

TO TURN A BLIND EYE
First Draft

By

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INT. THE COLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING - COLD

ALEXA
(earpiece/filtered)
So what do you have planned today?

PATRICIA "PATTY" COLE (black female, 30), wearing sweat pants and a hoodie, adjusts her earpiece and kneels down to lace up her sneakers.

PATTY
Well, ain't much I can do, the twins have a half-day. So, I'm going to be stuck in the house after I pick them Aup from school.

ALEXA
Bummer! Stuck in the house all day, huh?

PATTY
Not all day. I have some time before I have to pick them up. So, I'm going to go for a run.

ALEXA
Going for a run? It's cold as hell out there.

Patty pulls on a bubble vest and zips it up.

PATTY
It is not that cold. It's just brisk.

ALEXA
Brisk my ass. You know there's snow on the ground right?

PATTY
Never stopped me before. Besides, this'll be the last time I'll be able to go on a morning run. It's back to work tomorrow.

ALEXA
Oh, yeah, that's right. You excited?

PATTY
It's what I've been waiting for, so, uh, yeah, I'm excited. I'll have my own office and a reserved parking spot.

ALEXA

Cool. Go you!

PATTY

Thank you, thank you. I try. I try.
Well, let me go. I'm burning
daylight.

ALEXA

Okay. Call me later.

PATTY

I will.

Patty takes off her earpiece and lays it on the counter next to her cellphone.

INT. THE COLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Patty smiles at a picture of her and her husband on their wedding day and strokes the image of her husbands face.

Tears begin to well up. She wipes them from her eye, then slides on a pair of running gloves and tugs on a baseball cap.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - COLD

Patty jogs down a salted sidewalk path with her iPod blazing in her ears.

EXT. PARK

Patty's zips her way around pedestrians, dog-walkers, and other joggers.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS

Patches of ice and snow crunch under Patty's sneakers as she huffs down the sidewalk.

She makes a sharp detour and cuts into a heavily wooded area.

EXT. HEAVILY WOODED AREA - LAKE

With her breath hitting the air in white puffs, Patty jogs along the edge of a half frozen lake.

EXT. THE GRAHAM'S HOUSE - BACKYARD

Patty jogs along side the wooden privacy fence behind the house. She slows to a walk, stops to catch her breath, and pulls the ear-buds out of her ears.

Taking a few steps back from the tall fence, she studies the two story house and the homes beside it.

Not seeing any movement from inside the house, Patty climbs over the wooden privacy fence and makes her way to the basement door just under the deck. She fishes a set of keys out of her pocket and unlocks the door.

INT. THE GRAHAM'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

Patty sneaks her way through the basement and up the stairs leading to the main floor. She puts an ear to basement door and listens.

Not hearing any sounds beyond the door, Patty uses slowly slides one of her silver keys into the lock on the doorknob and turns the key--

CLICK!

She pauses. She waits. She listens.

She cracks the door open and peeks out into a kitchen area.

INT. THE GRAHAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Patty emerges from the basement and eases the door closed. She surveys the room.

INT. THE GRAHAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Patty creeps through the living, Walking slowly, deliberately, making sure not to touch anything--

She hears movement upstairs. A slight thump and then murmuring voices.

Patty freezes, poised and ready to run back to the basement. She looks up to the ceiling, following what sound like footsteps move across the floor above.

All goes quite.

Listening for sounds, Patty inches her way to the staircase, and exhaling a quite steady breath, she tip-toes up the stairs.

INT. THE GRAHAM'S HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Reaching the top of the staircase, Patty pauses at the heavy panting and moaning coming from one of the bedrooms.

Her eyes tighten. Her jaw clenches.

She rounds a corner following the sounds toward an open room at the end of the hall. Her steps are soft, measured and deliberate.

The sounds of passion grow louder the closer she gets, and more familiar. She stands just outside the bedroom door and listens.

INT. THE GRAHAM'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

ALEXA

Darren! Darren! Oh, shit, yeah! Oh,
Darren! Oh, shit! Yes!

Patty peaks into the room to see her husband, DARREN COLE (black male 34) thrusting vigorously in missionary position on top of her best friend, ALEXA GRAHAM (black female, 29).

Patty watches them, quietly unzips her bubble vest, and pulls out a snub-nose .357 from an inside pocket.

She aims the weapon with a trembling hand as tears well up in her eyes. She clenches her teeth and tries to pull the trigger, but she wilts, and lets her arm fall by her side.

INT. THE GRAHAM'S HOUSE- SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Patty backs away from the master bedroom with tears streaming down her face and a hand over her mouth muffling her sobs. She scurries down the hallway to the staircase and freezes when she see's ERIC COLE(white male, early 30's) standing at the bottom of the stairs.

Eric puts a finger to his lips, and with a semi-automatic handgun in her other hand, he motions for Patty to come downstairs.

Hesitant, Patty looks back towards the sounds of passion coming from the master bedroom then back down at Eric.

INT. THE GRAHAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Eric backs away from the stairs as Patty comes down the stairs.