

WE 'LL MAKE IT
THROUGH

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

We see a nondescript ranch-style house in an equally nondescript suburban neighborhood on an unusually quiet spring afternoon. The only sounds we hear are the gentle wind blowing and birds chirping. As we DOLLY IN, a car enters frame from the left and pulls into the driveway.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A MAN, no older than 40, relaxes on a well-worn couch, drinking a beer and watching a big-screen TV across from him. A picture window to his left looks out onto the quiet neighborhood. The rest of the living room looks very organized, but lived-in. As the man notices the car pulling into the driveway, he gets up, turns the TV off, sets down the beer, goes to the window and looks out.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - MAN'S PERSPECTIVE - DAY

Out the window, a WOMAN, about the same age as the man, opens the car door and gets out. Immediately we see that she's wearing a facemask. She waves at the man, then goes to the back of car. She opens the trunk and takes out two bags of groceries. After closing the trunk, she begins walking to the front door.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The man walks over to the front door and opens both it and the storm door for her. She walks in the front door and sets the grocery bags down on the coffee table.

MAN

How was the grocery store, honey?

The woman takes her mask off.

WOMAN

(exhausted)

Absolutely crazy. I'm amazed I was able to find as much as I did. Hardly anyone was social distancing. Good thing I remembered to put my mask on.

MAN

There will always be people like that, pandemic or not. I don't understand it either.

The man closes the front door, crosses to the coffee table, picks up one of the grocery bags and takes it to the kitchen nearby. ON THE WOMAN as she notices the beer bottle on the table next to the couch.

WOMAN

Have you been drinking again?

MAN

(returning from kitchen)

C'mon, you know that was the beer I bought for the St. Patrick's Day party that got cancelled. Someone has to drink it, might as well be me.

WOMAN

(skeptically)

Well, as long as you're not drowning your sorrows...

MAN

Believe me, it's tempting at a time like this, but I'm not. Trust me.

The woman sits down on the couch and turns on the TV. A sitcom plays in the background.

WOMAN

At least there are still some good shows on.

(to Man)

By the way, how was work?

MAN

Haven't started it yet, better get to it. What's for dinner?

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

The man and the woman sit across from each other at a simple rectangular table in the dining room which is attached to the kitchen. The dining room itself has very little in the way of decoration. Dinner is set out between them. They eat and drink intermittently throughout the following.

MAN

I swear, you make the best homemade chicken tenders I've ever had.

WOMAN

Considering that chicken was pretty much the only meat I could get, that's quite a statement.

The man smiles knowingly.

MAN

Have you heard anything about your mother lately?

WOMAN

(becoming frustrated)

Not a word. She could be dead for all I know. If only I knew that by sending her to a nursing home, I

(MORE)

WOMAN (cont'd)
may have been sending her to her
death.

MAN
Worrying about her won't help. All
we can do is wait.

WOMAN
Thing is, I don't know how much
longer I can do that.

They eat and drink silently for a few moments.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The man and the woman lie in bed later that night, which we see from above. The room is only lit by moonlight streaming in from a window. Both are trying to fall asleep to no avail. They speak quietly to each other.

MAN
You asleep yet?

WOMAN
Not yet, you?

MAN
Nope.

They toss and turn silently for a few more moments.

WOMAN
I'm just so worried about
everything.

MAN
Me too. We've been through bad
times before, remember?

WOMAN
Yeah.

MAN
Like the time I got into that car
accident?

WOMAN
I was worried about you that whole
time you were in the hospital.

MAN
But we made it through, didn't we?

The woman nods.

MAN

Or how about the time when we almost got lost hiking in the woods?

WOMAN

That was so scary.

MAN

But we made it though then as well.

After tossing and turning for a few more moments, the man rolls over and puts his hand on the woman's hip.

MAN

You know, know matter how long this lasts, I want want you to know that we will make it through.

The man pats her hip to accentuate his point and then rolls back over.

MAN

Good night, honey.

WOMAN

Good night.

As they both begin to fall asleep, we DOLLY OUT from the bed as we...

FADE TO BLACK