

"SAFE AT HOME"

Written by

Gary Cifra

6253 Longridge Ave.
Valley Glen, CA 91401
(818)901-1981
gary@linesonpaper.com

FADE IN:

EXT. KEEFER'S HOUSE, OKLAHOMA CITY - AFTERNOON

An upper-middle class two-story home with a manicured lawn.

SUPERIMPOSE: OKLAHOMA CITY, 1990

INT. KEEFER'S LIVING ROOM

Sun filters in through sheer curtains. The immense living room is furnished with stylish mid-century modern furniture.

We see a trophy display case containing an impressive collection of women's softball trophies, and framed action photos of a beautiful young woman on the field.

On a mantelpiece above a modern stone fireplace, we see a framed photo of a large, outdoor wedding, with guests in Western garb.

Another framed photo shows the groom standing next to a heavysset middle-aged man in a wheelchair, with an expressionless face and an oxygen tube fixed to his nose.

In a carved leather frame, a photo of the bride and groom cutting a huge, multi-tiered wedding cake. On top of the cake is a hand-carved Western bride and groom statuette.

Next to the photos on the mantelpiece is the actual bride and groom statuette.

INT. KEEFER'S UPSTAIRS MASTER BEDROOM WALK-IN CLOSET

Athletic, blonde, beautiful MARY KEEFER, 28, is smartly dressed in a short, modest skirt and matching blouse. She poses in front of a full-sized mirror. Standing on one foot, she examines a pink sock and white sneaker. She switches and stands on the other foot, examining a white, low heel pump.

A light bulb goes out in the closet. Mary looks up in the dark to the ceiling.

MARY

(shouts)

Tom! That reporter's going to be here any minute! Could you bring the step stool and a light bulb?

INT. KEEFER'S DOWNSTAIRS DEN

TOM KEEFER, 28, good-looking, in well-worn cowboy boots and jeans, sits at a work table, using leather craft tools to create a design on a belt. In the background, we hear a FOOTBALL GAME on TV.

TV SPORTS ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
He didn't get the first down, but
what a catch!

Tom ignores the game, concentrating on his craft work.

TOM
(shouts)
I'll be right there!

INT. KEEFER'S MASTER BEDROOM WALK-IN CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Tom enters with a step stool, sets it down and climbs up.

MARY
It's kind of shaky. Do you want me
to hold your -

TOM
No, I got it.

Mary looks up in the dark at Tom as he fidgets.

MARY
Do you want me to get a flashlight -
Instantly, the room is illuminated.

TOM
See? I got it!

The stool wobbles. Mary steadies Tom's legs and simultaneously catches a falling light bulb just before it hits the floor. As Tom steps down, she hands him the bulb.

TOM (CONT'D)
Show-off!

Mary shrugs her shoulders with a smile.

MARY
I've got a gift. What can I say?

TOM
I've got a gift, too.

He takes her in his arms and gives her a sweet kiss.

MARY
 (gesturing to her shoes)
 Do the pumps make me look too
 dressy? Or do the sneakers make me
 look too much like a jock?

Downstairs, the DOORBELL rings.

MARY (CONT'D)
 (nervous)
 Oh, that's him!

TOM
 Finish dressing, I'll get the door.

Tom walks down the hall.

TOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Don't wear the pumps.

INT. KEEFER'S FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Tom opens the door to MATT BELL, mid 20's, a good-looking,
 neatly dressed reporter.

MATT
 Hi, I'm Matt Bell, from the
 Oklahoma Gazette.

TOM
 I'm Mary's husband Tom. Please,
 come in. She'll be right down.

They hear CHEERING from the den.

MATT
 Is that the Chiefs game?

TOM
 Huh? Oh, yeah, I guess. I wasn't
 really watching it.

MATT
 Do you mind if I take a quick look?

TOM
 Sure. This way.

INT. KEEFER'S DEN

Tom and Matt walk in. In the background, more CHEERING.

TV SPORTS ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
TOUCHDOWN!!!

Matt goes to the TV, pumps his fist, mouths "yeah!". Uninterested, Tom sits at his work table. Matt comes over, leans over to get a better look at the belt Tom's working on.

MATT
What's that you're working on?

TOM
A belt for Clint Jones, the Country singer. He's a client of mine.

MATT
Oh, wow.
(looks closer)
Looks like a cattle drive.

TOM
Yup. I should know what a cattle drive looks like. My family's been in the cattle business for over 100 years.

MATT
How long have you been doing leather carving?

TOM
Since I was 12. I carve belts, boots, saddles, panels - mostly Western scenes.

MATT
Maybe I can figure out some way to work it into the story - but this article's mainly about Mary.

TOM
Sure, I understand.

MATT
So, are you a ball player, too?

TOM
Not like Mary. She's the best shortstop I've ever seen, outside the pros. Minor League Women's Softball MVP, four years straight.

MATT

Does it bother you that your wife's a star athlete?

TOM

Why would that bother me?

MATT

It might bother some guys.

TOM

I'm not some guys. I'm me.

Mary enters. Tom looks at her lovingly.

MARY

Hi, Matt, I'm Mary! I'm ready for the interview. Wanna get started? I have fresh coffee in the kitchen.

INT. KEEFER'S KITCHEN - DAY

Matt sits at a modern wood table with matching chairs. He takes out a tape recorder. Mary sits across from him.

MARY

You should do an article on Tom! Isn't he great?

MATT

He's very talented.

MARY

He's very smart, too. Tom has an M.B.A. from Pepperdine University in California. After his dad had the accident...

MATT

Accident?

MARY

Car accident. It happened while Tom was away at college. Daddy Keefer was badly injured. He's in a wheelchair now, hooked up to oxygen. A nurse takes care of him. Tom's poor mama was killed. After the accident, Daddy Keefer couldn't run the business anymore. Tom's older brothers were no help. One of them went to prison for embezzlement. The other's a drunk.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

After Tom graduated, he came back and saved the Keefer Family Cattle Yard from bankruptcy. It's a multi-million dollar business now, thanks to Tom.

MATT

How long have you two been married?

MARY

We're celebrating our 6 month wedding anniversary in a few days.

MATT

How'd you meet?

MARY

We met in high school. He used to help me with my homework and baseball practice. I can always depend on Tom to be there for me.

EXT. KEEFER'S CATTLE YARD - DAY

In the distance, a train track against a big mid-Western sky. Empty train cargo containers are parked nearby.

A large open gate with a sign reading KEEFER FAMILY CATTLE YARD. Inside the gate, mazes of white slotted fences enclose dozens of cows in several pens.

A pre-fab mobile office, with an OFFICE sign on the door.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - DAY

Tom's secretary, NANCY, stands by his desk, holding a file folder while he finishes a phone call.

TOM

(into phone)

Let'em sue me. That's what I pay you for, Frank. I have to move five hundred head of cattle. I don't care who owns the rail cars. Okay, call me later.

Hanging up, he looks at Nancy.

NANCY

Do you want to go over these contracts, Mr. Keefer?

TOM

Can't right now. I'll look at them when I get back, Nancy. Mary's meeting me for lunch. We're going to the ballpark to do a photo shoot for that newspaper article.

NANCY

How exciting!

EXT. KEEFER'S CATTLE YARD - DAY

Three cattle hands herd cattle up a chute into a train car. Tanned, wiry LEE DALTON, 31, has a shaved head. ED SEGENAK, has short hair and is a little older. CARLOS HERNANDEZ is a younger Latino man.

CARLOS

Oh, hey, here she comes!

Turning away from their work, all three look over to see Mary's sporty car park in front of the office.

ED

I hope she's wearin' those shorts.

Mary gets out of the car in her team uniform with shorts.

ED (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah!

LEE

My dick gets hard lookin' at her car, man!

Without seeing them, Mary walks to the office. Lee gives a wolf whistle. Without looking up, she raises her middle finger at "the whistler" and heads into the office.

CARLOS

You better fuck her car then,
'cause that's about as close as
you'll ever get!

Carlos busts up laughing, but Lee and Ed stay focused.

LEE

If it belongs to her, I'll fuck it.
That's what a fine piece of ass
that is!

CARLOS
 (shaking his head)
 You're a sick son-of-a-bitch, Lee.

ED
 What's sick is, that piss-ant gets
 to have it!

They watch Mary disappear into the office.

LEE
 Ah, Fruitboots is alright, but he
 sure don't deserve that. It's a
 fuckin' shame.

Throwing his leg over the rail, Lee gets back to his work by
 delivering several hard, boot-heel kicks to the passing cows.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - DAY

Tom practices swinging at home plate.

Mary, in uniform, is crouched in position at shortstop,
 waiting for Tom to hit.

A PHOTOGRAPHER moves around the infield.

TOM
 Here we go, double-play!

Tom cracks the bat. Mary makes spectacular catches, does
 tricks, makes errors, all to Tom's non-stop chatter:

TOM (CONT'D)
 That's it! Nice play! Good
 effort...don't worry about
 it...okay, look sharp now! Yeah!
 Good throw!

Matt watches Tom and Mary's performance at the dugout,
 impressed. He calls the photographer over.

MATT
 See if you can get some candid
 shots of him cheering her on.

Matt watches Tom give a victory arm pump as Mary makes a
 sensational diving catch.

TOM
 Wooooo!!

The photographer signals to Matt that he got the shot.

INT. KEEFER'S KITCHEN - DUSK

With deliberate, graceful movements, Mary ices a cake on the kitchen table. Written on the cake is SIX SWEET MONTHS.

The Western bride and groom statuette from their original wedding cake is on the table. The PHONE RINGS.

MARY
Hello...hi, honey!

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - DUSK

BACK OF TOM'S CHAIR

Tom's legs are up on his desk, crossed. He's wearing hand-carved cowboy boots.

TOM'S VOICE
(from chair)
Turns out my meeting got cancelled.
I'll be home early. No, I'm not
smoking. How can it sound like I'm
smoking?

A cloud of cigarette smoke wafts pasts his boots.

INT. KEEFER'S KITCHEN

MARY
You'd better not be! Okay. See you
in a little while. I'll be waiting
for ya. Bye, honey.

EXT. BACK GATE OF KEEFER'S HOME - EVENING

A SHADOWY INTRUDER appears outside the back gate. TEX, the Keefer's collie, guards the gate, GROWLING and BARKING. The intruder tosses some meat to Tex, who gobbles it up.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - EVENING

Tom steps up to the counter.

TOM
Soft-pack of Lucky's.

Suddenly, from the adult magazine rack on his right...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Get the fuck away from me!

A magazine bounces off a MIDDLE-AGED MAN and falls to the floor.

AVA, mid-20's, tattooed, spiked hair, dressed in 1980's punk attire, turns away from him and storms out. Tom and the cashier watch her leave, transfixed.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
(innocently)
I was just asking her about her tattoos!

TOM
(to clerk)
I wonder where the hell she's from?

INT. KEEFER'S KITCHEN - EVENING

"TAKE MY BREATH AWAY" plays on the radio. Mary stands at the counter, chopping an onion with a chef knife.

EXT. KEEFER'S BACKYARD - EVENING

Tex crawls slowly along the ground, WHIMPERING. The intruder walks quietly past him.

INT. KEEFER'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Mary's eyes tear as she chops the onion. She hears THREE SOFT KNOCKS on the screen door. She rubs her eyes and looks over.

MARY
Tom?

The door CREAKS open. Mary squints. She sees through a blur a glimpse of a shadowy figure.

The intruder, now masked, instantly covers her mouth to muffle her scream. He clutches her wrist and grabs the knife out of it.

INTRUDER
(rough Mexican accent)
Don't worries lady...it's a good time for you...

Mary struggles with the intruder as he drags her out of the kitchen. A kitchen stool topples over.

EXT. KEEFER'S DRIVEWAY - EVENING

Tom gets out of his shiny new pick-up truck and walks toward his house. He hears a CAR HORN and stops.

NEIGHBOR
Hey, Tom! How's it goin'?

TOM
(hesitates)
Fine. Just getting home.

NEIGHBOR
You got a second?

TOM
Not really...it's my anniversary.

NEIGHBOR
Congratulations! Has it been a year already?

Tom's efforts to limit his conversation are not working.

TOM
Six months, actually.

NEIGHBOR
Hey, I been meanin' to ask ya about comin' down to pick up a side of beef for my new freezer.

TOM
Sure, anytime.

A patrol car races up the driveway. Headlights and spotlights illuminate Tom. The POLICE SIREN GROWLS to a stop. A POLICEMAN steps out holding a shotgun.

POLICEMAN
Hands on your head! Both of you!

Bewildered, the neighbor puts his hands on his head.

TOM
What's wrong, Officer? I live here.
I'm just getting home.

POLICEMAN
Let's see some I.D.

Tom pulls out his wallet and holds it up to the officer.

NEIGHBOR
That's right, Officer. I live next door. Just a ways down the road.

POLICEMAN
We received an assault call at this
address. You both...

Instantly, Tom turns and bolts toward the house, disregarding
the cop.

TOM
Mary!

POLICEMAN
Hey! Hold on! They could be armed
in there! Damn!

The officer rushes to his patrol car, reaches for his radio
and talks into it.

INT. KEEFER'S MASTER BEDROOM, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Tom charges down the hall and stops in the bedroom,
frantically surveying the cluttered chaos.

MARY (O.S.)
Tom!

Hearing SOBS coming from down the hall, he spins around.

INT. KEEFER'S GUEST BEDROOM - EVENING

Tom enters the small, dark room and heads straight for Mary,
who lays sobbing on the floor next to a phone. Tom sits next
to her and gently gathers her up in his arms.

TOM
(weeping)
Mary! Oh my God...Oh God...

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Tom is seated next to a desk. He holds his head and GROANS.
DETECTIVE HERNANDEZ, 50, a tall man in a suit, looks on.

TOM
(angrily)
I hope you find him before I do,
'cause I'll kill him! I will! I
don't care - I'll deal with the
consequences.

Detective Hernandez sits on the edge of his desk next to Tom.

DETECTIVE HERNANDEZ
I understand how you feel Mr. Keefer, but let's try to work together on this. We found some vomit in the backyard. Do you have any idea who could have...

TOM
It's not my job to investigate vomit...I thought that's what they pay you guys for.

DETECTIVE HERNANDEZ
Must have been the dog. You said you left work at about 5:30.

A YOUNG DETECTIVE puts a Styrofoam coffee cup on Hernandez' desk.

DETECTIVE HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)
Did you make any stops on the way home?

TOM
(sarcastic)
Okay, you got me! I stopped and bought a pack of cigarettes. Sometimes I do that! Why are you wasting time asking me stupid questions instead of looking for this guy?

Tom accidentally knocks Hernandez' coffee off the desk, burning himself and making a mess. The two detectives glance at each other. The young detective gets Tom a napkin.

DETECTIVE HERNANDEZ
Mr. Keefer, one of our deputies will take you to the hospital. If you want to help us, you're going to have to pull yourself together.

TOM
I'm sorry. I just...

Tom gets up and starts cleaning up the spilled coffee.

DETECTIVE HERNANDEZ
Don't worry about that. Listen, tonight I want you to write down everything you can remember.

Tom sits back in his chair.

DETECTIVE HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)
Any men that have been to your
house. Meter readers, phone
service, friends, relatives...
anybody in the last six months...

TOM
Ok, I will. Sorry 'bout the mess.

DETECTIVE HERNANDEZ
Forget it.

The younger detective leads Tom away. HERNANDEZ returns to
his desk and dries coffee-stained paperwork with a napkin.

DETECTIVE HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)
Shit.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tom is pacing nervously. DR. COLEMAN comes out of Mary's room
and approaches Tom.

DR. COLEMAN
Mr. Keefer, let's speak privately.

Dr. Coleman guides Tom down the hall to a quiet area.

DR. COLEMAN (CONT'D)
Mr. Keefer, your wife was raped
vaginally. The rapist must have
worn a condom, so as to avoid DNA
identification. No semen was found.
Besides some bruises and a sprained
finger, she seems to be doing ok.
We'll keep her here a day or two,
to make sure.

Tom grabs his forehead in relief.

DR. COLEMAN (CONT'D)
However, recovery from a trauma
like this can be difficult, and
will require professional care.

TOM
(nodding)
Can I see her?

DR. COLEMAN
I just gave her a sedative, but you
can go in. I wouldn't wake her.

INT. MARY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tom opens the door slowly and creeps into the darkened room. He closes the door softly and looks at Mary, who is asleep in the hospital bed. Her left index finger's in a cast.

Holding his hand over his mouth, Tom GROANS SOFTLY as he slides down to a crouch, his back against the wall.

INT. ESTABLISHING SHOT - BUCKLE BUNNY SALOON - EVENING

A local strip joint with a bar and about a dozen tables, about half full. STRIPPERS bump and grind on the small stage.

INT. BUCKLE BUNNY SALOON, HALLWAY - EVENING

Tom sees Lee walking toward the restroom.

TOM
I thought I'd find you here.

They go in.

INT. BUCKLE BUNNY SALOON, RESTROOM - EVENING

Tom looks around to make sure the restroom's empty.

TOM
I want to find this guy and empty
my revolver between his legs, Lee.

LEE
Hey, I'll bring the beer. We can
sit and watch him bleed.

Lee takes a piss at the urinal.

LEE (CONT'D)
What happened to your wife was vile
beyond measure. You know I think
the world of Mrs. Kee...

Tom holds up his hand in a stop gesture.

TOM
I appreciate that, I do, but she's
not dead. She just got hurt bad.

Lee zips up.

TOM (CONT'D)

I don't think either of us will ever be able to relax as long as he's still out there.

Lee pulls Tom to the side and gets serious.

LEE

Don't do it, man. That's your manhood talking, and you can't risk Mary for that. You know you're a man. Mary'll end up alone if you're in prison...

Tom slowly nods.

LEE (CONT'D)

Think about it. This guy just soiled the most talented, beautiful, sweetest woman west of the Mississippi. He's got no chance with any judge or jury in the world.

TOM

Yeah.

LEE

For a couple hundred bucks, I could get a non-lethal contract put out on him in the joint.

(pause)

So, what are the cops saying?

TOM

Those cops are fucking idiots!

LEE

Tell me about it! If those dumb-asses had half a brain, I know I'd be in jail right now!

TOM

I wouldn't be surprised.

LEE

What was your daddy's reaction?

TOM

He doesn't need to hear about this. He's got enough problems.

Tom puts his hand on Lee's shoulder and lowers his voice.

TOM (CONT'D)

Mary said the guy sounded like Carlos, only younger. I know Ed was off that night, and he -

LEE

Nah, not Ed. We alternate shifts now and then, and I know him pretty good. Trust me. It ain't him.

TOM

If you say so.

They think for a moment.

LEE

Do you remember a year or so ago your fired a guy? Steve Cooper was his name.

TOM

He's the one that brought you here.

LEE

Yeah, he was a regular customer when I worked at the porno shop. He sounded a little like Carl. And he was the first one come to mind when I heard.

TOM

Whatever happened to him?

LEE

I see him around, maybe a few times a year.

TOM

Did you happen to see him last night?

LEE

Never. Every Friday night he rents two or three videos, gets a cheap bottle of scotch, a couple of joints and goes home and jacks-off all night. I used to slip the joints in the bag with the videos, for ten bucks extra.

Tom takes a deep breath and lets it out.

TOM
Locked away by himself, huh? No witnesses.

LEE
I wouldn't want to be in there with him.

The door bursts open followed by a HEAVY-SET MAN who goes directly to a urinal.

TOM
(lowering his voice)
I appreciate you being helpful if they talk to you, but as far as I'm concerned, we never had this conversation. It won't help.

LEE
I think our man still comes here. Let me ask around.

Lee gives Tom a fist to the shoulder motion.

LEE (CONT'D)
Let's take care of this.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Tom peeks his head in the door.

TOM
You awake?

Forcing a smile, Mary nods her head.

TOM (CONT'D)
I was here all night.

MARY
I know.

Tom comes in. He gives a soft kiss to her forehead.

TOM
I've got a surprise for you.

He sits next to her on the bed and takes out a newspaper. Brightening up, Mary takes the paper from him and begins reading.

MARY
"The Shortstop and The Wrangler".
It's about us!

TOM
I'll read it to you later if you
want.

MARY
(moving closer)
Let's read it together.

They focus on the article. They turn as they hear a SOFT
KNOCK on the door. Matt pokes his head in.

MATT
Oh, sorry...I'll come back later.

MARY
No, please...come in.

Matt enters the room holding a large vase of flowers.

MATT
Hi Mary. These flowers are from the
Oklahoma Gazette for you.

Matt puts the flowers on a table.

MARY
Thank you, Matt! They're beautiful.
We were just looking at the article
you wrote about us.

Tom continues silently reading the article, ignoring Matt.

MATT
Well, I'll leave you two alone.
Hope you feel better soon, Mary.

MARY
Thank you, Matt.

Tom glances at Matt as he quietly leaves the room.

INT. KEEFER'S GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Mary leads her parents, MR. and MRS. SUMMERS, into the guest
bedroom, followed by Tom. The room is decorated with modern
decor. Two of Tom's framed leather panels hang on the walls.
In the center is a canopy bed.

MARY
Okay, be honest. What do you think?

MRS. SUMMERS
Oh, Mary, it's lovely!

MR. SUMMERS
Very nice, Mary, very nice!

MARY
(pointing)
There are the controls for the security system. This button dials the police, and this one dials Tom's car phone.

Above the control panel, Mary notices the Oklahoma Gazette newspaper article, matted and framed on the wall.

MARY (CONT'D)
Oh Tom! The newspaper article! You had it framed! Thank you, honey!

TOM
(slyly)
I wanted it to be a surprise.

MARY
Mom and Dad, come take a look!

Mr. Summers puts on his glasses.

MR. SUMMERS
"The Shortstop and The Wrangler"...that's about you and Tom, right?

MARY
Yup!

Mary's parents study the article. The room gets quiet.

MRS. SUMMERS
Mary, you know you're welcome to stay with us as long as...

MARY
I know Mom. Thanks. But I need to be where I belong. Safe at home, with my husband.

Mary's eyes meet Tom's, and "a thousand violins..."

MR. SUMMERS

Oh boy! Here we go! The lovebirds!

Smiling, Mary pulls Tom by the hand as they leave the room.

INT. KEEFER'S MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bedroom is dark and silent. Mary is under the covers, leaning against the headboard. Tom is sitting naked on the edge of the bed.

MARY

Don't worry about it, Tom. We can try again in a little -

TOM

I don't want to try again in a little while. It's too soon for us to be doing this. I think it's best if we don't talk about it for awhile.

MARY

I think it's better if we do, Tom. We talked about it in my group the other day, and -

TOM

Talked about what in your group?

MARY

That you were feeling uncomfortable about being intimate and -

TOM

(angrily)

I don't want to be talked about in your group! Why don't you call your friend Matt? Maybe he can get it in the paper!

MARY

We just talked about how sometimes men feel uncomfortable for awhile about intimacy.

TOM

Can we not talk about it anymore? It's definitely not making it any better.

Mary reaches out and touches his arm.

MARY

Alright. Come to bed, sweetheart.

Tom crawls into bed and curls up on his side, facing away from Mary. She puts her arm around him and cuddles up.

INT. WOMEN'S CLINIC - AFTERNOON

FIVE WOMEN, including Mary and DR. LESCHER, are assembled in a group therapy circle.

MARY

I'm sorry. I just don't feel angry. I feel humiliated and scared, but not angry. I guess I let Tom express my anger for me.

ALINE, a woman with attitude, leans forward in her chair.

ALINE

So you let Tom be everything for you, except your lover.

MARY

(controlled anger)

I already told you. He thinks it's too soon for us. Okay?

ALINE

But you're the one who got raped. You should know better than him how it feels.

MARY

He feels uncomfortable. Is that so hard for you to understand?

DR. LESCHER

It's not hard to understand. This kind of trauma affects the whole family. Perhaps he could get some help as well.

ALINE

(to Mary)

I'm just telling you what I think, that's all.

MARY

Well, I wish you'd just back off.

Mary folds her arms and gives Aline an annoyed look.

INT. GUN SHOP - DAY

Several hand guns are laid out on the counter. A CLERK watches Tom examine one. Mary stands nearby.

TOM
What do you think, Mary? Do you see anything you like?

MARY
They're so big.

TOM
You want something with stopping power. I wouldn't get anything smaller than a .38 caliber.

CLERK
How about a .38 automatic?

The clerk points to one in the display case. Mary bends over to look at it.

TOM
I don't like 'em. They can jam.

CLERK
If you buy a quality firearm, it shouldn't jam.

MARY
How about that one? With the white handle?

The clerk takes out a small pearl-handled automatic and hands it to her.

CLERK
That's a .22 caliber Jennings automatic. A quality firearm.

MARY
It's cute.

TOM
(incredulous)
Cute?

MARY
Like something Veronica Lake would carry in her purse.

TOM

Who?

MARY

Veronica Lake. She was a 1940's movie actress with long, wavy blonde hair.

Pulling her hair over her eye, Mary does an impersonation, pointing the gun at Tom.

MARY (CONT'D)

(gun moll style)

You're not such a tough guy without a heater in your hand!

Tom takes Mary's hands and points the gun toward the floor.

TOM

Never point a gun at someone else unless you intend to use it!

MARY

Sorry.

Mary examines the gun carefully as Tom watches her.

TOM

I guess we'll take it.

CLERK

I can order this with pink hand grips if you're interested.

Mary's face lights up. Tom sighs and shakes his head yes.

INT. KEEFER'S MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mary and Tom lie asleep in the dark. A CLOCK SOFTLY TICKS in the background. The PHONE RINGS. Startled, Mary awakens and SCREAMS. Jumping up out of bed, Tom takes Mary in his arms.

TOM

(gently)

Mary. It's just a dream.

Mary's heavy breathing subsides. She motions that she's okay. The PHONE RINGS again. Tom picks it up.

TOM (CONT'D)

Who is it?

As he listens, Tom's demeanor changes from anger to resignation as he slumps against the headboard.

TOM (CONT'D)
 How did he find out? Alright. Of course. I'll call you in the morning. Bye.

He hangs up the phone and sinks back against the headboard.

MARY
 (concerned look)
 Your daddy knows?

Tom looks at her.

INT. BUCKLE BUNNY SALOON - AFTERNOON

Tom and Lee, sitting next to the stage, are deeply absorbed in a conversation. They ignore the SCANTILY CLAD STRIPPERS performing onstage.

INT. KEEFER'S MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mary lies in the dark with her eyes open, listening to Tom climb the stairs. He undresses himself as he comes into the room, obviously drunk. Stripped down to his underwear, he crawls into bed.

MARY
 Where were you out so late, Tom? I was worried.

TOM
 Out.

MARY
 Out where?

TOM
 Just out.

MARY
 You said you'd be right home. I've been listening to cars drive by for the last two hours!

TOM
 Alright. I'm sorry. I was out drinking. I forgot how late it was. It won't happen again.