

## Collision

A nervous guy arrives to meet his girlfriend's strict parents and realizes that the woman he hit-and-run not too long before is his girlfriend's neurotic mother.

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SCREEN IS BLACK.

We hear a car slowing down and creaking to a stop.

FADE IN FROM BLACK:

1 EXT. FRONT OF MELISSA'S HOUSE. EARLY EVENING. 1

TIM (21) is a sweet, awkward, and tall college senior. He kind of resembles a baby giraffe. He's always nervous and tries to avoid any type of confrontation whatsoever.

Tim parks his car, which dons a dirty car roof "Anthony's Pizza" sign and a slightly smashed front bumper, directly in front of Melissa's house. He exits the car abruptly holding flowers and wearing a button down and khakis that he's clearly just changed into in the car.

Tim stumbles across the yard, clearly a few minutes late, still tucking his shirt in. He knocks on the door to THE PARKER HOUSE.

MELISSA (20) is an adorable and perky but controlling college junior that most guys would want to be with before they actually met her. She's always got a wide smile, whether it's because she's being sweet or insane and is clearly the alpha in her relationship with Tim.

2 INT. DOORWAY- THE PARKER HOUSE. EARLY EVENING. 2

Although the inside of the Parker household is cleaner than the White House, it seems like there's a circus inside. Tim notices immediately that there's clearly some sort of ruckus going on.

Tim notices Mrs. Parker lain on the couch in the living room. MRS. PARKER (55) is a proper, charming, and controlling woman who is not only the queen of the house but of the entire neighborhood.

She's got at least 20 pillows under/around her, and about the same amount of ice packs. She's making it a point that everyone knows that she's in pain and is ordering her husband around.

MRS. PARKER

Jerry! Go get me another ice pack.

MELISSA

Hi Tim, oh my gosh, I'm so sorry for the commotion. My mom was in a car accident earlier today. Some asshole delivery guy rear-ended her and drove off.

(CONTINUED)

MR. PARKER (58) is far from the patriarch of the house. He's mostly confused and wandering around, but has trained to be a sidekick to his wife when needed. He is running around the house in the background tending to his wife's every need like a trained animal.

As he runs by the front door, he realizes Tim has arrived and frantically stops.

MR. PARKER

Oh my, Melissa, is this Tim? It's great to have you. I'm so sorry about the...

MRS. PARKER

JERRY!!!

MR. PARKER

Come inside, Tim, why don't ya. We're very excited to have you.

In the first time that we see Tim since he's knocked on the door, Tim is confused by all the commotion.

TIM

Um, I left my phone in the car. Melissa, could you come help me come find it for a second?

MELISSA

Why do you need me to-

MRS. PARKER

Jerry! Where is my heating pad?

MR. PARKER

I thought you said the ice packs.

MRS. PARKER

Just get me both!

Tim grabs Melissa's hand right away as Mr. Parker runs off.

3

EXT. FRONT OF MELISSA'S HOUSE. EARLY EVENING.

3

He leads her outside and closes the door, pulling her towards his car.

MELISSA

Why do you need me to help you find your phone?

(CONTINUED)

TIM

I don't.

MELISSA

(cutting in)

Now you've lied to my parents. What way is that to start off genius?

TIM

We have a much bigger problem.

They arrive in front of the car.

MELISSA

What could be worse than lying to my mom?

Tim motions towards the dent in his car, but Melissa is so focused on what Tim is talking about. They talk in quick succession to each other, with Tim mainly babbling and Melissa cutting him off.

TIM

Um.

MELISSA

Tim, what the hell did you do? Are you breaking up with me? Because if you are you've picked the worst possible time.

TIM

No, no, no, the car accident your mom got into.

MELISSA

Yeah, my mom who is literally insane and will find a way to stand up from that couch and murder you if you break up with me right now.

TIM

No, I'm not breaking up with you. But I was delivering and it just happened and Anthony he-

MELISSA

Tim, what are you talking about? Because I swear, you can't do this to me I won't be dumped today not when my mom-

Tim cuts her off out of frustration and points directly at the dent in his front bumper.

(CONTINUED)

TIM  
I hit your mom!

Melissa is speechless for the first time.

TIM (CONT.)  
...and I have no clue what to do. I  
didn't know it was that bad. She  
stopped short and I tapped her and  
Anthony would have fired me and-

There is a silence as Tim runs out of what to say and looks  
at Melissa for guidance. Melissa figures out what she is  
going to say.

MELISSA  
Move your car down the block so she  
doesn't see it out of the window.  
Whatever you do, your big mouth  
can't say a word about this.  
Actually, don't even think about  
the accident. Or cars. Or pizza for  
that matter. I swear, she can read  
minds. And one more thing.

TIM  
What?

MELISSA  
If for some reason, we make it  
through this... you better fucking  
marry me.

CUT TO:

4 INT. DINING ROOM. LATER THAT EVENING.

4

All four characters are sitting around the dining table  
eating dinner and 3/4 of the way finished. They kind of  
resemble a normal family having dinner, except Mrs. Parker  
has gauze wrapped not well around parts of her body that  
don't make sense, she's got two orthopedic boots on her  
legs, and she's wearing a dog cone around her neck.

MRS. PARKER  
So, Timothy, your final year. Have  
any job offers lined up yet?

TIM  
Well, actually, I'll have to start  
contacting a few of the different  
design firms a few months after we  
get back.

(CONTINUED)

Mrs. Parker moves take take a bite. She winces in pain.

MR. PARKER  
(to Mrs. Parker)  
Oh no, honey I'll get it for you.

Mr. Parker picks up a piece of casserole and puts it in Mrs. Parkers mouth. He isn't paying attention much and just shoves a too large piece. Half of it falls into the dog cone.

MR. PARKER (cont'd)  
Melissa, don't you already have a job in D.C.? Why even go back for another two years?

MELISSA  
Dad, it's just an internship, and they asked me to come back.

MR. PARKER  
But they'll offer you a job honey. Who wouldn't love my perfect little angel? And Washington D.C., oh that's certainly the place for you. I mean it's got-

MRS. PARKER  
So, Tim if you get a job in New York, how do you plan to pay to live there. I mean it's so expensive.

TIM  
Well, I've been saving money working delivering pizzas the past couple-

From under the table we see Melissa violently stomp on Tim's foot to shut him up.

MRS. PARKER  
That's so odd because-

Melissa promptly aware of what Mrs. Parker is about to say and, as the competent one here, cuts her off and takes control of the conversation. She uses a clearly practiced line to show that Tim's interests are impressive.

MELISSA  
Daddy, did you know Tim always listens to Andrea Bocelli in the car?

MR. PARKER

Oh my, a kid like you, a fan of Bocelli? I remember he only came out when I was about 25, but what I would have given to hear him at a young 22 just like you.

MELISSA

Yeah, aren't you and mom going for your birthday tomorrow night?

MRS. PARKER

Well now, I just don't know anymore. Sitting in those little seats for hours, I'm not sure if my back can even handle it. Plus we have to get there and that might be a whole other issue depending on how long the mechanic takes.

TIM

Oh yeah, whenever I have to go to the shop for repairs it always takes forever.

MRS. PARKER

Do you have to go a lot, Tim?

Tim realizes what he's just said and that he's on his own on this one.

TIM

No, just had to get her fixed up a few times. She's old so you know, internal stuff stops working.

It's taken Mr. Parker a little while to think of his own genius idea, as he's still thinking about his wife not being able to go to the concert.

MR. PARKER

Well, you know honey, if for some reason you can't go, if you gave your ticket to Tim it clearly wouldn't be going to waste.

MELISSA

That would be great. Tim, wouldn't you love that?

TIM

Oh, that would be an absolute dream. When's he performing?

(CONTINUED)

MR. PARKER

Seven o'clock, at the amphitheater  
downtown.

Tim's really gotten into this as he's found a connection and almost messes up.

TIM

I could pick you up right after my  
shift.

MELISSA

Haha, wouldn't that be great. But  
Tim, you don't want to drive all  
the way downtown, do you?

Melissa gives Tim the side eye as to say, "no you can't use  
your car you dumbass."

MR. PARKER

Look, Melissa, usually these  
hooligans you bring home, I'm not a  
fan. But if a kid has the values to  
love Bocelli and offer a ride to  
his girlfriends father, well, as  
long as you're a good driver, I'm  
in Tim.

Tim smiles as to say "Screw you Melissa, he liked my ride  
idea." He's gaining some confidence now.

TIM

Well of course sir. Mrs. Parker,  
may I clear the table for you?

MRS. PARKER

No, it's ok, Mr. Parker will clear  
it later... Oh you know what, after  
the accident I totally forgot about  
the cake. It's in my car. Let me  
just go out to get it.

TIM

Oh no, let me Mrs. Parker.

Mrs. Parker is offended someone would ask to go into her  
car.

MRS. PARKER

I don't need you going through my  
car.



MR. PARKER

Honey, you're in pain. Why don't you relax. After that crash with that danged Chinese delivery guy, you need to recover. I'll go get the cake.

Tim and Melissa both think they've gotten away with it, as he's just said the Chinese delivery man and not pizza.

MRS. PARKER

Jerry. I will get it myself. By gosh if I can't walk outside five feet to get a little cake to show Tim we're happy to have him, how will I be able to go to the town council meeting to bring up how loud those birds are in the morning again?

Tim is confused and gives a look to Melissa as "wait, she likes me?"

Melissa shrugs back as if to say "yeah that's pretty much how it works."

Mrs. Parker hobbles out.

MR. PARKER

So Tim, you have to tell me, what was the first time you heard him sing?

MELISSA

Dad, can't we talk about something else? Tim's so great, don't you even want to know how he asked me out?

MR. PARKER

Well (beat) of course. Yes, how could I forget? Tim, were you nervous when you were going to talk to the sweetest and most charming girl I know?

TIM

Well, um, it was very nerve wracking, but...

Tim's never really thought about how to fake this story.

(CONTINUED)

TIM (cont'd)

I was, but I just thought about Bocelli signing *Ave Maria* and that gave me the confidence to approach her.

MR. PARKER

But that song is about the virgin Mary-

Mr. Parker is cut off by a door slamming and a shriek, but a shriek in the same tone as Melissa's (like mother like daughter, right) but conveys a very different tone. Mr. Parker runs out of the room like the trained pet that he is.

Mrs. Parker is furious, and pretty much completely forgets about her "injury" which she mentioned so much before. She sprints back inside.

MRS. PARKER

He's here. That asshole who hit my car is parked down the street.

MR. PARKER

What's going on here?

MRS. PARKER

Call the police. The guy followed me. He probably hit-and-ran to try and kill me, and now he's back to finish the job.

MR. PARKER

Now honey, hold on a second.

TIM

Yeah, maybe he, or she, just lives around here.

MRS. PARKER

If you lived around here you wouldn't have to deliver pizzas.

Mrs. Parker storms into the other room to call the police. Mr. Parker follows in hot pursuit.

MELISSA

You're fucked. We're fucked. We had eight months going great and you went and royally fucked this up.

(CONTINUED)

TIM

She won't figure it out. We need to just stay calm.

MELISSA

You don't know my mom. She's crazy. Do you realize she's calling the cops right now. It won't take long because she's got them on speed dial.

TIM

She can't press three numbers? She needs the convenience of one?

MELISSA

Yes, because that's how much she calls them, and you're probably going to get arrested and we'll break up and it's all your fault because you had to hit her today.

TIM

How is this my fault? Maybe if your mom wasn't a psycho bitch and didn't drive like someone on their way home from getting cataract surgery, then we wouldn't be here.

Melissa is furious.

MELISSA

You have to do something Tim. Otherwise, she's going to find out, and then this relationship is over.

TIM

What on god's earth am I supposed to do Melissa, because I have no fucking clue.

MELISSA

Stop her? Tell her the truth? I don't know!

TIM

(in a mimicking voice)

Hey Mrs. Parker, I hit your car, sorry about that can I still date your daughter please?

(CONTINUED)

MELISSA

Well, if you're not going to do something, then you might as well just get into that car and go.

Tim, takes a second and begins to walk out of the house.

5 INT. KITCHEN- THE PARKER HOUSE. EVENING. 5

Tim walks through the kitchen to see Mrs. Parker screaming into phone, assumably, with the police. Mr. Parker looks like a toddler trying to wrangle a bull.

Tim pauses for a second contemplating saying something, but they don't notice him and he leaves.

6 EXT. FRONT OF MELISSA'S HOUSE. EVENING. 6

The cops arrive.

COP

(speaking into his radio)  
No, no backup, it's just Lori Parker again.

Tim begins to walk away as the cop walks in, but he realizes he can't walk to his car but he also just can't walk away. He begins to panic as Mrs. Parker is out by the doorway, yelling at the policeman about the car that hit her.

The policeman begins to walk with the entire family towards Tim's car. Mrs. Parker is yelling at the policeman, Mr. Parker is following in tow, and Melissa is near tears. It's like a box of fireworks exploding on their front lawn. They're moving closer and closer in the direction of Tim's car parked a couple houses away

TIM

Stop!

He gets their attention and somehow stops the ruckus.

TIM (cont'd)

I'm the one who hit you with my car, Mrs Parker. But please just hear me out... I drive a pizza delivery car, and I would've gotten fired if they found out I hit someone else. I would never do that in any other case, I just can't lose my job because I'm saving up for an apartment for me and Melissa when she graduates so we can live

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TIM (cont'd)  
together in New York. I didn't want her to have to worry about rent, and I've been working non-stop so I could make that happen after she graduates. So I'm sorry that I hit your car, I will certainly pay you back, and I understand if you never want me to see your daughter again, but I really like her and I'm so sorry.

Silence persists for a few palpable seconds. Melissa has made her way into the room but is far behind Tim who is now in the center of the kitchen.

MRS. PARKER  
Melissa, you want to move to New York City? I thought D.C. was your dream.

Melissa shakes her head. She's finally being asked what she wants for the first time.

MELISSA  
Everyone just talks about politics.

MRS. PARKER  
But there's just so many great opportunities there for you and-

Mr. Parker cuts her off and uses her first name, probably the first time for both in at least five years.

MR. PARKER  
Lori, if she wants to go to New York City, she'll go to New York City.

Melissa smiles.

MR. PARKER (cont'd)  
Officer, I think we can handle this on our own.

COP  
Yeah, sure you can.

The cop walks back to his car to drive away. Mrs. Parker begins to take off her various bandages and other medical instruments.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. PARKER

Well. It's been quite a day, hasn't it. So, New York it is, huh  
Melissa? Our little baby is all grown up now, isn't she, Jer?

MR. PARKER

She's still our baby, we just get to share her now.

Melissa goes over to hug them. Tim is watching very happily from where he delivered his monologue.

MRS. PARKER

Excuse me, Tim. One of the rules of the house is that all family members must participate in hugs.

Tim takes a second to realize, but he quickly joins in to the family that actually shows compassion for one another. From inside the group hug:

TIM

So are we going to have the cake, or?

CUT TO:

7

EXT. FRONT OF MELISSA'S HOUSE. EVENING

7

Melissa hanging into Tim's open car window which he's pulled up to the front. Mr. and Mrs. Parker are standing on their front porch. The sun is setting on the day and this family.

MELISSA

Looks like we kind of have to get married now.

TIM

I'm not marrying you for you, I'm marrying you so I can go to this concert tomorrow night.

Tim shouts over to Mr. Parker

TIM (CONT.)

I'll pick you up at 5:30 Mr. Parker?

Mr. Parker, whose arm is around Mrs. Parker, gives an enthusiastic thumbs up, moving Mrs. Parkers neck in the process and making her wince.

(CONTINUED)

MELISSA

I'm really glad you came.

TIM

I'm just glad I hit it off with  
your mom.

Smirking, Melissa rolls her eyes.

MELISSA

Get out of here you dumbass.

Tim drives off down the street towards the setting sun, and  
he clips the mailbox as he's driving away.

FADE TO BLACK