

Untech: A Story

Infomercial. Peaks and valleys of sales-y pitches and shifty prompter eyes. Forced enthusiasm. Lies. And concealer.

The best concealer on the market. The kind that can cover dimples on fruit skin. It rids pubescent acne even at 42. It can conceal all of your problems or your money back. But wait there's more. Act now and it's the fourth slashed price on the screen. The top one never was so inflated. The act now has been on for weeks. Months even.

TV fuzz.

Another pitch begins.

Dogs without homes and owners. Drooping eyes and disability.

TV fuzz.

A mop soaking up a fucking Thanksgiving dinner.

It's all exaggeration.

Consumerism blows on. Late night junkies and those stewing in regret. The restless and the cool pillow flippers. The damned and guilty. The bored and the promiscuous.

TV fuzz.

"Are you tired of living this way?"

The voice is less selling cars and poverty; more coaxing you to believe in Santa Claus.

"Do you find yourself often thinking of the way 'life used to be'?"

A tree-lined block, synchronistic homes, one ironic ball bounces to no one and lands in its own shadow.

"When was that? 'The way life used to be' that is. When was that for you?"

Cut to a red turtleneck woman. (Smart marketers use red.) She has a shitty bob haircut, disheveled.

"Uh ya know for me," she starts. She fiddles with a ring on her bony finger, twisting it counterclockwise like it will open some vault of answers. "It was when my kids would sit at the

kitchen table without their phones. Ya know?" She has said ya know twice to absolutely no one. Or everyone.

Voice over guy bellows a voice that clearly pays his bills. He did nothing for that fucking voice.

"Families everywhere often echo the sentiment, 'I want my kids back,' or 'I want my husband back'."

The screen splits into four quadrants. All four show varying degrees of distraction at important things like holidays or breakfast. Four friends in the left corner all scroll in synchronization, unaware of