

YES, DEAR

A Short Script
Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HENDERSON HOME - EVENING

A beat up station wagon parks in front of an older home.

INT. FRONT DOOR - EVENING

FRANK HENDERSON (50), arrives home after another long day. A plastic grocery bag in one hand. Before he can shut the door, we hear the voice of his wife Doris, who shouts from the living room.

DORIS (O.S.)
You better have remembered my ice
cream.

Frank's shoulders droop. He mutters to himself.

FRANK
When have I ever forgot?

DORIS (O.S.)
What was that?!

Frank hangs up his coat.

FRANK
(loud, but gentle)
I remembered.

DORIS (O.S.)
Well, put it in the freezer before
it melts everywhere.

FRANK
Yes, dear.

Frank shuffles across the floor, makes his way into the

KITCHEN

There's not a pot on the stove, or a dish in the oven. Frank puts the ice cream into the freezer.

LIVING ROOM

Frank enters.

DORIS (50), overweight and unkept, is spread across the sofa watching television. An empty box of Oreos rests on her tummy. She separates the wafers. Licks the white center.

Remote in hand, her eyes never leave the television.

FRANK (CONT'D)

No dinner?

DORIS

Who do I look like, Martha Stewart?

FRANK

I just thought - you know, since I have been working so much overtime.

Doris sits up. Lights a cigarette.

DORIS

I told you, once the boys were out of the house your maid service was over. I busted my ass for twenty years raising those kids, and I never had no cushy job to kick my feet up every day like you did.

FRANK

As I've said, my work rarely --

DORIS

Besides, you're a better cook. Spaghetti will be fine.

FRANK

Yes, dear.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Frank watches Doris load her plate full of spaghetti noodles and sauce. She looks around the table.

DORIS

Parmesan.

Frank jumps up from his seat. Retrieves the cheese from the fridge. Places it in front of Doris.

DORIS (CONT'D)

I always have Parmesan.

She shakes the container. Pouring it all over her plate. Twirls her fork with noodles. Lifts the fork to her mouth.

FRANK

You'll never believe what happened today.

Doris puts her fork down. It clangs against the plate.

DORIS

Can I please eat in peace? It's not like I haven't heard all your old, boring already.

FRANK
But today was really something.

Doris glares across the table.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Maybe later.

Doris takes a bite. Swallows. Takes another. Puts her fork down.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Too salty again?

DORIS
No. Just full on cookies.

LATER

Frank stands at the sink. Rinses the dishes, before putting them in the dishwasher.

Doris sits at the table, eyeing him like a hawk.

DORIS (CONT'D)
You have to rinse it properly
before you put in there.

Frank retrieves the dirty plate. Rinses it again.

FRANK
Yes, dear.

LATER

Frank assorts the night's refuse. He puts an empty Orange juice container into the garbage.

DORIS
Not there!

FRANK
What?

DORIS
That for recycling. It goes into
the blue bin.

Next to the garbage is a small cardboard box. Frank retrieves the container, and places it in the cardboard box.

DORIS (CONT'D)
When are you going to learn? The
recycle goes into the blue bin. The
garbage goes into the black bin.

FRANK

Right. Sorry. I'll get it right one of these days.

Doris takes a long drag from her cigarette.

DORIS

That, I doubt.

Frank lowers his head. Retrieves the container.

FRANK

Yes, dear.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Doris lies on her back snoring. An ungodly gurgle.

Frank stands next to the bed. He looks down at Doris.

FRANK

I can't live like this anymore.

Doris's snoring becomes a gargled, sputtering wheeze. She chokes on some saliva. Coughs herself awake. Half asleep, she looks up at Frank.

DORIS

What the hell are you doing? Quit waking me up, and get back into bed already.

She falls back to a sound sleep. Loudly snoring.

Frank picks up his pillow. Holds it with both hands. He hovers over Doris. Takes a deep breath, and sighs.

FRANK

Yes, dear.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

It's a gorgeous day. Kids are playing. Grass is being mowed. And emerging from the side of the

HENDERSON HOME

Is Frank. Wheeling out his black garbage bin. A bulky, garbage bag, stuffed inside, keeps the lid from sealing

Frank waves to his neighbor STAN, performing the same chore.

STAN

Mornin' Frank. Supposed to be a beautiful day?

FRANK
I'm sure of it.

Frank, straining, lugs the bin along side Stan.

STAN
You need a little help there?

FRANK
No thanks. Some chores you need to do all by yourself.

They both place their bins at the curb-side.

Stan stares at Frank. Lost in his thoughts.

STAN
You doin okay, Frank?

Frank snaps out of it. Looks at Stan.

FRANK
Never better. How's the family?

STAN
Great. How's uh, the wife?

FRANK
(pause)
Never better.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Frank sits at his table. Takes a sip of his coffee.

Behind him, in the background

THROUGH THE WINDOW

The City Sanitation truck pulls up to the house.

The hydraulic arms picks up the recycle bin.

The arm lifts. Turns.

DORIS'S BODY flies out of the bin. Landing in the back of the truck with a loud thud.

Frank takes a sip of his coffee. Smiles.

FRANK
Yes, dear.

FADE TO BLACK.