

HONEY DO

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Ancient appliances and broken cabinets on rusty hinges add to the dismal appearance of this otherwise clean kitchen.

A handwritten list labeled, "HONEY DO LIST", is secured to the refrigerator by a plastic magnet.

MINDY BUTLER (mid 40's), plain beauty, plump figure under an unflattering house dress, pulls the note off.

She studies it a moment, looks around at her decayed surroundings and shakes her head in frustration.

Note in hand, Mindy walks through a clean but sparsely furnished living room.

The carpet is worn except for clean patches where a chair, couch and bookcase once stood; contents now in a pile.

Next to the phantom bookcase is a door, with a sign that reads, "FRANK'S HAVEN".

As Mindy opens the door, she's immediately hit with the blaring sound of an auto race, so loud it could be taking place in her basement.

INT. BASEMENT A.K.A., FRANK'S HAVEN - CONTINUOUS

Sound proof foam covers the walls. A huge flat screen television features a Nascar race in progress.

Countless speakers are aimed at a Lazy Boy recliner occupied by sleeping, lazy man, FRANK BUTLER (60).

Mindy stands behind him, a look of disgust on her face as she scans his bloated body.

The recliner, couch and bookcase match the size of the missing furniture upstairs.

She taps Frank's shoulder, he snorts. Still sleeps. She forcefully knocks into the chair. That wakes him up.

Like a bear roused from hibernation, Frank scowls.

FRANK

This better be good, Mindy.

Not intimidated, Mindy holds the "honey do" list in front of Frank's face. He snatches it away.

FRANK

Yeah, so?

MINDY

So, when are you gonna get started on these Frank? You're the one who told me to make the list.

Mindy acts out her impression of Frank complete with voice.

MINDY

Baby, I want you to make me one of them there honey do lists. You know, honey do this, honey do that. I'm about to retire and I don't wanna turn into one of them lazy slobby guys who sit in the house and don't do nothin.

Frank glares as he watches her insulting but accurate portrayal.

MINDY (cont)

I'm a gonna take care of all the things that went to pot while I was a workin' stiff.

FRANK

Don't I get to enjoy a little of my retirement?

He belches then rubs his beer gut.

MINDY

You retired a year ago Frank. You used the money your Momma left us. . .

Frank does the sign of the cross at the mention of his Momma.

MINDY (cont)

to buy this big T.V., you stole all the furniture and left me to

MINDY (cont)  
 rot up there! I'm a prisoner! Do  
 you even know the car has a flat?  
 I been walking to the market!

FRANK  
 First of all, my Momma left that  
 money to me. She left you her  
 Hummel collection. Second. . .

There may not be a second, he thinks about it.

FRANK  
 Second is, take care of this shit  
 yourself!  
 (sizing her up)  
 You're a big girl.

He laughs, shoves the list at her, reaches for his beer and  
 takes a swig, his eyes now fixated on the television.

Infuriated, Mindy walks away, list in hand.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

On the cracked driveway, a rusted old Buick shakes.

With a look of determination, Mindy sweats as she jacks the  
 car up, the right front side lifting off the ground.

Next to her, a cardboard box filled with Hummel figurines.

EXT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

Viewed through the store window, an exchange takes place at  
 the front counter.

Mindy shakes the hand of the nerdish STORE CLERK (40's),  
 and walks out with a big smile and a wad of cash.

Behind her the Clerk beholds his Hummel treasure.

EXT. ACE HARDWARE - DAY

In front of a display of kitchen cabinets, Mindy stands,  
 clueless.

SPIKE (O.S.)  
 Need some help little lady?

Mindy turns. She's struck by blue eyes, salt and pepper hair, matching beard and kind smile. This is SPIKE (55).

SPIKE  
Redoin' yer kitchen?

MINDY  
Umm...I, well, maybe. I have quite a few projects. I don't know where to start. And I'm doing it on my own.

SPIKE  
Pretty thing like you shouldn't be doing hard labor. Your husband not gonna help?

MINDY  
He's. . .dead.

SPIKE  
Oh, sorry. Well why don't we start you off small, then work up to the bigger jobs. That way I can get you to come back.

Mindy swoons, her eyes flutter. Spike smiles.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

An electric screwdriver BUZZES as Mindy puts new hinges on the cabinets.

INT. ACE HARDWARE - DAY

A little more make-up this time and hair styled, Mindy stands with Spike in front of the plumbing supplies.

She smiles as he demonstrates how to tighten a pipe.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

On hands and knees, her butt in the air, Mindy leans under the sink and tightens a pipe.

INT. ACE HARDWARE - DAY

In front of a pile of lumber, Mindy and Spike stand side by side, like two old friends.

SPIKE

I was wondering if I could come  
by sometime to admire your work.  
Maybe take you out to dinner?

MINDY

I'd love that. I do have one  
more project to finish though.

She hands Spike a diagram of a bookcase. He nods.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A new couch and chair now sit where the old ones were.

Wood scattered on the floor, Mindy places another shelf on  
a bracket and picks up her electric screwdriver. BUZZ.

INT. BASEMENT - SAME TIME

The buzz of a Nascar race mixes with Frank's snoring.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sexy dress and hair up, Mindy walks Spike around, showing  
off her work.

Simultaneously they reach for a cabinet door, their hands  
touch. Spike slowly leans in, they kiss.

INT. BASEMENT - SAME TIME

Frank's vacates his Lazy Boy and walks up the stairs.

He reaches for the knob. The door won't open.

Forcefully, he turns it, shakes it. Still won't open. He  
bangs on the door.

FRANK

MINDY! Open the fucking door!

He looks at the soundproof foam covering every wall.

Panicked, he bangs and kicks the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The rumble of a motorcycle vibrates the glass in the big  
picture window.

Viewed through the window, Spike pulls his Harley out of the driveway. Mindy sits behind him, her arms around his waist.

The headlight beams through the window, illuminating a tall bookcase that now covers the basement door.

FADE OUT