<u>UNDERCOVER</u>

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Small fingers wrapped around a broken crayon, draws a stick figure next to a cross.

CONNOR, eight years old, ratty brown hair, sings.

CONNOR Jesus loves me this I know, for the Bible tells me so... little one's like me--

Bedroom DOOR CREAKS open.

JANET, mid twenties, blonde, in a red halter top, leans in.

JANET (slight slur) Bed time.

CONNOR But I'm not finished.

JANET You can finish up in the morning... You know the rules...

Connor sulks to his night light, turns it on.

CONNOR Good night Mommy... I love you...

JANET

Good night...

She flicks a switch and closes the door.

We follow Janet down the hall, if this were a roadside she'd definitely fail. She adjusts her top, an attempt to reveal more cleavage.

LIVING ROOM

A wasteland of drug paraphernalia, trash, and alcohol bottles.

BUTCH, twenty something, jet black hair down to his shoulders, rises off the couch... tosses a cigar box onto a cluttered coffee table...

BUTCH Where's the rest of my money?

Janet slides in close ... rubs her hand on his crotch.

JANET That's it.

Butch pushes her away.

BUTCH Get off me bitch, I said... Where's my mother fucking money?

BEDROOM

A jagged glow illuminates...

Connor.

He rocks back and forth...

Commotion, grows in intensity.

He clinches his one eyed teddy bear... hard.

Connor slides off the bed.

Cracks open the bedroom door.

Peeks out into.

LIVING ROOM

Butch hovers over Janet.

BUTCH (CONT'D) I don't want to do this...

JANET No please no...

He raises his hand...

Connor explodes out of his room...

CONNOR Leave my Mommy alone!!!

Butch turns... smiles...

BUTCH So, you think you're a man now...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALL - DAY

Apartment door 22, the A's broken and hangs upsidedown.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Twenty Years Later"

We close in on the peep hole, and come out on.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

JILL scrawny, strung out, and in need of some personal hygiene, rolls a joint.

Connor, holding a briefcase, paces like a caged feline. Cracks the blinds...

Focuses his attention to.

CRAIG, a twenty something, stands among, propane tanks hooked to portable stoves, chemicals, plastic bottles, white powder a landfill of Meth lab material.

CONNOR I thought you said twenty minutes.

CRAIG He's a busy man... Don't worry, he'll be here!

Connor slams the briefcase on a glass table.

CONNOR We don't have all day!

Jill lights the freshly rolled joint.

JILL For a little extra... I know how we can pass some time.

She skankily moves toward.

CRUZE, late twenties, leans back in his chair.

CRUZE What you got in mind? Jill places one hand on the arm of the chair.

The other glides up Cruze's upper thigh.

Connor shakes his head in disgust.

CONNOR Isn't that your wife?

CRAIG

Business is business man... For a hundred bucks you can have a piece too.

CONNOR

No thanks.

CRAIG What? She too old for ya? I got something special. Go have a look.

Connor glances at the closed door at the end of the hall.

CRAIG (CONT'D) Go ahead... take a look see.

Connor gingerly moves down the hall.

Stops at the door.

Opens it.

BEDROOM

A video camera mounted on a tripod points to.

A LITTLE GIRL about eight years old, cowers on the edge of a ratty mattress.

Undressed except for discolored sagging briefs, and a soiled tank-top, GABE, a hairy man in his fifties, yells.

GABE Hey, what the fuck? shut the fucking door I still got fifteen minutes.

Connor drops the briefcase.

Unholsters his concealed Forty-Four Magnum.

Gabe grabs a Survival Knife from a nearby table ... Charges.

Connor's finger wraps around the trigger.

His eyes shift from the girl to Gabe.

He squeezes the trigger.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Connor prays in front of a life size crucifix.

PRIEST JOHN approaches... Puts his hand on Connor's shoulder.

CONNOR Forgive me father for I have sinned.

PRIEST JOHN Man builds strength through misfortune my son.

CONNOR Man is also judged by his deeds.

PRIEST JOHN The lord tests us in many ways, it's all part of his plan.

CONNOR Father, my head is full of visions, and darkness--

PRIEST JOHN --My son we all have demons, we can let them dominate our being or we can take control... Only through discipline and faith can we find salvation...

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

Raindrops splatter across a "NO DUMPING" sign.

An overflowing dumpster spews filth like a vomiting drunk. Among the debris is a suitcase... and...

A disfigured silver stripper shoe...

A cigarette bounces in front of the shoe, rolls to a stop.

INT. HOLE IN THE WALL STEAK HOUSE - DAY

WE follow the man through a crammed borderline fast food kitchen. A place that hasn't yet made the transition to the digital age. He grabs a ticket off a spinning wheel, stabs a slab of meat from the grill. Tosses it in a basket with a bun.

MAN

One Up!

SUSIE our friendly neighborhood waitress, grabs two red baskets. We follow her through a carbon copy of a 1970'S diner, however age has taken toll on its decor.

We come to.

Two men Connor and CAPTAIN JOHNSON engrossed in conversation.

SUSIE If I can get you anything else you let me... (with a wink) know?

They acknowledge with a nod, continue without missing a beat. Captain Johnson grabs a French Fry.

> CAPTAIN JOHNSON I spoke with the department psychologist earlier.

Connor tilts back in his chair.

CONNOR

Oh, yeah?

CAPTAIN JOHNSON I think we may need to inject some new blood into your current assignment.

CONNOR You're kidding right... Do you realize what's at stake here... do you understand how close we are to--

CAPTAIN JOHNSON -- Getting your cover blown!

CONNOR

That tweaker, has enough on her plate. She won't say anything.

CAPTAIN JOHNSON

You sure about that? Look, it got personal. That little girl got to you. It happens to the best of us. It's time to move on!

CONNOR

We bust our ass out there day and night. And this is what I get. Some pencil pushing psycho analysis--

Captain Johnson glides his hand down to the briefcase at his feet, plucks out a blue folder.

CAPTAIN JOHNSON --I want you to take a look at this.

Connor grabs the folder.

CONNOR

What's this?

He thumbs through the file ... Eyes widen ... grow cold.

CAPTAIN JOHNSON A change of pace, something your expertise is more suited for.

CONNOR Is this the stripper stalker?

CAPTAIN JOHNSON More or less, no clear connections have been established... Yet.

CONNOR I thought Detective Madison was on the case?

Captain Johnson pulls a sip of his drink.

CAPTAIN JOHNSON I haven't heard from him in over forty eight hours. EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Connor, jogging suit, black beanie cap, sits on a bench, observing his surroundings.

A LITTLE GIRL plays catch with her father.

Connor's perception changes slightly, becomes sharp, time seems to slow down, landscape explodes with vivid color and detail.

His gaze shifts to a young couple SALLY and JIM.

Jim pulls her close... glides his hand down to the small of her back...

JIM

Tonight?

Sally flashes a cute little smile.

SALLY

Bingo.

In a stress relieving manner Connor clinches his fists, releases...

Sally grabs his hand slides it further down her curvy body.

We hear a CAMERA'S SHUTTER

CLICK... CLICK... CLICK...

Somewhat concealed by a large tree... MR. ROBERTSON, mid thirties, raises a Cannon Rebel.

Connor does a double take, traces the camera's sight line to...

Sally.

Connor pulls out a black Moleskine journal, jots an entry.

Mr. Robertson conceals the camera in a black bag, slings it over his shoulder.

Connor scribbles... Peers up... Mr. Robertson... gone ...

With a jolt, Connor rises, scans the area.

Mr. Robertson strolls down the cement path.

Connor releases a sigh... casually follows.

INT/EXT. CONNOR'S CAR - DAY

From inside his vehicle, Connor watches.

Mr. Robertson parks his black BMW and enters a hardware store.

Connor thumbs through his journal, jots another entry.

Mr. Robertson strolls out of the store. He places a landscaping shovel and two large bags into the trunk of his car.

Connor slides down into his seat...

Mr. Robertson drives by.

EXT. MR. ROBERTSON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Through binoculars Connor scans a set of windows.

Sun reflection distorts our view.

Mr. Robertson darts in and out of sight.

He places something in a shoe box, EXITS FRAME.

EXT. APARTMENT LANDING - DAY

Connor slides on white surgical gloves, picks the lock... French doors swing open... Connor stumbles into.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The living room is immaculate, everything has it's place.

Connor's eyes dart about ...

Door... hallway... door...

Like a panther on the prowl, Connor moves through the apartment.

Opens a closet door.

On the top shelf rests a row of shoe boxes, Connor pulls down the center box... opens the lid...

Baseball Cards.

He grabs another... opens.

Random photos of women in public places... Connor shuffles through stops at an image of Sally. On the bottom of the picture the word home is written in black sharpie. Connor flips the photo. Sally Tavora 328 S. Boankok Road Connor's face fills with blood, eyes erupt with rage. He crumples the picture in his fist . FADE TO BLACK. FADE IN:

IMAGES OF NAKED MUTILATED BODIES...

CONNOR (O.S.) No... No...

INT. CONNOR'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Connor runs his hands through his hair... closes his eyes takes a deep breath... exhale...

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS

Butch's hand slams into Connor's cheek ...

Connor tumbles across the decrepit carpet.

Lands inches away from a rusty ice pick.

INT. CONNOR'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Firmly plants his hands on the edge of the sink... locks his elbows... His broken reflection scowls back at him.

He pushes off the sink shambles out.

INT. CONNOR'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

On the coffee table, between a revolver and police badge rests a copy of the "Bible".

Connor storms in...

CONNOR Only through discipline.

grabs his gun and badge. Exits...

EXT/INT. CONNOR'S CAR - NIGHT

Moving down the outskirts of town.

Raunchy women linger on street corners...

Connor slows down, stares...

A HOOKER, short red skirt, knee high boots.

WHITE FLASH

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Sally walks alone... An ominous figure lurks in the shadows.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Connor runs down the concrete path.

Up ahead Sally's smoking ... waiting ...

Connor approaches, pulls out his badge.

CONNOR Sally Tavora?

Spooked Sally turns...

SALLY How do you know my name?

Connor flashes his badge.

CONNOR I'm conducting a murder investigation.

SALLY I don't know about any murder.

CONNOR You could be a potential target. Connor examines Sally's disposition... her eyes expand, voice trembles...

SALLY I don't understand.

Connor surveys the area.

CONNOR I'll explain the situation down at the station. You'll be safe there... Trust Me.

EXT. CONNOR'S CAR - NIGHT

Connor opens the passenger side door... with his hand guides Sally into the vehicle... Closes the car door...

Hustles to the driver's side.

Scans the area...

FLASH CUT

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS

Connor grabs the ice pick, SCREAMS, and like a feral beast leaps...

Janet lies in a pool of blood... motionless.

Butch cocks his head. Eyes widen.

FLASH CUT

INT. POLICE PRESS ROOM - DAY

Medals decorate his coat, in full dress uniform Connor stands in front of a podium... adjusts the microphone...

> CONNOR Good afternoon.

Cameras flash.

FLASH CUT

INT. CONNOR'S HOUSE - DAY We move through the living room. CONNOR (V.O.) I'm Lieutenant Connor Kendrick. I'm addressing you today in regards to... On the coffee table rests a copy of 'The Collector". CONNOR (V.O.) The missing persons report of Sally Tavora and the bodies found last week. We move to a door ... CONNOR (V.O.) At this time we do not believe these crimes to be linked. open it... CONNOR (V.O.) I can not freely speak of on going investigations. Set of stairs. We move down. CONNOR (V.O.) However. BASEMENT A work bench... CONNOR (V.O.) Women of our community... saws, chains, and other tools hang from a far wall. CONNOR (V.O.) are advised ... A metal cell like door. Inside. CONNOR (V.O.) to take special precautions ...

Sally, half naked, wrists cuffed... Duct tape covers her mouth...

CONNOR (V.O.) when traveling at night.

Close in on Sally, dried blood coats her bruised, mutilated face.

CONNNR (V.O.) Any questions?

FADE TO BLACK.