

"SAFE AT HOME"

Original Feature Screenplay

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - DAY

MARY KEEFER, mid 20's, a beautiful, blonde, self-assured, pro-women's softball player, leads a group of GIRL ATHLETES in practice. They toss and catch balls.

SUPERIMPOSE: OKLAHOMA CITY, 1990

A VAN parked by a fence is emblazoned with a picture of a girl throwing a ball, with a logo that reads: "THROW LIKE A GIRL", and subtitled "AND SCORE LIKE A PRO".

MATT BLAKE, 30's, a news reporter, stands near the van.

Mary walks up to Matt, wearing a t-shirt with the "THROW LIKE A GIRL" logo. She shouts over her shoulder to one of the girls -

MARY

I'll be right back!

Mary turns to Matt -

MARY

Did you want to talk to me?

MATT

Yeah, hi Ms. Keefer! I'm Matt Blake. I'm a reporter for the Oklahoma Times. We'd like to do an article on you and "Throw Like A Girl" -

MARY

- and "Score Like a Pro"?

MATT

Yeah! I got your number off the van. I'll call you.

MARY

That's great, Matt! I'd love to talk to you about the article.

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 Mary on a softball field, in various action shots.

FIREPLACE MANTEL

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

INT. KEEFER DEN - DAY

DREW KEEFER, mid 30's, good-looking in jeans and hand-tooled cowboy boots, sits over a craftsman's table, deeply focused on carving a flat leather panel with his tools.

INT. KEEFER MASTER BEDROOM / WALK-IN CLOSET - DAY

Mary poses in front of a full-length mirror, smartly dressed in a modest skirt and matching blouse, her look straight out of a fashion magazine.

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

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

INT. KEEFER DEN - CONTINUOUS

As Drew concentrates on his carving -

MARY (O.S.)

Drew! I need a forty watt for the closet!

Drew lifts his head up, revealing a forty five caliber Colt revolver on his craftsman's table.

DREW
How 'bout a forty five?

MARY (O.S.)
That'll do!

INT. KEEFER MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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, "Mr. College Degree Moneybags"!

DREW
No, not what's in the billfold,
what's on it.

Drew displays his fine handiwork - his leather carving.

MARY

That's beautiful, Drew. But I just love what you did with that cattle yard sign. That's extra-special!

DREW

You're extra special, honey lamb.

He takes her in his arms -

DREW

I love you Mary, for always and forever.

A romantic kiss. Mary pulls away. She gestures to her shoes -

MARY

So, are the pumps too dressy? Or do the sneakers make me look like too much like a jock?

Drew admires her legs.

DREW

Anything attached to those legs looks good to me.

MARY

You've got a one track mind, Drew! You're probably still thinking about my new lingerie from Monique's.

Mary pulls up her skirt slowly to expose her sexy panties. Drew's face lights up.

DREW

I'm thinking about that all the time...

The doorbell RINGS -

DREW

Bad timing.

MARY

That must be Matt from the newspaper.

DREW

I already don't like him.

As he leaves to answer the door -

DREW

Go with the sneakers - with those
panties it's kinda kinky.

MARY

One track mind.

INT. KEEFER ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Drew opens the front door to see Matt.

MATT

Hi. Matt Blake, Oklahoma 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!

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

MARY

(to Drew)

I said what you said in Spanish,
I think.

MARY (CONT'D)

(to Matt)

Been looking forward to this, Matt!

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

Matt's attention is drawn to Drew's leather carvings displayed on the wall.

MARY

That's some of Drew'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.

DREW

Hey, don't let Mary try to squeeze me into your article. I don't need the publicity.

MARY

I wish you could have seen the pumpkin carvings Drew did for Halloween this year. They were hilarious.

DREW

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

MATT

I bet those kids didn't care either way.

Drew sneers -

DREW

I guess those kids aren't sophisticated enough to -

Mary tactfully interrupts -

MARY

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

DREW

I have to get to the yard anyway.

Drew kisses Mary goodbye and leaves.

INT. KEEFER DINING ROOM - DAY

MARY

You know, Drew's really creative. He came up with a headline for your interview. How 'bout this - "The Shortstop and the Wrangler"?

MATT

Not bad. I'll run it by my editor.

EXT. KEEFER CATTLE YARD - DAY

A dirt road leads to a large, open FRONT GATE, framed by wooden pillars. Hanging above the gate is a retro-Western style sign with hand-painted cattle, cowboys, and a logo reading: KEEFER FAMILY CATTLE YARD. Drew's truck passes through the gate and we see his personalized rear licence plate, which reads: "COWS P.H.D".

Inside the gate, 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 sits at his desk. HANK, mid 50's, the cattle yard foreman, stands before Drew, irate.

HANK

Every time he's not here, I gotta do his work on top of my work, and the whole yard suffers!

DREW

I know, Hank, I know. Don't worry, I'll take care of it.

HANK

Well, you better do somethin'. Either he goes or I go!

Hank storms out.

Drew looks up at his secretary NANCY, mid 50's, at her desk.

NANCY

I know he's your buddy, but you can't afford to lose Hank, Mr. Keefer! Why don't you get rid of Lee for good this time? Hasn't Mary said anything to you about him?

DREW

Aww, she knows he's a troublemaker, but believe it or not, she has a soft spot for him. When Lee's around Mary he acts like a slovenly puppy dog. He promised her he wouldn't keep me at the bar past midnight. And she found out he lives with his mother -

NANCY

Really?

DREW

Yeah, he gives her diabetes shots. Mary thinks he's a decent guy.

NANCY

Well, he's not a decent employee.

DREW

I'll take care of it, Nancy.

Nancy picks up a letter.

NANCY

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

DREW

No, not now. Mary's picking me up. They're gonna take photos at the ballpark for her newspaper article.

NANCY

Oh, that's so exciting!

DREW

Next thing you know, Hollywood'll come callin'.

NANCY

That Julia Roberts has nothing on
our Mary!

DREW

Yeah, except ten million a picture.

EXT. CATTLE PEN - DAY

Four ranch hands herd cattle up a chute into trucks:

- LEE DALTON, 30's, wiry, with an unruly attitude that shows
up in his posture;

- JESUS, 40's, Mexican with flat-top hair;

- CARLOS, 20's, Mexican; and

- JIMMY, 20's, red-haired, all-American, wears a crucifix

Lee peers over the chute -

LEE

Here she comes, amigos!

They all look over as -

EXT. FRONT GATE - CONT.

Mary, in her sporty white MERCEDES, drives into the yard.

CARLOS (O.S.)

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

EXT. DREW'S OFFICE PARKING LOT - CONT.

Mary pulls up and parks.

JESUS (O.S.)

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

CARLOS (O.S.)

I hope she's wearin' those shorts.

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

As Mary walks up the walkway to Drew's office -

AUDIO: WOLF WHISTLE

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

INT. DREW'S OFFICE - CONT.

Nancy gives Drew a look.

NANCY

Mary must be here. There's your darn buddy Lee again.

DREW

Naw...well, maybe. Hey, Nancy - tell Mary that when she comes in, and let's see what she says.

Mary enters.

NANCY

Hi Mrs. Keefer! Sorry about that darn Lee again.

MARY

Oh, it was probably one of the other guys. Lee wouldn't do that.

DREW

He has this bizarre reverence for her.

MARY

Bizarre reverence?

EXT. CATTLE PEN - SAME

CARLOS

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

JIMMY

You guys are warped!

CARLOS

Yeah, like that image isn't burned into your brain too, Jimmy.

LEE

Leave the church boy alone, and get those cows movin'.

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

EXT. DREW'S OFFICE PARKING LOT - LATER

Drew and Mary get into the Mercedes. As they pull out of the parking lot, Mary turns to see Lee walking over to her driver's side. She brakes and lowers her window.

LEE

Mrs. Keefer? Uh, sorry about that rude behavior before. I was fixin' to slap him right across the face.

MARY

Lee, please don't hit any of our employees!

Drew leans over -

DREW

It's against company policy, Lee.

MARY

I just don't like violence. It gives me the creeps.

LEE

I certainly respect that. I won't use violence if it gives you the creeps, Mrs. Keefer. Not even in self defense.

MARY

I'm gonna hold you to that, Lee.

DREW

Don't forget - I have to talk to you before you leave today.

LEE

Okay, boss.

As Mary drives off -

MARY

(to Drew)

What did you want to talk to him about?

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 PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Drew shouts to Lee -

DREW

HEY! We gotta have a serious talk.

LEE

Oh man! I was so drunk last night, I fell asleep in the back seat of the wrong truck. When I woke up, this guy was driving it. When he saw me pop my head up, it scared the hell of him!

DREW
C'mon Lee, this is serious.

LEE
You think you can you give me a
ride to my truck?

Drew opens the passenger door of his pick-up.

DREW
Alright. Get in.

EXT. BUCKLE BUNNY SALOON - NIGHT

A bright neon sign illuminates the PARKING LOT, filled with
mostly SUV's and pick-up trucks.

INT./EXT. DREW'S PICK-UP TRUCK - SAME

DREW
Oh...this place. I should have
known.

Lee points toward his truck.

LEE
There it is, over there.

Drew parks next to it.

DREW
You can't keep showing up late! If
you're late tomorrow, don't even
bother showing up, 'cause that's
it, you're done.

LEE
Okay, I hear you. It won't happen
again. Lemme buy you a beer.

DREW
A beer's not gonna work this time.

INT. BUCKLE BUNNY SALOON - NIGHT

Drew and Lee drink beers as they watch a nude STRIPPER, 20's,
wearing holsters with six-guns, 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 beautiful,
tight, sweet sixteen ass. Oh, yeah!

Lee nudges Drew -

LEE

C'mon, man! He sounds like a child molester!

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. A bottle crashes to the floor. Lee nudges Drew up.

GOATEE MAN

I'll show you some fucking respect!

The dancer stops her performance -

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 PARKING LOT - 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!

As Drew and Lee arrive at their vehicles -

LEE

Hey - let's wait for this guy.

DREW

Nah, it's late. I gotta get goin'.
Hey - don't be late tomorrow, ok?

They get in their trucks. As Lee drives off, Drew honks his horn, causing Lee to stop. Drew shouts out the open window -

DREW

Don't be late tomorrow or else
you're fired! I mean it!

EXT. KEEFER GARAGE - NIGHT

Drew pulls his truck up the driveway, into the large garage behind his house and gets out.

INT. KEEFER MASTER BEDROOM - CONT.

A harem-like scene, with wispy, colorful fabrics draped around the room. Extinguished candles are on the dormer window ledges. Mary lays sleeping in her pajama short set, propped on pillows against the headboard.

Awakened by FOOTSTEPS from the hall, Mary opens her eyes. As Drew enters, she glances at an alarm clock on her dresser.

DREW
I'm home, hon'.

MARY
I thought you'd be coming home
straight from work!

DREW
It's only midnight.

MARY
It's twenty five after. I tried to
make it nice for you tonight, Drew,
and you left me waitin' all night.

Drew looks her over -

DREW
Is that your new outfit?

MARY
No, it's my made-in-Taiwan P.J.'s.
I took off that sexy French
lingerie an hour ago.

DREW
You look sexy in your P.J.'s too.
It doesn't matter what you wear, I
can see it all in your eyes.

MARY
(softening)
Well, you know what they say...all
the sweeter for the waitin'.

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

MARY
Make it sweet for me, darlin'.

Drew advances toward the bed, a big smile on his face.

INT. KEEFER KITCHEN - NIGHT

An extra-large kitchen with modern appliances and an island, where Mary frosts a cake. Written on the cake is: "TWELVE TASTEE MONTHS", with "TASTEE" highlighted in rainbow colors.

The phone RINGS. Mary picks it up.

MARY
(into phone)
Hello... oh, hi darlin'!

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 tast-ee kiss!

EXT. KEEFER BACKYARD - NIGHT

A back gate, topped by barbed wire. 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 jacket, 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.

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

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 bet. I lived
out there for awhile when I was
goin' to school.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
They got some freaks out there,
huh?

DREW
She seemed ok. But man, they sure
do have some freaks out there.

EXT. KEEFER BACKYARD - NIGHT

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

He stops by the back kitchen window, takes something from his pocket and pulls it over his head. Reflected on the window pane is his fearsome Mexican wrestling mask.

Through the window, he sees -

INT. KEEFER KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mary at the kitchen island, frosting an anniversary cake, humming a torch song. The hand carved bride and groom WEDDING FIGURINE is on the counter nearby.

EXT. KEEFER BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. KEEFER KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

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

MARY
Drew? Hallow -

Mary's smiling face instantly turns to horror as she sees the MASKED MAN holding 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.

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.

POLICEMAN
Hands on your head!

DREW
I'm just getting home. What's going on?

POLICEMAN

We got a report of an assault at
this address.

DREW

Here?!

Drew races to the kitchen door.

POLICEMAN

Hold on! They could be armed in
there!

The officer follows after Drew as he charges in.

INT. KEEFER LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Drew enters to see Mary hugging her knees on the floor, next
to the phone. He 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. Drew, seated across from him, slowly shakes his head.

DREW

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

DETECTIVE HERNANDEZ

Sure, Mr. Keefer. 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, but
let's work together on this. Your
wife said the assailant spoke with
a Spanish accent. He was wearing
what sounded like a Luchador
Mexican wrestler's mask. Does that
ring any bells for you?

DREW

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

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. I'd like you to make a list of men that have been to your house in the last six 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

Tell Mrs. Keefer we're going to get this guy.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LATER

Drew's pacing. He looks up to see a DOCTOR coming out of Mary's room.

DOCTOR

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

DREW

Oh my God.

DOCTOR

Is Mrs. Keefer taking any birth control?

DREW

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

DOCTOR

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.

The doctor looks at Drew -

DOCTOR

Recovery from this kind of trauma can be difficult, Mr. Keefer.

Drew nods.

DOCTOR

I can recommend a psychologist for your wife. You should try to spend as much time as you can with her.

DREW

Okay, I'll take some time off.

DOCTOR

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

DREW

I'll let her sleep and see her in the morning.

INT. BUCKLE BUNNY SALOON - LATER

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.

LEE

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

DREW

Not seriously, but...

(pause)

...she was raped.

Lee punches the towel dispenser.

LEE

Raped?! How's that not serious for Christ sake!?! Did they catch the son-of-a-bitch?

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 whenever your wife shows up. I don't speak Mexican, but I know what they're sayin', if you know what I mean. 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.

As Lee takes a leak at the urinal -

LEE

You know, I think the world of Mrs. Keefer. What happened to her makes me sick to my stomach. You can't just let it go. Somebody's gonna have to pay.

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

Lee pulls Drew to the side, serious.

LEE

Detective Martinez, you said?

DREW

Hernandez.

LEE

I wouldn't count on those Mexican cops here in town. They're on the take with those south-of-the-border gangs. They even got the same tattoos. I've seen 'em. 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 to see Mary in bed.

DREW

You awake?

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

MARY

I'm so sorry this happened, Drew. I was so scared of the gun, I couldn't -

DREW

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

He gives a soft kiss to her forehead.

DREW

Whatever it takes, we'll get through this. If you want, I'll stay home from work and we'll go see a couple of ball games.

Drew sits next to Mary on the bed.

DREW

Here's something you might like.

Drew shows Mary a newspaper, and she spots the headline.

MARY

"She 'Throws Like A Girl'"! It's Matt's article about me! Aww... sorry hon', he didn't use your idea.

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

MATT

Oh, I didn't mean to interrupt. I can come back later.

DREW

Yeah, that would 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

Bless your hearts!

MATT

I picked them out myself.

MARY

Aren't they beautiful, Drew?

Drew's non-responsive.

MATT

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

MARY

Thanks, Matt. See you later!

Drew glares at Matt as he quietly leaves the room.

DREW

I bet the Oklahoma Times paid for those flowers. They never should have published that news report about your assault. I'm gonna talk to Frank about this.

MARY

Aww, c'mon Drew. Matt's been 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, a middle-aged therapist who wears glasses;
- ALINE, mid-20's, a brash feminist;
- Two FEMALE THERAPY PATIENTS; and
- Mary, in mid-share.

MARY

When Drew and I first got married, I was a little afraid of sex. I was still a virgin. But then Drew turned sex into something intimate and fun. I used to dress up and we played games.

ALINE

What kind of games?

MARY

You know, like I'd dress up in French lingerie and pretend to be his maid, and say silly stuff like, "I think Monsieur's being naughty".

ALINE

Molly and I play games too -

DR. LESCHER

(interrupts)

Ladies, I think we're getting a little off topic here. Let's save that for another time.

MARY

The point is, I don't want that horrible experience I had to ruin our sex life.

Mary pounds her thigh with her fist.

MARY

Why was I so stupid?! Why didn't I try to fight him off?

DR. LESCHER

Mary, you didn't let this happen. He had a gun. You were the victim of a violent crime. Focus your anger at your rapist, not yourself. You need to stand up for 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 a T-shirt.

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, hon'.

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

INT. MONIQUE'S LINGERIE SHOP - DAY

Mary examines lingerie on a clothing rack amidst scantily clad mannequins. She's approached by MONIQUE, the shop owner.

MONIQUE

Mary! I'm so glad to see you!
 (softly)
 How are you doing, sweetheart?

MARY

I'm doin' better.

MONIQUE

I'm so sorry!

Monique gives her a hug.

MARY

I'll be okay, Monique. I just gotta
 move on with my life. I came by
 today cause I thought one of your
 pretty outfits would help me feel
 like I'm back to normal.

MONIQUE

I have something that's just
 perfect for you Mary, you're gonna
 love it!

INT. KEEFER MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

Drew stumbles in, drunk.

MARY

You said you'd be right home, Drew.
 This is the third time this week
 you've been late.

Mary watches Drew strip down to his underwear.

MARY

We had an agreement with Lee that
 you'd come home by midnight,
 remember?

DREW

I just stopped for one last beer.

Mary starts to cry.

MARY

I thought tonight was gonna be
 special, Drew!

MARY (CONT'D)

I thought we were gonna have a good time! Instead I'm waitin' here, all alone and scared!

DREW

I'm really sorry, Mary.

MARY

You know I don't feel safe at home alone!

Drew breaks down -

DREW

I'm so sorry, babe! I promise I won't be late again! I love you more than anything!

Drew reaches out to Mary 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. Lost in thought, Drew indifferently accepts her attention.

Mary holds up her index finger and bends it.

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 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.

DREW

For always and forever.

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

MARY

Boy, what's gotten into you?

DREW

Maybe you're right. I think this is
a turning point.

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

No, they won't bite - they just put
a hole in you.

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

If you take care of it, it shouldn't. 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.

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 over one eye.

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 getting a gun is a good idea.

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

Drew drives toward the cattle yard front gate.

A group of PROTESTORS hold picket signs with slogans such as "STOP THE CRUELTY" and "MEAT IS MURDER". 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, Nancy, Lee, Carlos, Jesus, and Jimmy. Drew gets out of his truck and greets them.

NANCY

Hello Drew! Welcome back.

HANK

Good to see ya', Drew.

JIMMY

Hi Mr. Keefer! Give my regards to Mrs. Keefer.

Drew gives Jimmy 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 clowns, 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 chuckles.

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 calls them the animal rights gestapo.

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... unless he wears a disguise.

Mary thinks -

MARY

I know! We got this hippie wig and a tie-dye t-shirt Drew wore to a Halloween party. It'd make a great disguise. I'll get him to wear it. It'll be fun!

MATT

Good luck with that.

She laughs. Matt shrugs -

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

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

FRONT GATE

Mary approaches a group of PROTESTERS outside the gate, holding signs . Wandering among them, she's distracted by a sign depicting 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 protest child abuse
or rape instead of for cows?

FEMALE PROTESTOR
Why don't you?

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 PROTESTER
Aren't you the wife that got raped?

Mary glares at him.

AVA
(to male protester)
Hey, maybe you're the rapist that
got away!

As Mary walks away -

MARY
Maybe he is.

The protesters shout after Mary -

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 the car. As she starts her car, she
hears Ava in a muted voice through her closed windows -

AVA
Can we just have a talk?

Mary rolls down her window.

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

As Mary drives off, Ava shouts -

AVA
I was sixteen when my mom's
boyfriend raped me!

Mary brakes hard. She backs up 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

I promise it'll be confidential and I won't get in your face. I swear on my tattoos!

Ava ritually slaps both her upper arms, her right shoulder, both ankles 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 and sees Ava standing in a cloud of dust, waving good-bye like an abandoned child. Mary stops the car. She looks over her shoulder out the driver's window -

MARY

Look, I -

Suddenly Ava opens the passenger door, startling Mary.

MARY

Hey, wait a minute!

Ava jumps in.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER

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

AVA

My mom knew - 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. Don't you talk to your mother anymore?

AVA

No way! She was supposed to take care of me, but 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

You know what? Now he's serving eight years for statutory rape. Buen viaje to them both! So anybody that tries to mess with this girl,
(raising her voice)
They'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

Well do it for me then, please?

Taking a bite of waffle, Ava looks at Mary -

AVA

Alright, sure, whatever. You probably wish I didn't swear, too.

MARY

My dad used say if you swear, you stain your mouth.

AVA

I guess my mouth's permanently stained then, cause I swear a lot.

MARY

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

AVA

I don't lie, but...when I told you I was sixteen...I was seventeen.

MARY

Why'd you lie about that?

AVA

I was in a hurry. Sixteen's only two syllables, seventeen's three. Back in the car when I said we'd split breakfast, I said that 'cause I thought you'd pay.

MARY

Is that why you ordered the deluxe waffle plate?

AVA

Yeah! Anyway, you took a bite. Actually, two bites!

MARY

Oh, sorry.

AVA

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

MARY

I guess you're right, sorry.

AVA

You're doing it again!

Mary sips her coffee.

MARY

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

AVA

It means good riddance to bad rubbish!

MARY

Sometimes people can change. Like your mom.

AVA

Yeah right. Let me know when that happens.

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

Drew drives up to the -

FRONT GATE

Drew sees a group of PROTESTERS holding signs. He rolls down his window and yells -

DREW

There's a police van on the way to arrest every one of you for trespassing! You better get ready.

PROTESTOR

They should be arresting you for animal cruelty instead!

As the protestors move toward Drew's truck, he gives them the finger and pulls away with a smirk, which disappears once out of their sight.

INT. DREW'S OFFICE - DAY

Seated at his desk, Drew's gaze is fixed on the wedding figurine in front of him, and his revolver next to it.

Drew looks out the window to see the cattle hands working at a nearby cattle pen. Drew picks up his revolver and aims it at Jesus, Carlos, Jimmy, and finally Lee.

Out the window, Drew sees two police cars drive up and park outside his office. He quickly stashes the wedding figurine and revolver in his desk drawer.

EXT. DREW'S OFFICE - CONT.

TWO COPS in uniform exit one of the cars and head to the nearby breeding barn.