

DUE SOUTH

written by
Paul Haggis

Second Draft
Two Hour version
February 11, 1993

PROLOGUE

FADE IN:

1. EXTREMELY CLOSE ON A GLOBE

The neat 3D kind you wanted when you were a kid, with the mountain ranges that actually protrude. The globe turns, starting on the North Atlantic and then finding Canada: Nova Scotia, Labrador, Quebec...by the time we reach James Bay, at the southern most tip of Hudson's Bay, we've pushed in even tighter.

DISSOLVE TO:

2. EXT. JAMES BAY REGION OF NORTH-EASTERN CANADA - EVENING

The sun lies low on the horizon, casting long shadows on the bitter cold landscape. One of the long shadows is moving -- it's attached to the leather boots that step into frame. The boots continue their slow march over the hard ground, passing the stiff carcass of a dead caribou. Only a few feet further the boots come upon another caribou body, then two more. The boots pause briefly beside a doe, then continue along the gulch. They stop at a small patch of ice. The man squats and touches the ice, and we see his handsome, weather-worn face: SGT. ROBERT PRESCOTT may be a man near the end of his career, but his eyes are as sharp and clear as the eagle that circles above him. At six foot three, he still carries the physique of a twenty year old.

Prescott takes a hunting knife from his Sam Browne belt and raps the icy patch with the butt -- the thin ice breaks easily. He sticks his finger into the icy water and measures the depth of the shallow puddle.

A faint but distinct sound of a rifle bolt chambering a bullet makes Prescott jerk his head up; his eyes find the source. He slowly stands, keeping his eyes fixed on:

HIS POV - THE EDGE OF THE FOREST

There's no trace of whatever made the sound.

ANGLE ON PRESCOTT

His eyes haven't moved. When he speaks he doesn't raise his voice, the still night carries it for him.

PRESCOTT SR.

You're going to shoot a Mountie?
They'll hunt you to the ends of
the earth.

EXTREME WIDE ANGLE

Taking in the full terrain. A shot echoes through the valley. The small figure that was Sgt. Prescott Sr. stands for the longest time, then falls to the earth.

DISSOLVE TO:

3. THE GLOBE

leaves James Bay and continues to circle west, passing over Northern Manitoba and the tip of Saskatchewan before finding the North-West Territories, a thousand miles away, where the camera closes in.

DISSOLVE TO:

4. EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE NORTHWEST TERRITORIES - NIGHT

Jagged rocks, howling wind, blinding snow and miles and miles of more of the same. Not much goes on here. Which is why we're surprised when -- WHOOSH -- a team of dogs flies past us, just inches from the camera, barking and snapping as they pull their wooden sled. The driver CRACKS a whip in the air. They're gone in a flash.

CUT TO:

5. INT. RCMP OUTPOST - NIGHT

This cinder block building has the distinction of being the northern-most district office of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. We know that because we are focused on the regal looking emblem of the RCMP. As we move away from the seal and across the ordinary metal desks and stacking file boxes, we realize this is hardly the rugged outpost of yore. Still, it is peopled by a small contingent of dedicated keepers-of-the-peace. True, they no longer wear the bright-red uniforms, and the only chiseled chin belongs to an officer named Louisa, but they are nonetheless Mounties. Right now they're all trying to figure out why the water cooler doesn't work.

OFFICER 1

(defensively)

I pressed the little red button,
nothing happens!

OFFICER 2

Try the blue one.

OFFICER 1

I tried the blue one.

OFFICER 3

Did you shake it?

We follow TWO FEMALE OFFICERS headed for the teletype.

FEMALE OFFICER 4

I tell him the snow mobiles are
frozen dead. He says "I'll take
a dog sled."

FEMALE OFFICER 5
A dog sled?? Is this guy living
in this century?

OFFICER 6
(as he passes)
I heard he was going over the
pass.

FEMALE OFFICER 5
Don't be ridiculous!

OFFICER 2
(passing it on, in awe)
Prescott went over the pass.

OFFICER 3
You gotta be kidding.

6. EXT. THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - NIGHT CUT TO:

The dog team struggles over a rise, straining at the weight behind them; the large, well-bundled form of a man tied to the sled looks like he weighs well over two hundred and fifty pounds. The black boots of the driver dig into the snow as he lifts the rear of the sled over the hill. The unseen driver cracks the whip.

THE DRIVER
Mush!

CUT TO:

7. INT. RCMP OUTPOST - NIGHT

We're still following the female officers.

FEMALE OFFICER 5
He's never going to make it!
It's fifty below out there; I
froze coming in from my car.

OFFICER 6
The guy is certifiable.

FEMALE OFFICER 5
Who did he go after, anyway?

FEMALE OFFICER 4
You wouldn't believe me.

FEMALE OFFICER 5
Who??

CUT TO:

8. EXT. THE FROZEN TUNDRA - NIGHT

The sled bounces over the frozen earth carrying its encapsulated prisoner. The driver at the rear of the sled doesn't notice the tip of a knife ease out of blankets. The razor sharp blade slices through the rope that binds the prisoner. With one lightening fast motion, a giant arm thrusts out of the blankets and jams the deadly blade of the Bowie knife hilt-deep into the frozen ground. The lead dog, DIEFENBAKER, yelps as he's suddenly yanked back. Faster than any human would react, the driver swings his knee-high black boot in a high arc and kicks the prisoner's hand free of the bone-handled knife, and the sled hurtles on into the darkness.

CUT TO:

9. INT. RCMP OUTPOST - NIGHT

FEMALE OFFICER 5

And you didn't stop him?!

FEMALE OFFICER 4

Yeah, I threw my body in front of his dog sled.

FEMALE OFFICER 5

Somebody's gotta tell the Superintendent.

OFFICER 6

That's the Sergeant's job.

FEMALE OFFICER 5

Then we gotta tell the Sergeant!

CUT TO:

10. EXT. TUNDRA - NIGHT

The lead dog, his fur matted with ice and mud, leaps over a giant snow drift and pulls hard to the right. The sled mounts the drift and skids sideways to a halt. The driver reaches down, yanks the last rope free and grabs the prisoner. Without pausing for as much as a breath, he throws the hulking prisoner over his shoulder.

CUT TO:

11. INT. RCMP OUTPOST - NIGHT

Back over at the water cooler, Officer 1 has a battle plan mapped out. He grabs hold of the water bottle:

OFFICER 1

Okay, when I lift, you jam your hand down in there fast; ready and...

Female Officer 5 approaches.

FEMALE OFFICER 5

Sergeant?

Officer 1 looks up.

OFFICER 1

Yeah?

Just then the doors at the end of the corridor fly open and a figure steps in, engulfed in a swirl of blowing snow. All heads turn.

KNEE HIGH BLACK BOOTS

covered in mud, tromp the pristine linoleum with an even, confident stride. Moving up the legs, the man's clothes are so encrusted with dirt and ice you'd never know there was a uniform under there. As we come up the man's back we see the mammoth prisoner hanging over his shoulder, helpless as a dressed deer. Finally we see the distinctive hat, and we know this is a Mountie.

ALL MOUTHS

hang agape. The Sergeant has momentarily forgotten that he's holding the water cooler bottle, water spilling out onto his shoes.

THEIR POV

for the first time we see CONSTABLE BENTON PRESCOTT'S face. Six foot two, chiseled features, clear blue eyes, he looks like he just walked out of a postcard. A small smile crosses his lips as he passes the cooler.

PRESCOTT

See you got that fixed,
Sergeant.

Officer 1 (the Sergeant) realizes what's happening and hands the gushing bottle to Officer 2.

ANGLE ON THE HOLDING CELL

in the corner of the room. Prescott swings open the cage door and drops the prisoner down on the stool in the corner.

PRESCOTT

Anything you need?

PRISONER

No, I'm fine, thanks.

Prescott locks the door and turns to see Female Officer 5 staring.

PRESCOTT

That's the last time he'll fish
over the limit.

As he walks away, she still hasn't closed her mouth.

CUT TO:

12. MAIN TITLES

A stylized mix of ancient black and white archive footage and still photos of the real men of the North West Mounted Police and RCMP, combined with Hollywood's comical and stereotypical view of the mounties over the years: Sergeant Preston and Yukon King blurting out some of their cornier lines, Nelson Eddy and Jeannette McDonald singing their hearts out, and the lesser known serial heroes bringing evil-doers to justice.

FADE OUT.

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

13. INT. RCMP OUTPOST - SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Constable Prescott stands as SUPERINTENDENT MEERS returns to his desk, keeping his cool.

SUPERINTENDENT MEERS
And you felt it necessary to go out there and get him now, in the middle of one of the worst storms we've had this year.

PRESCOTT
Yes, sir.

SUPERINTENDENT MEERS
....Why?

PRESCOTT
He broke the law, sir.

SUPERINTENDENT MEERS
Prescott, this motto -- "We always get our man" -- maybe no one mentioned this, but it isn't really our motto -- some writer made it up. See, our motto is "Maintain The Right". That means....it doesn't matter what that means, the point is, you just tracked a man three hundred miles BECAUSE HE CAUGHT TOO MANY FISH!!

PRESCOTT
He exceeded the limit by quite a bit, sir.

SUPERINTENDENT MEERS
Do you know why they keep transferring you further and further north, Prescott?!

(tossing him some paper)

Here, write out the word "embarrassment" for me, we'll pin it to your hat, so whenever you look in the mirror, you'll know. How much could a man fish over the limit that would justify you recklessly endangering your life, and the reputation of this police force?!

PRESCOTT
 (referring to his pad)
 Four and a half tons, sir.

SUPERINTENDENT MEERS
 (caught off guard)
 ...Tons of...fish.

PRESCOTT
 He was dynamiting the rivers,
 then scooping the salmon off the
 surface with a backhoe. I
 destroyed the plastic explosives,
 fragmentary mines and nitro-
 glycerine and then donated the
 three truckloads of fish to a
 local Inuit village. The tribal
 elder said he'd call you with his
 thanks as soon as their phone
 lines are restored.

We can see that Prescott richly enjoys the pregnant pause that follows. It's broken as Female Officer 4 raps on the Superintendent's door and enters with a telex.

FEMALE OFFICER 4
 Sir, there's a tribal elder on
 the phone for you, and this just
 came in over the wire.

She hands Meers the telex and throws a quick look to Prescott. Something is very wrong. Meers looks up from reading the telex. He is visibly shaken.

SUPERINTENDENT MEERS
 (to Prescott)
 ...It's your father.

CUT TO:

14. EXT. JAMES BAY AREA -- DAY

An area of vast wilderness, dotted with rivers and lakes. A herd of caribou graze on a hillside. The only man-made sound is a FAINT DULL ROAR which emanates from somewhere in the distance. Then the roar is overtaken by the SOUND OF A PLANE ENGINE APPROACHING. In the sky above, a six-seater CESSNA appears over a ridge.

CUT TO:

15. INT. CESSNA -- CONTINUOUS

Prescott stares out his window, lost in thought, as the pilot, BERT JENKINS, pours a cup of coffee from a thermos.

JENKINS

Time was, you could look out that window and see nothing but geese. Thousands of 'em. And that river down there -- beavers used to cover it like a bunch of hairy little ants. Not anymore, though. The government kinda put 'em out of business.

16. EXT. THE GROUND BELOW - THEIR POV - CONTINUOUS

A huge monolith of a dam under construction comes into view. Behind it lays a water reservoir which stretches as far as the eye can see.

17. RETURN TO SCENE

PRESCOTT

Yeah. Everything's changing.

Diefenbaker, his lead dog, looks up from his feet, as if offering sympathy. Prescott gives him a small pat.

18.. ANGLE AHEAD

A small northern city comes into view.

DISSOLVE TO:

19. INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE -- DAY

A sheet is pulled back, revealing the lifeless face of Sgt. Robert Prescott.

PRESCOTT JR.

stares down at the body. For a second the shock registers, but the stubborn face refuses to lose its composure. Beside him stands an imposing senior RCMP Officer in his fifties, CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT GERARD.

GERARD

Still don't know what the hell he was doing out there. Middle of nowhere, ten below zero.

PRESCOTT

His log book...?

GERARD

He closed his last case over a week ago. Should've been catching up on paperwork.

Prescott lowers the sheet and nods to the orderly to remove the body.

GERARD (CONT'D)

But you know your Dad. He'd rather freeze his rump off than hug a desk.

CUT TO:

20. EXT. RCMP HEADQUARTERS -- DAY -- ESTABLISHING SHOT

A two story building, larger and more impressive than the one Prescott hails from. The sign over the entrance reads "RCMP East Bay Regional Headquarters".

CUT TO:

21. INT. GERARD'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Gerard sets a small plastic evidence bag on the desk in front of Prescott. By the way he talks we can tell Gerard and Prescott Sr. were close.

GERARD

.303 calibre, standard hunting ammo. It's the first week of the season -- every damned idiot up here suddenly feels the need to kill something. Near as we can tell, he must have caught a stray bullet. Useless damn way to die.

Prescott fingers the mangled remains of the bullet.

GERARD (CONT'D)

Son, every officer on this post spent the last three days combing that gulch. If there was evidence of foul play, we would have found it.

(Beat, then)

When was the last time you talked to him?

PRESCOTT

...Christmas.

Prescott tries to disguise his feelings of guilt and remorse. Gerard covers for him:

GERARD

I guess the more you know someone, the less that needs to be said.

DISSOLVE TO:

22. EXT. GULCH -- DAY

Tattered yellow police tape snaps in the wind. Prescott kneels over the spot where his father's body fell. The once virgin snow is now trampled down in all directions, criss-crossed by the ski-marks of snowmobiles and heavy tire tracks. Prescott studies the ground. He turns over a clump of snow, stained with dried blood. The clump falls apart in his fingers. Diefenbaker moves into frame, sniffs the ground beside him, then moves off. Prescott watches as the dog heads down the gulch, then follows.

CUT TO:

23. A HUNDRED YARDS DOWN THE GULCH

a hawk pecks at something through the new fallen snow. It catches the dog's scent and takes off. Diefenbaker lopes into frame and sniffs the snowy mound, then moves off. A moment later PRESCOTT kneels down beside the mound and brushes away the snow. It's the frozen body of a dead caribou.

Prescott looks down the gulch -- a dozen more patches of brown fur poke through the snow.

Suddenly, A KNIFE flies into frame, imbedding in the ground by Prescott's knee. Prescott reacts instantly, rolling to one side and drawing his Smith & Wesson service revolver. The dog comes charging back and snarls. Prescott stills him with a hand signal.

AN INUIT MAN stands at the edge of the gulch.

INUIT

You want meat, Mountie? Try the supermarket.

The Inuit turns away and ties another fallen caribou to the sled attached to his ski mobile. Prescott approaches. He hands the Inuit back his knife.

PRESCOTT

You kill them?

INUIT

Nope.

PRESCOTT

You see some hunters come through here?

INUIT

Lots of them.

PRESCOTT
They kill them?

INUIT
Nope.

PRESCOTT
Then who?

INUIT
No one. They just drank too
much.

The Inuit man kicks over the engine of his ski mobile and tears off through the woods, bouncing off the trunks of trees.

INUIT
(as he sideswipes each tree)
Damn, get outta my way!... Damn,
will ya watch it?!
(warning the trees to move:)
Comin' through, comin' through!...
Damn!

Prescott watches after him quizzically, then continues up the hill, the dog following.

CUT TO:

24. THE WOODS

Prescott follows a deer trail along the ridge. He notices something and stops: Another set of tracks have appeared along side. He kneels and picks something out of the snow - a .303 shell casing.

CUT TO:

25. A CLEARING SOME DISTANCE OFF

The trail of footsteps joins several others. It looks like half a dozen men stopped here briefly. Five of them went off in one direction, the sixth is the trail he's been following. Just a few feet away lie the rut marks of Jeep tires. Prescott kneels and studies the boot prints. His dog noses up beside him.

PRESCOTT
(to dog)
Do you know six people up here
who can afford new boots?

DISSOLVE TO:

26. EXT. AIR FIELD - DAY

A light plane dips down from the sky and lands on a narrow air strip. As it passes we see parked in the background the three or four other prop planes that make up the East Bay commercial airfield. Prescott and Bert Jenkins appear from behind one of these and head across the tarmac toward the airfield's lone hangar barn.

JENKINS

We get a lot of weekend hunters up here. Yuppies, mostly. Wouldn't know a deer from a tree stump.

PRESCOTT

I'm looking for a party of six. Would have come in about a week ago.

JENKINS

I've been flying supplies mostly. Try Herb Lantrell.

CUT TO:

27. INT. HANGAR - DAY

HERB LANTRELL, a chubby pilot in his forties, has a pocket cellular phone pressed to his ear as he leafs through his flight log.

HERB

(into phone)

Betty, honey, you got milk. I brought home a gallon yesterday. Look in the fridge.

Herb turns to Prescott who's waiting patiently.

HERB (CONT'D)

(to Prescott, re: phone)

Never shoulda bought the damn thing. Now it's bring milk, bring butter, I'm up ten thousand feet and she wants me to stop at a 7 Eleven.

Prescott smiles. Herb runs a finger down a column in his log book.

HERB (CONT'D)

A week ago you say? Brought some nuns up on a retreat. That help?

PRESCOTT

Not unless they were carrying
firearms.

HERB

From the look on some of them it
wouldn't have surprised me....
Okay, here you go -- bunch of
dentists from Chicago. Killed
their limit and went home early.
Lot of latent bloodlust,
dentists.

PRESCOTT

You have the passenger list?

HERB

Sure.

(back to phone)

Foot Powder? I'd like to Betty,
but I'm at three thousand feet
and heading for a cliff. I'll
call you if I pull out.

(hangs up, winks to Prescott)

Has its advantages too.

CUT TO:

28. INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE -- DAY

Prescott hoists the body of a caribou from his shoulders
and lowers it onto a gurney. He looks up to see the
somewhat puzzled look on the face of the CORONER.

CORONER

Pet, was it?

PRESCOTT

Think you can tell me what killed
it?

CORONER

Toss it in the freezer. It'll be
a few days.

PRESCOTT

Thanks.

Prescott exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

29. EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY

Outside the gates, the snowy roadway is lined with RCMP
vehicles, including several black sedans.

CUT TO:

30. EXT. GRAVE SITE -- DAY

RANKS OF RCMP OFFICERS, in full dress red serge, stand at attention by the grave site. A casket, draped with the RCMP Corp ensign, rests in the foreground. On the opposite side, Prescott stands alone, also in his red serge. A few paces behind him is a group of civilians and dignitaries, including Chief Superintendent Gerard. ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER JOHN UNDERHILL addresses them.

UNDERHILL

Twenty-two years ago I came to the Northwest Territories as a Corporal. Even then, the name Bob Prescott was spoken with awe among the ranks of new recruits. It was said that he could track a ghost across sheer ice, and that a young officer would have to move fast and drive hard just to catch his shadow. Many have followed the spirit and tradition of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. A few have embodied it. Sgt. Robert Prescott's name will always be among them.

31. EXTREME WIDE ANGLE - CEMETERY

A ceremonial BLAST OF RIFLE FIRE flushes birds from the trees.

CUT TO:

32. EXT. THE BLIND MOOSE INN - DAY

A backwoods kind of tavern, the kind you'd expect to find but rarely do anymore in the great white north.

GERARD (V.O.)

Yeah, we'd appreciate that....

CUT TO:

33. INT. BLIND MOOSE INN - DAY

A wake is in progress. Trappers and construction workers mix with Mounties and men in suits. A sizable pine bar runs the length of the room, accompanied by a few rough hewn tables and chairs, a couple of booths and a juke box. We find Sup. Gerard on the ancient rotary pay phone.

GERARD

...I'm afraid that's all we've got... I will, thanks.

Gerard hangs up and joins Prescott at the bar. GEORGE, the affable BARTENDER offers Gerard another drink.

GEORGE

(re: pay phone)

I'm going to start charging you rent on that thing. You driving or can I pour you another?

GERARD

Thanks, George.

GEORGE

Hell of a wake.

(to Prescott)

To your father, may he not give the Angels a moments peace.

The three men drink. As George moves off, Prescott turns to Gerard.

GERARD

Your father and I spent too many nights in places like this.

(re: his glass)

I see you picked up his habit. Straight gingerale, is that?

PRESCOTT

(re: phone call)

...What did they say?

GERARD

I gave them your list of names, they'll assign an officer to check them out.

PRESCOTT

With respect, sir, the Chicago P.D. is not going to make this a high priority.

(a beat)

I understand there is an opening at the Chicago Consulate.

GERARD

And you're going to what - go charging across the border, frisking sportsmen at random? Ben, man to man, if this really was a murder, I want to find whoever did it and show him the view from the end of a rope. But I can't do that, and neither can you. There were a hundred

GERARD (cont'd)
hunters out in the woods that
day, most of them from God-knows-
where. You found six. They will
check them out. Let them do
their job.

PRESCOTT
I realize I wouldn't be allowed
to work the case, sir, but if I'm
in the same city I can at least
check their progress.

GERARD
Tell me, Constable, how long you
been on the force now?

PRESCOTT
Thirteen years.

GERARD
And what's the biggest city
you've ever worked in?

PRESCOTT
...Moosejaw.

GERARD
Yeah, and you were transferred
out after five weeks because you
couldn't adapt to such an urban
lifestyle. You're like your
father: up there in no man's
land, there isn't a better cop in
the world. But in Chicago,
they'd eat you alive within
minutes.

(a beat)
I'm sorry.

PRESCOTT
I understand.

Prescott takes something from his pocket and places it on
the bar in front of Gerard. It's his badge.

PRESCOTT
I also know you understand that
nothing is going to stop me from
finding my father's killer, and
bringing him to justice.

Prescott turns and exits. Gerard reaches over and picks
up the badge.

CLOSE ON BADGE

Gerard hands it to someone. We widen to see we are in:

34. INT. OFFICE OF ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER UNDERHILL - NIGHT
Underhill thumbs the badge. He looks up to Gerard.

COMMISSIONER UNDERHILL
Give him the transfer.

GERARD
Oh come on, Charlie, you think they're going to let him do anything? He'll have no jurisdiction...

COMMISSIONER UNDERHILL
Chicago P.D. are going to treat this like any other request. The only way they'll find this guy is if he's picked up for a broken tail-light and he blurts out a spontaneous confession.

(with weight:)
This was Bob Prescott. Give him the transfer.

He hands Gerard back the badge. Gerard finally smiles, as if he knows in his guts this is the right thing to do.

GERARD
God help Chicago.

CUT TO:

35. THE GLOBE

Circles west from James Bay, but we cut a sharp south-westerly angle, passing through Northern Ontario, through Sault Sainte Marie and down the great lakes to Chicago. A wing tip of a small model plane sweeps dramatically into frame:

MATCH CUT TO:

36. EXT. CHICAGO O'HARE AIRPORT - (STOCK SHOT) - DAY

CLOSE ON A PASSENGER AIRLINER swooping in for a landing.

CUT TO:

37. INT. CHICAGO O'HARE AIRPORT - DAY

A steady stream of passengers descend on the escalator. No one takes the stairs. No one but Constable Prescott, of course, his heavy nap sack and gear slung easily over his shoulder. At the bottom of the stairs, everyone ignores the two women in pseudo-nurse's garb that solicit donations.

NURSE

Help feed the hungry. Food for
the hungry.

Prescott stops, reaches into his inside jacket pocket, pulls out what looks like a flat bar of beef-jerky, and puts it in the Nurse's begging dish. The nurse picks it up with two fingers.

NURSE

What is it?

PRESCOTT

Pemmican. If you're still hungry
when you finish it, drink water.
It expands in your stomach.

And he's off, not wishing to be thanked. The nurses just stare after him, the Pemmican dangling there like a dead mouse.

CUT TO:

38. INT. AIRPORT CONCOURSE - SECONDS LATER

In the crowd of deplaning passengers, a woman with a toddler in one arm and two other children in a cart keeps pace with Prescott, who carries her various and many bags along with his -- the diaper bag pretty much obscuring his view.

PRESCOTT

Think nothing of it, Ma'am.
Whoooa!

That last sound was him striding onto the moving sidewalk and zooming off ahead.

CUT TO:

39. INT. AIRPORT CONCOURSE - MOMENTS LATER

Prescott has a new walking companion, an "OPERATOR" who is stringing him his best tale.

PRESCOTT

And they won't operate on your little girl unless you give them the money in advance?

OPERATOR

Man, without seeing the cash, they won't give you an aspirin.

PRESCOTT

And you'll pay me back within a week?

OPERATOR

As God is my witness.

PRESCOTT

(taking out a bill)

I'm afraid all I can give you is a hundred.

OPERATOR

(stunned to a dead stop)

You're going to give a complete stranger a hundred dollars??
You're kidding.

PRESCOTT

I'd never kid about a child's life.

CUT TO:

40. EXT. O'HARE AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

Prescott waits in a queue for a taxi. When it's his turn the cab pulls up, but Prescott notices an elderly lady behind him. He holds open the cab door and offers it to her.

PRESCOTT

You take it, Ma'am.

CUT TO:

41. EXT. SAME AIRPORT CAB STAND - MOMENTS LATER

another cab pulls up, Prescott opens the back door, but now a young lady stands behind him and he offers it to her.

PRESCOTT

Please.

CUT TO:

42. EXT. SAME AIRPORT CAB STAND - MOMENTS LATER

An elderly couple get the same consideration. He closes the door after them.

PRESCOTT

No, you go right ahead.

CUT TO:

43. EXT. AIRPORT CAB STAND - MOMENTS LATER.

Prescott opens the door of this new cab for himself, but a rude businessman pushes right in front and takes his cab. Another cab pulls up right behind, Prescott opens the rear door but sees a man in a wheelchair behind him. He motions for him to take it.

CUT TO:

44. EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - EVENING

Prescott walks along the shoulder, whistling as he heads for the city. He passes the road sign that beams WELCOME TO CHICAGO.

DISSOLVE TO:

45. EXT. POLICE STATION -- NIGHT

An old brick precinct building in the heart of the city. Prescott folds his map and enters.

CUT TO:

46. INT. POLICE STATION

At the front desk, SEVERAL UNIFORMED OFFICERS are lined up bearing SUSPECTS in handcuffs. THE DESK SERGEANT hands the cop at the head of the line his paperwork, and the cop moves off with his suspect in tow.

DESK SERGEANT

Next.

Prescott steps up to the desk. The Sergeant is given considerable pause by the sight of his wide-brimmed hat.

DESK SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Look here, it's Nanook of the North.

PRESCOTT

(showing I.D.)

Constable Prescott, Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

DESK SERGEANT

(impressed)
No kidding.
(peeks over the counter)
Gotta dog?

PRESCOTT

In quarantine.

DESK SERGEANT

I got a dog. Great Dane. Can't pull nothin', though. Bad back.

PRESCOTT

I'm sorry to hear that. I'm looking for the officer assigned to a particular case, I was given this case number.

Prescott hands him a piece of paper, the Sergeant punches the numbers into his computer.

DESK SERGEANT

Uh-huh, uh-huh.
(finds it. Enjoys this:)
Oh yeah, you'll like this fella. Head down that hall, through the end door, third holding cell on your left.

PRESCOTT

His name?

DESK SERGEANT

Oh you can't miss him, just look for Armani.

Prescott heads off.

CUT TO:

47. INT. HOLDING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Prescott displays his visitor I.D. to A UNIFORMED GUARD at a desk, who lets him enter. Prescott walks to the third holding cell on his left and looks in.

We PAN ACROSS the dangerous-looking detainees; gang members, transients, pimps...to a handsome Latino man in his early thirties, well-coifed, perfectly manicured and dressed in a top-of-the-line Armani suit, Armani silk shirt and hand-painted Armani tie. His name is RAY HERNANDEZ. A HUGE, WELL-DRESSED GUY next to him examines the label in his jacket.

RAY

Of course it's original merchandise; friend of mine found a truck full just sorta sitting on the side of the road.

HUGE WELL DRESSED GUY

Isn't this kind of a strange place to do business?

RAY

Hey, at least in here you know who you're dealing with.

PRESCOTT

Excuse me?

Ray and the perpetrators turn to look.

PRESCOTT

I'm looking for a Detective Armani?

The Huge Guy and his friends turn back to Ray, who tries to look innocent.

RAY

(to huge guy and friends)
What?...You mean...what?
(finally)
Guard?

CUT TO:

48. INT. DETECTIVE'S BULLPEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Hernandez fires through the doors, followed by Prescott.

RAY

Okay, who let the Mountie into the holding cell?!

Without looking, several detectives raise their hands.

PRESCOTT

I'm sorry. I believe it was an unfortunate confusion about an unfamiliar, idiomatic trade name.

RAY

What the confusion was: down here, we don't bust in on some guy when he's about to take down the biggest operator in the garment district for buying stolen merchandise!

PRESCOTT

So you were attempting to sell him a truckload of illegally obtained men's clothing.

RAY

That's right!

PRESCOTT

Isn't that entrapment?

RAY

(finds his desk)

What do you want from me?

PRESCOTT

(hands him paper)

I was told you were in charge of this case.

RAY

The dead Mountie thing, like I couldn't have guessed. Look, I got the list of names, it's in my basket there somewhere. The moment I get a chance I'll run them through the computer, pick up the phone, call you with the information, and you can get your Boy Scout points. Anything else?

PRESCOTT

Yes. The dead Mountie was my father. I'd appreciate it if you'd check the names while there's still a chance of catching the man who killed him.

Prescott turns and walks out, leaving Ray speechless.
Prescott hesitates at the door.

PRESCOTT

And he's not in the garment business.

RAY

...What?

PRESCOTT

Your operator. He had a hole in his shoe. A big garment buyer wouldn't be seen with a hole in his shoe. So, like you, he's pretending to be someone he's not.

Prescott turns and exits, leaving Ray to think about this.

DISSOLVE TO:

49. EXT. LARGE MODERN DOWNTOWN HOTEL - NIGHT

Prescott enters the modern monolith, his rucksack slung over his shoulder.

CUT TO:

50. INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Prescott stares out the picture window at the foreign sight below -- the lights of the city.

CUT TO:

51. ANGLE ON THE BED - LATER

Prescott lies there trying to sleep. He takes a deep breath, but can't seem to get any air in his lungs.

CUT TO:

52. ANGLE ON HOTEL ROOM WINDOW

Prescott tries several ways to open the picture window, but the room is completely sealed.

CUT TO:

53. ANGLE ON AIR CONDITIONING CONTROL

Prescott manages to turn on the air conditioning.

CUT TO:

54. ANGLE ON THE BED

He lies there with the drone of the stale air being forced into the sterile room.

CUT TO:

55. EXT. ROOFTOP OF HOTEL - NIGHT

Prescott rolls out his sleeping bag. Once inside, he takes a deep breath and stares up at the sky. He rolls over on his side and pulls something from his breast pocket. It's an old crumpled photo of his father as a young recruit. The first real signs of emotion creep onto his face.

PRESCOTT

(in a whisper)

I'll bring him in, Dad. You can
count on me.

He puts the photo away and closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

56. WIDE ANGLE - ROOFTOP AND SKYLINE - NIGHT

We pull way back to see what Prescott is up against --
one man, out of place and alone amongst the thousands of
strangers in this city.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

57. EXT. CANADIAN CONSULATE BUILDING (CHICAGO) - DAY

Over which we hear the voice of Prescott's new RCMP boss, SUPERINTENDENT LEE ANNE MOFFAT.

MOFFAT (V.O.)

I think you know I wasn't pleased about your being transferred here.

CUT TO:

58. INT. CONSULATE BUILDING - RCMP LIAISON OFFICE - DAY

This is the RECEPTION AREA of the small, nondescript office. As Moffat continues to pontificate, CAROL, her assistant, exits her boss's office and closes the door. From the expression on her face we can tell she doesn't think much of her boss.

MOFFAT'S VOICE

I'm sure you're really very good at stomping your way through the ice and snow, but this is a Consulate Office, and...

59. INT. SUPERINTENDENT MOFFAT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

We finally see SUP. LEE ANNE MOFFAT, a young woman of thirty, sharp, dedicated, ultra-urban, very inch the new RCMP.

MOFFAT (cont'd)

a cleft chin and a blue ribbon for kayaking doesn't get you very far down here. Do you even know what we do here?

PRESCOTT

This is the Liaison Office, Ma'am. As Chief Liaison Officer you work closely with local law enforcement, the various arms of the American Criminal Justice Systems and Intelligence Community on matters of mutual interest.

MOFFAT

And you thought that sounded like an exciting alternative to recovering stolen snowshoes.

PRESCOTT

They said you needed an assistant.

MOFFAT

(smiles knowingly)

Oh, they did. Well, before you get too enthused, let me put things in perspective for you. Agencies like the FBI and the DEA don't just automatically rush to cooperate with foreign security services. First, they have to take you seriously. That means having a reputation -- being just as tough and ruthless as they are. Scotland Yard, they take seriously. The Mossad, they take seriously. But the Mounties? We're just polite people in funny hats who have problems pronouncing the vowels "o-u". You're trying to discuss methods of breaking the international heroin trade -- they're trying to get you to say "ooot" and "abooot" into a tape recorder. We're a stereotype, Prescott; one that I've worked very hard to change. And you tromping around in your size twelve mukluks won't do much to help that.

PRESCOTT

I'll do my best to adapt.

SUP. MOFFAT

Don't bother. I have the perfect job for you, Prescott. Just do me a favor -- while you're out there, try to avoid the urge to burst into song.

CUT TO:

60. EXT. CANADIAN CONSULATE - DAY

From the brass plaque that identifies the consulate, we PAN ACROSS the pillared entrance to:

PRESCOTT, standing at attention, in full dress red serge, as motionless and unblinking as a Buckingham Palace Guard. Across from him stand several KIDS, making faces trying to crack him up. One finally spits his gum out onto Prescott's shoe. The kids see someone coming and

scatter. The someone is Ray Hernandez, on his way to the consulate. Ray walks past Prescott and enters the building.

RAY

'scuse me.

A beat later Ray returns, realizing it was Prescott.

RAY (cont'd)

It's you! I walked right past you, I didn't recognize you standing there like that.

Prescott continues staring ahead, as is his job. Ray doesn't seem to clue into this. He leans up against the wall beside him and takes out a cigarette.

RAY (cont'd)

Okay, I acted like a jerk, I didn't realize it was your father, I should have checked into it earlier.

(offering him a cigarette)

Want one?

(takes silence for a "no")

Anyway, you were right about the goombah in the cell. I dig around, find out he's Internal Affairs, trying to nail my ass for illegal entrapment. Can you believe that? The man is trying to entrap me into entrapping him. It's like my old man used to say, "never trust a cop." In any case, I figured I owed you one, so I came to say...thanks.

Ray offers his hand. Prescott, of course, can't take it.

RAY (cont'd)

I apologized, what else do you want from me?...Prescott...?
Prescott...?

Ray waves a hand in front of Prescott's face. He takes some delight in this realization:

RAY (cont'd)

You're kidding me! This is your job?? This is like your real job? I don't believe this! Son of a gun! Hey, no offense, I have the greatest respect for people who can do something and

RAY (cont'd)
do it well. Or in this case, do
nothing and do it well.

Ray laughs at his own stupid joke, then lowers his voice to speak in confidence.

RAY (cont'd)
Anyway, listen, I checked out
that list of names for you and I
have something that may be
something, so we should talk.
(waits, expecting a response)
You're putting me on, right?...
Okay, okay, just tell me when
you'll be off and I'll come back.
(waits, no response)
You got a break coming up soon or
something?... Would nodding your
head be some sort of Canadian
crime?... You sort of swayed
forward a bit there, was that a
yes?... I'm talkin to a corpse.

The clock tower chimes twelve. Prescott shoulders his rifle, turns with precision to stare at Ray, turns again and marches away.

RAY (cont'd)
You know you have gum on your
shoe?

CUT TO:

61. INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

It's getting close to rush hour as Ray and Prescott enter through the front door.

RAY
So I called the American Dental
Association to check them out,
and every one on your list comes
up as members. Only one of them,
this Dr. Lawrence Medley, isn't
current with his dues. I ask how
delinquent the guy is, they say
twelve years.

CUT TO:

62. INT. SUBWAY STATION PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

They turn onto the platform and head for the waiting train.

RAY (cont'd)

I call his practice, the nurse says he can't come to the phone, seeing that he's been dead twelve years. This then makes me curious.

Ray wonders why they are waiting at the open train door.

RAY (cont'd)

You gonna get on or what?

PRESCOTT

(holding open door)

It just takes a few extra seconds to be courteous.

(to woman with groceries)

After you, Ma'am....

(to elderly man)

No, after you, sir.

ANGLE FROM FAR SIDE OF PLATFORM

The train pulls out of the station. Prescott and Ray are the only ones left standing on the platform.

RAY

My bet is there aren't a lot of high speed chases in Canada.

CUT TO:

63. INT. DENTIST'S RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Ray enters, still telling his story to Prescott.

RAY

So I say to myself, "How could this Dr. Medley be on this hunting trip last month, being as dead as he appears to be?" I mean, even with a dentist, someone would have commented on this.

(shows ID to receptionist)

Detective Hernandez to see Dr. Weingarten.

She disappears.

CUT TO:

64. INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - A SHORT TIME LATER

The dentist, DR. WEINGARTEN, digs an envelope of snapshots out of his desk drawer and turns to Ray and Prescott.

DR. WEINGARTEN

No, not personally. In fact, he called me. He'd heard about our annual hunting trip, asked if he could come along. Harry Prentice, periodontist, he usually comes with, but this year he had that accident.

(finds a photo he's been looking for)

Here, this is him, Larry Medley, the one sleeping in the corner. I think that's the only one I got of him. For some reason he was never around when we were taking pictures.

CLOSE ON PHOTO

in Ray's hand; a group snapshot of several guys on a small plane, the one sleeping in the corner is apparently the mystery dentist, Larry Medley.

BACK TO SCENE

DR. WEINGARTEN (cont'd)

Not much of a hunter, didn't shoot a thing. I came back with that fella.

Dr. Weingarten proudly indicates the stuffed beaver posed on his file cabinet.

CUT TO:

65. INT. POLICE STATION - BULL PEN - NIGHT

The night crowd is thinner. Prescott follows Ray through the double doors.

PRESCOTT

How do you know him?

RAY

I don't, I never said I did. I just have this feeling I've seen him before.

PRESCOTT

You recognized his face.

RAY

Not so much his face as his nose.

PRESCOTT

His nose?

RAY

It's like I have this ability. Everyone's nose is distinctive, no two people have exactly the same nose. I just have this thing where I never forget a nose. Call it a gift. You know how to type?

PRESCOTT

A hundred words a minute, why?

CUT TO:

66. OVER AT THE COMPUTER - A SHORT TIME LATER

Ray looks over Prescott's shoulder as Prescott types.

RAY

June '86, I'm walking a beat, and I get a call on this domestic violence case. Very, very messy; guy had his wife's arm in a car door and kept slamming it, this was not one of your more tender romances. Anyway, when I saw the guy in the photo I flashed on this guy's nose.

Ray indicates one in a list of names on the screen.

RAY

This puppy, Frankie Kohl.

Prescott highlights it and presses Enter. An arrest record and mug shots appear for FRANK KOHL. Ray holds the dentist's snapshot up beside the computer screen.

RAY

What do you think?

PRESCOTT

It's exactly the same nose.

RAY

What'd I tell you?...

CUT TO:

67. CLOSE ON COMPUTER PRINTER - MOMENTS LATER

The dot matrix printer spits out the information as Ray and Prescott watch.

RAY

It stuck in my mind 'cause homicide had been trying to nail him for a mob hit. The best we could get was six months for assault and battery. Eight weeks later he was out -- and the Italian population has been dwindling ever since.

PRESCOTT

He's a hired killer?

RAY

Well, I don't think he hunts for relaxation. Someone wanted your dad out of the way enough to import a professional. Any idea why?

PRESCOTT

No. You have an address?

He rips the computer paper off, hands it to Prescott.

RAY

It's not worth the cab fare to check; he'll have been long gone.

PRESCOTT

...But you have an idea.

RAY

One lead. I follow up one lead. I don't have time to make a career of this case.

PRESCOTT

I understand.

CUT TO:

.68. EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

They head out into the huge parking lot in search of Ray's car.

RAY

It's not that I wouldn't like to see this solved, but if I'm going to get anywhere, make a name for myself, I have to pick and choose my cases, and having my name in the Yukon Gazette is going to do bupkus for my career.

PRESCOTT

Where are we going?

RAY

There's a place I know, lot of heavy weights hang out there, the kind of people who could reach out and touch someone like this. I've been working it for months, hanging out, fitting in, they think I'm complete scum. Down here, your reputation is everything.

(stops, lost)

Where the hell did I leave the car?

Prescott pulls out his compass and refers to it.

PRESCOTT

Thirty-two degrees south.

RAY

Oh, right.

They walk away from us seeking thirty two degrees south.

RAY

What's your first name, anyway?
I can't keep calling you
Prescott.

PRESCOTT

Benton.

RAY

So what's your first name?

PRESCOTT

Benton.

RAY
You have a first name?

PRESCOTT
Can we make a stop on the way?

CUT TO:

69. EXT. CUSTOMS WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Ray waits outside behind the wheel of his immaculate black Mustang. He checks his watch, then thinks he sees a small mark on the dash board. He wets his finger and rubs at it. Finally the passenger door opens revealing Prescott. Prescott snaps his fingers and his great white dog bounds into the car and starts licking his face and sniffing various body parts. Ray immediately freaks out.

RAY
Whoa-whoa-whoa! What are you doing? He's sniffing me! He's licking me!

PRESCOTT
(with a hand motion)
Diefenbaker. Back seat.

The dog leaps the seat.

RAY
He's on my seats! He has footprints on my seats! I have dog hair all over me!

PRESCOTT
I'm sorry, he's usually better behaved. He's just excited to be out of that quarantine cage.

Ray brushes the dog hair off himself, regaining his composure.

RAY
No, it's okay, I'm just not real big on dogs. To tell the truth, they terrify me.

PRESCOTT
Actually, you can't really call Diefenbaker a dog.

RAY
...I can't?

PRESCOTT
He's really more of a wolf.

RAY
Wolf?!

Ray whips his head around to look. Diefenbaker returns his stare. Ray forces a smile.

RAY
Hi.

Ray turns, puts the car into drive and takes off.

CUT TO:

70. EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

As they drive off:

RAY (V.O.)
Does he have to sit that close?

PRESCOTT (V.O.)
I think cars make him nervous.

RAY (V.O.)
...Really.

PRESCOTT (V.O.)
He'll be fine. He's probably
just hungry.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

71. EXT. CITY STREETS - A SHORT WHILE LATER - NIGHT

Ray's convertible cruises through a seedy section of town. Neon signs indicate cheap bars and all-night liquor stores. Hookers and drug dealers beckon to passing cars.

RAY (V.O.)

You won't find this on most of your tourist maps.

CUT TO:

72. INT. RAY'S MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Diefenbaker sleeps out of sight in the back seat as Ray points out the areas of interest.

RAY

I wouldn't go walking around here by yourself.

PRESCOTT

Really?

RAY

Trust me on this. There's the place there.

They pass the bar and pull up around the corner, parking up the block from a liquor store, where several gang members hang out. Ray turns off the ignition and pushes a button -- the roof on the mustang raises automatically. Prescott watches this with interest.

PRESCOTT

Hm.

RAY

(re: dog)

Just tell him to stay...and not to eat my seats or anything.

PRESCOTT

I'll try.

RAY

(nervous)

What do you mean "try"? He's not trained?

PRESCOTT

No, he's very well trained. He's just deaf.

RAY

I have a deaf wolf in my car?

PRESCOTT

Two years ago he jumped off an ice floe into Prince Rupert Sound and pulled me out. His ear drums burst from the cold.

RAY

(impressed)

I didn't know wolves saved lives.

PRESCOTT

Well, he doesn't always. I mean, he'll save you if he sees you.

RAY

....Right.

Ray reaches for the handle and opens the door a crack. Immediately Diefenbaker hops over the seat and stands right on top of Ray, wanting to get out.

RAY

(very quiet)

He's on me. Tell him to get off.

PRESCOTT

I can't, he's facing the wrong way. Tell him yourself. Just try to enunciate.

Ray over-enunciates, very quietly.

RAY

Please get off me.

Diefenbaker immediately hops in the back seat.

RAY

He reads lips?

PRESCOTT

I've never been sure. If so, he's self-taught.

Prescott opens his door.

CUT TO:

- 73. EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The two men get out. Prescott looks back in the car.

PRESCOTT

Stay.

(closes the door and
walks away with Ray)
Sometimes I think he just
pretends not to understand.

Round the corner, passing the young gang members who eye Prescott with some curiosity.

PRESCOTT

(to gang members)

Evening.

Prescott and Ray walk past the kids. Prescott pauses.

PRESCOTT

(to Ray)

One moment.

Prescott walks back to the gang members.

PRESCOTT

Excuse me, my friend here tells
me this isn't a very good
neighborhood. I wonder if you'd
watch the car for us.

GANG MEMBER

....Absolutely.

PRESCOTT

Thanks.

Prescott catches up with Ray, who just stares at him.

PRESCOTT

I just asked them to watch the
car.

RAY

I think they were already
watching it.

The moment Prescott and Ray are out of sight, the gang members run to the car, fling open the door and run straight into Diefenbaker. One snarl and they run for their lives.

EXT BAR - CONTINUOUS

Ray and Prescott approach the bar. Prescott reaches out for the door handle.

RAY
Whoa-whoa-whoa. We can't just go marching in there. I have a history with these people, they think I'm one of them, understand?

PRESCOTT
So, you want me to blend into the crowd.

RAY
No, I want you to walk in wearing a hat that says "I'm a Canadian, shoot me dead."

Prescott glances up at his Mountie hat.

PRESCOTT

Oh.

He removes the hat and tries to tuck it under his bulky jacket. Ray just stares at Prescott's forehead.

RAY
You know you have a hat line imbedded in your forehead?

Ray gives him the once over; it's hopeless.

RAY (cont'd)
This is not going to work.

PRESCOTT
Perhaps if we identified ourselves and questioned them directly, they'd co-operate.

RAY
And what would make them do that?

PRESCOTT
Their basic respect for the law.

RAY
...I think we'll do this my way.
Just stay here and...
(off his stature:)
maybe squat down a little.

PRESCOTT
And if you get in trouble?

RAY
I'll do a moose call.

Ray opens the door and disappears into the dark bar. Prescott turns back to the car and signals for Diefenbaker, but he's not there. Prescott looks down, Diefenbaker sits waiting at his heels.

PRESCOTT
Don't think you're fooling me.
Let's go.

Prescott starts off. Diefenbaker doesn't move. Prescott comes back and enunciates clearly:

PRESCOTT
Let's...go.

Diefenbaker follows him, they disappear around the side of the bar.

CUT TO:

75. INT. BAR -- NIGHT

Not exactly your friendly neighborhood hangout. The floor is encrusted with years of beer and peanut shells. Through an archway we see a pool room at the back. At the bar, almost every seat is taken. CHUCK the bartender looks up as Ray takes the stool in front of him.

RAY
Hey, Chuck. How's my main
hombre?

The Bartender glowers at Ray in unpleasant recognition.

RAY (cont'd)
Do me a favor. I'm looking for a
friend.

CHUCK
You're in the wrong neighborhood,
Hernandez. You got no friends
here.

Chuck moves down the bar. Ray moves with him.

RAY
Chuck, I have nothing but
friends. Everybody likes me, I
do business with everybody.

RAY (cont'd)

(leans in)

I'd like to do a little business with Frankie Kohl. You seen him around?

Ray slides a twenty across the bar.

OVER AT A BOOTH

A guy looks up, having heard the name. The guy stands casually and we follow him into the pool room. He whispers in the ear of a guy who sits in the corner, shelling peanuts. The guy turns and we see it's FRANKIE KOHL. Kohl nods to the informant and moves to the wall where his coat hangs on a hook. He pulls it back to reveal a sawed-off shotgun in its home-made holster.

BACK AT THE BAR

Chuck fingers the twenty.

CHUCK

You know, Hernandez, it's the strangest thing. Every time I introduce you to someone, cops appear.

RAY

I had some unreliable people working for me. It happens. What can I say?

Two BIG THUGS appear behind Ray.

CHUCK

I don't know. Use your imagination.

One of the Big Thugs slams Ray forward into the bar as the other pulls the automatic out of Ray's belt-loop. Ray turns to take the two on, but reconsiders when he sees half a dozen other unlikable-looking patrons gathering, pulling knives and clubs.

CHUCK

You've been made, man.

RAY

Hey, I carry a gun, does that make me a cop? Look at yourselves. Wouldn't you carry a gun if you had to talk to people like you. Look at this guy with the scar, you tell me that's not scary.

The guy with the scar breaks a bottle on the bar.

RAY (cont'd)

Okay, okay, I've offended some of you. Let me make it up to you. I know, I know, I'll give five hundred dollars to anyone in this room who knows what a moose sounds like.

They stare at him like he's from another planet. Suddenly the back door bursts open, the result of a kick from size twelve boots. All heads whip around to see the man silhouetted against the street lights, Constable Benton Prescott, hands on his hips, looking like a matinee hero.

PRESCOTT

Excuse me. May I have your attention, please?... Thank you. Anyone carrying illegal weapons, if you'd place them on the bar, you're under arrest.

Nobody moves.

BIG THUG

You a cop?

PRESCOTT

Yes sir, I am. Constable Prescott, Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Simultaneously EVERY CUSTOMER IN THE BAR pulls out a weapon. Guns and knives are everywhere.

PRESCOTT

That's good, now place them on the bar.

Of course they don't do any such thing.

ONE FELON

grabs his knife by the blade and hurls it at Prescott.

PRESCOTT

slips to the side and the knife imbeds itself in the door frame.

PRESCOTT

(re: knife)

You realize I'm going to have to confiscate that.

The Felon just stares at him in disbelief.

RAY

slowly inches his hand down toward his second gun,
strapped to his calf.

OVER IN THE CORNER

Facing the wall, Frankie Kohl coolly finishes putting on
his coat.

BACK WITH THE OTHERS

A YOUNG THUG decides to challenge Prescott.

YOUNG THUG

Hey, Dudley Dooright, you haven't
got any jurisdiction here.

PRESCOTT

That's true, son...
(pointing)
However, that gentleman does.

All eyes turn to:

RAY

who almost had his gun out of it's holster.

PRESCOTT

Ray, want to show them your I.D.?

All eyes and weapons turn to Ray, who freezes.

PRESCOTT (cont'd)

(approaching Ray)
Now if you'll step back,
Detective Hernandez and I will
collect your weapons.

YOUNG THUG

(to Prescott)
You haven't even got a gun.

Prescott reaches under his coat and pulls out his gun.

PRESCOTT

I carry a standard 38 calibre
Smith & Wesson service revolver.

Ray breathes a sigh of relief.

PRESCOTT (CONT'D)

But without a local license I'm
not permitted to use it. That's
why it's empty.

RAY

(to Prescott, dying)
You know, when this is over you
and I should probably have a
talk.

Prescott sets his gun on the bar.

PRESCOTT

I don't think force is going to
be necessary. These gentlemen
don't want any further trouble
with the law. Isn't that right,
sir?

The Big Thug raises a bottle to whack Prescott in the
head. Something makes him freeze -- the sound of claws
tapping on wood. The Big Thug looks to his right:
staring him in the face is Diefenbaker, standing on the
bar. One snarl is enough to convince the thug to drop
the bottle. Prescott catches it with ease.

PRESCOTT

Thank you.

Ray grabs his second gun and waves it wildly about in
what can best be described as a blind panic.

RAY

Okay! Okay! Weapons on the bar!
You heard the man! You, Ugly,
knife on the bar! Now!

As Prescott goes about politely taking the weapons from
the customers.

PRESCOTT

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you
very much. Thank you.

Ray notices a guy in a long flowing coat heading for the
back door.

RAY

Yo, Batman.

The guy in the long coat stops. From a reverse angle we
see it's Kohl, his hand on his pump shotgun. He turns
with a smile, raises the gun and...

PRESCOTT

slams into Ray, knocking him to the floor just before the
BLAST tears a hole in the bar.

KOHL
pumps again and fires repeatedly into the crowd.

CUSTOMERS
scatter and dive for cover as shotgun blasts explode around them. Prescott and Ray split and roll for cover

THE INFORMER
who tipped off Kohl grabs a cue stick and swings it at Ray's head.

DIEFENBAKER
flies off the bar and clamps his jaws onto the cue stick, yanking it out of his hands, as

RAY
brings a boot up into the informer's groin.

RAY
Good dog.

Ray takes a flying leap for the pool table, trying to get an angle on Kohl.

KOHL
pumps his 12 gauge and blasts away at the pool table, until it disintegrates into a pile of rubble.

PRESCOTT
ducks out and looks to the back door.

KOHL
is gone.

PRESCOTT
strides toward the back door. Two large guys try and grab him, he simply bangs their heads together and they hit the floor. Another swings a knife, Prescott neatly avoids the lunge and decks the guy with one punch. He steps out of the back door to see:

CUT TO:

76. EXT. BACK ALLEY AND STREET

Kohl's car screeches around the corner and disappears.

BACK AT THE DOOR
Ray bounces a thug out into the alley and appears in the doorway beside Prescott.

RAY
I think we're on the right track.

CUT TO:

77. EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

A young hustler is prying open the change box with a crowbar. Behind him someone taps at the window. The hustler ignores it. He hears the tap again, swears and looks up to see the barrel of a shotgun staring back at him. The kid drops the prybar and takes off. Kohl steps into the booth. One more push on the prybar opens the box. As Kohl dials, he takes the change from the box and feeds it into the slot. After the second ring someone answers.

KOHL

(into phone)

It's me. I thought you said there weren't going to be any complications... Yeah, a big one, and it's wearing a hat.... No, I'll take care of him myself, but he's going to cost you twice as much as the last one.

Kohl hangs up and leaves the booth.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

78. INT. POLICE STATION -- CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Ray and Prescott stand across from CAPTAIN WALSH's desk. Capt. Walsh is a huge African-American man in his early fifties with the patience of Job and a much feared dry wit. He speaks as he casually refers to a letter of complaint.

CAPT. WALSH

...one solid oak bar, sixteen tables, twelve chairs, one etched mirror - six by nine - one antique pool table, two doors, thirty-three bottles of liquor and a Miller Lite neon clock. Does that sound like a fairly accurate list of the damages, Detective Hernandez?

RAY

I don't believe the pool table was an antique, sir.

CAPT. WALSH

Well, we'll never know, will we Detective, because all that's left is a bag of felt.

RAY

I sought refuge behind the item in question when the suspect pointed the shotgun in my direction and repeatedly fired, sir.

CAPT. WALSH

The suspect; I'm glad we got around to that, because I'd hate to think we were responsible for all this damage without a very good reason. Now, you say you identified him by his nose.

RAY

(no sense fighting this)
Yes, sir.

CAPT. WALSH

Did you say something about his nose, causing him to fire repeatedly into the bar?