

Episode #16
Project - SC1011

due SOUTH



'THE BLUE LINE'

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 - Fax (416) 531-8304*

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

Regular Cast

FRASER
RAY
DIEFENBAKER
WELSH
HUEY
GARDINO
ELAINE

Recurring Characters

FRASER SENIOR

Guest Cast - Speaking Roles

SMITHBAUER
HENDERSON
CHAREST
DON CHERRY
GRETZKY PLAYER
MARIO PLAYER
MESSIER PLAYER

ANNOUNCER
BRETT
BRODA
CARL
DIRECTOR
DRYDEN
HALL

HORTON
KID 1
KID
KID 3
KID 4
LAST PLAYER
LOUISE
MASK
REPORTER 1
REPORTER
REPORTER 3
REPORTER 4
ROBERT HALL
SAWCHUCK

SETS

EXTERIOR - DAY

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

EXTERIOR - NIGHT

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

INTERIOR - DAY

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

INTERIOR - NIGHT

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

PROLOGUE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. RAY'S CAR -- DAY

1 *

Ray's car cruises through the streets.

FRASER (V.O.)

You should be setting an example,
Ray. You do stand for the rule of
law in this...

Ray makes a screaming left turn without indicating.

2 INT. RAY'S CAR -- DAY

2 *

RAY, FRASER and DIEFENBAKER are inside.

FRASER

There! You did it again.

RAY

What?

FRASER

You know perfectly well what.

RAY

I don't.

FRASER

You made a turn without indicating.

RAY

I wouldn't do that.

FRASER

You just did.

RAY

You're seeing things, Fraser.

FRASER

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

RAY

Did what?

2

CONTINUED:

2

FRASER

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

RAY

(smiles)

It really annoys you, doesn't it?

FRASER

I just think it's not safe...

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

RAY

What are you, Safety Dog?

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

RAY (CONT'D)

Hey! I'm trying to drive here!

FRASER

(sees what Dief's barking at:)

It's not your driving habits. Look.

Fraser points out the window as Dief keeps barking.

RAY

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

3

EXT. RAY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

3

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

4

INT. RAY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

4

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

RAY

What is it? Crime going down?

(grabs for his radio)

Dispatch, this is Detective Vecchio...

(to Fraser)

What is it?

FRASER

Mark Smithbauer.

4 CONTINUED:

4

RAY

You want me to report a hockey player??

FRASER

(apologizing: re Dief)

He's a very big fan.

RAY

What does he want, his autograph??!

FRASER

It'll just take a minute.

Fraser steps out, speaks to Dief:

FRASER (CONT'D)

Stay here, I'll get it for you.

(to Ray)

He'll only embarrass himself.

*
*
*

Fraser closes the door and heads across the street.

RAY

(still has mic in his
hand)

Just a radio check, Dispatch.

Ray tosses the mike down and exits:

5 EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

5

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

RAY

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

FRASER

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

RAY

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

FRASER

Really? Like who?

RAY

(put on the spot)

Plenty of celebrities. Big
celebrities. Lou Ferigno, for one.
And I hear my share of stories.

(MORE)

5 CONTINUED:

5

RAY (CONT'D)

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

They enter as a Cadillac pulls up to the curb.

6 INT. LIQUOR STORE -- CONTINUOUS

6

FRASER

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

RAY

And it's not always wrong.

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

FRASER

I'll just be a minute.

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

ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOOR

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

MASK

Everybody down!

Panic, screams.

RAY

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

MASK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

On the floor! Plant it!

FRASER

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

FRASER

(to Mask)

This isn't worth it. Before you do
this, I want you to consider the
consequences.

6 CONTINUED:

6

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

FRASER (CONT'D)

You see, Ray, sometimes--

FRASER'S POV

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

THE PATRONS AND EMPLOYEES

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

7 EXT. LIQUOR STORE -- CONTINUOUS

7

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

8 INT. LIQUOR STORE -- CONTINUOUS

8

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

FRASER

It's alright, Mark, the--

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

RAY

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

FRASER

No.

RAY

Cause he's a "hockey star"?

FRASER

Because he was my best friend.

Off Ray's look, we:

FADE OUT:

END OF PROLOGUE

ACT ONE

9 INT. LUXURY CONDOMINIUM LOBBY -- DAY

9 *

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

FRASER

He probably assumed that I was an accomplice.

RAY

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

FRASER

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

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

RAY

One thing this guy doesn't need is more "benefits".

(re: condo building)

You know how much places like this cost? The man makes seven figures a year for playing one of the stupidest sports ever invented--

The elevator doors open. As they get on:

RAY (CONT'D)

--and every time he's in the paper he's whining about his knee or complaining about something.

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

FRASER

Hockey is a very demanding game, Ray.

RAY

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

Dief growls at Ray.

9

CONTINUED:

9

RAY (CONT'D)

(to Dief)

You want an autograph? Then shut
your yap.

Dief immediately shuts up. The elevator doors close.

10

INT. SMITHBAUER'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

10

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

GARDINO

(checks his notes)

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

SMITHBAUER

The guy was trying to kill me!

HUEY

So you said.

SMITHBAUER

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

Huey and Louey share a look.

GARDINO

The man called us incompetent, Huey.

HUEY

Yes, he did, Louis.

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

SMITHBAUER

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

10 CONTINUED:

10

CHAREST
(to Huey and Louey)
Excuse me.

GARDINO
Who the hell are you?

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

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

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

ANGLE ON THE OPEN DOOR

Fraser, Ray and Dief enter. Huey and Gardino spot them.

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

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

HUEY
The man called in attempted murder.

RAY
Then the man has serious ego problems.

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

Charest approaches and intercedes.

10

CONTINUED: (2)

10

CHAREST

(charming)

Mr. Smithbauer stopped an armed robbery, that's all. He appreciates your concern, but doesn't want to turn this into a media circus.

FRASER

Excuse me.

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

GARDINO

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

With Fraser and Smithbauer:

FRASER

Hi.

SMITHBAUER

What happened to you? *

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

FRASER

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

SMITHBAUER

(realizes) *

I hit a cop? *

FRASER

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

SMITHBAUER

You're not a cop? *

(calling to Charest) *

This is the problem right here. I've got no security.

WITH CHAREST AND COPS ACROSS THE ROOM

RAY

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

BACK WITH FRASER AND SMITHBAUER

10

CONTINUED: (3)

10

FRASER

Actually I'm a friend of Detective
Vecchio's.

SMITHBAUER

Oh.

(realizes)

Oh, yeah, sure.

Smithbauer reaches for a pile of 8x10 glossies.

11 INT. LUXURY CONDOMINIUM LOBBY -- LATER

11

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

RAY

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

FRASER

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

RAY

More excuses, Fraser?

FRASER

He's my friend, Ray.

And they're out the doors.

12 INT. WELSH'S OFFICE -- DAY

12

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

RAY

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

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

RAY (CONT'D)

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

Welsh puts the paper down.

WELSH

Do you really?

Ray looks out the window at Fraser again.

12 CONTINUED:

12

RAY

Yes, Sir.

WELSH

(sarcastic)

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

RAY

Yes, sir, maybe, sir. The gunman's suit, it appeared to be an Italian cotton/silk blend and he drove a Cadillac.

(back to being Ray)

Kinda expensive stuff for a common thief, don't you think, Sir?

WELSH

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

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

RAY

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

WELSH

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

RAY

(sheepish)

Yes, Sir.

12A INT. POLICE BULLPEN -- MOMENTS LATER

12A*

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

*
*

FRASER

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

*
*

Fraser rises, puts on his hat and exits.

*

RAY

Sorry, Benny.

*
*

13 EXT. INNER CITY STREET -- DAY

13 *

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

FRASER

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

HENDERSON

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

FRASER

Ah...That one?

HENDERSON

Hard to miss, huh?

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

FRASER

You wait out here and behave.

Diefenbaker curls up under the Winnie and pouts.

14 INT. WINNEBAGO -- CONTINUOUS

14

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

SMITHBAUER

Didn't you test those sticks?

HENDERSON

(he's half his size)

Yeah.

Henderson tosses down a bag and exits.

15 EXT. WINNEBAGO -- CONTINUOUS

15

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

16 INT. WINNEBAGO -- CONTINUOUS

16

FRASER

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

SMITHBAUER

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

FRASER

I'm sorry, no.

SMITHBAUER

Like that somehow surprises me. Anything else?

He starts to put the rest of his equipment on.

FRASER

You don't remember me, do you?

SMITHBAUER

Diefenbaker, right?

FRASER

No. That's my wolf.

16

CONTINUED:

16

SMITHBAUER

Look, I'm sorry, I meet a lot of people.

FRASER

No, I understand.

Fraser starts to leave.

SMITHBAUER

Where'd we meet?

FRASER

Inuvik.

SMITHBAUER

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

FRASER

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

SMITHBAUER

No kidding.

FRASER

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

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

FRASER (CONT'D)

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

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

FRASER (CONT'D)

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

(sheepish)

Usually my grandmother.

Smithbauer finishes dressing and rises to leave.

SMITHBAUER

Huh.

(MORE)

16

CONTINUED: (2)

16

SMITHBAUER (CONT'D)

(half smiles)

You'd think I'd remember something like that.

We're not sure he remembers or not.

FRASER

You've travelled a long way since then.

SMITHBAUER

Yeah.

Mark is about to step out the door when:

FRASER

Oh, Mark...

(taking out money)

I owe you five dollars.

SMITHBAUER

What?

FRASER

When we were thirteen we made a bet, who would be the first one to have his face on a hockey card.

(hands him the five)

I've been wanting to give it to you for a long time.

SMITHBAUER

(stares at the bill)

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

FRASER

Just the rookie card?

SMITHBAUER

Yeah, that's all I needed.

FRASER

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

SMITHBAUER

Yeah, they were...

(pockets the fiver)

...when I sold them.

16 CONTINUED: (3)

16

He turns to leave again, then turns back again. *

SMITHBAUER (CONT'D)

Look, since you're here, how about
doing a little moonlighting?

FRASER

I'm sorry.

SMITHBAUER

(heading out the door)

I need a bodyguard, I imagine you can
use the money. Let's say twenty-five
an hour.

FRASER

I don't think--

SMITHBAUER

Call it thirty.

And he's gone before Fraser can object.

17 EXT. ICE RINK -- MOMENTS LATER

17

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

SMITHBAUER

Who wants to play some hockey?

The kids scream out their excited approval.

FRASER AND HENDERSON

walk toward the rink. Dief runs ahead.

HENDERSON

He wants you to be his body guard,
huh?

17 CONTINUED:

17

FRASER

I believe so.

HENDERSON

Take the money. He likes to spend it.

FRASER

(gesturing to the rink)

Seems he's also generous with his time. This must be quite a thrill for these kids.

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

HENDERSON

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

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

KID #1

We're a man short.

SMITHBAUER

So you are.

He sees Fraser by the boards and skates over.

SMITHBAUER (CONT'D)

(to Henderson)

Get Barney here a pair of skates.

As Henderson heads off to obey.

FRASER

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

Smithbauer skates off again.

FRASER (CONT'D)

...Oh.

18 EXT. ICE RINK -- MINUTES LATER

18

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

18 CONTINUED:

18

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

19 EXT. ICE RINK

19

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

SMITHBAUER

You never could handle a deke to the backhand.

20 EXT. ICE RINK

20

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

FRASER

Dief! It's okay.

And he's back on his feet.

21 EXT. ICE RINK

21

Charest is with the press:

REPORTER #1

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

CHAREST

(yelling)

Mark!

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

KID #2

Mark! I'm open.

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

KID #2 (CONT'D)

Mark! I'm open! Pass it!

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

21 CONTINUED:

21

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

22 EXT. ICE RINK

22

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

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

FRASER

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

*
*

23 EXT. ICE RINK

23

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

REPORTER #2

(yelling back)

Thanks Mark.

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

CHAREST

(yelling to Smithbauer)

That's it, Mark.

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

KID #2

Mark? Where you going?

SMITHBAUER

Game's over, kids.

23 CONTINUED:

23

KID #3

But we're just a goal down.

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

FRASER

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

SMITHBAUER

They can play without me.

FRASER

But they're here because of you.

SMITHBAUER

There are thousands of kids playing hockey in this town. These ones have had their thrill. Time to move on.

(walking off)

Talk to Dawn. She'll see you get paid.

24 INT. SMITHBAUER'S APARTMENT -- AFTERNOON

24

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

CHAREST

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

*
*

FRASER

Yes, ma'am.

*
*

CHAREST

It simply doesn't make any sense for a person to want to hurt him. He's a hero. One of the few this Country has left. And I work damn hard and get paid damn well to make sure he stays that way. Funny, he never told me about you.

*
*
*
*

24 CONTINUED:

24

FRASER

Ms. Charest, if nobody's trying to
hurt Mark, then I'm just wasting my
time.

*

CHAREST

It's his money to waste.

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

FRASER

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

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

CHAREST

I don't want any police involvement.

FRASER

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

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

CHAREST

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

Fraser hesitates.

CHAREST (CONT'D)

Those are my terms, Constable.

Fraser nods and she hands him the envelopes and letters.

ON THE LETTERS

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

CHAREST (CONT'D)

I figured it was just some kook.
Nothing dangerous, right?

*

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

25 INT. POLICE BULLPEN -- NIGHT

25

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

FRASER

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

Ray dismissively hands the letters back to Fraser.

RAY

I never get unofficially concerned.

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

FRASER

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

RAY

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

FRASER

If we knew what upset the writer...

RAY

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

FRASER

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

RAY

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

FRASER

I'm sorry, Ray, you're obviously busy.
(rises, thinks, sits)
These type of letters are invariably solo efforts, but the letters said "we saw it".

25 CONTINUED:

25

RAY

Come on, everybody in Chicago sees every mistake this guy makes. Half his life is televised.

FRASER

(realizes)

You're right.

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

FRASER (CONT'D)

Thanks, Ray.

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

26

INT. APARTMENT IN FRASER'S BUILDING -- MORNING

26

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

CARL

Lucky for you I tape all the games, huh?

LOUISE

(drops the popcorn in his lap)

Yeah, real lucky.

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

RAY

Excuse me, ma'am. I got a note that the Mountie...

(sees Fraser)

Hey Bennie.

CARL

(eyes on the screen)

C'mon in, Detective.

RAY

(to Carl)

How ya doin?

CARL

Shhh.

26

CONTINUED:

26

RAY

(sitting down)

Even for you, Fraser, 12 straight hours of hockey seems a bit much.

CARL

Fourteen.

RAY

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

FRASER

No prints?

RAY

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

CARL

Shoot, you jerk!

RAY

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

CARL

(to Fraser)

You're friend know nothing about hockey?

Ray turns and watches the screen.

ON TELEVISION

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

CARL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Geez. Shoulda shot.

27

INT. BREWER'S APARTMENT -- LATER

27

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

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Less than two minutes to play in regulation and Chicago hangs on to a one goal lead.

27 CONTINUED:

27

ON TELEVISION

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Smithbauer takes the pass on the left wing...

(the crowd boos)

He's not having one of his best nights and the crowd is making sure he knows it. He cuts over the blue line. He winds up for a drive. Oooo.

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

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Oh, Mark, there's no place for those kinda childish antics in the game.

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

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Chicago's defense has been caught off guard. Larionov to Stevens. Back again. He shoots! He scores!! And we're all tied up!

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

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

RAY

Did we solve the case?

FRASER

Maybe. Much thanks, Mr. Brewer.

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

28

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

28

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

RAY

Fifteen thousand fans screaming in unified hatred against one man and you think you heard what one of them said?!

28

CONTINUED:

28

FRASER

No. I think I saw what one of them said.

RAY

Like that's easier?

FRASER

I suppose not.

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

RAY

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

(notices he's alone)

... Fraser?

FRASER (V.O.)

Up here, Ray.

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

29

INT. APARTMENT DOORWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

29

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

FRASER

Afternoon, Mrs. Sawchuck.
(indicating tape)

I was wondering if you could tell me what someone is saying on this tape.

SAWCHUCK

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

She shuffles away.

RAY

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

She keeps walking away from them.

FRASER

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

29 CONTINUED:

29

RAY

I thought you could read lips.

FRASER

Not like she can.

30 INT. SAWCHUCK APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

30

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

FRASER

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

RAY

(sotto)

And she's deaf.

FRASER

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

RAY

Hmm, I thought it did.

SAWCHUCK

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

She runs the tape again.

SAWCHUCK (CONT'D)

No, no, it's "You hurt my kid."

FRASER

Thanks.

RAY

(yelling slowly)

Thank you, very much.

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

FRASER

Not once you get to know him.

31 EXT. NEAR FRASER'S BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

31 *

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

*
*

31 CONTINUED:

31

RAY (V.O.)

So we've got our man...

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

RAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... Now all we have to do is i.d. him. I'll take the video down to the lab, they'll--

(realizes he's alone)

... Fraser?

FRASER (V.O.)

This way.

Ray turns back the other direction, muttering again.

32 INT. VIDEO STORE FRONT DESK

32

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

DRYDEN

Blowup, 1966, Antonioni.

RAY

Loved that movie. Travolta, right?

DRYDEN

(with scorn)

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

FRASER

Can you do that for us?

DRYDEN

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

A customer appears at the counter.

DRYDEN (CONT'D)

Excuse me a moment.

32 CONTINUED:

32

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

DRYDEN (CONT'D)

(to customer)

You don't want to rent this. The director didn't even get a cut.

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

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

DRYDEN (CONT'D)

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

FRASER

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

DRYDEN

That I can do.

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

33 *

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

*

RAY

(into phone)

Yeah, Elaine: Section C, Row 12, Seat 7. I need to know if it's owned by a seasons ticket holder.

*

34 OMITTED

34

PAGE IS OMITTED

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

*

35 EXT. CONCERT HALL -- EVENING

35 *

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

HORTON

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

REVEAL Ray and Fraser approaching.

RAY

Tom Horton?

HORTON

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

RAY

(throws Horton against
a wall)

You have the right to remain silent--

*
*
*

HORTON

What?!

*

FRASER

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

*
*
*

RAY

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

*
*
*

FRASER

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

*
*

HORTON

What the hell are you guys talking
about?

*
*

RAY

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

*
*
*

35 CONTINUED:

35

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

*
*
*
*
*

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

*

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

*
*
*
*

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

*
*
*
*
*

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

*
*
*
*

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

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

*
*

FRASER
Yes, that would appear to be his
intent.

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

*
*
*

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

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

*
*
*
*

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

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

*
*

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

*

36 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY -- NIGHT

36

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

RAY
(drawing his gun)
Police!

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

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

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

36 CONTINUED:

36

BRETT (CONT'D)

Hello.

Ray pockets his weapon.

FRASER

Hello, Son. Is your father home?

Brett shakes his head.

RAY

Do you know where he is?

BRETT

He said he had something for Mark.

37 INT. RAY'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

37

Ray and Fraser scramble in. Ray grabs the radio.

RAY

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

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

38 *

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

39 EXT. CITY STREETS -- MOMENTS LATER

39

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

RAY

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

FRASER

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

They enter the arena on the fly.

40 OMITTED

40

PAGE IS OMITTED

41 OMITTED
AND
42

41
AND
42

43 INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL ARENA -- HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

43 *

Ray escorts the players down the hallway.

RAY

Sorry for the inconvenience, gentlemen.

43 CONTINUED:

43

RAY (CONT'D)

You'll be back on the ice as soon as we get the necessary security measures in place.

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

FRASER

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

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

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

FRASER (CONT'D)

(taking off)

The sanitation engineer, Ray.

RAY

(following after him)

Who?

FRASER

The janitor.

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

44 INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL ARENA -- RINK -- CONTINUOUS

44 *

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

*
*
*

RAY

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

44 CONTINUED:

44

HALL

I wasn't attacking him!

RAY

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

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

HALL

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

RAY

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

ROBERT HALL

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

And they're gone.

45 INT. FIRST CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER

45

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

SMITHBAUER

You get the guy?

FRASER

(preoccupied)

Yes.

(looks around)

The stick he attacked you with...?

SMITHBAUER

(looks around)

It was right here.

LAST PLAYER

...Didn't see it.

The last player exits into the locker room. The corridor is
empty, the stick is nowhere to be seen.

45 CONTINUED:

45

SMITHBAUER

Maybe somebody picked it up, I'll ask around.

Smithbauer heads into the locker room.

FRASER

His son was struck by a broken stick you threw.

SMITHBAUER

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

FRASER

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

SMITHBAUER

Why the hell would I do that?

FRASER

I don't know.

SMITHBAUER

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

FRASER

Still--

SMITHBAUER

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

FRASER

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

SMITHBAUER

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

(MORE)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

SMITHBAUER (CONT'D)

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

FRASER

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

Fraser turns and walks away.

SMITHBAUER

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

Fraser turns back.

FRASER

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

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

46 EXT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL ARENA -- NIGHT

46

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

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

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

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

47 INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM -- MORNING

47

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

SMITHBAUER

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

GARDINO

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

SMITHBAUER

He came right at me!

HUEY

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

SMITHBAUER

Then it's obviously somebody else!

GARDINO

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

SMITHBAUER

It's your job to protect me.

GARDINO

Well, we seem to have a difference of
opinion here. Now watch this closely.

(re: open manilla folder)

Case open.

(closes it)

Case closed. Want to see it again in
slow-motion?

(opens it)

Case open.

(closes it)

Case closed.

SMITHBAUER

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

47 CONTINUED:

47

GARDINO

Ironic, isn't it?

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

48 INT. FRASER'S APARTMENT -- DAY

48

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

FRASER'S FATHER (V.O.)

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

Diefenbaker barks. *

REVEAL *

Smithbauer is standing in the open doorway. *

SMITHBAUER *

Hello, Ben.

Smithbauer takes in the dumpy apartment.

SMITHBAUER (CONT'D) *

You live like this?

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

SMITHBAUER (CONT'D)

Somebody's still after me.

FRASER

So talk to the police.

SMITHBAUER

I did. They're not big fans of mine.