

"SAFE AT HOME"

Original Screenplay by
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EXT. MODERN ESTATE HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

From outside the BACK GATE, a DARK FIGURE wearing black, hi-top sneakers approaches.

From inside the gate, a large DOG comes up GROWLING.

DARK FIGURE
(clicks tongue)
Tck, tck, tck.

The Dark Figure takes out a raw hot dog, stuffs pills into it, and feeds it to the dog through the gate. He tosses more hot dogs over the gate and the dog runs to them.

He kneels and unfurls a roll of tools. As a train goes CHUGGING by in the distance, he works at picking the LOCK.

LATER

The Dark Figure sneaks through the now unlocked gate, passing the whimpering, dying dog on his way to the back of the house. He leers through a KITCHEN WINDOW.

INT. MODERN ESTATE HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

A large kitchen with modern appliances and kitchen island. A beautiful blonde WOMAN talks on a phone -

WOMAN
Okay, hon. I'll be awaitin' for
your sweet kiss. See you soon.

She hangs up and goes to the kitchen island to finish frosting a cake. Written on the cake is: "TWELVE TASTEE MONTHS!", the word "TASTEE" capitalized in rainbow colors. She admires her work, humming a torch song.

EXT. MODERN ESTATE HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONT.

The Dark Figure opens the back door. He quietly enters, closing the door behind him.

INT. MODERN ESTATE HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

As the woman starts to put a hand carved bride and groom WEDDING FIGURINE on top of the cake, she hears a sound -

WOMAN
Drew?

EXT. KEEFER HOUSE - DAY

A modern, two-story estate with manicured gardens, lawn, attached two-car garage and driveway.

SUPER: "THREE DAYS EARLIER"

INT. KEEFER LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sun filters in through sheer curtains. A large living room, tastefully decorated with mid-century modern furnishings.

SERIES OF SHOTS - TROPHY DISPLAY CASE

- A collection of Women's Softball trophies
- Framed photos of an attractive blonde woman on a softball field in various action shots.

SERIES OF SHOTS - FIREPLACE MANTEL

- Framed photos of a large, outdoor wedding with guests in Western garb, including the attractive blonde from the softball photos, and her handsome groom.
- A framed photo of the groom next to an older man with an expressionless face in a wheelchair, wearing an oxygen tube.
- A carved, painted leather framed photo of a young, attractive bride and groom cutting a multi-tiered wedding cake, with a figurine on top.
- A carved, painted leather wedding cake figurine of a cowboy groom holding a briefcase overflowing with cash, and a sexy bride in wedding gown and softball cap holding a baseball bat.

INT. KEEFER DEN - DAY

DREW KEEFER, 32, good-looking, in jeans, T-shirt and hand-tooled boots, sits at a work table using carving tools to create a Western shoot-out scene on a leather wall panel.

INT. KEEFER MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

MARY KEEFER, 29, an athletic beauty with shoulder-length blonde hair, poses in front of a full-length mirror in the WALK-IN CLOSET.

Mary's smartly dressed in a short, modest skirt and matching blouse, her look straight out of a fashion magazine.

Mary checks out her footwear in the mirror - on one foot, a frilly pink topped sock with a white sneaker - on the other, a low heeled pump.

The light bulb goes out in the closet, leaving it dimly lit. Mary looks up.

INT. KEEFER DEN - CONT.

As Drew concentrates -

MARY (O.S.)
Drew! I need a forty watt for the closet!

Drew looks up from his handiwork.

INT. KEEFER MASTER BEDROOM - CONT.

WALK-IN CLOSET

Mary finds a step stool and sets it up.

Drew enters, holding a light bulb. As he steps on the stool -

MARY
Careful, it's kind of shaky.

Drew climbs up. Mary looks up at him as he fidgets -

MARY
You want me to get a flash -

Instantly, the closet is illuminated.

DREW
There. I got it!

The stool wobbles, causing Drew to drop the burned-out bulb. With one hand, Mary steadies Drew's legs, and with the other she catches the bulb, just before it hits the floor.

Mary nimbly tosses the bulb back up, catches it, and hands it to Drew all-in-one-motion as he steps down.

DREW
Show-off!

Shrugging her shoulders -

MARY
What can I say? I gotta gift.

DREW
I have one too.

Drew pulls out his wallet.

MARY
Oh, Mr. College Degree Moneybags!

DREW
No, I'm a fine artiste.

Drew displays its leathercraft.

MARY
You are, and I absolutely love what
you did with the cattle yard sign.

DREW
But enough about me, you're the
star today!

He takes her in his arms -

DREW
You're my star every day.

They kiss romantically.

MARY
(gestures to shoes)
So, are the pumps too dressy? Or do
the sneakers make me look too much
like a jock?

Drew admires her legs.

DREW
Anything attached to those legs
would look good.

MARY
You mean...like this?

Mary flirtatiously pulls her skirt up to expose her sexy
panties and -

The doorbell RINGS.

Drew leaves to answer the door as Mary finishes dressing.

INT. KEEFER LIVING ROOM - DAY

Drew opens the front door to reporter MATT BLAKE, late 20's, well dressed, though not stylish.

MATT

Hi. Matt Blake, Oklahoma City Star.
You must be Mr. Keefer. Are you a
ball player too?

DREW

Not like my wife. She's the best
shortstop I've ever seen, outside
of the pros, and even then. Come
on in.

Matt enters.

MATT

Does that bother you at all?

DREW

Nah, why would that bother me?

MATT

It might some guys.

DREW

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

MARY (O.S.)

Yo, hombre!

DREW

What?

Mary comes down the stairs to join them, wearing sneakers.

MARY

I said what you said in Spanish -
I think! So nice to finally meet
you, Matt.

Matt shakes Mary's hand. His attention is drawn to Drew's
leather carving displayed on the wall.

MARY

That's some of my husband's
hand-tooled leather work.

DREW

Mostly Western scenes, cattle
drives and so on.

DREW (CONT'D)

My family's been in the cattle
business for over a hundred years.

MATT

Very cool.

MARY

Hey, you could do an article about
Drew's leather carving, too!

MATT

Maybe I can work it in, but let's
knock out your article first.

MARY

I wish you'd have seen the pumpkin
carvings he did for Halloween this
year. They were hilarious.

DREW

They weren't hilarious.
(spooky voice)
They were scary.

MATT

I bet the kids didn't care, either
way.

Drew points his finger aggressively at Matt and sneers -

DREW

Well, I guess kids are
unsophisticated and easy to please,
aren't they?! Y'know -

Mary interrupts Drew's aggression -

MARY

Excuse us, sweetheart, I'm sure
Matt wants to get started.

Appeased -

DREW

Oh, ah, sure - have a good
interview.

MARY

Let's go in the kitchen Matt, I
just made a fresh pot of coffee.

Mary gestures down the hall.

MATT
Sounds great.

Matt heads to the kitchen, with Mary following behind.

EXT. KEEFER CATTLE YARD - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A DIRT ROAD leading to a large open FRONT GATE. There's a sign on the gate with a retro-style logo reading:
"KEEFER FAMILY CATTLE YARD".

Inside the gate, visible first is DREW'S OFFICE, a one-story ranch style, with PARKING AREA.

Beyond are a BREEDING BARN, HAYLOFT and LARGE SHED.

Mazes of slotted CATTLE FENCES enclose dozens of COWS in multiple CATTLE PENS.

A TRAIN SPUR is located adjacent to the cattle pens, with a few slotted CATTLE CARS on it's track.

INT. DREW'S OFFICE - DAY

Drew, sitting behind his desk in jeans, button-down shirt and hand-tooled cowboy boots, finishes a phone call.

DREW
Let 'em sue me. That's what I pay
you for, Frank.
(pause)
All I know is, I gotta move five
hundred head and they don't care
who owns the rail cars. They're
just cows.
(pause)
Okay, I'll call you later.

Hanging up, he looks up at his secretary NANCY, mid 40's, who stands in front of his desk, holding a letter.

NANCY
We just got another letter from the
Humane Farming League. Do you want
to go over it now?

DREW
Not now, Mary's picking me up.
They're gonna take some photos for
her newspaper article.

NANCY
That's so exciting!

DREW
Yeah, next thing you know,
Hollywood will come calling.

NANCY
That Julia Roberts has nothing on
our Mary.

DREW
Yeah, except ten million a movie!

EXT. CATTLE PEN - DAY

Four cattle hands are herding CATTLE up a CHUTE into a
transport TRUCK:

- LEE DALTON, 30's, tanned and wiry, with an unruly attitude;
- JESUS, 40's, a Mexican with a flat top;
- CARLOS, 20's, Mexican; and
- GEORGE, 20's, a blond Mid-Westerner.

Lee peers over at the office parking lot -

LEE
Here she comes, amigos!

Turning away from their work, all four look over at -

EXT. DREW'S OFFICE, PARKING LOT - SAME

Mary, in her sporty MERCEDES, drives up and parks in front.

EXT. CATTLE PEN - CONT.

JESUS
I hope she's wearin' those shorts.

EXT. DREW'S OFFICE, PARKING LOT - CONT.

Mary gets out of the car wearing her team uniform, including
"those shorts", cut high and sexy.

EXT. CATTLE PEN - CONT.

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

JESUS
Okay, then you fuck her car and
I'll hang with Mary!

EXT. DREW'S OFFICE - CONT.

Mary walks up the walkway to the office.

AUDIO: WOLF WHISTLE

Without looking back, Mary raises her middle finger and
continues to the office.

EXT. CATTLE PEN - CONT.

Jesus and Carlos snicker.

JESUS
Oh man, the image of that perfect
ass in those perfect shorts is
burned in my brain forever.

GEORGE
You guys are warped!

CARLOS
Yeah, like that image isn't burned
in your brain too, George.

LEE
Leave the church boy alone.
Let's get those cows movin'.

Throwing his leg over the rail, Lee gives several boot-heel
kicks to the passing cows.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - DAY

THE BLUE JAYS, Mary's softball team, are in uniform in their
usual positions.

A PHOTOGRAPHER moves freely around the infield taking shots.

Mary jumps on HOME PLATE spreading out her arms, shouting -

MARY

Safe!

She kisses Drew, then runs to her shortstop position.

DREW

Here we go!

Drew tosses up a ball, and cracks it with his bat.

Mary scoops it up and fires it to first base.

Drew shouts -

DREW

That's it! Nice play! Good throw!

The photographer captures the action on the field.

Matt, watching from the dugout, calls the photographer over.

MATT

Get shots of him cheering her on.

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

DREW

Wooooo!!

The photographer signals to Matt that he got both shots.

EXT. DREW'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Several YARD EMPLOYEES, including Lee, are heading to the parking lot, full of mostly PICK-UP TRUCKS.

Drew comes out of the office and goes toward them.

DREW

Lee, hold on a minute.

Lee flips his cigarette away, stops and turns -

LEE

Yeah, boss?

DREW

I hear you were late again this morning.

LEE

I couldn't find my fuckin' truck!
My neighbor had to give me a ride.

DREW

The thing is, buddy, if I keep
lettin' you get away with it, the
other guys'll start showin' up late
too, and I can't have that.

LEE

I'll tell you what. I'll just sleep
in my truck, so I'll know where it
is when I wake up.

DREW

Whatever it takes. As long as
you're not late again. I'm serious!

LEE

You got it, boss.

DREW

Hey, have you got an extra smoke?

Lee hands him two cigarettes.

LEE

Still trying to quit, huh?

DREW

Mary hates it, and she's right, but
I'm working on it.

Drew puts a cigarette behind his ear. Lee gives him a light
for the other.

DREW

I guess you need a ride, huh?

Lee looks around and sees everyone else has left.

LEE

I'll buy you a beer.

DREW

Not tonight.

They walk the short distance to Drew's truck.

LEE

Oh, the old lady, right?
I don't blame yah.

They get in, slam the doors shut and drive off.

INT. BUCKLE BUNNY SALOON - NIGHT

Seated in the second row from the stage, Drew and Lee watch an EROTIC DANCER - nude except for a holster with a six-gun, sexy chaps, white Western hat and matching boots, gyrating to DANCE MUSIC.

Lee leans over and talks into Drew's ear.

With glassy eyes, Drew sees a man with a goatee, sitting in front of the stage. Lee urges Drew -

LEE

C'mon, man! Call him Pussy-Face!

Drew gulps his drink and shakes his head no.

The dancer moves in front of GOATEE MAN, who's holding up a five dollar bill. She squats with her rear facing him. As he puts the bill in her gun belt, Drew and Lee strain to hear his comment.

GOATEE MAN

Little darlin', I'd like to shoot
my wad all over your tight sweet
sixteen ass. Oh...yeah...

Lee nudges Drew -

LEE

C'mon, man! He's askin' for it!

DREW

(to Goatee Man)
Hey! Shut up, man!

GOATEE MAN

I hope you're not talking to me?

DREW

She's just doin' her job, man.
Have some respect!

Furious, the Goatee Man stands up.

Lee nudges Drew up, knocking a bottle off their table -

The dancer stops her performance -

EROTIC DANCER

C'mon guys, knock it off!

GOATEE MAN
I'll show you some fucking respect!

Goatee Man pushes his table aside, moving toward Drew, who appears in shock. More bottles CRASH to the floor.

Lee has a huge grin on his face.

EROTIC DANCER (O.S.)
(shouts)
Dave! DAVE!!

EXT. BUCKLE BUNNY SALOON - CONT.

DAVE, a large bouncer, hustles Drew and Lee out the back door into the PARKING LOT.

DAVE
And don't come back! For awhile,
anyhow!

LEE
You know, you got a real shitty
clientele here!

As they stumble through the parking lot, Lee gives Drew a friendly but firm punch in the arm.

LEE
Fuckin'-A, man! You were ready to
go with that guy!

DREW
Yeah, well...I can't stand to see a
woman insulted. Any woman!

LEE
Fuck that! I'm talkin' about that
feeling, you know? Crossin' that
line where nothin' makes any
difference anymore. Pure, naked
aggression! I love that shit!

Reaching Drew's truck, they open the doors.

LEE
Let's wait for this guy.

DREW
Nah. I gotta get goin', Lee.

They get in and slam the doors shut.

EXT. KEEFER HOUSE - NIGHT

Drew, now alone, pulls his truck up the DRIVEWAY into the large GARAGE behind his house and gets out.

INT. KEEFER MASTER BEDROOM - CONT.

Opening the door, Drew is met with a breathtaking scene giving the effect of a harem. Wispy colorful fabrics are draped around the room. Extinguished candles are on the dormer window ledges on either side of the bed.

Against the headboard, propped on pillows, lies Mary, sleeping in her sexy lingerie.

As Drew approaches, Mary awakens. She glances at an alarm clock on her dresser.

DREW

I know, I'm late.

Drew gives her a guilty look.

MARY

Yes, you are late! I tried to make it nice for you. I was waiting so long, I fell asleep. Were you out with your buddy Lee again?

DREW

I'm sorry, babe. I'm really sorry.

MARY

(softening)

Well, you know what they say. All the sweeter for the waiting.

Mary moves one of her legs provocatively. Drew focuses on what's happening.

MARY

Darling, make it sweet for me.

Drew approaches the bed, a big smile on his face.

INT. KEEFER KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mary frosts a cake on the kitchen island. Written on the cake is: "TWELVE TASTEE MONTHS", the word "TASTEE" capitalized in rainbow colors.

The hand carved bride and groom WEDDING FIGURINE is on the kitchen island counter.

The phone RINGS. Mary picks it up.

MARY
Hello...oh, hi honey!

INT. DREW'S OFFICE - SAME

Drew's hand-tooled COWBOY BOOTS are crossed on his desk as he talks on the phone.

DREW
Hi, babe. Turns out the meeting got postponed, so I'll be home early.
(pause)
No I'm not! How can it sound like I'm smoking?

A cloud of cigarette SMOKE wafts past his boots.

INT. KEEFER KITCHEN - CONT.

MARY
Okay, hon. I'll be awaitin' for your sweet kiss. See you soon.

Mary hangs up and goes back to the kitchen island to finish frosting. She admires her work, humming a torch song. As she starts to put the wedding figurine on top of the cake, she hears a sound -

MARY
Drew?

She looks up to see the Dark Figure, wearing a goofy Mexican wrestler's mask, in the kitchen.

MARY
Halloween isn't -

DARK FIGURE
(Spanish accent)
Don't be scare. Good time for you.

The Dark Figure approaches her, holding a gun.

MARY
(gasping)
Oh, God!

Mary drops the wedding figurine.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Drew steps up to the CASHIER and tosses a pack of gum on the counter.

DREW
Soft-pack of -

Suddenly, from the adult magazine rack on his right -

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Get away from me!

Drew turns and sees a magazine bounce off a MIDDLE-AGED MAN, and fall to the floor.

AVA, early 20's, attractive, tattooed, spiked hair, dressed in 80's punk attire, faces the man.

AVA
Save your pervy comments for the
magazine girls you jerk off to!

She hops on her skateboard and rides out the open door. Drew, the cashier and the man watch her leave, transfixed.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
I just asked about her tattoos!

CASHIER
Wonder where she's from?

DREW
Venice, California, I'd guess.

EXT. KEEFER HOUSE - NIGHT

A PATROL CAR races up the driveway, SIREN howling. Headlights illuminate the scene. The siren GROWLS to a stop. A POLICEMAN holding a shotgun gets out.

Drew emerges from his garage. He walks quickly toward the policeman.

POLICEMAN
Hands on your head!

DREW
I live here. I just got home,
officer.

POLICEMAN

Sorry, I didn't recognize you
Mr. Keefer. We got a report of an
assault at this address.

DREW

Mary?!

Drew races to the front door.

POLICEMAN

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

The officer follows after Drew.

INT. KEEFER LIVING ROOM - CONT.

Drew charges up the stairs towards the bedroom.

INT. KEEFER MASTER BEDROOM - CONT.

Drew enters and finds Mary in tears on the floor, next to
disheveled bedsheets. He kneels by her and gently gathers her
up in his arms.

DREW

Mary! Oh my God! Oh, God!

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

DETECTIVE HERNANDEZ, 50, in a suit, sits on the edge of his
desk, filled with stacks of paperwork.

Drew, seated at the desk, slowly shakes his head.

DREW

Can we finish this up? I'd like to
go see my wife.

DETECTIVE HERNANDEZ

Sure. Just a few important
questions, then we'll have someone
drive you to the hospital.

DREW

You guys better find this creep
before I do. I'm not a violent man,
but I do own a gun, and -

DETECTIVE HERNANDEZ

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

DREW

It must've been Tex. Poor dog must have gotten sick before he died.

DETECTIVE HERNANDEZ

That makes sense. Your wife said the assailant was medium height and spoke with a Spanish accent. He was wearing what sounded like a Mexican wrestler's mask. Does that ring any bells for you?

DREW

I've had quite a few Mexicans working for me, but none of them have shown up wearing any masks as far as I know.

DETECTIVE HERNANDEZ

So you said you left work at about five thirty?

A YOUNG DETECTIVE puts a coffee cup on the desk for Drew.

DETECTIVE HERNANDEZ

Did you make any stops going home?

DREW

I stopped to buy a pack of smokes. How is that an important question?!

Drew slams his hand down on the desk, knocking his coffee cup over, making a mess.

The two detectives glance at each other. The young detective goes to clean up the spill.

DREW

Sorry, I just -

DETECTIVE HERNANDEZ

It's okay, Mr. Keefer. That's all the questions for now. Do me a favor - make a list of men that have been to your house in the last three months - meter readers, family, friends, employees.

DREW
Okay, I will. Sorry 'bout the mess.

DETECTIVE HERNANDEZ
Forget it.
(to Young Detective)
Can you give him a ride?

Drew gets up. The young detective leads him to the door.

DETECTIVE HERNANDEZ
Give our best to Mrs Keefer.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Drew is pacing nervously. A DOCTOR comes out of Mary's room and approaches him.

DOCTOR
Mr. Keefer, let's speak privately.

The doctor guides Drew down the hall to a quiet area.

DOCTOR
Mr. Keefer, your wife was not only
attacked, she was raped.

DREW
She told me.

DOCTOR
Is Mrs. Keefer taking any birth
control?

DREW
She's on the pill.

DOCTOR
We'll test for communicable
diseases. Fortunately there were no
serious injuries, just some mild
abrasions, a bump on her head and a
sprained finger. We'll keep her
overnight for observation.

Drew is visibly relieved.

DOCTOR
Recovery from this kind of trauma
can be difficult. I can recommend a
psychologist for your wife. You
should try to spend as much time as
you can with her.

DREW
Can I see her now?

DOCTOR
I gave her a sedative, but you can
go in. I wouldn't wake her, though.

INT. MARY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Drew opens the door slowly, and closes it softly behind him. He gazes at Mary, asleep in bed, her left index finger in a splint. Covering his mouth, Drew softly GROANS as he slides down into a crouch, his back against the door.

INT. BUCKLE BUNNY SALOON - NIGHT

The strip joint is half full. Lee sits at a table, watching as a EROTIC DANCER bumps and grinds on the small STAGE.

Drew enters the saloon and stops by Lee's table.

DREW
Thought I'd find you here. We need
to talk.

LEE
Let's go to my office.

They head for the men's room.

INT. BUCKLE BUNNY MEN'S ROOM - CONT.

Drew looks around to make sure it's empty. He leans in close to Lee -

DREW
Mary was assaulted last night.

LEE
Oh, no! No! Was she hurt?

DREW
Not seriously, but she was raped.

LEE
Raped?! How is that not serious?!
Did they catch the son-of-a-bitch?

DREW
No. They said he was wearing a mask
and had a Spanish accent.

LEE

I don't mean to sound prejudis',
but we got a few Beaners at the
yard, and a couple of them got an
ugly side. I noticed they're always
talkin' Mexican whenever your
wife's around. I don't speak
Mexican, but I know what they're
sayin', if you know what I mean.
Oh man, I'd like to -

DREW

Slow down, Lee. I really wanna find
this guy, but let's be smart, and
take it one step at a time. I'll
tell you one thing - when I do find
out who the bastard is, I'd like to
empty my revolver between his legs.

LEE

Hey, I'll bring the beer. One shot
at a time, we can sit around and
watch him bleed.

As Lee takes a leak at the urinal -

LEE

You know, I think the world of Mrs.
Keefer. What happened to her was
vile and you can't just let it go.
Somebody's gonna have to pay for
this.

Lee zips up. He goes to the sink to wash and dry his hands.

DREW

Mary and I will never have any
peace as long as he's out there.

Lee pulls Drew to the side and gets serious.

LEE

I wouldn't count on the cops.
They're on the take with those
Mexican gangs. Lemme see what I can
dig up.

DREW

I was hoping you'd say that.

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

INT. MARY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Drew peeks his head in the doorway.

DREW
You awake?

Drew enters. Mary turns to Drew, forcing a smile.

DREW
How are you?

MARY
I'm so sorry this happened, Drew.

DREW
This wasn't your fault. If I'd
gotten home earlier this would have
never happened.

He gives a soft kiss to her forehead.

DREW
Whatever it takes, we'll get
through this.

Drew sits next to Mary on the bed.

DREW
Here's something you might like.

He shows her a newspaper, and she spots the headline.

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

A soft KNOCK on the door. They turn to look as Matt pokes his head in.

MATT
Oh, sorry. I didn't mean to
interrupt. I'll come back later.

DREW
That'd be good.

MARY
No, please Matt - come in.

Drew is not happy.

Matt enters with a vase of flowers and puts them on a table.

MATT
It's from all of us at the paper.

MARY
Oh, bless their hearts!

MATT
I picked them out myself.

MARY
They're beautiful, aren't they,
honey?

Drew's non-responsive.

MATT
I'll leave you two alone. Feel
better soon, Mary.

MARY
Thank you.

Drew glares at Matt as he quietly leaves the room.

DREW
He's a little too friendly.

MARY
Aww, Matt's a real sweetheart.

INT. WOMEN'S CLINIC - DAY

Assembled in a group therapy circle:

- DR. LESCHER, middle-aged, a therapist wearing glasses;
- ALINE, mid-20's, a brash feminist;
- Two FEMALE THERAPY PATIENTS; and
- Mary, in mid-share -

MARY
I feel scared and humiliated, but
not really angry.

Aline leans forward in her chair with attitude -

ALINE
You should be outraged! A man raped
you like an animal - at gunpoint!

Mary responds, trying to subdue Aline's outburst.

MARY

You're right. I should be angry,
but I'm more angry with myself for
letting this happen.

ALINE

Why? Because you're sexy and
beautiful? That's not your fault!
You need to stand up for yourself!

DR. LESCHER

Mary, you were a victim of someone
with a sick mind. It's okay to be
angry at them.

ALINE

Amen to that, and I'm not even
religious! The problem is men.

DR. LESCHER

Let's not condemn all men, Aline.

ALINE

Okay then, just the rapists. But
all rapists are men, aren't they?

INT. KEEFER MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bedroom is dimly lit and silent. Drew, under the covers,
sits up against the headboard. Mary sits on the edge of the
bed in her negligee.

DREW

Don't worry about it, Mary. I
understand. Whenever you're ready
we can try again -

MARY

I'm just not in the mood now. Maybe
later, but not right now.

DREW

Let's just have a nice night
together. Come to bed, honey.

Mary crawls into bed and curls up on her side, facing away
from Drew. He lies beside her and cuddles up.

INT. GUN SHOP - DAY

Several guns are laid out on the counter. A CLERK watches as
Drew examines one. Mary stands nearby with folded arms.

DREW

What do you think, Mary? C'mere.
They won't bite.

Mary walks over to the counter.

DREW

Do you see anything you like?

MARY

They're all so big.

CLERK

If you want something with stopping
power, I would suggest this thirty
eight automatic.

The clerk points to a gun in the display case. Mary bends
over to look.

DREW

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

CLERK

It's a quality firearm. It won't
jam if you keep it clean.

Mary gestures to one of the guns -

MARY

How about that one? The one with
the white handle. It's cute.

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

CLERK

That's a twenty two caliber
Jennings semi-automatic. A quality
firearm.

MARY

Looks like something Veronica Lake
would carry in her purse.

DREW

Who's Veronica Lake?

MARY

She was a sexy actress from the
1940's, with wavy blonde hair.

Pulling her hair over her eye, Mary does a gun moll
impersonation, pointing the gun at Drew.

MARY

You're not such a tough guy without
a heater in your hand, are you Mac?

Drew takes Mary's hand and points the gun towards the floor.

DREW

Never point your heater at someone,
unless you intend to use it!

CLERK

I can order that with a pink hand
grip too, if you like. You can even
get a matching set, engraved with
your initials.

MARY

I suppose it is a good idea.

DREW

Yes it is.

Drew pulls her close and gives her a kiss.

INT. KEEFER MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mary lies in the dark with her eyes open, listening to Drew's
FOOTSTEPS as he climbs the stairs.

MARY

You said you'd be right home.

Drew stumbles into the room.

DREW

I'm sorry, babe.

Drew strips down to his underwear.

MARY

This is the third time you've been
late this week. And you stink like
beer!

DREW

I promise it won't happen again.

MARY

You know I don't feel safe when I'm
home alone. Even with a gun.

Drew breaks down -

DREW

I'm really, really sorry, babe.
I should have been here for you.
I let you down again.

Drew is tearing up -

DREW

I love you more than anything Mary.
I want you to feel safe at home.

Mary reaches out to Drew and they fall into each others arms and kiss passionately.

INT. KEEFER KITCHEN - DAY

Mary clears the breakfast table in a happy mood. As she takes Drew's plate, she plants little kisses on his forehead and neck. Drew accepts the attention indifferently.

She holds up her index finger and bends it slowly.

MARY

Look - it's almost healed. Honey, I think last night was a turning point for us. You'll see.

Mary, about to wash dishes at the sink, slides off her wedding band. It slips from her fingers and rolls away.

MARY

My ring! Honey, can you get it for me? It rolled under the stove.

As Mary washes dishes, Drew goes to the stove and pulls it away from the wall. He notices the WEDDING FIGURINE on the floor behind the stove.

Drew glances at Mary, busy at the sink. He picks up the figurine and stuffs it in his boot.

MARY (O.S.)

Did you find it?

DREW

Yeah!

Drew goes over to Mary at the sink.

DREW

It got dirty under the stove. I'll clean it for you.

He rinses the ring off and tenderly puts it on Mary's finger.

MARY

Forever.

Drew smiles and kisses Mary. He gets a broom and sweeps.

MARY

Boy, what's gotten into you?

DREW

I guess last night put me in a good mood.

Drew gives Mary another kiss.

INT./EXT. DREW'S TRUCK/KEEFER CATTLE YARD - DAY

Drew's license plate reads: "DR. COW". He drives toward the cattle yard FRONT GATE to see -

Several PROTESTORS, holding picket signs.

Drew drives past them into the yard.

EXT. DREW'S OFFICE - DAY

Drew pulls into the PARKING LOT.

A small group of EMPLOYEES are waiting outside his office, including:

- HANK, mid 50's, a foreman;
- Nancy, Drew's secretary;
- Cattle hands Lee, Carlos, Jesus and George.

Drew gets out of his truck and greets them.

NANCY

Hello Drew, welcome back.

HANK

Good to see ya', Drew.

GEORGE

I hope your wife is feeling better.

Drew gives George a sidelong glance.