

# ICE

A One Hour Pilot  
By  
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TEASER

EXT. RURAL MOUNTAIN VILLAGE - MORNING

SUPERTITLE: *Northern El Salvador*

At the base of a lush mountain by a storm-swelled river lies the village of *Los Tierras...*

It's not much - a pair of dirt roads, battle-scarred church, a few half-rubble buildings, hillside shack homes with small plots of corn or beans. Primal and beautiful.

In front of a meager supply store, a young "coyote" (human smuggler), EDGAR, 21, with a sly, city manner, holds court. A half-dozen LOCALS with distinctly Indian faces listen in.

EDGAR

These are good paying jobs. You can make five, even six or seven dollars an hour. Right away. That's more than most of you make in a month here.

ALBERTO, 18, hopeful, determined eyes, listens closely. Next to him, his angelic wife, CLAUDIA, 17, is more cautious.

ALBERTO

Are there construction jobs?

EDGAR

Yes, of course. Construction jobs. Fruit picker jobs, restaurant jobs. (looking at Claudia) There's even maid jobs in hotels right by Disneyland. After work you can go visit Mickey.

CLAUDIA

What about the fee? Why so much?

EDGAR

The broker in Los Angeles pays for everything - the busses, the passage into Guatemala, local coyotes, all the bribes, and the ship that takes you in. It's quite a lot as you can see.

CLAUDIA

Who is this broker?

EDGAR

I understand your concern. You don't know me. But I wouldn't deal with anyone I don't trust. That would only be bad for business in the long run. The broker is just a businessman. You pay him as much as you can afford each week. Once the contract's paid off, you're free. Won't take more than a year. Two at most.

EXT. CLAUDIA'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Edgar waits by his small truck with 4 RECRUITS. They watch as Claudia argues with her proud father, a poor bean farmer, JUAN. Claudia's 6 younger siblings watch from in and around the house. Alberto stands nearby holding a cheap suitcase.

CLAUDIA

Nothing's going to happen to me!  
Please. Alberto is my husband now.

Claudia's voice cracks. Juan, who keeps it all inside, looks over at Alberto who turns away, nervously.

JUAN

No. Too dangerous. And the fees are too high since the Americans got bombed. Besides, with your mother sick, I need you here.

Tears swell in Claudia's eyes.

CLAUDIA

I can help you out more by sending money back.

EDGAR

(calling over)  
Sorry to interrupt this touching telenova but we have to be going.

JUAN

(looking over at Edgar)  
You know what these people do to get their fee? They could even come after us. Your brothers and sisters.

Juan's eyes provoke Alberto to do the right thing.

ALBERTO

Claudia, your father's right.  
When I get the money, I'll send for  
you.

Claudia looks in Alberto's eyes. It could be years before  
she sees him again. Edgar HONKS the horn.

MINUTES LATER

Alberto, sitting in the truck bed with the others, looks back  
as the truck pulls away...

Claudia, surrounded by her siblings, waves and the kids call  
to Uncle Alberto. She holds a LOCKET, a gift from Alberto.

ALBERTO

(smiling through tears)  
I'll send for you, Claudia! Very  
soon! From America! I love you!

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOTS - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - MORNING

The distinctive buildings of the new downtown. The last shot  
is the old relic Federal Building.

SUPERTITLE: *Six Months Later*

INT. ICE HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Several hundred of L.A.'s 500-plus ICE agents work here.

SUPERTITLE: *Immigration and Customs Enforcement Headquarters*

The entire floor is open space, sectioned off by cubicles  
with windowed offices for supervisors around the perimeter.  
The place is busy with agents of all types working the  
phones, swapping stories, coming and going. Most are dressed  
like undercover cops though some are more formal like FBI.

INT. WEAVER'S OFFICE - SAME

FRANKLIN WEAVER, an ASAC (Assistant Special Agent in Charge)  
is a 35 year old African American bureaucrat who's more  
interested in moving his career forward than anything else.  
Wearing a nice suit, he addresses someone off camera.

FRANKLIN

Alright, so the 3 rules. Don't  
drink on the job. Ever.

He's addressing MAYA CAMBELL, 27, 3rd generation Mexican-American trainee fresh out of the academy. A stunning beauty in a smart dress suit. Maya's equally passionate about her love for her country and her people.

FRANKLIN

Lose your gun, lose your job. 3 -  
 badge. Same deal as the gun.  
 Otherwise, you build your own  
 cases. Work 'em as you see fit.  
 (smiling like a shark)  
 As long as I get numbers out of  
 you, we'll be okay. Ready to meet  
 your Field Training Officer?

MAYA

Yes, sir.

Franklin checks his watch, irritated, and looks out the window into the office.

EXT. LOS ANGELES RIVER - DAY

The wilds of nature... But we're actually on an island in the middle of the Los Angeles River. Yellow "crime scene" tape. A half-dozen Homicide Detectives working the area.

ALEX CORT, top ICE agent, mid-thirties, with a Zen-like demeanor that belies the internal conflict flickering in his dark eyes, is huddled over a dead body. Alex is an expert role player, lie-detector, and good cop/bad cop all in one. He wears a long leather jacket and has long hair.

Next to him is homicide detective, KRIEGER, mid-40s, who hands Alex an I.D. card taken from the victim. A Coroner's Investigator, LEE, Asian, late 20s, examines the body.

ALEX

(re: I.D.)

Yeah, it's junk. You go to  
 MacArthur Park and find guys  
 selling 'em by the hotdog stand.

KRIEGER

But that's probably his real name,  
 right?

Alex glances at the I.D. - a picture of "Alberto Salazar," the boy from the village. Then he looks down at the partially decomposed face of Alberto who has a grisly bullet hole through his forehead.

ALEX

Yeah, they usually use their real name.

KRIEGER

You ever heard of a deal like this?

Alex looks where Lee is taking samples from two nasty wounds just below Alberto's ribs.

ALEX

In parts of Russia, yeah, I hear it's an epidemic. But this is a first in the U.S.

Alex's cell rings. He answers without looking at the number.

ALEX

Franklin.

FRANKLIN

Where the hell are you?

ALEX

LAPD called me to look at a homicide of an illegal.

FRANKLIN

There's lots of illegals and lots of homicides. We don't need that case, give it back and get your ass over here.

ALEX

I'm not taking the homicide. But I am opening an investigation into a possible organ trafficking operation. The victim is missing both kidneys.

INTERCUT WITH: INT. WEAVER'S OFFICE - SAME

FRANKLIN

Christ.

(a beat)

Alright, I'm going to send your trainee, Maya Cambell, down to meet you. Say hello, Maya.

He points to the speaker-phone. But before Maya can speak...

ALEX

What kinda shoes you wearing, Maya?

MAYA  
Excuse me?

ALEX  
Your shoes. You in heels?

She looks down. She is.

ALEX  
Get some shoes you can work in and  
check in with Samo. He always  
knows where I am.

Alex hangs up. Maya looks at Franklin, not sure what to do.

FRANKLIN  
Well, you heard him. Get some  
shoes.

Franklin shuffles some paperwork to signal that the meeting  
is over. Maya realizes that her new job has started.

She walks out into the busy office and melds into the world  
of ICE, ready to take it on.

END OF TEASER

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