"NORTH"

Written by

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Episode #23 - “NORTH” - Revised Blue

CAST

Regular Cast
FRASER
RAY
DIEFENBAKER
WELSH

Recurring Cast
ROBERT FRASER
VECCHIO SR.
FRANCESCA
MRS. VECCHIO *
ELAINE *

* - No dialogue in this draft

Guest Cast

Speaking Roles
HAMISH CARTER
DUFF HOGAN

HUNTER
JACK
COP
PROLOGUE

EXT. NORTHERN AIRFIELD -- DAY (DAY CONT)

A small hanger, a few outbuildings. Air Traffic control is not a problem here.

INT. TERMINAL -- DAY

One room. Chairs line the walls, a ticket counter and a freight scale. The only thing that didn't come from a Hudson's Bay Trading Post is the dust.

Fraser and Ray sit together in silence, Ray glaring across the room. Opposite, the ticket agent HAMISH CARTER -- plaid jacket, cap -- POURS coffee out of a thermos and goes back to his North Bay Nugget. He is ignoring Ray. Studiously.

RAY
One more cup and I plug him.

FRASER
You're only making it worse, Ray.

There's a sign at the counter "Back in 10 Minutes". Beside it, one warns "Have Your Tickets Ready".

RAY
He's been reading the same page for an hour.
(louder, for Hamish)
We need some service over here!

Hamish rustles his paper NOISILY. Ignores him.

FRASER
Things happen at their own pace in small places.

RAY
I just want to check in. Something wrong with that?

THE BACK DOOR OPENS

A pack of HUNTERS just out of the bush, dressed in camo fatigues and armed to the teeth, comes through a door behind the counter. You can smell them from here.

HUNTER
Where to, Hamish?

HAMISH
(waves them through)
Plane's out front.
CONTINUED:

The hunters thank him and NOISILY drag mountains of gear across the room and out the front door.

SFX -- A PLANE ENGINE

RAY
Tickets! Did I hear anyone being asked for tickets?!

FRASER
Ray.

RAY
I gave up two weeks vacation in Miami for this.

FRASER
As I recall, it was your idea.

RAY
I said "maybe". As in "maybe" we should go north and fix up your father's cabin. You, on the other hand, could have said, "No".

FRASER
You don't have to do this, Ray.

RAY
Oh yes I do. It's like a watchamacallit, a deathbed confession -- you gotta honor it. Besides, where else but Canada can I spend two weeks hard labor living off the land?

FRASER
I'm glad we're going.

Hamish has made his way over to the ticket counter and removes the sign. Taps his pen, waiting.

RAY
Finally.

ANGLE -- TICKET COUNTER

Ray and Fraser's stuff is piled up beside the counter. For Fraser, it's a rucksack. Ray has all manner of luggage.

HAMISH
Have to weigh it first.

RAY
Weigh it?

RAY (CONT'D)
Okay, so maybe mine's a little over. (takes a bill from his wallet)
How much?

HAMISH (off the US money)
American, eh?

Fraser intercedes, begins to load Ray's stuff on the scale, Ray joins in.

FRASER
Ray, the pilot has to know exactly how much weight he's lifting. He has to consider payload, fuel, lift, mountains. You'd hate to be going over those mountains and find you don't have enough lift.

RAY
Mountains?

The scale emits a frantic BEEPING SOUND.

HAMISH
You have to leave some behind.

Ray picks Fraser's rucksack out of the pile, offers it up.

HAMISH (CONT'D)
Quite a bit by the looks of it.

RAY
You're on it, aren't you? I bet his foot's on the scale.

Hamish gives him a wounded look.

RAY (CONT'D)
Those hunters had huge bags. What about them?

HAMISH
Different.

RAY
How? Explain to me. (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (1)

RAY (CONT'D)
How can that be different. Is this some Canadian rule or something? Are you discriminating against me because I'm an American.

Hamish shakes his head.

RAY (CONT'D)
Alright, enough...

FRASER
(interrupts)
Excuse me, sir. Would you be so kind as to speak to the pilot and check the manifest to determine if this extra weight can fit within the maximum payload.

HAMISH
(to Fraser)
See what I can do.

He pours himself a cup of coffee. One for the road.

RAY
Hope ya burst.

Ray reaches angrily for a bag, his coat gaps open and Hamish sees the butt of his gun.

HAMISH
Excuse me, sir. Is that a hand gun?

ANGLE -- OUTSIDE
An OPP CRUISER rolls out of the woods. FOLLOW IT to the --

HANGER

which sits at the far end of the runway. A plane sits out front, fueled and ready.

INT. HANGER -- DAY

Small planes, small plane parts, re-fueling equipment. A pilot and mechanic works under the cowling of one of the engines. His flight suit tells us his name is JACK.

COP

Jack?

JACK
(looks up)
Yep.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Beside the COP, in shackles, is DUFF HOGAN, a mean looking type with hard eyes. He's offering no resistance.

COP

Got a prisoner. Plane picking him up's in at eleven.

As the two men talk, Hogan sees the cops GUN strapped safely into its holster. Then he spots a wicked looking METAL PUNCH lying out on a nearby workbench. His eyes hold on it.

JACK

(nods)
Where's Ed?

COP

Off. Wife's having her veins scraped.
(indicating Hogan)
Need a place to put him.

JACK

I'm taking one out in a few minutes.
(tossing some keys)
Use the office.

CLOSE ON Hogan as the cop leads him to the office. As they cross, we notice the punch is missing from the workbench.

EXT. TERMINAL BUILDING -- LATER

Hamish watches through the glass as Fraser and Ray walk away from the building together. Each carries one piece of luggage. They walk in silence, Ray sulking.

FRASER

I'm not apologizing.

RAY

Fine.

FRASER

It's strictly prohibited to carry weapons on aircraft.

RAY

Fine.

FRASER

Particularly one not registered for use in this country.

RAY

(stops, turns)
And who told him it was unregistered Fraser? Who?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Ray continues on.

FRASER
(beat)
I'm not apologizing.

RAY
(calling back)
Fine.

At the plane Ray puts his one small bag in the open LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT, turns, sees:

ANGLE

Hamish, gives Ray a little wave.

RAY (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
I ever catch that guy in Chicago, he's going to wish he never wore plaid.

Ray steps into the plane. It's idling at the edge of the runway. Fraser loads his rucksack then stops, glances around, no Diefenbaker.

FRASER
(calling, without looking)
We're going now...we're leaving...we will not return.

He moves to get on the plane.

ANGLE

Diefenbaker breaks out of the underbrush and trots over to the plane. Hair full of brambles and twigs. Dief ignores him and hops in after Ray. Fraser shakes his head, follows --

INT. PASSENGER CABIN

It's about the size of a phone booth. And as comfortable.

RAY
(looking around)
Bet there's no movie.

Fraser fastens his seat belt. The doorway to the pilot cabin is partially covered by a cloth divider. Through it they catch a glimpse of the pilot's blue jumpsuit. The ENGINES REV into high gear.
"North" - Revised Yellow - 22/9/95

INT. TERMINAL

HAMISH
(into microphone)
You're clear for take-off anytime,
Jack. Weather's good to 0-nine
thousand, heading two-niner-eight all
the way up to the Territories. Over.

PILOT (O.S.)
(static, muffled)
Roger.

HAMISH
Coming back tonight after you drop
off the cops?

PILOT (O.S.)
(static, muffled)
...Cops?

HAMISH
Yeah. Mountie's fine -- the other
one takes a little getting used to.

EXT. PLANE -- DAY

PILOT (V.O.)
(muffled, static)
Thanks.

The plane begins to taxi.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN

The pilot leans through the curtain. It's Hogan. The name
tag on his jump suit says "Jack".

HOGAN
Seat belts?

They both nod.

HOGAN (CONT'D)
(big smile)
Enjoy the flight.

As he revs the throttles and begins the take-off roll we

FADE OUT:

END OF PROLOGUE
"North" - Revised Green - 20/9/95

ACT ONE

9
EXT. PLANE -- DAY

A brilliant blue day up here at ten thousand feet.

10
INT. PLANE -- DAY

Fraser and Ray have settled into the most comfortable positions possible. Fraser without his seatbelt.

RAY
(squirming)
How long did you say the flight was?

FRASER
Four hours.

Ray undoes his seat belt, looks around.

RAY
Okay, where's the john?
(there isn't one)
Oh, great.

As he settles back, Diefenbaker is breathing serious dog breath on him.

RAY (CONT'D)
What.

Dief doesn't budge. Ray sees there is a small self-serve mini bar beside him.

RAY (CONT'D)
Isn't it a little early?

Dief WHINES. Ray gives in, opens the mini bar, pushes aside bottles of spring water and tins of soda before finding a bag of peanuts. He opens it for Dief. Who wolfs them down.

There's a subtle change in the SOUND of the engine.

FRASER
(noticing)
Hm.

RAY
What?

FRASER
Nothing.

The engines SOUND normal. Fraser peers out, as if to get a look at something he can't quite see.
Continued:

FRASER (CONT'D)

Hm.

RAY

What?!

FRASER

Nothing. I'm sure it's nothing.

The plane hits a major air pocket and drops five hundred feet, lifting Ray off his seat.

RAY

That wasn't nothing.

(opens the curtain)

Hey champ, watch the road up there!

HOGAN

Sorry. Problem?

FRASER'S POV -- THE COCKPIT

Pilot. Control panel. Everything looks normal.

RAY

No I enjoy having my kidneys up my...

FRASER

(cutting him off)

We're fine. Thank you, Jim.

HOGAN

(meaning the seatbelts)

Better keep those on.

Ray closes the curtain behind him. Hold on Fraser.

EXT. HANGER -- LONG SHOT -- DAY

Hamish being interviewed by several uniformed cops. Lots of police cars. A shroud covered body is wheeled out.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN -- DAY

Fraser is watching out the window. Considers. Another bump.

FRASER

Ray, you wouldn't happen to have your back up gun would you?

RAY

No.
FRASER
Ah.

After a moment.

RAY
What?

FRASER
An observation. Probably ill timed, but...
(off Ray's look)
Well, this man is not a pilot, Ray.

RAY
You're telling me.

FRASER
I mean he may be a pilot but he's not our pilot. There's dandruff on the collar of his flight suit but none on his scalp.

RAY
For that we shoot him?

FRASER
The territories are northwest, Ray. He's been flying south for two hours. Add to that the fact he's been ignoring radio calls and periodically flying under the radar ceiling.

RAY
So what are you saying, we're being hijacked?

FRASER
Not necessarily, but the chaffing on his wrists is consistent with a man who has recently worn handcuffs. Then there's the blood stain on the back of his flight suit. And the bullet hole.

RAY
You couldn't have mentioned this earlier?

FRASER
Hoot point, Ray. He has a gun and we don't.

Ray starts to reach for his ankle holster. Stops.
CONTINUED: (2)

RAY
This isn't a trick, is it?
CONTINUED: (2)

No.

Ray takes out his back up gun.

But I will have to arrest you once we're on the ground.

He's leaning back, straining to listen to their conversation.

RAY

On three, ready?

Fraser reaches out, stops him.

Not now, wait until we land.

Where, Beirut?

It's a light plane, Ray. The man's probably a smuggler. My guess? We're headed for Mexico.

Right, where fifty of his pals will be waiting for us with Uzis. You know what happens to hostages Fraser? Cop Hostages? CNN? Bodies on the tarmac? Uh-uh, we've got to make him turn this thing around.

You're right. On the other hand if we rush him now there could be a struggle, he could be injured or refuse to cooperate.

Trust me, I stick this in his ear and he's going to come around.
FRASER
(on his own track)
In which case we would have to fly
the plane ourselves. Possible with
assistance from air traffic control,
and I remember a flight training manual
in my grandmother's library. It had a
few missing pages, nothing vital I'm
sure. And there must be some
similarities between a Sopwith Camel
and today's modern light aircraft.

RAY
So you can handle it?

FRASER
Ray, have you been listening?

RAY
Just give me the odds.

FRASER
Statistically more than 90% of all
light aircraft fatalities occur during
take off and landing.

RAY
Fraser, I am not going to be the guest
of honor at a human pinata party in
the Baja.

FRASER
On a brighter note, 18% of crash
survivors walk away with three out of
four limbs.

INT. COCKPIT -- CONTINUOUS
Hogan nervously checks the cop's gun. He looks around the
cockpit, pulls the parachute from behind the seat, then --

HOGAN'S POV
A latch on the door marked EXPLOSIVE RELEASE - EMERGENCY USE
ONLY.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN -- DAY
Ray cocks the gun, chambers a bullet.

RAY
Pull the curtain --
(moves forward)
On three...

(Continued)
A loud BANG! Suddenly, the plane lurches wildly, then begins to plummet -- Ray and Fraser are thrown into the air. Over the sound of the engine: RUSHING AIR, louder than a freight train.

(Continued)
Ray (cont'd)

(struggling)

What the...?

Fraser whips back the curtain. The pilot's chair is empty.

Below

The canopy of a parachute drifts slowly earthward.

INT. COCKPIT -- CONTINUOUS

The door is blown -- air rushes in from the outside. The red STALL LIGHT flashes demandingly. The low altitude alarm SQUAWKS. The engines have been shutdown. The plane's losing air speed rapidly.

Ray

He jumped?!

Fraser clamber's into the pilot chair.

Fraser

He cut the engines. Go back and strap yourself in!

Ray

The radio.

Ray grabs it. The control comes off in his hand.

Fraser

It's dead. Go!

Ray makes his way back, with difficulty.

Angle

Fraser trying to restart the engines.

Ahead

The ground looms up in front of him. The plane is dropping. The engines choke as he tries frantically to start them.

EXT. DENSE FOREST -- DAY

Hogan drops into FRAME -- hung by his chute from the trees, suspended in mid-air, unconscious. Hold on Hogan!

SFX -- A PLANE CRASH
EXT. FOREST -- LONG LENSE SHOT -- LATER

The crash site is hidden from view by a small rise. Behind it a forest of trees out of which is rising a large plume of black sooty smoke. Hold on it. Then:

HEAR FOOTSTEPS coming towards us. Gradually, over the rise, a Mountie stetson bobs into view, framed by the billowing smoke.

RAY (O.S.)
I'm not going with you.

FRASER (O.S.)
Fine.

RAY (O.S.)
We should have stayed with the plane.

FRASER (O.S.)
Fine.

Ray comes into view behind Fraser. His clothes dirty disheveled but intact. Diefenbaker, also dirty and disheveled lopes ahead of them. Ray is still struggling to put on his shoes.

RAY
This is insane. You're dragging us through miles of wilderness heading God-knows-where.

FRASER
Ray, the man's a vicious murderer. He killed the pilot, certainly his police escort and attempted to kill us.

RAY
Exactly. So we should go back to the plane and wait for reinforcements to arrive.

Fraser stops and Ray finally catches up to him.

FRASER
The emergency equipment, ELT and radio are destroyed and the plane is under cover of trees.

(MORE)
FRASER (CONT'D)
It will never be found. However, I saw a river on the way down and there's bound to be a road across it at some point. The hijacker must have seen it too, that's what he'll head for. If we move fast and drive hard we should catch him and still get there by nightfall, saving ourselves in the process. Any questions?

Fraser is bleeding from a nasty head wound. Ray takes off his hat to get a better look.

RAY
(touches it)
Oh no. You're in great shape.

FRASER
Head wounds always look worse than they really are.
(pulls out the compass)
Read this.

RAY
It's your compass, you read it.

I can't.

FRASER

RAY
Well, neither can I.

FRASER
Well you'll have to Ray, I'm blind.

A long moment.

RAY
You're blind.

Yes.

FRASER
Ray waves his fingers in front of Fraser's eyes. Nothing.

RAY
Why didn't you tell me?

FRASER
No point in making a bad situation worse.
RAY
Worse. You can't see! We're going back to the plane.
FRASER
Any sign of the hijacker?

RAY
No.

FRASER
Soon we are going to reach a river valley. The trees will change. Instead of coniferous there will be more deciduous -- poplar, birch, ash.

RAY
This is supposed to mean something to me?

FRASER
The kind with leaves.

RAY
Right.

FRASER
Now if I'm not mistaken the river valley should be right... They come over a rise. Fraser stops.

FRASER (CONT'D)
...Here.

RAY'S POV
Acres of virgin forest before them. No water for miles.

BACK TO SCENE
Ray and Diefenbaker look at each other, then at Fraser. Diefenbaker, turns walks off abandoning Ray.

FRASER (CONT'D)
What do you see?

RAY
Trees.

FRASER
Describe them.

RAY
Green.

FRASER
Ah. The river?
CONTINUED: (2)

Ray looks at Fraser who clearly isn't himself, considers telling the truth, thinks better of it.

RAY
It's probably just over the next hill.

FRASER
Good then. Onward.

Ray takes a compass heading. Orient himself west.

RAY
Okay Ethan Edwards. Westward ho.

Fraser starts to walk and Ray deftly steers him to follow the compass heading.

FRASER
(stops)
I can feel sun on the left side of my nose.

(hesitates)
What time is it?

RAY
One-thirty.

FRASER
I think you're a little off.

RAY
From the sun on your nose?

FRASER
Check the compass again, you're not reading it properly. Even a one degree mistake can put us hundreds of miles off course.

RAY
I know that, I'm not a complete idiot Fraser --

FRASER
I never said you were.

RAY
-- I camped before too, with my dad when I was a kid.

FRASER
Really?
CONTINUED:

He's breaking a path in front of Fraser, lifting branches, clearing deadfalls. Fraser's taking no notice as he walks along in Ray's wake.

RAY
Let's take a break.

FRASER
I feel perfectly fresh, Ray.

RAY
It's getting dark. We should stop and make camp.

FRASER
Well, if you must but wise men walk while fools sleep.

RAY
Did I mention anything about sleep? I'd just like to be able to see where I'm going.

FRASER
Means nothing to me.

RAY
I am not tracking this guy by moonlight.

FRASER
"There are strange things done/In the midnight sun/By the men who...

RAY
...Toil for gold". Yeah, yeah, I heard that one. And then they shot Sam McGee. Told you I went camping.

FRASER
"Moil". And they cremated him. Dan McGrew was shot.

RAY
They ever catch the guy?

FRASER
(beat)
No. It's a poem.

RAY
"Moil", huh?

FRASER
Yes. Moil -- not toil.
RAY
Moil, toil -- who cares.

FRASER
Robert Service, apparently.

RAY
Who's he?

FRASER
The poet.

EXT. FOREST -- LATER
Ray looks around at the forest. It's getting very dark.

RAY
We're lost, aren't we.

FRASER
No. We just don't know where we are.

RAY
There's a difference?

FRASER
Being lost is accompanied by panic. Ray.

RAY
Are you saying I'm panicking?

FRASER
On the contrary. People who are lost panic and walk aimlessly in the woods, often in circles, until they collapse and die from starvation or lack of water. We, by comparison, are very calm. That's the key to not getting lost in the woods -- stay calm.

They enter a clearing.

FRASER (CONT'D)
I smell fuel, burned plastic and metal. What is it?

RAY'S POV
The plane. They are back where they started.

RAY
A plane crash.
CONTINUED:

FRASER
Another one? My God, Ray, imagine the odds... *

BACK TO SCENE

RAY
No it's our plane crash. We're back where we started.
(sinks in)
We're lost.

A shot rings out. It's Hogan -- hidden on the other side of the wreck.

RAY (CONT'D)
(ducks)
Get down!

FRASER
Let me handle this...

Fraser steps out arm raised, facing the wrong direction.

FRASER (CONT'D)
In the name of the RCMP I order you to...

Hogan starts to fire rapidly at Fraser. Bullets explode around him. Ray takes a flying leap and knocks Fraser to the ground out of the line of fire.

RAY
I don't think he heard you.

Ray pulls his gun and fires several rounds in the direction the shot came from.

ANGLE

Hogan takes off into the bush.

Ray fires a couple of more to be sure. Empties his revolver. There's no returning fire. The woods are eerily quiet.

The last fingers of sunlight fade around them as we:

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

EXT. FOREST -- CRASH SITE -- DAY

Ray and Fraser have cleared away some of the wreckage and fashioned a shelter of sorts. Fraser sits alone with the FIRST AID KIT doing an interesting job of bandaging his head wound. Even though the air temperature has dropped, he's sweating heavily from a high fever. He's not well. Ray arrives and dumps a collection of supplies he's gathered from the wreck, including a couple of 330 milliliter bottles (think Evian) of water and the contents of the SURVIVAL KIT.

RAY
Okay, he left us the toothpaste, the sun screen and a box of hemorrhoid powder.

FRASER
I almost had him.

Ray peels something off the blanket.

RAY
A breath mint.
(inspects the mint)
I suppose we could boil it.

FRASER
It was a textbook situation.
(on the other track)
He must have heard us approaching.

Diefenbaker walks out of the woods carrying a bag of honey roasted peanuts (from the mini bar).

RAY
Peanuts?

Diefenbaker immediately turns and takes off with the peanuts.

RAY (CONT'D)
Hey!

Ray dives to catch him, but can't.
CONTINUED:

RAY (CONT'D)
You didn't really think he'd surrender.

FRASER
Not with you firing at him.

Ray roots through the pile: there's a can of STERNO, some
EPOXY and a PACK of desalination tablets. All tossed over
his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

RAY
You're right, next time I'll let him shoot us.

FRASER
There won't be a next time. He only came back to the plane for provisions. Now he's on the run and thinks we're on his trail. He doesn't know you're out of bullets but he does know that even a minor wound will slow him down -- he won't risk a direct confrontation unless he's cornered.

Ray finds a hundred feet of TWINE, pockets it.

RAY
He's got a 9 millimeter Sig Sauer with at least two clips of ammunition.

FRASER
Even so we may be able to take him alive.

RAY
And just how do you propose to do that?

FRASER
We use nature to our advantage. Sam Steele patrolled the Northwest Territories his entire career without ever drawing his weapon. It was a point of honor and he was buried with it, still unfired.

RAY
Great, let's go dig it up.

He pulls out a bale of MOSQUITO NETTING -- over his shoulder. Then a FLARE GUN, which he drops in a pile.

FRASER
The point is out here in the wilderness survival rests on wits, not fire power.

Ray pulls out a shiny aluminum FLASHLIGHT. CLICKS it on and off.

FRASER (CONT'D)
For example, an incandescent flashlight beam is visible for half a mile at night. The hijacker didn't think of that, or he would have waited until dark and picked us off one at a time.
Ray looks at the offending light and tosses it over his shoulder.

FRASER (CONT'D)
Which leads me to believe he's inexperienced in wilderness survival. Besides, Diefenbaker would have raised an alarm if he were still close by. He's not.
RAY
We don't have to worry about catching
the hijacker, we're going to starve
to death long before that.

FRASER
ingenuity, perseverance and a
fundamental understanding of how to
go about it one can actually exist
quite comfortably in the woods.

RAY
What are we going to eat, trees? --
there's nothing out there.

FRASER
There is if you know where to look.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON -- GRUBS
Thousands of them, albino white squirming.

RAY (O.S.)
No way.

BACK TO SCENE
Ray is holding up a rock.

FRASER
They're an excellent source of
nutrition. High in fat and far more
strengthening than fish or meat.

RAY
You eat them then.

FRASER
(lifts his head)
Shhh.

RAY
What?
FRASER
I think I hear a nest of furry nightcrawlers.
CONTINUED: (6)

He's off, crawling on his hands and knees.

RAY

Oh God...

OMITTED

THRU

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EXT. FOREST -- CRASH SITE -- NIGHT (NIGHT ONE)

CLOSE on the fire pit.

FRASER (V.O.)

Ready?

Twigs and small branches are piled inside a circle of rocks. Underneath the small branches is a pile of tinder.

RAY

Ask me again I set you on fire.

FRASER

Understood.

RAY

Look, we decided. You're in charge of being blind, I'm in charge of seeing. Anything I left out? Good, then just let me do this. This I can do, alright?

Ray lowers a lit match to the tinder -- it begins to kindle. Ray blows on it, shallow quick breaths. Fraser stands out of the way.

FRASER

I think I know what happened today. One of my legs must be longer than the other, causing us to walk in a circle. I should have taken that into account. Ray, measure my legs.

RAY

(between blows of the fire)

I am not measuring your legs.

FRASER

(off his legs)

Hm. This head injury must be throwing me off a tad.

(CONTINUED)
RAY
(sarcastic)
A tad?

FRASER
The blow I received during the crash probably caused a sub dural hematoma. The resulting swelling of the anterior cerebrum put pressure on my optic nerve -- so far it's not getting any worse. However, if I were to suddenly become disoriented for example, then we'd have to worry.

He gets up and falls into the fire pit.

FRASER (CONT'D)
If you are going to keep moving this thing you could tell a body.

RAY
(biting his tongue)
Sorry.

Ray extricates him from the fire pit then desperately tries to keep the fire going.

FRASER
 brushing himself off)
It's all right, Steve, no need to apologize.

RAY
...Steve?

FRASER
What?

RAY
You called me Steve.

FRASER
I most certainly did not.

RAY
You did.

FRASER
That's ridiculous. You're not hyperventilating are you?

He tries to give it a few more breaths. The fire dies.
RAY
(frustrated)
It's dead.

FRASER
I know. You were blowing too hard. There's more tinder by that hemlock tree.

RAY
Gimme a break. You want to be in charge. You want to do everything? Get it yourself.

Ray moves off kicking pieces of wood out of his way. Fraser leans down to the fire and adjusts the set up. As he rises back up, FRASER SR. is sitting beside him. Wearing vintage winter tracking gear, complete with SNOWSHOES. We can't see them -- they're below the edge of frame.

FRASER SR.
(critical)
You'll never teach him to start a fire that way.

FRASER
I think he believes we are going to die out here. Probably with some justification.

FRASER SR.
He's right. You've gotten yourself into a hell of a predicament, son.

FRASER
Hardly of my making.

He picks up the container of grubs.

FRASER SR.
Mmmmm. Grubs.

He pops one in his mouth.

FRASER SR. (CONT'D)
You could've reversed the choke settings -- the engines would have started.

FRASER
You could have said something.

FRASER SR.
I know how you hate it when I interfere.
FRASER
Interfere!?  

FRASER SR.
(quickly)
You'll have to move fast and drive
hard if you're going to bring him in
alive. And don't underestimate him,
son. For all we know he could have
left a trail of bodies from here to
the Circle. Hunters, miners,
sodbusters...

FRASER
(realizing)
Dad...

FRASER SR.
Poachers, claim stakers...

Dad.

FRASER SR.
...a whole canoe full of Courier de
Bois.

FRASER
Dad: It may have escaped your notice
but I have recently received a massive
blow to the head.

During this he has been trying to pour water from a bottle
into a container. He's spilling it.

FRASER SR.
You've got a few good hours in you,
you can still catch him, you know.
FRASER
Good, good -- I'm glad you brought that up. Could you explain to me, once and for all why it is that we always get our man?

FRASER SR.
We just do.

FRASER
Why?

FRASER SR.
It's the motto, son.

FRASER
No it's not. It's "Maintain the Right". So what you're saying is we hunt people to the ends of the earth over a motto that's not even our motto?

He marches off in his snowshoes.

FRASER SR.
(calling back)
Good hunting son.

FRASER
You're tracking the wrong man!

Ray arrives, sets down new tinder and rebuilds the fire.

RAY
Talking to yourself?

FRASER
Evidently.
CONTINUED: (S)

Ray gets set, lights a match. The fire goes out.

RAY

Damn.

FRASER

The wood is damp.

Ray starts to rebuild the fire in silence, checking the wood for dryness.

FRASER (CONT'D)

My father taught me when I was six -- he took me into the woods, handed me a piece of flint and a hunk of granite then walked away without turning back. When I realized he was going to leave me there all night I set some tinder down, rubbed the stones, made fire the first try.

RAY

You made fire out of rocks?

FRASER

Funny, I don't really remember the fire, just the darkness and knowing that I was alone.

Ray considers this.

RAY

My dad wasn't much of a father and son guy -- I mean, we camped, of course -- but what he did teach me? You look out for number one. Period.

FRASER

A police officer puts others first.

RAY

My father hated cops.
CONTINUED: (6)

Ray walks over to the edge of the woods, leans over and begins to gather another armful of wood. VECCHIO SR. arrives.

ANGLE -- RAY

Ignores him, keeps working.

VECCHIO SR.
I heard that.

RAY
What do you want.

VECCHIO SR.
You tell a stranger something like that about family?

RAY
He's not a stranger, he's a friend.

VECCHIO SR.
Some friend. He's looney toons -- you should cut him loose.

RAY
I owe him.

VECCHIO SR.
You owe nobody. He's going to get you killed.

RAY
That's always the way it is with you, pop isn't it. Just you. Screw the rest of the world.

VECCHIO SR.
Something wrong with that?

Ray hesitates, then abruptly turns and walks away without another word.

He gets to the fire, drops some dry logs on the setup -- puts the rest aside then puts the matches into Fraser's hands.

RAY
You do it.

Fraser strikes one. He throws at the fire pit and the wood BURSTS into flames, nearly obliterating them from view.
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CONTINUED: (7)

RAY (CONT'D)
(alarmed)
Oh God. Fire!

Ray leaps away to get the fire under control. Hold on Fraser: *

FRASER
See, once you learn you never forget.

EXT. VECCHIO HOUSE -- NIGHT

FRANCESCA standing on the front step. Through the curtains
behind her see people moving. She's alone, looking up at
the:

MOON

High and full in the sky. She hangs for a moment, then turns
and walks into the house. Welsh and some other cops hanging
in the front hall.

FULL SHOT -- THE MOON

The same one, but seen from thousands of miles away.

EXT. FOREST -- CRASH SITE -- NIGHT

The fire is banked down for the night. Ray stares into the
embers. His face a little soot blackened. Fraser beside
him, under a blanket of seat padding and material.

RAY
I can't believe I did that.
(pats his stomach)
I think I can feel those things moving
in there.

FRASER
(shaking, cold sweat)
It was a good meal, Ray.

Ray looks at him, concerned.

RAY
You need another blanket?

FRASER
Let's get some rest. We have to double
our pace tomorrow if we expect to
catch up to him.

RAY
Fraser, look at yourself.
FRASER
I can't very well do that now, can I,
Steve?

RAY
Ray.

FRASER
Of course you are.

Fraser puts his head down to sleep. Ray is going to say
something more on the subject -- thinks better of it.

RAY
I'll wake you up every couple of hours.

Fraser's already out.

Ray sits, contemplates the fire. Tosses something on to it.
The fire brightens and leaps as it consumes the paper. The
fathers are standing apart at the edge of the forest --
watching their sons. A SASQUATCH lumbers silently through
the woods behind them, just at the edge of the shadows. On
their reaction:

SFX -- A LONE WOLF HOWL
Ray turns in the direction the sound came from. Calls:

RAY (CONT'D)
Very funny. You think you're a wolf
or something?

Diefenbaker trots out of the darkness. Ray pats him on the
head. Fraser's MUMBLING in his sleep. Ranting about black
Russians and the price of tea in Boston. The possibility of
a Powell-Perot ticket in 1996. Total nonsense.

Diefenbaker curls up beside him.

RAY (CONT'D)
If he doesn't make it you're gonna
help me get out of here, right Dief?

Dief 'WHINES. The sky above is a blazing sea of stars:

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

EXT. FOREST -- MORNING (DAY TWO)

Ray asleep. The fire simply ashes. He wakes up with a start. Fraser is beside him, looking like shit. Dark circles under his eyes, dry cracked lips. But he's dressed and ready to go, his jacket buttoned up right under his chin.

Ray rolls out.

RAY

You're up.

FRASER

Yes I didn't want to wake you. I made breakfast.

He offers Ray a centipede.

RAY

No. You go ahead.

FRASER

(cocks his head)

Listen.

SFX -- DRONE OF A PLANE ENGINE

Far away, getting closer.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Search plane. Someone must be in trouble.

RAY

Yeah, it's us.

Ray races for the survival kit. The SOUND of the plane is coming closer.

RAY (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Down here -- hey! --

—he's never going to make it

-- HEY!

Ray has the FLARE GUN out. ZOOM -- the plane whizzes overhead and disappears. Ray fires a flare -- it hits the some branches, doesn't clear the tree tops. Shower of sparks. Ray reloads, looking for a clear shot. The spent canister is hot, he fumbles with it. The SOUND fades away.
FRASER
Ray... don't bother. Search planes fly grid patterns. It won't be back.

RAY
Fraser, what the hell is wrong with you! That could have been our only chance to get out of here alive. Why didn't you...

FRASER
(taken aback)
We still have a man to catch.

Ray stares at him, realizes it's no use. He picks up Fraser's rucksack, throws the last of the water in it.

RAY
Come on.

Fraser starts to LAUGH. Ray turns on him:

RAY (CONT'D)
What the hell's so funny.

Fraser's trying to get up but his balance is off, his legs not cooperating.

FRASER
(struggling)
...I seem to have lost the use of my legs.

EXT. FOREST -- TRAIL -- LATER

Ray now has Fraser on his back in a fireman's carry. He's also weighted down with a black zippered duffle bag (which contains A SELF INFLATING RAFT we'll see later) slung around on his chest.

Behind him, Diefenbaker trots along wearing a makeshift set of saddlebags that contain the first aid kit, a small axe, whatever else Ray could salvage from the plane wreck.

FRASER
Ray, if at any time during the trip I should become a burden, you'd tell me, wouldn't you?

RAY
Yes, Fraser.
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37 CONTINUED:

FRASER
And you'd go on without me.

RAY
Absolutely.

FRASER
Without hesitation?

RAY
In a heartbeat.

FRASER
I appreciate this.

Ray walks in silence -- it's as hard as it looks.

RAY
If you're feeling any better don't hesitate to say so.

They walk further.

FRASER
Ray.

RAY
Better?

FRASER
I'm very thirsty.

Ray stops, lets Fraser down and takes out their last water bottle. He unwraps it, hands it to Fraser and stuffs the wrapper into his coat.

[ Note: During the following neither Ray nor Fraser hears the others conversation ]

ANGLE
Ray's dad walks up beside him.

VECCHIO SR.
What are you doing with that water.

RAY
What does it look like?

VECCHIO SR.
You're doing all the work -- take it for yourself. He'll never know.

RAY
Get away from me, pop.
CONTINUED: (2)

VECCHIO SR.
Don't blame me if you die out here!

Ray turns away from him.

ANGLE -- FRASER

Fraser Sr. walks up and squats beside him.

FRASER SR.
He's slowing you down, son.

FRASER
Slowing me down?

FRASER SR.
When I joined the Mounted Police, all the equipment we got was a paper bag and a pointed stick. We used the bag to boil tea. The stick was for killing game. And if you lost either one, you got charged for it.

FRASER
Are you ill?

FRASER SR.
There's nothing to be ashamed of, son. You've got a man to catch.

Ray steps in.

RAY
Okay, saddle up.

Diefenbaker, still in his saddle bags, WHINES.

RAY (CONT'D)
You want to trade?

Diefenbaker moves off, feeling lucky.

Fraser mutters to himself as Ray hoists him up and begins to walk. Hold on Fraser Sr. as he watches them go. Then Vecchio Sr. walks by him as he follows Fraser and Ray. They don't acknowledge each other. A beat, then Fraser Sr. follows.

CUT TO:

37A EXT. SOMEWHERE ELSE IN THE FOREST -- DAY

Trees RUSTLING. Could be an animal, but it's not, it's Hogan.

He breaks out of the woods into a clearing and looks around, trying to get his bearings.
He pulls out a ripped TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP, part of one he took from the plane. But he has no compass, can't begin to get himself oriented. Suppresses his panic. He drops his heavy backpack, abandoning it, and lurches off.

EXT. FOREST -- LATER

We can't see them through the trees. But we can HEAR them:

FRASER (O.S.)
Step, step, step, limp, step, step,
step limp.
(beat)
Ray, you missed a limp.

RAY (O.S.)
No I didn't.

They come into view. Still in a fireman's carry. Periodically, Ray walks with an unusual gait.

FRASER
That was a hop. A hop could send you off course two degrees - although you could probably compensate with a dip and a toe loop.

RAY
This in the manual? You're not making it up?

FRASER
Section 1804-A.

RAY
Forget about the perp shooting at us -- he'll be laughing too hard to aim.

Ray adjusts Fraser's weight and the water bottle wrapper slips out of the place he stuffed it. Neither of them notices as it flutters to the ground.

RAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Pastafazool. Tuesdays Ma always makes a big pot.

EXT. FOREST -- LATER

RAY
She starts boiling the beans in the morning and you can smell it in every room in the house. It's heaven.

Fraser still in a fireman's carry. Ray is exhausted but has a good healthy glow -- Fraser is dry and pasty. Dehydration.
FRASER
Bannock. My Grandmother made it.

RAY
Taste good?

FRASER
No. It was hard, flat, unleavened bread that tasted like a hockey puck.
(fondly)
I can still smell it burning in the oven.

Ray walks a bit, thinking.

RAY
What will they tell them back home?

FRASER
The truth.

RAY
It's a big responsibility when people rely on you. Ma worries if I'm late home from work.

FRASER
You could have set a clock by my father's schedule -- outbound at the first snow, home again at spring breakup. As a boy I used to wait on the path to meet him. He never missed either, not even once. Not until his death.

EXT. FOREST -- CONTINUOUS

Hogan struggles out of the bush and stumbles onto the trail. He finds a tree, sinks down against it, exhausted. He looks tired, lost and disoriented.
CONTINUED:

After a moment his eyes fall on:

HOGAN'S POV

The bottle wrapper.

BACK TO SCENE

Hogan picks up the wrapper. Then he sees footprints in the soft ground. Moves off.

EXT. FOREST -- CLEARING

Both sitting. Been there for a while. The gear in a heap. Fraser is fashioning something out of a dozen long pieces of cord to which he's tying a fist-sized stone weight at each end.

RAY
What are you doing?

FRASER
We're getting close, Ray.

RAY
Slingshot?

FRASER
Bola -- Inuit use them to hunt.

RAY
I had a slingshot when I was a kid --
(fondly)
Know the sweet sound of breaking a plate glass window from sixty feet? Nowadays kids just fire an uzi through the front window. Where's the satisfaction in that?

FRASER
A bola's not a toy, Ray. It's a deadly weapon that can bring down a good sized elk. Or a man.

RAY
Fraser, the hijacker's at a Hilton somewhere by the pool.

FRASER
No Ray, we're closing in on him. Now, take this...

Fraser's finished. Ray takes the bola and hefts the weights.
CONTINUED:

FRASER (CONT'D)
(pantomimes it)
...and when you get enough momentum,
let it go.

Ray begins to twirl it overhead.

FRASER (CONT'D)
Let it go.

RAY
I'm trying.

It picks up so much speed that it starts to pull him off balance.

FRASER
Throw it!

Ray releases the bola and it goes straight up in the air.
Ray watches it go. Beat. Hold on him looking up.

SFX: Off camera, SOUND OF A BOLA hitting trees.

All of a sudden Ray covers his head and dives out of the way. The bola falls through and out of frame landing where Ray was just standing.

ANGLE

FRASER (CONT'D)

Ray?

RAY
I don't like our chances.
(brushing himself off)
Look, a gun, a knife or a pair of brass knucks I can use. I'm outta my depth here.

FRASER
You can't fight nature Ray, you have to use it.
RAY
You've stopped sweating.

Hands him a bottle of water.

FRASER
Really.
(feels his forehead)
A person 10% dehydrated can suffer dizziness, nausea, a swollen tongue.
At 15% dim vision, loss of muscle control, deafness, painful stools.

RAY
Where are you at.

FRASER
Inability to sweat indicates ten to fifteen percent loss.

RAY
Twenty?

FRASER
Death.

Ray looks at the last of the water -- hands it to Fraser.
He drinks it hungrily, spilling some.

RAY
Careful.

Ray shakes out the bottle, tips it back. It's empty.

RAY (CONT'D)
Hope you're right about that river.

OMITTED
AND
EXT. FOREST -- LATER -- MONTAGE
Walking through the forest, Ray carrying Fraser who is:
Reciting multiplication tables with Ray leading.
CONTINUED:

Later, SINGING "Rose Marie" or a Western ditty. Fraser delirious, off key, arrhythmic.

Then, debating the origins of man and the nature of faith. With himself.

Much later, as they come up over a rise -- classic sixties, Fraser WAILING "California Dreaming", with Ray joining. Suddenly, Ray pulls up short:

RAY

Shhhhh.

Fraser keeps singing.

RAY (CONT'D)

Shut up!

FRASER

(finally)

What?

RAY

(listening)

Water.

We HEAR it too as they move off, picking up speed:

OMITTED

EXT. RIVER -- DAY

Ray bursts out of the woods and stumbles down to the water. Fraser rolls off onto the bank. Bends, drinks with his hands, splashes water. Fraser's lies by the river exhausted.

DIEFENBAKER

Takes a quick drink -- moves off.

RAY

...Sparkling, blue, crystal, clear, can you taste this? This is where they get Evian from, right?

(drinks)

Most of the rivers around Chicago you can walk on. This is really beautiful.

FRASER

(exhausted)

There's a little stream that runs behind my father's cabin...

RAY

We'll get there buddy.
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CONTINUED:

ANGLE -- THE BLACK DUFFLE BAG
It contains a self-inflating LIFE RAFT.

Ray exposes a RIP CORD --

ANGLE

The river. Vecchio Sr., appears.

VECCHIO SR.
Now you're thinking. Ditch him and take the raft.

RAY

No.

VECCHIO SR.
A man would take that raft. A man would save himself.

Ray moves with the raft closer to the river's edge.

REVEAL -- FRASER

Fraser Sr. leans in to him.

FRASER SR.
Now's your chance. If you take the raft and leave him behind, you can still get your man.

FRASER
No. I absolutely refuse to do a thing so foolhardy.

FRASER SR.
They'll have you up on charges.

FRASER
Do you ever listen to yourself?

FAVORING VECCHIO'S

RAY

What?

FRASER
Not you (gesturing)
Him.

There's no one there.
CONTINUED: (2)

VECCHIO SR.
(throwing Fraser a look)
Loony tunes. Like I said.
(to Ray)
Listen to me why don't you.

FAVORING FRASER'S

FRASER SR.
(satisfied)
I know you'll do the right thing.

FRASER
How? I have no legs.

FRASER SR.
Have to. It's in our nature.

FRASER
You don't just leave people in the woods and hope they survive. They don't thank you for it.

FRASER SR.
I know son. But they survive. Isn't that thanks enough?

ANGLE -- RAY

VECCHIO SR.
If you're not going to, I'll do it for you.

Vecchio Sr. reaches for the raft. Ray jumps away from him.

RAY
Get away from me.

FRASER
I'm not near you.

RAY
(to Fraser)
You want to stay out of this?
(to his father)
This guy is gonna die and I have to get him out of here. I don't care what that makes me. I am not you. Now back off, alright!

With that, Ray heaves the bag at the river and with a hiss of gas the bag changes miraculously into an inflatable raft.

However, the rip cord has come off in his hand.
CONTINUED: (3)

RAY (CONT'D)

Hey!

ANGLE

The raft picks up speed as it floats away and catches in the current. In the blink of an eye it's a hundred yards away.

FULL SHOT

The four of them watch as the raft disappears around a bend.

Beat.

The two fathers shake their heads, incredulous, leave Fraser and Ray standing alone on the river bank. Ray's father stops to say something. Ray waits for it, but his father's silence speaks volumes.

FRASER

Ray?

On Ray as he absorbs the impact of this loss:
END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

EXT. RIVER -- MOMENTS LATER

FRASER
The raft. Perhaps we'll find it further downstream.

RAY
No. It's gone.

FRASER
Then I suppose we should start walking.

RAY
You mean I should start carrying.

FRASER
Actually, Ray. I felt a twitch earlier. Could you protract my lower lumbar?

RAY
What?

FRASER
(sitting up)
Put your knee in my back and pull.

He does, gingerly at first.

FRASER (CONT'D)
You may have to wrench it.

Ray grabs him around the chest, heaves. CRACK. Fraser grimaces as something slides into place.

FRASER (CONT'D)
Ah.

RAY
That hurt?

FRASER
Like a hot poker. (struggles to his feet) But I seem to have found my feet.

He tests himself with a few unsteady steps.

RAY
(determined)
Good. Then we're getting out of here.
EXT. FOREST -- LATER -- DAY

A ridge pole pine crashes to the ground. Ray stands above it, the conqueror, sweating.

FRASER
How many is that?

RAY
Eight.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON -- A LOG

Ray is lashing the last of about a dozen logs into a makeshift raft about 8 x 10. His hands are cut and bleeding. He has run out of rope before the last cord is tied. Fraser's dunk has given him a chill. He's coughing.

RAY (CONT'D)
We're short a rope.

FRASER
Improvise.

RAY
With what?
CONTINUED:

FRASER
The inside bark of a balsam or poplar is probably best. It has to be boiled, then chewed, but it makes a very fine rope when you're finished. Inuit women do it all the time. It's healthy and good for the teeth.

RAY
I'll remember to tell my dentist.

FRASER
Cedar roots are an acceptable substitute.

RAY
You boil or chew them?

FRASER
No.

RAY
I'm your man.

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

Ray is crouched at the foot of a cedar tree, pulling roots up with his hands. It's hard work. He HEARS something behind him, turns:

VECCHIO SR.
Look at you.
   (shaking his head)
Loser.

RAY
You oughta know.

VECCHIO SR.
You never listened to me. You never knew what was good for you. You never listened and you never learned.

RAY
When did you tell me pop? When you didn't come home for dinner five nights a week? Or was it Saturday nights when you were passed out on the floor after too much vino with the boys?

VECCHIO SR.
It wasn't up to me to talk it was up to you to listen.
CONTINUED:

RAY
(turns away)
Well I'm not listening to you anymore.

VECCHIO SR.
I'm your father.

RAY
(turns back, beat)
Yeah, you're my father.

Ray turns to go, hears a TWIG SNAP.

OMITTED

EXT. WOODS -- CONTINUOUS

Above him, Hogan, gun out, moving forwards along the top of a ridge.

HOGAN'S POV
Looking downhill. He can't quite see Ray between the trees.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS

Ray in a crouch -- listens. Moves off:

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS -- CONTINUOUS

With Ray, keeping low as he runs, throwing locks uphill and at the same time searching for Fraser. Suddenly, a leg SHOOTS out and Ray goes sprawling. It's Fraser, hidden behind a rock.

FRASER
Get down.

RAY
I am down.

FRASER
He's up there somewhere. I can smell him.

RAY
I thought you said he wouldn't risk a direct confrontation?
CONTINUED:

FRASER
I appear to have miscalculated. But
I have a plan. We draw him to the
river, lure him out in the open using
the raft as bait, then you trap him
with the bola.

RAY
Problem: I can't use the bola, Fraser.

FRASER
I didn't say it was a good plan.

RUSTLING in the woods then A SHOT imbeds itself in a tree
beside their heads.

RAY
I'll take it.

They leap up and run. ANOTHER SHOT eats rock where Fraser
was just sitting.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS -- CONTINUOUS

Hogan moving parallel to them along the top of the ridge.
FIRING occasionally:

INTERCUT:

Ray and Fraser as fast as they can go. Bullets WHIZZING
around them.

RAY
Any other plans?

FRASER
I'm thinking...

RAY
In case nothing springs to mind, I
have to get something off my chest.

BANG -- BANG -- two more shots. They dive for cover behind
a clump of rocks.

FRASER
Go ahead.
CONTINUED:

RAY

(into it)
My father, when I was a kid he hung out at the pool hall, drank espressos with the guys and acted like some big jake. Which he wasn't. Anyway, I'm ten maybe and I want to go camping. I saw it in a book or something. But I really just wanted to do anything to be with him -- and finally he says okay. So I go out and get a tent.

BANG -- BANG -- two more shots.

FRASER
Is this a long story Ray?

RAY
My mom she gives me some sheets -- her good sheets -- and I get wood. I don't know how to light a fire --but I really want him to teach me. Anyway, it gets dark and I wait and wait. Hours. Then it starts to rain.

BANG -- BANG. Two more shots eat rock.

FRASER
He's moving again.

Ray and Fraser break from cover.

INTERCUT -- HOGAN

Puts in a fresh clip -- see 15 bullets! in the fresh magazine -- as he starts to move.
BACK TO SCENE

RAY
Steep hill comin' up.
They run down the steep hill that leads to the river.

FRASER
Woah!
They reach the bottom and hug the cliff wall for cover.

RAY
I've been there hours, still he doesn't come home. So I go down to Fanelli's and sneak up to the window. There's my dad, playing pool. He sees me and says "Hey, there's my son, Ray. Look, you wet yourself". "Can't you do anything right?". I looked down. I was soaked from sitting on the ground in the tent. They all laughed.

Fraser, listening.

RAY (CONT'D)
I went home, put the tent away. We never talked about it.

FRASER
We can't choose our families, Ray.

RAY
I never camped with my father. Not once.

BANG -- a bullet lodges near their heads. Hogan has found them. Ray looks for a way out. Then:

RAY (CONT'D)
The raft. On three...

They take off running

OMITTED
They leap to safety behind the raft. Crouched, they are just shielded behind it. This is the end of the line. The raft weighs several hundred pounds -- too heavy for them to lift to the water under Hogan's withering fire.

RAY
I think this is it.
EXT. ROCK WALL

Hogan has to make his way to the edge of the overhang above them. Begins to make his way down, going gingerly around a huge boulder.

FRASER
I agree. I think we've got him just where we want him.

RAY
Yeah I'm sure that's what he'll be thinking as he shoots us to death at close range.

FRASER
How close is he?

RAY
Coming down the rocks. Fifty yards.

FRASER
Angle.

RAY
Ten o'clock.

FRASER
And the bola?

It's on the rocks near the water where they first went in. Directly between the raft and the water.

RAY
Fraser the man has a gun. I am not going to leap into the open and fling stones at his head.

FRASER
No. I am. If you can reach it, I think I can find his range, with your help.

RAY
Fraser, you can't see.

OMITTED

EXT. RIVER -- CONTINUOUS

Ray looks around -- they are too far from the edge of the woods to make it past Hogan without being cut down.
CONTINUED:

BANG -- BANG -- BANG

HOGAN

Near the bottom of the down slope now directly below the huge boulder. Gets his footing.

Another twenty feet and he will be right on top of them --

DIEFENBAKER

-- Sees this, shrugs off the saddle bags and emerges from the woods on the run, BARKING, heading straight for Hogan.

SIMULTANEOUSLY:

Hogan sees Diefenbaker coming, wheels from Ray, fires.

RAY

Sees this and heads for the bola -- Diefenbaker peels off, takes cover.

FRASER

Eyes watering like crazy, starts to see blurry images --

FRASER

...Ray?

He stands up looking for --

FRASER (CONT'D)

Ray...?

He sees a blurry outline of:

RAY

Who comes up with the bola, twirls it and lets go --

FRASER (CONT'D)

(calling out)

Ray. It's all right now. I can see.
Give me the...

-- it's heading straight at his head.

RAY

Fraser!

FRASER'S POV

The bola heading straight for him.
CONTINUED: (2)

FRASER

...bola.

He dives to the ground.

ANGLE

It sails high over Hogan's head. Completely missing him.

EXT. ROCK OVERHANG -- CONTINUOUS

But the bola strikes the base of the huge boulder above him -- and dislodges an avalanche of rock and debris! The huge boulder tips, starts to fall

CUT TO:

HOGAN

Raises his gun to shoot Fraser. Hears the RUMBLE above. Looks up as the huge boulder crashes to the ground, burying him.

CUT TO:

RAY

Amazed.

RAY

Wow.

EXT. RIVER -- CONTINUOUS

Fraser is lying on the ground looking up at him.

FRASER

What happened?

RAY

(impressed)

I missed.

Fraser Sr. leans in over Fraser.

FRASER SR.

Nice work, son.

FRASER

Thank you.

FRASER SR.

But I think he's dead.

DISSOLVE TO:
RAY (O.S.)
Admit it. I know what I'm doing.

FRASER (O.S.)
You know what you're doing.

RAY (O.S.)
Thank you.

SFX -- Calm paddling.

FRASER (O.S.)
Ray.

RAY (O.S.)
What?

FRASER (O.S.)
Is that a waterfall?

END OF ACT FOUR