

First Impression

Revision 1

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INT. KITCHEN - DINNERTIME

SNAP. CRACK.

Large, masculine hands violently break open pieces of lobster in preparation for dinner. Juices and lobster meat are spewing.

The kitchen is quite small, much like the rest of the house. Although four people live here, it's only built for two.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

Dad! He'll be here soon!

GEORGE THOMPSON (55) is unemployed, but a hard-working father. He continues to mutilate the lobster pieces with his bare hands in an almost disgusting fashion. \* \*

GEORGE

I know, princess. Don't worry, I'm almost done with the lobster salad.

SHARON

I don't like lobster.

SHARON THOMPSON (42) always has something to complain about. She pours herself another hefty glass of white wine as she slouches in her chair. \* \*

GEORGE

Yes, I know. But our special guest loves lobster... and tonight is about him, remember?

SHARON

What's so special about this kid anyways? I doubt he'll even make it through dinner with this family...

Sharon scoffs, takes out a PILL BOTTLE and pops TWO XANAX. She washes them down with the rest of her wine. \* \*

She picks up the bottle and pours a third glass.

GEORGE

Then we will have to be on our best behavior, now won't we? It's not every day that our daughter brings home a millionaire.

MICHELLE THOMAS (25) enters the kitchen in a beautiful summer dress, tying a bow into her hair.

(CONTINUED)

MICHELLE

He just texted. He's gonna be here  
in 5 minutes.

Michelle is a beautiful southern belle. Somewhat oblivious to the white-trash world in which she lives, takes a seat next to her step-mom, Sharon.

She anxiously awaiting her boyfriend's arrival. He is the love of her life.

\*  
\*

SHARON

Well then tell grandma to start making her way in... we wouldn't want her to miss the fuckin' lobster.

GRANDMA (O.S.)

Fuck you!

SHARON

That' right, start scootin' your way on in, ya old hag!

\*

GEORGE

Sharon, stop. There's no need for that.

SHARON

Well there's no need for your senile mother to be living in our goddamn house either, is there?

GRANDMA scoots in with her WALKER, drinking from A FLASK with her free hand. Step. Sip. Step. Sip.

SHARON

Wow, record time!

GRANDMA

I swear I'll snap your neck if you-

DOORBELL.

The man of the hour has arrived.

The entire family stops in their tracks. Frantically cleaning up around the kitchen.

MICHELLE

The fork goes on the left!

\*

(CONTINUED)

SHARON

No, it goes on the right!

Michelle picks up a spoon and checks her hair in the reflection.

George, Sharon, and Grandma set the table to the best of their ability.

DOORBELL AGAIN. Twice this time.

MICHELLE

Coming, love!

Michelle sprints to the door. Takes a moment to pull each boob up into place, and opens the door.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHTTIME

We see the back of SCOTT BUCHANAN (27) as the front door swings open. We see Michelle, doe eyed, staring at her true love.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHTTIME

Scott is incredibly dashing and dressed to the nines. He looks up from his phone and smiles at Michelle.

The rest of the family has made their way to the door and is eying the young stud. Sharon and Grandma admire his swag and are silenced by his charm.

GEORGE

Hello... Sam. We've heard lots about you.

SCOTT

Um, it's Scott. And thanks..

The two shake hands awkwardly.

Michelle looks mortified. She pushes her dad aside and takes Scott's hand.

MICHELLE

Oh, don't mind him... He's just... excited to finally meet you.

SCOTT

Yea, same here.

(CONTINUED)

MICHELLE

Well... let's eat. Yea?

SCOTT

Is there somewhere I could wash up first?

SHARON

Yes! I'll show you to the bathroom.

Sharon, jumping at any chance to have a moment alone with a man other than her husband.

Scott follows Sharon as she leads him down the hallway as we hear the beginnings of an argument start to erupt between Michelle and her dad about the name mistake.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

Sam?! How could you?!

\*

EXT. BATHROOM

Sharon drunkenly curtsies and gestures toward the bathroom. She says with a regal tone:

\*

\*

SHARON

Sorry. Our bidet isn't working right now. Hope that's... OK. The master plumber should be out to fix it on the morrow.

SCOTT

Uh, OK. Thanks.

\*

Scott closes the bathroom door.

INT. KITCHEN

The rest of the family is gathered around the table still arguing from before as Sharon joins them.

GEORGE

Sweetie, I'm sorry, I--

MICHELLE

No! Only I can speak to him from now on.

GEORGE

But pumpkin, I need to get to know the man you're going to marry.

\*

\*

INT. BATHROOM

The family's bickering can be heard from the bathroom. \*

Scott washes his hands and looks in the mirror. He reaches for his collar and reveals A DARK HICKEY.

As he turns his neck to get a better look, he winces. Clearly in some pain from his sexual endeavors.

Scott's phone rings. He answers. \*

SCOTT

What's up... Bro she was crazy...  
Yea, the yoga instructor from last  
weekend! ... She nearly broke my  
neck but damn it was fucking  
sexy... Yea, I'm at Michelle's  
now... Of course she doesn't  
know... Don't worry, she won't find  
out... Alright I gotta go. Peace. \*

Scott dries his hands, situates his collar once again to hide the battle wound, and quaffs his perfect blond hair. \*

INT. KITCHEN

The argument has escalated.

MICHELLE

Well if you weren't always wasted  
all the goddamn--

Scott enters the kitchen and Michelle falls silent. The entire family stares for a second, then awkwardly smiles at him.

GEORGE

Let's eat. \*

Scott takes a seat next to Michelle.

Grandma starts to play footsie with him from under the table, giving him a sexual smirk.

Scott looks petrified as he scoops some lobster salad onto his plate.

MICHELLE

My dad made it himself. I know it's  
your favorite.

(CONTINUED)

SCOTT

Thanks.

GEORGE

So tell us about yourself, Scott.

SCOTT

Princeton undergrad. Yale Law. Been  
working at the Buchanan Firm for  
about a year now.

\*  
\*  
\*

Scott reaches over to grab the salt and grimaces from his neck pain. He drops the salt and reaches for his neck.

MICHELLE

Baby! Whats wrong?

Michelle reaches for his neck to try and soothe the pain.

SCOTT

Nothing! I'm fine.

Not wanting Michelle to see the hickey he has, he pushes her hand away.

\*

MICHELLE

Well... be sure to throw the salt  
over your shoulder! It's bad luck  
you know.

SCOTT

I don't think I'm having any  
trouble with my luck, babe.

Michelle laughs, clearly not understanding the type of "luck" that he's talking about.

GEORGE

What'd ya do to your neck?

SCOTT

Oh, um... I must have... slept  
funny or something.

GEORGE

You know, I got my associates  
degree in chiropractizing a few-

MICHELLE

Dad. Stop.

Shooting here father a sharp glare.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Really! I have the print out certificate somewhere around here.

\*

GRANDMA

Where are my buck rubs?

SHARON

Your back rubs?

GRANDMA

I raised that boy all on my-

Scott receives a text. The message tone is, of course, a girl moaning, sexually.

Everybody notices. MESSAGE FROM ANGELA appears on the screen. He quickly sees it and grabs his phone off of the table.

Scott immediately tries to direct attention away from the text message.

SCOTT

You know, George, I would actually really like once of those... um... back rubs.

George springs up out of his seat and starts to rub his hands together in a Mr. Miyagi fashion as he stands behind Scott.

He places his hands on Scott's neck and starts to chant.

GEORGE

Hum-a-ly-ah, Hum-a-ly-ah...

George chants louder and louder. This is clearly a rehearsed process in which George takes much pride.

GEORGE

Hum-a-ly-ah, Hum-a-ly-ah...

Michelle has a look of pure terror on her face. Sharon and Grandma start to laugh hysterically.

GEORGE

Hoo-so-nak-ah, Hoo-so-nak-ah...

George, following the rehearsed motions, grabs Scott's head and jerks his neck quickly to the right.

SNAP.

(CONTINUED)



Then to the left.

CRACK.

George dramatically lets go as he finishes his chant in time.

Scott slowly begins to slouch in his chair...

GEORGE

See! He's more relaxed already.

Scott slowly continues to slump... until he falls to the floor.

Like a ton of bricks.

DEAD.

Scott's phone moans again. MESSAGE FROM ANGELA (2) appears on the screen.

\*  
\*

MICHELLE

What did you do!?

Michelle screams and falls to the floor, gripping the face of her one true love.

George steps back, frightened, unable to comprehend what has happened.

GEORGE

I... I mean... well maybe you shouldn't have brought home another deadbeat!

\*  
\*  
\*

MICHELLE

Me?! You just killed him! And he's a fucking millionaire!

\*  
\*

GEORGE

Well... He wasn't right for you anyways!

\*  
\*

MICHELLE

We were gonna get married!

\*

Grandma and Sharon are looking down at the body, astonished. Silent.

Michelle pulls Scott's body closer.

\*

Her mood drastically changes when she notices the hickey on his neck.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

MICHELLE

What the fuck!

\*  
\*

She picks him up by the collar and and slaps him across the face. Hard.

\*

SMACK.

GEORGE

Stop! What are you-

MICHELLE

He cheated!

Michelle dramatically rips back Scott's shirt collar to reveal the dark hickeys. She begins to sob. Loudly.

\*

SHARON

Wow. Isn't that something.

\*

GRANDMA

Looks like his neck was attacked by a raccoon.

SHARON

Make that a pack of raccoons.

The two share a very poorly-timed laugh.

\*

DOORBELL.

The entire family looks towards the direction of the front door, then all look at back at one another. Slightly terrified by the situation at hand.

George begins to tiptoe to the front door. Walking in sneak-mode.

SHARON

What are you doing?

GEORGE

Checking who it is.

George proceeds to tiptoe out of the room. The rest of the family hides behind the kitchen's wall, each poking their head out to look.

George carefully pulls away the blinds to see who it is.

SHARON

Well, who is it?

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

I can't see.

DOORBELL AGAIN.

The entire family jumps.

STRANGER

(from outside)

I see you there!

George looks back at his family. Looking for some sort of guidance.

They all nervously shrug.

George stands up. Proud. Ready to meet his maker.

He opens the door expecting a burly police officer.

But reveals HADRIEL and JOSIAH, Jehovah's Witnesses. Here to spread the word of Jehovah.

HADRIEL

Hi! My name is Hadriel. Josiah and I were in your neighborhood discussing the bible with your neighbors and--

\*

George slams the door in their faces.

He walks back toward the kitchen with his family.

GEORGE

Damn Jehovah's Witnesses always interrupting our dinn--

George falls silent when he sees Scott's body resting motionless on the kitchen floor. He had briefly forgotten what he had done.

\*

GRANDMA

Where should we dump the poor fucker?

GEORGE

You don't think should call the-

\*

SHARON

Of course not! Are you crazy?

(CONTINUED)

MICHELLE

Let's dissolve his body in a tub of acid!

The whole family looks at Michelle like she's gone mad.

MICHELLE

Hey. He deserves it.

SHARON

Why not just bury him in the backyard?

GRANDMA

He's dead! How could we marry them in the backyard?

\*

\*

SHARON

I said BURY him! Put your damn hearing aids in.

\*

\*

GRANDMA

Hell no! Have you ever watched a TV? You gotta dump him somewhere far away so they can't link you back to the crime.

GEORGE

I agree. I don't want him anywhere near-

Scott's phone moans, again.

The family looks at each other nervously as Michelle picks it up.

SHARON

Be careful. You don't want to get your fingerprints on it.

\*

MICHELLE

Damn. It has a pass code lock on it. I want to know who the fuck this slut, Angela, is.

\*

GEORGE

That's not important! Right now we need to get this kid off of our kitchen floor!

MICHELLE

Right. OK. Lets pick him up.

\*

George, Michelle, and Sharon all try to lift him, clumsily.

\*

(CONTINUED)

After quite a struggle, they manage to sit him up in his chair once again.

Scott's phone moans, again.

And again. And again. PICTURE MESSAGE FROM ANGELA (3) appears on the screen.

\*  
\*

GEORGE

Let's put him in the car. I know where to take him.

INT. OLD JEEP CHEROKEE

George drives slowly down a long, deserted, dimly lit road. Sharon sits in the passenger seat as Grandma, Michelle, and Scott and squeezed into the back seat.

Michelle is still typing pass codes into Scott's phone, trying to unlock it.

MICHELLE

I can't get it. I've tried everything.

GRANDMA

Gimme that.

Grandma types in one pass code and the phone unlocks instantly. She hands it back to Michelle.

MICHELLE

What? How did you-

GRANDMA

69. 69.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD

A police car is seen tucked away in a nook behind some trees.

The Jeep Cherokee zips past and the police car pulls out to follow.

He turns on his lights and signals for them to pull over.

INT. OLD JEEP CHEROKEE

The family gasps simultaneously at the sirens behind them. \*

GEORGE

What the-

SHARON

Oh, God! Now we're all going to jail!

GEORGE

It's... OK. Everyone just stay calm. Let me do the talking.

Michelle hardly notices. She is completely distracted by Scott's phone. \*

George over to the side of the road. \*

He takes a few deep breaths as the police officer approaches his door.

George cracks his window, slightly.

GEORGE

Good evening, officer.

POLICE OFFICER

Do you know why I pulled you over?

GEORGE

Can't say I do, sir.

POLICE OFFICER

You have a taillight out. Can I have your license and registration?

GEORGE

Sure. Just a moment.

George rustles through papers in his glove box. Hands shaking. He finds his registration and hands it to the officer. \*

POLICE OFFICER

What's wrong with him?

Gesturing to Scott's dead body.

GEORGE

Oh, nothing... Just... tired from his job at J-Crew.

(CONTINUED)

POLICE OFFICER

I see.

Hardly listening to his response, the police officer walks back to his car to run the license and plates. \*

SHARON

...his job at J-Crew? What were you thinking? \*

GEORGE

I don't know. I panicked. What was I supposed to say? \*

MICHELLE

Literally anything but that...

GRANDMA

Yea, son. That was weak.

GEORGE

Should I just speed off?

SHARON

No way this car could take him...

EXT. DESERTED ROAD

The police officer steps out of his car and up to the window of the old, beat-up Cherokee.

POLICE OFFICER

Well, well, well...

INT. OLD JEEP CHEROKEE

George and the rest of the family look terrified as they await the police officer's verdict.

POLICE OFFICER

...I'll let you off with a warning this time. But get that tail light fixed pronto.

Just then, Scott falls forward and hits his head on the center console. He remains there, motionless. \*

The entire family gasps.

The Police Officer leans in and squints to get a better look at the body.

(CONTINUED)

POLICE OFFICER  
You sure that boy's OK?

\*

GEORGE  
Yes, officer.

MICHELLE  
He was drinking on the job today...  
and... his boss called for us to  
pick him up...

POLICE OFFICER  
Hmmm...

The entire family awaits their demise. They know that this  
is it.

POLICE OFFICER  
Kids these days... Well have a good  
night, folks.

\*

The police officer walks back to his car.

INT. OLD JEEP CHEROKEE

The whole family sits in silence. Amazed that they were able  
to get away with that.

\*

\*

GRANDMA  
You must have a horseshoe up your  
ass, Georgie.

\*

George pulls away, back onto the road.

Michelle continues to read through Scott's texts.

\*

MICHELLE  
Are you fucking kidding me? He  
fucked her right before he came  
over to dinner!

Michelle proceeds to punch Scott in the kidney, still in the  
same position with his head on the center console.

MICHELLE  
Angela, Maggie, Shannon... Jesus! I  
should be thanking you for killing  
this asshole, dad.

\*

GEORGE  
Anything for you, sweetie.

The whole family laughs.

\*

(CONTINUED)



Just then, George pulls off of the road and parks next to a lake. It can be seen only by the reflection of the moonlight on the water.

GEORGE

We're here.

The family unloads from the car.

Michelle grabs Scott's forearm and drags him across the back seat and onto the dirt ground.

She gives him a hard kick in the side and smashes his phone on the ground next to his head.

George pulls Grandma's wheelchair out of the trunk and the family situates Scott in the chair.

They all proceed to roll him down the boardwalk and off of the end, into the water. \*

SPLASH. \*

MICHELLE

We would have had such beautiful kids... \*

SHARON

There's plenty of other fish in the sea, honey. \*

GRANDMA

Yea, he'll have plenty of fish to fuck down there, that's for sure... \*

They all stand there, arm and arm as his sinks to the bottom of the lake.

We see their backs, illuminated only by the moonlight, as George says: \*

GEORGE

...so dessert anyone? \*

BLACK.