

The Johnson Family

By

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a viewing of consumerism

SCENE ONE - INT. APARTMENT

A large woman, dressed in a large, once clearly white, but now yellow and brown stained flowery maternity gown, stands with her family, her cheeks ripple as she bellows at her husband, whilst standing in front of an old Tintype Photographer. Her name is Trudy. She is in her late forties and has old brown matted hair, which has small grey hairs sprouting out from her roots. She wears a pair of cheap brown fake leather sandals, which reveals the lumpy texture and yellow colour of her skin. She clearly has a severe case of Athlete's foot and in between her toes, two of which are webbed, seems to be a large build up of what looks like flaky skin and puss, the colour of Red Leicester. Her hands are in a similar condition. One can tell that her profession is a school dinner lady, from her general unhygienic, grotesque appearance and her calloused, laboured hands, which have small, but deep cuts all around. Her fingers have an excess of flaky skin, that one could imagine makes it's way looking like gratings of Parmesan cheese as a garnish on top of children's plates at the school canteen where she works. In her hand she clasps a brown leather dog leash tight where flaky pieces of her skin can be seen against the leash. Her face is laboured and has large yellowed pot-holes scattered all around, probably from her teenage acne years. Only adding to her frightening appearance are her eyebrows, which have been shaved clean off and replaced with a thick black marker pen. A pathetic attempt to look like a real eyebrow. She has the beginnings of a small white mustache growing from her upper lip and she constantly smells of urine.

Her husband John, is a scruffy accountant, that should clearly have retired years ago. Over the top of his white vest, he wears a creased white shirt, which has a large ketchup stain across it, a long thin brown tie, which looks more like a rag, tied loosely around his unbuttoned collar. He wears a pair of two-tone brown and cream, unpolished brogues, brown long socks, vintage brown checked and tweed trousers that only reach 3/4 of the way down his legs. His brown tweed, check patterned jacket looks like it has gone through a warzone and completely drowns him, adding to his scruffy appearance. He has a large beer belly and somewhat mirrors his wife's appearance. On inspection, one can see large flakes of dandruff resting delicately on his brown matted hair and on top of jacket and lapel.

Their chubby, eight year old son, Matt, who loves watching television, looks like a very homely and well-fed boy. He looks fairly regular in comparison to his parents, but one would assume he will one day end up just like his parents. His hair is badly combed over to the side and looks like his mother's pathetic attempt to make him look presentable. The

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clothes that he wears have clearly been passed down from generation to generation as they are from a different era and have really aged badly. He wears a 1960s styled olive knitted sweater, which looks like it has been eaten alive by moths, a pair of 3/4 length brown corduroy shorts, which are broken through the knees, a long pair of grey socks and a smart pair of black shoes.

Underneath Trudy's left armpit, other than a large sweat stain, lies her newborn baby, Jane, who is a rather pretty baby and has the beginnings of golden wisps of hair sprouting from her soft angelic head. She is wrapped up in a soft large cream blanket. Every item of clothing worn by the family still has the price tag attached to it, which occasionally scrapes away at their skin leaving large red rashes.

The family stand all together huddled up, moving around their apartment building like a bunch of crabs, left... then right... then left... then right. We see a Glass Plate Photographer instructing the family with his arms, muttering inaudibly.

PHOTOGRAPHER

A Little to the left...

(Pause)

Now a little to the right...

We see the family continuously moving around the apartment like a pack of crabs, until the photographer suddenly jolts up his hand, which is holding a Flash pan and FLASHES it, catching them all off guard.

We see TRUDY mounting the photograph proudly on the wall. It is a vintage styled Tin Type Photograph and the family all look like they have been caught off-guard by the huge flash the Photographer used.

The faint sound of a fly is buzzing and we see Trudy's waxy ear prick up. She begins to get agitated by the noise as it grows louder and louder. Finally she spots the fly. It is shaped like an SD-card, but has wings and moves around like a normal fly. It has landed down on a Glass table and like a huge towering monster, she swats down hard on the winged SD-card, it's guts begin spewing out all over the glass surface.

Title comes up on screen... THE JOHNSON FAMILY.

SCENE TWO - INT. BUTCHERS/MARKET SHOP

The titles stay up on screen briefly as we move to a different screen, in which we see a Silver platter of food, filled with Letter Shaped Biscuit's, which resemble the words 'THE JOHNSON FAMILY'. As each biscuit is taken from the platter, we see the names of the Cast and crew, that have been engraved into the silver platter. Eventually the camera tilts up, revealing the family, who are huddled up like penguins in front of the counter of the Butchers/Market shop. We can hear the faint sound of winged SD cards buzzing and the grumble of stomachs which plays throughout the film. The vendor behind the stand is a middle aged, Italian man with a large grey unkempt mustache. He wears a striped blue and white fisherman's smock, covered by a large white apron that is heavily stained with dried up and browned pig's blood. When speaking, he has a very thick Italian accent. All people within this universe speak a completely different language from the rest of the world and have peculiar computerised sounding voices.

TRUDY

j%2nr\$!+d;o f3rh9 hgu8£3ij%nwfe?

(Subtitled Translation: Can
you hold the baby and the dog
John?)

Trudy takes the baby and the leash out of her hands and forces them in the direction of John, who is drooling all over himself. She starts looking around to see what the vendor has to offer and eventually reaches over to pick up what is identifiably a cardboard six pack egg box. She opens up the box, which reveals six oval shaped black mini-speakers. She turns to look at the Italian Vendor.

TRUDY

&qd^few*fllkw()\$fJ?

(Subtitled Translation: How
old are these eggs?)

The Italian vendor looks very puzzled as he does not understand a word of what she is saying.

VENDOR

(Thick Italian Accent)

IOOIfO(\$)

(Subtitled Translation:
Sorry?)

TRUDY

£(NDi3JDOf)\$@NSI?

(Subtitled Translation: I
said... how old are these
eggs?)

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VENDOR
 (Thick Italian Accent)
 IO(*£(*WUT*\$ND (\$*U(*JD(\$*J0....
 (Subtitled Translation: I'm
 sorry I am not used to your
 accent, I am new around
 here... the eggs are three and
 a half weeks old!)

She shakes her head, unimpressed by the service she has received. She looks down at the egg box and places her forefinger and thumb on the top of every mini-speaker, checking if any of them have been cracked. The sixth speaker cracks under the pressure of her fingers and a thick goop begins to leak out of the speaker and all over the box. She sneakily closes up the box and picks out another, repeating the same process, just without any breaking. She grabs a brown paper bag, situated next to the egg stand and places pack of eggs inside the bag.

A cuckoo clock begins to cuck as the time strikes 12, Midday. The family pause and look at each other. Matt all of a sudden has a giant red lollypop and is licking at it furiously. John is still drooling on himself, but slowly acknowledges the clock.

After this pause, Trudy begins to walk over to another side of the shop and reaches for a clear plastic package that looks like a packet of dried Japanese noodles and stuffs them in her paper bag. The plastic packet is coated in bright yellow and red Japanese fonts, yet the contents are not noodles, but electric colourful telephone cables. She then reaches for a loaf of pre-sliced floppy disk, which is also wrapped in plastic.

TRUDY
 &*£IND SU)D)(£&@^*\$BS?
 (Subtitled Translation: How
 fresh is this bread?)

VENDOR
 EOIf(\$)@(R
 (Subtitled Translation:
 Sorry?)

TRUDY
 £(JR8MDI£&@£*)\$MSUR(@_)!N£&\$B*S)@!NR*&?
 (Subtitled Translation: I
 said... how fresh is this
 bread?)

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VENDOR
)@()Uf)ND(\$*(JF(*\$
 (Subtitled Translation: Oh, the
 bread is 2 months old!)

Trudy stuffs the pre-sliced Floppy disk Bread she's picked up inside the brown paper bag. She pulls out a small leather pouch and empties some Bone shards that are inside into her hand. This is the currency in which she pays the vendor.

TRUDY
 Jf*(@NDMS
 (Subtitled Translation: Thank
 you!)

The vendor nods his head in appreciation and the family walk off. The leash that John is carrying now reveals that he is walking a very large old clunky VHS television on wheels, which plays a video of a dog on loop.

SCENE THREE - EXT. STREET

The family walk down the street, with their groceries in hand, where a man, wearing a long grey mac, a bowler hat and carrying an umbrella approaches them. He looks down at the television that John is dragging along with him on the leash. The Pet television begins to lick the Mac Man's shoes with his long, slimy tongue. The Mac Man also speaks in the same computerised language.

MAC MAN
 *fN(DFNISO(f\$)@! (\$) *\$HF(JSJN\$(?
 (Subtitled Translation: Aww!
 She is so cute! How old is
 she?)

TRUDY
 JR(ff\$()@JD(*NDOSI!
 (Subtitled Translation: 'He'
 is very old now! Sixteen
 years! And we still love him.)

The man in the mac kneels down and begins to stroke the television. However the television does not seem too happy about this action and begins to growl at the man. All of a sudden we see the VHS slot shut down hard on his fingers.

MAC MAN
 Owwwwwww!

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Trudy quickly grabs the leash off John and pulls tightly, stopping the television from biting down on the man's fingers. She bends down and slaps the television and and it begins to whimper in response.

TRUDY
J£*(R\$DH(£K\$)...
(Subtitled Translation: Oh my
word, I am so sorry!)

The man, disgusted by what has just happened, picks up his grey bowler hat that has landed on the floor, places it firmly on his head, scowls at the family and walks away. The family look at each other briefly, pull confused faces at what just happened, pause, then continue walking down the street, where eventually they reach the metal gates of their apartment block. A small dart lands inside of John's shoe. Trudy looks down at this dart, confused. She picks it up and briefly stares at it. She is very confused by the dart, but carried on walking and opens up the gate. The family begin walking up the stairs towards their apartment.

SCENE FOUR - INT. STAIRCASE

The family walk up a long flight of stairs, whilst struggling and panting for breath. Trudy is taking deep and long breaths from a tiny brown plastic asthma inhaler. The television also has an asthma inhaler, which is sprouting out from his VHS socket. They are using the ornate cast iron staircase banister for support as they trudge up to the top floor. Trudy reaches deep inside her pocket, pulling out a long rusted, metallic, decorated key and twists it in the keyhole, the sound of a creaky door being unlocked echoes through the corridor.

SCENE FIVE - INT. APARTMENT

Inside their apartment there is a huge racket coming from a Small Jolly Chimp toy, who is bashing his cymbals together super loudly. The sound echoes all across the room. We also hear the sound of a Gramophone which is has reached the end of it's record and is going on loop. We also hear a quaint sniffing sound coming from a small computer mouse with whiskers, who is scurrying around the room in the hunt for food, avoiding a mouse trap that has been placed.

They burst through the doors into their apartment living room, which is filled with garbage and litter, mainly crisp packets, filled with nuts and bolts, all over the wooden floorboards. All of a sudden, the Jolly chimp toy stops chattering. There is mould growing up all over the walls.

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The kitchen is situated next to the Living room and only has a small sink and a small white stove, which is stained with brown fluids. On top of the stove, lies a humongous unclean matte silver tin pot, which has the remains of a congealed mess that was cooked for last nights supper. There is also a worn out cast iron pan, resting on top of the stove, which looks like it has the remains of bacon fat inside of it. Next to the stove is a small wooden counter, which has a broken down, but somehow still working toaster and microwave.

We see Trudy place the Baby inside of a Pram that is situated in the living room, then put her brown grocery bag on top of this counter. In the background we see John sitt down on a large floral fabric armchair, which judders and makes a loud creaking noise against the wooden floorboards as he lands on it. He then proceeds to unbutton his shirt, which reveals his Large sweat and chicken greased stained vest and large belly.

The pet television, still with his lead attached, walks over to it's red and white wooden dog kennel, which is tucked away in the corner of the room. He chases his antenna and ends up grabbing it inside his VHS socket mouth, then lies down, his VHS socket opens wide and we hear him yawn, then shortly after, he begins to sleep.

Matt walks over to a large Standing Gramophone and puts on a new Record, which begins to play the sounds of Canned Laughter on repeat. He then sits himself down on the ground, picks up an already emptied crisp packet and shoves his fingers to the edges of the packet, grabbing the remains of any nuts and bolts left inside the packet.

In the kitchen, we see a load of Framed Photographs of people who look identical to Trudy. It is her family from the 1700s to present. They all wear the same clothing and are holding a set of knives, creating a cross shape with them. Trudy is lined up next to the Photographs, but is juggling the Mini-speaker eggs she bought earlier.

She cracks open three of the mini-speakers from the cardboard egg box on the side of the pan. As the mini speakers are broken, a cacophony of music is released, which soon dies down and is drowned out by the sound of the speaker being fried on the pan. The insides of the speakers look somewhat resemble eggs. The fluid released is fried and looks like egg whites, the yolk however, is a small glowing lightbulb.

She opens up the 'noodle' packet and places the telephone cables inside the steaming cast iron pot. She takes four slices of the floppy disk 'bread' and places them inside of the toaster. Inside the microwave, she places a plastic tray, which has some clear cling film covering the top.

There is a leak in the roof. Trudy is catching drips from the leak with a spoon and placing the brown oily fluid on top of the eggs that are frying in the pan.

On the counter, a Mini Speaker egg lies. As she turns, her elbow catches it and it drops, smashing all over the floor. We see something very small and strange moving on the broken egg shell. It is a broken lightbulb with legs, that has clearly been growing within the egg... suddenly it jolts away and runs across the room. Trudy doesn't react to this sight.

We see John and Matt watching garbage television on their flat screen television, their mouths wide open, their faces glued to the screen. Their tongues are drooped outside of their mouths and saliva begins to drip from John's long tongue.

John is picking at his belly button. There is something very deep inside he is trying to grab. The tension builds... he is desperately trying to get something. Eventually from his belly button, he pulls out a Large prawn. Matt immediately smells the prawn and jolts his body round to his father. He is super hungry and his stomach begins to grumble. We see John slowly place the shrimp inside his mouth and crunch hard down on the shell. Matt was hoping that his father might allow him to eat the prawn, but he feels like his father has been very selfish.

We hear everyone's stomach grumble.

We see that Trudy has now finished cooking. Bread pops out from the toaster. She opens up the Microwave, which reveals a beautifully cooked, mouthwatering, golden turkey. The turkey starts to glitch and we realise that we were looking at the meal from Trudy's perspective, who views her cooking as beautiful.. but the reality is a sloppy burnt mess.

She grabs three bowls and slops the plastic burnt mess she has been cooking all over, in and around the bowls. She takes out the floppy disk 'bread' from the toaster, and smothers them with a butter using a knife. We hear the sound of toast crunching as she butters them. She shoves three of the mini-speaker 'eggs' onto the buttered floppy disk 'bread'. She places the three bowls of slop and toast on the separate wooden trays and takes them over to the sofa, where the three family members rest, the trays sit on their laps.

The baby begins to cry from the pram. Trudy places down her tray and reaches into the pram, picking up the baby. She pulls up her large dress and begins to breast feed the baby. Trudy's nipple however, is in the shape of a USB stick and she thrusts it in and out of the babies mouth, until the baby stops crying, white fluids seep out of the babies mouth from Trudy's nipple.

John and Matt carry on eating their meals, the speed at which they are eating increasingly gets faster and faster. They throw away their knives and forks and start picking up the long noodles with their fingers and are shoving them in their mouths. We see Matt's body slowly growing larger and larger. The buckle on his belt snaps and makes a loud noise as it smashes the glass out of a family photo on the mantelpiece across the room. The next second, he is the shape of a bowling ball and he begins to roll around the floor.

Currently, in the neighbours house, two men are playing darts.

NEIGHBOUR

I'll give you 60 pounds if you hit the bullseye.

The man aims up slowly. He is determined to hit the bullseye on the target. But all of a sudden, he slips and the Dart is thrown out of a nearby window, which goes through The Johnson Families window, hitting Matt, which causes him to EXPLODE. BANG! All of Matt's insides, including what he has been eating is scattered against the walls, Trudy and John's faces and leaves a huge mess.

To this event, only the 'dog' television reacts. The broken lightbulb embryo that dropped on the floor earlier is next to the kennel. He eats it up, then walks over to Matt's remains and begins to urinate battery acid all over the body. Then starts to lick up the body with his long tongue. Trudy and John are still just entranced by the television and carry on watching. Trudy responds to the event that just took place by belching super loudly... A very grotesque scene.

Both Trudy and John just carry on eating, then eventually turn off the television and walk over to the Bathroom.

SCENE SIX - INT. BATHROOM

We are inside the Bathroom. John is looking at himself in the mirror and is brushing his teeth with a Pink coloured toothpaste. We see Trudy in the same bathroom, who is taking a bath and brushing her back with a long paddle. We then see John walk over to a toilet, which is situated next to the bath and unzip his pajama trousers. He begins to urinate, which created the illusion as if he is urinating on Trudy.

SCENE SEVEN - INT. BEDROOM

In the Bedroom, the couple are both wearing old striped Blue pajamas. John walks over to the bed, and pulls back the sheets, jumping inside the bed to join Trudy. We hear the faint sound of a Baby mobile, which is dangling over the babies cradle. Trudy is reading a newspaper, which she folds up and places on her bedside table. She reaches towards the wall and grabs a large three point plug. She pulls back her matted hair which reveals a large electrical socket in the back of her neck. She plugs herself in, and the lights in the room gently flicker. She then lies down and starts sleeping. The wallpaper slowly begins to peel back and fall down in the corner of the room. John reaches towards his bedside light and presses a button, switching it off. He lies down and then starts to rustle and cuddle up to Trudy.

TRUDY

)£(I)(FMO£I)*TJ

(Subtitled Translation: No
John. I'm not in the mood
tonight)

The rustling soon slowly stops and the titles begin to roll.

THE END.