

Episode # 36

Project - SC1045

# *due* SOUTH



## "ALL THE QUEEN'S HORSES"

*Story by*  
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*Teleplay by*  
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Episode #36 - "ALL THE QUEEN'S HORSES" - Revised Pink  
CAST

Regular Cast

FRASER  
RAY  
DIEFENBAKER  
WELSH

Recurring Cast

THATCHER  
ELAINE  
TURNBULL  
FORD  
DEETER  
FROBISHER  
FRASER SR.

Guest Cast

Speaking Roles

ALBEE  
BOLT  
BRECHT  
CHRETIEN  
COMPUTER GUY  
CONDUCTOR  
CREEVE  
NARRATOR  
PINTER  
RACINE

Episode #36 - "ALL THE QUEEN'S HORSES" - Published Draft  
SETS

EXTERIOR - DAY

BRIDGE OVER TRAIN TRACKS  
FIELD  
ILLINOIS COUNTRYSIDE  
OUTSIDE OF TUNNEL  
HELICOPTER PAD  
STATION SIDING 33  
TRAIN  
BETWEEN RIDE CAR AND CABOOSE  
BETWEEN RIDE CAR AND UTILITY  
RIDE CAR  
TOP OF TRAIN  
UNDERNEATH TRAIN  
TRAIN TRACKS  
TRAIN YARD

INTERIOR - DAY

CONSULATE - FRASER'S OFFICE  
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS  
POLICE STATION - BULLPEN  
POLICE STATION - SITUATION ROOM  
POLICE STATION - WELSH'S OFFICE  
STATION SIDING 33  
STATION SIDING 33-CREVE'S OFFICE  
TRAIN  
CABOOSE  
RIDE CAR  
HORSE CAR  
TOILET/RIDE CAR  
ENGINE  
UTILITY CAR  
VECCHIO HOUSE - KITCHEN

EXTERIOR - NIGHT

none

INTERIOR - NIGHT

none

SCRIPT DAYS

<u>Scenes</u>	<u>Day/Night</u>
1 - 100	DAY ONE

PROLOGUE

EXT. VARIOUS FIELDS AND STABLES -- DAY

The chords of "Ride Forever" play over:

A jet black horse ridden by a Mountie in brilliant red serge approaches the camera. The one horse gradually becomes many until our screen is filled with thirty-two black horses ridden by thirty-two red coated mounties. They break formation, fold in on themselves and intersect with dizzying precision.

Over this documentary (cut from existing footage) we hear:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

...the Musical Ride was formed by the Royal Canadian Mounted police as a showcase of their prodigious skill in horsemanship. The thirty-two riders, thirty-two horses, the scarlet tunic, the battle lance and the precision drills which culminate in the 'dome' formation...

We see the Musical Ride form their famous circle.

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

...have inspired wonder since their inception in 1873. Theirs is a history rich in tradition and the Musical Ride has secured its place as an enduring symbol of a nation, a symbol that is admired around the world...

PULL BACK: to discover we are in a...

2 EXT. TRAIN YARD -- DAY

...where a documentary film crew is gathered around a monitor. In the B.G. we can see the Musical Ride as it loads horses and gear into an awaiting train. The film crew's director, reeking of 'auteur', turns to THATCHER.

SUPER: SOUTHERN MANITOBA, CANADA

BOLT

That is to the bone beautiful. OK, now we grab shots. Boom. Boom. Boom. The sweat of it all.

THATCHER

You don't think we need, say, an 'on the spot' interview?

(CONTINUED)

BOLT

A 1970's 'let's-talk-about-what-we-already-know interview'? I don't think so. America needs inspiration, not chat. She needs heroes.

THATCHER

What about that fellow with the big ears?

BOLT

You mean Ross Perot?

THATCHER

No. I was thinking Mickey Mouse.

BOLT

Ahh, but does he have a red tunic? Does he have a battle lance? I think not. Let's go. Let's shoot!

The crew starts to follow him across the yard. As they walk, they cross paths with the CONDUCTOR and ENGINEER. \*

CONDUCTOR

...we have track clearance, so as soon as they're loaded, let me know. \*

As they pass through frame, we discover FRASER watching the load up with pride. \*

FRASER SR. (O.S.)

Nothing quite like it, is there, son? \*

FRASER turns to see the ghost of his father.

FRASER

Dad. I didn't know you were coming.

FRASER SR.

Oh, I wouldn't miss this for the world. Stirs the blood.

FRASER

You don't have blood. You're dead.

FRASER SR.

(shrugs)

I have the memory of blood. Must be something beating.

(beat)

Would you look at my old stable mate?

He refers to SERGEANT BUCK FROBISHER, a grizzled Mountie on horseback who watches the load up with a stern gaze.

(CONTINUED)

FRASER  
Looks good, doesn't he?

FRASER SR.  
If you go in for that sort of thing.

(CONTINUED)

FRASER

Why don't you go say hello?

FRASER SR.

I'm not sure if I can, son. And I wouldn't want to impose.

FRASER

You're dead. It's not really an imposition.

FRASER SR.

Well, I just might give it a try.

He starts off. As he passes the camera crew we see BOLT in full flight as he directs his team.

BOLT

That's it. In close. Right up the nose. Do we have a snorkel?

CUT TO:

3 INT. CABOOSE OF TRAIN -- MORNING 3

The car has been converted into a mobile office. FRASER leans over the desk, talking into a speaker phone.

RAY (O.S.)

Why are you calling me, Fraser?

FRASER

You told me to.

RAY (O.S.)

No, I did not.

FRASER

Yes, you did, Ray. In fact, your exact words were: "let me know how it goes."

CUT TO:

4 INT. KITCHEN/VECCHIO HOUSE -- MORNING 4

This poker game has continued through the night and into the somber hours of the morning. RAY is on his cell phone. DIEF watches him with a pleading look.

RAY

See, this is another thing that's wrong with you, Fraser.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RAY (CONT'D)

When somebody says, "Let me know how it goes", they don't mean that you should call them and let them know how it is going as it goes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



RAY (CONT'D)  
What they mean is, "let me know how  
it goes when it is all done and gone."  
You understand?

FRASER (O.S.)  
Not entirely, Ray. How's Diefenbaker?

RAY dumps a bag of cheesies on the floor which DIEF promptly  
sets about devouring.

RAY  
He's fine. Gotta go, Benny.  
(hits the 'end' button)  
The game is called 'Screw Your  
Neighbor', gentlemen. Ante in.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. TRAIN YARD -- DAY

5

FRASER crosses the yard. FROBISHER sees him coming and raises  
a cane over his head.

FROBISHER  
They issued you one of these yet?

FRASER  
No, sir. Not yet.

FROBISHER  
Well, you're still young. Give it a  
few years and the steel blade that  
went into your leg will catch up with  
you, just like it did me.

FRASER  
You still sit a horse well

FROBISHER  
Not without a step stool.

Frobisher has an attack of gas which they deftly ignore.  
FRASER SR. appears at FRASER'S shoulder.

FRASER SR.  
Reminds me of the time he and I spent  
in an outhouse in Dead Horse Gulch.

FRASER  
(to his father)  
Do you mind?

FRASER SR. shrugs and wanders off. FROBISHER turns to  
FRASER.

(CONTINUED)

FROBISHER

What's that, son?

FRASER

Nothing, sir.

FROBISHER

Shall we?

They start for the train doors. As they walk:

FROBISHER (CONT'D)

The boys introduced me to a real eye opener last week. Moose hock rolled in wild boar tongue, covered with gorgonzola cheese.

FRASER

I'd like to try that sometime.

FROBISHER

I wouldn't be too hasty. Seems to follow you around for quite a while.

They step into the train and the doors close. We hear the SOUND OF THE TRAIN WHISTLE. With a creak and a hiss, the train pulls out of the station.

The CAMERA lingers as the train pulls away...

Then drifts to the windows of the station house where we see the ENGINEER and CONDUCTOR bound and gagged on the floor.

As they struggle to reach the phone, the train disappears from sight...

FADE OUT:

END OF PROLOGUE

ACT ONE

6 EXT. ILLINOIS COUNTRYSIDE -- DAY 6

The train hurtles through rural farmland. SUPER: SOMEWHERE  
IN ILLINOIS, U.S.A. \*

CUT TO:

7 INT. RIDE CAR -- DAY 7

The Ride sits bolt upright as THATCHER addresses them.

THATCHER

...we will avoid specifics. We will  
speak only when we are spoken to. We  
will keep our responses short and to  
the point. We will maintain our  
postures and above all? We will act  
naturally.

The Mounties stare at her as if caught in the headlights of  
an oncoming car. BOLT looks to THATCHER as if to say, "We  
have nothing to film." She turns to FRASER.

THATCHER (CONT'D)

Why are they staring at me?

FRASER

I suspect they're terrified.

THATCHER

Of what?

FRASER

You, sir.

THATCHER

Don't be ridiculous. Make them do  
something.

FRASER

With respect, doing nothing is often  
a natural reaction to fear.

THATCHER

The whole point of this exercise is  
to bring a new dynamism to our image.  
Look at them! They're stiff. Make  
them do something, anything. They  
can break into song for all I care,  
they just can't sit there.

FRASER

Understood. May I?

(CONTINUED)

He takes a guitar from a nearby Mountie and strikes into the chords of 'Ride Forever'. The Mounties relax and the film crew leaps into action, panning along the faces of the now more animated horsemen.

As he sings, he notices that the CAMERAMAN (RACINE) appears to be framing a shot on the floor, the Nagra has no take up reel and on the roof overhead he hears the sound of footsteps.

THATCHER has sidled over to BOLT for a schmooze. FRASER hands the guitar off for the second verse and gestures toward THATCHER for her to join him.

THATCHER  
(to BOLT with irritation)  
Will you excuse me?

She joins FRASER who draws her toward the door that leads to the caboose. As they move, a P.A. bars their way.

BOLT

signals to the P.A. to let them pass. As FRASER and THATCHER step through the door, the P.A. locks the door. The camera crew exchange subtle glances.

CUT TO:

8 INT. CABOOSE -- DAY

8

THATCHER wheels on FRASER:

THATCHER  
Fraser, I was in the middle of a --

FRASER  
And I apologize for interrupting,  
sir, but something is amiss.

THATCHER  
Well, yes, the song is a little purple  
and it would help if they could hold  
a tune --

FRASER  
Not with the song, sir. With the  
film crew.

THATCHER  
The film crew?

FRASER  
If that is indeed what they are.

(CONTINUED)

They peer through the doors and can see the film crew exiting the far side of the Ride car.

9

EXT. BETWEEN RIDE CAR AND UTILITY CAR -- DAY

9

The film crew steps through the far door and secures it. BOLT reaches up for the dial on a CANISTER OF GAS...

10

INT. RIDE CAR -- DAY

10

ANGLE ON: GAS SEEPING THROUGH THE VENTS.

In spite of a couple Mounties passing out, they continue to sing with gusto, led by the booming bass of FROBISHER.

11

INT. BETWEEN RIDE CAR AND UTILITY CAR -- DAY

11

RACINE checks his watch.

RACINE

Don't they ever stop?

BOLT

Hard to stop a catchy tune.

12

INT. RIDE CAR -- DAY

12

The Ride has by now more or less nodded off with the exception of FROBISHER who sings away, strangely immune to the effects of the gas. He looks around him then stops.

FROBISHER

Geez, I'm sorry, fellows. I didn't realize it was critical.

He stands and makes his way to the bathroom.

CUT TO:

13

INT. CABOOSE -- DAY

13

FRASER and THATCHER see FROBISHER stepping into the bathroom and the gas seeping through the vents.

THATCHER

What do you propose we do?

FRASER

I'd like a moment to think about that.

FRASER leaps out of the window. She rushes to it.

THATCHER'S P.O.V.: OF THE TRACKS

(CONTINUED)

FRASER is nowhere to be seen.

THATCHER  
Well, that's very helpful.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. BETWEEN RIDE CAR AND UTILITY -- DAY 14  
BOLT consults his watch and nods. They enter the...

15 INT. RIDE CAR -- DAY 15  
And move through the inert Mounties, passing by...

16 INT. TOILET/RIDE CAR 16  
Where FROBISHER splashes some water on his face and slaps his cheeks.

17 EXT. UNDERNEATH TRAIN -- DAY 17  
FRASER climbs underneath the train, his back narrowly scraping the ties.

18 INT. TOILET/RIDE CAR -- DAY 18  
FROBISHER stands before the toilet. He thinks better of urinating and decides it's time for a squat.

19 EXT. UNDERNEATH TRAIN -- DAY 19  
FRASER removes a section of pipe, then peers up the hole.

20 INT. TOILET/RIDE CAR -- DAY 20  
FROBISHER is about to lower himself when:

FRASER (O.S.)  
Sergeant Frobisher? Before you go any further, may I have a word with you?

A startled FROBISHER looks around the compartment for the source of the voice.

FROBISHER  
Friend or foe?

FRASER (O.S.)  
Friend, I assure you.

FROBISHER  
Where are you?

(CONTINUED)

FRASER (O.S.)

Right here, sir.

FROBISHER

(he peers in the basin)

In the sink?

FRASER (O.S.)

No, sir. Directly underneath you.

FROBISHER

My, God!

FROBISHER leaps to his feet and peers down the hole. FRASER'S face is framed through the hole of the toilet.

FROBISHER (CONT'D)

(a happy discovery)

Benton.

FRASER

I'm relieved to see you're alright.

FROBISHER

That's a matter of opinion. What are you doing in my toilet?

FRASER

I've come to brief you, sir.

FROBISHER

There was something wrong with the door?

FRASER

In a manner of speaking.

FROBISHER

Very well. Carry on.

FRASER

We have a problem, sir. It is my belief that the men have all been gassed.

FROBISHER

Oh, my God.

FRASER

Furthermore, I believe this train is no longer under our control.

FROBISHER

It's worse than I thought.

(CONTINUED)

FRASER

Yes, sir and I thought it prudent to inform you.

FROBISHER

Inform me? I've been living with it for a week.

FRASER

Sir...?

FROBISHER

Yes?

FRASER

I have no idea what you're talking about.

FROBISHER

It's an old motto, Fraser, but one well worth adhering to: you are what you eat.

FRASER

I'm not sure how this relates to the terrorists, sir.

FROBISHER

Terrorists?!

FRASER

Yes, sir. I believe that terrorists have taken over the train and gassed the men into a stupor.

FROBISHER

So it wasn't... Ah, well! That's a relief!

FRASER

Sir?

FROBISHER

Why wasn't I affected?

FRASER

My guess would be that the elevated protein count of the moose hock, in combination with the high acidity of the gorgonzola furnished you with a temporary immunity.

FROBISHER

So there were some benefits after all. How many terrorists are there?

(CONTINUED)



FRASER  
Undetermined, sir.

FROBISHER  
Our strategy?

FRASER  
Unformed.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRASER (CONT'D)

I thought I should assess your status first and then inform our superior officer. In the meantime I suppose you should just continue...with your current...project.

FROBISHER

Very well. Good luck, son.

He sticks his fingers down the hole in an attempt to shake FRASER'S hand.

21 EXT. UNDERNEATH THE TRAIN -- DAY 21

FRASER returns the way he came. \*

22 INT. TOILET/RIDE CAR -- DAY 22

FROBISHER is still bent over the toilet.

FROBISHER \*

Benton. \*

(no reply) \*

I'm stuck. \*

VOICE (O.S.) \*

Stuck? \*

FROBISHER

In the hole.

VOICE (O.S.)

I'd like to give you a hand but unfortunately it's not my strong suit.

FROBISHER

I'm issuing you an order, Constable!

VOICE (O.S.)

For God's sake, you sound like an old man.

FROBISHER

(outraged)

Who the hell are you to call me an old man? Why, I tell you --

He wrenches his hand from the hole which spins him around to face FRASER SR., his long dead friend.

FROBISHER (CONT'D)

You're dead.

(CONTINUED)

FRASER SR.  
(smiles)  
Good to see you, Buck.

CUT TO:

23 INT. CABOOSE -- DAY

23

THATCHER is now attired in her dress reds. She faces the window, as FRASER clammers back inside the caboose.

FRASER  
Just as I suspected --

He stops, seeing that she is wearing her dress uniform.

FRASER (CONT'D)  
You've changed, sir.

BOLT steps into view, holding a machine pistol.

BOLT  
And she's looking good, don't you think? I just love a woman in a uniform and these particular uniforms are so darned arresting I thought "Hey, why not?" Rest assured there was nothing untoward between us. It's just that I find it a whole lot easier to kill people when they're in uniform -- should killing prove necessary, that is.

FRASER turns toward the door, only to face the muzzle of a gun that is wielded by the soundman (named BRECHT).

CUT TO:

24 INT. TOILET/RIDE CAR -- DAY

24

FROBISHER looks at FRASER SR. with close scrutiny.

FRASER SR.  
Which part of this situation do you find hard to believe? That I'm dead?

FROBISHER  
No, sir, I'm quite prepared to accept that you're dead. No. My stumbling block is: how do I know you are who you claim to be?

FRASER SR.  
You want proof?

(CONTINUED)

FROBISHER  
I think I'm entitled.

FRASER SR.  
Alright. Go ahead.

FROBISHER formulates his question.

FROBISHER  
April 23rd, 1957, 60 miles north of  
Destruction Bay. Two men stood on a  
rope bridge that spanned a canyon.  
On the other side of the bridge a  
woman was held in the clutches of a  
deviant. Between them, the men had  
two bullets and only one rifle. It  
was an impossible shot but they both  
knew that whoever made it would be  
the man to secure the love of the  
woman. The first man tried and he  
failed. The second man tried...and  
he won the whole shooting match.

FRASER SR.  
And we were happy, Caroline and I.

FROBISHER narrows his eyes.

FROBISHER  
I've no doubt you ware but the question  
is this: the two men spoke about  
this impossible shot many times over  
the years of their friendship. And  
when they referred to it, what did  
they call it?

FRASER SR.  
The shot, you mean?

FROBISHER  
Yes. The shot.

FRASER SR.  
The shot. Well. They called it...

FROBISHER  
Time's up.

FRASER SR.  
Oh, come on.

FROBISHER  
No, sorry. You'll have to leave.

(CONTINUED)

FRASER SR.  
That's ridiculous!

FROBISHER  
The Bob Fraser I knew wouldn't have  
had to think of his answer.

FRASER SR.  
I'm dead. It affects your memory.

FROBISHER  
Out. Now.

FRASER SR.  
(raises his voice)  
It was called...

FROBISHER waits.

FRASER SR. (CONT'D)  
'The Great Yukon Double White Spruce  
Telescoping Bank Shot'.

FROBISHER  
It is you, by God.  
(a huge smile)  
Bob!

FROBISHER leaps to hug his old friend, only to find his face  
pressed up against the mirror.

FRASER SR.  
You're in one hell of a pickle, my  
friend. You've got a train to stop.

FROBISHER  
(nods)  
I'm afraid you're right.

FRASER SR.  
And if you want to stop a train?

FROBISHER  
You put on the brakes. Follow me.

He winds up and punches the window with his hand. Then drops  
out of frame in pain. The window remains intact. FRASER  
SR. steps forward and reads a safety plaque affixed to the  
side of the window.

FRASER SR.  
For emergency exit press yellow lever.

(CONTINUED)

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the years of their friendship. And  
when they referred to it, what did  
they call it?

FRASER SR.  
The shot, you mean?

FROBISHER  
Yes. The shot.

FRASER SR.  
The shot. Well. They called it...

FROBISHER  
Time's up.

FRASER SR.  
Oh, come on.

FROBISHER  
No, sorry. You'll have to leave.

(CONTINUED)

FROBISHER'S hand enters the frame and presses the lever.  
The window pops out.

CUT TO:

25 INT. VECCHIO KITCHEN -- DAY

25

The pot is large. The air is thick. DIEF is eating. The cell phone rings. RAY snaps it up and growls into the phone.

RAY

I'm holding the bullet in Low Chicago  
with twelve hundred in a pot that  
keeps climbing -- this better be good.

FRASER (O.S.)

(in a stilted voice)

This is Constable Benton Fraser of  
the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and  
I am reading a prepared text.

RAY

(to the other players)

Am I some kind of God? Some kind of  
bad luck God and I just don't know  
it?

CUT TO:

26 INT. CABOOSE -- DAY

26

BOLT gestures for FRASER to continue. He reads from a prepared text.

FRASER

The charter train coded 56023,  
travelling on the Palliser line is  
now hostage. Any attempt to board  
the train will result in the death of  
those on board. Any sighting of  
aircraft will result in death...

He stops reading and cups the phone.

FRASER (CONT'D)

(to BOLT)

You know, the grammar of this is  
flawed.

THATCHER

Are you trying to get us killed?

FRASER

No, Ma'am, I'm just trying to protect  
the English language.

(CONTINUED)

BOLT snatches the phone and the prepared text from FRASER  
and thrusts it at THATCHER.

\*

BOLT  
You read it.

(CONTINUED)



THATCHER  
I don't have my glasses.

BOLT  
Borrow mine.

THATCHER  
I'm dyslexic.

BOLT takes the phone and the text into his own hands.

BOLT  
Our demands are the following: ten  
million dollars.

He cups the phone and talks to FRASER.

BOLT (CONT'D)  
I think you'll enjoy this bit 'cause  
I picked your friend.

CUT TO:

27 INT. VECCHIO KITCHEN -- DAY

27

RAY scrambles for his tape recorder, pounds it a couple of  
times, locates 'record' and holds it to the phone.

BOLT (O.S.)  
...to be delivered by Detective First  
Grade Raymond Vecchio of the Chicago  
Police Department, unaccompanied to  
station siding 33 on the Palliser  
line by 4:00 p.m. central standard  
time.

CUT TO:

28 INT. CABOOSE -- DAY

28

BOLT finishes reading his prepared text.

BOLT  
We must be ever vigilant, America,  
for the enemy is already among us.

BRECHT  
Very nice, sir.

BOLT  
Thank you.

CUT TO:

A TERRORIST (MOLIERE) mans the engine room, peering down the track. FROBISHER yanks the door to the engine room open.

FROBISHER

Ah hah!

(CONTINUED)

He grabs MOLIERE, lifts him up and hurls him off the speeding locomotive.

FRASER SR.

Hmm.

FROBISHER

What do you mean, 'hmmm'?

FRASER SR.

Nothing. It's just -- do you know how to operate a train?

FROBISHER

I was counting on you.

FRASER SR.

Haven't the foggiest.

FROBISHER

Oh. Well, it can't be that hard.  
(looks around)

Where do you think they'd put the coal in one of these things?

They look about the engine room -- obviously stumped.

CUT TO:

30 INT. POLICE STATION -- WELSH'S OFFICE -- DAY

30

RAY and DIEF burst into the room. WELSH looks up.

RAY

Lieutenant. We have a situation.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

31

INT. POLICE STATION -- BULLPEN -- DAY

31

This is now a Situation Room. Computer gizmos dominate the desk and FBI Agents sporting earphones buzz purposefully throughout the room. Thundering through, with his grave sense of mission, is Agent FORD.

FORD

What have you got for me?

DEETER

Nothing yet. We're running Vecchio's tape for voice match but that could take a while.

FORD

Get Harris at State. I want him on line. And get the divisional guy from NTSB down here now.

(yells)

Shorren. Phelps. McTavish. Inside.

They storm into...

32

INT. POLICE STATION -- WELSH'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

32

Where they join RAY and WELSH. FORD takes the floor.

FORD

Alright, gentlemen, here's our situation: representatives of State and the NSC are meeting regarding the larger implications. As I speak, two Rapid Response teams from Quantico and Fort Bragg are flying into --

RAY

What? No B-52 squadron?

FORD

You have a problem with this, Detective?

RAY

Well, we all got our styles, Ford. Me? If I got a head ache, I don't take a chain saw to it, I swallow a couple of aspirin.

WELSH

Vecchio, this is their field protocol.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

We got people on that train,  
Lieutenant. Mounties, sure, but  
they're still people. And we don't  
know what their situation is.

FORD

That's right, Detective, we can't  
talk to them, so we don't know, so we  
assume the situation has gone sour  
until we receive confirmation one way  
or the other. And let's be clear on  
one thing: you're a conduit, nothing  
more. Do we understand each other?

RAY

I don't think that's possible, Ford.

WELSH shoots RAY a calming gesture.

DEETER

I'm confused. What is a Musical Ride?  
I mean, is it like a theme park thing?

WELSH

No, no, no. They've got all these  
horses. Beautiful black horses all  
criss-crossing with their tails and  
manes and battle lances. Takes your  
breath away.

They all stare at him.

WELSH (CONT'D)

I was a kid. It haunted me.

And ELAINE pops her head in.

ELAINE

We have the Consulate on the line.

FORD

(presses speaker phone)  
This is Agent Ford, FBI.

TURNBULL (O.S.)

Constable Turnbull here. Assistant  
Interim Deputy Liaison Officer.

FORD

You've been briefed on the situation?

TURNBULL (O.S.)

Fully.

(CONTINUED)

FORD

And what is your government's position?

TURNBULL (O.S.)

I have no idea. But I am authorized to speak for them. Furthermore, under Chapter 11, Paragraph 7 of our field manual, I am authorized to allocate funds.

CUT TO:

33 INT. FRASER'S OFFICE -- CANADIAN CONSULATE -- CONTINUOUS 33

TURNBULL mans FRASER'S desk.

TURNBULL

So far, between the Consulate credit card and petty cash, which is \$67.39 -- in U.S. dollars, mind you -- I've amassed...just give me a couple ticks to add this all up...

CUT TO:

34 INT. POLICE STATION -- WELSH'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS 34

FORD makes a gesture to cut the phone call.

FORD

Alright, gentlemen. We're stepping up protocol --

RAY

On the basis of what? The guy's a moron! He can barely tie his shoes --

FORD

You don't get it, do you, Vecchio? This is the dance of diplomacy. You do things for show. But trust me, there isn't a country left on this planet that will cave into terrorists' ransom demands. Not one nation!

HARD CUT TO:

35 INT. PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS -- DAY

35

Prime Minister JEAN CHRETIEN fields questions from a phalanx of reporters. He holds up his hand for quiet.

CHRETIEN

As the Prime Minister of the Government of Canada let me assure you we will do anything to get our Musical Ride back. And when we do, my wife has requested that they be permanently stationed in our bedroom.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

35A EXT. ILLINOIS COUNTRYSIDE -- DAY

35A

Across a farmhouse, we see the train in the distance.

\*

36 INT. HORSE CAR -- DAY

36

BOLT ushers THATCHER and FRASER into the car. The horses are edgy with tension. A subordinate terrorist (ALBEE) props up an unconscious Mountie.

BOLT

In an effort to prove my intentions are serious, I thought you might appreciate this gesture.

He slides the door of the box car open. The countryside hurtles by. They toss the Mountie out of the car.

CUT TO:

37 INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

37

A farmer and his wife sit before their lunch. With an almighty noise and a shower of glass, the Mountie crashes through the window and lands on their dinner table. The farmer and his wife stare at one another.

\*

\*

CUT TO:

38 INT. HORSE CAR -- CONTINUOUS

38

THATCHER and FRASER are now handcuffed in a hug: his hands around her back, hers around his.

BOLT

See, now this amuses me. Superior officer. Junior officer. Boss.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOLT (CONT'D)

Worker. The empowered. The  
unempowered. And you're hugging each  
other. It's a beautiful sight.

FRASER

What do you hope to gain from this?

BOLT

You can't begin to imagine. Well,  
maybe you can. Start by thinking:  
train. Then think: explosives.  
Then mix the two together.

(to ALBEE)

If they move, shoot them.

CUT TO:

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*



DEETER comes flying into WELSH'S office.

DEETER

We have confirmation. A Mountie showed up for lunch at a farmer's house.

FORD

(less than pleased)  
Get Vecchio in here.

CUT TO:

FROBISHER and FRASER SR. continue to inspect the engine apparatus in search of the brakes. FROBISHER alights on a rather simple looking device.

FROBISHER

Ah hah!

FRASER SR.

What have you got?

FROBISHER

I've found the brake.

FRASER SR.

What makes you think that's a brake?

FROBISHER

It's written right on it: brake.

FRASER SR.

Could be a ruse.

FROBISHER

To what end?.

FRASER SR.

Something criminal.

FROBISHER

Are you trying to tell me an entire crew of design engineers conspired to mis-label key elements of a train?

FRASER SR.

It's possible.

FROBISHER

I'm dealing with a lunatic.

(CONTINUED)

FRASER SR.

You see, this is what's wrong with you, Buck. You discount everything but the probable. It's no wonder you couldn't make that shot.

FROBISHER

Don't think you can twist the knife. It was springtime. I had allergies. My eyes were cloudy.

FRASER SR.

Well, if that helps you sleep at night --

FROBISHER

This is a brake, Bob, and I'm going to bring this ride to a halt.

FRASER SR.

Very well.

FROBISHER grasps the lever, readies himself, then pulls. Nothing happens. \*

FRASER SR. (CONT'D)

Hmmm. Pretty effective, Buck. \*

FROBISHER

What's this...? \*

The two men follow the path of wires that are attached to the brake mechanism. FROBISHER turns to FRASER SR. \*

FROBISHER (CONT'D)

My God. They've bypassed the brakes. We've got to find Benton. This train is a runaway. \*

CUT TO:

41 INT. HELICOPTER PAD -- DAY 41

A helicopter waits. RAY is given his final briefing by FORD.

FORD

Parameters: you drop the money, you sit down and you stay put. You do nothing without my authorization --

RAY

Tell me something, Ford.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RAY (CONT'D)  
You comfortable knowing you've had  
five cases sunk from underneath you?

FORD  
Don't play games with me.

RAY  
I'm not playing games. This is my  
friend.

TURNBULL hands the attache case of money to RAY. He takes  
it and, accompanied by DIEF, he heads for the chopper.

CUT TO:

42 INT. HORSE CAR -- DAY

42

THATCHER and FRASER still handcuffed in a hug. They whisper  
the following:

THATCHER  
The men aren't dead, are they, Fraser?

FRASER  
No, sir. As we passed through the  
car I detected the after-odor of  
Quixotimanophyl -- a paralytic. It's  
harmless but the men won't regain  
consciousness for approximately 26  
minutes --

THATCHER  
Say no more.  
(to the ALBEE)  
Excuse me?

CUT TO:

43 INT. STATION SIDING 33 -- P.O.V. OUT WINDOW -- DAY

43

A white out, created by a departing helicopter. As it clears,  
we discover RAY and DIEF walking toward an apparently  
abandoned station. They reach the door and step inside.

CUT TO:

44 INT. STATION SIDING 33 -- CONTINUOUS

44

Inside the station office we find an alarmingly old guy named  
CREEVE sitting at a desk.

RAY  
Hey. I'm with the police.

(CONTINUED)

CREEVE  
You are? And where are they?

RAY  
I'm it. I'm the police.

CREEVE  
Oh, you are. And do you like it,  
son? Does it pay well?

RAY  
Pays fine. You got something called  
a 'mail pole'?

CUT TO:

45 INT. HORSE CAR -- DAY

45

ALBEE stands near FRASER and THATCHER. The horses shift  
uneasily.

ALBEE  
You met him?

THATCHER  
Dated him.

ALBEE  
De Niro?

THATCHER  
He gave me a tattoo. On my hip.

ALBEE bends down to see it. THATCHER slips to one side and  
FRASER kicks, his foot connecting with ALBEE'S gut. He  
doubles over and THATCHER knees him in the temple. ALBEE  
falls to the floor.

FRASER  
Nicely done, sir.

THATCHER  
(breathes deeply)  
Thank you.

FRASER  
May I?

THATCHER  
May you what?

MUSIC STARTS:

(CONTINUED)

FRASER leans toward her face. She stares at him, slightly aghast, but says nothing. He parts his lips but continues past hers, past her cheek until he reaches her hair. She looks somewhat confused. FRASER emerges from her hair with a bobby pin in his mouth.

She watches him manoeuver the bobby pin with his tongue until he has one prong in his teeth. He looks at her. She seems to understand. He leans his mouth toward hers.

She takes the other prong of the bobby pin in her teeth and they pull back until the pin is straightened. As they do, the pin falls into her blouse.

They stare at one another for a second. She issues the slightest gesture of assent. He acknowledges and angles his head to her blouse. He undoes a button with his teeth. From the expression on her face, we can assume she thinks he's taking rather too long.

He lifts his head, the bobby pin in his teeth, then leans next to her, cheek to cheek and drops the pin into his hand. They stay that way, cheek to cheek, as he picks the lock.

FRASER

Escada?

THATCHER

I beg your pardon?

FRASER

Your fragrance.

THATCHER

No.

FRASER

Cartier?

THATCHER

No.

He finishes picking the lock, frees himself, then starts to work on hers. As he does:

FRASER

Chanel?

THATCHER

(the idea is beneath  
contempt)

Please.

(CONTINUED)

FRASER

I'm stymied. What is the perfume  
you're wearing?

THATCHER

I'm not wearing anything, Fraser. I  
hate perfume.

CUT TO:

4 4 4

46

EXT. STATION SIDING 33 -- DAY

46

RAY waits on the platform. The money bag dangles on the mail pole. The train approaches and hurtles through the station. As the caboose passes a snatch pole is extended, BRECHT lifts the bag off the pole and pulls it into the compartment.

CUT TO:

47

INT. RIDE CAR -- DAY

47

Surrounded by inert Mounties, RACINE and BOLT assemble the component parts of a bomb out of their camera equipment -- a complicated looking affair. BRECHT bursts into the car, carrying the bag of money.

BOLT

It's all there?

(BRECHT nods)

Perfect. Now, find the old man and give him the heave ho.

CUT TO:

48

INT. UTILITY CAR -- DAY

48

At the sound of a door opening, FROBISHER ducks behind a partition. He waits a beat, then pounces...

FROBISHER

Ah ha!

...startling the snot out of FRASER and THATCHER.

FROBISHER (CONT'D)

Oh. Thank God. Friendlies. Allow me to debrief: the enemy has bypassed the brakes. In a nutshell? We are travelling in a runaway.

FRASER

Not only is it a runaway, sir, but it's loaded with explosives.

FROBISHER

That station we just passed through? They took something off a mail pole.

THATCHER

The ransom.

(CONTINUED)

(nods)

Which leaves only one conclusion: the  
ransom was a cover. Their darker  
purpose is to drive this bomb into  
the heart of Chicago --

(CONTINUED)



They hear the sound of footsteps on the roof, then on the ladder leading toward their position.

THATCHER

In here.

She pulls them into...

49 INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS 49

Cramped quarters for three people.

THATCHER

Do you have a gun?

FROBISHER

Of course not. I checked it at the border.

FRASER

Likewise.

50 INT. UTILITY CAR -- CONTINUOUS 50

BRECHT opens the door to the car...

51 INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS 51

THATCHER

If we survive this would you remind me to recommend some changes to official travel policy?

FRASER

Yes, sir.

He leans back and kicks the door open...

52 INT. UTILITY CAR -- CONTINUOUS 52

...sending BRECHT sprawling backward into the car. As he clambers to his feet, FRASER leaps through the door and starts up the ladder. BRECHT lunges after him, grabbing an axe on the way. \*

THATCHER and FROBISHER poke their heads out of the bathroom.

FROBISHER

He could probably use some help. I imagine I should...

THATCHER

No, Sergeant. It's my responsibility.

She steps through the door and reaches for the ladder...

FRASER and BRECHT are locked in hand to hand combat. FRASER lands a blow that is replied by a roundhouse from BRECHT. FRASER slips it, rises and they grip each others throats.

THATCHER pokes her head over the lip of the car and sees them locked in a death grip. She sweeps her arm back and chops at the feet of BRECHT who loses his footing and topples backward over the edge of the train.

As he starts to fall, he snaps a hand-out and manages to grab FRASER by his Sam Browne. They fall into the lethal depths of a canyon.

Death is presumed.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

54 EXT. ILLINOIS COUNTRYSIDE -- DAY 54

As the runaway train screams through the farmland...

55 INT. RIDE CAR -- DAY 55

RACINE fiddles with the wiring of a digital clapboard.

BOLT

We've got ten minutes to the shunt.  
How are you coming with the detonators? \*

RACINE

They'll be ready. \*

CUT TO:

56 INT. HORSE CAR -- DAY 56

FROBISHER, THATCHER and FRASER SR. are huddled together. \*

THATCHER

It was my fault.

FROBISHER

No, it wasn't.

FRASER SR.

In a way it was.

FROBISHER

Stay out of this.

THATCHER

How can I stay out of it? I'm the senior officer on board this train. Fraser was on my immediate staff. He was my responsibility.

FRASER SR.

She has a point, Buck.

THATCHER

He drove me crazy, that's no secret. But lately I had started to think...I mean, I had started to feel... \*

FRASER SR.

Oh, my God. You don't think she... \*

FROBISHER

Good Lord. You don't think you're...

(CONTINUED)

THATCHER  
I'm confused, Sergeant. My feelings  
are very confused.

FROBISHER  
I see.

FRASER SR.  
I see? What kind of counsel is that?  
Console her, for God's sake!

FROBISHER  
Inspector...there are times...times  
between men and women when things  
arise...feelings...  
(runs out of advice)  
Well, enough said.

FRASER SR.  
Enough said?!

THATCHER  
You're right, Sergeant. We've got to  
push on. We have a train to stop.  
You handle the men. I'll take the  
engine.

She steps out of the car.

FRASER SR.  
Really takes death in stride, doesn't  
she?

FROBISHER  
You don't actually think he's dead,  
do you?

FRASER SR.  
Benton? No. My guess is he's  
executing a plan that will bring this  
crisis to an end.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. TRAIN TRACKS -- DAY

57

FRASER is on a handcar, pumping like a madman, the train in  
the distance. He catches sight of a coil of rope on the  
floor of the handcar...

CUT TO:

58 INT. STATION SIDING 33 -- DAY

58

CREEVE sits at his staggeringly messy desk. RAY throws his cell phone down in disgust.

RAY

Don't you have some way to track trains? Some kind of grid thing? Some kind of computer?

CREEVE

Oh, sure, they gave me a computer, but the thing's a useless piece of junk. Nothing on it but fish. Little fish swimming around.

He pulls a coat aside to reveal a computer. Fish swim about on 'screen saver'. RAY bangs the keyboard. The fish vanish and are replaced by a railroad grid. CREEVE is impressed.

CREEVE (CONT'D)

Are you some kind of expert?

CUT TO:

59 EXT. TRAIN TRACKS -- DAY

59

FRASER spins a noose over his head and throws the rope. It catches the gate at the back of the caboose. He starts to pull himself hand over hand up to the caboose...

CUT TO:

60 INT. RIDE CAR -- DAY

60

FROBISHER and FRASER SR. move through the inert Mounties.

FRASER SR.

Buck. Trouble.

ANGLE ON: BOLT AND RACINE ENTER THE CAR.

FROBISHER plunks himself down and feigns a stupor.

RACINE

There's no sign of Brecht.

BOLT

Forget him. Let's get up front and set the charges, then we'll clear back to the caboose.

FROBISHER passes wind. The TERRORISTS look at one another, each assuming it was the other. A beat. Then, as they leave:

(CONTINUED)

FROBISHER  
(under his breath)  
Pardon me.

CUT TO:

61 EXT./INT. HORSE CAR -- DAY

61

THATCHER is about to open the door to the next horse car when FRASER appears out of thin air, landing next to her.

THATCHER  
(aghast)  
Fraser!

FRASER  
Sir.

He draws her into the car.

THATCHER  
I thought you were dead.

FRASER  
I'm sorry to disappoint you, sir.

THATCHER  
How did you --?

FRASER  
It's not important. What is important --

THATCHER  
Not important? I grieved for you.

FRASER  
You did?

THATCHER  
Briefly.

FRASER  
Understood. I've had a little time to think and it's my belief, given the nature of our situation, and the threat we pose, that the logical course of action for the authorities will be to destroy the train.

THATCHER  
And everyone on board?

FRASER  
Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

THATCHER

That's madness.

FRASER

Not entirely, sir. I mean, if you were in their situation wouldn't you do the same?

THATCHER

You think I could be that cold hearted?

FRASER

To be honest with you, sir, I would have thought you'd be more than up to the challenge.

THATCHER

(stunned)

Is that what you think of me?

FRASER

I don't mean to upset you, sir --

THATCHER

I'm not upset, Fraser.

She steps back out the door and starts up the ladder. FRASER follows. As they disappear above our frame...

BOLT AND RACINE

enter the shot, carrying the component parts of the bombs. We follow them into...

62 INT. ENGINE -- CONTINUOUS

Where they attach the detonators to the cases of SEMTEX PLASTIQUE. They finish their handiwork by connecting the entire apparatus to a DIGITAL CLAPBOARD.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. TOP OF THE TRAIN -- DAY

FRASER and THATCHER head toward the engine. She suddenly stops and wheels on him.

THATCHER

Actually, Fraser, I am upset. What makes you think we're so different? You graduated first of your class. So did I. You received medals for field work, as did I. You wear red serge. I wear red serge.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THATCHER (CONT'D)

The only difference between us is  
that you are a woman and I'm not.

FRASER

I think you have that backward, sir.

THATCHER

You know what I mean.

FRASER

Yes, I do.

THATCHER

I'm not made out of stone.

FRASER

I'm very much aware of that, sir.

THATCHER

Are you?

FRASER

Yes.

THATCHER

You are?

FRASER

(nods)

I know you have a heart. And I think  
your heart beats in exactly the same  
way as mine.

THATCHER

You think it does?

FRASER

Yes.

THATCHER

What about right now?

FRASER

Sir?

THATCHER

What is it doing right now?

FRASER

It's racing, sir.

THATCHER

Out of control?

(CONTINUED)



FRASER

It's a runaway.

They stare at one another. Something electric crackles between them, hangs in the air...then sweeps them into a spine tingling, large 'R' Romantic, two-red-coats-on-the-top-of-a-runaway-train KISS.

ANGLE ON: A TUNNEL APPROACHES.

They remain oblivious to everything but each other. The train zooms through the tunnel. They emerge from the other side still locked in an embrace -- the only difference being that the top of FRASER'S hat has been sheared off.

FROBISHER'S HEAD

pops out of a hatch in the top of the car.

FROBISHER

I'm not one to throw water on a decent fire but something's afoot with the enemy. They're gathering in the caboose.

FRASER and THATCHER separate, slightly embarrassed.

THATCHER/FRASER

We were just/we were talking/we were...

FROBISHER

Strategy session. I understand.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. TRAIN TRACKS -- DAY

64

CLOSE ON: A track switch being activated at a shunt line.

PULL BACK: to see a new terrorist (PINTER) moving from the switch to a YELLOW SERVICE CAR that waits on the main line.

In the B.G. our train thunders toward us. Then, groaning and heaving, it switches tracks.

CUT TO:

65 INT. POLICE STATION -- BULLPEN -- DAY

65

Mayhem.

COMPUTER GUY

They've gone off the grid!

(CONTINUED)

FORD  
It's not a jet, people! Find it!

CUT TO:

66 INT. STATION SIDING 33 -- CREEVE'S OFFICE -- DAY 6

RAY and CREEVE stare at the computer.

RAY  
Where the hell'd it go?

CUT TO:

67 EXT. TRAIN TRACKS -- DAY 6

PINTER pulls himself up on the back of the caboose and hits an RF transmitter. The YELLOW SERVICE CAR starts rolling down the main line.

CUT TO:

68 INT. POLICE STATION -- BULLPEN -- DAY 6

The tension continues.

COMPUTER GUY  
We got them back!

CUT TO:

69 INT. STATION SIDING 33 -- DAY 6

RAY follows the path of a shunt line on an ancient map.

RAY  
Where's this end up?

CREEVE has his nose buried in a log book.

CREEVE  
At a nuclear plant. But your train won't make it there 'cause there's another one coming this way, carrying spent fuel rods.

RAY  
Why the hell would they divert -- wait a minute. Fuel rods?

CREEVE  
Yep. It's a train load of radioactive uranium, basically.

(CONTINUED)