

Blond Bomber

by:
Brandon Coleman

Contact:

Brandon Coleman
Mobile Telephone: 708 606 8586
Email: slim268604@yahoo.com

FADE IN:

INT. LINDEN HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

BEDROOM DOOR

The bedroom door is closed, but a couple of voices' yells and screams are heard.

A loud, thud rattles the door.

MASTER BEDROOM INTERIOR

Inside, BETHANY, petite, brown eyed, blonde, is doubled over on the floor with her back pressed against a dresser.

PERRY, tall, dark, and square jawed with high arching brows, steps toward her while he wipes blood from his lips.

PERRY

I told you, stop hitting me!
Now look at you. Look what you
made me do!

Bethany curls up against the dresser with her knees pressed firm to her bosoms. Perry extends a hand to her, but when he reaches, she pulls away.

PERRY

Damn it! I'm sorry! You know
how much I love you, Beth.

BETHANY

Is that how you show love, by
raising a hand to your wife?

PERRY

Beth, don't start another fight
with me. Can't you see I'm
trying to--

BETHANY

Shut up. Save it for someone
else. Better yet, why don't you
run onto your slut, Nichole?

She rises to her feet, her back presses against the dress. As she sidesteps toward the door, she keeps her eyes fixed on

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Perry.

PERRY

Nichole? How many times do I...
She is just my assistant.

BETHANY

You're full of it. I can't
believe I put my life, my
dreams on hold for you.

PERRY

What. I've given you
everything. What more could
you possibly want?

BETHANY

Do you really think I don't
give damn about this house or
this diamond necklace?

She rips her necklace from her neck and throws it at him.

BETHANY

I want you, Perry! When's the
last time we took a walk
together, or said something
other than, "How was your day?"

She moves closer to Perry. Her hands are held out in a
pleading manner.

PERRY

Beth, honey.

She puts two fingers over his lips. Her hands run down to his
hands. She rubs the back of them then flips them over doing
the same to his palms.

BETHANY

When did we last cuddle? When
is the last time you gave me a
hot, passionate, fuck.

Perry opens his mouth but no words come out.

BETHANY

I'm your wife, Perry. I want

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your passion, your love. When
will you understand that--

She turns to the door, proceeds, and opens it.

BETHANY

--Maybe we'd be better off
separated.

As Bethany opens the door wider, Perry sprints toward her. He
then pulls her back and slams the door shut.

PERRY

What did you say?

He drags her to the bed.

BETHANY

Nothing.

PERRY

I'll be damned if I let you go.

He tosses Bethany on the bed, mounts himself atop her. She
thrusts her hips up and pushes at him, but Perry pushes her
down with ease.

PERRY

No one can have you but me.

He rips Bethany's gown open then slides his pajama pants down.
As he forces himself into Bethany, she thrashes about.

BETHANY

No, Perry, stop it.

She kicks, screams, and claws him to free herself.

Perry seizes both of Bethany's wrists, pins them to the bed.
He stretches her arms above her head with one hand then grabs
her face with the other.

PERRY

This is what you wanted isn't
it, a passionate FUCK?

He shoves himself into Bethany. Her face flushes redder with
each thrust of his hips. As he thrusts and harder, a tear

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streaks down Bethany's cheek.

INT. LINDEN HOUSEHOLD - DAY

LIVING ROOM

Bethany finishes doing push-ups then reclines in an armchair and pants with her hands behind her head.

STEPS

Perry bounces downstairs with a brown briefcase in hand. He then struts into the--

LIVING ROOM

PERRY

Beth, I'm off to work.

He leans forward to kiss her. She turns her cheek.

PERRY

Fine.

INT. LINDEN DENTAL OFFICE - DAY

Soon after Perry walks into his office he comes across NICHOLE, mocha complexion, thin waist, curvy physique, and has wavy black hair that stretches halfway down her backside.

NICHOLE

(excited)

Perry.

She rushes up to Perry, embraces him in her petite arms. Perry rests his hands on her hips then kisses her.

PERRY

Baby, the wife suspects something between you and me.

NICHOLE

Forget about her.

PERRY

I can't. Beth is the mother of my kids.

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Nichole gently pinches his cheeks

NICHOLE

Well, Mr. Sensitive, you've got
a patient waiting for you in
room four.

ROOM FOUR

Perry examines a patient's mouth then places the dental hook
and inspection mirror on a tray to the side.

PERRY

Mr. Kern, you have one serious
cavity. It'll get more painful
if it's not filled soon.

ALBERT KERN is a husky man, in his mid 40's. His body is in
tiptop shape.

ALBERT KERN

What's to happen if I postpone
the filling for a few days?

PERRY

It could get infected and I
might have to perform a root
canal.

ALBERT KERN

In that case, do what you got
to do now, Doc.

Perry places a sucking tube in Albert's mouth.

A drill sounds in the background.

INT. CROCKET ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

CAFETERIA

Kids eat and talk amongst each other.

FREDRICK LINDEN, age 9, thin, tall for his age, dark haired
eats lunch with ALEX, chubby, red-haired, glasses.

Fredrick, bites into his sandwich, chews, spits it out.

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FREDRICK

Ah! Everyday lunch sucks.

ALEX

It's not that bad. I kind of like it.

FREDRICK

Are you kidding?

He flips open his sandwich.

FREDRICK

I can't tell whether this is ham or roast beef.

ALEX

If you don't want it, I'll eat it.

He reaches over and grabs Fredrick's sandwich.

ALEX

Why don't you have your mom make your lunch?

He bites into his first sandwich, devours it. Commotion from older boys catches Fredrick's ear.

JASON

Staind sucks.

JAMES

Yeah, *Slipknot* is way better than those emo chu--

FREDRICK

It's a matter of opinion. I think *Staind* is amazing.

JEFFREY

Who asked for your input?

FREDRICK

I'm not taking anything away from *Slipknot*, I like them too, but I like *Staind's* passion more.

JAMES, JASON, and JEFFREY each wear dark colors with a lot of red and very short hair. They turn to Fredrick and Alex.

Jason
Hey, aren't you that kid with
the really hot mom?

FREDRICK
Careful what you say or I'll
make you eat your words.

JEFFREY
I think he is.

Jeffrey ruffles Fredrick's hair.

JAMES
Yep, you're the son of that hot
blonde with the huge tits.

Fredrick balls his hands into a fist.

FREDRICK
(low)
Don't talk that way about my
Mom.

JEFFREY
You're Mom's hot. Give me a
year and she'll be calling me
daddy.

JAMES
In your dreams, Jeff. Your
balls probably haven't even
dropped yet.

JEFFREY
Shut up, James.

The three older boys laugh and slap each other on the back.
Jason leans into Fredrick.

JASON
No, she'll be calling me daddy.

FREDRICK

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I said stop it!

Fredrick slams his fist on his table. Silence follows the loud thud. Everyone in the cafeteria turn to Fredrick and Jason.

ALEX

Cool it, Fred. They're sixth graders.

FREDRICK

I don't care. Nobody talks like that about my Mom!

JASON

Before you know it, she'll be my little whore... son.

Fredrick grabs Jason by his shirt, slings him to the tile floor. Jason laughs.

FREDRICK

(snarls)

Take it back.

JASON

(straight tone)

Make me.

Fredrick's fist cut throw the air, hit Jason's nose. Blood spurts into the air.

JASON

Get off me you little punk!

James and Jeffrey spring forward, tear Fredrick off of Jason. They then pin him down on a table. Jason stands to his feet.

JASON

Hold him still!

He lifts Fredrick's chin up, cocks his arm back, and punches him twice in the face.

ALEX

(loud)

No.

He spears Jason into Jeffrey. That frees up one of Fredrick's

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fist. With it, he punches James on the chin, then swings his leg up and kicks him in the chest. James flies off the table.

Jeffrey holds Alex still while Jason knees him in the stomach.

Fredrick picks up a tray, smashes it over Jason's head, whacks him across the face as he spins around, and then drops his elbow onto his back.

Jason crashes to the floor with Fredrick atop him.

Jeffrey stares at Jason, he loosens his hold on Alex; Alex then does an upper-cutting headbutt. Jeffrey falls to the floor holding his bloody mouth.

INT. CROCKET ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Principal Thompson sits at her desk. She stares blankly at Fredrick who, in return, stares the same way at her.

The door opens. In rushes Bethany with JESSICA (2) dimpled cheeks, short curly, light, brown haired in her arms. She sits beside Fredrick and lays sleeping Jessica across her lap.

BETHANY

Awe, Fredrick, honey look at you--

She rubs her hand along his face.

BETHANY

Your face is all swollen. Your dad isn't going to be happy about this.

(to Principal Thompson)

Sorry I'm late, Regina.

PRINCIPAL THOMPSON

This is Fredrick's 5th fight in 8 weeks. If he continues this behavior, I will expel him.

BETHANY

That won't be necessary, Regina. I'll see to it he doesn't get into any more trouble.

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PRINCIPAL THOMPSON

Ok, this is his final warning.
No more fighting for the
remainder of the year. As of
now he's suspended for 3 days.

Bethany, Jessica, and Fredrick exit the office. Once in the hallway, Alex comes to view. Both of his eyes have black rings around them. An older red-haired woman sits beside him.

INT. BETHANY'S CAR - DAY

Fredrick is in the passenger seat. He stares straight ahead. Strapped in her car seat, behind Bethany, Jessica plays with a stuffed lion.

Bethany glances at Fredrick.

BETHANY

Why do you always pick fights
with kids bigger than you?

FREDRICK

I don't care how big they are.

BETHANY

What did he say?

FREDRICK

You know what they say.

BETHANY

Oh, that again... How many of
them were there?

FREDRICK

Huh?

BETHANY

One kid alone couldn't have
done this to you.

FREDRICK

Put yourself in my shoes.
Imagine the things they say?
You'd take on as many kids as
you could too.

BETHANY

(smiles)

...I bet you didn't eat did you?

INT. WENDY'S - DAY

Bethany, Fredrick, and Jessica sit toward front of the restaurant.

In front of Fredrick is a chicken sandwich meal plus two double hamburgers.

Bethany cleans smeared ketchup off of Jessica's face. She looks up, two empty sandwich wrappers in front of Fredrick.

BETHANY

How can you eat so much and stay so small?

FREDRICK

I don't know. Maybe I get it from you.

Bethany and Fredrick laugh.

LATER

Jason and MARTHA, a woman, dull in appearance, with long, straight, dark hair, wearing a blue dress suit approach Bethany.

FREDRICK

Mom, there's one of the boys.

Upon turning around, Bethany finds herself eye to eye with Martha.

BETHANY

Hi.

MARTHA

Is this the boy?

Jason's bottom lip is split, a purple bruise on each cheek, and his left eye is nearly swelled shut. He holds an ice pack to his swollen face.

JASON

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Yes, ma'am.

MARTHA

Excuse me. I think your boy owes my son an apology.

BETHANY

I'm sorry, but your son owes Fredrick an apology. He instigated the incident.

MARTHA

Listen, I don't know what kind of house you run. I'm guessing you let that hooligan run wild. Look at my boy's face--

She pulls Jason forward.

MARTHA

The principal told me all about your son and his temper.

She gently scoots Jason back then grabs Fredrick by his right arm. Her fingers dig deep into him while she lifts him from his seat.

MARTHA

(angered)

Apologize right now.

FREDRICK

Ouch. Let go.

Bethany leaps from her seat and throws a crushing right hook. Martha stumbles back, releases her grip on Fredrick.

MARTHA

I see where he gets his temper from.

She touches her nose. A thin layer of blood coats her fingertips.

BETHANY

Don't ever, ever, touch my son again.

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MARTHA
 (hysterical)
 You bitch. You broke my nose.

Martha lunges forth with her right fist leading the way. Bethany steps to her left then throws a straight punch. It connects with Martha's chin, stops her stunned on her feet.

BETHANY
 Don't swear in front of my daughter either.

JASON
 (concerned)
 Mom, don't.

Jason grabs his mother by her wrist. She looks back, stares into his eyes.

MARTHA
 Ok.

She wipes blood from her upper lip, readjusts her clothes then leaves out the door with her son. Martha mutters under her breathe the entire way to the exit.

Meanwhile, Fredrick looks up at Bethany in awe.

FREDRICK
 (stutters)
 I... I've never seen you fight before. I never, I never knew you could fight.

BETHANY
 Don't get used to it. Fighting is wrong. People should settle their differences with words.

FREDRICK
 (cynical)
 Yeah, yeah... actions speak louder than words.

As Bethany and Fredrick clean off their table, Albert Kern walks over and taps Bethany on her shoulder.

ALBERT

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Excuse me.

BETHANY

(queerly)

Yes.

ALBERT

That was a mean right hook you laid on that woman a little while ago.

BETHANY

Yeah, well, she had not right to touch my son.

ALBERT

You have a lot of potential

BETHANY

Potential...

ALBERT

Boxing. You ever thought about stepping into the ring?

BETHANY

Me boxing, my husband would freak. Besides, I'm not a violent person--

Bethany grabs a napkin and wipes Jessica's face clean, brushes crumbs from her lap, and lifts her up onto her side.

Bethany

--Fredrick, grab your backpack so we can go.

ALBERT

My name's Albert Kern.

He extends his hand to Bethany. She shakes it.

BETHANY

Bethany.

ALBERT

I'm a trainer, former trainer. You're not a violent person and

that's fine, but you have a reason to fight.

He looks down at Fredrick. Bethany follows his eyes.

BETHANY

I was protecting my family. It's maternal instinct.

ALBERT

You're a natural and you're stronger than you think. This could be what you're missing.

BETHANY

Thanks again, but boxing, I don't know. I try to resolve my issues with words if I can.

FREDRICK

Give it a shot Mom. I can already picture you in the ring pounding on all the women.

Albert digs into his pocket, pulls out a business card.

ALBERT

Do me a favor, think about it. Here's my card if you change your mind.

Albert hands Bethany his card. She glimpses down at it then takes it from his hand.

BETHANY

We really have to go. It's been nice talking to you.

Albert waves to Bethany, Fredrick, and Jessica, as they leave the restaurant.

ALBERT

Don't forget to call me if you change your mind.

INT. LINDEN HOUSE - DAY

Bethany and the kids have entered the house. Perry kisses

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Bethany on her cheek as she and the kids walk into the living room.

PERRY
What happened at school,
Freddy?

BETHANY
He got into a fight with a
bunch of kids.

She sets her purse down

Perry kneels down, examining Fredrick's swollen face.

PERRY
Your face is bruised up pretty
bad. Did you lose?

FREDRICK
Do I ever lose a fight?

Bethany sheds her jacket, lays it across the back of the sofa.

BETHANY
Trust me the other kid was
worse off the Fredrick.

Perry gives Fredrick a big hug then throws a few playful jabs at him.

PERRY
So you showed that rotten
mouthed punk who's the boss,
right son?

FREDRICK
I guess.

Bethany sits Jessica down in a large, red, playpen across the room.

BETHANY
Jess, play with your toys for a
little while. Mommy will be
back to read you your favorite
story in a minute.

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JESSICA

Ok, Mommy.

Bethany rejoins Fredrick and Perry.

BETHANY

I don't like all this fighting
Fredrick is getting into. What
if he really gets hurt next
time?

PERRY

Honey, you and I both know he
can handle himself.

BETHANY

Our son needs counseling so he
can manage his anger in a more
constructive way.

Perry

That's absurd. There's nothing
wrong with unleashing
aggression from time to time.

BETHANY

He almost got expelled today.
Does any of that matter to you?

PERRY

Yes, it matters.

FREDRICK

It's one thing to talk about me
behind my back but guys, I'm
standing right here.

Perry turns then kneels to Fredrick.

PERRY

I'm sorry, son. All I'm saying
is a little aggression in boys
your age is normal.

Fredrick

Normal, right. Anyway, one of
the kids I beat up, Mom whopped
his mom's butt.

PERRY

When?

FREDRICK

This afternoon, the kid and his mom came up to Wendy's while we were eating. She was yelling and grabbing all on me--

Perry raises his eyebrows, turns to Bethany as Fredrick continues to talk. He slowly stands to his feet. His eyes remain fixed on Bethany as he walks over to her.

Fredrick acts out movements while he talks.

FREDRICK

-- Mom stepped aside punched her so hard she stopped stone cold on her feet. It was crazy!

Perry lowers his eyebrows then brushes Bethany's hair back.

PERRY

(condescending)

Aren't you supposed to be the nonviolent one?

BETHANY

I am. It was just a little argument.

FREDRICK

Mom, you broke her nose. That's the biggest little argument I ever saw.

Fredrick walks around to the sofa. He picks up a remote from a coffee table and clicks on a flat screen TV opposite of the sofa.

BETHANY

That woman harassed our children. I think that calls for a little exception.

PERRY

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One thing is clear.

BETHANY

What's that?

PERRY

If you send Freddy's not the only one with pent up anger.

BETHANY

Fredrick, take your sister upstairs and read her "Rumpelstiltskin". I'll be up to finish the story in a minute.

FREDRICK

Ok Mom.

He clicks the TV off, takes Jessica out of the playpen across the room, and then proceeds up the steps.

Bethany digs into her jeans and pulls out Albert's card.

BETHANY

Some guy named Albert saw what happened between me and that woman.

She hands Perry Albert's card. Perry looks at the card then gives it back to Bethany.

PERRY

Albert Kern. He's one of my patients. I did his fillings today. He told me trained some good fighters in the past.

He walks into the --

KITCHEN

Opens the refrigerator, takes out a carton of orange juice, and proceeds to pour some into a glass.

Bethany follows.

BETHANY

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I know... he offered to train me.

Perry takes a gulp of his juice.

PERRY

What'd you say?

Bethany pauses and, rubbing her hands together, glances down at the floor.

PERRY

Beth, what did you say to him?

BETHANY

I told him you wouldn't look too favorably at the idea of me boxing.

PERRY

And?

He takes another gulp of juice.

BETHANY

I'm starting to think I should give boxing a shot.

Perry gags, juice sprays from his mouth. He slams his glass down and wipes his hands on a dish towel.

PERRY

You what?

BETHANY

Don't worry Perry. I didn't tell him yes. As far as he knows I'm still thinking about my answer.

PERRY

There's nothing to think about, because you're not boxing.

BETHANY

I know... but this is my decision to make not yours.

PERRY

Obviously you can't make a decision like this on your own so I'm making it for you.

BETHANY

Why are you so quick to judge, Perry?--

She approaches Perry, brushes up against him.

BETHANY

-- Are you afraid I'll finally be able to beat you after a little bit of training?

Perry strokes his fingers through Bethany's hair; he yanks down on a handful of it.

PERRY

Honey, you don't frighten me. You're my 'lil pussycat.

He kisses her lips.

PERRY

You're not boxing and that's final.

INT. LINDEN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bethany lies in bed shuffling a business card between her fingers. She lays it on a nightstand; Perry walks in the room. His face is damp and his teeth sparkle white.

He continues to the bed, slides underneath the comforter, and then kisses Bethany's cheek.

PERRY

Goodnight, Beth.

Bethany flicks off a light on the nightstand; the room goes pale blue, lit by the incoming moonlight.

She then leans over, nibbles on Perry's right ear, and slowly straddles atop of him.

Perry's eyes snap open. A grin takes shape on his face. Bethany kisses his lips then, kisses her way down while his

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stomach while gently running her fingers down Perry's sides.

She then lowers his pajama pants and kisses him down there, and then licks and kisses him back up to his mouth.

BETHANY

Perry.

PERRY

Yes.

BETHANY

Albert is going to train me.

She kisses Perry's lips.

PERRY

Are you asking me or telling me?

BETHANY

Telling.

She leans in to kiss Perry again; he stops her and grabs the back of her long, wavy, blonde hair, yanks her off then mounts atop.

PERRY

We already had this discussion.
You're not boxing.

Bethany spits into Perry's eyes.

BETHANY

You can't control me like some
kind of dog.

She spits at his face.

Perry pauses, wipes his face, and then raises a hand high into the air, slaps Bethany hard across her face.

PERRY

I can't control you... says who?

Bethany returns a slap Perry across his face.

BETHANY

Says me.

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She backhand slaps Perry. He pauses, mouth ajar. He stares down at Bethany. Her hand speeds toward him, slapping him a third time. A fine, pinkish, handprint is left on his cheek.

PERRY

Have you lost your mind?

He pins Bethany's hands against the bed; he then open palm slaps her but stops short of her face.

BETHANY

Albert will train me and that's final.

Perry traces his fingers along Bethany's face, wraps his hands around her neck. A sudden cry wails from outside the room.

JESSICA (O.S)

Mommy!

Bethany pushes Perry off, rushes out the door.

INT. LINDEDN HOUSE - JESSICA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bethany lifts Jessica from her crib and cradles her in her arms.

BETHANY

It's ok, Jess, Mommy's here.
You had a bad dream that's all.

INT. LINDEN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jessica and Bethany are at the kitchen table. In front of Jessica is a peanut butter and jelly sandwich cut into four sections.

BETHANY

Hurry up and finish your sandwich, sweetie. We have to go.

JESSICA

(curious)
Where?

BETHANY

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I told you already. We're going to surprise daddy at work.

As Jessica picks up a square of her sandwich, Bethany grabs a small pink jacket.

INT. LINDEN DENTAL - DAY

Bethany enters through a glass door. A bell above the entrance rings.

She strolls up to JANICE (50's, graying brunette hair, black frame glasses, sky blue blouse w/ white collar) with brown bag in one hand and Jessica's hand in her other.

BETHANY

Hi, Janice, is Perry busy?

Janice flips through a planner.

JANICE

No. His next appointment isn't for another from now.

Bethany glances over at the cloak on the wall behind Janice. It reads 12:30 pm.

JANICE

I'll go tell him you're here Mrs. Linden.

BETHANY

Oh, no you don't have to do that. I want to surprise him myself.

JANICE

Ok.

Bethany sits Jessica on a rug with a cartoon town design and Lego blocks, puzzles, and small thick paged children's books atop it.

BETHANY

Mommy's going to give daddy lunch we picked up for him. Be a good girl for Janice.

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Jessica eyes fixate on a colorful toy with multiple, looping tubes. Holes through the middle miniature cars are attach one to each tube.

Bethany glances down at the toy.

BETHANY

You can play with the toys, but
don't lose any pieces.

JANICE

You go ahead. I've got my eye
on her.

Janice moves the looping toy closer to Jessica, kneels down beside her. Bethany kisses her forehead, continues down a corridor.

Jessica grabs hold of one of the cars, runs it along the looping tube it's attached to.

CORRIDOR

Faint moans resonate through the hall. They grow more audible with each door Bethany passes. She passes several unlit, unoccupied rooms.

She arrives in front of the last door on the left. It's the only door that is completely shut.

Effeminate moans and masculine groans reverberate from the other side of the door. Bethany softly turns the knob, inches the door open.

OFFICE ROOM

On Perry's desk lies Nichole. Her blouse is open exposing her supple breast. As she moves back and forth on the desk, Bethany opens the door a bit further.

Bare chest and his pants around his ankles, Perry holds Nichole's legs up. Grabbing her waist, he pulling her closer, he spreads her legs apart, and thrusts faster.

CORRIDOR

Bethany's eyes well-up; lips, purse together. She closes door

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quietly and backtracks to the--

WAITING AREA

JANICE

Did you see Dr. Linden?

BETHANY

Yeah.

JANICE

Was he surprise?

BETHANY

One of us was. Hey, Janice, mind if wait here till Perry is done at his desk.

JANICE

Nonsense, you don't have to wait. You're his wife. I'll get him right now--

She pinches Jessica's cheek, rises to her feet.

JANICE

--"Family comes first", that's my motto.

BETHANY

Don't, if I know Perry he'll be done in about ten minutes.

JANICE

Suit yourself.

PERRY'S OFFICE

Coffee colored fingers clinch a desk. Nichole's face lays firm against the desk.

Perry has one hand on her shoulder, traverses the other from the top of her spine to her lower back. Tattooed there on her is a heart with a purple serpent wrapped around it.

WAITING AREA

SUPER IMPOSE

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The clock on the wall ticks seconds away.

END SUPER IMPOSE

Buttoning up her blouse and slicking her hair back, Nichole approaches from down the hall.

NICHOLE

Janice, if a patient comes in for me; tell him I'll be right back.

She pauses before Bethany and Jessica, turns back to Janice.

NICHOLE

I'm going across the street for a Pepsi so I can get my energy back up. You want anything?

JANICE

No thanks, I'm fine. I've got a Snicker's in the desk here.

Nichole continues over to Jessica and kneels in front her, looks to Bethany.

NICHOLE

Bethany.

BETHANY

Nichole

NICHOLE

Hi, Jessica, how are you, cutie?

JESSICA

Mommy say you're not nice.

NICHOLE

Of course I'm a nice... once you get to know me.

She gently pinches Jessica's cheek then exits through the glass doors.

Perry comes to view at the mouth of the corridor. Jaw agape,

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eyes bulged, he gives pause. Bethany looks up to see his awry expression.

JESSICA

Daddy!

She lets go the looping toy, runs over to Perry with her hands in the air. She trips over her own shoestrings while running and falls to the floor bumping her head. Perry quickly scoops her up into his arms.

PERRY

Be careful, Jess. Don't yourself.

He kisses her forehead.

PERRY

Mommy has to tie your shoes tighter next time.

Bethany rises to her feet, grabs a plastic bag filled with a square Styrofoam carryout box off the table, and continues over to Perry.

BETHANY

Don't worry; we weren't waiting long, only about ten minutes. Here's your lunch.

She shoves the bag into Perry's hand then reaches under his arm, rubs his side.

BETHANY

Hope your ribs aren't too cold.

JESSICA

We came to surprise you. Are surprised?

PERRY

I sure am, sweetheart.
(to Bethany)
Where's Freddy?

BETHANY

With his friend Alex; I'm on my way to get him now. Say

goodbye to Daddy, Jess.

JESSICA

Bye, Daddy.

PERRY

Bye, sweetheart.

He smooches Jessica's cheek, sets her on her feet.

Bethany leans into Perry, inhales deep. Perry starts to kiss her; she stops him and wipes a red smudge from his cheek. Pulling away, she takes Jessica's hand, exits through glass doors.

INT. LINDEN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bethany sits on an easy chair, sips a glass of lemonade, shuffles a business card between her fingers in her other hand. Jessica sleeps in the playpen.

In the background a door opens and shuts. Perry enters.

Bethany slips the card between the seat cushion.

PERRY

Beth, I can explain what you saw today. I was frustrated about last night. Then Nichole..

BETHANY

What are you talking about?

PERRY

You walked into my office didn't you?

BETHANY

No, Janice said you were busy screwing around with something.

PERRY

So you didn't--

BETHANY

--Nope.

Perry starts toward the stairs.

Blonde Bomber

PERRY

Alright. I'm going to hop in the shower. Care to wash my back?

BETHANY

I'll pass.

PERRY

Ok, see you when you come up then.

Perry continues upstairs. Water runs in the background.

Bethany removes the business card from between the seat cushion, picks up a house phone, dials into it.

INT. REGGIE'S GYM - OFFICE - NIGHT

ALBERT

Hello.

BETHANY (O.S)

Hello, Albert, it's me, Bethany. Remember the other day at Wendy's?

ALBERT

Yes, I do. I'm glad you called. I started to doubt you would.

INT. LINDEN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BETHANY

I know, I've been thinking. My answer is yes. I want you to train me.

ALBERT (O.S)

I need to meet with you tomorrow to set up your training schedule and workout regiment. How does noon sound?

BETHANY

Can you make it 1 o'clock? I

have to do some work around my house and restock on groceries.

ALBERT (O.S)

Ok. 1 o'clock it is. See you then.

INT. JEWEL/OSCO - DAY

Bethany pushes a cart through the store. Jessica sits inside the cart playing with the groceries.

Fredrick hops from one side of the aisle to the other. He grabs a box of Pop-Tarts.

FREDRICK

Mom, can we get this?

BETHANY

Nope.

FREDRICK

Why?

BETHANY

You already got enough sugar in the cart.

CART

Among some items in the cart are Cocoa Krisp cereal, 7up cake, Fruit Roll-ups, Cookies & Cream ice cream, Praline Crunch ice cream, and chocolate syrup,

Jessica tosses the box of Toasters Strudel to Fredrick's feet and laughs.

AISLE

BETHANY

Besides, toasters strudel is better than Pop-tarts, right?

FREDRICK

I guess.

He picks up the box of pastries.

Blonde Bomber

At the end of the aisle, Martha, pushes a cart, approaches Bethany from behind.

JESSICA
Mommy, look.

Bethany turns.

MARTHA
I haven't forgotten how you embarrassed me. I have a score to settle with you.

BETHANY
I don't advocate violence, but if you insist, we can handle this like adults ought to; with a pair of gloves in a ring.

MARTHA
(smirks)
I just might take you up on that... and next time, you won't catch me off guard. You'll be on your knees looking up at me.

Her eyes fixed on Bethany, smirk etched on her face, Martha strolls away.

EXT. REGGIE'S GYM - DAY

The exhaust spews from automobiles' tailpipes. Traffic is thick.

Hundreds of pedestrians, casual and business dressed, traverse the sidewalks.

Street vendors a crowded with patrons brandishing money in hand.

INT. REGGIE'S GYM - DAY

Sweat drips from the men and women, seeping through their athletic clothes.

Two big, burly men, each wearing red, protective headgear, spare in a white top ring.

Blonde Bomber

Along an adjacent wall left of the ring, men and women lift weights on various machines.

Along the other walls guest workout on flat benches, incline benches, and decline benches. They also make use of free weight dumbbells, curl bars, speed bags, heavy bags, and double-end bags.

FRONT ENTRANCE

Two, big, steel blue doors open. Bethany, Jessica, and Fredrick make their way through the gym.

Fredrick scrunches up his face, wipes his nose vigorously.

Many of the guest inside dwarf Bethany in size.

FREDRICK

You're just as tough as them,
Mom.

BETHANY

We'll find out soon enough.

Albert stands at the base of a black iron--

STAIRCASE

ALBERT

(booming)

Bethany, c'mon up to my office.

Bethany, as well as a few others, pause and turn to Albert. He heads up the staircase, Bethany and the children follow him.

Some guests follow her with their eyes up the stairs. Most notable of the gazers is a man wearing a gray suit, crimson tie, and dark sunglasses.

INT. REGGIE'S GYM - ALBERT'S OFFICE - DAY

Two large windows inside the office overlook the entire gym.

Albert takes a seat on a worn brown leather chair behind a thick oak desk.

Atop the desk, folders are neatly organized and a wide, clear, glass bowl filled with Hershey's candy sits near the corner.

Blonde Bomber

Bethany and Fredrick take a seat on two smaller cushioned chairs opposite of Albert. Jessica sits on her mother's lap.

ALBERT
You're late.

BETHANY
I tried to get here at 1 but
time just slipped away from me.

Albert pulls out a mid-sized spiral notebook from the top draw of the desk.

ALBERT
Don't worry about it. Stuff
happens, but keep in mind every
minute you're late you owe me
ten pushups--

Bethany nods.

ALBERT
--Any time you say *I can't* you
owe me twenty-five pushups.
Got it?

BETHANY
(nodding)
Yes.

JESSICA
Chocolate!

She stretches her tiny hands to the glass bowl as far as they can go.

BETHANY
Jess, that's not yours stop it.
I'm sorry, Albert. She goes
ballistic over chocolate.

ALBERT
Let her have some.

He hands Jessica a piece of candy then takes another one.

ALBERT
Chocolate is my kryptonite too.

Blonde Bomber

JESSICA

Thank you.

She stuffs the candy into her mouth. Albert hands Fredrick a couple of pieces of candy.

FREDRICK

Thanks, Mr. Kern.

ALBERT

Ok Bethany, your training starts tomorrow. Today we're testing your fitness. Drop to and do as many pushups as you can.

BETHANY

Right now?

ALBERT

Well I don't mean later.

Bethany stares at Albert for a moment. He unravels a piece of candy, pops it in his mouth, and reclines back. The smile on his face fades as he swallows.

Bethany sits Jessica on Fredrick's lap then gets down on all fours where Albert can see her.

BETHANY

Count for me, Fredrick.

She lifts legs, straightens her back. Slowly, her arms flex 90 degrees at the elbow.

FREDRICK

One, two, three...

ALBERT

And do an extra 20 for being late.

INT. REGGIE'S GYM - DAY

MONTAGE

-Bethany now wears sweat cloths and performs sit-ups while

Blonde Bomber

Albert holds her feet.

-Fingers grip a bar. Bethany's face surfaces above the bar

-A long bar with two large plates on each end rest on Bethany's back. She squats down and quickly rises.

-Bethany inhales and exhales quick as she pushes a bar away from her chest.

END MONTAGE

ALBERT

Come on. Push it. Get the bar up!

Bethany's face turns pink. Her fingers clinched tight around the bar turn cherry red. Veins pop from her neck and sweat streaks past her green eyes, nearly falling into them.

She releases a loud grunt as she finally clears the bar from her chest and sets it on the rack.

ALBERT

You can lift your own body weight. Good.

He runs his finger down a piece of paper on a clipboard.

ALBERT

Everything else is good too.

BETHANY

I try to get in some anaerobic workouts every morning.

ALBERT

You ever worked a speed bag?

SPEED BAG

A small, red, teardrop shaped, ball shoots away then quickly darts back, hitting Bethany's face.

ALBERT

Step back. Spread you feet shoulder width apart. Keep your elbows up.

Blonde Bomber

Bethany's hands bat the bag. It ricochets back and forth at a slow rhythmic pace.

FREDRICK

There she goes. She's got the hang of it now.

JESSICA

Mommy's good.

ALBERT

That's enough for today.

He tosses Bethany a water bottle. She takes a drink then joins Albert and the kids on a bench by the ring.

Albert continues to scroll a pen down a clipboard.

ALBERT

You're stronger than I anticipated. You have what it takes to be something special.

FREDRICK

Mr. Kern, you think you could train me too?

ALBERT

I'm sorry, Freddy; you're a little too young for me to train.

FREDRICK

(saddened)

Oh.

ALBERT

I tell you what. You can still come in and workout whenever you like.

FREDRICK

(excited)

Ok.

Albert

(to Bethany)

Tomorrow we'll get you started on weight training. We'll do that twice a week. Any questions?

BETHANY

Just one, a guy in a gray suit and sunglasses staring at me when I walked in who was he?

ALBERT

That's Jeremiah. He scouts the gym every week looking for raw talent.

(Pauses)

I mentioned you to him. He seemed interested in you.

FAR SIDE OF GYM

Jeremiah strides cool and slow to the exit; takes one look over his shoulder, and then continues out the double doors.

BENCHES

BETHANY

You said we're done right?

ALBERT

If that was your only question then yes we're through for today.

Bethany steps from the benches, pauses.

BETHANY

I feel silly asking you this but could you keep an eye on my kids while I shower and change?

ALBERT

Sure, no problem.

BETHANY

Thanks. I'll only be a minute.

She heads for a door labeled *Lockers* above it.

ALBERT

Blonde Bomber

Same time tomorrow.

Bethany fades through the door. Albert turns to Fredrick.

ALBERT

You know fighting isn't everything. What other ways do you express yourself?

FREDRICK

I like to write. It helps me when I have nothing around to hit.

INT. LINDEN HOUSE - NIGHT

The setting sun gives the living room an orange glow. Completely content, Perry awaits his family's arrival with one leg crossed over the other. His fingers tap rhythmically on his knee.

Keys sounds jingle in the background followed by a door creaking open and a pitter-patter of a half dozen feet hitting the hardwood floor. Bethany and the children enter the living room softly. They freeze in place once their eyes lay glance on Perry.

BETHANY

Perry, why are you sitting with the lights off? It's too dark in here.

PERRY

Where have you been?

BETHANY

(to Fredrick)

You and your sister go upstairs.

Fredrick takes Jessica's hand and scampers up the steps.

PERRY

Where were you?

BETHANY

I was at a friend's.

Blonde Bomber

PERRY

Who?

BETHANY

Cassandra, Alex's Mom.

Perry gingerly rises from his chair, steps up closer to Bethany.

PERRY

Bullshit!

BETHANY

It's the truth.

PERRY

Truth, huh--

He lurches forth, wraps his hand around Bethany's neck.

PERRY

--Did you girly chat with Cassandra before or after you saw that trainer?

BETHANY

(wheezing)

You're insane! I don't know what you're talking about.

Perry backs Bethany against a wall then slams her repeatedly against a bookcase set next to them.

PERRY

I know what you did, Beth. He left a voicemail! I asked you not to see him. Now look what it's come to.

He presses down on Bethany's trachea. Panting, Bethany grips Parry's wrist with one hand and punches his face with her other. She strikes him again and a cracking sound echoes; blood trickles from Perry's nose.

Perry lets go.

Bethany holds her hand to her chest, inhales deeply.

Blonde Bomber

BETHANY

I know what you did too. I
saw your dirty secret with my
own eyes--

She picks up a vase the bookcase.

BETHANY

--I saw you screwing Nichole on
your desk!

Bethany tosses a vase at Perry's face.

He puts his hands up in time to shield his face. The vase
shatters to a dozen pieces.

Bethany grabs a thick, hard covered book from the floor,
rushes Perry with it and beats him.

BETHANY

You liar! You cheater! You
whore!

Perry rips the book from her hands, smacks her to the floor.

STAIRCASE

Fredrick squats at the top of the steps.

LIVING ROOM

Perry lifts Bethany off the floor by the strands of her hair.

PERRY

I'm the man of this house. I
do what I damn well please!

Bethany throws a hard jab at his groin then runs toward the
kitchen. Perry trips her ankle before she can make any
significant progress.

PERRY

I'm not done with you.

Bethany locks eyes with Fredrick while Perry drags her toward
his self.

STAIRCASE

Blonde Bomber

Fredrick jumps up and sprints down the hall to the--

MASTER BEDROOM

He flicks on the lights then digs through a black purse, retrieves a small business card.

He stares at the card, grabs a chord-less phone off a dresser, dials into it.

EXT. ALBERT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

An office door is close.

A ringing sounds in the background.

Albert digs into his pocket, withdraws a mobile phone.

ALBERT

Hello.

FREDRICK (O.S)

(low)

Mr. Kern, get over here. Now!

ALBERT

Fredrick?

FREDRICK (O.S)

It's my Dad, he's snapped.

ALBERT

I'm on my way.

He closes his phone, rushes down the staircase, and darts out the gym.

INT. LINDEN HOUSE - NIGHT

LIVING ROOM

Perry grabs hold of Bethany's wrist and slaps her three times.

PERRY

I gave you everything--

He squeezes his hand around her jaw, pulls her closer.

Blonde Bomber

PERRY
--Everything!

Bethany pounds down on Perry's arm. His grip on her lingers still.

She then spits in his eyes, headbutts his face, and then connects a left hook to Perry's jaw.

EXT. LINDEN HOUSE - 20 MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

Albert drives up to the house in a gray SUV, hops out the car, and bolts to the front door.

INT. LINDEN HOUSE - NIGHT

Both Bethany and Perry's clothes are ripped and torn. Scratches and bruises cover each of them. Blood stains Perry's mustache and mouth.

Perry chokes Bethany up against a sofa. He let's loose one hand, recoils it back.

JESSICA
(crying)
Don't hurt Mommy!

FREDRICK
Dad, don't!

PERRY
Go to your rooms!

Jessica picks up a doll from the floor, then runs over and whacks Perry's leg with it repetitively.

BETHANY
(gagging)
Get out of her, sweetheart.

PERRY
Look what you did. You turned
the kids against me.

BETHANY
You turned them against
yourself.

Blonde Bomber

Bethany clinches her fist, knocks Perry's arm from her throat, and throws a straight punch to his chest.

Perry stumbles back coughing.

Jessica is knocked aside.

Perry cocks back his arm.

FREDRICK

Don't!

He leaps from the steps onto Perry's back. He locks his arms around Perry's throat.

PERRY

Get off Freddy!

With both hands, he flings Fredrick off and over the sofa onto the floor.

Perry turns his focus back to Bethany. He reproaches her, outstretches his hand.

Bethany punches him square on the nose. Blood trickles from it again.

Perry pauses holding his face.

Quick footsteps sound in the background.

Albert storms in, tackles him to the ground. The two men lock eyes.

PERRY

You!

ALBERT

Real tough guy, huh... lets see you try and hit me.

BETHANY

Albert, he's strong.

A loud, roar screeches out from Perry's mouth.

PERRY

Blonde Bomber

You bastard! Get off!

Perry squirms, shifting and thrusting his hips up.

Albert presses down with his full weight.

ALBERT

Don't worry, he's not going
anywhere. You and the kids get
outside to my car.

PERRY

God damn it!

He grits his teeth, clinches his feet. Veins bulge from his
neck.

BETHANY

(panting)

Ok, ok. Fredrick, come on. I'll
carry Jess.

Without a word said, Fredrick sprints out front. Bethany
kneels down and picks up Jessica.

BETHANY

Let's go sweetheart. Dry those
tears.

PERRY

Beth! Don't you dare take my
kids! Beth! Beth!

Albert places a hand over Perry's mouth as he screams after
Bethany scurries out the living room.

EXT. LINDEN HOUSE - NIGHT

JESSICA

What's wrong with Daddy?

BETHANY

I don't know, baby. We have to
give him some time to himself.

Bethany and Jessica hop in the car with Fredrick

INT. LINDEN HOUSE - NIGHT

Blonde Bomber

Albert removes his hand from Perry's mouth.

PERRY

She can't leave me. She won't
getaway with my kids either.
They'll all be back. You wait
and see.

Albert punches down. Perry goes silent, lies motionless on the
floor.

ALBERT

You need to know when to shut
up.

TO BE CONTINUED..