

UNDOMESTICATED

Written by

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EXT. MOBILE HOME - DAY

A run-down trailer sits on a cleared lot accompanied by an old neglected car in the front yard.

The front door of the trailer springs open. ASHLEY LOWE, mid 30's, fair with sad eyes, vigorously sweeps dirt particles outside. She steps onto the porch pushing the door shut as she heads to the mailbox at a leisurely pace.

She retrieves the mail from the box, then saunters back to her prison shuffling through the stack of mail with the broom handle tucked under one arm.

She peddles up the steps. Opens the door. Then vanishes inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ashley writes on a notepad while sitting comfortably on the couch. She finishes, looks over the notepad counting silently with her lips.

Frustration spills out in a sigh.

A broad frame lumbers in through the front door. This is TRAVIS LOWE, mid 30's, a farm hand covered in sweat soaked clothes. He's the definition of a hardworking southern man.

Ashley and Travis share a quick look of frustration and fatigue. Travis goes into the kitchen. Ashley back to looking over the notepad. The SOUND of BOTTLES FUMBLING is heard...

ASHLEY

Tough day?

Travis returns to the room with a beer in hand. Ashley maintains focus on the notepad while gnawing lazily on the end of a pen.

TRAVIS

Everyday's a tough day.

He plops down on the couch. Throws his dirty boots up on the coffee table. Ashley's eyes cut to the boots. He notices the notepad in Ashley's hand.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

What's that?

ASHLEY

Our bills for the week. We're short again.

TRAVIS
How the hell does this keep
happening?

ASHLEY
You just don't make enough money.

TRAVIS
What do you mean I don't make
enough money? I got a raise two
months ago.

ASHLEY
Yeah and it wasn't enough.

Travis steals a sip from the bottle.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
We could catch up if I had a job.

TRAVIS
I've told you, you ain't gettin' a
job. I'll get some money from Judd
tomorrow.

ASHLEY
How? He said he's not giving you
anymore until you pay what you owe.

TRAVIS
Ashley. I said I'll take care of
it.

ASHLEY
If I could just-

TRAVIS
I said no, goddamnit! Can't I just
drink my beer without listening to
this shit? Nag. Nag. Nag.

Travis steals another sip as Ashley watches in defeat.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ashley carries a basket of muddled towels into the room,
placing it on the floor beside the coffee table.

In a robotic fashion she folds a towel into a perfectly neat
square. As she lays it down on the table she notices a HELP
WANTED ADD peeking out from under the stack of mail.

She drags the paper out from under the stack. Her eyes scan over the add.

NEWSPAPER

It reads: HELP WANTED! IN NEED OF A PERSONAL ASSISTANT. CALL, 221-9901 IF INTERESTED.

BACK TO SCENE

Ashley grabs the portable phone off the coffee table, but hesitates to make the call... She studies the phone in her hand for a moment, then punches in the number.

She listens intently...

ASHLEY

Hi, I'm calling about the add for a personal assistant.

Listens...

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry. My name is Ashley Lowe.

Continues listening...

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

An interview tomorrow at noon?...
Ah, no that's um... That's not a problem at all. I'll see you tomorrow... Thank you.

Ashley ends the call stunned as her mind processes the conversation.

EXT. MOBILE HOME - DAY

Ashley peels around the front of the neglected car, grabs the door handle, but pulls back to inspect her reflection in the car's window... She's confident with her appearance and ready for the interview.

She gets in the car. Turns the key. The engine spins, but won't start. She waits a beat then tries again... Still won't start.

She gets out of the car. Stews for a moment... Then with a burst she slams the door shut, as she stomps away.

EXT. PARK - DAY

MORGAN MILLER, mid 30's, a sophisticated business woman who has climbed the ladder without the help of a man. She waits on a park bench.

She checks her watch. As the seconds tick by she begins to grow impatient.

ASHLEY (O.S.)
Hi, are you Morgan?

Morgan's cranes her head back. Ashley peering over Morgan.

MORGAN
You're late.

Ashley reaches out to shake hands only to grab a hand full of air.

ASHLEY
Sorry. My car wouldn't start.

MORGAN
Have a seat.

Ashley takes a seat on the bench as Morgan removes a folder and pen from her purse. Morgan opens the folder.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
I have just a few short questions for you and then you can be on your way. Have you ever been arrested?

ASHLEY
No.

Morgan jots down Ashley's answer.

MORGAN
Do you have reliable transportation?

ASHLEY
I-

MORGAN
You know what? I can answer that for you.
(writes on the paper)
No... Are you dependable?

ASHLEY
Yes.

MORGAN

Really? Because I'm not so sure after you showed up late to our appointment.

ASHLEY

Yes. I'm very dependable.

Morgan is skeptical.

MORGAN

Except this time?

ASHLEY

Unfortunately, yes.

MORGAN

Where were you employed last and how long were you there?

ASHLEY

This would be my first job.

MORGAN

Wait. You've never been employed before?

ASHLEY

Technically no. I'm a housewife.

MORGAN

We're done here.

Morgan returns the folder to her purse.

ASHLEY

Wait. Please...

Morgan begins to leave.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Please, I don't wanna' be just a housewife anymore.

Morgan halts.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

(tears building in her eyes)

I just want a chance to be more...

Morgan spins to face Ashley.

MORGAN
If I hire you can I depend on you?

ASHLEY
Yes. I promise.

Morgan moves closer.

MORGAN
Okay. You start next week, but if
you let me down once. Just once.
You're fired.

ASHLEY
Thank you. Thank you so much.

MORGAN
By the way you are more and now you
get to prove it.

Morgan leaves Ashley by herself.

EXT. MOBILE HOME - DAY

Ashley strolls into the yard, noticing Travis' pick-up truck
as she passes by. She pauses at the front door. Takes a deep
breath then proceeds in--

LIVING ROOM

Ashley enters to find Travis on the couch drinking a beer.

ASHLEY
(trying to gauge his mood)
You're home early.

TRAVIS
Where have you been?

ASHLEY
I had an appointment.

TRAVIS
Appointment, huh? What kinda'
appointment?

Ashley hesitates.

ASHLEY
I had a job interview.

Travis places the beer on the coffee table.

TRAVIS
You disobeyed me?

ASHLEY
I got the job. Now we can get our
bills caught up.

Travis moves towards Ashley.

TRAVIS
Doesn't matter because you ain't
working. How many times do I have
to tell you that?

ASHLEY
We need the extra income.

TRAVIS
I'm the man of this house. The
income is my job. Your job is
cleanin' and cookin'. That's how
this works.

Ashley narrows her eyes.

ASHLEY
Not anymore. I am more than just a
housewife destined to clean and
cook for you until I die. I won't
do it anymore.

Travis gets in Ashley's face.

TRAVIS
Tell them you can't take the job or
I'm walking out that door and you
can figure it out.

Ashley opens the door, then steps to the side.

Travis rolls his fingers into a fist and stares her down for
a long beat...

ASHLEY
Go ahead. It's not like you haven't
done it before, but if you do. This
time I'll put you in the fuckin'
ground.

Travis storms out, slamming the door behind him.

Ashley takes a seat on the couch. Sees Travis' beer. Picks it up. Plops her feet on the coffee table. Then takes a swig from the bottle.

FADE OUT.