

Episode # 22
Project - SC1030

due **SOUTH**



"LETTING GO"

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PROLOGUE

FADE IN:

1 ECU: FRASER'S EYES 1

Lids closed, skin pale and bloodless, bathed in perspiration. Over this and among other HOSPITAL SOUNDS we hear E.R. VOICES calling out and responding with controlled urgency.

RESIDENT (O.S.)
(to Paramedic)
Type him?

PARAMEDIC (O.S.)
B Positive.

RESIDENT (O.S.)
(to Nurse)
Call the blood bank. 5 units, stat.
(to anyone)
Anybody know this guy's name?

A RUSTLE of paperwork.

PARAMEDIC
Fraser.

RESIDENT
What?

VICTORIA (V.O.)
(calling out)
Fraser...!

Fraser eyes open:

VICTORIA

stands in a doorway. But it's not the doorway of the E.R., it's the doorway of the diner he saw her in a few days ago. Fade in HER VOICE, words overlapping, different emotions -- laughter, contentment, sorrow.

ECU: FRASER'S EYES

Hazy and dull with pain as he remembers

VICTORIA

in his apartment, cooking at the stove...watching TV surrounded by candles...kissing in the doorway as they turn and the snow swirls down...with him on the bed, lying next to him, smiling at him.

1 CONTINUED:

Then she leans forward...kisses him...we CROSS FADE images and we're in the Skylark now and she is kissing him and pressing a gun to his head.

ECU FRASER'S EYES:

stunned, betrayed...and then sadness and a strange sort of fear. Still HER VOICE persists, berating, then seducing... the E.R VOICES push through:

RESIDENT
Calibre?

RAY
Nine mm.

RESIDENT
Range?

RAY
Fifty yards.

RESIDENT
Angle?

RAY
This matters?

RESIDENT
No exit wound. Bullet probably hit something.

Fraser's eyes start to flutter...and close...he fights to keep them open...

RAY
Like what?

NURSE
(intervening)
Pulse sixty over thirty. We're losing him.

RESIDENT
(shouting)
Crash cart!

RAY
Fraser...!

VICTORIA
Fraser.....!!

Fraser forces his eyes open:

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

VICTORIA

stands in the doorway of the train car as it pulls out of the station.

FRASER

stands on the platform frozen, watching her go.

VICTORIA

calling to him, "Come with me..."

INTERCUT:

Fraser starts to move toward her. RAY AND THE COPS appear on the platform. Fraser is running toward her now, gaining on the train. Ray pulls his gun out, on the run. Fraser runs harder, gaining. Victoria throws her arm out, reaching for Fraser. Ray pulls his gun...Fraser sees it aimed at Victoria...Fraser shouts "NO!!" Victoria wheels around...Ray fires...Fraser throws himself up onto the train into her arms and the bullet strikes him in the back...he falls backward, off the train.- Ray reacts, stunned. Victoria looks on from the moving train

CLOSE ON FRASER

lying on the platform, his blood slowly pooling around him.

FRASER

I should have gone with her.

Snow falls, touches his face and dissolves on contact.

MATCH CUT TO:

2 ECU: FRASER'S EYES

2

Open but dead inside. The moisture beading on his skin isn't from snow now, it's from pain. THE E.R. VOICES return.

NURSE

Next of kin?

RAY

Why?

NURSE

You might want to call somebody.

RAY

He's okay, right? He's breathing.

2

CONTINUED:

-- 2

NURSE

When we know, you'll know.

The gurney stops. RAY leans in.

RAY

(to Fraser)

I'll be out here, Benny. Right out here.

Fraser looks up at Ray, starts to mouth something. Ray leans closer to listen. The sound won't come out, but the word is "Why?" Ray stares down at him, completely lost for a response. We glimpse the green smock of a SURGICAL NURSE as she steps into frame and pushes the gurney forward.

SURGICAL NURSE

He'll be fine. Won't you, Ben?

Fraser's eyes drift up to her face.

FRASER'S POV

Victoria smiles down on him. She pulls up her surgical mask...

FRASER

slips from consciousness and his eyes close.

FADE OUT.

END OF PROLOGUE

ACT ONE

3 ECU: FRASER'S EYES

3

Open again. Still tired and dull, but not from the pain. His eyes are fixed on something near the end of the bed. Something that's BUZZING.

WIDEN

We're in a private hospital room. There are machines and tubes around him, but Fraser's only hooked up to a couple of them -- a heart monitor and an IV.

FRASER'S POV

A fly is perched on Fraser's bare right foot. It's BUZZING happily, going nowhere soon.

BACK TO SCENE

Fraser watching the fly, the fly ignoring Fraser. Fraser reaches for a back scratcher hook on the side rail of the bed near his knees. It's just out of reach. He uses his arms to try to reposition himself closer. Reaches again. His fingers fall short. Frustrated, he yanks back the blankets. His legs lay there motionless. He grabs the side rails and, with considerable effort, pulls himself forward, hand over hand, trying to reach the back scratcher. Just as he gets his fingers around it, it slips off it's hook and clatters to the floor. Fraser lays back onto the bed.

THE FLY

continues to buzz happily on his bare foot.

DIEFENBAKER

sits in a chair facing the window, still sporting a bandage as a result of the bullet wound he received. He lays his nose on the sill and pokes his head out.

FRASER

closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

4 INT. POLICE PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE -- DAY

4

Ray sits in a chair across from the psychologist. We'll call her BERNICE MILLER. Ray looks uncomfortable, anxious for this to be over.

4 CONTINUED:

MILLER
(checking a file)
...The shooting team cleared you.
That must have been reassuring.

RAY
...Why?

Ray honestly doesn't understand this. He's still consumed with guilt.

MILLER
How is he?

RAY
They found the bullet.

Miller waits, expectantly.

RAY (CONT'D)
Near the T-4 vertebrae, wherever that is.

MILLER
The lumbar region.

RAY
It's too close to the spine. They didn't want to risk taking it out.

MILLER
I'm told he's expected to recover fully.

RAY
(with an edge)
Yep.

This doesn't seem to make a difference. Ray looks out the window, demonstrating his disinterest in the proceedings.

MILLER
Have you tried talking to him about this?

RAY
(an excuse)
He's barely conscious.

MILLER
Then you don't know how he feels.

4

CONTINUED: (2)

4

RAY
(irritated)
What's to know? I shot him. He'll
be fine, I'll be fine. We're fine.

Miller sighs. Ray goes back to staring out the window.

MATCH CUT TO:

5

EXT. HOSPITAL -- FRASER'S WINDOW -- AFTERNOON

5

Diefenbaker who is still sitting in the chair by the window,
nose on the window sill, looking out.

6

INT. FRASER'S ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON

6

Fraser stirs. His color is better, he's more rested. He
looks to Diefenbaker, HEARS sounds of the city outside the
window: traffic, horns, snatches of conversation. It's
quiet in the room.

FRASER'S POV

In windows across the courtyard, patients sit in their rooms,
orderlies push gurneys down quiet hallways, doctors and staff
work quietly in offices, somewhere a photocopier MAKES A
NOISE.

FRASER
(to Diefenbaker)
Just because you can see them and
they have their windows open shouldn't
be taken as an invitation. It's
unethical and immoral, not to mention
against the law.

Diefenbaker ignores him.

FRASER (CONT'D)
You'll go blind.

Dief turns, alarmed. Realizes it's a joke. Fraser shrugs.
Diefenbaker turns back to the window.

FRASER (CONT'D)
(re: Diefenbaker)
Fine. Don't listen.

Diefenbaker ignores him. Fraser picks up a magazine -- can't
get interested. A few books sit near the bed, spines cracked
open to early pages. Some haven't been touched. His eyes
drift off the pile of books over to the window. He can see
quite a few, many are empty, or their occupants out of view.
In one he sees:

7 WINDOW #1 -- FRASER'S P.O.V. (THROUGH WINDOW -- DOWN A FLOOR) 7

An older woman lies in a bed near the window. Her husband sits in the chair beside her. She and her husband listen somewhat anxiously as the doctor speaks to them. It's clear the news the doctor has given isn't good.

The husband reacts, frustrated, angry. His wife, much calmer, reaches over and pats his arm, as if to say, it will be okay. She smiles at the doctor, thanks him. The husband turns away, overcome. The doctor returns the woman's smile with admiration. He turns and leaves the room. After the doctor leaves the woman takes her husband's arm and pulls him into her arms, comforting him.

BACK TO FRASER

reacting to the tender scene, touched but somewhat embarrassed. He turns away from the window and catches Dief staring at him with what he imagines to be a smug look.

FRASER

This is different. I have a wound which leaves me no choice but to lay on my side facing the window. Alright, I could close my eyes but I'm not going to. I have nothing about which I should feel guilty. I am not prying.
(sees something out the window)

Oh.

Dief manages another smug look and turns his gaze back out the window. Fraser defiantly does the same.

WINDOW #2

A group of men and women doing an aerobics class. DANCERCIZE MUSIC beats off the walls of the courtyard.

FRASER'S POV -- THE WORKOUT CLASS

If you couldn't tell by looking at them, they're hospital employees. Some in great shape, some struggling. The one leading the class is a handsome young woman. We'll come to know her as JILL KENNEDY, a nurse. Fraser watches her go through the vigorous aerobics routine easily, her long hair bouncing in time to the music. He's enjoying her enjoying the exercise. She's attractive, captivating. Can't take his eyes off her until he HEARS VOICES raised in an argument, of sorts, and turns to see --

WINDOW #3 -- FRASER'S P.O.V. (THROUGH WINDOW)

7 CONTINUED:

7

A young woman (18) paces near the window of a maternity ward. She's very pregnant, and in the early stages of labour. A very nervous young man is with her, anxious, unsure of himself, and from the woman's irate response, is obviously saying all the wrong things. He also keeps trying to get near her.

She tries repeatedly to shoo him away, while at the same time trying to remember her Lamaze exercises, she's getting it wrong, he tries to correct her, she snaps at him, he snaps back, frustrated. She bursts into tears. He feels like shit. As he tries unsuccessfully to comfort her

FRASER

smiles, and tries to find somewhere else to look. He can't and slowly closes his eyes to rest.

8 INT. FRASER'S ROOM -- NIGHT

8

ECU: FRASER'S EYES

They open. The room is empty, it's quite late. Diefenbaker is sleeping. He shuts off the lamp over the bed, slowly rolls to his side and looks out. In a window several floors above, a fluorescent light flickers, casting eerie shadows. Most of the other windows in the courtyard are dark. Except

AN OFFICE -- HOLD ON IT

A WOMAN, middle aged, in a doctor's smock is working at her desk. A YOUNG MAN, call him KEVIN, an intern from the way he's dressed, stands behind her, playing with her long dark hair. She smiles at him and keeps working. He leans over and starts unpinning her hair. She doesn't seem to mind as it falls to her shoulders. She stops working, looks up at him -- then pulls him down and kisses him long and hard. There's more than just an attraction here. Then she releases him and turns back to her paperwork. He won't let it go at that. He starts kissing her neck, her throat -- she resists but not convincingly. She gives in as he starts to pull back her smock, his hands caressing her mass of dark curls...

BACK TO SCENE-- FRASER

Reminding him of:

VICTORIA (From Episode 20/21)

Playful, leading him back to the bed. Pulling him down to her...

FRASER

Eyes far away, remembering

8 CONTINUED:

8

VICTORIA AND FRASER

fall onto his bed, lost in a kiss. He reaches for her fingers, places one of them in his mouth...

HIS POV

As the young man gets up to leave, he pulls a small package out of his pocket and hands it to her. She pulls him to her, kisses him... he leaves.

She returns to her desk, takes out a syringe and hungrily shoots the contents of the package into her arm (or leg). She throws her head back, her dark hair a mass of curls.

FRASER

Out of the corner of his eye he sees:

FLASHES

Coming from inside the room beside the doctor's office. Someone is photographing her through the wall. The light from the flash creates an eerie strobe effect on the inside of the window, momentarily illuminating the room, but blinding Fraser.

FRASER

sits up, looks closer...the flashes stop. Fraser's eyes adjust to the darkness.

THE WOMAN

lays back in the chair, her dark curls spilled over the back. She's oblivious to her surroundings now, off in some drug-induced dream.

FRASER

lays his head back on the pillow, but can't take his eyes off of her.

9 INT. FRASER'S ROOM -- MORNING

9

Bright sunlight lays across his face. NOISE from somewhere above him -- POUNDING and CLANKING. MALE VOICES conferring in serious tones over something mechanical, as only they can do. His eyes blink back the light, then open.

FRASER'S POV -- OVERHEAD

A TECHNICIAN hovers above him on a ladder hooking the cable up to a TV which is perched on an overhead platform. RAY stands below supervising.

9 CONTINUED:

9

RAY
How can it not have an automatic
horizontal hold?

TECHNICIAN
That's extra.

RAY
(hitting the remote)
Extra?

TECHNICIAN
Gotta press the red button.

He does. The TV switches off.

RAY
(sarcastic)
Perfect.

The technician goes to leave. Fraser's gaze turns to the
window:

FRASER'S POV

The Doctor's office is empty. The shades partly drawn.

RAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey, this thing's broken.

TECHNICIAN (O.S.)
Not my department -- call #217 for
service.

RAY (O.S.)
It never started working!

He's talking to air.

BACK TO SCENE

Fraser's attention is still on the window. Ray opens the Tv
panel, starts fiddling with the connections.

RAY (CONT'D)
Three weeks, Fraser. Twenty-one days
staring at green walls, green linoleum.
Day in, day out. Now I'm starting to
wear green. Frankly that worries me.
This is what happens to prisoners of
war.

FRASER
Ray, you can leave. You don't have
to come here every day.

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

RAY

I know that.

FRASER

You have a job. You should go to work.

RAY

I do work.

FRASER

When?

RAY

(hesitates)

When you're asleep. You sleep a lot, you know.

FRASER

Oh. Still....

Ray wants to avoid this discussion.

RAY

Anyway, you start your physical therapy, get your sea-legs back -- we're outta here. Meantime we get through this the only way I know how...

(slaps the TV twice --
a picture appears)

Baseball.

Which is what we see -- a game in progress. The picture's less than perfect, the sound is garbled. Ray settles in to a chair. They watch. After a moment:

FRASER

...Who's playing?

RAY

Who cares.

They both watch in silence for a while. Then:

FRASER

This is really great, Ray. Thanks.

Ray opens a bag of Doritos. Quietly, but in response, from under the bed, the NOISE of a wolf stirring. Diefenbaker's nose pokes its way out from under the sheets.

9 CONTINUED: (3)

9

RAY
(grabs one, feeds it
to the hungry wolf)
You going to do something about this?

FRASER
I've tried. He won't leave.

RAY
Shouldn't he be at the vet's?

FRASER
Apparently not. The nurses feed,
water and walk him regularly. They
like him, he likes them. He's healing
faster than I am.
(to Ray)
I actually feel like he's happier
here.
(to Diefenbaker)
Ingrate.

They continue watching the game. Then, out of nowhere:

RAY
Then haven't found her.

Fraser's attention is immediate. There's no question who
he's talking about.

FRASER
The investigation?

RAY
Officially, still open. Unofficially,
it's on the back burner. The diamonds
were recovered, the murder victim was
a convicted felon. And she could be
in Afghanistan by now.

Fraser nods. They turn their attention back to the game.
After a moment:

FRASER
Ray...

RAY
Mmm?

FRASER
I still see her.

Ray keeps his eyes fixed on the TV. He doesn't want to hear
this. Just the subject scares him.

9 CONTINUED: (4)

9

FRASER (CONT'D)

(relenting)

I don't know what I see.

He nods to the medicine cup on Fraser's tray.

RAY

Pain killers -- they can do that to you.

Fraser fingers the medicine cup. Two pills remain inside -- his afternoon dose. He looks to the window...considers... he must be right. Fraser sets the cup back on his tray.

Diefenbaker walks up to Ray, looks at him.

RAY (CONT'D)

(to the wolf)

What.

(thinks it's food related)

No more. You'll get fat.

Diefenbaker nudges him in the leg.

FRASER

You're in his chair.

RAY

Oh.

(grabs his coat)

Get you anything?

Fraser looks around, the signs of Ray's goodwill very apparent.

FRASER

No really, Ray. You've done enough.

Ray leaves. The TV blares. Fraser shuts it off. Diefenbaker crawls back under the bed. Fraser picks up the medicine cup and empties the pills into the trash container beside his bed. Then he lays his head back on the pillow and closes his eyes.

10 INT. FRASER'S ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON

10

Long shadows drape themselves over the bed and floor. Diefenbaker is nowhere to be seen. Fraser lies on the bed, asleep.

ECU -- FRASER'S EYES

They open with a start. He sees:

10 CONTINUED:

10

FRASER'S POV

FRASER SR., two inches away from his face staring down.
Fraser shouts, surprised.

FRASER SR

Hello, son.

FRASER

You have to stop doing that.

FRASER SR

Boring any way other.

FRASER

Couldn't you have just sent a card or
flowers?

BACK TO SCENE

Fraser's dad sits at the end of the bed.

FRASER SR

You're mad I haven't been in sooner.

FRASER

No. Relieved is more like it.

(off his father's look)

Well if you'd been in sooner I might
not have been able to say which one
of us was...

FRASER SR

Dead?

FRASER

Well, yes.

FRASER SR

It's not a dirty word, son. Besides,
there are worse things than being
dead.

FRASER

Oh, really.

FRASER SR

Take yourself for instance. Wouldn't
catch me moping around here just
because I was shot.

FRASER

The bullet caused massive nerve and
muscle damage. I was lucky to survive.

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

FRASER SR
(looking out the window)
I'd have been back on my post the
next morning.

FRASER
I hardly think so.

FRASER SR
You've been lying there for three
weeks. Can't stay in that bed forever,
you know.

FRASER
It was major surgery, dad!
(beat)
I don't plan to.

There's a long silence.

FRASER SR
She got you good, didn't she?

FRASER
(covering)
No.

A silence.

FRASER (CONT'D)
I was thinking of going home.

FRASER SR
The Territories?

FRASER
I thought I might rebuild your cabin.

FRASER SR
Whatever for?
(off his look)
I won't get much use of it, will I?

Fraser is about to say something, but is interrupted by a
voice from the closet.

FRASER'S GRANDMOTHER (O.S.)
Robert?

FRASER SR
(alarmed)
Oh, God.

FRASER
What dad?

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

Fraser's grandmother exits the closet, holding a pair of Fraser's pajamas.

FRASER'S GRANDMOTHER
(to Fraser Sr.)
Here, tell him to put these on.
They're warmer.

FRASER
Dad. Who are you talking to?

FRASER SR
You don't see her?
(Fraser shakes his
head)
It's your grandmother.

She hands him the pajamas, they are boys size six flannel pajamas with cowboys and indian motif like the kind you used to order from the Eaton's catalogue.

FRASER SR (CONT'D)
She brought you some pajamas.

Fraser can't see them. Nods.

FRASER
Oh. Thank her for me.

FRASER SR
Of course.

FRASER
(looking around the
room)
Anyone else dropped in?

FRASER SR
Not so far.

FRASER'S GRANDMOTHER
You're babying him, Robert.

FRASER SR
(defensive)
He's been shot, Mother.

FRASER'S GRANDMOTHER
Hmmm. Well, can't stay in bed forever..

And she goes back into the closet.

FRASER SR
(as she goes)
You couldn't see her?

10 CONTINUED: (4)

10

FRASER

No.
(beat)
How is she?

FRASER SR

Not dead enough, son.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Fraser turns quickly to see Jill Kennedy standing there, his chart in her hand. It's obvious she's been standing there long enough to hear..?

JILL

Am I interrupting?

Fraser looks towards the closet. Then towards his father. He's gone.

FRASER

Ah...no.
(tries to straighten
himself up)
Come in.

JILL

(crossing)
Jill Kennedy.

FRASER

(recognizing)
...Yes. From the...

Without thinking he gestures toward the windows, then stops himself. She catches this.

JILL

(curious)
From the...?

FRASER

Hospital.

JILL

(smiles)
Right. I'm the--

FRASER

Physio Therapist.

JILL

(grins, skeptical)
You recognize me?

10 CONTINUED: (5)

10

FRASER

(covering)

Actually, it was deduction.

JILL

You...deduced me.

FRASER

Yes. You see, your hands, although small are unusually muscular. As are your biceps, triceps and pectoral muscles. A nurse wouldn't need that kind of upper body strength unless she did a great deal of lifting.

(as she leans forward
to set down her bag)

Your lower back, on the other hand, has a slight weakness, causing you to support yourself when you lean forward -- I presume the result of a great number of patients who use your strength to compensate for theirs. Then there is your uniform, which carries the scent of eucalyptus, a common ingredient in muscle lineaments, some iodine, you bandage a great deal,

(glances at her hands)

mixed with chlorine -- whirlpool, I assume, and...

(sniffs)

Coconut.

(stumped, he thinks
for a moment)

Hand cream?

JILL

Shampoo.

FRASER

All of which would be consistent with a physio therapist. With very clean hair.

She smiles, impressed.

JILL

That's quite a talent.

FRASER

I'm a police officer.

As she crosses to the foot of the bed she casts a curious glance out his window. Fraser attempts to look not guilty.

10 CONTINUED: (6)

10

JILL

(picking up his chart)

So I see. Royal Canadian Mounted.

She pulls back the sheets, glances at his legs

JILL (CONT'D)

Which would explain the bowed knees.

FRASER

...Bowed?

JILL

I'd say...five eighths of a centimeter.
Quarter horse? Sixteen hands?

FRASER

(taken aback)

As a rule.

JILL

Mmm.

(studying his legs)

You've got quite a few momento here.
Left leg's been broken and reset...

(looks closer)

Twice. Second one was pretty nasty.
Fell, what -- fifty, sixty feet?

FRASER

Fifty-seven.

JILL

Off a building?

FRASER

Cliff.

JILL

Someone pushed you?

FRASER

Actually, I jumped.

JILL

That'd do it.

(off his scarred thigh)

Serious knife wound. Seven inch blade,
serrated edge. What was he hunting?

FRASER

Me.

Jill covers his legs and moves up to study his face.

10 CONTINUED: (7)

--10

JILL

These are recent. Eight, maybe ten
minor lacerations. Small but deep.
Glass door?

FRASER

Tempered.

JILL

Ouch.

She notices the small scar on his chest.

JILL (CONT'D)

This is...
(hesitates)
interesting.

Fraser allows himself a small smile.

FRASER

Yes.

Jill returns his small smile with her own, accepting the
challenge.

JILL

It's old -- maybe twenty years. Plenty
of scar tissue, so it was deep. It's
an object, but something soft...with
hair...and teeth maybe?
(hesitates)

This is going to sound silly, but
were you ever struck by a...

FRASER

(miffed)

An otter, alright? A sea otter. I
was ten, it was dead, someone hit me
with it. Could we please move on?

JILL

Okay, okay.

She rolls him over onto his side and starts to loosen his
gown at the back. He's not wearing anything underneath and
tries to cover himself.

JILL (CONT'D)

Shy. Don't be -- by the time we get
these

(touches his legs)
working right I'll know every inch of
you blindfolded.

10 CONTINUED: (8)

10

FRASER

How long?

JILL

Depends.

She eyes the monkey bar above dangling above his bed -- it's tied back, obviously not in use.

JILL (CONT'D)

You ever gonna use that thing?

FRASER

I'm...thinking about it.

JILL

Keep thinking -- three months. Start using -- a couple of weeks.

She touches him near the base of the spine. He jumps a little.

FRASER

I'm sorry.

JILL

That's okay. Cold hands.

She peels back the large gauze covering the bullet wound.

HER POV

We see the gunshot wound for the first time. The entry point is still red and angry, the flesh around it forming into scar tissue nicely.

JILL (CONT'D)

Another hunter?

FRASER

A friend, actually.

(off her look)

He was aiming at someone else.

JILL

Oh.

Fraser's attention naturally goes to the window which he is facing. As she continues to examine his back he sees:

THE OLDER COUPLE -- WINDOW #1

The older woman is lying in her bed -- MOANING. A nurse enters, pulls out a syringe, gives her a palliative sedative.

10 CONTINUED: (9)

... 10

Her husband stands by anxiously, then gathers his wife in his arms.

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

(beat)

Who was she?

FRASER (O.S.)

Excuse me?

JILL (O.S.)

My experience? When a guy shoots a friend, it's usually over a woman.

PAN TO -- THE YOUNG COUPLE -- WINDOW #2

The young woman is now holding her newborn. The young man sits on the bed next to them, his arm around them. As they talk softly we can see that they're elated -- neither can take their eyes off their child.

FRASER (O.S.)

This woman had committed a crime. She was attempting to escape. My friend fired his weapon...

JILL (O.S.)

And you just happened to step in between.

FRASER (O.S.)

Yes.

JILL (O.S.)

Hmm.

FRASER (O.S.)

Excuse me?

JILL (O.S.)

Nothing.

BACK TO SCENE

She catches his gaze and sees that he's studying something out the window. Curious, she leans a little to get a better view of what he's looking at, but can't. Her view is obstructed by birch trees.

JILL (CONT'D)

You just don't strike me as the clumsy type.

FRASER

I'm not usually.

10 CONTINUED: (10)

10

JILL
(under her breath)
Still, she got you good.

FRASER
(startled)
Pardon me?

JILL
Nothing.

Anxious to improve her view she moves around to the window.

JILL (CONT'D)
(re: window)
Mind if I open this?

FRASER
(quickly)
Actually...

It's too late. She has the window half open when she hears DANCERCIZE MUSIC blaring across the courtyard, and looks up to see

HER POV

Another aerobics class in progress, a PRETTY BLOND INSTRUCTOR leading the employees.

BACK TO SCENE

Jill suppresses a smile as she turns back to Fraser. He's trying hard not to look as humiliated as he feels.

JILL
(to Fraser, re:
Instructor)
Nice pectoral muscles, don't you think?

Fraser blushes. Diefenbaker crawls off his chair and under the bed.

FRASER
It was not my intention to invade anyone's privacy. It's simply that when I lay on my right side and open my eyes I do sometimes, quite by accident, see things that are or should be kept somewhat...private.

JILL
People who look in other peoples windows are headed for trouble.

10 CONTINUED: (11)

10

Fraser looks up to see Jill scanning the windows across the courtyard.

FRASER

You were saying?

JILL

(grins)

It is kind of mesmerizing.

HER POV -- A PHOTOCOPY ROOM

Office workers operate a large industrial size copier, the walls are lined with paper, sorting devices, collating equipment. Her gaze moves through the adjoining wall and now we are looking:

JILL'S POV -- DOCTOR'S OFFICE

She has just arrived, is throwing her coat over the back of a chair, putting down her brief case.

BACK TO SCENE

Fraser sits up in bed to get a better view.

POV -- DOCTOR CARTER'S OFFICE

She swings herself around her desk and drops into her chair. She sorts through a few papers on the desk, then notices something. A MANILLA ENVELOPE. She rips open the sealed edge and fishes out the contents. She freezes. Starts to flip through the contents very fast, is growing visibly upset.

ANGLE

Jill moves to see better, she almost leaning on top of Fraser. He notices the proximity.

FRASER

You realize we could be arrested for this...

JILL

(grins)

Nice to know we can still be arrested for something.

POV -- CLOSER

Carter stares at PICTURES, 8x10 and black and white -- we're too far away to see them closely.

JILL (CONT'D)

Wow.

10 CONTINUED: (12)

10

FRASER

What?

BACK TO SCENE

JILL

Photographs.

Carter slams them down on her desk and stands up, looking around her, then fixes on the wall behind her desk. She jumps up onto a credenza and does something out of Fraser's sight. A moment later she sits down, slamming a ventilating grate onto the desk. She grabs up the pictures, pulls a lighter out of her purse and sets them on fire. Then she drops her head and begins to cry.

FRASER AND JILL

sit there a moment, stunned.

FRASER

...Wow.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

11 EXT. DOWNTOWN HOSPITAL -- MORNING 11

Traffic and pedestrians stream past towards gleaming office towers.

12 INT. PHYSIOTHERAPY ROOM --DAY 12

CLOSE ON A C-CLAMP

as Jill twists it into locked position, all the while talking to him. The clamp connects two ends of a sling which is firmly placed under Fraser's right leg. The sling is attached to a rope and pulley, which has a t-bar handle that Fraser is holding. The idea is to do leg lifts -- and support your leg with the hand-held sling. She has placed a support under his back to take direct pressure off of the gunshot wound area.

There are two other PATIENTS. Each one is attended by a nurse or an orderly.

JILL
(to Fraser)
Blackmail.

FRASER
Excuse me?

JILL
Of course, what else could it be?
(she locks the clamp)
Tell me if this is painful.
(lifts the leg)
You'll tell me?

FRASER
Of course.

JILL
Good. If you lie
(smiles)
you die.

FRASER
I beg your pardon?

JILL
It'll hurt like hell tomorrow.

She jerks the final strap into place.

12 CONTINUED:

--12

JILL (CONT'D)
(Fraser's in the rig,
does a leg lift)
You saw the photographs...

FRASER
Not what was in them.

JILL
You saw how she reacted...

FRASER
Perhaps it was a sad occasion.

JILL
That's what a person does when she
sees sad pictures -- burns them?

Fraser grimaces as he tries to extend the knee beyond the
outside limit its of rotation. She lets him push himself,
sees he's strong, determined once he starts to work.

JILL (CONT'D)
What else did you see?

FRASER
(hesitates)
When?

JILL
(exasperated)
You've been lying there staring in
those windows for three weeks. What
else?

FRASER
Nothing.
(avoiding her look)
My mind was... elsewhere.

JILL
Elsewhere...like you don't want to
talk. I get it. That's fine.

FRASER
I've told you everything.

JILL
It's okay. We can just keep this
simple -- you're the patient, I'm the
nurse, we don't talk -- no problem.

Fraser is about to protest.

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

JILL (CONT'D)
(interrupting)
Times up.

13 INT. MAT ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

13

Jill is helping Fraser climb a set of steps built for rehab purposes. His legs are weak and threaten to buckle beneath him as he struggles to make it up the steps to a platform and down the other side.

JILL
You're kidding??

FRASER
I'm sure it's nothing.

JILL
Don't be ridiculous!

He gestures to her to keep her voice down.

JILL (CONT'D)
(whispering)
A surgeon with a needle in her thigh?
That is not nothing! It's drugs --
and if it's drugs then it's
professional misconduct, malpractice
suits from every patient she's ever
treated...

FRASER
There could be a reasonable explanation
for all of this.

JILL
Like what?

FRASER
You said there was a photocopy room
next door, the flashes could have
been from the copier...

JILL
At two in the morning?

FRASER
...And as to the injections, she could
be a diabetic or use some other
medicine.

JILL
(shakes her head)
Junkies shoot into their thighs.
Ellen Carter, wow --

13 CONTINUED:

13

FRASER

Now wait, before we start jumping to conclusions I think we should take a deep breath and--

Jill flips him over off of the exercise mat just as he takes a gulp of air and:

14 INT. HYDROTHERAPY ROOM

14

SPLASH

Fraser disappears for a moment under the water. Bubbles stream to the surface and he emerges, water shedding off him.

FRASER

(sputtering)

You're being unreasonable.

She slides into the water after him and starts him through a water aerobics routine.

JILL

I'm being perfectly logical. What we saw was a rich doctor with a drug habit who's about to be blackmailed.

FRASER

No. What we saw was a woman opening an envelope and then burning the contents. We have no evidence that a crime is taking place.

JILL

Okay, let's get some. I have a friend in maintenance, he has keys to all the offices.

FRASER

Ms. Kennedy, do you usually sit around whirlpools inciting your patients to break and enter?

JILL

No. Do you usually ignore a crime that's taking place right under your nose?

FRASER

I am not a police officer here, I do not have the authority to investigate. And even if I did, I
(catches himself)
...I've taken a leave of absence.

14 CONTINUED:

14

JILL

Oh.
(beat, knowingly)
Threw in the towel, huh?

FRASER

(defensive)
As you can see I require time to
recuperate.

JILL

This? Oh, this you'll get over in no
time. The other thing...well, maybe
you're right.

FRASER

I'm sorry?

JILL

You know, the thing we're "not talking
about." Some guys never recover from
that. One good punch and they're out
cold. Never recover.

FRASER

I have absolutely no idea what you
are referring to.

JILL

Of course not.

He loses his footing, wincing as he catches himself from
falling. She grabs him under the arm, concerned, and supports
him as they walk towards the:

SHALLOW END -- FRASER'S POV

where Fraser Sr. sits, comfortably, bubbling away in the
whirlpool. He appears to be completely naked, except for an
RCMP stetson.

Jill starts to climb up the ladder so she can get some towels
and ready herself to help Fraser.

FRASER SR

She's a lovely girl.

FRASER

She's not a girl, she's my therapist.

Jill picks several towels off of a large stack. She looks
great in the swimsuit.

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

FRASER SR

(looking at her)

One of us must be going blind.

(before Fraser can
speak)

Son, could you see your way clear to
thinking of me in a pair of trunks?

FRASER

Oh. Of course.

Jill reappears and helps Fraser out of the pool.

JILL

(to Fraser)

Still, I suppose it's your choice.

FRASER

What is?

Fraser Sr. picks up a towel and crosses into the change room.
He can't resist a glance at Jill, who's bending over to help
Fraser. As she eases him out:

JILL

Well, you can ignore it if you want,
but she's not just going to go away.
Is she? I mean every time you open
your eyes she'll be right there...

FRASER

(reacting, annoyed)

Alright, just a moment. Just wait
right there. Ms. --

JILL

Jill.

FRASER

Jill. You are a fine physical
therapist and, I'm sure, a decent and
caring person. However, while I
appreciate your concern I would
appreciate it more if you would confine
your comments and advice to matters
concerning my physical well being
and leave my personal life to me.

A beat as Jill recovers from the tirade. Even Fraser looks
a bit surprised at himself. Then:

JILL

I was talking about the doctor.

A moment.

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

FRASER

Oh.

(beat)

That would be different then.

Jill suppresses a smile. She picks up her towel and heads for the change room, leaving him to manage himself. At the door to the change room she turns back:

JILL

It is true, though.

Fraser turns to her.

JILL (CONT'D)

(smiles)

I do hate to see a good man go to waste.

He smiles, flattered and embarrassed. She exits into the women's change room. An ORDERLY steps in and assists Fraser to the men's change room.

15 INT. FRASER'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- THAT AFTERNOON

15

The game is on the TV. The horizontal hold is on the fritz, the sound garbled, barely audible. Ray sits in the armchair, Fraser in his wheelchair. On Fraser's lap is a large box with a ribbon tied around it. As Fraser lifts the lid Ray watches for his reaction.

FRASER

...Ah.

Inside is a state of the art piece of machinery -- so state of the art it's hard to distinguish what it is. Fraser can only stare.

RAY

It's a power saw.

FRASER

Yes. It is.

RAY

Top of the line. Guaranteed rust free, lifetime warranty...

FRASER

Mmmmm.

Fraser takes a good close look. Long beat.

FRASER (CONT'D)

What is it for?

15 CONTINUED:

15

RAY

Your Dad's cabin. I though I'd go with you. Help you rebuild it.

FRASER

Oh.

(another long beat)

Ray, you hated that cabin.

RAY

No, I just hated having to leave it to go to the can. Which brings me to this --

Ray hands Fraser a thick catalogue of bathroom accessories. Several toilet styles are featured on the cover.

RAY (CONT'D)

Pick one. My treat.

FRASER

(smiles, meaning more than apparent)

Ray, you don't have to do this.

RAY

(avoiding)

Yes, trust me, I do.

Fraser puts the box on the table, then starts wheeling himself over to the bed. Ray automatically moves in to help.

RAY (CONT'D)

So, you get back on your feet and off we go -- due north. Fresh air, babbling brooks...

FRASER

You hate that too.

RAY

I know.

ANGLE -- NEAR THE BED

Ray puts down the side rails. Fraser struggles to get a hand up on the monkey bar over the bed. It's clear Ray hasn't seen him try this on his own before today.

RAY (CONT'D)

But I've been thinking about it. We go, two maybe three weeks -- you get your health back, I kill a few thousand mosquitos...

15 CONTINUED: (2)

... 15

Fraser struggles and manages to power the rest of the way up onto the bed without help. He sits there, breathing hard.

RAY (CONT'D)

You okay?

FRASER

Tired.

RAY

(thinks about it)

You want me to go?

FRASER

(shakes his head)

No.

Fraser lays back, rests. After a moment:

RAY

(continuing)

It would be kind of like a do-over.
Fresh start. Put her behind us.

Fraser doesn't respond, his mind elsewhere.

RAY (CONT'D)

Right?

FRASER

(not there)

Right.

ON FRASER

remembering.

HIS POV

Victoria, sitting on the edge of the bed. Smiling. Something in her hand. The snowball.

ECU: THE SNOWBALL

Mountie in the falling snow. Then the snowball drops from her hand and crashes to the floor.

ON FRASER

RAY (O.S.)

It'll be good.

Ray's voice yanks him back.

15 CONTINUED: (3)

-15

BACK TO SCENE

Fraser turns to Ray, manages a small smile.

FRASER

Sure.

Ray nods. He'll take what he can get. They turn their attention back to the game. After a moment:

RAY

Where do you buy lumber up there anyway?

FRASER

You cut it.

RAY

Like, from the forest?

FRASER

Yes.

RAY

Wow.

DISSOLVE TO:

16 INT. FRASER'S ROOM -- NIGHT

16

Fraser, listlessly picking over the untouched remains of a hospital dinner. Offers a choice morsel to Diefenbaker who turns his nose up at the offering. Fraser pushes his plate aside. The door opens a crack.

JILL

(entering)

What's that?

Her arms are loaded down with brown paper delivery bags. He's surprised and delighted to see her.

FRASER

Tonight I believe they're calling it "chicken surprise".

(smelling, the bags)

What's that?

She plonks down the bags, clearing away the hospital tray, unloading a delicious assortment of chili dogs, hamburgers, cheeseburgers, chicken wings, fries (the good thin ones) and a couple of milkshakes.

16 CONTINUED:

16

JILL

I used to go to this place when I was
a kid, best chili dogs in the city.
I wasn't sure what you'd like...

FRASER

(smiles)
All of it.

Diefenbaker struggles out from under the bed, sits licking
his lips. She looks questioningly at Fraser.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Better to give him something. He'll
just embarrass himself.

She tosses Dief a jumbo burger. Dief grabs it, heads off to
eat on the other side of the room. She watches him:

JILL

(amazed)
He's unwrapping it.

FRASER

He's had a great deal of experience,
I'm afraid.
(eating a chili dog)
There was no need for you to do this.

She looks at him. Unwraps a chili cheese burger and begins
to munch.

FRASER (CONT'D)

I'm really very grateful, but I'm
sure that you must've had plans.
Your family, a friend..?

JILL

You want to know if I have a boyfriend.

Fraser is stunned. No one is supposed to be this direct.
Jill, who rather enjoys creating this effect, now decides to
be gracious.

JILL (CONT'D)

No. Not at the moment.

And now, in a completely unconvincing attempt to recover:

FRASER

Ah.
(offering one)
Pickle?

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

JILL

No, thank you.

She sets her burger down and opens another brown bag.

JILL (CONT'D)

I did a little digging. You interested?

He nods. She clears a space on the tray and pulls out a paper bag.

JILL (CONT'D)

Ignore this.

She holds it over the hospital tray and shakes out the contents: burned shards of paper, scraps of note paper and a few pieces of gum, assorted pieces of plastic, a pen.

JILL (CONT'D)

The contents of Doctor Carter's garbage can.

Fraser shoots her a look.

JILL (CONT'D)

From the garbage chute. Technically it's not breaking and entering.

He sorts through it with his fingers, picking up burned pieces of the photographs. Looks at one piece, can't make out anything. Picks up another.

JILL (CONT'D)

This is everything that went into it yesterday, including the pictures.

Then he sees a small dark colored square of waxy paper, picks it up, turns it over in his hands, sniffs it, tastes:

JILL (CONT'D)

You don't know where that's been.

FRASER

(to himself)

Sweet...

JILL

I'll buy you desert in a minute. Look at this.

She pulls a small unburned fragment of note paper out of the pile. In block letters we can make out part of the message that was printed on it.

16 CONTINUED: (3)

16

FRASER

(reading)

"...office. 9:00PM. ...there". And
this means..?

JILL

We wait twenty minutes we find out.

She opens another bag and pulls out a set of brand new high-powered binoculars, the tag still dangling. She uses them to look across the courtyard.

HER POV -- CARTER'S OFFICE

Empty.

BACK TO SCENE

She hands the binoculars to Fraser.

JILL (CONT'D)

A get well gift.

FRASER

A card would have been sufficient.

JILL

Not in your case.

She reaches over and turns out the overhead light. The only light is the glow of a florescent over the bed. They sit there in near darkness for a minute.

FRASER

This is silly.

JILL

You had plans?

Fraser starts to retort....

JILL (CONT'D)

Shhhh.

IN CARTER'S OFFICE

A light goes on as the doctor enters.

FRASER (O.S.)

She can't hear us.

JILL (O.S.)

Shhh!

16 CONTINUED: (4)

16

Carter goes over to her desk, stares at the phone, checks her watch. She throws herself down on the couch to wait. A moment later the door opens, and the intern arrives. She goes to him and throws her arms around him, taking strength from him. He holds her tightly.

JILL (CONT'D)

Ooo, what's this?

FRASER

(hedging)

A friend. I believe he's a doctor.

JILL

Intern. I've seen him on rounds.

Then the desk top phone rings.

JILL (CONT'D)

Right on time.

Carter picks up the phone, listens, nods her head then hangs up. The intern looks at her inquiringly. She pulls a small envelope out of her purse and hands it to him.

JILL (CONT'D)

Bingo. I wonder how much?

FRASER

You don't know that there's money in there.

The intern opens the envelope, displays the stack of hundred dollar bills inside.

JILL

You're right, I was jumping to conclusions.

The intern reacts surprised, she hands him the written instructions on the note paper. He resists. They argue.

JILL (CONT'D)

She wants him to go in her place. She's afraid.

She pulls a small .22 calibre handgun out of her bag and hands it to him. He doesn't want to take it, she implores, grabs the front of his shirt, presses the gun on him -- he gives in, thrusts it awkwardly in his pocket and leaves.

JILL (CONT'D)

He's going to kill the blackmailer.

She starts to get up -- Fraser puts a hand on her arm.

16 CONTINUED: (5)

-16

FRASER

No. She gave it to him for protection.
He would have checked the chamber if
he intended to use it.

He turns to look out the window. Doctor Carter is still in
her office.

BACK TO SCENE

Jill has the binoculars trained on the window. Fraser steals
a glance at her -- then quickly looks back to the window. A
beat, then:

JILL

Eric.

FRASER

Hmmm?

JILL

You were wondering -- the last guy I
went out with, his name was Eric.

This is bonafide cause for panic. Fraser suppresses it.

FRASER

...Oh.

JILL

He was a podiatrist.

(beat)

Somehow I could never choke out the
words "Tell me about your work."

(off window)

There.....

POV -- THE COURTYARD BELOW

The intern comes out a FIREDOOR into the courtyard, light
spills out from behind him. He looks around, getting his
bearings. Lets the door close.

JILL (CONT'D)

Look -- near the fountain.

Fraser struggles to get himself close enough to the edge of
the window so he can see down into the courtyard.

POV

At the corner of the building a man whom we'll call RAMIREZ,
in shadow. The ember from his cigarette glowing. As the
intern arrives, he steps out of the shadows, stopping him.

16 CONTINUED: (6)

-16

The intern is facing away from Fraser and Jill, they can only see him in profile. He turns, glances up in the direction of the doctor's window -- can't see her. He turns back.

JILL (CONT'D)

Give him the envelope...

Instead the intern pulls the gun on the other man -- Ramirez freezes.

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

He is going to kill him...

FRASER (O.S.)

No.

Jill struggles to open the window wide enough to yell a warning. Just as she's about to, Fraser pulls her back.

POV

The intern laughs! Holds the gun up points back towards the hospital, as if to explain what happened back in the doctor's office. The little man cracks a smile, then holds out his hand. The intern pulls the envelope from inside his coat, hands it over. Then he gives several bills back to the intern, pats him on the cheek.

JILL

(stunned)

He's in on it?

FRASER

looks on, also stunned -- particularly since he knows they're lovers. He looks over to the doctor's window.

CARTER'S OFFICE

is empty. The light's still on, but she's nowhere to be seen.

FRASER

She's gone.

JILL

is looking back at the courtyard -- spots something.

JILL

...Look.

THEIR POV -- THE COURTYARD

16 CONTINUED: (7)

16

The fire door -- the doctor stands beside it, in shadow. She watches unseen as the intern counts the money, turns towards us, and walks back into the hospital.

17 INT. THE COURTYARD

17

The doctor, shaking with rage, her face tear streaked. She watches the intern open a door further up the courtyard and exit into the building, counting his money.

THE DOCTOR

watches him go. She's destroyed.

FRASER

watches, his expression dark and sympathetic. Her pain is all too familiar.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

18 EXT. HOSPITAL -- ESTABLISHING -- DAY 18

19 INT. FRASER'S ROOM -- DAY 19

Ray, Jill, Fraser and Diefenbaker at the window -- Dief in his armchair, Fraser in his wheelchair. They are all peering down into the courtyard at the place where the blackmailer and the intern stood.

RAY
Blackmail.

FRASER
No.

JILL
Yes.

RAY
Which?

FRASER
(shoots her a look)
Suspicion of blackmail.

RAY
You have anything to back up these suspicions..?

FRASER
No.

JILL
Yes.
(pulling out the bag)
Photographs.

She dumps the ashes out onto the table. Ray picks up a few burnt fragments. They look like anything but.

RAY
...Anything else?

FRASER
Strictly speaking...no.

JILL
(definite)
Look, we told you, there's the photos, the drugs, the money -- what more do you want?

19 CONTINUED:

-- 19

RAY

One of them -- any of them -- here,
in my hand. We call it "evidence."

Ray turns to Fraser.

RAY (CONT'D)

Benny...

He signals Fraser aside.

FRASER

(to Jill)

Excuse me.

Fraser wheels over next to Ray. Jill and Dief move off
resentfully to a distance. Rays smiles at Jill, then leans
in to Fraser.

RAY

(sotto)

You, uh...you wanna tell me what this
is about?

FRASER

(sotto)

I know it seems odd, Ray...

RAY

She's very pretty.

FRASER

I don't see how that...

RAY

Come on, you're a cop, you know how
this works. You've gotta have something
more than a bag of ashes and a pretty
girl's imagination.

FRASER

Ray, I admit this is all
circumstantial, but..

RAY

Fraser, what we've got here is a series
of coincidences and a very attractive
nurse...she's sympathetic and you're...
c'mon, you gotta keep some perspective
here.

Fraser considers this as he turns his attention back to the
window. The Doctor's now in her office across from Fraser's
room. Ray's eyes follow and take in the view: a beautiful
woman, long dark hair.

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

RAY (CONT'D)

That's her?

Fraser nods as he watches her. A moment, then:

FRASER

The doctor and the intern -- they're lovers.

RAY

(not getting it)

...Okay.

FRASER

He betrayed her.

(beat)

She's going to kill him.

Fraser's gaze remains fixed on the doctor. Ray takes this in. He looks at Fraser as if perhaps he's seeing something he missed before.

RAY

(carefully)

Fraser, not every woman with long dark hair tries to kill her lover.

A silence. Ray sighs, giving in.

RAY (CONT'D)

I'll ask some questions.

Ray turns to leave. Jill steps in with the bag of ashes.

JILL

You'll want these.

Reluctantly, Ray accepts the bag. Jill smiles, triumphant.

20 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR -- LATER

20

Ray follows Dr. Ellen Carter through the halls. She's checking charts, consulting with nurses -- a busy doctor with her hands full.

CARTER

Yes, I own a hand gun, which I have a permit for.

RAY

And that permit is current?

CARTER

Yes. Is there something wrong?

20 CONTINUED:

20

RAY

Just routine. Sometimes the computers spit out the wrong registrations -- one of the many potholes in the new information highway.

She smiles, relaxes.

RAY (CONT'D)

May I see it?

CARTER

Sure. In my office.

They cross the hall and open her office door.

POV -- CARTER'S OFFICE -- THROUGH WINDOW

As she enters and crosses to her file cabinet, Ray follows.

JILL (V.O.)

(excited)

He's in!

Ray casually glances to the window and shrugs a "what now?" in Fraser and Jill's direction.

REVEAL

Fraser and Jill watching at the window of Fraser's room. Dief is perched in his armchair watching with equal interest.

FRASER

(with a look to Jill)

Yes, it would appear so.

Jill realizes she's getting just a little carried away.

JILL

(covering)

Well, this is very delicate. I hope he knows what he's doing.

FRASER

Ray? He'll manage.

21 INT. CARTER'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

21

Carter hands Ray the permit. He pretends to study it carefully.

RAY

Great. The gun?

21 CONTINUED:

21

CARTER

Here.

She unlocks a drawer with her keys and takes out the gun --
a .22.

CARTER (CONT'D)

(explaining)

I work nights.

Ray matches the gun with the permit and hands them both back
to her.

RAY

Thanks very much.

Carter nods, replaces the gun, then turns back to the file
cabinet to replace the permit. While her back is turned,
Ray quickly glances around and spots the air vent.

FRASER'S POV

Ray turns to the window and points to the vent, mouthing the
words "Is this it?"

JILL (O.S.)

He wants to know if that's the vent.

FRASER

nods in Ray's direction.

RAY

studies the vent. Dr. Carter turns around and sees him.
Ray makes some smooth comment about the painting on the wall
to cover. She smiles, pleased.

22 INT. CARTER'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

22

Carter seems anxious to conclude the interview.

CARTER

Anything else?

RAY

(stalling, re: gun)

You do know how to use that, right?
You take lessons?

CARTER

Yes, of course. Why?

22 CONTINUED:

22

RAY

It's good to be prepared. Women do tend to be easy targets. We get a lot of reports about harassment, assaults, that kind of thing. You haven't had any trouble like that, have you?

CARTER

No.

Ray glances at the photographs on her desk. One is of Dr. Carter with what appears to be her husband and two children. She catches this. The first glimmer of suspicion crosses her face.

RAY

If you did, I'm sure you wouldn't hesitate to contact us.

CARTER

I'm sure I wouldn't.
(off his look)
Hesitate.

RAY

(smiles)
Good. That's what we're here for.

A pause. Ray stays where he is. Waiting. She looks at him, realizes he knows more than he's saying.

CARTER

This isn't about my permit.

RAY

No, Doctor, it isn't.

She lets out a breath. Sinks down in her desk chair.

CARTER

Well?

RAY

We received a report about an unusual occurrence in your office last night. Something about photographs...you and a gentlemen arguing...there was a gun displayed.

CARTER

(taken aback)
How could someone...

It dawns on her. She turns slowly and looks out her window.