

Lie Behind the Eye

by

Brandon Coleman

Carbondale, IL. 62901
coleman268604@yahoo.com
Phone: 618 303 9764

FADE IN:

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

VINCENT CLARK and JONATHAN MCABBEY sit across from one another.

Vincent (37) has a limber 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 blond hair, and an average build. He props open a briefcase on his lap.

VINCENT

How are our international
trades doing?

Jonathan thumbs through a folder of stats and charts.

JONATHAN MCABBEY

Well, sir, our shares are
trading five percent higher
than last quarter.

Three loud knocks echo off the thick oak door at the den's entrance. Muffled screams seep through the door.

MAID (O.S)

You can't go in there.

JILLIAN (O.S)

Vincent, you in there!

The door swings open.

JILLIAN (27) holding a pink baby carriage storms in the room. She's average height, has auburn hair, a cream complexion. She wears a form fitting red dress. A small brown fur coat barely covers her ample breasts.

SHERRY, a maid, shorter than the first woman and pudgy, tries to hold back the woman dressed in red.

MAID

I'm sorry, Mr. Clark. I tried

to keep her out.

VINCENT

Its ok, Sherry, let her go.

Sherry leaves the room, shuts the door behind her.

JILLIAN

I got a problem, Vince. I
can't look after her.

She's continues to Vincent, sets the baby carriage next
to his feet. Inside a baby girl, no older than two
months, sleeps.

VINCENT

Neither can I. I have my senate
campaign to start. The press
would be all over me.

JONATHAN MCABBEY

Sir, I think I should...

He stands up.

VINCENT

(to Jonathan)
Sit down, Jonathan.

Jonathan complies with Vincent's demand.

JILLIAN

You better think of something.
I can't work when I always have
to worry about her.

VINCENT

Since when has escorting been
hard work?

JILLIAN

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

The den's door opens again. ZOË (32), slightly heavy,
sandy complexion, and has a pretty face with a beauty
mark above her upper lips, enters.

She pauses at the door. A soft smile breaks across her

lips when she notices Jonathan but it quickly fades as eyes narrow on Jillian.

ZOË
(to Vincent)
Who is this?

Jillian glances at Zoë walking into the den then brings her focus back to Vincent.

JILLIAN
I thought I could raise her
without you. I was wrong. She's
yours now.

She starts toward the door. A LITTLE BOY, no older than 4 years old, bumps head first against her as she exits out.

Jillian stops to stare 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 notices the pink baby carriage by Vincent's feet, walks over then reaches for it. Vincent slaps her hand away.

ZOË
How long have you been cheating
on me?

Vincent, ignoring Zoë, leans forward and places his hands on the Little Boy's shoulders.

VINCENT
Son, be a good boy, run along.
Daddy has business to 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.

Zoë snaps her fingers. Sherry meets the Little Boy at the doorway, escorts him away.

JONATHAN MCABBEY

I better go as well, Sir.

He tucks his briefcase under his arm, starts to stand.

VINCENT CLARK

Relax, Jonathan.

Jonathan settles back onto his seat.

Soon after, Zoë slaps Vincent.

ZOË

Who was the slut?

VINCENT

She's nobody.

He licks his bleeding lip.

ZOË

Am I not enough?

VINCENT

Don't play innocent. You would've done the same if you found a way to get to Jonathan.

ZOË

I'd never--

VINCENT

--You think I don't notice how you look at him?

(Beat)

A gasp escapes from Zoë's lips. She glances at Jonathan who quickly looks away.

VINCENT

However, that doesn't matter now. What matters is this baby.

He picks up the baby carriage. Through all the noise, the baby managed to remain asleep.

VINCENT
(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
You'll know who I am when the
time comes. Until then Jonathan
will care for you.

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 fast with a slow baseline.

BAR

The clear crystal bar set on the east end of the club allowing patrons to see through it to the lowering shelves.

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

Three servers, two men and one woman, dressed in black button up shirts and black slacks work behind the bar.

LINDA (26), tall, bronzed, rounded hips, curly haired and hazel eyed, stands at the bar.

Her gold heels and looped gold belt shimmer under the club's neon lights.

She leans against the bar as she talks to MALIK (29) very short hair, slim face with chiseled features and well groomed. The bar's blue backlight glows softly on his brown face.

A bartender brings Linda and Malik each a white chocolate martini.

They grab their cocktail and proceed over to ANGELA (25) subtle tan complexion, emerald eyes and wavy shoulder length brown hair. She wears a strapless purple dress and black stilettos.

LINDA

(Cuban accent)

Angela, I want you to meet
Malik.

He extends his hand to Angela. They shake lightly.

ANGELA

Hi.

MALIK

Linda's a pretty good dancer.

ANGELA

I know. I saw you two on the
floor a little while ago.

MALIK

So you have a move or two of
your own as well?

ANGELA

Me, no, no I don't dance.
Linda's the fun one. I just
make sure she doesn't get too
wild.

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

LINDA

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

ANGELA

Yeah, yeah.

MALIK

Nothing wrong with that.

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

LINDA

Come on, babe. Let me show you something brand new.

Malik peers over his shoulder as Linda pulls him away.

MALIK

(to Angela)

Nice meeting you.

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

A black suited man with slicked dark blonde hair, ZACH (27), approaches Angela.

ZACH

Quick question... why so glum?

ANGELA

Huh? Oh, it's nothing.

Zach purses his lips then exhales heavily.

ZACH

Well I would offer you a drink if you didn't have two already.

CLOSE IN: on two white chocolate martinis.

Zach smirks as he pulls up a chair next to Angela.

ANGELA

A girl can only handle so many drinks from you generous boys before she has to slow down.

Angela grabs one of the cocktails, takes a sip.

ZACH

Tell me, do angels like you have names or just pretty faces?

ANGELA

(laughs)

I'm sorry, but that was

extremely cheesy.

ZACH

You probably heard lines like
that a dozen times tonight.

(offers his hand)

I'm Zach.

ANGELA

Angela.

(shakes Zach's hand)

Surprisingly, you're only the
eighth guy to use that line
tonight.

The song playing over the loud speakers fades to an end
and gives pause before another song begins.

ZACH

Figures... I'll let you get back
to your drinks. If I've piqued
your interest --

He points to a table of five guys taking flaming tequila
shots several tables down.

ZACH

--I'll be over there... with
those loveable douches.

Zach stands and shakes Angela's hand once more.

Linda and Malik emerge from the dance floor. They kiss
briefly then continue separate ways.

Malik joins the table of guys Zach pointed to. Linda
returns to Angela's side.

Linda

(to Zach)

Hi.

ZACH

Hey, Linda.

(to Angela)

I hope to see you soon.

Zach walks away, rejoins his table of friends.

LINDA

Angie, my feet hurt.

ANGELA

No one said you had to wear
stilettos or dance for five
hours straight in them.

LINDA

Yeah, but I looked good though,
right?

ANGELA

(smirks)

Of course.

Linda puts one hand on her hip, the other on her face
then poses.

LINDA

Thank you, thank you.

ANGELA

Hey how do you know Zach?

LINDA

Malik's friend. I met a bunch
of them.

ANGELA

Uh oh, you flirted with all of
them.

LINDA

Mami, when you look this good
flirting is second nature.

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

EXT. HAMLET BOULEVARD - NIGHT

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 stops singing abruptly, smiles and gazes at Angela.

LINDA

I think I'm in love, Angie.

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

Angela staggers backward, grabs Linda's arm to catch her balance.

ANGELA

Awe, I love you too, baby.

She kisses Linda's cheek. Linda opens her eyes then returns a kiss to Angela.

LINDA

(smirks)

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

Linda scurries a bit ahead of Angela. Angela follows then holds Linda's hand. They swing their arms in exaggerated fashion as they meander along the sidewalk.

ANGELA

Don't tell me you're still thinking about tall, dark and mysterious.

LINDA

Mhmm. Maybe it's not love but I do like him a lot and when we danced I got chills all over.

ANGELA

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

Linda stops Angela, faces her, then puts her hand on her chin and strokes her thumb over Angela's cheek.

LINDA

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

They close their eyes, pucker their lips and give each

other a quick smooch. They burst into a frenzied giggling as they continue stumbling along again.

LINDA

What's going on with you and Zach? You gonna call him?

Angela playfully slaps Linda's arm.

ANGELA

(grinning)

I don't even have his number.

LINDA

I'll get it for you when I call Malik.

ANGELA

Nah, don't worry about it.

Angela looks up into the sky. The clouds above dissipate. Moonlight shines through.

LINDA

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

Linda surveys the area. Through the haze of the night she spots a psychic shop near the end of the block.

LINDA

That psychic place looks open.

ANGELA

You believe that bogus stuff?

LINDA

I'm just curious. Besides it might be funny.

ANGELA

If you say so.

With hands interlocked they stroll down the boulevard once more swinging their arms high and free.

They pass up a tattoo shop, a beauty salon, and a drunken bum lying asleep on the stoop of an abandoned theater

next door to the psychic shop.

INT. MADAM NESTA'S SHOP - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A tiny bell above the door jingles as Angela and Linda enter the shop. Along the walls, stacked on several shelves, are gypsy relics, charms and herbal tonics.

FORTUNETELLER'S ROOM

Separated from the front area by a wall of beads Zoë awaits the girls behind a large round table. She wears an exotic gypsy guise: white blouse and vibrant red dress stained crimson at the hem.

Also, a dark green scarf holds her hair wrapped in place. On each hand, she wears three large silver rings.

The room bears no windows. Lanterns, strewn from the ceiling, adorned on shelves, and table, softly light the room.

CLOSET

Crimson liquid oozes out from the bottom seal of the closet behind Zoë and seeps into 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.

LINDA

How'd you know we were here?
Are you the real deal?

Zoë adjusts the short, puffy, sleeves of her blouse.

ZOË

You don't have to be psychic to hear a bell ring.

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 settle down across from Zoë on plain chairs with high backs. Anxious, Linda leans across the gold floral patterned cloth covered table.

LINDA

I met an amazing guy tonight. When will I see him again?

ZOË

Show me your palms.

Linda extends her hands palm side up.

ZOË

Yes, I see him in your near future. Your next encounter is to die for.

Zoë's smirks and tilts her head forward causing her brow to cast a shadow over her eyes.

Angela puts her hand on Linda's shoulder.

ANGELA

Oh great, you know just as much about the future now as you did five minutes ago.

ZOË

Would you like to know about your future, Angela?

ANGELA

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

Zoë grabs Angela hands, stares at her palms. Her eyes roll back and her body sways to and fro then she springs from her chair panting. A giddy grin stretches over her lips.

ANGELA

What's wrong?

Zoë's smirk fades to a soft smile. She rests her hands on her chest, takes slow deep breaths. She regains her composure, reproaches the table.

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.

ANGELA

They're always ambiguous so they can apply to anybody.

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

ZOË

Look to your dreams --

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 scare me it's not working.

ZOË

Don't be naïve like your parents. That's how they died, isn't it?

(Beat)

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

ANGELA

We're leaving now.

The two women grab their purses and proceed through the wall of beads. Angela pauses and glances back at Zoë then continues out.

EXT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Angela and Linda linger front of a three story, U-shaped building. Linda sways nonchalantly, gingerly bumping against an iron gage, as she smokes a cigarette.

Raindrops drizzle mistily from the blackened sky.

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
It was freaky how she knew about your folks. At least my fortune's good though, right?

She opens her handbag and digs inside.

LINDA
Look, he gave me his number.

Angela glances at the business card in Linda's hand then looks away.

ANGELA
I didn't like the creepy way she looked at us. Kind of gave me goosebumps.

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
Give me a ring 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
Some friend you are.

She jokingly pushes Linda.

LINDA
I'm just playing, Angie. 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 nodes her head and waves bye to Angela then continues 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 heads upstairs to the second floor.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment lights remain off as Angela ambles in. The street lights' amber glow pierces through the living room's white transparent curtains on the eastside.

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

BEDROOM

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

Angela sheds her clothes and slips on her gown. With the lights still off, she continues to the --

BATHROOM

Washes her face and brushes her teeth. She sighs as she pats her face dry; saunters into her

BEDROOM

Angela peels back her comforter and slides underneath then dozes off almost immediately.

Moments later her breathing becomes more rapid. Her back arches and her chest thrusts straight up into the air. A faint silhouette of herself breaks away from her body.

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

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Walking up a stairway, Linda stops to look over her shoulder. Angela's silhouette dissipates. Linda shrugs, continues up the steps.

THIRD FLOOR STAIRWAY

Malik sits at the base of dimly lit steps leading to the next floor. The soft lighting casts a shadow over half his clean-shaved, brown face.

APARTMENT DOOR

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

MALIK

Hi.

Linda shudders, drops her purse to the floor. She turns quickly then calms down and leans against her door as her eyes settle on Malik's face.

LINDA

You scared me.

Malik rises off the steps, picks up Linda's purse.

MALIK

Sorry, I didn't mean to.

He hands over the purse.

MALIK

You dropped this.

Linda paws through the items inside, pulls out her apartment key and unlocks the door. Just before entering she pauses and turns to Malik.

LINDA

What... what brought you here?

MALIK

My buddy lives on the next floor. I just stepped out to catch my breath. Didn't know I'd be seeing you so soon.

LINDA

Me neither. Hey, if you're not in a rush to get back to your friends, you can sit with me a while. I'll fix us some coffee.

MALIK

You sure? I don't want to impose.

LINDA

You're not imposing at all.

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.

LINDA

Come in.

MALIK

If you insist.

Linda escorts Malik to a plush cream sofa by the window.

LINDA

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

Linda skirts off into the kitchen. Malik sits and removes his shoes.

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

Linda returns moments later with two coffee mugs, a cup of cream and a bowl of sugar on black wooden tray. She sets the tray of items 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 sits beside Malik, proceeds to add cream and sugar to the other mug. She then cups her drink, takes two sips and reclines back. She snickers as she takes another sip.

MALIK

What?

LINDA

It's crazy how fortunes come true. I just thought about you and now you're on my couch.

MALIK

Was coffee part of the picture too?--

He places his mug on the table, moves closer to Linda, rubs his thumb and forefinger over her chin.

MALIK

Or is that an added benefit of your company?

She bites down on her bottom lip as Malik leans nearer. Her eyes close completely, a bead of sweat races from the side of her forehead down her cheek.

Their lips almost touch, but Linda places two fingers between them.

LINDA

Will you excuse me a minute?

She nimbly rises and walks toward the hall by the kitchen.

She exaggerates the sway of her hips as she gingerly approaches the --

BACK BEDROOM

She glances over her shoulder, flashes a smirk before she turns the corner.

Linda flips on the lights, grabs a sheer silver nightgown from a wardrobe chest and a matching silver thong.

Once changed she proceeds into the--

KITCHEN

She grabs a bottle of red wine from an overhead cupboard along with two slender glasses. As Linda turns she bumps into Malik.

LINDA

(gasps)

You scared me again... Anyone
ever tell you how...?

MALIK

Shh.

He wraps his arm around her waist, pulls her closer and kisses her. They bump against the kitchen table.

Between kisses Linda sets the wine and two glasses down.

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

LIVING ROOM

They flop onto the sofa.

Linda rips open Malik's shirt and undoes his belt. She hurriedly pulls off his pants and straddles atop of him.

She clasps Malik's hands as he squeezes her exposed breasts; all the while rolling her hips forward and back.

After several minutes, Malik lays Linda on her back, throws her legs over his shoulders.

She clinches his sides as he thrusts himself deeper inside her with each stroke.

Linda fingernails dig deeper into his ribcage as both their bodies start to spasm.

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

A moment passes. Malik continues to gently thrust in and out. Linda moans softly.

Malik traces his hand from Linda's breast gradually up to her cheek. His forefinger grazes over her lips and into her mouth.

He then removes his finger from Linda's mouth and inches his hand over her mouth and nose.

Linda reaches up, moves Malik's hand aside; seconds later he covers her mouth and nose again. Linda once more reaches up to move Malik's hand but is met with a strong resistance as Malik stops thrusting.

Linda opens her eyes to see a dark furrowed expression on Malik's face. She yanks down his hand covering her face, tries to shove him off.

She thrashes about frantically and wiggles left to right but Malik holds her pinned down with his weight. Linda then manages to free up a hand immediately gouges at Malik's eye.

He groans and quickly 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 haphazardly stays conscious. She then bites down hard on Malik's arm, grunts as she digs her teeth into his skin.

Malik reluctantly releases his grip then Linda, gasping exasperatedly, shoves him aside as hard as she can.

LINDA

What are you trying to do, kill
me?!

Malik, now standing, reaches down and grabs her by the hair, pulls 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.

Wheezing, Linda grabs a lamp just ahead of her and smashes it against Malik's head. He absorbs the blow without flinching.

Linda reaches up, claws at Malik's face.

He shrugs her hands away.

LINDA
(raspy)
Please, please stop.

She clinches her fists and throws two looping punches.

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

Kicking her legs in the air and pounding on Malik's arms, Linda chokes on her breath until succumbing to the strangle hold.

Malik wipes the blood from his mouth and kisses Linda's lifeless lips once more.

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

MALIK
Hey... No, she's still... I don't know. Her friend never said... Okay, I'll have it take care of.

He hangs up the phone and then stares perplexed 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 crosses 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 stiffens.

A grin stretches across Malik's lips. He strokes his hand through Angela's hair flicking it off her neck then runs his hands from her neck to her shoulders.

MALIK

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

He quickly locks both 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 cringes from the sound. He looks away a brief moment then turns to Angela but she's vanished 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, rushes to the mirror bolted on her dresser.

Her hands flail through the air as she turns on a lamp. She stares at her reflection, a light bruise marks either side of her neck.

INT. BAILEY'S MARKET - DAY

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

In the rice and grains aisle, DARIUS BAILEY (30) dark, short haired, dressed in grey slacks, a white shirt and black tie, kisses DETECTIVE LAURA BAILEY (30), lean, cocoa complexion 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 but shouldn't I be the one telling you to slow down?

Detective Bailey pinches Darius' cheek.

DETECTIVE BAILEY
You're too cute when you care.

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

DARIUS
What kind of husband would I be
if I didn't show a little
tenderness once in a while?

A pale man in a pinstripe suit with the jacket flared open, DETECTIVE EDWARD SANDERS (32), approaches. He clears his throat and the couple turns to him.

DETECTIVE SANDERS
Laura, the captain called not
too long ago. Says he's got a
case he wants use to look at.

Detective Bailey kisses Darius.

DETECTIVE BAILEY
See you when I get home. I love
you.

EXT. BAILEY'S MARKET - DAY

The two detectives move toward Detective Sanders' sedan parked outside the market's doors.

DETECTIVE BAILEY
Where to, Eddie?

DETECTIVE SANDERS
The bank up the street. We have
a possible witness to a murder
there.

INT. MARTIN INTERNATIONAL BANK - DAY

Seated at a small corner desk Angela stares blankly at a digital clock set arm's length away. Its numbers flicker to 11:30. Angela rises, crosses to the back of the bank toward the --

EMPLOYEES' LOUNGE

Angela taps her fingers on a table while sipping soda and reading a newspaper. She glances up briefly, sees Detective's Bailey and Sanders make a b-line her way.

DETECTIVE BAILEY
Angela McAbbey?

ANGELA
Yes. Something I can help you with?

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

DETECTIVE SANDERS
Miss McAbbey, my partner and I would like you to come down to the station with us.

ANGELA
What for?

DETECTIVE SANDERS
We have a few questions concerning a Linda Fernandez.

ANGELA
Is she ok?

DETECTIVE BAILEY
She's dead.
(BEAT)

A look of disbelief washes over Angela's face. She holds her breath a moment then a short huff escapes her lips. She leans back.

ANGELA
You're kidding... I just, I just saw... I mean I was with her almost all of last night.

DETECTIVE SANDERS
She was found dead in her

apartment this mourning.

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

DETECTIVE BAILEY

I know this is tough to believe
but we need you to come into
the station with us.

ANGELA

(awed)
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 captain's seat.

A moment later, the door swings open and Captain Arriaga (50) bronzed, stout, enters the room.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Captain, this is Angela
McAbbey.

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

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA

Thank you. Leave us.

Detectives Bailey and Sanders exit his office.

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA

As you already know your friend
Linda Fernandez is dead--

He opens the folder flipped past reports, comes upon pictures.

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA

--she was half-naked, lying in
a 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 circles the skin of her neck.

OFFICE

Angela thumbs through other 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.

ANGELA

Excuse me?

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA

Your number was the last to
show on Ms. Fernandez's mobile.

ANGELA

She said she'd call me when she
got in. I was worried when she
didn't. 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

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

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA

Did she go by the name Madam Zoë?

ANGELA

Yeah, sounds familiar.

(rubs forehead)

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

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA

Sorry to interrupt, Madam Zoë'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 Pennsylvania Hospital. She'll be released in a week.

ANGELA

Glad she's not, you know, dead.

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA

You remember that guy's name yet?

ANGELA

Yeah, I remember now; Malik. 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 have
a file on him?

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

ANGELA
Yes I'm sure. Why wouldn't I be?

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

ANGELA
So?

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA
Do you have evidence or
witnesses to back your claim?

ANGELA
You're the cop. Collecting
evidence and gathering
witnesses is your job.

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA
I know what my job entails. I'm
telling you something like this
is uncharacteristic.

ANGELA
Are you profiling now? Am I not
credible because I'm not a blue
blood like him?

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
Look my best friend was killed.
I think I know who did it but
you're too scared to act.

Angela rises from her seat and walks toward the door.

ANGELA
It's clear who you really
protect and serve.

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

Angela turns to Captain Arriaga then walks over to his desk. She leans over, her hands pressed atop of it.

ANGELA
And you're protecting him?

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA
I'm captain of this precinct--

Captain Arriaga shoots upright.

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA
(coarse)
--I uphold the law as best I
can. Now go home. Me and my
people will deal with this
fairly.

ANGELA
Then you'll question Malik
Clark.

CAPTAIN ARRIAGA
Trust me, we'll contact him.

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 only measures 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, turns off the light on a nightstand adjacent to her, and then shuts her eyes while she lay in the fetal position.

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 far and few in between times.

INT. JONATHAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Jonathan and Allison smile at each other inside the red Cadillac.

ALLISON MCABBEY

Jonathan, tonight was amazing--

She leans over, kisses his cheek.

ALLISON MCABBEY

--You really outdid yourself
this year.

Jonathan glances at Allison, takes her hand into his, thumbs over a platinum band and diamond encrusted ring.

JONATHAN MCABBEY

It's just my way 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

As your husband that's my job.
Happy Anniversary.

ALLISON MCABBEY

Happy Anniversary.

Allison kisses him long and passionately. Jonathan nearly loses control of the car.

ALLISON MCABBEY

It's kind of late. I bet the kids are asleep.

JONATHAN MCABBEY

Only if Angela isn't running up the phone bill.

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 him.

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.

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, and kisses him.

Steam gradually collects on the windows as they kiss.

ALLISON MCABBEY

Is that so?

JONATHAN MCABBEY

Yeah.

He tunes the radio to a slow jam then 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.

Headlights shine in faintly behind them.

EXT. JONATHAN'S CAR - NIGHT

A STRANGER, dressed head to toe in white clothes, fitted with a white baseball cap tilted low, and white sunglasses, taps loudly on the driver side window.

Jonathan and Allison freeze in place a moment.

JONATHAN MCABBEY

Go away!

Jonathan pulls down on Allison bra, grabs one of her breasts and suckles her nipple as she continues to ride.

The couple grinds at a faster tempo. Another knock raps at the window.

The same Stranger stands outside their car with her head pressed against the driver side window.

Allison quickly covers herself up. Jonathan's face flushes red. He partly lowers his window.

JONATHAN MCABBEY

What's with you, creep? Stop harassing us. Now get the hell away or I'm calling the cops.

Un-intimidated by Jonathan's tone of voice the Stranger, whose long dark hair waves wistfully in the wind, retorts with a calm demeanor.

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 completely befuddled.

Allison adjusts her bra and dress then rolls over back onto the passenger side.

Jonathan zips up his pants then stares at the Stranger's unusual attire.

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?

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

She sticks it through 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. Frightened, Allison tucks her knees to her chin, wraps her arms around her legs, and screams.

STRANGER

Hand over the keys. Don't make

me ask twice.

The Stranger leans further into the car, presses the hot point of her gun against Jonathan's cheek. He immediately shuts off the car and gives the keys over to the woman in white.

STRANGER

Good; now get out.

Jonathan and Allison give pause. Jonathan groans as he takes his tie and wraps it around his wound. Once patched up, he and Allison continue to stare at the Stranger.

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

STRANGER

Did I stutter? Get the fuck out the car.

JONATHAN MCABBIEY

Are you letting us go? Because you can have the car, if you 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. She keeps her gun fixed on Jonathan as she opens the trunk.

STRANGER

(to Allison)

Get in.

ALLISON MCABBIEY

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, 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 that trunk!

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

ALLISON MCABBEY

Ok, ok. Please, don't hurt 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 trunk, 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.

Jonathan and Allison stare up at the Stranger teary eyed as she slams the trunk shut.

INT. JONATHAN'S CAR - TRUNK - NIGHT

In the darkness, 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 starts the car, 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 storefronts. She then jumps out of the car and unlocks the trunk. Like gophers popping from a hole, Jonathan and Allison survey their surrounding inquisitively.

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.

She aims her gun at the couple.

JONATHAN MCABBEY

(stuttering)

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

He limps toward the Stranger.

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 and stumbles backward until he bumps into Allison.

STRANGER

What do you think you're doing?

Jonathan ignores her as he grabs Allison's hand.

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

(to Allison)

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 thunderous shot into the air. Startled, the couple pants heavily.

STRANGER

What the fuck are you whispering about!

She 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 about this.

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

STRANGER

Answer me.

JONATHAN MCABBEY

(to Allison)

Now!

The Stranger spins around to Allison who sprints 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 round into his gut. Jonathan falls limp to his knees dropping the pipe.

The Stranger swings around to Allison, who is almost at the end of the alley, and fires two shots.

One bullet pierces deep into Allison's back the other rips through her side abdominal. She staggers meagerly as she holds her bleeding abdomen then collapses like a rag doll.

Jonathan spits up mouthfuls of blood as his wife lie motionless 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; 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 feel for you like
you felt for her. Vincent
would've never known about us.

(Beat)

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

JONATHAN

You bitch.

ZOË

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

JONATHAN MCABBEY

There was never an "us" you
crazy bitch. You just murdered
the only woman I love.

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

ZOË

I loved you the moment we first
met.

Zoë wipes the spit 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 her so much, fine.
You can die with that cunt.

ZOË'S GUN

A loud gunshot reverberates through the air.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - PRESENT DAY - NIGHT

Angela sobs into her pillow as she squeezes it tight.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A bus pauses at a street corner. Several passengers exit
out including Angela.

Her hands tucked in pockets of her windbreaker, she
continues up the street into a park.

As she walks along a blacktop path close to a lake
centered in the park Zach approaches her from the
opposite direction.

He comes within ten feet of Angela before noticing her.

ZACH

Angela?

He says as he walks past. Angela jerks her head up at him.

ANGELA

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

ZACH

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

A faint smirk starts across Angela's lips.

ANGELA

Yeah, I remember.

ZACH

I see you smiling but you look a little down. Did you lose your best friend or something?

ANGELA

(Beat)

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

Angela puts her head down, continues on her way again.

Zach catches Angela by her shoulder.

ZACH

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

Angela pulls shrugs him off.

ANGELA

Whatever.

She straddles a solid yellow line separating the blacktop into two paths as continues on.

Zach follows after her.

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 locks as with her as she faces him.

ANGELA
Don't ask where we're going.

EXT. FERNANDEZES DUPLEX - DAY

Angela and Zach arrive in a neighborhood lined with urban duplexes. Each one has red shingles, tan exteriors, triangle tipped rooftops, and short hedges on the front lawn.

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

Angela walks to the top of a three step stoop. She stops to face 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 earlier. I have a lot on my mind.

Zach meets Angela atop the stoop, places both hands on her 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, nods, and wipes a tear welling from her eye.

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 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 turning the corner.

Angela faces the Fernandezes' door, closes her eyes, inhales deeply and slowly exhales. Her hand trembles as she lifts it and knocks thrice.

Within moments a short woman with a slightly protruding belly and donning a black dress with white polka dots answers the door.

ANGELA

Hello, Mrs. Fernandez

INT. FERNANDEZ'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hardwood flooring spans the entire room.

A large maroon rug with swirling white flowers and a black border lays center floor. On top of it sits a glass coffee table with silver, speckled, metal frame.

Angela sits on a green leather sofa. 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 thins toward the middle of his head.

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

MR. FERNANDEZ

Would you like anything to
drink, Angela?

ANGELA

No thanks, Mr. Fernandez.

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

She settles on the sofa beside Angela, sets the box on the coffee table, and then clasps Angela's hands between her own.

MRS. FERNANDEZ

Rudy 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 item inside is a brown string necklace with a flat orange pebble as a charm piece 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 a 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.

INT. BAILEY'S MARKET - DARIUS' OFFICE - NIGHT

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

Darius stands at a tall silver filing cabinet. Its top drawer rests open, he pulls manila folders out.

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

PAUL (30's) tall with dark slicked hair, crimson bifocals, crimson gloves, and a long crimson leather jacket stands at the entrance.

PAUL

Say, um, you run this place?
You're Darius Bailey, right?

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

armrests.

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 enters 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 picture frame of a tall man blonde hair and
glasses, a woman with ginger red hair, and Angela sit on
the right corner of the desk.

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

Behind Angela appears a woman in an orange dress and her
hair fashioned in a bun.

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. Her eyes fall onto the photo to
the right again then shuts them tight.

EXT. MCABBEY 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 its slender fingers, pressing a glowing, circular doorbell.

A gold door knob on a white door turns. On the opposite side of the now 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, with an apron tied around her waist, chops vegetables. She notices the child from her peripheral.

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?

Wipes her hands on her apron 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 for 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 and unlocks her door.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Angela enters the living room, continues to the kitchen, laying her purse on the countertop as she walks to the sink.

She runs the tap on cold, splashes her face a few times, and then grabs a paper towel from a holder hanging above

the sink.

The water continues to run as Angela pats her face dry. She turns the faucet off, stares at her purse. Papers inside spilt out. She picks up one of the slips of paper and dials the number on it into her mobile phone.

INT. AUTO SHOP - DAY

Zach works on the underbelly of a candy blue Ford Mustang. Only his legs are visible.

A phone on top of a counter rings. He slides from underneath, answers a mobile phone while 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 grab a bite.

ZACH

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

INT. OLD DINER - 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 walls. The booths and table chairs have bright, tomato red coverings.

Angela and Zach sit beside the window. A brunette waitress, in a pastel yellow blouse and skirt uniform, hovers over them.

She writes on a memo pad, tears the sheet, and walks away placing it on a silver counter where chefs place food for

pick up.

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

ANGELA

What?

ZACH

You're changing.

ANGELA

Well, you would too if you knew the people you loved were 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. 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 edge of the desk is a wooden picture frame with a photo of her and Darius.

A mobile phone spins as it vibrates on the opposite end

of the desk. An envelope symbol glows on the screen. Detective Bailey opens the text message.

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

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

Detective Bailey drops the phone on the desk and recoils. She puts her hands over her mouth, muffles her cries.

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

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Hello.

VOICE (V.O)

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

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Who is this? Why do you have my husband?

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. The old

diner sits visibly in the background as Angela and Zach stroll along.

ZACH

How long have you had these dreams?

ANGELA

They just started a day or two ago.

ZACH

What are they usually about?

ANGELA

Stuff that happened when I was a kid; but I had one about Linda too. It was surreal.

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

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

The Volvo peels out from its parked position. Angela and Zach are completely unaware of it.

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 asphalt.

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

INT. PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL - ROOM - NIGHT - DREAM
SEQUENCE

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 reelection 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 closest 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.

ANGELA

(softly)

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.

HALLWAY

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

His footsteps echo with a rhythmic beat. He passes by three rooms, stops, and looks through a fourth door's glass.

It's fairly dark inside except for the glow from the television and outside streetlights shining in.

ROOM

Angela's partly open.

The door's 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 chart back.

Grinning, Paul slides a long, curved knife from behind him, continues toward the old woman's bedside, and 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. 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, twists once its hilt deep. Blood spurts on his glove. 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 have 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 as she rounds out through the entryway. He misses her head and blade embeds into the hallway wall.

PAUL

Come here, bitch!

ANGELA O.S

Help!

HALLWAY

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 and a spoon.

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

You lost or something?

Angela dashes to him, clings onto his shoulder.

ANGELA

A man in a 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 ipod and sits down at the table again. Paul bursts the door open. The Janitor bobs 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 hand under the Janitor's chin, flashes his knife, and then presses it to the 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 his neck.

JANITOR

I'm an old Chicano. You think I never had a blade 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
nothing 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 high.

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 the crack of the door.

EMPLOYEES' LOUNGE

He looks toward the pantry.

PAUL

You in there, Angela?

PANTRY

A peep escapes from her mouth. She 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 stutter 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?

PAUL

You, out of the picture--

He pulls her close, their lips nearly touch. Paul brings

the tip of the knife to the side of Angela's neck

PAUL

Now die.

Angela stomps on Paul's foot, hits him square on the cheek with another hard backhand, and then quickly spins, elbowing his face.

Paul falls against a counter across the room.

Angela yanks open the double doors and starts running.

HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

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 her.

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? 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 at a fire escape one floor below.

She stares briefly 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.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

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 completely 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.

EXT. CONDO COMPLEX - NIGHT - DREAM SEQUENCE - REAL TIME

An intense white light flashes.

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

NINTH FLOOR

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 at Angela's bare feet. She too looks down at her clothes. They're the same clothes she lay down in earlier.

ANGELA

I see now.

ZACH

Come here, let me take you home.

ANGELA

Home? This is a dream.

Zach nears Angela. Several feet apart, their hands extend toward one another.

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 stares at.

MAN
Something I can help you with,
pal?

ZACH
Huh? Oh nothing, nothing.

He walks away with his hands in his pockets.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

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. We leave as
soon as Eddie gets here so move
fast if you want to grab a
bite.

She sets the clothes on the dresser, starts to exit, but 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'd 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

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 across from Detective Bailey.

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, that'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 across
the surface dissolve into a picture of Darius and her
back to chest on a couch. She looks over her shoulder and
kisses him.

She sets the mug down. Ripples rush over the surface of
the coffee, washing the picture away.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

(pause)

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 - DAY

A maroon Jaguar sedan sits outside a 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 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 91st floor.

DETECTIVE SANDERS
Thank you.

91ST FLOOR - MALIK'S OFFICE

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 then reaches behind himself, pulls out an Auto Mag pistol, presses it to Zach's forehead.

MALIK

Then I'll kill you and that
bitch myself.

ZACH

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

Zach shakily presents his hands palm side out. He pants heavily and stares at the gun pressed against 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

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

ZACH

She said she 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.

Moments 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 narrows his gaze 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 a wallet-sized picture from one of his pockets.

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

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

Angela's cheeks twitch, 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 arms, 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.

A smirk stretches across Malik's lips. 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 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 on further
badgering me you'll have to
wait until my attorney is
present.

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

He 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.

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 the keys and switches sides with her. 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
earlier. Our hands are tied
until we can prove what you
said about him or he confesses.

ANGELA
I know.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

(pause)

I think it's time you tell me
how 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's dreams
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 back
together.

Her eyes lock with Detective Bailey's through the
rearview mirror. She then turns and rests her forehead
against the window beside her.

ANGELA

Whatever 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 COMPLEX

On the 9th floor, on 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, revealing Paul. He lifts 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?

He leans forward squinting.

DETECTIVE SANDERS
I don't see anybody.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

(sarcastic)

Did you see this in one of your
dreams?

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 harder 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 once 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 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 sees 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 props up on the backseat, stares out the rear window. Detective Bailey looks through the rearview mirror. They 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 putting a little room between the Jaguar and the Mustang.

Zach closes within a few meters of the sedan. He rams 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 sound.

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 careens into the back of a parked car.

Zach then stomps on his breaks, stops twenty yards ahead of the collision.

JAGUAR SEDAN

Detective Sanders doubles over in his seat against the passenger side door. Red covers this 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. She looks up, notices 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.

She twists the key again and pumps the gas, the car sputters to life.

ANGELA

(shouting)

Here he comes.

Detective Bailey stomps on the gas, the sedan speeds backward moments before the Mustang 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

Zach reaches down beside him and pulls out a Magnum revolver. He forgoes lowering the driver-side window and instead shoots through his front windshield, spraying the 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.

Angela flips down the armrest, removes the covering on the small space between the seat, and pulls out a small silver handgun.

ANGELA

I got it.

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

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 stuffs the gun through one of the holes in the back windshield.

BLUE MUSTANG

Two rounds zip toward the Mustang. One shatters the left headlight. The second blows out the front left tire.

Zach 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 streetlight. Detective Bailey yanks the steering wheel to the right but the sedan fishtails into the streetlight, pinning the driver side down.

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

ANGELA

Laura, are you alright?

She lifts Detective Bailey's head, notices 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 hers.

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--

ANGELA

--Hired you to get close to me.
So you're some kind of
informant?

ZACH

Why he hired me isn't
important. I like you but he
says he'll kill us both if 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 as red seeps through it.
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's hand as he slinks to the ground. A
tear falls 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 hands on his chest then wipes her face. She gathers to her feet, makes her way over to Detective Sanders eyes him up and down.

DETECTIVE SANDERS

It's my job to serve and, and
protect.

INT. JAGUAR SEDAN - DAY

Detective Bailey awakens. She spots Detective Sanders lying on the ground and Angela standing above 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 you call the EMT's? Angela?
Angela?

Angela stares speechless. She takes to her knees and continues to stare at Detective Sanders.

Detective Bailey yanks her mobile phone off of her belt.

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 a 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 quietly seats 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 would be where it was.

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
No, I just had these dreams
since I was little. Last time

they were this intense was when my parents died. I mean, 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'd you kiss the maniac who run us off the road and damn near kill me?

ANGELA

He wasn't trying to hurt us. He was trying to warn me but the chase had to look real.

Detective Bailey sits up attentively. Her eyes are heavy set on Angela who fidgets with her thumbs and stares 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 it.
My dream body moves through the
world like my real body.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

You're serious. You really are
in two places when dream.

Both women stare silent away from each other.

Captain Arriaga enters into the room, stops briefly,
glances at Angela, and then continues to his seat.

Detective Bailey quickly sits alongside 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 trust hunches. So fine, keep
an eye on her at all times.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Yes, Captain.

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.

Knocking raps at the door. 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 a word with you.

SENATOR CLARK

Tell me what's on your mind.

Malik approaches Vincent in a calm, cool 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 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 across from his father. Senator Clark picks up the glass nearest 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. Malik swirls his Scotch around 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 drops and shatters 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 doubles over the side of his armchair stiff and rigid. Senator Clark then falls from his chair on to the floor.

MALIK

You know damn well what I'm talking about.

He approaches Senator Clark, squats a foot from him.

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 his head upward.

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 wrists 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. And I'll be damn if
I sit idly by as she receives
what is mine and mine alone.

He throws Senator Clark onto the armchair he fell from.

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 sets in. 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 in the
fifty percent who survive.

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 hardwood an inch at a time scooting and using his forearms to pull his self toward the bar.

His face flushes pale, his breath grows heavier and wheezy.

The senator continues to drag himself but veers off course winding up closer to the study's double doors than the bar. He struggles to lift his head as he rights his course.

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 from the counter's edge onto the floor farther from him.

The senator stretches for the phone but it's an extra arm's length away. Senator Clark retracts his hand and coughs violently. He rolls onto his back.

His limbs continue to stiffen in place. The senator's coughs become more and more aggressive until blood mixed vomit spurts from his mouth.

Senator Clark's tensed neck stiffens too much to move. Vomit continues to spew from his mouth, trickling down the sides of his face.

He coughs again and gags on the built up fluids in his mouth. The fluid seeps into his nose suffocating both of his airways. The senator's eyes grow dim dead gaze.

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 earth.

(END MONTAGE)

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

She pulls a brown string necklace with an orange pebble from her pocket. She finds a large oak tree to press her back against.

Her fingers traverse the engraved initials on the stone.

A hand taps Angela's shoulder. She looks up, Detective Bailey stares back.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

You okay?

ANGELA

Being here reminds me how much she meant to me.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

I know how you feel. Me and Eddie were pretty close too.

ANGELA

I'm sorry. I wish all this never happened.

She puts the necklace in her jacket pocket then eyes 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 catches her gaze.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

C'mon. I'll take you home.

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

ANGELA

Who is that?

DETECTIVE BAILEY

I don't know.

They gaze at the black, deep tinted Sedan. A crimson gloved hand extends from the window holding an Auto Mag 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 the two women.

Detective Bailey draws out her 9mm pistol, leaps up, but the sedan's too far out of range.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

(sighs)

Damn, they got away.

ANGELA

Is it safe to stand up?

Angela, face down in the grass balled into the fetal position, peers up to Detective Bailey. The detective extended a hand 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 silk peach robe. She then slides on a pair of peach slippers and makes her way to the--

LIVING ROOM

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

She removes her feet from the table, places them on the floor and shifts her attention from the flat screen TV to Angela.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

You're all situated, right? I'm heading out now if it's okay with you.

Detective Bailey stands and stretches 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

Laura, wait. Stay here tonight. I mean, I need someone I trust close by and you're the only person I trust right now.

Detective Bailey paces from the window blinds to the couch, flops down, kicks up her feet once more, and lays her arm across the top of the couch.

DETECTIVE BAILEY

Captain does want me to look after you... okay.

ANGELA

Great, make yourself comfy. Whatever I have is at your disposal.

Angela walks away down the hall to her--

BEDROOM

She eases underneath her comforter and snuggles up against pillows. The room begins to twist and bend then dissolve.

INT. CLARK ESTATE - STUDY - NIGHT - DREAM SEQUENCE

A pale white silhouette of Angela materializes on a 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 until 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 his bastard child.

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 Angela's 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 man tried
to give away half my fortune.

Malik downs the rest of his drink, throws his glass into
the fireplace. 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 developing on her neck and her head whip
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 punches his face with a hard right hook. He stumbles back but quickly steadies his footing.

Angela grabs a broken off coffee table leg and pummels Malik.

He endures her melee, laughing all the while, then catches the wooden debris on Angela's downswing and yanks it from her hands.

Malik 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 sees 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

Blood smears the side of the sofa where Angela's head bounced off. Malik steps toward her.

He drops the broken coffee table leg then digs into his pockets pulling out two black leather gloves.

MALIK

You can't pick your family. Why
would you want to be in this

one, but don't worry. This will
all be over soon.

ANGELA

Go to Hell!

MALIK

Oh I bet I will, first class.

Malik grabs Angela and spins her toward him and continues to lock his hands around her throat. He squeezes harder, forcing her back to bend over the rear of the sofa.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - ROOM - NIGHT

Angela's breathing becomes wheezy and heavy as if she's suffocating. Detective Bailey continues to watch over her.

INT. CLARK ESTATES - DEN - NIGHT

Angela slams down on Malik's hands, they don't budge.

She punches his face. His eye swells and his nose breaks but his squeeze on her neck continues.

She hits him in the gut and a 9mm gun falls from Malik's pocket.

Angela paws the sofa for the gun. Her eyes water, her teeth grit 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 through the double doors of the study.

INT. CLARK ESTATES - 2nd FLOOR - NIGHT

Angela limps through the mansion. A light trail of blood drops follows 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 Auto Mag points 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 Auto Mag drops to the floor. She then thrusts her elbow into this gut and uppercuts him.

Malik falls to one knee gripping 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 Auto Mag lay 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 a 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 a 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.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - ROOM - 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 restrains her. She looks down, finds 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 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 presses 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. Blood cakes 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, 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)

FADE OUT

THE END