



Episode # 6

Project - SC1004

## DUE SOUTH

"Chinatown"

by

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PROLOGUE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CHINATOWN DISTRICT -- NIGHT 1

Ray leads Fraser down a side street lined with tiny shops and restaurants. Blinking neon signs in both English and Chinese, tell us at a glance that this is Chinatown. While Dief trails behind, Fraser takes in the sights and aromas and Ray takes great pleasure in giving him the guided tour.

RAY

...You want your soggy chop suey you go to the suburbs. Down here it's the real thing -- fish heads, birds nest soup, shark fins so fresh they're still circling in the bowl. But ya have to act like a regular, or they stick you with yesterday's mu-shu.

FRASER

I'll follow your lead, then.

RAY

Just try not to hold the menu upside down.

As they open the door of the restaurant, Dief moves to follow them in:

FRASER

(stopping Dief)

Now, now -- see the sign?

Fraser points to a sign on the door that reads "No Dogs Allowed."

FRASER (CONT'D)

That includes you.

If a wolf can look wounded, ours does.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Now, don't get into a snit. It's a health regulation and there's a very good reason for it.

RAY

Yeah. You stink.

FRASER

Ray, please, he's already feeling excluded.

1 CONTINUED:

1

RAY

He should feel excluded. He's an animal.

Dief turns and walks away, dejected.

FRASER

(to Ray, annoyed)

Well, there you go, now you've done it. Satisfied?

RAY

Strangely, yes.

They enter the restaurant, leaving Dief to curl up on the hard, cold sidewalk.

CUT TO:

2 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- MOMENTS LATER

2

Ray refers to a menu as Mr. Lee, the owner, waits to take their order. Lee's son, David (18), finishes the table setup.

RAY

(disappointed)

...How could you be out of bird's nests? There's gotta be one in every tree.

MR. LEE

(apologetically)

The won-ton soup is excellent.

While Ray considers, David speaks quietly to his father.

DAVID

I'm going to take a break, Dad.

Mr. Lee nods and David moves off.

RAY

Okay, just bring us two orders of the Mandarin duck.

MR. LEE

Sorry. No duck.

RAY

(exasperated)

How 'bout a chili dog?

Fraser picks up a menu.

2 CONTINUED:

2

FRASER

May I?

RAY

It's in Chinese, Benny.

FRASER

So I see.

RAY

Just try not to order any internal organs.

Fraser refers to the menu, which we can see is written entirely in Chinese characters. He addresses Mr. Lee in perfect Cantonese.

FRASER

(in Cantonese)

Please bring us a number one with vegetables and steamed rice, and a number four with chicken. And I'd like the black bean sauce on the side.

\*

Mr. Lee grins and nods happily, offering many thanks in Cantonese. Fraser turns back to see Ray staring at him, slack-jawed with surprise.

RAY

How did you do that?

FRASER

I just went with the specials.

While Ray absorbs this, we catch up with Mr. Lee as he hurries to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

3

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

3

Mr. Lee enters to find David engaged in a mild argument with his mother, MRS. LEE.

DAVID

(in Cantonese)

I'll be right back. I'm going outside.

MRS. LEE

(in Cantonese, worried)

For what?

3 CONTINUED:

3

DAVID  
(in Cantonese, turning  
to his father)  
Dad, please, I just need to get out.

\*  
\*  
\*

MRS. LEE  
(in Cantonese, after  
him)  
You stay inside. You do what your  
father told you.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MR. LEE  
(in Cantonese, to Mrs.  
Lee)  
It's alright, let him go.

\*  
\*  
\*

Mr. Lee turns to a cook and gestures to the door.

\*

MR. LEE (CONT'D)  
(in Cantonese)  
Watch him.

\*  
\*

The cook exits after David.

\*

CUT TO:

4 EXT. KITCHEN DOOR (BACK STAIRS) -- CONTINUOUS

4

David trots down the stairs, followed by the Cook.

DAVID  
She worries too much.

COOK  
(Cantonese)  
She has reason.

\*  
\*

DAVID  
I know, I know.

As David hits the sidewalk and wanders past the front of the  
restaurant we see that Dief has managed to trade upon his  
pitiful look and wheedle some cookies out of a PASSERBY.

PASSERBY  
(to Dief)  
Now who would go off and leave a nice  
dog like you?

Dief seems to agree. TILT UP to see Fraser and Ray sitting  
in their table at the open window enjoying their appetizers.

CUT TO:

5 INT. RESTAURANT (RAY AND FRASER'S TABLE) -- CONTINUOUS 5

FRASER

My grandparents helped set up an English language library in China, before the revolution. They taught me the Mandarin and Cantonese dialects when I was little. But I'm afraid I've forgotten almost all of the Fuchow and Amoy-Swatow I knew.

RAY

Oh, I hate it when that happens.

Fraser glances toward the street, a little worried. \*

FRASER

You think he's alright?

RAY

Who?

FRASER

Diefenbaker.

RAY

He's a wild animal!

FRASER

He didn't look alright. \*

CUT TO:

6 EXT. CHINATOWN STREETS -- AT THAT MOMENT 6

David drifts on the sidewalk enjoying the night air. A few yards behind, the Cook is flirting with a young ASIAN GIRL.

A LINCOLN TOWN CAR

slows and pulls up beside David. David looks up and makes contact with the passenger in the rear seat, a young ASIAN in his, 20's, (call him JIMMY) who smiles and nods his head slightly. \*

DAVID

(in Cantonese)

How's it going?

Jimmy sticks an unlit cigarette into his mouth.

JIMMY

Got a light?

6 CONTINUED:

6

DAVID

Sure.

David pulls a pack of matches out of his waiter's apron and approaches. The Cook glances over but is unconcerned.

AT THE CAR

Jimmy lights his cigarette. As he is about to pass the matches back, he drops them to the sidewalk.

JIMMY

Sorry.

DAVID

No problem.

David bends over and picks them up. As he does Jimmy suddenly swings his rear door open, catching David in the head and knocking him hard to the pavement. In seconds another THUG (THUG #1) jumps out of the front passenger seat and he and Jimmy seize David, and toss him, dazed, into the backseat of the limo. Jimmy and Thug #1 climb in with him. \*

THE COOK

turns and runs into the restaurant. \*

IN THE BACK OF THE LIMO

David kicks and thrashes against his captors as the door swings shut. While the second thug tries to keep his hand clamped over David's mouth, the first thug screams to Jimmy:

THUG #1

Go! Go!

The car peels away from the curb, just as David kicks out with his foot shattering the right rear side window. \*

CUT TO:

7

INT. RESTAURANT -- AT THAT MOMENT

7

Mr. Lee and A BUS BOY are serving the platters of food when Fraser freezes at the sound of the window smashing outside.

FRASER

Glass.

BUS BOY

Certainly.

7 CONTINUED:

7

He retrieves one, but Fraser's already on his feet. In the distance A WOMAN SCREAMS.

FRASER

Excuse me.

Ray knows what's coming.

RAY

No...not the window, not the...!

Fraser jumps onto the sill and bounds out the window.

RAY (CONT'D)

(to Mr. Lee)

I don't think they have doors in  
Canada.

Ray jumps up and runs for the stairs

\*

8 EXT. THE RESTAURANT -- CONTINUOUS

8

THE LIMO

careens down the street toward the restaurant, veering from side to side - there is obviously a struggle for control of the wheel going on inside.

DIEFENBAKER

sees the Passerby caught crossing the street, right in front of the oncoming car. Dief races toward him and leaps, knocking the man out of the path of the oncoming car.

FRASER

slides down the overhanging roof, grabs the gutter and drops. He hits the ground, a few yards in front of the limo and has to leap and roll out of the way to avoid being hit.

Ray and Mr. Lee burst onto the sidewalk, the Cook right behind them as Fraser leaps to his feet.

FRASER

Ray, kidnapping. Call for assistance.

Ray races to his car at the curb and gets on the radio as Fraser chases the limo.

RAY

(into Radio)

Unit 342 requesting backup in  
Chinatown...



8 CONTINUED:

8

As Ray waits for a response he sees Fraser disappear around a corner, tearing after the limo.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. CHINATOWN MAIN STREET -- CONTINUOUS

9

The limo careens through the street, picking up speed. We can see that the license plate has been obscured by mud.

FRASER

races after it, passing bicyclists and leaping over trash cans, but the limo is two blocks ahead and disappearing fast.

AHEAD --

The limo pulls a sharp U turn and wheels onto a side street. A few seconds later...

10 FRASER

10

reaches the corner and stops, his heart pounding. The limo is nowhere in sight. He pauses and listens -- whatever he's listening for isn't clear enough. He looks and sees next to him a narrow fire escape ladder running up the side of a three story building. He jumps onto it and starts to climb.

CUT TO:

11 THE TOP OF THE LADDER

11

Fraser reaches the top, looks out into the night and listens. The street is quiet except for the fading sounds of the car escaping through the nearby streets. Fraser closes his eyes, cups his hand to his ear and cocks his head like a deer, listening intently. PUSH INTO ECU on his face as he hears the car disappear in the distance - accompanied by several small but distinctive noises. First a DOUBLE SPLASH of water, then, a few seconds later, a jarring THUD accompanied by a SCRAPING SOUND and the SOUND of SPARKS flying. Fraser reacts to each. Then silence. Fraser hops down from the scaffolding.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. RESTAURANT -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

12

The cook and several SHOPKEEPERS speak to Mr. Lee in hushed Chinese that can not be made out. Ray is trying to comprehend what's going on.

12 CONTINUED:

12

RAY

Whoa, whoa -- you wanna try some  
English, here?

Fraser runs up to them breathless.

FRASER

Who was it?

Mr. Lee goes silent. The Cook drops his eyes. The shopkeepers  
blend away. Fraser glances around for witnesses.

ANGLE WIDENS TO REVEAL

That the street has emptied, people melting into the darkness.

RAY

(looks around)

Nobody saw anything.

Fraser turns back to Mr. Lee. They lock eyes for a brief  
moment. Mr. Lee turns away.

\*

END OF PROLOGUE

ACT ONE

13 EXT. RESTAURANT -- HALF AN HOUR LATER 13

HUEY and GARDINO are on the scene, having responded to Ray's call. They stand with Fraser. Mrs. Lee hovers nearby. In the BG, Ray interviews Mr. Lee. \*

GARDINO  
(to Fraser)  
So you were sitting up there,  
(gesturing up toward  
restaurant)  
and this supposed crime took place... \*

FRASER  
Approximately thirty five metres  
south/southwest. \*

HUEY  
And you saw this from across the room,  
through the pagoda, and around the  
corner? \*

FRASER  
No. I heard it. \*

HUEY  
You heard it.  
(with a patronizing  
smile)  
Tell me, Fraser, what exactly does a  
kidnapping sound like? \*

FRASER  
Well, in this case, there was the sound  
of a foot shattering glass, followed  
by the scream of a female bystander  
and the squeal of tires as the vehicle  
pulled away from the curb. \*

HUEY  
Did you happen to 'hear' a license  
plate number, too?

FRASER  
(to Gardino)  
The license had been intentionally  
obscured with mud.

GARDINO  
(with much drama)  
You know what we have here, Jack?  
(MORE)

13 CONTINUED:

13

GARDINO (CONT'D)

Another case of speeding with a dirty license plate.

HUEY

Damn, this city is going to hell.

FRASER

I did find this.

Fraser holds out his hand -- in it is a small shard of glass wiped with blood.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Whoever was kidnapped must have tried to escape out the shattered rear window. I believe you will find it's human blood.

In the B.G., Mrs. Lee reacts slightly, affected but trying not to show it. During the following the cook exits the restaurant, approaches Mrs. Lee and whispers in her ear.

\*  
\*  
\*

HUEY

(to Gardino with mock drama)

Someone nicked themselves while driving.

GARDINO

(responding in kind)

This case just keeps getting worse and worse.

Ray walks up.

RAY

(to Fraser)

The owner says he didn't get out in time to see anything. Likewise everyone else on the block.

\*  
\*  
\*

In the B.G. Mrs. Lee now whispers to Mr. Lee, and the two move quickly but quietly into the restaurant.

\*

HUEY

(with drama)

No witnesses, no victim, no evidence.

(to Gardino, with drama)

You know what this sounds like, Louis?

GARDINO

(with drama)

A U.F.O. sighting?

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

HUEY

I'm afraid so.  
(heading out)  
It's all yours, Vecchio.

RAY

Back to the donut shop, already?  
Thanks for the fine police work.

Huey and Gardino stride off. \*

RAY (CONT'D)

(to Fraser)

Okay, have you humiliated me enough  
for one night, or should we cruise  
the neighborhood and see if we can  
smell out a robbery?

FRASER

I'm afraid we may be needed here,  
Ray. The kidnapers are bound to  
make contact sooner or later.

Fraser moves toward the restaurant.. Ray follows. \*

RAY

With who? We don't even know who was  
kidnapped.

FRASER

No. But I'll wager Mr. Lee does. \*

CUT TO:

13A INT. RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

13

Ray and Fraser climb the stairs. \*

FRASER

You saw the restaurant we passed down  
the street...? \*

RAY

Yeah, it was packed, so what?

FRASER

According to my brief comparison study  
of the menus displayed in the windows,  
Mr. Lee's prices are cheaper by half.  
And yet his establishment sits empty  
on a Saturday night.

13A CONTINUED:

13A

RAY

Well maybe if he stocked up a little better, he'd have a fighting chance.

FRASER

No experienced restaurateur would allow his key ingredients to be depleted. At least, not willingly.

RAY

You think he's being squeezed?

FRASER

Absolutely.

RAY

There's no money in this place -- it's strictly mom and pop. Who would bother?

FRASER

I don't know. But whoever they are, I think they just raised the stakes.

14 INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

14

Mr. Lee is standing at the kitchen wallphone. Standing nearby are his wife and two shopkeepers, THOMAS YAO and PHILIP CHIN.

MR.LEE

Where is my son?

15 INT. A BACK ROOM OF A LAUNDRY -- CONTINUOUS

15

CHARLIE WONG, an Asian-American in his thirties, stands looking out a window, a cell phone to his ear. We can't see the view but the neon lights bathing his face tell us we're somewhere in the city,

INTERCUT WITH PREVIOUS SCENE.

CHARLIE

My people tell me he has been kidnapped. I was shocked, certainly, but not surprised. For some time now there has been talk of drugs, of gambling debts unpaid.

MR.LEE

Those are lies!

Mrs. Lee comes to listen at her husband's side.

15 CONTINUED:

15

CHARLIE

Of course. But let us keep to the issue at hand. As you know, I have the resources to find your son. I offer to do that and return him to you.

\*  
\*

ANOTHER ANGLE INCLUDES

Jimmy watches over David Lee who is bound with duct tape and parked in a chair against the wall near large washers and clothing bins. As he struggles to make a sound against his gag, we can see there is a nasty cut on his forehead and his white uniform is dotted with a few drops of blood.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

In return I would ask a similar favor. You will stop the lies you spread against me in the community. And you will demonstrate your respect for us by agreeing to the reasonable and generous business offer we have made to you in the past.

16 INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

16

Mr. Lee listens, his face white as a sheet.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Do this and I will find your son for you.

There is a click on the other end and the line goes dead. Mr. Lee slowly hangs up the phone. Mrs. Lee looks at her husband, clearly terrified.

MRS. LEE

Will you please give him what he wants?

THOMAS YAO

You can't do that.

MR. LEE

He has my son.

PHILLIP CHIN

And he'll come for ours next if you give into him.

THOMAS YAO

You're the one who told us to stand together when the Tong came to our neighborhood. If you give in we'll all go down.

16 CONTINUED:

16

There is a KNOCK on the kitchen door. Fraser enters with Ray.

FRASER

Mr. Lee, I have no desire to intrude on your grief.

MR. LEE

Excuse me...?

FRASER

It was your son they took, wasn't it?

MR. LEE

(to Yao and Chin,  
covering)

We will speak later my friends.  
Goodnight

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Yao and Chin exit out the side door. Mr. Lee puts on a calm and guarded face.

\*

FRASER

I couldn't see the occupants clearly, but one of them was wearing kitchen whites.

RAY

(to Mr. Lee)

Your son never returned from his break.

MR. LEE

Thank you for your concern, but whoever the unfortunate boy is, there's nothing you can do for him. You do not realize what will happen to him if the police get involved. The Tong make the laws down here.

\*

FRASER

I don't think you believe that. Mr. Lee, if you give them what they want, they will take it, and still betray you.

MR. LEE

Perhaps. But this boy's father may not have any choice but to trust they will keep their word.

FRASER

There is a wise Chinese saying: "Under fragrant bait there is a hooked fish."



16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

Mr. Lee is unnerved but remains tight-lipped.

MR. LEE

I cannot help you. Please, go.

CUT TO:

17 INT. RESTAURANT -- CONTINUOUS

17

Fraser and Ray head down the stairwell to the front door where Dief waits for them.

RAY

What'd I tell you? Talking nice gets you nowhere. These people are from a culture that only responds to strength.

FRASER

That's a cultural stereotype, Ray.

RAY

Look who's talking.

FRASER

Mr. Lee heard what I had to say. Now he'll make his choice.

RAY

And that's the last we'll see of him.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

18

Establishing shot.

MR. LEE (V.O.)

For years the Tong ignored our neighborhood, concentrating on the more prosperous merchants of Chinatown.

CUT TO

19 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

1

Ray hands Mr. Lee a cup of coffee and then gives Fraser a look.

MR. LEE

Then Charlie Wong came to town.

RAY

Heard of him. Heard he's hungry.

19 CONTINUED:

19

MR. LEE

He wanted to make a name for himself. Show what a big man he is. I told him to get lost and I encouraged my neighbors to do the same. That's why he took David.

Ray puts a comforting hand on his shoulder.

FRASER

(to Lee)

He didn't actually say he had your son?

MR. LEE

He's not a stupid man.

FRASER

You did the right thing in coming here. We will find your son, Mr. Lee.

MR. LEE

(trying to convince himself)

Yes.

Ray pulls out a pocket tape recorder and places it on the table.

RAY

Now, I want you to tell me, as close as you can remember it, exactly what he said to you on the phone.

The door opens and Huey and Gardino breeze in.

HUEY

Gentlemen. I hear Mr. Lee is prepared to make a statement.

RAY

Good goin', Jack. See what happens when you take the donut holes out of your ears?

GARDINO

Pack it up, Vecchio. You called us in, it's our case.

Gardino takes the tape recorder from the table, tosses it to Ray, and slaps his own down on the table.

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

GARDINO (CONT'D)

(to Fraser)

You, out.

(to Mr. Lee)

You, stay put.

RAY

(to Gardino)

No, you out.

(re: Fraser)

He stays put.

Ray tosses Gardino's tape recorder back to him and replaces it with his own.

GARDINO

You touch this again and I'll toss you out.

Gardino slaps his tape recorder back on the table.

FRASER

Perhaps if we all stepped out?

AGENT FORD (O.S.)

Good idea.

All look to see two men in suits, AGENT FORD and AGENT DEETER, standing in the door.

AGENT FORD (CONT'D)

(flashing his badge)

Agents Ford and Deeter. FBI. We're taking over the case.

Deeter sets his own, huge deluxe model tape recorder down on the table, knocking Gardino's tape recorder off the table and sending onto the floor. Gardino picks it up. It's in several pieces.

GARDINO

(crushed)

I just bought that.

CUT TO:

20 INT. LIEUTENANT WELSH'S OFFICE -- LATER

20

The three detectives and two feds are all arguing heatedly around Welsh's desk. Only Fraser stands quietly. Mr. Lee can be seen sitting on a bench outside the office looking confused and worried.

20 CONTINUED:

20

AGENT FORD

(to Welsh)

Kidnapping is a federal offence, there is no discussion here.

HUEY

(to Welsh)

Lieutenant, they can't just walk in and kick us off our case.

RAY

It isn't your case. It's my case!

FRASER

(to Welsh)

Sir, perhaps I could be of assistance...

AGENT FORD

Who's he?

WELSH

A Mountie.

AGENT FORD

What's he doing here?

WELSH

I'm never entirely sure.

FRASER

Sir, I understand your dilemma. In Canada we have ten provinces and two territories communicating across six time zones in two languages. We have more than a passing familiarity with confusion. The English don't understand the French, the French don't understand the English, and the Inuit, quite frankly, couldn't give a damn about either of them. Then there are the Cree, the Mohawk and the Ojibwa -- and some fishermen on the east coast with an extremely unique accent--

WELSH

There's a point to this, I assume?

FRASER

Yes sir, I believe so. The key we have found is compromise. Might I suggest that we devise a plan that will use everyone to the best of their abilities?

\*

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

AGENT FORD  
(beat then, turning to  
Welsh)  
Get him out of here.

\*

CUT TO:

21 INT. BULLPEN -- MOMENTS LATER

21

Fraser and Ray are hustled out of Welsh's office. Gardino slams the door shut after them. Mr. Lee sees them and approaches.

MR. LEE  
It is settled now? You will help my son?

FRASER  
The F.B.I. is involved now Mr. Lee. They will help you.

MR. LEE  
But I don't know those men. How can I trust them?

FRASER  
You can put your trust in the law.

Agent Ford opens Welsh's door and steps out, while barking a stream of orders to Agent Deeter.

\*

AGENT FORD  
(turning to Deeter)  
I want wiretaps on the restaurant and on the home phones, and background checks on everyone in the restaurant, including the victim. Oh -- and I want two of our best people undercover in Chinatown. Get MacCluskey and O'Hara.

\*

AGENT DEETER  
Roger.

Ray shoots Fraser a look -- "these guys are unbelievable." Mr. Lee catches the look, and we see in his expression that this is exactly what he feared. As Deeter strides off, Ford turns to Mr. Lee.

\*

AGENT FORD  
You the kid's father?  
(MORE)

\*

21 CONTINUED:

21

AGENT FORD (CONT'D)

(Lee nods)

In here.

\*

Reluctantly Mr. Lee obeys. At the door he turns back and gives Fraser a last pleading look.

FRASER

(reassuring)

Trust in the law.

Mr. Lee nods and goes into the office. The minute the door closes, Ray turns on Fraser in disbelief.

RAY

Are you nuts?

But Fraser is already several paces away, striding down the hall with purpose. As Ray catches up:

RAY (CONT'D)

That kid is done for. These FBI guys couldn't find Waldo if they took the book home for the weekend!

FRASER

I said trust in the law, Ray. That doesn't mean we can't lend the law a helping hand.

RAY

Atta boy, Benny, now you're talking. No one pushes me off a case without a fight, we hit 'em and we hit 'em hard. So, where do we start?

FRASER

In here.

Fraser opens a hallway door and steps in. Ray follows on his heels and Fraser closes the door behind them.

22 INT. HALL CLOSET -- CONTINUOUS

22

It's pitch black. A beat, then:

RAY (V.O.)

Benny. This is a closet.

FRASER (V.O.)

I know. Shhhh...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

23 INT. CLOSET -- CONTINUOUS

23

Fraser and Ray sit in the darkness.

RAY

How long are we going to sit here? I have this thing about the dark, okay? I mean, I've dealt with it. I'm comfortable with it. I'm not afraid of the dark, I just--

Suddenly, SCRATCHING NOISES on the outside of the door.

RAY (CONT'D)

(reacting)

Ahh!

Fraser opens the door and Diefenbaker pushes in and squeezes himself between them.

RAY (CONT'D)

No, no! Three in the closet is where I draw the line!

FRASER

Please, everyone, settle down. I'm trying to listen.

RAY

To what?

FRASER

Shhh!

Fraser closes his eyes and concentrates. We hear what he hears: a DOUBLE SPLASH (the doppler effect of the sound of a car hitting a puddle.)

FRASER (CONT'D)

I'm not certain, but it sounds like...  
(makes double splashing sounds)

What does that sound like to you?

RAY

How about the sound of my job going down the toilet? I'm sitting in a dark closet with a Mountie, being licked by a deaf wolf. That was the wolf wasn't it?

23 CONTINUED:

23

FRASER

Yes, Ray.

RAY

Thank God. Now would you mind explaining to me what you're doing here? \*

FRASER

I'm listening to the sounds of the kidnapping in my mind -- the noises the limo made after it sped out of sight. If I can piece these noises together they will lead us to David Lee.

("hearing")

There's another one...!

Fraser HEARS a JARRING THUD, but muffled and indistinct.

RAY

What is it?

FRASER

I think it's a "clunk." No, wait...

He listens again, replaying the sound. We HEAR THE THUD again, but it is tweaked to be louder and more distinct. This time it sounds more like the THUD OF METAL ON PAVEMENT.

FRASER (CONT'D)

It's a thud. Yes, definitely.

RAY

But what does it mean?

FRASER

It doesn't matter what it means, all that matters now is to remember.

Suddenly the door opens and a shaft of light splits the darkness, revealing Fraser and Ray sitting cross-legged on the closet floor. They look up to see Elaine standing in the doorway.

ELAINE

...Hi.

FRASER/RAY

(embarrassed)

...Hi./Hi.

Dief knows an embarrassing moment when he sees it and gets up and leaves.



23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

ELAINE

I saw you come in here.

FRASER

Ah. We were just... have you ever  
heard a sound that goes  
(makes double splashing  
sound)

Off her stone-faced reaction, we:

CUT TO:

23A INT. POLICE STATION (HALLWAY) -- MINUTES LATER

23.

As Fraser and Ray head down the hall.

\*

RAY

(to Fraser)

No more listening in closets,  
understand?

FRASER

Sorry, Ray.

RAY

I mean, is it really necessary to  
humiliate me at every step of the  
way? Is that strictly necessary?

FRASER

Please, Ray, I can't have the both of  
you sulking.

Fraser turns around to see Dief sitting a piece behind them  
in the hallway, refusing to follow.

\*  
\*

FRASER (CONT'D)

Well, are you coming?

Dief turns and walks off in the opposite direction.

\*

FRASER (CONT'D)

(exasperated)

You let a wolf save your life and  
they make you pay and pay and pay.

\*

Fraser and Ray walk off around a corner. HOLD ON HALLWAY.  
A beat later Huey and Gardino come around the opposite corner  
and head up the hall.

\*  
\*  
\*

GARDINO

(nervous)

I don't like this, Jack. I feel dirty.

\*  
\*

23A CONTINUED:

237

HUEY

No time for scruples, Louis. We've got to get back on this case.

\*

GARDINO

I hate these FBI guys. Why would I wanna help them?

\*

\*

HUEY

Because that's how it works. We scratch their backs, they scratch ours.

\*

\*

GARDINO

They broke my tape recorder.

\*

Huey pulls him into an alcove out of the earshot of passersby.

\*

HUEY

Louis, try to grasp this concept: a Mountie and a badly dressed Italian are solving more cases than we are. Our image is tarnished, our caseload has slipped and I spend more time plucking out grey hair than I do with my tailor. We need a break.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

GARDINO

I know that. I got a tailor too, you know.

\*

\*

HUEY

So, think -- we're dealing with the feds here. What's the one thing they want most from this case?

\*

\*

\*

GARDINO

To get the credit.

\*

HUEY

Good. So we help them get the credit, and we take some for ourselves.

\*

\*

As they continue down the hall:

HUEY (CONT'D)

You cool?

GARDINO

(nervous)

Yeah, yeah, I'm cool.

\*

\*

They stop at the door of an interrogation room.

23A CONTINUED: (2)

23A

Huey takes a quick glance around and knocks. Agent Ford opens the door and Huey and Louey step inside.

\*

23B INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

23B

Ford holds up a small listening device -- the kind one would use to bug a phone.

\*

\*

AGENT FORD

You know what this is?

\*

HUEY

(sarcastic)

No. You tell us.

\*

\*

AGENT FORD

It's a bug. You know how to plant it?

\*

GARDINO

(offended)

Whad'ya think?

\*

\*

AGENT FORD

I think you're morons. But do it right and we'll bring you in for the kill.

\*

\*

Ford signals them out and closes the door on them.

\*

23C INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

23C

Huey turns to Gardino.

\*

HUEY

Louis, he called you a moron.

\*

Huey walks off. On Louey's reaction:

\*

CUT TO:\*

24 EXT. POLICE STATION (REAR LOADING DOCK) -- DAY

24

Fraser and Ray crossing to the car.

\*

FRASER

The car they used in the kidnapping, what was it?

24 CONTINUED:

24

RAY

A Lincoln Town car. Late model from the looks of it.

FRASER

Is that a common car in Chicago?

RAY

Nah, there couldn't be more than five thousand of 'em.

FRASER

Can you get me a manual?

As they step into Ray's car we:

CUT TO:

25 EXT. CHINATOWN STREETS -- DAY

25

Fraser moves slowly down the center of the street, scanning the pavement with great care and concentration. Ray inches along beside him in his car, the Lincoln Town Car manual open on his lap.

RAY

See, this is exactly what I was afraid would happen.

FRASER

(concentrating)

Ray, please.

RAY

Fraser, you cannot track a Lincoln Town Car through downtown Chicago. It's not like a beaver. It doesn't leave nice little tail tracks in the tundra...

Ray's front tire hits a mud puddle, causing a small splash.

Fraser stops suddenly.

FRASER

(alerted)

Wait...

RAY

What??

25 CONTINUED:

25

FRASER

Shhhh.

\*

Fraser closes his eyes and concentrates.

A GRAINY BLACK AND WHITE IMAGE

fills the screen: the rear end of the limo as it tears down the street at fifty miles an hour and hits the puddle and shoots water high into the air. Making the exact DOUBLE SPLASHING SOUNDS Fraser heard in the closet.

\*

\*

BACK WITH FRASER

FRASER (CONT'D)

(smiles)

We've picked up their trail.

\*

Fraser strides off down the street.

RAY

Why do I feel more and more like Dale Evans?

(calling after him)

Hey, Roy! Wait for me!

CUT TO:

26 EXT. SIDE STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

26

Fraser strides a few yards ahead of Ray's car, scanning the pavement.

RAY

I thought it was a "clunk."

FRASER

No - it was a loud "thud", accompanied by a

(makes scraping sound)

followed by a

(sounds like sparks flying)

RAY

You spend a lot of time alone as a child, Fraser?

FRASER

(pointing ahead)

What's that?

RAY

A pothole.

26 CONTINUED:

26

Fraser concentrates.

INSERT A GRAINY BLACK AND WHITE VIDEO IMAGE

of the Lincoln as it tears down the side street, hits the deep pothole and bottoms out, sending sparks flying. The image and Fraser's soundtrack match exactly.

ON FRASER

FRASER

That's it.

They hurry toward it.

NEAR THE POTHOLE

Fraser leans in and runs his hand over the fresh scrapes in the tarmac. Ray kneels beside him with the manual.

FRASER (CONT'D)

See this?

Fraser indicates a distinctive scrape mark.

RAY

Yeah. Probably the tail pipe.

FRASER

And over there.

Fraser indicates two sets of tire tracks, one going straight ahead, the other bearing left.

RAY

Two tire tracks.

(indicating one)

If this is the Lincoln it didn't lay much rubber.

FRASER

Perhaps the tire didn't have much left. What's the manual say about the wheelbase?

RAY

Uh.... seventy inches.

FRASER

What's the distance from the tail pipe pan to the right rear tire?

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

RAY  
(checking)  
Thirty three inches.

Fraser pulls an old folding ruler out of his satchel and makes a measurement of the distance from the dent on the pavement to the two tire treads. The one Ray indicated matches perfectly.

FRASER  
This is the tire. They turned left.

Fraser is up and on his feet, striding down a side street.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. SIDE STREET -- CONTINUOUS

27

As Fraser and Ray move along on foot:

RAY  
(sarcastic)  
Okay -- now we know the Lincoln turned left before it disappeared into thin air. Is this what you call a hot trail in the north country?

FRASER  
Ray.

RAY  
What is it?

Fraser points to a clump of hardened mud in the gutter.

FRASER  
Mud.

RAY  
Mud? You found mud? Now, that is something amazing.

FRASER  
The licence plate was intentionally obscured by mud. This piece must have fallen off after the car hit the speed bump.  
(turning the clump over)  
See? The negative image of what could be a three...

27 CONTINUED:

27

RAY

...Or an eight, or a five. In other words, we're nowhere, the trail is over and we've got zip.

FRASER

Not necessarily.  
(sniffs the mud)  
What does this smell like?

RAY

Mud.

FRASER

Yes, but something else.

Ray smells again.

RAY

Mud plus fresh towels.

FRASER

Exactly.

Fraser kneels down by a pool of water and submerges the clump of mud into the water.

RAY

(panicking)  
What are you doing? You're destroying the only piece of physical evidence we have!

FRASER

The mud isn't the evidence we need, Ray -- this is.

As Fraser dissolves the clump of mud, tiny white specks float to the surface.

FRASER (CONT'D)

See these white specks?

RAY

Yeah, so...?

FRASER

Watch this...

Fraser swishes the water with his fingers and bubbles appear.

RAY

...Soap?



27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

FRASER

Exactly. How many laundries are there in this area?

RAY

Fraser, we're in Chinatown.

FRASER

Yes... but how many are there down by the river?

RAY

The river?

FRASER

This is alluvial mud... fine grained, only found close to a riverbank.

Ray flips out his cell phone and hits a speed button.

RAY

Elaine...

CUT TO:

28 INT. POLICE STATION (ELAINE'S DESK) -- AT THAT MOMENT

28

RAY (V.O.)

How many Chinese laundries are there down by the river?

Elaine pulls out her phone book and starts leafing through the yellow pages while she speaks into her phone.

ELAINE

I'll check it out for you...

28A CLOSE ON THE SPINNING REELS OF A TAPE RECORDER -- CONTINUOUS

28

TILT UP to find Ford and Deeter monitoring the bugged and tape recorded conversation with headphones.

\*  
\*

ELAINE (V.O.)

Yeah here we go, looks like there's only one...

As Elaine gives out the name and address of the laundry

\*

ANGLE TO INCLUDE

\*

Huey and Louey who stand nearby, also listening. Louey turns to Huey, needling,

\*  
\*

28A CONTINUED:

28A

GARDINO

And they called you a moron.

\*

Effectively wiping the smug look off Huey's face.

\*

29 EXT. CHINESE LAUNDRY -- (2U - CHICAGO) -- NIGHT

29

A low industrial type building on the outskirts of Chinatown.  
Ray's car pulls up a distance down the street.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. LAUNDRY -- REAR ENTRANCE -- NIGHT 30

Ray and Fraser move quickly and stealthily down an alley toward the back. Ray draws his gun as they pick their way along the rear of the building. \*

RAY  
(quietly)  
You know we're going to go in there  
and find six little old ladies playing  
Mah Jong. \*

FRASER  
Maybe.

Fraser points to piles of broken crates. The contents of one of the crates is spilled across the dirt laneway -- a white powdery substance.

FRASER (CONT'D)  
Maybe not.

RAY  
Soap.

31 THE REAR DOOR 31

stands slightly ajar. Fraser edges up to it and puts his hand on the knob -- it swings open easily. Signalling to Ray to move quietly, they slip inside.

CUT TO:

32 INT. LAUNDRY -- CONTINUOUS 32

Fraser and Ray move stealthily through a large room filled with laundry equipment. The place is quiet and deserted. No sign of life. Ray mimes to Fraser "What now?" Fraser glances around and spots a door leading off the main room. He motions Ray to follow.

AT THE DOOR

Ray positions himself, gun drawn, at one side of the door and signals to Fraser to move out of the way. He counts silently to three, then wheels and kicks the door open.

RAY  
Police! Freeze!

CUT TO:

33 REVERSE ANGLE

33

Ray sits crouched in the doorway, his gun leveled...no response.

ON THE SUPPLY ROOM -- RAY'S POV

Just an empty room lined with supply shelves. Not a soul in sight. Ray lets out his breath, frustrated.

RAY

So much for the mud and soap theory.

Fraser enters the room and takes in its contents -- the neatly stocked shelves as well as, in one corner, a table covered with refuse and clutter, and several folding chairs, some of them upended.

FRASER

Whoever kidnapped David Lee was here last night.

Fraser picks through the half-dozen or so discarded take-out containers on the table.

FRASER (CONT'D)

At least four of them.

Fraser peels something small off the back of one of the upended chairs. He displays it for Ray.

FRASER (CONT'D)

And they bound him with duct tape.

Suddenly, Fraser grabs his arm, stopping him.

RAY

What?

FRASER

Listen.

RAY

Ah, Benny, not again--

FRASER

Shhh.

He points to the ceiling. They listen: THE SOFT PADDING OF FEET crossing the roof. A pause then, MORE FEET follow.

RAY

(softly)  
They're back.

33 CONTINUED:

33

Ray motions for Fraser to stay low. They move swiftly and quietly to the window and peek out.

IN THE REAR COURTYARD -- THEIR POV

Movement in the courtyard. A CROUCHING FIGURE, armed with a rifle, darts through the shadows then holds up behind the pile of broken crates. Seconds later ANOTHER FIGURE does the same. Then ANOTHER, and ANOTHER.

RAY (CONT'D)

Front door.

Keeping low they scurry out of the supply room and into:

CUT TO:

34 INT. LAUNDRY (MAIN ROOM) -- CONTINUOUS

34

Fraser and Ray weave their way through the equipment. As Ray jumps the front counter and reaches the door, Fraser pulls up and peers through the greasy blinds on the front window.

FRASER

Ray...

Ray moves up beside him, his gun cocked and ready.

FRASER (CONT'D)

(pointing through window)

Across the street --

ANGLE THROUGH WINDOW -- THEIR POV

More crouched figures move into position, the sun glinting off their gun barrels. All are wearing body armour.

RAY

Since when did thugs start wearing  
flack-jackets?

(realizing)

Oh, no... No...!

Suddenly the door beside them EXPLODES and is blown off the hinges in a hail of SMASHING GLASS and SPLINTERING WOOD. As Ray reels back from the impact, his gun FIRES sending a shot wild into the air.

An ANSWERING VOLLEY OF GUNFIRE bursts through the windows raining down on them from all sides. Ray and Fraser go scampering across the floor, searching for cover as plaster, glass and wood shower everywhere.

34 CONTINUED:

34

As they dive under a folding counter, the room is suddenly filled with the glare of bright white lights, and a voice shrieks through a BULLHORN.

AGENT FORD (V.O.)  
(through bullhorn)  
This is the FBI. You are surrounded.  
Throw down your weapons!

\*

Ray and Fraser exchange looks.

RAY  
Oh, great...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

35 INT. BULLPEN -- A SHORT TIME LATER (NIGHT) 35

Welsh and Fraser watch as Ray and Agent Ford go at each other.

RAY

(furious)

You eavesdrop on my phone call, you blast in there with assault weapons, and now all of Chinatown knows we're on the case!

AGENT FORD

And whose fault is that, Detective?! This is a federal investigation and you were specifically instructed not to interfere!

FRASER

(to Welsh)

Sir, David Lee and his kidnapers were in that building. The tire tracks in the alley confirm that, and there is more evidence inside. If we could just have access to it--

AGENT FORD

No! That is a crime scene, and I will not have unauthorized personnel--

Mr. Lee bursts in the door and heads straight for Fraser. Mrs. Lee enters behind him.

MR. LEE

(to Fraser, anxiously)

Where is he? My son, you have found him?

FRASER

(to Mr. Lee)

I'm afraid not.

MR. LEE

But all the police, the shooting...

AGENT FORD

Look, Mr. Lee, we're sorry to disappoint you but things like this happen in the course of an investigation. So if you'll just take your wife and go home--

35 CONTINUED:

35

MR. LEE

(angry)

I see. Nothing to be concerned about.  
My son is the hands of killers, but I  
should go home and wait for you to  
shoot up some other places?

AGENT FORD

We're doing everything we can.  
(quietly, to Welsh)  
He's hysterical. Get him out of here.

Agent Deeter enters.

AGENT DEETER

(to Ford)

He's on his way in.

AGENT FORD

Take him up to interrogation.

Deeter exits toward the stairway.

RAY

(sensing something)

Who? Take up who?

Ford starts to exit, but Mr. Lee grabs him by the arm,  
refusing to be put off.

MR. LEE

(calling after Ford,  
furious)

You come into Chinatown, you bring  
police, FBI. What do you think will  
happen when Charlie Wong hears of  
this? What do you think he will do  
to my son?

AGENT FORD

We will deal with Mr. Wong.

Mrs. Lee spots some commotion happening in the stairwell and  
reacts.

MRS. LEE

(shocked)

Oh, no....no...

All their eyes turn to

THEIR POV -- THE STAIRWELL



35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

Charlie Wong is being hustled up the stairs by a contingent of FBI agents.

BACK TO SCENE

Ray turns on Ford, furious.

RAY

Charlie Wong? The victim's still out there and you bring in his kidnapper? Are you crazy??

AGENT FORD

As you pointed out, Detective, all of Chinatown already knows we're involved. It's time to take the bull by the horns.

WELSH

(to Ford)

You know, he's right. You are an idiot.

Welsh turns and exits into his office. Ford blanches, turns on his heel and stalks out. As he passes Huey and Louey's desk he gives them a quick, steely glare. They bury themselves even deeper in their paperwork, humiliated. Shaken, Mr. Lee turns to Fraser.

MR. LEE

You've done this to me. You've killed my son.

Mr. Lee takes his wife by the arm and leads her into the bullpen. All Fraser can do is watch them leave.

RAY

This is what you get for trying to help someone.

FRASER

No. He's right.

RAY

You didn't blow up Chinatown. That was the feds.

FRASER

I led them there, Ray. I did this.

Fraser walks away toward the stairs.

Ray stands there a beat, then turns and enters Welsh's office.

36 INT. WELSH'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS 36

RAY

I need this one, sir.

WELSH

Can't do it, Detective.

RAY

This Fed's a horse's ass, sir, he's  
gong to blow this.

WELSH

It's his investigation. I'll make a  
call, maybe they'll have him replaced.

RAY

The kid'll be dead by then. I need  
this, sir.

A beat. Welsh just looks at him.

37 INT. STAIRWELL -- MOMENTS LATER 37

Fraser waits against the wall. The door slams open and Ray  
charges in and up the stairs.

RAY

Come on.

FRASER

Where?

RAY

(on the move)

I have this room I go to when I need  
to close my eyes and listen.

CUT TO:

38 INT. MEN'S WASHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER 38

A ROOKIE COP is flossing his teeth at the sink. As Ray and  
Fraser enter:

RAY

(to Rookie)

Out.

ROOKIE COP

(with the floss stuck  
between his teeth)

But I...

38 CONTINUED:

38

Ray grabs him by the floss and starts leading him out the door like a horse.

RAY

Trust me -- there are things a lot more painful than gum disease.

Ray stuffs the hapless Rookie out in the hall.

FRASER

Very polite, Ray.

RAY

You liked that, you're gonna love this.

Ray crosses to a pipe in the corner stall and forces one end of the pipe out of its elbow. VOICES start echoing up through the pipe system. He and Fraser put their ears to the open end of the pipe.

AGENT FORD (V.O.)

(echoing through the pipe)

...Mr. Wong, explain to me why your name and photograph appear in the gang files of every precinct in this city.

FRASER

(to Ray, whispering)

We're eavesdropping, aren't we.

RAY

I'll make sure they take your merit badge away later.

As Ray leans in to get a better listen, we FOLLOW THE PIPES down to...

39 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, ONE FLOOR BELOW -- AT THAT MOMENT

39

...where the pipes continue from the ceiling, down the wall and come to rest just behind the chairs of Agents Ford and Deeter. Charlie Wong sits opposite calmly manicuring his fingernails with a fancy gold nail clipper.

CHARLIE

...The police cannot distinguish Chinese from Japanese, let alone an honest Chinese from a dishonest one.

39 CONTINUED:

39

AGENT DEETER

Oh, I don't think there's much doubt  
which category you fall into, Charlie.

Charlie, refusing to be baited, maintains his cool smile and  
begins clipping his nails.

CUT TO:

40 INT. MEN'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

40

as Fraser reacts to the sound.

FRASER

(to Ray)  
What was that?

RAY

What?

FRASER

It sounded like...  
(makes a cutting noise)

RAY

(with sotto urgency)  
Will you stop that?!

CUT TO:

BACK TO SCENE

AGENT FORD

Where is David Lee?

CHARLIE

I heard he had been abducted. I  
offered to help his family in any way  
I could. Unfortunately the situation  
appears to be beyond my control.

AGENT FORD

I think you underestimate yourself,  
Mr. Wong. I think you know exactly  
where David Lee is. And I think you're  
the guy to tell us.

CHARLIE

Why do you think that, Agent Ford?

AGENT FORD

Because if you don't we're going to  
invoke the RICO Act, raid your place  
(MORE)

40 CONTINUED:

40

AGENT FORD (CONT'D)

of business, seize your assets and shut you down.

CHARLIE

So I should be frightened. Even though you have absolutely no proof that would connect me to the unfortunate disappearance of this young man.

AGENT FORD

Kidnapping is gravy. All we need is evidence of racketeering and threats of extortion, and we can take every penny you've made since kindergarten.

CHARLIE

I don't doubt your zeal, Agent Ford, but if you had such evidence, I don't believe you'd be sitting here explaining RICO to me. You would have acted.

AGENT FORD

Oh, you've given us the evidence, Mr. Wong. You put it right in our laps. You threatened the wrong shopkeeper, Charlie.

WITH FRASER AND RAY

Fraser reacts, alarmed.

FRASER

(to Ray)

He can't do this.

BACK TO SCENE

AGENT FORD

He was just downstairs, what do you think he was doing? Mr. Lee is willing to testify to your conversation, and racketeering puts you away for twenty.

(leans in close to  
Charlie)

You kill his son, it only makes him a stronger witness.

The moment of truth. Upstairs, Ray and Fraser hold their breath, waiting for Charlie's response. Charlie carefully clips his last nail, then puts his clippings neatly away, making Ford wait for his answer. Finally:

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

CHARLIE  
You have no witness.

The door opens and an FBI AGENT reluctantly lets in a slick looking ATTORNEY wielding paperwork.

FBI AGENT #1  
(re: attorney, to Ford)  
Mr. Wong's lawyer.

ATTORNEY  
(to Ford)  
Do you intend to charge my client?

AGENT FORD  
We were just getting to know each other.

ATTORNEY  
I'm sure.  
(handing a document  
to Ford)  
This a writ of habeas corpus ordering  
you to release Mr. Wong immediately.  
Let's go, Charlie.

CHARLIE  
(rising)  
Gentlemen.

Charlie and his attorney exit. On Ford's expression:

CUT TO:

41 INT. MEN'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

41

As the shock registers on their faces.

FRASER  
He's just killed them both.

Ray tries to keep up with Fraser as they head out:

42 EXT. POLICE STATION (REAR LOADING DOCK) -- NIGHT

42

Charlie Wong and his Attorney step out the back door and approach a waiting car. Mr. Lee appears in front of them. He's clearly agitated, near the breaking point.

Mr. Lee grabs Charlie.

MR. LEE  
I'll give you what you want. Give me  
back my son.

42 CONTINUED:

42

He speaks to his driver in Cantonese.

CHARLIE

Check him for a wire.

The driver frisks Mr. Lee roughly, then nods. Charlie waves his attorney away.

42 CONTINUED:

42

MR. LEE

Please.

CHARLIE

I don't understand, Mr. Lee. Yesterday you were prepared to sacrifice your son for your pride. I offered you my protection, my help. I extended my hand in friendship, and you spit on it. And now you betray me to the police.

MR. LEE

(with great difficulty)

Forgive me. I'll give you anything you ask.

CHARLIE

Too late.

Charlie turns to move away. Desperate, Mr. Lee clutches at Charlie's arm.

MR. LEE

(pleading)

No...!

CHARLIE

Where is your pride now, old man?

Charlie casts Mr. Lee's hands off in disgust.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You want to do something for your son?

A look of hope crosses Mr. Lee's face.

MR. LEE

Yes.

A small smile creeps across Charlie's face.

CHARLIE

Give me what I deserve. A simple show of respect.

MR. LEE

Anything.

CHARLIE

My office. One hour.

Wong crosses to the car, then turns back.



42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

And Mr. Lee, be sure to walk. All of  
your neighbors must see you pay respect  
to the man who will save your son.

\*  
\*

Lee watches with hatred as the car drives away. He doesn't  
see Mrs. Lee who is standing in the rear doorway of the police  
station, terrified by what she has witnessed.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

43 OMITTED

43

43A INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

43A

Fraser is crawling around on his hands and knees under the table, collecting sweepings from the floor.

RAY

Okay, that's it -- drop the dust bunny!  
I am not gonna watch while you eat  
hairballs off the floor!

FRASER

Not that -- these.

Fraser picks off the fluff and sets his true find on the table: several tiny finger nail shavings.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Nail clippings. That was the sound  
Charlie Wong was making.

RAY

Oh, that's too bad, 'cause I thought  
you had something really incriminating  
like his nose hairs!

Fraser lays the clippings side by side on the desk and studies them intently.

FRASER

It's not his nails we care about,  
Ray, it's what's under them.

RAY

The man wears two thousand dollar  
suits. He's not going to walk around  
with dirt under his nails.

FRASER

Exactly. Which means anything we  
find had to have been collected since  
he showered this morning.

Fraser picks up one of the larger clippings and raises it to his mouth.

RAY

No,...No!

43A CONTINUED:

43

FRASER

Just close your eyes and it won't bother you.

RAY

Oh, jeez...  
(cover his eyes)  
Okay, okay, hurry up!

Fraser lifts the nail clipping to his tongue and tastes it.

RAY (CONT'D)

Well?

FRASER

Potassium nitrate...  
(savouring the taste)  
and a touch of sulfur.

\*  
\*  
\*

Ray opens his eyes.

RAY

Gunpowder.

FRASER

Not ordinary gunpowder -- a very low grade. Not like anything I've ever tasted before.

\*  
\*  
\*

RAY

This is a habit with you? You solve a lot of cases gnawing on ammunition?

\*  
\*

FRASER

It's a calculated risk, Ray. But I'm a professional. I would never recommend anyone try this at home.

\*  
\*  
\*

44 OMITTED

44

45 INT. POLICE STATION -- HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

45

As Fraser follows Ray into the hall, he sees Diefenbaker strolling past in the company of a POLICE WOMAN. Fraser hesitates. It's an awkward moment. Fraser is miffed but makes the effort anyway.

FRASER

(to Dief)  
Hello.

Equally miffed, Diefenbaker ignores him and keeps on walking.

45 CONTINUED:

45

FRASER (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
...Pay and pay and pay.

He strides off after Ray.

AT THE END OF THE HALL

\*

Mrs. Lee appears, frantic and out of breath.

\*

FRASER (CONT'D)  
Mrs. Lee...?

MRS. LEE  
Charlie Wong... My husband is planning  
to go to him -- to humble himself and  
obtain the release of our son.  
(with difficulty)  
I love my son. He is all we have.  
But I would trust a snake not to bite  
before I would trust Charlie Wong.

FRASER  
Where are they meeting?

MRS. LEE  
There is a club near the end of our  
street. Wong and his people use it  
as if it is theirs. One hour from  
now.

FRASER  
Thank you.

As Fraser starts to rise, Mrs. Lee grasps his arm. There is  
a price to be paid for her trust:

MRS. LEE  
I want my family back.

Fraser nods his promise and strides out of the room.

46 EXT. POLICE STATION (REAR LOADING DOCK?) -- NIGHT

46

Ray catches up to him.

\*

RAY  
We going to stop him?

FRASER  
If he doesn't show up, Charlie will  
kill his son.

46 CONTINUED:

46

RAY

And if he does, he'll kill them both.

FRASER

Yes. So that gives us...

(checks watch)

forty-five minutes to find David.

RAY

How? We don't even know where the hell we're going!

As they climb into Ray's car.

FRASER

Yes we do.

They pull away.

47 INT. RAY'S CAR -- TRAVELLING -- A SHORT TIME LATER

47

As they head through Chinatown:

RAY

Firecrackers?? No, no -- not good enough.

FRASER

Why not? It's gunpowder, low grade...

RAY

Because in case you didn't realize, Mr. Mountie, you can't sell, buy or manufacture fireworks anywhere in the city of Chicago.

FRASER

Unless you are a licenced exhibitor.  
(off Ray's look)  
City ordinance section fifteen dash twenty.

RAY

You read that??

FRASER

There's a world of information at your local library, Ray.  
(into overhead mic)  
Elaine? How many licensed exhibitors are there in Chinatown?

47 CONTINUED:

47

ELAINE (V.O.)  
Three --- Kwan Loo and Yellow Dragon  
Fireworks, both on the southside...

48 INT. POLICE STATION (ELAINE'S DESK)

48

Elaine, leafing through her phone book again.

ELAINE  
(into phone)  
...and Lucky Day Pyrotechnics on  
Barrington.

49 INT. RAY'S CAR -- TRAVELLING

49

RAY  
Your call.

FRASER  
The one on Barrington.

RAY  
That's right in Wong's back yard.  
He'd never keep the kid there.

FRASER  
He's there.  
(quoting)  
Keep your friends close and your  
enemies closer.

RAY  
Another wise Chinese guy?

FRASER  
No. Robert Fraser. My father.

As Ray pulls a hard right...

50 EXT. RAY'S CAR

50

The car fishtails as it peels off onto a side street.

51 INT. POLICE STATION -- AGENT DEETER'S WIRETAPPING AREA

51

(same as Scene 28A) Deeter shuts off the tape recorder and  
removes his earphones.

Ep.6 - "Chinatown" - Revised Yellow - 10/10/94

49A.

51 CONTINUED:

51

PAGE OMITTED

\*

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

AGENT DEETER  
(turning to Ford)  
We got 'em.

\*  
\*

As they grab their jackets:

\*

CUT TO:\*

51A INT. POLICE STATION BULLPEN (LOUEY'S DESK) -- AT THAT MOMENT

51A

Louey is huddled over his own tape recorder which has been scotch-taped together, and has a phone wire running down from it to the floor. He removes his earphones and smiles over at Huey.

\*  
\*  
\*

GARDINO  
We got 'em.

\*

As they grab their jackets,

\*

BESIDE A NEARBY FILING CABINET

Dief is watching them -- for a sulking wolf he's pretty damned perceptive. He slinks out of the bullpen and down the stairs.

\*

52 EXT. LEE'S RESTAURANT -- AT THAT MOMENT

52

Mr. Lee steps out of the restaurant dressed in a suit and carrying an ornamental Chinese box.

As he moves down the small street, we realize that it is strangely quiet and empty. But not completely. Gradually, in shop doorways, the local merchants appear -- one by one -- their eyes watching Mr. Lee, some with pity, some with bitterness.

Among them are Thomas Yao and Philip Chin. Yao flashes Lee a look of betrayal, disgusted, he spits on the sidewalk as Lee passes. Chin offers a weak, apologetic smile and quickly disappears inside his shop closing the door. Lee's face burns with shame, but he fixes his eyes ahead and keeps moving.

ON THE STREET BEHIND HIM

Ray's car pulls into view and quickly slows, keeping its distance.

53 INT. RAY'S CAR

53

Through the windshield Ray and Fraser watch Mr. Lee progress down the street.



53 CONTINUED:

53

RAY

We go after the kid first. He'll  
have to take his chances.

Fraser nods.

FRASER

The bar?

RAY

At the end of the block. The warehouse  
is off the alley behind it.

FRASER

We'd better move.

54 EXT. THE ALLEY

54

Ray and Fraser jump out of the car and pick their way cautiously up the alley.

AHEAD

Lucky Day Pyrotechnics - A warehouse with a door off the alley \* and a wooden stair case that runs up the side of the building. And a THUG (whom we saw take part in the kidnapping) leaning against a motorcycle, reading a magazine when he should be standing guard. But he regrets it when he feels the steel of Ray's gun muzzle in his back.

RAY  
(softly)  
Where's the kid?

THUG #1  
You're a cop, you're not going to shoot me.

RAY  
I'm not that good a cop.

A tactic meant to work, and it does.

THUG #1  
Upstairs. At the back.

RAY  
How many?

THUG #1  
Two.

Ray jabs the gun in his back.

THUG #1 (CONT'D)  
Three.

RAY  
Ladies first.

The thug leads Fraser and Ray up the stairs.

55 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF BAR -- AT THAT MOMENT

55

Mr. Lee approaches the bar clutching his ornamental box. \* The door is only a dozen yards away now, but every step comes harder. He stops, peering at the window of the bar, looking for signs of life. The window shade moves slightly. Mr. Lee tries to control his anxious breathing, then with a great effort, continues on.

56 INT. BAR

56

Charlie Wong watches Mr. Lee approach as he speaks into his cellular phone.

CHARLIE

(into phone)

Give me five minutes then come down  
and get him. Leave the bodies in the  
alley. I want them found.

57 INT. PYROTECHNICS WAREHOUSE (SECOND FLOOR)

57

Jimmy is on the end of the line.

JIMMY

You got it.

He hangs up his cellular and turns to the TWO THUGS standing guard over David Lee, still bound and gagged.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You want to start smoking? Now would  
be a good time.

They boy stares at Jimmy with dull eyes. He's too exhausted to be terrified. Jimmy reaches for his jacket laying on one of the storage room's many crates and boxes, but A KNOCK at the exterior door interrupts him. Signalling for quiet, he pulls his gun and crosses silently to the door and waits.

THUG #1 (V.O.)

Jimmy...

Jimmy relaxes, reaches for the door handle...

SMASH, the door bursts open, flying off it's hinges as the thug comes tumbling through, and right behind him Ray and Fraser. The thug, half-unconscious from the impact, barrels right into Jimmy's chest, sending him sprawling and his gun clattering across the floor out of reach. As the other two thugs go for their weapons, Fraser flies through the air and knocks David and his chair to the floor, behind a metal desk. Ray jumps in with him as the thugs find positions in the crates and open fire on the metal desk. Ray prepares to return fire.

Before he can squeeze off a shot, Fraser grabs him by the arm, preventing him.

FRASER

Ray...! Gunpowder!

57 CONTINUED:

57

And Ray realizes it's all around him -- crates of it in the form of firecrackers.

RAY

Oh, this is very nice.

Fraser unties David as the thugs empty their weapons into the metal desk.

Fraser pulls the duct tape off David's mouth.

FRASER

Are you okay?

DAVID

Where's my father?

RAY

One crisis at a time, kid.  
(gunfire stops)  
They're reloading.

FRASER

You sure?

Ray pokes his head out. Three more bullets fly. He dips back down.

RAY

Not entirely.

Fraser hears the clatter of spent shells hitting the floor.

FRASER

Now they're reloading.  
(to David)  
Keep your head down.

Fraser and Ray leap over the desk and head for the thugs, Fraser taking one as Ray takes the other. After knocking out his thug, Fraser looks back to see Jimmy coming around and heading for the exit. Fraser looks back to Ray, who is grappling with the huge second thug, and not exactly coming out on top.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Ray?

RAY

Alright, alright. You can help me!

FRASER

Sorry.

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

Ray reacts. Fraser runs off in pursuit of Jimmy, as Ray struggles on.

58 EXT. BAR -- AT THAT MOMENT

58

Mr. Lee knocks on the door. After a moment it opens. Charlie Wong smiles benevolently.

CHARLIE

You've made a wise choice.

He opens the door for Mr. Lee but the older man just stands there, his knuckles white against the ornamental box.

\*

WONG

Come in.

But Lee can't seem to move.

59 EXT. PYROTECHNICS WAREHOUSE

59

Jimmy reaches the bottom of the stairs and takes off down a walkway between the buildings, heading toward the bar. Halfway down the wooden staircase, Fraser spots him, one-hands it over the railing and takes off after him.

60 EXT. BAR

60

Wong's smile fades as Lee remains frozen.

MR. LEE

Where...where is my son?

WONG

Where is my tribute?

Charlie reaches out for the box. Mr. Lee hesitates. he suddenly throws off the top -- just a flash of realization in Wong's eyes and ---

A VICIOUS KICK knocks the box flying. Its contents clatter to the pavement -- A REVOLVER.

Furious, Wong turns on Lee and backhands him across the face sending him reeling off the sidewalk and into the street.

61 EXT. WALKWAY

61

Jimmy tears up the walkway just yards away from his destination -- the next street. Fraser grabs a trash can and heaves it at him, but Jimmy glances back just in time to see it coming and jumps aside. Fraser pours on the steam, but it's too late, Jimmy is getting away.

61 CONTINUED:

61

AT THE END OF THE ALLEY

A wire mesh fence. Jimmy picks up speed, ready to jump it when suddenly

A FLYING WOLF

comes over the top heading right for him.

JIMMY

freaks, breaks his stride -- that's all the time Fraser needs -- he makes a flying tackle and brings Jimmy crashing to the pavement.

62 EXT. BAR

62

Wong moves in on Lee menacingly as the older man lays prostrate on the ground.

CHARLIE

You stupid old man. Do you know what you've done to your son? Do you?!

Lee begins backing away, half crawling as Wong moves in on him.

MR. LEE

No...please...my son, I beg you...

WONG

No! No more!

Wong opens his jacket and reaches for his gun just as Mr. Lee's hand reaches his revolver on the sidewalk and Fraser appears in the background. IN SLOW MOTION, the two men draw...

CLOSE ON CHARLIE'S HANDS

As A BULLET fires into frame ripping the gun from his hands.

BACK TO SCENE

Wong recoils and falls back, defenseless. Mr. Lee is startled but still in control, his own unfired gun trained on Charlie Wong. Wong looks around -- where did it come from?

ANGLE ON THE ALLEY ENTRANCE -- WONG'S POV

Ray, his gun levelled at Wong, stands with David Lee.

RAY

Don't move, Wong. Not a muscle.

62 CONTINUED:

62

MR. LEE

sees his son, and lets the gun slowly drop from his hand, overwhelmed with relief. David runs up from the walkway and helps his father up. The two men joyfully embrace. In the B.G. Ray cuffs Charlie Wong.

ANGLE ON WALKWAY

Fraser drags a dazed and defeated Jimmy to his feet. Dief looks to Fraser expectantly.

FRASER

(to Dief)

Thank you.

Dief doesn't move -- he just keeps looking at him.

FRASER (CONT'D)

If you're expecting an apology you've got another thing coming, mister.

Fraser turns and walks off.

CUT TO

63 INT. THE PYROTECHNIC WAREHOUSE -- AT THAT MOMENT

63

We hear a voice from behind the closed door.

AGENT FORD (O.S.)

This is the FBI. You are surrounded.  
Throw down your weapons.

The door is suddenly kicked in by Deeter, Huey and Louey as they burst in along with half a dozen FBI agents who immediately start FIRING blindly into the warehouse.

64 EXT. BAR

64

As David and Mr. Lee embrace, suddenly the night sky EXPLODES with fireworks. Ray and Fraser watch with wry appreciation.

RAY

You have to admire their timing.

EXTREME HIGH WIDE ANGLE

Neighbors are drawn out of their homes and shops to stare at the display. They see David and Mr. Lee and gather to celebrate. Mrs. Lee runs up and embraces her husband and son. As this turns into a block party, Ray and Fraser step out of the crowd and walk away down the street and into the night, fireworks igniting high over their heads.

64 CONTINUED:

64

FRASER

Shouldn't we stay and fill out the reports.

RAY

Nah, we have to leave them something to do.

FRASER

That was quite the shot, by the way. Knocking the gun right out of his hand.

RAY

You liked that?

FRASER

I was very impressed.

RAY

I thought you would be.

FRASER

You were aiming for....?

RAY

His chest.

FRASER

I'll adjust the sights for you.

RAY

I'd appreciate that.

Long beat.

FRASER

(without turning back)

Alright. I'm sorry.

Suddenly Dief runs up to join them as they keep walking.

RAY

I thought he was deaf.

FRASER

Like all of us, he hears what he wants to hear.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR