

Lie Behind the Eye

by

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Lie Behind the Eye

FADE IN:

INT. CLARK ESTATES - DEN - NIGHT (Fall 1984)

VINCENT CLARK and JONATHAN MCABBEY sit across from one another.

Vincent (37) has a limber, elongated build, thinning gray hair, brown skin, and a lightning bolt shaped scar on his right hand. Jonathan (30) is Irish, 6ft 3in, has short straight black hair, and an average build.

VINCENT CLARK

How are our trades doing over seas?

Jonathan has a briefcase propped open on his lap. He thumbs through a folder of stats and charts.

JONATHAN MCABBEY

Well, sir, our shares are trading two dollars higher than they were last quarter.

Three loud knocks echo off the thick oak door to the den. Muffled screams come from behind the door as well.

MAID (O.S)

You can't go in there!

JILLIAN (O.S)

VINCENT, you in there!

The door swings open. A woman, holding a pink baby carriage, storms in the room.

She's 5ft 6in, has auburn hair, a creamy white complexion, and is dressed in a tight, strapless, red dress. Also, small brown fur barely covers her ample breast.

A second woman, shorter and pudgy, in a maid's outfit tries to hold the woman dressed in red back.

MAID

I'm sorry, Mr. Clark. I tried to keep her out.

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VINCENT CLARK

Its ok, Sherry. Let her go.

Sherry leaves the room, shuts the door behind her.

JILLIAN

I got a problem, Vince. I can't raise her.

She's walks over to Vincent Clark, sets baby carriage next to his feet. Inside is a baby no older than two months.

VINCENT CLARK

I can't either. I have my senate campaign to run. The press would be all over me.

JONATHAN MCABBEY

Sir, I think I should..

He stands up.

VINCENT CLARK

(to Jonathan)

Sit down, Jonathan.

Jonathan complies with Vincent Clark's demand.

JILLIAN

You had better think of something. She's getting in the way of my work.

VINCENT CLARK

Since when has being an escort been hard work?

JILLIAN

I didn't hear you complaining when you received my services.

The door to the den opens again. ZOË enters. She's a slightly bigger woman with a sandy complexion and pretty face. A small beauty mark rests just above the left corner of her mouth.

Her hips are wide and rounded and her long, wavy, black hair, tied off with a red bandana, stretches the length of her back.

Pausing at the doorway, her mouth gapes open and her eyebrows frown once she lays eyes on Jillian.

ZOË
(to Vincent)
Who is this?

Jillian turns her head to see Zoë walking into the den then brings her focus back onto Vincent.

JILLIAN
Both of us made her. I did what I could. She's yours now.

She rushes out the den. A LITTLE BOY, no older than 4 years old, bumps head first into her.

BOY
Excuse me.

Jillian stops to stares at him then continues on her way without saying a word to the child.

He runs over to Vincent's leg, hugs it.

ZOË
Who was that?

She turns to the pink baby carriage by Vincent Clark's feet. She walks over, then reaches to pick it up, but Vincent slaps her hand away.

ZOË
So it's true. You've been cheating on me.

Vincent glares at her then leans forward placing his hands on the Little Boy's shoulders.

VINCENT
Son, be a good boy, run along. Daddy has business take care of with mommy and Mr. McAbbey.

The Little Boy nods. Vincent kisses his forehead.

VINCENT CLARK
Give mommy a kiss then find Sherry
so she can fix you a bedtime snack.

The Little Boy kisses Zoë's cheek then proceeds to exit the den.

At the snap of Zoë's fingers Sherry appears at the doorway and escorts the Little Boy down the hallway.

JONATHAN MCABBEY
I think I should get going too,
Sir.

He rises from his seat with briefcase in hand.

VINCENT CLARK
Jonathan, sit down.

Jonathan settles down back into his seat. Soon after, Zoë slaps Vincent across his cheek.

ZOË
Who was the slut?

VINCENT CLARK
She's no one.

He licks blood off his lip as he turns his head to look Zoë in the eye.

ZOË
How could you cheat on me?

VINCENT CLARK
Don't act surprised. We both know
you would've done the same thing...
if Jonathan were a weak man.

ZOË
You're talking crazy.

VINCENT CLARK
Am I? You think I don't notice the
way you look at him?
(Beat)

A gasp escapes from Zoë's lips. She quickly turns to Jonathan, jaw is agape, then back to Vincent Clark.

ZOË

That's...

VINCENT CLARK

Of no matter now. What matters is this baby.

He leans over and picks up the baby carriage. Through all the noise, the Baby managed to remain asleep inside.

VINCENT CLARK

(to Jonathan)

Say hello to my daughter.

He turns the carriage back to himself then gently brushes his index finger against the baby girl's face.

VINCENT CLARK

Jonathan is going to raise you for me.

JONATHAN MCABBEY

Me?

INT. CLUB FIZZ - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

Loud, rhythmic, club music plays as the droves of people on the dance floor sway, grind, and move to the beat. The tempo is not fast but it's not slow.

BAR

The bar is on the east side of the club. It is clear crystal allowing patrons to see through it to the bottles on the lowering shelves.

The back shelves are clear and have a mirror on the wall. The liquor bottles appear to levitate as blue neon lights shot up at them.

The bar stools set in front have clear crystal like legs and black leather tops. Three servers work, two men and one woman, wearing black button ups and black slacks work behind the bar.

Lie Behind the Eye

On the opposite side of the club is another bar with the same set up.

At the east bar is LINDA, (26). She is tall, bronzed skin, broad shoulders and wide round hips, has curly jet-black hair, and hazel eyes.

She wears a form fitting white dress. It compliments her figure and the straps cross in the back. She also wears open toe gold heels and a looped gold belt.

Linda is leaned against the bar talking to a man wearing dark slacks, a dark blue button up shirt, he has a small well kept mustache and the blue backlight from the bar glows soft on his brown face.

One of the male bartenders brings Linda and her companion each a white chocolate martini.

The two grab their cocktail and proceed to a table where ANGELA sits wearing a purple strapless dress, black heels, and a black shall over her shoulders.

Angela (25) has a subtle, tan, complexion, emerald green eyes, and wavy brunette hair that stops a few inches below her shoulders. She is average height but has a firm build.

LINDA

(Cuban accent)

Angela, I want you to meet Malik.

Malik extends his a hand to Angela. They shake lightly.

ANGELA

Pleasure to meet you.

MALIK

To you as well. Your friend Linda is a fine dancer. Do you have a move or two of your own?

ANGELA

No, yes, I mean, I don't dance often. I come to support Linda. Someone's got to watch her.

An uneasy laugh escapes Angela's lips. Malik chuckles as well. Linda hits Angela soft on the shoulder.

LINDA

Hey, I'm not that bad. I just like to have a lil' fun.

ANGELA

Yeah, yeah.

MALIK

Nothing wrong with that.

A new song plays over the speakers. Linda's eyes light up. She takes a quick sip of her cocktail, sets it down, and then grabs Malik's hand.

LINDA

Malik, come on, babe. I'm going to show you something you never seen tonight.

Malik sets his cocktail on the table as Linda pulls him away to the dance floor.

MALIK

Nice meeting you, Angela.

Angela waves bye as Malik and Linda become engulfed in the mass of dancing gyrating bodies. She opens a purse on her lap, pulls out a mobile phone then sighs. The time on it reads 2:30am.

A man wearing a black suit and white shirt with the first two buttons undone, and gelled dark root blonde hair approaches Angela.

ZACH

Why so glum, sweetheart?

ANGELA

Huh? Oh, it's nothing. I'm fine.

ZACH

I would offer to buy you a drink but I see you've already got two you didn't finish.

Zach laughs soft as he settles down in the next to Angela.

ANGELA

(laughing)

Yeah, there's only so many drinks a girl can handle from all you giving guys before she has to slow down.

Angela grabs one of the white chocolate martinis and takes a sip from it.

ZACH

So do angels likes you have names or just pretty faces?

ANGELA

(laughs)

I'm sorry, but that was funny.

ZACH

I know. I bet you've heard that a dozen times tonight. I'm Zach.

ANGELA

Surprisingly, no. You're just the eighth person to use that line on me tonight. I'm Angela.

ZACH

Angela, you're certainly beautiful, but I'm going to get out your hair. You should find me tonight.

Zach points to a group of five guys taking flaming tequila shots several tables down.

ZACH

I'll be over there with those douches. Nah, I'm just kidding. They're not that bad.

The song playing over the loud speakers ends.

Zach stands and extends his hand.

Linda and Malik return from the dance floor. They kiss then Malik joins the table of guy who took flaming tequila shots and Linda walks toward Angela with the huge smile on her

face.

Linda
(to Zach)
Hi.

ZACH
Hey, Linda. Angela, I've got to go
but I hope to see you soon.

ANGELA
Okay, good meeting you.

Zach walks away, rejoining his table of friends.

LINDA
Sweetie, my feet hurt.

ANGELA
No one told you, you had to wear
stilettos. You knew you were going
to dance for five hours straight.

LINDA
Yeah, but I looked good though,
right?

ANGELA
(laughs)
Baby, you're a mess. But yes, you
look so sexy.

Linda puts one hand on her hip the other on the side of her
face and poses.

LINDA
Thank you, thank you.

ANGELA
(laughs)
Linda, how do you know Zach?

LINDA
Oh, he's one of Malik's friends. I
met a bunch of them tonight but the
only other one I remember is Paul.

ANGELA

Uh oh, you flirt with them all?
Pimpette, pimpette.

LINDA

(laughs)

It comes natural when you look as
good as I do, mami. Now lets finish
these drinks and get out of here.

Angela and Linda pick up the two cocktails and toast them together.

EXT. HAMLET BOULEVARD - NIGHT

It is after 3am. Angela and Linda stagger arm in arm along a rain drenched street singing "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun" with slurred tongues.

A blue neon sign, *FIZZ*, lights the face of one of the buildings behind the two women.

Linda, pauses sing and comes to an stop on the sidewalk. She turns then smiles and gazes into Angela's eyes.

LINDA

Angie, I think I'm in love.

Linda wraps her arms around herself, closes her eyes, and inhales a deep breath then slowly blows it out.

Angela stumbles back a step. She grabs Linda's arm to catch her balance.

ANGELA

I know, I know. I love you too,
baby.

Angela, kisses Linda's cheek. Linda's eyes open then she kisses Angela in return.

LINDA

I love you too, mami, but I'm just
not in love with you. Not anymore.

Linda laughs then scurries a bit ahead of Angela. Angela soon catches up to her and holds her hand. They swing their arms in exaggerated fashion as they walk slow down the

street.

ANGELA

(laughs)

Oh, lordy. Who you cheating on me with now?

LINDA

Malik, mami.

ANGELA

Malik? Baby, you just met him. I known you for years.

LINDA

Maybe it's not love but I like him a lot. Each time we danced I got a tingle all over.

ANGELA

Aww, does this mean I can't get any more play, play?

Linda Stops Angela, turns to face her, then puts her hand on her chin and runs her thumb over Angela's cheek.

LINDA

You can get play, play anytime you want. You're my lil' mami.

ANGELA

And you're my sexy baby.

The two women close their eyes pucker their lips and give each other a quick smooch. They open their eyes together laughing as they continue down the sidewalk.

LINDA

What was up with you and Zach, you going to call him and cheat on me too?

Angela playfully slaps Linda's arm.

ANGELA

(laughs)

No, I don't even have his number.

LINDA

I could call Malik and get Zach's number from him for you.

ANGELA

Nah, that's okay.

Angela looks up into the sky. The clouds above part allowing the moon to shine through.

LINDA

Angie, mami, I'm hungry. I wish there was a Denny's right here.

ANGELA

Yeah, too bad it's across town.

LINDA

Let's do something, I'm bored and I don't feel like going home yet.

Linda surveys the surroundings. Through the dew and haze of the night she spots a fortuneteller shop near the end of the block.

LINDA

Let's see if that fortuneteller place is open.

ANGELA

Don't tell me you believe that stuff, Linda.

LINDA

It's not that but I'm up for some kicks and giggles. Aren't you?

ANGELA

Alright, if you say so.

The two women stroll down the Boulevard holding hands once more swinging their arms high and free.

They pass up a tattoo shop and a beauty salon on their way to the fortuneteller. They also pass a drunken bum lying asleep on the stoop of an abandoned theater next door to the shop.

INT. MADAM NESTA SHOP - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A bell above the door jingles as Angela opens it. Along the walls, stacked on several shelves, are gypsy relics, charms, and herbal tonics.

FORTUNETELLER'S ROOM

Seated at a large round table, separated from the front entrance by a wall of beads, is a Zoë wearing a white blouse and red dress that stretches to the floor. A crimson liquid stains the hem of her dress.

There are no windows in this room and it is softly lit by lanterns hanging from the ceiling, adorned on shelves, and on the table.

CLOSET

At the bottom seal of a closet just behind Zoë, crimson liquid oozes out seeping into a to touch a hand sown rug.

BACK TO: FRONT ENTRANCE

ZOË (O.S)

Welcome! Please come in and sit.

FORTUNETELLER'S ROOM

Linda parts the wall of beads. Angela follows behind her.

LINDA

How did you know we were here? Are you the real deal?

Zoë adjusts the short, puffy, sleeves of her blouse on her shoulders. Also, a dark green scarf holds her hair wrapped in place. On each hand, she wears three large silver rings.

ZOË

You don't have to be psychic to hear the ringing of a bell.

Angela steps forward.

ANGELA

Hi, I'm...

ZOË

Angela, I know who you are. I am
Madam Nesta. I've been expecting
you. Come, sit.

Angela and Linda sit down in on plain wooden chair with high
backs across from Zoë. Anxious, Linda leans across the
table covered with a gold floral patterned cloth.

LINDA

I want to know if I'll ever see
Malik again.

ZOË

Let me have a look at your palms.

Linda extends her hands palm side up.

ZOË

Yes, I see him in your near future,
and this encounter is to die for.

A smirk forms on Zoë's face, her head tilts forward, causing
her brow to cast a shadow over her eyes.

Angela puts her hand on Linda's shoulder.

ANGELA

(to Linda)

That's good.

ZOË

(to Angela)

Would you like to know about your
future, Angela?

ANGELA

Sure, after all, that is why we
came here.

Zoë grabs Angela hands, takes a close look at her palms. Her
eyes roll back and her body sways to and fro then she rises
up from her chair panting in giddy delight.

ANGELA

What's wrong? What did you see?

LINDA

Tell us. What was it?

The smirk on Zoë's face turns to a smile. She places her hands over her chest to settle her racing heart. Once she manages to regain her composure, she slowly sits down.

ZOË

Angela, your future is a grave one.
A choice of life or death faces
you. You can meet it head on or run
from it.

LINDA

That doesn't sound like much of a
fortune at all.

Zoë bends over the table and takes Angela's hands into her own.

ZOË

You must look to your dreams if you
want to live.

Angela pulls away and rises to her feet. Linda pushes away from the table as well then stands and stretches.

ANGELA

If you're trying to frighten me
it's not working.

ZOË

Don't be naïve like your parents.
That's how they died.

(Beat)

Angela's eyes dilate twice over. She stares at the emotionless face of Zoë in awe.

ANGELA

I think me and my friend are going
to go now.

The two women grab their purses and head toward the beaded entry. Before they leave the shop they both glance back at Zoë one last time.

ZOË

(quietly)

Little wench, how dare you stand
between my boy and what's his.
You'll get what coming to you.

EXT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Angela and Linda stop in front of an apartment building.
Linda smokes a cigarette while rocking back and forth,
callously bumping into the fence encircling her apartment
building.

The drizzles of rain have ceased and moonlight has broken
partly through the clouds.

LINDA

Can you believe her?

ANGELA

Believe who?

Linda wiggles her fingers in front of Angela like drooping
spider legs.

LINDA

Madam Nesta the all-seeing
fortuneteller.

ANGELA

Let's not talk about her. She
weirded me out.

LINDA

Was strange how she knew about your
parents' death. At least, my
fortunes good though, right?

She opens her handbag and digs inside.

LINDA

Look, he gave me his number.

Angela looks at the number then curls Linda's hands up
around it.

ANGELA

I don't like the way she looked at

us, Linda It was, odd. Kind of gave me goose bumps.

Linda puts her arms around Angela.

LINDA
(baby voice)
Awe, you scared, Angie? Want me to give you a call as soon as I get in?

She puckers her lips and moves in closer to Angela.

ANGELA
(laughing)
Get off me.

Angela pushes Linda away.

ANGELA
But yes, give ma a call when you get in.

LINDA
Ok, but forgive me if I call you late. I'm going to call Malik first.

Linda drops her cigarette, steps on it.

ANGELA
Whatever, some friend you are.

She jokingly pushes Linda.

LINDA
You know I'm only playing. I'll call you soon as I get in.

ANGELA
I know you will.

The two friends embrace each other with a hug. As Linda turns to walk away, Angela slaps her butt. Linda blows a kiss back at her.

ANGELA
Night, baby, love you.

LINDA

Love you more.

Linda nods her head and waves bye to Angela then continues on a couple buildings down. After a few steps, she lights another cigarette.

Angela staggers from the fence down the walkway to her complex's door. She unlocks the thick oak door and continues upstairs to the second floor.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Angela keeps the lights off as she walks through her apartment. Shining in through white transparent curtains on the eastside of her living room is light from the street lamps.

Guided by the light filtering in, Angela walks in, drops her keys on a coffee table, and then continues down a hallway toward her bedroom.

She plops down on a queen size bed, kicks off her shoes, then walks across the room to a long dresser, opens drawer, and blindly picks out a black nightgown.

She sheds her street clothes and slips on her gown. After changing, with the lights still off, she continues to the bathroom, washes her face and brushes her teeth.

Staggering out into her bedroom for the second time Angela peels back her comforter and slides underneath it. Almost immediately she dozes off.

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

While in her slumber, Angela's breathing becomes more rapid. Her back arches and her chest pokes straight up into the air. A faint silhouette of herself breaks away from her body.

Phasing through all solid barriers, the silhouette floats out the apartment, down the steps, and out the complex until it finds Linda and hovers behind her.

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Walking up a stairway, Linda stops to look over her shoulder. There is no one there so she continues up the steps to the third floor.

STAIRWAY

Sitting at the base of a separate set of dimly lit steps leading to the fourth floor is a man dressed in dark khakis and a dark blue, button down shirt. The soft lighting casts a shadow over half his clean-shaved, brown face.

APARTMENT DOOR

Linda looks through her purse for her keys, unaware of the stranger's presence on the stairwell behind her.

MALIK

(deep)

Hi.

Malik's slight blurt causes Linda to shiver and drop her purse onto the floor. She turns quickly to the direction the voice resonated from. She settles down, leaned against her door after seeing Malik's face.

LINDA

You scared me.

Malik steps down off the stairs. He then picks up Linda's handbag.

MALIK

Sorry, I didn't mean to.

He hands over the handbag.

MALIK

You dropped this.

Linda paws through the items inside, pulls out her apartment key and unlocks the door. She leaves the door partially open then pauses and turns to Malik.

LINDA

Thanks. So, what brings you here?

MALIK

A friend of mine lives on the next

floor up. I just stepped out to clear my thoughts.

LINDA

Well if you're not busy, you can sit with me awhile. I can fix us some coffee or tea.

MALIK

You sure? I don't want to impose.

LINDA

You're not imposing.

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Linda steps in and flicks on a light switch; a small, black, chandelier lights the room.

The living room and kitchen merge together via polished maple wood floorboards. A stark echo discharges each time Linda's heels touch the floor panel.

LINDA

Come in.

MALIK

If you insist.

Linda escorts Malik to a tan sofa in the living room.

LINDA

Make yourself comfortable while I bring us back something to drink.

Linda skirts off into the kitchen. Malik sits down on the tan sofa and takes off his shoes.

The room's décor consists of a large black and tan rug, a black framed glass coffee table, two cream leather sofas, and a large leopard painting above Malik's head.

LATER

Linda returns with two mugs of coffee, a cup of cream, and a bowl of sugar, on black wooden tray. She sets the tray along with its contents on the coffee table.

LINDA

Want me to add some cream or sugar?

MALIK

No, I take it black.

Still standing, Linda leans forward, picks up a mug, softly blows away the rising steam, and then hands it to Malik.

LINDA

Careful, it's hot.

MALIK

Thanks.

Linda settles down on the sofa next to Malik. Then she adds cream and sugar to her own coffee, takes two sips, and leans back with her mug in hand. She takes another sip then snickers quietly.

MALIK

What?

LINDA

I was thinking about calling you, and now, here you are, on my couch, drinking coffee with me.

MALIK

Is coffee what you had in mind when you thought about inviting me over?

He parts with his coffee, placing it down on the table. He stares into Linda's eyes then stretches out and cups her chin between his thumb and forefinger.

She bites down on her bottom lip as Malik's inches near hers. Her eyes close almost completely as a bead of sweat races from the side of her forehead down her cheek.

Their lips almost touch, but Linda placing two fingers against his lips.

LINDA

Will you excuse me minute?

She drops her fingers from his lips running them down to his chin. Then she sets her mug down, stands, and slowly walks

off to her bedroom.

She exaggerates the sway of her hips as she paces gingerly toward a back bedroom. She glances over her shoulder, flashing Malik a faint smirk, before she turns the corner to her bedroom.

LINDA'S BEDROOM

After flipping on the lights, Linda dashes to tall, narrow, black dresser and pulls out a sheer silver nightgown that stops midway down her thighs followed by a matching silver thong.

Quickly, she strips off her current clothes and slides on her silver attire. Next she steps into the

KITCHEN

Grabs a bottle of red wine from a cupboard above a refrigerator and a couple of glasses from a cupboard over a sink. As she turns around and winds up bumping into Malik.

LINDA

(gasps)

You scared me again. Anyone ever tell you, you have pretty...?

MALIK

Don't speak.

He covers her mouth with his index finger. Then he wraps his arm around her waist, pulling her closer. Sliding his finger away, he kisses her. He Linda winds up pressed against the kitchen table then lifts her up onto it.

Between kisses Linda sets the wine and two glasses on the table.

She wraps her legs tight around Malik's waist. He picks her up, carrying her into the

LIVING ROOM

Kissing her all the while, then flops down on the sofa.

Linda rips his shirt open and undoes his belt. She then pulls his pants off in a rush and straddles atop of him.

She cups Malik's hands on her breast as she rolls her hips forward and back.

After several minutes, Malik lays Linda on her back, throws her legs over his shoulders. She clinches him tighter after every thrust.

Her fingernails dig deeper into his ribcage as both their body starts to spasm.

She screams out, her eyes roll back then she licks her lips, panting.

While thrusting, Malik places his left hand over Linda's mouth and nose.

She reaches up to move it aside, but she is met with strong resistance.

As Linda continues her efforts, he grabs her by the wrist with his right hand and stretches it out above her head.

Linda's eyes flicker open and shut as she flails trying to free herself. She then bites down hard Malik's. He releases his grip then she shoves him off.

LINDA

What are you trying to do, kill me?!

Now standing, Malik reaches down and grabs her by the hair pulling her closer.

MALIK

(laughs)
What do you think?

He tosses her back onto the couch and mounts atop her, clasps his hands firm around her neck.

Gasping, Linda reaches for a lamp just above her head, grabs it, and smashes it against Malik's head. He absorbs the blow without flinching.

Linda reaches up, gouges his eyes.

He shrugs her hands away.

LINDA
(raspy)
Please, please stop.

She balls her fists as tight then throws two hard punches.

A thin, crimson, trail of blood streams from Malik's nose down to his mouth.

Kicking and pounding on Malik, Linda gags on her breath, succumbing to the strangle hold.

Malik wipes the blood from his mouth and kisses Linda's lifeless, still lips one last time.

He picks his pants up off the floor and digs out a mobile phone. He punches in a number.

MALIK
No, she's still --
(pauses)
-- No, I don't know --
(pauses)
-- Okay, okay I'll have someone
take care of her.

He hangs up the phone then stares at the mirror on the far wall opposite of him. In it is a hazy image of Angela.

As he stares, the image clears, becoming more defined. He walks over to it.

Once in front of it, the image vanishes. Malik closes and rubs his eyes. He turns, opens them, Angela stands in front of him in her black nightgown.

Glancing down at Linda then looking up to Malik, Angela stands stone stiff.

A big grin stretches from cheek to cheek on Malik. Stroking his hand through her hair, he brushes her hair aside then runs his hands from Angela's neck to her shoulders.

MALIK
I should ask how you got in here,
but frankly, that'd be a waste of
breath.

He locks his hands around Angela's neck.

She bows down to the floor on one knee and tries to knock his arms away. In the background, the wailing of an alarm clock grows more audible until it is deafening.

Malik looks away then turns back to her. She vanishes, leaving him with nothing but air between his hands.

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Angela wakes in her bed panting. She flings her comforter off, springs forth, and rushes to the mirror atop of her dresser.

Her hands flail through the air as she turns on a lap set on the dresser then stares into the mirror checking her neck in a meticulous manner.

INT. BAILEY'S MARKET - DAY

Inside the fresh produce market, workers sock and rotate goods and produce. Dozens of shoppers fill the aisles and every shop from butcher to bakery, works fast to service their waiting patrons.

In the grains and pasta aisle, dressed in grey pants, a white shirt, and a black tie, DARIUS BAILEY (30), dark, short haired, kisses DETECTIVE LAURA BAILEY, lean, cocoa skin, and wearing micro-braids.

The couples' lips part, Detective Bailey checks her mobile phone. It shows she has one missed call.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Don't push yourself too hard today,
baby.

DARIUS

I'll try not to but shouldn't I be
the one telling you to slow down?

Detective Bailey pinches Darius' cheek.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Aww, you're too cute when you care.

Darius wraps his arms tighter around Detective Bailey. His fingers lock together behind her back as he pulls her closer.

DARIUS

What kind of husband would I be if
I didn't worry about you every once
in a while?

A pale man, DETECTIVE EDWARD SANDERS (32), fitted in a pin stripe suit with the jacket unbuttoned and flared open, approaches. He clears his throat and the couple turn their heads toward him.

DETECTIVE SANDERS

Laura, the Captain called not to
long ago. Says he's got a case he
wants use to handle personally.

Detective Bailey kisses Darius.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

See you when I get home. I love
you.

EXT. BAILEY'S MARKET - DAY

The two detectives walk toward Detective Sanders' sedan parked outside the Market's doors.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Where did the Captain say we have
to go, Eddie?

DETECTIVE SANDERS

The bank.

INT. MARTIN INTERNATIONAL BANK - DAY

Angela sits at a small wooden desk watching a digital clock mounted atop of it. When it flicks to 11:30, she rises and walks down a hallway toward the back of the bank.

INT. EMPLOYEES' LOUNGE - DAY

Angela is settled down at a table by her lonesome drinking a

Lie Behind the Eye

soda. Glancing up, she spots Detective's Bailey and Sanders walking her way.

DETECTIVE BAILEY
Are you Angela McAbbey?

ANGELA
Yes. Who are you?

DETECTIVE BAILEY
(flashes her badge)
I'm Detective Laura Bailey and this
is my partner Eddie Sanders.

DETECTIVE SANDERS
Miss McAbbey, Laura and I want you
to come down to the station with
us.

ANGELA
What for?

DETECTIVE SANDERS
We have questions concerning your
friend Linda.

ANGELA
Is she ok?

DETECTIVE BAILEY
She's dead.
(beat)

A distraught look washes over Angela's face. She puts her hand on her face and lets it fall down her cheek till it hits the table.

ANGELA
You're kidding. I just, I just saw
her last night. I was with her the
whole time.

DETECTIVE SANDERS
We found her dead in her apartment
this morning.

Both detectives pull up a seat beside Angela. Detective Bailey leans forward, placing her hand on Angela's shoulder.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

I know this hard news to swallow,
but Detective Sanders and I need
you to come down to the station
with us.

ANGELA

(sniveling)

Ok, I'll go.

INT. CAPTAIN ARRIAGA'S OFFICE - DAY

Detective Sanders leans against a wall behind Detective
Bailey and Angela who are seated side by side opposite of
the chief's seat.

A moment later, the door swings open and Captain Arriaga
enters the room.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Captain, Angela McAbbey is here to
speak with you.

Captain Arriaga sits down and slaps a manila envelope on his
desk.

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA

Thank you. Leave us.

Detectives Bailey and Sanders exit the captain's office.

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA

As you already know, your friend
Linda Fernandez is dead.

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA

She was half-naked, lying in tub
underneath a running shower.

He slides pictures out of the manila envelope and pushes
them to Angela.

PICTURES

One of Linda's legs dangle off the side of the tub. A purple
ring encircles the skin of her neck and she is completely
soaked.

Lie Behind the Eye

She thumbs through the photos.

ANGELA

O my God.

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA

Autopsy tells us she was strangled to death.

ANGELA

I want to know who did this. Tell me you got someone in custody, or a witness or something.

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA

That's why we brought you in. I was hoping you could give me some answers.

OFFICE

ANGELA

Excuse me?

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA

Your number was the last to show on Miss Fernandez's cell phone.

ANGELA

I was worried when she didn't call me last night. So I called her. I only got her voicemail though.

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA

I believe you. Neighbors told my detectives they heard unusual loud noises coming from Linda's apartment. Was she expecting company?

Angela sits, choked by silence.

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA

Angela, I need an answer.

ANGELA

(mutters)

It can't be. There was this guy,
some guy, a fortuneteller was
telling Linda about.

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA

Did the fortuneteller go by the
name Madam Nesta?

ANGELA

Yeah, sounds familiar.

(rubs forehead)

She was telling Linda about some
guy she likes. God, what was his
name?

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA

Sorry to interrupt, Madam Nesta's
husband found her brutally stabbed.
Chloroform was in her system.

ANGELA

How is she?

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA

Right now, she's in intensive care
over at Wills Eye Hospital. She'll
be released in a week.

ANGELA

Glad she's not, you know, dead.

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA

Angela, did Madam Zoë mention a
name?

ANGELA

His name was Malik. Yeah, I
remember now. Linda was going on
and on about 'em. She said his name
was Malik Clark.

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA

(queerly)

Malik Clark?

ANGELA

What, that's his name. You don't believe me?

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA
Malik Clark, as a prime suspect,
Are you sure?

ANGELA
Why not?

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA
He's the son of Senator Vincent
Clark.

ANGELA
So?

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA
Do you have evidence or proof to
back your accusation?

ANGELA
You're the cop. Collecting proof
and evidence is your.

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA
I know what my job entitles, but
I'm telling you, something like
this, it's uncharacteristic.

ANGELA
Are you profiling now? Am I not as
credible because I'm not blue blood
and he is?

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA
That's not what I meant.

ANGELA
He's just as capable of committing
murder like--

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA
--You or anybody else in this city.

ANGELA
Don't give me that. My best friend
was murdered. I think I know who

did it and you're too scared to act.

Angela rises from her seat and walks toward the door.

ANGELA
You're pathetic.

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA
Angela, wait. The Clark family is the most beloved family in Philadelphia.

Angela stops, turns to Captain Arriaga, and then walks over to the Captain's desk. She leans over it with her hands pressed atop of it.

ANGELA
And you're protecting him?

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA
I'm captain of this precinct.

Captain Arriaga shoots up out his chair.

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA
(coarse)
I uphold the law as best I can. Go home, me and my detectives will deal with this.

ANGELA
Ok, but promise me you'll question Malik Clark.

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA
Trust me, we'll keep in touch.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lying on her bed, Angela stares at a photo of a man and woman on her dresser.

The man is tall, dark haired, slim jawed and the woman is modest and petite looking with red hair. There is nothing too striking about the couple, other than that the woman's head comes up to the man's shoulder.

Nestled in the woman's arms is a baby wrapped in a powder blue blanket. Patterned on that blanket are yellow ducks.

ANGELA

I miss you guys.

Angela blows a kiss to the photo, reaches to turn off a light on a night stand adjacent to her, and then, while curled up in the fetal position, she shuts her eyes.

FLASHBACK: JUNE 16, 1991

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jonathan and Allison McAbbey drive home on a partly empty street. Cars heading the opposite direction pass them once every minute or so.

INT. JONATHAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Inside a red Grand Am, Jonathan and Allison smile at one another.

ALLISON MCABBEY

Jonathan, tonight was amazing.

She leans over and kisses Jonathan on his cheek.

ALLISON MCABBEY

You really outdid yourself this year.

Jonathan glances at Allison, takes her hand into his. His thumb brushes back and forth over a platinum band, diamond encrusted ring.

JONATHAN MCABBEY

It's just one of my ways of saying I love you.

Allison stares down at her hand. The star cut stone shimmers in the moonlight.

ALLISON MCABBEY

You never fail to make me happy.

JONATHAN MCABBEY

Fifteen years together and you get

more beautiful every year. Happy Anniversary.

ALLISON MCABBEY
Happy Anniversary.

Allison leans and kisses Jonathan again. For five seconds Jonathan and Allison's lips are locked together. The kiss causes Jonathan to almost lose control of the car.

ALLISON MCABBEY
I hope the kids are asleep.

JONATHAN MCABBEY
I think I know why that is.

Allison leans over once more and nibbles on Jonathan's ear. She continues to lick and kiss her way down to his neck while stroking her hand up and down his right thigh.

Jonathan pulls over to the side of the road and shifts the car into park.

JONATHAN MCABBEY
Why wait for home.

He reclines his seat back as far as it allows him. Allison rolls up her dress then mounts atop of Jonathan.

ALLISON MCABBEY
This looks vaguely familiar.

JONATHAN MCABBEY
Yep, Valentine's day.

ALLISON MCABBEY
Has it really been that long?

Jonathan pulls Allison closer, inhales her perfume's fragrance.

JONATHAN MCABBEY
We should really stop on the side of the road more often.

Allison places her hands on Jonathan's face, pulls him near then kisses him. While Jonathan and Allison's lips are locked, steam gradually collects on the windows.

ALLISON MCABBEY

(kissing)

Is that so?

JONATHAN MCABBEY

Yeah.

He tunes the radio to a slow jam. After settling on a slow song, he unfastens his belt and unzips his pants. Allison continues to kiss him.

ALLISON MCABBEY

Really?

JONATHAN MCABBEY

Really.

He pulls down the straps of her dress as she starts to rock back and forth. As Allison finds her rhythm atop of him, the windows fog up completely.

A STRANGER, dressed in all white clothing, wearing a plain white baseball cap, which allows for her long wavy black ponytail to sail out, and white sunglasses, taps loudly on the driver side window.

Jonathan and Allison stop moving their bodies against one another and glare at the Stranger.

JONATHAN MCABBEY

Go away.

Jonathan pulls down on Allison bra, grabs one of her breasts and sucks on her nipple as she continues to ride his meat-pole squeezing every inch of him into her.

As the couple grind at a faster tempo there is another knock on the window.

The same Stranger stands outside of their car with her head pressed against the driver side window. Allison quickly covers herself up. Jonathan's face flushes red. He lowers his window halfway.

JONATHAN MCABBEY

What. We're trying to enjoy a romantic evening. Get the fuck away

from us.

Un-intimidated by Jonathan's tone of voice the Stranger retorts with a calm manner.

STRANGER

Good evening sir, good evening
ma'am. Would you two mind stepping
out of the car please?

Jonathan and Allison look at the Stranger with an astonished look on their faces. After Allison adjusts her bra and dress straps, she rolls over back into the passenger seat.

Jonathan stuffs manhood back into his pants and zips up. He then stares at the Stranger, who is dressed in all white, up and down.

JONATHAN MCABBEY

I don't see a badge. Why should we?

The Stranger lifts up her shirt, flashes a Philadelphia Police Department badge.

ALLISON MCABBEY

Can we at least know what we're in
violation of? On second thought,
just write the damn ticket.

Very calm, the Stranger reaches behind her back and withdraws a small black pistol from its holster.

She sticks it through the opening of the driver-side window and fires at Jonathan's leg. Blood spurts onto the dashboard and windshield.

Jonathan cries out in agony as he presses his hands against the hole in his leg. Petrified, Allison tucks her knees to her chin, wraps her arms around her legs, and then quivers and whimpers in the passenger seat.

STRANGER

Hand over the keys. Don't make me
ask twice.

The Stranger leans further into the car and presses the hot point of her gun against Jonathan's cheek. Right away, Jonathan shuts off the car then hands the keys over to the

woman in white.

STRANGER

Good; now get out the car.

Jonathan and Allison give pause. After the moment of silence, Jonathan takes of his button shirt and wraps it around his wound. Once wrapped tight, he and Allison continue to stare at the Stranger

The Stranger glances over both her shoulders, then back at the couple.

STRANGER

Did I stutter? Get the fuck out the car.

JONATHAN MCABBEY

Are you letting us go? Because you can have the car, just let us go.

STRANGER

Put it this way, I'm setting you free.

Jonathan and Allison exit the car with their hands up high. The Stranger walks over to the rear of the car. The Stranger keeps her gun fixed on Jonathan as she opens the trunk.

STRANGER

(To Allison)

Get in.

ALLISON MCABBEY

No. You got the car now let us go.

STRANGER

You figure since I got your nice little Cadillac I should just let you be on your jolly ole way, right?

ALLISON MCABBEY

Yes.

The Stranger sighs with a grin on her face. She proceeds over to Jonathan and pistol-whips him across his temple.

He falls to the ground holding one hand over his head and the other holding his wounded leg. Jonathan takes his hand off his head and sees blood on his fingers.

STRANGER
(to Jonathan)
Open your mouth!

The Stranger grabs Jonathan by his hair then forcefully stuffs the barrel of her gun into his mouth.

STRANGER
(to Allison)
Unless you want to see his brains splatter over the goddamn road, you'll get your ass in the trunk!

Allison slams her hands hard against the hood of the car. Tears streak down from her hazel eyes as she steps forth nervous.

ALLISON MCABBEY
Ok, ok. Please, don't kill him.

She walks to the rear of the car.

ALLISON MCABBEY
I'm getting in the trunk, just as you said. See?

Allison steps into the trunk, the Stranger nudges Jonathan toward the truck with her gun still fixed in his mouth. Once there, she removes her gun from his mouth and pushes him inside. She grabs the top of the trunk and pauses.

STRANGER
You two ought to loosen up. I promised I'd set you free.

The Stranger slams the trunk shut. Jonathan and Allison stare up at her as she shuts it.

INT. JONATHAN'S CAR - NIGHT

INTERCUT: TRUNK

In the darkness, the sound of the couple's breathing is loud and raspy. They wrap their arms around each other. Allison

places her head on Jonathan's chest and weeps.

JONATHAN MCABBEY

Don't cry Allie. We're going to be fine.

ALLISON MCABBEY

Yeah, at least we're together.

DRIVER'S SEAT

The Stranger hops in the driver seat, starts the car, and revs the engine a couple of times then speeds off.

EXT. VACANT ALLEY - NIGHT

The Stranger parks the car in a desolate dead end alley behind a bunch of rundown abandoned stores. She then jumps out of the car and unlocks the trunk. Like gophers popping from a hole, Jonathan and Allison survey their surroundings. They aren't quite sure where they are.

STRANGER

We're here. Now, get out.

Jonathan stumbles out from the trunk first. Allison follows close behind him.

ALLISON MCABBEY

Where are we?

The Stranger back steps a few feet from the couple.

STRANGER

(pointing)

Turn toward that building over there.

JONATHAN MCABBEY

(stuttering)

Wait a minute. You said you'd let us go!

He limps toward the Stranger draped in white.

STRANGER

I said I would set you free.

JONATHAN MCABBEY

It means the same thing.

STRANGER

You don't get it. I'm freeing you from this world and helping you to the next.

(cocking her gun)

Now turn around!

Jonathan gulps down his saliva and stumbles backward until he bumps into Allison.

STRANGER

What do you think you're doing?

Jonathan ignores her as he inches closer to Allison.

JONATHAN MCABBEY

(whispering)

Allie, I want you to run on my signal.

ALLISON MCABBEY

(whispering)

What about you?

STRANGER

What are you saying to her?

JONATHAN MCABBEY

Don't worry about me. I'll keep her distracted, you get out of here.

ALLISON MCABBEY

I won't leave you. If we die, we die together.

STRANGER

Cut that out. Stop whispering.

JONATHAN MCABBEY

Allison, I can't live with myself if you died. Besides, one of us has to live for Angela and Troy.

STRANGER

Hey.

She fires a shot into the air.

STRANGER

What the fuck are you whispering
about!

The gunshot is thunderous. Startled, the couple pants
heavily.

The Stranger approaches the couple, her gun clinched tight
in hand. She pops her neck in an erratic fashion along the
way.

STRANGER

That wasn't a rhetorical question.

ALLISON MCABBEY

(to Jonathan)

No Jonathan. I can't leave you.

JONATHAN MCABBEY

Don't argue this.

The Stranger stands an arms length from the couple with her
gun aimed at Jonathan's heart.

STRANGER

Answer me.

JONATHAN MCABBEY

Now.

The Stranger spins around to Allison who's sprinting down
the alley. She takes aim, but Jonathan tackles her to the
ground. Their bodies become entwined as they wrestle on the
ground.

JONATHAN MCABBEY

I won't let you hurt her.

The Stranger elbows Jonathan's jaw then pushes him away with
her legs. Jonathan grabs an iron pipe lying off to the side,
charges toward her.

She snatches up her gun, fires a single round into his
abdomen. Jonathan falls to his knees, dropping the pipe as
well.

Lie Behind the Eye

The Stranger swings around to Allison, who is almost at the end of the alley. She fires two shots, one pierces through Allison's heart, the other rips through her right lung. She freezes in mid-step, and collapses like a rag doll.

Jonathan spits up mouthfuls of blood as his wife motionless off in the distance.

JONATHAN MCABBEY

Allison. No.
 (to Stranger)
 You bastard... I'll kill you.

He pulls himself to his feet, picks up the iron pipe once more, and staggers toward the Stranger. He lunges at her but she dodges his attack with a quick hop backward. She then kicks the pipe from his hand and clubs him with the butt of her gun.

STRANGER

We had something between us
 Jonathan. I felt the same for you.
 Vincent would've never known about
 our affair.
 (Beat)

She removes her glasses and takes off her baseball cap. It's Zoë.

JONATHAN

You, you bitch.

ZOË

You just had to fuck up what we
 could have had and marry that
 tramp. How could you?

JONATHAN MCABBEY

You murdered my wife. If leave me
 breathing, I will kill you. I swear
 it.

Zoë pulls Jonathan closer by his collar and kisses him. Jonathan spits at her face soon after their lips part.

ZOË

It's no use. I can't talk sense

into you.

Zoë wipes the spite from her face then slaps Jonathan with her gun. He sways backward but springs forward again like a rubber band.

JONATHAN MCABBEY

I hate you!

Zoë aims at Jonathan's head.

ZOË

If you love that bitch so much,
fine. You can die with your whore.

ZOË'S GUN

A loud gunshot vibrates through the air.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - PRESENT DAY - NIGHT

Angela puts the photo back onto her dresser then breaks down to her knees in tears.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A bus stops at a corner in front of a stop sign, several passengers exit out including Angela. She continues up the street into a park

Walking with her hands in the pockets of her windbreaker, she continues along blacktop recreation path close to a lake centered in the park.

Approaching from the opposite direction is Zach. He comes within ten feet of Angela before noticing it's her.

ZACH

Angela?

He says as he walks past. Angela jerks her head up then turns his direction.

ANGELA

Oh, hey. You're, you're...

ZACH

Zach. Do angels' like you have only pretty faces, remember?

A faint smirk forms across Angela's lips.

ANGELA

Yeah, I remember.

ZACH

You're smiling a little bit. You still look down. It's like you lost your best friend or something.

ANGELA

(beat)

I really need to get going. Good bumping into you.

Angela puts her head down and starts the opposite way, back toward the direction she first set out on.

Zach catches Angela by her wrist.

ZACH

I was just joking. That didn't really happen, did it?

Angela pulls her hand away, placing it back inside her pocket.

ANGELA

Whatever.

She continues on her own down along a solid yellow line separating the blacktop path into two.

ZACH

Wait, I'm sorry. Can I at least keep you company? We don't have to talk if you don't want to. Please?

Angela pauses. Zach walks up to her as she turns to face him.

ANGELA

Don't ask where we're going.

EXT. FERNANDEZ'S HOUSE - DAY

Angela and Zach arrive in a neighborhood lined with urban duplexes. Each one has red shingles; a triangle tipped rooftop, and a tan outer painting as well as short hedges.

Every duplex is 3 stories tall and grouped four buildings together at a time.

Angela walks up to the top of a three step stoop. She then turns, facing Zach waiting at the base.

ANGELA

Thank you.

ZACH

Angela, you don't have to thank me.

ANGELA

Yes, I do and I'm sorry I got upset back at the park. I have a lot going through my mind.

Zach walks up to the top of the stoop. He places both hands on Angela's shoulders.

ANGELA

I didn't mean to take what you said out of context. It's just I barely know you, and, and --

Zach wraps his arms around Angela, hugging her. She embraces him back.

ZACH

We don't always have to make sense of things with words. Sometimes all a person needs is good company.

Angela lifts her head from Zach's chest and wipes a tear swelling from her eye. She then nods her head.

ZACH

Take care of yourself.

ANGELA

Wait.

Zach looks behind him.

ANGELA

I never got, I mean, I never did
get your number.

Zach reproaches Angela. He digs into his pocket retrieving a pen.

ANGELA

You need a piece of paper? I should
have something in my purse.

ZACH

Give me your hand.

He takes Angela's hand, scribbling his number across the fleshy portion of her hand closest to her thumb.

ZACH

There you go.

ANGELA

Talk to you soon.

They exchange smiles; Zach continues down the stoop once more. He looks back at Angela one last time before walking away down the block.

Angela turns to the door. To gather herself she closes her eyes, inhales deep, and slowly exhales. She lifts up her right hand, knocks three times on the door.

Within moments, a woman, short, belly slightly protruding, and wearing a black dress with white polka dots.

ANGELA

Hello, Mrs. Fernandez

INT. FERNANDEZ'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The floor is hardwood. A large maroon rug with swirling white flowers and a black border around the edging lie on the middle of the floor. Atop of it is a glass coffee table with silver, speckled, metal legs and frame.

Angela sits on a green leather sofa in the living room. On a piece of paper she jots down Zach's number then slips it

into her purse.

To Angela's right, sits MR. FERNANDEZ. His legs are long and his hair is thinning toward the middle of his head.

He wears brown slacks, a short sleeve, yellow, button up shirt and a large gold ring on the middle finger of his left hand.

MR. FERNANDEZ

Would you like anything to drink, Angel?

ANGELA

No but thanks for asking, Mr. Fernandez.

Mrs. Fernandez comes walking down the staircase holding a small wooden box.

She settles on the sofa, sitting beside Angela while setting the box on the coffee table and then claps Angela's hands between her own.

MRS. FERNANDEZ

Linda's father and I felt we should give you this. Linda would have wanted you to have it.

She flips open the top to the small wooden box. Inside is a photo of two girls, about 12 years old, holding each other in a headlock, smiling.

Next to the picture is a brown string necklace. A flat orange pebble is a charm piece connected to it. The pebble is engraved AM + LF.

ANGELA

Is that --

MRS. FERNANDEZ

-- The necklace you and Linda made at summer camp when you first met.

Mr. Fernandez rises from his armchair, joining the two women.

MR. FERNANDEZ

We've always thought of you as daughter because of how close you and Linda were.

MRS. FERNANDEZ

You should be the first to speak at her funeral services.

Angela picks up the photo, gazes at it as she holds it with both hands.

ANGELA

I'd be honored to.

INT BAILEY'S MARKET - DARUIS' OFFICE - NIGHT

The room is spacious. The walls are forest green. The upper half of the one by the is glass and covered by white horizontal window blinds. Pale yellow light illuminates the room.

Darius stands at a tall silver filing cabinet. It's top drawer is open, he pulls manila folders from he.

The sounds of something rattling and clicking open causes him to turn to the door.

PAUL stand at the entrance. He's tall, dark slicked back hair, wears crimson bifocals, crimson gloves and a long crimson leather jacket.

PAUL

Say, um, you run this place? You Darius Bailey?

DARIUS

Yes, I am.

He walks to a small brown desk placed close to the back wall then sits in a black leather chair with wooden arm rests.

PAUL

I have a complaint I want to take up with you personally.

DARIUS

Come on in. I'm more than happy to settle any discrepancy you have

with the store.

Paul steps forward closing the door behind him.

INT. MARTIN INTERNATIONAL BANK - DAY

Angela enter the front doors with an umbrella held in hand extended as water drips from it. She wraps the velcro strap around the umbrella and continues to a desk near the opposite end of the floor.

The desk is plain, black framed, and gray topped. White sorting trays sit on the left of it. A silver frame of a tall man with blonde hair, and glasses, a woman with ginger red hair, and Angela sit on the right corner of the desk.

Angela stares at the photo centered on the desk; Linda and Angela three years younger.

A woman dressed in an orange dress with cream heels on her feet and her hair fashioned in a bun appears behind Angela.

WOMAN IN ORANGE

You alright?

Angela jerks her head around.

ANGELA

Huh? Oh, I'm fine.

The woman in orange nods then walks away. Angela drops her head into her hands. Hers eyes fall onto the photo to the right again then shuts them tight.

EXT. MCABBAY HOUSE - SPRING 1990 - NIGHT

A dark figure in black boots climbs five steps till standing on a pastel blue porch with chipped paint.

A hand extends it's slender fingers, pressing a glowing, circular doorbell.

A gold door knob on a white door turns. On the opposite side of the open entryway stands Jonathan.

JONATHAN

(pause)

This is my home. What are you doing

here?

The dark figure glides its hands from Jonathan's temple, down his cheeks, and runs its thumbs across his lips.

JONATHAN

You need to leave.

DARK FIGURE

Jonathan.

CHILD O.S

Daddy?

A child, with long curly hair, green eyes, and wearing pink pajamas comes to view behind Jonathan.

JONATHAN

(to child)

Go and find your mother, sweetie.

The child runs out of the living room and into the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Allison, ginger haired, wearing a blue blouse and black pants, chops up vegetables.

ALLISON

What's the matter, sweetie?

LIVING ROOM

JONATHAN

Leave me and my family alone.

DARK FIGURE

I don't care about them, Jonathan.
I only want you. I've always wanted
you.

Allison enters into the living room.

ALLISON

Jonathan, who's there?

Wiping her hands on a small towel, she lays it over her shoulder then proceeds to the front door. Allison takes a

long look at the dark robed figure. A snarled expression overcomes her face.

Allison nudges Jonathan aside, places her hand behind the door, slams it shut.

INT. MARTIN INTERNATIONAL BANK - PRESENT - DAY

Angela gasps fro air. She grabs her purse and umbrella, walks to the front exit.

The woman in orange places her hand on Angela's arm, stopping her.

ANGELA

I'm not okay.

WOMAN IN ORANGE

Take all the time you need.

EXT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT BUILDING- DAY

A cab pulls up to the curb. Angela tips the driver, steps out, walks through the gate to the building.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Footsteps echo off the walls of a stairwell. Angela slowly comes to sight. Digging in her purse, she takes out her keys then unlocks her door.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Angela enters the sitting room. She continues to the kitchen, laying her purse on the countertop, walks over to the sink.

She puts the faucet on cold, splashes her face a couple times, then grabs a sheet of paper towel from a holder hanging above the faucet.

The water continues to run as Angela pats her face dry. She turns the faucet off then stares at her purse, papers inside have spilled out. She picks up a small slip of paper and calls the number on it with her mobile phone.

INT. AUTO SHOP - DAY

Zach is underneath a candy blue Ford Mustang. A phone rings, he slides from underneath, answers a mobile phone sitting on a red toolbox.

ZACH

Hello.

ANGELA

Zach, what are you doing?

ZACH

Angela?

ANGELA

I know it's early but I was wondering if you wanted to get a bite to eat with me.

ZACH

Oh, yeah sure. I can take off right now. I know a place we can go.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

The diner has an old 50's rustic appearance. Dark stain glass coverings surround lights hanging from the ceiling. Booth style seating lines the edges & walls. The booth seats and chairs have bright, tomato, red coverings.

Angela and Zach sit beside the window. A brunette waitress in a pastel yellow blouse and skirt uniform. A white apron is wrapped around her waist.

She writes on a memo pad, tears the sheet, walks away places it on silver counter where chefs are cooking.

Zach leans back against the window, taps his fingers on the table.

ANGELA

What?

ZACH

You're changing.

ANGELA

Well, you would too if your best friend was murdered.

Zach sits up, putting his hands to his face, he stares out the window.

ANGELA

I didn't mean to lash out at you.
I've been having strange dreams
lately.

Angela reaches forward, placing her hand on Zach's hand. She removes his hand from his face.

ZACH

Tell me about them.

ANGELA

I feel like I'm two people. Like
I'm two places at once. It's hard
to explain.

The waitress returns with a tray and two plates of food atop of it. She sets the two plates on the table.

INT. DETECTIVE BAILEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Detective Bailey, sits on a brown leather chair behind a large desk. She flips through autopsy photos of Linda Fernandez.

On a small pad she jots down notes. On the desk sits is a silver photo frame containing a picture of her and Darius.

MOBILE PHONE

Spins as it vibrates on opposite end of the desk . A letter symbol glows on the screen. Detective Bailey's hands reach out, open the phone.

A picture text of Darius strung up by his shackled wrists, his white collar shirt is torn and covered with blood.

I crimson gloved hand holds his head up from behind while another crimson gloved hand holds a knife under his chin.

OFFICE

Detective Bailey shuts the phone, drops it atop the desk, and then recoils back. She puts her hands over her mouth,

Lie Behind the Eye

cries trying to escape are muffled..

The mobile phone spins on the desk again. This time it rings as well. After two rotations she picks it up and opens it.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Hello.

VOICE (V.O)

If you want your husband to live do as I say.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Who is this? How do you know Darius?

Detective Bailey leans forward, placing her elbows on her desk.

VOICE (V.O)

Nah uh, uh, questions like that will only get Darius hurt.

Two loud thuds and two hard grunts, resonate from the phone's speaker.

VOICE (V.O)

You don't want that do you?

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Okay, okay, don't hurt him. Just... tell me what I have to do.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Traffic is light. People are sparse and few.

ZACH

How long have you been having these dreams.

ANGELA

A day or two ago. Right around the time...

ZACH

(pause)

What are they usually about?

ANGELA

The past mostly... I had about Linda.
It was as if I was physically
there.

They walk past a black Volvo. A dark figure inside starts up the engine.

Angela and Zach halt for a red light at a crosswalk.

The Volvo peels out from it's parked position.

The couple are looking at each other. Behind Zach the black Volvo speeds up. Its headlights flash on.

Angela notices the car barreling toward them. She pushes Zach aside then jumps into the air. The hood of the car passes under her feet but she collides with the windshield, rolls over the rooftop, and slams onto the concrete.

Angela's eyes slowly shut as she watches the Volvo speed away out of sight.

INT. WILL'S EYE HOSPITAL - ROOM - DREAM - NIGHT

No lights are on. A curtain, partially open allows star and streetlight to shine through. A television station on one of the walls is tuned into to a news station.

REPORTER (V.O)

Senator Vincent Clark will step
down as CEO of Clark Industries.

Underneath the reporter a newsfeed read: Senator Vincent Clark announces campaign for fourth re-election into U.S Senate.

Eyes flutter open.

On an adjacent bed an older woman, pale as milk with long wavy brown hair sleeps in a patients' gown.

Angela sits up in the bed closes to the windows. She notices an I.V attached to her arm. She too wears a patients' gown.

She scratches her head, but finds it wrapped with gauze.

Lie Behind the Eye

ANGELA
(to herself)
What happened to me?

She looks to her right. On a nightstand her mobile phone sits. She picks it up and opens it. The numbers inside are illegible.

Angela closes her phone then tucks her hands under her pillow and curls into the fetal position.

INT. WILL'S EYE HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

All is quiet. Through the dim lighting, Paul appears in his crimson red attire.

His footsteps echo with a rhythmic beat. He passes up three rooms then stops. He looks through the glass part of the door. It's fairly dark inside except for the glow from the television and streetlamps' faint illumination.

ROOM

Angela's eyes open halfway.

The door handle squeaks as Paul twists it, tiptoes to the foot of the old woman's bed.

He picks up her charts. The name at the top reads Madame Nesta. He taps his chin, glances over at Angela as he places the charts back.

Grinning, Paul slides a long, curved knife out from behind him, continues toward the old woman's face, rolls back the blankets covering her.

Angela remains concealed under her blanket. Only her chin and lips are visible.

Paul covers Madam Nesta's mouth and raises the knife into the air. Soft, blue, light flickers off the blade as the knife plunges into the old woman's chest.

She jolts awake gasping for air, flailing her arms and legs.

Paul yanks the blade out then thrusts it into her abdomen, twisting once it is hilt deep. Blood spurts on his glove.

Lie Behind the Eye

The old woman goes limp.

He removes his hand from her mouth; a stream of blood trails down the side of her cheek, her eyelids close shut.

Paul turns to Angela. Blood drips from his blade, trickles on the floor. The drippings has the same ominous sound as water falling from a leaky faucet.

He's arms length away now.

Angela jumps out of bed, shrouding him with her thin, blue, blanket then darts to the door.

She fumbles with the doorknob, pushing and twisting trying to get the door to open. After throwing her body against it she pulls it open.

Paul slices through the blanket, throws his knife at Angela rounds out the entryway. He misses her head and blade embeds into the hallway wall.

PAUL

Come here, bitch!

ANGELA O.S

Help!

INT. WILLS EYE HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Paul yanks his knife from the wall and charges down the hallway.

No doctors, nurses, nor janitors appear to aid Angela's cries.

STAIRWELL

Running up a flight of steps she, collides into the tall, gray-haired, potbellied, wrinkle-faced, DOCTOR. He grabs her wrist and stops her between floors.

DOCTOR

What are you doing out of bed? You should be resting.

ANGELA

Help me, help me, please.

The Doctor moves his hand up Angela's arm resting it on her shoulder.

DOCTOR

Calm down and tell me what's going on.

DOOR

Opens soft.

STAIRWELL

Paul creeps up to the Doctor.

ANGELA

(panicked)

Look behind you.

She pushes the Doctor's hand off, breaks away up the steps, snatches the door open to the next floor.

Paul spins the doctor around, grips his hands around the doctor's throat, then tosses him down the steps.

HALLWAY

Angela looks over her shoulder. Paul looms behind. She whips around a corner into an adjacent hallway then bursts into an

EMPLOYEES' LOUNGE

She locks the metal double door, turns toward the center of the room.

In front of her, at a circular white table, surrounded by four chairs, is a JANITOR listening to an ipod and eating a bowl of soup with crackers.

He wears a white-collar shirt, blue slacks and has a large set of keys attached to a brown belt.

Looking up, he rests his spoon in the bowl then removes his earbuds.

JANITOR

Lie Behind the Eye

Are you lost or something?

Angela dashes to him, clings onto his shoulder.

ANGELA

A man in big red leather jacket is
trying to kill me.

LOUNGE DOOR

Rattles as three loud thuds pound against its outside.

CENTER OF LOUNGE

The Janitor rises from his chair then grabs Angela by the
arm and leads her across the room.

JANITOR

Stay in here.

PANTRY

He gently pushes Angela inside and shuts the door. Only a
sliver of a crack is left open.

JANITOR

Be quiet and he won't find you.

As Angela squats down inside the pantry, the Janitor puts on
his walkman and sits down at the table again. Paul bursts
the door open. The Janitor boops his head to the music
playing through his mp3 and eats his soup

PAUL

Where is she?

The Janitor continues to eat his soup and listen to his
ipod.

Paul walks to the table and pulls one of the janitor's ear
buds from his ear.

JANITOR

Yeah, what do you want?

PAUL

The girl, where is she?

JANITOR

I haven't seen anyone since my shift started 3 hours ago.

Paul wraps his around and under the Janitor's chin, flashes his knife to, and then presses it to Janitor's throat.

PAUL

Tell me where she is. I won't ask you again.

JANITOR

It's the graveyard shift. Only a handful of people, including me, are even awake.

PAUL

Three seconds. One.

He lifts the Janitor from his chair. The knife presses firmer against the his neck.

JANITOR

I'm an old Chicano. You think I never had a knife pressed to my neck before?

He stares at the pantry, breathes heavier and more rapid.

PAUL

Two.

JANITOR

Don't make me put the blade down for you.

PAUL

Three.

The Janitor grabs Paul's hand and bends it back until the knife drops. He then elbows him in the gut and lays him to the floor with one punch.

JANITOR

I told you. I don't know anything about no girl.

Paul sweeps him to the floor, grabs his knife.

PAUL

Don't waste my time old man.

Paul pounces on the Janitor, throwing two punches to his face and thrusts his knee into his ribs.

He maneuvers so he's the opposite way over the Janitor's head.

The Janitor punches straight up, hitting Paul's chin. Paul hold one of his arms down, presses his forearm on the Janitor's upper chest. He lifts the knife into the air.

JANITOR

Please, don't.

The blade descends down, pressing against the Janitor's neck, it slowly slides from left to right slicing open his neck. Blood rushes fast over the ever widening gash, pooling on the tile floor.

His feet twitch in spastic fashion then cease to do so after a short while.

Paul wipes the blade onto the Janitor's shirt, continues to sift through the room.

PAUL

(exaggerated)

There's no point in hiding, Angela.
I'm going to find you.

He laughs as he prowls about.

PANTRY

Heavy wheezing seeps out from crack of the door.

EMPLOYEES' LOUNGE

He looks toward the pantry.

PAUL

You in there, Angela?

PANTRY

A peep escapes from her mouth, presses her hands tight over her lips, backs away from the door and stumbles over a jar. She picks it up, walks back to the pantry door.

EMPLOYEES' LOUNGE

Paul is a few steps away from the pantry. He reaches for the knob.

The door swings open, Angela springs forward smashing the jar on his head. Screws contained inside ricochet out and dance upon the floor.

Paul stutters steps back. Angela sprints to the double doors. Paul slings a chair at her legs and Angela trips, but she jumps to her feet once more.

Paul snags her by the hair.

PAUL

Look at me.

Angela slaps him across the face, open palm and backhand. Paul lets go of her hair then grabs her hand on the back swing.

ANGELA

Stop, let go. What do you want?
What do you want?

PAUL

You, out of the picture--

He pulls her close, they both face the forward. Paul brings the tip of the knife to the side of Angela's neck

PAUL

Now die.

Angela stops on Paul's foot, hits square in the face with a hard backhand, then quickly spins throwing her elbow against the side of his face.

Paul goes flying into counter across the room.

Angela yanks open the double doors and starts running.

INT. WILL'S EYE HOSPITAL - HALLS - LATER - NIGHT

Angela approaches a corner. She slows up when a shadow comes nearer from the adjoining hall.

A SECURITY GUARD rounds the corner. He stops and stares at Angela.

SECURITY GUARD
Something wrong, Miss?

She pauses, a smile takes shape on her lips. She then staggers toward the guard.

He looks down at the red blotches on her gown.

SECURITY GUARD
Is that your blood on you? Are you hurt?

Angela's lips quiver but she continues to the Security Guard with one hand outstretched.

SECURITY GUARD
Let me look at you. I won't hurt you.

PAUL O.S
You might not --

The Security Guard turns, Paul rushes in, grabs him from behind, and snaps his neck. The guard slumps to the floor.

PAUL
But I will.

Angela back peddles as he advances closer. She turns to her right, glances out a window. There's a fire escape one floor below.

She glances at Paul, then hurls herself through the window. A cloud of clear shards explode from the window as Angela breaks through, then vanish.

Paul hurries to the shattered window, looks down into the alley. There's no one on the fire escape or below in the dumpster next to it.

INT. DETECTIVE BAILEY'S HOUSE - GUESTROOM - PRESENT - NIGHT

Angela's eyes open, she sits up in a queen size bed. Her clothes are different and bits of glass fall from her hair onto the comforter.

She looks around, surveying the room. There is purple and auburn from the bedspread, to the curtains, and to the carpet.

On the dresser are pictures of Detective Bailey wrapped in the arms of a man and many children.

Two quick knocks tap the--

DOOR

DETECTIVE BAILEY O.S
Everything okay in there?

The door opens. Detective Bailey peeks her head inside.

ANGELA
Where am I?

Detective Bailey opens the door all the way and makes her way onto the

BED

She touches the gauze wrapped around Angela's forehead.

DETECTIVE BAILEY
That hit on the head must have you confused.

Angela stares at Detective Bailey.

ANGELA
Detective?

DETECTIVE BAILEY
(pauses)
My house. I picked you up from the hospital earlier today. Captain wants me to keep an eye on you.

ANGELA
But how--

DETECTIVE BAILEY

You were hit by a car, had to get stitches. Surprising though, no broken bones.

Angela leans forward, putting her hand to her head. Her mouth opens with a grimacing expression, a sigh follows.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Easy, now. You might have a concussion.

Angela reclines back onto a pillow.

Detective Bailey looks down at her pants pocket. Something inside vibrate and glows through them.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

You'd better get some rest. We got an early day tomorrow.

ANGELA

Detective--

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Call me Laura.

ANGELA

Laura, thank you.

Detective Bailey walks to the door, grabs the knob, pauses turning to Angela.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Goodnight.

She closes the door soft behind herself.

Angela pulls the purple and auburn comforter over herself.

DREAM

EXT. CONDO COMPLEX - NIGHT - PRESENT TIME

An intense white light flashes.

A light drizzle falls from the gray black sky, high-rises

Lie Behind the Eye

line both sides of the street. The ground is blanketed with a dewy mist

A man wearing a blue pea coat, Zach, enters a 10-story condo complex carrying a mid-sized briefcase in hand.

Angela trails him inside from a set distance.

INT. CONDO COMPLEX - NIGHT

Waiting and staring at the numbers above the elevator opening, Zach rocks back and forth, heel to toe, whistling.

A DING sounds the arrival of the elevator. He steps inside, quickly disappearing behind its closing doors.

Angela creeps out from behind a corner, steps soft to the elevator. The light above counts to 9 then descends down to 1.

The doors open, she hops inside and presses the 9th floor button.

INT. CONDO COMPLEX 9TH FLOOR - NIGHT

The elevator doors open.

As Angela steps out, Zach leaves out of an apartment and enters back into the hallway. He no longer has a briefcase in hand.

He looks toward the elevator, noticing Angela.

She takes off running down the adjacent hallway.

Zach comes to the cross-section, looks left, looks right.

ZACH

Angela?

He darts to the right end of the hall. Standing with her back pressed against a corner is Angela.

ZACH

What are you doing here?

He looks down, Angela has no shoes. She too looks down at her clothes. It's the same clothes she lied down in earlier.

Lie Behind the Eye

ANGELA

I see now.

ZACH

Come here, let me take you home.

ANGELA

I am home. This is a dream.

Zach comes closer, their hands extend to one another. He's several feet away.

APARTMENT DOOR

Knob starts to turn. The door swings open.

HALLWAY

MAN

I'll be back in a minute, honey.
I'm going to get you a bottle of
wine--

Zach turns to the Man then back to the corner. Angela is no longer there.

MAN

(mutters)

-- and to get me a 6 pack you
nagging, witch.

The Man turns to Zach after closing the door. His eyes follow to the corner Zach is staring at.

MAN

Something I can help you with, pal?

ZACH

Huh? Oh nothing, nothing.

He turns and walks away with his hands in his pockets.

INT. DETECTIVE BAILEY'S HOUSE - GUESTROOM - PRESENT - DAY

Three rapid knocks rap at the door.

DETECTIVE BAILEY (O.S)

Angela.

ANGELA

I'm up.

Detective Bailey opens the door three quarters of the way then walks in with a set of clothes.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Here are some of my clothes for.
You got fifteen minutes to dress.

ANGELA

Is there anything to eat?

DETECTIVE BAILEY

I'll fix something to eat. We leave
as soon as Eddie get here so move
fast if you want to grab a bite.

She sets the clothes on the dresser then turns to exit, she pauses and takes a second look at Angela.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Last night, you had glass in your
hair. You didn't have any when I
first laid you down. How did it get
there?

ANGELA

(pause)

It's a long story.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Okay--

A phone rings. She reaches into her pocket, answers it.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

(to Angela)

Holler downstairs if you need
anything.

She steps out the room closing the door behind her.

DETECTIVE BAILEY (O.S)

Yeah, Bailey, here. Yes, sir, we'll
be there shortly.

KITCHEN - LATER

Detective Bailey sets eggs, toast, jam, and fresh cut strawberries on a kitchen table. Angela strolls into the kitchen.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Don't just stand there. Eat up.

Angela loads up her plate with double servings of everything then sits down across from her.

Detective Bailey sips coffee from a big beige mug.

ANGELA

You have some beautiful pictures upstairs.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Thank you.

ANGELA

Is that your husband and kids?

DETECTIVE BAILEY

God no. Yes, it's my husband but the kids are my nieces and nephews from my two sisters.

ANGELA

Have you thought about having some children of your own?

DETECTIVE BAILEY

My husband Darius and I talked. It's hard right now with both our careers.

ANGELA

What does he do?

DETECTIVE BAILEY

He runs his father's chain of grocery stores, Bailey's Market.

Angela muffles something but her mouth is too full of food to make out what it is.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

We want a family but for now, our
nieces and nephews are enough.

Detective Bailey stares into her mug. The ripples as across
the surface dissolve into a picture of Darius and her back
to chest on a couch. She looks over her shoulder and kiss
him.

The mug is set on the table. Ripples rush over the surface
of the coffee, washing the picture away.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

(pause)

Because at the end of the day, they
go back home and drive their
parents crazy instead of us.

Angela covers her mouth as she laughs lightly. A doorbell
rings soon after.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

That's Eddie.

She takes a quick sip from her mug then walks to the

FRONT DOOR

Opens it, Detective Sanders stands on the other side with a
newspaper tucked under his arm. He leans in and wipes a
spot of coffee from her cheek.

DETECTIVE SANDERS

You two still eating?

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Just finished.

ANGELA (O.S)

Laura.

She extends her arm, handing over a small brown purse.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Thanks. Okay, Eddie. Let's go.

EXT. CLARK INDUSTRIES - LATER - DAY

Lie Behind the Eye

A maroon Jaguar sedan sits outside silver framed skyscraper with green tinted windows. The two detectives and Angela emerge from the sedan, making their way up to the skyscraper.

ANGELA

Where are we?

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Clark Industries; Mr. Malik Clark becomes the new CEO after his father steps down.

DETECTIVE SANDERS

We have a few questions for him involving your friend's death.

INT. CLARK INDUSTRIES - MAIN LOBBY - DAY

They proceed shoulder to shoulder up to an information desk.

DESK OPERATOR

Good morning, may I help you?

DETECTIVE BAILEY

We're here to speak with Malik Clark.

The operator thumbs through a syllabus.

DESK OPERATOR

I'm sorry Mr. Clark isn't expecting...

Detective Sanders' opens his jacket flashing his badge. The operator glances at it.

DESK OPERATOR

I'm sorry, I'll let him know you're on the way up. He's room 2112 on the 21st floor.

DETECTIVE SANDERS

Thank you.

MALIK'S OFFICE

Lie Behind the Eye

ZACH (O.S)

I ran into her again last night.

Malik sits atop his desk with one foot on the floor, the other dangles off to the side.

MALIK

And?

ZACH (O.S)

I don't know if I can do this. I'm all for taking out someone who has it coming but she's confused and has no idea.

MALIK

You don't think you can do this?

He grabs Zach by his collar, grasping it tight in his hands.

MALIK

(angry)

You'll do it because I'm paying you to do it.

ZACH

And what if I don't?

Malik slams Zach to the floor. He puts on hand around his through then reach behind him into his belt, pulls out an Automag pistol, presses it to Zach's skull.

MALIK

Then I'll kill you and that bitch myself.

ZACH

Okay, Malik, okay. I'll do it, just put the gun down.

His hands are up with palms showing. His hands shake, he pants heavy, while staring at the gun pressed against the center of his forehead.

Malik grins.

MALIK

Relax Zach. You and Paul are my
friends--

He taps Zach atop the head with the barrel of the gun, tucks
it behind him once more, and then helps him up to his feet.

MALIK

When I ask you to do something. I
expect you to do it. Especially if
I'm paying you.

ZACH

There's something you ought to
know.

MALIK

She vanish like she was never there
to begin with? Paul said the same
when I sent him to the hospital.

ZACH

She said was dreaming. I think what
Paul and saw was some freaky solid
projection of herself.

Malik walk over and sits down in a large leather chair
behind his desk. He reclines back then looks to his right at
a clock.

MALIK

You need to get out of here. Wait
in your car, I'll let you know what
to do next.

ZACH

What about...

MALIK

I know how to handle the problem.

Zack backs out of Malik's office.

LATER

There's a KNOCK on the door.

MALIK

Come in.

The detectives along with Angela enter. They stand apart from each other opposite of Malik.

Angela walks in last, closes the door behind her, and stands arms length behind the detectives.

MALIK

What kept you?

DETECTIVE SANDERS

Traffic.

Malik's eyes are set agazed upon Detective Bailey. A smirk widens across his lips. The detective looks into his eyes for a moment but breaks focus quickly.

She takes from her purse a tape recorder, clicks down on a button.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Mr. Clark, answer these questions as completely as possible.

MALIK

Ask away.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Where were you four nights ago on at 11pm?

MALIK

Out, with some friends.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

While out, did you happen to go to the nightclub "Fizz"?

MALIK

Yes.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Were you at an apartment on Wake Street later that night?

MALIK

I was at my buddy's playing poker, smoking a couple of cigars, you

know, the usual guy stuff.

DETECTIVE BAILEY
Did you come across Angela McAbbey
anytime during that night?

MALIK
Excuse me?

Detective Sanders circles to Malik's right and rests his hands, knuckles down, on the desk.

DETECTIVE SANDERS
Just answer the question.

He pauses, peers between the detectives, looking steadfast at Angela.

MALIK
(to Angela)
Angela, right?

He sits upright, sets his elbows on his desk, clasps his hands together.

Detective Sanders withdraws from one of his pockets a wallet-sized picture.

DETECTIVE SANDERS
Does this woman look familiar to
you, a Linda Fernandez?

MALIK
She is beautiful but no. I don't
know she is.

Angela's head twitches, her hands sweat, her face steams to a pale red.

She steps forward, slams her hands on Malik's desk.

ANGELA
That's bullshit. You killed her.

Detective Sanders grabs Angela's arm's, pulls her back.

DETECTIVE SANDERS
Calm down.

ANGELA

If I have to stand her and listen
to your lies, I swear to God I'll,
I'll...

Malik rises from his chair. He leans forward onto the desk
leveraging himself with his fingertips.

MALIK

You'll what?

ANGELA

Strangle you with my bare hands
just like you did my best friend.

Malik pauses. A smirk stretches across Malik's. Detective
Bailey looks away toward the floor.

MALIK

(to Detective Bailey)

You heard that, right? She clearly
threatened me. Get her out of here.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

How about you cut your act and tell
me some truth?

Angela breaks free of Detective Sanders' restraints, lunges
over to backhand Malik.

Detective Bailey blocks her hand just short of his face.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

(to Angela)

I can't let you hit him, .

Panting, Angela pulls her arm back and collects her breath.
She steps back and Detective Sanders who then puts his hand
on her shoulder.

MALIK

I hope this questioning was of use
to you detectives. Now if you
please, get out of my office.

ANGELA

We're not going leaving until you

confess what you did.

MALIK
(to Angela)
You have no room to talk.

Malik redirects his attention to the detectives.

MALIK
If you insist upon badgering me
further, you'll have to wait until
my attorney is present.

DETECTIVE SANDERS
Come on, Angela. We got what we
could out of him.

Hey and Angela exit Malik's office. Detective Bailey stops
short of the door.

DETECTIVE BAILEY
We'll be back some other time, Mr.
Clark.

MALIK
I'm sure you will, Laura.

He puckers his lips and blows a kiss her way.

EXT. DETECTIVE SANDERS' CAR - DAY

Angela and the two detectives walk to the maroon Jaguar
sedan.

Detective Sanders presses a button on a keychain and the
headlights flash.

Angela hops into the backseat.

DETECTIVE BAILEY
Eddie, you mind if I drive to the
station?

DETECTIVE SANDERS
Not at all.

He flicks her the keys and switches sides with here. Soon
after he fastens himself in, Detective Bailey starts the

engine and drives off.

As Detective Bailey cruises along, she winces back at Angela through the rear view mirror.

INT. DETECTIVE SANDERS' CAR - DAY

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Angela.

ANGELA

What is it?

DETECTIVE BAILEY

I'm sorry about what happened today. Our hands are tied until we can prove what say about him or he confess.

ANGELA

I know.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

(pause)

I think it's time you tell me how you glass wound up in your hair and on the bed last night.

DETECTIVE SANDERS

It was probably from the accident?

DETECTIVE BAILEY

No this was fresh and there was a lot of it.

ANGELA

You're going to think I'm nuts. I thought I was crazy too but I figured it out.

DETECTIVE SANDERS

(to Angela)

What are you getting at?

ANGELA

I don't have normal dreams. You know how some people some that are so intense they seem real?

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Yeah.

ANGELA

Mine are real. When I dream I'm two places at once. When I wake my two selves come together again.

Her eyes lock with Detective Bailey's through the rearview mirror, she then turns to the window beside her, rests her forehead on it.

ANGELA

What ever happens to me in my dreams, happens to my real self.

She lifts her head and stares outside. Ahead is a white, 10 story

CONDO

On the 9th floor, in the left corner of the building a dark red material waves about. It's part of a crimson jacket.

The person wearing the jacket turns around. It's Paul. He lifts up a sniper riffle onto a tripod.

JAGUAR SEDAN

ANGELA

(frightened)

Turn the car around.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

What?

Angela grips her hands on to the back of the driver seat.

ANGELA

Don't go down this street.

Detective Sanders places his hand on Angela's arm but she flings it away.

DETECTIVE SANDERS

Calm down.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Angela, what are you doing? Get off my seat.

ANGELA

Something bad is going to happen if you don't turn around right now.

Detective Bailey glances back at her through the rearview mirror.

Ahead the white brick 10 story condo comes into focus.

DETECTIVE SANDERS

How do you know that?

She leans forward squinting.

DETECTIVE SANDERS

I don't see anybody.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

(sarcastic)

Did you see him in one of your dreams or something?

Angela adjusts herself to the middle of the backseat. She pulls herself forward sticking her head between the two detectives.

ANGELA

Yeah, I did! Listen to me. Now is not the time to be sarcastic.

A flurry of bullets pierces through the hood of the sedan. Detective Bailey swerves right. Angela falls and ducks behind the driver seat.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

(startled)

Whoa shit.

ANGELA

(screams)

It's the sniper.

DETECTIVE SANDERS

(yelling)

Drive faster. Go, go, go.

Detective Bailey presses down hard on the gas as three more bullets rain down on the car. Two, enter then exit through the windshields, missing everyone inside.

The third, strikes Detective Sanders', piercing through his left shoulder then ripping through the backseat.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Eddie!

DETECTIVE SANDERS

(groans)

Ah, damn it.

ANGELA

Look out in front of you.

Just ahead, a young teen driver pulls out in a red Intrepid. Detective Bailey swerves around, but ends up tearing off the front left side of the young man's car anyway.

Three more bullets zip through the car. One bullet cuts through the radiator.

Another grazes both Detective Bailey's right arm and Angela's and the third pierces straight through Detective Sanders' abdomen.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Ah, hang in there, Eddie. I'm going to get you to a hospital.

The gunfire stops. Angela and the detectives are five city blocks away from the condo complex.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

(to Angela)

What do you have that's so important? So important that someone wants you dead.

ANGELA

I don't know.

DETECTIVE SANDERS

(shallow voice)

Don't yell at her. If she knew,
she'd tell us.

Detective Sanders passes out against the passenger side
window.

INT. MALIK CLARK'S OFFICE - DAY

MOBILE PHONE

Sits on a desk. It rings.

MALIK

Answers the phone.

MALIK

Hello.

PAUL

They're in position.

MALIK

Good. What about the girl?

PAUL

Alive.

Malik ends the call then presses in another number.

ZACH

Hello.

MALIK

Remember what I said. Don't screw
up or I'll kill you and the girl.

Malik flips his phone shut then reclines back in his chair.

EXT. ZACH'S BLUE MUSTANG - DAY

Zach revs up his engine, his hands firmly clinch on the
steering wheel. Through the side mirror he see the bullet
riddled maroon Jaguar sedan approaching.

ZACH

I'm sorry, Angela.

He waits, but his wait is short. Detective Bailey speeds by paying him no attention at all. Zach speeds off after her.

INT. DETECTIVE SANDERS' CAR - DAY

Angela is turned around on the backseat looking out. Detective Bailey is looking through the rear view mirror. The both notice a navy blue Mustang speeding toward them from behind.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

This man is coming up on me kind of fast.

ANGELA

I don't think he's going to slow down.

Zach smashes into the rear of the sedan.

Detective Bailey presses down harder on the gas pedal. She gains a little room between her car.

Zach closes in again. Only a few meters from the rear of the sedan. He ram repeatedly into the rear of the Jaguar.

The women scream out after each collision. Angela and Detective Bailey's screams wake Detective Sanders.

DETECTIVE SANDERS

What's going on? What's all the noise for?

BLUE MUSTANG

Zach speeds up beside the driver side window. He slams his car against the sedan. The clashing bodies make a crunching metal.

JAGUAR SEDAN

DETECTIVE BAILEY

(panicked)

Some maniac is trying to run us off the road.

BLUE MUSTANG

Zach aligns his Mustang along side the Jaguar sedan once more then slams against the side of it again. The sedan slams front bumper first into the back of a parked car.

He then pushes down on his breaks coming to a stop twenty yards ahead of the collision.

JAGUAR SEDAN

Detective Sanders doubles over in his seat against the passenger side door. Red covers the entire lower half of his shirt.

His hands are covered with blood as he holds them close against his stomach. He coughs and winds up spitting up blood.

DETECTIVE SANDERS

I don't feel too good.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Oh my God. Hang in there, Eddie, please.

She throws the Jaguar into reverse but the engines stalls on her. She sees Zach barreling toward her in reverse and starts pumping the gas pedal frantically.

ANGELA

Hurry, get us out of here.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

I'm trying.

With one more turn of the key the car started again.

ANGELA

(shouting)

Here he comes.

Detective Bailey stomps on the gas, the sedan goes flying backward moments before Zach's collides into them.

She shifts the sedan into drive and speeds off. It isn't long before Zach comes within a few yards of her once more.

BLUE MUSTANG

Lie Behind the Eye

He reaches down beside him and pulls out a Magnum revolver. He doesn't bother lowering the driver-side window, instead he shoots through the front windshield, spraying sedan with a barrage of shells.

One of the rounds blows out the back left tire. Detective Bailey struggles to keep the sedan under control.

JAGUAR SEDAN

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Angela, there's a gun in the space behind the armrest. Take it out.

Angela flips down the armrest, removes the covering of the small area behind the armrest, and pulls out a small silver handgun.

ANGELA

I got it.

She props up on her knees on the backseat, struggles to maintain her balance as Detective Bailey swerves through traffic. She clunks her head against the window on her right.

Two more bullets zip through the car. Detective Bailey clinches the steering wheel tighter as one of the bullets rips through the middle of the dashboard.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Don't wave that gun around. Shoot that son of a bitch!

Angela picks herself up then places the gun through one of the holes in the back windshield.

BLUE MUSTANG

Two rounds zip toward Zach. One shatters the left headlight. The second blows out the front left tire. He loses control of the car, jumps the curb, and plows into a couple of postal boxes lined along the sidewalk.

JAGUAR SEDAN

Detective Bailey quickly takes her eyes off of the road.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Did you get him?

ANGELA

Look out.

The sedan veers toward a street light. It fishtails so that driver side of the car collides first, pinning Detective Bailey in her seat.

The crash knocks the gun loose from Angela's hands. It disappears under the passenger side seat.

ANGELA

Laura, are you alright?

She lifts Detective Bailey's head only to notice she's been knocked unconscious.

ANGELA

(frantic)

Laura, Laura, wake up.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Zach kicks his car door open and limps hastily toward the Jaguar Sedan.

ZACH

(grumbling)

I wish it didn't have to come to this.

JAGUAR SEDAN

Angela gently shakes Detective Bailey. She hears a door swing open. Before she can turn around, Zach grabs her arm and snatches her out.

He cups her face in one hand, pulls her closer with the other. He rubs his hand against her cheek then moves his lips closer to her.

Passersby gather near.

ZACH

Don't be scared, Angela. I don't want to hurt you.

ANGELA

How could you do this? I thought you were a sweet guy.

ZACH

I am sweet guy. I want you to come away with me but I couldn't just tell you. He has people everywhere, watching.

ANGELA

Who, Zach, who?

ZACH

My boss. The guy who hired me to get to...

ANGELA

Hired you to get to know me. So you were suppose get some kind of information on me?

ZACH

Why he hired me isn't important. I like you but he says he'll clean us both of I don't kill you.

He takes his revolver, lifts it up, opens the cylinder, and empties the rounds inside. Gripping the revolver still, he puts both hands on Angela's face.

ZACH

Do you believe me now?

Angela nods, closes her eyes, kissing him.

ANGELA

Yes.

ZACH

Now I had to make this chase look real because he has connections with the cops but we...

Two gun shots reverberate through the air.

They both look down at his shirt it's turned red. Zach

crumples to his knees.

ANGELA
No, no, Zach.

ZACH
(shallow)
I'm sorry. Don't cry. Angels with
pretty faces don't cry.

Detective Sanders holds a smoking gun.

Angela holds Zach hand as he slinks to the ground. A tear
fall from her cheek onto his face.

A low grunt moans behind her. She turns and notices
Detective Sanders dangling halfway out of the car. A gun in
his hand is still smoking at the barrel.

DETECTIVE SANDERS
(gasps)
He won't be bothering you anymore.
Angela lays Zach's hand on his chest, then wipes her face.
She gathers to her feet, makes her way over to Detective
Sanders eye him up and down.

DETECTIVE SANDERS
It's my job serve and, and protect.

INT. JAGUAR SEDAN - DAY

Detective Bailey awakens. She spots Detective Sanders lying
on the ground and Angela standing about him. She scrambles
out of the car toward them.

STREET

Detective Bailey leans forward to address Detective Sanders
wounded abdomen.

DETECTIVE BAILEY
(to Angela)
Did call the EMT's? Angela? Angela?

Angela makes no response. She takes to her knees and
continues to stare at Detective Sanders.

Detective Bailey yanks her mobile phone off of her belt.

Lie Behind the Eye

DETECTIVE BAILEY
(to Detective Sanders)
I'm calling an ambulance right now.
They'll be here in no time.

She puts the phone up to her ear, Detective Sanders gently forces her arm down with blood soaked hand.

DETECTIVE SANDERS
Laura, Don't waste your time with
that. I'm already dead.

DETECTIVE BAILEY
Don't, say that, Eddie, don't say
that. You're not going to die. You
can't, not like this.

A single tear trickles down Detective Bailey's coffee brown cheek

Detective Sanders' eyes grow dim and cold, he exhales his final breath.

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN ARRIAGA'S OFFICE - DAY

Detective Bailey is quietly seated halfway on the edge of the Captain's desk with one hand covering her face and the other rested across her legs.

Angela sits in a chair beside her. Her hands are clasped and her feet are close together.

ANGELA
(softly)
Laura, I'm sorry.

DETECTIVE BAILEY
Sorry? Is that all you got to say?

ANGELA
What do you want me to say?

DETECTIVE BAILEY
Tell me how you knew that sniper
was going to strike us.

ANGELA

I already told you. I wasn't certain it was a sniper until we got downtown, but my dreams told me.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

What are you, some sort of psychic?

ANGELA

I've been having these dreams since I was little. Last time they were this intense was when my parents died. I mean, were murdered.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

My partner is dead. You mean to tell me all this happens when someone close to you dies?.

Angela's lips begin to tremble.

ANGELA

No, but ever since Linda was killed my dreams have been more vivid, intense, like they're real.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Okay, how about this. Why did you kiss the guy who tried to run us off the road and damn near kill me?

ANGELA

He wasn't. he was trying to warn me. He had to make the chase look like he was trying to kill me.

Detective Bailey sits up attentively. Her eyes are heavy set on Angela who is fidgeting with her thumbs and staring at the floor.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Warn you about what?

Angela

Whoever hired him has people everywhere watching me.

Detective Bailey stands and begins pacing behind Angela. The

phone on her belt vibrates.

DETECTIVE BAILEY
Excuse me second.

She opens her

PHONE

A text message reads "Call me Immediately".

OFFFICE

DETECTIVE BAILEY
Sorry about that.

Angela looks down at the cuts and scratches on her forearms.

ANGELA
I'm learning how to control them.
My dream body can move through the
world like my real body.

DETECTIVE BAILEY
You weren't joking. You really are
in two places at once when dream.

Both women are silent staring away from each other.

Captain Arriaga enters into the room, stops briefly, glances at Angela, and then continues to his big, brown, leather seat. Detective Bailey quickly sits in the chair along side Angela.

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA
What is she doing here?

DETECTIVE BAILEY
Do we have to spell it out for you,
Captain? You know just as well as I
do that someone's after her.

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA
And you believe Malik Clark has
something to do with this, right?

DETECTIVE BAILEY
I wouldn't rule him out.

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA

I've trust hunches. So fine, I want you to keep an eye on her at all times..

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Yes, Captain.

Angela looks up at the Captain. Her eyes dilate and her mouth starts to gape open.

INT. CLARK ESTATES - STUDY - NIGHT

Senator Vincent Clark, a dark, gray haired man, of large stature sits on a plush, maroon, armchair reading the Washington Post by a crackling fire in a den. A knock at the door is heard. Malik enters the room soon after.

MALIK

Dad.

SENATOR CLARK

Ah, Malik. What is it, son?

Vincent sets the newspaper on his lap.

MALIK

Nothing much, I just wanted to have a word with you.

SENATOR CLARK

Ok then. Tell me what's on your mind.

Malik approaches Vincent in a calm, cool, collected manner.

MALIK

I want to talk to you about the future of the company.

SENATOR CLARK

What's there to talk about? You're the sole heir.

MALIK

Wait, before you go on any further, let me pour us a drink.

Malik turns and proceeds across the room toward the bar. He takes two glasses from an overhead cupboard and sets them on the bar. He then squirts a white liquid into one of the glasses before pouring Scotch into both.

After filling the glasses, he sets the drinks on the coffee table and sits down across from his father. Senator Clark picks up the glass nearest to him. Malik does the same.

SENATOR CLARK

Thank you, Malik.

Senator Clark takes a sip from his glass. Malik does so as well while keeping his eyes set on his father.

SENATOR CLARK

Ah, now where was I. Oh, yes, Malik you have nothing to worry about.

The Senator takes a bigger sip from his drink. Malik swirls his Scotch around inside his glass.

SENATOR CLARK

You're the sole hire of Clark Industries...

The Senator tenses up with his hand on his chest. His glass and the remaining contents within it drop from his hand and shatter on the hardwood floor mid-sentence.

His eyes water as he flutters them open and shut. The Senator gasps for air while loosening his tie and collar.

SENATOR CLARK

(strained voice)

What was in that glass son?

MALIK

Dad, dad, dad, I feel as though you're purposefully withholding something from me.

SENATOR CLARK

What are you talking about?

His face contorts to a grimacing look, he double over to the

side of his armchair, and can barely move his limbs. Soon after Senator Clark falls from his chair and on to the floor.

MALIK

You know damn well what I'm talking about.

He rises from his chair then squats down two feet from his crumpled over father.

MALIK

When exactly were you going to tell me about my half sister Angela and the splitting of the company between us?

Senator Clark, hand trembling and weak, grabs a hold of Malik's pant leg. He strains to turn his head upward to Malik.

SENATOR CLARK

(strained voice)

What the hell did you put in my drink!

Malik takes Senator Clark's collar in his hands. The Senator clinches Malik's wrist as he is pulled to his feet.

MALIK

I would have put some thought behind sharing part of the company, but it's too late for compromise now. And I'll be damn if I sit idly by as she receives what is mine and mine alone.

He throws Senator Clark back into his armchair.

MALIK

Coursing through your veins is a tetrodotoxin and alkaloid mix made from the blowfish and hemlock.

He walks over to the bar, removes a mobile phone from his pocket, and sets it on the corner of the bar.

MALIK

Your muscles will fail you, then paralysis set in, and finally your body will asphyxiate itself.

SENATOR CLARK

(strained)

Malik, son.

MALIK

There is no cure for the poison, but you might get lucky. Maybe you're the fifty percent that live.

Malik exit's the study just as cool as he entered, closing the door softly behind himself.

Senator Vincent Clark slivers off the armchair till he crumples to the floor. He creeps across the floor an inch at a time scooting and using his forearms to pull himself toward the bar.

His face looks flushed, his breathing grows heavier and wheezy.

The senator continues to drag himself but has veered off course. He's closer to the double study room doors than the bar. He struggles to lift his head, but moves toward the bar.

Several feet from the mobile phone, the senator stretches his arm out as far as he can. His fingertips cling to the bar's countertop.

Straining forward he lurches his hand out again. Senator Clark's fingers knock the phone off the counter and further from him onto the floor.

The senator stretches for the phone, but it's too far. He's an extra arm's length shy of it. Senator Clark retracts his arm and begins to cough. He turn on to his back.

His limbs lock more in place. The senator's cough become more and more aggressive until he vomits in his mouth.

Senator Clark's neck is tense and too stiffened to move. Vomit continues to spew from his mouth, trickling down the sides of his face.

He coughs again and gags on the fluids in his mouth until he can no longer breathe through his nose as well as mouth. The senator's eyes grow dim till they shut.

EXT. CHARLESTON CEMETERY - NIGHT

Dozens of people, both young and old all dressed in black, stand gathered around a grave.

(MONTAGE)

A tombstone above the grave reads Linda Fernandez.

Angela steps away from a podium joining Mrs. Fernandez's side.

An ivory casket lowers into the grave.

Mourners approach the casket, dropping flowers onto it as it lowers into the grave.

(END MONTAGE)

Angela tosses a red rose onto the casket then carries on down to a pathway.

She pauses, pulls a brown string necklace with an orange pebble from her pocket then continues to a large oak tree and leans her back against.

Her fingers traverse the engraved initials on the stone.

A hand taps her on the shoulder. She looks up and it's Detective Bailey.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

You okay?

ANGELA

Being here reminds me of how much she meant to me.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

I know how you feel. Me and Eddie were close like you and Linda.

ANGELA

I'm sorry. I wish all this had

never happened.

She puts the necklace in her jacket pocket then looks to Linda's grave and the few still gathered around the site.

A deep, tinted, black Sedan creeping down a path toward her and Detective Bailey catch her gaze.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

C'mon. I'll take you home.

Detective Bailey takes Angela by her arm then the two woman take a several steps toward the path.

ANGELA

Who is that?

DETECTIVE BAILEY

I don't know.

The two women turn to the black, deep tinted Sedan. A crimson gloved hand extends from the window holding an Automag V.

ANGELA

(screams)

He's got a gun.

Angela and Detective Bailey take cover behind a thick oak tree. The Sedan speeds down the pathway and the crimson gloved hand squeezes out four rounds. All four progress up the tree trunk and miss hitting the two women.

Detective Bailey draws out her 9mm pistol, spins on her heels toward the Sedan. The car has sped out of range of fire.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

(sighs)

Damn, they got away.

ANGELA

Is it safe to stand up?

Angela is face down in the grass balled up into the fetal position. She peers up to Detective Bailey, the detective's hand extended to her.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Yeah, c'mon, I'll take you home.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Angela steps out her bathroom. She slides on a green nightgown and throws on a peach silk robe. She then slides on a pair of peach slippers and makes her way to the living room.

Sitting on a pastel lavender couch, with her feet perched on a small, wooden, coffee table, is Detective Bailey.

She lifts her feet off the table places them on the floor and shifts her attention from the flat screen HD television across from her to Angela.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

You're all situated, right? I'm going to be leave now if it's alright with you.

Detective Bailey stands, reaches her hands to the ceiling, twists to each side, bends down to her toes, and then slowly roles her back up as a yawn of relief escapes her lips.

ANGELA

No, wait, stay here for the night. I mean, I need someone I trust close. Laura, I trust you.

Detective Bailey paces from the window blinds to the couch, settles down, kicks up her feet, and stretches her arm across the top of the lavender couch.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

The Captain does want me to look after you... okay.

ANGELA

Great, make yourself comfy. Whatever I have is at your disposal.

Angela walks upstairs to her

BEDROOM

Lie Behind the Eye

She eases underneath her comforter and snuggles up against her plump, cushy pillows. The room begins to twist and bend then dissolve.

INT. CLARK ESTATE - STUDY - NIGHT

A pale white silhouette of Angela materializes on a large, leather, armchair beside a crackling fire place. Her eyes flick open, fully dilated.

She rubs her hands against the armrest. Her fingers tips glide smooth over the surface.

MALIK (O.S)

I suppose you and I share the same
taste.

Angela looks over her shoulder and there he stands holding a glass of Chardonnay in each hand.

An awed expression washes over Angela's face. She digs her fingers into the armrests till veins bulge under her skin.

ANGELA

You.

MALIK

Our father enjoyed that chair too.

Angela takes to her feet, steps closer to Malik with her fist balled tight.

ANGELA

Father? What are you talking
about? My parents died fifteen
years ago.

He grins and hands her a glass of Chardonnay.

MALIK

Have a seat and drink this while I
explain.

She pauses eyeing the drink but takes it nonetheless. She stares at him timidly as she puts the glass to her lips and sips.

MALIK

Those were your foster parents.
Our father, was promiscuous. You
were born out of wedlock.

ANGELA

I don't believe you.

MALIK

Take a good look at yourself. Look
at your skin.

Malik grabs hold of Angela's hand. He turns it to the
backside puts it up to her face.

MALIK

This didn't come from years of
tanning.

ANGELA

My real parents, where are they?

MALIK

Your mother was a young whore. No
wait, a stripper. Same difference,
right--

He lets go of her hand, stands apart from her.

MALIK

I don't know where she is.

ANGELA

What about our father?

Malik takes a slow sip of his Chardonnay.

MALIK

I killed him. I killed him right
where you're sitting.

ANGELA

You what? Why would you do
something like that?

MALIK

He kept secrets from me. I don't
like secrets, especially, if they
interfere with what I want.

Malik takes a longer drink from his glass.

ANGELA

Secrets like...?

MALIK

Secrets like you my dear sister. I didn't know you existed until the old me tried to give way half my fortune.

Malik downs the rest of his drink, throws his glass aside. He slams his hands down onto the armrests. He pulls himself forward.

MALIK

That man, planed on splitting my inheritance with you. The day you were born you ruined me.

ANGELA

Ruined? You never lost anything or anyone you loved. All you care about is yourself.

Malik squeezes Angela's face in his hand.

MALIK

My father's affair destroyed my mother. He threw her out when I was barely grade school age.

ANGELA

I think he gave you everything, but you're ungrateful and wanted more. So you killed the only person who still gave a damn about you.

Malik clinches both hands around Angela's neck. She holds on to his arms as he lifts her up and flings her to the floor.

MALIK

That's where you're wrong.

He flips the coffee table over, clearing space between him and Angela. He then stretches his leg back, kicks her in

gut, then kneels down and lifts her by a fistful of hair.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - ROOM - NIGHT

Detective Bailey stands over Angela's bed watching her twitch. Bruises develop on her neck and her head whips from left to right.

INT. CLARK ESTATES - DEN - NIGHT

MALIK

Dad always talked about you. Every week that chump Jonathan came over. She's so, beautiful, she's so smart, she's the sweetest girl.

Angela spits in his eyes then hooks him in the face with a hard punch. He stumbles back but picks himself up.

She grabs a leg broken off from the coffee table, charges Malik, beats him with it.

He endures it, laughing, then catches the wooden piece on Angela's downswing and yanks it from her hands.

He smacks her across the face with it. She falls against the side of a large sofa.

MALIK

Somehow our roles got reversed. I became the bastard he took for granted instead of you.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - ROOM - NIGHT

Still standing over Angela, Detective Bailey see's a cut form on her lip and the stitches on Angela's forehead split open.

Blood oozes out and traces off her temple, down to her brow.

INT. CLARK ESTATES - DEN - NIGHT

Red is smeared over the side of the sofa from Angela's head. Malik steps toward her.

He drops the broken coffee table leg then digs into his pockets pulling out two black leather gloves.

Lie Behind the Eye

MALIK

You can't pick your family. Why would you want be in this one, but don't worry, this will all be over.

ANGELA

Go to Hell.

MALIK

Oh, I bet I will, first class.

He grabs Angela and spins her around. He continues to lock his hands around her throat. He squeezes harder, forcing her to backbend over the rear of the sofa.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - ROOM - NIGHT

Angela's breathing becomes wheezy and heavy as if she's asphyxiated. Detective Bailey continues to look over her.

INT. CLARK ESTATES - DEN - NIGHT

Angela slams down on his hands, they don't budge.

She punches him the face, his eye swells and his nose breaks but his grip is locked still.

She hits him in the gut and a gun, 9mm falls from Malik's pocket.

Angela paws down on the sofa for the gun. Her eyes water, her teeth a clinch together, blood continues to flow out from the gash atop her head.

The gun goes off. Malik freezes.

He steps back, a red blotch forms on the left side of his white shirt under his jacket.

He stumbles backward, falling onto one of the leather armchairs.

Angela coughs as she gets onto her feet. She holds onto the gun as she runs to the double doors of the study.

INT. CLARK ESTATES - 2nd FLOOR - NIGHT

Angela limps through the mansion. A light trail of blood drops follow her. She makes it up to the second floor to the end of a white marble floor hall. Moonlight shines bright through two 15 foot tall windows.

A door creaks open. Angela turns to the direction from which the sound came. The barrel of an Automag is fixed between her eyes.

MALIK

Drop your gun.

Angela lays the 9mm flat on the ground. Malik kicks it away.

ANGELA

Wait, I have to know one thing.

MALIK

What?

ANGELA

Why did you kill Linda? She had nothing to do with this.

MALIK

I needed her to get to you and because... I knew I could get away with it.

Angela quickly grabs his hand and cranks his wrist back.

The Automag drop to the floor. She then thrusts her elbow into this gut and uppercuts him.

Malik falls to one knee griping his side.

Angela punches him in the face knocking him off balance but he catches himself placing his bloody right hand on the white marble floor.

The Automag is just ahead of Malik. He dives for the gun beating Angela to it. She crawls away on her back looking up at Malik rising to his feet.

ANGELA

You son of a bitch!

He stands above and to the side of her with his gun aimed at her temple.

MALIK

You put up a bit of fight. More
than I expected. Nonetheless.

Angela closes her eyes shut.

Malik squeezes the trigger.

The bullet bursts from the chamber expelling a yellow/orange
flash.

Angela dissolves into thin air. The round leaves a smoking
black hole in the white marble floor.

Malik tucks his gun behind him then limps away toward the
stairs while holding his side.

With his other hand he digs into his pocket and pulls out
his mobile phone. He pushes button then holds the phone to
his ear.

MALIK

Has she awoken yet?

A woman's voice answer's back.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O)

No

MALIK

You know what needs to be done.

Malik shuts the mobile phone then proceeds down the stairs.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Angela take a deep breath, her chest and back arch up in the
air, and then her eyelids snap open.

Detective Bailey hovers over her.

The upper half of Angela's body jerks forward but something
snaps her back. She looks down finding herself cuffed to her
bed.

Detective Bailey places a strip of duct tape over Angela's
mouth and forces her back down to her bed. She then kneels

Lie Behind the Eye

with one knee on the bed and strokes Angela's hair with her other hand.

ANGELA

(muffled)

Laura, what are you doing?

DETECTIVE BAILEY

I'm sorry, Angela.

She clinches Angela's nose and claps her other hand down tighter around Angela's mouth. Angela kicks and flops around.

The detective sits on Angela's stomach as she traps her mouth shut and squeezes her nasal cavities off.

Angela's eyes roll back in her head, muffled screams continue escape from her mouth as she squirms more.

Once screams cease, Detective Bailey pauses, tears streak down her cheeks. She quickly wipes them away and checks Angela's wrist and throat.

Next, she pulls out her mobile phone and press a number. The phone rings twice, a familiar voice answers on the other end.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

It's done.

MALIK (V.O)

Is she dead?

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Yes.

MALIK (V.O)

Perfect. Laura, your husband will be glad to hear you chose his life over someone you barely knew.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Just make sure he gets to me safe.

INT. CLARK ESTATES - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Behind Malik, Darius Bailey sits tied up to a wooden chair.

Lie Behind the Eye

Blood is caked around his left eye, duct tape covers his mouth, his feet are tied together, and his powder blue shirt and khakis are tattered and covered with dried up blood.

MALIK

You have my word.

Malik ends the phone call and dials another number. The call is answered in one ring.

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA (V.O)

Hello.

MALIK

Good news, Captain, your detective came through.

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA (V.O)

I knew she would. All she needed was some incentive.

MALIK

That was a brilliant idea holding..

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA (V.O)

Enough with the ass kissing. When do I get my cut?

MALIK

A full two million. Hmm, how does next week sound?

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA (V.O)

Make it by Wednesday five days from now. Oh, and as far as anyone's concerned this never happened.

MALIK

What happened?

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA (V.O)

Exactly.

MALIK

Goodbye, Captain.

Malik closes his phone.

A knocking echoes from the door. In walks A somewhat voluptuous woman wearing a white pants suit, white framed black lens sunglasses, and a white hat. She continues toward Malik, standing by his side.

The woman in white removes the glasses and hat revealing her attractive face. It is Zoë. She leans down and hugs Malik, careful not to squeeze his shoulders too hard.

ZOË

My boy, my beautiful baby boy. Are you hurt? Oh no.

MALIK

Easy there on the ribs.

EXT. DETECTIVE BAILEY'S HOUSE - DAY

A black luxury sedan stops curbside in front of an old Victorian style house. The backseat door opens and Darius falls onto the grass. The car speeds off.

Detective Bailey runs outside and hugs him. She rips the tape of his mouth and kisses him. Tears stream down her coffee brown cheeks.

DARIUS

(exhausted)

I thought I'd never see you again.

INT. CLARK INDUSTRIES - DAY

(MONTAGE)

Malik shakes hands with wizened men wearing fancy black and/or pinstripe suits.

He takes a seat at the head of a long conference table. Then waves away a man wearing crimson bifocals, suit, and gloves.

The man in crimson takes a large briefcase down the steps of Clark Industries.

He hands the briefcase off to a hand extended from a tan Oldsmobile.

The Oldsmobile pulls away.

(END MONTAGE)

THE END