due SOUTH

"WHITE MEN CAN'T JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS"

Written by
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Episode #35 - “WHITE MEN CAN’T JUMP..." - Rev’d Blue

CAST

Regular Cast

FRASER
RAY
DIEFENBAKER
WELSH
HUEY

Recurring Cast

THATCHER

Guest Cast

TYREE
REGGIE
LOU
SCOTTIE PIPPEN

Speaking Roles

JUDGE
BOOT CARRIER
MRS. CAMERON
NEIGHBOUR
PUNK #1
PUNK #2
THUG #1
Episode #35 - "WHITE MEN CAN'T JUMP..." - Rev'd Blue

SETS

EXTERIOR - DAY
ALLEY
ALLEY BEHIND COURTHOUSE
COURTHOUSE
DEAD END ALLEY
WAREHOUSE/BASKETBALL COURT
INNER CITY SLUMS
INNER CITY STREETS
POLICE STATION
PROJECT BUILDING
SCENE OF THE CRIME
STREETS

INTERIOR - DAY
CONSULATE - FRASER'S OFFICE
COURTHOUSE - HALLWAYS
COURTROOM
LIQOUR STORE
POLICE STATION - BULLPEN
POLICE STATION - HALLWAYS
POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION
POLICE STATION - OBSERVATION
POLICE STATION - WELSH'S OFFICE
PROJECT - ANOTHER STAIRWELL
PROJECT HALLWAY
PROJECT STAIRWELL
RAY'S CAR
TYREE'S ROOM
WAREHOUSE/BASKETBALL COURT

EXTERIOR - NIGHT
DEAD END ALLEY
ABANDONED STOREFRONT
STREETS

INTERIOR - NIGHT
FRASER'S APARTMENT
ABANDONED STOREFRONT

SCRIPT DAYS

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** The Following scenes are flashbacks to DAY ONE:
31, 32A, 43A, 43C
PROLOGUE

FADE IN:

EXT. INNER CITY SLUMS -- DAY (DAY 1)

Rain has recently stopped falling and punks hang out on a street corner in this virtually all black neighborhood -- the type of neighborhood most people -- black or white -- wouldn't enter on a bet. As we hear RAY and FRASER speak, we PAN PAST several stripped vehicles parked/abandoned along the side of the road.

RAY (O.S.)
This neighborhood makes yours look like Astor Street.

FRASER (O.S.)
We're here on your recommendation, Ray.

The camera arrives at Ray's Buick Riviera which has somehow avoided the carnage just as, in the background, Fraser and Ray emerge from around a corner and proceed toward the car. Fraser carries a pair of Mountie boots.

RAY
Linc's the best bindlestich man in the county. You got a problem with your footwear, you call Linc.

FRASER
(holding up his boots)
They look as good as new. I agree Ray, probably the best $125 I spent.

RAY
(quickly)
I still don't see why anyone would pay $125 for a used pair of Mountie boots?!

FRASER
They're my boots. Properly molded boots are a Mountie's most prized possession. Boots and his horse.

RAY
We're not picking up your horse.

Ray unlocks his car door.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BANG -- a gun shot rings out not too far away. Fraser stands at the curb as Ray climbs in.

RAY (CONT'D)
You coming or what?

FRASER
I believe that was a gun shot, Ray.

RAY
Look, Fraser, if we stop every time we hear shooting in this neighborhood, we'll never get home.

BANG -- Another shot.

RAY (CONT'D)
See.

But Fraser has taken off toward a nearby alley, leaving his boots behind. Ray follows, but not before re-locking his door.

RAY (CONT'D)
(calling after Fraser)
I'm off duty!

EXT. ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

Fraser hurries through the alley. Ray jogs behind him, approaching the same corner.

RAY
You don't have jurisdiction. Unless someone stole a moose...

BANG -- a third shot, closer now.

EXT. ANOTHER ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

Fraser rounds a corner and slams right into a tall, slender kid (TYREE), in a gray team sweatshirt, fleeing from something. Tyree goes flying.

FRASER
Pardon me.

Tyree looks at Fraser as if he's from another planet.

TYREE
Right.

Fraser helps Tyree to his feet.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

FRASER
You wouldn't know anything about--

At the other end of the alley, Fraser spots a 15 year old kid (TAYLOR) suffering from a leg wound.

Fraser looks back to Tyree and notices that he's carrying a gun.

TYREE
Not a thing.

Tyree takes off on the run as Ray arrives.

RAY
I'll get the shooter.

Fraser heads for the victim as Ray runs after Tyree.

EXT. STREETS -- MOMENTS LATER

Tyree emerges from an alley (Tyree moves with an athletic grace). Ray runs after him.

RAY
Give it up, man. I can run all day. Don't make me take you down.

But Tyree runs out into the street and gracefully vaults over the hood of a stopped or slowly moving car. Ray hurries after him, panting harder than he'd like to, scrambling not to lose ground, being forced to gingerly sidestep vehicles.

Across the street, Tyree heads into another alley.

EXT. SCENE OF THE CRIME -- AT THAT MOMENT

Fraser tries to apply pressure to the man's wound, but he's losing blood quickly.

FRASER
Hold on. Hold on.

Somebody wanders into the mouth of the alley.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Call 911!

The person turns and walks away.

Fraser quickly picks up the shooting victim and carries him, fireman style back out from where he came.
EXT. ANOTHER ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

Tyree turns a corner and finds himself face to face with a ten foot fence. He turns and looks back, only to see Ray once again closing in on him.

Tyree runs right at the fence, bounds up, one foot against the fence, the next on top of it and he's over.

RAY
Oh for God's sake.

Unfortunately for Tyree, Ray keeps coming. He smashes right through the fence, ripping his pants and falling hard. But he's relentless and limps onward.

EXT. STREETS -- AT THAT MOMENT

Fraser emerges with a bleeding man on his back and attempts to flag down a car -- with no luck.

FRASER
(desperate)
Help!!

Several punks at the corner notice Fraser and what's going on. Each of them pulls out a cell phone.

EXT. DEAD END ALLEY -- AT THAT MOMENT

Tyree comes loping around another corner, looking back. When he again looks ahead, he realizes that he's in a dead end alley, facing a 40 foot brick wall.

RAY (O.S.)
Drop the weapon.

In the mouth of the alley, Ray has his gun trained on Tyree. Tyree just stares at the wall.

RAY (CONT'D)
Unless you can fly...

Tyree drops his gun, raises his hands and slowly turns toward Ray. After a beat, he begins to run straight at Ray.

RAY (CONT'D)
Don't make me shoot.

Ray takes aim just as Tyree launches himself. It truly is almost as if he can fly. He reaches up, up and up and grabs onto the last rung of a fire escape ladder. No way Ray can follow him up here.

(CONTINUED)
RAY (CONT'D)
(impressed)
Wow.

Unfortunately for Tyree, the ladder comes straight down under his weight, breaks off (nothing is kept up around here) and Tyree falls to the ground on his back at Ray's feet.

TYREE
(finally defeated)
I hate this neighborhood.

Ray pulls out his handcuffs.

EXT. INNER CITY STREETS -- DAY

Around the corner from where Ray left his car.

An ambulance pulls away and Ray and Fraser escort Tyree toward the corner. Ray's clothes are tattered and torn and he walks with a distinct limp.

Fraser doffs his cap toward the helpful dealers on the corner as he passes by.

FRASER
Thank you kindly.

RAY
(to Fraser)
Thank you kindly. You think it was worth it? You think there's any chance my car is still there?

FRASER
We saved a life, Ray. You made an arrest. The neighborhood is a safer place.

They round the corner. The car has somehow survived.

FRASER (CONT'D)
(realizes something)
Oh dear.

RAY
What?

FRASER
My boots are gone.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

REVEAL the empty sidewalk where Fraser had left his boots,
PULL BACK to a devastated Fraser and:

FADE OUT:

END OF PROLOGUE
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

10 EXT. INNER CITY SLUMS -- DAY (DAY 2)

Same neighborhood. A couple of kids play one on one basketball in an alley.

Knock, knock.

11 INT. PROJECT HALLWAY -- AT THAT MOMENT

Fraser stands in the hallway. He knocks again as he looks down...

PAN DOWN FRASER

A Mountie in uniform, except for the incongruous running shoes. Diefenbaker is at his feet.

FRASER

Sit.

Dief sits. The door opens just a crack.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Excuse me, I'm looking for a pair of boots--

Slam.

12 INT. PROJECT HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Another door; another crack.

FRASER

-- RCMP regulation issue, but I suppose you wouldn't be familiar--

Another slam.

13 INT. PROJECT HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Yet another door. Fraser holds open an encyclopedia for the TENANT to look at.

FRASER

-- Like the man on the horse is wearing; though mine are slightly older and therefore somewhat more faded--

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Slam.

FRASER (CONT'D)
Thank you kindly.

Fraser is undeterred and heads toward and up a stairway.

FRASER (CONT'D)
These people have every reason to be less than charitable with their trust. But somebody was good enough to take my boots in for safe keeping and they're undoubtedly spending as much time looking for me as I'm spending looking for them.

After a beat, Diefenbaker follows. Even he doesn't want to be left alone in this building.

INT. PROJECT HALLWAY -- LATER

Fraser and Diefenbaker wait at yet another door. The sound of a television can be heard. Fraser knocks again as a NEIGHBOR approaches down the hall.

FRASER
Excuse me, the residents of this unit would appear to be home yet they're not answering their door.

NEIGHBOR
Ain't that a shock.

The Neighbor walks on. Fraser follows.

FRASER
Were you home at the time of the incident yesterday?

NEIGHBOR
Didn't hear a thing.

FRASER
Ah. Actually I'm looking--

But the Neighbor goes into his apartment shutting his door and leaving Fraser alone in the hall. He looks to Diefenbaker.

FRASER (CONT'D)
(to Diefenbaker)
Let's go.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

He starts to walk toward yet another set of stairs, but this time Diefenbaker doesn't follow. Fraser takes two steps up the stairs and then abruptly spins around.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Fine.

He heads down the stairs.

EXT. SCENE OF THE BOOT THEFT -- DAY

Fraser sits on the ground, one shoe off. Dief sits a few feet away.

FRASER

C'mon.

But Dief doesn't budge.

FRASER (CONT'D)

I'm not succeeding here. Let's see how you do.

No movement.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Unless you want to go back to knocking on doors.

Diefenbaker slowly approaches Fraser's bare foot. He takes a sniff and draws away in horror.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Sorry, fella. These sneakers don't breathe like my boots.

Diefenbaker begins to sniff the ground and heads off into the alley toward where the shooting took place.

FRASER (CONT'D)

(following as he laces)

Good boy.

At the corner, the omnipresent PUNKS watch him suspiciously as he passes.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Morning, gentlemen.

PUNK #1

Hunting moose?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

FRASER
Actually, boots. You haven't seen--

Dief is giving Fraser a look as if to say "Shut up, you're embarrassing me."

PUNK #2
I got $200 Nikes I can give you for 50.

Diefenbaker decides to head on without Fraser, sniffing his way.

FRASER
That seems like too good an offer to be true. My boots are really all I'm interested in right now. Thank you kindly.

And he hurries after his wolf.

EXT. SCENE OF THE SHOOTING -- DAY

Fraser follows Dief into the alley. He sniffs where Fraser fell down after bumping into Tyree.

FRASER
Uh, Diefenbaker.

Dief sniffs onward -- toward the stained ground where the shooting victim lay. The remains of a police crime scene, yellow tape, etc., are visible.

FRASER (CONT'D)
Diefenbaker.

Dief wags his tail proudly.

FRASER (CONT'D)
(trying to be delicate)
You're not tracking my boots. You're tracking my feet.

Something catches Fraser's eye. He inspects the wall of bullet holes. Dief looks at Fraser expectantly. Fraser looks back from a pock mark in the wall, past the blood stained ground...

FRASER (CONT'D)
(looking past Dief)
This is where I was yesterday --

(CONTINUED)
He walks directly down his line of sight, stepping over the blood stained ground, then over Diefenbaker and directly to a wall (ahead and to his left) where he finds a single grey thread at eye level.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

Tyree wears the same grey team sweat shirt he was captured in. Ray stands opposite him.

TYREE
A man can't walk down the street in this part of town without getting harassed!

RAY
You were running.

TYREE
Didn't see no foot traffic speed limit.

RAY
You were carrying a gun; you were running from a shooting victim.

TYREE
He say that?

RAY
You know as well as I do. He's not gonna say anything.

TYREE
Look, I was carrying a gun so I wouldn't wind up a shooting victim.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCENE OF THE SHOOTING -- DAY

POV -- FROM INSIDE A CAR

Fraser rises into view through the window, tips his hat and...

FRASER
Good morning.

The recipients of his good wishes are two THUGS in a low slung sports car, who have pulled up beside Fraser.

THUG #1
Yeah, get in the car.
FRASER
Actually, I don't--

THUG #1
Lou would like to talk to you.
FRASER
Do I know Lou?

THUG #1
You get to meet him, then you'll know him.

FRASER
Oh.

Fraser opens the door.

FRASER (CONT'D)
(to Diefenbaker)
Get in.

Diefenbaker jumps in.

THUG #1
Hey, no dogs in this car.

Fraser pockets the thread and gets in after Diefenbaker.

FRASER
He's a wolf.

They pull away.

INT. INNER CITY WAREHOUSE/BASKETBALL COURT -- DAY

The sports car is parked inside a vast, decrepit warehouse, part of which has been converted into a full length basketball court. A group of teenagers practice for a City League basketball game in front of a small but interested gallery. REGGIE, one of the players, keeps a constant dialogue/play-by-play going. Right now he's driving the lane for a trick basket. Note: Reggie and his teammates all wear similar gray sweat shirts to guard against the cold.

REGGIE
Stamp drives the lane and... oh my God, a reverse lay up! Can no one stop this teenage dynamo, Marv? I honestly don't think so, Dick.

Meanwhile in the crowd, Fraser is being escorted by the Thugs to LOU -- drug dealer and self styled mayor of the 'hood. In a different place with different opportunities, Lou would be the CEO of a Fortune 500 company. He's a natural leader who has risen as high as he can in his world. Lou wears a fancy Rolex watch on his right hand, but no undue attention should be drawn to this fact.

(CONTINUED)
LOU
Play the game, Reggie, not the crowd!
(to Fraser, annoyed)
You see that?

FRASER
Fine play.

LOU
(disagrees)
Hot dog. They'll be double teaming him in about eight seconds.

FRASER
Are you their coach?

LOU
(no)
These kids -- they're our hope. I watch out for them: provide the balls, buy 'em burgers, place to stay if they need. You could call me their corporate sponsor. Check out the sweats I got 'em.

FRASER
That's very magnanimous of you.

LOU
What can I say? I'm a magnanimous guy.
(to game)
Get it inside; inside! Reggie, look for the ball!
(back to business)
He's so dependent on his set-up man, he freaks out when he's not here. He's gonna blow the big game.

FRASER
Where's his set up man?

LOU
You busted him. So who are you and what do you want?

FRASER
Benton Fraser. I'm a Mountie.

LOU
Why do they call you that?

(continued)
FRASER
It's short for Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

LOU
So you're mounted?

FRASER
Actually, we mount horses. Or we do on occasion. You may have had an opportunity to see the musical ride--

LOU
Aren't the horses the Mountees then?

FRASER
Well, we're mounted on top of the horses.
   (beat)
   It's historical.

Lou doesn't seem like some one who cares much about history, neither do some of the other men who shoot Fraser hard stares.

LOU
My people tell me you were snooping around where that shooting went down.
   You looking for something?

FRASER
I'm looking for my boots.

LOU
We'll let you know if we find them.

With that, the audience is over. Lou turns back to the game ignoring Fraser.

LOU (CONT'D)
   (shrugs; then, to game)
   Get it in to Reggie!

Fraser gets escorted away by the two Thugs.

ON THE COURT

Reggie lines up a foul shot and throws it up (left handed). It rings off the hoop and out.
LOU (CONT'D)
(calling)
Reggie! Purdue sees that garbage
you're going to be sweeping up your
pop's barber shop the rest of your
short life.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

Tyree is alone in the room. He plays shadow basketball
against a wall; faking out an imaginary guard and laying
the imaginary ball into an imaginary basket left handed.

FRASER (V.O.)
Good news. He didn't do it.

PULL BACK TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Fraser and Ray are watching the kid through the one way glass.

RAY
No no no, not this time.

FRASER
Not what this time, Ray.

RAY
Somebody shot someone, right?

FRASER
That would appear to be the case.

RAY
And I have a responsibility to catch
the someone who shot the other someone,
right?

FRASER
Correct.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RAY
And if I catch someone, it's good news, right?

FRASER
I suppose so.

RAY
So if that person turns out to be the wrong person, would that mean that there was no shooting?

FRASER
No.

RAY
Would that mean that no one was almost killed?

FRASER
No.

RAY
Would that mean that there was one less bad guy in the world?

FRASER
No.

RAY
No, no and no. It would just mean the real bad guy was out there somewhere instead of safely locked away. So that means you coming in telling me our guy is innocent is just not good news, is it?

FRASER
I stand corrected. Bad news, Ray. He didn't do it.

Ray leaves the room in disgust and Fraser follows:

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAYS -- CONTINUOUS

RAY
Fraser, you come from that neighborhood, you do one of two things, basketball or crime.

FRASER
Tyree plays basketball.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RAY
They all start playing basketball --
and once in a while one of them makes
it to Division One college ball --
but if they're not tall enough, not
talented enough, not disciplined
enough, they go the other way, become
like this kid, and make it hell for
everyone else.

Fraser pulls out the grey thread.

RAY (CONT'D)
Evidence?

FRASER
The shooter wore this.

Ray takes it from Fraser and does an about face and hurried back toward:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Ray puts the thread up against the window.

RAY
Grey!

He holds the thread up to Fraser.

RAY (CONT'D)
Grey! Different shade?!

FRASER
It appears--

RAY
Different material?!

FRASER
Again, it wouldn't--

Ray hands the thread back to Fraser.

RAY
Then bag it and add it to my case file.

And Ray leaves again.

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAYS -- CONTINUOUS

Again, Fraser hurries after Ray.

(CONTINUED)
24 CONTINUED:

FRASER
It's left handed.

RAY
The thread?!

FRASER
The shooter.

Again, Ray spins around and grabs Fraser's arm and leads him back...

FRASER (CONT'D)
Aren't you interested in how I know the shooter was left handed?

RAY
He is.

Ray drags Fraser into:

25 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Behind the glass, Tyree continues to make his left handed shots. He shoves Fraser's face toward the glass.

RAY
Look. What hand?

And off Ray goes again.

FRASER
(following)
I know what you're thinking, Ray.

26 INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAYS -- CONTINUOUS

FRASER
He hasn't made a single right handed shot.

RAY
Is that your way of saying you're so very wrong?

Ray arrives at the front desk and is handed a file which he begins to review as Fraser talks.

FRASER
The kid is dedicated, so he's not practicing his strengths; he's practicing his weaknesses.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
FRASER (CONT'D)
He's making left handed shots because he's right handed.

RAY
All right, explain this.

He shoves the file at Fraser.

RAY (CONT'D)
Ballistics report. The gun matches the bullet that went through the victim. And your buddy's prints are all over the trigger.

Fraser opens the file.

FRASER
We know he was holding the gun. We found it on him.

Ray hands him another file.

RAY
Paraffin test. Gunpowder blowback all over his hand and arm. He fired ther gun. All the labs match him to the shooter. So for the next hour, I'm going to treat myself to thinking he's the guy.

FRASER
Ray --

RAY
Sixty minutes, okay, Fraser. Don't talk to me for one hour.

FRASER
Certainly, Ray.

Ray just keeps on walking.

CUT TO:
EXT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

Fraser holds a door open for Tyree and walks with him to the curb.

FRASER
I'm not asking you to tell me the truth.

Tyree has nothing to say.

FRASER (CONT'D)
If you wished the authorities to know the truth, you would have been more forthcoming; you obviously have some reason to fear the truth. I'm concerned that you may be in some kind of trouble -- of course, you're obviously in trouble, you've been charged with a rather serious crime but that's not the trouble I'm referring to. Perhaps if you simply told me why you're not telling us the truth.

Tyree stares at Fraser.

FRASER (CONT'D)
Of course if you told me why you weren't telling the truth, it's not unreasonable to assume that that would indicate what the truth was, which as I said I'm not asking you--

TYREE
You talk English?

As Reggie pulls his own Nissan Sentra up to the curb in front of them:

FRASER
I'm sorry. Perhaps we can speak later---

TYREE
Don't count on it.

Ray hurries out of the police station and toward them.

Tyree gets in the car.

Right.

(CONTINUED)
TYREE
(to Reggie)
Thanks for the ride.

REGGIE
(announcer style)
Least I could do for this fine young man with the noble heart assisting his friend destined for greatness...

And off they go just as Ray arrives.

RAY
That was him?

Yes.

RAY
He's out?

Yes.

RAY
He make bail?

Yes.

RAY
Where did the punk get the money?

FRASER
I lent it to him.

Ray gives Fraser a look. This time Fraser remains stone faced. Ray just turns and walks away.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE
FADE IN:

28 INT. POLICE BULLPEN -- DAY

Other cops give Ray and Fraser the evil eye as they pass on their way to Welsh's office. Huey intercepts them.

HUEY
What's wrong with your pal, Vecchio? He can't think straight without his boots on?

FRASER
I don't believe the loss of my boots has impaired my thinking, Detective Huey. But now that you mention it, if you happen to see them on your travels --

HUEY
You better hope I don't, Constable. Because you don't even want to think about what I'd like to do with them.

RAY
Put a cork in it, Huey.

They continue on.

RAY (CONT'D)
In case you were wondering, your popularity rating is at an all time low around here.

FRASER
The young man is innocent, Ray.

RAY
You THINK he's innocent, which is still no reason to bail him out yourself. Next time you do something like this, talk to me first. All right?

FRASER
I would have, Ray, but you did ask me to leave you alone an hour.

(CONTINUED)
Before Fraser can react, Welsh meets them at the door to his office.

WELSH
Detective, thank you for taking time out of your busy schedule to confer with me.

RAY
Any time, sir.

WELSH
You must be even busier than usual since your Canadian friend has decided to set free the dangerous felons you've worked so hard to incarcerate.

FRASER
I'd be happy to explain, Lieutenant. You see, the young man has a very important basketball game coming up -

WELSH
Ah. And if Charles Manson had a kazoo concert on his schedule, you would have bailed him out, too.

FRASER
No, sir. But I believe the evidence will support my theory about Tyree Cameron.

WELSH
Why don't we let the court decide that, Constable? Your young friend is due for a prelim in a few hours. If he doesn't show up, you're going to be out a lot of money.

(to Ray)
And you're going to be spending a long, long time in my dog house. Understood?

RAY
Clearly, sir.

With that, Welsh closes the door on them. Ray turns to Fraser.

CUT TO:
INT. LIQUOR STORE -- DAY

ON BOTTLE OF TEQUILA

Reggie grabs the bottle and stuffs it under his thin jacket.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Reggie and Tyree are alone in an aisle of a liquor store.

REGGIE
You did Lou a good turn. You're his man. And I'm your man.

Tyree grabs the bottle from Reggie and puts it back onto the shelf. But Reggie grabs it right back, hides it and heads away.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
(play by play)
Good times are gonna roll in the clubhouse tonight, Marv. Well, these fellows have earned it, Dick.

Just before Reggie can exit the aisle, Tyree grabs the bottle from Reggie.

TYREE
You are such an idiot, Reggie.

REGGIE
And you?

TYREE
I can afford to be an idiot. I'm going nowhere.

Tyree stuffs the booze into his own coat and heads for the exit.

TYREE (CONT'D)
You've got college coaches licking your Nikes; you've got a future. All I've got is a bum shoulder. What coach is gonna give me the time of day?

As they pass the counter, Tyree slips a five dollar bill out of his pocket, leaving it on the counter, unseen by the clerk or by Reggie.
29A  EXT. STREETS - DAY

CLOSE ON A STREET SIGN, identifying this as South 24th Street (plausible Chicago address to come).

RAY (O.S.)
See that, Benny?

ANGLE - THE RIVIERA - MOVING

Diefenbaker rides in back as Ray points out the sign to Fraser.

RAY (CONT'D)
The next five blocks down is the turf of the Two Four Dragons. You're a member of that gang, and you cross this street alone, you're either stoned, stupid, or suicidal, but you're gonna get shot. Which is what happened to Taylor Thomas. He walked into enemy territory, and the enemy shot him, left handed thread or not.

FRASER
But Tyree wasn't the shooter, Ray.

RAY
Then why did he have the gun?

FRASER
I don't know.

RAY
Why did he shoot the gun?

FRASER
I don't know.

RAY
Why did he make me chase him?

FRASER
I don't know that, either.

RAY
And if Tyree Cameron didn't shoot him, who did?

FRASER
I haven't quite figured that out.

(CONTINUED)
RAY
Okay. Now we're getting somewhere.

FRASER
Sarcasm really isn't necessary, Ray.

Ray just looks at him, then drives on.

INT. INNER CITY WAREHOUSE/BASKETBALL COURT -- DAY

Tyree and Reggie are practicing some hoops. Reggie feeds Tyree for the alley oop. Tyree gives Reggie a behind the back pass and Reggie hits a long three pointer.

REGGIE
From downtown... Yes!

They play beautifully, as if they are one person -- they know each other's moves before they happen.

But into this artistry strolls Lou and his thugs. He watches for a beat, then applauds after a particularly nice basket by Reggie.

LOU
Tyree, would you come over here for a moment?

Reggie and Tyree approach Lou.

EXT. SCENE OF THE CRIME -- DAY

Fraser, Ray, and Diefenbaker poke around the crime scene. Some dangling police tape marks the spot.

FRASER
The bullet was recovered from the wall, right here. The shot had to have been fired from over here.

RAY
Because you found a thread there.

FRASER
It had been raining that morning; wind out of the southwest; yet the thread was dry, with no sign of mold. Footprints would indicate that a man of approximately 195 pounds had been there just after the deluge.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RAY
That coulda been anybody, Fraser.
Here's what happened:

EXT. SCENE OF THE CRIME - RAY'S FLASHBACK - DAY

Taylor enters the alley, eating a Big Mac, looking quite stoned. Tyree pops up from beside a garbage can.

TYREE
Hey, what are you, brain dead? This is my turf.

Tyree whips out his pistol and fires at Taylor. His first shot misses. Taylor grabs his own gun, fires wildly at Tyree, hitting the garbage can. Tyree fires back, hits Taylor. Taylor falls. Tyree runs.

EXT. SCENE OF THE CRIME -- BACK TO PRESENT

RAY
That's it. Tyree misses, the victim misses, hits the garbage can, then our guy nails him. Ba-da-bing.

FRASER
What was that, Ray?

RAY
What?

FRASER
You said "ba-da-bing."

RAY
They don't say that in Canada?

FRASER
Listen.

RAY
To what?

FRASER
Just listen. That day.

CLOSE ON FRASER, concentrating, then DISSOLVE TO:
We're CLOSE on Fraser at the moment of the shots. As he makes the same moves he did that night, we hear the SOUND of the shots amplified. BANG, BANG... (a long moment), then BING.

BACK TO SCENE

FRASER
The first two shots had the same sound.
Bang, bang. The third shot was the bing.

RAY
Benny, you're starting to worry me, here.

FRASER
Your scenario doesn't hold up, Ray. The BING was the shot which hit the garbage can. Not the second shot, which was a bang.

RAY
The judge is gonna love this. We have no case, your honor, because the bing was where the bang shoulda been.

FRASER
The sounds don't lie, Ray.

RAY
All right. Tell me this. How does the bang being where the bing shoulda been --

FRASER
It's actually the bing being where the bang should have been, according to your theory.

RAY
What's the difference? How does any of this mean I busted the wrong guy?

FRASER
Perhaps Tyree was with a left handed man.

(CONTINUED)
RAY
Perhaps? Perhaps? What am I supposed to do with perhaps?

FRASER
At this point, I don't know, Ray.

Ray lets out a frustrated grunt, then marches back to the Riviera.

LOU
And yet the Mount-ING bailed you out? Out of the goodness of his heart?

TYREE
I don't know.

REGGIE
Tyree wouldn't say nothing.

TYREE
Anything.

REGGIE
What?

LOU
Tyree wouldn't say "anything".

REGGIE
Right.

LOU
Go work on your jump shot, Reggie.

Reggie turns and sinks a long shot, then keeps working on his shot (muttering his play by play to himself) as Lou speaks with Tyree.

LOU (CONT'D)
I'm worried Tyree.

TYREE
Nobody wants you to be worried, Lou.
CONTINUED: (2)

Tyree turns and walks away, followed by Reggie. Lou turns to one of his Thugs, gestures toward Tyree and Reggie with a nod of his head. The Thug gets the message. He'll keep an eye on these two.

EXT. CONSULATE - DAY

To establish.

INT. CONSULATE - FRASER'S OFFICE - DAY

Fraser works in his office, his feet under the desk. Thatcher enters looking angry. She glares at him a second before he reacts.

FRASER
Ma'am?

THATCHER
I received a call from Lieutenant Welsh at the Chicago Police Department.

FRASER
A fine man. Good commander.

THATCHER
He was less enthusiastic about you.

FRASER
Ah.

THATCHER
He mentioned that you had bailed out a gang member accused of attempted murder.

FRASER
Yes. In fact, I'm on my way shortly to his preliminary hearing.

She notices he's not standing. This is an occasion for going by the book.

THATCHER
Fraser, is there a reason you're not standing at attention?

FRASER
I beg your pardon, Ma'am.

He moves the waste paper basket in front of his chair and stands, his feet hidden by the basket.

(CONTINUED)
Reveals Tyree at the front of the court, talking to a public
defender as the State's Attorney, Judge, court staff and
other assembled miscreants and onlookers engage in hubbub
between cases.

RAY
I know what happened, Fraser. What I
saw and what I did, I have to tell it
all to the judge. If it goes against
the kid, I can't help that.

FRASER
Just try, Ray. The sounds are stored
in your mind. To find them, try to
imagine yourself on a still, clear
day on an ice floe, hundreds of miles
from any conceivable distraction.

RAY
Another Eskimo trick?

FRASER
Inuit. Close your eyes. Take yourself
back to that night. That moment.
What do you hear?

RAY
The entire Chicago police department
laughing at me.

FRASER
Ray, please.

RAY
All right. All right.

CLOSE ON RAY, then DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCENE OF THE CRIME - RAY'S FLASHBACK - DAY

Replay the moment of the shooting, at first FULL OF SOUNDS.
Then, replay it again, this time with fewer sounds, then
fewer, until finally, the only sounds we hear are the
GUNSHOTS: BOOM BANG... BING.

BACK TO RAY

Eyes closed. The SOUND AGAIN. BOOM BANG... BING.

ANGLE - THE BENCH

The judge calls to Tyree, standing now next to his attorney.

(CONTINUED)
JUDGE
In the matter of Illinois versus Tyree Cameron, case number J87965, how does the defendant plead?

TYREE
Guilty, your honor.

ON RAY
His eyes pop open! He leaps to his feet.

RAY
Hang on, your honor! I was the arresting officer. That kid didn't do it!

TYREE
Yes, I did!

RAY
No he didn't.

Off the judge, very confused...

44 OMITTED
48 EXT. COURTHOUSE -- DAY

Ray, Fraser and Tyree exit the building and head for the stairs.

TYREE
What is wrong with you?

RAY
You couldn't have done it, kid. Fraser was right. The shots went BOOM, BANG, BING.

TYREE
Are you out of your mind? I shot the dude. Why won't either one of you let me pay for my crime?

FRASER
It took me a while to recall the exact sounds, Tyree. But the BOOM was clearly the report of a PPK 380, Taylor Thomas' gun.

(MORE)
FRASER (CONT'D)
He fired first. The BANG was the .32. That shot struck Mr. Thomas. The BING was the shot you fired from the same .32 into the trash can. You wanted your own prints on the gun, and you wanted to make sure the blow back would be revealed in a paraffin test.

TYREE
This is not good.

RAY
Who are you covering for, Tyree? Who was the real shooter?

DOWN THE ROAD
A low slung, souped up Chevy with tinted windows and overactive shocks growls down the road, slowly and deliberately, moving implacably toward Tyree.

WITH RAY, FRASER AND TYREE ARRIVING AT RAY'S CAR
There is construction, repairing a broken water main, going on near where Ray parked. Looking past the construction equipment, Tyree sees the approaching car and recognizes it as that of a Rival Gang. Tyree turns and goes into high speed down the road.

The gang car immediately picks up speed, thundering after. Windows lower a few inches and a gun barrel peeks out.

As it passes near Fraser and Ray, Fraser grabs a hose which is pumping water from the ditch and sprays the windshield of the oncoming car causing it to swerve, skid, correct, then skitter away.

Tyree has made his escape.

OMITTED

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND COURTHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER
Tyree jogs around a corner, only to come face to face with Lou's Thugs waiting at their car. Tyree stops in his tracks.
THUG #1
Hey, Tyree. You and Lou better talk.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

54 INT. INNER CITY WAREHOUSE/BASKETBALL COURT -- DAY

Kid's play some hoops and in the bleachers, Lou hands over some bags to an UNSAVORY CHARACTER in exchange for a lot of money. As the Character leaves, Lou's Thugs bring Tyree to Lou.

LOU
I'd like to protect you, Tyree. I really would. But you shouldn't have been walking out of that Courthouse in the first place.

TYREE
The Mountie and the Cop wouldn't let me take the fall. They won't leave it alone.

LOU
That Mountie know something, Tyree?

TYREE
He doesn't know nothing. Not from me anyway.

LOU
He's been asking a lot of questions. If he does find out anything, it ain't gonna be good. You gonna let that happen to your friend?

TYREE
I'm not gonna let nothing happen. I'll do the right thing.

LOU
I'm worried, Tyree.

TYREE
Nobody's got nothing to worry about, Lou.

Tyree starts to protest, but Lou cuts him off with a gesture.

LOU
There's one way you can eliminate my doubts and eliminate my worries. (to the Thug)
Trevor, give him your piece.

(continued)
CONTINUED:

The Thug pulls out his weapon. Tyree looks at it nervously.

LOU (CONT'D)
Show me where you stand. Do the
Mountie.

INT. WELSH'S OFFICE -- DAY

Ray is getting reamed by Welsh.

WELSH
Vecchio, sometimes it seems like you're
making a full time job out of
destroying your career.

RAY
Begging your pardon sir...

WELSH
Now is not talking time. Now is
listening time. Your job is to respond
to crimes and arrest the offender,
not to play public defender. Your
friend, Fraser, bailing the kid out
does not make any sense, but I've
come to expect that from him. But
you standing up in court attempting
to have the charges dropped is nothing
less than insane.

RAY
Insane is a harsh word, sir...

WELSH
The harsh words have not begun. I
have not yet begun to describe my
feelings about your involvement in
the drive-by shooting outside the
courthouse.

RAY
Look, new information surfaced that
Tyree Cameron was not the shooter in
the incident, and that the shooting
was in self defense. I had to make
that information known to the court.

WELSH
And what exactly is the new
information?

(continues)
CONTINUED:

RAY
At first, sir, we believed that the shots were BANG, BANG, BING. Upon reflection, I came to realize that they were more BOOM, BANG, BING.

Welsh just keeps staring at him.

RAY (CONT'D)
Sir, with a little time, I now believe I can track down the real shooter.

WELSH
For your sake, I hope so, Vecchio. Cause a little time is all you've got.

With that, Welsh is back to his paperwork. Ray stands there uncomfortably for a beat, then turns and exits.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

EXT. INNER CITY SLUMS -- DAY
Ray's car is parked in front of a building.

MRS. CAMERON (V.O.)
I'll show you his room, but he hasn't been here since yesterday.

OMITTED

INT. TYREE'S ROOM -- DAY
The place is tidy but tiny and threadbare. The walls are plastered with basketball posters. Many are of Isiah Thomas. Ray and Fraser are with MRS. CAMERON, Tyree's mother. Ray and Fraser each have their own agenda but she's evasive to both.

MRS. CAMERON
Why did you have to arrest him anyway? Tyree's a good boy.

RAY
Mrs. Cameron, maybe I'm old fashioned, but the way I figure it, good boys don't run around with handguns.

(CONTINUED)
MRS. CAMERON
I'm not defending Tyree having that gun.

FRASER
Does your son know Mr. Lou Robbins?

MRS. CAMERON
Everybody knows Lou.

FRASER
Mrs. Cameron, I understand your reticence, but--

RAY
Is your son part of any gangs?

MRS. CAMERON
He plays basketball.

Apparently to her, this is an answer.

RAY
This isn't the first time Tyree's been in trouble.

MRS. CAMERON
Tyree lives by his own rules but he's a good boy. Only been arrested once.

RAY
Only once?

MRS. CAMERON
Fell asleep on the subway.

FRASER
That's a crime?

MRS. CAMERON
It is if you wake up in Lake Forest and gotta walk five miles through white neighborhoods.

(beat)
He tries. He works on that basketball court, but he don't have the body to play pro ball ever since his shoulder went on him. He tried at school.

(MORE)
MRS. CAMERON (CONT'D)
But there, even the teachers don't
pretend a boy from here can make it
to college. What's a young man to do
but get frustrated?

RAY
Do you have any idea who your son
might have been with yesterday?

MRS. CAMERON
Yeah. He had a practice like every
day. And Lou takes them out for a
meal afterwards.

RAY
He's a regular prince.

MRS. CAMERON
Breaks me up inside to see that drug
dealer being the only one who looks
out for the kids, the only one who
can get through to them. But you
tell me. He doesn't take care of
them, who will? Government? Police?
Who?

FRASER
So you believe that Tyree might have
been with Lou for most of yesterday.

MRS. CAMERON
Could be. It's a sure bet he was
with his friend, Reggie. Ain't nothing
that separates those two but the need
to shut their eyes every night. You
talk to him.

They look at her expectantly but she's not talking.

EXT. INNER CITY STREETS -- DAY
Ray and Fraser head for Ray's car.

RAY
The kid's own mother thinks he did
it.

FRASER
She didn't say that.
RAY
(plowing on)
But she stands by her family, Fraser.

FRASER
Yes, I suppose--

RAY
(has a point to make)
Some people stand by their family; some stand by their friends. Some people stand by complete strangers, leaving their friends to get reamed out by their Lieutenant!

FRASER
I'm sorry, Ray. If it's any consolation, my relations at the consulate have not been too smooth either.

RAY
No, Fraser. Consolation would be you having bought a new pair of boots rather than making me take you down to my cobbler.

FRASER
As I remember it, you were the one who insisted that I...

RAY
I thought you were the one who was apologizing.

FRASER
Right.

RAY
Look, I'm going to go back to that crime scene and take a look around. You coming?

FRASER
I think I'm going to try to talk to Reggie.

RAY
Fraser, these kids are not going to talk to you.

FRASER
He may not have to, Ray.
INT. INNER CITY WAREHOUSE/BASKETBALL COURT -- DAY

Reggie practices on his own, under the lights, doing his play by play thing. Fraser slowly walks up to him and watches for a beat.

FRASER

Nice shot.

Reggie smiles and takes another shot.

REGGIE

You're that Mounting guy, right?

FRASER

Mountie.

REGGIE

Why they call you that?

FRASER

It's a long story.

Reggie nods -- he's not that interested.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Would you like to play some one on one?

REGGIE

You'll lose.

FRASER

That's very possible.

Reggie smiles and sinks a long shot.

REGGIE

You're down one already.

Fraser takes the ball and dribbles out to half court where Reggie begins to guard him.

FRASER

Your friend is in trouble.

REGGIE

Everybody round here's got trouble.
Fraser makes a move on Reggie who easily steals the ball.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
Geez, watch it man, look at my shoes.

FRASER
I'm sorry, it was clearly an offensive penalty.

REGGIE
Forget it. Lou'll get me a new pair.

FRASER
I believe you're entitled to two foul shots.

REGGIE
Don't sweat it.

And with that, Reggie gracefully makes a move on Fraser and goes in for the jam.

FRASER
You're protecting Tyree.

Reggie smiles and throws the ball back out to Fraser.

REGGIE
He'd do me the same.

Fraser dribbles a bit, carefully guarding the ball.

FRASER
I'm sure he would... But I don't know if he needs protecting.

REGGIE
You still trying to get him off.

FRASER
A number of elements of the crime did not make sense.

REGGIE
Yeah?

FRASER
I don't believe Tyree shot that young man.

REGGIE
How you figure that?
Whoever did the shooting was left handed.

Reggie makes a fast move and takes the ball from Fraser.

Hard to prove something like that.

True.

As Reggie tries to move around Fraser, Fraser takes the ball back, dribbles it.

I also believe that the third shot fired was to provide blowback on Tyree's hand to make it appear he was the shooter.

Reggie makes another move on the ball, but Fraser dribbles it away. Reggie's tense.

Why would somebody do that?

Like you said. Friends protect each other. I believe he's covering for someone.

Hey, Tyree said he did something, he did it. It's that simple. You live down here, sometimes you have to shoot somebody in self defense.

If it were self defense, the other person would have had a gun.

He had a gun!

You were there?

No!
FRASER
Of course not. Because then you'd have to protect your friend.

He suddenly leaps and sails the ball into the hoop.

FRASER (CONT'D)
Thank you kindly.

Fraser turns and walks off, leaving Reggie staring after him.

OMITTED

EXT. ALLEY -- DAY

Ray is checking out the alley, positions himself where Taylor must have been standing and mimes the action of what must have happened in the incident. As he gets to the part where Taylor is hit, he follows the likely trajectory of the gun. It leads him to a crumbling wall beside a pile of garbage. Ray pushes aside some slats of wood, sees--

* HIS POV shows a glint of metal peeking out from the mass of junk.

* Ray pulls the grate open, screws up his face in disgust as he reaches into the mess below. He comes up holding a PPK 380 pistol.

INT. FRASER'S TENEMENT -- NIGHT (TWO)

Fraser makes his way up the tenement staircase and through the dingy hall to his apartment.

ANOTHER ANGLE shows TYREE hiding in the shadows at the end of the hall. He's gripping the gun which is stuffed in his jacket, sweating profusely.

Fraser gets to his door and opens it. As he does, Diefenbaker exits to greet him.

FRASER
I know. Dinner time. You should learn to use the stove yourself.

Diefenbaker gives him a look.

FRASER (CONT'D)
Just kidding.

Diefenbaker looks down the hallway toward Tyree's position and growls.

(CONTINUED)
As Fraser turns to look, Tyree breaks from hiding and bolts out the far exit.

FRASER (CONT'D)  
(to Diefenbaker)  
Stay here.

He closes the door again, runs after Tyree.

EXT. ABANDONED STOREFRONT -- NIGHT

Tyree runs out of an alley, scans the street and the alley behind him. No sign of pursuit. He moves to the doorway of an abandoned storefront, pushes the door open and starts inside.

INT. ABANDONED STOREFRONT -- NIGHT

A Tyree makes his way through the empty space, he hears a noise behind him, turns toward it gun raised. It's Reggie.

REGGIE  
Whoa, it's me!

TYREE  
(repockets the weapon)  
Geez, don't do that.

Reggie shows him an armful of junk food he's brought.

REGGIE  
Sorry. Look, I brought you some crap.

Tyree relaxes a little.

TYREE  
Thanks.

He rips open a bag of chips and begins stuffing them in his mouth. Suddenly, another sound is heard and they spin to see—

FRASER standing behind them.

FRASER  
Mind if I join you?

Tyree feels for the gun in his pocket, unsure of what he's going to do next.
ACT FOUR

EXT/INT. ABANDONED STOREFRONT -- NIGHT

Fraser is still facing off with Tyree and Reggie. The wind blows right through ruined walls and whips at their clothes as they talk.

TYREE
Don't come any closer.

FRASER
Okay.

REGGIE
Be cool, Tyree.

Tyree doesn't want to hear this. He's looking for a reason to pull the gun.

TYREE
Reggie, get outta here.

REGGIE
I'm not going nowhere.

FRASER
You were waiting outside my apartment.

TYREE
Is it off limits? I can't visit your building?

FRASER
Were you visiting Mr. Mustafi? Or Ms. Krezjapalov?

TYREE
Maybe.

FRASER
Or, did you want to see me. We have things to talk about. I still don't understand why you're prepared to go to prison for a crime you didn't commit.

TYREE
Don't try to get into my head. You and me ain't nothing alike.

The rumble of a big engine draws closer on the street outside. Reggie peers out over the windowsill, ducks back.

(CONTINUED)
REGGIE

Two-fours.

The car from the drive-by at the end of act two grinds down the street, slow and menacing, like a beast on the prowl.

Tyree and Fraser lean back against the wall. They listen to the thumping engine as it slides past.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

You Canadian, huh?

FRASER

That's right.

TYREE

That mean you been outside of Chicago.

FRASER

Uh huh.

REGGIE

What's it like?

FRASER

We see the same stars as you. Just more of them.

REGGIE

You grew up under the stars, with the wolves and the weasels, and the birds and the trees?

FRASER

There was an abundance of wildlife.

TYREE

We got wildlife. They gunned down my daddy in front of me when I was four.

FRASER

I also lost my father to a killer's bullet.

TYREE

You don't get over that.

FRASER

No.

TYREE

Life sucks, don't it?
Tyree moves toward Fraser. He's sweating and has a hand on the gun in the jacket of his sweats. Fraser studies the other man's eyes, realizes something, then notes the bulge of the gun in Tyree's pocket.

FRASER
If there is no hope. Only...fear.

Tyree's trying to be hard.

TYREE
I got nothing to fear.

FRASER
Do you fear death?

TYREE
Do you?

FRASER
Yes.

There's a communication going on between Fraser and Tyree that Reggie doesn't understand. It scares him.

INT. FRASER'S APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Ray knocks on the door.

RAY
Fraser, it's me.

He opens the door. Diefenbaker runs out, excited and fidgety. He runs to the end of the hallway, comes back toward Ray a few steps, runs to the end of the hallway again. He whines.

RAY (CONT'D)
Is Fraser really in trouble? Cause if you just have to pee... Okay, I'm coming.

EXT./INT. ABANDONED STOREFRONT -- NIGHT

FRASER
There must be things you want to do before you die.

TYREE
Yeah. I'm gonna play in the finals tomorrow. I'm gonna see Reggie sign himself a scholarship.

Tyree and Fraser still face each other.
CONTINUED:

REGGIE
Tyree, you gonna tell me what's going down?

TYREE
Why don't you just go, Reggie? You got a game tomorrow.

REGGIE
You too. I need you.

TYREE
You don't need nothing. You gonna be golden. I gotta do some talking with the Mountie.

EXT. EMPTY STREET -- NIGHT

Diefenbaker runs along, sniffing here and there. He stops at the corner, turns back to look at Ray, who is chugging after him.

RAY
I'm coming. He! You've got twice as many legs...

Diefenbaker charges through. As he leaps over a muddy pothole, Ray steps into it, splashing himself with wet mud.

EXT. STREET OF ABANDONED STOREFRONT -- NIGHT

The Two-Four rumble car thrums back up the street.

EXT./INT. ABANDONED STOREFRONT -- NIGHT

FRASER
You're not going to play in the game because of the Two-Fours?

REGGIE
They don't matter. There's a truce during the game.

TYREE
Hey, I can't talk all night.

FRASER
It's the game you've been practicing for all year.

(MORE)
FRASER (CONT'D)
Everybody you know's going to be there.
And Isiah Thomas -- I've seen the posters in your room...

TYREE
Man, you know nothing. Those people do not care about this place.

FRASER
You love basketball.

TYREE
Yeah, well it doesn't love me. In this neighborhood who lives; who dies; it's all set at birth. You either got the genes to play hoops or you don't.

FRASER
There are always other options, Tyree.

TYREE
You just don't get it. Reggie here, he's good enough; he's got a life. The rest of us; we flip burgers for awhile; maybe we sell drugs for awhile; we keep busy until we piss someone off or just happen to be in the wrong place at the wrong time which happens pretty damn often, and somebody steps up with a gun and makes you dead.

FRASER
Just because someone has a gun, it doesn't mean they have to use it. You've proved that here tonight.

REGGIE
What gun? What's he talking about?

EXT. NEAR OR ON STREET OF ABANDONED STOREFRONT -- NIGHT
Ray chases after Diefenbaker who is moving excitedly now. Ray cuts a corner too close, knocks over a trash can, stumbles, tears his pants, and scrambles back up.

EXT./INT. ABANDONED STORE FRONT -- NIGHT
They hear the racket from outside.

REGGIE
They're coming in.

(CONTINUED)
TYREE

Man...

Tyree and Fraser's eyes meet. Tyree makes a decision, takes his hand off the gun, turns toward the back of the building.

REGGIE

Tyree!

But Tyree's already disappearing.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
(to Fraser)
You saying he was gonna kill you?

Fraser doesn't answer. Ray's voice is close.

RAY (O.S.)

Hey!

Reggie turns and runs out.

FRASER

Ray?

Diefenbaker runs up to Fraser, followed by Ray.

RAY
You okay, Fraser.

FRASER

Yes.

RAY
The wolf was acting like something big was going down. I thought maybe you'd found your boots.

EXT. INNER CITY WAREHOUSE/BASKETBALL COURT -- DAY (THREE)

People entering, some of whom are gang members, eyeing each other shiftily. From inside we HEAR a REFEREE'S WHISTLE and the ROAR of the crowd.

INT. INNER CITY WAREHOUSE/BASKETBALL COURT -- DAY

The teams hit the court, including Reggie and Tyree. As they play, we see them manoeuvre masterfully around the court. The other team plays just as hard and are also talented, but Reggie and Tyree shine. As Reggie takes a pass from Tyree and jams it--

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

The SCOUTS in the audience react enthusiastically, take notes and share whispered comments.

Fraser, Ray and Diefenbaker watch from the bleachers. Fraser looks up and notices the Two Four rumble car pull up outside and stop. Several unsmiling gang members get out.

We see Lou in the crowd with some of his boys, watching. He's happy with Reggie's performance. He turns to a Scout beside him.

LOU
Young man's a talent, ain't he?

BACK TO THE GAME as Reggie starts a give and go with Tyree. Tyree returns a perfect alley cop pass as Reggie soars through the air. But he rims it. The ball ricochets and goes high in the air and goes out of bounds. The whistle blows.

TYREE reacts.

LOU reacts.

As the teams head back to their benches for a timeout, Tyree takes Reggie aside.

TYREE
What's with you?

REGGIE
Nothing.

TYREE
You're blowing it.

REGGIE
Then I blow it.

TYREE
No way. My ass is on the line for you.

REGGIE
I didn't ask you to.

TYREE
You didn't have to.

REGGIE
You were going to kill him.

Tyree doesn't answer.

(CONTINUED)
ON REGGIE AND TYREE

REGGIE (CONT'D)
We can get out of this. Both of us can.

ANGLE
Fraser sees something on the opposite bleachers.

POV
Fraser's boots surrounded by tennis shoes.

BACK TO FRASER
Standing.

FRASER
My boots. I'll be right back.

Fraser moves off while Ray cheers an exciting basket.

ANGLE
Fraser moving through the crowd, turns and sees---

ANGLE
The Two Fours moving toward Tyree.

(CONTINUED)
TYREE
This is out of our hands. You do
what you're told. I do what I'm told.
Nothing happens that Lou doesn't want
to happen. He wanted you free. He
wants the mountie dead.

REGGIE
If he wants you or me dead, what
happens? We kill each other?

Suddenly, Lou barges through the crowd to their side.

LOU
Reggie what the hell you doin'?

REGGIE
Playing the game.

LOU
Play it better.
(darkly)
You don't want to screw this up.

Lou sees that Tyree's attention is drawn over his shoulder.
He turns to see what Tyree's looking at. It's--

THEIR POV shows Fraser moving through the crowd, coming toward
them. People are eyeing him suspiciously.

Lou glares at Tyree. The whistle blows and Reggie and Tyree
head back onto the court and begin to play again. Lou leans
into one of his THUGS and speaks quietly in his ear. The
Thug nods.

WITH FRASER as he continues to work his way through the crowd.

FRASER
Pardon me. Excuse me. Pardon. Pardon
me. Excuse please.

Fraser suddenly finds himself up against a wall of Lou's
Thugs. He looks behind him to see he's surrounded.
INT. INNER CITY WAREHOUSE/BASKETBALL COURT -- DAY

ON A CLOCK which is counting out the last seconds of the game. The score is tied.

ON REGGIE who has the ball and is driving for the basket. He passes to Tyree, who juke and shakes and bakes and then throws up a blind pass which Reggie snags on his way into the air. He switches hands mid-air and does a reverse jam.

The Crowd rises, goes crazy. The whistle blows to mark the end of the game. As the crowd begins milling around and mobbing the players--

LOU arrives beside Tyree.

LOU

Nice pass.

TYREE

Thanks.

LOU

But the game's not over.

Lou nods to his men who are flanking Tyree. They walk him out through the crowd.

REGGIE mobbed by FANS, REPORTERS and SCOUTS, looks to see his buddy. He sees Tyree being escorted out by Lou and the Thugs. He begins to push his way out of the throng.

REGGIE

Excuse me.

He pushes his way out of the crowd, moves toward the back door after Lou and Tyree.

WITH RAY standing and looking for Fraser. Ray moves off and * Diefenbaker follows. *

RAY

Watch out. Wolf coming through.

The crowd opens up, people leaving the wolf a fair bit of room. Ray keeps looking around, but can't see any sign of Fraser, Tyree or Reggie.

EXT. ALLEY -- DAY

ON A SECTION OF WALL as Tyree is thrown up against it. Lou's hand is against his throat.

(CONTINUED)
LOU
You had a job to do. You didn't do it.

TYREE
Hey, we won.

LOU
You know what I'm talking about. The Mountie.

TYREE
Time wasn't right.

LOU
Yeah? Well, here's your chance.

As he slaps the gun in Tyree's hand, they turn to see three Thugs bringing out Fraser.

LOU (CONT'D)
Time's right, Tyree.

He pulls Tyree away from the wall and stands him in front of Fraser.

TYREE
What's he hurtin'?

LOU
He's been snooping around since the shooting.

TYREE
He don't know nothin'.

FRASER
Actually I do.

Reggie exits the building behind them. Tyree's gun hand is wobbling with fear.

LOU
(to Tyree)
Hear that?

FRASER
(to Tyree)
You're not going to shoot me.

LOU
Do it! Now.
REGGIE
Tyree, don't. There's no reason.

Tyree doesn't budge.

LOU
Reggie, step back.

REGGIE
I did it.

TYREE
Reggie, no!
REGGIE
It's over, Tyree. It's over.
(to Fraser)
I shot Taylor.

LOU
Shut up!

FRASER
I know.

EXT. STREET -- FLASHBACK -- DAY

Lou, Reggie and Tyree walk along. The boys are finishing milkshakes in paper cups with straws.

FRASER (V.O.)
Lou had taken you out for burgers after practice. On the way home you split up.

The three men go off in different directions.

EXT. ALLEY -- CONTINUING FLASHBACK -- DAY

Taylor, leaning against the wall of an alley, hears voices, becomes alert. He raises a gun.

FRASER (V.O.)
Taylor was waiting for Reggie in the alley. He fired first and missed. Then Reggie shot. Taylor's gun fell into the wall.

Reggie enters the alley. Taylor fires, misses. Reggie pulls a gun out of his pocket, shoots back once, hitting Taylor in the leg.

FRASER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
When Tyree heard the gun shots, he ran back to Reggie. He made Reggie give him the gun.

Tyree grabs the gun. Reggie doesn't let go. The boys argue. Lou appears and hands Tyree the gun, says "Take it." Finally, Reggie releases the gun, runs off. Lou says, "They'll know you didn't fire it."

FRASER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Tyree fired the gun again into a garbage can, giving him blowback on his hand and arm.

(CONTINUED)
Lou directs Tyree to aim at the trash can. Tyree fires the gun.

REGGIE
He came at me, figured shooting me he'd win his rag. It was self defense. Tyree didn't do nothing.

LOU
You're both fools.
(to his men)
End it.

As Lou's men turn to Fraser, he quickly and efficiently grabs the Thugs on either side of him and throws them into Lou. One of the Thugs comes back at Fraser, whipping out a knife. Fraser grabs a garbage can lid as a shield, blocks the blow. He smashes the Thug in the face with the lid. The guy goes reeling backwards. The other Thug moves on Fraser who flips him over.

Lou produces a nasty looking switchblade.

Tyree turns his gun on Lou.

TYREE
All right, Lou, enough.

Lou freezes. Stand off.

FRASER
(to Tyree)
You're not going to shoot, Tyree.

TYREE
What you say?

FRASER
You're not a killer.

Tyree looks at Fraser for a long moment, realizes he is right. Disgustedly, Tyree throws down the gun. Lou grabs it.

LOU
Now. Let's make this right.

He steadies the gun at Fraser.

(Continued)
FRASER
You're not going to shoot, either, Lou.

LOU
Because I'm not a killer.
FRASER
Because if you try, Detective Vecchio will blow your brains off.

ANGLE ON LOU

WIDEN to show Ray standing behind him, his service baretta pointed at Lou's head. CLICK. Ray cocks the gun.

RAY
Out.

FRASER
I stand corrected.

EXT. INNER CITY BASKETBALL COURT -- DAY

Lou is being led to a cop car. Fraser, Ray and Diefenbaker stand by.

RAY
(to Reggie)
For what it's worth, I'll do what I can to help you out downtown.

TYREE
You better be straight, man. He don't deserve to go down.

FRASER
We know.

Somebody walks up to Fraser, carrying Mountie boots.

BOOT CARRIER
I heard you was looking for these.

FRASER
Thank you.

BOOT CARRIER
Saw them on the streets. Looked valuable so I took them in.

The man begins to walk away.

BOOT CARRIER (CONT'D)
This isn't a safe neighborhood.
TYREE
Easy for you to say.

ISIAH
I like to think I had other assets.

TYREE
Like what?

ISIAH
(grinning broadly)
My winning smile.

TYREE
(nodding in agreement)
Oh yeah.

Isiah taps the side of Tyree's head.

ISIAH
No, kid, my brain. Get that in shape and there'll be no stopping you.

Ray enters.

RAY
State's Attorney is considering dropping charges and --
(see Isiah)
Hmmmnnahah...

ISIAH
Hi, I'm Isiah.

RAY
Hmmmnnahah...

Isiah holds his hand up for a five. Ray tries but misses.

ISIAH
(stands)
We gonna play or what?

As everyone starts shooting around, Isiah and Fraser find themselves off to the side for a moment.

ISIAH (CONT'D)
Mountie, right?

FRASER
That's correct, Sir.

(CONTINUED)
ISIAH
Since I've been living in Toronto,
I've wondered --

FRASER
(quickly)
We mount the horses.

ISIAH
Cool.

FADE OUT.

THE END