due SOUTH

"THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO LITTLE"

Story by
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Teleplay by
Frank Siracusa
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Revised Pages (3): 54, 54A, 55
**Regular Cast**

- FRASER
- RAY
- DIEFENBAKER
- WELSH
- HUEY
- GARDINO
- ELAINE

**Recurring Characters**

- IAN MACDONALD
- BROCK
- LAURIER
- MCGILL

**Guest Cast - Speaking Roles**

- BRENDA
- BRENDAN
- RCMP OFFICER
- STATE TROOPER
- THUG ON THE RIGHT
- THUG #2
- TICKET AGENT
- WAITRESS
- WOMAN
EXTERIOR - DAY
ABANDONED PANCAKE HOUSE
BACK ROAD
BACK ROAD DITCH
CAR RENTAL AGENCY
CHICAGO TRAIN STATION
HIGHWAY
HIGHWAY SERVICE STATION
HIGHWAY SERVICE STATION - REAR
INTERSTATE 90 - EASTBOUND
INTERSTATE 90 - SHOULDER
INTERSTATE 90 - WESTBOUND
RAY'S CAR
RAY'S CAR AND STREET
RAY'S HOUSE
ROADHOUSE DINER
ROADHOUSE DINER - REAR
TWO LANE BLACK TOP

INTERIOR - DAY
ABANDONED PANCAKE HOUSE
CHICAGO TRAIN TERMINAL
CUSTOMS BOOTH
POLICE STATION - BULLPEN
POLICE STATION - WELSH'S OFFICE
RAY'S CAR TRAVELLING
ROADHOUSE DINER
ROADHOUSE DINER - KITCHEN
SERVICE STATION
STATION WAGON - TRAVELLING
TAURUS - TRAVELLING

EXTERIOR - NIGHT
STREET CORNER/COFFEE SHOP
US/CANADIAN BORDER

INTERIOR - NIGHT
COFFEE SHOP
PROLOGUE

OMITTED

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - MORNING

Leather jackets and painted denim crowd the bullpen. Teens from warring gangs are dragged in and handcuffed to anything nailed down as. Detectives question without result. Fraser enters with Elaine and they head for her desk.

ELAINE
You have the extradition papers?

FRASER
(handing them to her)
They should be in order.

ELAINE
(reading as she walks)
Your bosses must be in a real hurry to get him back to Canada. What did he do?

FRASER
He's wanted for perjury. Apparently he was a witness in a murder trial, but he changed his testimony on the stand and it resulted in a mistrial. Is he here?

ELAINE
Huey and Louey are bringing him over from lock up. I hear he's quite the character. He was pulled over for running a red light and he tried to convince them he was taking a short cut in a cross-Canada rally. If he'd kept his mouth shut they might never have called INS.

Ray steps up, wearing his coat and carrying a small paper bag.

RAY
(to Elaine)
Did you check the weather in Florida?

ELAINE
Do I look like a Travel Agent?
CONTINUED:

RAY
(walking off)
Ever been to the Sunshine State, Benny?

FRASER
(following)
I can't say that I have, Ray.

RAY
(to punks in his way)
You want to move or you want to find out what Italian footwear tastes like?

The punks part as Ray and Fraser continue to his desk, where Ray puts the paper bag down and takes off his coat.

RAY (CONT'D)
I just hear that this is the rainy season and I don't want to go all the way down there and get stuck in a monsoon.

FRASER
I thought you'd used all your vacation time, Ray.

Under following Ray removes a styrofoam cup from the bag and heads for Welsh's office. Fraser follows.

RAY
This isn't a vacation, Fraser, this is a plum waiting to be picked. One detective from this district has to attend a lecture in Miami on advanced weaponry, and I intend to be said detective.

FRASER
So it's assigned on the basis of merit?

RAY
It is assigned based on who can suck up the most without making it obvious.
(knocks on Welsh's door and opens it)
Capuccino, sir?

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

GARDINO, in an Hawaiian shirt, and HUEY escort IAN MACDONALD through the hallways. Each carries a paper bag. They
CONTINUED:

GARDINO
What do you think of the shirt?

HUEY
I think you'll look pretty silly in it sitting behind your desk while I'm in Florida.

GARDINO
Sorry, pal, no chance.
(gesturing to bag)
This little baby's my ticket to the fun in the sun.

IAN
Strange you should say Florida, my family has a home in the Keys. You'd be welcome to use it.

HUEY
Shut up.
(re. bag)
Whatdya got?

GARDINO
What do you got?

HUEY
Orchestra seats to La Boheme.

GARDINO
I'll send you a postcard.

INT. WELSH'S OFFICE -- AT THAT MOMENT

WELSH
(to Ray)
You really thought you could get this assignment by sucking up to me, Detective?

RAY
No, sir. A man of your considerable intelligence would see right through that.

WELSH
(re: coffee)
Decaf?
CONTINUED:

WELSH
(handling it back)
Thanks anyways, Detective.

RAY
No problem, sir, I just happened to
be walking past the espresso bar.

Ray exits into:

INT. BULLPEN -- CONTINUOUS

Ray heads out of Welsh's office, passing Fraser. Fraser
follows him out the side door.

RAY
Where can I find espresso within a
ten block radius?

FRASER
Well, there's a small--

RAY
Come on, come on!

As they hustle out the side door, we PAN ACROSS to the other
doors where Huey and Louie arrive with the prisoner MacDonald.
As already established, the room is overflowing with punks.
Some additional chairs are being brought in by some
maintenance people.

HUEY
Cuban cigars? No way. How did you
get your hands on them?

Gardino casually grabs an empty stacking chair between two
members of the rival gangs, plops Ian down and cuffs him to
the seat.

GARDINO
Let's just say one of the girls in
the evidence room thinks I have
sensitive eyes.

They head for Welsh's office. We stay with Ian who sizes up
the two thugs on either side of him.

IAN
You guys related?
CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON WELSH'S DOOR

GARDINO
(knocks and opens door)
Sir, do you have a moment?

BACK WITH IAN AND THE TWO THUGS

Ian leans to the thug on his right, and laughs as if he just said something funny. The thug on his left turns to look. Ian "tries to cover."

IAN
(to thug on left)
I'm sure he didn't mean it literally.

The thug on his left leans out to glower at the thug on the right.

THUG ON THE RIGHT

What you looking at?

INT. WELSH'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

We cannot see what is happening in the bullpen behind Huey and Louie who happen to also be blocking Welsh's view of same.

HUEY

It's just that I had these two tickets to the opera, and I thought I might be out of town tomorrow night.

WELSH

That's very thoughtful of you, Detective.

GARDINO
(as if the thought just struck him)
Don't you smoke cigars, sir? Now you're going to think this is a very strange coincidence, but--

WELSH
(sees the box)
Cubans, Gardino?
(taking the box)
You boys wouldn't in any way be trying to influence my decision about which Detective goes on the Miami run?
CONTINUED:

GARDINO/HUEY

No, sir. / Absolutely not, sir.

Behind them, out in the bullpen, we start to hear a commotion brewing.

WELSH

Good, because I make it a rule to disqualify any officer who has given me an expensive gift of any sort in the last month. Just to avoid any appearance of impropriety, you understand.

GARDINO

I have reason to suspect the cigars are domestic, sir.

WELSH

Really?

GARDINO

Where it says "Havana" there. If you look closely the ink is smudging.

HUEY

The tickets are twentieth row, sir. Matinee. But the cigars look real to me, sir.

Suddenly a chair comes through Welsh's window, and all turn to see the full blown riot taking place in the bullpen.

INT. BULLPEN -- CONTINUOUS

As the melee ensues all around him and the skinheads and Rastafarians fight it out, Ian quietly picks up the chair to which he is handcuffed, stacks it onto other unoccupied chairs and makes his way toward the exit. Cops begin to rush into the room to put down the insurrection. He innocently squeezes past them.

IAN

Excuse me... Coming through...

ANGLE ON WELSH'S DOOR

Huey and Gardino come flying out and jump into the fray, grabbing felons. Welsh strides out, looks around.
CONTINUED:

WELSH
(speaking softly in
the din)
Detectives Huey, Gardino?

GARDINO/HUEY
Yes, sir?

WELSH
Weren't you escorting a prisoner here
for extradition?

GARDINO
Yes, sir, he's right...
(points, realizes he's
gone. To Huey)
Oh, no. I hate to say this, sir, but
I believe my partner didn't properly
handcuff him.

HUEY
Me?! They're your cuffs, you ferret-
faced little--

Fraser and Ray step up into shot, Fraser's hand on MacDonald's arm, MacDonald still holding the stack chairs.

RAY
You guys misplace something?

WELSH
Vecchio, you cause any riots yet this morning?

RAY
Not that I'm aware, sir.

WELSH
Detective Gardino?

GARDINO
Yes, sir?

WELSH
Give him your shirt.

Welsh exits back into the office. Huey and Gardino turn to glare at Ray and Fraser. Ray smiles.

FADE OUT:
FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Ray sits at his desk, pouring over a map. MacDonald sits handcuffed to a chair. Fraser is on the phone.

RAY
I have two days to drive down there, one day at the lecture and two days to get back. That's five days, out of which I need to spend three at the beach.

FRASER
(on hold)
Miami is 1,387 miles from here, Ray. That's twenty-six hours of drive time each way.

RAY
Okay, so at a hundred and twenty miles an hour, that would make it--
(writing)
thirteen hours.

FRASER
(into phone)
Yes, I would need to fly to Detroit tomorrow, and I'll be transporting a prisoner.

RAY
(irritated)
Benny, you do not need to tell everyone everything.

FRASER
Five days notice, no I wasn't aware of that. Well, thank you for your time.
(to Ray)
Do you think you could drop us at the train station on your way?

EXT. CHICAGO TRAIN TERMINAL - DAY (CHICAGO 2ND UNIT)

Ray's car pulls up to the curb.
INT. TRAIN TERMINAL - DAY

Ray, Fraser and prisoner head for the ticket window.

IAN
You know, you're just wasting a lot
of Canadian taxpayers' money. You're
just going to get me back there,
they'll look at me, say "he's the
wrong guy" and let me go.

RAY
(to Ian)
Don't talk to him, he's calculating.
(so Fraser)
So, at ninety-five miles an hour how
long does it take?

FRASER
I'm not going to tell you, Ray. You'd
be recklessly endangering the lives
of over five thousand motorists.

RAY
So say ninety.

FRASER
Yes, Constable Benton Fraser, RCMP, I
called to enquire about transporting
a prisoner to Windsor, but your lines
were busy.

TICKET AGENT
You want to transport a prisoner?

IAN
(displaying handcuffs)
Wanted for train robbery, murder one
and escape from maximum security
prison. I'll be no problem at all.

Off the ticket agents face we cut to...

INT. RAY'S CAR (IN FRONT OF TRAIN STATION) -- MOMENTS LATER

As they pile in.

FRASER
I can't very well gag him, Ray.
CONTINUED:

RAY
Fraser, this man is not your problem. This man is an accused felon and a compulsive liar--

IAN
--I am an innocent victim of circumstance.

RAY
--shut up.
(to Fraser)
You are your problem. You can not go around compulsively telling people the truth. No one wants to hear it.

IAN
You see, now, there I disagree--

RAY
--shut up.

And the car is drives off.

EXT. CAR RENTAL AGENCY - DAY

Ray and Ian sit in the car, watching Fraser talk to the rental agent. Fraser shakes the man's hand and returns to the car.

FRASER
You see, Ray, I explained the situation to him and he was very helpful.

As Fraser gets in.

RAY
Did he rent you a car?

FRASER
No, he doesn't have any.

RAY
There are a hundred cars sitting in that lot!

FRASER
Unfortunately they're all reserved. I didn't realize Vice-President Agnew's birthday was that widely celebrated. (as Ray reacts & drives off)
I also thought it was in November.
CONTINUED:

Ray reacts and slams his foot on the gas, the car lurching forward before Fraser even finishes his sentence.

EXT. RAY'S HOUSE -- DAY

Not pleased in the least, Ray leans into the driver's window. We reveal Fraser behind the wheel, Ian handcuffed to the seat beside him.

RAY
This is a mint condition, nineteen seventy-one Buick Riviera.

FRASER
You don't have to do this, Ray, I'm sure someone will lend me a car.

RAY
How many people have we asked?

FRASER
Well, basically everyone I know. It is curious that they're all going out of town at the exact same--

RAY
(back to his spiel)
You are to use only top octane fuel, twenty weight oil--

FRASER
Ray, this is silly, how are you going to get to Florida?

RAY
I'll fly; it's worth the six hundred bucks to get rid of you.

IAN
Are you aware that the gas tank in this make of car explodes on impact?

RAY
You want to ride in the trunk?

FRASER
Ray, I appreciate the offer, but you have a special bond with this car. I'm not saying I understand it, but I respect it.
RAY
Shut up before I change my mind.
Alright, in the care and operation of this vehicle, there is one thing to remember and hold above all else. Never, I repeat never, use the lighter. Of all the original parts in this car, the lighter is the most difficult to replace. It took me seven years to find that lighter. Since I acquired it, it has never been depressed.

FRASER
Then how do you know it works?

RAY
I know in my soul. Do not adjust the passenger seat, open the glove compartment, or use anything other than the preset radio buttons.

FRASER
I'll take good care of your car, Ray.

RAY
No side trips, just get there, get back, and if God forbid anything does happen to the car, it's probably better to just keep going.

Fraser starts the car.

FRASER
Thanks, Ray.
CONTINUED: (2)

RAY
One final piece of advice. The man
sitting next to you is a felon--

IAN
--accused.

RAY
--Do not trust him, do not talk to
him, do not listen to him. Do not
think of him as a human being, think
of him as a parcel that needs to be
delivered, and you'll be okay.
Comprendes?

FRASER
Yes, Ray.

RAY
Then have a good trip.

Fraser pulls out, brakes.

FRASER
Oh, what's the best way to get to I-90?

IAN
I know, I'll show you.

The car pulls out. Ray watches it go to the corner and turn.
He walks back toward the house, opens the door and stops. He
waits there, considers, then turns and walks back to the
curb, checks his watch and waits.

ANGLE ON RAY AND CURB

Fraser pulls up, obviously having circled the block.

FRASER
Hi, Ray.

Ray just stares at him.

14    EXT. RAY'S CAR -- DAY

Ray throws a bag in the trunk and slams it shut. Fraser is
beside him. Ian is in the back seat. Ray heads for the
driver's door as Fraser heads for the passenger side.

RAY
How far is it from Windsor to Miami?
CONTINUED:

FRASER
This really isn't necessary, Ray.

RAY
Just answer the question.

FRASER
About 1300 hundred miles.

They climb in and start the car.

RAY
We drop him off, you take the bus back; I'm only four hours behind schedule.

As they drive off.

FRASER
Sorry, Ray. Four hours and twenty minutes. We have to pick up Diefenbaker.

OMITTED

EXT. HIGHWAY SERVICE STATION - DAY

We discover BROCK, the senior member of the gang we're about to meet, wiping the mud off the Ontario license plate of a beige Taurus that sits at the pumps. A bumper sticker above the plate reads "My Canada Includes Quebec". Brock rises and heads for the driver's door as LAURIER hangs up the receiver of the phone booth in the background and comes back to climb into the back seat of the car. (N.B. Brock, Laurier and McGill are all dressed conservatively: sweater vests, polyester slacks, earth tones, as befits the Canadian Mafia.)

LAURIER
They just left Chicago in the cop's car; a green, nineteen seventy-one Buick Riviera.
(hands Brock a scrap of paper)
Here's the license number.
CONTINUED:

BROCK
(checking a map)
They'll be taking the interstate.
Which means we should intercept them--

CLOSE ON ROAD MAP

and Brock's hand.

BROCK (CONT'D)

before they reach Battle Creek.

BACK TO SCENE

A third man, McGILL, returns from the attendants booth and
gets into the passenger seat, handing Brock some Canadian
cash.

BROCK (CONT'D)
I told you to pay him.

MCGILL
I tried, he wouldn't take Canadian.

The Taurus pulls out, leading the CAMERA to the attendant's
booth, where we see the attendant's legs lying on the floor.
The attendant is obviously dead. PAN to discover the car
getting onto the highway, heading west toward Chicago.

MCGILL (V.O.). (CONT'D)
What do we have left in the cooler?

BROCK (V.O.)
The sandwiches are for later.

MCGILL (V.O.)
Can I have a pop?

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

17 EXT. INTERSTATE 90 -- (2ND UNIT, CHICAGO) -- DAY

We PAN with Ray's speeding Riviera, ending close on the highway marker that indicates we're on I-90, travelling east. (N.B. Establish Ray's eastbound direction as left to right, and the villain's westerly trip as right to left.)

18 INT. RIVIERA - TRAVELING - DAY

Ray behind the wheel. Fraser sits in the passenger seat beside him studying a map. Ian is buckled into the back, his hands cuffed behind him. Dief sniffs at Ian who can do nothing to stop him.

IAN
I think we're supposed to turn somewhere around here. Are you sure you know where we are?

RAY
Yeah, halfway between freedom and incarceration.
(to Fraser)
Keep your eye on that map, I want a state-by-state countdown until we hit Winnipeg.

FRASER
Windsor, Ray.

RAY
Like there's a difference.
(realizes)
Oh, damn, I didn't bring tire chains. Do we really have to cross the border?

FRASER
Yes, Ray, but they have dog sleds at the bridge in case we get stuck.

RAY
See, this is some kind of facetious Canadian humor, the type of thing that must really crack them up around the bait shop in Newfoundland.

FRASER
CONTINUED:

A long silent beat as Ray sulks. Then:

RAY
...So what do they have, snowmobiles?

FRASER
Yes, Ray.

In the back seat, Diefenbaker is sniffing at Ian.

IAN
Back off!

Diefenbaker begins to lick his face.

IAN (CONT'D)
Hey! Get off me! What is he, deaf?!

FRASER
Yes.
(Dief keeps licking)
I think he feels sorry for you. He sees you're in trouble and wants to help. Wolves have a very difficult time comprehending the idea of incarceration.

IAN
Oh, interesting.

Fraser turns back.

IAN (CONT'D)
(sotto/enunciating to Dief)
Undo my seat belt.

Dief puts his paw on Ian's seat belt release.

FRASER
(without turning back)
But they do understand the law, don't they, Diefenbaker?

Dief lets out a little moan and curls up on the far side of the seat.

FRASER (CONT'D)
(to Ray)
After you drop us off in Windsor, your trip to Miami should be fairly
FRASER (CONT'D)
simple. You take Highway 18 west
toward Leamington, take the ferry--

RAY
Ferry? Is Florida on an island?

FRASER
No, but it's the shortest way across
Lake Erie. You may want to phone
ahead for the schedule.

IAN
Every hour on the half hour.

RAY
I'll phone.

FRASER
Then you take Route 250 109 kilometers
to--

RAY
Kilometers? Look, Fraser, when we
cross the border, you can speak to me
in Canadian. Until then, let's stick
to English.

FRASER
It's really quite simple. As a rule
of thumb, to convert from kilometers
to miles simply multiply by 5/8ths.
So 109 kilometers is obviously 68 and
1/8ths miles. In truth, 109 kilometers
would be 67 point six nine miles, but
the 5/8ths rule is a handy general
guide.

IAN
You know, I know the guy who invented
kilometers.

FRASER
From Milan, which, parenthetically,
people tend to mispronounce as Milan,
you stay on the 250 through Norwalk
and Ashland--

RAY
I go south. That's all I need to
know.
IAN
I have to go to the bathroom.

RAY
You can go in Canada.
FRASER
Ray...

IAN
No, I understand. My father used to hate to stop. I remember once driving with him through Peru for a peace conference in Manchu Pinchu--

RAY
You know, McDonald, I'm not sure you ever had a father.

EXT. EASTBOUND I-94 -- RAY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

As Ray speeds past other cars and a sign reading "Battle Creek: 80 miles".

FRASER (V.O.)
How fast are you going, Ray?

RAY (V.O.)
Not fast enough.

EXT. WESTBOUND I-94 -- SAME TIME

Hundreds of miles (1.6 hundreds of kilometers) away cars are travelling the other direction. The Taurus passes a sign reading "Battle Creek: 62" and is passed by a school bus.

LAURIER (V.O.)
Can we go a little faster?

INT. TAURUS -- CONTINUOUS

LAURIER
Those kids on the bus were laughing at us. And it was one of those short busses.

BROCK
I think I'm already speeding. These stupid road signs -- What's 60 times 8 fifths?

MCGILL/LAURIER
Ninety-six.

CLOSE ON SPEEDOMETER

marked off in KILOMETERS only. The needle starts to climb as he speeds up from 60KPH.
EXT. WESTBOUND HIGHWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The Taurus barely passes the bus. Two kids on the bus laugh and point. The unsmiling McGill opens his jacket and gives them a peek at his huge holstered handgun. They instantly stop making faces.

EXT. EASTBOUND INTERSTATE -- LATER

Ray swerves in and around the slower traffic, like a professional slalom racer. Just ahead two slower cars are travelling side by side.

FRASER (V.O.)
Ray, I think that was a state trooper travelling in the westbound lane.

INT. RAY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

RAY
This is US 20, Fraser. Cops do not ticket other cops. Just keep your eye on the map.

EXT. INTERSTATE -- CONTINUOUS

Ray instantly swerves onto the shoulder of the road to pass the blocking cars --

FRASER (V.O.)
Sign.

RAY (V.O.)
(lying)
I saw it.

Ray passes them and swerves back onto the road, narrowly missing a sign indicating that Battle Creek is only 47 miles away. Horns blare.

INT. RAY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

RAY
(yelling back)
Learn how to drive!
(to Fraser)
Some people, huh?

FRASER
Perhaps they weren't expecting a car to come up behind them at ninety three
RAY
Isn't that what defensive driving is all about, Fraser -- assuming that the other guy is gonna do something stupid?

Ray doesn't notice Fraser open the glove compartment and pull out the owner's manual.

IAN
That did it, my kidneys are gone, we have to find a washroom.

RAY
We don't have "washrooms" in America, we have rest rooms. The moment we see a sign that says "washroom", we'll stop.

(notices Fraser and manual)
What are you doing?!

FRASER
I wanted to check out the--

RAY
That's the original manual, don't open it!

FRASER
You've never read this?

RAY
(proudly)
Never even cracked the spine.

IAN
I cracked my spine once.

RAY
(to Ian)
No one's listening to you, no one cares.

IAN
Punctured a kidney, which is why I need to --

RAY
Shut up. We'll stop when we need gas.
CONTINUED: (2)

IAN
We're gonna stop before that.

RAY
Wanna bet?

SIRENS approaching from behind them. Ray looks back, Ian smiles.

EXT. SHOULDER OF WESTBOUND INTERSTATE -- SAME TIME

A STATE TROOPER has pulled over the Taurus, near a sign that reads Battle Creek: 24 miles. The Trooper stands over the driver's window.

STATE TROOPER
It's really quite simple. To convert from miles to kilometers simply multiply by 8/5ths. So the 60 mile an hour speed limit obviously converts to 96 kilometers per hour.

BROCK
I appreciate the warning, officer.

STATE TROOPER
You folks have a good trip.

BROCK
Thank you, officer.

They drive off. The State Trooper returns to his car and his partner.

STATE TROOPER
Nice folks, Canadians. And you hear such stories.

INT. TAURUS -- TRAVELLING -- CONTINUOUS

McGill and Laurier take their weapons out of their holsters, uncock them, and replace them in the holsters. That was one lucky state trooper.

EXT. SHOULDER OF EASTBOUND INTERSTATE -- MOMENTS LATER

A different STATE TROOPER hands Ray a ticket and starts back toward his car.
CONTINUED:

RAY
(calling after him/sarcastic)
Yeah, you have "a real nice day", too.

Ray pulls out.

RAY (CONT'D)
I'm starting to understand why people hate cops.

IAN
Is it too much to ask that a person be allowed to relieve himself?

RAY
Listen, you and I both know you're just stalling for time. If you really had to go, you could have gone back there, I've already lost twenty minutes of pool time, no way we're stopping.

IAN
Is this the original upholstery?

INT. SERVICE STATION -- DAY

Fraser and Ray stand outside the door to the men's room.

IAN (V.O.)
It's not happening, there's too much pressure.

RAY
You have ten seconds and I start firing bullets through this door.

IAN (V.O.)
This really isn't a conducive atmosphere for what I'm trying to accomplish here.

FRASER
Perhaps if you ran the water.

RAY
(annoyed, to Fraser)
Do you have helpful hints for everything?
CONTINUED:

IAN (V.O.)
It's really not my fault...

EXT. SERVICE STATION - REAR - DAY
Ian's is halfway out the window, going feet first.

IAN
I've got a bit of a shy bladder.

He looks over his shoulder down onto the ground where Dief sits looking up at him, growling.

IAN (CONT'D)
Good dog, shhh quiet, good dog.
CONTINUED:

Ian climbs back into the window.

EXT. INTERSTATE ON RAMP -- MOMENTS LATER

Back in their respective places in the car, Ray pulls back on to interstate onramp.

IAN (V.O.)
You guys getting hungry?

INT. RAY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

RAY
Forget it.

IAN
I haven't eaten since the lock-up. I know my rights, you have to feed me every six hours.

RAY
Yeah? Well it's only been five.

IAN
Six. We passed a time zone.

RAY
That doesn't count! Tell him, Fraser.

FRASER
Actually, Ray, legal scholars seem to be fairly equally divided on this point. One argument, extended to its logical conclusion, would provide that if you were travelling west at a high enough rate of speed to cross one time zone per hour, one would never actually have to feed a prisoner. That is, until you crossed the international date line, at which point you have to force him to immediately consume four meals. Now, the contrary position--

EXT. INTERSTATE -- CONTINUOUS

The Riviera passes a highway sign that reads BATTLE CREEK, NEXT THREE EXITS.
INT. ROADHOUSE DINER -- MOMENTS LATER

The front door opens, revealing our three guys (sans Dief).

RAY
You have ten minutes to eat. Unless there's a time zone between here and that counter.

Ian stops, suddenly recognizes the place.

IAN
I don't believe it. I've been looking for this place for fifteen years. My dad and I used to come here all the time.

(points)
That's our booth. We always sat in that booth.

He points to one of the only occupied booths: a man, wife and child eat their lunch.

RAY
Yeah, well from now on we'll call this "our counter." Grab a stool.

But Ian heads for the booth. Fraser takes a second to follow. (N.B. The WAITRESS has crossed into the kitchen by now and doesn't hear this.)

IAN
(standing over booth)
This is it, Officer. Right here. I don't know what happened, we were eating and his throat just closed up on him. I was the lucky one, I tossed it up all over the seat. Look. There's still little pieces.

(to horrified inhabitants)
Take off your pants, you're sitting in evidence.

By the time Ray gets there, the three patrons are scurrying out of the restaurant, the mother protecting her child.
CONTINUED:

FRASER
(after them)
He isn't telling the truth. We have no need for your pants.

They're gone. Ian jumps into the booth.

FRASER (CONT'D)
(to Ray)
I really should go after them and explain there's no danger.

RAY
(sitting)
I'll send them a postcard from Florida. Now sit and eat.

Fraser joins them at the table. Ian starts eating the fries that were left on the table. The waitress comes out of the back, Ray tries to get the waitress's attention.
CONTINUED: (2)

RAY (CONT'D)
Hello... Yello... Hello, there.

She never even glances in their direction, toddling off back to the kitchen.

IAN
Place hasn't changed at all. My dad was a sales rep, three or four times a year he had to go to South Bend.

As she passes again to set up another table.

RAY
Miss?... Hello, Miss?... Miss?

IAN
We'd leave Kitchener at the crack of dawn, by the time lunch came around I'd be starving, and he'd always say we could stop someplace else, but I'd want to keep going until we got here. It was like our place.

FRASER
That's curious. On the Interstate you should be able to reach here in about five hours.

RAY
Fraser, the man is lying, it's just another story. You want to do something useful? Throw a flying tackle into that waitress next time she passes.
(calling)
Yo. Can we order here?!

She passes without even hearing him.

IAN
(undeterred)
They make the best pancakes in the world here. They used to have these turntables on each table with six different kinds of syrup. Air conditioning was blasting but the syrup was always warm.
FRASER
Odd. The window faces north.

The waitress arrives.

WAITRESS
You boys ready to order?

RAY
No, lets go straight for the check. What's the fastest thing on the menu?

IAN
I want the blueberry pancakes.

WAITRESS
No pancakes.

IAN
Of course you have pancakes.

WAITRESS
You see pancakes on the menu?

RAY
Hamburgers all around.

IAN
You think you could ask him if he could make pancakes? I used to come here when I was a kid.

WAITRESS
Then you'll know we've never served pancakes.
(to Ray)
You want everything on them?

As she moves off.

RAY
Yeah.

IAN
I hate pickles.

RAY
Pick 'em off.
EXT. WESTBOUND INTERSTATE -- CONTINUOUS

The Taurus speeds along, passing cars and a sign that reads BATTLE CREEK, THIS EXIT.
CONTINUED:

LAURIER (V.O.)
Alaska.

INT. TAURUS - TRAVELING -- CONTINUOUS

Brock drives with both hands on the wheel. Both Laurier and McGill don binoculars.

MCGILL
That wasn't Alaska, it was Nebraska.

LAURIER
It was Alaska, it was yellow and shaped like a polar bear and it said Alaska.

MCGILL
Alaska is gold and blue! The North West Territories is shaped like a polar bear.

BROCK
Unless you guys shut up, I'm pulling this car over right now and I'll shoot you both.

They meekly lift the binoculars back to their heads.

MCGILL
(after a beat)
Got 'em.

BROCK
This better be an Illinois plate on a Buick Riviera.

MCGILL
Yeah. At the restaurant.

POV of the Riviera parked at Frank's Roadhouse.

BROCK
That's good Norman. Nice work.

He cuts across the median of the Interstate and pulls into the restaurant parking lot.

BROCK (CONT'D)
(to McGill)
We'll take him, you take care of their car.
Fraser begins to eat his burger. Ray virtually shovels his down his gullet.
CONTINUED:

RAY
(to Ian)
You don't eat that thing, we're not stopping again.

REVEAL IAN trying to reach under the table, feeling for the base board.

IAN
I had a hiding space down here. Used to flip out the base board, leave stuff in it, you know, marbles, toy soldiers.

RAY
Is this story for my benefit? Because a) I don't believe it and b) I don't care.

IAN
(unable to open it)
They must have fixed it.

FRASER
I don't think this is the place you're looking for, Ian.

IAN
(his mood changing)
...Yeah.
(unconvincing:)
Well, doesn't matter.

FRASER
The syrup was always warm in the afternoon, that would indicate a westerly facing window, so the highway would have run north and south. The most direct route to South Bend would be Highway 12, a slower road, which means you'd make it past Hillsdale by about one o'clock, and if I recall correctly from the map, that highway dips south about sixty miles west of that community. So you're only off by about forty miles.

IAN
(with sudden contempt)
You believe everything people tell you? How the hell do you get through a day?
CONTINUED: (2)

RAY
Did I tell you he was yanking your chain?

FRASER
...My mistake.

EXT. ROADHOUSE DINER -- CONTINUOUS

The Riviera is parked at the side of the building, a window above it. Diefenbaker begins to bark like mad as McGill approaches the car.

INT. ROADHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Fraser hears Dief's barking and turns to look. At that moment Ian's face goes white as he sees:

ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR:

Brock and Laurier enter, looking around.

BACK AT THE BOOTH

Ian suddenly bolts from the table, scrambling over Ray, catching him off guard.

RAY
Hey!

Brock and Laurier see him, pull their guns and fire!

Fraser dives for a woman seated in the path of the bullets and gets her down under her table, as other patrons dive for cover.

Ian sprints for the kitchen.

Brock and Laurier take off after him.

FRASER
(to Ray)
Go for the car!

Fraser jumps up and chases after Brock and Laurier. Ray jumps up and scrambles toward the front door.

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Ian knocks over the cook and scrambles toward the back door as...Brock and Laurier burst into the kitchen.
CONTINUED:

Ian gets to the back door. Locked! Brock and Laurier are almost on him. Suddenly Fraser explodes into the kitchen, takes a giant stride onto the center counter and takes a flying leap through the air, coming down on Brock and Laurier. As Ian struggles with the locked door, Fraser turns, grabs Laurier and spins him around into Brock, sending them sprawling back into the kitchen. Fraser flies to the back door, throws his foot into it and knocks it wide. He throws Ian out the door as Brock and Laurier open fire. Bullets whiz past his ear as Fraser dives out the back door.

EXT. REAR OF ROADHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Ray's Buick skids around the corner, passenger door flung wide. Ian leaps over the back seat and Fraser jumps in on the run. The tires spit gravel as Brock and Laurier come out the back door firing.

THE BUICK

fires out of the parking lot and onto the side road.

BACK AT THE REAR OF THE ROADHOUSE

Brock and Laurier take a last shot or two as McGill swerves around the corner in the Taurus. Laurier jumps in the back seat, as Brock throws open the driver's door and hops in, McGill sliding over to the front passenger seat.

EXT. EASTBOUND INTERSTATE -- CONTINUOUS

Ray swerves onto the ramp and onto the freeway.

RAY
Are they coming?!

FRASER
I don't see them.

INT. TAURUS -- CONTINUOUS

As it pulls out of the roadhouse parking lot, we tilt down to reveal the small electronic tracking device in McGill's hands. He switches it on, a red light starts flashing out the direction the Riviera is travelling.

MCGILL
It's sending.
EXT. RAY'S BUICK -- INTERSTATE -- CONTINUOUS

Ray swerves around a slower car, putting some distance between him and...

REVERSE ANGLE

the onramp, receding in the distance. No sign of the Taurus.
CONTINUED:

BACK TO RAY'S BUICK

Crane down from Ray to the rear tire of the car. A red light flashes on a homing device planted up in the wheel-well of the car.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

46 EXT. EASTBOUND INTERSTATE -- DAY
Ray's Riviera flies through the light traffic.

47 INT. RIVIERA - TRAVELING - DAY
Ray drives hard looking over into his mirror as Fraser unfolds the map and Ian looks through the rear window.

IAN
Did you see that?! They tried to kill me!

RAY
Yeah, the bullets tipped me off.

FRASER
(checking map)
There should be a State Police post in Battle Creek.

RAY
Forget-it.

FRASER
Ray, we have to report this.

RAY
There were a dozen people at that roadhouse, Fraser, I guarantee somebody called it in. But we go in there and they'll tie us up for hours making reports.

FRASER
Ray, they opened fire inside a restaurant! You can hardly weigh that against losing a few hours of drive time.

RAY
Here's what happens: we go in, they call Welsh, I don't go to Florida and you don't get your prisoner to Canada.

FRASER
Still--
CONTINUED:

IAN
(looking back)
I think I see them!

RAY
We pull off and go driving around in
circles looking for help, how long do
you think it'll take them to catch up
to us?

FRASER
If we keep going in a straight line,
we're not exactly going to be difficult
to find, Ray.

IAN
(looking back)
They're behind that truck!

Ray spins his wheel around, swerving out of the left lane
and into a U-turn that takes him right down an on-ramp. We
hold on the interstate as a big rig passes a second truck,
and the Taurus takes the opportunity to scream past them
both.

INT. TAURUS -- CONTINUOUS

In hot pursuit. As they pass the on ramp that Ray took.
McGill operates a hand held tracker which points ahead and
slightly to the right, but getting further and further to
the right. (N.B. for the rest of the script, Brock drives,
McGill is in the front seat and Laurier is in the back.)

McGILL
I think they turned right.

BROCK
Where?

McGILL
Back there.

Brock slams on the brakes and spins the wheel.

EXT. EASTBOUND INTERSTATE -- CONTINUOUS

The Taurus does a screaming 180 and speeds westbound on the
eastbound lanes, sending the truck drivers into honking fits
as they swerve out of the way.
EXT. TWO LANE BLACK TOP - DAY

Ray's Riv fires down the connector road and swerves hard left onto a gravel road.

INT. RIVIERA -- MOMENTS LATER

RAY
You see them?

FRASER
No.

RAY
(to Ian)
You want to tell us who wants you dead, excusing the immediate occupants of this car?!

IAN
You wouldn't believe me.

RAY
That I believe.

IAN
They're rogue Mounties. The RCMP want to keep me from testifying.

RAY
Fraser, I can't reach back over the seat, would you smack him for me?

FRASER
They weren't members of the force. The grey haired one was in his mid fifties. The oldest rookie ever to join the force was Constable Algar, who was thirty-seven, which means this man would have had to have joined prior to the repeal of the height requirements, and he would have narrowly missed qualifying.

IAN
His nickname is Stubs. He chased a guy into a lumber mill and lost three inches off his legs.
RAY
(offers his gun to
Fraser)
Here, don't slap him, shoot him.

IAN
Okay, the truth? You've heard of the
Basque Separatist Movement?

RAY
Next.

IAN
All right, all right, the real truth?
(beat)
Those guys, they're members of the
Canadian mob.

RAY
There is no such thing!

FRASER
On the contrary, Ray. Organized crime
is a growing problem in Canada.

RAY
What are we talking here, conspiracy
to commit jaywalking?? Organized
littering??

IAN
The grey-haired one is Danny "The
Bull" Brock. One of his men stiffed
him on a count, Danny took him out in
an alley and shot him eight times.

RAY
(facetiously)
Is that one time with eight bullets,
or eight separate occasions? Because
in America, after the third trip to
the same alley we'd start to get
suspicious.

IAN
I happened to be looking out my window
into the alley.

RAY
All eight times?
IAN
I saw him do it, the cops found out, made me testify against him.

RAY
And on the stand you,   
(with mock surprise)
wait, don't tell me you lied?

IAN
Hey, these guys can get to you anywhere. I was protected around the clock, I still found a message under my pillow. So I put the finger on somebody else. Only the guy turned out to be in jail at the time of the murder.

RAY
Now that was very entertaining. Okay, what's your next story, we're being pursued by plain-clothed Toreadors?

FRASER
(reading map)
This road isn't on the map, Ray.

RAY
It's going east, that's all I have to know.

52  EXT. BACK ROAD -- RAY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS
Ray swerves hard around a corner.

53  INT. RAY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS
Ray tromps down hard on the pedal.

RAY
Now here's a little trick they don't teach you in Driver's Ed.

54  INT. TAURUS -- MOMENTS LATER
McGill watches the tracker flash and BEEP for a few seconds.  *
Suddenly it stops.

BROCK
Where are they-where are they?
CONTINUED:

MCGILL
I don't know!

BROCK
What do you mean you don't know?!

MCGILL
(to Laurier)
I told you to get the more expensive one.

LAURIER
It works fine, you're doing something wrong. Did you put up the aerial?

MCGILL
It doesn't have an aerial! The more expensive one has an aerial!

Without taking his eyes from the road, Brock unholsters his gun and fires a round through the roof. The other two grab their ears and shut up. Brock replaces his gun in his holster. They ride in silence.

EXT. BACK ROADS -- CONTINUOUS

The Taurus flies past the road where Ray turned.

EXT. BACK ROADS DITCH -- WITH RAY'S CAR -- AT THAT MOMENT

OPEN ON Ray's rear bumper completely submerged beneath, mud or snow or whatever the hell is available.

PULL FORWARD to his tires spinning futilely in the mud or snow or whatever the hell is available. They stop.

IAN
I was a driving instructor once.

RAY
Oh, shut up.

Ray guns the engine and a huge spray goes flying.

RAY (CONT'D)
Rock back and forth when I gun the engine.

IAN
You're just digging yourself in deeper.

Ray gives him a dirty look.
CONTINUED:

FRASER
I'm afraid he's right, Ray.

Ray opens his door and...

EXT. RIVIERA -- CONTINUOUS

... steps knee deep into the mud. Fraser, Ray and Dief head for the back of the car to see it is sitting in three feet of mud up to and over the bumper.

RAY
Looks worse than it really is.
FRASER
How bad does it look to you, Ray?

Ray takes a step back to look and his legs sinks into the mud up to his knee again. He pulls his leg out and his shoe is sucked off.

RAY
My shoe! Mother Nature ate my shoe, Fraser.

FRASER
You want me to get it for you?

RAY
(opening trunk and putting on a flip-flop)
No, I want us to get out of this mud field, drop off this psychopath and drown my sorrows in coconut milk. That is what I want, and that is all I want.

As Ray goes back to the driver's door:

RAY (CONT'D)
Okay, you two push, I'll rock us out of here.

IAN
You're taking me to jail and you expect me to help you out? I don't think so.

RAY
Get back there and push!!

FRASER
We can't actually make him do that, Ray. Forced labor is a violation of the Geneva Convention.

RAY
Yeah? Well, somebody's gotta push and somebody's gotta drive and I've only got one shoe.

IAN
I'll drive.
CONTINUED: (2)

RAY
The hell you will!

IAN
Suit yourself.

He flips on the radio.

FRASER
Ray.

RAY
Alright, alright, we'll push it out.

Ian turns on the car. Ray pulls out his handcuffs and cuffs himself to Ian's left wrist.

IAN
You expect me to drive like that?

RAY
Yeah, but not too far. Alright, when I say three.

INT. MOVING TAURUS -- AT THAT MOMENT

McGill stares at the unblinking, unbeeping tracker.

LAURIER
(quietly)
Gimme that.
(snakches it, bangs on it, nothing)
You broke it.

MCGILL
(qieltly, not wanting to anger Brock)
I didn't break it, they're out of range! And they're out of range because there's no aerial.

BROCK
Probably doubled back. Son of a--

EXT. BACK ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

Brock power-slides the car into a U-turn and takes off in the opposite direction.
EXT. BACK ROADS DITCH -- AT THAT MOMENT

MEDIUM SHOT ON IAN (in the drivers seat) and Ray's arm. Ian stops revving the car. Ray rises into frame covered in mud and trying to control himself.

RAY
I said three.

IAN
My foot cramped!
FRASER
(from the back of the
car)
I think we have some traction here
now Ray.

Fraser has shoved some pieces of wood and rocks under the
back tire. He digs something out of the mud, it's Ray's
shoe, hideous, barely recognizable. Fraser looks at it, thinks
about it, and shoves it under the tire as well.

RAY
Okay, let's try it again on one.
(beat)
One.

Ian tromps on gas, Fraser and Ray push and miracle of miracles
the car lurches forward out of the ditch. Fraser bends down
to clean up the mess he created under the car but the car
keeps moving. Ray jogs along beside it, cuffed to Ian.
Dief barks.

RAY (CONT'D)
Okay, smart guy, stop the car.

IAN
I can't. My leg cramped up.
(re. cuffs)
You'd better undo these things.

RAY
You can go to--

Ian speeds up and Ray has to break into a run.

IAN
Ow, my leg. Quick, give me the key.

RAY
Fraser!

Fraser and Dief start to run after them, closing the gap,
but not fast enough.

RAY (CONT'D)
I said to stop the car, you little
slime sucking toad!

IAN
(announcing)
Spasm.
And the car takes off, Ray being dragged along beside it. Ray fights to get his gun out, but it's futile.

IAN (CONT'D)
If I were you, I'd unlock the cuffs.

FRASER
dives and grabs the bumper, being dragged in the mud.
RAY
pulls the keys out and unlocks the cuffs, tumbling away from the car.
FRASER
looks up into the wheel-well and sees the flashing red light of the homing device, just before the car hits a bump and Fraser rolls off into the ditch beside Ray. Dief runs up and stops beside them as Ray rolls and aims his gun:
RAY'S POV
His beautiful Riviera disappearing down the road. Ray can't bring himself to shoot.
RAY
...Damn!
FRASER
(to Ray)
They know where we are!
RAY
...WHAT?
FRASER
There's a tracking device on the car, Ray. If we don't get to him fast, they're going to find him and kill him.
RAY
(pulling himself up)
That's not going to happen, Fraser. Cause I got dibs.

They pull themselves to their feet and watch Ray's car speed away. Stranded, they turn and scan the horizon -- only desolate isolation surrounds them. Ray looks down at his feet. He's lost his flip-flop.
CONTINUED: (3)

RAY (CONT'D)
...Okay, let's go look for my shoe.

INT. TAURUS - DAY

The tracker in Laurier's hand beeps.

LAURIER
Got them. They're going north.

Brock steps on the gas. Laurier smiles smugly at McGill.

EXT. BACK ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

And the Taurus spits gravel as it disappears.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

63 EXT. BACK ROADS - DAY

Fraser, Ray and Dief walk the middle of the small side road. Ray limps, owing to his missing shoe, which adds immeasurably to his bad mood.

RAY
You know how many mint-condition, 71 emerald green Rivieras are left on the road, Fraser? Almost none. That man stole something from me that is almost irreplaceable.

FRASER
And easily identifiable. He'll have to stay off the interstate. He knows Brock is looking for him, and he has to assume we'll call in an APB. His only option is to hide out somewhere until dusk, then travel at night.

RAY
So we've narrowed down the search to every barn, garage or haystack in the greater Michigan area.

FRASER
Every barn has a farmer, Ray; every garage an owner. Without time, and without friends it's not that easy to find somewhere to hide. He's wanted on both sides of the border and by both sides of the law. He's got nowhere to run.

RAY
If he dents it, I'll kill him.

FRASER
My father said something that's always stuck with me, Ray.

RAY
Your father never shut up, did he?

FRASER
He said that a man with no future will often run to his past.
RAY
(annoyed)
When did that come up, Fraser? Were you just sitting around at breakfast and he suddenly came out with it? Or did he like run in and wake you up at night when he thought of these things.

FRASER
You don't have to be sarcastic about it, Ray.

RAY
(with building vitriol)
No, I really want to know how he worked this into everyday conversation. "Did you see the size of that moose, son? And by the way, a man with no future will always run to his past."

FRASER
(as close to being fed up as a Mountie can get)
Ray, I am sorry about your shoe. I thought you didn't want it anymore.

RAY
You know what my father used to say? Without a car, you're nothing. I don't like being nothing, Fraser. It's hard on my socks.

They stop at the intersection of their back road with a slightly more significant two lane highway. It suddenly hits him.

FRASER
(pointing to the left)
He went this way.

RAY
Why? A man with no future always turns left?

FRASER
He's gone to the pancake house.

RAY
(losing it)
There is no pancake house! (MORE)
RAY (CONT'D)
It was a lie! Just like everything else that came out of his mouth!

FRASER
I don't think so, Ray. People lie for any number of reasons. Because they're ashamed, because they're insecure, sometimes because they're in trouble. But they always hope to gain something by their lies: money, prestige, pity, perhaps freedom. His story of the pancake house; he had nothing to gain by it. He told it because it's true. He let us glimpse something about who he really is, and then he got angry because I saw it. That place exists Ray. And it may be the only place around here that he can feel safe. He's gone to find it.

Fraser starts off in that direction. Ray waddles after him.

RAY
(bitterly muttering to himself)
I bet he's using the lighter.

EXT. TWO LANE HIGHWAY -- MOMENTS LATER
Fraser, Ray and Dief stand on the other side of the two lane highway, hitch-hiking. Several cars whiz past them. Ray's mood hasn't improved.

RAY
I could be in Florida by now. I could be drinking virgin Chi-Chis. I could be getting a tan. The only part of me that's getting tanned is my foot.

A small two door sports car slams on its brakes and skids to a stop beside them. The driver is a beautiful woman.

WOMAN
Need a lift?

RAY
Thank you, thank you!
CONTINUED:

WOMAN
Not you.
(to Fraser)
Which way you going?

FRASER
We're travelling together.

WOMAN
Then ditch him.

RAY
I'll go without him!

WOMAN
Not likely.
(to Fraser)
Too bad. If you make it to Miami,
just ask for Rhonda.

And she speeds off in a cloud of dust, leaving Ray to stare after her.

RAY
See that? Women always judge you by your shoes.

FRASER
I don't think she was sincere in her invitation, Ray. I mean, how could a young woman be widely known by her first name in such a large city?

RAY
Your father taught you nothing, you know that, Fraser?
(pulling out his badge)
Enough is enough. I'm the law and I need a car. End of discussion.

Ray steps into the street, holding up his badge at the oncoming car.

ANGLE ON FRASER AND DIEF

FRASER
Ray, I'm not sure they'll be able to read your badge from that distance.

Just off screen we hear the sound of rapid acceleration. Ray leaps through frame to safety as the off screen car speeds away.
FRASER (CONT'D)
But I could be wrong.

RAY
(standing up and pulling
his gun)
Well, they can read this.

FRASER
Ray, brandishing your gun is not going
to encourage motorists to come to
your aid.

RAY
(checking and loading
the cylinder)
Fraser, look at us. I have one shoe,
I'm covered in mud, and I'm standing
with a wolf and a guy dressed as a
stop sign. No one in their right
mind is going to stop for us without
the threat of deadly force.

With Ray's back to the road, a station wagon brakes hard and
comes to stop right beside them.

BRENDA
(in a thick Canadian
accent)
You folks stranded, eh?

RAY
Canadian?

BRENDA
Take off, eh? How'd you know.

FRASER
We're officers of the law in pursuit
of an escaped perjurer. We'd
appreciate a lift.

BRENDA
Well hop on in.

As they climb into the car.

RAY
(to Fraser)
It's a sick country you have, Fraser.
CONTINUED: (3)

They hop in the car and it pulls out onto the road. The Taurus that comes screaming up behind them has to swerve into the far lane to miss them.

INT. SPEEDING TAURUS -- CONTINUOUS

BROCK
Damn Americans, never signal.

LAURIER
(looking at tracker)
He's turned.

BROCK
Which way?

LAURIER
That way!

BROCK
I can't see you pointing when you're in the back seat!

LAURIER
Left!

BROCK
Here?!

LAURIER
Here!!

EXT. TAURUS -- BACK ROADS INTERSECTION

The Taurus swerves to take the corner, but doesn't make it and they end up in the muddy field.

BROCK
Damn!

INT. CANADIAN'S STATION WAGON -- AT THAT MOMENT

As it crawls along, loaded down with newly purchased merchandise.

FRASER
(to Brendan)
It would be a pancake house off Highway 12 near Hillsdale.
CONTINUED:

BRENDAN
We’re heading for a mall right near there.

BRENDA
You have such wonderful malls here in the States.

BRENDAN
Mapped out the whole trip on our home computer. Three states, six malls, one day.

BRENDA
(looking ahead)
Oh, goodness, will you look at that? More stranded motorists with guns.

EXT. THE INTERSECTION AND ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

The three mobsters stand right across the road, aiming their weapons at the oncoming station wagon.

INT. CANADIAN'S STATION WAGON -- CONTINUOUS

RAY
FLOOR IT!!!!

Brendan tromps on the pedal and...

EXT. THE INTERSECTION AND ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

the station wagon shoots right toward the mobsters, who have to dive out of the way to avoid being run over. The Station Wagon fires right on past and disappears down the road.

INT. CANADIAN'S STATION WAGON -- CONTINUOUS

Ray, Fraser and Brenda look back as Brendan drives.

BRENDA
America's just getting more violent all the time.

BRENDAN
It's television. That's why I enjoy our fine Canadian programming.
EXT. FIELD WITH TAURUS -- MOMENTS LATER

Brock sits in behind the wheel as McGill and Laurier try to push the car out. The wheels spin mud at them and they're getting nowhere.

ANGLE

to reveal a State Police car pull up and stop at the roadside. McGill and Laurier spot it.

MCGILL
  Oh, geez.

The trooper unrolls his window.

STATE TROOPER #3
  You folks need some help?

BROCK
  Thank you kindly, officer.

EXT. ABANDONED PANCAKE HOUSE -- DAY

An abandoned restaurant on an old two lane highway. Ray's car sits barely visible from the road.
Aside from the restaurant's decrepit condition, it actually looks quite a bit like the Roadhouse Diner. An old sign hangs loosely in the wind over the Riviera parked out front. The sign, though weather beaten, can be deciphered as saying "The Little House of Pancakes -- Six Types of Syrup." The Station Wagon stops at the road and lets Fraser, Ray and Dief out.

BRENDA
If you need a ride, we're coming right past here on our way back.

RAY
We'll be fine, thanks.

BRENDA
If you're ever in Sarnia, drop in.

RAY
Thanks.
(as they walk away)
Fraser, if I'm ever in Sarnia, shoot me with a big gun.
(sees his car)
There she is!

Ray runs to his car and caresses it.

RAY (CONT'D)
Oh, baby, did he hurt you?

INT. ABANDONED PANCAKE HOUSE -- DAY

Ian sits under the comparable booth to where they ate at the diner. He pries at the base board with an old table knife. He gets it open and he finds what he's looking for -- a small stash of kid's stuff -- a Matchbook car, some baseball cards.

FRASER (V.O.)
They can't be far away, there was a tracking device on the car.

IAN
I didn't even see anything.

FRASER
I'm sorry?

IAN
In the alley. I was in my apartment, but I didn't look out the window.
(MORE)
IAN (CONT'D)

Didn't see anything, didn't hear anything.

FRASER

You told the police you did.

IAN

They came around looking for witnesses.
I was home when it happened, they said I must have seen something.

(beat, looks at the place mat and lies)
I thought I might have stashed something valuable here. Money, something, look at this junk. You know, we'd drive for hours to get here, he'd say maybe two words to me in the car, then he'd give me some money and say he'd be back. He'd leave me here for hours, sometimes all night. The only reason he took me was so my mother wouldn't think he was cheating on her. She'd always ask me where we went, what we did. He'd tell me what to say.

(unfolding place mat.
It's a map of the U.S.)

My mother had to be the most gullible person in the world. I coulda told her we went to the moon. Not a bright woman. She always thought I was going to be somebody.

(the smartass again)
I think she'd be proud, what do you think?

FRASER

Is that why you lied about seeing the murder? To be somebody?

IAN

Hey, I'm just telling an amusing anecdote. It's a very sad story, maybe you'll feel sorry for me and let me go.

(beat)
You do have to appreciate the irony of the situation, though.

(MORE)
IAN (CONT'D)
I tell the judge a lie, that I saw
Danny the Bull do it, and I go free.
I tell them the truth, that I saw
nothing, they'll never believe me,
and I go to jail for perjury.

RAY (O.S.)
Down!!

They turn as Ray smashes in through the front door and dives for cover. A split second later the window explodes in a hail of bullets. Fraser and Ian duck just in time. The three of them scramble for cover as gunfire strafes the room.

EXT. PANCAKE HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Brock and McGill fire into the diner as Laurier pulls the car into the parking lot, screeching to a stop in front of them.

INT. PANCAKE HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Ray, Fraser, Ian and Dief all manage to get together just as the shooting stops.

BROCK (V.O.)
Ian, come out here, we want to talk to you.

Fraser and Ray cautiously peek out the window

THERI POV

Brock and Laurier are behind the Taurus. McGill runs for cover behind Ray's Buick. Brock and Laurier instantly fire another burst at the windows.

RAY AND FRASER

duck.

IAN
See? You can't trust anyone.

Ray fires blindly through the window.

RAY'S BULLETS

strike the Taurus' front tire.
INT. PANCAKE HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Ray peeks out and fires a couple more times, taking out the windshield of the Taurus.

RAY
I think I got their windshield.

FRASER
Every little bit helps, Ray.

IAN
Yeah, we'll be dead, but they'll have really poor visibility.

RAY
I'll cover, you go out the back door and circle around.

IAN
There is no back door.

RAY
I'm supposed to believe you?

IAN
No, you're right, I'm on their side.

RAY
Any ideas?

FRASER
(assessing the situation)
The only access is through the front and the side windows, and they have those covered.

Ray fires several shots out the window to keep them pinned down.

FRASER (CONT'D)
If you can give me enough covering fire, I might be able to make it to your car.

RAY
(checks clip)
I have one bullet left

FRASER
(gets the idea)
That's all we need. Ray.
RAY
If we can just get them to line up straight.

FRASER
When I was flipping through the service manual for your car, I noticed that your gas tank is barely eleven inches from your rear fender.

RAY
(goes off on him)
YOU LOOKED AT THE MANUAL FOR THREE SECONDS!

FRASER
A bullet could easily pierce the tank, and the spark would set off an explosion.

IAN
(amazed)
I was right??

RAY
Luckily you'll both take that information to your graves.

FRASER
We just need to get the other two close enough to be impacted by the explosion.

RAY
There's two of them behind their car! Why can't I shoot it?!

FRASER
I haven't read their manual, Ray.

IAN
I can get them over to the car.

RAY
Oh yeah, we could trust you.

IAN
Hey! I was just offering to help. You don't want me to, fine.
RAY
Oh, feeling a little remorse are we?
A little GUILT at having left us
stranded in the middle of nowhere to
freeze to death. Well, it's too late
pal, God can see right through these
little last minute attempts at
redemption when you think the end is
near and trust me it won't do you any
good.

IAN
Speaking from personal experience are
you?

Ray gives him a dirty look.

IAN (CONT'D)
Look, I haven't done a whole lot in my
life that ever benefited anybody but
me. I just thought for once I might
try do something that helped someone
else. Forget I mentioned it.

RAY
Very poignant. I got tears in my eyes.
Only problem is, you know and I know,
we let you out of here only thing
you're going to be doing is making a
deal with these guys to let you go
and get us killed.

FRASER
I don't think so Ray. I think we can
trust him.

RAY
Why doesn't that surprise me?
(Beat, to Fraser)
There's no other way?

FRASER
No.
(beat)
Ray, would it be easier if I...
CONTINUED: (3)

RAY
No. I can do it.
(to Ian)
You try anything funny I miss the car
and aim straight for you, capice?

IAN
(calls out)
Mr. Brock? It's Ian. Okay, here's
what we can do here. I come out with
the keys to the car. You let me
disappear, I get lost and don't
testify. They tell their bosses I
escaped and everyone goes away happy.
You think that might work for you?

AT THE TAURUS

BROCK
Let me think about it.
(to Laurier)
Dump him in the trunk.
(calls out)
Okay, Ian.

INSIDE

Ian stands and heads for the door, looks back.

FRASER
As soon as you're close enough, dive
for cover and he'll shoot.

IAN
Okay...
(turns for the door,
turns back to Ray)
Of course, if you rather I shot the
car....

RAY
Get out the door.

He peeks out quickly to make sure he's not going to be shot,
then steps out into the doorway.

EXT. PANCAKE HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Ian comes out with his hands in the air.
CONTINUED: (2)

IAN

The truth?

Fraser helps him up as

THE CAR

burns.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CANADIAN BORDER -- NIGHT

A line up of cars in the background. The Canadians' Station Wagon pulls into frame. Brendan, Fraser, Ian and Brenda are jammed into the front seat. Ray and the three handcuffed thugs are in the back. Dief sits in the rear surrounded by stacks of clearly marked boxes. A tarp over the roof-rack barely covers the additional American booty.

FRASER

If you'll just pull over at the customs booth I'll explain the situation.

BRENDAN

We do this all the time. Just let me do the talking.

They pull up the last car length to the customs booth, where the CUSTOMS AGENT waits.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

Nothing to declare.

The agent waves them on. They drive out of frame.

EXT. WINDSOR COFFEE SHOP -- NIGHT

Through the window we see Fraser and Ian at one of the booths.

INT. COFFEE SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

Ray is on the pay phone at the back.

RAY

(into phone)

Yes, sir, they think it started with a short in the electrical system... No, I'm fine, sir,

(MORE)
CONTINUED:

RAY (CONT'D)
(lifts the car lighter
and looks at it)
it just might take me some time to
find some parts.... Thank you, sir.

Ray hangs up and walks past the booth occupied by Fraser,
Ian. Dief is at their feet.

RAY (CONT'D)
He's sending Elaine to Miami.

FRASER
Sorry, Ray.

Ray sits at the next booth with the three handcuffed mobsters,
coffee in front of them all. McGill looks at him sourly.

MCGILL
Is it a against the law to get us a
 cruller?

Ray ignores them.

WITH FRASER AND IAN

FRASER
Trying to decide what you're going to
do?

IAN
Between lying and going to jail?
(sarcastic)
Yeah, that's a real tough one.

Through the window we see an RCMP cruiser pull up and two
officers get out.

FRASER
Yes, it is. You can keep deceiving
people so that they'll think you're
somebody... or you can be somebody.

IAN
(smiling & paraphrasing
Dean Martin)
Yeah, well everybody needs to be
somebody sometime.
FRASER
(smiles. beat)
There was a person your mother thought you could be. What do you think he would do?

The RCMP officers enter, spot Fraser and Ian and approach.

RCMP OFFICER
You have any trouble with him?

FRASER
No, sir.
80  CONTINUED: (2)

RCMP OFFICER
(taking Ian)
Okay, let's get on the road.

IAN
(to Fraser)
See ya in a few years.

Fraser smiles good-bye. As they head to the door

RCMP OFFICER
(to the counterman)
What's the quickest way to get back
on the freeway?

IAN
I know, I'll show you.

And they're gone. Off Fraser, we cut to:

81  EXT. STREET CORNER NEAR COFFEE SHOP

Ray steps into the empty frame and sticks out his thumb.
Widen to see Fraser, Dief and the three cuffed mobsters
standing at the roadside.

FRASER
We should really have turned them
over to the Canadian authorities,
Ray.

RAY
They want them, they can dig them out
of an American jail.
(to mobsters)
Stick out your thumbs.

They do.

EXTREME HIGH AND WIDE SHOT

As they stand there, the RCMP cruiser circles the block,
passing the coffee shop again.

FRASER
You're certain all the rental cars
were reserved.
CONTINUED:

RAY
(bitterly)
Hey, don't look at me! I never heard of your damn Maple Syrup Day!

FADE OUT: