

HOME TIME
"FAMILY MERGER"

Written by

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Episode 6

FADE IN:

INT. DAD'S ROOM - NIGHT

PAL brims with nerves, watching DAD'S back as Dad shoves clothes from the dresser into his bag. Also, Pal is wearing a real sharp new track suit.

PAL
C'mon! Have some hustle. I'm trying to save you here buddy.

DAD
This is so sudden. And surprising.

PAL
I'm here to save...you.

DAD
It's all so sudden.

Pal grabs Dad's shoulder.

PAL
You don't need to pack anything.

DAD
I don't need to pack?

PAL
We'll go to the store tomorrow.

DAD
The store. I've been in cooped in this house for years.

Pal chuckles.

PAL
More like weeks.

DAD
Just weeks? Maybe a few months?

PAL
I guess if I think about it you've been held hostage by Mom and They for about fourteen months.

DAD
So a year and a few months.

PAL
That's right.
(tsk)
What are you, picking my brain?

DAD
Well, you burst in and tell me
we're escaping all of a sudden.

PAL
I got some new info. I knew I could
strike right now.

DAD
Now?

PAL
At this moment.

DAD
I see...It just had to be this way.

PAL
That's right.

DAD
But what's in it for you?

PAL
(hurt)
Hey now.

DAD
Sorry. It's just - you're my pal
and all, but I've never known you
to do much without an angle.

Pal shrugs to his admittance to this.

PAL
I guess you're right about that. I
never do much without an angle.

DAD
Well?

PAL
Just hurry up and finish. We have
to go now.

Dad throws a pair of tube sox in the bag.

Pal reaches over him and deep into the drawer and pulls out a
bottle of whiskey.

He throws it back and takes a swig as Dad double takes - *he doesn't recall whiskey being in the drawer.*

DAD
How did you...?

PAL
You want to escape don't you?

DAD
I want to...I want to leave this home.

PAL
Pal has been working on a way out of this, all for you, for a real long time. You have to trust me.

Pal puts a hand to Dad's shoulder.

PAL (CONT'D)
I've known more than I've let on. Perhaps seeming duplicitous at times. It was all leading to tonight, my friend.

DAD
We're getting out of here?

PAL
We're getting out of here. Just trust me.

DAD
I'll trust you.

Pal pulls a thinly veiled cloak from his pocket and hands it to Dad. It glistens - space-age and holographic.

PAL
Here. This.

DAD
What's this?

PAL
This? Other's are dealing with the mystical dark arts of capitalist magick too. Emancipation couture.

Dad moves to put the cloak on. He hesitates.

DAD
But Bro. Sis.

PAL
Bro? Sis?

DAD
Bro. Sis. And yes, even Mom too.

PAL
I went to a lot of trouble to find
you an ally. A man that specializes
in rescuing people like you from
the System. Deprogramming.

Dad smiles.

DAD
Well you're a Pal.

PAL
If you want out, it's now or never.

DAD
Now or never. But isn't this all my
fault?

PAL
Your fault?

DAD
Running away from my family.

PAL
They aren't your family anymore.

Dad shakes his head in affirmation - knows this is true.

DAD
(reasoning)
I guess once I'm free I can come
back for them?

PAL
(half-hearted)
Yeah. Sure I guess.

Dad puts his hand on Pal's shoulder.

DAD
(deluding himself)
Sure. I can save them later.

Dad throws the cloak on.

PAL
Now or never. We flee.

DAD
Let's go!

They exit.

INT. FAMILY LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pal runs with Dad from the inner house door, across the living room to the front door. They open the door and run out.

In the same moment, they again enter from the right of room door into the living room.

DAD
I did it! I went through the front door!

Dad is deluded, looks about as though outside.

Pal is confused. Points to the open front door.

PAL
We went through the front door.

Pal thinks, points to the inner house door.

DAD
I've escaped my home!

PAL
No. You're still home.

DAD
(confused)
This is outside.

PAL
Inside!

DAD
Inside? Home?

PAL
Home.

Pal rips the cloak off of Dad. Examines it.

PAL (CONT'D)
This damn thing! But I had an ally.

Dad screams, rubs his eyes upon realizing:

DAD
I'm Home!

MOM (O.S.)
Honey, you're home.

MOM, THEY and ALLY (35) stroll through the front door.

PAL
You! My Ally!

Ally grins mischievously.

ALLY
Yes I am certainly a fellow
traveller, Pal. Though I never told
you for whom's path.

THEY
He was my Ally of course. Surprise
that wasn't clear enough.

Pal is frustrated.

Dad is frightened.

Mom and Dad connect eyes. Sadness, judgement, fear, loss.

PAL
It's all so clear now!

Pal throws the cloak in They's face.

They grimaces, smirks.

THEY
Did you not get the new
complementary Omni catalog, Pal.

PAL
Yeah, sure I did. To my P.O. box,
like always.

They pulls the catalog out from his coat pockets. He saunters
up to Pal and Dad.

THEY
Yes, your P.O. box next to the
tavern on G street. You sometimes
forget your mail on the bartop
counter don't you, Pal?

PAL
Sometimes, maybe.

THEY
 Maybe, sometimes.
 (chuckles, then)
 Nevermind, I have it right here.

They opens up and shows Pal and Dad a page from the catalog.

THEY (CONT'D)
 Look at this new item.

It is the cloak.

PAL
 (shocked)
 It is the cloak!

DAD
 It's the cloak.

Ally LAUGHS.

ALLY
 I'm an ally for Omni and I gave you
 the cloak!

THEY
 It is the cloak.

PAL
 Fine. I get it.

DAD
 He gets it. We can't trust anyone.

Mom glares at Dad.

MOM
 Trust?

DAD
 Trust.

They and Ally GUFFAW and look at each other.

THEY
 Trust you say! That's just the
 problem. You can trust me. Us.
 Omni.

DAD
 Trust the System?!

THEY
Trust the Omni System.

DAD
I've been trying to leave home all
along.

THEY
Leave home.

DAD
Yeah. That's right. I want to.

THEY
Then leave.

They points to the door.

Mom is surprised.

MOM
Leave home?

THEY
Leave home.

DAD
Leave home! I will.

Dad hustles to the front door, and is about to exit but he
falters.

Dad turns and looks to Mom.

Mom and Dad's eyes lock.

DAD (CONT'D)
Sorry, Mom.

MOM
Sorry?

DAD
Sorry. I have missed you most of
all. I still do. The real you.

Mom is struck with a crisis of conscious.

Mom looks at They, questioning. They glares at Mom.

DAD (CONT'D)
Goodbye home.

MOM
(sotto)
Welcome home.

DAD (V.O.)
 All my life has been one trap to he
 next. Where do I go from here?

Dad turns to leave, but:

RING! A tinnitus like tone blares through the air.

As though struck by lightning Dad buckles up - he hears the ring!

Arms out, SOUND blares like a chorus of a hundred discordant trumpets.

DAD
 YEEEEAAAARRRRGGGGHHHH!

Star like shimmers of light glisten in Dad's eyes, spinning around.

THEY
 (maniacal)
 Yes!

Pal reacts - *what the...?!*

Mom is confused but cracks a smile of reassurance.

Ally smirks a smug grin like a real dipshit.

THEY (CONT'D)
 There it is.

DAD
 I hear it now.

THEY
 He hears it now.

DAD
 I really hear it!

THEY
 He really hears it.

DAD
 I am bathing in it.

BRO and SIS walk in from the inner door.

SIS
 What's going on?

BRO
Yo, why all the damn noise!

MOM
Back to bed kids, don't come out
yet.

Bro and Sis look at Dad.

SIS
Look. Dad.

BRO
What a dick.

MOM
Go to your rooms kids.

BRO
(defiant)
Mom, I got shit to do.

Bro sits down at the computer desk and logs in.

SIS
Aw Mom, can't I watch the Saturday
cartoons?

MOM
Sorry, Sis. We have Mom and Dad
business. Go back to your room.

SIS
Aw. But Dad, can't I watch TV.

Dad is still in religiastic ecstacies, hearing the ringing,
his star eyes shimmering.

DAD
(strange)
That's fine, Sis. Watch TV quietly.

Mom is shocked by Dad's parenting.

They smiles knowingly.

Mom is perturbed, Bro types away at the computer, Sis plops
down on the couch, immediately engrossed in the TV.

Pal looks about with confusion.

PAL
Seems like things are going good
here.

They smirks at him.

PAL (CONT'D)
So I'll just take off.

They halts Pal.

THEY
Just one more thing.

Pal GULPS.

PAL
Take a look at this other item from
the Omni catalog.

Pal reluctantly looks at the page They holds forward. Pal's tracksuit is an Omni item.

This confuses Pal.

PAL (CONT'D)
My tracksuit.

THEY
Just like the one you are wearing.

PAL
My wife gave me this though?

THEY
Your wife did give you and official
Omni system tracksuit, didn't she?

Pal's eyes dart about.

THEY (CONT'D)
Dad? Why don't you come over here.

Entranced and hearing the ring, Dad ambles over.

They pulls a flask out of his jacket.

THEY (CONT'D)
You might just want a nip on this.

PAL
I'll just take a nip.

They and Ally are intrigued as Pal tilts the flask back.

Ally guides his hand to tilt it back further

THEY

Ah.

Pal GULPS.

THEY (CONT'D)

Look at this terrific Omni
tracksuit!

ALLY

Beautiful.

THEY

It looks a bit loose.

(beat)

Dad,? Be so kind as to draw the
drawstring a bit tighter for Pal.

Dad hypnotically obliges.

DAD

The sound is washing me!

THEY

Indeed it is.

Dad pulls the string back. The entire tracksuit tightens.

Pal OOFs.

PAL

Okay. Say that's tight!

THEY

It tightens.

Dad has pulled three feet of string - he keeps pulling.

THEY (CONT'D)

More.

Dad has pulled eight feet of string.

DAD

I hear it!

PAL

Ouch. Hey!

Fourteen feet of string. Pal is getting constricted, the suit
is impossibly small on him, crushing his organs.

PAL (CONT'D)

No! Stop, please!

THEY

More.

Dad obliges. Twenty feet of string.

Pal is turning purple. Eyes bulging.

THEY (CONT'D)

Very good. Such a fine Omni product.

Mom is intrigued, curious. *A look of doubt maybe?*

MOM

Omni is amazement.

Bro turns around to see.

BRO

Cool!

Pal SCREAMS and CHORTLES - internal organs being squeezed up his throat.

Dad pulls further.

Pal VOMITS up guts. Dying as he purges his blood and innards.

Pal collapses to the floor. Dead.

THEY

The sound of Omni cleanses all. The ordained baptism to seal our incorporated divinity!

Dad is calm but confused.

Mom shivers, darts eyes from They to Dad to Pal's body.

Dad examines the balled up string in his hands, passes it off to They who passes it to Ally.

THEY (CONT'D)

(to Dad)

Thatt'a boy.

They puts his hands to Dad.

Sis and Bro turn to look at Dad.

SIS

Way to go, Dad!

BRO
 You're acting like a man for once
 Dad!

Dad with slight smile, otherwise blank and unemotional. He turns to Mom to seek approval.

DAD
 Mom?

MOM
 Dad?

CLAP - They brings his hands together.

THEY
 A momentous day for family! An even
 greater day for the System. Now,
 lets get to proper work.

MOM
 Please explain to me, They. Pal was
 a loyal customer?

THEY
 To Omni, the body, breathe to blood
 is profit. All life, consumption.
 (re: Pal)
 Now he serves us better as product
 than consumer.

Mom shakes her head in agreement, yet not understanding.

ALLY
 (to They)
 Now that there's no Pal. May I be
 the Pal?

Mom bristles.

THEY
 No! But you are my loyal Ally.

ALLY
 I can be more, Sir.

THEY
 An Ally can serve Omni much better
 than a Pal. As just demonstrated, a
 Pal has no obedience obligation
 while an Ally is loyal.

ALLY
 I'm happy to be an Ally then They.

THEY
I'm just...happy.

They takes Dad's hand and holds it fondly.

THEY (CONT'D)
Perhaps we should convene in the
family study.

MOM
The study?

THEY
Yes, you'll know the place. The
throne of the Dad of the house. An
empty canvas for which to paint his
Dad-ness upon.

They smirks.

Mom is confused.

Dad revels in the SOUND.

THEY (CONT'D)
(to Pal)
Get the door.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK at the door.

ALLY
I'll get the door.

Ally moves to and opens door.

DELIVERY MAN enters. Holding a heavy book.

DELIVERY MAN
Hey. I got just what you ordered.

THEY
Super, as we expected.

Delivery Man crosses and hands it to They.

DELIVERY MAN
Careful, it's heavy now.

THEY
Heavy as the weight of our
responsibility and the breadth of
our knowledge.

DELIVERY MAN
They would say something like that.

THEY
Thanks.

DELIVERY MAN
Thanks. Yeah.

They whispers in Ally's ear.

Ally double takes - looks disappointed.

Delivery Man exits, Ally follows.

Ally turns back with a sorrowful look.

DELIVERY MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
C'mon, man!

Ally exits.

THEY
Go on then.

With the families rapt attention, They steps forward, and ceremoniously holds out the heavy book.

THEY (CONT'D)
I think it's that time everyone.

They looks around at all the curious faces.

THEY (CONT'D)
Yes, it's time for a Dad to family
heart-heart.

They opens the book, BLACKNESS gushes forth out of it, canvassing everyone and the room.

INT. THE STUDY - DAY

The study is a BLACK SPACE - nothing except the family couch is there.

Left in the black space, Dad, sits uncomfortably close to They on the couch.

Dad's energy has changed , RINGING subdues a little, his eyes still sparkle, he looks serene.

They looks to him.

THEY

A heart-to-a-heart. The Omni connection is pure pulsation of family expression of pure commerce. Love is fluid currency.

Dad nods to his understanding.

THEY (CONT'D)

Enjoy the sustenance of System as you commune family.

They hands Dad a tall bowl of odd gruel.

They gives the System salute.

Bro walks in, he looks a little disoriented but settles into the couch close to Dad.

Dad robotically put a hand to Bro's leg.

RINGING transitions into HEARTWARMING MUSIC. (think Full House third act moment)

THEY (CONT'D)

I will leave you to it.

They fades away.

Bro gulps.

DAD

Where did I go wrong?

BRO

Gee, I dunno. You're an asshat for a Dad maybe.

DAD

I am an asshat for a Dad.

BRO

And so stupid.

DAD

So stupid. I missed your bowling championship. I had an excuse for that. I had an excuse for everything. I have heard. Excuses are against the way.

BRO

My bowling match?! Shit, that's why I gave up dumb sports.

DAD

You gave up sports. You found technology. You are a millennial, tech-nerd wonder. I am proud of you now for that.

Dad eats.

BRO

Proud of me? For being a nerd? Yeah right! You never said shit to be nice to me or ask me about it, or even try to friend me on social media like other dumb Dad's do.

DAD

I was the dumbest Dad.

BRO

So dumb.

DAD

I didn't even act like, Dad. So dumb of a Dad. I didn't feel the paternal love. Now I hear it.

BRO

Yeah! And like you think you're different now? Psh. Whatever.

Bro considers things- stung.

Dad eats.

DAD

Whatever. I always felt nothing and felt whatever. A small mind of pleasure pursuit.

BRO

Yeah, gross shit, Dad.

DAD

Stupid. Dumb. Bad Dad. I hear now and feel the currency of love on the path.

BRO

Whatever, you're probably just playing like all the other dumb tricks you thought we were dumb enough fall for.

DAD
I. Was dumb.

BRO
 Dumb.

DAD
 Now I hear.

BRO
 Yeah right.

DAD
 I hear.

BRO
 You hear?

Dad takes a big spoonful of food. He slowly chews it and gulps it down.

Dad licks his mouth clean. He opens his mouth wide.

BLARGHH! The RING of a THOUSAND TRUMPETS blares.

Bro is amazed.

BRO (CONT'D)
 You hear.

DAD
 We hear.

They emerges from out of the blackness, straddle's Dad's shoulders and whispers in his ear -

THEY
 Hug him.

Dad dives forward and wraps his arms around Bro in a forceful embrace. A hard squeeze. He YEARGHS.

Light emanates. RINGING.

Dad falls back from the hug into the couch.

Sis is now sitting on the couch in Bro's place.

They is gone.

Heartwarming MUSIC builds.

Sis has her head in her hands. Crying.

Dad puts his hand to her leg.

DAD
Sis, what's wrong?

Sis looks up.

SIS
What's wrong? Nothing is wrong. I
have the most beautiful and
wonderful family.

DAD
A wonderful family.

SIS
A Dad that is the "World's Greatest
Dad." But yet he just got even
better.

DAD
World's Greatest Dad?

SIS
World's Greatest Dad.

DAD
I had been bad. I missed your music
recital.

SIS
Things came up.

DAD
Things came up? I lied. I lied so I
could go behind my family and cheat
on Mom.

SIS
I'm glad you missed the recital.

DAD
You're glad I missed the recital?

SIS
I flubbed a note. It sounded awful.

DAD
It's not about that.

SIS
But also, now you can hear the
music as it's meant to be heard.

Dad looks curious.

Sis has her flute and PLAYS BEAUTIFUL MUSIC.

Dad's face alights with joy.

Sis plays.

Dad's eyes grow wet - overcome with ecstasy

Sis BLOWS in her FLUTE. BEAUTIFUL MUSIC! TRANSCENDENT!

Dad's TONE rises.

Sis PLAYS.

Dad eats.

DAD

I can listen to you play forever.

Sis PLAYS.

DAD (CONT'D)

How did I not hear for so long?

Dad opens his mouth, SYSTEM TONE EMANATES .

Sis PLAYS but is entranced, their SOUNDS BLEND IN HARMONY.

Sis fades away.

Dad is alone.

DAD (CONT'D)

I can finally appreciate
fatherhood. Wisdom, study,
contemplation.

INSERT - shot of They in Otherspace.

THEY

That's right. Dad knows best.

BACK TO SCENE

Dad puts a pipe in his mouth and raises a newspaper over his face.

DAD

Dad knows all.

THEY (O.S.)
 Spiel. Give me your spiel.

From behind the paper:

DAD
 System is the divine currency of
 time and space in Omni in Omimerial-

Bringing the paper down, Dad sees Mom sitting on the couch.

Dad is halted.

Mom looks troubled.

DAD (CONT'D)
 Mom. I was hoping to talk to you.

MOM
 That would be a first.

DAD
 I used to be afraid of you. Any
 incident of kindness I had towards
 you was a reflection of my
 shortcomings. Should you ever be
 sweet to me, on those occasions, it
 felt like a knife in the gut.

MOM
 Afraid of me.

DAD
 Or my fallible's, and short
 comings.

MOM
 You weren't surprised to see me
 here?

DAD
 I was hoping to.

Dad SLURPS up food.

MOM
 That would be the first.

DAD
 You were right of course, through
 our whole course together. The
 jealousy of unknown pleasure's kept
 me from enjoying ultimate peace.
 You. Your loveliness. I was no Dad.

MOM
You are no Dad.

DAD
I was no Dad. I am Dad now.

MOM
I don't know what you are.

DAD
My spiel develops. The light you
are entangles with me to create the
absolute tenants of my personal
action-plan.

MOM
So transparent. You're not
solutioning me. I've been spieling
longer than you and seen each
scheme of yours for what it was.

DAD (V.O.)
(telepathic)
You know better.

Mom is shocked.

MOM (V.O.)
What?!

DAD(V.O.)
I speak as They does now.

MOM
No way. Only sub-managers above can
call a conference.

DAD
I don't do the hiring and firing
around here. I heard the call. I'm
ready to work.

MOM
Heard it?

DAD
I heard it.

MOM
Aw, c'mon.

Mom frustrates.

MOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This is bullshit.

DAD (V.O.)
I heard that.

MOM
No. No! You can't take this from me
too.

DAD
I don't understand, Mom.

Dad takes a bite of food.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The book is closed by They. Mom, Dad, Bro and Sis are all present.

THEY
The hallmark of familial fidelity.
One-to-one Dad time, jazzy pep-
talks, sacred advisements, guidance
of the way.

Mom and Sis look at each other.

THEY (CONT'D)
Don't you love your new study, Dad?

DAD
I love it. My new study is swell!

They is overexcited, wildly gesturing.

THEY
Now. Now we are all HEAR!

Bro, Sis, Mom - doubt on their face.

Dad looks in his bowl, searching for more food.

DAD
This is delicious. May I have more?

Mom can't take anymore - she breaks.

MOM
This does it. He's been a
philanderer, an absentee, and even
for the worst part, a lunk-headed
bore. But I stood by.

THEY
Such a good Mom.

MOM
No.

DAD
Yes. A good Mom.

MOM
Shut up!

BRO
Bro. Yeah shut up all ready Dad.

SIS
Just listen and give her a chance.

DAD
Shut up?

SIS
Just listen and give her a chance.

BRO
You dumbass, you shoulda just left
this family once and for all after
all!

THEY
Hear how the children speak.

DAD
Have your words but veer to spiel.

MOM
I'm off message tonight. I couldn't
have a nice normal family? I
couldn't cope my own way by
following the Omni path my own.
What can I do?

THEY
You have it all now. Quality family
home time in the Omni.

MOM
I've been working so damn hard, not
it's like he's special or
something. He never even believed.

They puts reassuring hands upon Mom.

THEY

You are the special one. The one to incite the tipping-point.

MOM

Special?

THEY

Dad didn't make this family, Mom did. Mom's path always held true.

MOM

So I'm foolish.

THEY

So you're faithful.

Mom looks up and into They's eyes.

Dad watches.

THEY (CONT'D)

Stable and steady in the way while others are a wild pendulum.

On Dad.

Bro and Sis walk up and take Mom's hands.

THEY (CONT'D)

His x-variable is his extremity of point-of-view. People like him either rail against the current or fly at the apex of the wave. You brought him in line with the way.

Dad tries to eat from his empty bowl.

Mom softens

MOM

(seeking reassurance)

I have valuation to the System then?

THEY

They sure think you do.

SIS

I'm with you Mom. And with Dad.

BRO

Yeah, even if you stay with dumbass I'm always your Bro, Mom.

Dad looks mournfully in his bowl.

DAD
I want to eat more. I want to
consume.

They moves to whisper in Dad's ear but his VOICE booms loud
within the room.

THEY
Go to Mom. Embrace. Home is the
department that needs two heads.

Dad slowly walks to Mom.

He takes her hands.

DAD
What do you say Mom.

MOM
What can I say.

DAD
We are together in Omni, the System
way true.

Dad and Mom's eyes dance together.

MOM
You together with me, I together
with you.

Dad moves in for a tender kiss.

Bro and Sis look at each other with disgust.

They watches with intense pleasure. He puts his hands in his
pants to readjust.

Dad and Mom pull away from the kiss. A tendral of brain
tissue strung between their two mouths, like Lady and the
Tramp spaghetti.

Mom and Dad are surprised.

The string snaps.

Dad chews.

DAD
Mmmm, I taste that sweet consmption
again.

Mom chews.

MOM
Mmm. That is good.

SIS
I wanna try.

BRO
No fair! Gimme some.

They smiles joyously.

THEY
You are the family Omni has
designed!

DAD
C'mon, They. More please.

THEY
Look.

They crosses to the dead body of Pal. He hoists up the corpse
and shows the back of Pal's head.

Pal's head is open, brain remnants spill out.

THEY (CONT'D)
You already ate the good portion.

Bro and Sis look at each other.

Dad and Mom look at each other.

SIS
Gross. They ate that?

BRO
Cool, I wanna try.

SIS
Yeah. I guess so, me to.

They strolls over to Dad.

THEY
The family meal is the most
important part of the day. Much
more than corporeal sustenance,
consecrating with food aligns the
blood of kin along a straight note.

Mom nods her head in agreement.

THEY (CONT'D)

Dad. You've got a brand new product design.

DAD

I am a new Dad.

THEY

Family. Consume of the Dad!

They violently reaches to Dad's gut, his clawed hand ripping across the flesh.

Dad's guts spill. Dad looks down as innards tumble out upon the floor.

Mom reacts.

Sis reacts.

Bro reacts. Their eyes wide, more curious than fearful.

They gingerly dips a finger in the gore and suckles his digit.

THEY (CONT'D)

Mmmm. You must try. Blood is thicker than water. The System is the body, Dad is of the Omni.

The family looks at Dad's guts with strange interest.

Dad's body glows, the System TONE blaring.

DAD

Dad is here for you. I would give my life for my family. Eat me.

THEY

Bless our Omni. Bless our meal!

They gives the System Salute.

Mom looks questioningly at the children.

BRO

Screw it I wanna try!

THEY

Bless!

Mom, Bro, Sis all give the System Salute.

In turn each family member grabs a piece of gut and gore.

Dad smiles, looking down as family grovels on their knees feasting upon parts of him.

They quivers with delight, watching the scene.

Red stains are on the faces of Mom, Sis and Bro, like they are eating spaghetti - yet they eat chunks of Dad's innards.

Dad stands tall and proud, enjoying the sight of his family eating him.

BRO
Frickin' delicious, I love you Dad.

Bro licks his fingers.

SIS
Thanks Dad.

Mom SWALLOWS a big piece of Dad, looks up to him.

MOM
We are in this together.

Dad glows blue, beaming light.

THEY
This team building exercise is
designed to --

DAD
--Quiet.

They is surprised by the interruption, but pleased.

DAD (CONT'D)
This family is whole.

BRO
(mouthful)
And delicious!

THEY
The idyllic, System family model is
complete!

Dad VIBRATES, emanating light.

Family eats.

Dad's head EXPLODES - looks like a star explosion.

Light briefly fills the room.

In place of Dad's head is the portrait head of OMNI.

Dad looks himself up and down, dusts himself off.

All the gore of flesh is gone.

Mom, Bro and Sis stand-up and dust themselves off - everyone is clean.

They now sits in an armchair, dressed like a comfortable Grandpa.

Mom looks around at the clean floor.

MOM

That was an easy meal. Glad I don't have to do the dishes.

Dad settles into the couch, Bro and Sis hug him.

SIS

Thank you, Dad. I love you.

BRO

Yeah, you ain't so bad Dad.

Mom sits down.

THEY

Nothing like a merger to poop an old man out.

MOM

You look pretty cozy over there.

THEY

Kids. What would you think...

Bro and Sis look over at They quizzically.

THEY (CONT'D)

...if Grandpa moved in with you?

Bro and Sis look to each other with excitement. They run over and hug him.

Dad and Mom turn to face each other. They look lovingly upon each other.

MOM

(pleased)

I like what you've done with yourself, Dad.

DAD
(whimsically)
We've sold ourself to the System
and all we got is this wonderful
family.

Mom and Dad embrace.

FREEZE FRAME

CREDITS

POSSIBLE POST CREDIT COMMERCIALS -
THEY OR DAD ADVERTISING THE OMNI FULL
FAMILY CONVERSION SYSTEM