

DUE SOUTH

written by
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Second Draft
Two Hour version
February 11, 1993

PROLOGUE

FADE IN:

1. EXTREMELY CLOSE ON A GLOBE

The neat 3D kind you wanted when you were a kid, with the mountain ranges that actually protrude. The globe turns, starting on the North Atlantic and then finding Canada: Nova Scotia, Labrador, Quebec...by the time we reach James Bay, at the southern most tip of Hudson's Bay, we've pushed in even tighter.

DISSOLVE TO:

2. EXT. JAMES BAY REGION OF NORTH-EASTERN CANADA - EVENING

The sun lies low on the horizon, casting long shadows on the bitter cold landscape. One of the long shadows is moving -- it's attached to the leather boots that step into frame. The boots continue their slow march over the hard ground, passing the stiff carcass of a dead caribou. Only a few feet further the boots come upon another caribou body, then two more. The boots pause briefly beside a doe, then continue along the gulch. They stop at a small patch of ice. The man squats and touches the ice, and we see his handsome, weather-worn face: SGT. ROBERT PRESCOTT may be a man near the end of his career, but his eyes are as sharp and clear as the eagle that circles above him. At six foot three, he still carries the physique of a twenty year old.

Prescott takes a hunting knife from his Sam Browne belt and raps the icy patch with the butt -- the thin ice breaks easily. He sticks his finger into the icy water and measures the depth of the shallow puddle.

A faint but distinct sound of a rifle bolt chambering a bullet makes Prescott jerk his head up; his eyes find the source. He slowly stands, keeping his eyes fixed on:

HIS POV - THE EDGE OF THE FOREST

There's no trace of whatever made the sound.

ANGLE ON PRESCOTT

His eyes haven't moved. When he speaks he doesn't raise his voice, the still night carries it for him.

PRESCOTT SR.

You're going to shoot a Mountie?
They'll hunt you to the ends of
the earth.

EXTREME WIDE ANGLE

Taking in the full terrain. A shot echoes through the valley. The small figure that was Sgt. Prescott Sr. stands for the longest time, then falls to the earth.

DISSOLVE TO:

3. THE GLOBE

leaves James Bay and continues to circle west, passing over Northern Manitoba and the tip of Saskatchewan before finding the North-West Territories, a thousand miles away, where the camera closes in.

DISSOLVE TO:

4. EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE NORTHWEST TERRITORIES - NIGHT

Jagged rocks, howling wind, blinding snow and miles and miles of more of the same. Not much goes on here. Which is why we're surprised when -- WHOOSH -- a team of dogs flies past us, just inches from the camera, barking and snapping as they pull their wooden sled. The driver CRACKS a whip in the air. They're gone in a flash.

CUT TO:

5. INT. RCMP OUTPOST - NIGHT

This cinder block building has the distinction of being the northern-most district office of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. We know that because we are focused on the regal looking emblem of the RCMP. As we move away from the seal and across the ordinary metal desks and stacking file boxes, we realize this is hardly the rugged outpost of yore. Still, it is peopled by a small contingent of dedicated keepers-of-the-peace. True, they no longer wear the bright-red uniforms, and the only chiseled chin belongs to an officer named Louisa, but they are nonetheless Mounties. Right now they're all trying to figure out why the water cooler doesn't work.

OFFICER 1

(defensively)

I pressed the little red button,
nothing happens!

OFFICER 2

Try the blue one.

OFFICER 1

I tried the blue one.

OFFICER 3

Did you shake it?

We follow TWO FEMALE OFFICERS headed for the teletype.

FEMALE OFFICER 4

I tell him the snow mobiles are
frozen dead. He says "I'll take
a dog sled."

FEMALE OFFICER 5
A dog sled?? Is this guy living
in this century?

OFFICER 6
(as he passes)
I heard he was going over the
pass.

FEMALE OFFICER 5
Don't be ridiculous!

OFFICER 2
(passing it on, in awe)
Prescott went over the pass.

OFFICER 3
You gotta be kidding.

6. EXT. THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - NIGHT CUT TO:

The dog team struggles over a rise, straining at the weight behind them; the large, well-bundled form of a man tied to the sled looks like he weighs well over two hundred and fifty pounds. The black boots of the driver dig into the snow as he lifts the rear of the sled over the hill. The unseen driver cracks the whip.

THE DRIVER
Mush!

7. INT. RCMP OUTPOST - NIGHT CUT TO:

We're still following the female officers.

FEMALE OFFICER 5
He's never going to make it!
It's fifty below out there; I
froze coming in from my car.

OFFICER 6
The guy is certifiable.

FEMALE OFFICER 5
Who did he go after, anyway?

FEMALE OFFICER 4
You wouldn't believe me.

FEMALE OFFICER 5
Who??

CUT TO:

8. EXT. THE FROZEN TUNDRA - NIGHT

The sled bounces over the frozen earth carrying its encapsulated prisoner. The driver at the rear of the sled doesn't notice the tip of a knife ease out of blankets. The razor sharp blade slices through the rope that binds the prisoner. With one lightening fast motion, a giant arm thrusts out of the blankets and jams the deadly blade of the Bowie knife hilt-deep into the frozen ground. The lead dog, DIEFENBAKER, yelps as he's suddenly yanked back. Faster than any human would react, the driver swings his knee-high black boot in a high arc and kicks the prisoner's hand free of the bone-handled knife, and the sled hurtles on into the darkness.

CUT TO:

9. INT. RCMP OUTPOST - NIGHT

FEMALE OFFICER 5

And you didn't stop him?!

FEMALE OFFICER 4

Yeah, I threw my body in front of his dog sled.

FEMALE OFFICER 5

Somebody's gotta tell the Superintendent.

OFFICER 6

That's the Sergeant's job.

FEMALE OFFICER 5

Then we gotta tell the Sergeant!

CUT TO:

10. EXT. TUNDRA - NIGHT

The lead dog, his fur matted with ice and mud, leaps over a giant snow drift and pulls hard to the right. The sled mounts the drift and skids sideways to a halt. The driver reaches down, yanks the last rope free and grabs the prisoner. Without pausing for as much as a breath, he throws the hulking prisoner over his shoulder.

CUT TO:

11. INT. RCMP OUTPOST - NIGHT

Back over at the water cooler, Officer 1 has a battle plan mapped out. He grabs hold of the water bottle:

OFFICER 1

Okay, when I lift, you jam your hand down in there fast; ready and...

Female Officer 5 approaches.

FEMALE OFFICER 5

Sergeant?

Officer 1 looks up.

OFFICER 1

Yeah?

Just then the doors at the end of the corridor fly open and a figure steps in, engulfed in a swirl of blowing snow. All heads turn.

KNEE HIGH BLACK BOOTS

covered in mud, tromp the pristine linoleum with an even, confident stride. Moving up the legs, the man's clothes are so encrusted with dirt and ice you'd never know there was a uniform under there. As we come up the man's back we see the mammoth prisoner hanging over his shoulder, helpless as a dressed deer. Finally we see the distinctive hat, and we know this is a Mountie.

ALL MOUTHS

hang agape. The Sergeant has momentarily forgotten that he's holding the water cooler bottle, water spilling out onto his shoes.

THEIR POV

for the first time we see CONSTABLE BENTON PRESCOTT'S face. Six foot two, chiseled features, clear blue eyes, he looks like he just walked out of a postcard. A small smile crosses his lips as he passes the cooler.

PRESCOTT

See you got that fixed,
Sergeant.

Officer 1 (the Sergeant) realizes what's happening and hands the gushing bottle to Officer 2.

ANGLE ON THE HOLDING CELL

in the corner of the room. Prescott swings open the cage door and drops the prisoner down on the stool in the corner.

PRESCOTT

Anything you need?

PRISONER

No, I'm fine, thanks.

Prescott locks the door and turns to see Female Officer 5 staring.

PRESCOTT

That's the last time he'll fish
over the limit.

As he walks away, she still hasn't closed her mouth.

CUT TO:

12. MAIN TITLES

A stylized mix of ancient black and white archive footage and still photos of the real men of the North West Mounted Police and RCMP, combined with Hollywood's comical and stereotypical view of the mounties over the years: Sergeant Preston and Yukon King blurting out some of their cornier lines, Nelson Eddy and Jeannette McDonald singing their hearts out, and the lesser known serial heroes bringing evil-doers to justice.

FADE OUT.

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

13. INT. RCMP OUTPOST - SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Constable Prescott stands as SUPERINTENDENT MEERS returns to his desk, keeping his cool.

SUPERINTENDENT MEERS

And you felt it necessary to go out there and get him now, in the middle of one of the worst storms we've had this year.

PRESCOTT

Yes, sir.

SUPERINTENDENT MEERS

....Why?

PRESCOTT

He broke the law, sir.

SUPERINTENDENT MEERS

Prescott, this motto -- "We always get our man" -- maybe no one mentioned this, but it isn't really our motto -- some writer made it up. See, our motto is "Maintain The Right". That means....it doesn't matter what that means, the point is, you just tracked a man three hundred miles BECAUSE HE CAUGHT TOO MANY FISH!!

PRESCOTT

He exceeded the limit by quite a bit, sir.

SUPERINTENDENT MEERS

Do you know why they keep transferring you further and further north, Prescott?!

(tossing him some paper)

Here, write out the word "embarrassment" for me, we'll pin it to your hat, so whenever you look in the mirror, you'll know. How much could a man fish over the limit that would justify you recklessly endangering your life, and the reputation of this police force?!

PRESCOTT
 (referring to his pad)
 Four and a half tons, sir.

SUPERINTENDENT MEERS
 (caught off guard)
 ...Tons of...fish.

PRESCOTT
 He was dynamiting the rivers,
 then scooping the salmon off the
 surface with a backhoe. I
 destroyed the plastic explosives,
 fragmentary mines and nitro-
 glycerine and then donated the
 three truckloads of fish to a
 local Inuit village. The tribal
 elder said he'd call you with his
 thanks as soon as their phone
 lines are restored.

We can see that Prescott richly enjoys the pregnant pause that follows. It's broken as Female Officer 4 raps on the Superintendent's door and enters with a telex.

FEMALE OFFICER 4
 Sir, there's a tribal elder on
 the phone for you, and this just
 came in over the wire.

She hands Meers the telex and throws a quick look to Prescott. Something is very wrong. Meers looks up from reading the telex. He is visibly shaken.

SUPERINTENDENT MEERS
 (to Prescott)
 ...It's your father.

CUT TO:

14. EXT. JAMES BAY AREA -- DAY

An area of vast wilderness, dotted with rivers and lakes. A herd of caribou graze on a hillside. The only man-made sound is a FAINT DULL ROAR which emanates from somewhere in the distance. Then the roar is overtaken by the SOUND OF A PLANE ENGINE APPROACHING. In the sky above, a six-seater CESSNA appears over a ridge.

CUT TO:

15. INT. CESSNA -- CONTINUOUS

Prescott stares out his window, lost in thought, as the pilot, BERT JENKINS, pours a cup of coffee from a thermos.

JENKINS

Time was, you could look out that window and see nothing but geese. Thousands of 'em. And that river down there -- beavers used to cover it like a bunch of hairy little ants. Not anymore, though. The government kinda put 'em out of business.

16. EXT. THE GROUND BELOW - THEIR POV - CONTINUOUS

A huge monolith of a dam under construction comes into view. Behind it lays a water reservoir which stretches as far as the eye can see.

17. RETURN TO SCENE

PRESCOTT

Yeah. Everything's changing.

Diefenbaker, his lead dog, looks up from his feet, as if offering sympathy. Prescott gives him a small pat.

18.. ANGLE AHEAD

A small northern city comes into view.

DISSOLVE TO:

19. INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE -- DAY

A sheet is pulled back, revealing the lifeless face of Sgt. Robert Prescott.

PRESCOTT JR.

stares down at the body. For a second the shock registers, but the stubborn face refuses to lose its composure. Beside him stands an imposing senior RCMP Officer in his fifties, CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT GERARD.

GERARD

Still don't know what the hell he was doing out there. Middle of nowhere, ten below zero.

PRESCOTT

His log book...?

GERARD

He closed his last case over a week ago. Should've been catching up on paperwork.

Prescott lowers the sheet and nods to the orderly to remove the body.

GERARD (CONT'D)

But you know your Dad. He'd rather freeze his rump off than hug a desk.

CUT TO:

20. EXT. RCMP HEADQUARTERS -- DAY -- ESTABLISHING SHOT

A two story building, larger and more impressive than the one Prescott hails from. The sign over the entrance reads "RCMP East Bay Regional Headquarters".

CUT TO:

21. INT. GERARD'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Gerard sets a small plastic evidence bag on the desk in front of Prescott. By the way he talks we can tell Gerard and Prescott Sr. were close.

GERARD

.303 calibre, standard hunting ammo. It's the first week of the season -- every damned idiot up here suddenly feels the need to kill something. Near as we can tell, he must have caught a stray bullet. Useless damn way to die.

Prescott fingers the mangled remains of the bullet.

GERARD (CONT'D)

Son, every officer on this post spent the last three days combing that gulch. If there was evidence of foul play, we would have found it.

(Beat, then)

When was the last time you talked to him?

PRESCOTT

...Christmas.

Prescott tries to disguise his feelings of guilt and remorse. Gerard covers for him:

GERARD

I guess the more you know someone, the less that needs to be said.

DISSOLVE TO:

22. EXT. GULCH -- DAY

Tattered yellow police tape snaps in the wind. Prescott kneels over the spot where his father's body fell. The once virgin snow is now trampled down in all directions, criss-crossed by the ski-marks of snowmobiles and heavy tire tracks. Prescott studies the ground. He turns over a clump of snow, stained with dried blood. The clump falls apart in his fingers. Diefenbaker moves into frame, sniffs the ground beside him, then moves off. Prescott watches as the dog heads down the gulch, then follows.

CUT TO:

23. A HUNDRED YARDS DOWN THE GULCH

a hawk pecks at something through the new fallen snow. It catches the dog's scent and takes off. Diefenbaker lopes into frame and sniffs the snowy mound, then moves off. A moment later PRESCOTT kneels down beside the mound and brushes away the snow. It's the frozen body of a dead caribou.

Prescott looks down the gulch -- a dozen more patches of brown fur poke through the snow.

Suddenly, A KNIFE flies into frame, imbedding in the ground by Prescott's knee. Prescott reacts instantly, rolling to one side and drawing his Smith & Wesson service revolver. The dog comes charging back and snarls. Prescott stills him with a hand signal.

AN INUIT MAN stands at the edge of the gulch.

INUIT

You want meat, Mountie? Try the supermarket.

The Inuit turns away and ties another fallen caribou to the sled attached to his ski mobile. Prescott approaches. He hands the Inuit back his knife.

PRESCOTT

You kill them?

INUIT

Nope.

PRESCOTT

You see some hunters come through here?

INUIT

Lots of them.

PRESCOTT
They kill them?

INUIT
Nope.

PRESCOTT
Then who?

INUIT
No one. They just drank too
much.

The Inuit man kicks over the engine of his ski mobile and tears off through the woods, bouncing off the trunks of trees.

INUIT
(as he sideswipes each tree)
Damn, get outta my way!... Damn,
will ya watch it?!
(warning the trees to move:)
Comin' through, comin' through!...
Damn!

Prescott watches after him quizzically, then continues up the hill, the dog following.

CUT TO:

24. THE WOODS

Prescott follows a deer trail along the ridge. He notices something and stops: Another set of tracks have appeared along side. He kneels and picks something out of the snow - a .303 shell casing.

CUT TO:

25. A CLEARING SOME DISTANCE OFF

The trail of footsteps joins several others. It looks like half a dozen men stopped here briefly. Five of them went off in one direction, the sixth is the trail he's been following. Just a few feet away lie the rut marks of Jeep tires. Prescott kneels and studies the boot prints. His dog noses up beside him.

PRESCOTT
(to dog)
Do you know six people up here
who can afford new boots?

DISSOLVE TO:

26. EXT. AIR FIELD - DAY

A light plane dips down from the sky and lands on a narrow air strip. As it passes we see parked in the background the three or four other prop planes that make up the East Bay commercial airfield. Prescott and Bert Jenkins appear from behind one of these and head across the tarmac toward the airfield's lone hangar barn.

JENKINS

We get a lot of weekend hunters up here. Yuppies, mostly. Wouldn't know a deer from a tree stump.

PRESCOTT

I'm looking for a party of six. Would have come in about a week ago.

JENKINS

I've been flying supplies mostly. Try Herb Lantrell.

CUT TO:

27. INT. HANGAR - DAY

HERB LANTRELL, a chubby pilot in his forties, has a pocket cellular phone pressed to his ear as he leafs through his flight log.

HERB

(into phone)

Betty, honey, you got milk. I brought home a gallon yesterday. Look in the fridge.

Herb turns to Prescott who's waiting patiently.

HERB (CONT'D)

(to Prescott, re: phone)

Never shoulda bought the damn thing. Now it's bring milk, bring butter, I'm up ten thousand feet and she wants me to stop at a 7 Eleven.

Prescott smiles. Herb runs a finger down a column in his log book.

HERB (CONT'D)

A week ago you say? Brought some nuns up on a retreat. That help?

PRESCOTT

Not unless they were carrying
firearms.

HERB

From the look on some of them it
wouldn't have surprised me....
Okay, here you go -- bunch of
dentists from Chicago. Killed
their limit and went home early.
Lot of latent bloodlust,
dentists.

PRESCOTT

You have the passenger list?

HERB

Sure.

(back to phone)

Foot Powder? I'd like to Betty,
but I'm at three thousand feet
and heading for a cliff. I'll
call you if I pull out.

(hangs up, winks to Prescott)

Has its advantages too.

CUT TO:

28. INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE -- DAY

Prescott hoists the body of a caribou from his shoulders
and lowers it onto a gurney. He looks up to see the
somewhat puzzled look on the face of the CORONER.

CORONER

Pet, was it?

PRESCOTT

Think you can tell me what killed
it?

CORONER

Toss it in the freezer. It'll be
a few days.

PRESCOTT

Thanks.

Prescott exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

29. EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY

Outside the gates, the snowy roadway is lined with RCMP
vehicles, including several black sedans.

CUT TO:

30. EXT. GRAVE SITE -- DAY

RANKS OF RCMP OFFICERS, in full dress red serge, stand at attention by the grave site. A casket, draped with the RCMP Corp ensign, rests in the foreground. On the opposite side, Prescott stands alone, also in his red serge. A few paces behind him is a group of civilians and dignitaries, including Chief Superintendent Gerard. ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER JOHN UNDERHILL addresses them.

UNDERHILL

Twenty-two years ago I came to the Northwest Territories as a Corporal. Even then, the name Bob Prescott was spoken with awe among the ranks of new recruits. It was said that he could track a ghost across sheer ice, and that a young officer would have to move fast and drive hard just to catch his shadow. Many have followed the spirit and tradition of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. A few have embodied it. Sgt. Robert Prescott's name will always be among them.

31. EXTREME WIDE ANGLE - CEMETERY

A ceremonial BLAST OF RIFLE FIRE flushes birds from the trees.

CUT TO:

32. EXT. THE BLIND MOOSE INN - DAY

A backwoods kind of tavern, the kind you'd expect to find but rarely do anymore in the great white north.

GERARD (V.O.)

Yeah, we'd appreciate that....

CUT TO:

33. INT. BLIND MOOSE INN - DAY

A wake is in progress. Trappers and construction workers mix with Mounties and men in suits. A sizable pine bar runs the length of the room, accompanied by a few rough hewn tables and chairs, a couple of booths and a juke box. We find Sup. Gerard on the ancient rotary pay phone.

GERARD

...I'm afraid that's all we've got... I will, thanks.

Gerard hangs up and joins Prescott at the bar. GEORGE, the affable BARTENDER offers Gerard another drink.

GEORGE

(re: pay phone)

I'm going to start charging you rent on that thing. You driving or can I pour you another?

GERARD

Thanks, George.

GEORGE

Hell of a wake.

(to Prescott)

To your father, may he not give the Angels a moments peace.

The three men drink. As George moves off, Prescott turns to Gerard.

GERARD

Your father and I spent too many nights in places like this.

(re: his glass)

I see you picked up his habit. Straight gingerale, is that?

PRESCOTT

(re: phone call)

...What did they say?

GERARD

I gave them your list of names, they'll assign an officer to check them out.

PRESCOTT

With respect, sir, the Chicago P.D. is not going to make this a high priority.

(a beat)

I understand there is an opening at the Chicago Consulate.

GERARD

And you're going to what - go charging across the border, frisking sportsmen at random? Ben, man to man, if this really was a murder, I want to find whoever did it and show him the view from the end of a rope. But I can't do that, and neither can you. There were a hundred

GERARD (cont'd)
hunters out in the woods that
day, most of them from God-knows-
where. You found six. They will
check them out. Let them do
their job.

PRESCOTT
I realize I wouldn't be allowed
to work the case, sir, but if I'm
in the same city I can at least
check their progress.

GERARD
Tell me, Constable, how long you
been on the force now?

PRESCOTT
Thirteen years.

GERARD
And what's the biggest city
you've ever worked in?

PRESCOTT
...Moosejaw.

GERARD
Yeah, and you were transferred
out after five weeks because you
couldn't adapt to such an urban
lifestyle. You're like your
father: up there in no man's
land, there isn't a better cop in
the world. But in Chicago,
they'd eat you alive within
minutes.

(a beat)
I'm sorry.

PRESCOTT
I understand.

Prescott takes something from his pocket and places it on
the bar in front of Gerard. It's his badge.

PRESCOTT
I also know you understand that
nothing is going to stop me from
finding my father's killer, and
bringing him to justice.

Prescott turns and exits. Gerard reaches over and picks
up the badge.

CLOSE ON BADGE

Gerard hands it to someone. We widen to see we are in:

34. INT. OFFICE OF ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER UNDERHILL - NIGHT
Underhill thumbs the badge. He looks up to Gerard.

COMMISSIONER UNDERHILL
Give him the transfer.

GERARD
Oh come on, Charlie, you think they're going to let him do anything? He'll have no jurisdiction...

COMMISSIONER UNDERHILL
Chicago P.D. are going to treat this like any other request. The only way they'll find this guy is if he's picked up for a broken tail-light and he blurts out a spontaneous confession.

(with weight:)
This was Bob Prescott. Give him the transfer.

He hands Gerard back the badge. Gerard finally smiles, as if he knows in his guts this is the right thing to do.

GERARD
God help Chicago.

CUT TO:

35. THE GLOBE

Circles west from James Bay, but we cut a sharp south-westerly angle, passing through Northern Ontario, through Sault Sainte Marie and down the great lakes to Chicago. A wing tip of a small model plane sweeps dramatically into frame:

MATCH CUT TO:

36. EXT. CHICAGO O'HARE AIRPORT - (STOCK SHOT) - DAY

CLOSE ON A PASSENGER AIRLINER swooping in for a landing.

CUT TO:

37. INT. CHICAGO O'HARE AIRPORT - DAY

A steady stream of passengers descend on the escalator. No one takes the stairs. No one but Constable Prescott, of course, his heavy nap sack and gear slung easily over his shoulder. At the bottom of the stairs, everyone ignores the two women in pseudo-nurse's garb that solicit donations.

NURSE

Help feed the hungry. Food for
the hungry.

Prescott stops, reaches into his inside jacket pocket, pulls out what looks like a flat bar of beef-jerky, and puts it in the Nurse's begging dish. The nurse picks it up with two fingers.

NURSE

What is it?

PRESCOTT

Pemmican. If you're still hungry
when you finish it, drink water.
It expands in your stomach.

And he's off, not wishing to be thanked. The nurses just stare after him, the Pemmican dangling there like a dead mouse.

CUT TO:

38. INT. AIRPORT CONCOURSE - SECONDS LATER

In the crowd of deplaning passengers, a woman with a toddler in one arm and two other children in a cart keeps pace with Prescott, who carries her various and many bags along with his -- the diaper bag pretty much obscuring his view.

PRESCOTT

Think nothing of it, Ma'am.
Whoooa!

That last sound was him striding onto the moving sidewalk and zooming off ahead.

CUT TO:

39. INT. AIRPORT CONCOURSE - MOMENTS LATER

Prescott has a new walking companion, an "OPERATOR" who is stringing him his best tale.

PRESCOTT

And they won't operate on your little girl unless you give them the money in advance?

OPERATOR

Man, without seeing the cash, they won't give you an aspirin.

PRESCOTT

And you'll pay me back within a week?

OPERATOR

As God is my witness.

PRESCOTT

(taking out a bill)

I'm afraid all I can give you is a hundred.

OPERATOR

(stunned to a dead stop)

You're going to give a complete stranger a hundred dollars??
You're kidding.

PRESCOTT

I'd never kid about a child's life.

CUT TO:

40. EXT. O'HARE AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

Prescott waits in a queue for a taxi. When it's his turn the cab pulls up, but Prescott notices an elderly lady behind him. He holds open the cab door and offers it to her.

PRESCOTT

You take it, Ma'am.

CUT TO:

41. EXT. SAME AIRPORT CAB STAND - MOMENTS LATER

another cab pulls up, Prescott opens the back door, but now a young lady stands behind him and he offers it to her.

PRESCOTT

Please.

CUT TO:

42. EXT. SAME AIRPORT CAB STAND - MOMENTS LATER

An elderly couple get the same consideration. He closes the door after them.

PRESCOTT
No, you go right ahead.

CUT TO:

43. EXT. AIRPORT CAB STAND - MOMENTS LATER.

Prescott opens the door of this new cab for himself, but a rude businessman pushes right in front and takes his cab. Another cab pulls up right behind, Prescott opens the rear door but sees a man in a wheelchair behind him. He motions for him to take it.

CUT TO:

44. EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - EVENING

Prescott walks along the shoulder, whistling as he heads for the city. He passes the road sign that beams WELCOME TO CHICAGO.

DISSOLVE TO:

45. EXT. POLICE STATION -- NIGHT

An old brick precinct building in the heart of the city. Prescott folds his map and enters.

CUT TO:

46. INT. POLICE STATION

At the front desk, SEVERAL UNIFORMED OFFICERS are lined up bearing SUSPECTS in handcuffs. THE DESK SERGEANT hands the cop at the head of the line his paperwork, and the cop moves off with his suspect in tow.

DESK SERGEANT

Next.

Prescott steps up to the desk. The Sergeant is given considerable pause by the sight of his wide-brimmed hat.

DESK SERGEANT (CONT'D)
Look here, it's Nanook of the
North.

PRESCOTT
(showing I.D.)
Constable Prescott, Royal
Canadian Mounted Police.

DESK SERGEANT

(impressed)
No kidding.
(peeks over the counter)
Gotta dog?

PRESCOTT

In quarantine.

DESK SERGEANT

I got a dog. Great Dane. Can't pull nothin', though. Bad back.

PRESCOTT

I'm sorry to hear that. I'm looking for the officer assigned to a particular case, I was given this case number.

Prescott hands him a piece of paper, the Sergeant punches the numbers into his computer.

DESK SERGEANT

Uh-huh, uh-huh.
(finds it. Enjoys this:)
Oh yeah, you'll like this fella. Head down that hall, through the end door, third holding cell on your left.

PRESCOTT

His name?

DESK SERGEANT

Oh you can't miss him, just look for Armani.

Prescott heads off.

CUT TO:

47. INT. HOLDING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Prescott displays his visitor I.D. to A UNIFORMED GUARD at a desk, who lets him enter. Prescott walks to the third holding cell on his left and looks in.

We PAN ACROSS the dangerous-looking detainees; gang members, transients, pimps...to a handsome Latino man in his early thirties, well-coifed, perfectly manicured and dressed in a top-of-the-line Armani suit, Armani silk shirt and hand-painted Armani tie. His name is RAY HERNANDEZ. A HUGE, WELL-DRESSED GUY next to him examines the label in his jacket.

RAY

Of course it's original merchandise; friend of mine found a truck full just sorta sitting on the side of the road.

HUGE WELL DRESSED GUY

Isn't this kind of a strange place to do business?

RAY

Hey, at least in here you know who you're dealing with.

PRESCOTT

Excuse me?

Ray and the perpetrators turn to look.

PRESCOTT

I'm looking for a Detective Armani?

The Huge Guy and his friends turn back to Ray, who tries to look innocent.

RAY

(to huge guy and friends)
What?...You mean...what?
(finally)
Guard?

CUT TO:

48. INT. DETECTIVE'S BULLPEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Hernandez fires through the doors, followed by Prescott.

RAY

Okay, who let the Mountie into the holding cell?!

Without looking, several detectives raise their hands.

PRESCOTT

I'm sorry. I believe it was an unfortunate confusion about an unfamiliar, idiomatic trade name.

RAY

What the confusion was: down here, we don't bust in on some guy when he's about to take down the biggest operator in the garment district for buying stolen merchandise!

PRESCOTT

So you were attempting to sell him a truckload of illegally obtained men's clothing.

RAY

That's right!

PRESCOTT

Isn't that entrapment?

RAY

(finds his desk)

What do you want from me?

PRESCOTT

(hands him paper)

I was told you were in charge of this case.

RAY

The dead Mountie thing, like I couldn't have guessed. Look, I got the list of names, it's in my basket there somewhere. The moment I get a chance I'll run them through the computer, pick up the phone, call you with the information, and you can get your Boy Scout points. Anything else?

PRESCOTT

Yes. The dead Mountie was my father. I'd appreciate it if you'd check the names while there's still a chance of catching the man who killed him.

Prescott turns and walks out, leaving Ray speechless.
Prescott hesitates at the door.

PRESCOTT

And he's not in the garment business.

RAY

...What?

PRESCOTT

Your operator. He had a hole in his shoe. A big garment buyer wouldn't be seen with a hole in his shoe. So, like you, he's pretending to be someone he's not.

Prescott turns and exits, leaving Ray to think about this.

DISSOLVE TO:

49. EXT. LARGE MODERN DOWNTOWN HOTEL - NIGHT

Prescott enters the modern monolith, his rucksack slung over his shoulder.

CUT TO:

50. INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Prescott stares out the picture window at the foreign sight below -- the lights of the city.

CUT TO:

51. ANGLE ON THE BED - LATER

Prescott lies there trying to sleep. He takes a deep breath, but can't seem to get any air in his lungs.

CUT TO:

52. ANGLE ON HOTEL ROOM WINDOW

Prescott tries several ways to open the picture window, but the room is completely sealed.

CUT TO:

53. ANGLE ON AIR CONDITIONING CONTROL

Prescott manages to turn on the air conditioning.

CUT TO:

54. ANGLE ON THE BED

He lies there with the drone of the stale air being forced into the sterile room.

CUT TO:

55. EXT. ROOFTOP OF HOTEL - NIGHT

Prescott rolls out his sleeping bag. Once inside, he takes a deep breath and stares up at the sky. He rolls over on his side and pulls something from his breast pocket. It's an old crumpled photo of his father as a young recruit. The first real signs of emotion creep onto his face.

PRESCOTT

(in a whisper)

I'll bring him in, Dad. You can
count on me.

He puts the photo away and closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

56. WIDE ANGLE - ROOFTOP AND SKYLINE - NIGHT

We pull way back to see what Prescott is up against --
one man, out of place and alone amongst the thousands of
strangers in this city.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

57. EXT. CANADIAN CONSULATE BUILDING (CHICAGO) - DAY

Over which we hear the voice of Prescott's new RCMP boss, SUPERINTENDENT LEE ANNE MOFFAT.

MOFFAT (V.O.)

I think you know I wasn't pleased about your being transferred here.

CUT TO:

58. INT. CONSULATE BUILDING - RCMP LIAISON OFFICE - DAY

This is the RECEPTION AREA of the small, nondescript office. As Moffat continues to pontificate, CAROL, her assistant, exits her boss's office and closes the door. From the expression on her face we can tell she doesn't think much of her boss.

MOFFAT'S VOICE

I'm sure you're really very good at stomping your way through the ice and snow, but this is a Consulate Office, and...

59. INT. SUPERINTENDENT MOFFAT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

We finally see SUP. LEE ANNE MOFFAT, a young woman of thirty, sharp, dedicated, ultra-urban, very inch the new RCMP.

MOFFAT (cont'd)

a cleft chin and a blue ribbon for kayaking doesn't get you very far down here. Do you even know what we do here?

PRESCOTT

This is the Liaison Office, Ma'am. As Chief Liaison Officer you work closely with local law enforcement, the various arms of the American Criminal Justice Systems and Intelligence Community on matters of mutual interest.

MOFFAT

And you thought that sounded like an exciting alternative to recovering stolen snowshoes.

PRESCOTT

They said you needed an assistant.

MOFFAT

(smiles knowingly)

Oh, they did. Well, before you get too enthused, let me put things in perspective for you. Agencies like the FBI and the DEA don't just automatically rush to cooperate with foreign security services. First, they have to take you seriously. That means having a reputation -- being just as tough and ruthless as they are. Scotland Yard, they take seriously. The Mossad, they take seriously. But the Mounties? We're just polite people in funny hats who have problems pronouncing the vowels "o-u". You're trying to discuss methods of breaking the international heroin trade -- they're trying to get you to say "ooot" and "abooot" into a tape recorder. We're a stereotype, Prescott; one that I've worked very hard to change. And you tromping around in your size twelve mukluks won't do much to help that.

PRESCOTT

I'll do my best to adapt.

SUP. MOFFAT

Don't bother. I have the perfect job for you, Prescott. Just do me a favor -- while you're out there, try to avoid the urge to burst into song.

CUT TO:

60. EXT. CANADIAN CONSULATE - DAY

From the brass plaque that identifies the consulate, we PAN ACROSS the pillared entrance to:

PRESCOTT, standing at attention, in full dress red serge, as motionless and unblinking as a Buckingham Palace Guard. Across from him stand several KIDS, making faces trying to crack him up. One finally spits his gum out onto Prescott's shoe. The kids see someone coming and

scatter. The someone is Ray Hernandez, on his way to the consulate. Ray walks past Prescott and enters the building.

RAY

'scuse me.

A beat later Ray returns, realizing it was Prescott.

RAY (cont'd)

It's you! I walked right past you, I didn't recognize you standing there like that.

Prescott continues staring ahead, as is his job. Ray doesn't seem to clue into this. He leans up against the wall beside him and takes out a cigarette.

RAY (cont'd)

Okay, I acted like a jerk, I didn't realize it was your father, I should have checked into it earlier.

(offering him a cigarette)

Want one?

(takes silence for a "no")

Anyway, you were right about the goombah in the cell. I dig around, find out he's Internal Affairs, trying to nail my ass for illegal entrapment. Can you believe that? The man is trying to entrap me into entrapping him. It's like my old man used to say, "never trust a cop." In any case, I figured I owed you one, so I came to say...thanks.

Ray offers his hand. Prescott, of course, can't take it.

RAY (cont'd)

I apologized, what else do you want from me?...Prescott...? Prescott...?

Ray waves a hand in front of Prescott's face. He takes some delight in this realization:

RAY (cont'd)

You're kidding me! This is your job?? This is like your real job? I don't believe this! Son of a gun! Hey, no offense, I have the greatest respect for people who can do something and

RAY (cont'd)
do it well. Or in this case, do
nothing and do it well.

Ray laughs at his own stupid joke, then lowers his voice
to speak in confidence.

RAY (cont'd)
Anyway, listen, I checked out
that list of names for you and I
have something that may be
something, so we should talk.
(waits, expecting a response)
You're putting me on, right?...
Okay, okay, just tell me when
you'll be off and I'll come back.
(waits, no response)
You got a break coming up soon or
something?... Would nodding your
head be some sort of Canadian
crime?... You sort of swayed
forward a bit there, was that a
yes?... I'm talkin to a corpse.

The clock tower chimes twelve. Prescott shoulders his
rifle, turns with precision to stare at Ray, turns again
and marches away.

RAY (cont'd)
You know you have gum on your
shoe?

CUT TO:

61. INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

It's getting close to rush hour as Ray and Prescott enter
through the front door.

RAY
So I called the American Dental
Association to check them out,
and every one on your list comes
up as members. Only one of them,
this Dr. Lawrence Medley, isn't
current with his dues. I ask how
delinquent the guy is, they say
twelve years.

CUT TO:

62. INT. SUBWAY STATION PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

They turn onto the platform and head for the waiting
train.

RAY (cont'd)

I call his practice, the nurse says he can't come to the phone, seeing that he's been dead twelve years. This then makes me curious.

Ray wonders why they are waiting at the open train door.

RAY (cont'd)

You gonna get on or what?

PRESCOTT

(holding open door)

It just takes a few extra seconds to be courteous.

(to woman with groceries)

After you, Ma'am....

(to elderly man)

No, after you, sir.

ANGLE FROM FAR SIDE OF PLATFORM

The train pulls out of the station. Prescott and Ray are the only ones left standing on the platform.

RAY

My bet is there aren't a lot of high speed chases in Canada.

CUT TO:

63. INT. DENTIST'S RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Ray enters, still telling his story to Prescott.

RAY

So I say to myself, "How could this Dr. Medley be on this hunting trip last month, being as dead as he appears to be?" I mean, even with a dentist, someone would have commented on this.

(shows ID to receptionist)

Detective Hernandez to see Dr. Weingarten.

She disappears.

CUT TO:

64. INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - A SHORT TIME LATER

The dentist, DR. WEINGARTEN, digs an envelope of snapshots out of his desk drawer and turns to Ray and Prescott.

DR. WEINGARTEN

No, not personally. In fact, he called me. He'd heard about our annual hunting trip, asked if he could come along. Harry Prentice, periodontist, he usually comes with, but this year he had that accident.

(finds a photo he's been looking for)

Here, this is him, Larry Medley, the one sleeping in the corner. I think that's the only one I got of him. For some reason he was never around when we were taking pictures.

CLOSE ON PHOTO

in Ray's hand; a group snapshot of several guys on a small plane, the one sleeping in the corner is apparently the mystery dentist, Larry Medley.

BACK TO SCENE

DR. WEINGARTEN (cont'd)

Not much of a hunter, didn't shoot a thing. I came back with that fella.

Dr. Weingarten proudly indicates the stuffed beaver posed on his file cabinet.

CUT TO:

65. INT. POLICE STATION - BULL PEN - NIGHT

The night crowd is thinner. Prescott follows Ray through the double doors.

PRESCOTT

How do you know him?

RAY

I don't, I never said I did. I just have this feeling I've seen him before.

PRESCOTT

You recognized his face.

RAY

Not so much his face as his nose.

PRESCOTT

His nose?

RAY

It's like I have this ability. Everyone's nose is distinctive, no two people have exactly the same nose. I just have this thing where I never forget a nose. Call it a gift. You know how to type?

PRESCOTT

A hundred words a minute, why?

CUT TO:

66. OVER AT THE COMPUTER - A SHORT TIME LATER

Ray looks over Prescott's shoulder as Prescott types.

RAY

June '86, I'm walking a beat, and I get a call on this domestic violence case. Very, very messy; guy had his wife's arm in a car door and kept slamming it, this was not one of your more tender romances. Anyway, when I saw the guy in the photo I flashed on this guy's nose.

Ray indicates one in a list of names on the screen.

RAY

This puppy, Frankie Kohl.

Prescott highlights it and presses Enter. An arrest record and mug shots appear for FRANK KOHL. Ray holds the dentist's snapshot up beside the computer screen.

RAY

What do you think?

PRESCOTT

It's exactly the same nose.

RAY

What'd I tell you?...

CUT TO:

67. CLOSE ON COMPUTER PRINTER - MOMENTS LATER

The dot matrix printer spits out the information as Ray and Prescott watch.

RAY

It stuck in my mind 'cause homicide had been trying to nail him for a mob hit. The best we could get was six months for assault and battery. Eight weeks later he was out -- and the Italian population has been dwindling ever since.

PRESCOTT

He's a hired killer?

RAY

Well, I don't think he hunts for relaxation. Someone wanted your dad out of the way enough to import a professional. Any idea why?

PRESCOTT

No. You have an address?

He rips the computer paper off, hands it to Prescott.

RAY

It's not worth the cab fare to check; he'll have been long gone.

PRESCOTT

...But you have an idea.

RAY

One lead. I follow up one lead. I don't have time to make a career of this case.

PRESCOTT

I understand.

CUT TO:

.68. EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

They head out into the huge parking lot in search of Ray's car.

RAY

It's not that I wouldn't like to see this solved, but if I'm going to get anywhere, make a name for myself, I have to pick and choose my cases, and having my name in the Yukon Gazette is going to do bupkus for my career.

PRESCOTT

Where are we going?

RAY

There's a place I know, lot of heavy weights hang out there, the kind of people who could reach out and touch someone like this. I've been working it for months, hanging out, fitting in, they think I'm complete scum. Down here, your reputation is everything.

(stops, lost)

Where the hell did I leave the car?

Prescott pulls out his compass and refers to it.

PRESCOTT

Thirty-two degrees south.

RAY

Oh, right.

They walk away from us seeking thirty two degrees south.

RAY

What's your first name, anyway?
I can't keep calling you
Prescott.

PRESCOTT

Benton.

RAY

So what's your first name?

PRESCOTT

Benton.

RAY

You have a first name?

PRESCOTT

Can we make a stop on the way?

CUT TO:

69. EXT. CUSTOMS WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Ray waits outside behind the wheel of his immaculate black Mustang. He checks his watch, then thinks he sees a small mark on the dash board. He wets his finger and rubs at it. Finally the passenger door opens revealing Prescott. Prescott snaps his fingers and his great white dog bounds into the car and starts licking his face and sniffing various body parts. Ray immediately freaks out.

RAY

Whoa-whoa-whoa! What are you doing? He's sniffing me! He's licking me!

PRESCOTT

(with a hand motion)
Diefenbaker. Back seat.

The dog leaps the seat.

RAY

He's on my seats! He has footprints on my seats! I have dog hair all over me!

PRESCOTT

I'm sorry, he's usually better behaved. He's just excited to be out of that quarantine cage.

Ray brushes the dog hair off himself, regaining his composure.

RAY

No, it's okay, I'm just not real big on dogs. To tell the truth, they terrify me.

PRESCOTT

Actually, you can't really call Diefenbaker a dog.

RAY

...I can't?

PRESCOTT
He's really more of a wolf.

RAY
Wolf?!

Ray whips his head around to look. Diefenbaker returns his stare. Ray forces a smile.

RAY
Hi.

Ray turns, puts the car into drive and takes off.

CUT TO:

70. EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

As they drive off:

RAY (V.O.)
Does he have to sit that close?

PRESCOTT (V.O.)
I think cars make him nervous.

RAY (V.O.)
...Really.

PRESCOTT (V.O.)
He'll be fine. He's probably
just hungry.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

71. EXT. CITY STREETS - A SHORT WHILE LATER - NIGHT

Ray's convertible cruises through a seedy section of town. Neon signs indicate cheap bars and all-night liquor stores. Hookers and drug dealers beckon to passing cars.

RAY (V.O.)

You won't find this on most of your tourist maps.

CUT TO:

72. INT. RAY'S MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Diefenbaker sleeps out of sight in the back seat as Ray points out the areas of interest.

RAY

I wouldn't go walking around here by yourself.

PRESCOTT

Really?

RAY

Trust me on this. There's the place there.

They pass the bar and pull up around the corner, parking up the block from a liquor store, where several gang members hang out. Ray turns off the ignition and pushes a button -- the roof on the mustang raises automatically. Prescott watches this with interest.

PRESCOTT

Hm.

RAY

(re: dog)

Just tell him to stay...and not to eat my seats or anything.

PRESCOTT

I'll try.

RAY

(nervous)

What do you mean "try"? He's not trained?

PRESCOTT

No, he's very well trained. He's just deaf.

RAY

I have a deaf wolf in my car?

PRESCOTT

Two years ago he jumped off an ice floe into Prince Rupert Sound and pulled me out. His ear drums burst from the cold.

RAY

(impressed)

I didn't know wolves saved lives.

PRESCOTT

Well, he doesn't always. I mean, he'll save you if he sees you.

RAY

....Right.

Ray reaches for the handle and opens the door a crack. Immediately Diefenbaker hops over the seat and stands right on top of Ray, wanting to get out.

RAY

(very quiet)

He's on me. Tell him to get off.

PRESCOTT

I can't, he's facing the wrong way. Tell him yourself. Just try to enunciate.

Ray over-enunciates, very quietly.

RAY

Please get off me.

Diefenbaker immediately hops in the back seat.

RAY

He reads lips?

PRESCOTT

I've never been sure. If so, he's self-taught.

Prescott opens his door.

CUT TO:

- 73. EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The two men get out. Prescott looks back in the car.

PRESCOTT

Stay.

(closes the door and
walks away with Ray)
Sometimes I think he just
pretends not to understand.

Round the corner, passing the young gang members who eye Prescott with some curiosity.

PRESCOTT

(to gang members)

Evening.

Prescott and Ray walk past the kids. Prescott pauses.

PRESCOTT

(to Ray)

One moment.

Prescott walks back to the gang members.

PRESCOTT

Excuse me, my friend here tells
me this isn't a very good
neighborhood. I wonder if you'd
watch the car for us.

GANG MEMBER

....Absolutely.

PRESCOTT

Thanks.

Prescott catches up with Ray, who just stares at him.

PRESCOTT

I just asked them to watch the
car.

RAY

I think they were already
watching it.

The moment Prescott and Ray are out of sight, the gang members run to the car, fling open the door and run straight into Diefenbaker. One snarl and they run for their lives.

EXT BAR - CONTINUOUS

Ray and Prescott approach the bar. Prescott reaches out for the door handle.

RAY
Whoa-whoa-whoa. We can't just go marching in there. I have a history with these people, they think I'm one of them, understand?

PRESCOTT
So, you want me to blend into the crowd.

RAY
No, I want you to walk in wearing a hat that says "I'm a Canadian, shoot me dead."

Prescott glances up at his Mountie hat.

PRESCOTT

Oh.

He removes the hat and tries to tuck it under his bulky jacket. Ray just stares at Prescott's forehead.

RAY
You know you have a hat line imbedded in your forehead?

Ray gives him the once over; it's hopeless.

RAY (cont'd)
This is not going to work.

PRESCOTT
Perhaps if we identified ourselves and questioned them directly, they'd co-operate.

RAY
And what would make them do that?

PRESCOTT
Their basic respect for the law.

RAY
...I think we'll do this my way.
Just stay here and...
(off his stature:)
maybe squat down a little.

PRESCOTT
And if you get in trouble?

RAY
I'll do a moose call.

Ray opens the door and disappears into the dark bar. Prescott turns back to the car and signals for Diefenbaker, but he's not there. Prescott looks down, Diefenbaker sits waiting at his heels.

PRESCOTT
Don't think you're fooling me.
Let's go.

Prescott starts off. Diefenbaker doesn't move. Prescott comes back and enunciates clearly:

PRESCOTT
Let's...go.

Diefenbaker follows him, they disappear around the side of the bar.

CUT TO:

75. INT. BAR -- NIGHT

Not exactly your friendly neighborhood hangout. The floor is encrusted with years of beer and peanut shells. Through an archway we see a pool room at the back. At the bar, almost every seat is taken. CHUCK the bartender looks up as Ray takes the stool in front of him.

RAY
Hey, Chuck. How's my main
hombre?

The Bartender glowers at Ray in unpleasant recognition.

RAY (cont'd)
Do me a favor. I'm looking for a
friend.

CHUCK
You're in the wrong neighborhood,
Hernandez. You got no friends
here.

Chuck moves down the bar. Ray moves with him.

RAY
Chuck, I have nothing but
friends. Everybody likes me, I
do business with everybody.

RAY (cont'd)

(leans in)

I'd like to do a little business with Frankie Kohl. You seen him around?

Ray slides a twenty across the bar.

OVER AT A BOOTH

A guy looks up, having heard the name. The guy stands casually and we follow him into the pool room. He whispers in the ear of a guy who sits in the corner, shelling peanuts. The guy turns and we see it's FRANKIE KOHL. Kohl nods to the informant and moves to the wall where his coat hangs on a hook. He pulls it back to reveal a sawed-off shotgun in its home-made holster.

BACK AT THE BAR

Chuck fingers the twenty.

CHUCK

You know, Hernandez, it's the strangest thing. Every time I introduce you to someone, cops appear.

RAY

I had some unreliable people working for me. It happens. What can I say?

Two BIG THUGS appear behind Ray.

CHUCK

I don't know. Use your imagination.

One of the Big Thugs slams Ray forward into the bar as the other pulls the automatic out of Ray's belt-loop. Ray turns to take the two on, but reconsiders when he sees half a dozen other unlikable-looking patrons gathering, pulling knives and clubs.

CHUCK

You've been made, man.

RAY

Hey, I carry a gun, does that make me a cop? Look at yourselves. Wouldn't you carry a gun if you had to talk to people like you. Look at this guy with the scar, you tell me that's not scary.

The guy with the scar breaks a bottle on the bar.

RAY (cont'd)

Okay, okay, I've offended some of you. Let me make it up to you. I know, I know, I'll give five hundred dollars to anyone in this room who knows what a moose sounds like.

They stare at him like he's from another planet. Suddenly the back door bursts open, the result of a kick from size twelve boots. All heads whip around to see the man silhouetted against the street lights, Constable Benton Prescott, hands on his hips, looking like a matinee hero.

PRESCOTT

Excuse me. May I have your attention, please?... Thank you. Anyone carrying illegal weapons, if you'd place them on the bar, you're under arrest.

Nobody moves.

BIG THUG

You a cop?

PRESCOTT

Yes sir, I am. Constable Prescott, Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Simultaneously EVERY CUSTOMER IN THE BAR pulls out a weapon. Guns and knives are everywhere.

PRESCOTT

That's good, now place them on the bar.

Of course they don't do any such thing.

ONE FELON

grabs his knife by the blade and hurls it at Prescott.

PRESCOTT

slips to the side and the knife imbeds itself in the door frame.

PRESCOTT

(re: knife)

You realize I'm going to have to confiscate that.

The Felon just stares at him in disbelief.

RAY

slowly inches his hand down toward his second gun,
strapped to his calf.

OVER IN THE CORNER

Facing the wall, Frankie Kohl coolly finishes putting on
his coat.

BACK WITH THE OTHERS

A YOUNG THUG decides to challenge Prescott.

YOUNG THUG

Hey, Dudley Dooright, you haven't
got any jurisdiction here.

PRESCOTT

That's true, son...
(pointing)
However, that gentleman does.

All eyes turn to:

RAY

who almost had his gun out of it's holster.

PRESCOTT

Ray, want to show them your I.D.?

All eyes and weapons turn to Ray, who freezes.

PRESCOTT (cont'd)

(approaching Ray)
Now if you'll step back,
Detective Hernandez and I will
collect your weapons.

YOUNG THUG

(to Prescott)
You haven't even got a gun.

Prescott reaches under his coat and pulls out his gun.

PRESCOTT

I carry a standard 38 calibre
Smith & Wesson service revolver.

Ray breathes a sigh of relief.

PRESCOTT (CONT'D)

But without a local license I'm
not permitted to use it. That's
why it's empty.

RAY

(to Prescott, dying)
You know, when this is over you
and I should probably have a
talk.

Prescott sets his gun on the bar.

PRESCOTT

I don't think force is going to
be necessary. These gentlemen
don't want any further trouble
with the law. Isn't that right,
sir?

The Big Thug raises a bottle to whack Prescott in the
head. Something makes him freeze -- the sound of claws
tapping on wood. The Big Thug looks to his right:
staring him in the face is Diefenbaker, standing on the
bar. One snarl is enough to convince the thug to drop
the bottle. Prescott catches it with ease.

PRESCOTT

Thank you.

Ray grabs his second gun and waves it wildly about in
what can best be described as a blind panic.

RAY

Okay! Okay! Weapons on the bar!
You heard the man! You, Ugly,
knife on the bar! Now!

As Prescott goes about politely taking the weapons from
the customers.

PRESCOTT

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you
very much. Thank you.

Ray notices a guy in a long flowing coat heading for the
back door.

RAY

Yo, Batman.

The guy in the long coat stops. From a reverse angle we
see it's Kohl, his hand on his pump shotgun. He turns
with a smile, raises the gun and...

PRESCOTT

slams into Ray, knocking him to the floor just before the
BLAST tears a hole in the bar.

KOHL
pumps again and fires repeatedly into the crowd.

CUSTOMERS
scatter and dive for cover as shotgun blasts explode
around them. Prescott and Ray split and roll for cover

THE INFORMER
who tipped off Kohl grabs a cue stick and swings it at
Ray's head.

DIEFENBAKER
flies off the bar and clamps his jaws onto the cue stick,
yanking it out of his hands, as

RAY
brings a boot up into the informer's groin.

RAY
Good dog.

Ray takes a flying leap for the pool table, trying to get
an angle on Kohl.

KOHL
pumps his 12 gauge and blasts away at the pool table,
until it disintegrates into a pile of rubble.

PRESCOTT
ducks out and looks to the back door.

KOHL
is gone.

PRESCOTT
strides toward the back door. Two large guys try and
grab him, he simply bangs their heads together and they
hit the floor. Another swings a knife, Prescott neatly
avoids the lunge and decks the guy with one punch.
He steps out of the back door to see:

CUT TO:

76. EXT. BACK ALLEY AND STREET

Kohl's car screeches around the corner and disappears.

BACK AT THE DOOR
Ray bounces a thug out into the alley and appears in the
doorway beside Prescott.

RAY
I think we're on the right track.

CUT TO:

77. EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

A young hustler is prying open the change box with a crowbar. Behind him someone taps at the window. The hustler ignores it. He hears the tap again, swears and looks up to see the barrel of a shotgun staring back at him. The kid drops the prybar and takes off. Kohl steps into the booth. One more push on the prybar opens the box. As Kohl dials, he takes the change from the box and feeds it into the slot. After the second ring someone answers.

KOHL

(into phone)

It's me. I thought you said there weren't going to be any complications... Yeah, a big one, and it's wearing a hat.... No, I'll take care of him myself, but he's going to cost you twice as much as the last one.

Kohl hangs up and leaves the booth.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

78. INT. POLICE STATION -- CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Ray and Prescott stand across from CAPTAIN WALSH's desk. Capt. Walsh is a huge African-American man in his early fifties with the patience of Job and a much feared dry wit. He speaks as he casually refers to a letter of complaint.

CAPT. WALSH

...one solid oak bar, sixteen tables, twelve chairs, one etched mirror - six by nine - one antique pool table, two doors, thirty-three bottles of liquor and a Miller Lite neon clock. Does that sound like a fairly accurate list of the damages, Detective Hernandez?

RAY

I don't believe the pool table was an antique, sir.

CAPT. WALSH

Well, we'll never know, will we Detective, because all that's left is a bag of felt.

RAY

I sought refuge behind the item in question when the suspect pointed the shotgun in my direction and repeatedly fired, sir.

CAPT. WALSH

The suspect; I'm glad we got around to that, because I'd hate to think we were responsible for all this damage without a very good reason. Now, you say you identified him by his nose.

RAY

(no sense fighting this)
Yes, sir.

CAPT. WALSH

Did you say something about his nose, causing him to fire repeatedly into the bar?

RAY

No, sir, I never spoke to the suspect.

CAPT. WALSH

His nose was just so offensive that you decided to pursue and arrest him.

RAY

Captain, the suspect is a known felon, and I had this hunch that...

CAPT. WALSH

You had a hunch, you coupled that with your positive identification of his nose and this was the basis for your investigation. An investigation which resulted in injury to...

(reading)

seven people: three with broken limbs, two with gun shot wounds, one hospitalized with a concussion and one who claims to have been bitten by a wolf.

RAY

The wolf was just trying to help, sir.

CAPT. WALSH

They usually are.

PRESCOTT

If I could say something, sir.

CAPT. WALSH

Of course you could, young man. I'm not exactly sure how a Mountie fits into this case, but I like to keep an open mind. You are?

PRESCOTT

Constable Benton Prescott, Assistant Liaison Officer, attached to the Canadian Consulate, sir. It was at my urging that Detective Hernandez went to the bar.

CAPT. WALSH

(turns to Ray)

Ahhh, so, it wasn't just a hunch about a nose, you went there at the urging of a Mountie.

(as if casually interested)

Detective, how many open, unsolved cases are on your desk right now?

RAY

...Forty-one.

CAPT. WALSH

Hm. And you, Sergeant Preston...

PRESCOTT

Prescott, sir. Constable Prescott.

CAPT. WALSH

My mistake. Constable Prescott, how many open, unsolved cases are you working at this moment?

PRESCOTT

One, sir.

CAPT. WALSH

One. See, now I find that interesting. I guess that's because you pursue one case to it's conclusion, then do the same with the next and the next in some sort of orderly, police-like fashion. While Det. Hernandez has a different approach to solving crimes. He just sort of has hunches that lead him here and lead him there and whenever he thinks he has too many unsolved cases on his desk, he gets a hunch about someone else's nose.

(to Ray)

Do you at least have a solid lead on this suspect that might give a superior officer the impression that this case will soon be...I know we hate to use this word... solved?

RAY

No, sir.

CAPT. WALSH

Then, as intrigued as I am about this case, I suggest you return to that desk, pick up any one of those forty-one open files and keep your nose in it until you have an epiphany.

RAY

Yes, sir.

Ray and Prescott share a look as they exit.

CUT TO:

79. INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Ray heads back to his desk with his tail barely showing between his legs.

PRESCOTT

I'll write up a report. I'm sure he'll see this was my responsibility.

RAY

(just wanting to be rid of him)
Yeah, thanks.
(finding a note on his desk)
You leave this number for a Doctor Somebody?

PRESCOTT

He called?

RAY

So it says.

PRESCOTT

(re: phone)
May I?

Ray motions for him to help himself. Prescott dials.

INTERCUT WITH:

80. INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - NORTHERN CANADA - NIGHT

The Coroner removes his rubber gloves to answer his ringing phone.

CORONER

Coroner's Office....I was just about to put this thing in the mail to you. I did that autopsy

CORONER (CONT'D)
 on that caribou you dropped off
 for me, I gotta tell you, I got a
 hernia hefting that thing onto
 the table. I also got a cause of
 death for you. It drowned.

PRESCOTT
 I'm sorry?

CORONER
 Drowned. Lungs were full of
 water. That do anything for you?

PRESCOTT
 (recalling, to himself)
 It drank too much.

CORONER
 (humoring him)
 Yeah, that's another way of
 looking at it. I'll mail you the
 report.

81. BACK AT RAY'S DESK

PRESCOTT
 Thank you, I'd appreciate that.

Prescott hangs up, puzzling at this non-sequitur. He
 digs into his pocket for change.

PRESCOTT
 How much do I owe you?

RAY
 Just an explanation.

PRESCOTT
 A hundred yards from where my
 father died, I found the
 carcasses of several dozen
 caribou. The coroner says they
 drowned.

RAY
 And I thought they were such
 great swimmers.

PRESCOTT
 These didn't have to be. They
 drowned on dry land.

Prescott hands Ray several dollars.

PRESCOTT (cont'd)
For the call. I appreciate you
putting yourself out for me.

Ray watches Prescott walk away and through the double
doors.

DISSOLVE TO:

82. EXT. CANADIAN CONSULATE (RECEPTION AREA) - EARLY EVENING

Prescott enters through the front door loaded with dry
cleaning and shopping bags. CAROL, Moffat's assistant,
smiles at him sympathetically.

CAROL
She's been asking for you. See
what happens when you stop making
them get their own coffee?

PRESCOTT
I don't mind.

CAROL
Well, better you than me.

He strides off down the hall.

CUT TO:

83. INT. SUP. MOFFAT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

As Prescott enters, Superintendent Moffat looks up from
her stack of paperwork.

MOFFAT
You're late.

PRESCOTT
There was a bit of a delay at the
dry cleaners.

MOFFAT
I thought true-blue types like
you didn't believe in excuses,
Prescott.

She takes the shopping bag from him and inspects the
contents.

PRESCOTT
You're right, I'm sorry. Perhaps
if I'd noticed the smoke
earlier...

MOFFAT

...Smoke?

PRESCOTT

It seems the pressing machine short-circuited. By the time I got the cashier out, racks A through E were already in flames. I could only save this.

He hands her a pink sweater on hanger.

PRESCOTT (cont'd)

It's a little singed.

MOFFAT

You ran into a burning building to save a mohair sweater? Pardon me if that sounds like sheer stupidity.

PRESCOTT

Yes, Ma'am.

MOFFAT

You don't agree?

PRESCOTT

(without cracking a smile)
No. Stupidity would have been if I'd gone back in for the ski jacket.

MOFFAT

I'll make sure you get a medal.

PRESCOTT

Thank you, Ma'am. That won't be necessary.

Moffat has to smile and shake her head.

DISSOLVE TO:

84. INT. PRESCOTT'S CUBICLE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Prescott sits at his desk in his nondescript cubicle, cradling a phone.

PRESCOTT

(-into phone)
Thank you, I appreciate the information... Yes, I will. Goodbye.

He sets down the receiver and looks up to see Moffat standing in the doorway, holding a chinese take-out container.

MOFFAT

The guest list?

PRESCOTT

(hands it to her)

Just finished.

MOFFAT

(re: list, drily)

Gee, twelve people for dinner and not one of them is planning to overthrow the government of Canada.

PRESCOTT

(with a smile)

Not that they would admit.

MOFFAT

Little bit different than you're used to. No smugglers to catch, no one trapped on an ice floe that needs rescuing.

PRESCOTT

We had our quiet days up there, too.

MOFFAT

Somehow I doubt anywhere you are stays quiet for long.

(looking at list in her hand)

A PhD in Criminology, and I'm asking Wayne Gretzky if he's ever been a member of a subversive organization.

He smiles. She returns it. The glacier starts to melt.

MOFFAT (cont'd)

Thanks for staying. Not that I would've given you much choice.

She heads out, turns in the doorway:

MOFFAT

You hungry?

DISSOLVE TO:

. 85. INT. MOFFAT'S OFFICE -- LATER

Moffat pours the remnants of a bottle of wine into her glass as Prescott tries to master the use of chop-sticks. No matter how hard he tries, the slippery contents of the take-out carton elude him.

MOFFAT

...So, the guy declares
bankruptcy, moves to the states--
leaves his creditors holding the
bag for just under a million.
Happens all the time, right?

(re: wine)

You sure?

Prescott passes. As she carries on with her story, Prescott gives up on the chopsticks. He takes out his pocket knife and sharpens a point on one of them.

MOFFAT (cont'd)

Except a few months later this
passport request crosses my desk.
Same guy, and he needs his papers
quick because he's planning a
forty-five day cruise. So, in
between escorting the Prime
Minister's wife on shopping
trips, I do a little checking.

Prescott uses his newly-sharpened chopstick to try and spear the contents of the take-out carton -- only he punctures the bottom and it springs a leak. Prescott notices with interest the stream of liquid hitting his lap. He puts his finger over the hole in the carton.

MOFFAT (cont'd)

And low and behold, our guy just
bought himself a two hundred
thousand dollar house -- with
cash. Not to mention a dock on
the lake, a boat...

Prescott makes a second attempt at spearing some food. He comes up with something that he eyes with suspicion.

MOFFAT (cont'd)

(noticing)

It's squid.

PRESCOTT

I can see that.

MOFFAT

I thought you northern he-men ate anything. Never had octopus?

PRESCOTT

No, mostly we just wrestle with them.

MOFFAT

(back to her story)

I could have arrested him right there on the spot. But being a good little Mountie, I notify the Commercial Crime boys in Ottawa. It took them all of five hours to get down here and take the case out of my delicate little hands.

PRESCOTT

It was your case.

MOFFAT

And headquarters was very grateful. So grateful, in fact, that when they redecorated, the boss sent me his couch.

PRESCOTT

It's a very nice couch.

MOFFAT

I'm thinking of having it framed.
(re: his food)
You finished, or would you like to harpoon some wontons?

PRESCOTT

I'm pretty much full.

CUT TO:

86. EXT. CANADIAN CONSULATE - NIGHT

Moffat locks the door after them and hails a cab.

MOFFAT

Taxi!

The cab pulls to the curb. Prescott opens the door for her. As if an afterthought:

MOFFAT

You know, we even heard about him
down here. Your father was quite
the man.

PRESCOTT

(quietly)

Yes. He was a great man.

She lingers a moment, then:

MOFFAT

Goodnight, Prescott.

PRESCOTT

Night, Ma'am.

Prescott hands the driver a bill.

PRESCOTT

(sotto)

Walk her to her door.

CABBY

(re: bill)

This is Canadian.

PRESCOTT

So is she.

The cab pulls off. Prescott turns away and walks into
the night. He passes two homeless people sitting on a
bus bench. A beat later he doubles back.

PRESCOTT

...You eaten yet?

CUT TO:

87. CLOSE ON AN ICE SAW - NIGHT

as it cuts into the frozen surface of LAKE MICHIGAN. We
widen to see Prescott sawing a hole in the ice, the two
homeless men watching. Prescott kicks the ice through
the hole.

HOMELESS MAN

So that's how it's done.

Prescott hands each of them a fishing line and hook wound
round a stick.

PRESCOTT
 (re: fishing hole)
 You're welcome to share it. Or
 you can cut your own.

HOMELESS MAN
 Thanks.

The homeless man takes the ice saw and he and his friend head off to find their own spot. Prescott drops his line in the water, sits and looks out at:

88. THE CITY

viewed from the lake.

89. BACK ON THE LAKE

Prescott digs into his vest pocket and pulls out a small bound notebook. On the inside, in faded ink, is written the name "Sgt. R. Prescott", in his father's cramped hand. It takes a moment for him to get up the courage to read. When he does, we hear his father's voice.

PRESCOTT SR. (V.O.)
 I don't know what he must think
 of me. He's barely tall enough
 to reach my belt; at least he was
 last time I saw him. If his
 mother was still alive she could
 tell him the things that I can't:
 how much I miss him, how proud I
 am of him. When I said good-bye
 last time he shook my hand.
 Never a tear; not a complaint.
 Seven years old and he's already
 a stronger man than I'll ever be.
 Someday I'll tell him.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

90. EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN (JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY) - NIGHT

Prescott sits fishing as we last saw him. He turns when he hears Ray's footsteps on the ice.

RAY

You know how easy it is to find you in this city? I just look for anybody doing something really strange, ask them, and they tell me where you are. If you doubt this theory, ask the half dozen guys frying pickerel on a manhole cover in the middle of State Street.

(re: his catch)

You know what kind of toxins are in those things?

PRESCOTT

You solved all forty-one cases?

RAY

(sits)

I got restless, I made a few calls...

(admits)

Truth? I checked every snitch I ever knew; no one's talking. No one knows Kohl, no one wants to know me.

(picks up journal)

What's this?

PRESCOTT

My father's journal. I was just reading.

RAY

Looking for anything you missed?

PRESCOTT

...Yeah.

RAY

(reading date on journal)
1966: Going back aways. Find anything?

PRESCOTT

No.

RAY

Look, I know how you feel, if it was my old man...

(stops, realizes)

Well, if it was my old man, I'd be the last person he'd want on the case. He didn't exactly have a lot of faith in me. Funny, he's been dead five years and I still feel like I'm trying to prove myself to him.

(a beat)

Your father want you to be a cop?

PRESCOTT

I don't know.

(flipping through notebook)

All these years, I can't remember him asking me to do anything for him. Not one thing. This is the only time he's ever needed my help.

Ray lets that sit.

RAY

...You have any other family?

PRESCOTT

No.

RAY

Come on. I'll show you why you're a lucky man.

As Ray rises, we:

CUT TO:

91. INT. HERNANDEZ HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Ray and Prescott are seated at the table surrounded by Ray's family. Surrounded is exactly how Prescott feels. There's Ray's two sisters, MARITA AND LUCIE; HUGHIE, Marita's husband, and Ray's MOTHER, a commanding woman in her sixties who is somehow managing to serve dinner while her FOUR GRANDCHILDREN run in endless circles around the table. The youngest one is wearing Prescott's hat.

MOTHER

Marita, you are not getting an annulment.

Mrs. Hernandez turns to Prescott, who is staring at his burrito, not sure how to pick it up.

MOTHER (cont'd)
Don't be shy, Benny, use your fingers.

PRESCOTT
Yes, Ma'am.

During the following exchange, Prescott looks for the best way to pick up, attack or bury the huge burrito on his plate. Each attempt leaves more on his plate than in his hands.

MARITA
Mama, how can you say that?! --
the man's a beast!

MOTHER
A man who buys his wife a leopard
print housecoat is not a beast.

MARITA
For an anniversary present?!
Three years and all he can come
up with is a used housecoat!

HUGHIE
It was not used! The guy
just happens to sell fine
lingerie out of his trunk!

LUCIE
If he were my husband, I'd
divorce him!

HUGHIE
Your husband already
divorced you!

MOTHER
Lucie, you stay out of
this!

HUGHIE
Mama, we're out of
tortillas.

RAY
(to Prescott)
Make any sense out of
the dead caribou?

PRESCOTT
(amazed that he can
carry on a conver-
sation over this)
Um...No. No.
(can't resist)
Is it usually this...
energetic?

RAY
It's okay, you're
safe as long as you
stay close to me. They
only attack their loved
ones.

MARITA

Don't you call her Mama! And get your own tortillas!

HUGHIE

She's still my mother-in-law, I'll call her what I like!

LUCIE

Don't touch those tortillas, Mom, he can get his own!

PRESCOTT

Perhaps I could get the tortillas.

HUGHIE

(to Prescott)

Bring a few for the table.

Ray watches with some amusement as Prescott takes the basket and heads into the kitchen. Mrs. Hernandez leans in to Ray.

MOTHER

He's very nice, so polite.

RAY

He's Canadian, Mom.

MOTHER

Oh. I thought he was just sick or something.

Prescott returns with the empty basket.

PRESCOTT

(to Ray)

Tortillas...?

RAY

The flat round things.

PRESCOTT

Right.

Prescott exits to the kitchen.

LUCIE

At least my husband never yelled at the dinner table.

HUGHIE

Of course not. He didn't hang
around long enough to have a full
meal.

Ray suddenly stops eating, that familiar epiphany look on
his face.

RAY

(realizing)
He broke her arm.

LUCIE

What?

Ray jumps to his feet and grabs Prescott as he returns to
the room.

RAY

We gotta go.

PRESCOTT

(any excuse to leave)
I'll get my hat.

MOTHER

Who broke whose arm?

RAY

Kohl. He broke his wife's arm.

MARITA

He's a man, of course he did.

RAY

(to Prescott)
We find the ex-wife, we find
Kohl. This is a woman who'd love
to see him behind bars.

Prescott grabs his coat and hat.

PRESCOTT

Thanks for dinner, Ma'am.

MOTHER

You hardly ate a thing. Wait,
I'll wrap it up for you.

RAY

(getting his coat)
Bye, Mom.

Ray closes the door behind them.

HUGHIE

(to Marita)

So what are you saying? You
don't like the housecoat?

CUT TO:

92. EXT. URBAN RESIDENTIAL STREET -- NIGHT

Ray's black Mustang glides slowly past a row of older style, post-war bungalows. It pulls up at the curb near a grey, clapboard home.

PRESCOTT

Looks dark.

RAY

DMV says she still lives here.

(re: bike on the walk)

Kids, mortgage. Somebody's got
to be paying for all this.

PRESCOTT

Maybe she's out.

They see the curtains in the front window move slightly, someone's watching.

RAY

Maybe not.

Ray takes the lead as they climb out and head for the house. Prescott spots something on the sidewalk and stoops.

RAY

(walking ahead)

Watch what you say to her, she
could be very...

(notices)

What are you doing??

Prescott lifts a small clump off the sidewalk, inspects it, sniffs it. Ray stares at him, incredulous.

RAY

Put that down! You don't know
where that's been!

Prescott tastes the mud with the tip of his tongue.

RAY

(appalled)

No, no! Don't do that, it's disgusting! No! Put that down!

Prescott drops it and they head for the front door. Ray is so grossed-out he's shaking.

RAY (cont'd)

Oh, God! That's disgusting!
Can't I take you anywhere?
(knocks on the door)
Ooooo. God.

The front door opens a crack and MRS. KOHL, a woman in her late thirties, looks out behind the security chain.

RAY (cont'd)

Mrs. Kohl?
(ray holds up his badge)
Police, can we come in, thanks.

Ray just moves right in. Prescott waits until she's followed Ray into the room to enter.

CUT TO:

93. INT. MRS. KOHL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MRS. KOHL

You have a warrant? My kid's sleeping in there.

RAY

We're looking for your husband, Mrs. Kohl.

MRS. KOHL

We're divorced. He doesn't live here. You want to get out?

RAY

But you know where he is.

MRS. KOHL

Yeah, we exchange love letters. I don't see him, I don't talk to him. Now get out of my house.

RAY

Come-on, you don't want us taking you in, waking up your kid...Has he seen his father?

MRS. KOHL
Get out! Get out of my house!

PRESCOTT
(to Ray)
Let's go.

Ray shoots Prescott a look. He ignores it and turns to Mrs. Kohl.

PRESCOTT
Ma'am, we're sorry to disturb you. We won't keep you any longer.

MRS. KOHL
Fine.

Prescott starts to move away, then turns back.

PRESCOTT
Mrs. Kohl...when your husband was here this afternoon, did he threaten you?

The woman reacts. Obviously Prescott has hit the mark.

MRS. KOHL
(thrown)
I haven't seen him, okay?

PRESCOTT
(quietly)
We can protect you.

The woman is on the verge of tears.

MRS. KOHL
(sarcastic)
Really?

She lifts up the bottom of her sweater, revealing the purple bruise marks on her stomach.

MRS. KOHL (CONT'D)
It's a little late for that.

Ray looks to Prescott with begrudging admiration.

Angered at the tears that she has to wipe away, Mrs. Kohl moves to her counter and scribbles something on a pad of paper. She jabs the paper at Prescott.

MRS. KOHL

Here. Just don't think you can arrest him. Kill the son-of-a-bitch.

Prescott looks at the scribbled address on the paper.

CUT TO:

94. INT. MUSTANG - MOMENTS LATER

Prescott closes the passenger door as Ray jams the Mustang into gear and pulls away.

RAY

Okay, okay, it was the mud, right? You knew it came off his shoe, because when you sniffed it smelled like...Mud, what else does mud smell like.

PRESCOTT

Perhaps something that was on the floor of the bar?

RAY

Wood!...No, Beer! It smelled like beer! And maybe peanut shells. Yes! And when you tasted it -- I can't believe you put that in your mouth -- you tasted...Salt! From the peanut shells -- and you'd knew he'd been there! Yes!

PRESCOTT

No...I guessed.

RAY

...What?

PRESCOTT

I guessed. It was a hunch.

RAY

You don't have hunches, I have hunches!

PRESCOTT

I had one of your hunches.

RAY

What was with the mud?! You put mud in your mouth!!

PRESCOTT

She was looking out the window.
I made her think that I found
something.

RAY

You made her think you were a mud
eater!! I can't believe I'm
sitting in the same car as you!

PRESCOTT

(re: piece of paper)
Where is this address?

RAY

Why?! What are you going to do,
tell him to surrender or you'll
eat something off the curb?!

CUT TO:

95. EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

As the car rounds the corner and disappears, we pan back
to Mrs. Kohl's house. The drapes on the front window
close.

CUT TO:

96. INT. MRS. KOHL'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The male hand lets the curtains fall back in place. When
the man turns we see it's Frankie Kohl. He smiles at his
ex-wife, who does her best to mask her fear.

KOHL

Very convincing.

Kohl looks down and we realize he has an arm around his
young son.

KOHL

Now let's get you and your
mom to bed.

Kohl looks back to his ex-wife, with a smile that would
make your skin crawl.

CUT TO:

97. EXT. EAST SIDE STREETS - NIGHT

The car jerks to a stop outside a row of tenement buildings. Ray stretches the cord on his radio so he can talk while he gets out of the car.

RAY

One-two-seven-hundred Franklin.
One officer on the scene, and
tell them not to shoot the guy in
the hat.

DISPATCHER

Back up is on the way.

Ray lets the cord snap back into the car before the words are out of her mouth. Drawing his weapon, Ray heads through the front door with Prescott.

RAY

You really don't have any
bullets?

CUT TO:

98. INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Ray and Prescott mount the steps and find the apartment.

RAY

Two-oh-two.

Ray puts his ear to the door to listen. A female NEIGHBOR opens her door just down the hall.

NEIGHBOR

What are you doing there?!

Ray puts his hands to his lips, she'll have none of it.

NEIGHBOR

Don't you shush me! We've had
enough of your kind round here,
selling your crack, breaking into
people's houses, waving your guns
around! You get away from that
door and get out...

As she rails on:

RAY

(re: Kohl's door)
I just heard him call "help".

PRESCOTT
I don't believe so.

RAY
(pretending to hear)
There it is again. "Help me, help
me, kick in the door."
(to door)
We're coming!

Without a second's warning, Ray kicks in the door with one boot.

CUT TO:

99. INT. KOHL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The dead bolt tears through the jam in a burst of splinters and the door flies wide. Ray and Prescott split and hug the opposite wall. Ray spins around in a crouch, his automatic gripped in both hands.

The small room is dark, the only light spilling from the hallway, but you can see there's no one there.

Ray hits the wall beside the bedroom door. A quick glance inside tells him no one's home. As he checks the bathroom, Prescott inspects the living room. A cluttered desk beside the large plate glass window catches his attention.

RAY
Now this is a man who doesn't
know how to spend his money.

Ray turns back into the living room and sees the trip wire -- fishing line filament stretched low across the room, attached to a grenade that's taped to a table leg. He sees this in the same second that Prescott's boot hooks the line. The pin pops out of the grenade as Ray flies through the air, hitting Prescott with the force of a linebacker. Prescott's hands go to his face a split second before he is body-slammed into the plate glass window.

CUT TO:

100. EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Prescott crashes through the second floor window just as the room behind him EXPLODES.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN

101. INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Prescott waits, leaning against the wall. After a moment he walks aimlessly down the hall to the window at the far end and stares out at the city.

DISSOLVE TO:

102. INT. ICU - LATER THAT DAY

An EKG machine registers a weak but steady pulse. PAN ACROSS TO Ray, asleep in the hospital bed, hooked up to intravenous equipment. His arm is in a cast and his head and upper torso are bandaged. Prescott sits in the chair beside him.

Ray opens his eyes and looks at Prescott. He seems to want to say something. Prescott leans in to him.

RAY

You know, I can't help thinking... this probably wouldn't have happened if I'd gone to upholstery school.

Prescott smiles. So does Ray. Then he closes his eyes and drifts off again.

DISSOLVE TO:

103. INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LATER THAT DAY

Prescott steps out of Ray's room. He looks back to his friend, sleeping quietly, then softly closes the door behind him.

CUT TO:

104. INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - DAY

Prescott enters and sees Ray's family sitting quietly on the sofas, waiting. It's an unsettling sight, knowing that silence does not come naturally to this family. Mrs. Hernandez looks up and catches Prescott's eye. Prescott drops his gaze, not knowing what to say. She offers him a small smile. Prescott nods, gratefully, then looks to the end of the hall.

CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT GERARD is standing a few paces away. Behind him is Superintendent Moffat and Captain Walsh. Gerard breaks away from them and walks slowly to Prescott. There's no anger in his voice: he's saying what he has to say.

GERARD

You were supposed to work through the police. You had no right to be in that apartment or working this case. You'll have to come back with me, there'll be a fitness board hearing.

(as a friend)

I did what I could do.

PRESCOTT

...I know.

GERARD

...I'll wait for you at your office.

Gerard turns and leaves him there.

DISSOLVE TO:

105. INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

The DOCTOR comes out of ICU and approaches Prescott, who stands waiting.

DOCTOR

He has some serious burns and he picked up a few good sized pieces of shrapnel. The man is going to hurt for a long time. But he'll be okay.

DISSOLVE TO:

106. INT. A DIFFERENT HOSPITAL ROOM -- THE FOLLOWING MORNING

Ray has been transferred here from ICU. It's just before dawn. Prescott watches Ray from the chair beside the bed. Ray finally speaks through the haze of painkillers.

RAY

There was no phone.

PRESCOTT

...Sorry?

RAY

Kohl's apartment -- he had no phone. The jack was ripped out of the wall.

PRESCOTT

(quizzically)

You want me to report this?

RAY

Ben, this might be my dying
breath, try and stay with me.
How does a hitman do business
without a telephone?

Prescott considers for a moment, then looks at Ray, so
exhausted he can barely keep his eyes open.

PRESCOTT

Maybe you should sleep.

RAY

Yeah.

Ray closes eyes. Prescott shuts the blinds to keep the
sun out.

CUT TO:

107. INT. PRESCOTT'S CUBICLE AT THE CONSULATE - LATE MORNING

Prescott gathers up the few personal items on his desk
and drops them into his duffle bag. From his breast
pocket he removes his father's journal, runs his hand
across the worn cover, then tucks it into his bag.

Diefenbaker waits quietly by the door. Prescott snaps a
leash onto his collar.

PRESCOTT

(to dog)

Time to go home.

DISSOLVE TO:

108. EXT. JAMES BAY AREA - DAY

The small town lies quiet under the overcast sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

109. INT. JAMES BAY RCMP STATION -- (HALLWAY) - DAY

Prescott sits on a bench outside a conference room door,
waiting. As the door opens, Prescott stands. Several
SENIOR RCMP OFFICERS, including Gerard, leave the
conference room and head down the hallway. Assistant
Commissioner Underhill is the last one out. He stops to
answer Prescott's questioning look.

UNDERHILL

You really went over the hill on
this one, Constable.

PRESCOTT

Yes, sir.

UNDERHILL

Until the hearing is over, you're on desk duty.

PRESCOTT

Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

110. INT. RCMP STATION -- (BULLPEN) -- THE FOLLOWING DAY

Prescott files a huge stack of backlogged paperwork. A FEMALE OFFICER calls to him from behind the front desk.

FEMALE OFFICER

You Prescott?

(he nods)

Chicago, line three.

Prescott picks up the phone.

PRESCOTT

(into phone)

Ray?

MOFFAT'S VOICE

(sarcastic)

No, this is the person you were actually supposed to be working for.

CUT TO:

111. INT. CHICAGO CONSULATE (RECEPTION AREA) -- DAY

Moffat, at her desk, grins into the phone.

PRESCOTT (V.O.)

Sorry, Ma'am.

MOFFAT

(into phone)

At ease, Prescott. I called the hospital for you, but they took away his phone privileges. Something about trying to entrap an orderly. So I guess he's fine.

PRESCOTT (V.O.)

Thanks.

MOFFAT

I checked out that pay phone you asked about, the one at the bar where you saw Kohl.

PRESCOTT (V.O.)

Anything?

MOFFAT

Pulled the phone records going back three months, came up with one call to Canada -- a pay phone in your area code: 555-7770.

112. BACK WITH PRESCOTT

He scribbles down the number.

MOFFAT (cont'd) (V.O.)

(knowingly)

Prescott, you wouldn't be involved in an unauthorized investigation while under suspension, would you?

Prescott doesn't respond, the answer implicit.

MOFFAT (V.O.)

Never mind, just catch the son-of-a-bitch. Then get back here and wash my car.

A CLICK as Moffat hangs up. Prescott stares at the number on the pad, as if not wanting to know the answer to a question. He finally picks up the phone and dials. It starts to ring.

CUT TO:

113. CLOSE ON AN ANCIENT PAY PHONE

ringing. We widen to see that we are in THE BLIND MOOSE INN. A man's hand finally lifts it off the hook. It's Gerard.

GERARD

...Yeah.... Hello?...Hello?

CUT BACK TO:

114. INT. RCMP OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Prescott listens at the other end. He puts a finger on the button and disconnects the call, knowing what this means.

CUT BACK TO.

115. INT. BLIND MOOSE INN - CONTINUOUS

Gerard hangs up and lingers for a moment before returning to his seat at the bar.

DISSOLVE TO:

116. EXT. GULCH - DAY

Prescott stands in the dry gulch where his father's body was found. He just stares off, trying to put it all together. Diefenbaker ambles up and noses him. Prescott comes back from wherever he was and gives him a small pat, then heads off down the gulch...

117. past the area where he found the caribou... through several miles of rugged terrain... eventually finding himself at

118. THE BANK OF A HUGE RESERVOIR

Up to his left lies the immense dam, its massive hydro-electric turbines generating a deep roar.

DISSOLVE TO:

119. EXT. BANK OF THE RESERVOIR - HOURS LATER

Prescott hasn't moved, but now someone stands beside him: the Inuit man he met in the gulch weeks ago. Both of them stare out at the roaring concrete giant.

INUIT

This used to be a feeding ground for thousands of caribou. They lived off the forest. So did we, until the water came. They said it wouldn't change anything. But now, some nights, the rivers run backward. The forest becomes an ocean and the caribou die. In the morning, the ocean is gone. All back here, nice and neat.

PRESCOTT

Why haven't you told someone?

INUIT

I told your father. He didn't do anything. Neither will you.

The Inuit man walks away into the forest, leaving Prescott alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

120. EXT. GULCH - AN HOUR LATER - DAY

The light is dying as Prescott and Diefenbaker mount the ridge, returning to their Jeep. A second Jeep waits for them, too. Chief Superintendent Gerard stands beside it. Prescott approaches.

PRESCOTT

He knew what they were doing at the dam.

GERARD

Most people around here did. But they earn their livings off it. People want homes, jobs; you know how much money this dam brought to this community? How many people would be hurt if they shut it down? Progress has its price.

PRESCOTT

What was yours?

(Gerard doesn't respond)

They paid you to keep quiet. He was going to turn you in. That's what I'm going to do.

GERARD

I wasn't the only one they paid.

Gerard removes a bank book from his pocket -- tosses it to Prescott. Prescott opens the cover.

CLOSE ON THE BANK BOOK:

The name "Prescott, Robert J." is typed at the top, along with an account number. Half a dozen deposits are shown in the amount of 5,000 dollars each.

GERARD

He gave his whole life to the people up here, all he ended up with was that shack of his. He wanted to buy a little piece of land, up there someplace.

GERARD (cont'd)

(smiles at the thought)

Can't blame him. Can you see your dad in some government retirement home? Not likely.

(as if saddened by his actions)

It wasn't easy to convince him to take the money, but he finally did.

PRESCOTT

This is just a piece of paper. He wouldn't do this.

GERARD

It didn't start off as such a big thing.

(almost has to laugh:)

They built the damn thing wrong, it can't hold that much water. So you twist a valve here, press a button there, you let out a little. Only it turned out to be more than a little; and they had to keep doing it. I think when he saw what they were doing to the land he just couldn't live with it. He wanted out.

(even the memory causes pain)

They wanted me to do it. I couldn't.... I made the call.

PRESCOTT

He was your friend, you son of a bitch.

GERARD

Yes, he was. Your father was a great man, hell of a lot better man than me. Now he only has one thing left, his reputation, and you have it right there in your hands. You want to take away the only thing he valued, it's your call.

Gerard steps into his Jeep and turns the key.

GERARD

Check the bank, it's all there. I'm sorry.

Gerard drives off. Prescott doesn't move.

DISSOLVE TO:

1. EXT. PRESCOTT SR.'S CABIN - DAY (EVENING)

A rusty mailbox sits atop a rotting post. The faded letters on the side read "Prescott." Above it on the hillside is a small cabin.

PRESCOTT watches the cabin from the road.

CUT TO:

122. INT. CABIN - DAY (EVENING)

The door, frozen shut from the last ice storm, gives way under Prescott's weight. He enters and drops his duffle bag near the door. For a moment, he just stands there surveying the cabin's sparse furnishings -- the wood piled neatly by the fireplace, the single armchair, the cot tucked against one wall. Diefenbaker brushes past Ben and noses around for himself.

DISSOLVE TO:

123. INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Prescott sits on the bed, staring out at a metal footlocker. As he lifts the lid, we see the contents: various photos, keepsakes and memorabilia of his father's career. He stares at a photo of his father at his age, standing with a group of fellow mounties. They look young, sharp, ready for anything.

Prescott opens an old shoe box and expects to find more of the same -- but instead he sees photos of himself as a boy: catching his first fish, in high school, his team picture, as a boy scout holding his hand-made bird feeder -- every triumphant moment of his life; and finally a picture of a Mountie drawn by a child, and underneath it the printed word "Dad".

Finally, Prescott removes the bank book and journal from his pocket. He places the bank book between the pages of his father's journal, drops them into the locker and closes the lid.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

FADE IN:

124. EXT. BLIND MOOSE INN -- NIGHT

A truck pulls up in front, and several old boys in flannel and mukluks empty out and head into the bar. Prescott pushes through the heavy door.

DISSOLVE TO:

125. INT. BLIND MOOSE INN -- NIGHT

Most of the customers sit quietly, nursing their Molson Golden watching the dart game in progress, which musters about all the excitement you're going to see in these parts.

As a customer stumbles out the door, he holds it for another customer on his way in. It's Ray Hernandez, sporting a cast on his left arm, looking half frozen in his unsuitably light Armani raincoat. He beats the snow off his shoulders as he looks around, then approaches George the Bartender.

RAY

I'm looking for a friend.

George calls out to the customers.

GEORGE

Anyone here want a friend?

VARIOUS CUSTOMERS

No. / Nope. / Got enough.

GEORGE

(to Ray)

Sorry.

George turns away, leaving Ray with egg on his face. He looks down the bar and spots Prescott near the end.

AT THE END OF THE BAR

Prescott nurses a glass of what looks suspiciously like gingerale. Ray slides onto the stool beside him.

RAY

Yeah, I can see why you missed this place.

PRESCOTT

You supposed to be out of the hospital?

RAY

After two weeks they sent me home... which is like trying to recuperate at a spa in Beirut.

(a moment)

Thought I'd hear from you.

PRESCOTT

Not much to tell.

AN OLD CUSTOMER who looks like he's been in the woods too long sidles up to Ray.

CUSTOMER

Bartender said you're looking for a friend.

RAY

...I found him.

CUSTOMER

(disappointed)

Oh. Then you might as well have these.

The customer hands Ray a box of dominoes and shuffles off.

RAY

Thanks.

(to Prescott)

So, I guess the majority of your Vegas headliners kind of pass this place by.

PRESCOTT

You came all the way up here just to check out the nightlife?

RAY

I heard about your fitness board. Thought I could put in a good word for you.

PRESCOTT

They dropped the charges. Thanks for coming.

Prescott stands and walks out of the bar.

CUT TO:

126. EXT. BLIND MOOSE INN -- NIGHT

Prescott steps out of the bar, Ray right behind him.

RAY

So what about the case?

PRESCOTT

They were right. It was a hunting accident.

RAY

And Kohl. He just came up here to shoot jackrabbit??

PRESCOTT

The case is closed.

Prescott turns and walks away.

RAY

What the hell is wrong with you? Okay, fine, don't tell me! I only got my ass blown off for you, I don't deserve any major consideration!... Just...I'd tell you to go to hell, but you look like you're already there.

PRESCOTT

I appreciate what you did.

RAY

(angry/sarcastic)
Yeah, let's have lunch some time.
(turns and goes)
Nice knowing you.

Prescott watches him walk away. Then:

PRESCOTT

He was dirty.

RAY

(turns back)
Who?

Prescott takes a deep breath and lets it out.

PRESCOTT

My father.

Ray stands there, trying to take this in.

DISSOLVE TO:

127. INT. BLIND MOOSE INN -- SOME TIME LATER

Ray and Prescott sit at one of the back booths, deep into their cups -- Ray's scotch, Prescott's gingerale.

RAY
Did you check the bank?

PRESCOTT
Yeah.

RAY
....Damn....Whoa.

PRESCOTT
I can't put it together. I guess I only saw him the way I wanted to see him. The way everybody saw him.

Ray sits there in silence for the longest time.

RAY
...Do you think he did it?

PRESCOTT
The evidence is pretty clear, isn't it?

RAY
Do you think he did it?

PRESCOTT
He's my father!

RAY
Yeah, and you owe him. Do you think he did it? Forget the evidence, forget what everyone will think and say, just answer my question, in your gut do you believe he did it?!

Prescott can hardly answer. Finally:

PRESCOTT
...No.

RAY
Then you do what you have to do. Do what he would do. Take these suckers down and to hell with the consequences.

Ray stands.

RAY

It doesn't matter what everyone else thinks of him. Only what you do.

Ray leaves Prescott to his decision. Prescott calls to him as he's almost to the door.

PRESCOTT

Ray?...

(Ray walks back)

We'll need proof.

On Ray's growing smile, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

128. EXT. THE DAM -- DAY

PAN ACROSS the massive turbines, the endless reservoir, to a two-story concrete administrative building. Various cars and a couple of news vans are parked beside it.

C.E.O. (V.O.)

...The enormous prosperity which Phase One of our project has brought to this region will be doubled by Phase Two...

CUT TO:

129. INT. POWER PLANT ADMINISTRATION BUILDING (FOYER) -- DAY

The foyer is standing room only. Journalists with TV cameras, and microphones crowd the floor in front of the dais where a group of local DIGNITARIES are gathered around a large table, it's contents veiled from sight.

A dapper corporate type in his forties addresses the audience. Just by his dress and smooth manner we can tell that he's the dam project's C.E.O.

C.E.O.

...a facility which will not only boom the economy of this community, but provide enough hydro-electric power to light most of the eastern seaboard. I give you Phase II.

The CEO signals to a couple of assistants and they unveil what we've all come to see -- an elaborate model of a massive dam and power plant.

The burst of applause from the crowd is accompanied by the lights of tv cameras and the pop of flashbulbs. The CEO clasps the Mayor's hand and moves off past a REPORTER.

REPORTER

(to CEO)

Rumor runs that you had some problem with your environmental impact report.

C.E.O

Our commitment to the environment remains steadfast. Extensive efforts have been made to preserve the beauty and natural resources of the surrounding wilderness. Did you get something to eat?

The C.E.O. escapes into the hallway.

130. INT. HALLWAY

CUT TO:

Gerard has been watching from the doorway. The door closes behind the C.E.O. and Gerard falls in step with him.

GERARD

Well, I think congratulations are in order.

C.E.O.

They're reporters. Their coverage will be as good as the buffet. Your Mountie -- I'm not in for any unpleasant surprises, am I?

GERARD

He won't cause any trouble.

C.E.O.

Good, because I'd hate to see a perfectly good career go to waste.

GERARD

(with a smile)

Yours or mine?

The C.E.O. pushes open the door to his office.

CUT TO:

131. INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE

Two steps in, the C.E.O. stops dead. Whatever he sees turns his face white as a sheet.

ON HIS DESK
lies the body of a dead caribou.

On their stunned reactions, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

132. INT. BLIND MOOSE INN - NIGHT

Gerard picks up the pay phone and dials.

GERARD
(into phone)
Pack a bag.

CUT TO:

133. EXT. JAMES BAY AIRFIELD (PASSENGER GATE) -- DAY

A small plane taxis to a stop. One of the ground crew opens the passenger hatch and six unlikely looking hunters disembark carrying rifle cases. We recognize one of them as the punk who tipped Kohl off in the bar. The last one out is Kohl.

GROUND CREW GUY
Better hurry, season's almost over.

KOHL
I just need one for my wall.

CUT TO:

134. INT. PRESCOTT SR.'S CABIN - DAY (EVENING)

Prescott closes the trap door in the middle of the floor, turns and takes an old pump action rifle from over the mantel. He loads it as Ray toys with a fishing rod.

RAY
Okay, so we have a fishing rod and a rifle last used by Chuck Conners. So what's the plan?

PRESCOTT
We wait for them to come.

RAY
Yeah, and...?

PRESCOTT

Arrest them.

RAY

See, that's such a simple plan that the American mind would automatically tend to discount it. So, let me run this back to you. We wait here; Kohl and Gerard come, sometime we're not sure when, wait for us out there, and then, when we least expect it, shoot us with automatic weapons. Is that pretty much it?

PRESCOTT

They probably won't be alone. My guess is they'll surround us, lay down heavy fire and then storm the building.

RAY

So it's more of an Alamo scenario. Anything else?

PRESCOTT

Yes, I need Kohl and Gerard alive to testify. So we can't kill them.

RAY

Oh, I don't think we're in any danger of doing that.

PRESCOTT

When I graduated the academy, my father gave me one piece of advice. He said, "Never chase a man over a cliff."

RAY

This means something in Canadian, doesn't it.

PRESCOTT

If you're going to take on a man, you better know more than he does. Our strength is, I know this area better than anyone else. Their weakness is, they think they have an advantage.

Under the following, Ray empties his pockets on the table: two revolvers, an automatic, two extra clips, three speed loaders and a switch blade.

RAY

Being an American, I also know where my strength lies, and that is in being as heavily armed as possible at all times.

For emphasis he takes a hand grenade from his pocket. Off Prescott's stern look:

RAY (cont'd)

All completely legal, I swear to you.

Ray pulls on the end of the fishing line and smiles. Prescott takes a pail of water from the sink and talks to Diefenbaker.

PRESCOTT

Come on, let's get you fed.

Prescott walks to the door, opens it and looks back: Diefenbaker hasn't moved.

PRESCOTT (cont'd)

(annoyed)

I know you understood that.

Diefenbaker just stares at him. Prescott finally nods his head. Diefenbaker hops up and follows him out the door.

CUT TO:

135. EXT. CABIN - DAY

Eight or ten dogs mill around lazily until they see Prescott and know they're going to be fed. They follow Prescott to the barn, which sits on a small hill a hundred yards away.

PRESCOTT

(to Diefenbaker)

You're supposed to be lead dog, you think they don't notice how you act? Will you look at me when I'm talking?

Prescott opens the barn door and follows the yelping dogs inside.

We hold on the clearing around the cabin with its blanket of pure white snow. Suddenly SIX ALL-WHITE FIGURES with rifles stand up out of the field of snow -- their winter camouflage making them look surreal and even more frightening.

CUT TO:

136. INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Prescott opens a barrel, scooping dry meal out for the yelping dogs. He pours the water into a large dish, then notices that Diefenbaker is not amongst them.

PRESCOTT
Diefenbaker?

Prescott retraces his steps to the other side of his parked Jeep, and spots Diefenbaker staring through a crack in the barn wall. Prescott kneels to join him.

CUT TO:

137. HIS POV -- THE CABIN

looking through the crack between the planks. The cabin and surrounding area look quiet.

CUT TO:

138. BACK IN THE BARN

Diefenbaker lets out a low growl.

PRESCOTT
Let's check it out.

Prescott stands and opens the barn door to see:

A MAN IN WHITE
standing right in front of him! The man FIRES his shotgun point blank -- Prescott moves but still takes it in his right arm. The impact blows him off his feet.

CUT TO:

139. INT. CABIN - AT THAT MOMENT

Ray hears the shot.

CUT TO:

140. INT. THE BARN - AT THAT MOMENT

The man in white pumps his shotgun. Prescott rolls under the Jeep just as the weapon discharges. The man in white quickly fires several rounds down into the Jeep, then kneels, points his gun under the Jeep and lies on his side to see Prescott.

HIS POV - UNDER JEEP

Only it's not Prescott he sees -- it's Diefenbaker, charging straight at his face from under the Jeep.

DIEFENBAKER

grabs the man by the throat and makes short work of him.

PRESCOTT

pulls himself up against the barn wall with some effort. We can see his right shoulder and arm are badly damaged. He turns and presses the side of his head to the boards so that he can see through the slats:

CUT TO:

141. HIS POV - THE CABIN

Four men in white stand facing the cabin. They open fire with shotguns and automatic weapons.

CUT TO:

142. INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Ray hits the floor and crawls as the storm of bullets tear the cabin and its contents to pieces.

CUT TO:

143. EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Kohl pulls his white hood back, kicks open the cabin door and signals for the punk on his right to enter.

CUT TO:

144. INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The punk throws his back against the door and lays down an arc of bullets that cuts the room in two. When he's emptied the chamber, he creeps into the room in search of Ray. Kohl steps into the doorway behind him. The punk spots the open trap door in the floor and heads for it. Kohl takes another step before he sees:

FISHING LINE

drawn taught across the punk's path, between a chair and table leg -- Kohl's eyes shoot to the end of the line just in to time see the pin pop out of the grenade.

KOHL

lunges for the doorway as

CUT TO:

145. EXT. REAR OF CABIN - AT THAT SECOND

Ray rolls out from under the cabin and runs for the woods. Behind him the cabin EXPLODES.

CUT TO:

146. THE FRONT OF THE CABIN

Kohl and the men he left outside dive for safety as the building turns to shrapnel.

CUT TO:

147. BACK WITH RAY

He catapults out of the clearing into the woods, hitting the ground in a painful one-armed roll.

RAY

Ahh!

Ray leaps to his feet and looks back over his shoulder. Behind him, what we assumed was snow on a tree suddenly pivots and we see the man's face! The camouflaged goon raises his 45 to Ray's head and...

PRESCOTT'S LEFT HAND

cracks across the guy's jaw, knocking him cold. Ray turns to see Prescott, his right arm red with blood.

RAY

You okay?

PRESCOTT

(deadpan)

They're here.

RAY

Yeah, they knocked.

The goon suddenly springs to his feet. Ray and Prescott spin and deck him with their good hands, the contact sending shooting pains through their bad arms.

RAY/PRESCOTT

Ahh! / Ohh!

They have little time to complain; rifle bullets tear into the tree by their heads. Ray lays down covering fire as he and Prescott bolt off into the forest.

GERARD

steps into shot and kneels to inspect the snow. Of the group, he's the only one not wearing the white camo's. As Kohl and the others scramble up behind him, Gerard touches a spot of Prescott's blood in the snow.

GERARD

Just follow the bread crumbs.

Kohl gives the goon lying in the snow a vicious kick in the stomach.

KOHL

Get up.

CUT TO:

148. EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST

Ray and Prescott tear through the woods. Prescott cuts a quick right, heading back toward the clearing.

PRESCOTT

This way.

Ray takes the lead, scrambling up a small incline and running straight into:

DIEFENBAKER

and his pack of wild-looking dogs, waiting for them.

RAY

jumps back with a start.

RAY

Jeez!

PRESCOTT

(suppressing a smile)

It's okay, they're on our side.

Diefenbaker turns and leads the way.

RAY

You couldn't have had cats?!

Ray and Prescott take off after them.

CUT TO:

149. SOMEWHERE BEHIND THEM IN THE FOREST

Gerard follows Prescott's trail through the woods as:

CUT TO:

150. KOHL AND THE THREE REMAINING THUGS

find their snow mobiles where they left them.

CUT TO:

151. RAY AND PRESCOTT

break into the clearing and run for the barn, the dogs leading the way.

CUT TO:

152. INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Prescott makes it into the barn, Ray yanking the door closed behind them. Prescott throws open the Jeep door as Ray pops a speed loader into his revolver. Prescott freezes when he sees:

THE LAST OF THE GASOLINE
spurting out of the Jeep's tank through the many shotgun pellet holes.

PRESCOTT
looks back up at Ray.

PRESCOTT
I have an alternate plan.

RAY
I can only hope it's as good as
the last one.

CUT TO:

153. EXT. FOREST - AT THAT MOMENT

Kohl kicks the snow mobile to life and roars off, the other three following.

154. INT. BARN - AT THAT MOMENT

Prescott snaps a halter over Diefenbaker, then moves to the next dog in line.

155. EXT. WOODS - AT THAT MOMENT

Gerard follows their trail into the clearing and sees where they've gone. He looks back when he hears the sound of the snowmobiles.

156. INT. BARN - AT THAT MOMENT

Prescott slips the halter over the last dog.

OVER BY THE JEEP

The gasoline puddles on the barn floor. We follow its trail to the wall, where it spills out between the boards.

157. EXT. BARN

the gasoline streams over the frozen ground, running down the small hill. We follow it until a snow mobile cuts over its path and skids to a stop. We tilt up to see Kohl.

158. INT. BARN

Ray and Prescott drag a sled across the floor (although we can't quite see what it is.)

159. EXT. BARN

Kohl dips a finger in the gasoline and smells it.

GERARD and another thug dig in to cover the barn door.

As the two other thugs spread out, Kohl lights a wooden match and drops it on the trail of gasoline. The flame eats a path straight for the barn.

160. INT. BARN

Prescott snaps the sled onto the harness just as the flames shoot through the barn wall and hit the Jeep.

161. EXT. BARN

The Jeeps explodes in a fireball as the dog sled shoots out of the barn door into a hail of bullets. Lying on the sled, Ray fires wildly to cover their escape into the forest.

162. KOHL

and the others fly after them on their snowmobiles, Gerard hopping on the back of the fourth machine.

163. EXT. FOREST

Prescott kicks the sled up over a rise and through the thick woods. Ray tries hard to reload as he bounces over the icy ground. A speed loader falls out of his hands and down the steep ravine to their right.

164. JUST BEHIND THEM
the first snowmobile appears on the ridge.
165. PRESCOTT
yanks on the lead and Diefenbaker takes the command, turning down the face of the ravine. Ray sucks in his breath as the sled plummets down the hill, Prescott leaning hard to keep the sled from toppling.
166. BEHIND THEM
the first snowmobile takes the plunge down the embankment, but the top-heavy machine rolls and the rider has to jump for his life.
167. THE THREE OTHER MACHINES
hesitate at the top. Kohl signals them to follow him along the ridge of the ravine.
168. RAY
tries to catch a glimpse of
169. THEIR PURSUERS.
They flash by through the trees on the ridge above.
170. PRESCOTT
skids the sled into an icy creek bed as Ray tosses away his empty revolver and pulls out his automatic.

PRESCOTT

Duck.

RAY

..What?

PRESCOTT

Duck!

At that second, a snowmobile flies right over the sled, followed by a second, landing on the other side of the creek bed. They disappear into the forest as the third machine leaps into the creek bed behind the sled.

171. BACK AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RAVINE
the rider who toppled down the hill rolls his snowmobile back over on its skids, kicks over the engine and races off to catch up.
172. AHEAD, GERARD AND THE THUG
in the snowmobile right behind the sled, open fire.

173. PRESCOTT
shoots the sled through two trees so close together they almost take the skin off Ray. The snow mobile tries to follow -- jamming between the trees and catapulting the riders into the air -- the driver smacking his head on a rock. Gerard grabs his rifle out of the snow and fires after the sled.
174. PRESCOTT
checks over his shoulder, looking forward again just in time to see
175. A TREE BRANCH
that's about to take his head off. He ducks under the branch, leaving part of his scalp on the bark.
176. ANOTHER SNOWMOBILE
slides in behind them.
177. RAY
takes aim between Prescott's legs and empties his 9mm automatic in their direction. The snowmobile backs off. Ray shoves a clip into the gun; Prescott leans down:

PRESCOTT

When we go around that bend, roll off!

RAY

Like hell!

PRESCOTT

They'll follow me!

RAY

Yeah, because I'll die falling off the sled!

As they fly past a tree, a shotgun blast takes out a chunk of the trunk where Ray's head would have been. Ray catches a glimpse of

178. KOHL
driving beside them in the forest
179. RAY
fires off several rounds. Two more shots come from behind, Ray turns and fires between Prescott's legs, emptying the clip.

PRESCOTT

Just get this guy off my tail! I can take the other two!

Ray sees the bend in the creek bed right ahead.

RAY
Alright, alright!

As the sled skids around the bend, Ray holds his breath and rolls off.

RAY
Ow-Ow-Ow-Ow!!

Ray hits the bank of the creek bed and rolls under the roots of a large tree. He pops out the empty clip and grabs his chest pocket for the last clip -- only it's not there. As he frantically searches his other pockets he hears the snowmobile coming around the bend. Ray sticks his head up from behind the huge tree root and...

180. THE SNOWMOBILE
comes right at him!
181. RAY
ducks just as the treads roll right over him, the tree roots saving him from a nasty decapitation. The snow mobile keeps right on going after Prescott.
182. ANOTHER SNOWMOBILE
heads for the bend.
183. RAY
pulls himself up and stands dead in the middle of the creek bed. The driver spots Ray as he takes the turn and aims right for him. Ray pulls a grenade out of his pocket, yanks the pin out with his teeth and lobs it right into the driver's lap.
184. THE DRIVER
leaps out of the machine; the snowmobile crashes in to a rock; the grenade rolls right over to the guys head -- no explosion. The guy opens his eyes to see that it's a pine cone. Ray's Italian shoe in his face is the last thing he sees.
185. RAY
grabs the unconscious man's machine pistol, then hesitates, picks up his "grenade".

RAY
(looking at his shoes)
I knew I shoulda brought boots.

He hoofs it off after Prescott.

186. AHEAD WITH PRESCOTT
The last two snowmobiles are gaining on either side of him, bullets taking out chunks of trees as he whizzes past them. Prescott grabs a leather thong and ties his legs tight to the upright poles of the sled.
187. THE THUG ON HIS LEFT
drops down into the creek bed, slamming his snowmobile broadside into the sled. Prescott grabs the guy with his good hand, using the thug's motion against him to yank him off the snowmobile and fling him head first into a tree trunk. That leaves only
188. KOHL
who pumps his sawed-off 12 gauge and blasts at Prescott. Kohl looks ahead and has to swerve hard to miss piling into
189. A TREE
that comes up much too fast.
190. PRESCOTT
looks around to get his bearing, then yanks the reigns hard to the right.
191. EXT. A CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Prescott bursts out of the forest and into the open field.
192. KOHL
literally flies out of the woods. His skids hit the snow-covered ground and he cranks the throttle up full.
193. PRESCOTT
looks back and sees Kohl gaining fast. It looks like he made a fatal mistake coming into the open. Prescott looks around, panicked.
- PRESCOTT
Diefenbaker! Where the hell are we?!
- Then Prescott sees whatever he's looking for.
- PRESCOTT (cont'd)
There it is!
- Prescott pulls the leads to the right and the sled veers off toward something we can't see. Coming up fast behind him...
194. KOHL
pumps his shotgun with one hand and fires, the pellets grazing Prescott.

195. THE DOG SLED
picks up speed going down hill, but it can't outrun the snowmobile. Kohl pumps and fires again and

196. DIEFENBAKER
yelps and tumbles to his side, hit.

PRESCOTT

No!

197. THE SLED
skids and turns over. Prescott yanks at the leather thong that binds him to the sled. He frees himself and runs. His foot twists in the snow and he falls.

198. KOHL
guns the snowmobile right for him. Prescott twists away at the last second and the machine shoots past him. Kohl throws a look back over his shoulder. He shouldn't have. Before he can even look back his snowmobile is airborne.

199. LONG SHOT - CLIFF
Kohl and his snowmobile almost seem to glide through the air. If it had wings it wouldn't plummet to the rocks far below and explode into flames.

200. PRESCOTT
steps to the edge of the cliff and sees Kohl's body beside the burning wreckage.

PRESCOTT

Your father obviously never gave
you that piece of advice.

Prescott turns away from the cliff and moves to find Diefenbaker. He kneels beside his wounded dog, freeing him from the harness. A faint but distinct sound of a rifle bolt chambering a bullet makes Prescott jerk his head up; his eyes find the source. He slowly stands, keeping his eyes fixed on:

201. HIS POV - THE EDGE OF THE FOREST
There's no trace of whatever made the sound.

202. ANGLE ON PRESCOTT
His eyes haven't moved. When he speaks he doesn't raise his voice, the still air carries it for him.

PRESCOTT

It's over, Gerard. You can't
cover this one up. You shoot me
and they hunt you to the ends of
the earth.

203. EXTREME WIDE ANGLE
Taking in the full terrain. A shot echoes through the valley. The small figure that was Sup. Gerard crumples and falls out from the tree line.

204. ON GERARD
lying there in the snow, clutching his chest. Prescott kneels down beside the bleeding man. A pair of hand-made boots appear beside him. Prescott looks up to see the Inuit man, hunting rifle in hand.

INUIT

Sorry, thought he was a caribou.
Too many hunting accidents up here.

The old man slings his rifle over his shoulder and walks off into the forest.

205. BACK AT THE SLED - A SHORT TIME LATER

Ray lies Gerard down and turns the sled over onto its runners as Prescott lifts Diefenbaker in his arms.

PRESCOTT

Hold on, old fellow, we'll get you fixed up. Open your eyes, look at me when I'm talking to you. I said,

(enunciating:)

"hold on".

(Dief licks his face)

You just don't listen.

RAY

(re: Gerard)

Help me put him on the sled.

PRESCOTT

No....

Prescott lays Diefenbaker on the sled and covers him with a blanket.

PRESCOTT

We'll come back for him.

(to dogs)

Mush!

Ray hops on as the dog sled takes off, leaving Gerard behind.

206. EXTREME LONG SHOT
as the sled pulls away

RAY

You know, we just took out seven guys. One more and you qualify for American citizenship.

DISSOLVE TO:

207. EXT. CRIMINAL COURT BUILDING - DAY

A media circus is in full swing as Gerard and the CEO of the power project are escorted out to the waiting police cars. On the way they pass one of many TV NEWS REPORTERS on the front steps, talking into her camera.

TV NEWS REPORTER

...who pled guilty today and has agreed to testify against his co-defendant in this case. A lot of people are wondering what this means for the East Bay Power Project, the second phase of which was to begin construction....

We follow Asst. Commissioner Underhill across the street, to where Prescott, dressed in civilian clothes, stands quietly watching.

UNDERHILL

You didn't make yourself a lot of friends today.

Prescott doesn't respond. The Asst. Commissioner motions for him to walk with him.

UNDERHILL (cont'd)

There's no record of your father making any withdrawals, none of the deposits were made in person.

UNDERHILL (cont'd)

People will believe what they want to believe. I know what I do.

PRESCOTT

I appreciate that.

UNDERHILL

I talked to the super at your old job. He suggested transferring you further north. But that'd put you in Russia. Seems the only people who do want you are

UNDERHILL (cont'd)
in Chicago. It's not exactly
Lake Louise, but if I were you,
I'd make do until things quiet
down.

PRESCOTT
How long will that be?

Underhill stops; this isn't easy.

UNDERHILL
You turned in one of your own.
It's not right, but...

PRESCOTT
Thanks for trying.

Underhill walks to his staff car, turns back.

UNDERHILL
Everyone says he was the last of
a breed. It's not true. You
are.

Underhill gets in and the car disappears into traffic.

DISSOLVE TO:

208. INT. RCMP STATION - NIGHT

Prescott scoops up the few contents of his desk drawer.
Among them is the small photo of his young father in
uniform. He studies it for a moment, then places it
between the pages of his father's worn journal. He
buttons the journal into the top pocket of his tunic and
picks up his rucksack. Diefenbaker sits in the desk
chair, favoring his bandaged shoulder.

PRESCOTT
I'm not carrying you. I'm not.

Diefenbaker looks at him, with those big brown eyes.

PRESCOTT (cont'd)
Oh, alright.

He picks Diefenbaker up in his arms and carries him out.

PRESCOTT (cont'd)
Just don't get comfortable.

CUT TO:

209. EXT. CANADIAN CONSULATE - CHICAGO - DAY

We pull back from the brass plaque to reveal Prescott, in full dress uniform, standing silent guard. We continue to pull back to reveal Ray.

RAY

I just want to know if you can really smell what's in mud, because I've been following this perp...Are you listening to me?...Just nod if you can hear me....I get my ass blown off for you and you won't even nod?... Okay, wink...Winking is against the law?...One wink, yes, two winks, no....My ex-wife was more responsive than this.

The "operator" we met at the airport walks up and speaks to Ray.

OPERATOR

Scuse me? When he gets off work, would you give him this? It's the hundred he lent me.

The operator moves off as Ray stares after him.

FADE OUT

210. SUPER OVER BLACK:

In 1992, after construction of the James Bay Power Project, 10,000 caribou mysteriously drowned in the forests of Northern Canada when the "rivers ran backwards". The government maintains they died as a result of a series of freak natural occurrences.

Phase II of the James Bay project, scheduled to begin this year, will flood a wilderness area the size of Germany.

THE END