

MUST BE RETURNED
WITHIN 24 HRS!!

MY NEW GUN

second draft



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INT: NEW JERSEY TOWNHOUSE. LIVING ROOM. - THAT EVENING.

GERALD BENDER, 39, a radiologist, is making a pitcher of dry martinis at the open kitchen counter that faces into the living and dining room of his suburban townhouse.

He's opening up a new bottle of gin, breaking the paper seal.

GERALD

So what's the big news, Irwin? What's the big news?

He pours some gin in the wide glass pitcher, and adds a short splash of vermouth.

DEBBIE BENDER, 31, his wife, is in the living room, on the floor. She's at the side of a coffee table, spreading pate on too many crackers, laying them out in a very long row.

IRWIN BLOOM, 41, and MYRA, 19, his girlfriend, are sitting very close on the couch, glowing.

IRWIN

Me and Myra. We're tying the knot.

GERALD grins. He and IRWIN are partners.

GERALD

I knew it.

DEBBIE

We guessed. Congratulations.

IRWIN leans in and takes a cracker with spread for himself, and one for MYRA. He smiles.

IRWIN

You noticed her ring.

MYRA is wearing a gigantic diamond.

DEBBIE

We certainly did.

GERALD

It's beautiful, Myra.

MYRA smiles.

DEBBIE
It's very big.

MYRA
Thanks.

GERALD
(briefly distracted)
Where the hell are those olives--

GERALD turns to look around, and his elbow inadvertently sideswipes the pitcher. It goes tumbling off the counter, CRASHING to the kitchen floor with a rapid SHATTER and SPLASH.

GO TO BLACK, briefly. Then:

COME BACK UP ON:

INT: LIVING ROOM. A FEW MOMENTS LATER.

GERALD stands by the couch with another pitcher; a plastic replacement. He bends to refill the glasses in IRWIN and MYRA's expectant hands.

GERALD
Sorry about that.

IRWIN
Hey. Not a big disaster.

IRWIN gives MYRA's shoulder a squeeze, watching an olive plop into her glass.

INT. KITCHEN.

On DEBBIE's narrow fingers: She's picking up shards of the broken glass, and dropping them into an ice bucket.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM.

MYRA
Irwin got me something else too.
(wiping a drip of her
drink off her lip)
Didn't you, Irwin.

IRWIN doesn't respond.

DEBBIE returns a mop to its closet, and picks up her own martini.

DEBBIE

What did you get for her, Irwin?

IRWIN

Just a little something she needed. In my opinion. You might not agree.

GERALD has an expectant smile as he pours another drink.

GERALD

What is it?

MYRA

He got me a .38!

DEBBIE's face drains.

GERALD

You got her a gun?

IRWIN leans forward and cuts himself a piece of cheese.

IRWIN

Well. Yes. I did.

IRWIN places the cheese on a cracker.

GERALD says nothing. DEBBIE says nothing.

IRWIN (CONT'D)

First of all, she's got to go through Port Authority every night.

GERALD

She carries it with her?

IRWIN

It's very small.

IRWIN pops the cheese and cracker into his mouth, and brushes his hands.

MYRA

It's got "MYRA" etched in the handle!

DEBBIE puts down her glass, as if she is ready to get up and leave. Irwin chews.

MYRA (CONT'D)

You want me to show you? It's in my bag.

DEBBIE watches her fish around in her bag, and says nothing.

IRWIN

Something smells delicious, Deb. What do I smell? Lamb, is it?

DEBBIE

Yes Irwin. Lamb.

GERALD smiles briefly as MYRA pulls out the little gun. He is not yet sure of his own opinion here.

TITLE CARD:

Why it's not the title
"LADY .38"

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

EXT: TOWNHOUSE BACKYARD. A WEEK LATER - DAY

GERALD lies outside in a lounge chair. He has a medical journal (with pictures) across his lap. DEBBIE stands above him.

GERALD

Debbie, look. I like the idea. And I want to give it a try. Just in case.

DEBBIE looks at GERALD sprawled on the lounge chair beneath her.

DEBBIE

Just in case of what?

GERALD

In case. In case of a prowler. A break-in. A threat to us here in the house. It happens.

He takes her hand in his hand.

GERALD (CONT'D)

We live in a very sick world.

He looks away then, at the view from his backyard, at other backyards, and beyond.

GERALD (CONT'D)

The fact is, I'm very uncomfortable with us living the way that we do. Totally unprotected.

She looks off, where he is looking. There is no one around.

DEBBIE
Let me ask you a question.

GERALD
You mean a lot to me.

DEBBIE
Gerald.

GERALD
What.

DEBBIE
How did Irwin convince you of this?

GERALD
This has nothing to do with Irwin. I just agree with him.

DEBBIE
Well I don't. And I don't want it.

GERALD
You don't want it.

DEBBIE
I don't want it.

GERALD
Well it's too late. You've got it.

DEBBIE looks at him and says nothing.

GERALD (CONT'D)
Everyone's armed. And that's final.

CUT TO:

INT: TOWNHOUSE. THE HALL TO THE BEDROOM. - DAY

DEBBIE is vacuuming in the hall.

In a series of jump cuts: She moves closer and closer in toward the master bedroom.

The vacuum cord behind her uncoils, and gets more and more taut as she is drawn down the hall. When she has vacuumed herself to the bedroom door, her POV zeroes in on the nighttable next to the king-size bed.

A shot of the middle drawer. She stares at it.

INT. DEBBIE'S BEDROOM. A MOMENT LATER.

DEBBIE sits on the bed.

She slowly pulls the drawer open. A gun is laying inside. She touches the handle, turns the barrel away, then pulls her hand back. She shuts the drawer.

CUT TO:

INT: BEDROOM. - EVENING.

DEBBIE is leaning in to her wardrobe mirror, wiping off makeup.

She shifts to her left, and the nighttable shows up in the reflection, behind her. She stares at it briefly, then shifts to the right, to block her view of it.

CUT TO:

INT: BEDROOM. - NIGHT

In bed at night, having sex with Gerald, DEBBIE is preoccupied with the presence of the nighttable. This is a shadowy scene, but we get the idea that she is distracted. So does GERALD.

Eventually, he gives up on her, pulls away, and drops onto his back. They are both on their backs, side by side.

DEBBIE

I'm distracted.

GERALD

You're distracted.

DEBBIE

I don't feel safe with it here.

GERALD

You're supposed to feel safer.

GERALD turns on his side, away from her. DEBBIE stays on her back.

A pause. She lays there. The nighttable sits there. A pause. She lays there.

Then: "BANG!!!!" The nighttable drawer EXPLODES out.

It flies across the carpet, as if from the gun exploding within it.

DEBBIE bolts upright and screams.

GERALD jumps up and flips on a lamp. He looks to DEBBIE, and she to the drawer. But the drawer is unchanged. Nothing has happened.

GERALD

What happened?

DEBBIE

I don't know. I mean, I don't know what happened. I thought, I mean, I don't know.

They look at each other. After a moment, he turns off the light. She lays back down.

The phone RINGS, in the darkness. DEBBIE grabs it.

DEBBIE

Hello?

SKIPPY (VO, THROUGHOUT)
(through the phone)

Debbie. It's me--

GERALD

Who is it?

DEBBIE

(into the phone)

Skippy?

SKIPPY (VO)

I heard you scream. Are you okay?

DEBBIE and GERALD exchange a look.

DEBBIE

Skippy. I'm fine-- I just--

SKIPPY (VO)

Did he fuckin hit you? If he fuckin hit you--

DEBBIE

Oh gee. Thanks. But we're both fine.

SKIPPY (VO)

I'm just looking out for your safety.

DEBBIE

(after a pause)

Thank you.

SKIPPY (VO)

Kitty Genovese, Deb.

She looks at her window. It is completely dark outside.

DEBBIE

I know. You're right. Thank you.

SKIPPY (VO)

It's alright.

DEBBIE

Good night.

She hangs up.

GERALD

What the hell is wrong with that guy?

DEBBIE

He heard me scream. It's fine.

GERALD looks at her.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

What? What are you looking at? It was a nightmare, Gerald. I'm sorry. I yelled. Whatever.

(a moment)

Would you mind if I watched tv or something?
Just to relax.

GERALD

I'd rather you didn't. It's 4 am.

She looks at him. She lays back down.

FADE TO BLACK.

COME UP ON:

INT: TOWNHOUSE BEDROOM. - DAY

DEBBIE is flat on her back, on top of the bed, with a washcloth across her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT: TOWNHOUSE LIVING ROOM. - DAY

GERALD and IRWIN maneuver a very large piece of sculpture, which is wrapped in brown paper and bubble wrap, through the front door of the townhouse. GERALD eases his side of the bulky thing through the doorway first. IRWIN is still half outside.

GERALD

Are you okay?

IRWIN

I'm fine. It was just the step. Go ahead.

GERALD

Watch your jacket. It's caught.

IRWIN disattaches his sleeve.

GERALD (CONT'D)

I like that jacket alot.

IRWIN

It's Gore-tex.

GERALD

I can see that it's Gore-tex. Watch the plant.

IRWIN

I see it.

GERALD

Where did you get it?

IRWIN

Guess what it cost me.

They are moving inside now, still holding the sculpture. The front door is open behind them.

GERALD

With or without the pants.

IRWIN

Not the pants. I didn't want pants.

GERALD is carefully backing up between the sofa and a chair.

GERALD

300.

IRWIN

385.

GERALD

Yeah? And you like it?

IRWIN

Put your side down.

GERALD puts his side down.

GERALD

Hey go get the door before someone comes in.

IRWIN puts his side down.

IRWIN

That's not a bad price.

GERALD

For Gore-tex. I know. Crazy though, right?
For a windbreaker.

IRWIN

Why is it crazy? I needed it.

GERALD

Yeah. I might get one.

IRWIN

You should. Just for golf.

GERALD

Maybe I will. Not just for golf.

IRWIN

(now at the sculpture)
This will look good in here.

GERALD

She'll love it, right?

IRWIN

She better. For what you paid.

CUT TO:

INT: BEDROOM. - DAY

DEBBIE peels back the washcloth, and has a look at the ceiling,
when she hears a sudden CRASH!!

It is the sound of a gigantic sculpture falling, out in the
living room. DEBBIE doesn't move.

Then there is another CRASH! of a vase. And SHATTER! A bowl.

DEBBIE gets up, goes to the door, and cautiously toward the hall.