

The Wong Phone

by

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FADE IN:

INT. THE ACKER'S HOUSE - EVENING

A small crowd of people, sing "Happy birthday to you" and let out a cheer.

SAMANTHA ACKER, 13, sits annoyed, impatient... spoilt, at the dining room table, with her birthday girl party hat on.

Her dad, GREG, 48, quirky, grins a huge false grin. Her mom ASHLEY, 45, attractive, is already two valiums and three large glasses of wine into the so called party. She's having problems with the disposable camera.

ASHLEY

Keep still sweetie, I'm trying to take your photo.

Greg takes the camera off her.

GREG

I'll take the photo, go... somewhere.
(to Samantha)
Smile Sam, if you can.

Samantha puts on a fake smile, it never reaches her eyes.

SAMANTHA

Who the hell has a disposable camera anymore? I'm so embarrassed right now.

She looks across the table to see her best friend, BELLA, 13, a pretty blonde with a vacant expression, she lifts her head for two seconds from her smartphone.

BELLA

(whispers)
OMG.

SAMANTHA

(whispers back)
I know.

Next to Bella, sits Samantha's brother AUSTIN, 15, he watches over BABY NATALIE, 1, who is fast asleep.

Grandpa HENRY, 85, snores loudly at the head of the table, although his eyes are open. Grandma SUSAN, 82, watches on, with her false teeth placed in a glass in front of her.

Samantha scans the room, shaking her head.

GREG
Blow out your candles princess.

She blows with zero effort.

GREG (CONT'D)
Make a wish.

GRANDMA SUSAN
Wish I was dead.

SAMANTHA
Way ahead of you grandma.

GREG
Sam... that's not nice and mom, stop
encouraging her.

Ashley stumbles around with a huge glass of wine, bumping
into all members of the family.

ASHLEY
Open... op... open your presents,
sweetie.

GREG
Why don't you sit down?

ASHLEY
Why don't *I* sit down?

GREG
That's a great idea.

Samantha grabs her first present, it's wrapped in "Barney
the dinosaur" paper.

GRANDMA SUSAN
That's from me and your grandpa.

Samantha rips it open... it's a cowgirl outfit.

SAMANTHA
(sarcastic)
Wow, just what I never wanted, you
shouldn't have grandma.

GRANDMA SUSAN
No problem dear.

SAMANTHA
No really, you shouldn't have.

GREG
Hey! You show respect.

SAMANTHA

Sorry grandma, sorry grandpa.

Grandpa snores louder, as Bella snickers in the corner, Samantha flashes her a "shut up" look.

GRANDMA SUSAN

Go try it on.

SAMANTHA

Not now grandma.

GRANDMA SUSAN

Sure, go on. I might drop dead soon and I wont get a chance to see it.

She glances up at her dad, with a "do I have to" look. He replies with a "I'm afraid so" look.

Moments later

Samantha slowly struts downstairs as everyone watches on. The outfit is two sizes too small. The faces say it all.

Grandma has a huge proud grin.

GRANDMA SUSAN (CONT'D)

Ohhh look at you, cowgirl Samantha.

Greg and Austin each have one raised eyebrow. Bella has the most disgusted "ewww" face. Ashley struggles to lift her head from the table, just enough to see her.

ASHLEY

Jesus Christ, you look like a circus monkey.

Samantha turns and runs upstairs screaming.

GREG

Well done dear, nice touch... everyone just give her a minute to calm down.

SUPER: Minute Later

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

(screaming)

Mom!

Ashley perks up.

ASHLEY

My baby needs me.

Baby Natalie wakes up and glances at her mom.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
Not you. I'm coming dear.

Ashley stumbles back and forth.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
(still screaming)
Mom, hurry up.

Ashley grabs the bottle of wine from a nearby table.

ASHLEY
I'm coming, I'm coming.

She finally makes her way upstairs and approaches Samantha's room. She flings the door open, Samantha is covered in blood... from the waist down.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
Oh sweet lord.

Greg runs upstairs and makes his way into the room. He stares at the blood.

GREG
Oh god, sweetie, listen, I know this birthday hasn't been going as you planned, but this is not the way to solve things.

Ashley turns her head slowly.

ASHLEY
It's her "period", you... Male.

GREG
Oh know, that's worse.

ASHLEY
How is a period worse than suicide?

By this time, the bedroom has been filled with everyone. All eyes are on Samantha. Austin smiles, he holds the baby.

AUSTIN
(to the baby)
Can you say "Oh oh"?

BABY NATALIE
Oh oh.

Everyone lets out a huge "awwww"... except Samantha of course.

SAMANTHA

Please, let there be a huge hole
swallow me up.

ASHLEY

It's ok sweetie. We just need a
maxi pad and the bad news is... I
have none.

Grandma Susan waves her hands.

SUSAN

Don't look at me, I stopped thirty
years ago, I'm dry as a nun's crotch.

Ashley turns to Bella.

BELLA

Eww, how disgusting? I haven't got
my period and I probably never will.

ASHLEY

You stupid bitch.
(to Samantha)
Sorry, we're shit out of luck, all
the females and no wings between us.

Slowly, all the heads turn to baby Natalie... except Samantha
of course.

SAMANTHA

No freaking way.

SUPER : One minute later

Ashley is duct taping a baby diaper around Samantha.

Samantha sits up and eyeballs Bella, top half cowgirl, bottom
half baby.

Grandma Susan bursts into a verse of "Oh Holy Night". She
continues singing in the background.

ASHLEY

Greg, why don't you give her our
present?

Greg sits down next to her, he hands her a present.

GREG

Here you go princess. If it makes
you feel any better, I spent my
thirtieth birthday, sober, alone,
with my boxers around my ankles,
(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)
chewing on a four month old, cold
nasty pop tart. While your mother
was drunk, sleeping and in a spooning
position with a table lamp.

A wry smile appears on Samantha's face, as she tears open
the present.

GREG (CONT'D)
It's what you always wanted.

SAMANTHA
OMG, OMG.

Grandpa is confused.

GRANDPA HENRY
OMG. What is that? Oil My Genitals.

AUSTIN
It means, Oh My God, grandpa.

Samantha finishes opening the paper, she looks... it's a new
phone.

Samantha and Bella bounce around the room ecstatic.

SAMANTHA
I can sooo text you.

BELLA
We can sooo send pictures of cute
boys.

SAMANTHA
We can facebook.

BELLA
And tweet.

GREG
You know, you can talk on those too.

The girls stop and give Greg the "really" look.

Samantha lifts the phone out of the box. She holds the phone
out in arms reach, her demeanor suddenly changes.

SAMANTHA
What is this?

She flips the front cover.

GREG
It's a flip phone.

Ashley smacks Greg in the ass, not before taking a huge swig of wine.

ASHLEY
You got her a flip phone, a freaking flip phone. What decade are you living in?

BELLA
OMG, they are like, sooo three years ago.

Samantha breaks down again, as grandma comes to the end of her song.

SAMANTHA
Get out of my room... everyone! I hate you all.

GREG
Now steady on.

SAMANTHA
Just get out!

The room empties as Greg is the last to go. He turns and faces his daughter.

GREG
I'm sorry sweetie, technology moves too fast for your old man.

SAMANTHA
Dad, just leave.

He walks out as Samantha slams the door behind him. He sighs, and walks away. Ashley waits for him, bottle in hand. She stumbles and falls into him, he catches her like a rag doll.

ASHLEY
(spluttering)
I don't care what you do, just find the right phone.

Ashley falls asleep in his arms. He drags her to their room and plops her on the bed.

GREG
Gotta do what a dad's gotta do. Now what the hell is open tonight.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Marching along main street, he notices the stores closing one after another... except one.

EXT. CHOW'S KNICKY KNACKS - CONTINUOUS

He peers through the window, it's full of antiques, vases, old paintings, tea trays, nothing out of the ordinary.

Greg is dejected and turns to walk away. Suddenly, there is a bang on the window.

He turns to see a CHINESE MAN, mid forties, shouting at him... in broken English.

CHINESE MAN
You wooking for something.

GREG
No... Nothing you have.

The Chinese jumps down from the shop window and opens the door.

CHINESE MAN
Come in. I have many things.

GREG
No, you don't understand, I need a
smartphone... preferably this year.

CHINESE MAN
Ohh we have smartphone, one left.
Youa rucky man.

GREG
I'm rucky? I thought this was an
antique store?

CHINESE MAN
No, no, many items. Some old, some
new. Come. Come.

Greg enters.

INT. CHOW'S KNICKY KNACKS - CONTINUOUS

Greg creeps through the store, trying not to bang anything.

GREG
So are you, Mr. Chow?

CHINESE MAN
No, me... Knicky knack.

GREG

Really?

CHINESE MAN

No, silly, gullible American, of course, Mr. Chow, just like my father.

Mr. Chow points to the corner of the store, as a very old Chinese man, 80's, sits in a rocker, smoking a pipe.

Greg jumps back startled.

GREG

Jesus, I didn't see him there.
(to old man)
Hi.

The old man just stares.

GREG (CONT'D)

Ok. So where is this smartphone?

MR. CHOW

Ah yes. It's here somewhea.

Mr. Chow rummages through cabinets.

MR. CHOW (CONT'D)

Smartphone, smartphone, now whea are ya?... here it is.

He pulls out a box and blows the dust off, into Greg's face.

Greg coughs dramatically and takes the phone.

GREG

Are you sure this a smartphone, it's in a pretty old box?

MR. CHOW

Of course, latest model.

GREG

Well, you Asians do know your gadgets.

MR. CHOW

Very funny, good old American racism. I tell you what, I'll throw in some maxi pads too.

He tosses him maxi pads.

GREG

How did you know?

MR. CHOW
 You're like a little girl, so I give
 you maxi pads... Chinese humor.
 Now, give me money.

GREG
 Easy there, how do I know this works?

MR. CHOW
 Take it home, try it. Doesn't work,
 I give you full refund.

GREG
 Ok.

Greg places the phone on the counter and gives Mr. Chow the
 money.

GREG (CONT'D)
 Wrap that for me, please.

Mr. Chow takes the phone and starts to wrap it. Greg hears
 a grumble coming from the old man, he turns around.

OLD CHINESE MAN
 Come here.

GREG
 What?

OLD CHINESE MAN
 Come here.

GREG
 You're kinda creepy, but I'll take a
 chance.

Greg moves closer and stops.

GREG (CONT'D)
 Now what?

OLD CHINESE MAN
 Croser.

GREG
 Croser? You mean closer.

OLD CHINESE MAN
 Yes, croser.

MR. CHOW
 Don't listen to him American, you'll
 be sorry.

GREG
Listen, if there's one thing that
movies taught me, is that old Chinese
guys that smoke pipes, always have
wise words to say.

Greg steps right in front of him, as the old man signals for
him to lean in.

Greg lowers his head and puts his ear to the old man's mouth.

OLD CHINESE MAN
Risten very carefully.

GREG
Ok I'm ristenning.

The old man rips a huge fart for about ten seconds.

Greg jumps back disgusted.

GREG (CONT'D)
Oh man, that stinks.

MR. CHOW
I told you.

The old man laughs.

GREG
I gotta get going.

MR. CHOW
But before you go. I have three
important details to tell you about
your new phone.

GREG
Yeah.

MR. CHOW
Numba one. Do not expose to sunlight.

GREG
Makes sense.

MR. CHOW
Numba two. Do not get near water.

GREG
Stating the obvious here.

MR. CHOW
And numba three, very important. Do
not feed after midnight.

GREG

It's a phone, how do I feed a phone?

MR. CHOW

Oh yes, those are rules for the
mogwai.

A whistling sound can be heard from a box on the counter.

GREG

That's so nineteen eighty four.

Greg grabs the wrapped gift from the counter and leaves in a
hurry.

Mr. Chow glances to his left and notices a smart phone next
to the box.

MR. CHOW

Silly mogwai, take smartphone...

Mr. Chow now has a confused look.

MR. CHOW (CONT'D)

If mogwai, has only smartphone... Oh
no, wong phone. Our leader will not
be pleased.