due SOUTH

"THE BLUE LINE"

by

David Shore

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

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### Guest Cast - Speaking Roles

| SMITHBAUER          | HORTON |
| HENDERSON           | KID 1  |
| CHAREST             | KID    |
| DON CHERRY          | KID 3  |
| GRETZKY PLAYER      | KID 4  |
| MARIO PLAYER        | LAST PLAYER |
| MESSIER PLAYER      | LOUISE |
| ANNOUNCER           | MASK   |
| BRETT               | REPORTER |
| BRODA               | REPORTER |
| CARL                | REPORTER |
| DIRECTOR            | REPORTER 3 |
| DRYDEN              | REPORTER 4 |
| HALL                | ROBERT HALL |
|                     | SAWCHUCK |
**Episode #16 - "THE BLUE LINE" - Published Draft**

**SETS**

**EXTERIOR - DAY**

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

**INTERIOR - DAY**

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

**EXTERIOR - NIGHT**

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

**INTERIOR - NIGHT**

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

FADE IN:

1

EXT. RAY'S CAR -- DAY

Ray's car cruises through the streets.

FRASER (V.O.)
You should be setting an example,
Ray. You do stand for the rule of
law in this...

Ray makes a screaming left turn without indicating.

2

INT. RAY'S CAR -- DAY

RAY, FRASER and DIFENBAKER are inside.

FRASER
There! You did it again.

RAY

What?

FRASER
You know perfectly well what.

RAY
I don't.

FRASER
You made a turn without indicating.

RAY
I wouldn't do that.

FRASER
You just did.

RAY
You're seeing things, Fraser.

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

RAY

Did what?
CONTINUED:

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

RAY
(smiles)
It really annoys you, doesn't it?

FRASER
I just think it's not safe...

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

RAY
What are you, Safety Dog?

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

RAY (CONT'D)
Hey! I'm trying to drive here!

FRASER
(sees what Dief's barking at:)
It's not your driving habits. Look.

Fraser points out the window as Dief keeps barking.

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

EXT. RAY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

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

INT. RAY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

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

RAY
What is it? Crime going down? (grabs for his radio)
Dispatch, this is Detective Vecchio... (to Fraser)
What is it?

FRASER
Mark Smithbauer.
CONTINUED:

RAY
You want me to report a hockey player??

FRASER
(apologizing: re Dief)
He's a very big fan.

RAY
What does he want, his autograph??!

FRASER
It'll just take a minute.

Fraser steps out, speaks to Dief:

FRASER (CONT'D)
Stay here, I'll get it for you.
(to Ray)
He'll only embarrass himself.

Fraser closes the door and heads across the street.

RAY
(still has mic in his hand)
Just a radio check, Dispatch.

Ray tosses the mike down and exits:

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

FRASER
Really? Like who?

RAY
(put on the spot)
Plenty of celebrities. Big celebrities. Lou Ferigno, for one. And I hear my share of stories.
(MORE)
CONTINUED:

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

They enter as a Cadillac pulls up to the curb.

INT. LIQUOR STORE -- CONTINUOUS

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

RAY
And it's not always wrong.

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

FRASER
I'll just be a minute.

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

ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOOR

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

MASK
Everybody down!

Panic, screams.

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

MASK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
On the floor! Plant it!

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

FRASER
(to Mask)
This isn't worth it. Before you do this, I want you to consider the consequences.
CONTINUED:

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

FRASER (CONT'D)

You see, Ray, sometimes--

FRASER'S POV

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

THE PATRONS AND EMPLOYEES

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

EXT. LIQUOR STORE -- CONTINUOUS

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

INT. LIQUOR STORE -- CONTINUOUS

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

FRASER

It's alright, Mark, the--

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

RAY

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

FRASER

No.

RAY

Cause he's a "hockey star"?

FRASER

Because he was my best friend.

Off Ray's look, we:

FADE OUT:

END OF PROLOGUE
ACT ONE

INT. LUXURY CONDOMINIUM LOBBY -- DAY

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

FRASER
He probably assumed that I was an accomplice.

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

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

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

RAY
One thing this guy doesn't need is more "benefits".
(re: condo building)
You know how much places like this cost? The man makes seven figures a year for playing one of the stupidest sports ever invented--

The elevator doors open. As they get on:

RAY (CONT'D)
--and every time he's in the paper he's whining about his knee or complaining about something.

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

FRASER
Hockey is a very demanding game, Ray.

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

Dief growls at Ray.
CONTINUED:

RAY (CONT'D)
(to Dief)
You want an autograph? Then shut your yap.

Dief immediately shuts up. The elevator doors close.

INT. SMITHBAUER'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

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

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

SMITHBAUER
The guy was trying to kill me!

HUEY
So you said.

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

Huey and Louey share a look.

GARDINO
The man called us incompetent, Huey.

HUEY
Yes, he did, Louis.

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

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

GARDINO
Who the hell are you?

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

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

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

ANGLE ON THE OPEN DOOR
Fraser, Ray and Dief enter. Huey and Gardino spot them.

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

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

HUEY
The man called in attempted murder.

RAY
Then the man has serious ego problems.

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

Charest approaches and intercedes.
CHAREST
(charming)
Mr. Smithbauer stopped an armed robbery, that's all. He appreciates your concern, but doesn't want to turn this into a media circus.

FRASER
Excuse me.

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

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

With Fraser and Smithbauer:

FRASER
Hi.

SMITHBAUER
What happened to you?

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

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

SMITHBAUER
(realizes)
I hit a cop?

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

SMITHBAUER
You're not a cop?
(calling to Charest)
This is the problem right here. I've got no security.

WITH CHAREST AND COPS ACROSS THE ROOM

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

BACK WITH FRASER AND SMITHBAUER
FRASER  
Actually I'm a friend of Detective Vecchio's.

SMITHBAUER  
Oh.  
(realizes)  
Oh, yeah, sure.

Smithbauer reaches for a pile of 8x10 glossies.
INT. LUXURY CONDOMINIUM LOBBY -- LATER

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

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

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

RAY
More excuses, Fraser?

FRASER
He's my friend, Ray.

And they're out the doors.

INT. WELSH'S OFFICE -- DAY

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

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

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

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

Welsh puts the paper down.

WELSH
Do you really?

Ray looks out the window at Fraser again.
RAY
Yes, Sir.

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

RAY
Yes, sir, maybe, sir. The gunman's suit, it appeared to be an Italian cotton/silk blend and he drove a Cadillac.
(back to being Ray)
Kinda expensive stuff for a common thief, don't you think, Sir?

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

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

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

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

RAY
(sheepish)
Yes, Sir.
INT. POLICE BULLPEN -- MOMENTS LATER

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

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

Fraser rises, puts on his hat and exits.

RAY
Sorry, Benny.
EXT. INNER CITY STREET -- DAY

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

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

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

FRASER
Ah... That one?

HENDERSON
Hard to miss, huh?

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

FRASER
You wait out here and behave.

Diefenbaker curls up under the Winnie and pouts.
INT. WINNEBAGO -- CONTINUOUS

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

SMITHBAUER
Didn't you test those sticks?

HENDERSON
(he's half his size)
Yeah.

Henderson tosses down a bag and exits.

EXT. WINNEBAGO -- CONTINUOUS

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

INT. WINNEBAGO -- CONTINUOUS

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

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

FRASER
I'm sorry, no.

SMITHBAUER
Like that somehow surprises me. Anything else?

He starts to put the rest of his equipment on.

FRASER
You don't remember me, do you?

SMITHBAUER
Diefenbaker, right?

FRASER
No. That's my wolf.
SMITHBAUER
Look, I'm sorry, I meet a lot of people.

FRASER
No, I understand.

Fraser starts to leave.

SMITHBAUER
Where'd we meet?

FRASER
Inuvik.

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

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

SMITHBAUER
No kidding.

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

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

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

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

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

(sheepish)
Usually my grandmother.

Smithbauer finishes dressing and rises to leave.

Huh.

SMITHBAUER
(MORE)
SMITHBAUER (CONT'D)

(half smiles)
You'd think I'd remember something like that.

We're not sure he remembers or not.

FRASER
You've travelled a long way since then.

SMITHBAUER

Yeah.

Mark is about to step out the door when:

FRASER
Oh, Mark...
(taking out money)
I owe you five dollars.

What?

FRASER
When we were thirteen we made a bet, who would be the first one to have his face on a hockey card.
(hands him the five)
I've been wanting to give it to you for a long time.

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

FRASER
Just the rookie card?

SMITHBAUER
Yeah, that's all I needed.

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

SMITHBAUER
Yeah, they were...
(pockets the five)
...when I sold them.
CONTINUED: (3)

He turns to leave again, then turns back again.

SMITHBAUER (CONT'D)
Look, since you're here, how about
doing a little moonlighting?

FRASER
I'm sorry.

SMITHBAUER
(heading out the door)
I need a bodyguard, I imagine you can
use the money. Let's say twenty-five
an hour.

FRASER
I don't think--

SMITHBAUER
Call it thirty.

And he's gone before Fraser can object.

EXT. ICE RINK -- MOMENTS LATER

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

SMITHBAUER
Who wants to play some hockey?

The kids scream out their excited approval.

FRASER AND HENDERSON
walk toward the rink. Dief runs ahead.

HENDERSON
He wants you to be his body guard, huh?
CONTINUED:

FRASER
I believe so.

HENDERSON
Take the money. He likes to spend it.

FRASER
(gesturing to the rink)
Seems he's also generous with his time. This must be quite a thrill for these kids.

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

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

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

KID #1
We're a man short.

SMITHBAUER
So you are.

He sees Fraser by the boards and skates over.

SMITHBAUER (CONT'D)
(to Henderson)
Get Barney here a pair of skates.

As Henderson heads off to obey.

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

Smithbauer skates off again.

FRASER (CONT'D)

...Oh.

EXT. ICE RINK -- MINUTES LATER

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

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

EXT. ICE RINK

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

SMITHBAUER
You never could handle a deke to the backhand.

EXT. ICE RINK

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

FRASER
Dief! It's okay.

And he's back on his feet.

EXT. ICE RINK

Charest is with the press:

REPORTER #1
Hey Dawn. You think you can get him a little closer?

CHAREST
(yelling)
Mark!

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

KID #2
Mark! I'm open.

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

KID #2 (CONT'D)
Mark! I'm open! Pass it!

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

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

EXT. ICE RINK

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

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

FRASER

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

EXT. ICE RINK

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

REPORTER #2
(yelling back)
Thanks Mark.

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

CHAREST
(yelling to Smithbauer)
That's it, Mark.

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

KID #2
Mark? Where you going?

SMITHBAUER
Game's over, kids.
KID #3
But we're just a goal down.

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

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

SMITHBAUER
They can play without me.

FRASER
But they're here because of you.

SMITHBAUER
There are thousands of kids playing hockey in this town. These ones have had their thrill. Time to move on. (walking off)
Talk to Dawn. She'll see you get paid.

INT. SMITHBAUER'S APARTMENT -- AFTERNOON

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

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

FRASER
Yes, ma'am.

CHAREST
It simply doesn't make any sense for a person to want to hurt him. He's a hero. One of the few this Country has left. And I work damn hard and get paid damn well to make sure he stays that way. Funny, he never told me about you.
FRASER
Ms. Charest, if nobody's trying to hurt Mark, then I'm just wasting my time.

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

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

CHAREST
I don't want any police involvement.

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

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

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

Fraser hesitates.

CHAREST (CONT'D)
Those are my terms, Constable.

Fraser nods and she hands him the envelopes and letters.

ON THE LETTERS

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

CHAREST (CONT'D)
I figured it was just some kook. Nothing dangerous, right?

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE BULLPEN -- NIGHT

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

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

Ray dismissively hands the letters back to Fraser.

RAY
I never get unofficially concerned.

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

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

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

FRASER
If we knew what upset the writer...

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

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

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

FRASER
I'm sorry, Ray, you're obviously busy. (rises, thinks, sits)
These type of letters are invariably solo efforts, but the letters said "we saw it".
RAY
Come on, everybody in Chicago sees every mistake this guy makes. Half his life is televised.

FRASER
(realizes)
You're right.

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

FRASER (CONT'D)
Thanks, Ray.

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

INT. APARTMENT IN FRASER'S BUILDING -- MORNING

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

CARL
Lucky for you I tape all the games, huh?

LOUISE
(drops the popcorn in his lap)
Yeah, real lucky.

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

RAY
Excuse me, ma'am. I got a note that the Mountie...
(sees Fraser)
Hey Bennie.

CARL
(eyes on the screen)
C'mon in, Detective.

RAY
(to Carl)
How ya doin?

CARL
Shhh.
RAY
(sitting down)
Even for you, Fraser, 12 straight
hours of hockey seems a bit much.

CARL

Fourteen.

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

FRASER
No prints?

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

CARL
Shoot, you jerk!

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

CARL
(to Fraser)
You're friend know nothing about
hockey?

Ray turns and watches the screen.

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

CARL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Geez. Shoulda shot.

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

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Less than two minutes to play in
regulation and Chicago hangs on to a
one goal lead.
ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Smithbauer takes the pass on the left wing...
(the crowd boos)
He's not having one of his best nights and the crowd is making sure he knows it. He cuts over the blue line. He winds up for a drive. Oooo.

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

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Oh, Mark, there's no place for those kinda childish antics in the game.

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

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Chicago's defense has been caught off guard. Larionov to Stevens. Back again. He shoots! He scores!! And we're all tied up!

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

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

RAY
Did we solve the case?

FRASER
Maybe. Much thanks, Mr. Brewer.

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

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

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

RAY
Fifteen thousand fans screaming in unified hatred against one man and you think you heard what one of them said?!
FRASER
No. I think I saw what one of them said.

RAY
Like that's easier?

FRASER
I suppose not.

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

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

FRASER (V.O.)
Up here, Ray.

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

29
INT. APARTMENT DOORWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

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

FRASER
Afternoon, Mrs. Sawchuck. (indicating tape)
I was wondering if you could tell me what someone is saying on this tape.

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

She shuffles away.

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

She keeps walking away from them.

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

RAY
I thought you could read lips.

FRASER
Not like she can.

INT. SAWCHUCK APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

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

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

RAY
(sotto)
And she's deaf.

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

RAY
Hmm, I thought it did.

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

She runs the tape again.

SAWCHUCK (CONT'D)
No, no, it's "You hurt my kid."

FRASER
Thanks.

RAY
(yelling slowly)
Thank you, very much.

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

FRASER
Not once you get to know him.

EXT. NEAR FRASER'S BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

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

RAY (V.O.)
So we've got our man...

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

RAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... Now all we have to do is i.d. him. I'll take the video down to the lab, they'll-- (realizes he's alone) ... Fraser?

FRASER (V.O.)
This way.

Ray turns back the other direction, muttering again.

INT. VIDEO STORE FRONT DESK

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

DRYDEN
Blowup, 1966, Antonioni.

RAY
Loved that movie. Travolta, right?

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

FRASER
Can you do that for us?

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

A customer appears at the counter.

DRYDEN (CONT'D)
Excuse me a moment.
CONTINUED:

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

DRYDEN (CONT'D)
(to customer)
You don't want to rent this. The director didn't even get a cut.
CONTINUED: (2)

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

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

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

DRYDEN
That I can do.

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

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

RAY
(into phone)
Yeah, Elaine: Section C, Row 12, Seat 7. I need to know if it's owned by a seasons ticket holder.
EXT. CONCERT HALL -- EVENING

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

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

REVEAL Ray and Fraser approaching.

RAY
Tom Horton?

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

RAY
(throws Horton against a wall)
You have the right to remain silent--

HORTON
What?!

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

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

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

HORTON
What the hell are you guys talking about?

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

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

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

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

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

HORTON
No, no, I give them to the needy.
You need a pair, Officer? Take what you want.
CONTINUED: (2)

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

FRASER
Yes, that would appear to be his intent.

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY -- NIGHT

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

RAY
(drawing his gun)
Police!

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

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

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

BRET (CONT'D)

Hello.

Ray pockets his weapon.

FRASER

Hello, Son. Is your father home?

Brett shakes his head.

RAY

Do you know where he is?

BRET

He said he had something for Mark.

INT. RAY'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Ray and Fraser scramble in. Ray grabs the radio.

RAY

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

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

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

EXT. CITY STREETS -- MOMENTS LATER

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

RAY

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

FRASER

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

They enter the arena on the fly.

OMITTED
41 OMITTED
42 AND
43 INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL ARENA -- HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Ray escorts the players down the hallway.

RAY
Sorry for the inconvenience, gentlemen.
CONTINUED:

RAY (CONT'D)
You'll be back on the ice as soon as we get the necessary security measures in place.

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

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

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

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

FRASER (CONT'D)
(taking off)
The sanitation engineer, Ray.

RAY
(following after him)
Who?

FRASER
The janitor.

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

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

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

HALL
I wasn't attacking him!

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

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

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

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

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

And they're gone.

INT. FIRST CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER

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

SMITHBAUER
You get the guy?

FRASER
(preoccupied)

Yes.

(laughs around)

The stick he attacked you with...?

SMITHBAUER

(laughs around)

It was right here.

LAST PLAYER

...Didn't see it.

The last player exits into the locker room. The corridor is empty, the stick is nowhere to be seen.
SMITHBAUER
Maybe somebody picked it up, I'll ask around.

Smithbauer heads into the locker room.

FRASER
His son was struck by a broken stick you threw.

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

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

SMITHBAUER
Why the hell would I do that?

FRASER
I don't know.

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

FRASER
Still--

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

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

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

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

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

Fraser turns and walks away.

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

Fraser turns back.

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

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

EXT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL ARENA -- NIGHT

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

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

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

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM -- MORNING

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

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

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

SMITHBAUER
He came right at me!

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

SMITHBAUER
Then it's obviously somebody else!

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

SMITHBAUER
It's your job to protect me.

GARDINO
Well, we seem to have a difference of
opinion here. Now watch this closely.
(re: open manilla folder)
Case open.
(closes it)
Case closed. Want to see it again in
slow-motion?
(opens it)
Case open.
(closes it)
Case closed.

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

GARDINO
Ironic, isn't it?

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

INT. FRASER'S APARTMENT -- DAY

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

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

Diefenbaker barks.

REVEAL

Smithbauer is standing in the open doorway.

SMITHBAUER
Hello, Ben.

Smithbauer takes in the dumpy apartment.

SMITHBAUER (CONT'D)
You live like this?

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

SMITHBAUER (CONT'D)
Somebody's still after me.

FRASER
So talk to the police.

SMITHBAUER
I did. They're not big fans of mine.
FRASER
You really don't seem to engender friendship.
SMITHBAUER
In my experience, friends stay around just long enough to see you get what they think you deserve.

FRASER
Maybe so.

SMITHBAUER
...I need your help.

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

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

Smithbauer starts to leave.

FRASER
Unless you tell me the truth.

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

Fraser just looks at him, waiting.

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

FRASER
The February 26th game.
(off his look)
I watched the tape. You had a better shot when you were thirteen.

SMITHBAUER
Well, I'm 34 now, I'm slowing down, the shot's going, I've blown my knee out so many times I can barely walk without my brace. It goes one more time, that's it.
CONTINUED: (4)

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

FRASER
(nods)
...You better stay here tonight.

Smithbauer looks around at the dump.

SMITHBAUER
Here?

INT. FRASER'S APARTMENT -- LATER

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

FRASER
So how's your Dad?

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

Fraser is unimpressed.

SMITHBAUER (CONT'D)
(re. Dief)
Can you make him stop staring at me?

FRASER
No.

Smithbauer rolls away from the relentless glare.

SMITHBAUER
(beat)
Sorry about your father.

FRASER
You heard about that?

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

FRASER
No, I guess not.

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

FAASER
Sure.

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

FRASER
I thought I heard he was in prison.

SMITHBAUER
Real estate fraud. I was just one of
a long list of friends.
(beat)
You know what I miss? Trying to find
a puck in a snow bank.

FRASER
(smiles)
You could blast it eight feet in.

SMITHBAUER
And that was packing snow.

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

Smithbauer's smile evaporates. They lay in silence.

SMITHBAUER
I can't sleep, Ben.

FRASER
What's wrong?

SMITHBAUER
It's seven p.m.
(he sits up)
You really live like this?

He gets up and starts to dress.
INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL ARENA -- RINK -- NIGHT

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

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

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

Ray approaches Fraser and takes a seat.

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

FRASER
(surprised he'd ask)
Of course.

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

FRASER
Or?

RAY
Or he took the money.

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

RAY
You knew the man. People change, Fraser.

FRASER
Not who they are, Ray.
CONTINUED:

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

RAY
Puberty changes people.

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

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

INT. SMOKE FILLED ROOM -- NIGHT

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

RAY
(flashes his badge)
Where's Broda?

The guns stay up.

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

RAY
(re. guns)
They look petrified.

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

RAY (CONT'D)
Forget it, smiley.

BRODA
Let him keep it. He ain't gonna make
any trouble in here. He wearing a
wire?
The Driver shakes his head and Broda signals for the rest of his men to lower their weapons.

**BRODA (CONT'D)**

So talk.

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

**RAY**
(re. the empty chair)
What's the matter? You get cleaned out already?

**BRODA**
I don't gamble, Detective Vecchio.

Ray is surprised to hear his name.

**BRODA (CONT'D)**
Same reason you know who I am. It pays to keep track of your enemies. Now what can I do for you?

**RAY**
Mark Smithbauer. Stay away from him.

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

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

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

**RAY**
You telling me Smithbauer's in business with you?

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

**RAY**
Unless you own the game.
BRODA
Not a smart thing to do, too many things could go wrong. I've found that people can be very unpredictable.

Ray realizes that Smithbauer took the money and reneged.

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

Broda's cell phone rings.

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

Ray walks off. Broda answers his phone.

BRODA (CONT'D)
Hello.

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

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

The Driver nods.

BRODA (CONT'D)
Then go get it.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

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

SMITHBAUER
Just like old times. Four miles through blizzards to get to the rink, then four miles back home again.
FRASER AND SMITHBAUER
(in unison, smiling)
Uphill both ways.
CONTINUED: (2)

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

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS -- MOMENTS LATER

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

HENDERSON
They're walking home.

BRODA
In this weather?

HENDERSON
They're Canadian.

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

INT. CADILLAC -- CONTINUOUS

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

BRODA
Welcome to Canadian hunting season, gentlemen.

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

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

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

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

SMITHBAUER

Car.

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

RAY

Controlled skid. You guys need a ride?

FRASER

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

RAY

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

SMITHBAUER

I'll be up ahead.

Smithbauer keeps walking.

RAY

I spoke to the Turk.

FRASER

Really.

RAY

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

FRASER

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

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

FRASER
What is it, Ray?

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

FRASER
Thanks.

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

RAY
Be careful, Benny.

FRASER
I will.

Ray drives off in the direction he came from.

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

INT. RAY'S CAR - MAIN UNIT
He passes the Cadillac coming the other way. It takes a few
seconds to register

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

EXT. STREETS - MAIN UNIT
The Cadillac comes straight at Fraser and Smithbauer.

SECOND UNIT
The windows roll down and shots are fired. Fraser and
Smithbauer run for it as Probert and Broda keep shooting at
them. They miss a couple of times but one shot hits
Smithbauer right in the equipment bag on his back. The Caddie
is quickly closing the gap. Fraser and Smithbauer run past
some garbage cans which are then sent flying like bowling
pins by the charging Cadillac.
Fraser and Smithbauer duck down an alley and the Caddie skids slightly past the mouth of it. But our heroes refuge is short lived -- a dead end just ahead and a fence with razor wire on top.

Fraser grabs a door and tugs. It's locked. From just outside the alley, the bad guys shoot at Fraser and Smithbauer who have no cover.
57C  SECOND UNIT

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

57D  MAIN UNIT

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

RAY
Get in!

57E  SECOND UNIT

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

57F  MAIN UNIT

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

FRASER
I thought you were going home.

RAY
You're welcome.

57G  SECOND UNIT

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

57H  MAIN UNIT

Ray returns fire and, as the gun fight wages, Fraser grabs the equipment bag and searches around in it.
FRASER
(to Smithbauer)
Give me your jersey.

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

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

FRASER
They'll assume I'm you.

SMITHBAUER
You can't outskate a car!

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

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

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

SMITHBAUER
This is my problem. I'm going.

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

SMITHBAUER
I just wear it to get sympathy.

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

SMITHBAUER
At what??

FRASER
Lacing.

Fraser gets up and skates off. Smithbauer laces furiously.

RAY
Well, I don't skate so I'll stay right here.
And Fraser takes off. Ray jumps up and begins firing his weapon in hopes of giving Fraser's getaway a little cover.

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

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

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

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

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

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

As Broda, Probert and the Driver struggle back to their feet and try to get back to the car, Fraser and Smithbauer skate away down the frozen street.
57R  MAIN UNIT

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

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

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

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

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

SMITHBAUER
(to Fraser)
It was Robbie Murphy, eh?

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

58A  SECOND UNIT

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

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

INT. RAY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

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

RAY

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

EXT. PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

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

SMITHBAUER

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

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

FRASER

You alright, Mark?

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

SMITHBAUER

My knee!

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

SMITHBAUER (CONT'D)

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

FRASER

(looking up)

You're right.

Fraser skates quickly away from Smithbauer.

SMITHBAUER

What?!
As Fraser skates away, the pursuers see Smithbauer, unprotected and lying on the ground -- a sitting duck. They speed toward him through the icy parking lot.

But as they close in, Fraser comes skating out from behind a parked car. He quickly skates up alongside the car and butt ends his stick through the driver's window, smashing it and causing the Driver to lose control.

The Caddie spins around, saving Smithbauer but ultimately finding itself aimed directly at Fraser. It accelerates hard. Fraser scrambles to reverse himself, but it doesn't look like he's going to be able to get away this time.

SIRENS approaching. Too late -- Fraser's done for. But Smithbauer is on his feet, favoring his good leg, stick in hand. He painfully skates over to a rock on the road, cradles it in the blade of his stick, testing its weight. And then he uncoils, winds up and fires! From 60 feet away, the rock flies through the air, straight at the smashed driver's window of the moving Cadillac...

SMACK. The rock goes through the open window and right into the side of the head of the Driver. He is knocked cold and the Cadillac smashes into several parked cars.

Ray finally arrives, followed by several marked police cars.

Ray skids out of control past the Cadillac. The first police car skids right into the rear of the Cadillac. The second skids into the rear of the first.

Fraser skates over to Smithbauer.

Nice shot. FRASER

Thanks. SMITHBAUER
Fraser helps him off the street and o.s.
INT. DIRECTOR'S BOOTH -- DAY

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

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

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

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

FRASER (CONT'D)
There.

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

ON FRASER -- watching sadly.

INT. FRASER'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

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

FRASER
Evening, Diefenbaker.

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

SMITHBAUER
He's relentless, isn't he?

FRASER
Unfortunately, yes.

SMITHBAUER
(getting up)
I just came by to thank a friend.

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

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

FRASER (CONT'D)
You took the money from Broda, didn't you?

SMITHBAUER
How can you say that? I scored the winner.

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

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

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

Fraser nods.

SMITHBAUER (CONT'D)
You're not going to turn me in, are you?

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

Off Smithbauer's thoughtful expression, we:

INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL ARENA -- FOYER -- EVENING

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

REPORTER #3
The guy had it all and he flushed it all away. He deserves what he got.

REPORTER #4
A lifetime suspension, you kidding? This is a sport where you only get a coupla games for trying to take a guy's head off.

REPORTER #3
So ya feel bad for the guy, do ya?

REPORTER #4
Na. He's a jerk.

Fraser looks on sadly. Ray notices.

RAY
Forget it, Fraser. People like to talk about celebrities.
FRASER
Yeah. And they're not always wrong.

Fraser enters the room, fighting against the exiting reporters.
INT. DRESSING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

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

FRASER
Hello, Mark.

SMITHBAUER
(looks up)
Hi, Ben.

FRASER
I'm sorry it turned out this way.

SMITHBAUER
This is the only way it could turn out.

FRASER
I brought you something.

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

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

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

SMITHBAUER
I can't take these.

FRASER
(shakes his head)
And I'm proud of you today.
(smiles)
Anyway, I've got another set at home.

Mark smiles back and finally gives Fraser a hug.

SMITHBAUER
Thanks, buddy.

FRASER
So what are you gonna do?

Smithbauer shrugs and walks away.
EXT. CITY PARK -- NIGHT

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

KID #4
If I can find those pucks can I keep half?

SMITHBAUER
You can't find them.

KID #4
Oh sure I can.

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

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

SMITHBAUER (CONT'D)
You want me to autograph a few?

KID #4
Are you somebody?

SMITHBAUER
(smiles)
No.

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

SMITHBAUER (CONT'D)
You wanna play a little?

KID #4
It's getting kinda dark, isn't it?

Smithbauer just smiles enigmatically as Fraser skates over.

FRASER
(yelling)
Okay, Ray.

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

FRASER (CONT'D)
Hi, Mark.
SMITHBAUER
Hi, Fraser.

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

SMITHBAUER
I was wondering what took you.
(to kid)
Okay, Canadians against Americans.

KID #4
You two Canadian?

Yup.

SMITHBAUER
That's not fair.

FRASER
He's right.
(re. Ray)
He's American. You can have him.

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

KID #4
Okay, but we get two goals.

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

SMITHBAUER
You can have three.

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

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

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

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR