

Episode # **35**  
Project - SC1051

# *due* **SOUTH**



## "WHITE MEN CAN'T JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS"

*Written by  
David Shore*

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*Due South Production Office - Alliance/Screenventures VII Productions Ltd.  
940 Lansdowne Avenue - Building 15, 3rd Floor - Toronto, Ontario M6H 4G9  
Phone (416) 531-8680 - Fa (416) 531-8304*

*Episode #35 - "WHITE MEN CAN'T JUMP..." - Rev'd Blue*  
**CAST**

**Regular Cast**

FRASER  
RAY  
DIEFENBAKER  
WELSH  
HUEY

**Recurring Cast**

THATCHER

**Guest Cast**

**Speaking Roles**

TYREE  
REGGIE  
LOU  
SCOTTIE PIPPEN

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  
LIQUOR 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**

<u>Scenes</u>	<u>Day/Night</u>
1 - 9	DAY ONE
10 - 67A	DAY TWO**
67B 73E	NIGHT TWO
74 - 80	DAY THREE

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

PROLOGUE

FADE IN:

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

1 CONTINUED:

1

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!

2 EXT. ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

2

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.

3 EXT. ANOTHER ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

3

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)

3 CONTINUED:

3

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.

4 EXT. STREETS -- MOMENTS LATER

4

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.

5 EXT. SCENE OF THE CRIME -- AT THAT MOMENT

5

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.

6 EXT. ANOTHER ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS 6

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.

7 EXT. STREETS -- AT THAT MOMENT 7

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.

8 EXT. DEAD END ALLEY -- AT THAT MOMENT 8

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)

8 CONTINUED:

8

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.

9 EXT. INNER CITY STREETS -- DAY

9

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)



9 CONTINUED:

9

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) 10

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

Knock, knock.

11 INT. PROJECT HALLWAY -- AT THAT MOMENT 11

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 12

Another door; another crack.

FRASER

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

Another slam.

13 INT. PROJECT HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER 13

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)

13 CONTINUED:

13

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.

14 INT. PROJECT HALLWAY -- LATER

14

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)

14 CONTINUED:

14

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.

15 EXT. SCENE OF THE BOOT THEFT -- DAY

15

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)

15 CONTINUED:

15

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.

16 EXT. SCENE OF THE SHOOTING -- DAY

16

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)

16 CONTINUED:

16

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.

17 INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

17

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:

18 EXT. SCENE OF THE SHOOTING -- DAY

18

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.

(CONTINUED)

FRASER

Actually, I don't--

THUG #1

Lou would like to talk to you.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

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.

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

19 \*

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)



19 CONTINUED:

19

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)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

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.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

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.

20 INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

20

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:

21 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

21

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)

21 CONTINUED:

21

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:

22 INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAYS -- CONTINUOUS

22

RAY

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

\*

\*

\*

FRASER

Tyree plays basketball.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

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 hurries  
back toward:

\*

23 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

23

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.

24 INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAYS -- CONTINUOUS

24

Again, Fraser hurries after Ray.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

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

25

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

26

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)

26 CONTINUED:

26

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:

27 EXT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

27

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.

FRASER

Right.

(CONTINUED)



27 CONTINUED:

27

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?

FRASER  
Yes.

RAY  
He's out?

FRASER  
Yes.

RAY  
He make bail?

FRASER  
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

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

28 INT. POLICE BULLPEN -- DAY

28

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)

28 CONTINUED:

28

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:

29 INT. LIQUOR STORE -- DAY

29 \*

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

29A

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)

29A CONTINUED:

29A

RAY

Okay. Now we're getting somewhere.

FRASER

Sarcasm really isn't necessary, Ray.

Ray just looks at him, then drives on.

29B INT. INNER CITY WAREHOUSE/BASKETBALL COURT -- DAY

29B

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.

30 EXT. SCENE OF THE CRIME -- DAY

30

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)

30 CONTINUED:

30

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

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

31

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.

32 EXT. SCENE OF THE CRIME -- BACK TO PRESENT

32

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:

32A EXT. SCENE OF THE CRIME - FRASER'S FLASHBACK - DAY

32A\*

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)



32A CONTINUED:

32A

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.

\*  
\*

33 OMITTED  
THRU  
42

33 \*  
THRU  
42

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

43

Lou speaks with Tyree and Reggie. We might notice the Rolex  
on Lou's right wrist.

\*  
\*

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)

43 CONTINUED: (2) 43

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. \*

43A EXT. CONSULATE - DAY 43A\*

To establish. \*

43B INT. CONSULATE - FRASER'S OFFICE - DAY 43B\*

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)

43D CONTINUED:

43D

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:

43E EXT. SCENE OF THE CRIME - RAY'S FLASHBACK - DAY

43E\*

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  
THRU  
47

44  
THRU  
47

48 EXT. COURTHOUSE -- DAY

48

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)

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

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 care causing it to swerve, skid, correct, then skitter away.

Tyree has made his escape.

49  
THRU  
52

OMITTED

49  
THRU  
52

53

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND COURTHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

53

Tyree jogs around a corner, only to come face to face with Lou's Thugs waiting at their car. Tyree stops in his tracks.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

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

54

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)

54 CONTINUED:

54

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

LOU (CONT'D)

Show me where you stand. Do the  
Mountie.

55 INT. WELSH'S OFFICE -- DAY

55

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?

(CONTINUED)



55 CONTINUED:

55

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:

56 OMITTED

56

57 EXT. INNER CITY SLUMS -- DAY

57

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.

58 OMITTED

58

59 INT. TYREE'S ROOM -- DAY

59

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)

59 CONTINUED:

59

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)

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (2)

59

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.

60 EXT. INNER CITY STREETS -- DAY

60

Ray and Fraser head for Ray's car.

RAY

The kid's own mother thinks he did it.

FRASER

She didn't say that.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

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.

61 OMITTED  
THRU  
65

61  
THRU  
65

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

66

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.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

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? \*

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (2)

66

FRASER

Whoever did the shooting was left handed.

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

REGGIE

Hard to prove something like that.

FRASER

True.

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

FRASER (CONT'D)

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.

REGGIE

Why would somebody do that?

FRASER

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

REGGIE

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.

FRASER

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

REGGIE

He had a gun!

FRASER

You were there?

REGGIE

No!

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (3)

66

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.

67 OMITTED

67

67A EXT. ALLEY -- DAY

67A

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.

\*

\*

67B INT. FRASER'S TENEMENT -- NIGHT (TWO)

67B

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)



67B CONTINUED:

67B

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.

68 EXT. ABANDONED STOREFRONT -- NIGHT

68

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.

68A INT. ABANDONED STOREFRONT -- NIGHT

68A

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

71 EXT/INT. ABANDONED STOREFRONT -- NIGHT

71

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 peeks out over the windowsill, ducks back.

(CONTINUED)