

FAMILY DINNER

Written By

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FADE IN:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

AARON, a teen of about 17, stands in front of an open locker. He has the musculature of a football player and the thick letterman jacket to match it. He grabs various loose papers from his locker and stuffs them into his backpack.

ERIKA, a similarly aged blonde sneaks up on Aaron, smiling. The smile doesn't reach her eyes. Her body screams of sexual attraction. She hugs Aaron around the waist.

Aaron SLAMS the locker shut, spinning around. The backpack lands on the ground and papers scattered everywhere.

AARON

Who?! Jesus, you frightened me Erika!

Aaron relaxes some, bending down to pick up the scattered papers.

ERIKA

(Insincerely) Aww I'm sorry. Anyways, I was wondering if tonight. (Trailing off)

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Aaron waits for Erika to continue. She doesn't.

AARON

What about tonight?

ERIKA

Sorry! What was I saying? Oh right! I was wondering if tonight...

The loud RINGING of a school bell interrupts Erika. Both Erika and Aaron look up to the ceiling.

AARON

Sorry, I have to go to practice. Coach will have my head if I'm late to practice again. Ask me about tonight after practice, okay?

Aaron gives Erika a quick peck on the lips, then runs off before she could say either way. Erika has yet to blink.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Erika leans against a wall, obviously bored. Aaron bursts out of a door nearby, glistening with sweat.

AARON

Oh hey babe! What's up?

Erika pushes herself off the wall, pulling Aaron by his letterman away from the door some.

ERIKA

Yeah, I wanted to talk about tonight. I was wondering if...

The door bursts open again, and two other jocks burst out, both also glistening with sweat.

JOCK #1

Hey. Dude. Look! It's Aaron!

JOCK #2

Oh hey Aaron!

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Aaron leaves Erika behind, walking over to talk with the other jocks. They exchange a long and overly complicated handshake with each other.

AARON

Hey guys! Yeah, what's up?

JOCK #2

Yeah we were just wondering if...

JOCK #1

(Interrupting)

You like, want to come over for some Call of Duty tonight bro.

Erika turns on her heel, and stalks away, her hips swaying. She pouts, but only her lips show any emotion.

AARON

Hold on one second guys. (Running over to Erika) Woah Erika! Don't leave! What were you saying about tonight?

ERIKA

I just wanted to know if you wanted to come over for a family dinner tonight, okay? But if you're TOO busy playing with your jock friends, go have fun.

AARON

Babe, are you sure? We've been dating for, like, a week and a half. That's too early for me to meet your parents.

Erika pouts again, then presses her body up against Aaron's.

ERIKA

Come on honey, won't you do this just for me?

Aaron looks back over his shoulder to the two Jocks who eagerly wait for him to be finished. He looks unsure. She pulls him closer, reducing the amount of space between them.

ERIKA

(Whispering in Aaron's ear)

We could always get frisky afterward. I'm confident my parents can't bother us.

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AARON

(Turning around)

Sorry guys! No can do on the gaming tonight. I've got a date!

JOCK #1 AND JOCK #2

(In unison)

Come on man, don't be pulling our leg like this.

Seeing that Aaron is serious, both of the two jocks stomp off. Erika is smiling again. It still doesn't reach her eyes.

AARON

I'll see you tonight then. What time?

ERIKA

How about seven?

Aaron pulls Erika close to him again, his hand obviously on her ass. He plants a long sloppy kiss on her lips. His eyes are closed. Hers aren't.

AARON

Seven it is. See you then!

She still hasn't blinked.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen is dark. Erika faces AWAY FROM THE CAMERA. She brings her hand above her head. A cleaver. She brings it down.

Up.

Down again.

Erika stares straight ahead, not looking at what she is cutting. The smile that doesn't reach her eyes is back.

A car ROARS outside, gravel CRUNCHING under the tires. A light from the headlights briefly passes over her.

There are dark splatters on her face.

The light from outside turns off.

ERIKA

(Softly)  
Yes. Good. He's finally here. Time for a  
nice... FAMILY dinner.

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She pushes what she was cutting into a glass baking tray. Something falls out.

Erika bends down, and picks up a SEVERED FINGER.

She tosses it into the tray.

The glass tray goes into the oven, the door SLAMMING shut.

Erika staggers to the front door, cleaver in hand.

FADE TO BLACK