

SAFE AT HOME

Original Feature Screenplay

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MODERN MANSION BACKYARD - NIGHT

From outside the back gate, a DARK FIGURE wearing a black jacket and black, hi-top sneakers approaches.

Behind the gate a large DOG comes up GROWLING.

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

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

Behind the house, a train nearby goes CHUGGING by. The Dark Figure kneels, unfurls a roll of tools and begins picking the lock.

LATER

The Dark Figure sneaks through the now unlocked gate, passing the whimpering, dying dog on his way to the back entrance.

He stops by a back window, takes something from his pocket and pulls it over his head. Reflected on the pane we see his goofy Mexican wrestling mask. Through the window he sees -

INT. MODERN MANSION KITCHEN - SAME

A beautiful blonde WOMAN talks on a phone in a large kitchen with modern appliances and a kitchen island. She hangs up and goes to the island to frost a cake. Enjoying her work, she hums a torch song.

EXT. MODERN MANSION BACKYARD - SAME

The Dark Figure opens the unlocked back door. He enters holding a gun, quietly closing the door behind him.

INT. MODERN MANSION KITCHEN - SAME

As the woman goes to put a hand-carved bride and groom wedding figurine on top of the cake, she hears a sound -

WOMAN
Drew?

INT. KEEFER DEN - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: OKLAHOMA CITY, 1990 - THREE DAYS EARLIER

DREW KEEFER, mid 30's, good-looking, in jeans and hand-tooled cowboy boots, works at a craftsman's work table, carefully studying a revolver as he carves a depiction of a Western shoot-out scene into a leather panel.

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 on a softball field in various action shots.

FIREPLACE MANTEL

- Framed photos of a large, outdoor wedding with guests in Western garb, including the blonde in a bride's dress and her handsome groom.
- Photo of the groom next to an older man with an expressionless face in a wheelchair, with an oxygen tube attached to his nose.
- A wooden carved, painted wedding figurine of a cowboy groom holding a briefcase overflowing with cash, and a sexy bride in wedding gown and baseball cap, holding a bat.

INT. KEEFER MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

MARY KEEFER, mid 20's, an athletic beauty with blonde hair, poses in front of a full-length mirror in her walk-in closet. She'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 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 on his carving -

MARY (O.S.)

Drew!

Drew looks up.

MARY (O.S.)

I need a forty watt for the closet!

INT. KEEFER MASTER BEDROOM - CONT.

Mary finds a step stool in the closet 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 deftly tosses the bulb back up, catches it and hands it to Drew 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, College Degree Moneybags!

DREW
No...I'm a fine artiste.

Drew displays his handiwork.

MARY
You are, Drew. You deserve a gold
star for what you did with the
cattle yard sign.

DREW
You're the star today, Mary!

He takes her in his arms -

DREW
You're my star every day.

They kiss romantically. Mary pulls away. She gestures to her
shoes -

MARY
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 pulls up her skirt slowly to expose her sexy panties.
Drew's face lights up. Then -

The doorbell RINGS -

MARY
That must be Matt from the
newspaper.

DREW
We'll get back to this later.

As he leaves to answer the door -

DREW
Go with the sneakers, with those
panties. It's kinda kinky.

INT. KEEFER ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Drew opens the front door to see -

News reporter MATT BLAKE, late 20's.

MATT

Hi. Matt Blake, Oklahoma City Star.
I'm here to interview Mary Keefer.
You must be Mr. Keefer.

DREW

Yeah. Come on in.

Matt enters.

MATT

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.

MATT

Does that bother you at all?

DREW

Naw, 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

Huh?

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

MARY

(to Drew)

I said what you said in Spanish,
I think.

(to Matt)

So nice to finally meet you, Matt!

Mary shakes Matt's hand and they exchange friendly smiles.

Matt's 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

They're mostly Western scenes -
cattle drives and so on. My
family's been in the cattle
business for over a hundred years.

MATT

Very cool.

MARY

Hey, maybe 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 sneers -

DREW

Well, I guess kids aren't
sophisticated and don't know the
difference between scary and funny,
do they?! Y'know I -

Mary tactfully interrupts -

MARY

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

Appeased -

DREW

Okay. Have a good interview, hon.

Mary gestures down the hall.

MARY

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

MATT

Sounds great.

Matt heads to the dining room, with Mary following behind.

EXT. KEEFER CATTLE YARD - DAY

A dirt road leads to a large open wooden FRONT GATE, framed by a tall, wooden pillar from which hangs a retro Western style sign with hand-painted cattle, cowboys, and a logo reading: KEEFER FAMILY CATTLE YARD.

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

Beyond are a BREEDING BARN, HAY LOFT and LARGE SHED.

Mazes of slotted CATTLE PENS enclose dozens of cows.

A TRAIN SPUR is located adjacent to the cattle pens, with a few cattle cars on its track.

INT. DREW'S OFFICE - DAY

Drew, sitting behind his desk in jeans, button-down shirt and cowboy boots, finishes his conversation.

DREW (INTO PHONE)

Let 'em sue me. That's what I pay you for, Frank.

(pause)

All I know is, I gotta move, uh...

(checks paperwork)

...four hundred and thirty seven head, and they don't care who owns the rail cars. They're just cows.

(pause)

Okay, I'll call you later.

Hanging up, Drew looks up at his secretary NANCY, mid 50's, who stands in front of his desk, holding a letter.

NANCY

We just got another letter from the Oklahoma Animal Action Network. Do you want to go over it now?

DREW

Not now. Mary's picking me up.
They're gonna take photos at the
ballpark for her newspaper article.

NANCY

That's so exciting!

DREW

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 ranch hands herd cattle up a chute into trucks:

- LEE DALTON, 30's, tanned and wiry, with an unruly attitude;
- JESUS, 40's, Mexican with flat-top hair;
- CARLOS, 20's, Mexican; and
- GEORGE, 20's, red-haired all American

Lee peers over -

LEE

Here she comes, amigos!

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

EXT. DREW'S OFFICE - CONT.

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

INTERCUT: EXT. CATTLE PEN / EXT. DREW'S OFFICE

JESUS

I hope she's wearin' those shorts.

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

LEE

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

JESUS

Okay, then you do her car and I'll
do Mary!

Mary walks up the walkway to the office.

AUDIO: WOLF WHISTLE

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

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 a fence 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 after Mary makes a sensational diving catch.

DREW

Wooooo!!

The photographer signals to Matt that he got the shots.

EXT. DREW'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Several YARD EMPLOYEES, including Lee, are heading to the parking area, 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

Drew and Lee watch a STRIPPER, 20's, nude except for a
holster with a six-gun, sexy chaps, white Western hat and
matching boots, gyrating to DISCO 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, Goatee Man stands up. Lee nudges Drew up, knocking a bottle off their table. The dancer stops her performance.

GOATEE MAN

I'll show you some fucking respect!

STRIPPER

C'mon guys, knock it off!

Goatee Man pushes his table aside, moving towards Drew, who appears in shock. More bottles CRASH to the floor. Lee has a huge grin on his face.

STRIPPER (O.S.)

(shouts)
Dave! DAVE!!

EXT. BUCKLE BUNNY SALOON - LATER

DAVE, the bouncer, hustles Drew and Lee out the back door.

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'.

They get in and slam the doors shut.

EXT. KEEFER GARAGE - 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.

As Drew enters, he's met with a harem-like scene with wispy, colorful fabrics draped around the room. Extinguished candles are on the dormer window ledges.

Against the headboard, Mary sleeps in her sexy lingerie, propped on pillows. As Drew approaches, she awakens. She glances at an alarm clock on her dresser.

DREW

I know, I'm late.

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 gives her a guilty look.

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 advances toward 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 and in rainbow colors.

The phone RINGS. Mary picks it up.

MARY (INTO PHONE)

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.

INTERCUT PHONE CALL: KEEFER KITCHEN/DREW'S OFFICE

DREW (INTO PHONE)

Hi, babe. Turns out the meeting got postponed.

(pause)

No I'm not! How can it sound like I'm smoking?

A cloud of cigarette smoke wafts past his boots.

MARY (INTO PHONE)
 Okay, hon. I'll be awaitin' for
 your tastee kiss!

EXT. KEEFER BACKYARD - SAME

A dark figure stops by the back kitchen window, taking something from his pocket and pulling it over his head. Reflected on the window pane we see his goofy Mexican wrestling mask.

INT. KEEFER KITCHEN - CONT.

Mary hangs up and goes back to the island to continue frosting. She admires her work, humming a torch song. The hand carved bride and groom WEDDING FIGURINE is on the counter nearby.

EXT. KEEFER BACKYARD - SAME

The MASKED MAN opens the unlocked back door. He enters, quietly closing the door behind him.

INT. KEEFER KITCHEN - CONT.

As she goes to put the wedding figurine on top of the cake, Mary hears a sound, turns and smiles.

MARY
 Drew? Halloween isn't-

Mary's face registers abject horror.

The MASKED MAN is holding up his gun.

MASKED MAN
 (Spanish accent)
 Don't be scare. Good time for you.

The Masked Man approaches.

MARY
 (gasping)
 Oh, God!

Mary drops the wedding figurine.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - SAME

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, tattooed, spiked hair, dressed in 1980's punk attire, confronts 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. The men 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 - LATER

A patrol car races up the driveway, SIREN howling. Headlights illuminate the scene. The siren GROWLS to a stop. A POLICEMAN gets out holding a shotgun. Drew emerges from his garage and walks quickly toward the policeman.

POLICEMAN
Hands on your head!

DREW
I live here officer! I just got home.

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

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, collapsed among the disheveled bedsheets, the phone nearby. He kneels by her and gently gathers her 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 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 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. He knocks 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 - LATER

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, not only was your wife assaulted, she was raped.

DREW
She told me.

DOCTOR
Is Mrs. Keefer taking any birth control?

DREW
She's on the pill, far as I know.

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 - CONTINUOUS

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. A STRIPPER, 20's, bumps and grinds on the small stage. Lee watches, sitting at a table. Drew enters, and stops by.

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 SALOON MEN'S ROOM - CONT.

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

DREW

Mary was assaulted last night.

LEE

Oh, no! NO!!! Was she hurt?

DREW

Not seriously, but...

(pause)

...she was raped.

LEE

Raped?! For Christ sake! How's that not serious?!

Lee punches the towel dispenser.

LEE

Did they catch the guy?

DREW

No. Detective Hernandez 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. They're always talkin' secretly in Mexican whenever your wife shows up. I don't speak their language, 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 son-of-a-bitch, 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

One shot at a time. I'll bring the beer, and 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 - big.

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

DREW

And I'm going be the one that makes them pay.

Lee pulls Drew to the side, serious.

LEE

Detective Martinez, you said?

DREW

Hernandez.

LEE

I wouldn't count on those Mexican cops we got here in town. They're on the take with some of those south of the border gangs. You know, like some of your employees. 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.

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's 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 your hearts!

MATT
I picked them out myself.

MARY
Aren't they beautiful, Drew?

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.

MARY
Awww, Matt's such a good friend.

DREW
If you ask me, he's a little too friendly.

INT. WOMEN'S CLINIC - DAY

Assembled in a group therapy circle are:

- 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 gorgeous and
sexy? That's not your fault! You
need to stand up for yourself!

DR. LESCHER

Mary, you didn't let this happen.
You were the victim of a violent
crime. You should focus your anger
at your rapist, not yourself.

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. 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 and a small kick, I'd 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

Not if you take care of it. It's a quality firearm.

Mary gestures to one of the guns -

MARY

How about that one? The one with the white handle?

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

It's cute, 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 looks at Drew.

MARY

I suppose it is a good idea.

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 this week
you've been late. 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's 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. Drew,
I think last night was a turning
point for us. You'll see.

At the sink, Mary 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, I got it.

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

For always and forever.

Drew smiles and kisses Mary.

DREW

Maybe you're right. This could be a
turning point for us.

Drew gets a broom and sweeps.

MARY

Boy, what's gotten into you?

DREW

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.

A group of PROTESTORS hold picket signs with slogans such as "STOP THE CRUELTY" and "FREE THE ANIMALS". Drew drives past them into the yard.

EXT. DREW'S OFFICE - CONT.

Drew pulls up to the parking area. A small group of EMPLOYEES are waiting outside his office, including -

HANK, mid 50's, a foreman; Nancy, 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.

DREW

(motions to gate)

What the hell's going on?

NANCY

Remember those letters we got from the Oklahoma Animal Action Network?

HANK

All of a sudden they just showed up. It's even been on the news.

NANCY

I guess we should of answered them.

DREW

When I get tired of those bozos,
I'll have the boys round 'em up and
put 'em in a pen.

LEE

We'll slap a brand on 'em too.

DREW

Let me talk to my attorney first.

Drew heads towards his office, to a few laughs.

HANK

Good to have ya' back, Boss!

Over his shoulder -

DREW

Nancy, come give me an update.

INT. DREW'S OFFICE - CONT.

Drew barely registers Nancy's presence as he stares out the window at his ranch employees.

NANCY

If you want to go with that New
Mexico proposal, we should get back
to them soon.

Drew's attention is focused outside.

DREW

Have the guys been showing up on
time?

NANCY

Yes, everyone's pulled together
while you were away, even Lee.

Nancy looks at Drew, waiting for his direction. She prompts him -

NANCY

Mr. Keefer...do you want me to send
them an approval letter?

DREW

Yeah, type it up and put it on my
desk. That's all for now.

Nancy leaves. Drew watches out the window as the cattle hands roughhouse.

EXT. NEWSPAPER BUILDING COURTYARD - DAY

Mary and Matt sit on a bench. Mary tosses feed from a paper bag to a growing flock of pigeons.

MARY

I'd just like to find out what they intend to do. Drew says they're terrorists.

MATT

They're just protestors. You weren't thinking of taking along a baseball bat to help get your point across, were you?

Mary does her best tough guy imitation.

MARY

Hey, I don't need no stinkin' bat! I got one of these!

Mary holds up her fist and Matt laughs.

MATT

I'd be happy to go with you, but I don't think Drew would like that.

MARY

That's okay. I'll get Drew to go with me.

MATT

You won't find out anything if Drew's around...that is, unless he wears a disguise.

Mary thinks -

MARY

I know! We got this hippie wig Drew wore to a Halloween party. It'd make a great disguise. I'll get him to wear it. It'll be fun!

She laughs. Matt shrugs -

MATT

Well, maybe.

INT./EXT. MARY'S MERCEDES / EXT. KEEFER CATTLE YARD - DAY

Mary pulls over and parks on a dirt road. She gets out and walks down the road toward the -

FRONT GATE

Mary approaches a group of PROTESTERS holding signs outside the gate. Wandering among them, she's distracted by a sign which shows a photo of an injured calf, its rear legs spread far apart as it struggles to stand with its front legs.

FEMALE PROTESTOR (O.S.)
Pretty horrible, isn't it?

Mary turns to see two protestors move toward her.

MARY
Maybe that's an isolated incident.
That photograph might not have -

MALE PROTESTOR
Haven't you seen the video?

MARY
The video?

MALE PROTESTOR
We shot undercover video of that,
and worse!

MARY
But maybe it's unavoidable. You
make it sound like they don't care.

FEMALE PROTESTOR
They don't!

Several protestors gather around Mary. One of them is Ava.

MARY
Why don't you demonstrate against
child abuse or rape?

FEMALE PROTESTOR
Why don't you?

MALE PROTESTOR
Don't pit causes against each
other!

FEMALE PROTESTOR

You'd think the owner would be a little more sensitive to abuse, after what happened to his wife.

Ava shows keen interest.

MALE PROTESTOR

Aren't you the wife that got raped?

Frustrated, Mary walks away.

AVA

C'mon man, that's lame. Show some respect, like you do for the cows.

Ava slaps a brochure into the male protestor's chest.

AVA

Have an adult read this to you.

The protesters shout at Mary as she walks away -

MALE PROTESTOR

We just want the owner to treat his animals with common decency!

FEMALE PROTESTER

Yeah, before he ships them off to the slaughter house!

MALE/FEMALE PROTESTORS

Watch the video!!

INT./EXT. MARY'S MERCEDES / DIRT ROAD - CONT.

Ava follows Mary to her car.

AVA

It's cool you came out here.

MARY

Leave me alone, please!

Mary quickly gets in and looks for her keys. Ava talks through the closed driver side window, her voice muted -

AVA

Can we just have a talk?

Mary rolls her window down.

MARY

If you haven't been through what I have, you wouldn't understand.

Mary starts the car and drives off. Ava shouts -

AVA

My mom's boyfriend raped me when I was sixteen!

Mary brakes hard. She backs up her car to Ava -

AVA

I'm not saying it was worse, it was just fucked up, like what happened to you. Whatever that was.

MARY

I'm sorry. I didn't mean anything against you personally.

AVA

My name's Ava. Why don't we get coffee or something so we can talk?

MARY

I don't think that's a good idea -

AVA

It'll be confidential. I won't get in your face, and no talk about cows, I swear on my tattoos!

Ava ritually slaps both upper arms, her right shoulder, each ankle and her rear. Caught off guard, Mary takes in this peculiar young woman.

MARY

I'm sorry. I really have to go, but it was nice meeting you. Thanks for back there.

As she slowly drives away, Mary glances in the rear view mirror and sees Ava standing in a cloud of dust, waving good-bye like an abandoned child. Mary stops the car. She turns her head out the driver's window, and looks back -

MARY

Look, I -

Suddenly Ava appears at the passenger window, startling Mary.

MARY

Hey, wait a minute!

Ava opens the passenger door and jumps in.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER

Mary and Ava sit at a booth having coffee. Ava eats a waffle.

AVA

I know my mom knew about it. And the fact that she didn't do anything made me feel worse than the rape. I still cry sometimes when I think about it.

MARY

That's awful. So you don't see your mother anymore?

AVA

No way! She was supposed to take care of me and she didn't. She defended him instead. He beat the rape charge on a stupid technicality. And when I saw that smirk on his face in the courtroom -

Ava picks up her napkin and throws it down in disgust.

AVA

Well, he's now serving eight years for statutory rape. Buen viaje to them both! So anybody that tries to mess with this girl, you know what?!

(raising her voice)

You're gonna have to fuck with me!

Ava thumbs her chest aggressively as Mary winces. A few customers turn to look at them.

MARY

Ava, could you please not talk so loud? Everybody can hear you!

AVA

Fuck them! I don't care what people think. That's their problem!

MARY

Do it for me then, please?

Ava looks at Mary -

AVA
Alright. Sure.

Taking a bite of waffle -

AVA
You probably wish I wouldn't swear
too, huh?

MARY
My dad says if you swear, you stain
your mouth.

AVA
Well I guess my mouth's permanently
stained then, cause I swear alot!

MARY
It's only permanently stained when
you tell a lie.

AVA
I don't lie, but when I said we'd
split breakfast, I assumed you
would pay.

MARY
Yeah, and then you ordered the
deluxe waffle plate.

AVA
You brought it up! And you took a
bite...two bites!

MARY
I'm sorry.

AVA
You're actually apologizing for
taking bites out of the food you
bought me?

MARY
You're right. I'm sorry.

AVA
You're doing it again?

Mary sips her coffee. Inquisitively -

MARY
So what's buen viaje? Is that some
kind of Spanish swear word?