

# COLD GUN

Written by

Robb Payne III

Some investigations should stay cold.

© All rights reserved  
robbpaynefilm@gmail.com  
443-995-1705

The sounds of a tide breaking on a beach -- gentle, rhythmic.

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. BEACH - NIGHT**

A crescent moon slices through an overcast sky. Salt water laps against shell-crusting sand. Sea foam froths and soaks a dampened shoreline.

A child-sized checkered **SNEAKER** washes up, then gets swallowed back in with the tide.

Breaking waves CRASH against a cluster of beach rocks.

Sloshing against a jagged-jet of granite, is a **BOY** (6) floating facedown. Striped socks, collared shirt, khakis, and a yellow tee-shirt dance with the current flowing under him.

His body's BEATEN and SCARRED. His skin's fair, white, with scrapes and bruises speckled all over his body.

A **SEARCHLIGHT** scorches the water, highlighting the body.

Squadrons of POLICE stretch crime scene tape around the perimeter, their lights saturate the beach.

SEARCH AND RESCUE retrieve the late child, being cautious not to tamper the body any further.

DETECTIVE MALLORY (40's) lights a cigarette as she stares off into the ocean's horizon. A few gray strands of hair don't age her as much as her demeanor and stoic posture.

The boy's carried out and zipped into a body bag.

Mallory keeps her gaze far off and takes a deep drag. She crushes her fresh cherry'd cig in the sand with her boot.

A gravelly voice calls out-- faded and distant.

VOICE (O.S.)  
How you wanna handle this?

Mallory doesn't acknowledge the voice.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Mal? (Beat) Mallory? Hey-

A hand TIGHTENS on her shoulder. It's LIEUTENANT COLLINS (50's). His hand's thick as concrete and weighs on her.

LIEUTENANT COLLINS  
You read me? How you going to-

DETECTIVE MALLORY  
-I'm not.

She turns to face the Lieutenant, a single tear cuts down her cheek. Mallory peers out- fighting to stay present.

Lieutenant Collins stares out with her.

A moment of silence passes. Mallory sighs.

DETECTIVE MALLORY (CONT'D)  
I got kids, Collins. They need me  
at home more than you need me here.

Lieutenant Collins nods.

LIEUTENANT COLLINS  
Then who you bringing in?

**INT. HAL'S DIVE BAR - NIGHT**

It's a HAZY den; aired with the glow of NEON BEER SIGNS and an unkempt liquor wall. Hal's hosts a handful of PATRONS and REGULARS well past standard closing hours.

A SCRAMBLED RUBIK'S CUBE rests on the counter, sitting under a placard that reads- **FREE DRINKS IF SOLVED, LIMIT ONE PERSON PER NIGHT.**

A VETERAN (70's) slumps over the counter with a half finished drink clutched in his hands. He picks up the rubik's cube and begins toying with it.

**BAM!**

FLYNN MCGILL'S (40) body *SLAMS* against the bar. His three piece suit's well over-dressed for a shit-hole like Hal's. He hobbles to his feet, only for his face to meet a LEFT-HOOK-

**-CRACK!**

A heavy-set, HULKING GOON, TOWERS over Flynn- *David versus Goliath*. Flynn fumbles and catches his fall on the Veteran.

VETERAN  
(Slurred)  
Eyyy. Wash it, kid!

Flynn grins his blood soaked teeth at the weathered Veteran.

FLYNN

Thanks for your service.

Flynn RIPS the highball from the Veteran's clasped hands. He pivots and CRUSHES the drink into the GOON'S temple. This Goon goes by DON- he's a sweat-stain on the "American dream."

Flynn immediately grabs a nearly empty bottle and SMASHES it into Don's head with two repeated blows-

**TSSHH TSSHH!!** Followed by a-

**THUNK!**

Don COLLAPSES against the floor with a thunderous boom. The impact disturbs the liquor wall and *tings* the dusty handles.

Flynn eyes the floor- ensuring Don doesn't get up. Flynn follows a drop of blood that splats on his leather Oxford's.

He inspects his hand. A GLASS SHARD juts out from his palm. Flynn takes a breath, looks off, and YANKS.

He discards the jagged glass and takes a seat at the bar.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Sorry about the mess, Hal. Think you can-

HAL (60's), is the feeble bar owner. He limps behind the bar and reaches under the counter, tossing a musty handkerchief in Flynn's direction.

Flynn wraps his soiled hand in a tattered rag. He lights a cigarette and signals for a drink.

Hal pours a triple of well bourbon, neat, and slides it to Flynn; who takes a drag, douses his ragged hand with bourbon, gulps the rest, and exhales a puff of smoke.

The Veteran hawks at Flynn. Flynn smirks over his shoulder.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

(To Veteran)

Yeah?

VETERAN

Think yah o-owe me one.

Flynn looks to Hal.

FLYNN

You been feeding this guy free drinks all night?

Hal leans over the bar and wets it with a damp cloth.

HAL  
What's it to ya?

Flynn takes one last drag before dropping his cig in his glass. He gives it a swirl to expel the cherry.

FLYNN  
Nothing. I just wouldn't be giving  
away the house on stolen valor.

The Veteran tuffs his chest with a hiccup.

VETERAN  
F-fuck you pal. I served and  
sacrificed for this country!

FLYNN  
No you didn't. -- Your shoulder  
board's are face down. That's a  
British uniform. -- American's  
ranks are face up.

Flynn FLICKS the Veteran's lapel's -- it's arrows aim DOWN.

The Veteran mumbles and makes for the exit. Flynn halts him.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
But hey, who'm I to judge.

Flynn flashes his SILVER BADGE. The Veteran's eyes WIDEN.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
Easy. I'm not a cop. -- Just helps  
me from time to time.

Flynn winks at the Vet.

He glances down at the RUBIK'S CUBE. He reaches into his blazer, pulls out his pack of "ISLAND WAVE" cigs and smacks them against his other hand.

He bites one out with his teeth and offers another to the Veteran, who obliges.

Flynn reaches for the Rubik's Cube, he makes a couple dozen twists while rotating the puzzle box. He places the cube down-

**SOLVED.**

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
For his drinks.

Flynn reaches into his chest pocket for his wallet.

He riffles through some money. He pulls out a couple hundred dollar bills and slaps them against the counter.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

For my mess.

He kneels down and snaps a pair of HANDCUFFS on Don.

VETERAN

Th-tha-thought you ain't a cop?

FLYNN

(Beat) I'm not.

**BZZZZ-CHICK.**

**EXT. SOUTH BOULEVARD - NIGHT**

The street glistens with wet pavement in the sandy beach town of "GERWING PALMS." A snow owl town that's seeing more and more high rises, apartments, and condos assembled every day.

Flynn DRAGS Don along the sidewalk, across the street, and-

**THUNK!** Flynn HURLS Don against the trunk of his EGGSHELL BUICK GRAND NATIONAL. Don grunts with fluttering eyes.

FLYNN

Wake up, Donnie. I'm being nice.

Don grumbles a sigh in response.

**SLAP!** A backhand rushes across Don's scratched face. He shouts himself awake.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Good. Now, I've got some questions.  
So, Donnie Hattsfeld-

DONNIE

(under his breath)  
I ain't go by Donnie.

FLYNN

What?

DONNIE

Said I ain't called Donnie. For a snoop you're pretty fucking-

FLYNN

-I don't give a shit. -- So,  
Donnie.

DONNIE

I ain't talking.

FLYNN

Figured as much. But we can skip  
the part where you play tough, or  
you can tell me what Harrison  
Laslow's keeping at his compound.

DONNIE

Ion' work for Harry.

FLYNN

Hey, me either.

Flynn smacks Donnie's shoulder. Then he leans in and PINCHES a  
shard of glass that's embedded in Donnie's cheek.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Last chance for nice.

Donnie gives a deadpan stare in response.

Flynn TWISTS the shard. Donnie winces but doesn't give in.  
Flynn keeps twisting, more and more until he ejects it from  
Donnie's cheek.

He HOWLS in pain. Flynn clasps his blood-ragged hand over  
Donnie's mouth, muffling his cries.

Flynn carefully rests the jagged glass under Donnie's EYE.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

No fast moves. Got me? Now, I'm  
going to remove my hand and you're  
gonna talk. You read me?

Donnie nods.

DONNIE

Compound's a distro. I just drive  
there.

FLYNN

Distribution of what?

DONNIE

I-I- I don't know! I load up, drive  
in, drop off, and leave. That's it.

FLYNN  
What're you cargo'ing.

DONNIE  
Fuck should I know?!

FLYNN  
Why wouldn't you know? Isn't that part of your job description?

DONNIE  
Ion' look inside. That's my policy. Think it's equipment, or some tech. It's in fragile boxes, and heavy.

FLYNN  
And Laslow? What's he to you?

Mallory's voice halts Flynn's line of questions.

DETECTIVE MALLORY (O.S.)  
Was hoping I'd run into you here.

Flynn looks back but keeps the shard against Donnie's eye.

FLYNN  
Always great seeing you Mal; but kind of in the middle of something.

Detective Mallory marches up and peels Flynn off Donnie.

DETECTIVE MALLORY  
He won't be going anywhere.

She RADIOS in-

DETECTIVE MALLORY (CONT'D)  
Unit four eighty eight, requesting paramedics to South Boulevard and Tenth. Over. (To Flynn) I need you to see something.

Flynn rises and tosses his "interrogation tool."

FLYNN  
As a professional courtesy, or?

DETECTIVE MALLORY  
Whichever helps you sleep at night.

FLYNN  
Don't sleep much these days.

DETECTIVE MALLORY  
 (Beat) Normally I'd call, but...

Mallory withholds. Flynn registers something's off. He pulls out his "Island Wave" cigs and snaps open his ZIPPO lighter.

DONNIE  
 'Ey, snoop.

Flynn and Mallory sneer at Donnie.

DONNIE (CONT'D)  
 Careful prying too hard, 'cause eventually something's gonna break.

FLYNN  
 Oh yeah?

Flynn lights his cigarette and inhales. On his exhale-

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
 I'm hoping so.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

**TITLE CARD: COLD GUN**

**START MONTAGE:**

- A) Case files of MISSING CHILDREN sprawl across a desk.
- B) Warm BOURBON crashes over rocks in a tumbler.
- C) FISTS connect to a rugged JAWLINE.
- D) A .45 REVOLVER'S HAMMER drops.
- D) The revolver's barrel EXPLODES, expelling a METAL JACKET.
- E) A CIGARETTE'S cherry dances down a white stem.
- F) A TIE'S KNOT chokes up a collar.
- G) SUNGLASSES mirror a city skyline. Polarized lenses slide down the bridge of a BROKEN NOSE, revealing STEELY EYES.
- H) A TELECAST TV plays news headlines- **RONALD REAGAN'S ELECTED FOR A THIRD TERM: A NEW PRECEDENCE FOR AMERICA.**

**1988**