometer. When she leaves, Jake places the thermometer into Mom's tea and then returns it to his mouth. Mom returns with soup, medicine and her laptop. Mom leaves. Jake sits up with a satisfied face and starts doing things on the laptop)

Lie:

[muffled] You're welcome!

Jake:

[slaps drawer] Be quiet.

(Lights off. Night sequence. Lights on. Jake awakes and puts on his backpack)

Lie:

[muffled] Before you go.

Jake:

What now?

Lie:

[muffled] I just have a quick thing.

(Jake opens the drawer)

Jake:

Do you ever stop talking?

Lie:

You have a friend, Sam, right?

Jake:

What about him?

Lie:

Eh, I'd be careful around him. He knows a little too much.

Jake:

I'll do what I want.

Mom:

Jake!

Jake:

Not a word.

(Jake throws Lie into the drawer)

Lie:

[muffled] Disrespectful.

(Jake kicks drawer. Mom enters)

Mom:

How are you feeling?

Jake:

Better.

Mom:

Here's your sick note. Make sure to drop it off at the office.

Jake:

Mhmm.

Mom:

I'll see you after school.

Jake:

Bye mom.

(Jake walks to school and bumps into Sam)

Sam:

Jake! Where were you?

Jake:

[laughs] I was actually, uhh.. I had a pretty bad fever.

Sam:

Oooh.. I thought you came up with some kind of master plan to skip school [chuckles].

Jake:

No, no.. I was sick.

Sam:

You want some?

(Same offers Jake snacks)

Sam:

You wanna come over today?

Jake:

I'd love to, but I'm gonna be studying.

Sam:

Studying? I thought you copy off the smart kids?

Jake:

I never said that.

Sam:

Um.. you did.

Jake:

Well, I did... but then I decided I should study.

Sam:

Are you serious?

Jake:

Yeah.. anyway, I need to stop by the office. Thanks for the snacks.

Sam:

Mhm.

(Jake goes to the office)

Jake:

Good morning, Ms. Lane!

Ms. Lane:

Jake! You're exactly who I needed.

Jake:

Yeah? What happened?

Ms. Lane:

I was going through the field trip forms, and-

Jake:

Was there a problem?

Ms. Lane:

Nevermind. Yeah, so, it looks like you only paid twenty dollars, but the trip was twenty eight dollars, see?

Jake:

Oh. The eight looks like a zero [chuckles]. Good thing my glasses are coming in soon.

Ms. Lane:

No worries. I'll send an email home as a reminder.

Jake:

That's okay, Ms. Lane, I won't forget!

Ms. Lane:

It's just a reminder for your parents.

Jake:

No, really, you don't have to send an email.

Ms. Lane:

Jake, it's just a reminder. You're not in trouble.

Jake:

I know, but there's no need for it. I'll bring the money by the end of the day.

Ms. Lane:

Is everything alright?

Jake:

Yeah. I just want to learn responsibility.

Ms. Lane:

[suspicious] Mhm.

Jake:

Really, Ms. Lane, I wanna do it myself.

Ms. Lane:

Alright.

Jake:

Oh, and I have a sick note for yesterday.

Ms. Lane:

Thank you.

(Ms. Lane observes the signature on the sick note and is caught off guard)

Ms. Lane:

Hold on, Jake.

Jake:

What's that?

(Ms. Lane shuffles to find Jake's doctor's note and field trip form. She compares the signatures and notices a discrepancy)

Ms. Lane:

Responsibility, huh? We're gonna need to make a call home.

Jake:

Why?!

Ms. Lane:

Why did you lie?

Jake:

I didn't.

Ms. Lane:

None of these signatures match.

Jake:

What do you mean?

Ms. Lane:

Jake. You forged the signatures.

Jake:

That wasn't me, Ms. Lane, I promise.

Ms. Lane:

Then who?

Jake:

It.. it was Sam! He forged the signatures.

Ms. Lane:

Okay, I'll talk to Sam.

Jake:

Can you not call my parents?

Ms. Lane:

I don't think you understand. Even if Sam did it, that would only get both of you in trouble.

Jake:

But.. but..

(jakes takes off running)

Ms. Lane:

Jake!

(Ms. Lane picks up the phone. Jake runs into his room and tries to get rid of the lies, the black balls)

Jake:

YOU LIAR!

Lie:

I am TRU-ISH!

Jake:

You tricked me. How do I get rid of you all?

Lie:

Stop!

(Jake scrambles to get rid of the lies. Climax when Jake opens the closet and lies pour out. Parents enter)

Dad:

Jake!

Lie:

Young man, deny everything!

(Mom and Dad enter Jake's room)

Jake:

Mom! Dad! Hear me out!

Mom:

Go ahead.

Jake:

I never went on the field trip, I just spoke to Ms. Lane on the way out of school. It was a miscommunication. She'll probably call you tonight to explain.

Mom:

Go on, tell us about your vision.

Jake:

My vision.. my vision has been weird lately. I thought it was bad, but then the next day it was good again. It was weird, I don't know.

Mom:

Mhm. Continue.

Jake:

Well.. and the days I stayed home, when I was sick, it was probably because of my vision that my fever was high. My eyes hurt the entire time.

Mom:

Is that why you were on the laptop all day?

Jake:

Well–

Dad:

Cut it out.

Mom:

I spoke to Ms. Lane. We know what you did.

Jake:

No! I didn't–

Dad:

Enough. Now tell us the truth.

Jake:

I really wanted to go, so I faked the signatures.

Dad:

Why'd you lie about your vision?

Jake:

To move seats in my classes.

Dad:

Why?

Jake:

So I could copy off the smart kids.

Mom:

You were never sick, were you?

Jake:

I'm sorry, Mom. Sorry, Dad. I thought I'd lie once, but then one thing after another and I... got caught up in lies.

Mom:

I don't know what to say.

Dad:

Clean up your room. Get rid of all this trash!

(Parents exiting)

Dad:

And a few days ago, I told him I was proud of him.

Mom:

[sigh]

Jake:

Look what you did. [pause] Oh, so now you decide to be quiet?
Tru-ish. Tru-ish? Hello?

(Jake collects all the lies and removes them. He checks to make sure they are all gone)

Jake:

THEY'RE GONE! THEY'RE GONE!

Truth:

So, Jake, let's set one thing straight. Tru-ish forces you to be embarrassed, ashamed, to feel guilt. Disgusting. But Truth, the truth sets you free.

(Jake sits onto his bed, stares into the ground, and lays down to sleep. Lights off. Night sequence. Lights on. Jake goes to school and meets Sam)

Sam:

So, I forged the signatures, huh?

Jake:

I'm sorry, Sam!

Sam:

I don't trust you.

(Same exits. Jakes goes to the office. Mom enters the kitchen)

Jake:

I have a note from my mom. I won't be in school from the eighth to the tenth.

Ms. Lane:

I'll double-check with your parents.

Jake:

Sorry, Ms. Lane.

Ms. Lane:

Mhm.

Ms. Lane:

Oh, by the way, we had a meeting yesterday. The teachers will be checking your work for cheating, so you might see a few zeros appear in your grades.

(Jake walks home disappointed)

Mom:

How was school?

Jake:

Good.

Mom:

You were at school, right?

Jake:

Where else would I be?

Mom:

I'll double-check with Ms. Lane.

Jake:

Mom, no one believes me anymore.

Mom:

Well, that's what happens when you lie.

Jake:

Will you ever trust me again?

Mom:

Trust can take a while to build.

Jake:

How long?

Mom:

A while. [pause] Dad and I still love you Jake, but it will take time. What do you want for dinner?

Jake:

I'll have anything.

(Jake goes to his room and uncovers Truth)

Truth:

"For there is nothing hidden that will not be disclosed, and nothing concealed that will not be made known and brought to light."

Luke 8:17