

# Home TImE

By

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FADE IN:

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

A plain family living room.

A portrait of OMNI hangs on the wall.

DAD (45) slinks into the room and looks around.

He approaches the door but freezes, one foot away.

DAD (V.O.)  
Damn, the hypnotic block.

He struggles to move forward, his arm can't reach the knob.

DAD  
Damn hypnosis tricks.

Sweat on his forehead - his arms quivering.

ARGH - headache! He relents and gives up trying.

DAD (V.O.)  
I could break the glass.

He picks up a lamp then looks to the window.

DAD  
Throw this through window and break  
the glass.

VOICES approaching.

Dad hurriedly sets the lamp down. He ducks at the side of the couch.

MOM (45), BRO (25), SIS (20) enter from kitchen, in conversation.

SIS  
...That's when I told him a soggy  
head of wilting lettuce would cut  
cleaner than that skinny charlie!

GIGGLES. But Mom puts her hand out to stop the kids.

MOM  
You kids hear something?

SIS  
No, Mom.

BRO  
No, naw.

Dad looks about fearfully.

MOM (CONT'D)  
Shhh! You kids hear something?

SIS  
No, uh uh.

BRO  
No, Mom. Nothing.

MOM (CONT'D)  
Fine.

Dad breathes a HUGE SIGH of relief.

MOM (CONT'D)  
Say. Where's your Dad?

BRO  
Dad? We probably left him locked in  
his room like a big dummy.

MOM  
That's right. We probably did leave  
him locked in his room.

Dad's nervous.

MOM (CONT'D)  
Now you kids know the plan? Dad  
can't know a single thing.

SIS  
We got it. I'll always obey you  
dear, Mom.

MOM  
Now, tell me what you're gonna do.

Dad grows fearful as they plot.

BRO  
I'm gonna mix the special  
concoction.

MOM  
You mustn't spill an ounce.

BRO  
Duh.

Mom smiles.

SIS  
An I am going to hide the knife an  
rope an...an...

MOM  
What else?

SIS  
An something else I forgot.

MOM  
(leading)  
The Swiiiiiii-

SIS  
-Oh! That's it! I'm going to turn  
off the lights at just the right  
time so he won't see it coming.

Dad GULPS.

MOM  
Good. Thank you, Bro. Thank you,  
Sis.

BRO  
Yup. Whatever.

MOM  
C'mon. We have much to do.

Mom, Bro and Sis turn around and walk back into the kitchen.

Dad comes out of hiding. Deeply frightened.

DAD (IN V.O.)  
If I've heard one murder pact I've  
hear em all.

Dad is sullen with head in hand.

DING DONG - doorbell.

Dad strides up and stands next to the door. It opens.

Standing in the doorway is DELIVERY MAN. He wears a crisp,  
wool uniform and a menacing smile. He holds a houseplant.

The two men stare long and hard at each other. Dad has a  
deep, dark fear of Delivery Man.

DELIVERY MAN  
Delivery.

DAD  
D-D- Delivery?

DELIVERY MAN  
Plant delivery.

DAD  
A plant.

DELIVERY MAN  
I'll come right in.

Dad moves aside.

Delivery Man walks in, crosses to the table with lamp on it.

He sets the plant down and picks up the lamp.

Delivery Man throws the lamp at the window. Glass SMASHES.

Dad shocks.

Delivery Man delights, dusts off his hands, meanders to the door, tips his hat to Dad.

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)  
Have a nice day.

Delivery Man exits. The door SHUTS.

DAD  
A plant.

We see a small listening device tucked inside of the plant.

**INT. KITCHEN - SAME**

Mom, Sis and Bro mix a concoction inside of a huge pot.

SIS  
Did you hear the doorbell?

BRO  
Shit yeah I did.

Mom inserts a earbud into her right ear.

SIS  
I'll go get it.

MOM  
No need. Dad got it. It was just  
Delivery Man.

Bro pours a liquid into the pot. PSST! A plume of smoke comes out.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Seated on the couch, Dad pouts.

The door opens and PAL (40) enters. Crosses room and sits down next to Dad. He wears a tracksuit.

PAL  
Hey there, looking glum.

Pal reaches under the couch and pulls out a bottle of vodka.

DAD  
I think my family is going to murder me.

PAL  
Oh yeah?

DAD  
Yeah.

PAL  
Huh.

Pal takes a sip off the bottle.

DAD  
I think my family is going to murder me. I overheard them talking about it.

PAL  
Oh yeah? Huh.

The two friends think.

**INT. MOM'S OTHERWORLD - SAME**

Mom looks right into the camera. She is in a space out of time and place.

MOM  
The plant is in place. He thinks he has an idea but operates on false assumptions. My husband is the Stronghold, System is the Throne.

She touches her forehead then gives the System salute.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Pal sips off his bottle.

PAL

I doubt it could be that bad, I'm sure they'll come around and spare you.

DAD

What if it's now or never? Can't you help me out? You're my pal.

PAL

Hey. I would if I could but you know it ain't that easy.

DAD

What if I tell you to stop popping in here on your morning jog then?

PAL

Say, that wouldn't be too friendly, friend.

DAD

I could be dead tomorrow.

PAL

Then you'll want a pal,  
 (thumb to chest)  
 at your funeral. Wontcha?  
 (waits)  
 Besides, you need all the friends you can get. Cooped up in here all day, I'm the only one to visit you.

Pal sips.

DAD

That's true, I get lonesome.

PAL

TCH. You get lonesome.

DAD

I could call your wife. Tell her how you come here to sauce it up when you're supposedly jogging.

PAL

Oh, yeah? You? The picture boy of spousal fidelity?

DAD  
Just saying... I could.

PAL  
Peep to my wife and you'll have more than your family to worry about. I'll give you a Columbian necktie, tie your tits to a sun dance pole, bury you alive and send you off in a proper viking burial. Fire, water, earth and air, every element will play a part in your demise.

Dad stares intently at the rotary phone.

The phone sits on the side table.

DAD  
I was being dramatic, Pal. Kidding.

PAL  
Yeah. Just kidding.

Pal swigs the bottle.

DAD  
Just kidding.

PAL  
But you got nothing to worry about. I'm sure the family probably isn't going to murder you.

DAD  
Thanks for that. You're a Pal.

Pal hands Dad the empty bottle.

PAL  
Throw this out for me would ya?

DAD  
I'll throw it out.

PAL  
Great. See you tomorrow. I gotta go jog home.

Pal stands up.

The plant is on the lamp stand.

**INT. KITCHEN - SAME**

Mom touches her ear, listens.

Sis and Bro are mixing.

Mom pulls a bottle out of a paper bag.

Mom hands the bottle to Sis.

MOM  
Here. Go put this away.

SIS.  
Sure, Mom.

Sis exits.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Dad sits and pouts.

Sis runs in.

SIS  
Dad! Hi, Dad. Oh there you are Dad.

Sis hugs her dad. She slips the bottle under the couch.

DAD  
Hi, little, Sis. How are you today,  
Sis?

SIS  
Swell. I am swell.

DAD  
Now that's just great. Swell.

Dad smiles, hands her the empty bottle.

DAD (CONT'D)  
Say. Could you throw this out in  
the recycling for me?

SIS  
The recycling? The refuse bin next  
to the garbage refuse bin?

DAD  
That's right.

Sis walks over and looks out the window.

SIS

I see the recycling bin, Dad. The one that was just delivered last week.

DAD

That's right. They want us to separate certain garbage now.

SIS

Did you see them deliver it? Like through the window?

DAD

That's right. I saw them. Through the window.

Sis looks grim.

**INSERT - INT. MOM'S OTHERWORLD - SAME**

Mom looks into camera. She presses the bud in her ear.

MOM

He has to tell me why.

DR. THEY (77) appears, looks into camera.

THEY

Has he told you "why"?

MOM

He has to tell me why.

BACK TO SCENE

Sis questions Dad.

SIS

I don't like the view out this window much. I never liked to look through it much.

DAD

It's fine enough.

SIS

Mom doesn't like it.

DAD

No. I imagine Mom doesn't.  
(wonders)  
Are you going to tell her?

SIS

That depends. I can't tell. It's hard to tell moment to moment whom I most want to make happy.

DAD

I certainly understand.

SIS

Do I want to make Mom most happy, or do I want to make Dad most happy?

DAD

I understand.

SIS

She doesn't like the broken window either.

DAD

She doesn't, or she won't like the broken window?

Sis approaches Dad.

SIS

It's the same thing.

DAD

Not quite, y'see-

SIS

-It isn't the same.

DAD

Well. I didn't break it anyhow. Delivery Man broke it. I didn't break it.

SIS

I wonder.

DAD

You wonder?

SIS

I wonder. Is it possible to be bad enough just one time, so that you can be blamed for just about everything else later on?

Dad wonders.

DAD  
I don't know.

SIS  
I don't know too.

Dad tries to turn the conversation.

DAD  
But you love Dad, right?

SIS  
Of course.

DAD  
Then help me. I'll be a good Dad. I promise.

SIS  
That's just it. I love you too much to lose you, and you know you can't be trusted!

Dad looks mournful as Sis smiles.

**INT. KITCHEN - SAME**

Mom holds the earbud between her and Bro. They listen.

MOM  
Go tell Dad to get ready. Let him know we'll have company, but don't let him know about the surprise.

BRO  
I'll let him know all right.

MOM  
But the surprise! Mum's the word.

BRO  
Yeah, Mom. Mum's the word, Mom.

Bro hustles out.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Dad and Sis sit awkwardly on the couch. Bro hurries in.

Dad surprises, Bro swats Sis away.

BRO  
Get out of here. You got junk to do.

SIS  
Ugh. You're such a jerk!

BRO  
Piss off.

DAD  
Kids!

BRO AND SIS  
What?!

DAD  
N-nothing, kids.

Sis stomps out through the door to the rooms.

DAD (CONT'D)  
Hey, son.

BRO  
What is it, Dad.

DAD  
It's good to see you.

Dad fake smiles.

BRO  
You always say that. How can you mean something you always say?

DAD  
I don't know. I just do.

BRO  
Dad, Dad, Dad. I admin seventeen facebook groups, four reddit pages and I'm an elite 4Chan janitor. You can't fool me. I smell a troll a mile off. I'm king troll.

DAD  
I mean it. It's good to see you.

BRO  
Whatever. Mom wants me to help you get ready. There's a special surprise for you at dinner.

Dad frets.

BRO (CONT'D)  
I wasn't supposed to tell you that,  
but I don't care. That's all I'm  
going to say. C'mon.

Bro grabs Dad by the arm.

BRO (CONT'D)  
I'm taking you to your room.

Bro and Dad exit.

**INT. KITCHEN - SAME**

Sis dumps yellow lumpy goo into a baking pan.

SIS  
Did I do good Mom?

MOM  
Of course, you did just as I would  
suspect.

Mom dips her finger into the goo, brings it to her lips and  
tastes.

MOM (CONT'D)  
Mmmmm. Just as good as I would  
suspect.

Mom smiles at Sis.

**INT. DAD'S ROOM - DAY**

Bro leads Dad.

Dad's room is windowless and painted primer grey. A pair of  
shackles hang on the wall. There's a dresser and a mattress  
on the floor.

BRO  
Get dressed.

DAD  
I am dressed. You want me to  
change?

BRO  
God, you're an ass. Yeah, change!

DAD  
For chores, bed, tea service?

BRO  
Don't be dumb. Formal!

Dad has surprise concern.

DAD  
Formal?

BRO  
Duh! For company.

DAD  
For company?

BRO  
I told you we were having company.

DAD  
You told me there would be a  
surprise. I didn't know about  
company.

BRO  
Are you going to question me, Dad?

DAD  
Sorry. I'll get dressed for  
company. Formal.

They wait and stare at each other.

DAD (CONT'D)  
I'll change. Can you look away?

Bro turns towards the wall in protest.

BRO  
Gawd. It's not like you have  
something I haven't seen before.  
You changed my diapers when I was a  
baby, remember?

DAD  
Yes, I remember.

Dad buttons up a dress shirt, looks to the wall in thought.

We hear sounds from his memory, a MANIACAL BABY CRY.

**INT. KITCHEN - SAME**

LAUGHS from Mom into the telephone receiver.

MOM  
(in phone)  
Of course we are still on. All is  
in motion.

Mom listens, a joyful expression turns grim.

MOM (CONT'D)  
I love you.

Mom hangs up the phone and stares at the receiver.

Mom takes a finger of thick substance from a bowl and sticks  
it in her mouth. She MMMMM's over the taste.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Mom and Sis sit on the couch, playing cards.

Bro sits against the back wall, working on a computer.

Dad paces nervously.

MOM  
Dad, you are going to wrinkle the  
pants if you keep pace like that.

Dad stops.

DAD  
Oh, pacing. Am I pacing?

SIS  
You're walking back and forth.

MOM  
It could look like you are nervous  
about something.

BRO  
Yeah. Chill out!

DAD  
Nervous? Why would I be nervous?

MOM  
Why would you be nervous?

DAD  
Well, I don't know. Today is  
different though.

MOM  
Oh?

DAD  
We have company coming right?

MOM  
That makes things different?

DAD  
It could make things... special?

MOM  
If something is special? Mightn' it  
be a surprise?

DAD  
Well-

BRO  
Geez, you don't want to ruin a  
surprise, Dad.

DAD  
No-

MOM  
Just mention and acknowledgement of  
an impending surprise could spoil a  
surprise.

SIS  
(to Mom)  
Is the surprise ruined?

Mom looks at Dad with intense, wide-eyed focus.

DAD  
Let's just say, I... I don't  
want....

Dad's eyes lock with Mom's. He trails off. Falling into a  
spell of hypnosis under her gaze.

DING DONG

Dad jumps with fright and SQUEALS.

BRO  
Gawd, it's just a doorbell, dummy.

DAD

The doorbell. We have company. I can get the door?

MOM

When the bell rings you can answer.

Dad walks to the door.

Dad hesitatingly reaches out for the handle. Cautious, but he doesn't have the same hypnotic block that was present before.

Mom and Sis look at each other with excitement.

DAD

I wonder who it could be.

BRO

It's just They.

MOM

Just, They?

Sweat on his brow, Dad opens the door.

They stands before them. He wears a shiny suit.

Dad GULPS as the rest of the family rises to salute Dr. They.

Dr. They steps into the room.

ZRRP ZRRP ZRPP ZRPP Mom, Sis, and Bro emanate blue energy aura's. Dad looks uncomfortable.

THEY

Wow! Thanks for the spectacular entry greetings!

They mean mugs Dad.

THEY (CONT'D)

Well, at least from most of you.

Dad GULPS.

Mom takes They's hands with reverence.

MOM

We've worked hard at a glorious chow offering for you.

THEY

Praise Empusa, for I am famished.

MOM  
Shall we dine?

THEY  
I would love to dine.

They turns to Dad and outstretches a hand. Dad is reluctant but they hold hands.

THEY (CONT'D)  
The best thing about a surprise is  
the spoiling of it.  
(demonically)  
Surprise!

Mom, Bro and Sis yell SURPRISE.

SIS  
Now!

Sis turns off the lights.

BLACKNESS

In spotlight Delivery Man walks across the room, everything else is unseen.

Sis turns the lights back on, GIGGLES.

Party hats are on everyone's heads, streamers fall from the ceiling.

THEY  
Now we may dine.

All exit towards the dining room as They and Dad hold hands.

#### **INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Mom, Sis, Man, Dad and Bro sit at the table. An ornate, festive meal of glazed ham, squash and mashed potatoes in front of them. Bro has a computer in front of him.

THEY  
Bro, do you always use a  
computational console at the supper  
table?

BRO  
Yeah, dinner hour is prime  
notification time in all the  
facebook groups I run.

Dad's eyes dart nervously between They and Bro.

MOM

Bro is big in group management processes. An influencer. You should see his Klout score-

BRO

-Mom! No one talks about Klout anymore!

MOM

See, he knows everything.

THEY

Is this, facebook activity, in service to the Omnihead?

BRO

I dunno. Yeah. I think so.

SIS

Mom says everything with intention can be for OmniHead.

They looks at Sis.

Mom politely admonishes.

MOM

Sis.

BRO

Yeah. I serve myself in the digital realm. But I serve myself in order to serve the OmniHead.

Dad looks nervous.

They sets his fork down, wipes his mouth.

THEY

I can see from the way you raise your children... you are consistent in the groove.

MOM

They are excellent children.

THEY

They are, excellent children.

DAD  
(nervous)  
They are excellent children!

All eyes are on Dad.

THEY  
(disturbed)  
No one could doubt this... could they?

DAD  
No one could doubt this. They are excellent children.

They stuffs his mouth, licks his chops and smacks his lips towards Dad.

THEY  
And when can we expect Dad to subscribe.

DAD  
Oh, I'll hear the calling soon. I'm sure to hear it. That's what they say right, you have to hear the ring?

THEY  
You haven't heard it?

MOM  
He says he hasn't heard it.

THEY  
It can sound like a good many things.

DAD  
I haven't heard it.

SIS  
I heard it a buncha times!

They musses Sis's hair.

DAD  
I just haven't heard it.

BRO  
Jeez-us, it's hella easy to hear. It was like nothing for me to hear it.

THEY  
 Attaboy!

DAD  
 I'll hear it.

THEY  
 You'll hear it?

MOM  
 (grim)  
 You'll hear it.

Dad COUGHS into his napkin.

They glares at Dad.

Dad COUGHS violently. Then Dad looks in the napkin - purple, glittery mucas. He quickly hides the napkin.

BRO  
 Aw, you're okay, Dad.

MOM  
 Food just went down the wrong pipe.

They SLAMS his fist on the table.

THEY  
 Quite enough! Is this what you call  
 a normal, family meal around here?

MOM  
 Of course not. We wouldn't be  
 graced with your presence at just a  
 normal, ordinary any old day meal.

THEY  
 That's quite right. Glad we agree.

SIS  
 Plus this was the surprise dinner.

BRO  
 Yeah, special!

DAD  
 S-S-Special. I dressed formal.

THEY  
 Let's get to the surprise!

Dad flinches.

MOM  
Yes of course, I'll get it.

Mom rises to walk out.

THEY  
Wait!

Mom stops and returns.

THEY (CONT'D)  
Before any prepared surprise  
occurrence, the home unit must pay  
tribute to the head of table.

Mom looks to Sis, Sis looks to Bro, Bro looks to Mom.

Dad GULPS.

MOM  
Yes, the Masticatorial Paean.

ALL (EXCEPT DAD)  
(chant)  
Chew, chew. I am you.  
Chew, chew. I am you.

Mom, Sis, and Bro stuff their faces with mashed potatoes.

They rubs his face vigorously.

THEY  
Now! Now!

Mom moves to spit in They's face.

THEY (CONT'D)  
Stop! Not me!

Mom is confused.

THEY (CONT'D)  
Him.

They motions to Dad.

THEY (CONT'D)  
I may be the lesser Supreme of the  
Omni, but he is still head of  
table.

SIS  
(through full mouth)  
But he still hasn't heard the call.

BRO  
 (through full mouth)  
 Yeah! Dad is so stupid.

THEY  
 But it is foregone, he will. The  
 Omnihead still holds his face in  
 open palms and accepts the  
 Masticate Paean.

Bro and Sis look at each other with uncertainty.

THEY (CONT'D)  
 (chanting)  
 Chew, chew, I am you.  
 Spit now for Omni swallow!

Mom, Bro and Sis quickly spit their food into Dad's face.

They rubs his face with pleasure.

THEY (CONT'D)  
 And now for my surprise!

MOM  
 Right away, They.

BRO  
 Surprise, fuckin' A!

SIS  
 Surprise!

Mom exits.

Dad shakes with fright, everyone waits expectantly.

Mom returns with a green glowing cake. Candles blaze atop it.

THEY  
 A surprise!

The family rises and pushes in towards Dad.

Dad raises his hands in defense.

DAD  
 No! No please, No!

THEY  
 Hands down!

Dad lowers his shaking hands. Everyone glares at him.

THEY (CONT'D)  
All together.

ALL (EXCEPT DAD)  
Happy celebration!  
Happy celebration!  
Happy celebration!

DAD  
This is a celebration?

MOM  
This is a celebration.

SIS  
Surprise!

THEY  
Celebration.

BRO  
Duh.

Mom cuts the cake.

THEY  
A Dad has to have a surprise once  
in awhile don't you agree?

They laughs jovially.

DAD  
What's the occasion?

THEY  
Cut a cake slice for the honored  
man.

Mom serves Dad.

MOM  
A cake slice for Dad.

SIS  
Mmmm.

They smacks his lips.

Dad looks worriedly at the slice.

BRO  
Shit. Eat it so we can get some too  
already.

THEY  
Eat the cake slice.

Dad forks a bite, but trembles in fear.

DAD  
What's the occasion?

THEY  
A surprise isn't apparent enough?

DAD  
A parent? A parent?

SIS  
Eat, Dad.

MOM  
Eat up.

THEY  
Have a bite.

BRO  
Eat it!

Dad raises the fork.

DAD  
What's the occasion?

Everyone watches excitedly.

Dad takes a reluctant bite. Nothing terrible happens.

THEY  
The day you hear the call.

Dad chews and swallows.

MOM  
Better have another bite.

Still fearful, Dad takes another bite.

Everyone watches expectantly.

DAD  
I...

Everyone waits.

DAD (CONT'D)  
I hear something.

There is no sound.

BRO  
Fuckin' finally!

SIS  
Yay, Daddy!

THEY  
What does it sound like.

DAD  
It sounds like... A church bell.

Everyone looks confused.

THEY  
A bell.

DAD  
That is, it sounds like an alarm  
clock?

MOM  
Like our old alarm clock, Dad?

DAD  
Yes.

MOM  
Our old alarm clock?! From before--

DAD  
--N-No-Not that one. Like my  
mother's old alarm clock.

THEY  
Oh, an older one. I can see that.

DAD  
An old fashioned alarm clock. It  
sounds just like that. I still hear  
it.

THEY  
The day the call is first heard is  
momentous an occasion for  
celebration.

The family delights and dive in to eat cake.

They watches the voracious eaters with satisfaction. His gaze  
lands on Dad. They studies him carefully.

THEY (CONT'D)

The sound of the call that makes everything right. You would not have heard if this was not right. You are good, Dad. Any worries that you could walk away from the love light and its according bonds, should now be dispelled.

They looks to Mom -- Mom looks to Dad.

Dad quivers.

Bro grows quizzical.

DAD

I love this feeling! I love the sound! It is so... special! Really, it is. I can't feel a thing but ecstasy. God, I love my family.

THEY

Omni loves his family.

Bro, Sis and Mom all give the System Salute.

Dad realizes, then gives the salute as well.

They chuckles and throws in two successive salutes.

THEY (CONT'D)

Now, what is a surprise occasion, without a gift?

They pulls out and presents a brand new lamp on the table.

The family LAUGH'S together.

DAD

This family has grown well in the way. With Omni. Even as I have been a bad Dad. But Dad hears today.

Mom wipes a tear from her eye, then crumbs from her lips.

DAD (CONT'D)

Now I hear, oh how I hear. We'll be better on this path as one.

Dad stands.

DAD (CONT'D)  
Well, what say I buss these dishes  
as a proper Dad should?

Dad picks up dishes.

Bro walks over and pats Dad on the shoulders.

**INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Dad schemes as he washes dishes. A wily smile on his face.

DAD (V.O.)  
Maybe they all trust me again. Yet  
it took more deception.  
(thinks)  
Would a good Dad lie? Is there time  
to save them, or only myself?

Dad vigorously dries a dish.

BRO (O.S.)  
Dad, hey dumbass. Dad!

Dad looks around confused.

Dad see's the earbud on the kitchen counter then holds it to  
his ear.

BRO (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Yeah, you hear me stupid. So you  
heard it, huh? Then I'll bet you  
couldn't be tempted again.

Dad looks horrified.

BRO (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
So you won't care that I found her?  
That's right, she's online  
everywhere. SnapChat, Instagram,  
facebook. She's a lot prettier than  
Mom, Dad. And boy oh boy does her  
life look like a lot of fun.

Dad trembles.

BRO (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Ha! I am looking at pictures of her  
right now. Tapas with friends, jet-  
skiing in a bikini, and running for  
AIDS research! It's good you and  
her have forgotten about each  
other, and moved past your mistake.  
(MORE)

BRO (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Now that you're on the path we  
 won't ever have to worry about her  
 again. I love you, Dad.

Dad lowers the earbud in terror.

Dad picks up the phone and listens - TONE.

DAD (V.O.)  
 The phone works for me again.

He dials.

DAD  
 (into phone)  
 Pal. I need you to drive over here.  
 Keep the car running outside and  
 wait for me... just do it, could  
 you?

Dad hangs up.

**INT. KITCHEN - SAME**

Mom, Sis and They take a bite of cake.

Only the new lamp illuminates the room now.

Mom, Sis and They spit their bite out on the table.

The light vibrates and the face of Omni faintly appears as an apparition.

DISSOLVE TO

**INT. DAD'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Mom has led Dad here, he goes through his dresser.

DAD  
 Mom, I'd like to thank you for the  
 surprise occasion today.

MOM  
 Mmm hmmm.

Dad puts his hands out to be shackled in submission.

Mom shakes her head - "no"

MOM (CONT'D)  
 Nnn mmm.

DAD  
I won't need my insurance tonight?

Mom just stares at him.

DAD (CONT'D)  
You have shown such grace.  
Forgiveness. After what I had done  
to this family.

MOM  
Omni has let you hear them. There  
is no good or evil on this path.

DAD  
May I have a kiss, Mom? Like  
before?

Mom looks at Dad's puckered lips hesitantly.

MOM  
Later. Get dressed for bed and meet  
me in my- er, our room.

DAD  
I can sleep in the room tonight?

MOM  
You heard it. You've begun on the  
path. Of course you can.

Mom exits.

Dad pulls pajamas out of the dresser.

He takes his clothes off and dresses in the pajamas.

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Dad slinks across the room. The room is empty.

He reaches the front door, hesitates, but his hand clasps the knob.

DAD (V.O.)  
The hypnotic block. It's gone!

He opens the door.

Dad shocks to see They whispering into Pal's ear, just outside the door.

THEY

Hello, Dad. I was hoping to catch you here. I wanted to take opportunity to say goodnight.

They has a maniacal smile. He pulls a flask out from his jacket and hands it to Pal.

THEY (CONT'D)

I wanted to say how happy I am for you. I wanted to say how proud I am of you.

DAD

Th-th-thank you.

THEY

And goodnight now. Enjoy your new found way along the System path. And goodnight.

DAD

And goodnight now to you.

Pal takes a swig off the flask.

Dad shuts the door.

Dad somberly crosses the room.

Dad goes to shut off the lamp.

CLICK - It is still light but now Sis sits on the couch.

Sis looks up from her handheld videogame.

SIS

Goodnight, Dad. I love you.

Dad tries to shut off the light again - CLICK.

There is still light but now Bro sits at the computer looking at pornography.

BRO

'Night, Dad. I love you.

Dad is afraid.

DAD

Goodnight, I love my family.

Dad cautiously slinks from the room.

**INT. PARENT'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Mom is under the covers. She is reading *The Psychic Soviet*.

Dad cautiously enters.

He crosses to her slowly, then slides under the covers.

Ignored at first, Dad thinks...

DAD (V.O.)

I can make my move later tonight. I  
can wait until she sleeps.

Dad looks at Mom.

DAD (V.O.)

Damn. She is still so beautiful. I  
can't believe I did that to her.  
No. But what she has done is worse.  
It has to be tonight.

Mom turns to Dad and smiles. She sets the book aside.

Dad smiles back.

Mom sits up and mounts Dad.

DAD

Darling. What are you doing?

MOM

The System has shown us the way  
again. Now we are inside each other  
again.

DAD

You mean?

MOM

Yes. We will sex again.

Dad nervously smiles.

DAD

Oh.

Mom takes Dad's left hand, raises it, cuffs it to the  
headboard.

DAD (CONT'D)

Oh... What?

MOM  
This is how Omni wants it.

DAD  
Um.

MOM  
We will fuck for Omni. Sex for the  
System. This is the path.

DAD  
Yes. Thank you, Mom.

Mom grinds atop Dad.

Dad looks up in terror.

MOM  
Tell me why.

Mom smiles in ecstasy.

Dad see's the face of They appear over Mom's face.

DAD  
What, why?

THEY/MOM  
Why?!

Dad SCREAMS in terror.

FADE TO BLACK