

WHY THE WI-FI?

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3rd Draft

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FADE IN:

INT. DINING ROOM, KITCHEN AREA- DAY

A FATHER sits hunched over his dining room table, scrolling through his phone.

A door can be heard closing in a separate room as footsteps approach.

The father looks up from his phone, his face grim, eyes slowly widening as he realizes his TEENAGE DAUGHTER has arrived.

The daughter slowly walks past her father's meek frame as he forces himself to look upright.

FATHER  
(nervously)  
Um, Sw, Sweetie?

She stops in her tracks, clearly angered, refusing to turn back.

FATHER (cont'd)  
Uh, now sweetheart, p,p, please  
forgive me for b,b, bringing this up  
again. Uh, but um, I know I asked you  
to c, clean your room. Didn't I?

The daughter throws her head back, exasperated. You can tell she is rolling her eyes without even seeing her face.

DAUGHTER  
Yesssss...

The father nervously takes a breath and continues shakily.

FATHER  
Well, um, I looked in there  
earlier...

The daughter's head swiftly spins around to face him, her eyes sharp, piercing daggers as her mouth purses tightly and brow furrows. She glares, unyielding.

DAUGHTER  
(soft and angrily)  
You looked... in my room?

Her father's eyes widen, his fear mounting. He tries desperately to sit further back in his chair.

FATHER

W,well yea. Um... uh, I can ignore a lot of the um... horrible... things I saw.

He closes his eyes and swallows hard as he tries to purge the thought from his head.

FATHER (cont'd)

B,but I cannot ignore you leaving that mess...

He continues to build his courage.

FATHER (cont'd)

S,s,so I had to turn off the Wi-Fi until you do...

The daughter's rage intensifies. Her breathing becomes heavier. Slowly, she begins transforming into a monstrous abomination filled with uncontrollable anger. The DEMON CHILD has risen.

DEMON CHILD

YOU TURNED OFF THE WI-FI?!?!?!?!?

She slams her fists onto the table.

FATHER

Um, well, it's just until you clean up your r,r,room.

The daughter stares her father down, intense fury radiating the air around her.

Anxiously, yet bravely, the father stares back.

He tries his hardest to hold back the grimace growing on his face as he ponders the horrific fate before him.

The stare down continues. As the silence of the moment becomes deafening.

Sweat builds around the father's temples, the daughter's vexing escalates to a seething crescendo.

DEMON CHILD

(whiny)

You are sooo.....

She stomps her foot hard on the ground, huffing and puffing as she flails herself about in a childish tantrum.

DEMON CHILD (cont'd)

EVIL!!!!

She begins sobbing uncontrollably, turns about face, and runs out of the room.

The father, still visibly frightened, relaxes slightly in his chair. He looks around the room, bewildered still, as he picks up his phone and continues scrolling.

DEMON CHILD (cont'd)

FADE TO BLACK

RUN CREDITS

CUT TO:

EPILOGUE:

INT. DINING ROOM, KITCHEN AREA- DAY

The demon child strolls back into the room carrying a full, black trash bag in one and holding her other hand down to her side.

DEMON CHILD

Hey Dad?

Her father looks up and is face to face with the bloodied eyeball his daughter is holding with an outstretched arm.

He gasps, mortified.

DEMON CHILD (cont'd)

Regular trash or recycling?

CUT TO BLACK

END