

Episode #16
Project - SC1011

due SOUTH



'THE BLUE LINE'

by

David Shore

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Episode #16 - "THE BLUE LINE" - Published Draft
CAST

Regular Cast

FRASER
RAY
DIEFENBAKER
WELSH
HUEY
GARDINO
ELAINE

Recurring Characters

FRASER SENIOR

Guest Cast - Speaking Roles

SMITHBAUER
HENDERSON
CHAREST
DON CHERRY
GRETZKY PLAYER
MARIO PLAYER
MESSIER PLAYER

ANNOUNCER
BRETT
BRODA
CARL
DIRECTOR
DRYDEN
HALL

HORTON
KID 1
KID
KID 3
KID 4
LAST PLAYER
LOUISE
MASK
REPORTER 1
REPORTER
REPORTER 3
REPORTER 4
ROBERT HALL
SAWCHUCK

SETS

EXTERIOR - DAY

FRASER'S BUILDING
ICE RINK
INNER CITY STREET
VIDEO STORE
WINNEBAGO

EXTERIOR - NIGHT

CITY PARK
CITY STREETS
CONCERT HALL
LIQUOR STORE
RAY'S CAR
STREET
STREETS NR. FRASER'S APT.

INTERIOR - DAY

APARTMENT DOORWAY
BREWER'S APARTMENT
CHEAP ACCOUNTING OFFICE
DIRECTOR'S BOOTH
FRASER'S APARTMENT
POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM
PUBLICIST'S OFFICE
SAWCHUCK APARTMENT
STAIRWAY IN FRASER'S BUILDING
VIDEO STORE
WELSH'S OFFICE
WINNEBAGO

INTERIOR - NIGHT

APARTMENT HALLWAY
CADILLAC
CHICAGO STADIUM
CHICAGO STADIUM - CONF. ROOM
CHICAGO STADIUM - DRESSING ROOM
CHICAGO STADIUM - HALLWAY
CHICAGO STADIUM - OTHER CORRIDOR
LIQUOR STORE
LUXURY CONDOMINIUM - LOBBY
POLICE BULLPEN
RAY'S CAR
SMITHBAUER'S APT.
SMOKE FILLED ROOM

PROLOGUE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. RAY'S CAR -- DAY

1 *

Ray's car cruises through the streets.

FRASER (V.O.)

You should be setting an example,
Ray. You do stand for the rule of
law in this...

Ray makes a screaming left turn without indicating.

2 INT. RAY'S CAR -- DAY

2 *

RAY, FRASER and DIEFENBAKER are inside.

FRASER

There! You did it again.

RAY

What?

FRASER

You know perfectly well what.

RAY

I don't.

FRASER

You made a turn without indicating.

RAY

I wouldn't do that.

FRASER

You just did.

RAY

You're seeing things, Fraser.

FRASER

I am not seeing things, you made a
left hand turn at that intersection
(as Ray swerves right)
and you didn't use your--you just did
it again!

RAY

Did what?

2

CONTINUED:

2

FRASER

Perhaps I'm reading too much into matters but it would appear that you're doing this on purpose.

RAY

(smiles)

It really annoys you, doesn't it?

FRASER

I just think it's not safe...

Suddenly, Diefenbaker begins to bark over Ray's shoulder.

RAY

What are you, Safety Dog?

But Dief jumps on Ray's lap and keeps barking at something.

RAY (CONT'D)

Hey! I'm trying to drive here!

FRASER

(sees what Dief's barking at:)

It's not your driving habits. Look.

Fraser points out the window as Dief keeps barking.

RAY

How can I see?! I've got a wolf in my lap!

3

EXT. RAY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

3

Ray brakes hard and squeals to a stop across from a liquor store. A good-looking man, call him MARK SMITHBAUER, enters.

4

INT. RAY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

4

Dief keeps barking through this entire scene. Ray fights to get to the radio mic.

RAY

What is it? Crime going down?

(grabs for his radio)

Dispatch, this is Detective Vecchio...

(to Fraser)

What is it?

FRASER

Mark Smithbauer.

4

CONTINUED:

4

RAY

You want me to report a hockey player??

FRASER

(apologizing: re Dief)

He's a very big fan.

RAY

What does he want, his autograph??!

FRASER

It'll just take a minute.

Fraser steps out, speaks to Dief:

FRASER (CONT'D)

Stay here, I'll get it for you.

(to Ray)

He'll only embarrass himself.

*
*
*

Fraser closes the door and heads across the street.

RAY

(still has mic in his
hand)

Just a radio check, Dispatch.

Ray tosses the mike down and exits:

5

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

5

Ray catches up to Fraser as they head for the store.

RAY

I'm guessing you two don't meet a
lotta celebrities.

FRASER

We were inspected by the Assistant
Deputy Commissioner of the RCMP once.

RAY

Yeah, that woulda been special. Look,
I meet celebrities every day, you
can't make a big deal of it.

FRASER

Really? Like who?

RAY

(put on the spot)

Plenty of celebrities. Big
celebrities. Lou Ferigno, for one.
And I hear my share of stories.

(MORE)

5 CONTINUED:

5

RAY (CONT'D)

The point is, they're just people,
like you and me, only richer and
nastier and more obnoxious. Not Lou,
but the others.

They enter as a Cadillac pulls up to the curb.

6 INT. LIQUOR STORE -- CONTINUOUS

6

FRASER

People like to talk about famous
people, Ray, and it's not always good.

RAY

And it's not always wrong.

Fraser spots Smithbauer near the back walking along the
beverage case.

FRASER

I'll just be a minute.

Ray pulls a magazine out of the rack as Fraser takes a few
steps away.

ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOOR

A man in a suit and SKI MASK yanks open the door and levels
a revolver.

MASK

Everybody down!

Panic, screams.

RAY

cautiously lowers the magazine, masking his hand's slow
movement toward his gun.

MASK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

On the floor! Plant it!

FRASER

throws a look to Smithbauer, motions for him to stay put.
Fraser turns and steps slowly toward the man in the mask.

FRASER

(to Mask)

This isn't worth it. Before you do
this, I want you to consider the
consequences.

6 CONTINUED:

6

The Mask suddenly turns and flees out the door. Fraser turns back to Ray.

FRASER (CONT'D)

You see, Ray, sometimes--

FRASER'S POV

Everybody in the store has a gun aimed at the door (and therefore at Fraser, who stands in the path.) In a heartbeat, Ray flies in and tackles Fraser to the floor, just as:

THE PATRONS AND EMPLOYEES

open fire, blowing the window & door into billions of shards.

7 EXT. LIQUOR STORE -- CONTINUOUS

7

As the store window explodes into the street, the MASK leaps into the passenger seat and the driver takes off. Ray comes flying out the door to see it disappear.

8 INT. LIQUOR STORE -- CONTINUOUS

8

Fraser pokes his head around the corner of an aisle, where he last saw Smithbauer.

FRASER

It's alright, Mark, the--

Fraser is greeted by a bottle in the head from Smithbauer. As Fraser hits the tile with a clunk, Smithbauer drops the bottle and runs out the back door. A beat later, Ray finds his friend on the floor, and squats beside him.

RAY

What a jerk. Come on, we'll run him down and bust him.

FRASER

No.

RAY

Cause he's a "hockey star"?

FRASER

Because he was my best friend.

Off Ray's look, we:

FADE OUT:

END OF PROLOGUE

ACT ONE

9 INT. LUXURY CONDOMINIUM LOBBY -- DAY

9 *

Fraser, Ray and Dief enter the plush lobby, Ray flashing his badge to the doorman. Dief runs ahead of them o.s.

FRASER

He probably assumed that I was an accomplice.

RAY

You're making a lot of excuses for this guy, Benny.

FRASER

I'm just giving him the benefit of the doubt.

They get to the elevator where Dief sits, facing the door. Ray goes to push the button and we see the light is already on. Ray realizes Dief pushed it.

RAY

One thing this guy doesn't need is more "benefits".

(re: condo building)

You know how much places like this cost? The man makes seven figures a year for playing one of the stupidest sports ever invented--

The elevator doors open. As they get on:

RAY (CONT'D)

--and every time he's in the paper he's whining about his knee or complaining about something.

Ray goes to push the button and we see it's already lit. Dief sits below it, and we realize he pushed it.

FRASER

Hockey is a very demanding game, Ray.

RAY

Gimme a break, I thought I was being nice just calling it a sport. It's more like figure skating with clubs.

Dief growls at Ray.

9

CONTINUED:

9

RAY (CONT'D)

(to Dief)

You want an autograph? Then shut
your yap.

Dief immediately shuts up. The elevator doors close.

10

INT. SMITHBAUER'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

10

The place is palatial, gorgeous view, and everything is in
impeccable taste. SMITHBAUER speaks to HUEY and GARDINO.
Gardino takes notes. Sitting in a chair is PAUL HENDERSON,
Smithbauer's ineffectual personal assistant.

GARDINO

(checks his notes)

So we have a masked male of
indeterminate height and weight,
carrying a big gun. Shouldn't be too
tough to crack this one.

SMITHBAUER

The guy was trying to kill me!

HUEY

So you said.

SMITHBAUER

I was two blocks from a police station.
Are you people so incompetent you
can't even police two blocks?

Huey and Louey share a look.

GARDINO

The man called us incompetent, Huey.

HUEY

Yes, he did, Louis.

DAWN CHAREST, Smithbauer's very smooth publicist, enters the
apartment and hurries toward Smithbauer as he talks.

SMITHBAUER

You want to know a fact? Every time
I take a slap shot, I pump more money
into this economy than you'll earn in
your lifetimes. You think this City
can afford to have anything happen to
me? What I think is that you guys
should be making sure that this doesn't
happen again.

10 CONTINUED:

10

CHAREST
(to Huey and Louey)
Excuse me.

GARDINO
Who the hell are you?

CHAREST
(whisking Smithbauer
away to a corner)
Dawn Charest, Media Relations for Mr.
Smithbauer, I just need to have one
word.
(to Smithbauer)
Shut your mouth.

SMITHBAUER
Someone is trying to kill me and they
send these two morons to--

CHAREST
I don't care if they're Chip and Dale,
you let me talk to them, that's my
job. Or do you want to throw away
your career completely?

ANGLE ON THE OPEN DOOR

Fraser, Ray and Dief enter. Huey and Gardino spot them.

RAY
You covering liquor store jobs now,
Louey? I thought that would be below
you.

GARDINO
There's a lot of things below me,
Vecchio. Talking to you is right at
the bottom.

HUEY
The man called in attempted murder.

RAY
Then the man has serious ego problems.

GARDINO
This was a liquor store hold up? No
one tried to kill this guy?

Charest approaches and intercedes.

10

CONTINUED: (2)

10

CHAREST

(charming)

Mr. Smithbauer stopped an armed robbery, that's all. He appreciates your concern, but doesn't want to turn this into a media circus.

FRASER

Excuse me.

Fraser heads off to find Smithbauer, who is pouring himself a drink in the corner.

GARDINO

He appreciates our concern?? Does he also appreciate wasting our time?

With Fraser and Smithbauer:

FRASER

Hi.

SMITHBAUER

What happened to you? *

Fraser has a cut where Smithbauer hit him with the bottle. *

FRASER

Oh this, I, um, I was hit with a bottle. *

SMITHBAUER

(realizes) *

I hit a cop? *

FRASER

No, actually, I'm not a police officer in this-- *

SMITHBAUER

You're not a cop? *

(calling to Charest) *

This is the problem right here. I've got no security.

WITH CHAREST AND COPS ACROSS THE ROOM

RAY

Also doesn't have a lot of friends, I'll bet.

BACK WITH FRASER AND SMITHBAUER

10

CONTINUED: (3)

10

FRASER

Actually I'm a friend of Detective
Vecchio's.

SMITHBAUER

Oh.

(realizes)

Oh, yeah, sure.

Smithbauer reaches for a pile of 8x10 glossies.

11 INT. LUXURY CONDOMINIUM LOBBY -- LATER

11

Ray and Fraser are on their way out. Dief holds the autographed picture "to Diefenbaker" in his mouth. Fraser may be more upset than he is letting on.

RAY

Nothing like old friends, huh Fraser?
It's good to know that no matter how many years you're apart, you can still get an 8 by 10 glossy out of them.

FRASER

It's been a long time, Ray. There was no reason to think he'd remember me.

RAY

More excuses, Fraser?

FRASER

He's my friend, Ray.

And they're out the doors.

12 INT. WELSH'S OFFICE -- DAY

12

Ray stands across from Welsh, who reads the paper: a headline proclaims "SMITHBAUER CHECKS HOLDUP", with a large picture of Smithbauer in uniform below the headline.

RAY

Yes, Sir, I'm well aware of what I said to Detectives Huey and Gardino, but...

Ray looks out the side window of Welsh's office to where Fraser sits at Ray's desk, in his dress reds, anxiously looking in through the window.

RAY (CONT'D)

(not entirely convincing)
... after further consideration, I've changed my mind. I believe Mr. Smithbauer is in need of police protection.

Welsh puts the paper down.

WELSH

Do you really?

Ray looks out the window at Fraser again.

12 CONTINUED:

12

RAY

Yes, Sir.

WELSH

(sarcastic)

Liquor store. Mask. Gun. You think maybe we're jumping to conclusions, do you?

RAY

Yes, sir, maybe, sir. The gunman's suit, it appeared to be an Italian cotton/silk blend and he drove a Cadillac.

(back to being Ray)

Kinda expensive stuff for a common thief, don't you think, Sir?

WELSH

Detective, I'm surprised you haven't picked up on this little known fact about thieves: they often don't pay for their things.

Ray looks out the window and Fraser makes a signal to indicate money. When it takes a beat for Ray to pick up on the signal, Welsh also looks out the window.

RAY

Oh, yeah, also, Sir, the register was open but he made no move toward it.

WELSH

That would be the register which had all those well armed people standing around it, would it?

RAY

(sheepish)

Yes, Sir.

12A INT. POLICE BULLPEN -- MOMENTS LATER

12A*

Ray emerges from the office and heads for his desk where
Fraser awaits.

*
*

FRASER

It's okay, Ray. At least you tried.

*
*

Fraser rises, puts on his hat and exits.

*

RAY

Sorry, Benny.

*
*

13 EXT. INNER CITY STREET -- DAY

13 *

Near an outdoor rink where some teenage kids are playing hockey, a huge Winnebago is parked. Fraser, with Diefenbaker in tow, approaches Henderson, who is unloading hockey equipment from the trunk of Smithbauer's car.

FRASER

Excuse me. . . Could you tell us where we could find Mr. Smithbauer?

HENDERSON

You see a Winnebago around here that looks larger than most single family dwellings?

FRASER

Ah...That one?

HENDERSON

Hard to miss, huh?

He slings the large bag of equipment over his shoulders and escorts Fraser to the door. As Henderson opens the door, Fraser turns back to Dief.

FRASER

You wait out here and behave.

Diefenbaker curls up under the Winnie and pouts.

14 INT. WINNEBAGO -- CONTINUOUS

14

Henderson enters, followed by Fraser. In the rear, Smithbauer, partially dressed for hockey, is testing sticks by leaning his entire weight on each of them in turn. The one he's testing cracks. He tosses it into a pile of broken sticks in a corner.

SMITHBAUER

Didn't you test those sticks?

HENDERSON

(he's half his size)

Yeah.

Henderson tosses down a bag and exits.

15 EXT. WINNEBAGO -- CONTINUOUS

15

As Henderson exits, an old hockey Jersey that was on the floor falls out the door and lands on the ground in front of Diefenbaker. Henderson doesn't notice and walks away. Dief looks around to see if anyone is watching.

16 INT. WINNEBAGO -- CONTINUOUS

16

FRASER

I'm afraid they're not going to offer you police protection.

SMITHBAUER

So what's the deal? The Mounties sent you to guard a national treasure?

FRASER

I'm sorry, no.

SMITHBAUER

Like that somehow surprises me. Anything else?

He starts to put the rest of his equipment on.

FRASER

You don't remember me, do you?

SMITHBAUER

Diefenbaker, right?

FRASER

No. That's my wolf.

16

CONTINUED:

16

SMITHBAUER

Look, I'm sorry, I meet a lot of people.

FRASER

No, I understand.

Fraser starts to leave.

SMITHBAUER

Where'd we meet?

FRASER

Inuvik.

SMITHBAUER

You gotta be wrong, I haven't been there since I was...I don't know how old.

FRASER

Thirteen. We used to play hockey on the pond behind your dad's barn.

SMITHBAUER

No kidding.

FRASER

Every day after school. You'd never let anybody leave.

Smithbauer stops lacing for a moment but doesn't look up.

FRASER (CONT'D)

When it got dark, you'd pull your dad's tractor up and put the lights on.

Smithbauer returns to his laces, pulls hard. He's very deliberate in doing them up.

FRASER (CONT'D)

We'd play till somebody's folks showed up and made them come home to do their homework.

(sheepish)

Usually my grandmother.

Smithbauer finishes dressing and rises to leave.

SMITHBAUER

Huh.

(MORE)

16

CONTINUED: (2)

16

SMITHBAUER (CONT'D)

(half smiles)

You'd think I'd remember something like that.

We're not sure he remembers or not.

FRASER

You've travelled a long way since then.

SMITHBAUER

Yeah.

Mark is about to step out the door when:

FRASER

Oh, Mark...

(taking out money)

I owe you five dollars.

SMITHBAUER

What?

FRASER

When we were thirteen we made a bet, who would be the first one to have his face on a hockey card.

(hands him the five)

I've been wanting to give it to you for a long time.

SMITHBAUER

(stares at the bill)

You know, that's the only dream I ever remember having. When my rookie card came out, I went and bought a dozen. First and last ones I ever owned.

FRASER

Just the rookie card?

SMITHBAUER

Yeah, that's all I needed.

FRASER

I understand those cards are worth a lot of money now.

SMITHBAUER

Yeah, they were...

(pockets the fiver)

...when I sold them.

16 CONTINUED: (3)

16

He turns to leave again, then turns back again. *

SMITHBAUER (CONT'D)

Look, since you're here, how about
doing a little moonlighting?

FRASER

I'm sorry.

SMITHBAUER

(heading out the door)

I need a bodyguard, I imagine you can
use the money. Let's say twenty-five
an hour.

FRASER

I don't think--

SMITHBAUER

Call it thirty.

And he's gone before Fraser can object.

17 EXT. ICE RINK -- MOMENTS LATER

17

Teenage boys and girls of many different ethnic origins skate
around. A banner proclaims: "The Southside Hockey League
Welcomes Mark Smithbauer." Mark steps out onto the ice.

SMITHBAUER

Who wants to play some hockey?

The kids scream out their excited approval.

FRASER AND HENDERSON

walk toward the rink. Dief runs ahead.

HENDERSON

He wants you to be his body guard,
huh?

17 CONTINUED:

17

FRASER

I believe so.

HENDERSON

Take the money. He likes to spend it.

FRASER

(gesturing to the rink)

Seems he's also generous with his time. This must be quite a thrill for these kids.

They arrive at the rink, where Dief is standing on his hind legs to watch over the boards. From the far end of the rink, cameras start flashing. The press is there in droves. Charest, in the media's midst, smiles with satisfaction.

HENDERSON

Yeah. I'm sure it's just a happy coincidence that every major newspaper in town is covering his altruism.

The teams have split up, and put on different colored tunics. Smithbauer wears blue. One of the kids in red speaks up.

KID #1

We're a man short.

SMITHBAUER

So you are.

He sees Fraser by the boards and skates over.

SMITHBAUER (CONT'D)

(to Henderson)

Get Barney here a pair of skates.

As Henderson heads off to obey.

FRASER

I don't know, I haven't played any hockey since...

Smithbauer skates off again.

FRASER (CONT'D)

...Oh.

18 EXT. ICE RINK -- MINUTES LATER

18

Fraser, wearing a red hockey tunic, skates onto the ice, stick in hand.

18 CONTINUED:

18

MONTAGE -- MUSIC UP -- THEME FROM HOCKEY NIGHT IN CANADA

19 EXT. ICE RINK

19

Smithbauer does some nifty stick handling around Fraser, dekes the goalie and easily puts the puck into the net. The cameras flash. Dief jumps up and down at the boards and howls his approval like the crazed fan he is. As Smithbauer skates back past Fraser:

SMITHBAUER

You never could handle a deke to the backhand.

20 EXT. ICE RINK

20

Fraser carries the puck up the rink, makes a neat little pass and gets hip checked by some SMART ASS KID, cartwheeling over the kid's back and landing flat on his back. The cameras flash. Dief barks furiously at the Smart Ass Kid.

FRASER

Dief! It's okay.

And he's back on his feet.

21 EXT. ICE RINK

21

Charest is with the press:

REPORTER #1

Hey Dawn. You think you can get him a little closer?

CHAREST

(yelling)

Mark!

She motions for him to skate closer. Smithbauer picks up the hint. He stickhandles the puck toward the press people, smiling all the way as the flashes light up the area. Meanwhile, KID #2, little but speedy, swoops in on net...

KID #2

Mark! I'm open.

But Mark doesn't see him. He's too busy stick handling in and around kids to the delight of the press.

KID #2 (CONT'D)

Mark! I'm open! Pass it!

The kid is now stopped, still wide open by the far post, but getting impatient.

21 CONTINUED:

21

Finally, Mark sees him and casually passes as the cameras keep flashing. Just before the pass arrives, a HUGE KID mercilessly decks Kid #2 and the puck slides harmlessly away. The cameras keep flashing on Mark.

22 EXT. ICE RINK

22

Smithbauer comes stickhandling toward Fraser, tries the same nifty move, but this time Fraser poke checks him and skates off in the other direction. The Smart Ass Kid comes charging at Fraser, but Fraser stops on a dime and the kid goes flying into the boards.

Fraser moves in on net. He winds up for a slap shot. The goalie moves out to cut down the angle. Fraser fakes the shot and passes the puck past the goalie to a teammate by the far post who has an easy tip in for a goal. No camera flashes. Only Dief howling his approval. As Fraser skates back past Smithbauer:

FRASER

You were confusing me with another
boy from Grade Seven -- Robbie Murphy.

*
*

23 EXT. ICE RINK

23

The press have all the shots they need. They pack up their vehicles and head on their way.

REPORTER #2

(yelling back)

Thanks Mark.

Mark, apparently too intent on the game to pay much attention, gives a half wave to the guy. The reporter shakes his head in admiration, hops in his Range Rover and is on his way, trailing the rest of the press.

CHAREST

(yelling to Smithbauer)

That's it, Mark.

END MUSIC -- Abruptly. In the middle of a rush, Mark suddenly loses interest and coughs up the puck to the other team, leaving his teammates helpless. As the other team rushes toward his defenseless goalie, Smithbauer heads for the exit.

KID #2

Mark? Where you going?

SMITHBAUER

Game's over, kids.

23 CONTINUED:

23

KID #3

But we're just a goal down.

Too late. Mark skates off the ice as his opponents score. Fraser watches, surprised. But the kids keep playing -- their game is bigger than Smithbauer. Fraser heads for the side of the rink and talks to Mark over the boards as Henderson takes off Mark's skates. The game goes on behind Fraser.

FRASER

We've got quite a game going. Seems a shame to cut it short.

SMITHBAUER

They can play without me.

FRASER

But they're here because of you.

SMITHBAUER

There are thousands of kids playing hockey in this town. These ones have had their thrill. Time to move on.

(walking off)

Talk to Dawn. She'll see you get paid.

24 INT. SMITHBAUER'S APARTMENT -- AFTERNOON

24

Fraser sits in the den/office, across a desk from Charest. He leafs through a large file filled with letters. He stops at a child's picture of a hockey player with an "I ♥ You" at the bottom.

CHAREST

And that's just from today. You're a friend of Mark's, huh?

*
*

FRASER

Yes, ma'am.

*
*

CHAREST

It simply doesn't make any sense for a person to want to hurt him. He's a hero. One of the few this Country has left. And I work damn hard and get paid damn well to make sure he stays that way. Funny, he never told me about you.

*
*
*
*

24 CONTINUED:

24

FRASER

Ms. Charest, if nobody's trying to hurt Mark, then I'm just wasting my time.

*

CHAREST

It's his money to waste.

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

FRASER

I have no intention of taking his money. But if there is somebody out there who means him harm, then, as you say, we all stand to lose a hero. And I don't think any of us can afford that.

Charest thinks on this for a beat, nods and goes over to a filing cabinet to search for something.

CHAREST

I don't want any police involvement.

FRASER

If there's been a threat to Mark, the appropriate authorities really should be alerted.

She finds what she's looking for but holds it back.

CHAREST

No. If I give this to you, it goes no further. News of one nutcase can cost a guy like Mark millions in endorsements.

Fraser hesitates.

CHAREST (CONT'D)

Those are my terms, Constable.

Fraser nods and she hands him the envelopes and letters.

ON THE LETTERS

Typewritten notes; the first letter reads: "YOU HURT MY KID. YOU HURT THE SPORT. NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO HURT!" He pushes it aside to look at the second letter. Same format: "WE WERE THERE. WE SAW IT. YOU CAN'T HIDE." It looks like there are several more below this one. Fraser looks up to Charest.

CHAREST (CONT'D)

I figured it was just some kook.
Nothing dangerous, right?

*

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

25 INT. POLICE BULLPEN -- NIGHT

25

Fraser accompanies Ray across the bullpen. Ray is laden with files and the letters.

FRASER

Well, yes, officially this is off the record, but I thought you'd be concerned.

Ray dismissively hands the letters back to Fraser.

RAY

I never get unofficially concerned.

Ray dumps the files on his desk, sits down and buries himself in his work. Fraser sits down opposite him.

FRASER

I was hoping that perhaps your forensics people could have the letters checked out for prints, fibres--

RAY

You've already tasted everything, haven't you?

FRASER

If we knew what upset the writer...

RAY

This guy meets a hundred people a day, it could have been anyone, maybe he refused to sign some guy's autograph...

FRASER

The writer keeps referring to something that "hurt the sport".

RAY

Look, forensics has a ton of work. I've got a ton of work.

FRASER

I'm sorry, Ray, you're obviously busy.
(rises, thinks, sits)
These type of letters are invariably solo efforts, but the letters said "we saw it".

25 CONTINUED:

25

RAY

Come on, everybody in Chicago sees every mistake this guy makes. Half his life is televised.

FRASER

(realizes)

You're right.

Fraser rises to leave. Ray sighs and grabs the letters.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Thanks, Ray.

Ray watches Fraser go, then throws the letters down, annoyed at himself because he knows he's going to help him.

26

INT. APARTMENT IN FRASER'S BUILDING -- MORNING

26

Fraser sits on a couch with CARL BREWER, Dief sits on the rug. All three of them are watching hockey on TV. A pile of VCR boxes sits beside the TV. Hockey widow, MRS. LOUISE BREWER enters the room, carrying a bowl of popcorn.

CARL

Lucky for you I tape all the games, huh?

LOUISE

(drops the popcorn in his lap)

Yeah, real lucky.

Fraser takes the popcorn, but doesn't look up from the screen. Dief does -- he wants some popcorn. There's a KNOCK on the door. Mrs. Brewer opens it to Ray.

RAY

Excuse me, ma'am. I got a note that the Mountie...

(sees Fraser)

Hey Bennie.

CARL

(eyes on the screen)

C'mon in, Detective.

RAY

(to Carl)

How ya doin?

CARL

Shhh.

26

CONTINUED:

26

RAY

(sitting down)

Even for you, Fraser, 12 straight hours of hockey seems a bit much.

CARL

Fourteen.

RAY

Well, while you have been wasting your time here, I've been down in the forensics lab... wasting my time.

FRASER

No prints?

RAY

Too many. A dozen or so postal workers, four or five people at Smithbauer's p.r. office.

CARL

Shoot, you jerk!

RAY

The guy can't hear you. The game happened a month ago.

CARL

(to Fraser)

You're friend know nothing about hockey?

Ray turns and watches the screen.

ON TELEVISION

Smithbauer rushes down the wing, moves in on net, dekes and the goalie makes a save.

CARL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Geez. Shoulda shot.

27

INT. BREWER'S APARTMENT -- LATER

27

More empty VCR boxes and a generally messier condition signal the passage of time. PAN ACROSS Diefenbaker, with a pile of popcorn in front of him as he watches the set, Fraser and Carl, also still firmly engrossed, and Ray, sound asleep.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Less than two minutes to play in regulation and Chicago hangs on to a one goal lead.

27 CONTINUED:

27

ON TELEVISION

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Smithbauer takes the pass on the left wing...

(the crowd boos)

He's not having one of his best nights and the crowd is making sure he knows it. He cuts over the blue line. He winds up for a drive. Oooo.

The stick shatters on impact with the puck. He throws the butt end of the stick over the glass and into the crowd.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Oh, Mark, there's no place for those kinda childish antics in the game.

PAN ACROSS the fans very quickly. One stands and screams holding the stick in the air. Then back to the action.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Chicago's defense has been caught off guard. Larionov to Stevens. Back again. He shoots! He scores!! And we're all tied up!

The booing of the crowd is deafening, then FREEZE FRAME.

ON FRASER, sitting up, eyes open wide, holding the remote. He gets up, ejects the tape from the VCR, takes it, pops another one in and heads for the door. Ray groggily wakes.

RAY

Did we solve the case?

FRASER

Maybe. Much thanks, Mr. Brewer.

Carl waves an acknowledgement. He and Dief are already engrossed in another game. Fraser and Ray exit.

28

INT. STAIRWAY IN FRASER'S BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

28

Ray and Fraser head down the stairs, Ray a step ahead.

RAY

Fifteen thousand fans screaming in unified hatred against one man and you think you heard what one of them said?!

28

CONTINUED:

28

FRASER

No. I think I saw what one of them said.

RAY

Like that's easier?

FRASER

I suppose not.

At the second floor landing, Ray keeps heading down the stairs while Fraser heads down a hallway.

RAY

Okay, so here's what we do. We go down to the lab. Those tech nerds can do unbelievable things. You point to a seat, they'll cut out every other voice in the arena.

(notices he's alone)

... Fraser?

FRASER (V.O.)

Up here, Ray.

He heads back up the stairs, muttering all the way.

29

INT. APARTMENT DOORWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

29

Ray approaches Fraser at a door as it is answered by a little old lady, MRS. GRACE SAWCHUCK.

FRASER

Afternoon, Mrs. Sawchuck.
(indicating tape)

I was wondering if you could tell me what someone is saying on this tape.

SAWCHUCK

Sure, C'mon in, I'm just making some coffee.

She shuffles away.

RAY

Thanks anyways, but we really should get this tape down to the police lab.

She keeps walking away from them.

FRASER

She can't hear you, Ray. She's deaf. Reads lips.

29 CONTINUED:

29

RAY

I thought you could read lips.

FRASER

Not like she can.

30 INT. SAWCHUCK APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

30

The TV plays the tape. Mrs. Sawchuck watches through a pair of opera glasses. Fraser sips coffee and speaks to Ray.

FRASER

Grace loves the opera but can't afford to sit up front.

RAY

(sotto)

And she's deaf.

FRASER

That doesn't mean she can't enjoy good music.

RAY

Hmm, I thought it did.

SAWCHUCK

Looks like "You hurt Mike somebody."
Tough to make out.

She runs the tape again.

SAWCHUCK (CONT'D)

No, no, it's "You hurt my kid."

FRASER

Thanks.

RAY

(yelling slowly)

Thank you, very much.

She looks at Ray a beat, then uses sign language to tell Fraser something.

FRASER

Not once you get to know him.

31 EXT. NEAR FRASER'S BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

31 *

Ray's car is parked around the corner. Ray and Fraser are out of sight, around the corner.

*
*

31 CONTINUED:

31

RAY (V.O.)

So we've got our man...

They emerge from around the corner, Ray turning left and heading straight for his car, but Fraser continues on straight across the street.

RAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... Now all we have to do is i.d. him. I'll take the video down to the lab, they'll--

(realizes he's alone)

... Fraser?

FRASER (V.O.)

This way.

Ray turns back the other direction, muttering again.

32 INT. VIDEO STORE FRONT DESK

32

KENNY DRYDEN, the cashier, stands behind the counter, running the last of the tape on some high tech equipment. Ray and Fraser stand on the other side of the counter. Ray browses through various current releases.

DRYDEN

Blowup, 1966, Antonioni.

RAY

Loved that movie. Travolta, right?

DRYDEN

(with scorn)

That was Blow Out. In Blow Up, a photographer takes a picture of a murder, but doesn't know what he saw. So he keeps blowing up the photo till he can see what's going on. Great movie. I have no idea what the Yard Birds were doing in it.

FRASER

Can you do that for us?

DRYDEN

Sure, but it won't do you any good.

A customer appears at the counter.

DRYDEN (CONT'D)

Excuse me a moment.

32 CONTINUED:

32

He goes to the other side of the counter and takes a movie box from a waiting customer.

DRYDEN (CONT'D)

(to customer)

You don't want to rent this. The director didn't even get a cut.

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

He hands the movie back to the customer, who meekly returns it to the shelf. Dryden rejoins Ray and Fraser.

DRYDEN (CONT'D)

Antonioni was dealing with film. You guys are stuck with tape, 720 pixels across. And you've got about 50 people across the screen here which means you've got 14 pixels across each face. Which means about two pixels per nose. No matter how much I blow it up, each nose is still going to just be two dots -- tough to distinguish between noses based on two dots.

FRASER

I just need to know how far his seat is from the aisle.

DRYDEN

That I can do.

33 INT. RAY'S CAR -- TRAVELLING -- A LITTLE LATER

33 *

Ray is on his cellular phone. Fraser looks at an incredibly blurry blow up of the face.

*

RAY

(into phone)

Yeah, Elaine: Section C, Row 12, Seat 7. I need to know if it's owned by a seasons ticket holder.

*

34 OMITTED

34

PAGE IS OMITTED

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

*

35 EXT. CONCERT HALL -- EVENING

35 *

TOM HORTON, scalper, is accosting well dressed people entering the concert hall to see the ballet.

HORTON

Who's got a pair? Who needs a pair?
I got two right up front. You can
see the seams in their tights.

REVEAL Ray and Fraser approaching.

RAY

Tom Horton?

HORTON

Get lost cop. I ain't done nothin'.

RAY

(throws Horton against
a wall)

You have the right to remain silent--

*
*
*

HORTON

What?!

*

FRASER

(checking grainy photo)
He doesn't look like the suspect,
Ray.

*
*
*

RAY

Which pixel looks different?
(frisking Horton)
Should you give up that right--

*
*
*

FRASER

Even at 14 pixels across, you can
still make in excess of 5,000 unique
faces.

*
*

HORTON

What the hell are you guys talking
about?

*
*

RAY

Hockey tickets. Section C, Row 12,
Seat 7. You own them?

*
*
*

35 CONTINUED:

35

HORTON
(thinks Ray wants a
ticket)
Oh, yeah, figures. You cops are always
looking for freebies. Front breast
pocket.

*
*
*
*
*

Ray pulls a huge stack of tickets out of Horton's pocket.

*

RAY
That's enough for me.
(cuffs Horton)
--anything you say can--

*
*
*
*

FRASER
(indicating the huge
stack of tickets)
I don't think he uses all those tickets
himself, Ray.

*
*
*
*
*

HORTON
No, no, I give them to the needy.
You need a pair, Officer? Take what
you want.

*
*
*
*

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

RAY
(to Fraser)
He's trying to bribe me.

*
*

FRASER
Yes, that would appear to be his
intent.

RAY
(herding Horton along)
--and will be held against you--

*
*
*

HORTON
Whoa, whoa, whoa--you're cops, there's
gotta be something you want.

FRASER
We're interested in finding the person
to whom you gave that hockey ticket
on the night of February 26th.

*
*
*
*

HORTON
Do I look like I have that kind of
power of recall?

RAY
(herding again)
--in a court of law--

*
*

HORTON
Hall, Robert, two tickets, every week
same seats, he's in the phone book.

*

36 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY -- NIGHT

36

Ray knocks on a door, Fraser beside him. No answer.

RAY
(drawing his gun)
Police!

He's just about to kick the door down when...

BRETT (V.O.)
Let's see your badge.

Ray puts his badge up to the peep hole. A moment later, the
door is opened by 14 year old BRETT HALL.

36 CONTINUED:

36

BRETT (CONT'D)

Hello.

Ray pockets his weapon.

FRASER

Hello, Son. Is your father home?

Brett shakes his head.

RAY

Do you know where he is?

BRETT

He said he had something for Mark.

37 INT. RAY'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

37

Ray and Fraser scramble in. Ray grabs the radio.

RAY

Elaine. I need to know where Mark Smithbauer is right now.

38 INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL ARENA -- RINK -- SAME TIME

38 *

The team, including Mark, practices. The stands are empty except high up is ROBERT HALL. He is the deranged fan. Dressed as a janitor, he sweeps up. After a moment, he stops sweeping, fingers something in his refuse bag, possibly a rifle.

39 EXT. CITY STREETS -- MOMENTS LATER

39

Ray's car speeds through the streets, skidding around corners, siren wailing. Finally, it screeches to a halt at the arena. Ray and Fraser emerge and hurry toward the entrance.

RAY

This building is designed for quality sight lines. 15,000 perfect shots.

FRASER

You get the players out of the line of fire. I'll search the building.

They enter the arena on the fly.

40 OMITTED

40

PAGE IS OMITTED

41 OMITTED
AND
42

41
AND
42

43 INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL ARENA -- HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

43 *

Ray escorts the players down the hallway.

RAY

Sorry for the inconvenience, gentlemen.

43 CONTINUED:

43

RAY (CONT'D)

You'll be back on the ice as soon as we get the necessary security measures in place.

Fraser squeezes by one of the players, going the other direction back to Ray, picture in hand.

FRASER

He's not upstairs. But a security door has been tampered with.

As they file into the dressing room, the players pass Robert Hall, bent over, sweeping up.

Fraser looks down at the picture, looks up again, squints.

FRASER (CONT'D)

(taking off)

The sanitation engineer, Ray.

RAY

(following after him)

Who?

FRASER

The janitor.

And they charge ahead as Hall removes a broken hockey stick from his bag and strides toward Mark. Fraser and Ray aren't going to make it. At the last second, Hall sees Fraser, drops the stick and runs. Fraser and Ray push through the players and take off after the guy.

44 INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL ARENA -- RINK -- CONTINUOUS

44 *

Hall rounds the corner, Fraser and Ray on his tail. He leaps onto the ice and starts to run across it, followed by Fraser and Ray. Fraser and Ray close the distance, leap through the air and tackle him.

*
*
*

RAY

Stupid move, using a hockey stick to attack a hockey player in full equipment.

44 CONTINUED:

44

HALL

I wasn't attacking him!

RAY

Then I guess I'm not arresting you,
either.

Ray slaps the cuffs on and starts yanking him down the hall.
Fraser stands and watches them go.

HALL

I just wanted to put it in his face!
He can't do that and get away with
it!

RAY

Do I look like I'm interested? You
have the right to remain silent --
use it.

ROBERT HALL

Where's the stick?? See for yourself!
It was scored right where it broke --
in a straight line! Why'd you think
he threw it away?!

And they're gone.

45 INT. FIRST CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER

45

A few of the hockey players hang out, wondering what went
down. Fraser turns the corner and approaches, looks around
on the floor. Players slowly drift off into the locker room.

SMITHBAUER

You get the guy?

FRASER

(preoccupied)

Yes.

(looks around)

The stick he attacked you with...?

SMITHBAUER

(looks around)

It was right here.

LAST PLAYER

...Didn't see it.

The last player exits into the locker room. The corridor is
empty, the stick is nowhere to be seen.

45 CONTINUED:

45

SMITHBAUER

Maybe somebody picked it up, I'll ask around.

Smithbauer heads into the locker room.

FRASER

His son was struck by a broken stick you threw.

SMITHBAUER

Really? Geez, why didn't he say something?

FRASER

I think he tried to. And he also said you cut your own stick.

SMITHBAUER

Why the hell would I do that?

FRASER

I don't know.

SMITHBAUER

Sticks break every day, and in every way you can imagine. I'm sorry about his kid, if I'd known I'd have sent him a jersey or something, but the guys a whacko, comes after me with a stick, I'm supposed to take him seriously?

FRASER

Still--

SMITHBAUER

You believe this guy? Is that what you're saying? Listen, you're not being paid to care about nuts, you're supposed to be watching me. Where the hell were you, anyway?

FRASER

I believe you're under a misapprehension. I'm not taking your money, I'm just doing this as a friend.

SMITHBAUER

Friends I have plenty of, I have people who shook hands with me once and think I'm their best buddy.

(MORE)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

SMITHBAUER (CONT'D)

I don't need anymore friends, I need someone I can count on, I need a bodyguard. You gonna do the job, then shut up and do it.

FRASER

...I'm afraid I can't.

Fraser turns and walks away.

SMITHBAUER

Yeah, that's what I figured. Thanks "pal".

Fraser turns back.

FRASER

If he was the man you were worried about, then you don't need me, do you?

Fraser turns and exits. Smithbauer watches, and then slams through the locker room door.

46 EXT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL ARENA -- NIGHT

46

Very few cars are parked on the downtown back street as Smithbauer emerges from the rear of the building in the wee hours of the morning. He heads to his car. The other car is the Cadillac.

Suddenly, the Cadillac screeches to life and heads straight for Mark. With no cover nearby, Mark runs for the side of the road, dives and rolls over a parked car in the nick of time. The Cadillac clips the front end of the car. It's about to circle back when another car enters the street. The Caddie takes off. *

Off Mark, breathing heavily, taking cover under the car, we: *

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

47 INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM -- MORNING

47

Smithbauer is getting nowhere fast with Detectives Huey and Gardino, who clearly don't like this guy.

SMITHBAUER

You saw what was left of the car!
How the hell did that happen?

GARDINO

You want to report an accident? That's
downstairs, this is Major Crimes.

SMITHBAUER

He came right at me!

HUEY

We arrested the guy with the stick,
his bail hearing isn't till this
afternoon.

SMITHBAUER

Then it's obviously somebody else!

GARDINO

Yeah, well if we arrested everybody
who didn't like you, we'd pretty much
shut down the city.

SMITHBAUER

It's your job to protect me.

GARDINO

Well, we seem to have a difference of
opinion here. Now watch this closely.

(re: open manilla folder)

Case open.

(closes it)

Case closed. Want to see it again in
slow-motion?

(opens it)

Case open.

(closes it)

Case closed.

SMITHBAUER

You know, if this was anybody else on
that team, you'd be all over me round
the clock.

47 CONTINUED:

47

GARDINO

Ironic, isn't it?

Smithbauer stares at them a second -- he might even be hurt by this. He exits.

48 INT. FRASER'S APARTMENT -- DAY

48

Fraser reads from his father's journal. Diefenbaker lies on Smithbauer's hockey jersey, sleeping.

FRASER'S FATHER (V.O.)

Three days after the robbery, I had Mewett cornered near the base of Copper Canyon. Mewett wasn't a strong man, but he didn't have to be: he had a gun, and I'd lost mine while falling fifty feet down the canyon wall. To be a free man, Mewett only had to do one thing: kill me. They say that every man has a price at which he'll do anything. I like to think it's the other way around: every man has a line; a line he won't cross over no matter what the cost. The only problem was, I didn't know exactly where Mewett's line was, and neither did he.

Diefenbaker barks. *

REVEAL *

Smithbauer is standing in the open doorway. *

SMITHBAUER *

Hello, Ben.

Smithbauer takes in the dumpy apartment.

SMITHBAUER (CONT'D) *

You live like this?

Fraser has nothing to say. After a beat, Smithbauer looks Fraser in the eye.

SMITHBAUER (CONT'D)

Somebody's still after me.

FRASER

So talk to the police.

SMITHBAUER

I did. They're not big fans of mine.

48 CONTINUED:

48

FRASER

You really don't seem to engender
friendship.

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

SMITHBAUER

In my experience, friends stay around
just long enough to see you get what
they think you deserve.

*
*

FRASER

Maybe so.

SMITHBAUER

...I need your help.

FRASER

I'm afraid I can't do anything for
you.

SMITHBAUER

Looks like I'm not the only one who's
changed.

Smithbauer starts to leave.

FRASER

Unless you tell me the truth.

SMITHBAUER

I don't know what's going on. I really
don't know.

Fraser just looks at him, waiting.

SMITHBAUER (CONT'D)

(sighs)

It was a couple weeks ago. I was
approached by two men who wanted me
to throw a game. And they wouldn't
take no for an answer. They've been
after me ever since.

FRASER

The February 26th game.

(off his look)

I watched the tape. You had a better
shot when you were thirteen.

*

SMITHBAUER

Well, I'm 34 now, I'm slowing down,
the shot's going, I've blown my knee
out so many times I can barely walk
without my brace. It goes one more
time, that's it.

*

48 CONTINUED: (4)

48

SMITHBAUER

Did you watch the end of the tape?
Four seconds left in the game, I scored
the winner, unassisted. If I was
going to throw a game, that wouldn't
be a very smart thing to do, would
it?

FRASER

(nods)

...You better stay here tonight.

Smithbauer looks around at the dump.

SMITHBAUER

Here?

49 INT. FRASER'S APARTMENT -- LATER

49

Smithbauer lies in bed. Diefenbaker still sits on the jersey,
staring at Smithbauer. As Fraser lies down on his bedroll:

FRASER

So how's your Dad?

SMITHBAUER

Great. Bought him a home in Sylvan
Lake. I go up there every Christmas.
Unless we have a game.

Fraser is unimpressed.

SMITHBAUER (CONT'D)

(re. Dief)

Can you make him stop staring at me?

FRASER

No.

Smithbauer rolls away from the relentless glare.

SMITHBAUER

(beat)

Sorry about your father.

FRASER

You heard about that?

SMITHBAUER

My Dad sends me clippings every now
and then. He still subscribes to the
Inuvik Drum. Gets it a month late,
but it's not the kind of news you
need to get right on time.

*

49

CONTINUED:

49

FRASER

No, I guess not.

SMITHBAUER

...You know, when you came to see me... I remembered you.... Sorry, I haven't had a lot of luck with friends. They always seem to want something. Remember Henry Ducatt?

FRASER

Sure.

SMITHBAUER

Dropped in when I first got in town, couldn't wait to talk about old times.

FRASER

I thought I heard he was in prison.

SMITHBAUER

Real estate fraud. I was just one of a long list of friends.

(beat)

You know what I miss? Trying to find a puck in a snow bank.

FRASER

(smiles)

You could blast it eight feet in.

SMITHBAUER

And that was packing snow.

FRASER

I used to think you'd miss the net on purpose just to see how deep you could drive it into the bank.

Smithbauer's smile evaporates. They lay in silence.

SMITHBAUER

I can't sleep, Ben.

FRASER

What's wrong?

SMITHBAUER

It's seven p.m.

(he sits up)

You really live like this?

He gets up and starts to dress.

50 INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL ARENA -- RINK -- NIGHT

50 *

Smithbauer slaps pucks hard against the boards and skates wind sprints -- we get the feeling he's trying to pound out his frustrations. Gilmour is the only other player on the ice. During the scene we catch glimpses of he and Smithbauer playing some fancy one on one and the like. Fraser sits in the stands watching. *

SMITHBAUER
(stops and yells up)
I brought your skates. You sure you don't want to play?

FRASER
Thanks anyways. I'm still sore from yesterday.

Ray approaches Fraser and takes a seat.

RAY
Turk Broda. Big time bookie. Description matches. Same with the car, but... You really believe the story?

FRASER
(surprised he'd ask)
Of course.

RAY
Fraser, something's not right here. When Smithbauer told Broda he wasn't taking their money, he wouldn't have bet on the game. Either it's somebody else who's after him...

FRASER
Or?

RAY
Or he took the money.

FRASER
You're wrong Ray. I know this man.

RAY
You knew the man. People change, Fraser.

FRASER
Not who they are, Ray.

50 CONTINUED:

50

RAY

You're wrong. Lotsa things change
people. Success, money, the city...
When did you last see him?

50 CONTINUED:

50

FRASER

We were thirteen.

RAY

Puberty changes people.

FRASER

You don't know this man, Ray. Hockey is all he has. It's all he ever wanted. He couldn't...he'd never cross that line.

Smithbauer skates over the blue line and pounds a slap shot. Fraser watches him sadly. Ray watches Fraser sympathetically. After a beat, Ray gets up and leaves. Smithbauer keeps skating. Fraser keeps watching.

51 INT. SMOKE FILLED ROOM -- NIGHT

51

Several big screen televisions around the room broadcast sporting events. A chalkboard proclaims the latest betting lines. Several men sit around a table playing a high stakes game of poker. The door is guarded by one of Broda's thugs, call him THE DRIVER -- with a mask, he'd look like the guy from the liquor store. Suddenly, the door slams open. Ray stands there and a half dozen people pull guns on him.

RAY

(flashes his badge)

Where's Broda?

The guns stay up.

BRODA

(sitting in a corner)

Unless you've got a warrant, Detective, which I sincerely doubt, I'd appreciate if you'd leave my establishment. You're scaring the patrons.

RAY

(re. guns)

They look petrified.

BRODA signals for the Driver to frisk Ray. He finds his gun, Ray grabs it.

RAY (CONT'D)

Forget it, smiley.

BRODA

Let him keep it. He ain't gonna make any trouble in here. He wearing a wire?

51 CONTINUED:

51

The Driver shakes his head and Broda signals for the rest of his men to lower their weapons.

BRODA (CONT'D)

So talk.

Ray approaches, passing an empty chair at the poker table. He takes a seat beside Broda, also with his back to the wall.

RAY

(re. the empty chair)

What's the matter? You get cleaned out already?

BRODA

I don't gamble, Detective Vecchio.

Ray is surprised to hear his name.

BRODA (CONT'D)

Same reason you know who I am. It pays to keep track of your enemies. Now what can I do for you?

RAY

Mark Smithbauer. Stay away from him.

BRODA

Tell me, Detective. Why do you think I'd be interested in some hockey player?

RAY

You're not going to force him to do anything.

BRODA

Look around here, Detective. You see anybody tied to their chair? Nobody makes anybody do business with me.

RAY

You telling me Smithbauer's in business with you?

BRODA

People play poker in my establishments, I'm not greedy, I just take my share of the pots. Someone bets on the home team, I lay off on the visitors. Why would I do anything else?

RAY

Unless you own the game.

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

BRODA

Not a smart thing to do, too many things could go wrong. I've found that people can be very unpredictable.

Ray realizes that Smithbauer took the money and reneged.

RAY

I'm giving you fair warning. A Mountie's watching Smithbauer. And I'm watching you.

Broda's cell phone rings.

BRODA

See? Now you're scaring me too.
(taking his cell phone)
Now, if you'll excuse me, I have some business to attend to.

Ray walks off. Broda answers his phone.

BRODA (CONT'D)

Hello.

VOICE (O.S.)

(filtered through phone)
He's leaving the arena.

BRODA

Thank you.
(hangs up. To Driver)
You get the car fixed?

The Driver nods.

BRODA (CONT'D)

Then go get it.

52 EXT. CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

52 *

A miserable winter night and the streets are virtually deserted. Fraser and Smithbauer stroll along leisurely as if they were walking through a park on a sunny summer day. Smithbauer, his equipment bag slung over his shoulder, wears a ball cap and his hockey jersey over his sweat shirt.

SMITHBAUER

Just like old times. Four miles through blizzards to get to the rink, then four miles back home again.

52 CONTINUED:

52

FRASER AND SMITHBAUER
(in unison, smiling)
Uphill both ways.

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

Smithbauer tosses Fraser one of his sticks and they start to playfully pass a tin can back and forth.

*
*

53 EXT. CHICAGO STREETS -- MOMENTS LATER

53

The Cadillac is parked on a side street, Broda in the passenger seat. Henderson, in Smithbauer's car, pulls up beside it. They open their respective windows.

HENDERSON

They're walking home.

BRODA

In this weather?

HENDERSON

They're Canadian.

Broda hands Henderson an envelope. They each roll up their tinted windows and proceed on their way, the Cadillac turning around to proceed after Fraser and Smithbauer.

54 INT. CADILLAC -- CONTINUOUS

5

The Driver drives. Broda is in the passenger seat. PROBERT, another one of Broda's thugs, is seated behind the Driver.

BRODA

Welcome to Canadian hunting season, gentlemen.

Virtually in unison, Broda and Probert slam fresh clips into their semi-automatic weapons.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

55 EXT. CITY STREETS NEAR FRASER'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

55

The weather has turned colder and Fraser and Smithbauer, acting like kids, run along the empty frozen street and slide as far as they can. Suddenly, car lights appear behind them.

SMITHBAUER

Car.

They turn around, only to be blinded by headlights coming straight at them out of control. They dive out of the way in the nick of time as the car skids past them, fishtailing on a sheet of ice. It's Ray's Riviera. He rolls down the window.

RAY

Controlled skid. You guys need a ride?

FRASER

No thanks, Ray. I think it's safer on foot.

RAY

You gotta minute? There's some business we need to discuss.

SMITHBAUER

I'll be up ahead.

Smithbauer keeps walking.

RAY

I spoke to the Turk.

FRASER

Really.

RAY

He told me...
(doesn't know how to
tell him)
I don't think I scared him off.

FRASER

I appreciate the attempt. Though I question the legality of it.

55 CONTINUED:

55

RAY

Look Fraser, remember I told you what
this city does to people...

FRASER

What is it, Ray?

RAY

(changes his mind)
...It's nothing. I'll just keep an
eye on him.

FRASER

Thanks.

Ray rolls up his window as Fraser begins to walk away, Ray
stops and rolls the window back down a bit.

RAY

Be careful, Benny.

FRASER

I will.

Ray drives off in the direction he came from.

FRASER AND SMITHBAUER

walk along. Smithbauer skids. Fraser no longer seems in
the mood.

56 INT. RAY'S CAR - MAIN UNIT

56 *

He passes the Cadillac coming the other way. It takes a few
seconds to register

56A SECOND UNIT

56A*

but then he does a skidding U-turn on the ice and speeds
back as fast as he can.

57 EXT. STREETS - MAIN UNIT

57 *

The Cadillac comes straight at Fraser and Smithbauer.

57A SECOND UNIT

57A*

The windows roll down and shots are fired. Fraser and
Smithbauer run for it as Probert and Broda keep shooting at
them. They miss a couple of times but one shot hits
Smithbauer right in the equipment bag on his back. The Caddie
is quickly closing the gap. Fraser and Smithbauer run past
some garbage cans which are then sent flying like bowling
pins by the charging Cadillac.

57A CONTINUED:

57A

Fraser and Smithbauer duck down an alley and the Caddie skids slightly past the mouth of it. But our heroes refuge is short lived -- a dead end just ahead and a fence with razor wire on top.

57B MAIN UNIT

57B*

Fraser grabs a door and tugs. It's locked. From just outside the alley, the bad guys shoot at Fraser and Smithbauer who have no cover.

57C SECOND UNIT

57C*

But just when all seems lost, Ray's Riviera speeds out of nowhere, skidding sideways into the alley between the Cadillac and its prey. His rear window is blown out by a spray of gunfire.

57D MAIN UNIT

57D*

He throws open the passenger door, away from the shooters, where Fraser and Smithbauer have scrambled for cover.

RAY

Get in!

57E SECOND UNIT

57E*

But Ray's car gets riddled with more bullets. Ray ducks down on the seat as the side and front windows shatter.

57F MAIN UNIT

57F*

A few more bullets in the windshield convince him to crawl out of the passenger door, joining Fraser and Smithbauer.

FRASER

I thought you were going home.

RAY

You're welcome.

57G SECOND UNIT

57G*

The Driver emerges from the Caddie and dashes to take cover at the far side of the mouth of the alley, shooting at the Riviera all the way. Probert and Broda emerge from the other side of the Caddie, also continuing their gunfire. Broda takes cover behind his door while Probert moves around back of the trunk.

57H MAIN UNIT

57H*

Ray returns fire and, as the gun fight wages, Fraser grabs the equipment bag and searches around in it.

57H CONTINUED:

57H

FRASER
(to Smithbauer)
Give me your jersey.

SMITHBAUER
(as he takes it off)
What's going on?

Fraser finds his skates, puts on Smithbauer's jersey and baseball cap, and starts to put the skates on.

FRASER
They'll assume I'm you.

SMITHBAUER
You can't outskate a car!

BANG. A shot rings over head. Ray ducks down.

RAY
You sure as hell can't outskate a bullet.

Smithbauer grabs his skates and starts pulling them on as fast as he can, trying to catch up to Fraser.

SMITHBAUER
This is my problem. I'm going.

FRASER
Your knee. You're not wearing your brace.

SMITHBAUER
I just wear it to get sympathy.

FRASER
Forget it. I've always been faster than you.

SMITHBAUER
At what??

FRASER
Lacing.

Fraser gets up and skates off. Smithbauer laces furiously.

RAY
Well, I don't skate so I'll stay right here.

57H CONTINUED: (2)

57H

And Fraser takes off. Ray jumps up and begins firing his weapon in hopes of giving Fraser's getaway a little cover.

57J SECOND UNIT

57J*

At the mouth of the alley, the criminals fire at Fraser while trying to avoid Ray's shots. They miss the speeding, deking target. To Fraser's right is the Driver. To his left, Broda and Probert are behind the car.

57K MAIN UNIT

57K*

Fraser skates for the Driver, jams his stick between the guy's legs

57L SECOND UNIT

57L*

flips him high in the air and keeps skating. The Driver lands hard and his gun goes skidding across the street. He scrambles after it, staying low to avoid the shots of Broda and Probert who keep firing at Fraser as he skates away down the street. Broda aims down the barrel of his gun -- Fraser is in his sights, and...

57M MAIN UNIT

57M*

POW. Smithbauer to the rescue, body checking the door behind which Broda stands.

57N SECOND UNIT

57N*

The door smashes into Broda and he goes smashing into the side of the car. As Probert spins around to see what's happening Smithbauer brutally cross checks him, sending him flying.

57P MAIN UNIT

57P*

SMITHBAUER

(skating after Fraser)

Ooo. There's no place for that in the game.

And Smithbauer leaps over the Driver who is still scrambling for his gun.

57Q SECOND UNIT

57Q*

As Broda, Probert and the Driver struggle back to their feet and try to get back to the car, Fraser and Smithbauer skate away down the frozen street.

57R MAIN UNIT

57R*

Ray fires his last shot at the fleeing villains, climbs into his car and picks up the radio.

RAY

Shots fired. 21st and Wabash.
Officer needs assistance.

All the while Ray is attempting to make about an eight point turn in order to extricate his car from its sideways position in the narrow alley.

58 EXT. CITY STREETS -- MOMENTS LATER - MAIN UNIT

58 *

Fraser and Smithbauer skate at break neck speeds down the empty frozen streets, deking in and out of parked cars and jumping man hole covers. Smithbauer glances back to see the Cadillac closing the gap.

SMITHBAUER

(to Fraser)

It was Robbie Murphy, eh?

Fraser looks to him and smiles -- he understands the message.

*

58A SECOND UNIT

58A*

At the intersection, Smithbauer and Fraser, as one, fake like they're turning left. The Caddie follows, but the skaters suddenly swerve back to the right.

58A CONTINUED:

58A

The Caddie can't keep up and goes down the wrong street, finally doing a skidding U-turn to get back in the chase.

59 INT. RAY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

59

Ray slides along in pursuit, well behind, speaking on the radio.

RAY

Yes! Why is that so hard for you to believe? Officer in pursuit of Black Cadillac in pursuit of two ice skaters on Michigan Avenue... Just send someone.

60 EXT. PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

60

Fraser and Smithbauer round a corner into the lot and out of sight of the Cadillac. As they skate through the lot, it looks like they're going to get away. Smithbauer is slightly ahead of Fraser and looks back.

SMITHBAUER

Poor Murph. What do ya think he's up to?

And with that, Smithbauer hits a man hole cover he didn't see coming, and goes flying. Fraser stops.

FRASER

You alright, Mark?

Smithbauer tries to get to his feet and screams in pain.

SMITHBAUER

My knee!

Fraser bends down to pick him up. Smithbauer looks back to see the Caddie turn the corner into the lot some ways away from them, but bearing down, fishtailing all the way.

SMITHBAUER (CONT'D)

Get outta here. You can't outskate them carrying me.

FRASER

(looking up)
You're right.

Fraser skates quickly away from Smithbauer.

SMITHBAUER

What?!

- 60A SECOND UNIT 60A*
- As Fraser skates away, the pursuers see Smithbauer, unprotected and lying on the ground -- a sitting duck. They speed toward him through the icy parking lot.
- 60B MAIN UNIT 60B*
- But as they close in, Fraser comes skating out from behind a parked car. He quickly skates up alongside the car and butt ends his stick
- 60C SECOND UNIT 60C*
- through the driver's window, smashing it and causing the Driver to lose control.
- The Caddie spins around, saving Smithbauer but ultimately finding itself aimed directly at Fraser. It accelerates hard. Fraser scrambles to reverse himself, but it doesn't look like he's going to be able to get away this time.
- SIRENS approaching. Too late -- Fraser's done for. But Smithbauer is on his feet, favoring his good leg, stick in hand. He painfully skates over to a rock on the road, cradles it in the blade of his stick, testing its weight. And then he uncoils, winds up and fires! From 60 feet away, the rock flies through the air, straight at the smashed driver's window of the moving Cadillac...
- SMACK. The rock goes through the open window and right into he side of the head of the Driver. He is knocked cold and the Cadillac smashes into several parked cars.
- 60D MAIN UNIT 60D*
- Ray finally arrives, followed by several marked police cars.
- 60E SECOND UNIT 60E*
- Ray skids out of control past the Cadillac. The first police car skids right into the rear of the Cadillac. The second skids into the rear of the first.
- 60F MAIN UNIT 60F*
- Fraser skates over to Smithbauer.
- FRASER
- Nice shot.
- SMITHBAUER
- Thanks.

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55A.

60F CONTINUED:

60F

Fraser helps him off the street and o.s.

DISSOLVE TO:

61 INT. DIRECTOR'S BOOTH -- DAY

61

Fraser sits in a chair in front of a eight television monitors showing different camera angles of the same hockey game. A DIRECTOR sits beside him. We see the scene in which Smithbauer broke his stick.

DIRECTOR

You want me to skip ahead to Mark's goal?

FRASER

No, thanks. Actually, can you back it up a little?

And all the screens rewind simultaneously, until Mark is no longer on the ice.

FRASER (CONT'D)

There.

The screens return to normal motion. CLOSE IN on the screen showing Smithbauer's bench. Smithbauer goes to the end of the bench, puts his stick on the rack, picks another, leans on it, and puts it back. Then he reaches for a stick at the end, feels the shaft surreptitiously, takes it without leaning on it and jumps on the ice.

ON FRASER -- watching sadly.

62 INT. FRASER'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

62

Fraser enters the apartment, looking very tired. Dief sits happily on the floor, looking away from him.

FRASER

Evening, Diefenbaker.

No response. Fraser follows Dief's gaze to a chair where Mark sits. Mark looks like a beaten man.

SMITHBAUER

He's relentless, isn't he?

FRASER

Unfortunately, yes.

SMITHBAUER

(getting up)

I just came by to thank a friend.

He extends his hand. They shake. Something says they should hug, but they don't.

62 CONTINUED:

62

FRASER

You're welcome.

Mark stares at Fraser for a long time, almost like he wants
him to say something. Finally, he turns to leave. *

FRASER (CONT'D)

You took the money from Broda, didn't
you?

SMITHBAUER

How can you say that? I scored the
winner.

(another long pause)
I needed the cash, badly. I thought
it didn't matter to me anymore. I
thought nothing mattered.

(MORE)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

62

SMITHBAUER (CONT'D)

And for 59 minutes I did what they wanted. And then the crowd started counting down the seconds, and I was back on that pond, and nothing in my whole life mattered more than the next nine seconds.

(beat)

Afterward, I don't think it made too much of a difference when I told them to keep the money.

Fraser nods.

SMITHBAUER (CONT'D)

You're not going to turn me in, are you?

FRASER

You didn't break any laws. It's up to you who you think should know.

Off Smithbauer's thoughtful expression, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

63 INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL ARENA -- FOYER -- EVENING

63 *

Fraser and Ray stand at the door to an area where a press conference is just ending. The press squeeze out past them.

REPORTER #3

The guy had it all and he flushed it all away. He deserves what he got.

REPORTER #4

A lifetime suspension, you kidding? This is a sport where you only get a coupla games for trying to take a guy's head off.

REPORTER #3

So ya feel bad for the guy, do ya?

REPORTER #4

Na. He's a jerk.

Fraser looks on sadly. Ray notices.

RAY

Forget it, Fraser. People like to talk about celebrities.

63 CONTINUED:

63

FRASER

Yeah. And they're not always wrong.

Fraser enters the room, fighting against the exiting reporters.

64

INT. DRESSING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

64

Smithbauer is alone, cleaning out his locker for the last time as Fraser enters.

FRASER

Hello, Mark.

SMITHBAUER

(looks up)

Hi, Ben.

FRASER

I'm sorry it turned out this way.

SMITHBAUER

This is the only way it could turn out.

FRASER

I brought you something.

He hands Mark an envelope. Mark opens it. Inside are twelve different Mark Smithbauer hockey cards. Mark chuckles.

SMITHBAUER

My entire career in cards. This must have set you back a few bucks.

FRASER

Three dollars and fifty cents, Canadian. I bought them as they came out. Seeing your face on a card meant something to me, too. I was proud of you. Every year.

SMITHBAUER

I can't take these.

FRASER

(shakes his head)

And I'm proud of you today.

(smiles)

Anyway, I've got another set at home.

Mark smiles back and finally gives Fraser a hug.

SMITHBAUER

Thanks, buddy.

FRASER

So what are you gonna do?

Smithbauer shrugs and walks away.

65 EXT. CITY PARK -- NIGHT

65

In the dim light, Mark Smithbauer stands on a pond in an urban park and blast slap shots into the snow banks. After a few, a KID skates up to him.

KID #4

If I can find those pucks can I keep half?

SMITHBAUER

You can't find them.

KID #4

Oh sure I can.

SMITHBAUER

No. I'm not going to let you. I'm gonna find each and every one of them. And then you can keep them all.

He takes his last shot and they skate over to the snowbank.

SMITHBAUER (CONT'D)

You want me to autograph a few?

KID #4

Are you somebody?

SMITHBAUER

(smiles)

No.

As he scoops the pucks out of the snowbank with his stick:

SMITHBAUER (CONT'D)

You wanta play a little?

KID #4

It's getting kinda dark, isn't it?

Smithbauer just smiles enigmatically as Fraser skates over.

FRASER

(yelling)

Okay, Ray.

Ray is in his car beside the pond. He puts on the lights and the pond is magically illuminated.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Hi, Mark.

65

CONTINUED:

65

SMITHBAUER

Hi, Fraser.

FRASER

You know there are thirty-eight ponds
in the downtown Chicago area.

SMITHBAUER

I was wondering what took you.

(to kid)

Okay, Canadians against Americans.

KID #4

You two Canadian?

SMITHBAUER

Yup.

KID #4

That's not fair.

FRASER

He's right.

(re. Ray)

He's American. You can have him.

Ray sits at the side of the pond lacing up his skates.

KID #4

Okay, but we get two goals.

Ray starts to skate over. He falls flat on his face.

SMITHBAUER

You can have three.

And they play as we PULL BACK to reveal the incongruous back
drop of the urban skyline.

FRASER'S FATHER (V.O.)

As I walked him out of the canyon,
Mewett hadn't a thing to say. He
almost seemed surprised that he hadn't
shot me. It's funny. Some men don't
know where their line is until they're
committed to crossing it. And then
it's usually too late.

On the rink, somebody scores and sticks are lifted in
excitement.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR