

'Farm Hand Helper'

Written by:

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INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Dimly lit, rustic and old fashioned. Bare brick walls. A wooden floor with a couple worn down rugs spread out across it.

An old-style cooker, with pots and pans hanging above it.

A glass cabinet filled with plates and cups.

A huge oak table in the middle of the room.

It's like the whole place is from another century.

FINN, 26, tanned and handsome sits on one side of the table, faced by AVA, 21, big blue eyes and pretty, and HENRY, 65, grey hair and a few teeth missing on the other.

Henry holds onto a piece of paper, his thick glasses resting on the end of his nose.

HENRY

I need help.

Henry nods down to his right arm that's in a sling.

FINN

I can see that.

HENRY

My arm is broken.

Finn takes down a deep breath.

FINN

Well, whatever the work, I'm the man for it. I've worked on farms and ranches all my life. Since I was a young kid. When others my age went off to school. I worked. There's no task you can give me that I won't be able to do better than any other man.

HENRY

I like that. I can't bring in the harvest. Broken arm. Two sons, but they're far away. Can't be here. Take too long.

AVA  
Where did you work last?

FINN  
What's the matter, you don't believe me? Try me out and you'll see.

AVA  
Well, you've harvest crops before?

Finn laughs.

FINN  
Of course. Corn. Beans. Potatoes. Strawberries. Hay. I've done it all. I've given you my resume. Call any of those farmer or ranchers up. Give them my name. And I can grantee all of them will speak highly of me. Did the work they asked of me. Worked hard and never made a mistake.

AVA  
Confident aren't you?

FINN  
When it comes to this line of work I just know what I'm doing.

Henry fidgets uncomfortably in his chair. Doesn't like watching Ava speaking with Finn. He leans forwards, raising his voice.

HENRY  
We'll work together.

Finn turns to Henry, smiles and nods at him.

FINN  
I understand that you're desperate.

Ava lowers her head.

AVA  
Yes, we are.

FINN  
I'm on my way down to Mexico. I've worked on farms and ranches all over

this great country of ours and I'll bring your harvest in, easy. And if you want to work together, that's fine by me.

Henry smiles, over the moon.

HENRY

That's what I like to hear.

AVA

How much money do you want?

Henry scowls at Ava.

HENRY

Ava, I'm doing the talking.

AVA

Well, we've been waiting for a farmhand for well over two weeks now. He's the only one to have answered the ad. We need to cut down to the point of it all.

HENRY

How much do you want?

Finn grins to himself.

FINN

I've got enough money. What I want, I want to spend the night with your wife.

Both Ava and Henry are shocked at this.

HENRY

What did you say?

Finn turns his focus back onto Ava, looks her up and down. A slight grin, lust in his eyes.

FINN

She's beautiful. And I can't help but notice a forty-year age gap between you. A trophy wife for you? Well, that's what I want. I want to sleep with her. That's how you'll pay me.

With a clenched fist, his one good working arm, Henry beats down against the table.

HENRY

Get out!

Ava reaches over to Henry, holds onto his good arm.

AVA

Don't get so upset, the doctors told you, you get upset you're only going to give yourself another heart attack.

HENRY

I said get out!

FINN

Alright, I'll go. But that's what I want. I don't need your money. But it's been a while since I've had a woman as pretty as her.

Henry seethes.

HENRY

You go now.

Finn gets up.

Ava looks pleadingly after him.

AVA

We'll lose everything if we don't get the harvest in.

Finn goes to the door.

FINN

I'm sorry to hear that.

Ava to Henry.

AVA

You promised me a happy life when I married you. That I would never have to worry about money again. We will lose this farm if this harvest is left to rot in the fields. I won't be homeless.

Henry looks down at the table, a wave of disgust washing over him.

HENRY  
Finn, stay.

Finn at the door turns around, smiling victoriously.

FINN  
So we have a deal?

Henry can't bring himself to look at him.

HENRY  
Ava?

She slowly stands up, runs her hands down her dress.

AVA  
Yes.

Cut to:

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Henry now sits alone at the table and listens to his wife moaning with pleasure, coming from the room next door.

It sounds like she's having the best sex of her life.

Henry grits his teeth and shakes his head. He tries to endure it.

AVA  
(O.S)  
Yes. Oh god, yes. Keep going.

Henry can't take it anymore. It's all too much to bare. He stands up, goes to the other side of the room and snatches up his shotgun.

Checks that it's loaded and storms out of the kitchen.

The kitchen is now empty. Though we can still hear Ava groaning.

This comes to a sudden stop with the sound of two shotgun blasts.

After a little while longer Henry returns to the kitchen, splattered with blood.

He stumbles about, gripped with grief. He loads the shotgun with one more shot. Puts it under his chin.

**Cut to black:**

**BANG**

**THE END**