

EXPIRE DRFT 2

Written by

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INT. MIDDLE CLASS LIVING ROOM - DAY

ASHLEY holds a torn piece of paper and approaches BARB, sitting on the couch.

ASHLEY
Hey Barb, I'm about to head to the store. I got the list you made. Is there anything else you wanted me to get?

BARB
What, are you dumb? I made the list for a reason. If it's not on the list, you don't get it. Get it?

ASHLEY
I just wanted to give you a chance to add something before I left, in case you forgot again.

Barb stands angrily.

BARB
(scoffs)
You wanted me to give me a chance? I don't need you to give me anything. I run this house, remember?

ASHLEY
(courageous)
Well--it's my money! Yeah, I found the letters--the checks stop when I turn eighteen. Then you'll have to get off your lazy ass and finally get a job. *

BARB
(attacking)
What did you say?!

Ashley catches her arm and pushes it away.

ASHLEY
Don't you touch me! I'm not that scared little ten year old girl that you could smack around anymore. You live in my parents house. All of this is coming to me and when it does, I won't need you anymore. *

BARB
Come on, Ashley, you know you're not mentally fit to take care of yourself. Children who survive parental murder-suicides are known for being unstable. I'm your court-appointed guardian, remember? *

ASHLEY

A fact days away from expiring. You should have been nicer to me, Barb, I might have even let you stay. But after we're through, you'll really have nothing and no one but yourself to blame.

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