

UNDERCOVER TARGET

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FADE IN

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - NIGHT

A steady rain falls, and the street is crowded with a line of people waiting outside a homeless shelter. The double front doors are open as people in raggedy clothing file in.

A few cars zip past the shelter, with a honk piercing the air every once in a while.

The line slowly disappears inside. JOSHUA, a disheveled young man and his wife EMILY, both in their early 20's, and their four year old daughter SOPHIA are last to reach the doors.

They go to step inside just as a shelter volunteer, MR. RYAN SMITH, early 40's, tall and imposing, shuts the door in front of him.

JOSHUA

Let us in. Please, I can't let my family starve.

Mr. Smith turns to Emily and Sophia. Their faces are dirty from living on the streets. Sophia sniffles a cry.

MR. SMITH

The shelter is packed to the brim tonight. There's no more room.

JOSHUA

Then just take my wife and daughter.

EMILY

Please, our girl hasn't eaten anything since yesterday morning.

Tears stream down her face as she hugs her daughter in a tight grip.

Mr. Smith looks Emily up and down like a sexual predator.

MR. SMITH

(openly leering)

The shelter has rules, but I'll make an exception for the woman only.

Joshua and Emily are taken aback.

EMILY

Excuse me?

JOSHUA
What kind of sick exception is
that? All we ask is food for our
child.

EMILY
Let's go, sweetie.

Mr. Smith smirks again as he steps into the shelter and closes the other door behind him.

Silence fills the night air as the young family stares at the closed doors.

SOPHIA
Mommy, why can't we go in and get food? My tummy is grumbly.

EMILY
Don't worry sweetie, we'll find some food for you.

Joshua moans as he runs his hands though his hair with frustration.

SOPHIA
Daddy?
(beat)
Mommy, why is daddy so upset?

EMILY
He just really wants to get you fed, sweetie.

Joshua walks past his family as Emily reaches out for his shoulder.

EMILY
Sweetheart...

Joshua brushes past and storms over to the edge of the street. He stares out into the darkness as Emily and Sophia nervously watch him.

He sighs and digs into his pocket to retrieve a pack of smokes and a lighter. He pulls out a cigarette.

The lit cigarette creates a small puff of smoke as he takes a drag.

Just then, a gun shot echoes in the empty street, striking Joshua's head. Smoke seeps from his head as he collapses.

Sophia cries out as Emily screams with terror. She pulls her Emily into her stomach to shield her from her father lying dead and bleeding on the street.

INT. BOISE POLICE DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - DAY

DETECTIVES sit at cluttered desks.

The window in the wall reveals a sunny day. Muffled screams and chants filter through from outside.

The detectives peer up at a television set on the wall with a reporter midway through her report.

REPORTER (ON TV)

Desmond North is the most recent homeless man murdered in a string of homicides that have been associated with a serial killer known as "The Skid Row Shooter". The police have yet to name a suspect.

The bullpen erupts with angry murmurs and exasperated moans.

REPORTER (ON TV)

The forensics from the bullets have lead to a dead end and with the case ongoing for several months, the police are asking the public to report any suspicious behavior you see on the streets.

The report ends as the bullpen ignites with detectives screaming at the TV.

DETECTIVE #1

Jesus Christ! Who leaked information about the bullets?

Everyone shakes their heads.

DETECTIVE #2

She's guessing. Embellishing to make her report sound good. They're just creating mass hysteria for us to clean up after.

The other cops nod in agreement.

Detective #1 gets up from his desk and peers through the large window that reveals a MOB of protestors surrounding the police station.

DETECTIVE #1
They are doing a good job of it.

EXT. BOISE POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

The protestors scream and chant up at the station. Several hold cell phones in their hands, recording the protest.

Others hold signs that read: HOMELESS LIVES MATTER. STOP THE KILLING.

A commotion stirs up at the back of the mob. The individuals part as they focus their anger on something specific.

Veteran detective JACK WALTERS, 35 years old, appears through the crowd wearing a hoodie jacket with slack pants.

He has a thick beard and sunglasses covering his eyes. However, the sunglasses can't cover his permanent frown. A police badge is displayed on his belt loop.

Jack keeps his head bent down and his face covered with a hoodie as he pushes through the crowd. PROTESTOR #1 steps into his path.

PROTESTOR #1
Why aren't you out there saving the homeless!

Jack doesn't acknowledge the protestor as he pushes past. PROTESTOR #2 steps into Jack's path and gets close to his face.

PROTESTOR #2
Don't you care about the homeless?!

Jack grinds his teeth as he struggles to keep composed - the comment pushing a sensitive button.

He slides past just as SAMANTHA STEVENS, 30 years old, the director of a local homeless shelter, steps into his path.

SAMANTHA
How can you sleep at night knowing
that the homeless are being
murdered because you're not doing
your job properly?!

Having enough, Jack pushes Samantha out of the way. She trips on the curb she was standing next to and falls to the ground.

Gasps erupt through the mob as several protestors record the incident.

PROTESTOR #3 turns to the mob and shows them the clip on his phone.

PROTESTOR #3
Cops hate the homeless! That's why
they're not trying to catch the
Skid Row Shooter!

The mob's volume increases tenfold as Jack bolts for the station doors.

INT. BOISE POLICE DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - DAY

Jack enters the bullpen to find several detectives crowded around the window. They stare at Jack in silence and with a "oh damn" look.

Rookie DETECTIVE JOHNNY SINCLAIR, 28 years old, a loud-ass and obnoxious, snickers at Jack as he nods towards the window.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
Look who's famous!

Jack pulls back the hoodie and removes his sunglasses.

JACK
(grumbles)
Fuck off, Rookie.

The detectives disperse back to their desks, sending curious looks back in Jack's direction.

Jack ignores everyone as he shuffles to his desk and slumps into his chair.

The desk is covered with a thick layer of paperwork and coffee cup stains.

Jack peers over at his computer screen, which has a faded photo of his wife wearing a big, red scarf and his daughter in a white, winter coat, taped to the edge.

He stares at the image for several beats. He doesn't crack a smile or cry, but he's rather emotionless.

The heavy bags under his eyes are noticeable for the first time. He looks drained and exhausted.

Other detectives begin their work as Jack shifts forward and rubs out a headache from his forehead.

INT. BOISE POLICE DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - LATER

Several detectives sit at desks as Jack stands and stretches. He removes the hoodie jacket as a door rips open on the other side of the bullpen.

Everyone peers up as CAPTAIN ANDREA MCQUEEN, 50 years old, with a stern look on her face that seems permanent, steps out of her office and marches toward a nearby elevator.

MCQUEEN

Goddammit, Jack! Stay at your desk until I clean up this mess you made! I don't want the media having a field day with one of my officers, understood?

Jack nods and without another word, Andrea disappears inside the elevator.

INT. BOISE POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Captain McQueen stands behind a podium at the front of a large room.

It's crowded with REPORTERS holding microphones and CAMERAMEN zooming in close.

McQueen clears her throat and commands attention. The room quiets.

MCQUEEN

The Boise Police Department has assigned a task force to look into the skid row shootings.

REPORTER #1, a husky guy in his mid 40's, shouts a question to her:

REPORTER #1
Do you have a suspect?

MCQUEEN

No, but we are following up on several leads received from the community.

REPORTER #2, a skinny brunette, asks:

REPORTER #2

Captain McQueen, if the Boise Police Department claims to be advocates of the homeless, then how do you explain the incident earlier where one of your officers shoved the Administrative Director of the city's largest homeless shelter during a peaceful protest outside the station?

Anger builds on the corners of Captain McQueen's lips. She fights to regain her composure and states:

MCQUEEN

We're checking into the incident. My officers hold the homeless in the highest regard and I won't have one of them creating the appearance of impropriety.

Reporter #1 jumps back in with a question:

REPORTER #1

Can you update us on the forensics involving the retrieved bullets and casings?

MCQUEEN

No comment.

REPORTER #3, a redhead in a pantsuit, shouts out:

REPORTER #3

Officer McDouglas indicated the department was holding a food and clothing drive for the homeless.

MCQUEEN

That's correct. Check with him for the details.

REPORTER #3

You're not handling the matter yourself, Captain?

McQueen shoots Reporter #3 a nasty look.

MCQUEEN

At this time, we ask the public to come forward with any information, no matter how big or small that might lead to the perpetrator of these heinous crimes.

She abruptly cuts off the press conference with:

MCQUEEN
Thank you for coming.

She turns on her heels to leave when Reporter #3 shouts at her in a loud, boisterous voice:

REPORTER #3
Captain! You represent this department. Why aren't you heading the homeless drive?

McQueen turns a few shades of red and snaps back:

MCQUEEN
My job is to solve crimes, not pass out...

She catches herself.

MCQUEEN
...no further questions. Thank you.

She exits.

INT. BOISE POLICE DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - DAY

McQueen struts in with DR. CAROLYN OLIVET, the department's psychologist following her, and shouts to Jack:

MCQUEEN
Jack, my office -- now!

Jack avoids eye contact with everyone as he shuffles his way through the crowded bullpen.

He KNOCKS on the Captain's door and enters.

INT. BOISE POLICE DEPARTMENT - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

McQueen sits behind her desk with a stern look. The walls are decorated with awards, with minimal furniture filling up the rest of the space. Her desk is organized to the brim.

Dr. Olivet stands in a corner before taking a seat next to Jack. She's holding a thick file with JACK WALTERS written across the tab.

JACK
What is this?

DR. OLIVET
Detective Walters, we have a few
questions.

Caught off guard, Jack fidgets in his chair sitting rigid and tense. McQueen tries to ease the tension with a faint smile.

MCQUEEN
We haven't talked about your family
for a while. How're you holding up
through all this?

Jack's hand tense into fists, ignoring the comment.

JACK
Why am I here?

DR. OLIVET
Jack, did you inadvertently direct
your anger onto the head of the
homeless shelter?

McQueen puts it in laymen terms:

MCQUEEN
Did you shove her on your way in to
the station today?

A look of confusion crosses Jack's face.

JACK
What the hell are you--?

McQueen cuts him off with a wave of her hand. She turns his attention to a computer monitor and presses ENTER. Feed from the department's exterior video surveillance plays.

McQueen lean back in her chair cross armed. The video surveillance of Jack shoving Samantha plays.

Dr. Olivet watches Jack for any reaction, but he remains steadfast.

The video stops after several beats. McQueen turns the monitor back around with a heavy sigh.

MCQUEEN
I've known you since we were both
working the graveyard shift
together. Talk to me, Jack. What
actually happened?

JACK

A mistake. They were getting rowdy
so I just pushed my way through.
She wasn't supposed to fall...

MCQUEEN

That's the problem, she did.

JACK

What can I say?

Dr. Olivet shoots McQueen a concerned glance.

DR. OLIVET

Unfortunately, the incident has
placed the captain in a bind. I've
made a rather unorthodox suggestion
that benefits all parties involved.

Jack chuckles, nervous.

JACK

What? Am I suspended? Fine. I could
use two weeks in the Bahamas. When
do I leave?

DR. OLIVET

Jack, this is a serious matter.
Your career is on the line.

Jack turns from her and stares at McQueen.

MCQUEEN

The press will be informed that the
officer involved has been
suspended, but in reality I'm
sending you under cover in the
homeless community.

Jack shakes his head and stands up.

JACK

I'm not helping those lowlifes. The
killer can carry on for all I care.
They are nothing but a waste of
space!

McQueen stands and comes around her desk. She places her hand
on Jack's shoulder and pushes him back into his seat.

She leans over the Jack and speaks in a stern tone:

MCQUEEN

Jack, don't let the matter with your family cause you to forget who you are. When the public calls for help, we don't ask if they're black, white, hispanic or homeless, we just answer the call.

Jack leans back in his chair and considers her words.

DR. OLIVET

Jack, I believe it's the best therapy for you at this time.

JACK

Where'd you get your degree, doc, from a Cracker Jack box?

(to McQueen)

So, I shoved her. Not like I divulged police information - no one knows the killer leaves a red scarf on his victims.

(beat)

If I say 'no'?

MCQUEEN

Then you're looking at two to ten months on the shrink couch and you'll be lucky if I assign you to parking tickets when you're done.

Jack stares at the ceiling considering the situation.

INT. BOISE POLICE DEPARTMENT - LOCKER ROOM

Jack's alone. He stands next to his locker staring at the metal door.

He reaches up and touches a newspaper clipping that's tapped to it.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER CLIPPING

The article reads: "The wife and daughter of Detective Jack Jack were murdered a carjacking gone wrong during broad daylight in a bakery parking lot. The suspect, a local vagrant has been charged in the case".

Below the article is a happy photo of his wife and daughter.

BACK TO SCENE

Jack stares at the newspaper clipping. He suddenly SLAMS the door shut.

INT. JACK'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Jack peers out his windshield, his knuckles white around the steering wheel. His gaze refuses to wander to either side.

He pulls up to an intersection just as the lights turn red. Jack's grip tightens on the wheel. He takes deep, steady breaths that do nothing to actually steady his nerves.

Reluctantly, Jack shifts his line of sight out his window. He glares at the street that crosses a dark alleyway.

QUICK FLASH: Jack sees his wife carrying a cake box toward a vehicle parked in front of a local bakery. Their daughter walks behind her, smiling.

A MAN watches them. Suddenly, the daughter screams!

BACK TO SCENE.

Panicked, Jack speeds through the intersection on a red light.

A car coming the other way honks at him. Jack ignores it as he continues speeding down the street.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack sits on the edge of his couch, the room in complete silence.

The living room holds minimal furniture; couch, book shelf, coffee table and a TV with a thick layer of dust on the screen.

The walls are void of any family photos; there's nothing personal in the apartment.

Several empty beer bottles sit on the table. Jack reaches for the one he's currently nursing and takes a long swig, finishing another bottle.

He slams it back down on the table, staring at the bubbling remains at the bottom of the bottle.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jack opens the fridge door and peers inside. There are only condiment containers, stale pizza and dozens of beers.

He grabs another beer and SLAMS the door shut again.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The covers are scattered across a single bed. Again, there's minimal furniture with not a single family photo.

Jack nurses his beer as he opens his closet. He starts undressing.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jack stands in front of a mirror. He trims his beard, then shaves it until he's almost unrecognizable.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jack is now dressed in a sweater, sweat pants, runners and a raggedy knit cap.

He's cutting holes into the sweater and pants, revealing another layer of clothing beneath.

When he's finished, he opens the cupboard beneath the sink, revealing an overfilled garbage can.

He grabs several pieces of garbage and smears it against himself. His nose wrinkles from the stench.

Jack grabs his beer and takes a deep swig, and as an afterthought, pours the rest of the bottle on himself.

Once finished, he tosses the garbage back into the can and exits his apartment without a second thought.

INT. JACK'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Jack drives. He glares emotionless out the windshield.

After several beats, he peers sideways to a homeless shelter. There's already a long line outside.

JACK
(mumbles)
Maybe I should've taken the couch.

He continues driving past the shelter. When he's several streets down, he turns onto a quiet street and parks.

Jack sits motionless for awhile.

He takes out his wallet and slips out the only family photo he has. He struggles to keep composed.

JACK
(whispers)
Please forgive me. I should've been
there....I...

Jack slips the photo back into his wallet, shoving it into the glove compartment.

He grabs several snack bars from the compartment, shoves them into his pocket and slams it shut. Jack exits his car.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Jack peers around the night street life - or the lack of one.

As he walks back towards the shelter, several homeless people hurry past him to join the line.

Jack sends a quick text on his cell phone.

CLOSE ON TEXT

Reporting for duty, Captain. Jack

BACK TO SCENE

Jack tucks the cell phone in his back pocket and quickens his pace until he's running faster than the others.

However, he suddenly spots several homeless people peering at him with a suspicious look.

Jack slows down to a brisk walk, afraid of blowing his cover. He spots the shelter ahead and hurries over.

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - NIGHT

Jack falls in line with the others. He steals glances around at the other homeless people, before peering down at the ground.

He blends right in with the crowd.

The line continues to move forwards as Jack sneaks peeks around, trying to be aware of his environment.

Nearing the front double doors, Jack notices the faded blood splatter on the cement where Desmond had been murdered.

His gaze lingers on the dry blood, fists clenching by his side.

MARTY (O.C.)
He was a good guy.

Startled, Jack turns to find MARTY SHORT, middle-aged with heavy laugh lines, standing behind him.

He shakes his head at the blood.

MARTY
Such a shame.
(to Jack)
The name's Marty. Marty Clarke.
Expat and ex-homeowner.

Marty extends his hand, which Jack hesitantly takes. He's unsure of Marty's sense of humor. He provides his alias.

JACK
Jason Kenway.
(pause)
Recent ex-homeowner.

Although it's not that funny, Marty bursts with laughter.

Jack stares forwards, but like a pesky fly, Marty continues trying to strike a conversation.

MARTY
I don't think I've ever seen you here before.

JACK
New.

Jack doesn't even look back.

Jack reaches the front doors and is about to enter when Mr. Smith blocks his path.

MR. SMITH
Where do you think you're going?
(pause)
Name?

JACK
Jason Kenway.

MR. SMITH
(checking a clipboard he
is holding)
Cot 95 is open.

Mr. Smith grabs a blanket from the pile next to him and shoves it in Jack's face. He stands still for a moment.

MR. SMITH
What the hell are you waiting for?

Mr. Smith shoves Jack inside.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - SLEEPING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack stares around at the rows upon rows of cots. Nearly all cots are already occupied.

He keeps his head bent as he walks through the rows, trying to follow the numbers that are posted on papers on the front of each one.

He notices Marty plop down on a cot to his right, pointing frantically to the empty one next to him.

Jack pretends not to notice as he continues searching for his number.

As he searches, he suddenly spots Samantha walking in his direction. He freezes, watching her move.

Samantha stops next to a cot with a little girl sitting on the edge. She hands the girl an extra blanket, smiles and continues walking.

Jack yanks his knit cap over his eyebrows, concealing his face as much as possible.

With a deep huff, he continues walking forward, as it would be too suspicious to abruptly turn in a different direction now.

When Samantha approaches Jack, she stops in front of him with a smile. He tenses.

SAMANTHA
Are you looking for your bed?

He breathes a sigh of relief. She didn't recognize him.

JACK
Yeah. Cot 95.

SAMANTHA
I'm Samantha Stevens, the shelter director.

Samantha scans the shelter, searching for the number for him. She spots the one next to Marty and chuckles.

SAMANTHA
There's always that one.

Jack shakes his head. She lets out a laugh.

SAMANTHA
Marty's a bit much for some people to handle.
(pause)
Lets see here...

Samantha continues searching.

SAMANTHA
Ah ha! You're by the wall over there.

Jack follows her pointing finger to the wall, where a single cot lies unused.

JACK
Thank you.

Jack whirls around and shuffles towards the wall.

SAMANTHA
Hey!

Jack tenses, slowly turning around to face her.

SAMANTHA
The first night here is always the toughest. It'll get easier.
(pause)
But I always hope our guests are out before they get too comfortable.

Jack nods before hurrying over to his cot.

He ignores those around him as he sits onto his cot and leans against the wall. He begins his investigation in secret.

Jack shifts his gaze to the front doors, which are now being closed by Mr. Smith.

It's easy to spot the line of homeless people still trying to get inside. Jack looks away, strangely affected by the scene.

Instead, he watches the homeless people in the shelter. He spots Marty tailing Samantha. He taps her on the shoulder.

She rolls her head as she turns around.

SAMANTHA
Hi Marty. Here for another joke?

MARTY
You know me so well, Ms. Stevens.

Marty clears his throat.

MARTY
What did one toilet say to the other?

SAMANTHA
I don't know, Marty.

MARTY
(snickers)
You look a bit flushed!

Marty laughs hard at his own joke, like he's drunk.

MARTY
Flushed... I crack myself up.
(pause)
Want to hear another?

Just then, Samantha spots a man chugging from a liquor bottle.

SAMANTHA
Hey! No drinking in the shelter!

Samantha brushes past Marty to deal with the transgressor, a little too eagerly though.

Jack watches their exchange end, shifting his gaze to the rest of the occupants.

Just then, a large door to the left opens, revealing the kitchen inside. The homeless herd over for dinner.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - DINING HALL - NIGHT

The food lineup is long as VOLUNTEERS hand out trays of food. Jack waits in line until he's handed a tray of mashed potatoes and veggies.

JACK

Thanks.

He sits down at the far end of three long tables, scanning the rambunctious group of people.

LATER

Jack lies on his cot, staring out at the homeless individuals.

No one moves. No one speaks. It's silent and eerie.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - SLEEPING ROOM - DAY

Jack wakes with a start, quickly noticing the procession of homeless people being shuffled out the door by Samantha.

Samantha turns and spots Jack still lying in his cot. As she waves him over, he bolts out of bed and strides over.

He notices Marty meandering around the shelter, taking his time. Jack bolts for the door.

Samantha nods as he passes her.

SAMANTHA

I see you survived your first
night.

JACK

I'll probably have to come back
tonight.

SAMANTHA

Doors remain open from 4-10 PM.
Dinner is right at 10:30 PM. Word
of advice.

Samantha nods out towards the crowd of homeless dispersing.

SAMANTHA

Be in line by 8 PM at the latest,
especially if it rains or gets
cold. We fill up fast then.

JACK
Thanks.

Jack nods his appreciation before exiting the shelter.

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - DAY

Jack peers both ways down the sidewalk. Before Marty can exit the shelter, Jack heads down the left side.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

Jack shuffles down the sidewalk, trying to blend in with his surroundings.

As he rounds the corner, he spots a group of homeless people huddled by a building wall.

They don't even bother with the world, clearly shooting up.

Jack grinds his teeth, quickly turning away before he unleashes his anger.

He continues walking as he crosses the alleyway next to the shelter, not seeing anything suspicious.

As he continues down the street, he comes across another alley. Jack peers inside and notices a HUNGRY HOMELESS MAN rummaging in a large garbage bin. Jack enters the alley.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Jack strides over to the man, who doesn't hear him approach.

JACK
Hey man, find anything good today?

The Hungry Homeless Man whirls around, shooting Jack a deadly glare.

HUNGRY HOMELESS MAN
This is my bin! Find your own!

Jack throws his hands up to show that he means no harm.

JACK
That's all yours.

He slowly lowers one hand to his pant pocket, retrieving a snack bar.

JACK
I'm willing to share.

The Hungry Man looks suspiciously from the snack bar to Jack, slowly stepping away from his garbage bin.

HUNGRY HOMELESS MAN
What do you want?

JACK
I'm new to this whole...

HUNGRY HOMELESS MAN
Living on the streets?

Jack nods.

HUNGRY HOMELESS MAN
Clearly. No one shares food,
especially if that's all you got.

Jack shrugs.

JACK
Lesson learned.
(pause)
You still want some?

The Hungry Homeless Man stares at the snack for a beat, then strides over.

Jack snaps the bar in half and hands the man one piece. He scarfs it down instantly.

HUNGRY HOMELESS MAN
Thanks, man.

JACK
Gotta stick together out here, am I right?

HUNGRY HOMELESS MAN
You really are new, aren't you?

Jack remains silent.

HUNGRY HOMELESS MAN
How'd you end up on the street?

JACK
Same old story; lost myself in gambling.

HUNGRY HOMELESS MAN
True. Drugs and alcohol for me.

Jack nods. A silent beat as the Hungry Homeless Man loses interest in their conversation.

JACK
Did you see what happened outside
the shelter the night -
(whispers)
- the night that guy was killed?

HUNGRY HOMELESS MAN
Nah, I was already inside when that happened.

Jack tosses the second half of the bar to the man before walking off.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

Jack continues walking down the street, searching the area for other homeless people to question.

As he walks, he passes a young, pretty couple holding hands. They stare at Jack with disgust as he passes them.

JACK
What are you looking at?

The couple snickers as they scurry past.

Jack turns around and watches them walk. They sneak a couple of peeks at him before turning the corner and disappearing.

JACK
(muttering)
Assholes.

Jack shuffles down the sidewalk. After several beats, he spots a DRUNK HOMELESS MAN sitting on the sidewalk.

Jack walks over and tosses him a snack bar. The man slurs all his words.

DRUNK HOMELESS MAN
Hey man, you got some booze?

JACK
Sorry man.

Jack sits down next to the man.

JACK
Were you staying at the shelter
where that dude was killed?

DRUNK HOMELESS MAN
I didn't see anything. I was "late"
getting to the shelter. D-E-N-I-E-D
by Mr. Smith.

The drunk pulls out a flask from his jacket and takes a big swig. Jack stands and heads back to the shelter.

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - DAY

Jack is near the shelter as he spots a group of homeless men lingering about outside. Jack strides over to the group.

He nods down to the dried blood splatter, cringing as he looks up at the men.

They're all dressed in raggedy clothing, with dirt and grim covering every inch of their skin.

Jack nods to the blood.

JACK
That must have been painful.

HOMELESS MAN #1
No shit! I heard the dude was
killed instantly.

HOMELESS MAN #2
Shot right in the head.

JACK
That's rough.

HOMELESS MAN #3
Rough? His wife and kid saw the
whole thing. *That's* rough.

JACK
Sounds like you guys were there
when it happened.

HOMELESS MAN #1
Nah, word of mouth. What else are
we gonna do but talk?

The men laugh, regardless of how serious the conversation topic is.

However, their laughter dies as they look around the street with nervous glances. They're clearly on edge.

JACK
Do you know anyone who was there
when it happened?

The men shake their heads. Jack continues on his way.

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - NIGHT

A lineup has already formed outside the shelter, roughly the same length as the night before.

Jack is next in line as Mr. Smith waves him in.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - SLEEPING ROOM - NIGHT

The shelter is about a quarter full as Jack takes a different cot by the wall this time. As he does, he spots Samantha doing her rounds. He walks over to her.

SAMANTHA
I see you took my advice.
(off his worried look)
Is something wrong here?

JACK
I've been hearing a lot about a man
being killed outside the shelter.
(pause)
And other homeless people being
killed. Did the police catch the
guy?

Samantha's demeanor suddenly goes sour.

SAMANTHA
Wish I could say it's all lies.
Truth is, the police department
doesn't seem to care that several
people in the community have been
killed already. They don't have a
clue who's responsible. A spineless
cop was suspended, but what good
does that do for those who are
living in fear?

Jack remains silent, nodding to pretend like he agrees.

SAMANTHA

Regardless, anyone who stays the night in my shelter is safe. I personally see to that.

JACK

Thanks. At least someone has our backs.

Jack returns to his cot, surveying the shelter for any suspicious signs.

MONTAGE - JACK INVESTIGATING

A) New day: Jack speaks with a group of homeless outside the shelter. They shake their heads.

B) Jack speaks with a homeless man in a different alley. He's too drunk to even nod his head.

C) Jack arrives late to the shelter as the doors shut him out. He spends the night in the alleyway right outside.

D) The next morning, Jack tracks down Desmond's wife and daughter. They refuse to speak.

END MONTAGE

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Jack strolls down the sidewalk, the homeless shelter several streets down from his location.

He keeps his eyes peeled as he performs a zigzag through several streets.

He ducks into an...

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Jack rummages in his pockets and finds his cell phone. He dials a number and listens.

JACK

Pick me up.

A quick pause before Jack hangs up. He walks over to the corner of the street.

EXT. SIDEWALK CORNER - NIGHT

The street lights don't reach the corner, casting it in eerie darkness.

Jack stands in the dark, peering down both ends of the street every few seconds. Several beats pass with no movement.

Without warning, Jack spots an inconspicuous car pull onto the street.

The headlights pierce the darkness, casting heavy shadows across the streets and buildings. The light falls solely on Jack.

A deadly beat. The headlights go out. The car drives closer to Jack, who remains frozen in place.

The car pulls up to the curb, but doesn't cut the engine.

Jack stares at the car for a second, before striding over to the car and entering.

INT. BOISE POLICE DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Jack walks through the bullpen, which is nearly empty.

A couple of detectives sit at their desks, turning around when they spot Jack coming through.

A disgusted look crosses their faces as they sniff the air.

Jack looks away, his eyes passing over his empty desk. Like an old memory, he just walks past.

He knocks on Captain McQueen's door, entering before he hears anything.

INT. BOISE POLICE DEPARTMENT - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

McQueen sits behind her desk, milling through piles of paperwork. She peers up as Jack enters the office.

McQueen nods toward an empty chair. Jack takes a seat.

MCQUEEN

You smell great like you're hard at work on the case.

JACK

It's a la regret.

MCQUEEN
Cute.
(pause)
What do you have to report,
Detective?

JACK
Nothing yet, Captain. I have no
leads as of right now.

MCQUEEN
No new evidence? No suspects?

Jack shakes his head. He removes his knit cap and pulls up
the sleeves of his sweater.

JACK
Either they're protecting the
murderer for whatever sick reason,
or they really have no idea who it
is. Or maybe they're just plain
scared to say anything.

McQueen sighs as she leans back in her chair. She crosses her
arms.

MCQUEEN
Anyone suspect you're a cop?

JACK
The shelter's director didn't
recognize me. She's given me some
pointers, but I don't think she
knows anything.
(pause)
There's also Marty Clarke. Homeless
by choice, as far as I can tell,
and friendly with everyone. Eager
to chat with me.

MCQUEEN
Do you think he might know
something?

JACK
Possibly.

MCQUEEN
Befriend him. If he's already
trying to get your attention for
being new blood in the shelter, let
him come to you.

Jack nods with a cringe.

JACK

I'll inform you the second I
uncover something.

(pause)

I recommend an increased police
presence around the shelters in the
city. Maybe seeing more uniformed
officers lingering around could
help us witness something
suspicious. It might also put
pressure on the murderer not to
strike.

MCQUEEN

I'll see what I can do. And I know
I promised no couch, but department
policy. You're scheduled weekly
with Dr. Olivet.

JACK

You shittin' me?

MCQUEEN

I had the meetings cut from an hour
to thirty minutes. Best I can do.

Jack shrugs and gives in.

JACK

I'll call to confirm the
appointment in a few days.

Jack stands up.

MCQUEEN

Good luck, Jack.

(pause)

And use the back exit.

Jack smirks, nods and exits the office without another word.

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - NIGHT

Jack meanders into the alleyway next to the shelter. As he turns into the darkness, he spots another homeless man sleeping towards the other end.

Jack finds some randomly scattered boxes and collapses them. He makes a thin bed of the cardboard and lies down on it.

He shivers as he scans his surroundings. Slowly, his eyes drift close with sleep.

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - NIGHT

Becoming routine, Jack stands in line as he waits for his place in the shelter. A thin, pretty TEEN GIRL stands alone behind him.

When he reaches the front of the line, Mr. Smith is already waiting with a clipboard and a glare.

MR. SMITH

Name?

JACK

Jason Kenway.

Mr. Smith writes the name on his clipboard.

MR. SMITH

You'll be on bed #78.

Mr. Smith turns to the pile of blankets, grabs one and tosses it right into Jack's face.

JACK

You know I have hands, right?

As Jack pulls the blanket down, Mr. Smith yanks it back and tosses it back onto the pile.

MR. SMITH

And now I have your blanket.

JACK

You've got to be kidding me.

Mr. Smith takes a threatening step towards Jack, flexing his massive muscles.

MR. SMITH

Move.

Shocked, Jack shuffles into the shelter.

MR. SMITH (O.C.)

Hey, sexy. It's not safe for someone like you here. You can stay at my place tonight, if you'd like?

Jack turns around to find Mr. Smith propositioning the teen. She looks scared.

Jack casts a disgusted look at the volunteer as he strolls over.

JACK
She's actually with me.

MR. SMITH
No one asked you. Get back inside.

JACK
I said, she's with me.

Jack steps between Mr. Smith and the scared girl.

Just then, Samantha walks over after noticing the disruption.

SAMANTHA
What seems to be the problem here?

MR. SMITH
No problem. He was just heading
inside.

SAMANTHA
Without a blanket?

Mr. Smith cringes as he shoves a blanket into Jack's chest.

MR. SMITH
Your bed is #90.

Mr. Smith smirks as he tosses a blanket to the teen. She smiles warmly at Jack.

TEEN GIRL
Thanks, mister.

She scurries in to find her place. Jack heads inside as Samantha gets into a heated argument with Mr. Smith.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - SLEEPING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack walks through the rows of beds, scanning the paper signs on each one.

He finally finds #78 in the middle of the room, surrounded by people on all sides.

He looks over and finds Marty in the bed next to him. Jack groans as he tosses his blanket on the cot.

MARTY
I saw the whole show back there. I
always thought Agent Smith was
miscalled in The Matrix.

Marty chuckles at his own joke, but Jack ignores him.

He sits down on the edge of his bed as stares at the front door.

MARTY

Don't worry about him though,
Samantha loves to put him in his
place.

Jack grumbles and shoves himself off his bed. He strides over to the closed dinner hall door and leans against the wall with arms crossed. He's not in the mood to speak.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - DINING HALL - NIGHT

Jack sits on the edge of the bench, crowded with homeless people on all sides, except for the one empty spot to his right.

He sips his soup as he stares at the bowl in silence.

The silence only lasts a second as Marty plops down next to him.

As Jack sighs and rolls his eyes, he spots Mr. Smith surveying the room from the doorway. Jack glares as he takes a sip of soup.

MARTY

You seem a bit stressed out, wanna
talk?

JACK

No.

MARTY

I find the best remedy for feeling
down is a good chuckle. Ask anyone
here, I'm the funniest -

JACK

Do you mind!

Jack slams his fists down next to his bowl, spilling a bit of the soup.

Samantha looks over from the other side of the room. Her gaze narrows on Jack.

She's not impressed, but she returns to speaking with one of the seated homeless men, peering over at Jack every few seconds.

JACK
I'm not in the mood for small talk.

Marty's face falls, obviously hurt by the outburst. He clears his throat and stands.

MARTY
I won't cramp your sob-fest.

Marty turns and slumps out the dinner hall.

JACK
(mumbles)
Finally.

Jack continues eating his soup. A shadow appears over his bowl, like someone's standing behind him.

JACK
I said -

SAMANTHA
- I don't care what you said.

Jack turns around to find Samantha standing behind him, cross armed and fuming.

SAMANTHA
I refuse to tolerate obnoxious, rude, disrespectful men in my shelter.

JACK
That's not what I meant.

SAMANTHA
If you plan on staying one more night here, I suggest you show a little respect to the other residents.
(pause)
I won't hesitate to kick you out next time.

Samantha turns and exits. An excited murmur erupts between the people at his table, but dies the moment Jack shoots them a look.

Jack sits back down, staring at the closed door Samantha had just exited out of.

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - LATER

Jack walks through the cots towards Samantha, who's handing out blankets to people who didn't receive one.

Jack clears his throat as Samantha turns to face him. His gaze wanders for a moment, before nervously landing back on her.

JACK

I want to apologize for the way I acted. Marty didn't deserve it.

Samantha looks him over, sizing up his apology.

SAMANCHA

Apology accepted. Why were you so frustrated?

(off Jack's curious look)

I double as the shelter's psychologist.

JACK

I was just annoyed with Mr. Smith's attitude.

Samantha nods.

SAMANCHA

I understand, but he's working here as part of his community service. So, for now he stays.

JACK

Is he harmless enough?

SAMANCHA

Besides being a donkey's ass? Yeah, I think so.

Samantha smiles at Jack, who stays silent. He opens his mouth to speak, but nothing comes out.

Samantha turns to leave, but stops and offers him a blanket.

SAMANCHA

Did Ryan give you one this time?

JACK

Yeah, thanks though.

SAMANCHA

Good.

It makes both of them chuckle.

SAMANTHA
Stay warm tonight, Jason.

Jack smiles as Samantha continues her rounds.

Jack peers over at his cot to find Marty already lying down in his. With a heavy sigh, Jack shuffles over.

He plops down on the edge of his cot and looks over at Marty, who's busy staring at the ceiling.

JACK
Hey, Marty?

Marty peers over at him.

JACK
I just wanted to apologize for the way I treated you. That wasn't cool.

Suddenly, Marty beams a smile.

MARTY
Hey, it's rough being here, man.

He turns over and goes to sleep. Jack cracks a smile as he lies down on his own cot.

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - DAY

Jack steps out of the shelter and watches as the homeless population from within the shelter disperses in all directions.

He begins walking down the street, the direction of his car.

The sun is bursting with heat as Jack fans his sweater for air circulation. He rolls his sleeves up.

Jack passes an OLDER MAN, clean shaven and wearing clean clothing. Clearly not homeless.

He throws a disgusted look at Jack, sizing him up as he holds his breath. Jack fake attacks the man.

JACK
What are you looking at?

OLDER MAN
Pig.

Jack raises his arm to hit him for real. He pauses, arm held above his head.

Jack peers down the alleyway next to the shelter as the man hurries off.

He spots Marty halfway down it. He's sitting on the ground, resting his back against the wall. He's holds up a pistol and shines the barrel.

Jack ducks behind a wall and watches him.

A MOMENT LATER

Marty lowers the weapon and tucks it into a backpack.

With a heavy sigh, Jack walks over to him.

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - ALLEYWAY - DAY

Homeless people continue to pass the alleyway as Jack slips down the wall to sit next to Marty. Marty cracks a smile.

Marty's face is drenched in sweat as he wipes his forehead dry.

MARTY

Don't sweat the petty things and
don't pet the sweaty things.

Marty cackles at his own joke.

JACK

This dry heat's a killer, huh?

MARTY

Speaking of heat...

A sly smile creeps onto his face as he nudges Jack in the side.

MARTY

Ms. Stevens' ass is *fine!* When are
you gonna tap that, Jason?

JACK

Uh-

Jack speaks unintelligibly as Marty laughs some more.

MARTY

Nah, just kidding man.

(pause)

(MORE)

MARTY (CONT'D)
But you stare after her like a
poleaxed cat.

JACK
I've got no money, no house and no
job. I'm pretty sure I'm not even a
speck on her radar.
(beat)
Besides, for a guy who claims he
never sees anything around here,
you don't miss a beat.

Marty shrugs.

MARTY
That's my day job, man.

Jack chuckles as drags himself back up.

JACK
Are you going to hang around here
for a bit?

MARTY
Yeah, I think I'm gonna work on my
tan.

Marty rolled up his sleeves to reveal pasty white skin.

JACK
Alright man, take it easy.

Jack pats him on the back and strides out of the alleyway.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

Jack continues walking and walking, until he's far from every
homeless man he can spot.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

The park consists of a large, grassy field, with massive
trees growing in all directions.

Dozens of people are out walking about, minding their own
business.

He rummages in his pocket and partially slides out his cell
phone He keeps it hidden inside as he hashes out a text
message.

INSERT TEXT MESSAGE

CPT. Following a lead. Can u see if Marty (Martin) Short has a permit to carry a firearm? Tx.

BACK TO SCENE

Jack types out a second text:

INSERT TEXT MESSAGE

The message is addressed to Dr. Olivert:

Dr. O, Ok to remain undercover. No problems dealing with this case so far. I'll update u next week. Jack

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Jack shoves the phone deeper into his pocket and crosses his arms, watching the families in the park.

After several moments, Jack stands and walks off.

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - NIGHT

Jack waits in line with Marty.

MARTY

Do you know how many homeless people it takes to screw in a light bulb?

Jack shrugs trying to act amused.

MARTY

None, they're homeless, man.

The joke's so dumb, Jack can't help but laugh. The line moves up.

MARTY

Your turn.

JACK

Fresh out.

MARTY

Gotta learn to laugh at life or it'll take you down every time.

JACK
Okay, I got one.

Jack and Marty move up in the line a few more feet.

JACK
Why don't homeless people watch TV
in the shelter?

MARTY
No TV.

JACK
Assume there is.

MARTY
Heck if I know.

JACK
Because the TV watches them.

Jack laughs at his own joke, but Marty stares at him like he's gone bonkers.

MARTY
Yeah, let's leave the joke telling
to me, huh?

JACK
What? That was better than the
light bulb joke.

Now Marty bursts out laughing.

They reach the front door. Mr. Smith smirks and pushes the doors closed in their faces.

Just then, it starts to rain.

Marty nudges Jack in the side as he heads for the alleyway.

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Marty strolls over to the big garbage bin and shoves it open. He rummages inside and retrieves a raggedy jacket. He tosses it to Jack, who quickly pulls it on.

Rain pours down as Marty shoves Jack to the wall, where the rain doesn't soak the ground.

Marty reaches for his backpack. Jack grips his gun hidden under a coat, but then Marty uses the backpack as a pillow and leans against it. Jack eases off...

They sit with their backs against the walls, bundling themselves up as tight as possible.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

Marty and Jack sit in the same position, but this time on the sidewalk.

There's a small tin in front of Marty with a sign "Will tell a joke...25 cents"

A tin in front of Jack has a sign that reads "Will have him NOT tell you a joke...50 cents"

JACK
We should try selling something.

MARTY
I hate this old, smelly coat but I need it.

Jack nudges Marty's backpack. Marty quickly yanks it away.

JACK
Got anything valuable in there?

MARTY
(snaps back)
No.

Several people drop coins into the tins with a tink. Jack drops the subject. The vibrator on Jack's cell phone goes off...

...as Marty's talking to a PATRON, Jack peeks at the text.

INSERT TEXT MESSAGE

No gun permits for Martin Short. Cpt.

BACK TO SCENE

Jack glares at Marty and goes back to panhandling.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - LATER

Marty and Jack eat half-sandwiches with a beer each. The tin in front of them is empty.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - SLEEPING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack and Marty find their cots, which are separated by several rows this time.

EXT. CONVENIENT STORE - DAY

Jack and Marty step out of the store with some cheap beer. They begin walking down the street.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

The pair walk down a dock on the river to the very end and sit down. They crack open their beers and begin drinking.

They peer across the water where a large park resides. Marty's wide eyes stare across at the LAUGHING PEOPLE.

MARTY
(heavy sigh)
Damn, it's been a long time since
I've walked through that park. I
think I'll head over there
tomorrow.

He spots a young couple playing with their little daughter. The little girl giggles.

Marty looks away as he takes a big swig.

JACK
Everything alright?

Marty continues watching the family, his face suddenly downcast.

MARTY
It's been a rough few years.

Jack remains silent, giving him time to gather his thoughts. Jack followed his gaze to the happy family.

MARTY
Came here from Canada when I was in
my early 30's. I was working out of
my company's Boise branch heading
up a new office when I began dating
a co-worker.

JACK
Lucky ass.

Jack smiles, unsure which direction the conversation is going.

MARTY
We fell in love, got married and
were expecting our first baby.

JACK
Were expecting?

Marty takes a deep breath.

MARTY
On the way home to see my family
back in Canada, a teenage driver
crashed into my family's car,
killing my wife and daughter
instantly.

Jack looks away as he's overcome by his own pain.

JACK
Shit.

MARTY
She apparently was insisting all
night that she wasn't drunk before
she sat behind the wheel.

Jack turns to Marty.

JACK
I'm sorry, man.

MARTY
I had to identify the bodies...

Tears stream down Marty's face. He takes another swig from his beer.

He sniffs and wipes the tears away and deeply exhales.

MARTY
That was years ago.

Both men sit in silence as they stare at the happy families scattered across the park.

Finally, Jack shifts on the dock.

JACK
Is that how you ended up *here*?

MARTY

Nah, I went on a pretty bad painkiller and alcohol bender. A three year bender where I lost my mind, job and home. I lost everything, but none of it really mattered after the accident anyway.

Surprisingly, Marty shrugs and smiles thinly at Jack.

MARTY

I kinda like this life anyway. I can get something to eat most days, and I have a place to sleep most nights. I can get medical care at the free clinic. There are no responsibilities, no pain... It's great. Wouldn't change it now. I figure one day they will find me lying in an alley with my eyes open, staring at the sun with a smile on my lips.

Jack nods back.

JACK

I get it.

MARTY

What's your story?

JACK

My wife and daughter were picking up a birthday cake...

Jack suddenly looks Marty over, then himself. A strange look crosses his face.

JACK

It was a simple robbery. He could've just taken her purse, the car and left, but things went bad. Neither one made it.

Marty's face falls as he listens intently.

MARTY

I'm so sorry, man.

(pause)

It never gets easier.

Jack shifts his body so he's partially facing Marty.

JACK
Guess that's why I was freaked out
'bout staying at the shelter with
the shootings and all.

MARTY
You afraid?

JACK
Nah, I just don't want to see
anyone else die.

Marty just shrugs like it's nothing. Jack eyes him with suspicion.

MARTY
The streets are dangerous. If it's
not a serial killer that kills us,
we'll die of frostbite, hunger...
boredom.

JACK
I hear ya, but if you ever notice
anything you'll let me know, right?

Marty shakes his head.

MARTY
Get it out of your head, Jason. It
never does any good to dwell on
things when you're on the streets.
(pause)
Just chill. But not literally,
because like I said, frostbite.

Marty chuckles as he stands up. He pats Jack on the shoulder.

MARTY
You're a good man, Jason.

With that, Marty walks off to carry on with his day.

Jack watches his walk away before turning to the water below. He loses himself in the small ripples.

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - NIGHT

Jack stands alone in line in the rain, scanning the people in front of him. His face falls.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - SLEEPING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack tosses his blanket down on his cot, which sits in the middle of the room. He peers around again, but Marty is still nowhere to be seen.

His eyes suddenly fall on Samantha doing rounds checking on everyone. Jack smiles as he walks over. She spots him as she smiles back.

JACK
You're so kind to everyone.

Her smile fades and she replies sharper than intended with:

SAMANTHA
Only those who deserve it.

The comment catches him off guard.

She looks around at all the homeless people, a sad look on her face.

SAMANTHA
If people just took a little more time -- there wouldn't be such a large homeless population.

She shakes her head as she continues looking over her patrons. Jack stares at her a bit confounded, then asks:

JACK
Have you seen Marty around?

SAMANTHA
Why, are you worried?

Her demeanor softens and she tells him:

SAMANTHA
I'm glad you've made a friend in the shelter, Jason.

JACK
Yeah, he's a good guy.

Samantha studies him for a beat, a quizzical look on her face.

JACK
Is something wrong?

SAMANTHA

Have we met before? You just seem familiar, but I can't put my finger on it.

JACK

We've never met before, but I've been told I have "one of those faces."

Samantha shrugs.

SAMANTHA

I guess that's it.

(pause)

Are you any good with tools?

JACK

Pretty good.

SAMANTHA

We've lost our handyman, and Ryan's terrible with tools. If you want to make some cash, you can help fix the place up. Job starts at eight tomorrow.

JACK

I'd love to.

Jack replies too quickly, which makes her chuckle.

SAMANTHA

Great. See you then.

Samantha smiles as she walks off to care for the homeless. Jack stands and watches her as kneels down next to a CRYING WOMAN. She rubs the woman's back affectionately.

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - ALLEYWAY - DAY

Screams and cries fill the air.

Homeless people crowd the sidewalk near the alleyway, staring with horror.

Jack shoves his way through, freezing when he spots the source of the chaos.

Marty's body lies dead on the cement. Several bullet holes are visible in his chest, a pool of blood beneath his body.

The homeless people near the front receive the full impact.

OLD MAN
It's the Skid Row Shooter!

GRISLY MAN
It has to be the same killer!

Jack stands frozen near the body, staring down at the body. Marty's eyes stare emotionless to the sky. He has a look of horror on his face.

Momentarily forgetting that he's an undercover cop, he kneels down and closes Marty's eyes.

He spots Samantha to his right as she gasps with horror. He stands and walks over as Detective Sinclair yanks him back.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
You're contaminating the evidence.

Detective Sinclair smirks when he realizes it's Jack.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
Get out of my way or I'll arrest
you!

He lets go as Jack stumbles back. Samantha pulls Jack back.

SAMANTHA
What's going on?

He speaks to himself more than her...

JACK
He had a gun, why didn't he...?

SAMANTHA
No money for bullets. He found it
in a dumpster. He was going to try
to pawn it. I encouraged him to
turn it in to the police.

Jack stares at her, dumbfounded.

JACK
You knew he had a gun?

SAMANTHA
(reminds him)
It wasn't loaded.

JACK
He should've turned it in. It could
be related to the shootings.

Samantha shakes her head.

SAMANTHA
I doubt it. It was old and water
logged.

JACK
Do you know anyone who wanted Marty
dead? Did he have any enemies?

SAMANTHA
I doubt someone would kill him for
being annoying.

JACK
Did you ever see him get into an
argument with anyone.

SAMANTHA
A few tiffs, but...Jason, why are
you asking all these questions?

Jack turns back to the murder scene.

Just then, Jack spots Mr. Smith shoving through the homeless
crowd.

MR. SMITH
Out of the way! Move on, rodents!

As he reaches the front of the crowd, he stops and peers down
at Marty's dead body. He scoffs.

MR. SMITH
Serves him right, piece of filth.

Jack clenches his fists, struggling to keep composed.

The crowd slowly disperses as the cops tape off the alleyway.

JACK
I have to do something.

Jack bolts down the alleyway.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

Jack turns into an alley and ducks into a doorway. He
retrieves his cell phone from a hidden pocket and dials.

INT. BOISE POLICE DEPARTMENT - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Captain McQueen sits stiffly behind her desk as her phone rings. She yanks it to her ear.

MCQUEEN
Captain McQueen here.

INTERCUT

Jack glances down the alley making sure he wasn't followed.

JACK
Captain, Sinclair's in charge of
the Skid Row cases? He's a useless
rookie.

MCQUEEN
Return to the shelter. Sinclair
will handle the rest. Play along,
Jack. We need to talk.

JACK
But Captain --

She hangs up.

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - DAY

As he nears the shelter, Detective Sinclair spots him and storms over. Jack freezes, unsure of exactly what's happening.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
Stop right there! You're under
arrest!

Jack throws his hands in the air as Sinclair shoves him to the ground.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
You left the crime scene before I
got your statement, Mister.

With his face in the cement, Sinclair handcuffs his arms behind his back.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
Now you can give it to me downtown,
capice?

He pulls Jack towards his patrol car and shoves him inside.

Samantha and Jack make eye contact, then the car pulls away.

INT. DETECTIVE SINCLAIR'S PATROL CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Jack stares out the window refusing to make eye contact with Detective Sinclair via the rearview mirror.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
I thought your job was to protect
the homeless?

Jack ignores him.

JACK
Who's ass you wipe to get this job,
Sinclair? You wouldn't know a clue
if the killer FedEx'd it to you.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
Screw you, Jack. Martin Clarke was
taken down on your watch. Remember
that fact, will ya?

JACK
He had a gun in his backpack. I
doubt it's connected to the crime,
but--

Detective Sinclair grins. He's a step ahead of Jack and proud of it.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
Already on its way to ballistics.
Face it, Jack -- when you lost your
family, you lost your focus.
Captain's doing you a favor putting
you undercover.

Jack slams into the partition between the front and back seats.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
Easy there.
(beat)
Take a vacation. By the time you
get back, I'll have this guy's head
stuff and mounted.

Jack glares at him.

JACK
Just drive, Sinclair before you
really piss me off.

INT. BOISE POLICE DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - DAY

Jack enters the bullpen to jeers and sarcastic claps from the other detectives.

Jack storms down the bullpen towards Captain McQueen's office. The door flies open and McQueen stands in the doorway.

MCQUEEN
Detective Walters, in my office,
now.

INT. BOISE POLICE DEPARTMENT - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Captain McQueen takes her seat. Jack pulls up a chair.

MCQUEEN
You're off the case.

Jack stands and paces.

JACK
Marty's killer is out there. I have
to--

An OFFICER (20s) pops his head in the door without knocking.

OFFICER
Sorry Captain, I was told to pickup
the homeless blankets in here. I
didn't know you were busy.

She points to two bags in the corner.

MCQUEEN
One has the blankets, the other has
some crap that I don't wear
anymore. Take them both.

He enters and removes the blankets.

JACK
You're not making a personal
appearance?

McQueen shakes her head, then continues where they left off.

MCQUEEN
I just did my part. Sorry Jack.
You're too close. I gotta pull you
out.

Jack turns to face the bullpen, running a hand frustratingly through his hair. He narrows his eyes at the other detectives.

JACK
Who's replacing me, Sinclair?

He doesn't give her a chance to respond and adds:

JACK
He's a loud-ass, barely passed the Academy.

MCQUEEN
Sinclair revisited the evidence.
Found new clues.

Jack jerks his head back around and stares at her. Is she serious?

MCQUEEN
You can't even keep an appointment with Dr. Olivert.

JACK
I text her. I...

Jack slams his fist against a wall.

JACK
...give me a break, Captain.

MCQUEEN
Sorry Jack, it isn't your call.

Jack turns and storms out of the office.

MCQUEEN
Jack, where you going?
(anticipating)
Olivert's out of her office.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DR. OLIVERT'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Olivert enters with an arm load of books to find Jack sitting at her desk with his feet kicked up.

She wrinkles up her nose.

DR. OLIVET
I smell you're still undercover,
Detective Walters.

He ignores her comment and gets up as she dumps the books on her desk and nearly plops down in his lap. In her office -- she's boss.

Jack walks around the desk and paces near a window. The walls around him are adorned with offbeat paintings of screaming faces, plummeting bodies -- macabre, almost Halloween in tone.

Jack motions to the paintings.

JACK
Cheerful disposition you got, doc.
Have you ever considered seeing a
shrink?

DR. OLIVET
You don't have an appointment Jack.
Cut to the chase 'cause you have
less than a minute before I have
you tossed out on your ear.

JACK
I need to get back into the field.

DR. OLIVET
I'm afraid that won't happen until
I declare you fit for duty. You
know the rules, Detective.

Jack sits down and faces her.

JACK
The homeless need me to protect
them -- and don't badger me 'bout
Marty.

DR. OLIVET
Marty?

JACK
Never mind.

DR. OLIVET
Jack, this isn't about the
homeless. I know you despise them.

She sneers at him and leans forward.

DR. OLIVET
Truthfully, don't we all?
(beat)
Their wretched filth breeds crime.
(MORE)

DR. OLIVET (CONT'D)
The type of crime that preys on
unsuspecting urbanites like your
wife and--

JACK
Shut the hell up, doc!

DR. OLIVET
Come on, detective. A moment of
honesty wouldn't hurt. You're no
longer undercover -- are you
planning to find a new B.F.F.? Hang
out and golf, have some beers and
watch Monday night football?

Jack looks away. She has a point.

JACK
I've established relationships,
trust. I'm inside. I can find the
murderer. I know I can.

Dr. Olivert grins -- she's got him now.

DR. OLIVET
So, you've grown close to someone?

JACK
Nice try, doc, but I'm not talking
to you about my personal feeling.

DR. OLIVET
Really? What's her name?

JACK
This is ridiculous! I should be out
finding the killer and you want
know who I'm screwing? Are you
going to give me the green light or
not?

Dr. Olivert sighs as she scribbles something down on a paper.
Jack watches with a crazed look.

JACK
I don't care what you decide to
tell the Captain, I'm finishing
this case.

Jack storms towards the door.

DR. OLIVET
Jack, stay away from the shelter.
You'll jeopardize the case if you --

He slams the door shut behind him.

Dr. Olivert removes a stamp from her pocket and pushes it down on the paper.

INSERT - PAPERWORK

The heading reads "Return to Work Request."

The stamp reads DECLINED.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Jack slowly pulls women's clothes out of a dresser drawer and puts them into a plastic bag. He holds a handful of clothes up to his face and takes a deep breath. He puts the clothes in the bag, tears streaming down his face.

INT. BOISE POLICE DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Jack carries the bag and drops it off to the detective on duty.

JACK

Hey, can you make sure this bag gets to the homeless shelter. I'm not allowed to go near the place

DETECTIVE #1

Sure, Jack. They just ran some stuff over but it can go on the next donation run.

JACK

Thanks, Ed.

Jack turns and exits the police department

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - NIGHT

Jack stands on the street opposite the shelter, staring at the building. There's already a long lineup outside.

Jack strides over to the back of the line. He's still wearing his homeless disguise, no one the wiser about why he was arrested.

The line continues to shorten. After several minutes, Jack is first in line.

Mr. Smith smirks at Jack.

MR. SMITH
How was prison, criminal?

Jack threatens to backhand him.

JACK
Which pill, blue or red?

Confused, Mr. Smith peers down as Jack pummels Mr. Smith in the face.

Everyone still in line gasps.

MR. SMITH
What the hell?!

JACK
That's for Marty.

Samantha storms out of the shelter as Mr. Smith clenches his fast-swelling face.

SAMANTHA
Can someone explain what the hell happened?

Mr. Smith sneers and points at Jack.

MR. SMITH
He just attacked me for no reason.
They all saw it.

Samantha glares at Jack and the line.

SAMANTHA
Is this true?

HOMELESS #1
I didn't see anything.

HOMELESS #2
Me either. Jason was just standing there.

HOMELESS #3
Yeah, must have been someone else.

Jack looks back at the people who protected him. With a small nod of appreciation, he turns back to Samantha.

SAMANTHA
I deplore violence.
(to Mr. Smith)
Give him a spot.

MR. SMITH
But -?

SAMANTHA
Do it!

Samantha turns and disappears inside. Mr. Smith shoves a blanket to Jack.

MR. SMITH
Cot 90.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - SLEEPING - ROOM - NIGHT

Jack enters and finds Cot 90. Samantha stares at him from a couple cots down where she hands out pillows.

Jack leans over to place the blanket over the cot when Samantha catches sight of his very nice, expensive smart phone.

She raises an eyebrow, suspicious.

She finishes passing out pillows and walks over to him.

SAMANTHA
What happened at the police station? They didn't keep you long?

JACK
Oh, they asked me a few questions, then let me go.

SAMANTHA
Did you tell 'em Marty had a gun?

Jack squirms on the cot growing uncomfortable.

JACK
I can't remember. Maybe. I'm sure they found it.

Samantha sits down next to Jack on the cot causing him to scoot over. She talks in a low, harsh tone.

SAMANTHA

You know, you could have told the police he had a weapon when you first knew it. Might've even been stolen. He would've been behind bars instead of roaming the streets.

Jack stares at her eye-to-eye. Who will blink first? He does.

JACK

Sorry, I wouldn't turn in my friend. Not my style.

SAMANTHA

Or you could have detained him for questioning, isn't that right, officer?

Jack remains silent.

Samantha stands.

SAMANTHA

You seemed so familiar when I first met you. You look different without the hoodie and the beard, but I see a hundred faces a day, I know every city block, every dumpster, every bum on the streets. Nobody gets past me for long.

An awkward beat, then Jack levels with her:

JACK

Look Samantha, I'm off the case. I need your help. I don't want anyone else to die.

SAMANTHA

Deal. Come to my office at eight tomorrow morning.

Samantha gets up and leaves. He watches her go with a look of admiration.

Mr. Smith looks over and makes eye contact with Jack. His eyes narrows on him.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - SAMANTHA'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack and Samantha sit across from each other in a supply room stuffed with canned goods, packaged meals and bakery items. A small desk is shoved in a corner.

JACK

Can you provide me with a roster of your entire staff?

Samantha shakes her head.

SAMANTHA

There's only Ryan Smith and the volunteers in the kitchen.

JACK

I'll need a list of the volunteers. Were any of them working on each of the days the homicides took place?

Samantha thinks a beat, then replies:

SAMANTHA

I don't think so. We have some homeless advocate volunteers that come in when they can. Ryan's the only one who's...

(realizing)

...always here. Do you suspect him?

JACK

I'll have a background check run on him.

SAMANTHA

I thought you were off the case?

JACK

I still have a few buddies in the department I can call who owe me a favor. Is there any way you can get me in the shelter on off hours so I can poke around?

She smiles, impressed.

SAMANTHA

Well, you are the new handyman. If you're still interested in the job?

He stares at her for longer than intended and states:

JACK
I'm definitely interested...in the
job.

They both smile and look away.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is busy with SEVERAL VOLUNTEER WORKERS. They're cooking pots of potatoes and large pans of meats.

Jack lays flat on his back with his head beneath the sink. He's pretending to repair the pipes.

Although he clanks around down there, his eyes secretly watch the workers. Nothing suspicious occurs.

With a loud sigh, Jack pulls himself up and turns the facet on. Water pours out.

JACK
All fixed.

The volunteers smile as Jack strides out of the kitchen.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - DINNER HALL - DAY

Jack enters and freezes in the doorway.

Mr. Smith snatches what appears to be a silver ring from the table and pockets it. He peers up to find Jack staring at him. They lock eyes without speaking or moving.

Just then, a BLONDE HOMELESS GIRL hurries into the dinner hall, panting and gasping for breath.

She stumbles to a stop when she notices Mr. Smith. He smiles slyly at her.

MR. SMITH
Can I help you, cutie?

He takes a seductive and perverted step towards to.

BLONDE HOMELESS GIRL
I-I think I accidentally left
something in here.

MR. SMITH
What was it?

Jack looks between Mr. Smith and the girl. Mr. Smith has a coy smile. He knows exactly what was forgotten.

BLONDE HOMELESS GIRL
I-It was my grandmother's silver
ring.

The girl hesitates, looking over at Jack with her face scrunched with fear.

BLONDE HOMELESS GIRL
I-It's the only thing I have left
of her.

Mr. Smith scans the tables half-assed, shrugging when he doesn't see the ring.

MR. SMITH
I don't see it anywhere. If you'd like, I can help you look for it.

Mr. Smith holds his smile as he stares at her. Shaking with fear, she slowly backs away.

BLONDE HOMELESS GIRL
N-No, that's okay. I guess I was wrong.

She darted out before he could say anything else. Mr. Smith smirks back at Jack before exiting.

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Jack stands with his back against the alley wall. He peeks around the corner and spots the short lineup in front of the shelter.

Mr. Smith is ushering everyone in as fast as possible, which is out of character. Jack leans out a little more to figure out what's going on when a door near him bursts open and Dr. Olivet rushes out. She's out of breath.

JACK
Doc?

She spins around white as a ghost.

DR. OLIVET
Dammnit, Jack! You snuck up on me.
What the hell are you doing here?

He raises an eyebrow, suspicious.

JACK
I live here.

DR. OLIVET
Funny.

JACK
What up with you, huh? This isn't
exactly your neighborhood. Or has
the Captain finally figured out how
worthless you are and sent you
running errands so she doesn't have
to hear your bullshit diagnosis?

DR. OLIVET
We all have to do our part about
the homeless, don't we, Detective
Walters?

She turns and starts to walk away.

JACK
What is that supposed to mean?

She gets in her car and burns rubber out of the parking lot.
Jack watches her go -- his wheels turning.

Then he turns his attention back to the fast-moving line.

The same Blonde Homeless Girl stands next to Mr. Smith,
staring around with terror.

When the lineup's finally finished, Mr. Smith turns to the
girl. Jack ducks behind the corner as he continues watching.

MR. SMITH
Thanks for staying behind. This
really is no place for a pretty
girl like you. Would you like to
come to my place for the night?
It'll be warmer and I can cook you
dinner.

The girl shivers from the cold, but she shakes her head.

BLONDE HOMELESS GIRL
T-thanks, but I'm okay. C-can I
please go inside?

MR. SMITH
Ohhh, sorry. There aren't any cots
left. You should just come with me.

Jack narrows his eyes.

JACK
(muttering)
Piece of shit.

Jack pulls back into the alley. He whips out his cell phone and types out a text message that isn't revealed. He shoves his cell back into his pocket.

Jack peeks back at Mr. Smith and the girl. Nothing has changed as he continues to proposition her.

Suddenly, Samantha steps out of the shelter. She eyes the situation suspiciously without looking over at Jack.

SAMANTHA
Is there a problem out here?

The girl remains silent, staring at the ground. Sensing her fear:

SAMANTHA
Do you need a cot, sweetie?

The girl looks between Mr. Smith and Samantha before nodding ever so slightly.

BLONDE HOMELESS GIRL
There isn't a cot left, though.

SAMANTHA
Of course there is! Mr. Smith is happy to sign you in.

Samantha smiles over at Mr. Smith until he caves. He tosses the girl a blanket and gives her a cot number.

When the girl scurries inside, Samantha loses the smile and leans into Mr. Smith.

SAMANTHA
Never let me catch you doing that again.

She turns and walks back into the shelter. Mr. Smith peers around the night streets before heading inside as well.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - SLEEPING ROOM - DAY

The shelter's empty except for Jack and Samantha.

Jack sits on the ground between some cots. He's scanning one of the cots from all angles, making sure he doesn't leave one portion unchecked. Samantha watches him with growing concern.

SAMANTHA

What exactly are you looking for?
You don't really expect to find a
gun hidden in one of the cots, do
you?

JACK

I'm looking for anything that seems
out of place.

When he's sure the current cot is clear, he moves onto the next one. She stops him by the arm and speaks in an angry tone:

SAMANTHA

These people have very little. For
some, this is all they have. We
have to show respect.

Jack backs off, but eyes her with suspicion.

JACK

Do you plan to help me or not?

She steps back and starts fluffing pillows.

SAMANTHA

Of course, but I've already made up
the beds. There's nothing to find.

She abruptly changes the subject:

SAMANTHA

What about the kitchen volunteers?

JACK

They've all been cleared. You have
a solid staff.

She tries to break the ice from her angry moment:

SAMANTHA

Smith too?

Samantha smiles sheepishly, which makes him smile back.

JACK

Well, I want to keep an eye on him.
Theft may be the least of his
problems.

Off Samantha's surprised expression:

JACK
He's been stealing from the
residents. By last count, a silver
ring.

SAMANTHA
Damn it. I usually don't have a lot
of say on who Community Services
sends here, but--

Just then, there's a loud knock on the locked front doors.

JACK
Smith usually arrive this early?

Samantha shakes her head.

SAMANTHA
That can't be him.

Scanning the shelter, Jack darts for the dinner hall without
another word.

Samantha strides over to the front door, unlocks and opens
it. Detective Sinclair stands there chewing bubble gum.

SAMANTHA
Sorry, but we're closed.

Detective Sinclair flashes his badge.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
Detective Sinclair. I'm taking over
the case for Detective Walters.

SAMANTHA
Who?

Samantha keeps her cool.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
Strange. No one's heard from him
for a while. Guess he isn't stupid
enough to jeopardize the case by
coming back here.

Samantha looks away, which draws Sinclair's scrutiny.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
Wouldn't be covering for him, would
ya? Obstruction of justice is a
serious crime, Miss Stevens. If
you're withholding information--

SAMANTHA
Exactly what do you want,
Detective?

Detective Sinclair ignores her as he inspects the area.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
Marty was very well known here.
Heard he was good at pissing off
his bedfellows.

SAMANTHA
He couldn't tell a joke. That's
hardly a crime.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
He ever get under your skin?

DINNER HALL

Jack stands with his back against the door, listening to the conversation. He shakes his head, growing angry at Sinclair's line of questioning.

SLEEPING ROOM

When she doesn't answer, Detective Sinclair continues with:

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
Must be tough, huh? Watching the
same faces day after day wallowing
in pits of self-despair. Who
wouldn't want to put them out of
their misery?

He pauses a beat to gauge her reaction. She turns a few shades of red. He raises an eyebrow, suspicious that he's struck a nerve.

She marches to the door and hits the handle hard causing it to swing open and slam into the wall behind it.

SAMANTHA
Unless you have a search warrant,
Detective, this conversation is
over.

He slowly walks to the door taking his time to scan the room once more. He pauses and speaks to her in a low, threatening tone:

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
Do you know why I become a cop,
Miss Stevens?

She shrugs like she doesn't give a care.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
Because I know everyone has a
secret and I don't plan to stop
digging until I uncover every last
one of them.

He exits and she slams the door shut. She strides over to the dinner hall door and knocks on it.

SAMANTHA
He's gone.

The door opens as Jack enters.

JACK
He's a rookie, but I guarantee
he'll be back with a warrant.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - SLEEPING ROOM - LATER

Jack is up on a ladder beneath a ceiling light. He unscrews the light bulb until it flickers. He replaces the hood and climbs down.

JACK
(low to himself)
How many light bulbs does it
take...?

He trails off deep in thought, then chuckles.

He moves the ladder towards the other side and proceeds to do the same thing to another light.

Jack climbs back down at glances up at the flickering lights.

They're perfectly situated amongst the cots for maximum exposure.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - SLEEPING ROOM - NIGHT

The shelter is already half full as the lights continue to flicker above.

An annoyed murmur fills the air as several residents glare up at the lights.

Samantha strolls in and quickly spots the lights as well. She begins searching the crowd with a huff.

SAMANTHA
Where's Jason Kenway! Has anyone
seen Jason?

The residents all shake their heads as Samantha continues searching.

SAMANTHA
He was supposed to fix the lights
earlier today.

Coming to the rescue, Mr. Smith slides to her side and nods towards the corner cots.

MR. SMITH
He's over there, slacking off like
the shit he is.

SAMANTHA
Uncalled for, but thanks.

MR. SMITH
Why do you keep him around? We've
never had so many things break
since he started.

Mr. Smith steps in front of Samantha, blocking her view of Jack.

MR. SMITH
If you ask me, I think he's hiding
something.
(pause)
He might even be the Skid Row
Killer.

SAMANTHA
Thanks for your concern, but I
think I can handle him.

Samantha pushes past Mr. Smith.

SAMANTHA
Besides, Jason at least knows his
way around tools. Do you?

Samantha smirks as he remains silent, before walking off to snickers from onlookers.

Samantha pretends to storm over to Jack.

SAMANTHA

Jason, what did we discuss? If you want this paying job you'll have to do as you're instructed. If not, I'll find someone else.

Automatically, dozens of hands burst into the air. Samantha waves their requests aside.

SAMANTHA

That was a figure of speech.

(to Jack)

Fetch the ladder and new bulbs from my office and fix the lights. Now.

Jack pulls himself off his cot and strides over to Samantha's office. He opens the door and disappears inside.

He reemerged with the light bulbs and ladder. Jack shuffles to the first flickering light and casually climbs up to it.

As he climbs, he listens to the conversations around him as he stares at the ceiling.

HOMELESS WOMAN (O.C.)

I wish dinner was now. I'm so hungry!

HOMELESS TEENAGE #1(O.C.)

I ran away from home. Dad beats me...

Jack tries to hide a cringe as he reaches the top.

HOMELESS ELDERLY MAN (O.C.)

Could you trade your pillow for mine? I have terrible neck problems and this one is too flat.

HOMELESS TEENAGE BOY (O.C.)

Get another from Mr. Smith! I'm not sharing.

Jack shakes his head as he unscrews the bulb and replaces it. No vital information from these residents.

He shuffles back down and heads over to the other flickering light.

Once there, he listens out for suspicious conversation as he slowly makes his way up the ladder.

HOMELESS TEENAGE #2 (O.C.)
This is my first time here... It's
a little cramped.

HOMELESS BEARDED MAN (O.C.)
They'll never know it was me. It's
like I crave the chaos, the
screams...

This catches Jack's attention as he stops to "readjust" the light bulb in his hand.

Jack eyes the bearded man to his right. He's speaking to an elderly woman.

HOMELESS BEARDED MAN
I don't want my family to ever see
how desperate I am for that next
drink.

Realizing it's a bust, Jack continues up the ladder and "repairs" the light.

As he's replacing the hood, he eyes Mr. Smith by the door. He's propositioning another NEW GIRL.

Jack casually climbs down the ladder and walks over to Samantha's office to return it. When he returns, Mr. Smith is no longer at the front door.

He turns to a TEENAGE GIRL and nods to the door.

JACK
Did you see where Mr. Smith went?

TEENAGE GIRL
Where do you think? Out to his car
for a quickie with the new girl.

Jack nods and meanders over to the front door. He opens it a crack and peers out.

Jack eyes Mr. Smith next to his car on the other side of the road. The young girl is with him.

Jack watches as Mr. Smith opens the back door and motions for her to get in. She's frozen with fear, unsure of what to do. He grabs her arm, but she shrugs him off.

The young girl glances back to the shelter and spots Jack's head poking out. He waves the girl over.

Without a moment's hesitation, the girl hurries over and slips inside the shelter. He closes the door behind her.

NEW GIRL
Thanks a million. He's such a creep!

JACK
Scream out the next time he tries anything.

The new girl nods as she hurries to her bed. Jack sees Mr. Smith walking toward the shelter door. Jack locks the door before Mr. Smith gets there.

JACK
Sorry, the shelter is full! Try again tomorrow.

Mr. Smith pounds on the door and the people in the shelter erupts with laughter and cheers. Jack looks over and sees Samantha laughing.

INT. JACK'S CAR (PARKED) - NIGHT

Jack slips behind the wheel and slouches out of view. He cracks his neck.

A few minutes later, Mr. Smith's vehicle pulls up.

JACK
Rat bastard never quits.

Mr. Smith get out and peers down the sidewalk, then quickly heads off to his left.

Jack watches his every move as Mr. Smith approaches the Blonde Homeless Girl.

Jack leans forward into the windshield and gets a closer look. The girl's wearing a red scarf.

JACK
What the...?

He quickly scans his cell phone and comes up with an evidence list, which includes a red scarf.

Jack watches Mr. Smith escort the Blonde Girl to his car.

JACK
Shit -- I hate when I'm wrong.

Mr. Smith looks around before entering his car. His engine roars to life. He speeds down the road.

Just as Mr. Smith rounds the corner, Jack fires up his engine on and drives after them.

His headlights off, like a ghost in the night.

INT. JACK'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Jack keeps a safe distance from Mr. Smith as he continues to tail him. They drive down the highway and turn off on the first exit.

Jack follows as Mr. Smith turns onto a street full of apartments. He parks in front of a large red building with the number 304 written down the side of the door.

EXT. MAPLE CRESCENT STREET - NIGHT

Jack slows and parks down the street, careful not to be seen. He peers up at the sign, which reads "Maple Crescent St."

He watches as Mr. Smith and the Blonde Girl walk up the building and enter. Jack cringes.

He watches the red building like a hawk, making sure he doesn't miss a thing.

INT. JACK'S CAR (PARKED/MOVING) - DAY

Jack stretches out and yawns. He glares out the windshield as he starts his engine and drives down the street.

He peers up at Mr. Smith's window as he drives past the red building. The apartment drapes are drawn. All is quiet.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Jack parks his car on the side of the road, several streets down from the shelter again. He exits and begins walking his way down.

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - DAY

Jack approaches the shelter and knocks on the door. Samantha answers the door.

SAMANTHA
Come on in.

She opens the door fully so Jack can enter.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - DINNER HALL - DAY

Jack sits at the table as Samantha sets down a bowl of oatmeal in front of him.

She sits down opposite him, elbows on table and looking intent.

SAMANTHA

Detective Walters...Jack, maybe you should consider letting Detective Sinclair handle things.

He shoots her a look and keeps eating.

SAMANTHA

You're spinning wheels and coming up short. Maybe he can--?

JACK

No, he can't.
(tense pause)
Are you firing me?

Samantha sighs and shakes her head.

SAMANTHA

Look, I went over Ryan's place last night to try and get the ring back.

Jack's cell phone vibrates in his pocket. He answers it.

JACK

Walters here.

He listens for a moment and glances up at Samantha with a horrified expression.

JACK

Thanks for letting me know. I owe you one. Yeah, send me the pic.

He hangs up.

SAMANTHA

Your friend at the department?

JACK

Yeah, he's sending me new information.

He receives a text with a photo attached -- the blonde girl with the red scarf bound around her neck - dead. Samantha can't see his phone.

JACK
Shit.

SAMANTHA
What is it?

Jack starts rattling off questions in a rapid succession:

JACK
What time did you leave Smith's
place? How long were you there? Did
you talk to the woman with him? Did
she leave with you? How--?

SAMANTHA
Jack! I never saw Ryan.

JACK
You said you were there, which is
it?

He's in full interrogation mode.

SAMANTHA
I knocked. No one was home.

JACK
Approximately what time?

Samantha shrugs, uncertain.

SAMANTHA
Last night, after we closed.

JACK
Odd. I didn't see you.

Jack gets up and starts snooping around the hall.

JACK
The blonde came in here with next
to nothing. Last night she was
wearing a coat and...

Samantha points to metal bins in the far corner of the room
marked MEN'S CLOTHING and WOMEN'S CLOTHING.

SAMANTHA
She...

Jack makes his way over and throws open the Women's clothing
bin. He rapidly digs through it and comes up with a dozen red
scarfs.

JACK
Where'd these come from?

SAMANTHA
My closet. I used to have a thing
for red. Jack, what's going on?

JACK
The blonde girl was found murdered
last night...

Samantha's jaw drops in shock.

JACK
...behind Smith's apartment
building. You were at the crime
scene and the victim was found
strangled with a red scarf and
shot.

He shows her the photo and she grabs her mouth holding
herself back from vomiting.

JACK
I'd recommend you remain silent,
Samantha.

He swiftly pulls out a set of handcuffs and secures her to a
table.

SAMANTHA
What are you going to do, call the
police?

JACK
I am the police.

He exits.

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - DAY

Jack ducks to the side of the shelter and makes a call on his
cell phone.

MCQUEEN (V.O.)
Captain McQueen.

JACK
Detective Walters, ma'am.

MCQUEEN (V.O.)
Don't 'ma'am' me! You were told to
stay away from the shelter! Doc saw
you there!

JACK
Listen, Captain. Chew my ass out
later. I'm sure Sinclair's detained
Ryan Smith by now and I have a
second suspect in custody.

MCQUEEN (V.O.)
The apartment surveillance caught
your car driving past the building
last night. I sent two officers to
pick you up for questioning.

Jack pokes his head around the corner and scans the parking lot.

JACK
Yeah, I tailed Smith back to his
place. I...

He cringes at having to admit he...

JACK
...fell asleep. Killer must've used
a silencer. I never heard the shot.

MCQUEEN (V.O.)
Don't give my men any hassle, Jack.
Turn yourself in.

She hangs up.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - DAY

Jack enters and tosses the handcuff keys to Samantha.

JACK
The circumstantial evidence points
to you, but my gut tells me I'm
following the wrong trail.

He heads toward the door.

JACK
But if I'm wrong, my career's over.

She watches him leave, concerned.

INT. JACK'S CAR (PARKED) - DAY

Jack sits in his car in the Boise P.D. parking lot with the window rolled down a sliver.

He watches and waits until, finally, he spots a police cruiser drive into the parking lot.

Detective Sinclair exits and shoves a handcuffed Mr. Smith towards the building.

MR. SMITH
I didn't do it! You've got the wrong man!

Detective Sinclair yanks the front door open and shoves him inside.

INT. BOISE POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Between Detective Sinclair and Mr. Smith rests a small, metallic table. Mr. Smith's hands are now handcuffed to the table.

MR. SMITH
I already told you I didn't do anything wrong!

Detective Sinclair smirks as he tosses a small baggy towards Mr. Smith. He peers down to find the silver ring inside.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
Then why did we find this in your possession? Did it not belong to the deceased girl? You keep it as a souvenir?

MR. SMITH
Yes....I mean no. I stole it way before she came to my place. Ask - ask -

Mr. Smith struggles to remember the name.

MR. SMITH
- Ask Jason Kenway from the shelter! He saw me steal it!

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
It appears you were the last person to see her alive.

MR. SMITH
That's not possible. I kicked her out a little past midnight. She was alive, I swear!

Detective Sinclair stands and exits the room without a word, leaving Mr. Smith to stew in his panic.

INT. BOISE POLICE DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - DAY

Detective Sinclair walks over to Captain McQueen, who's busy watching a news report on the most recent murder.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
Captain, Smith claims Jason Kenway saw him steal the ring before the murder.

McQueen turns to face him.

MCQUEEN
Detective Walters never reported a theft.

Captain groans as she storms towards her office. She shouts to a WATCH COMMANDER:

MCQUEEN
E.T.A. on Walters pick up?

WATCH COMMANDER
He wasn't at the location, Captain. They're patrolling the area.

MCQUEEN
Put out an A.P.B. for him and place our suspect into holding!

Captain McQueen slams her door shut.

INT. BOISE POLICE DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELLS - DAY

Detective Sinclair shoves Mr. Smith into a holding cell.

He slams the barred door shut as Mr. Smith grabs the bars. He smirks at Smith.

MR. SMITH
You have no right to hold me here!

He watches Detective Sinclair stride off without care. Frustrated, Mr. Smith slams the bars with a palm.

INT. JACK'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Jack pulls the car into an alley and waits as a patrol vehicle passes.

He emerges from the alley and drives away.

OVER BLACK:

Two pierce the otherwise silent, night air. A loud thump follows right after, like a body hitting the floor.

INT. JACK'S CAR (PARKED) - DAY

Jack's cell phone rings. He jolts awake and answers it.

JACK
(listens a moment)
What? You sure?
(beat)
I'm on my way in.

INT. BOISE POLICE DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELLS - DAY

Jack storms through the hallway as Detective Sinclair disappears inside Mr. Smith's holding cell.

Captain McQueen stands in the hall like a brick wall, staring into the cell with arms crossed.

JACK
What the hell is going on here?

As Jack approaches, Detective Sinclair reemerges with Mr. Smith. Jack stumbles to a halt, eyeing the pair suspiciously.

JACK
Why are you taking him out of holding?

MCQUEEN
Where the hell have you been?

JACK
He's the prime suspect. Let me question him.

MR. SMITH
To hell with you all. I'm moving out of the city.

Detective Sinclair smirks as he shoves Mr. Smith past Jack, disappearing around the corner a beat later.

Once they're alone, Jack shifts his attention to the Captain.

JACK
Captain, you can't -

MCQUEEN
It wasn't him.

JACK
I know...there was another murder
last night. Could have been a copy
cat.

MCQUEEN
Who's the other suspect?
(reminding him)
You said you had a second suspect
in custody.

Jack paces the room, his mind's moving a million miles a second.

JACK
Samantha Stevens...
(deep in thought)
...she had the red
scarfs...she....I

McQueen shakes her head, upset.

MCQUEEN
Always the one you least suspect.
Stay off the case, Jack. The press
is going to have a field day with
the department arresting the wrong
suspect.

Jack's still in shock pacing back and forth.

MCQUEEN
Let us bring Stevens in and do this
right. Give Sinclair your
information so he can secure the
arrest warrant. That's an order,
Detective.

She marches out.

Pissed, Jack punches the metal bars before storming off.

INT. JACK'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Jack drives down the highway, glaring through the windshield, knuckles white from clenching the wheel.

He turns off the highway at the same speed.

As Jack drives through a city street heading towards the shelter, he spots the red light ahead of him.

He begins to push his foot down on the pedal, but his speed doesn't slow. He pushes down harder. Still speeding.

JACK
You've got to be shitting me!

Jack honks madly as he shoves his foot against the pedal. He swerves between the cars as he enters the intersection.

Jack honks repeatedly as he swerves around an SUV that enters the intersection. The SUV screeches to a stop as Jack barely zips past unscathed.

Jack peers around outside the window, searching for a way to stop. He continues honking and swerving, nearly striking a light post in the process.

Suddenly, Jack veers down the street to his right, tires screech with protest. He continues weaving through traffic.

His speed appears to decrease slightly with every swerve.

Jack keeps his eyes peeled as he suddenly spots the city park on his right.

Jack honks wildly as he swerves into the furthest right lane.

As he nears the park, he begins to gradually drive onto the sidewalk, honking for pedestrians to get to safety.

His eyes fall on a thick tree ahead. He continues to jerk the steering wheel to the left and right, simulating smaller swerves.

As he's about to hit the tree, Jack lines it up with the passenger side. CRASH!

His passenger side is crushed as his airbag explodes. Jack groans as he pushes the airbag away from his face and opens his door.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Jack gingerly exits his car and stretches his body. He has a gash on his forehead.

An OLDER COUPLE runs towards him to help, but he brushes them off.

OLDER MAN
Are you okay? Do you need an ambulance?

Jack shakes his head feverishly and takes off down the street.

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - DAY

Jack knocks violently against the front door. No one answers. He bangs even louder.

JACK
Samantha, it's Jack!

Jack peers around, making sure he's still alone.

Finally, the door opens as Samantha helps Jack inside.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - SAMANTHA'S OFFICE - DAY

Samantha tends to the cut on Jack's forehead. He winces as she dabs at it.

SAMANTHA
You could have been killed.

JACK
It'll take a lot more to kill me.
Apparently, someone hasn't learned that yet.

He says it while wincing in pain. He rubs out his shoulder.

SAMANTHA
Do you really think someone cut your brakes?

He nods and winces in pain.

Samantha places a bandage across the cut and leans back. Silence washes over them.

JACK

Marty was the first person I suspected. Smith's off the hook and I don't believe it was you.

SAMANTHA

Are you sure?

JACK

The killer's taken a lot of precautions to cover his or her tracks. You're too obvious a suspect.

SAMANTHA

Maybe I'm hiding in plain sight.

Jack manages to stand, but holds himself upright against a chair.

JACK

You care for the homeless. Whoever is doing this hates them...the way I hated the vagrant who killed my family. It's strictly business for this killer -- the business of revenge.

Samantha puts the First Aid kit away.

SAMANTHA

I had better start getting things ready. The shelter is going to be full tonight. I'm going to have to turn people away out in this storm.

JACK

Marty liked to watch the storms roll in.

SAMANTHA

It was one of his favorite...

Tears form in Samantha's eyes as she remembers.

JACK

The shelter turns a lot of people away on nights like tonight.

Samantha sighs and nods.

SAMANTHA
We fill up fast. We have to turn
away people when the conditions are
the worst.

Jack stands and looks out the window. Realization sinks in.

JACK
The killer knows people will get
turned away. The murders never
happened on a nice, warm night.

Jack pauses to think.

JACK
The killer knows we're closing in.
If he's going to strike, he'd have
to do it on a night like tonight.

Jack reaches for the doorknob. Samantha grabs his arms.

SAMANTHA
I'm going with you.

JACK
It's too dangerous. Stay here and
I'll let you know once it's over.

Instead, Samantha stands and slips in front of him.

SAMANTHA
The volunteers can run the shelter.
I want to help to catch this
bastard.

JACK
No!

Jack takes a step back and softens his voice.

JACK
I lost my wife and daughter. I
can't lose you too.

Jack and Samantha stare into each other's eyes.

JACK
Please. Let me take care of this.

She nods in agreement and gives him a hug.

SAMANTHA
Be safe, Jack. Please be safe.

Jack exits the shelter.

MONTAGE

-Samantha opens the shelter doors to a waiting line of HOMELESS. A VOLUNTEER (male, 30s) helps her sign them in for the night as Samantha hands out toiletries and points the way inside.

-Jack walks the streets parallel the shelter scanning for trouble. He checks alleys, behind dumpsters and in forgotten corners for anything suspicious.

-Jack walks along a rooftop scanning the perimeter and checking windows in abandoned buildings for any sign of a sniper.

-A police cruiser passes by the shelter.

-A gloved hand loads a pistol and tucks it into a long trench coat.

END MONTAGE

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - NIGHT

Homeless wait in a long line for food, while others find their cots and set up for the night. It's a full house.

Samantha sits near the front door peering out as the rain pours. No sign of Jack.

An ELDERLY MAN (70s) comes to the door.

SAMANTHA
I'm sorry, we're full. We can't
take any more people in tonight.

A HOMELESS MAN in his 40's steps up.

HOMELESS MAN #4
The old man can have my spot. This
place gets too full when it rains.

Before Samantha can protest, the Homeless Man steps out into the rain and disappears into the night.

SAMANTHA
(to Elderly Man)
Please come in.

He gives her a weak smile and enters. She helps him find a spot and he takes a seat, relieved.

She helps him remove his rain laden coat and an old tattered scarf.

SAMANTHA
I'll be right back.

She goes over to the metal bins marked MEN'S CLOTHING and pulls out a coat. She digs through the bin, but doesn't find what she's looking for.

She moves to the WOMEN'S CLOTHING bin and removes a red scarf when suddenly she stops in her tracks. She pulls out the scarfs and counts them.

She drops the items near the Elderly Man and slips into her office.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - SAMANTHA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Samantha dials the land line phone. It crackles as it rings in her ear.

She gets voice mail:

JACK (V.O.)
This is Walters, leave a message.

SAMANTHA
Jack, there's more than ten scarfs.
I only donated ten. The rest came
from--

A dial tone rings in her ears. She slams the phone down and picks it up again, but it's dead.

INT. BOISE POLICE DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Detective Sinclair's approached by another OFFICER (30s).

OFFICER
Sinclair, you headed to the
shelter?

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
Yeah, in a few.

The Officer points to a Hefty bag filled to the brim tucked in a corner.

OFFICER

Can you take that donation? Walters
brought it in. I missed it earlier.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR

Sure.

Detective Sinclair picks it up to set it near a desk when the tie unravels and it opens.

The contents draw his attention. He leans in and stares at something with a confused and mortified expression.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Samantha pulls the hood up over her head and walks behind the dispersing crowd of homeless people, looking for Jack.

She's wearing a red scarf around her neck.

A figure wearing a trench coat steps out of the shadows and follows her. Samantha turns into an alley. The figure follows.

Samantha hears something behind her and turns.

SAMANTHA

Jack?

The figure stops. A hood conceals the person's identity.

The figure pulls out the pistol and aims it at Samantha. Samantha slowly raises her hands.

SAMANTHA

Jack will figure out who you are
and what you've done. He won't let
you get away with it.

The figure aims the pistol when suddenly...Jack dives forward and tackles the killer to the ground.

The gun tumbles a short distance away.

The killer kick boxes Jack to the ground. He takes a hard fall and the killer lunges for the gun.

The killer grabs the gun and turns and fires. Jack rolls to one side, but takes a slug in the left shoulder.

The killer turns on Samantha, but she jumps behind a dumpster.

Jack draws his weapon and fires. A shot slams into a brick wall inches above the killer's head.

The killer takes off and disappears into a nearby alleyway.

Jack scrambles to his feet holding his left shoulder.

JACK
(hollers to Samantha)
Stay here!

He takes off.

SAMANTHA
Jack wait!

But he's already disappeared from view.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Jack ducks in and out of alleys searching high and low for the killer.

He ducks behind a dumpster for cover and whips out his cell phone.

He sees Samantha's voice mail, but ignores it and calls 9-1-1.

JACK
(into phone)
This is Detective Walters. I need backup at 5th and Main. I have an active shooter - five foot ten wearing a black rain coat. Block off all streets in a two mile radius of the Stevens Homeless Shelter.

He hangs up, then listens to Samantha's voice mail:

SAMANTHA (V.O.)
Jack, there's more than ten scarfs.
I only donated ten. The rest came from--

Jack suddenly turns back the way he came and begins to run.

JACK
Samantha!

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Samantha slowly makes her way back to the shelter. She cautiously looks around as she walks.

A figure shadows her a few paces back and closing fast.

Jack appears running toward Samantha from the opposite direction.

The figure ducks back into the shadows and disappears from view.

Sirens pierce the night.

Captain McQueen runs up from an opposite street with her gun drawn.

MCQUEEN
Walters! You okay? We heard
gunshots.

Suddenly, Detective Sinclair's car skids to a stop between Captain McQueen and Jack.

Sinclair jumps out and takes aim at Jack.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
On your knees. Hands up where I can
see 'em.

Jack holds up his hands. The gun still in his right hand.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
Drop the weapon!

JACK
Ah..Rookie, you got it all wrong.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
Drop the weapon!

Jack drops the revolver.

MCQUEEN
Sinclair, what the hell's going on?

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
Jack's the Skid Row Killer.

SAMANTHA
No!

Jack eases Samantha back away from him -- out of target range.

JACK
Think it through, kid.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
(to McQueen)
The red scarf's linked back to the
ones donated by the department.

MCQUEEN
What?!

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
They belonged to his late wife,
isn't that right, Jack?

Samantha takes a step back from Jack.

SAMANTHA
Jack?

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
The moment he saw a homeless person
wearing one of his wife's scarf's,
he snapped.

JACK
No. No, I was letting her go.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
Face it, Jack. You had the motive,
the opportunity and I'm sorry
Captain. He used you to get
undercover.

The click of a revolver. Detective Sinclair turns slightly away from Jack to find Captain McQueen's firearm pointed at him.

JACK
(to Sinclair)
Captain placed me undercover so I'd
be the fall guy.

Detective Sinclair shakes his head -- even with McQueen's gun pointed at him he can't face the truth.

JACK
She's the only one in the whole
damn department who wouldn't come
near the shelter.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR
Captain?

The realization suddenly hits Sinclair. He whirls his gun on McQueen. She fires!

Detective Sinclair drops to the ground, shot point blank in the chest.

She turns the gun on Jack and Samantha. He looks at her with a defeated expression.

JACK
Why'd you hate 'em, Captain? What did they ever do to you?

Angry tears pour down McQueen's face.

MCQUEEN
When I was little, my mother and I were poor. She lost her job and she couldn't afford our house anymore.

McQueen's fingers toy with the trigger, which makes Jack eye it nervously.

MCQUEEN
We tried to get into a homeless shelter one cold, wintry night, but they were all full.

SAMANTHA
I'm so sorry.

MCQUEEN
Shut up!
(beat)
My dear, sweet mother froze to death trying to keep me warm.

She grows increasingly agitated, her fingers lingering too close to the trigger for comfort.

MCQUEEN
We would've slept on the floor, but unless a bed's open they couldn't admit us. Such bullshit...

She waves the gun around as tears form in her eyes.

MCQUEEN
(to Samantha)
There are just too many homeless, isn't that right, Ms. Stevens?

McQueen aims the gun at Samantha.

MCQUEEN
Answer me.

Samantha slowly nods her head.

MCQUEEN
Thin out the numbers of homeless
and the next time a defenseless
woman shows up at a shelter on a
cold night with her children, she
won't be turned away.
(through tears)
It isn't fair. She was protecting
me...

McQueen starts to lower the gun. Jack steps forward to take action, but McQueen quickly regains her composure and stays trained on him.

MCQUEEN
I let it go - for years I never
gave it a second thought, then the
homeless community had the nerve to
blame me, my officers, my
department.
(beat)
How dare they?! That's right...I
didn't do the first one. Probably a
drug deal gone bad, but it gave me
an idea.

McQueen removes one hand and snaps with her fingers. The sound makes Jack flinch.

MCQUEEN
I made it look like a homicide and
the rest fell into place. Jack, I
warned you, but you wouldn't let go
of your anger and I knew it would
destroy you the way it destroyed
me.

JACK
No, you're wrong. I've forgiven the
man who killed my family.
I've...let go of the past.

She waves the gun around erratically. Jack takes a step back and eyes his weapon on the ground.

MCQUEEN

Liar!

(beat)

You've left me no choice but to mow
you down. To stop one of my own. A
tragic loss, but...

She points the gun at his head.

MCQUEEN

They deserved to die. I'm just
sorry you have to join them.

She aims...suddenly, she's knocked off balance as Detective
Sinclair grabs her legs. The gun FIRES...misses Jack.

Jack shoves Samantha aside, rolls and comes up with his gun
aimed -- he fires three rounds into McQueen.

Her eyes go wide.

She drops the gun and falls face first into the pavement,
dead.

Jack breathes a sigh of relief. He and Samantha help
Detective Sinclair to his feet.

Detective Sinclair rips open his shirt revealing a
bulletproof vest.

JACK

Thanks kid, you might make a good
detective after all.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR

Screw you, Jack.

They all burst out laughing, relieved.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR

Guess I could us a few pointers.

Sirens blare and cop cars pull up to the sight with lights
flashing.

JACK

Pointer number one, kid.

Jack takes Samantha into his arms.

JACK

Always kiss the girl in the end.

Jack and Samantha passionately kiss as the scene widens and fades to...

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - DAY

Samantha opens the doors to a waiting line of HOMELESS. A few COUPLES with CHILDREN.

SAMANTHA
Welcome. Come in, come in.

A DELIVERY BOY brings flowers to the door.

DELIVERY BOY
Delivery for Samantha Stevens.

Surprised:

SAMANTHA
That's me.

She signs for the flowers -- a beautiful bouquet of mixed spring colors.

She reads the card and smiles before turning her attention back to the Homeless.

SAMANTHA
(points to a volunteer)
Lainey will show you inside and get you situated for the night.

Samantha hands the flowers to a HOMELESS WOMAN (50s) standing in line. The Woman smiles and thanks Samantha with a smile.

SAMANTHA
You're welcome. Enjoy!

Samantha plucks a sunflower from the mix and heads toward her car parked alongside the shelter.

INT. BOISE POLICE DEPARTMENT - MAIN AREA - DAY

Samantha strolls down the hallway like she's made the trek a hundred times twirling the sunflower between her fingers.

She stops at a door marked: LIEUTENANT JACK WALTERS - HOMICIDE BUREAU.

Samantha smiles at the plate before she knocks.

JACK (O.S.)
Come in!

Samantha enters the office.

INT. BOISE POLICE DEPARTMENT - JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack sits behind a desk overlooking a sprawling city view.
Samantha smiles as she leans over his desk.

JACK
Hello, beautiful.

Jack stands and leans in and they passionately kiss.

She smells the sunflower she's holding.

SAMANTHA
I just wanted to thank you for the
flowers.

JACK
(joking)
Did I send flowers?

She playfully smacks him on the arm.

SAMANTHA
Very funny.

A light over his desk flickers. They both glance up at it. He moves around the desk and takes her by the arm.

JACK
Hungry for dinner?

SAMANTHA
Starving.

Jack glances up at the flickering light.

JACK
Do you know how many homeless it
takes to screw in a light bulb?

SAMANTHA
None, they have no home.

Jack stops and stares her. Samantha laughs.

SAMANTHA
Marty told me that joke like a
hundred times.

They both laugh.

JACK
Yeah, I guess I better stick with
sending flowers.

She nods and gives him a peck on the cheek. She lays the sunflower on the corner of his desk. They exit.

A beam of sunlight falls on the sunflower, then on a photograph of Jack and Samantha on the desk -- happy on a beach watching a sunset, hand in hand.

FADE OUT.