

CEO of the Family
(monologue for mid 30's housewife)

By

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FADE IN

INT. HOUSE - DAY

A mid thirties HOUSEWIFE talks straight to camera while signing a document.

HOUSEWIFE

I'm abandoning my "goodman" my husband because of seven words. I'm signing the divorce papers. All because of seven words.

She fold them up putting them in an envelope.

I know, I could do it online. But this feels so much more - authentic? Final?

She gets up during the following, gathers her keys, coat and handbag (possibly a lead and a dog). Walks to the front door

My mother has been crying on the phone. My friends are shocked."Are you sure? He doesn't drink, he's not cheating on you, he has a stable job, and he's even the coach of the children's football team..."

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

We see her walking out of the front door continuing to talk to the camera. She continues to talk all the way to a post box.

That's true. He is a goodman. But I'm not abandoning a badman. I'm firing an incompetent employee.

What's the problem? One sentence. Just one, repeated for twelve years, drop after drop, until my nervous system has collapsed:
And here it is...seven words

"Honey, just tell me what to do."

You see he helps. But only if I tell him to help. If I ask, he'll put the dishes in the dishwasher. He'll pick up

the children from school but only if I **remember** to send him a reminder.

He does the laundry, but every time he asks, "Which program should I use?" and "Where's the detergent?"

I'm the CEO of the family. He's the intern who, after ten years, still doesn't know where the rolls of toilet paper are.

The last straw was last Tuesday.

We were having dinner. He, looking at his mobile, said to me:

"Hey, is it my mom's birthday on Sunday. What shall we get her?"

My fork touched the plate.

His mother, not mine. However, for him, it was up to me to remember the date, find the gift, buy it, wrap it, and sign the card.

He just needed to show up and eat cake.

I didn't scream.

I looked at him and asked:

"What shoe size does our daughter wear?"

Silence.

What is our son's teacher's name?

Nothing.

When does the insurance for the car you drive every day expire?

Silence.

"How old was your mother **last** Sunday?"

He hesitated. Oh dear.

"last Sunday?" Then he got offended.

"You only had to tell me and I would have remembered, like I just asked you now"

And that's exactly the point:

I had to tell him.

This is the invisible effort. The mental load. I'm carrying all of my family's data in my Mother brain, while Father brain enjoys "Honey, just tell me what to do".

I am tired. Tired of being the only one who notices when the milk is gone. When the dog needs vaccinations. The only one who holds everything together. I no longer want to be a mother with an endless to-do list.

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I want to be a woman again. I prefer to face difficulties alone, rather than feel alone next to someone who "helps," but who in reality weighs me down like a backpack full of stones.

Will I be a single mother? Yes. But I will no longer be my husband's mother. I don't need an assistant an intern. I need a partner.

She has reached the post box. Posting the documents.

As CEO of the family - He's fired!

FADE OUT