

Episode # **26**
Project - SC1041

due **SOUTH**



"BIRD IN THE HAND"

Written by

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Episode #26 - **"BIRD IN THE HAND"** - *Revised Pink*
CAST

Regular Cast

FRASER
RAY
DIEFENBAKER
WELSH
ELAINE

Recurring Cast

LOUISE ST. LAURENT
OVITZ
FRASER SR.
GERRARD

Guest Cast

Speaking Roles

ATF AGENT McFADDEN*
FBI AGENT BORLAND
CONSTALE TURNBULL
NASH

AGENT
ANNOUNCEMENT
FIRST MARSHALL
SECOND MARSHALL

Episode #26 - **"BIRD IN THE HAND"** - Revised Pink
SETS

EXTERIOR - DAY

ADJOINING ALLEY (HOTEL)
ALLEY (HOTEL)
COURTHOUSE
NASH'S WAREHOUSE
SPADINA HOTEL

INTERIOR - DAY

CHICAGO AIRPORT
CHICAGO AIRPORT - CORRIDOR
CHICAGO AIRPORT - MEN'S ROOM
CHICAGO AIRPORT - TERMINAL
CONSULATE - FRASER'S OFFICE
CONSULATE - RECEPTION
NASH'S WAREHOUSE
NASH'S WAREHOUSE - OFFICE
POLICE STATION
POLICE STATION - BULLPEN
POLICE STATION - CORRIDORS
POLICE STATION - STAIRWELL
RAY'S CAR
SPADINA HOTEL

EXTERIOR - NIGHT

ABANDONED WAREHOUSE
ALLEY (WAREHOUSE)
CANADIAN CONSULATE
NASH'S WAREHOUSE
POLICE STATION

INTERIOR - NIGHT

ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - 3RD FLR
CONSULATE - RECEPTION
DONUT SHOP
NASH'S WAREHOUSE
POLICE STATION - WELSH'S OFFICE
SPEEDING BROWN SEDAN
WAREHOUSE - ANOTHER ROOM

SCRIPT DAYS

<u>Scenes</u>	<u>Day/Night</u>
1 - 7	DAY ONE
8 - 31A	DAY TWO
32 - 64	NIGHT TWO
65	DAY THREE

PROLOGUE

FADE IN:

1 INT. CHICAGO O'HARE AIRPORT TERMINAL -- DAY 1

No faces, just a crowd of torsos, deplaning passengers. Through the very long lens we pick up a flash of gold in the crowd -- the badge of a U.S. Marshall. As it comes towards us it blurs out of focus.

2 INT. CHICAGO O'HARE AIRPORT TERMINAL -- CONTINUOUS 2

Feet appear through the crowd. Three men walk in lock step. The shoes of the men on either side give us a good indication that they belong to Marshalls. The shoes on the man between them are old and worn. An overhead speaker chants:

ANNOUNCEMENT

Welcome to Chicago O'Hare. Please
have your customs declarations ready.

The feet cut out from the crowd. One of the marshalls slides a key in a lock and pushes open a door marked "ENTRY PROHIBITED."

3 INT. NARROWER CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS 3

The torsos round the corner and head down the hall. They pause at the door to a mens room. One of the marshalls enters.

4 INT. SMALL MENS ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 4

The Marshall checks out the small windowless room. He yanks on the grill high in the wall to make sure it is secured tightly. He checks under the sink, then opens the lid on the back of the toilet and inspects it. He kneels beside the toilet and runs his hand behind it. He exits satisfied.

5 INT. NARROWER CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS 5

He opens the bathroom door and nods to his partner, who removes the prisoner's handcuffs. The prisoner enters the bathroom, closing the door behind him. The first Marshall takes a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket and taps one out.

SECOND MARSHALL

You can't smoke in the terminal. *

FIRST MARSHALL

Arrest me.

As he lights it up, we cut inside.

6 INT. SMALL MENS ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

6

The prisoner places the toilet lid carefully against the wall of the stall. He reaches into the tank and unscrews the float. The underside of the float reveals a strip of tape. The tape is ripped off and we see that the float is slit. The prisoner splits it open and removes a baggie. Inside is a small roll of bills and some kind of tool.

CLOSE ON TOOL

He inserts the screw bit into the augured screw driver.

CLOSE ON THE HIGH GRILL

The first screw pops out with a single punch of the screw driver.

CLOSE ON THE FLOOR BY HIS FEET

The eighth screw lands beside the others. The prisoner stands the grate against the wall.

CLOSE ON THE SINK

He steps on the sink and he's gone.

7 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL -- DAY

7

We follow right behind the prisoner as he walks to the front door, the camera rising from his feet up to the back of his head. He stops at the door and throws a glance back, and for the first time we see his face: it's GERRARD. A second later he's gone, and we hold on the empty frame.

FADE OUT:

END OF PROLOGUE

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

8 INT. CANADIAN CONSULATE -- RECEPTION -- DAY 8

A BADGE is offered as identification. It reads DEPARTMENT OF THE TREASURY. Angle to reveal two plain-clothed agents facing Fraser, who stands just outside his office door.

ATF AGENT MCFADDEN *
Special Agent McFadden, Alcohol, *
Tobacco and Firearms. This is Special *
Agent Borland, FBI. *

FRASER *
I'm afraid Inspector Thatcher is out *
of town. I'm Constable Fraser, Deputy *
Liaison Officer-- *

He's interrupted by the sound of a throat clearing. Fraser *
looks and notices CONSTABLE RENFIELD TURNBULL sitting at the *
reception desk, repeatedly clearing his throat as he pretends *
to work and not notice them. Dief lies under his desk. *
After three more throat clearings... *

FRASER (CONT'D) *
And this is Constable Turnbull, our *
new temporary Assistant...Deputy *
Liaison Officer. *

CONSTABLE TURNBULL *
(standing and offering *
his hand) *
Ah, sorry I didn't notice you. *

ATF AGENT MCFADDEN *
Yeah. *

Dief looks up at Fraser and lets out a little whimper. *

FRASER *
(long-suffering) *
...And Diefenbaker. *

ATF AGENT MCFADDEN *
(nodding toward door) *
Your office? *

FRASER *
Please. *

Fraser motions them in. As he follows... *

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

CONSTABLE TURNBULL
(calling after him)
Would you like me to hold your calls?

*
*
*

FRASER
(having to return)
Yes, I would appreciate that.

*
*
*

CONSTABLE TURNBULL
What reason should I give?

*
*

FRASER
(returning)
Sorry?

*
*
*

CONSTABLE TURNBULL
The Americans.
(nodding to his office)
Should I say you're in a meeting?

*
*
*
*

FRASER
Yes, that would be good.

*
*

CONSTABLE TURNBULL
So, it's not a secret meeting.

*
*

FRASER
(returning)
I'm sorry?

*
*
*

CONSTABLE TURNBULL
High-level, inter-agency, off-the-
record?

*
*
*

FRASER
Not that I'm aware.

*
*

CONSTABLE TURNBULL
Ah, good.
(as Fraser re-enters)
Of course, if it was, you shouldn't
tell me. So, perhaps it is secret,
and you just can't say. If that's
the case, I understand.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

FRASER
It's not the case.

*
*

CONSTABLE TURNBULL
Ah. I understand.

*
*

He gives Fraser a conspiratorial wink. Fraser considers
straightening this out, but gives up and enters, closing the
door behind him, as the reception phone rings.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

CONSTABLE TURNBULL (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Canadian Consulate, Liaison Office...
I'm sorry, but I can't tell you that
either.... He may have ordered lunch
from your establishment and he may
not have.

Ovitz heads by, nods towards Fraser's door.

OVITZ
Who's in there?

CONSTABLE TURNBULL
Where?

9 OMITTED

AND

10

9

AND

10

11 INT. FRASER'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

11

Start CLOSE ON A MUG SHOT OF GERRARD in Fraser's hand.

FRASER
He was my father's best friend on the
force. They went to the academy
together. I've known him all my life.

FBI AGENT BORLAND
You had any contact with him since
his incarceration?

FRASER
No.

ATF AGENT MCFADDEN
I imagine you wouldn't. I mean, the
man killed your father, you're not
going to just call him up and kick
around old times.

McFadden seems to be trying to deliberately provoke a
response.

FRASER
(beat)
How can I be of assistance to you?

ATF AGENT MCFADDEN
You seem very cool about this.

FRASER
Sgt Gerrard is serving a life sentence.
(MORE)

*

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

FRASER (CONT'D)

Whatever my feelings, they ended with his imprisonment.

*

FBI AGENT BORLAND

Two months ago Gerrard reached out to one of your Crown Attorneys, let it be known that he'd be willing to talk about his involvement in other criminal activities in exchange for making his life easier.

*

*

ATF AGENT MCFADDEN

Apparently he had an arrangement with an American arms dealer named Lloyd Nash. It's a name that interested us.

FBI AGENT BORLAND

Last week, Gerrard was in transit to testify in front of a Grand Jury here. Two U.S. Marshalls picked him up in Toronto and flew him to O'Hare. Where he disappeared.

Agent McFadden pulls an evidence bag out of his pocket and drops it on Fraser's desk. In it is the augured screwdriver.

ATF AGENT MCFADDEN

He had help.

Fraser fingers the bag.

FBI AGENT BORLAND

We've been looking for him for seven days, we can't even find his shadow. As you said, you've known him all your life. We figured you might be able to help.

FRASER

(still cautious)

I'd have to clear it through the Consulate.

ATF AGENT MCFADDEN

Grand Jury convenes on Wednesday. We have one day to find him or Nash's never going to see the inside of a prison gate. That's our problem. Your problem is, the man who killed your father is out there enjoying life. Clear it all you want.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

McFadden takes the evidence bag and heads for the door.
Borland offers his hand to Fraser.

*
*

FBI AGENT BORLAND

Anything you could think of, contacts
he might have here, family members or
friends we don't know about, we'd
appreciate it.

Fraser nods as Borland exits. Fraser looks down at the mug
shot on his desk. It faces away from him. He fingers it
around until Gerrard's eyes stare back at his.

*
*
*

12 INT. POLICE STATION BULLPEN -- DAY

12

Ray sits at his desk. A large pile of thick manilla folders
thumps down onto the desk in front of him, hand delivered by
States Attorney Louise ST. LAURENT. Though her manner is
professional, St. Laurent spits out her words as if she wants
to spend as little time speaking to this worm as humanly
possible.

ST. LAURENT

You're going to trial on the Turner
Brothers case a week Wednesday, I'm
turning it over to Assistant States
Attorney Hillard--

RAY

Stress-related vacation, is it?

ST. LAURENT

I've assured Hillard that you will
have a complete and thorough
recollection of the details of the
case, so as not to embarrass him on
the stand, because if you embarrass
him, you embarrass me, and you don't
want to embarrass me. Read it.

She turns on her heel and disappears. Ray flips open the
cover of the top folder with the tip of his pencil. Fraser
steps up.

FRASER

Busy?

RAY

(immediately standing)

Nope.

Ray walks off.

13 ANGLE ON FILE CABINETS -- A SHORT TIME LATER

13

Ray pulls open a file drawer and fingers through it. Although Fraser can't help but act like Fraser, he is still disturbed by dark thoughts from what he assumed was a long-buried past.

RAY

Nash, Lloyd -- how do you get any respect as a criminal with a name like Lloyd?

FRASER

Is that a serious question, Ray?

RAY

No, Fraser.

(still searching)

This is the guy Gerrard's supposed to be testifying against?

Ray finds the file near the back of the drawer, flips open the file and reads.

FRASER

Apparently.

RAY

(reading)

Lloyd P. Nash. Want to know what the "P" stands for?

FRASER

Is it pertinent?

RAY

Not even close.

(running his gaze down
the long list of
indictments:)

Not hard to see why the States Attorney wants him so bad -- indictments: seven, convictions: zero.

(still reading)

Seems key witnesses had a way of disappearing just before each trial.

FRASER

Where can we find him?

Ray crams the file back in at the front of the drawer.

RAY

Come on.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

Ray shoves the cabinet closed, the file still sticking half out, and exits. Fraser opens the cabinet, removes the file and places it neatly in its proper spot. Ray returns.

RAY (CONT'D)
You keep doing that and nobody will be able to find anything.

FRASER
Sorry.

Fraser closes the drawer and exits with Ray.

14 EXT. NASH'S WAREHOUSE -- DAY

14

As Ray and Fraser get out of the car and head for the warehouse:

*
*

RAY
So here's the plan: good cop, bad cop.

FRASER
And I play...?

RAY
Take a guess. We go in, you tip your hat and curtsy, I threaten to burn his warehouse to the ground if he doesn't turn over Gerrard. None of which will do any good.

*

FRASER
Why's that, Ray?

RAY
Fraser, use your head: if Gerrard is supposed to be testifying against him, you think Nash's really going to tell us where he is?

FRASER
It never hurts to ask, Ray.

RAY
Now that's not true. Sometimes it hurts very much to ask. People tend to shoot bullets at you for asking questions like this.

*

15 INT. NASH'S WAREHOUSE -- DAY

15

Several THUGS unload wooden gun crates from the back of a truck as NASH watches.

NASH

You say this guy Gerrard is supposed to give testimony against me?

RAY

Don't play like you don't know. The question is, how much heat do you really wanna bring down on yourself, because I happen to have a pack of matches in my pocket.

NASH

Yeah, I noticed the bulge.

RAY

Good, you want to play. Let's start with what's in these crates?

NASH

Christmas decorations.

RAY

You have a permit for them?

NASH

In fact, I do. Why don't you pick up a warrant and I'll show it to you. Now, I suggest you and your friend step off my premises; it's not safe to be standing here. A bulb could burst.

*
*

RAY

(getting in his face)
You know what's not safe--?!

Fraser steps in to stop the threats from escalating.

FRASER

We appreciate your time.

RAY

(to Fraser)
Wait up one second, I just want to say one thing.

FRASER

I think Mr. Nash understands our position.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

FRASER (CONT'D)

I'm sure if it's in his interest to cooperate, he'll do so. Did you give him your card, Ray?

Ray stares at Fraser.

NASH

No need. I have your number.

RAY

And I have yours, Lloyd.
(to other thugs)
Ask him what the P stands for.

Ray turns and walks out, followed by Fraser.

16 EXT. NASH'S WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

16

As Ray heads for the car, still wound up from his confrontation with Nash. Fraser follows.

RAY

What did I tell you?

FRASER

When, Ray?

RAY

(digging into his jacket pocket)
Waste of time and audio tape.

As Ray pulls out his micro-recorder.

FRASER

You recorded the conversation?

As they get in the car:

RAY

My new policy, Fraser: anytime I go anywhere with you I record everything. Mainly because, if I have to go to court, no jury will ever believe the things that come out of your mouth. Why isn't this turning?

FRASER

You have to depress the red button, Ray.

RAY

I pressed the red button!

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

FRASER

Did you press play at the same time?

RAY

(more irritated)

I pressed play at the same time!

FRASER

Let me look at it.

RAY

(now insulted)

I know how to operate a tape recorder!

FRASER

I wasn't trying to suggest you didn't.

RAY

You asked if I pressed the red button!!

FRASER

I only meant that sometimes it's the obvious things we overlook, Ray. By way of example, it was obvious that Nash was still operating openly, in fact he appeared to be flaunting it.

RAY

(smacking the recorder)

Buying guns isn't illegal, Fraser. It's smuggling them out of the country that'll get you arrested.

Ray's phone starts ringing, but he's so damn angry with the stupid recorder that he's banging it on the dash.

FRASER

Still, it's not the way one would expect a man to act if he was under threat of indictment. One could almost conclude he was trying to tell us something.

RAY

If he was trying to say something I would have heard it, Fraser.

(snatching up cell phone. Into it:)

What?

17 INT. NASH'S WAREHOUSE (OFFICE) -- CONTINUOUS

17

Nash speaks into the phone as he looks out his office window toward Ray's car. He's really enjoying this:

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

NASH
You still recording?

INTERCUT WITH CAR:

RAY
You're a very funny man, what do you want?

NASH
I made a call for you. The package you're looking for is at the Waverly Hotel, room 311. *

Nash hangs up.

18 INT. RAY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

18

Ray stares at the phone a second, then flips it closed, perplexed and wary.

RAY
He just told us where to find Gerrard.

FRASER
Hm. Something isn't right here, Ray.

RAY
(starting the car)
There's nothing right about this, Fraser. Nothing at all.

Ray throws the car into gear and we watch it drive away.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

19 EXT. WAVERLY HOTEL -- DAY

19

Ray's car pulls to a stop at the curb.

RAY

If some guy was going to testify
against you, would you tell the cops
where he was?

FRASER

We've been through this, Ray.

Ray checks his gun as they get out and head for the hotel.

RAY

We're walking into a set up. We're
going to knock on the door and a shot
gun blast is going to remove a portion
of my body that I'd rather not part
with.

19A INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY -- DAY

19A

Fraser and Ray come around the corner. Ray spots the room
they're looking for and stops Fraser.

RAY

Wait.

Ray removes his back-up gun. Ray's tone is now more serious.

RAY (CONT'D)

Take this.

FRASER

I can't, Ray.

RAY

Listen, two will give you seven that
Gerrard isn't even in there. But if
we find him, and if he should put up
a fight or try to escape...

*
*
*

Ray holds out the gun, trying to let the words go unspoken.

FRASER

(doesn't follow)
...Then we'll pursue him.

(CONTINUED)

19A CONTINUED:

19A

RAY

Yeah, but I might not be able to keep up, my ankle has been giving me problems. You understand?...

FRASER

Ah....Did you want to see a doctor?

RAY

The man killed your father. If he was to shoot at you, or make some threatening move toward you...

FRASER

I would disarm him.

RAY

But if you had to defend yourself, if you had to discharge a weapon, and if Gerrard was killed... I'm just saying I would let people know it was self defense. You wouldn't have to worry that I would say it was something other than that.

A beat. Fraser finally understands.

FRASER

(sincerely)

I appreciate that, Ray. But all I want is to see Gerrard returned to prison.

RAY

Okay.

(beat)

Okay.

(puts his gun back)

Let's say hello.

20 INT. WAVERLY HOTEL -- HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

20 *

They kick the door open and walk in. The window is closed, the room tidy and unoccupied.

RAY

I knew it was too good to be true.

Fraser looks out the window to see:

- 21 HIS POV -- THE ALLEY BELOW 21
Gerrard jumps off the bottom rung of the fire escape, landing on the pavement.
- 22 BACK TO SCENE 22
Fraser yanks open the window as Ray looks out.
- RAY
I'll come in from the street!
- Ray tears out the door as Fraser goes out the window.
- 23 EXT. ALLEY 23
Gerrard smashes the side window of a car parked in the alley. He jumps into the passenger seat and pulls the wires out from under the dash. As the ignition struggles to catch, he looks up through the windshield to see.
- FRASER
leaps from the third floor to the second floor landing.
- GERRARD
Breaks and runs. Fraser follows him around a corner.
A stake truck almost flattens Fraser. Fraser leaps onto the moving truck and climbs up over its roof.
- 24 EXT. ADJOINING ALLEY 24
Gerrard scrambles around the corner. He throws a look back over his shoulder. Suddenly Fraser drops out of the sky right in front of him. As Gerrard whips his head back, Fraser knocks him down with one wicked punch to the jaw.
- GERRARD
hits the ground, breathing heavily. He turns and stares up at Fraser, masking his fear with a sardonic smile.
- GERRARD
I never thought you'd be the one they'd send to kill me.
- Fraser is momentarily stopped by this. He looks up as he hears Ray coming around the far corner, a hundred yards away. Another sound makes Fraser look up at the rooftop. Suddenly Fraser dives on top of Gerrard and rolls him toward the junker, as a BULLET ricochets off the pavement. *
*

(CONTINUED)

24	CONTINUED:	24
	RAY	
	looks around for the shooter - realizes the shots are coming from the roof.	* *
24A	A HIGH POWERED RIFLE	24A
	firing from a rooftop.	
24B	FRASER	24B
	pulls Gerrard in behind an old car as bullets punch holes in the metal.	*
	RAY	
	scrambles up the fire escape.	*
24C	THE SHOOTER ON THE ROOF	24C
	blows the car apart.	*
24D	FRASER	24D*
	grabs Gerrard's arm and makes a run for the street.	*
24E	THE SHOOTER	24E
	squeezes off three more rounds, the bullets digging into the pavement behind Fraser's heels.	*
24F	RAY	24F
	scrambles up the fire ladder. He gets to the roof, throws his gun arm over and prepares to fire, but:	
	THE SHOOTER	
	is gone.	
	RAY	
	runs up to the spot where he saw the high powered rifle. All that he finds are spent shells. He looks over the edge into the alley.	
24G	HIS POV -- THE WRECKED CAR AND ALLEY BELOW	24G*
	No sign of Fraser or Gerrard.	
25	INT. CANADIAN CONSULATE -- FRASER'S OFFICE -- DAY	25
	Start CLOSE ON GERRARD'S wrists as Fraser binds them together.	

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

GERRARD

A little tighter, I can still feel my fingers.

Fraser yanks the knot tight, securing Gerrard to the chair, then reaches for his phone and dials.

FRASER

(into phone)

Constable Fraser for Detective Vecchio, please, it's urgent.... If he calls in, will you tell him that I'm at the consulate?... Thank you.

Fraser hangs up. Fraser kicks Gerrard's chair back onto its rear legs, throwing Gerrard up against the wall.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Who was shooting at you?

GERRARD

You brought them with you, you tell me.

FRASER

Nash.

Gerrard starts to laugh.

GERRARD

Nash?

(derisively)

You really don't know what's going on, do you?

FRASER

Who wants you dead?

GERRARD

Who sent you looking for me? *

Fraser puts his boot on the front of Gerrard's chair and slams it back down onto all fours. He leans down close to Gerrard.

FRASER

Someone just shot at me, and he shot at my friend. I want to know what we've walked into. *

GERRARD

What's wrong, Constable? People not behaving the way you want them to anymore? *

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

GERRARD (CONT'D)

The good guys won't wear their white hats and the bad guys don't like black?

FRASER

I know all I need to know: you're going back to prison.

GERRARD

(a wry laugh)

Oh, I don't think so, Ben. The moment you turn me over, I'm dead. But you already guessed that much. You just don't know what it means.

FRASER

Look at who you're talking to. I don't give a damn.

GERRARD

See, I forgot for a moment who I was dealing with: you're Bob Fraser's son. I can't tell you the number of times he almost died bringing some low-life to justice. He'd give them his food, he'd carry them on his back-- men who had done unspeakable things, men he detested, men who'd tried to kill him; he never brought one back dead, because once they were his responsibility, he'd sacrifice himself before letting them die. That's what finally got him killed, you know. He was trying to bring me in, and he walked into a trap. You're cut from the same bolt. I don't have to tell you anything more than you already know -- and you'll go out there and lay down your life trying to protect me.

*

*

Gerrard smiles, gloating. When we cut back to Fraser we see his dad standing beside him.

FRASER SR.

Shoot him, son. Shoot him right between those rat-like little eyes.

Fraser gives his Father a look, turns and walks out of the room. Fraser Sr. follows, calling after him.

FRASER SR. (CONT'D)

Don't walk way from me, this is your father talking!

26 INT. CANADIAN CONSULATE-- RECEPTION -- CONTINUOUS

26

As Fraser Sr. follows Fraser out the door. As his father talks, Fraser closes his office door. Constable Turnbull is away from his desk, so they're alone.

FRASER SR.

(continuing)

The bastard is sitting in there bragging about how he had me killed! All I'm asking is that you do this one small thing for me -- shoot him through the stomach and let him bleed to death. Think of it as a son's gift to his father. You did forget my birthday.

FRASER

You were dead!

FRASER SR.

Still, one has feelings. Not even a card.

FRASER

I am not going to shoot him.

FRASER SR.

Now you're just being silly. Here, use my gun, they'll never be able to trace it.

FRASER

We've been through this, it's imaginary. It shoots imaginary bullets.

FRASER SR.

It doesn't hurt to try, son. Just go pump a few into his torso, if it doesn't kill him, maybe he'll have a heart attack.

FRASER

(getting frustrated)

You want me to try? Look.

Fraser aims at the desk lamp and blasts off three rounds of his father's gun -- a passing bureaucrat walks right through the line of fire - nothing happens.

*
*
*

FRASER SR.

All right, all right, point's taken!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

FRASER SR. (CONT'D)

Grab that lamp base there, we'll crack his skull and make it look like a freak lighting accident.

FRASER

A freak lighting accident??

FRASER SR.

Sure, happens all the time: lightning strikes the wires, sends a jolt through the line, the lamp hops up, hits his skull, splits it in two and there was nothing you could do to prevent it, it all happened so fast.

FRASER

Dad, I know what he did. It takes every bit of restraint I have not to grab him by the throat and choke the life out of him.

FRASER SR.

Sometimes you just have to go with an impulse, son.

FRASER

But I can't do that. And neither could you.

FRASER SR.

If I could pick up a lamp I'd sure as hell try!

FRASER

No you wouldn't.

FRASER SR.

I would!

FRASER

You're only saying that because you're dead and you know you can't.

FRASER SR.

Exactly! Which is why I need you to do it! If you really loved me, son, you'd strangle him for me.

FRASER

(suddenly serious)

No. If I really loved you I would have....

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

FRASER SR.

...What?

Fraser hears footsteps pounding up the stairs, and he's saved from having to say something he clearly doesn't want to.

FRASER

...Forget it.

Ray comes bounding up the stairs, out of breath.

RAY

Where is he?

FRASER

In my office.

RAY

Is he alive?

FRASER

Yes, Ray.

FRASER SR.

He'd shoot him for you if you asked.

(off Fraser's look)

Well, he would.

Diefenbaker trots up the stairs, ahead of Constable Turnbull.

FRASER

(to Ray)

I'll be right back.

(calls)

Diefenbaker.

Fraser exits into his office, Dief following.

27 INT. CANADIAN CONSULATE -- FRASER'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

27

Fraser unties Gerrard's wrists.

FRASER

(to Dief)

Watch him. If he tries to escape,
tear out his throat.

Dief sits, staring at Gerrard as Fraser exits. Gerrard looks to Dief, who lets out a low snarl.

28 INT. CANADIAN CONSULATE -- RECEPTION -- CONTINUOUS

28

Turnbull approaches as Fraser comes out and locks his office door. *

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

CONSTABLE TURNBULL
...Anything I can help you with,
Constable?

FRASER
In fact, there is. There's someone
in my office, I can't tell you who.

CONSTABLE TURNBULL
Ah. I understand.

FRASER
Don't let anyone in or out of that
door.

CONSTABLE TURNBULL
Not even myself?

FRASER
Especially not yourself.

CONSTABLE TURNBULL
Consider it done.

Fraser heads off down the stairs. Ray looks back and forth,
what's going on here.

RAY
Wait a minute--we're not taking him??

FRASER
(as he walks off)
No, Ray.

RAY
(following)
You want to explain this to me, Fraser?

Fraser Sr. brings up the rear.

FRASER SR.
Did I ever show you how to make a
proper noose, son?

*
*

And they're gone.

29 INT. CANADIAN CONSULATE -- FRASER'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS 29

Gerrard watches out the window. He looks back to Dief, then
carefully picks up the phone. As he dials, we go to:

30 INT. POLICE STATION -- DAY 30

Fraser and Ray stand over Elaine as she finishes her phone
conversation.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

ELAINE

(into phone)

Thanks.

(hangs up)

Three years ago, the A.T.F. got a tip that Nash was taking a truckload of automatic weapons into Canada, some small border crossing upstate. Somehow the F.B.I. got wind of it, too, and insisted on being in on the bust. They stake out the crossing, Nash shows up, they arrest him and a couple of sidekicks and seize the truck. They suspected that someone had paid off the Canadian Customs officials, but all the Feds could do was report those suspicions to the RCMP.

FRASER

They called Gerrard.

ELAINE

It was his jurisdiction.

RAY

Nice arrangement. He bribes the border guards and the Feds ask him to investigate his own crime.

ELAINE

Here's where it gets strange. Nash and his men were released the next day and no charges were ever brought.

RAY

(can't believe it)

They had him cold with a truckload of weapons.

ELAINE

That's all she could tell me.

Ray looks up and sees:

HIS POV -- THROUGH THE STACKS

A.T.F. Agent Borland and F.B.I Agent McFadden enter the bullpen. They don't look happy.

*

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

BACK TO SCENE

RAY

(to Fraser)

Oh, good -- now you can tell them that you found their prisoner, but you'd rather not give him to them just yet.

FRASER

I'd rather avoid that, Ray.

RAY

Really, Fraser?

Borland and McFadden look to Ray's desk, see it's empty and head into Welsh's office. Ray and Fraser see their chance and head out the side door. *

31 INT. POLICE STATION CORRIDORS -- CONTINUOUS

31

As they head out:

RAY

Where are we going?

FRASER

Back to see Nash.

RAY

This is ridiculous! All Gerrard is doing is spinning you in circles. A con will tell you anything to stay out of prison, you know that.

*

FRASER

Someone tried to kill him, Ray.

RAY

Yeah! Nash!

FRASER

If Nash wanted him dead, he wouldn't have sent us there.

RAY

Maybe he wanted to kill us, too!

FRASER

What possible motive would he have for that?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

RAY

Fraser, you are one of the most annoying people I know!! There's lots of times I even want to kill you, and I'm your best friend!!

FRASER

Now that's just not true, Ray.

RAY

(stopping him)

Listen to me, my friend. I don't know what he's up to, but this Gerrard guy is playing you like a juke box, and he knows just what buttons to push.

Fraser considers this, but not for long before they hear:

ST. LAURENT

Vecchio!

Ray reacts -- this is the last person he wants to see. Ray grabs Fraser's arm and moves on.

RAY

Pretend you didn't hear that.

31A INT. POLICE STATION -- STAIRWELL -- CONTINUOUS

31A*

Ray and Fraser head for the door, but St. Laurent throws a look over the second floor railing and pins them. *

ST. LAURENT

Detective Vecchio!

Ray slows, resigned to his fate.

RAY

I started reading them, I'm working my way through.

She catches up and walks and keeps pace with them:

ST. LAURENT

I'm sitting in my office, preparing to present a case to the Grand Jury, when two federal agents come in and inform me that you are withholding my key witness. Tell me why this information doesn't surprise me.

RAY

...That's your case?

(CONTINUED)

31A CONTINUED:

31A

ST.- LAURENT

That's my case.

RAY

(reaching for the door)

Well, I hate to contradict federal officials, but I haven't laid a hand on the witness in question.

FRASER

That would be me, ma'am.

ST. LAURENT

You have my witness?

FRASER

Yes.

RAY

(grabbing Fraser by the arm and dragging him out the door)

--But he's on his way over to pick him up and bring him right back here.

FRASER

That's actually not tr--

Ray drags him out the door before he can finish his sentence.

32 EXT. NASH'S WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

32 *

As Ray and Fraser get out of the car and head for the warehouse. Ray rips a piece of paper off his small pad and hands it to Fraser.

RAY

Here -- pin this to your chest.

FRASER

(looking at it)

It says, "I am mentally deficient".

RAY

Yeah, I want Nash to know this, so maybe he won't shoot us both.

FRASER

That's not going to happen, Ray. All I'm going to ask him to do is tell the truth.

RAY

Will you pin it on?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

FRASER
No.

RAY
Pin it on.

FRASER
No.

They enter the building.

33 INT. NASH'S WAREHOUSE -- OFFICE -- NIGHT

33 *

NASH
Why?

FRASER
Because I think you know it's in your own best interest.

NASH
(considers, then:)
Let me tell you a story. I had a friend; a man who, unlike myself, dealt in the illegal weapons trade.

RAY
(sarcastic)
Oh, dear, I wonder who this could be?

NASH
My friend had a very sweet set-up with someone in Canada, who helped him get his goods across the border. This went on for a number of years, all involved took a small cut, and were content with that. Until one night when things went bad. It was only later that he began to suspect that his Canadian friend had set him up, in order to make a larger profit.

*
*
*

RAY
All good reasons for your friend to want to kill said Canuck. Especially if this Canuck was about to testify against him.

NASH
It may be true that my friend would like to see this Canadian under some freshly turned soil, but not until after he gives testimony to the Grand Jury.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

RAY

Fraser, give him the piece of paper,
I think he should be wearing it.

NASH

When my friend took his truck to the border, it was full of very expensive automatic weapons. When this same truck reached the federal impound, it carried only a few cheap hand-guns. While my friend was happy to be released with a slap on the wrist, he realized that someone had stolen from him.

RAY

You're trying to get us to believe that agents from A.T.F and F.B.I stole your weapons??

NASH

My friend only knows that he's out a quarter million dollars. This is not an expense his business can easily absorb. He would just like someone to pay, one way or another.

FRASER

So, you called the States Attorney.

NASH

My friend has a deep belief in the integrity of the justice system. He'd like to see it work.

34 EXT. NASH'S WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

34 *

As Ray and Fraser hustle toward the car.

FRASER

Nash isn't the target of the Grand Jury. They're out to indict the agents who were at the scene. That's who Gerrard is supposed to be testifying against.

RAY

(sarcastic)

Oh, good, so now we're out to help some criminals bring down two arms of the federal government.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

RAY (CONT'D)
(pulling out his micro-
recorder)
I'm so glad I have this on tape,
because as soon as I get back, I'm
selling it to Oliver Stone.
(moans to tape recorder)
No, don't do this to me.

As he smacks it on the roof of the car:

FRASER
Did you check the batteries?

RAY
(pissed)
Fraser, how would you like to--

Ray's cell phone rings.

FRASER
Sorry, Ray.

RAY
(answers cell phone)
Yes!...
(suddenly solicitous)
--Hello, Madame States Attorney...Yes,
he's right here with me, but
we're....No, he hasn't quite... What?!
(dropping the act)
Oh, come on, that's--
(beat)
Yeah, I heard you.... Yeah, I heard
you!

Ray hangs up, furious.

FRASER
You really should let me explain it
to her.

RAY
You'll get your chance.
(pulling his cuffs out)
You're under arrest for obstruction
of justice.

FRASER
Oh.
(re: tangled cuffs)
Should I help you with those?

RAY
Just get in the damn car.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

Fraser gets in, Ray closes the door behind him and we:

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

35 EXT. CANADIAN CONSULATE -- NIGHT 35

Establishing.

36 INT. CANADIAN CONSULATE -- RECEPTION -- NIGHT 36

CONSTABLE TURNBULL

(into phone)

I'm sorry, but I'm not at liberty to
divulge that information.

37 INT. POLICE STATION -- WELSH'S OFFICE -- NIGHT 37

Welsh cups his hand over his ear so that he can hear the
phone over the din in his office -- Agents Borland and
McFadden are being upbraided by States Attorney St. Laurent, *
as Ray paces anxiously. Fraser, the only one sitting, watches
as if he was witnessing a tennis match. Dialogue overlapping:

ST. LAURENT

(at Borland)

How could you be so stupid?!

WELSH

(into phone)

All I want to know is if Gerrard is
in Fraser's office or not.

FBI AGENT BORLAND

(to St. Laurent)

We asked for his help, we didn't ask
him to kidnap the guy!

ST. LAURENT

(to feds)

Is that how the F.B.I find all their
criminals -- by relying on helpful
Canadians?!

RAY

(the smartass)

It seems to have worked so far.

FBI AGENT BORLAND

(at Ray)

You know, I've heard about you--

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

WELSH
(to St. Laurent)
He won't tell me if he's there.

ATF AGENT MCFADDEN
For all we know he could be dead! I
mean he certainly has a motive! *

FBI AGENT BORLAND
(to Fraser)
If he's there, tell him to put him on
the phone!

FRASER
I'm afraid he won't do that.

WELSH
(into phone)
Fraser says to put him on the phone.

38 INT. CANADIAN CONSULATE -- RECEPTION -- CONTINUOUS

38

Gerrard is now banging on the door.

CONSTABLE TURNBULL
In order to do that, I'd have to
confirm that someone is here. *

GERRARD (O.S.)
I have to use the bathroom, you moron!

39 BACK IN WELSH'S OFFICE

39

WELSH
(into phone)
If there's no one there, who is that
yelling to use the bathroom?!

ATF AGENT MCFADDEN
(re: Ray)
That's it! I want him arrested for
aiding and abetting! *

WELSH
He said he never even saw the prisoner! *

RAY
Which is true. *

ATF AGENT MCFADDEN
He's complicitous! He knows where he
is! *

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

RAY

So do you!
(to St. Laurent re:
McFadden)
I want him arrested.

*

ST. LAURENT

(to Feds)
Just go over there, get Gerrard and
bring him back!

FRASER

I'm afraid you can't do that, he's on
Canadian soil and under my protection.

ST. LAURENT

(to Welsh, re: Fraser)
That's it! Lock him up!

RAY

You can't, he has diplomatic immunity!

FRASER

That's not quite true, Ray. While
some consular officials are accorded--

RAY

Shut up!

FRASER

Will do.

40 EXT. POLICE STATION -- NIGHT

40

Ray bursts out the door, heading for his car. He is not a
happy guy. Fraser follows, pulling on his jacket.

FRASER

Thank you, Ray.

RAY

Don't talk to me. I'm in a bad mood.

FRASER

Sorry, Ray.

RAY

(immediately)
You want to know why I'm in a bad
mood?

FRASER

That would require--
(stops himself)
--why, Ray?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

RAY

I'm in a bad mood, because I'm not used to arresting people and then immediately bailing them out! It's embarrassing. You saw those cops in lockup laughing at me? That's not a good thing, Fraser.

FRASER

Now that you mention it, I'm not entirely sure it's even legal.

RAY

You want to know what I found out or not?

FRASER

Sorry, go ahead.

RAY

I got a friend at the Bureau.--

FRASER

Really?

RAY

Don't act so smug. He told me ever since Waco, the F.B.I. has been making a big noise about absorbing the A.T.F. The Bureau is looking to embarrass them any way they can. And ever since they heard about this case, the FBI have been walking around with big grins on their faces. All of which leads me to this conclusion: the more I know about this, the less sense it makes, so I don't want to know anything else!

ATF Agent McFadden leans in Ray's car window. *

ATF AGENT MCFADDEN *

I need to have a word in private.

RAY

Why?!

ATF AGENT MCFADDEN *

There's something you should know.

RAY

I don't want to hear it!!

FRASER

Ray...

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

RAY

Oh, Christ--

As Ray says something we can air on TV and opens his car door, we cut to:

41 INT. DONUT SHOP -- NIGHT

41

A Squad car screams to a stop, lights flashing. PAN with the cops as they jump out and head into the donut shop. McFadden, Fraser and Ray sit at a window booth, a half-eaten box of donuts on the table in front of them. During this scene dozens of cops come and go, radio calls are answered on walkies and truck loads of donuts are consumed. No one sees this as something remarkable.

ATF AGENT MCFADDEN

The truck was seized and impounded. When they went to log the evidence, it wasn't there.

RAY

(offering the box)
Cruller?

ATF AGENT MCFADDEN

Go ahead.

FRASER

Who had control of the truck?

ATF AGENT MCFADDEN

Two men from my district office.

RAY

Both A.T.F. agents?

ATF AGENT MCFADDEN

Yes.

RAY

So what was all that about Gerrard testifying against Nash?

ATF AGENT MCFADDEN

You think I want to advertise that the Grand Jury is about to indict my own men? We don't even know what Gerrard is going to say -- he refused to name names until he was in front of the Grand Jury. I wasn't there, for all I know there were no guns in the first place, or the Feds took them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

ATF AGENT MCFADDEN (CONT'D)
I just know this happened on my watch,
and if my men were involved, I have
to bring them down. If I don't clean
my own house, then the F.B.I will do
it for me. And I can't afford that.

RAY
Which is why you're talking to us
without Tweedle-Dum?

ATF AGENT MCFADDEN
Let's just say Special Agent Borland
has his own agenda. *
(to Fraser)
I need Gerrard to testify. I'm asking
you to turn him over to me so that I
can bring him in.

FRASER
I'm sorry, but I can't do that.

McFadden thinks for a while.

ATF AGENT MCFADDEN
The Grand Jury convenes tomorrow
morning. Can I trust you to get him
there?

FRASER
You can.

ATF AGENT MCFADDEN
Understand my concern. This guy is
doing time for murdering your father.
If he were to disappear again, or
step in front of a truck, or come to
harm in any way while in your care, I
can personally guarantee that you
would be indicted for murder, and the
entire weight of my agency would be
used to ensure a conviction.

RAY
Here. Have the one with the sprinkles.
(puts a donut on
McFadden's plate)
You take your job way too serious.

McFadden ignores Ray's barb and makes his decision.

ATF AGENT MCFADDEN
I'll meet you on the steps of the
courthouse, we'll walk him in together?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

FRASER

All right.

ATF AGENT MCFADDEN

...Then that will have to do.

*

42 INT. CANADIAN CONSULATE -- RECEPTION -- NIGHT

42

Fraser and Dief wait outside the bathroom door. There's a flush as the door opens and Gerrard steps out.

GERRARD

I don't know who is stupider, that Mountie or your dog.

Dief growls.

FRASER

(to Dief)

Oh, stop being so sensitive.

Ray bounds up the stairs:

RAY

Sorry, I had to help someone with a tire.

(to Gerrard)

Turn around.

As Ray cuffs Gerrard:

FRASER

...You helped someone with a tire?

RAY

Hey, you think you're the only one who can do a good turn?

FRASER

Sorry, Ray.

(taking Gerrard's arm)

Let's go.

Fraser takes Gerrard and they all head down the steps.

WIDER ANGLE -- WITH CONSTABLE TURNBULL IN THE FOREGROUND

Turnbull sits at his desk with his eyes closed, humming "Oh Canada" softly to himself. A beat and Fraser trots back up the stairs.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Oh. You can open your eyes now.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

CONSTABLE TURNBULL

Thank you.

He does. Fraser exits as Turnbull goes back to his typing, while softly singing the final refrain:

CONSTABLE TURNBULL (CONT'D)

"We stand on guard for thee."

Ovitz walks by, indicates Fraser's open door.

OVITZ

Where'd he go?

CONSTABLE TURNBULL

Who?

43 EXT. CANADIAN CONSULATE -- NIGHT

43

Ray closes his car door and they pull away. As he does we see FBI Agent Borland watching from a doorway near the corner. Borland hustles around the corner to his government issue GREY SEDAN and gets in. As he floors it and the car lurches forward, it becomes quickly apparent that something is wrong. He opens his door and looks to his rear tire -- it's completely flat, thanks to a large gash. He looks up to see Ray's car pass through the intersection and disappear. *

FRASER (V.O.)

(oblivious to this)

That's really quite commendable, Ray.

RAY (V.O.)

Thank you, Fraser.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

44 EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT 44

All is quiet. Ray's car is tucked away in a side alley. Ray takes a pile of bedding out of the trunk and enters the warehouse. Dief follows him in.

45 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- TOP (THIRD) FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS 45

Ray comes up the stairs and into this top floor room with a huge armload of blankets. Gerrard sits propped against a post. Fraser unrolls a sleeping bag for himself on the floor. *
(N.B. Fraser is dressed in his civies.)

RAY

You got everything you need from the car?

FRASER

Yes, thanks, Ray.

Ray drops his load on the floor, kicking up a huge cloud of dust.

RAY

Oh, this is going to be great for the allergies.

As Ray arranges the half-dozen pillows to form a bed:

RAY (CONT'D)

We couldn't have got a hotel room?

FRASER

(crossing to Gerrard)

Since we don't know who's looking for him, we don't know their search capabilities.

(to Gerrard)

Hold up your hands.

Gerrard does, Fraser unlocks the cuffs. As Ray puts a sheet over his pillow bed:

RAY

(sarcastic)

Yeah, just take those off, we'll go on the honor system here. What are you thinking, Fraser?!

FRASER

He's not going to run.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

RAY
What--he's given you his word as a
Mountie?

FRASER
(looking Gerrard in
the eye)
No, because he knows if he tries,
I'll kill him.

Fraser hands him a bedroll and walks off.

GERRARD
Now you have me terrified, I won't be
able to sleep.

Gerrard spreads out his bedroll.

RAY
(to Fraser, re cuffs)
Can I have them back?

FRASER
Oh, sorry.

Fraser gives Ray back his cuffs. Ray walks over to Gerrard,
who lies on his bedroll.

RAY
You nice and comfy there? Good--
(slaps on cuffs)
Sleep tight.
(as he walks back. To
Fraser:)
I hear a word out of you and I go
home.
(re: comforter)
Grab a corner.

Fraser does and they spread Ray's comforter over his pillow
bed. Ray studies it, then realizes he should probably ask:

RAY (CONT'D)
You need a pillow?

FRASER
No, thanks, Ray.

GERRARD
I'll take one.

RAY
Did I ask you?

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

Ray gets into his bed. He closes his eyes and stays there for about five seconds, then jumps up:

RAY (CONT'D)

I can't sleep here. I'll keep first watch.

FRASER

Thanks, Ray.

RAY

Yeah, yeah.

Ray heads for the exit. As soon as he's out of sight, Dief trots over and lies on Ray's nice soft bed. Fraser removes his hat and jacket and readies himself for bed as Gerrard studies him, propped up against the post.

GERRARD

You are just like your father.

(gets no response)

You put duty above everything else. Duty to the force, duty to your friends...even duty to your enemies. I can't say I understand it, but I admire it.

FRASER

I have no interest in talking to you, so I suggest you go to sleep.

GERRARD

His greatest strength was his greatest weakness. I could predict exactly how he was going to react. I knew I could count on him. And I knew I could count on you.

Suddenly Fraser pulls a knife from his boot and hurls it.

THE KNIFE

digs into the post just beside Gerrard's head. Fraser walks over and yanks it out.

FRASER

I'm really not in the mood to talk.

Fraser takes the knife and replaces it in his kit. Unaffected, Gerrard smiles to himself and rolls onto his side, closing his eyes.

GERRARD

Have a good sleep.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (3)

45

When we cut back to

FRASER

we see his father standing beside him, holding a noose.

FRASER SR.
I brought this for you.

FRASER
(reacts)
Dad...

Fraser turns to look out the window.

46 HIS POV

46

Out in the alley, Ray pounds his shoulders to keep warm.

47 BACK TO SCENE

47

FRASER SR.
All right, all right. Deep down I
knew you couldn't do it, I won't ask
you again.
(beat)
But if you could just walk over and
kick him a few times...

Fraser offers a sad smile as he glances out the window again.

48 HIS POV -- RAY

48

pacing.

49 EXT. WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

49

Ray paces up the alley (away from camera), checking it out.
The camera counters with him, until we see something in the
foreground that Ray can't: a GREY SEDAN.

*

50 INT. WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

50

Fraser throws a look over to Gerrard's sleeping form to make
sure he can't hear.

FRASER
I knew you were in trouble, you know.

FRASER SR.
What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

FRASER

When we talked that last time, before you died; I knew something was bothering you.

FRASER SR.

(dismisses it)

You couldn't have known, I didn't say a thing.

FRASER

I heard it in your voice, but I didn't ask. Do you know how many times I've wondered why I didn't do that? How many times I thought if only I had done that one thing...you'd still be here.

FRASER SR.

I am here, son.

FRASER

I mean alive.

FRASER SR.

Dead, alive, you still never listen to me. Just one good kidney punch -- if I could just see him writhing in pain, I could rest easy.

FRASER

It'd always been that way. If something was truly bothering you, something personal, I wouldn't ask, I wouldn't push it. I used to tell myself it was out of respect for you, but the truth is I was just afraid...As stupid as that sounds. And that fear was what got you killed.

FRASER SR.

Even if you had asked, I wouldn't have told you. *

FRASER

I could have helped! I could have done something.

FRASER SR.

A man asking his son for help -- it's not an easy thing to do. It would be like admitting I was old.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

FRASER

(scoffs)

Or human?

FRASER SR.

You wait till you're my age. Wait till some young turk walks up to you and says 'can I give you a hand with that, pops'. You see if you say yes.

(beat)

He was my friend, I had to bring him in myself. I owed it to him.

FRASER

(angered)

And what did you owe to me?

FRASER SR.

Oh, God, this is going to be one of those conversations.

FRASER

You were so afraid to open up to me that you actually chose being killed rather than expressing your feelings.

FRASER SR.

Oh, that's ridiculous.

FRASER

It's what happened!

(has to laugh at himself)

And the thing is I'm no better. I mean, I never loved anyone as much as I loved you--

FRASER SR.

Now you just stop talking like that right now.

FRASER

--and I could never, ever say that.

FRASER SR.

Well, if you did, I would have hit you.

*

FRASER

The only thing we could talk about was the job. I think that's why I joined the force -- so we'd at least be able to share that much.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (3)

50

FRASER SR.

(resigned to it)

You know, it's my fault. I never should have left you with your grandmother all that time. You don't know the effect women have on you until it's too late. For years you live a perfectly normal life, and then one day, out of the blue, you start talking about "feelings" and "emotions". It was my mistake son, not yours -- go ahead, blubber on.

FRASER

No, it's okay.

FRASER SR.

Oh, you're not going to sulk now are you?

FRASER

I'm not sulking, I don't sulk.

Fraser looks back out the window.

51 HIS POV -- THE ALLEY

51

He can't see Ray.

52 EXT. WAREHOUSE -- AT THAT MOMENT

52

Ray gets close to this end of the alley. Suddenly a gun butt strikes him on the back of the head and he goes down.

53 BACK TO SCENE

53

Fraser takes note of this, the wheels start to turn.

FRASER

(the thought percolates)

He said I was just like you.

FRASER SR.

Shows how much he knows.

FRASER

(now it's formed)

He knew what I'd do!

As Fraser turns, a piece of timber swings in and strikes him in the head and he goes down, almost knocked unconscious by the blow.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

FRASER SR.
(better late than never)
Look out, son!

Dief leaps at Gerrard, who drops the piece of timber as he's knocked to the ground.

GERRARD
Ahhh!

54 THE WAREHOUSE DOOR

54

flies open and Ray is hurled into the room and onto the floor. Right behind him three men enter carrying weapons. We tilt up to the leaders face: it's Atf Agent McFadden. He points his gun at Diefenbaker. *

ATF AGENT MCFADDEN
Call him off! *

FRASER
...Diefenbaker.

Diefenbaker obeys, moving over beside Fraser, who pulls himself up off the floor. Fraser Sr. pats Dief.

FRASER SR.
Good dog. Bite him again.

ATF AGENT MCFADDEN
We've come for your prisoner. *

GERRARD
(pulling himself up)
You took your damn time about it.

RAY
Sorry, Fraser.

FRASER
That's okay, Ray, I didn't see it myself.

FRASER SR.
See what, son? I'm somewhat confused.

FRASER
(without looking at his father)
Agent McFadden and Gerrard were working together. McFadden's men stole the guns and they split the profits. *

(CONTINUED)