

Linda Andersson
and Sara Marx



InSight
of the SEER

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Front cover overlay shows Deborah Stewart from “The Seer.”
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Back cover photo of Deborah Stewart and Amanda Majkrzak
from “InSight.” Photo Credit: Linda Andersson

Linda's Dedications:

To Teri... of course.

To Mom, you thought it would be easy having only one child.

Deborah Stewart, my creative muse and friend. Guin would not be the same without you.

Sara, for taking on this project with me and being so creative and prolific. You are truly talented.

All of the cast and crew from "The Seer" and "InSight." and my friends for their years of support.

Sara's Dedications:

To Linda. Thanks for making me write this.

To my family, especially Macy and Christian. Whatta ball club.

To Roxy. (I'm sure this will be in the report.)

To Mary. So many things to say. Don't worry, I'll say them all...

From Linda and Sara:

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About The Authors

Linda Andersson is a writer and filmmaker in Hollywood, CA. Her writer/director credits include, “The Seer,” “InSight.” and “The 6 Month Rule” among others. Besides writing, she enjoys cooking and the outdoors.

Sara, her partner, a handful of kids and nutty animals live in a tiny beachside town in Southwest Florida where she loves to cook, kayak, spend time at the beach and write, write, write...

Linda and Sara became writing partners after being friends for several years. They originally met when Linda cast Sara in her short film “Misconception” and later “Mood Swing.” Both films traveled the LGBT film festival circuit. To keep up with Linda and Sara, please visit: www.watchtheseer.com.

CHAPTER ONE

The last wave of sweltering temperatures had swept through the San Fernando Valley and left residents exhausted in its balmy wake. In a tiny rented pool house behind a trumped-up modern villa, Officer Guin Marcus rifled through her closet on a quest for a uniform with long sleeves. It was day one of her return to work after a dreary month-long mandatory vacation. She grabbed her wrinkled blues, located an ancient clothes iron and headed for the kitchen.

She flipped back the top of the coffeemaker. A long-expired filter brimming with moldy grounds stared back at her. She grimaced, dumped the grounds, got a fresh filter and fired up a new pot. The hazelnut flavor quickly permeated the tiny house, alerting her senses that she was back in work morning mode.

“Hello coffee and yogurt breakfast. Goodbye cold pizza and booze brunch,” Guin muttered to no one.

She buzzed the iron across her shirt, right there on the bare counter, and then held it up. It passed inspection. She poured a cup and attempted to add a little fake cream, but the powder had crystallized into a solid chunk with the recent humidity.

“Screw it.” She dropped the mess, coffee and all, into the garbage on the way to the bathroom.

Guin washed her face and blotted it dry, studied herself in the mirror. It didn’t look like her liquid brunches or late nights had taken much of a toll. Far be it from her to think that the obligatory time off could have done her any good. But admittedly, she looked rested.

She turned sideways and was pleased with her reflection. In boy briefs and a tank it was easy to appreciate her toned abs and arms. Her long blond hair fell carelessly into near-ringlets complementing her subtle feminine curves. The whole package conspired to confuse men and delight women.

Before, three years ago, she’d been a P.E. coach, and her long, lean musculature still proved it. The teenage angst-ridden air had squeezed the life out of her. She was too inclined to become entangled in their issues, a casualty of working with high schoolers. At least she knew that about herself.

And she knew how to use her gifts. All of them.

She was well aware that her green eyes caused admirers to get a little congested in the brain space; they were the voodoo that made people forget about her kick-ass side, which in turn was what made her such a great cop. Those eyes were as much a weapon as her gun, as much a part of her power as her psychic gift. It seemed almost unfair to deliver such a sucker punch to the unsuspecting. And those who did see it coming didn’t seem to mind much.

As for her personal life, it was never a problem finding someone soft to cozy up with on a chilly night. Or any night, for that matter.

She pulled her shirt on, squeezed a line of Crest on her toothbrush. She tried not to focus too much on the day ahead, or the reason for her spontaneous vacation in the first place. They

could give her all the time in the world and it wouldn't erase her crystal clear memory of that day. Now everybody would have their eyes trained on her. It was just human nature.

Guin buttoned her shirt, all the while staring into her own eyes as if she, too, were anxious to see what she would do. She grabbed her belt off the doorknob, looped it through and started to buckle it when it happened. She gasped and released it, as if it were made of fire. The memory of Cheryl unbuckling it only a month earlier hit her like a punch in the gut.

Guin sighed so deeply she wondered if she might deflate right on the spot. She angrily shook her head, blond curls bobbing wildly as she grabbed the buckle anyway and fastened it.

"You'll have to stop that," she warned herself. There was sure to be a lot more "memory" at the office, encrypted everywhere, waiting for her to revisit it.

She'd once tried to explain this touch-thing to Terence, the closest person to a brother she had. He was her former colleague. They'd worked together before he'd transferred divisions to become a CSI. Terence was gay, and he too had blond hair and green eyes. They joked that they could actually have shared a womb. When Terence had given her a funny look about her revelation, she set out to prove her ability.

"Just give me anything out of your closet and I'll tell you what you were doing the last time you wore it." She held out her hand.

"Okay..." Terence found a random sweater and held it up. "Here you go. Amaze me."

"Orange?" She made a rather judgmental smirk.

Terence folded his arms, the sweater still clenched in his hand. "What's wrong with orange?"

"Nothing," she quietly answered, then added under her breath, "if you're a pumpkin."

"Whatever, Guin. When I had my colors done I was told I was an autumn." Then when she still stared at him, he shook his head. "Just because you don't understand color coordination, doesn't mean—"

She held her hand up to halt his queen-rant. "Please, stop right there, Oleg. I have a hard enough time making sure my

socks match on a good day.” She made a gimme motion. “Now fork over the sweater.”

Feigning insult, he handed it to her.

“Let’s get this over with. And it better not be X-rated.” She closed her eyes, heard Prince’s “Little Red Corvette,” saw Terence skating with his handsome friend. A large banner read, Gay Skate, Valentine’s Day, 2007.

She made her concise summary and held up the orange garment with a twitchy little smile. He didn’t take it right away.

“What? You don’t believe me?” She waved the sweater at him. “You think it was sewn in the collar or something?”

Terence flipped back the tag for a peek.

“You’re kidding me. Tell me you don’t scrapbook your sweaters.”

He removed his hand, folded his arms like an indignant child. “Lucky guess.”

Guin laughed in disbelief. “Lucky guess?” She sighed with disgust, clutched the sweater back to her chest, and closed her eyes again.

In her vision, Terence skated to a wall. Guin narrated the years-ago conversation.

“Wow, this is more exhausting than I remember. And I don’t seem to remember that song being that long.” She snapped her eyelids open and pointed at Terence, and added, “Which was ‘Little Red Corvette’ by the way.” She shut her eyes again, continued narrating what she heard in her vision. “All I could think about was how much I wanted it to end so that I could stop and do this...” Guin’s eyelids snapped open again. She grimaced. “Jesus, you guys were cornballs. But he was a cutie, I’ll say that much.”

Terence, past the point of believing her touch-induced vision was merely a parlor trick, quietly stood there, mouth gaping, eyes wide.

“Here, take the sweater.” She tried to hand it back. “Come on, it’s no big deal. Who was he?”

“Jack,” he finally managed to say. He shook his head, blinked. “How...?”

Guin shrugged. “Just happens. Did I ever meet Jack?”

“He was a one-time thing during an off-again phase with Tony.” Terence lapsed into a brief reverie, as if momentarily forgetting what had just happened. But his smile quickly evaporated and he stared at her. “You saw that?”

“Yeah, dude. That’s what I’ve been trying to tell you.” She wriggled her eyebrows playfully, shoved the sweater at him one last time. “Pretty crazy, huh?”

Terence tossed it aside, looked around. “Let’s try something else.”

“More proof? You don’t believe me?” She laughed. “Like I’m some kind of circus freak show or something...”

“No, it’s not that.” But he didn’t sound terribly convincing. He walked around the room snatching up odds and ends before returning to stand before her.

Guin shook her head, started to refuse, but saw the wounded puppy look in her friend’s eyes. She rolled her own eyes and held out her hand for the first item, muttering, “It’s like having an all-access pass to the nut farm, huh?”

“It’s not nutty or freaky. It’s cool.” He handed her a watch.

“From...an older woman. Family resemblance—probably Grandma. Oh, you look so cute in your cap and gown.” She gave the rote description, then added, “And no, it’s not inscribed on the back.”

Terence snatched it away, grimaced, but hurriedly replaced it with a book.

“From a hot guy—French? You two had a thing. Why didn’t you go on that six-month sabbatical with him?” She tipped her head to the side. “Humph, a naughty professor.”

“Oui oui! Unbelievable!” He laughed, snatched it away, and quickly replaced it with a jacket.

“From Bode, who you never mentioned before, you were both lifeguards. You still wear it when you get sentimental and long for your youth. You wore it yesterday, even. To the gym. You ran home in it afterward.”

Terence covered his O-shaped mouth with both hands and stifled the highest pitched laugh ever. “You knew all that from this jacket! Holy shit!”

Guin opened her eyes, pinched the garment between her

fingers, and handed it back with a grimace. “I have other senses too, like the sense of smell. Jesus, do you ever wash that thing?”

When he didn’t take it she dropped it on top of the same heap where he’d tossed the other things. He clapped his hands with glee, turned a queenly half-circle, then got whisper-like. “Do you know what you could do with this? You could make a fortune! Books! Your own TV show! Appearances!”

“Do you think I like this shit, Terence?” From his face, her turn toward seriousness caused his cloud to plummet. “I’ve had to live with fragments of this gift since I was born. It comes and goes as it pleases. I gotta tell you, I’d rather not.”

She was confounded by this alleged “calling”—at least that’s what Granny June called it. As far as Guin was concerned, it was more of a curse in a constant state of flux.

Terence had never called upon her abilities in the name of entertainment again. Instead, he’d found another use for it, but utilized her power sparingly, when there was no other way. Like the time the Morgan kid went missing. He was grateful for her clarity, but hated like hell what she had to say when he’d handed her that tiny shoe. He’d never looked at seemingly perfect parents the same way again.

Guin checked the mirror, straightened her collar, her pins, checked her badge, secured her gunless holster—she’d get her gun back today—all the while noticing the bewildered look in her own eyes. Granny June’s sweet, concerned face flashed through her mind. Her face, before the call that fateful day. She blinked it away.

“Let’s do this,” she said with less enthusiasm than she would have liked. She punched sweats into her gym bag, headed out and locked up. She jogged down the front steps and considered the day ahead of her with little relish. Day one back on the job.

One month changes a girl.

One month ago Guin had been buzzing along in her reasonably happy, rather co-dependent, probably could-stand-therapy sort of life. Then came the call.

It really was the minute that changed...everything.