

Episode # 4  
Project - SC1003

## DUE SOUTH

"They Eat Horses. Don't They?"

by

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PROLOGUE

FADE IN:

1 INT. SUPERMARKET -- DAY

On the vegetable aisle, RAY is completing a conversation with attractive, but cheap looking LORRAINE KALBRO, 27. She wears a hockey jersey.

RAY  
(handing her a business  
card)  
It's my cell phone. I keep it on me  
twenty four hours a day.

LORRAINE  
Imagine, meeting someone over broccoli.

RAY  
I know, what are the odds?

Ray then looks down the aisle toward the refrigerated section and sees FRASER holding a container of ice cream to his forehead.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Oh, I got to go, my associate's  
applying dairy foods to his body.  
Call me.

ANGLE ON FRASER

cooling his brow. Ray steps up.

RAY  
Fraser, Fraser, Fraser. What are you  
doing?

FRASER  
(really suffering from  
the heat)  
It's 19 degrees cooler over here.

RAY  
I know you're nostalgic for that  
glacier life style, but you're missing  
the whole point of coming to a  
supermarket.

FRASER  
What do you mean?

1 CONTINUED:

RAY

The modern supermarket is the place to meet women in the nineties.

FRASER

Really?

Fraser sniffs a pound of ground chuck as Ray points around the market.

RAY

Absolutely! In a bar, you don't know who you're meeting. But in here you can tell a lot about a person just by the section you meet her in. If she's near the vegetables, she cares about her body. Near the meat, an animal in bed. If she's hanging near the Eskimo Pies, she's given up, move back to the meat.

Ray observes Fraser who's nose deep in the chuck.

RAY (CONT'D)

(disgusted)

Oh, no, you're putting beef in your nose! Stop that!

FRASER

This meat is bad, Ray.

Fraser reaches for another, oblivious to the speck of meat on his nose.

RAY

Really?? What a shame, because it looks so nice on you! Dab a little pork behind your ears.

FRASER

So is this one.

Fraser reacts to something happening at the front of the store:

ANGLE ON CHECK OUT LINE

A frantic woman, MARGARITA GAMEZ, rambling in accented English, drops several stomach medicines on the check-out counter. A clerk, MIDGE TULE, has her own agenda, as she scans the items and rings up the purchases.

MARGARITA

Please hurry.

MIDGE

I'm going as fast as I can lady.

MARGARITA

(anxiously)

Mi hijo. Su estonago. Tiene fibre.

MIDGE

(dismissively)

That's nice.

(re: item that won't  
scan)

You know how much this was?

MARGARITA

(despairing)

No. No.

MIDGE

(into P.A. mic)

I need a price check on three. Price  
check on three.

Margarita can't deal with it.

MARGARITA

(frantic)

Just forget that one.

Midge puts down the bottle of medicine as Margarita throws  
some money down on the counter and rushes out. Midge picks  
up the money.

MIDGE

Hey, this isn't enough!

ON CONVEYOR

A ten dollar bill flashes down onto the conveyor. TILT up  
to reveal Fraser.

Fraser then picks up the bottle of medicine that Margarita  
had almost bought. He looks at it carefully, and then looks  
off toward the exit through which she's just run.

CUT TO:

2

INT. GAMEZ APARTMENT--LIVING ROOM-- DAY

2

It's thrift store furnished, but neat. An elaborate display of family pictures adorn a bookcase. The youngest of her four CHILDREN surround Margarita as she drops the bag on the counter, struggling with the bottle cap, heading for her eight year old son MARIO, who lies feverish on the couch. \*

MARIO \*

(distressed and scared)

Mama. Mama.

CARMENCITA, 13, applies a cold compress to her brother's head. \*

CARMENCITA \*

He's burning up, he's so hot!

Margarita feels Mario's head. \*

MARGARITA

He's getting worse. Call 911! Call 911!

At the front door, stands Fraser.

FRASER

They're on their way.

As everyone reacts,

FADE OUT:

END OF PROLOGUE

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 INT. NEIGHBORHOOD HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM -- AFTERNOON 3

Fraser waits along a wall. He winks at the Gamez children who sit on the sofas. Only the eldest doesn't smile back. Ray exits a rest room and steps up to Fraser. \*

RAY

Any news on the kid?

FRASER

They pumped his stomach. I think they got to him soon enough, he should be okay.

The cellular phone in Ray's pocket rings. Down the hall a doctor steps up to speak to Margarita.

RAY

That's good.

(slyly)

Cause I got a feeling I'm gonna have to rush off here any moment on urgent business.

(into his cell phone)

Hello, Ms. Broccoli. \*

(reacts)

Mom, why are you calling me on my private line?! Yeah, I got the parmesan!

Fraser who politely looks away.

HIS POV -- MARGARITA AND DR. HUGH DOLTON

Dolton is in his late forties.

DOLTON

There should be no permanent damage.

MARGARITA

Oh, thank you, Doctor. Thank you.

Dolton turns to a passing doctor and gloats.

DOLTON

Elliot made Chicago all-stars in soccer. \*

The other doctor gives him an impressed high sign. Dolton turns casually back to Margarita. \*

3

CONTINUED:

3

DOLTON (CONT'D)

We may never know exactly what caused it, but it looks like food poisoning. Probably from some meat that was left out too long.

MARGARITA

No, that's not possible. I would never do that.

Just then, ADELAIDE MAINS, a harried, 30ish social worker enters and sees Dr. Dolton.

ADELAIDE

I'm here.  
(then, re slip of paper)  
Are you Mrs. Gamez?

MARGARITA

Yes?

ADELAIDE

(to Dolton)  
Can we use your office?

DOLTON

Just don't be too long.

MARGARITA

What does she mean?

DOLTON

I had to call Child and Family Services. They just need to talk to you about a few things.  
(to same passing doctor)  
The little guy scored three goals in the first half.

Adelaide waves toward Margarita.

ADELAIDE

This way.

Margarita trails after her. Dolton heads off past the waiting area. Fraser intercepts him.

FRASER

Excuse me, Doctor. I'm Constable Benton Fraser. Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

DOLTON

What's your connection here, Constable?

3

CONTINUED: (2)

3

FRASER

Just trying to help someone in trouble,  
Sir.

RAY

(joining them)  
He does that a lot.

FRASER

(to Dolton)  
I believe that you're right about it  
being food poisoning, Sir, but not  
food that was left out too long. I  
believe the boy ate diseased meat.

DOLTON

(incredulous)  
And why do you believe that?

FRASER

Olfactory analysis.

DOLTON

You smelled it?

RAY

He does that a lot, too.

Fraser pulls an empty styrofoam container from his pouch.

FRASER

I took this out of the trash at Mrs.  
Gamez' apartment. I thought if you  
could...

DOLTON

(copping an attitude)  
There's not enough here to analyze.  
Constable, I appreciate your concern,  
but frankly, I think we're dealing  
here with a woman from South America,  
who's used to a different level of  
hygiene...I had no choice but to make  
the call, both to protect the children  
and the hospital.

Dolton heads off.

FRASER

El Salvador.

DOLTON

What?

\*



3 CONTINUED: (3)

3

FRASER

They're from El Salvador.

DOLTON

I'm sure they are.

And he's gone again. Ray dials his cell phone.

FRASER

What are you doing?

RAY

Checking if he has parking tickets.

CUT TO:

4 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- AT THAT MOMENT

4

A very nervous Margarita sits across a desk from Adelaide. Adelaide looks at a file folder and types while talking to Margarita.

ADELAIDE

I notice that our office has been in contact with you before, Mrs. Gamez.

MARGARITA

(weakly)

That's right.

ADELAIDE

Three complaints from a Mr. Taggister.

MARGARITA

The landlord; he's trying to get us to move so he can rent my apartment for more money.

ADELAIDE

(reading report)

And you have three other children... Mr. Gamez is not in the house?

MARGARITA

No.

ADELAIDE

(chummy)

You must have your hands full. I just have two children and they make my head spin.

4

CONTINUED:

4

MARGARITA

My oldest daughter helps me, she's a very good girl...

ADELAIDE

It's certainly understandable that a mistake can be made.

MARGARITA

I didn't make a mistake.

ADELAIDE

Your refrigerator's broken?

MARGARITA

Mr. Taggister won't fix it.

ADELAIDE

You realize that if you don't keep meat cold...

MARGARITA

I only buy enough to use each day.

ADELAIDE

Why do you think your other kids didn't get sick?

MARGARITA

They ate at the neighbors.

ADELAIDE

What did they have?

MARGARITA

I don't really know. I'm sure it was something good.

Adelaide types furiously.

ADELAIDE

Okay, that'll probably do it for now.

MARGARITA

(nervously)

What do you mean "for now"?

5

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM

5

Fraser and Ray stand beside the bed of young Mario who's looking pretty darned good. He's feeling much better.

\*

MARIO

Thank you for helping me.

\*

5

CONTINUED:

5

FRASER

You're welcome.

RAY

(pulls out badge)

I bet you've never seen a real  
detective's badge up close.

Mario is totally captivated by Fraser's hat. \*

MARIO \*

This hat is so cool.

RAY

How about a taser?

Through the curtain, Fraser spots Margarita.

ANGLE ON MARGARITA

She is trying to pull herself together. Fraser steps up.

FRASER

What is it, Ma'am?

) Ray approaches.

MARGARITA \*

They're making it that I hurt my Mario.  
That I made him sick.

Margarita can't hold back the tears.

FRASER

Ray...?

RAY

(bemoaning)

I just went to the market to get some  
cheese.

Mrs. Gamez's crying now starts to affect even Ray. He turns  
to Fraser.

RAY (CONT'D)

All right. I know somebody, who knows  
somebody...we'll get a food inspector  
over to that market pronto.

FRASER

Great.

ADELAIDE (O.S.)

I'll meet you there.

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

They turns to see the social worker standing there. She crosses away. Margarita is again very disturbed.

FRASER

Ma'am, I promise you, nothing bad will happen.

MARGARITA

Bless you.

Ray hands her a business card.

RAY

You can reach me or the world's nicest person here through this number.

6 INT. SUPERMARKET -- DAY

6

Fraser, Ray, and Adelaide watch as a FOOD INSPECTOR checks out the meat in the case. Just behind him stands the supermarket owner, NORM PETIT.

NORM

This is ridiculous. I've got twelve stores and I've never had a complaint about my meat.

\*  
\*  
\*

The food inspector, Vern, turns from the case toward everyone.

VERN

He's right. All of this meat is healthy.

RAY

Are you sure about that? My friend's nose has been in some strange places, but it's never been wrong.

VERN

I'm quite sure.

Norm smiles and crosses away. The food inspector starts bundling up his equipment. Adelaide looks at Fraser and moves off. Fraser picks up some meat and sniffs it.

FRASER

He's right. This meat is okay...  
(Ray reacts)  
It's also been changed.

On Ray's consternation.

7

OMITTED

7

7 CONTINUED:

7

7A EXT. BEHIND SUPERMARKET -- EVENING

7A

Norm, the supermarket owner, locks up the back door for the evening, then climbs into his car and drives off.

RAY AND FRASER

slip out of Ray's car and head toward the rear of the building.

RAY

We have no warrant. We don't even have enough evidence to get a warrant...

FRASER

We don't need one. A hundred pounds of ground meat does not just enter a supermarket and leave without a trace.

Fraser eyes the dumpster.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Ah. Yes.

RAY

(appalled)

Ah. No.

CUT TO

8 EXT. SUPERMARKET -- EVENING

8

Reveal Ray and Fraser standing waist deep in sticky trash in a Dempsey Dumpster. Ray is totally disgusted.

RAY

You know, Fraser, when I was a little boy, I used to dream what it would be like to be a policeman when I grew up. You know, shooting bad guys, saving the girl; being knee deep in day old chicken heads looking for rancid meat was never part of that dream.

FRASER

Check that container, there.

RAY

Why? If they wanted to hide tainted meat, they wouldn't have just dumped it in here.

8

CONTINUED:

8

FRASER

Perhaps not this time. But garbage has a history, Ray. It always leaves something behind.

RAY

Yeah, and most of it seems to be on me. You know what really annoys me? Why am I covered in crud, while you look like you just got back from a hand laundry??

Ray's cell phone rings.

FRASER

I can't explain it. I've always been... this way.

RAY

(answering phone in his best sensual voice)

Hello. It's Raymundo... Ma-a!...No, Ma, I didn't forgot the lettuce, I've got it right here.

(to Fraser)

See any lettuce over there?

Fraser notices some small, white, squiggly things on Ray's jacket and starts to pick them off him.

RAY (CONT'D)

I gotta go, Ma, Fraser is picking lint off me again. Bye.

(to Fraser)

Thanks, but it's not going to help.

Fraser finds a baggie to put them in.

FRASER

It might.

RAY

What is it?

FRASER

They're parasites.

RAY

Those were on me?

FRASER

Yes.

Ray scrambles out of the dumpster as if he's on fire.

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

RAY  
AH! YA! GOD! OH!

Fraser seals the bag.

9 INT. VECCHIO HOME BATHROOM -- LATER

9

Standing in the shower, Ray attempts to scrub the skin off his body.

RAY  
These things wash off, right?!

ANGLE ON FRASER

standing at the sink, inspecting the baggie.

FRASER  
Parasites? Yes, of course.

Fraser rummages through the medicine cabinet and finds eyebrow tweezers and a powder compact. Behind the curtain, Ray turns off the shower

FRASER (CONT'D)  
Though I suppose there is the chance they laid eggs.

Instantly the shower turns on and Ray starts scrubbing.

RAY  
Gimme more soap.

FRASER  
(passing him a bar)  
I doubt it though. Most parasites only live on particular hosts.

Fraser picks the parasite out of the baggie with the tweezers and places it on the open mirror of the compact.

RAY  
What? I wasn't "gracious" enough?!  
I should have offered canapes?

FRASER  
No, I mean...

Ray's mother, MRS. VECCHIO, opens the door and enters.

MRS. VECCHIO  
(to Fraser)  
I hope you like spaghetti and meatballs.



9

CONTINUED:

9

FRASER

If you made it, Mrs. Vecchio, I'm sure it'll be delicious.

RAY

Ma, you want to get out of the bathroom?!

MRS. VECCHIO

(studies Fraser)

You have very good posture.

FRASER

Thank you, Ma'am.

She turns to Ray, silhouetted on the shower door.

MRS. VECCHIO

Look how he slumps.

RAY

Can you see through here?!

MRS. VECCHIO

Such a baby.

RAY

Hey, it's cause I'm wet!

Mrs. Vecchio exits. During the following, Fraser puts together a makeshift microscope. He extends a large magnifying makeup mirror out from its wall mounting and holds the small compact containing the parasite up to it. He trains his flashlight on it to get a better look.

FRASER

What I mean is, each type of animal has it's own distinct parasites.

Ray's sister FRANCESCA enters with towels.

FRANCESCA

(feigning surprise)

Oh--I didn't know you were in here.

MARIA enters on her heels.

MARIA

"Didn't know". She's been standing at the door timing it so you'd be undressed.

FRANCESCA

You are such a liar!

9

CONTINUED: (2)

9

RAY

I'm in here naked!! Does that mean anything to anyone?!

MARIA/FRANCESCA

Oh, shut up. / Who cares?

FRANCESCA

(to Fraser)

Here, use my towels.

FRASER

Thank you, but I'm not taking a shower.

FRANCESCA

Don't be silly, it's really no trouble.

(yelling at Ray)

Don't use all the hot water!

(sweetly/giving him  
the towel)

I'll wait for mine.

MARIA

(exiting with brush)

Yeah, by the keyhole.

FRANCESCA

(following her out)

I've had enough of your mouth!

Fraser turns the parasite over with the tweezers.

FRASER

I could be wrong, but I've never seen this parasite in beef. Or pork for that matter.

Maria's husband, TONY, enters and turns on the faucet at the sink.

TONY

I had a question for you.

RAY

(scalded)

AH! AH!

(grabbing for the  
faucets)

Turn that off!

TONY

(brushing his teeth)

Whaddya you gotta do to become a Mountie?

9 CONTINUED: (3)

9

FRASER

Well, Tony, there's a battery of mental and physical tests you have to pass.

TONY

(mouth full of  
toothpaste)  
I could do that.

MARIA

(passing the open door)  
You can't turn on the big screen without getting winded!

TONY

(exiting in pursuit)  
Who are you, Jane Fonda?!

FRASER

(closes door, to Ray)  
In fact, the only animal I've ever seen this on...  
(realizes)  
It was horse meat, Ray.

Mrs. Vecchio enters with a pot of meatballs.

MRS. VECCHIO

My meatballs, they don't taste quite right. Maybe it's oregano or garlic...  
What's it missing?

Fraser sniffs the pot.

FRASER

Beef.

MRS. VECCHIO

You're such a kidder.

RAY

(with horror)  
Where'd you buy the meat, Ma?!

MRS. VECCHIO

Where else? Petit's Food Town.  
(lifting a meatball to  
her mouth)  
You know what I think it needs...

RAY

Don't eat that, Ma! It's dog food!

\*

9

CONTINUED: (4)

9

MRS. VECCHIO

Dog food?

\*

FRASER

Possibly diseased!

MRS. VECCHIO

Madonna mia! Out of the way! Out of the --

As she rushes to dump the meatballs into the toilet --

RAY

No! Ma, it's evidence! Don't--!

\*

Mrs. Vecchio flushes the toilet. Ray reacts.

\*

MRS. VECCHIO

Now what am I going to do for dinner?

\*

Miffed, Mrs. Vecchio crosses out the door. Ray looks back quickly toward Fraser, who's by the toilet.

\*

\*

FRASER

I'm afraid I was too late to get a specimen.

\*

\*

Ray grabs a towel and steps out of the shower.

\*

RAY

This meat could be everywhere.

\*

Ray's cellular phone rings. He answers it.

RAY (CONT'D)

This is Vecchio. Yes, Mrs. Gamez, he's right here.

\*

Hands the phone to Fraser.

FRASER

(with a look to Ray)  
Hello, Mrs.---...We're on our way

9A

OMITTED

9A

10

INT. MRS. GAMEZ' APARTMENT -- NIGHT

10

Mario and his siblings, carrying bags of personal possessions, are being led out of the apartment. Margarita cries her eyes out. Overseeing is Adelaide Mains, from Child and Family Services. Fraser crosses in.

\*

\*

10 CONTINUED:

10

MARGARITA

Stop them! Please, stop them!

Fraser approaches Adelaide.

FRASER

Why is this happening?

ADELAIDE

We did a surprise inspection. There's no hot water...

MARGARITA

The landlord won't fix the heater!

ADELAIDE

There's evidence of vermin.

MARGARITA

I begged him to call the exterminator!  
Please, don't take my children.

ADELAIDE

Mrs. Gamez, your boy could have died  
from that meat.

Adelaide crosses into the hallway. Fraser follows her.

10A INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

10

FRASER

I may be able to shed some more light  
on that.

ADELAIDE

Frankly, we think her kids will be  
safer under our umbrella right now.

(to Margarita)

I'm sorry.

Adelaide leads the kids away down the hallway. Fraser turns  
back to Margarita who stands in her doorway.

FRASER

It's going to be all right.

MARGARITA

You said that before. You promised  
you'd help me! You didn't.

Inconsolable, Margarita exits back into the apartment.

Fraser looks out the hallway window.

10A

CONTINUED:

10A

FRASER POV

\*

The wide-eyed fear on the children's faces as a van drives  
away.

\*

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11 INT. POLICE STATION -- BULLPEN -- DAY 11

Ray talks on the phone, beside him on the desk is a half eaten \*  
jelly donut on a paper plate. Across from him Fraser sits  
engrossed in a large medical journal.

RAY  
(frustrated)  
I understand that, but she should at  
least be able to see her kids....Just  
how long will you be considering this?

As Ray turns away, Dief pokes his head up, and takes the \*  
remainder of the jelly donut.

RAY (CONT'D)  
(getting nowhere)  
Yeah, you have a nice day, too.

He hangs up, sees his jelly donut is gone and spots Dief \*  
disappearing under the desk.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Hey!  
(turning to Fraser)  
Your deaf wolf ate my Jelly Donut. \*

FRASER  
He doesn't like donuts. \*

RAY  
Maybe not yours.

Ray leans under the desk where Dief's innocent face peeks  
out.

RAY (CONT'D)  
(enunciating clearly)  
I know you did it.

Lt. Welsh steps up to Ray's desk.

LT. WELSH  
How're you doing on that drug store  
homicide on Pulaski?

Ray quickly straightens.

11 CONTINUED:

11

RAY

Well, sir, I've been assembling my preliminary findings and combing over them, looking for the tell-tale thread that's gonna give up the shooter.

LT. WELSH

So, would I be correct in saying that you haven't done anything?

RAY

(caught)

That would be accurate, sir. But there's something else that's come up--

LT. WELSH

(calling across the room)

Huey! Louey!

As they hurry over:

GARDINO.

It's Louis, sir.

LT. WELSH

You get the Pulaski case.

HUEY

(with a smile)

Yes, sir.

RAY

(to Lt. Welsh)

Sir, I'm looking into this thing. Somebody is switching dog food for beef.

LT. WELSH

Dog food, Vecchio? I assigned you a dog food case?

RAY

Well no, Sir, but I believe we have a situation happening.

LT. WELSH

Drop it.

RAY

Yes, Sir.

Welsh crosses out of the bullpen heading for the locker room. Ray is left looking at Huey and Gardino's superior grins.



11

CONTINUED: (2)

11

GARDINO

(to Huey, with mock  
regret)

Dog food... Jack, why is it that you  
and I never come up with great cases  
like that?

HUEY

I don't know, Louis. Guess we just  
don't have the nose for it.

GARDINO

Or perhaps we don't stay low enough  
to the ground to sniff it out.

RAY

Oh come on, guys, don't sell yourselves  
short -- you're plenty low enough.

GARDINO

(angering)

That right, Vecchio?

RAY

Sure. I can't imagine how else you  
get your noses that lovely brown color.

Gardino starts to move in on Ray.

\*

GARDINO

Maybe you and I should get together  
after work.

\*

\*

RAY

No thanks. I got dinner plans.

\*

Ray turns to Fraser, and they move off.

\*

RAY (CONT'D)

You see, this is why I don't like to  
help you. I get humiliated.

FRASER

I am sorry about that, Ray.

RAY

I am a police detective. I don't  
know from horses! Give me pimps!  
Give me drug dealers! Give me  
something I know how to find!

Elaine approaches Fraser.

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

ELAINE

I heard you were asking about horses.  
(MORE)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

ELAINE (CONT'D)

I did some checking and there's a major auction going on today at the grounds south of Arlington. Thought you'd want to know.

FRASER

Thank you very much, Elaine.

She exits.

RAY

(continuing as if they'd never been interrupted)

And what's the one thing we've got to go on? A lousy little bug. Has it occurred to you that you may have been wrong?

SAM MADISON, older research type, approaches Fraser.

SAM

You were right, Fraser. I've never seen this particular strain before but it's definitely some kind of Onchocerca Cervicalis. And it's found only in horsemeat.

FRASER

Thank you very much, Mr. Madison.

Sam crosses away. Once again, Ray picks up his diatribe, unabated.

RAY

But something tells me that we're onto something here, and he's not taking this one away from me. \*

Ray finds Welsh who has returned and is removing a sandwich from his brown bag lunch. \*

RAY (CONT'D)

A moment of your time please, Sir.

LT. WELSH

Forget it. \*

RAY

(easily beaten)

Yes, sir. \*

Huey and Louey toss a satisfied look at Ray. \*

11 CONTINUED: (5)

11

FRASER

Excuse me, sir? Detective Vecchio believes we have the potential for a major health crisis here, and there's strong indication of criminal intent.

WELSH

(to Ray)

You believe that?

RAY

Yes, I do.

WELSH

Then call the F.D.A.

Welsh prepares to bite into his sandwich.

RAY

(re Welsh's sandwich)

Sir, is that a meatloaf sandwich?

WELSH

Yeah, why?

RAY

Nothing sir. I'm sure your wife doesn't shop at Petit's Food Town.

Welsh studies his sandwich, then drops it in a trash can.

WELSH

Okay, get on it.

RAY

Thank you, sir.

Ray turns and gives a smugly satisfied look to Huey and Louey. Fraser turns to Ray.

FRASER

Nicely done.

RAY

Thank you.

FRASER

You gonna check for priors on the owner of the supermarket?

RAY

On my way.

11 CONTINUED: (5)

11

FRASER

I'll be at the auction. Let me know  
what you find out.

11A OMITTED

11A

11B OMITTED

11B

12 INT. HORSE TRAILER -- DAY

12

A LOW DRAMATIC ANGLE of an extremely agitated horse -- ASTRO  
(a beautiful animal with a distinctive marking on its  
forehead) -- rearing up and pawing the air.

ANGLE to see a worker, ABEL NANCE, attempting to pull the  
kicking horse out the door.

ABEL

Get down here! Get down here!

Another worker grabs the rope and pulls, with no success.

13 EXT. PARKING LOT OF AUCTION YARD -- CONTINUOUS

13

Fraser hears the commotion and rushes to the trailer. He  
jumps up into it and tries to calm the horse.

FRASER

Whoa, there, girl. Whoa, there.  
(to workers)

Please drop the ropes and stand back.

The workers oblige. Fraser presses his body along side the  
horse's and the horse calms a little. Fraser then continues  
talking soothingly to Astro.

FRASER (CONT'D)

It's okay. Everything is okay.

Fraser removes his jacket and places it gently over the  
horse's face, using it to cover his eyes. Holding it there  
with one hand, he grabs the loose rope with the other and is  
able to gently bring Astro down the ramp.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Here you go. She was just scared.

ABEL

(amazed)

Thanks.

FRASER

No problem.

13

CONTINUED:

13

As Abel leads Astro away toward a pen, STEPHANIE CABOT steps up beside Fraser.

STEPHANIE

Nice work.

Fraser turns and sees her standing there. She's thirtyish, tall and very attractive, wearing old denims with her hair in a short pony-tail.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

You just made it a whole lot easier  
for them to kill that beautiful horse.

Stephanie walks off, passing out pamphlets. Fraser takes a beat then scurries after her.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Stop the slaughter, save the horses.  
Stop the slaughter, save the horses.

Each person she hands a pamphlet to rips it up or throws it away.

FRASER

(catching up)  
There's nothing wrong with that horse.

STEPHANIE

There's nothing wrong with half the  
horses they're auctioning. But they're  
still going to be dog food by the  
weekend.

Fraser notices everyone throwing away the pamphlets and stops to pick some of them up.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Stop the slaughter, save the horses...

Stephanie keeps marching on. Fraser tries to give her the pamphlets but more people throw their's away and he backs up to get them. VINCENT LEGGETT turns as he hears her coming. He's wealthy, but dressed casually. He smiles as he picks a pamphlet up out of the mud.

LEGGETT

You have quite the printing budget,  
Ms. Cabot.

STEPHANIE

Obviously not enough to stop butchers  
like you.

LEGGETT

Well, then let me contribute.

He removes a fifty dollar bill from his wallet and offers it to her.

STEPHANIE

I don't want your blood money, Leggett.

Fraser catches up to her with the discarded pamphlets.

LEGGETT

Ms. Cabot, how you do over-react.  
I'm a businessman. I provide a useful service.

STEPHANIE

You also grind up people's pets and use them for filler.

LEGGETT

I'm just the buyer; not the seller.  
You might save some of your righteous indignation for them.

STEPHANIE

Believe me, I do.

Stephanie crosses away. Leggett turns to Fraser, as if he's one of the boys.

LEGGETT

You know what she needs, don't you?

FRASER

(with a smile)

Yes; a world where people don't value life by the pound. Excuse me.

Fraser heads off after Stephanie.

Stephanie pamphlets the crowd with similar results.

STEPHANIE

Stop the slaughter, save the horses.  
(as a person rips it)  
Thank you. Stop the slaughter, save the horses.

As she moves off screen we see Fraser coming behind her, picking up the discarded pamphlets and catching stares. The auctioneer's voice comes over the loudspeaker.

14 CONTINUED:

14

AUCTIONEER'S VOICE

The auction is starting, let's settle in, folks.

FRASER

(re: moving their feet)

Excuse me...Excuse me.

Fraser looks ahead and sees TWO YOUNG ROWDIES grinning and eying Stephanie with mischief in mind. One heads for her and is about to grab her from behind when Fraser drops a shoulder into man's chest, pin-balling the rowdy into the stands.

FRASER (CONT'D)

(to rowdy)

Excuse me, my fault.

The rowdy stares after him, stunned.

AUCTIONEER'S VOICE

Ladies and gentlemen. This horse weighs in at 1,088. Bidding starts at 50 cents a pound...

Fraser stops as he sees Stephanie bidding from the rail, on the horse paraded around the paddock.

AUCTIONEER

50, 55, 60, 62...

Fraser stands watching her a moment.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

62. No advance? Horse goes to Miss Cabot. Item number two...<etc>

Fraser's admiration is broken by Ray's voice.

RAY

Anybody seen a Mountie?

Fraser turns to see

RAY

some distance off, looking around the crowd for Fraser. (N.B. Bidding continues in voice-over during this). A grizzled fifty year old, ZALEB CARNEY, stands behind him, clearing his throat. Ray turns to the man. The man clearly wants something of Ray, but isn't saying what. He just keeps clearing his throat.



14 CONTINUED: (2)

RAY (CONT'D)

You oughta suck on something.

ZALEB

You oughta move your foot.

A battle of wills has begun.

RAY

Maybe I don't want to move my foot.

ZALEB

But if you don't move your foot, I  
can't get that horse patty.

Ray looks down at his feet, then back up at Zaleb.

RAY

Why would you want that horse patty?

ZALEB

I'm not telling.

RAY

Tell me why you want that horse patty  
and maybe I'll move my foot.

ZALEB

Never.

RAY

I'm a cop.

ZALEB

So what?

RAY

You want to serve time over a piece  
of manure?

ZALEB

I'd rather go to the chair than talk.

RAY

You know what I just decided?  
(Zaleb shakes his head)  
I just decided that you're so nuts,  
I'm gonna let you have your patty.

Ray gingerly walks away. He spots Fraser through the crowd.

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

RAY (CONT'D)

(calling)

Yo, Sergeant Preston! I bring news  
from the trading post!

ANGLE ON FRASER -- MOMENTS LATER

Fraser watches Stephanie bidding on a fourth horse as Ray  
fills him in. \*

RAY

Turns out our supermarket owner doesn't  
have a record. Squeaky clean. \*

FRASER

I see.

RAY

He has a chain of stores, but they're  
barely breaking even. However he  
did just buy a million dollar house  
for cash.

Fraser reacts.

RAY (CONT'D)

One other thing; Sam, the lab guy,  
wanted me to tell you that the bug  
you took off me only infects...

FRASER/RAY

...wild horses,

FRASER (CONT'D)

I was afraid of that.

RAY

Is that what these are?

FRASER

No, wild horses would have a different  
angle of the foot, the hoof wall would  
be growing out and be chipped on the  
outside.

RAY

Naturally.

FRASER

And wild horses are protected. You  
can't capture or sell them.

14 CONTINUED: (4)

14

RAY

So, what happened? One just crawled into that dumpster and passed away?

FRASER

I don't know, Ray. But it appears we're not going to find the answer here.

RAY

I'll get the car, you say good-bye to the babe.

FRASER

(embarrassed)

Babe? Oh, you mean...?

RAY

Yeah.

FRASER

Oh, there's nothing between--

RAY

(walking off)

I'm sure.

FRASER

(to a passing stranger)

I barely know her.

The stranger passes. Fraser hesitates, then approaches Stephanie at the rail.

ON STEPHANIE

In heated bidding against the others. The object of the bidding, **Astro**, the horse Fraser coaxed from the trailer earlier. Stephanie raises her card.

FRASER (CONT'D)

(re: Astro)

Isn't that...?

STEPHANIE

(raising her card)

Yes.

AUCTIONEER :

We're at 90 cents a pound. Ninety cents.

On the far side of the rail, Leggett raises his card.

14 CONTINUED: (5)

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

95.

Stephanie raises her card. The auctioneer ignores her.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

All bids in?

STEPHANIE

(shouts)

Ninety seven!

AUCTIONEER

Sorry, Miss Cabot, you're over your credit limit.

STEPHANIE

(to Fraser)

I'm out of money.

AUCTIONEER

Ninety five twice...

STEPHANIE

Take my car!

AUCTIONEER

Cash only.

Fraser pull his cash out of his hat.

FRASER

I have thirty...

AUCTIONEER

Sold to Leggett Meats for ninety five cents a pound. \*

STEPHANIE

Damn it!

Auctioneer points to a very satisfied looking Leggett. \*  
Stephanie storms out, angry. Fraser follows her.

15 EXT. PARKING LOT -- LATER 15

Stephanie heads for her car. Fraser catches up.

FRASER

Do you mind if I ask how you can afford to--? \*

STEPHANIE

Out of my allowance.

15

CONTINUED:

15

FRASER

Oh, yes. Well, then, that would make you quite...

STEPHANIE

Actually, it's my father who's quite... Fortunately, he approves of how I'm spending the money.

She flings open the door of her Mustang convertible, drops into the seat and starts it.

FRASER

And now you're going...?

STEPHANIE

To sell my car. Nice meeting you.

FRASER

Excuse me, I was wondering... before you leave... could I ask you something?

STEPHANIE

Yes.

FRASER

--would you be able to get me a breakdown of the meat packers and how many horses they buy at auction?

STEPHANIE

(starts to laugh)

You know. That's the most unique come on I've ever heard.

FRASER

...excuse me?

STEPHANIE

I'll look into it

She pops her car into gear and speeds off, spitting gravel and cutting off the cars lined up to exit. As she does, Fraser watches Leggett and his man load their purchases, including Astro, into trailers. Ray steps up beside Fraser.

RAY

(re Leggett)

That's the guy who did it.

FRASER

How do you know?

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

RAY

He looks like that actor.

FRASER

What actor?

15 CONTINUED: (2)

RAY  
(taking this very  
seriously:)  
You know how on Barnaby Jones you can  
always tell who did it because it's  
played by an actor you see a lot?

...Yes.: FRASER

RAY  
He looks like that actor.

Fraser stares at Ray, speechless.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Trust me, they haven't been able to  
fool me once.

Just then, Zaleb, the horse patty guy, drives by in an old  
pickup which has his name on it. As Ray's eyes follow him.

RAY (CONT'D)  
(suddenly suspicious)  
Or maybe he did it.

As Fraser stares at Ray, then watches Astro, who glances back  
in his direction, we:

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

16 OMITTED 16

17 EXT. RAY'S CAR -- DAY 17

Ray's car pulls up in front of Mrs. Gamez' apartment building. Kids play in the streets. Old people shuffle along.

18 INT. RAY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS 18

Ray's in the driver's seat, Fraser sits beside him. \*

FRASER

I want to check on how Mrs. Gamez is doing.

Fraser opens the car door to exit.

RAY

I'll see you later. \*

FRASER

Oh, would you mind dropping in to my place and checking up on Dief. He's been in the apartment all day. \*

RAY

Oh, great. I can't wait to see what I'll find. \*

Ray harumphs as Fraser exits the car and crosses toward the building.

FRASER

Thanks, Ray. \*

Ray starts the car. \*



19

INT. MRS. GAMEZ APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

19

Mrs. Gamez puts away a few things as Fraser talks.

\*

FRASER

How's Mario doing?

\*

MARGARITA

They tell me he's feeling much better, thank you. I get to take them to the park today.

FRASER

I understand there's going to be a hearing?

MARGARITA

(very confidently)

Yes, but everything's going to be okay. I'm going to win and keep my children.

\*

\*

Fraser looks at the bookcase and notices something.

FRASER

I admire your spirit. It takes courage to fight for what is yours.

\*

\*

MARGARITA

Yes.

\*

Margarita attempts a smile but it isn't quite a success.

\*

FRASER

I remember a story I learned when I was a little boy. It was about an Inuit warrior named Naacuk who became very afraid of another warrior, from a nearby village. So afraid, that he abandoned his home and every night would build a new hut to stay in. But, each of these one night homes was weak, he didn't have the time to make it strong. And so, when the warrior he feared found him, Naacuk had nothing to protect him, and he was lost.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

MARGARITA

That's a sad story.

19

CONTINUED:

19

FRASER

Yes. If Naacuk had stayed and defended his real home, he would have been at his strongest. But instead, he chose to run...

Fraser opens a closet door, revealing packed suitcases.

FRASER (CONT'D)

You cannot run.

MARGARITA

I'm so scared. I'm so scared they're going to keep my children. I was going to take them.

FRASER

I told you. I'll help you.

MARGARITA

I can't wait forever to have them back. I just can't.

FRASER

Justice will win out. You have my word, it will be okay.

Fraser puts his arm around her. She looks up at him.

MARGARITA

How did you know?

FRASER

Your family pictures were gone. I knew you'd have them with you wherever you went.

CUT TO:

20

EXT. VERY NEARBY STREET CORNER -- CONTINUOUS

20

Ray carrying a doggy bag and pooper-scooper begrudgingly walks Dief on a leash. Ray's disgruntled face unwrapping a cup cake.

RAY

Don't even think about it. Just do what you have to do, so I can get out of here.

\*  
\*

\*  
\*  
\*

20

CONTINUED:

20

RAY (CONT'D)

You know why you can't go? All that sugar.

(Dief looks up at him)

Remember that the next time you eat something of mine. This is what happens to bad wolves.

Dief keeps walking.

RAY (CONT'D)

Come on. Think results, here. Go.

Just then, Ray gets a Eureka quality idea.

RAY (CONT'D)

No, Changed my mind. We've got to go see somebody.

Ray tries to tug the confused Dief toward the car. Dief looks quizzically up at him.

RAY (CONT'D)

Hey, your owner's not the only one who can look at stuff on the ground and come up with genius.

And they're off to...

21

EXT. BARN -- DAY

21

Ray's car pulls up. Dief's in the back. Outside the barn sits Zaleb's pickup.

Ray gets out of the car.

22

INT. BARN -- MOMENTS LATER

22

Zaleb scooping up manure as Ray crosses over to him.

RAY

Yo, Manure Man.

ZALEB

Leave me alone.

RAY

I came to apologize. I shouldn't have said you were nuts. You obviously do this for a very good reason. Make a good living, do you?



22 CONTINUED: (2) 2

RAY

Call me. And to show my appreciation, I'm going to point out that you missed something very nice just behind that rock.

ZALEB

(calling after him)

Thanks.

DISSOLVE TO

23 INT. FRASER'S APARTMENT -- DAWN 2

CLOSE ON Diefenbaker's sleeping face, his head on a pillow. PAN from Dief lying on the bed to Fraser in his sleeping bag on the floor. The clock reads 5:10 a.m. PEBBLES hit the window, waking Fraser. More pebbles, he goes to look out.

24 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING STREET -- DAWN 2

In the middle of the street below, is Stephanie. Wearing English riding gear, she sits astride a beautiful horse and holds the reins to another horse, also saddled.

STEPHANIE

You don't have a phone.

FRASER

(still somewhat groggy)

Thank you.

(beat)

You came here to tell me that?

STEPHANIE

No. I got that information you wanted.

FRASER

Ah. Did you want to come up?

(off her look: gets  
the obvious)

Ohhh.

(disappears from the  
window. Reappears)

I'll be right down!

He disappears again, as Stephanie contemplates what makes men morons.

25 EXT. FRASER'S NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -- MOMENTS LATER 2

Fraser and Stephanie ride down the middle of the normally busy street.

25 CONTINUED:

25

FRASER

So, were you just in the neighborhood?

STEPHAIE

(suppressing a smile)

More or less. I go for a ride every morning.

FRASER

Are these yours?

STEPHANIE

I'm getting quite a collection. Most of them I find homes for. Some are harder to give up than others.

FRASER

You mentioned you had some information for me.

STEPHANIE

Yes. I did.

She clicks her tongue and the horse canters around the corner and out of sight. Fraser puzzles; he doesn't quite understand this game. Oh, well. He kicks his horse and follows.

26 EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT -- EARLY MORNING

26

Fraser rides into an intersection, stops, looks, spots Stephanie down the side street and catches up. They walk their horses together.

STEPHANIE

My sources told me that the six major meat packers have had a pretty consistent purchase rate over the last several months. If someone is bringing in wild horses, they're being very quiet about it.

FRASER

They would be. Especially if they're stealing them from protected ranges. \*

STEPHANIE

But why would someone take a risk like that? \*

FRASER

Thousands of pounds of free horse meat at two dollars a pound? \*

26

CONTINUED:

2

STEPHANIE  
Someone's making a fortune.

26

CONTINUED:

26

FRASER

Exactly.

(an awkward beat, then,  
looks around)

So. You come here often?

Stephanie has to smile at the "pick-up" line. Fraser realizes what that must have sounded like and is embarrassed.

FRASER (CONT'D)

(trying to back-peddle)

I didn't mean that to sound like...what  
I meant is it's an unusual place...not  
that there's anything wrong with it...

She can't help but laugh and let him off the hook:

STEPHANIE

Race you to the second light.

Before Fraser can respond, Stephanie gallops off. He rides off in pursuit.

ANGLE ON SECOND LIGHT

Stephanie gallops up and turns her horse to look back:

HER POV

Despite the fact that there's no traffic, Fraser sits one light back, looking back and forth, waiting for the light to change. It turns green and he rides again.

STEPHANIE

smiles at the sight.

DISSOLVE TO:

27

EXT. CANADIAN CONSULATE -- DAY

27

Fraser's stands guard as usual. And here comes Ray.

RAY

You got lunch in thirty seconds, lets  
go.

(Ray starts off, Fraser  
doesn't follow. Ray  
doubles back)

Okay, I'll tell you: Old Zaleb came  
through for us. He remembers detecting  
some very subtle changes in the horse  
manure at a particular plant.

(MORE)



27 CONTINUED:

RAY (CONT'D)

Want to hear which one? Does the word "Barnaby Jones" mean anything to you?

(checks watch)

Five, four, three...

The clock tower chimes and Fraser is instantly on the move, en route to Ray's car.

FRASER

(miffed)

No matter what you say, you can not base an investigation on a theory developed from the casting of a television series.

RAY

You're just mad that I was right.

FRASER

(really miffed)

I'm not mad, it just doesn't make any sense.

RAY

And putting horse meat on your nose does?

FRASER

That was different.

RAY

You're telling me.

And they drive off.

28 EXT. LEGGETT MEAT PACKING PLANT -- NIGHT

28

We CRANE DOWN to see Ray's car parked about a hundred yards from the corrals outside of the Leggett plant. Through his ancient brass eyeglass, Fraser watches the horses mill around the paddock. A worker locks the gate and a GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR pastes a seal onto it and heads for his USDA van.

RAY

Boy, it doesn't get any better than this. Sitting in a car with Captain Hook, watching ill-fated horses swat flies off their back.

(right to Fraser)

Thank you my friend.

28

CONTINUED:

28

FRASER

They just passed their inspection.  
No wild horses.

FRASER'S POV -- THROUGH THE EYEGLASS

The USDA van drives away, revealing ASTRO as one of the horses in paddock.

RAY (V.O.)

Hey, my source can look at palomino dung and tell you where he was born. He wouldn't be wrong about something like this.

FRASER

lowers his eyeglass and considers the animals fate.

RAY

They'll be here. Just keep your eyes open.

FRASER'S POV -- ASTRO

agitated.

TIME CUT TO:

29

INT. RAY'S CAR -- STILL SITTING THERE -- LATER

29

Ray is fast asleep, mouth open. Fraser hears the deep sound of engines rumbling and turns to look:

HIS POV

Two big rig trucks thunder up to the gate. Men appear from nowhere, dropping the tailgates before the trucks even stop. The paddock door, breaking the seal.

BACK TO SCENE

FRASER

Ray.

Ray wakes to see:

THEIR POV

With whips snapping in the air, the wranglers quickly herd dozens of wild horses out of the trucks and into the paddock through a makeshift channeling system.

WITH RAY AND FRASER