

Exterior: A normal suburban house at dusk

Cut to side view of driveway. A car pulls up slowly, you can see a middle aged HUSBAND driving, he puts the car in park.

HUSBAND is dressed in work casual clothes with tie and 1950's husband-type hat

Cut to close up of HUSBAND in car, he stares solemnly into the distance. After a beat, he takes a deep breath and opens the car door exiting. Camera holds on shot for a few extra beats.

Cut to side view of front door. HUSBAND enters frame and reaches for doorknob, pausing once again for a deep breath. After a beat, he opens the door and enters.

Interior:

HUSBAND enters house with a bright and shiny smile, he's nothing like he was outside.

Everyone speaks in a classic 1950's style "happy"

HUSBAND:
Honey I'm home!!

WIFE:
(off camera) I'm in the kitchen!

HUSBAND pauses, the same dead stare quickly flashes on his face before he shakes it off with a smile and heads towards the kitchen, placing his hat on the table.

Interior: kitchen, wife stands at stove stirring a pot of water, theres nothing in the water.

HUSBAND:
Hey baby, wow, it smells great in here.

WIFE:
I hope so, I've been cooking your favorite!

WIFE is dressed in casual home attire, white shirt, yoga or sweat pants.

HUSBAND walks up behind wife and looks into the pot of water with a smile, he gently taps her on the butt

QUICK as a flash WIFE turns around brandishing a knife close to HUSBANDS neck.

Close up side view of WIFE and HUSBAND

WIFE:
(no longer "happy" style speaking)
I FUCKING TOLD YOU BEFORE NOT TO DO THAT!! NEXT TIME YOU GRAB MY ASS I'M
GOING TO FUCKING GUT YOU AND SERVE YOUR INTESTINES TO YOU THROUGH A
FUCKING STRAW!

WIFE stares deeply into HUSBANDS eyes with furious intensity for a beat, HUSBAND holds his cheery demeanor, then almost like a light switch flipping WIFE becomes happy homemaker again.

WIFE:
("happy" speaking once again but still holding knife up to HUSBAND)
Like I said, honey, I made your favorite!

HUSBAND:
Oh good!
(pause)
Arbys!

WIFE:
Yup!

WIFE places knife down on the counter and opens up the oven revealing a baking pan with two Arby's roast beef sandwiches, curly fries and drinks all still in the original packaging. WIFE pulls out the pan and brings it over to the table.

Cut to HUSBAND and WIFE sitting next to each other at dining table, plates with the Arby's sandwiches and fries placed neatly in front of them. HUSBAND grabs a napkin and proceeds to place it gingerly on his lap.

HUSBAND:
Thanks muffin, I love when you cook me Arby's after a long day at work.

HUSBAND proceeds to pick up the roast beef sandwich and right as he is about to take a bite...

WIFE:
(interrupts)
Sweetie, wait! You forgot the Arby's sauce!

WIFE holds up a picnic-like ketchup bottle full of Arby's sauce. HUSBAND pauses right as he is about to bite the sandwich, you can clearly see fear growing in his eyes.

HUSBAND:
(covering up his fear)
Oh! Ha ha! I did ...silly me!

HUSBAND removes the top bun of his sandwich and holds it out to allow WIFE to squeeze the sauce onto the sandwich. The camera pans slowly away from the two, who never look away from each others eyes. WIFE continues to squeeze a steady stream of sauce onto the sandwich with no clear intention of stopping no matter how messy it appears to be getting. As the camera pans you can clearly see the WIFE has the same large knife in her other hand below the table holding it to HUSBANDS crotch. The scene goes on for way too long as the Arby's logo appears on screen

VOICE OVER:
ARBY'S, WE HAVE THE MEATS!

END