

Episode # 23  
Project - SC1035

# due SOUTH

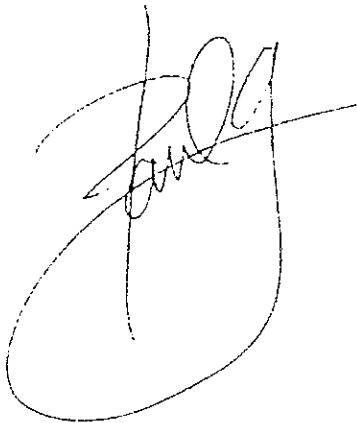


"NORTH"

Written by

Jeff King

DAVID  
WARRICK



PUBLISHED DRAFT

September 12, 1995

REVISED PINK - September 14, 1995

REVISED BLUE - September 15, 1995

REVISED GREEN - September 20, 1995

REVISED YELLOW - September 22, 1995

Pages (9): 7,29-29A,30,33,48-48C

---

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 #23 - "NORTH" - Revised Blue  
CAST

Regular Cast

FRASER  
RAY  
DIEFENBAKER  
WELSH

Recurring Cast

ROBERT FRASER  
VECCHIO SR.  
FRANCESCA  
MRS. VECCHIO \*  
ELAINE \*

\* - No dialogue in this draft

Guest Cast

Speaking Roles

HAMISH CARTER  
DUFF HOGAN

HUNTER  
JACK  
COP

PROLOGUE

EXT. NORTHERN AIRFIELD -- DAY (DAY ONE)

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

INT. TERMINAL -- DAY

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

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

RAY

One more cup and I plug him.

FRASER

You're only making it worse, Ray.

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

RAY

He's been reading the same page for an hour.

(louder, for Hamish)

We need some service over here!

Hamish rustles his paper NOISILY. Ignores him.

FRASER

Things happen at their own pace in small places.

RAY

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

THE BACK DOOR OPENS

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

HUNTER

Where to, Hamish?

HAMISH

(waves them through)

Plane's out front.

(CONTINUED)

"North" - Revised Green - 20/9/95

2

2

CONTINUED:

2

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

SFX -- A PLANE ENGINE

RAY

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

FRASER

Ray.

RAY

I gave up two weeks vacation in Miami for this.

FRASER

As I recall, it was your idea.

RAY

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

FRASER

You don't have to do this, Ray.

RAY

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

FRASER

I'm glad we're going.

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

RAY

Finally.

ANGLE -- TICKET COUNTER

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

HAMISH

Have to weigh it first.

RAY

Weigh it?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

Fraser piles his rucksack on the scale. It barely registers. Hamish makes a note. Looks to Ray. Waits.

RAY (CONT'D)

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

HAMISH

(off the US money)  
American, eh?

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

FRASER

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

RAY

Mountains?

The scale emits a frantic BEEPING SOUND.

HAMISH

You have to leave some behind.

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

HAMISH (CONT'D)

Quite a bit by the looks of it.

RAY

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

Hamish gives him a wounded look.

RAY (CONT'D)

Those hunters had huge bags. What  
about them?

HAMISH

Different.

RAY

How? Explain to me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

"North" - Revised Green - 20/9/95

4

2 CONTINUED: (3)

2

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

Hamish shakes his head.

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

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

HAMISH  
(to Fraser)  
See what I can do.

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

RAY  
Hope ya burst.

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

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

ANGLE -- OUTSIDE

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

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

3 INT. HANGER -- DAY

3

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

COP  
Jack?

JACK  
(looks up)  
Yep.

(CONTINUED)

"North" - Revised Green - 20/9/95

5

3 CONTINUED:

3

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

COP

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

\*

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

JACK

(nods)

Where's Ed?

COP

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

JACK

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

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

4 EXT. TERMINAL BUILDING -- LATER

4

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

\*

FRASER

I'm not apologizing.

RAY

Fine.

FRASER

It's strictly prohibited to carry weapons on aircraft.

RAY

Fine.

FRASER

Particularly one not registered for use in this country.

RAY

(stops, turns)

And who told him it was unregistered Fraser? Who?

(CONTINUED)

"North" - Revised Green - 20/9/95

6

4 CONTINUED:

4

Ray continues on.

FRASER

(beat)

I'm not apologizing.

RAY

(calling back)

Fine.

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

ANGLE

Hamish, gives Ray a little wave.

RAY (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

I ever catch that guy in Chicago,  
he's going to wish he never wore plaid.

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

FRASER

(calling, without  
looking)

We're going now...we're leaving...we  
will not return.

\*

\*

He moves to get on the plane.

ANGLE

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

5 INT. PASSENGER CABIN

5

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

RAY

(looking around)

Bet there's no movie.

Fraser fastens his seat belt. The doorway to the pilot cabin is partially covered by a cloth divider. Through it they catch a glimpse of the pilot's blue jumpsuit. The ENGINES REV into high gear.



"North" - Revised Yellow - 22/9/95

6 INT. TERMINAL

HAMISH

(into microphone)

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

PILOT (O.S.)

(static, muffled)

Roger.

HAMISH

Coming back tonight after you drop  
off the cops?

PILOT (O.S.)

(static, muffled)

...Cops?

HAMISH

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

7 EXT. PLANE -- DAY

PILOT (V.O.)

(muffled, static)

Thanks.

The plane begins to taxi.

8 INT. PASSENGER CABIN

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

HOGAN

Seat belts?

They both nod.

HOGAN (CONT'D)

(big smile)

Enjoy the flight.

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

FADE OUT:

END OF PROLOGUE

ACT ONE

9 EXT. PLANE -- DAY

9

A brilliant blue day up here at ten thousand feet.

10 INT. PLANE -- DAY

10

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

\*

RAY

(squirming)

How long did you say the flight was?

FRASER

Four hours.

Ray undoes his seat belt, looks around.

RAY

Okay, were's the john?

(there isn't one)

Oh, great.

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

RAY (CONT'D)

What.

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

RAY (CONT'D)

Isn't it a little early?

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

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

FRASER

(noticing)

Hm.

RAY

What?

FRASER

Nothing.

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

10 CONTINUED:

10

FRASER (CONT'D)

Hm.

RAY

What?!

FRASER

Nothing. I'm sure it's nothing.

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

RAY

That wasn't nothing.

(opens the curtain)

Hey champ, watch the road up there!

\*

HOGAN

Sorry. Problem?

\*

FRASER'S POV -- THE COCKPIT

\*

Pilot. Control panel. Everything looks normal.

\*

RAY

No I enjoy having my kidneys up my...

\*

\*

FRASER

(cutting him off)

We're fine. Thank you, Jim.

\*

\*

\*

HOGAN

(meaning the seatbelts)

Better keep those on.

Ray closes the curtain behind him. Hold on Fraser.

\*

11 EXT. HANGER -- LONG SHOT -- DAY

11

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

12 INT. PASSENGER CABIN -- DAY

12

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

FRASER

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

RAY

No.

12 CONTINUED:

12

FRASER

Ah.

After a moment.

RAY

What?

FRASER

An observation. Probably ill timed, but...

(off Ray's look)

Well, this man is not a pilot, Ray.

RAY

You're telling me.

FRASER

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

RAY

For that we shoot him?

FRASER

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

RAY

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

FRASER

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

RAY

You couldn't have mentioned this earlier?

FRASER

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

Ray starts to reach for his ankle holster. Stops.

"North" - Revised Green - 20/9/95

10A

12 CONTINUED: (2)

1.

RAY

This isn't a trick, is it?

"North" - Published Draft - 12/9/95

12 CONTINUED: (2)

FRASER

No.

Ray takes out his back up gun.

FRASER (CONT'D)

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

13 INT. COCKPIT -- CONTINUOUS

HOGAN

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

14 INT. PASSENGER CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

RAY

On three, ready?

Fraser reaches out, stops him.

FRASER

Not now, wait until we land.

RAY

Where, Beirut?

FRASER

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

RAY

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

FRASER

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

RAY

Trust me, I stick this in his ear and  
he's going to come around.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

1

FRASER

(on his own track)

In which case we would have to fly the plane ourselves. Possible with assistance from air traffic control, and I remember a flight training manual in my grandmother's library. It had a few missing pages, nothing vital I'm sure. And there must be some similarities between a Sopwith Camel and today's modern light aircraft.

RAY

So you can handle it?

FRASER

Ray, have you been listening?

RAY

Just give me the odds.

FRASER

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

RAY

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

FRASER

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

15 INT. COCKPIT -- CONTINUOUS

15

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

HOGAN'S POV

A latch on the door marked EXPLOSIVE RELEASE - EMERGENCY USE ONLY.

16 INT. PASSENGER CABIN -- DAY

16

Ray cocks the gun, chambers a bullet.

RAY

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

(CONTINUED)

"North" - Revised Green - 20/9/95

12A

16 CONTINUED:

16

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



"North" - Published Draft - 12/9/95

16 CONTINUED:

RAY (CONT'D)  
(struggling)  
What the...?

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

BELOW

The canopy of a parachute drifts slowly earthward.

17 INT. COCKPIT -- CONTINUOUS

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

RAY  
He jumped?!

Fraser clambers into the pilot chair.

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

RAY  
The radio.

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

FRASER  
It's dead. Go!

Ray makes his way back, with difficulty.

ANGLE

Fraser trying to restart the engines.

AHEAD

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

18 EXT. DENSE FOREST -- DAY

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

SFX -- A PLANE CRASH

19 OMITTED  
THRU  
22

19  
21  
22

23 EXT. FOREST -- LONG LENSE SHOT -- LATER

23

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

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

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

FRASER (O.S.)  
Fine.

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

FRASER (O.S.)  
Fine.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

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

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

\*  
\*

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

\*

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

Fraser stops and Ray finally catches up to him.

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

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

FRASER (CONT'D)

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

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

RAY

(touches it)

Oh no. You're in great shape.

FRASER

Head wounds always look worse than they really are.

(pulls out the compass)

Read this.

RAY

It's your compass, you read it.

FRASER

I can't.

RAY

Well, neither can I.

FRASER

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

A long moment.

RAY

You're blind.

FRASER

Yes.

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

RAY

Why didn't you tell me?

FRASER

No point in making a bad situation worse.

"North" - Revised Green - 20/9/95

15A

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

RAY

Worse. You can't see! We're going  
back to the plane.

"North" - Published Draft - 12/9/95

26 CONTINUED:

FRASER

Any sign of the hijacker?

RAY

No.

FRASER

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

RAY

This is supposed to mean something to me?

FRASER

The kind with leaves.

RAY

Right.

FRASER

Now if I'm not mistaken the river valley should be right...

They come over a rise. Fraser stops.

FRASER (CONT'D)

...Here.

RAY'S POV

Acres of virgin forest before them. No water for miles.

BACK TO SCENE

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

FRASER (CONT'D)

What do you see?

RAY

Trees.

FRASER

Describe them.

RAY

Green.

FRASER

Ah. The river?

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

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

RAY

It's probably just over the next hill.

FRASER

Good then. Onward.

Ray takes a compass heading. Orients himself west.

RAY

Okay Ethan Edwards. Westward ho.

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

FRASER

(stops)

I can feel sun on the left side of my nose.

(hesitates)

What time is it?

RAY

One-thirty.

FRASER

I think you're a little off.

RAY

From the sun on your nose?

FRASER

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

RAY

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

FRASER

I never said you were.

RAY

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

FRASER

Really?

\*  
\*

\*

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

RAY

Let's take a break.

FRASER

I feel perfectly fresh, Ray.

RAY

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

FRASER

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

RAY

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

FRASER

Means nothing to me.

RAY

I am not tracking this guy by moonlight.

FRASER

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

RAY

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

FRASER

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

RAY

They ever catch the guy?

FRASER

(beat)

No. It's a poem.

RAY

"Moil", huh?

FRASER

Yes. Moil -- not toil.

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

RAY

Moil, toil -- who cares.

FRASER

Robert Service, apparently.

RAY

Who's he?

FRASER

The poet.

28 EXT. FOREST -- LATER

28

Ray looks around at the forest. It's getting very dark.

RAY

We're lost, aren't we.

FRASER

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

RAY

There's a difference?

FRASER

Being lost is accompanied by panic,  
Ray.

RAY

Are you saying I'm panicking?

FRASER

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

They enter a clearing.

FRASER (CONT'D)

I smell fuel, burned plastic and metal.  
What is it?

RAY'S POV

The plane. They are back where they started.

RAY

A plane crash.



28 CONTINUED:

28

FRASER

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

\*  
\*

BACK TO SCENE

RAY

No it's our plane crash. We're back  
where we started.

(sinks in)

We're lost.

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

RAY (CONT'D)

(ducks)

Get down!

\*

FRASER

Let me handle this...

Fraser steps out arm raised, facing the wrong direction.

FRASER (CONT'D)

In the name of the RCMP I order you  
to...

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

RAY

I don't think he heard you.

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

ANGLE

Hogan takes off into the bush.

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

The last fingers of sunlight fade around them as we:

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

29 EXT. FOREST -- CRASH SITE -- DAY

29

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

RAY

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

FRASER

I almost had him.

Ray peels something off the blanket.

RAY

A breath mint.

(inspects the mint)

I suppose we could boil it.

FRASER

It was a textbook situation.

(on the other track)

He must have heard us approaching.

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

RAY

Peanuts?

Diefenbaker immediately turns and takes off with the peanuts.

RAY (CONT'D)

Hey!

Ray dives to catch him, but can't.

29 CONTINUED:

29

RAY (CONT'D)

You didn't really think he'd surrender.

FRASER

Not with you firing at him.

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

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

RAY

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

FRASER

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

Ray finds a hundred feet of TWINE, pockets it.

RAY

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

FRASER

Even so we may be able to take him alive.

RAY

And just how do you propose to do that?

FRASER

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

RAY

Great, let's go dig it up.

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

FRASER

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

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

FRASER (CONT'D)

For example, an incandescent flashlight beam is visible for half a mile at night. The hijacker didn't think of that, or he would have waited until dark and picked us off one at a time.

"North" - Revised Blue - 15/9/95

29 CONTINUED: (3)

2

Ray looks at the offending light and tosses it over his shoulder.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Which leads me to believe he's  
inexperienced in wilderness survival.  
Besides, Diefenbaker would have raised  
an alarm if he were still close by.  
He's not.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (4)

29

RAY

We don't have to worry about catching the hijacker, we're going to starve to death long before that.

FRASER

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

\*  
\*

RAY

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

FRASER

There is if you know where to look.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON -- GRUBS

Thousands of them, albino white squirming.

RAY (O.S.)

No way.

BACK TO SCENE

Ray is holding up a rock.

FRASER

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

RAY

You eat them then.

FRASER

(lifts his head)

Shhh.

RAY

What?

"North" - Revised Blue - 15/9/95

29

CONTINUED: (5)

29

FRASER

I think I hear a nest of furry  
nightcrawlers.

(CONTINUED)

WORTH - Revised Blue - 15/9/95

29 CONTINUED: (6)

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

RAY

Oh God...

30 OMITTED

THRU

31

30

TH

31

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

32

CLOSE on the fire pit.

FRASER (V.O.)

Ready?

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

RAY

Ask me again I set you on fire.

FRASER

Understood.

RAY

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

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

FRASER

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

RAY

(between blows of the fire)

I am not measuring your legs.

FRASER

(off his legs)

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

(CONTINUED)



RAY  
(sarcastic)  
A tad?

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

He gets up and falls into the fire pit.

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

RAY  
(biting his tongue)  
Sorry.

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

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

RAY  
...Steve?

FRASER  
What?

RAY  
You called me Steve.

FRASER  
I most certainly did not.

RAY  
You did.

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

He tries to give it a few more breaths. The fire dies.

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

RAY  
(frustrated)  
It's dead.

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

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

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

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

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

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

FRASER  
Hardly of my making.

He picks up the container of grubs.

FRASER SR.  
Mmmmm. Grubs.

He pops one in his mouth.

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

FRASER  
You could have said something.

FRASER SR.  
I know how you hate it when I  
interfere.

FRASER

Interfere!?

FRASER SR.

(quickly)

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

FRASER

(realizing)

Dad...

FRASER SR.

Poachers, claim stakers...

FRASER

Dad.

FRASER SR.

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

FRASER

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

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

FRASER SR.

You've got a few good hours in you, you can still catch him, you know.

"North" - Revised Yellow - 22/9/95

32 CONTINUED: (4)

FRASER

Good, good -- I'm glad you brought that up. Could you explain to me, once and for all why it is that we always get our man?

FRASER SR.

We just do.

FRASER

Why?

FRASER SR.

It's the motto, son.

FRASER

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

He marches off in his snowshoes.

FRASER SR.

(calling back)

Good hunting son.

FRASER

You're tracking the wrong man!

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

RAY

Talking to yourself?

FRASER

Evidently.

"North" - Revised Yellow - 22/9/95

32 CONTINUED: (5)

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

RAY

Damn.

FRASER

The wood is damp.

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

FRASER (CONT'D)

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

RAY

You made fire out of rocks?

FRASER

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

Ray considers this.

RAY

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

FRASER

A police officer puts others first.

RAY

My father hated cops.

32 CONTINUED: (6)

32

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

ANGLE -- RAY

Ignores him, keeps working.

VECCHIO SR.

I heard that.

RAY

What do you want.

VECCHIO SR.

You tell a stranger something like that about family?

RAY

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

VECCHIO SR.

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

RAY

I owe him.

VECCHIO SR.

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

RAY

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

VECCHIO SR.

Something wrong with that?

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

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

RAY

You do it.

Fraser strikes one. He throws at the fire pit and the wood BURSTS into flames, nearly obliterating them from view. \*

"North" - Revised Green - 20/9/95

32

32 CONTINUED: (7)

32

RAY (CONT'D)

(alarmed)

Oh God. Fire!

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

FRASER

See, once you learn you never forget.

33 EXT. VECCHIO HOUSE -- NIGHT

33

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

MOON

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

34 FULL SHOT -- THE MOON

34

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

35 EXT. FOREST -- CRASH SITE -- NIGHT

35

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

RAY

I can't believe I did that.

(pats his stomach)

I think I can feel those things moving in there.

FRASER

(shaking, cold sweat)

It was a good meal, Ray.

Ray looks at him, concerned.

RAY

You need another blanket?

FRASER

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

RAY

Fraser, look at yourself.

"North" - Revised Yellow - 22/9/95

35 CONTINUED:

FRASER

I can't very well do that now, can I,  
Steve?

RAY

Ray.

FRASER

Of course you are.

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

RAY

I'll wake you up every couple of hours.

Fraser's already out.

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

SFX -- A LONE WOLF HOWL

Ray turns in the direction the sound came from. Calls:

RAY (CONT'D)

Very funny. You think you're a wolf  
or something?

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

Diefenbaker curls up beside him.

RAY (CONT'D)

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

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

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREE

36 EXT. FOREST -- MORNING (DAY TWO)

36

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

Ray rolls out.

RAY

You're up.

FRASER

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

He offers Ray a centipede.

RAY

No. You go ahead.

FRASER

(cocks his head)

Listen.

SFX -- DRONE OF A PLANE ENGINE

Far away, getting closer.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Search plane. Someone must be in trouble.

RAY

Yeah, it's us. \*

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

RAY (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Down here -- hey! --

(he's never going to make it)

-- HEY!

Ray has the FLARE GUN out. ZOOM -- the plane whizzes overhead and disappears. Ray fires a flare -- it hits the some branches, doesn't clear the tree tops. Shower of sparks. Ray reloads, looking for a clear shot. The spent canister is hot, he fumbles with it. The SOUND fades away.

36 CONTINUED:

36

FRASER

Ray... don't bother. Search planes  
fly grid patterns. It won't be back.

RAY

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

FRASER

(taken aback)

We still have a man to catch.

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

RAY

Come on.

Fraser starts to LAUGH. Ray turns on him:

RAY (CONT'D)

What the hell's so funny.

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

FRASER

(struggling)

...I seem to have lost the use of my \*  
legs. \*

37 EXT. FOREST -- TRAIL -- LATER

37

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

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

FRASER

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

RAY

Yes, Fraser.

37 CONTINUED:

37

FRASER

And you'd go on without me.

RAY

Absolutely.

FRASER

Without hesitation?

RAY

In a heartbeat.

FRASER

I appreciate this.

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

RAY

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

They walk further.

FRASER

Ray.

RAY

Better?

FRASER

I'm very thirsty.

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

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

ANGLE

Ray's dad walks up beside him.

VECCHIO SR.

What are you doing with that water.

RAY

What does it look like?

VECCHIO SR.

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

RAY

Get away from me, pop.

"North" - Published Draft - 12/9/95

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

VECCHIO SR.

Don't blame me if you die out here!

Ray turns away from him.

ANGLE -- FRASER

Fraser Sr. walks up and squats beside him.

FRASER SR.

He's slowing you down, son.

FRASER

Slowing me down?

FRASER SR.

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

FRASER

Are you ill!?

FRASER SR.

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

Ray steps in.

RAY

Okay, saddle up.

Diefenbaker, still in his saddle bags, WHINES.

RAY (CONT'D)

You want to trade?

Diefenbaker moves off, feeling lucky.

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

CUT TO:

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

37A

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

He breaks out of the woods into a clearing and looks around, trying to get his bearings.

"North" - Published Draft - 12/9/95

37A CONTINUED:

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

38 EXT. FOREST -- LATER

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

FRASER (O.S.)

Step, step, step, limp, step, step,  
step limp.

(beat)

Ray, you missed a limp.

RAY (O.S.)

No I didn't.

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

FRASER

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

RAY

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

FRASER

Section 1804-A.

RAY

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

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

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

Pastafazool. Tuesdays Ma always makes a big pot.

39 EXT. FOREST -- LATER

RAY

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

Fraser still in a fireman's carry. Ray is exhausted but has a good healthy glow -- Fraser is dry and pasty. Dehydration.

39 CONTINUED:

39

FRASER

Bannock. My Grandmother made it.

RAY

Taste good?

FRASER

No. It was hard, flat, unleavened bread that tasted like a hockey puck.

(fondly)

I can still smell it burning in the oven.

Ray walks a bit, thinking.

RAY

What will they tell them back home?

FRASER

The truth.

RAY

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

FRASER

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

40 EXT. FOREST -- CONTINUOUS

40

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

40 CONTINUED:

40

After a moment his eyes fall on:

HOGAN'S POV

The bottle wrapper.

BACK TO SCENE

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

41 EXT. FOREST -- CLEARING

41

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

RAY

What are you doing?

FRASER

We're getting close, Ray.

RAY

Slingshot?

FRASER

Bola -- Inuit use them to hunt.

RAY

I had a slingshot when I was a kid --  
(fondly)

Know the sweet sound of breaking a  
plate glass window from sixty feet?  
Nowadays kids just fire an uzi through  
the front window. Where's the  
satisfaction in that?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FRASER

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

RAY

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

FRASER

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

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

41 CONTINUED:

41

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

Ray begins to twirl it overhead.

FRASER (CONT'D)  
Let it go.

RAY  
I'm trying.

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

FRASER  
Throw it!

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

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

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

ANGLE

FRASER (CONT'D)  
Ray?

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

FRASER  
You can't fight nature Ray, you have  
to use it.



"North" - Revised Green - 20/9/95

41 CONTINUED: (2)

\*

RAY

You've stopped sweating.

Hands him a bottle of water.

FRASER

Really.

(feels his forehead)

A person 10% dehydrated can suffer dizziness, nausea, a swollen tongue. At 15% dim vision, loss of muscle control, deafness, painful stools.

RAY

Where are you at.

FRASER

Inability to sweat indicates ten to fifteen percent loss.

RAY

Twenty?

FRASER

Death.

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

RAY

Careful.

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

RAY (CONT'D)

Hope you're right about that river.

42 OMITTED

AND

42A

43

EXT. FOREST -- LATER -- MONTAGE

Walking through the forest, Ray carrying Fraser who is:

Reciting multiplication tables with Ray leading.

43 CONTINUED:

43

Later, SINGING "Rose Marie" or a Western ditty. Fraser delirious, off key, arhythmic. \*

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

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

RAY

Shhhh.

Fraser keeps singing.

RAY (CONT'D)

Shut up!

FRASER

(finally)  
What?

RAY

(listening)  
Water.

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

44 OMITTED

44

45 EXT. RIVER -- DAY

45

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

DIEFENBAKER

Takes a quick drink -- moves off.

RAY

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

(drinks)

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

FRASER

(exhausted)

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

RAY

We'll get there buddy.

45 CONTINUED:

45

ANGLE -- THE BLACK DUFFLE BAG

It contain's a self-inflating LIFE RAFT.

Ray exposes a RIP CORD --

ANGLE

The river. Vecchio Sr, appears.

VECCHIO SR.

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

RAY

No.

VECCHIO SR.

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

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

REVEAL -- FRASER

Fraser Sr. leans in to him.

FRASER SR.

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

FRASER

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

FRASER SR.

They'll have you up on charges.

FRASER

Do you ever listen to yourself?

FAVORING VECCHIO'S

RAY

What?

FRASER

Not you  
(gesturing)  
Him.

There's no one there.

45

CONTINUED: (2)

45

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

FAVORING FRASER'S

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

FRASER  
How? I have no legs.

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

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

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

ANGLE -- RAY

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

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

RAY  
Get away from me.

FRASER  
I'm not near you.

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

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

However, the rip cord has come off in his hand.

45 CONTINUED: (3)

45

RAY (CONT'D)

Hey!

ANGLE

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

\*

FULL SHOT

\*

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

\*

Beat.

\*

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

\*

\*

\*

\*

FRASER

\*

Ray?

\*

On Ray as he absorbs the impact of this loss:

\*

46 OMITTED

46

"North" - Revised Green - 20/9/95

45

47 OMITTED

47

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

48 EXT. RIVER -- MOMENTS LATER 48

FRASER \*

The raft.. perhaps we'll find it \*

further downstream.

RAY \*

No. It's gone. \*

FRASER \*

Then I suppose we should start walking. \*

RAY \*

You mean I should start carrying. \*

FRASER \*

Actually, Ray. I felt a twitch \*

earlier. Could you protract my lower \*

lumbar? \*

RAY \*

What? \*

FRASER \*

(sitting up) \*

Put your knee in my back and pull. \*

He does, gingerly at first. \*

FRASER (CONT'D) \*

You may have to wrench it. \*

Ray grabs him around the chest, heaves. CRACK. Fraser \*

grimaces as something slides into place. \*

FRASER (CONT'D) \*

Ah. \*

RAY \*

That hurt? \*

FRASER \*

Like a hot poker. \*

(struggles to his feet) \*

But I seem to have found my feet. \*

He tests himself with a few unsteady steps. \*

RAY \*

(determined) \*

Good. Then we're getting out of here. \*

49 EXT. FOREST -- LATER -- DAY

49

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

FRASER  
How many is that?

RAY  
Eight.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON -- A LOG

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

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

FRASER  
Improvise.

RAY  
With what?



CONTINUED:

FRASER

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

RAY

I'll remember to tell my dentist.

FRASER

Cedar roots are an acceptable substitute.

RAY

You boil or chew them?

FRASER

No.

RAY

I'm your man.

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

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

VECCHIO SR.

Look at you.  
(shaking his head)  
Loser.

RAY

You oughta know.

VECCHIO SR.

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

RAY

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

VECCHIO SR.

It wasn't up to me to talk it was up to you to listen.

50 CONTINUED:

50

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

VECCHIO SR.  
I'm your father.

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

Ray turns to go, hears a TWIG SNAP.

51 OMITTED

51

51A EXT. WOODS -- CONTINUOUS

51A

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

HOGAN'S POV

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

CUT TO:

51B EXT. WOODS

51B

Ray in a crouch -- listens. Moves off:

CUT TO:

51C EXT. WOODS -- CONTINUOUS

51C

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

FRASER  
Get down.

RAY  
I am down.

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

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

"North" - Revised Yellow - 22/9/95

48:

51C CONTINUED:

51C

FRASER

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

RAY

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

FRASER

I didn't say it was a good plan.

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

RAY

I'll take it.

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

CUT TO:

51D EXT. WOODS -- CONTINUOUS

51D

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

INTERCUT:

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

RAY

Any other plans?

FRASER

I'm thinking...

RAY

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

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

FRASER

Go ahead.

Horton - Revised Yellow - 2/7/95

51D CONTINUED:

RAY

(into it)

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

BANG -- BANG -- two more shots.

FRASER

Is this a long story Ray?

RAY

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

BANG -- BANG. Two more shots eat rock.

FRASER

He's moving again.

Ray and Fraser break from cover.

INTERCUT -- HOGAN

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



"North" - Revised Blue - 15/9/95

4

51B OMITTED

52

53 EXT. FOREST -- HIGH GROUND -- CONTINUOUS

53

Hogan FIRES --

\*

54 EXT. RIVER -- CONTINUOUS

54

-- keeps firing

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

RAY

I think this is it.

"North" - Revised Pink - 14.9/95

PAGE IS OMITTED

(CONTINUED)

"North" - Revised Pink - 14/9/93

PAGE IS OMITTED

(CONTINUED)



"North" - Revised Pink - 14.3795

54 CONTINUED: (3)

CUT TO:

54A EXT. ROCK WALL

Hogan has to make his way to the edge of the over hang above them. Begins to make his way down, going gingerly around a HUGE BOULDER.

FRASER

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

RAY

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

FRASER

How close is he?

RAY

Coming down the rocks. Fifty yards.

FRASER

Angle.

RAY

Ten o'clock.

FRASER

And the bola?

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

RAY

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

FRASER

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

RAY

Fraser, you can't see.

55 OMITTED

56 EXT. RIVER -- CONTINUOUS

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

"Norta" - Revised Pink - 14/8 95

55 CONTINUED:

BANG -- BANG -- BANG

HOGAN

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

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

DIEFENBAKER

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

SIMULTANEOUSLY:

Hogan sees Diefenbaker coming, wheels from Ray, fires.

RAY

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

FRASER

Eyes watering like crazy, starts to see blurry images -

FRASER

...Ray ?

He stands up looking for --

FRASER (CONT'D)

Ray...?

He sees a blurry outline of:

RAY

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

FRASER (CONT'D)

(calling out)

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

-- it's heading straight at his head.

RAY

Fraser!

FRASER'S POV

The bola heading straight for him.

"North" - Revised Blue - 15/9/95

56 CONTINUED: (2)

5

FRASER

...bola.

He dives to the ground.

ANGLE

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

57 EXT. ROCK OVERHANG -- CONTINUOUS

57

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

CUT TO:

57A HOGAN

57

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

CUT TO:

57B RAY

57

Amazed.

RAY

Wow.

58 EXT. RIVER -- CONTINUOUS

58

Fraser is lying on the ground looking up at him.

FRASER

What happened?

RAY

(impressed)

I missed.

Fraser Sr. leans in over Fraser.

FRASER SR.

Nice work, son.

FRASER

Thank you.

FRASER SR.

But I think he's dead.

DISSOLVE TO:

"North" - Revised Book - 14/9/95

58A CONTINUED:

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

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

RAY (O.S.)  
Thank you.

SFX -- Calm paddling.

FRASER (O.S.)  
Ray.

RAY (O.S.)  
What?

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

59 OMITTED

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR