

ICE

Written by

Paul Knauer

PKnauer@iCloud.com

FADE IN:

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

DETECTIVE BROWN, 40s, male, slams the door of his sedan, pulls his coat collar up -- protection from the wind.

DETECTIVE BROWN  
Must be fifteen fucking degrees.

His breath hangs in the air, as does that of his assistant, MEG, female, 20s.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Meg carries a large case, strides alongside the Detective.

MEG  
Tough loss last week.

Brown plows forward, stone-faced.

MEG  
You'll get your groove back.

He stops. Stares. Then turns, pushes through a large door. Suitably chastised, she follows.

FACTORY FLOOR

An open space with large, broken windows.

On the far side, near one of the windows and surrounded by POLICEMEN: SKIP TURNER, male, 20s, lies dead, next to a chair and an empty table.

Detective Brown rolls the victim over.

DETECTIVE BROWN  
Fuck me. It's Skip Turner.

MEG  
Skip -- from the case? Last week?

POLICEMAN  
Gunshot wound. I'm thinking suicide.

DETECTIVE BROWN  
In the chest?

MEG

He was just found innocent. That makes no sense.

DETECTIVE BROWN

Vigilante maybe?

POLICEMAN

Found the gun on the floor. Here.

Meg looks at the gun.

MEG

Serial number's been filed off.

Brown opens his case, takes out a small torch and a handheld infrared sensor. Using the torch, he heats the gun.

The serial number glows red on the infrared reader.

DETECTIVE BROWN

Call the number in. And, get me a toxicology report. ASAP.

Wind whips through the factory. The Detective notices a powdery substance swirling around the base of the table.

DETECTIVE BROWN

What's this?

He bags it. Hands it off, continues searching the area.

He finds a small metal spring several feet away. Bags it.

Finally, he examines the table. Detective Brown notes a water stain before he's interrupted --

POLICEMAN

Got a hit on the serial number.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - HALLWAY - DAY

Det. Brown knocks on a door, Meg stands behind him.

A large, muscular man, BRUCE, male, 40s, opens the door. A flash of recognition from Detective Brown.

INT. COURTROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

Det. Brown sits in the gallery. At the front, to the right of the JUDGE, stands: Bruce, the bailiff, sporting a black eye. Bruce glares at the defendant, Skip Turner.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - HALLWAY - BACK TO PRESENT DAY

The Detective flashes his badge.

DETECTIVE BROWN  
We just need a moment.

INT. BRUCE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bruce, Det. Brown and Meg sit, drinking coffee.

DETECTIVE BROWN  
The gun was stolen?

BRUCE  
Last week.

MEG  
Did you report it?

Bruce grows agitated.

BRUCE  
Of course.

DETECTIVE BROWN  
We'll have to check it out.

Bruce stands -- a physical challenge to the Detective.

BRUCE  
I don't like what you're  
insinuating.

Brown meets the challenge, stands eye-to-eye.

DETECTIVE BROWN  
Not used to being challenged, are  
you? Big guy like you. I saw the  
black eye... in court, last week.

INT. COURTROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

Bruce grabs Skip's arm, preparing to lead him from the courtroom. Skip jerks from the touch, his elbow catching Bruce square in the face.

INT. BRUCE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - BACK TO PRESENT DAY

BRUCE

Kill a guy over an elbow? That's ridiculous. You can go -- now.

He escorts them to the door. On the way, glancing into the kitchen, Det. Brown notices: a needle and syringe sitting atop trash in the trash can. As the door closes...

DETECTIVE BROWN

It's all about the evidence, Bruce.

Bruce closes the door, not noticing: A couple of hand warmers peeking from beneath magazines on a side table.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Brown drives. The phone RINGS. Meg answers.

She looks at Brown.

MEG

Chemical analysis of the material on the floor shows iron powder, activated charcoal, sodium chloride and vermiculite. And, get this -- toxicology shows high levels of insulin.

DETECTIVE BROWN

I think I know how he did it.

SERIES OF SHOTS -- THE CRIME

-- A gloved-man grabs Skip Turner from behind, pushes a needle into his neck.

-- The man drops a groggy Skip Turner onto the chair in the factory. He sets a table next to Skip.

-- The man, his breath visible in the factory's cold air, presses a small ice cube behind the gun's trigger, then jams a spring in front of the trigger.

-- The man cuts open a hand warmer and empties the packet's contents onto the table. He sets the gun on top of the table, ice cube and trigger over the chemical pile.

DETECTIVE BROWN (V.O.)

When the ice cube melted --

-- The gun fires, spinning to the floor. Skip Turner slumps.

-- The wind blows through the window, scattering the chemical pile to the floor.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - HALLWAY - DAY

Bruce is led away in handcuffs.

BRUCE

I didn't do it! I swear!

Detective Brown and Meg look on.

MEG

I've never seen anything like it.  
Solving a complicated case like  
this -- can make a career.

A tiny smile creases the Detective's face.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Det. Brown tosses items into the trash: A pair of gloves, a syringe and needle -- and a half-full box of hand warmers.

SERIES OF SHOTS -- DETECTIVE BROWN GONE BAD

-- Det. Brown, in the courthouse bathroom, oversees Bruce inject himself with insulin.

-- The judge bangs his gavel, Skip Turner celebrates. Det. Brown droops his head.

-- Det. Brown picks a lock, steals Bruce's gun.

-- As Bruce is distracted by Meg, Det. Brown slides a couple of hand warmers under the magazines in Bruce's apartment.

-- In the factory, the Detective watches the ice cube melt and the gun go off, killing Skip.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Detective Brown hangs a citation on the wall. He flops on the couch, kicks back, swigs a beer.

FADE OUT.