

ROMEO MUST DIE

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BLACK SCREEN. A VACUUM OF SILENCE.

Then THE SOUND OF A RAGING SEA rolls from left to right across the screen. The sweep of it BUILDS IN A THREATENING RUSH... QUICKLY STARTING TO CRESCENDO as WE SMASH CUT TO --

1 EXT. UNDERWATER - (FIFTEEN YEARS AGO) - DUSK 1

Where THE CAMERA FINDS two pairs of feet kicking fiercely from below.

2 EXT. OCEAN - (FIFTEEN YEARS AGO) - DUSK 2

Where TWO YOUNG CHINESE BROTHERS (PO AND HAN) fight for their lives atop a jagged skyline of breaking whitecaps. CREDITS BEGIN TO ROLL...

The sea has never seemed more violent, dancing and choking them from swell to swell. The makeshift raft keeping them afloat nothing but a tattered basketball.

Yet they doggedly cling together, a shared dream and their love for each other conspiring to keep them alive.

Welcome to the eight-hour escape from Mainland China to the promise of a new life in Hong Kong.

TIGHTER

As Younger Brother (HAN) starts slipping away, losing his tender grasp on the raft and survival. Older brother (PO) sees this and makes a desperate lunge to help...

For a sickening moment Han is swallowed whole by the dark water. Then Po ABRUPTLY HOISTS HIM BACK UP. As Older Brother hugs him protectively to the meat of the raft...

YOUNG HAN

(CHINESE)

Where are the great lights?

YOUNG PO

(CHINESE)

Not far. Hong Kong will shine bright as day, even at night.

A HELICOPTER SHOT drags us away from them... PULLING BACK TO REVEAL the hours of naked sea truly ahead... and then WE MATCH CUT TO --

3 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY - OAKLAND SIDE - DUSK 3

Where THE SAME HELICOPTER SHOT sweeps in hard and low over the water, now a lifetime away from our opening vision...

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

2.

3

A BRIDGE looms across the water ahead... then A DARK SUV atop the bridge... AS WE COME IN TIGHT WE SEE...

FOUR ASIAN BAD-ASSES

Riding inside. The sheer mass of each man's muscle threatening to shred the fabric of his Hugo Boss suit. The CREDITS CONCLUDE...

4 EXT. STREETS - OAKLAND - DUSK

4

Where WE FOLLOW the same SUV making its way through the descending darkness.

5 INT. DARK SUV - NIGHT

5

Where THE HYPNOTIC BEAT OF EASTERN-FLAVORED TRIP-HOP courses through the cabin. WE WATCH the same four men as they start feeding their machines.

HANDGUNS -- Are withdrawn. We're looking at the Fortune 500 of firearms -- S&W .40's, Sig-Sauer .380's, even a pair of MP-5's for safe measure...

FRESH CLIPS -- Are THUMBED for empties and JAMMED into the grips...

LEAD ROUNDS -- Are RACKED into waiting chambers...

SHOOTING PLUGS -- Are fitted for protection in case shit turns loud. The cherry on top. Just because you may have to put someone down doesn't mean you have to go deaf doing it...

6 EXT. WATERFRONT CASINO - OAKLAND - NIGHT

6

A thriving gambling and dancing joint set amongst the Oakland docks. Think of it as a little taste of Vegas nestled inside the jaws of Hip-Hop. The Cops are paid not to ask and the Brothers happy not to tell.

The SUV KNIFES into the loading zone, quickly joined by a Porsche. Then STEADICAM FOLLOWS as HEAVY BLACK SHOES exit and make an even march for the club...

7 INT. WATERFRONT CASINO - PLUSH BOOTH - NIGHT

7

Where PO SUNG (MID 30'S) drains off his third vodka rocks. Looks very much the Asian-American playboy -- hair fucked up, Zegna suit and tie, tea shades complementing a bone-handled cane.

(CONTINUED)

TWO ASIAN HOTTIES

DANCE SEDUCTIVELY before him. This is serious business for his female companions -- working themselves into a startlingly salacious coupling.

Po smiles lazily as the girl's tongues touch in a brief flicker. Rotates the bone handle of his cane back to reveal a small coke stash. Casually dips a nail and does a bump.

WIDER SHOT

As WE REALIZE they're the only Asians in the place. A ROOMFUL OF BLACK GAMBLERS AND OTHER DANCERS dagger them with stares as THE SECURITY STAFF approaches.

The lead Bad-Ass wastes no time stepping up to the Chinese...

BAD-ASS

Leave a twenty for the drinks and
crawl the fuck outta here.

The MUSIC DIES OFF, leaving a searing tension in its wake. Po stares back with an almost infuriating indifference.

PO

It's all good, Bra, no worries.
I'm simply waiting to talk to a
friend...

BAD-ASS

You don't have any friends in this
motherfucker. That's the problem.

Patrons TALKING SMACK fuel this from the safety of the crowd ("Bye-bye you Chinese motherfucker" etc.). After a beat...

PO

I'm no psychologist, but you seem
like a pretty angry guy.

BAD-ASS

You don't know the half of it.

The table is JERKED OUT to extract Po when...

A CADRE OF CHINESE

Steamrolls through the doors, flat-out knocking people aside. Pound for pound these guys are every bit as hard-core as their counterparts. And you thought it was tense before...

(CONTINUED)

Sung Family enforcer, KAI (LATE 20'S), walks the point. This guy would have Van Damme crapping his pants inside a minute -- his face reflects that. Sunglasses are canted to reveal hard eyes and the bad attitude to go with 'em.

KAI

Let it go, Po. This is a hassle we don't need.

Po shrugs. Another lazy smile. But the Bad-Ass sticks a hand into his chest keeping him from sliding out.

Po SWIFTLY STRIKES -- the cane just a vague blur as it CHOPS the hand down, CRACKS ribs on both sides, then BUTTS the guy flush on the temple with the bone handle.

Kai shoots him a "What the fuck's wrong with you" look as the man drops...

KAI

(to his men)

Get him outside.

A second bad-ass confronts the enforcer as Po is hustled out...

BAD-ASS #2

Take his place, you'll take his ass-whipping as well.

KAI

(lowers his sunglasses)

Bring whatever you've got.

The young black takes him up on it -- but Kai SNAP-KICKS the guy's knee so quickly that his foot is back on the ground by the time WE HEAR the ACL SNAP,... The enforcer BOXES HIS EARS on the way down with a DEAFENING CLAP.

Kai calmly breast-pockets his shades. Then in the blink of an eye it's on...

FULL VIEW - THE BATTLE

As A BRUTAL MELEE ERUPTS across the casino. We're treated to a perfect blending of Martial Arts and Street, EXTREME HAND-TO-HAND STUFF showcasing the better elements of both...

One of the blacks CLOTHESLINES a Chinese throat... Two others TRADE OPEN SHOTS Hagler/Hearns-style until one simply drops...

Kai leads the pack, racking ass at a furious pace. He TOSSES one guy through A GLASS PARTITION, then puts the wood to SEVERAL BROTHERS emerging from the crowd to lend a hand...

(CONTINUED)

But one bad apple spoils the fun. A Chinese is the first to go for his piece. Now a really nice moment as A DAISY CHAIN OF HANDGUNS ARE DRAWN SIMULTANEOUSLY, dropping into place like a row of dominos...

Black gun jammed to Chinese temple -- an Asian .45 stuck in black's belly -- Mr. 45's spine scissored by a pair of .380's, and so on...

A long beat. Both sides teetering on the brink of annihilation. Then THE SOUND OF A SHOTGUN BEING RACKED rolls over the house P.A...

SILK

Stands next to the microphone holding the weapon. He's the owner and sole proprietor of this casino, and his AK-47 TOTING BODYGUARDS now cover the room.

SILK

Guns don't kill people -- people kill people.

He steps from the open DJ booth and starts down the stairs...

SILK (cont'd)

Now if you'll excuse me, gentlemen, you're disrupting my business.

Slowly, the weapons are lowered.

SILK (cont'd)

So if your ass isn't black, you best drag it out my establishment.

Bad-Ass #2 hobbles upright to confront Kai.

BAD-ASS

(cold, lethal)

This shit is far from over.

KAI

Fine -- we'll do it again once you start walking.

The Chinese gather themselves for the exits...

Where Kai has Po pinned up against his Lexus...

KAI

You wanna explain this to me? Huh? We're in the middle of a

(MORE)

KAI (cont'd)

war. What the hell were you doing in there?

PO

(blowing it off)

I decided to stop in for a few drinks, liven up the party. Whatever. I'm a big boy now...

KAI

(directly)

You don't belong here -- or anywhere like here -- ever.

(shakes him)

Those fucks will bury you first chance they get...

Po sharply slaps his comrade's hands away and shoves him back...

PO

You work for me, Kai...

KAI

For your father...

PO

One and the same. You don't give orders -- you take them.

KAI

Get your mind right, Po. As long as there's a war going on you're my responsibility.

WIDER ANGLE

As Po throws his cane into the backseat of his black-on-black Austin-Martin. Climbs in and ABRUPTLY GUNS past an arriving car to vanish into the night...

The arriving driver gets out to watch the others disperse. This is our first glimpse of COLIN O'DAY (BLACK, EARLY 20'S). A late young man wondering what it is he's just missed...

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - OAKLAND - DAWN

Where an African-American PAPERBOY bikes down a placid street, half-asleep as he delivers the morning edition.

WE WATCH HIM nail a run of doorsteps with uncanny accuracy. Then something makes him hammer the brakes. WE FOLLOW his eyes upward as the little face flashes with horror...

(CONTINUED)

THE DEAD BODY OF PO SUNG

Hangs lynched from a streetlight. The corpse has taken a ghastly beating, face distorted almost past the point of recognition.

Off the paperboy's HAIR-RAISING SCREAM we...

HARD CUT TO:

10 INT. CH'U SUNG'S MANSION - STUDY - MORNING

10

Where Syndicate Overlord CH'U SUNG (60'S) channel-surfs the MORNING SHOWS while chain-smoking his beloved Marlboro Reds. He looks to be a jocular man, outwardly sweetened by his advanced age and success, occasionally LAUGHING at the t.v...

His EVEN OLDER MAID finally drags away the lavish breakfast tray he's ignored...

MAID

(scolding in CHINESE)

Those filthy things are no kind of breakfast. Not good for you. You must eat something.

CH'U

(perfect English)

Life's not good for you, you old hen. It has a horrible prognosis and always ends in death.

She leaves in a pout, A THROATY CHUCKLE escaping his lips. Within seconds DOORS BANG OPEN in the house...

MAID

(calling out)

Master Ch'u...

11 INT. CH'U SUNG'S MANSION - MORNING

11

WE GET OUR FIRST GOOD LOOK at his palatial estate as Ch'u hurries into the hall...

If you were expecting dragon statues, gilding and red carpets you're out of luck -- this ain't no Szechwan take-out joint. Everything is decidedly Californian, making the point that Sung is glad to have come to America and shared in her riches...

LONG SHOT - THE FOYER

Where Kai enters, members of his cadre pouring in around him...

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

8.

11

WE DON'T HEAR THE WORDS he whispers in the old man's ears. But something seems to die inside Ch'u then, face withering with unthinkable anger...

TIGHTER - CH'U

Slowly turning away. He stares out the window with unseeing eyes. The surface of his swimming pool rippling gently in the breeze...

THE CAMERA SLOWLY TRACKS INTO the pool until it FILLS THE SCREEN and then WE MATCH CUT TO...

12 EXT. ISAAK O'DAY'S HOUSE - MORNING

12

...Another swimming pool, perfectly mirroring the first. As WE BEGIN TO TRACK BACK OUT a lone golf ball SPLASHES the surface. A beat. A second ball follows...

FAVORING - ISAAK O'DAY (LATE 30'S)

As he SHANKS yet a third shot from a chipping green. The self-made crime lord HEAVES his five-iron into the landscaping and cinches the sash of his Armani pajamas...

ISAAK

Fuck Tiger. I hate this game.

Then WE HEAR A PHONE RINGING inside the house...

13 INT. ISAAK O'DAY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

13

Where the phone waits on the counter. Isaak puts it to his ear, idly opening the refrigerator door...

ISAAK

(talking into phone)

What do you have to tell me?

He slips a half-gallon of milk from the ice box, dribbling some onto his chest as he takes a hit straight out the carton.

It's a small thing, but very revealing -- the street manners of the man abruptly peaking through to the surface...

ISAAK (cont'd)

(suddenly attentive)

Sung's boy? Is that so? Who did it?

(half beat)

Damned straight you better put it together.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

9.

13

Isaak CLICKS OFF, face now clouded with concern. After a beat...

ISAAK

This might mess things up.

14 EXT. HONG KONG - AERIAL SHOT - ESTABLISHING

14

As WE GLIDE OVER the TEEMING METROPOLIS. Her bright face of glass and steel confidently poised on the brink of the New Millennium...

15 EXT. HSING-KANG PRISON - DAY

15

An ancient stockade in the bowels of the city. This place is so fierce it makes Quentin seem like Musso & Frank's.

WE FOLLOW a police van as it passes through the gates. SEVERAL ARMED GUARDS watching from above as MANACLED NEW PRISONERS are directed inside...

16 INT. HSING-KANG PRISON - MESS HALL - DAYS LATER

16

Where SILENT INMATES pass along the meal line. A dollop of rancid stew is their only reward.

The Head Guard KICKS one man's tray loose and forces him to the ground. SAVAGELY CANES HIM.

HEAD GUARD

(MANDARIN)

NO TALKING...

PRISONER HAN SUNG

Watches this from the eating benches. We're immediately struck by his dignified carriage, unbowed by captivity. Face as self-possessed and patient as the young McQueen.

ONE OF THE NEW PRISONERS approaches him.

NEW PRISONER

(MANDARIN)

You are Han Sung?

Han gives him a piercing once-over before nodding. The New Prisoner takes a seat beside him.

NEW PRISONER (cont'd)

(MANDARIN)

I have word of your family.

The bad news is relayed quietly. Han's devastation is that of Ch'u squared. He tries to speak, but finds his throat mute...

(CONTINUED)

WHAACK! The rattan cane BITES INTO Han's cheek without warning. The Head Guard now smirking over him...

HEAD GUARD

(MANDARIN)

Stay quiet, Officer Sung. Your stupid words ruin a golden silence.

Han matches his glare. Thinks. Then HAMMERS his tray of steaming crap into the bastard's face. Cheekbones CRACK, nose EXPLODES. The cane is snatched up and WHIPLASHED IN A BLUR across the man's head and chest...

A RUSH OF GUARDS descend. He TAKES A FEW OUT before they DOG-PILE his ass to the ground...

17 INT. HSING-KANG PRISON - CORRIDOR - DAY

17

Where Han -- apparently unconscious -- is DRAGGED down a concrete tunnel by FOUR GUARDS IN RIOT GEAR.

His eyes flicker just as WE ENTER...

18 INT. HSING-KANG PRISON - BEATING ROOM

18

No Amnesty International stickers here -- this is the place where prisoners go to die. The Riot Squad drags Han in, shellacking him with BATONS to the gut...

Two guards prop him up as a long-chained shackle is clamped to his left ankle. The other cuff is to be thrown over the ceiling beam to hoist him for a good, long beating...

Evidently Han has other plans.

His leg ROCKETS from the six to twelve position to K.O. the man closest. He JERKS THE CHAIN FREE from Number Two then whips it back out, COILING IT around the guy's neck...

Two steps, THREE KICKS and a pair of busted face shields later Numbers Three and Four meet a similar demise. Then Han starts digging for keys...

19 INT. HSING-KANG PRISON - OUTSIDE THE BEATING ROOM

19

Where A GUARD stands post before the door. A KNOCK FROM INSIDE the beating room. The sentry turns and OPENS the viewing window...

19 CONTINUED:

11.

19

HAN'S HAND

ROCKETS OUT and GRABS the man by the throat. He forces the guard to unlock him, then YANKS the guy's head into the iron door KNOCKING HIM UNCONSCIOUS.

Han steps out dressed like a guard. Takes the fallen man's keys and speeds off...

20 INT. HSING-KANG PRISON - ANOTHER CORRIDOR

20

Where Han searches frantically for a way out. Finally he comes upon...

21 INT. HSING-KANG PRISON - CASH ROOM

21

Where A FLEA-BITTEN JANITOR waits there for the Teller to cash his puny payroll check.

Han passes through, those fat stacks of shakedown cash leering back from the cage. Janitor catches Han staring. They share a look. Smile.

The ALARM KLAXON ERUPTS SUDDENLY. The Teller grabs the HOUSE PHONE to receive orders. Takes a baton and THUNDERS OUT for the main prison.

A second shared look. Han's hand DARTS OUT to halt the cage door inches from closing. Two more smiles.

Han passes an obese stack of currency through to the man -- then takes one for himself and makes for the exits...

The janitor thinks. Scoops up his paycheck as well.

22 EXT. HSING-KANG PRISON - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

22

Where the gates are CLOSED AND LOCKED. MORE GUARDS arrive and race inside...

23 INT. HSING-KANG PRISON - VARIOUS CORRIDORS - DAY

23

Where WE SEE GUARDS double-time through, weapons in hand.

24 INT. HSING-KANG PRISON - ANOTHER CORRIDOR - DAY

24

Where Han is still looking for a way out.

A LOCKED GATE

Rests at the end of the corridor. With ALARMS SOUNDING AND LIGHTS FLASHING Han runs over. He tries one of the keys -- no luck. Same goes for a second. Mercifully, the third key turns it. Han steps through into...

- 25 INT. HSING-KANG PRISON - ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY 25
Where HE DISCOVERS a ladder leading upward and begins to climb...
- 26 EXT. HSING-KANG PRISON - ROOFTOP - LATE AFTERNOON 26
Where TWO CREWS run out to a pair of helicopters preparing to lift off.
- 27 INT. HSING-KANG PRISON - ELEVATOR SHAFT - LATE AFTERNOON 27
Where Han climbs higher still up the shaft...
- 28 INT. HSING-KANG PRISON - ANOTHER CORRIDOR - LATE AFTERNOON 28
Where A PACK OF GUARDS finds the unlocked gate. They pass through to the base of the elevator shaft...
- 29 EXT. HSING-KANG PRISON - ROOFTOP - LATE AFTERNOON 29
Where the HATCH OPENS and Han finds the two helicopters.
The first TAKES TO THE AIR. Han runs to the second and jumps onto the skids as it LIFTS OFF as well...
The guards SWARM OUT OF THE HATCH seconds behind as Han is flown to freedom.
- 30 EXT. HSING-KANG PRISON - HARBOR DOCK - DUSK 30
Where two patrol boats are being launched.
- 31 EXT. HELICOPTER - DUSK 31
Where the chopper carries Han out over the Harbor. He LOOKS DOWN... then abruptly lets go to DROP INTO THE WATER.
The helicopter WINGS AROUND and circles over the splash point -- but there's no sign of him.
- 32 EXT. HARBOR - SIGNAL BUOY - DUSK 32
Where the patrol boats RACE BY. As they pass WE SEE Han SURFACE and climb into the small compartment centering the buoy.
As he closes the door WE CATCH SIGHT OF an airplane passing overhead...

DISSOLVE TO:

33 EXT. BARBERSHOP - OAKLAND - MORNING

33

An old-school neighborhood fixture. Some fifty years of doing good business with no signs of letting up. WE WATCH the striped barber's pole spiraling proudly over the entrance.

THREE BLACK BARBERS share gossip and shoot the breeze with BLACK CUSTOMERS inside.

A FLOTILLA OF CHOPPED NISSANS

Saunter the boulevard towards them. Tinted windows obscure the occupants and EASTERN-FLAVORED TRIP-HOP whispers seductively from inside.

34 INT. BARBERSHOP - MORNING

34

Where one of the barbers looks up to find the gauntlet of cars now fanned across the street, facing the shop.

BARBER

What in Hell...

A TORRENT OF MACHINE GUN FIRE broadsides the room. The mobile hit-squad BEGINS LACERATING the men and the building without mercy.

A Molotov is lit and thrown inside. Quickly SWEEPING THE SHOP UP IN FLAMES...

35 INT. OAKLAND AIRPORT - DAY

35

Where WE FOLLOW Isaak and MAC -- an ambitious young lieutenant climbing the O'Day corporate ladder -- across the terminal. SEVERAL BLACK ASSOCIATES of Isaak's on their heels.

The entourage passes cleanly through the metal detector -- except for Mac.

Tense moment here as we wonder what he's packing. Then two pagers and a cellphone later he's allowed in.

ONE OF THE GATES

Where Ch'u and Kai await with SEVERAL OTHER CHINESE OVERLORDS. DECENT FAMILIES ON VACATION clutter the background as Isaak arrives.

ISAAK

Nice touch with the metal detectors. Keeps everybody honest.

(CONTINUED)

CH'U

Trust is increasingly hard to come
by these days.

Isaak bristles at the inference. Their respective
bodyguards settle into a heavyweight stare down.

CH'U

If you were looking for a line to
cross, you found it.

ISAAK

I had absolutely nothing to do
with it.

TIGHTER TWO SHOT - CH'U AND ISAAK

Framed by planes TOUCHING DOWN OUTSIDE on the tarmac...

ISAAK

Stuff like this is senseless for
everyone -- it doesn't pay. If it
was someone on my side, I'd flay
his ass and have it messengered
over. I've got kids myself, you
know.

CH'U

(cold, hard)

My son is dead -- that's what I
know.

ISAAK

You have my condolences, of
course...

CH'U

Of course...

ISAAK

...But I'm done telling you it
wasn't me. Believe it or don't,
that's your business.

CH'U

We all believe what we want to
believe, don't we Isaak? Truth
rarely enters into the equation.

As Ch'u and his enforcer make for the exits. OTHER TONG
MUSCLE steadily drops into line behind them from the
crowd. Trust is increasingly hard to come by...

37 INT. OAKLAND AIRPORT - ANOTHER FLOOR - DAY

37

As OTHER BLACK BAD-ASSES step to Isaak and Mac in exactly the same fashion. Despite the many differences, they appear kindred souls, the Oakland gangster and his Asian counterpart...

MAC

I've already called Maurice and told him to shadow Trish. Didn't want to take any chances.

ISAAK

(approvingly)

Brains like that will keep you high atop the payroll. You know how his people are, even if she is a civilian...

MAC

Oh, yeah. Those motherfuckers make everything personal -- whether they right or not.

38 INT. "SERPENTINE FIRE" - MORNING

38

Where we find the sparkling TRISH O'DAY (20's). Clothing from the '70's, stacks of old-school wax, her shop retails the whole retro trip. It's a hot-spot for neighborhood kids -- Black, White, Chinese, whatever. A cultural DMZ.

A GROUP OF THEM peer inside the display case like cats at a caged bird.

TRISH

Lori... Will you please give these little monsters their funk fix?

NEW ANGLE

As co-worker LORI (20) comes out to the case. She unsleeves The Meters' rare and exceedingly funky Rejuvenation. "People Say" leaps on the platter.

The smiling kids start grooving with childlike innocence. Lori and Trish BUST UP at the familiar sight.

TRISH

Watch the store, huh? I have some errands to run.

LORI

No worries.

(CONTINUED)

Trish takes her purse and tries to make her way out, but a few of the older kids take her hands and drag her into the dancing...

39 EXT. "SERPENTINE FIRE" - MORNING

39

Where Trish strides out to find MAURICE (20'S) AND A DRIVER waiting outside. Mo is one of Isaak's lower-level street thugs -- a Wanna-Be headed straight for Never-Was.

MAURICE
(checking the sign)
Serpentine Fire. Smooth, huh?
Kool and the Gang jam from back in
the day...

TRISH
Earth, Wind and Fire.

MAURICE
Right, right...

He tosses down a shaky Philip Bailey spin move.

MAURICE (cont'd)
...the serious shit.

TRISH
(flatly)
What are you doin' here?

MAURICE
Things is heatin' up. Mac sent me
to escort you around.

TRISH
(rolls her eyes)
Thanks, but no thanks. Tell him
I'll be just fine.

MAURICE
Blood is blood. Your dad won't
want to hear that, and it'll be my
ass if he does.
(motions)
Your choice, girl -- backseat, or
the trunk. Your do-gooding don't
mean shit to me.

Trish knows he means it. Reluctantly climbs in the car.

40 INT. OAKLAND AIRPORT - MORNING

40

Where Han exchanges Chinese currency for U.S. Dollars, a travel bag slung over his shoulder.

41 EXT. OAKLAND AIRPORT - MORNING 41

Where A TELEPHOTO SHOT frames A FLURRY OF PASSENGERS hustling out to ground transportation.

THE FACE OF HAN

Melts suddenly from the crowd, A MATRIX-STYLE SLOW-MOTION FIGURE centered in AN ENDLESS SWARM.

A beat. He moves OUT OF FRAME.

42 INT. HARDWARE STORE - FRONT COUNTER - MORNING 42

Where Han pays THE CASHIER and loads various purchases into his travel bag.

43 INT. RECORD STORE - MORNING 43

Where Trish is absently thumbing through a pile of old records. Distracted by...

HER POV - MAURICE

HEAD BOUNCING as he waits for her by sampling a CD at the New Release rack.

44 EXT. PUBLIC PARKING LOT - MORNING 44

Where Han follows an empty taxi pulling in. He approaches the PAKISTANI CAB DRIVER and holds out...

A CRUMPLED LETTER

Sent to him years ago by Po. He points out the handwritten American address...

HAN

Can you take me here? It's my brother's place.

CAB DRIVER

What's the story, pal? Can't read-a-da-English?

He points to the dome light atop his hack.

CAB DRIVER (cont'd)

Two words -- off duty.

And with that the cabbie gets out and heads for a store...

- 45 INT. CAB/EXT. PUBLIC PARKING LOT - MORNING 45
As Han slides behind the wheel. Checks the visor for the keys first. No luck. Shrugs acceptantly.
- 46 INT. RECORD STORE - MORNING 46
Where Maurice grooves deeper into the music. Trish uses the opportunity to slip out unseen...
- 47 INT. CAB/EXT. PUBLIC PARKING LOT - MORNING 47
Out comes a screwdriver. He STABS IT into the ignition and PRIES. The ENGINE ROLLS OVER. A satisfied smile.
He's just pulling out when Trish leaps into the backseat...
- TRISH
Just drive.
- Long beat. Han points to the ceiling to parrot the driver...
- HAN
Two words -- off duty.
- TRISH
(shoving a fifty through
the slot)
So now you're on duty.
- 48 INT. RECORD STORE - MORNING 48
Where Maurice finally takes a look around and realizes Trish is gone. He darts for the door in a panic -- headphones JERKING HIM BACK.
- 49 INT. CAB/EXT. PUBLIC PARKING LOT - MORNING 49
Where Maurice CAN NOW BE SEEN moving into the parking lot to search for her. Trish quickly ducks down.
- TRISH
(earnestly)
Will you please just get me out of here?
- Another acceptant shrug. WE HARD CUT TO --
- 50 INT. CAR/EXT. STREETS - DAY 50
...Han BARRELING down the wrong side of the street. After a frantic game of chicken with on-coming cars he gets it and drops into the right-hand lane. Different country, different customs.

(CONTINUED)

Trish peels herself off the rear windshield.

TRISH
Where exactly you from...
(reading license)
...Ahkbar?

HAN
Hong Kong.

TRISH
You wanna start the meter?

He studies the complex contraption mounted on the dash. Blindly pushes a button. Ooops. A scroll of receipts SPILLS onto the floor until he can finally STOP IT.

HAN
Forgot. It's broken.

She studies him in the rearview for a moment.

TRISH
You steal a lot of cabs in Hong Kong?

HAN
Only when I can't find a bicycle. Do you want me to pull over?

TRISH
(gauges him, shakes her head)
That's alright.
(after a beat)
So is it true what they say about Hong Kong?

HAN
What's that?

TRISH
That everyone there knows Kung Fu?

HAN
(amused)
Of course. State law.

TRISH
Even the women?

HAN
Especially the women.

Trish checks to see if he's putting her on. LAUGHS WARMLY when she catches sight of his smile.

51 EXT. CITY STREETS - ENTERING DOWNTOWN - MORNING 51

Where THE CAMERA FOLLOWS the cab crossing over a bridge into downtown.

52 INT. CAR/EXT. STREETS - MORNING 52

TRISH
Can you break a board with your head?

HAN
Sure.

TRISH
A cinder block?

HAN
Uh huh.

TRISH
How 'bout a horse?

HAN
Easily.

TRISH
I'd have to see that, Ahkbar. You must be a very dangerous man.
(looks out the window)
This is good. You can drop me off at the corner.

53 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - MORNING 53

As Han shakily maneuvers the taxi to the curb.

54 INT. CAR/EXT. STREETS - MORNING 54

TRISH
Thanks.

Han pushes her fifty back through the slot...

HAN
Meter broken. Remember?

TRISH
Keep it. I won't tell the cops.

HAN
I don't want your money.

TRISH
 (taking the bill)
 You seem like a nice guy. You
 should find a new profession --
 stealing cars doesn't fit you.

HAN
 (turning now)
 What was your name?

TRISH
 You think I want you calling me?

HAN
 I don't have a phone.

TRISH
 (killer smile)
 There's a dead giveaway...

He watches her swing onto the sidewalk.

55 EXT. PRIVATE GOLF COURSE - OAKLAND - DAY

55

Where Isaak and real-estate magnate IVAN ROTH (40's) walk
 the back nine. A cart follows carrying Mac and Roth's
 WHITE ATTORNEY.

Roth lives wrapped in Teflon, a Big Money Boy hovering
 perpetually above the law. Would have hijacked a few
 S&L's back in the 80's if only he'd been old enough.

ROTH
 How's the acquisition of my new
 property coming?

ISAAK
 Slowly. Some people just hate
 parting with their land. They've
 needed some... convincing.

They stop at the next hole. Isaak plants his tee first.

ROTH
 I make the presentation tomorrow.
 It's non-negotiable.

ISAAK
 Yeah, well, I've had a lot of free-
 thinkers to deal with.

Isaak takes a Mo Vaughn-sized cut -- trying to overpower
 the ball with muscle alone. A huge divot is TORN FREE
 and the ball SLICES into the rough...

ROTH

(warmly)

Isaak, my new friend. You're murdering yourself. Golf is a game of finesse -- not power. In that sense, it's much like the rest of life.

Roth comfortably slips into his stance...

ROTH (cont'd)

The key is helping the body work together.

(demonstrates)

Forearm straight, wrists locked, hands firmly on the grip.

(pulls into backswing)

That way the club is allowed to do the work. Eyes never leaving the ball...

Roth PERFECTLY DRIVES his ball down the fairway. Admiring it as it drops nicely on the green.

ISAAK

(mutters)

These graphite shafts don't do it for me.

ROTH

Save the excuses. Some heavy investors are leaning on me, big men that won't tolerate a wait.

(deep freeze)

It's a simple equation -- no land, no... Dave, what's the popular term these days?

ATTORNEY

(brightly)

Cheddar.

WE NOTICE Mac shoot this crazy white boy a look...

ROTH

That's right. No cheddar. Am I making myself clear?

(off Isaak's nod)

I knew you'd understand.

Where Trish returns from shopping, a bundle of bags and packages in her hands.

She passes a silently steaming Maurice and Driver on the way in.

57 INT. "SERPENTINE FIRE" - DAY

57

Where Trish enters to find an uncomfortable look on Lori's face...

LORI
Colin's in the back.

A disappointed beat. Trish moves for the storeroom, parting the set of tie-dyed curtains to discover Colin mid-conversation on the office phone.

He's Trish's little brother, Isaak's son. The same guy we saw earlier at the Casino.

COLIN
You know that Chinese cat got whacked?

58 INTERCUT WITH - EXT. PRIVATE GOLF COURSE - CLUBHOUSE

58

ISAAK
You mean Po Sung?

COLIN
Po somethin' or other. Anyway, that's what I wanna tell you...
(lower now)
I got a call from him that night. No bullshit -- same night he got killed.

ISAAK
Jesus, boy -- What did he want?

COLIN
That's what I can't figure, Dad. Never got a chance to meet him...

ISAAK
Mac better hear this. See if we can figure out what it's all about...

Colin looks up to find Trish. Abruptly...

COLIN
Gotta go, Dad. Call me back at my place.

He HANGS UP. Big sister's face is not happy.

TRISH
I asked you not to do your business here.

(CONTINUED)

COLIN

Forgot. I was in a hurry

TRISH

(concerned)

I worry about you, Colin. Don't like seeing you involved in that life.

COLIN

(shrugs)

He's our father. You can't spend the rest of your life just pretending he ain't.

TRISH

He's also a gangster. Drugs, strong-arm stuff...

(then, softer)

The same kids that come to my store get lost because of guys like him, waste themselves before they really even grow up...

(a beat)

Why do you think I even opened this place? I wanted them to see a different way than that. A better way.

Colin takes up his jacket and stands across from her.

COLIN

What if he got murdered 'cause I knew something and didn't tell? Huh? Or thrown back in?

(determined)

Right or wrong it's all about family. Our family.

She watches as the curtains close behind him.

59 EXT. PO'S BUILDING - DAY

59

Where Han drives up. Checks the address against Po's crumpled letter.

60 INT. PO'S BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

60

Where Han finds his Brother's place. He takes out a hand-sized Ryobi power drill and SLOTS THE LOCK...

61 INT. PO'S APARTMENT - ATMOSPHERIC - DAY

61

Where Han at last enters his lost brother's world. He drifts in with the reverence of a churchgoer, drinking in the silent statements of Po's home and belongings.

DESK DRAWERS

Han expertly searches them, finding little more than old letters and checkbook stubs, the meaningless remnants of our too brief lives.

INSIDE THE CLOSET

Where he works through Po's extensive wardrobe. Digging through jacket pockets, then slacks, shaking out pair after pair of expensive shoes.

A tattered basketball finds him from the very top shelf. An emotional moment as he eases it down -- Po must have kept it here as a reminder of that defining day on the ocean, and the strength of will it took them to survive.

IN THE BATHROOM

Where Han rifles the medicine cabinet. Systematically dumping prescription bottles into the sink, then rooting through the rainbow of pills looking for something, anything that can help him.

No luck. He goes to work on the shaving kit.

FRAMED PHOTOGRAPHS

Ride along the living room wall. Various images covering the spectrum of the dead man's experience -- hanging out with hotties at Fisherman's Wharf, leaning against a car with a hot blonde tucked under each arm...

One picture in particular monopolizes Han's attention. It shows Han and Po hugging tightly from the brink of adulthood -- Han wearing his police cadet uniform, Po a stylish jacket for Hong Kong of the time.

The sadness of his loss cuts deep here. Han sets the picture down, face a quiltwork of difficult emotion. Then his policeman's eyes cheat to...

THE PHONE

A fancy Caller I.D. unit. He ZEROES IN ON the "Redial" button. Pushes it. A number appears across the large digital display.

As he lifts the receiver to his ear...

(CONTINUED)

LORI (v.o.)
Good evening. Serpentine Fire.

WE HOLD ON HIS REACTION as he HANGS UP.

62 INT. EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT - EVENING

62

Where Trish is staring into her lonely dinner, Maurice and partner watching her from the front entrance.

The door OPENS AND CLOSES. She looks up to find a smiling Mac beside her...

MAC
What's good here?

TRISH
(not interested)
Try the parking lot.

He lets it slide off, pulling out a chair to sit down.

MAC
I'm doing my job, girl. Just like Mo...
(off her reaction)
Yeah, he told me about the shit you pulled yesterday. Plain stupid is what it was. Things are real tense since that Chinese dude got popped.

TRISH
Was that one of your jobs too?

MAC
That's not my style.

TRISH
Don't tell me -- I've got you all wrong.

MAC
You don't have a clue what I'm about. For starters, you've got to get past the facade.

TRISH
You've got some serious facade going on.

MAC
So do you, so does everybody. This icy-hearted B-girl shit isn't you. Not the real you. Saving yourself for some TV Dream Dude is just a waste of good woman...

(CONTINUED)

TRISH

Is that what you think I'm doing?

MAC

I think it's time to consider the potentiality you've already met him.

TRISH

(point-blank)

You're an errand boy for my father, Mac. Nothing more, nothing less.

MAC

Fair enough. But time comes when a man has to strike out on his own, hear what I'm saying? Stake his own claim.

TRISH

You've sold me, Mac, I just realized I'm hopelessly in love with you...

MAC

(bristling)

Trash-talk me all you like. Sooner or later this man here is gonna be too much for you. You'll start getting all misty eyed, wishing there were two of me.

She pushes her plate across the table.

TRISH

Don't bother with the menu -- you can have mine. Suddenly I've lost my appetite.

Mac GRABS her arm as she gets up...

MAC

No more running wild. You gonna do like Isaak wants and let us protect you.

WIDER ANGLE

As the DOOR CLOSES behind Trish. Mac wanders to the front to watch her through the window.

MAURICE

(snickers)

You're really murder on a first date.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

62

Mac rears and BACKHANDS HIM without warning.

MAC
I want Eddie Murphy, I'll go to
the goddamned movies.

Maurice's fearful nod says he gets it, but good...

63 EXT. "SERPENTINE FIRE" - LATER - EVENING

63

Where A TELEPHOTO SHOT finds Trish locking up. She head-
checks the street and starts off. WE QUICKLY RACK FOCUS
TO FIND...

A HIRED TAXI

PEEKING OUT OF an alley across the street. Han watches
from inside. Face slack with amazement at the owner's
identity.

DRIVER
Same thing?

HAN
Yeah. Keep following.

A beat. They ease on down the block...

64 EXT. TRISH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - BACK STAIRWAY - EVENING

64

Where Trish climbs up to her apartment loaded down with
groceries.

65 INT. TRISH'S APARTMENT - EVENING

65

Where Trish enters to set the bags on the counter. She
turns to lock up and finds Han standing in the doorway.
It gives her a helluva scare but somehow she contains it
shy of crying out...

TRISH
Hello, Ahkbar. You're the only
guy I know working his way down
the criminal ladder. First Grand
Theft Auto, now trespassing.

He crosses to lay a piece of paper before her...

HAN
This is the last number my brother
called before he died.
(she reads it)
It's the number for your shop.

(CONTINUED)

TRISH

Yeah, so? I don't even know who your brother is.

HAN

His name was Po Sung.

TRISH

I have absolutely no idea what you're talking about. Why would he want to talk to me?

Han's unwavering gaze scours her face, debating the truthfulness of this.

HAN

He called.

TRISH

(shrugs)

I have a girl who works the register. Maybe it was her. Once in a while my little...

Then the name starts to register from her earlier talk with Colin. As the possibility hits her...

TRISH (cont'd)

...brother.

HAN

Brother?

TRISH

Colin. He makes calls from there sometimes. Mostly when I'm not around.

HAN

We should talk to him. Have him fill in the blanks.

Then THE HYPNOTIC GRIND OF HIP-HOP interrupts them as a car PULLS IN...

AT THE WINDOW

Where Trish flags the curtains to see Maurice and OTHER CREW bounding out for the stairwell...

TRISH

Shit, it's Maurice. He finds you up here and...

(CONTINUED)

HAN
No problem. By the way...
(as they stand close
together)
My name is Han.

They connect for an instant as WE HARD CUT TO --

66 EXT. TRISH'S APARTMENT - BACK STAIRWAY - EVENING

66

Where Maurice and his boys reach the apartment to find...

HAN

Backing down the stairs doing his best "Chinese Delivery Boy" -- shirt buttoned all the way up, bowing repeatedly and waving his two dollar "tip".

HAN
(exaggerated accent)
Dim sum good. Call again. Dim
sum all time...

MAURICE
(blocks his way)
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Why you
bothering Ms. O'Day? Huh?

TRISH
He's the delivery boy, genius.

HAN
Dim sum good.

Another bow and Han escapes down the stairs...

67 INT. TRISH'S APARTMENT - EVENING

67

As Mo and his dogs shuffle in and look around...

MAURICE
We kept ringin' and ringin',
didn't get no answer. Started my
wheels spinning, got me to
worrying...

TRISH
Well here I am.

CREW #1
Say, Mo. You smell somethin'
funny?

MAURICE
Nah, dawg.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

CREW #1

Me neither.

(half beat)

So where's the fuckin' take-out?

68 EXT. TRISH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - BACK STAIRWAY - EVENING 68

Where Maurice and Co. rush onto the flight above Han...

MAURICE

Hey, Dim Sum -- you a real funny
man.

TWO OTHERS BELOW move to cut off the stairwell.

HAN

(gives him an out)

Let it go.

MAURICE

Isaak O'Day don't let things go.
He doesn't like the wrong element
around his daughter. My business
is to insure they ain't.Han eases into fighting stance as they close the gap. A
LOW WHISTLE from Maurice. Then he proudly shows-off HIS
OWN VARIETY OF HALF-ASSED KARATE MOVES...

MAURICE

You ain't the only one knows some
shit.Half beat. Han drills him with A STRAIGHT RIGHT.
Maurice's two front teeth pop out like a pair of
Chicklets. Now it's a sitting eight-count for him as
Dogs from above and below RUSH IN WITH BATS.A THIRTY SECOND CLINIC IN HAVING YOUR BUTT KICKED FOLLOWS
(PER CURRENT CHOREOGRAPHY). Then Han makes down the
stairs...

69 EXT. TRISH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ALLEYWAY - EVENING 69

Where Han enters a narrow corridor of chain-link between
buildings.

A FANCY SUV

SUDDENLY SQUEALS UP and TWO MORE DOGS hop the fence to
get at the Chinese.ANOTHER FIGHT ENSUES (PER CURRENT CHOREOGRAPHY) where Han
uses the assembled attackers' own belts and clothing to
defeat them. Ultimately, Maurice is left hanging by his
jacket from the chain-link fence.

70 INT. FANCY SUV/EXT. ALLEYWAY - EVENING

70

As Han shuts the door and takes the wheel...

HAN

Great country. Free cars.

He sticks his head out to make eye-contact with Trish WATCHING from her apartment window above. Totally taken with the display she's just seen.

Then he TAKES OFF down the wrong side of the street again
-- SMASHING the unfortunate side mirrors of anyone parked on his left side...

71 INT. CH'U SUNG'S MANSION - TERRACE - DAY

71

Where Ch'u is surrounded by THE OTHER FIVE TONG OVERLORDS. Heavy, heavy mojo here. Ancient politics running centuries deep...

OVERLORD #1

The Honorable Lao-Tzu was lost to assassination less than a month ago. A grocer's shop was firebombed, his wife killed...

OVERLORD #2

With all respect, Ch'u, more must be done about the blacks. They have no honor. Any of us could be killed at any time, Overlord or not...

A STRONG MURMUR OF AGREEMENT.

CH'U

None of this is news to me the day I bury my own son.

His quiet gravity HUSHES the room...

CH'U (cont'd)

Who among you hurts as much as I?
But we must have the patience to wait until the mud settles and the water is clear.

OVERLORD #2

But any of the Overlords could be wiped out, driving the families apart...

CH'U

Such things are protected against by the our newly-signed alliance. After dear Lao-Tzu's passing, his

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

CH'U (cont'd)
 territory was divided and shared
 equally among us, was it not?
 (nods and grunts
 acknowledge this)
 This is the case should any of us
 meet with misfortune. By treaty,
 our territory stays within the
 Collective.
 (sharply)
 We are not the blacks, Victor.
 Our loyalty to each other is
 unquestioned.

OVERLORD #3
 At least let us strike harder.
 Show our true strength.

CH'U
 (flatly)
 No. We will only do that when it
 serves us best.

72 EXT. CHINESE GARDENS - VIEWING ROOM - DAY

72

Where the viewing of Po's body is taking place.
 Everything is done very traditionally -- ANCIENT FUNERAL
 DIRGE, paper money being burned to calm wrathful
 spirits...

THRONGS OF CHINESE pass by the open coffin. Ch'u and Kai
 watch them from a mourning platform on high.

73 EXT. CHINESE GARDENS - MAIN GROUNDS - DAY

73

Where Han appears on a distant bridge above the glassy
 waters of the pond.

74 EXT. CHINESE GARDENS - VIEWING ROOM - DAY

74

Where the viewing continues. Then it's Han's turn to
 step through the shroud of incense to reach the corpse.
 He stares long and hard at the waxy certainty of his
 Brother's death.

He takes the tattered basketball and tucks it into the
 coffin. A telling final farewell.

Then Han looks up sharply to lock eyes with Ch'u. His
 father's brow briefly furrows with surprise, but neither
 face betrays what either man feels inside...

75 INT. CH'U SUNG'S MANSION - STUDY - DAY

75

Where Han enters to stand opposite his father. Their
 eyes brimming with the many hard years that have passed
 since last seeing each other.

(CONTINUED)

CH'U
Han Sung...

HAN
(quietly)
Father.

They share an awkward embrace. The distance between them great, the bond between them eternal, for better or worse.

76 INT. CH'U SUNG'S MANSION - STUDY - LATER

76

Where Han and his father are now locked in conversation...

CH'U
(MANDARIN)
Stop punishing me for your choices. You wear this damned sanctity like a badge...

HAN
(MANDARIN)
I have never regretted what I did for Po.

CH'U
(MANDARIN)
Nor should you. You were a policeman who allowed his brother to escape a State Death in Hong Kong. The Family found great honor there, even though you were never proud of this...

HAN
(MANDARIN)
Not proud, no.

CH'U
(MANDARIN, shrugs)
There is God's Law and man's law. You've always well understood the difference between them.

HAN
(MANDARIN)
Which law told you to abandon your sons on the Mainland? To flee alone at night, forcing them to find their own way to Hong Kong...

CH'U
(breaks into ENGLISH)
I had no choice. The Communists would have killed me...

(CONTINUED)

He realizes that Han has gotten to him. Pauses to regain his composure...

CH'U

(MANDARIN)

I don't expect you've come to make your claim as successor.

HAN

(MANDARIN)

No father, I want Po's killer.

CH'U

(MANDARIN)

You have honored him properly, and that is enough. Kai will take care of it now, he is the family enforcer.

HAN

(MANDARIN)

We shall see.

The old man calls out to halt Han's exit. His face worried and sorrowful...

CH'U

Han. I do not want to lose another son.

(slow beat)

This is not China. Here justice wears a different face.

77 EXT. KAI'S ROOFTOP - DAY

77

Where Kai is practicing a kata -- running through a pattern of prescribed movements against imagined attackers. His sunglasses flaring brightly in the afternoon sun.

Han watches this from a distance. Kai finishes his routine and joins him...

KAI

The old man didn't think you'd make it, Han Sung.

HAN

And you?

KAI

I knew you would.

Despite the hard exterior, Kai can see Han struggling deeply with the weight of what's transpired...

(CONTINUED)

HAN

Tell me.

KAI

He had a row in a black club. I bailed him out, but threats had already been made.

(anger building)

They got Po that same evening before I could find him again...

HAN

Why there?

KAI

Wouldn't tell me. But that makes no difference now...

HAN

These blacks. Why war with them?

THEIR POV - WATERFRONT DISTRICT

Where a panoramic view of the waterfront rolls out behind them. A thick blanket of homes and buildings run the flatlands to the Bay...

KAI (cont'd)

It's only two square miles, the waterfront.

(motions)

They control west of the line -- everything east is ours. By muscling Chinese they hope to take what belongs to us.

HAN

(sotto)

Only so many rats in a cage before they start tearing each other apart.

NEW ANGLE

As Kai removes his sunglasses and moves into a stance opposite Han. Han grins at the invitation and quickly enjoins him in A FRIENDLY EXCHANGE...

WE FOLLOW THEM across the roof -- THRUST... THRUST... BLOCK... STRIKE... PARRY...

Kai SUDDENLY FOOT-SWEEPS and follows Han down, poised for the kill shot. For the first and only time now we see Kai smile as he helps his opponent up...

(CONTINUED)

KAI

I was afraid Hsing-Kang would make you soft.

Han smiles too, opening his hand to reveal...

KAI'S SUNGLASSES

Resting in the palm. He casually hands them back.

HAN

People don't get soft in prison.

78 EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

78

Where A FOOTBALL GAME is taking place. Mac, Maurice and a bunch of the crew having it out five-on-four...

Trish sits across the grass eating lunch with SEVERAL NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS. An ice cream truck arrives at the park and she leads a few of them over...

AT THE TRUCK

Where Trish now tries to balance a half-dozen cones for the kids. Han has materialized beside her in line as she turns...

HAN

That's quite an appetite.

TRISH

Nice to see you again, too.

She looks out to the football game, distracted...

TRISH (cont'd)

I think maybe you're in the wrong part of town.

HAN

May-be. But I wanted to hear what your brother said.

TRISH

Haven't gotten a hold of him yet.

VIEW OF - MAC

Dropping back in the pocket to pass. His eyes chance across Trish talking with the Chinese. The game goes on pause as he makes for them...

(CONTINUED)

TRISH

(reacting)

This isn't good. The guy coming over is on a real short fuse. He works for my father.

HAN

What's his name?

TRISH

Mac.

WIDER ANGLE

As Isaak's right-hand man reaches them. He plays it cool, the smiling killer, casing Han with a friendly glance...

MAC

(nodding)

Say, Trish. Who this?

THE CREW

Watches the exchange going down. WE'RE SHOOTING FROM BEHIND MAURICE so his face CAN'T BE SEEN...

CREW #2

Say, ain't that the guy...

CREW #1

Hell, yes it is. Same one took Mo's whip after he beat our...

MAURICE

Who you talking about?

Maurice TURNS INTO CAMERA. He's a walking billboard for bad dentistry now -- wearing poorly-fitting caps where Han knocked his teeth out.

MAURICE (cont'd)

That him, alright.

BACK AT THE TRUCK

TRISH

We just met in line. I don't even know his name...

HAN

My friends call me "Ahkbar".

MAC

That right, Ahkbar? Well check this. We playing football and we

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAC (cont'd)
a man short. Think you can help
us out?

HAN
I don't know the game.

MAC
(sticks the ball in Han's
chest)
Hell, it's easier than breathing.
I'll show you.

Mac shoots Trish a look of extreme displeasure as he
leads Han onto the grass...

ON THE FIELD

Where the crew is quietly freaking...

CREW #2
Should we tell Mac?

MAURICE
And what? Have him kick our ass
too for fucking up? Nah... just
follow his lead.

Mac motions his boys to take their positions...

MAC
Fellas, got myself a fresh
recruit. He's new to the game --
so take it easy on him.
(to Han)
Just stand behind me, I'll give
you the ball and you run for the
far end of the field.

HAN
That's all?

MAC
That's all.

The ball is SNAPPED and handed-off to Han. His blockers
quit at the line of scrimmage -- allowing the defense to
SAVAGELY DOG-PILE him into the turf.

Han gets up and tries to shake it off. Rejoins his team.

MAC
Good job. Now you playing
football.
(a beat)
Go long this time. I'll pass it
to you.

(CONTINUED)

Second down. Han gets HAMSTRUNG cutting downfield... somehow rights himself... then takes A MONSTER RONNIE LOTT-STYLE HIT from two defenders as he goes up for the pass...

SMAACCK! They dump him head-first into the turf.

BACK IN THE HUDDLE

HAN
(stumbling back)
How come nobody else gets hit?

MAC
(smiling)
'Cause you the one with the ball,
brother.

Third down. Han takes the pill and bolts straight at Maurice. The thug is about to lower the boom when Han suddenly throws him the ball.

A stunned beat as he catches it. Then Han comes flying in with A BONE-CRUSHING TACKLE. Regains the ball...

MAURICE
(in the aftermath)
I think he broke my arm.

DOWN THE FIELD

As the Chinese goes for it -- CREAMING one would-be tackler after another. WE BRIEFLY FIND TRISH smiling her ass off on the sidelines...

Han reaches the goal line. Stops and turns.

This halts the crippled stragglers giving chase dead in their tracks. They back up.

Han enjoys this, smiles. Then steps across the goal line.

HAN
Good game, this football.

He SUCCINCTLY SPIKES THE BALL. A beat. The awed defenders watch as it LOUDLY DEFLATES.

PASSING TRISH

As Han walks off the field...

HAN
(not asking, telling)
It's time to get some answers from
your brother.

CLOSE ON - MAC

Also watching him go. To say he's seething is to put it
politely...

79 INT. COLIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

79

Where Colin and his GIRLFRIEND are making a nice dinner.
The scene here is surprisingly domestic -- Krups coffee
maker, sushi machine, the works...

His girl wears a bathrobe, Colin ranting around the room
in just sweatpants...

COLIN
It's like they don't think I can
handle my own business...

GIRLFRIEND
(on auto-pilot, heard it
all before)
Um hum.

COLIN
My father's got to realize I'm cut
from the same cloth. He's gotta
start respecting my manhood...

GIRLFRIEND
Um hum.

COLIN
Like that call I got. I try and
do the right thing, help him
out... Hell, I never even hear
back...

The DOOR BUZZES. She wipes her hands on a towel...

GIRLFRIEND
I'll get it. You watch this
stuff.

COLIN
(calling after her)
When is it gonna be my turn to get
busy, that's what I want to know?
When do I run the show?

GIRLFRIEND
Don't worry, baby -- your turn's
coming.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

42.

79

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Where the girlfriend smiles as she peers through the security viewhole. Pulling the door open wide...

GIRLFRIEND

(warmly)

Ain't this is somethin'. What you doin' all the way down here?

HARD CUT TO:

80 EXT. COLIN'S APARTMENT HIGH-RISE - NIGHT

80

Where we're looking up fifteen stories of mirrored glass windows. Long beat. Then...

THE GIRLFRIEND

Comes EXPLODING OUT of Colin's apartment in A MAELSTROM OF GLASS. WE WATCH as she starts her sickening drop. Half beat. Then...

COLIN

Comes flying out right behind her -- tied to a dining room chair, face wearing all the hallmarks of a fearsome beating. Ladies first, I guess...

81 EXT. BAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

81

As the couple seems to fall forever before HITTING THE WATER and CANNONBALLING into the depths...

THE CAMERA NOW SETTLES ON the Bay roiling and frothing at the point of impact. And then WE MATCH CUT TO --

82 EXT. BAY - FURTHER OUT - DAWN

82

Where Colin's body is being dredged from the same waters. WE PULL BACK to see the POLICE DIVERS and WINCH OPERATORS... then FURTHER STILL to unveil several police boats circled around them.

The corpse is eased onto a deck. That boat then GUNNING FOR SHORE followed by AN AERIAL SHOT...

83 EXT. DOCKS/EXT. SHORELINE - DAWN

83

Where Colin's body is ferried ashore, A FULL-BLOWN CRIME SCENE now surrounding the landing.

ISAAK --

Watches the grisly proceedings from the back of a police cruiser. An odd moment where we think he's been arrested

(CONTINUED)

-- then he OPENS THE DOOR himself, driven there simply as the father of the deceased.

TRISH --

Stands across the street, enraged, knowing Isaak's wrong living is somehow responsible for this terrible tragedy.

NEW ANGLE - TRISH AND ISAAK

Moving together as Colin's corpse is finally set down to be covered by the paramedics...

ISAAK

Don't say anything to the police,
I'll handle that.

His daughter finds herself simply overcome by grief...

TRISH

I never wanted him mixed up in
your dealings. I told him that
just as many times as I told
you...

ISAAK

You think I'm not dying right now?
Inside? Believe me girl -- I am.
You two are all I've ever had in
this world...

(fights to reign it in)

But this is a family concern -- I
don't need nobody doesn't go by
the name O'Day involved.

(a blending of anger and
sorrow)

He's my boy and I'll take care of
it my way.

TRISH

(flaring)

You had a hand in this, Isaak,
you're every bit as responsible.
You might as well have thrown him
out yourself.

ISAAK

Goddamnit, Trish. Listen to me...

But she strides off, leaving him there to face these
demons alone.

NEW ANGLE

As Mac SQUEALS UP and hurries out to join his boss...

ISAAK

Where the fuck you been? I've been trying to track you down for hours...

MAC

Where I always am -- taking care of your acquisitions for Ivan Roth.

WE WATCH Isaak falter, unable to maintain the hard exterior now as he's faced with the first true wave of inconsolable regret.

ISAAK

Mac, he had him killed. That wrinkled piece of shit Ch'u Sung killed my Colin.

MAC

I know where your head's at, Isaak, and God knows you've got cause. But we in shit way too deep now to pull out.

(pumping him up)

You gotta keep it stitched up until your business is done. Certain motherfuckers gonna get knocked out the box in due time.

Isaak lets this advice hang there. Starts a slow nod, realizing his how right his lieutenant is.

ISAAK

Either way, Ch'u just bought himself a one-way ticket to the apocalypse.

84 INT. PO'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

84

Where Han arrives to some bad news.

The front door has been broken open. Looks like somebody sledgehammered it, nearly rocking it off the hinges.

Han drifts through the wreckage of his brother's home. Everything has been ransacked and turned inside-out. Looking for what, Han has no idea...

THE PHOTOGRAPH

We saw earlier sits atop the carnage. Frame shattered, surface of the print deeply scarred. Han picks it up and shards of glass SPILL ABSENTLY onto the floor...

(CONTINUED)

He fights to suck it up now, as broken as the keepsake itself. Fighting to overcome the emotion that will siphon away his strength.

A long moment. Then his policeman's eyes notice...

THE OTHER PHOTOS

Still hanging crooked on the walls. He goes to them immediately, taking down the one of Po with the blonde astride his car. The make and model can't clearly be made out from the picture.

That's what he's overlooked.

IN THE BEDROOM

Where Han's fingers ferret through Po's discarded slacks to find a ring of keys.

85 INT. PO'S APARTMENT BUILDING - GARAGE - AFTERNOON

85

Where Han faces a line of cars filling the garage.

But where to start? He thinks for a minute -- then DEACTIVATES Po's alarm using the button on the key ring.

Its TELLTALE BLEETING singles out his brother's Austin-Martin.

THE TRUNK

Han SPRINGS IT and searches. SLAMMING THE TRUNK LID when he finishes...

THE INTERIOR

Where he EMPTIES the glove compartment and ashtray, FLIPS DOWN the sun visors. During this entire sequence we realize he's got the hands of any cop -- fast, thorough and completely focused.

Then he ducks his head down to look under the seats...

PO'S CANE

Lays on the back seat floorboards. Having settled there the night Po threw it inside.

Han reaches around to retrieve it. ROTATES the bone handle of his brother's cane back to reveal the coke stash. His face flashes with disappointment -- not the kind of shit he'd hoped to find.

The handle is then ROTATED BACK THE OTHER WAY. It RELEASES as he takes it a notch too far, revealing...

(CONTINUED)

A LIST OF ADDRESSES

Staring back from inside. He fishes it out and examines the heavy scrawl.

HAN

(sotto)

Po's handwriting.

Han slowly looks them over, no apparent order or meaning to the bunch.

86 INT. PO'S APARTMENT - DAY

86

Where Han now returns to his brother's apartment to find Trish awaiting him on the couch. Her feet stir aimlessly through the splintered carnage...

HAN

(concerned)

What is it? What's happened?

TRISH

(without lookin up)

Once Colin and I did something we thought'd be really funny. He hid out front while I ran to tell Mom he'd been hurt, hit by a car or something bad like that. When she came running, Colin was supposed to jump out and surprise her and then we'd all have a good laugh. My mother, she always loved a good laugh...

(pauses)

I was only eight or nine, Colin younger, and I don't even remember how we came up with it. But sure enough, I started yelling and she rushed outside.

(softly)

And when I told her, I mean, the look on her face... She was just crushed, totally destroyed. She collapsed right there in the yard, weeping, broken...

(slow beat)

Even when Colin showed her it was a joke she wouldn't stop. It had shaken her too deeply. Even as she clutched him there, safe and sound, it was too much.

HAN

Trish...

TRISH

I was just a little girl, Han. I didn't get it yet. I didn't get it.

Han quickly moves to comfort her, kneeling at her side.

HAN

How did it happen?

TRISH

Threw him right out his window. Fifteen stories up...

HAN

(anger rising)

No leads at all, no witnesses...

She shakes her head. Then...

TRISH

I want to help you, Han, I need it. I have to put this thing together just as much as you do now...

87 INT. IVAN ROTH'S OFFICES - OAKLAND - AFTERNOON

87

Where Roth roams while talking on his headset. His offices are as quietly luxurious as they come -- a wall of Citizenship Awards and a view of the Bay from twenty stories up...

ROTH

(into headset)

Gentlemen -- I just found out the NFL officially approved our bid about an hour ago.

(listens to the wash of approval)

Tell the truth, Frank, I don't think any of the other bids were even in contention. We offered prime time waterfront here, seconds from the Bridge. God Himself couldn't have designed a more perfect place for a stadium.

(empty business laugh)

That's right, Barry, you know me well. If I say there's caviar on the mountain, you better bring crackers...

THE CAMERA SLOWLY DRIFTS BY HIM to discover...

(CONTINUED)

AN ARCHITECTURAL MODEL

Of a new football stadium sits in the window. THE CAMERA FORCES PERSPECTIVE (DOLLY IN/ZOOM OUT) to magnify the illusion it's built atop the waterfront below...

HELMETS AND OTHER ACCOUTREMENT bearing the new teams' elegant logo are casually displayed around it. The silent fruit of Ivan's detailed and long-running planning...

88 INT. CH'U SUNG'S MANSION - DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

88

Where Ch'u sits at the head of a marvelous luncheon. Kai enters and speaks into his ear...

KAI

Ivan Roth.

His smile never wavering, Ch'u excuses himself from the table.

89 INT. CH'U SUNG'S MANSION - STUDY - AFTERNOON

89

Where Ch'u takes the call, Kai standing anxiously at his side...

CH'U

Yes?

90 INTERCUT WITH - INT. IVAN ROTH'S OFFICES - AFTERNOON

90

ROTH

You don't want to be downwind of me when my feet are put to the coals, Ch'u. Misery loves company.

CH'U

There's no need for threats or theatrics, Ivan. None of us want to drag this out any longer than it already has.

ROTH

So close out your business and get me the remaining deeds.

CH'U

I'm already wrapping up...

Ivan HANGS UP. Ch'u cradles the phone and shares a look with Kai.

91 EXT. WATERFRONT DISTRICT - EAST SIDE - DAY

91

The Chinese side of the line. THE CAMERA PANS ALONG a desolate block of real estate -- homes abandoned, most of the barren shops shuttered.

HAN'S FACE

Studies this in shadow from across the street, Trish at his side. His questioning eyes work it over, playing through the chessboard in his mind.

Several addresses are marked off Po's list, a few new ones jotted down...

TRISH

I don't understand. They're just Waterfront addresses.

HAN

Whatever they mean, Po didn't want them found. Stashed them good enough that they wouldn't be.

A SMALL CHINESE BOY

Plays alone on the sidewalk. The kid shades his eyes as Han comes over to offer him a stick of gum.

HAN

(MANDARIN)

What are you playing?

BOY

(MANDARIN)

Army.

HAN

(MANDARIN)

Where are your friends? They should be playing with you.

BOY

(MANDARIN)

Moved away.

HAN

(MANDARIN)

They can't all be gone.

BOY

(MANDARIN, absently)

Yeah. Everyone's moved away.

92 INT. CAR/EXT. WATERFRONT STREETS - AFTERNOON

92

As Han and Trish drive through A BUSTLING CHINESE NEIGHBORHOOD in contrast to what we've just seen.

Trish finds herself gazing out the window. This is a whole new world to her -- a part of the city she's never experienced.

TRISH
Is Hong Kong like this?

HAN
No. More crowded.

TRISH
(testing the waters)
You were a policeman there?

HAN
Yes.

TRISH
Bet your family loved that.

HAN
It saved them from prison.
(off her look)
We raided a tanker muling drugs
into the city. Evidence tied it
to my brother and father.

TRISH
You warned them.

HAN
(nodding)
My father had already gone to
America -- the danger was really
to Po.

TRISH
(softer)
What did they give you?

HAN
Forty-two years.

TRISH
How long have you been out?

HAN
Seventy-two hours.

Trish reflects. Trying to get her head around the events that have thrown them together...

(CONTINUED)

TRISH

We're worlds apart, Han. But our lives seem to have a lot in common...

HAN

One way for sure -- we've both lost brothers.

93 EXT. WRECKING YARD - AFTERNOON

93

Where a faded Chinese sign confronts them as they ease through the gate. The grounds are a barren landscape of crushed automobiles, stacked up like so much cordwood...

HAN (v.o.)

You sure this is right?

TRISH (v.o.)

That's what the list says -- Forty-forty Driggs.

94 EXT. WRECKING YARD - MAIN GARAGE - AFTERNOON

94

Where the couple gets out. The yard is CONSPICUOUSLY QUIET -- none of the cranes working, lifts and loaders abandoned.

The office is locked. Han considers this. Moves to the garage door. Takes the handle and starts it SLOWLY GRINDING UPWARD...

LOOKING INSIDE

Pitch black at first, nothing clearly visible. Then sunlight floods into the bay to reveal...

SIX MURDERED CHINESE WORKMEN

Hanging gaffed from the overhead rafters. Each wears a tidy bullet hole through the forehead.

Trish steps back and starts to dry-heave.

HAN

(impassively)

You better wait outside.

She retreats as Han wanders deeper inside. They've stumbled onto a chop shop -- walls honeycombed with auto parts stolen for any make from Cadillac to Hyundai.

95 INT. WRECKING YARD - OFFICE - AFTERNOON

95

Where recently-deceased owner VICTOR HO (Overlord #1) sits upright -- the swimsuit calendar behind him spackled with most of his head.

We recognize him from the big meeting with Ch'u.

Han lays a hand on Ho's throat. The body is still warm. Looks down. A fumbled cigar STILL SMOULDERS on the floor.

As it hits him, CAR ENGINES ERUPT OUTSIDE...

96 EXT. WRECKING YARD - AFTERNOON

96

Where Han rushes out to find THE KILLERS escaping, faces hidden. He and Trish must have stumbled onto them just as they had finished and were ready to leave...

A MOTORCYCLE bring up the rear. Han leaps into the sedan to follow...

HAN
(to Trish)
Get out...

TRISH
No.

HAN
(resigned)
Then get down.

97 EXT. STREETS - CHINESE NEIGHBORHOOD - AFTERNOON

97

As Han slaloms the pavement, playing bump and run with THE HELMETED RIDER...

The cyclist withdraws an automatic and CUTS LOOSE with a ribbon of bullets. Han shoves Trish protectively under the dash...

HAN
...and stay down.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE CHASE

As Han PEGS THE ACCELERATOR and SLICES into the left lane to pull even. Parked doors and side mirrors are once again SHEERED OFF with abandon...

(CONTINUED)

A STATION WAGON

Floats into the intersection ahead. Han sees it first and jerks the wheel... But the cyclist isn't as lucky, being hurled off the bike as they COLLIDE...

WIDER ANGLE - THE STREET

The cyclist TUCKS AND ROLLS onto the cement, Han flying out to meet them. A beat as they circle. Then the helmet comes off. The rider is a woman -- a Chinese woman.

HAN

(hesitates in surprise)

You're Chinese.

CYCLIST

No shit.

She uses the opening to ROUNDHOUSE HIM. AN ALL-OUT BRAWL FOLLOWS. Believe me -- she doesn't fight like a girl. DRILLING HAN'S ASS all over the street...

At last they break. She pulls her weapon, hungry for the kill-shot, catching Han dead-to-rights...

CLICK-CLICK. Her gun is empty.

HAN

(half beat)

You're also out of bullets.

Off his HARD RIGHT WE HARD CUT TO --

98 INT. CH'U SUNG'S MANSION - STUDY - EVENING

98

Where Ch'u is going over various documents. A SUDDEN COMMOTION OUTSIDE. The MAID'S VOICE rising in a singsong bark as Han BURSTS through the doors...

HAN

I just came from Victor Ho's place.

CH'U

(waves the maid off)

He seems to have gotten you a little excited. How is old Victor?

HAN

Let's just say business was dead. He and his crew were killed minutes before I got there.

(CONTINUED)

CH'U
(considers it, then)
O'Day overestimates his power...

HAN
Ho was hit by Chinese.

CH'U
Impossible.

HAN
(shakes head)
Very possible.

Long beat as Ch'u gathers where his son is going with this...

CH'U
Do you actually think one of the other families were involved?

HAN
(shrugs)
Maybe Kai knows something about it? He's a family enforcer -- might have heard something.

CH'U
No. His loyalty is unrivaled. He would have informed me immediately.
(shrewdly, thinking)
O'Day could have contracted to outside Chinese, trying to provoke exactly this type of dissent.

HAN
Now you overestimate his power.

CH'U
Really? Maybe I should be more concerned with his daughter's.
(lets it hang there)
You're a fool if you don't think she's involved. Her charms are distorting your thinking.
(as his father)
Stay away from her, Han, please. I cannot afford such a risk, not with my only remaining son.

Off Han's REACTION WE MOVE --

99 INT. CHEAP WATERFRONT HOTEL - EVENING

99

Where THE BLACK OWNER stands behind the front desk. A grant deed is spread before the graying man, awaiting his signature.

OWNER
O'Day said ninety-five.

MAC
And I'm saying eighty-five.
(short beat)
Think of that extra ten grand as
my processing fee. You ain't the
only one paid it.

OWNER
(low, upset)
Hate for Isaak to find out.

Mac looks at him with a terrible intensity, from some dark galaxy beyond "don't even think about it".

MAC
Yeah you would, partner. Trust me
on that.

He moves astride the desk. Closes the owner's hand around a pen...

MAC
Folks wrong, you know. Life isn't
cheap -- it's very, very
expensive.
(passes the deed across)
Now sign the fuckin' paper.
Game's on at eight and I don't
want to miss it.

End of story. The ballpoint begins its FEARFUL
SCRATCHING...

100 EXT. ANCHORED BARGE - EVENING

100

An ancient garbage scow moored to a vacant pier. WE WATCH as a tricked-out Mercedes arrives. Kai and FOUR BAD-ASSES emerge carrying black gym bags and slip inside...

101 INT. CHINESE CRACK HOUSE - EVENING

101

Where the hull of the ship opens onto a sprawling blanket of glass pipes glowing like tiny lanterns. The American equivalent of an opium den.

Kai and his people make for the back, stepping over LOWLIFE HEADS like so many sacks of trash.

102 INT. CHINESE CRACK HOUSE - STATEROOM - EVENING

102

The brain center of the joint -- lab, security and money counters stationed together. As KUNG (Overlord #2) embraces Kai warmly...

KAI

(re: the wealth of heads)

Guess they don't care there's a war going on.

KUNG

Hell, they don't care if the goddamned barge is on fire.

(motions him in)

This is a treat. What brings you downtown?

Kai's men place their bags on the counter and casually UNZIP them...

KAI

You heard about Victor Ho?

KUNG

(solemnly)

Yeah. We're looking forward to some big time blow-back.

KAI

That's why we're here.

(slow beat)

We got a tip this place is going to get hit.

KUNG

You gotta be shitting me. When?

Then he notices the contents of the gym bags -- bricks of C-4 spiked with detonators.

KAI

Right now.

Kai kicks A SILENCED ROUND into his chest. His partners take out THE OTHERS the same way...

They distribute the explosives and START THE TIMERS.

103 EXT. ANCHORED BARGE - DAY

103

As the Mercedes speeds the Chinese killers off the pier. A beat. Then the building EXPLODES IN A MOLTEN MASS OF FIRE AND GLASS.

WE WATCH in horror as A CRACKHEAD stumbles out onto the deck FULLY ABLAZE...

104 INT. TRISH'S APARTMENT - DAWN 104

Where Trish sleeps bathed in early morning light.

A gloved hand INCHES INTO FRAME. The slumbering girl seems to sense it drawing closer... SNAPPING AWAKE WITH A START...

ISAAK

Looks down from her bedside. Puts a reassuring hand on his daughter as he pulls the sheet up to cover her...

105 EXT. TRISH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAWN 105

Where Isaak helps Trish into his Town Car.

Han watches parked from down the alley. He surveys this and realizes where she's being taken.

106 INT. CAR/EXT. ISAAK O'DAY'S HOUSE - MORNING 106

As Isaak's car pulls through the gate. Trish stares vacantly out the backseat window. A rolling reflection of the extravagant home cascading over her face.

107 INT. ISAAK O'DAY'S HOUSE - STUDY - MORNING 107

Where Isaak now sits opposite Trish, immersed in a strangely old-fashioned father-daughter...

ISAAK

Han has your mind all knotted up, turned around. These are dangerous times. I want you... I need you to stay away from him.

TRISH

I know what I'm doing.

ISAAK

You don't know anything about what's involved. It's a much bigger picture than some dead Chinese and his brother...

TRISH

Po.

ISAAK

What?

TRISH

His brother's name was Po.
 (then, directly)
 Did you have him killed? I have
 to know.

ISAAK

(unwavering)
 Absolutely not. I had every
 reason not to do it.

Mac enters from the hall.

MAC

You've got a call.
 (with emphasis)
 It's important.

ISAAK

Sorry -- I have to take this.

Mac allows himself a long look at Trish before
 following...

The moment they're gone Trish gets up and starts casing
 the room. ISAAK'S VOICE lilting in from down the hall...

108 INT. ISAAK O'DAY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MORNING

108

Where Isaak is now on the phone...

ISAAK (o.s.)

Ivan... Ivan. That's right. It's
 a done deal. I'll be there
 tonight with everything you asked
 for...

109 INT. ISAAK O'DAY'S HOUSE - STUDY - MORNING

109

Where a desk drawer is opened and dug through. Another.
 But before any real progress is made FOOTSTEPS CAN BE
 HEARD in the corridor. Trish sits back down...

Isaak returns, addressing his daughter with a new sense
 of urgency as he settles in.

ISAAK

Never been much good talking to
 you. There are things I've wanted
 to say, but everything seems to
 roll out like a flame-thrower most
 times...

(takes her hand)

I'm finishing up something now
 that will take care of us for the
 rest of our days. After tonight,
 things are going to be very

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ISAAK (cont'd)
different. I'm washing my hands
of all this gangster shit.

She studies him dispassionately. Extracts her hand from his.

TRISH
Excuse me if I don't fall right
out of my chair, but I've heard
this song too many times. Going
all the way back before Mom died.

ISAAK
(deeply stung)
I've made mistakes, Trish, bad
mistakes. But on my soul, I'm
ready to change. I want you back
in my life. I need that most of
all.

TRISH
So where have you been for the
last fifteen years? What about
what I needed or Colin?

Each blow seems to strike Isaak physically, his posture mirroring this.

TRISH (cont'd)
A lifetime of dirt of doesn't wash
off that easy, Dad.

He gets to his feet. Unable to take anymore.

ISAAK
Things are going to be different,
you have my word. But until I can
prove it you'll need to stay here.
Certain people may try to hurt me
by hurting you -- just like they
did with your brother.

TRISH
Not interested.

ISAAK
(firmly)
Not like you have a choice.
Maurice and the boys will be
guarding the house. It'll help
your old man to breathe a little
easier...

Where Isaak now confers with his lieutenant, right back to business...

ISAAK

Who's left?

MAC

Just Silk. Says he's ready to sign it over. I'm gonna meet him at the casino this evening.

ISAAK

Fine. Take the money from the safe and close it out.

(directly)

Silk and I go way back, understand? Don't muscle him -- just pay for the deed and meet me at the restaurant.

Mac nods his understanding. Not a problem...

DISSOLVE TO:

111 INT. ISAAK O'DAY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 111

Where Maurice and his crew have hopped on the dish to watch the Warriors play L.A. After a particularly sloppy Laker turnover...

CREW #2

Kobe ain't shit.

MAURICE

(mad at the game)

Son, you ain't shit.

Trish has had her fill of testosterone for one afternoon. Gets up...

MAURICE

Girl, where you going?

TRISH

Upstairs for a nap. Maybe take a shower.

MAURICE

(eyes wavering between her and the screen)

Alright, then -- but don't get wise. I will be checking up.

Trish shoots him a look like "whatever" on the way up the stairs.

- 112 INT. ISAAK O'DAY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 112
 Where Trish pushes open the door to her room. She hovers inside for a moment, waiting to hear if she's been followed...
- 113 EXT. ISAAK O'DAY'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON 113
 Where Han has returned to keep watch from the perimeter beyond the gate...
 VIEW FROM - HIS BINOCULARS
As he spots Trish through her window. He makes an immediate rush for the house.
- 114 INT. ISAAK O'DAY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 114
 Where Trish still hasn't heard anything. She steps back into the corridor with a nervous glance.
- 115 INT. ISAAK O'DAY'S HOUSE - STUDY - LATE AFTERNOON 115
 Where she slips inside her father's office, door gently closing behind her.
 She starts rifling the place -- his desk, shelves, anyplace there might be something of importance. Inside one of the file cabinets...
 A HOST OF GRANT DEEDS
 Are piled up, authorizing the release of property ownership. WE NOTICE they're identical to the one Mac was getting signed at the hotel.
 She roams over them. Surprised to recognize an address.
 TRISH
 (puzzled)
 Forty-forty Driggs...
 Then she realizes something else. They're all signed but one.
 She starts to take it when it hits her -- the deed will be missed. In a near panic, she catches sight of the fax machine waiting in the corner.
- 116 EXT. ISAAK O'DAY'S HOUSE/EXT. TRISH'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 116
 Where Han has arrived wishing he'd brought some climbing gear -- she's on the second storey and he doesn't have any way up.

He surveys what's at hand. A sudden smile. Steps back to get a running start...

WIDER ANGLE

As Han runs up the side of the house in a blur -- PING-PONGING from the grass onto a trash can... trash can to a window sill... window sill to the heavy Colonial awning... awning to reach out and snag the railing of Trish's balcony.

He gets a good grip and chins himself up.

117 INT. ISAAK O'DAY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 117

Where Maurice has finally soured on the Warrior blow-out.

MAURICE

We down twenty-two? This ain't even a game anymore.

He looks over his shoulder and decides to do some checking up.

118 INT. ISAAK O'DAY'S HOUSE - STUDY - LATE AFTERNOON 118

Where a copy of the unsigned deed is SPITTING OUT of the fax machine.

Maurice CAN SUDDENLY BE HEARD out on the stairs.

119 INT. ISAAK O'DAY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 119

Where Trish slips back inside. Han steps out from behind the door to give her a scare. He rushes to quiet her and they end up STUMBLING BACKWARDS onto the bed.

Long beat. The couple now checking each other out nose-to-nose from the prone position.

120 INT. ISAAK O'DAY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON 120

Where Maurice rolls up to Trish's door and KNOCKS. No response. DOES IT AGAIN.

MAURICE

(on edge now)

Yo, Trish. Open up.

Short beat. Then to our surprise, it does. Trish sheltering herself behind it shyly, wearing nothing but a towel.

TRISH

(impatiently)

Yes?

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

The SOUND OF THE SHOWER drifts out. The thug reigns himself in, realizing he's been overreacting.

MAURICE

Oh... sorry...

TRISH

Water's getting cold. See you in a minute.

121 INT. ISAAK O'DAY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

121

As she EASES THE DOOR CLOSED in his face. Han peeks out from the bathroom to make sure it's clear.

From the balcony, he wonders at getting them down. An idea strikes him. He proudly turns to find Trish still changing.

Han windmills into a Buster Keaton pirouette -- almost knocking himself over trying not to see her.

122 EXT. ISAAK O'DAY'S HOUSE/EXT. TRISH'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Where WE WATCH a knotted bed sheet uncoil over the railing. Han lowers himself down first. Then holds the rope for a beaming Trish.

They ROCKET across the grounds into safety.

123 INT. OLD THEATER - EVENING

123

Where Overlord #3 and TWO OLD CHINESE BUDDIES sit dead-center watching The Wizard of Oz -- the print BADLY LOOPED IN CHINESE.

Again -- as with the others -- we recognize him from the big meeting with Ch'u.

The FEMALE USHER arrives with refreshments, wading down the aisle to serve them.

Overlord #3 grants her a lascivious smile as he takes the drinks and popcorn. She smiles back, then PLUNGES...

A KNIFE

RIGHT INTO HIS HEART. He GASPS HARSHLY, blood rushing into his mouth. The others push back in terror as she DESCENDS ON THEM NEXT...

124 EXT. OLD THEATER - EVENING

124

Where the assassin strides out and lets the murder weapon CLATTER to the ground...

125 INT. TEA HOUSE - NIGHT

125

A traditional parlor of delicate paper lanterns and lacquered wood. Ch'u drinks his green tea quietly -- THE TERRIFIED WAITING STAFF hovering over the shoulder of this great and powerful man.

One of Kai's cadre enters to bows respectfully...

CADRE

He's here.

Ch'u nods and leaves the house a clip of Chinese currency. The waiters' heads see-saw up and down in gratitude and relief...

126 INT. TEA HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

126

Where STEADICAM FOLLOWS the Overlord and his escort through the bowels of the restaurant.

A DOZEN CHINESE ILLEGALS slave away over steaming and simmering kettles back here, racking bales of tea into large holding bins.

They sense Ch'u's presence but dare not look up.

127 EXT. TEA HOUSE - ALLEY - NIGHT

127

Where STEADICAM CONTINUES out into the back-street. A Sung Meat Company truck idles there, Kai and his men waiting beside it.

Ch'u motions and Kai THROWS THE DOORS WIDE. Leads his boss up the ramp into the refrigeration car...

128 INT. SUNG MEAT COMPANY TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

128

Where they part a jungle of frozen pig carcasses on bloody hooks to find...

THE FINAL OVERLORDS (#4 and #5)

Hanging upside-down in the front of the car. They dangle helplessly, mouths gagged, eyes dark and wild with fear...

CH'U

Go peacefully, dear brothers. You are the last of them, and when you pass your territory will remain within the Collective.

The Overlords' throat strains with MUFFLED PLEAS. Ch'u regards them with a detached smile.

(CONTINUED)

CH'U (cont'd)

Of course, since I alone survive,
the Collective is in actuality
only me.

(savors it)

Which makes all the property mine.

He steps back and signals Kai. The heavy blade of a
hatchet is hefted into the light.

CH'U

I'll inform Mister Roth that his
property has been cleared.

Ch'u exits and the truck doors SHUT behind him, drowning
out SOME TERRIBLE SOUNDS as WE HARD CUT TO --

129 INT. CAR/EXT. STREETS - LATER - NIGHT

129

Where Trish is now at the wheel. Han pours over the
copied deed, his brow wrinkling with concern...

TRISH

This was the only one that wasn't
signed over yet.

(thinking)

I also noticed a deed for Victor
Ho's place.

Han takes out his list and cross-references the new
document against it.

HAN

This address matches the last
entry on Po's list. I already
checked the others -- they've
either been cleared out or sold.

TRISH

That's a helluva lot of property
changing hands. Hard to believe.

He holds out the deed so she can read it...

HAN

Where is this?

TRISH

Silk's casino down on the Bay.
(holds his gaze)

It's the last place your brother
was seen the night he died.

130 EXT. WATERFRONT CASINO - OAKLAND - NIGHT

130

Where from the looks of the parking lot, the party never
stops.

(CONTINUED)

Trish leads Han to the front. TWO BOUNCERS give the Chinese a real nasty glare, more than ready to bust his hole when Trish intercedes...

TRISH
(sweetly)
He's with me, guys.

BOUNCER
(hesitates, then)
You Isaak's girl?

TRISH
That's right.

They don't like it, but don't want to chance any trouble with her old man either. Decide to let her chaperon Han inside...

131 INT. WATERFRONT CASINO - NIGHT

131

Where THE PATRONS ARE GAMBLING AND DANCING IN A CYCLONE OF NOISE AND BOOZE. Trish approaches the main booth. The ELDERLY CASHIER looks out at her with stony eyes.

TRISH
I want to see Silk.
(no response)
Tell him Trish O'Day is here.

The woman disappears into the back without comment.

132 INT. WATERFRONT CASINO - BAR SIDE - NIGHT

132

Where Trish and Han now stand waiting.

She notices THE BEVY OF HOSTILE STARES coming from all directions. This place is way too hot for any Chinese to be making the scene right now -- especially Han.

To get out from under the magnifying glass, Trish drags Han...

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

...and starts them DANCING. She's fantastic, sliding right into the sexy, urgent flow of the DJ's HOUSE MUSIC. Han's gonna need a few lessons however, moving with all the rhythm of Gilbert Godfrey...

She LAUGHS as she helps to guide him. Gently bumping him with her backside...

133 INT. WATERFRONT CASINO - SILK'S OFFICE - NIGHT 133

Where Silk watches her on the bank of color monitors lining his suite. Walls of one-way glass run the length of the room affording a view of both the casino and bar sides...

He also notices the BRISTLING CROWD around them.

SILK
(to himself)
What in the hell is she doing
here?

134 INT. WATERFRONT CASINO - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT 134

Where Han feels a large hand clamp down on his shoulder. Ready for the worst, he spins around to find...

SILK

Smiling at them as he motions to follow. Defusing a potentially riotous situation in his club in the process...

135 INT. WATERFRONT CASINO - SILK'S OFFICE - LATER 135

Where SILK'S BODYGUARD watches the three of them talking, Silk now going over Han's list...

SILK
And you're saying these places
have already been hit?

HAN
(nodding)
Victor Ho's was the last. He was
taken down this afternoon.

The owner's face is etched with a deep concern. Looks directly to Trish...

SILK
You're absolutely sure about this,
girl?

TRISH
Yeah, Silk. Yours isn't the only
black property that was targeted.
All the others have been bought up
or burned out by now...

Silk pauses before shaking his head in approval.

SILK

This is very, very disturbing.
I'm glad you brought it to my
attention.

(slow beat)

I'm not a man who likes to worry.

He moves to OPEN the office door opposite...

TIGHT ON - MAC

Walking through, having listened in on the entire exchange. The angle of his gun runs a plum-line straight through Han's heart...

MAC

Damned if you haven't nearly put
it all together. Pretty
impressive for a guy barely speaks
the language.

TRISH

Let's talk to my father. See what
he says about it.

MAC

Fuck your father. Like I said --
time comes when a man has to stake
his own claim.

SILK

(one-track mind)

Yo, Mac. You bring my money?

Mac takes the unsigned grant deed from his breast pocket
and passes it across. His eyes never leaving Han.

SILK

(reviewing document)

Right there?

MAC

Right there.

Silk takes up his pen and signs, finishing with a
flourish. Greedy hands rub together in anticipation...

SILK

You got yours, brother, now
where's mine?

Mac hefts a suitcase onto the counter and Silk jacks the
clasps. Six hundred thousand in bundled hundreds is
nestled inside.

Mac turns to SILK'S BODYGUARD while the owner stands
salivating.

(CONTINUED)

MAC

Yo, Jerome -- Nice suit.

JEROME

Thanks Mac...

THWUMPP! Mac fires a bullet right through his forehead.
He pancakes face-first onto the counter.

The lieutenant PISTOL-WHIPS Silk to the floor before he
can react. THWUMPP! Serves him up a fat round as well...

FAVORING HAN

Knowing that this offers their only chance at survival.
He STUTTER-STEPS FORWARD and PINS Mac's gun hand to the
glass with one foot... Lowers the boom on him with A
SAVAGE FOREARM to the temple.

He grabs Trish and starts for the stairs...

136 INT. WATERFRONT CASINO - CASINO SIDE - NIGHT

136

Where the couple makes a measured march for the exits...

HAN

Play it cool. We'll walk right
out.

But they're not halfway there before a monkey wrench gets
heaved into their plans. Mac stumbles out to the
staircase astride Silk's office...

MAC

(pointing)

STOP THEM. THE CHINESE KILLED
SILK...

Dead silence is a tragic understatement. Han and Trish
immediately find their escape cut off by THE MEAN-ASSED
CROWD...

THREE BOUNCERS

Rush out to grab them. First mistake -- one makes a grab
for Han's shoulder. Han intercepts him and SEVERELY
TORQUES HIS WRIST. WINDMILLS him into a partner...

A third brings a high-voltage cattle-prod to the show.
He THRUSTS OUT. Han uses one fluid motion to strip him
of the prod and DRIVE IT back into his side...

ZAAAP! The big fella is danced around in A SPASTIC
TWITCH. With a quick look, Han realizes they'll have to
backtrack...

(CONTINUED)

HAN
 (to Trish)
Follow me.

Now COMPLETE AND UTTER PANDEMONIUM FOLLOWS -- PEOPLE
 YELLING AND STAMPEDING INTO A MOB SCENE...

AT THE ROULETTE WHEEL

Where ONE OF THE GAMBLERS sees profit in disaster. He changes the ball from the number where it stopped to the number his mountain of cash is riding on.

137 INT. WATERFRONT CASINO - SILK'S OFFICE - NIGHT 137

Where Mac ducks back inside to pocket the signed grant deed and liberate the Six Hundred Large...

138 INT. WATERFRONT CASINO - CASINO SIDE - NIGHT 138

As Han and Trish fight their way towards the open DJ booth, the Chinese using A VARIETY OF MANEUVERS ACROSS THE TABLES (PER CHOREOGRAPHY) to force back the crowd and get them there...

They scale the stairs at last, MORE OF SILK'S SECURITY right on their heels. Passing THE OPEN-MOUTHED DJ they slip through a small service door into...

139 INT. WATERFRONT CASINO - SERVICE STAIRWELL - NIGHT 139

...Which leads to the roof. The rungs are THUNDERED UP two at a time.

140 EXT. WATERFRONT CASINO - ROOF TOP - NIGHT 140

Where the hatch POPS OPEN and they scramble onto the flat tar surface. A quick look around. Three stories up now without a lot of options for getting down.

Han runs the far side. Discovers a wall of scaffolding against the Bay side of the building.

141 INT. WATERFRONT CASINO - SERVICE STAIRWELL - NIGHT 141

Where Silk's men follow now brandishing serious artillery...

142 EXT. WATERFRONT CASINO - ROOF TOP - NIGHT 142

Where Han and Trish LEAP onto the scaffolding. The metal webbing TEETERS PRECARIOUSLY under their weight.

TRISH
 (stomach drops)
 Oh, Christ...

Silk's army appears on the roof, GUNS BLAZING...

TIGHT ON - HAN

Wincing in agony as the meat of his arm is filleted by a .9mm slug.

Somehow he manages to grab the top bar and SWING UNDER IT -- DRIVING both legs into the side of the building, then PUSHING OFF with all his strength...

HAN

Hang on.

The entire structure LURCHES FREE. Beginning to TOPPLE SICKENINGLY for the water...

WIDER SHOT

As Silk's men are forced to pull up, realizing they'll never make it in time.

However ONE OF THEM decides to go for the brass ring -- sprinting to the edge and making a spectacular leap through the air. He catches the scaffolding on its way down...

Han watches him, greatly intrigued. Even as they drop, the soldier locks an arm around a bar and goes free-hand for his gatt...

A smile of encouragement from the Chinese. The guy realizes this isn't good. Looks down sharply...

A PAIR OF RICKETY DOCKS

Loom up at him from below. Han and Trish don't have that problem -- hanging free and clear over the water.

Half beat. Just long enough to realize he should have stayed home with his old lady.

The scaffolding CRASHES into the docks. It PULVERIZES HIM and SLINGSHOTS Han and Trish into the water...

FOLLOWING - MAC

Arriving on the roof in time to watch them disappear into the safety of the Bay.

A classy eatery reserved in its entirety for Ivan Roth. Tonight he acquires the deeds which bring his stadium dream to fruition, and something that big warrants a celebration.

ROTH'S BODYGUARDS allow Ch'u and Kai to enter. The real estate magnate rises to warmly greet him, taking two champagnes from a tray...

ROTH
Crystal, Ch'u?
(sees him vacillate)
My friend, you only live once...

Put that way the Overlord decides to take him up on it. Glasses conspiratorially CLINKING TOGETHER.

144 EXT. ISAAK O'DAY'S OFFICE - NIGHT 144

Where an ostentatious "O'DAY ENTERPRISES" placard runs the gold-plated facade.

Han and Trish furtively arrive out front. She quickly keys them inside...

145 INT. ISAAK O'DAY'S OFFICE - NIGHT 145

The professional suite where Isaak's legitimate business interests are overseen.

Trish and Han recover here from their near-death escape. They've been through the ringer tonight and it shows -- hair trashed, clothes still damp, a cornucopia of cuts and abrasions shared between them.

Han notices a surveyors map of the Waterfront pulled down across one wall. Grids cleanly parceling the land into zoning districts...

HAN
I need a pen.

TRISH
(motions)
Look in that desk.

Han is digging one out when she notices...

A SPOTTING OF BLOOD

Along the torn forearm of his jacket.

TRISH
Take your jacket off.

HAN
What?

TRISH
Take it off.

He hesitates briefly before peeling it away. Blood has completely mushroomed through his long-sleeved shirt. That jagged little .9mm wound refusing to clot up.

HAN

Leave it...

TRISH

(fat chance)

Come over here.

NEW ANGLE

Where she leads him to the industrial-sized office first aid kit in the kitchenette. Starts the sink filling with hot water.

She SCISSORS his sleeve to examine the damage more closely. Nasty stuff -- narrow entry, gaping exit. The good news is it passed right through.

TRISH

You don't seem too bothered. Not the first time you've been shot, huh?

HAN

(smiles)

Not even the second.

SHARP HISS as peroxide meets wound. Trish empties a pack of fiberglass powder into the water. Wraps his arm in dry gauze first, then a second dressing dipped in the starchy concoction...

It hardens instantly. Han STARTS IN SURPRISE as she RAPS her knuckles on the bandage -- now a cast as solid as a piece of wood.

146 INT. ISAAK O'DAY'S OFFICE - LATER - NIGHT

146

Where Han now marks up the hanging surveyor's map. THE CAMERA IS FRAMING HIM so we can't see what he's working on.

Trish sits opposite watching. A long beat before he finishes...

HAN

(flatly)

There is no war between black and Chinese. It's a smoke screen.

SLOWLY NOW THE CAMERA CHEATS AROUND TO SHOW...

(CONTINUED)

FULL VIEW - THE MAP

Where the Waterfront District now has ink circles cluttering the properties Han knows to have changed hands...

HAN (cont'd)
Your father, mine... They've both been doing the same thing.

TRISH
(confused)
Take it slow here, okay? Doing what?

HAN
Grabbing up these properties -- as many as they can get their hands on.

TRISH
But why the Waterfront? Land values have been dropping there since I was a kid. Most of it's already crackhead country...

HAN
Don't know yet. But both sides have been killing their own for it.

HAN
(an ugly realization washes over him)
My brother was dead the moment he found out about it. No matter what he did.

TRISH
And Colin?

HAN
Po must have called to see what Colin knew -- what they could do together to stop it.

TRISH
But what would they want the land for? It still doesn't make any sense.

But Han is no longer listening. His policeman's eyes distracted by several other maps hanging overhead as well. He slowly pulls down the closest, revealing...

AN OPAQUE ACETATE

Stenciled in with a bird's eye graphic of the new football stadium. The flat has been designed to perfectly overlay the Waterfront grid -- illustrating where the stadium is going to be built.

Off their reactions WE MATCH DISSOLVE TO --

147 INT. "TOP OF THE FIVES" RESTAURANT - NIGHT

147

Where the three-dimensional architectural model sits in exactly the same position -- bringing the acetate vividly to life...

Ivan and Ch'u sit nearby, the pleasantries long-since abandoned as Ivan's Attorney goes through the Chinese half of the grant deeds.

ATTORNEY

(wrapping up)

Everything's Kosher. Down to the last pagoda.

WE NOTICE Kai shoot White Bread a scorching look...

ROTH

You're a good man, Ch'u Sung.

He motions for a small briefcase to be brought over and placed before the Overlord.

ROTH (cont'd)

Spend it well.

Ch'u springs the clasps and opens it LID TOWARDS US so we can't see the contents. Instead judging their value by his look of complete satisfaction.

CH'U

I will, Ivan. I always have.

(rising to go)

I don't expect we'll encounter each other again, so let this serve as farewell. It's been a pleasure.

He motions Kai to take the case...

ROTH

(smiling)

You never know. Maybe I'll see you at a ballgame.

148 INT. ISAAK O'DAY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

148

Where Han is reviewing Trish's photocopied deed more closely. THE CAMERA FINDS the property recipient listed as "ROTH EQUITY HOLDINGS"...

HAN

All the properties are being turned over to a single company -- Roth Equity Holdings. It may be just a shell, maybe not...

He folds the document and gives it to her.

HAN (cont'd)

Take this and the list to the police. Explain what's happening, tell them everything.

TRISH

What about you?

HAN

I'm going to talk to the new owners.

MAC (o.s.)

Wrong, Dim Sum. Your ass is staying right here.

Han whirls to find...

MAC, MAURICE AND THE DOGS

Filtering out of the shadows. The dogs hold twelve-gauge shotguns at the hip, ready for the slightest excuse to cut Han in half...

Maurice is a mess from his tangles with Han -- capped teeth glinting dully, arm splinted, one eye purpled and swollen. But he's smiling plenty now they've finally captured the Chinese.

MAC

Don't take it so hard, brother. The Little Princess here's gonna be fine.

Mac takes hold of Trish and pulls her close. Then a really nice moment as he furrows his nose into her hair...

MAC (cont'd)

Whatta ya say, baby? Catch another romantic dinner, maybe a few stiff drinks to put us in the mood?

(CONTINUED)

Han motions to the stadium overlay...

HAN

It's hard to build anything on a mountain of bodies. People will find out, they'll stop you.

MAC

You think any of these lives have really mattered? Your brother's? Colin's? They don't. They never did. In this world there's only the rich -- everyone else is just an inconvenience.

(to Maurice)

End this monkey, Mo. And please, take your time doin' it...

HAN AND TRISH

Share a final, desperate glance from across the room. Her brave face fractured with panic as Mac hustles her out...

It's the last thing Han sees before his temple is BUTTED with the heel of a shotgun.

149 EXT. "TOP OF THE FIVES" RESTAURANT - NIGHT

149

Where Isaak arrives in his Town Car. Just as the valet is taking his keys Ch'u steps outside. A strange beat as the rivals find themselves abruptly face to face.

Then the biggest shocker of all -- they've been working the land scheme together since the very beginning.

ISAAK

(sees the briefcase)

I see you've already finished with Ivan.

CH'U

Yes -- your share is waiting inside. Rest assured, the deal was everything he promised.

ISAAK

Did you ever doubt him?

CH'U

(slight smile)

Not really.

(pauses)

It worked well, didn't it, our little "war"? I was surprised how many of my people wanted to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CH'U (cont'd)

believe it was real. How many
always will.

ISAAK

It was lucrative, if that's what
you mean.

(then, colder)

Except for an unexpected
casualty...

CH'U

Two unexpected casualties.

ISAAK

Only one concerns me.

CH'U

(rolls reversed from the
airport)

I had nothing to do with it.

ISAAK

Believe me, Ch'u, it won't take
much to find out.

(reigns it in)

But that's a personal matter, best
left to personal time. Our
business tonight is something else
entirely.

They share a hard look as the Chinese Overlord's car
arrives.

150 INT. ISAAK O'DAY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

150

Where Han regains consciousness in the midst of THE WORST
STOMPING OF HIS LIFE. Maurice and his dogs have him
chained to a support column and...

A MAGNIFICENT BEATING

Takes place as the they work him over. This is an
unpleasant sequence, sadistic and methodical, and should
resonate with the emotional anguish of Toshiro Mifune's
dismantling in Yojimbo.

It should play for less than a minute, yet feel like days
and days...

MAURICE

(stopping them at last)

Alright, alright, already...

CLOSE ON - HAN

Sagging back against the column. His scalp and gums are
bloodied, and outwardly he seems a ruined husk of a man.

(CONTINUED)

MAURICE (cont'd)

I like to be able to at least
recognize a motherfucker when I'm
breaking him up.

They catch their breath. One shaking the sting of so
many punches from his hand.

DOG #2

Let's just do him, Mo.

DOG #1

Yeah, I'm burn-out on this shit.

Maurice shrugs and digs out a weapon. Leans down to grab
a handful of Han's hair.

MAURICE

Hear that, Dim Sum? Time go
nighty, night...

(then, curious)

One thing I gotta know, bro -- you
didn't really think you was gonna
get them drawers?

HAN

(raspy, spitting out
blood)

What?

MAURICE

That ass, bro. Trish. You really
think she was gonna give it up to
you?

His posse chimes in with ADDITIONAL SMACK ("Damn dawg"
"Aw, shit" etc.). Han doesn't respond,

MAURICE (cont'd)

Didn't think so. Best you didn't
even try -- after Isaak turns over
the deeds at the Top O' The Fives,
Mac's giving himself a big
promotion.

(off Han's reaction)

Hell, yeah. Gonna dump O'Day into
the Bay and take Number One
Daughter and all that cash for
himself and his dogs...

Again Han fails to reply, his eyes flickering like that
of a beaten fighter.

MAURICE

All right, fellas, let's do this.
Young Romeo here's gotta die.

(CONTINUED)

CREW #1

Whoa, Mo. You can't shoot him
here.

MAURICE

And exactly why not?

CREW #1

Mac'll flip if we stain the
carpets. This is gonna be his
office now...

MAURICE

Yeah, dawg. You right.
(half beat)
Let's throw him out the window.

CREW #1

What about the glass?

MAURICE

(lightbulb comes on)
We'll open it first...

And they do. Then they grab Han's limbs like four pall
bearers and get a running start -- heaving him right out
the large window.

SLOW MOTION - HAN

His body being pitched into open space. His left hand
SUDDENLY ROCKETS OUT to grab the sill... his right
Maurice's tie...

He hangs there but a millisecond. Maurice fighting to
brace himself against the inside...

HAN

You ain't the only one knows some
shit.

And with a YANK they both go spiraling out...

150A EXT. ISAAC O'DAY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

150A

Where WE WATCH as Han and Maurice plummet for the
pavement. The Chinese now pulls A SPECTACULAR MOVE --
spinning Mo underneath him in mid-air to use him as a
human air bag.

WIDER ANGLE

Next stop, ground floor. WHAAMMM! Maurice's body ABSORBS
THE FULL IMPACT OF THE FALL. It leaves him GROANING
LIMPLY, as flat as a pancake...

(CONTINUED)

Han gets up and dusts himself off. Escapes with the others still watching spellbound from above...

151 EXT. "TOP OF THE FIVES" RESTAURANT - NIGHT

151

Where Isaak stands outside the entrance as Mac and his bad-asses arrive.

Strain is now apparent on the crimeboss' face for the first time. He's allowed himself to envision a new life for he and Trish -- and the price of it is an inevitable vulnerability.

Mac is loving every minute of it. Silently pleased at the prospect of his boss having slipped from his game face.

ISAAK

Trish should already be here by now.

(checking watch)

Mac -- are you positive they've picked her up?

MAC

Isaak, man, you gotta relax. I talked to Mo and the boys not ten minutes ago. She's safe and she's on the way.

152 INT. "TOP OF THE FIVES" RESTAURANT - NIGHT

152

Where Isaak and Mac enter. They see Ivan with his attorney and join them at the table...

ROTH

Isaak, my new friend. At last we conclude our business.

(shaking hands)

My deeds?

Mac passes a small valise across to him. Roth hands it straight-away to his attorney.

ROTH

No offense, but I'd like David here to review them. He's particularly good with details.

ISAAK

(shrugs)

None taken. They're all there.

The attorney quickly thumbs the forms inside.

ISAAK

How was Ch'u Sung tonight? In good spirits, I hope?

ROTH

Excellent spirits. I expect very shortly you'll be in the same.

ATTORNEY

(finished)

Perfect. Everything's in order.

ROTH

How wonderful.

He motions for a small briefcase to be brought for Isaak -- it's identical to that given the Chinese earlier.

ROTH

And this belongs to you. Per our agreement, I think you'll be very pleased.

ISAAK

(spins it on him)

Do I need to have Gummy here review it?

VIEW OF - GUMMY

One of the baddies -- baby dreads, wired eyes, jaws maniacally pumping his chewing gum back and forth. The absolute antithesis of Ivan's Ivy-League asshole.

ROTH

(touché)

No. It's all there.

Isaak draws the case to him anyway. A beat. Then he shocks everyone by pushing it back unopened.

ISAAK

Keep your cheddar, Ivan. I'd rather you invest it for me.

Nobody knows what to make of this -- Ivan and his Attorney slack-jawed, Mac fit to have a major coronary...

ROTH

Isaak, I'm afraid I don't understand...

ISAAK

It's easy. I'm going to be your partner.

(CONTINUED)

ROTH

My...

ISAAK

Sure. High-time the NFL had a
black owner, don't think?

(lets it sink in)

I'm up to the task -- trust me.
Used to play a little ball myself.
And I do look fantastic inside a
luxury-box.

ROTH

(regains his composure)

I'm afraid I already have
partners, several in fact.

Isaak turns intimidating. The kind of power which
underscores his ascension from the wasteland of an
Oakland ghetto.

ISAAK

So add another one. The bid's
already been accepted. Without my
deeds you're a short hair from
ending up in a meat locker
yourself.

Long beat. Ivan fully realizing the bad spot he's in.
Then Mac can't take anymore...

MAC

Fuck the luxury box -- I'll take
the green.

Isaak finds a fire-breathing Sig-Sauer angled smack at
his belly. Mac scoops up the briefcase, intoxicated by
the lure of all that cash...

ISAAK

What are you doing?

MAC

I believe they call it corporate
restructurin'. As of right now,
O'Day Enterprises is being
swallowed whole by Mac, Inc. I'm
taking your capital reserves...

(holds up the case)

And your most valued asset...

He signals his dogs and Trish is escorted inside.

MAC (cont'd)

And then I'm gonna leverage you
out.

(CONTINUED)

Isaak makes a vicious lunge for him, fearless in his rage at betrayal...

ISAAK

You shitty little bloodsucker. I carried your ass off the streets...

MAC

Yeah, sure -- but what have you done for me lately?

Mac GUT-SHOOTS his mentor, crumpling him to the floor. His daughter rushes to his side.

TRISH

Oh, God...

Mac could care less, HURRIEDLY SPRINGING THE CLASPS to get to the good part...

MAC

Now let's see some shit.

There's nothing inside but a white envelope. He snatches it up and rips it open...

A FIFTY MILLION DOLLAR CORPORATE CHECK

Made out to "O'DAY ENTERPRISES" confronts him. Mac about craps himself...

MAC

A check? A MOTHERFUCKIN' CHECK? I don't believe this...

Isaak's WOUNDED LAUGH mocks him from the floor.

ISAAK

Punk. Now look at your street ass. Nobody's dealing in cash these days.

MAC

(livid)

Better hope you stay alive long enough to bank this motherfucker...

TO BE WRITTEN: Han BURSTS IN and A FANTASTIC SHOOT-OUT FOLLOWS between Roth's Bodyguards and the blacks. In all the commotion, Roth runs to the roof where a helicopter awaits. But Mac BLOWS HIM AWAY before he can escape...

Han takes out the remaining soldiers and then faces off with Mac...

(CONTINUED)

HAN

Two-man game now, Mac.

The young lieutenant leans back to rake his barrel across the nape of Trish's neck...

MAC

You forgettin' about the broad,
Ahkbar. Baby makes three.

HAN

(dispassionate)

I want to know why you murdered my
brother.

MAC

Wasn't me. I killed Colin
alright, Isaak didn't know a thing
about it. Couldn't risk him
killin' the deal.

HAN

(insistent)

What about Po?

MAC

You got your own people to thank
there. All that shit was handled
in-house.

Han feels his blood roiling, the depth of what this means almost unfathomable.

MAC (cont'd)

Now get on your knees or I'll
smoke her.

HAN

Behind you.

MAC

If that ain't some tired
bullshit...

But Han's gaze convinces the thug he's for real. Mac turns slowly to find...

TRISH

Standing behind him with a stray pistol gripped in her hands.

TRISH

Like you said, Mac -- I'm getting
all misty eyed...

(CONTINUED)

She FIRES to put him down...

TRISH (cont'd)
...wishing there were two of you.

The SECOND ROUND finishes him...

WIDER ANGLE

As Han and Trish kneel to check Isaak's wound.

It's real bad, but he's hanging in. WE HOLD FOR A MOMENT on the ex-gangster, his eyes now silently doing what his seized throat cannot -- thanking Han for saving his daughter and himself.

Han covers him with his jacket. Gently places a finger to Trish's lips before leaving...

153 EXT. CH'U SUNG'S MANSION - GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

153

Where Han covers the glass pane over the door's deadbolt and SOUNDLESSLY KNOCKS IT OUT.

154 INT. CH'U SUNG'S MANSION - GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

154

A lavish second floor housing bright Asian flora. Below them, a pool of exotic fish consumes the entire ground level.

Han enters the lush greenery. For a moment we're taken aback, feeling as if we've awoken in the humid heart of an Asian jungle. Han wanders in...

KAI

Quickly steps out to face him.

KAI
It was strangely exhilarating,
killing Po. Really gave me a
rush.

HAN
Why doesn't that surprise me?

KAI
(with distaste)
Your brother wasn't suited to
lead, Han Sung. He didn't have
the stomach for it, the necessary
balls.

HAN
You believed yourself a much
better choice.

(CONTINUED)

KAI

Naturally.

(then)

Why don't we settle this properly?

NEW ANGLE

As again they take stances opposite each other -- their former kinship replaced by an unbridled and unabashed hatred.

This is the most scintillating moment in the entire movie. A MARTIAL ARTS BATTLE ROYAL beginning only two men of this caliber could create.

There is a vicious grace to the combat, their contrasting styles well-suited. Kai the younger and more aggressive, Han more patient and precise...

Han launches A HURRICANE OF KICKS, forcing his enemy back. Kai responds with A COMBINATION OF PUNCHES, hunting and pecking away to the body.

Then Han raises the ante. Grabbing Kai's neck and unleashing A SERIES OF HEAD-TO-KNEES -- face forced down, knee savagely coming up to tenderize it. Kai SPINS FREE and SLAMS KICKS to Han's groin and solar plexus, sucking the air out him. And so the war rages...

WIDE TWO SHOT - HAN AND KAI

Ultimately coming to a stand-still. Both hurt and hemorrhaging from nose and mouth, each man now proven the other's equal.

KAI

The old man was afraid you might win, Han Sung.

HAN

And you?

KAI

I knew you wouldn't.

The FIGHT CONTINUES (DETAILS BEING DISCUSSED) as Kai appears to take the upper hand. Han then rallies himself to permanently extinguish his brother's killer...

(ED NOTE: We need to find a great way to pay off Kai's sunglasses here which we've well established earlier in the film.)

Where Ch'u works at his desk, planning for the even brighter future his fat take will afford him.

(CONTINUED)

Then his youngest son Han Sung walks through the door.

HAN
(MANDARIN)
What is it like, Father?

He brings Kai's weapon up and trains it on the old man's heart.

HAN (cont'd)
(MANDARIN)
To go on living with your own son's death? Can you sleep? Can you even eat without his face finding you?

CH'U
Outwardly, Po was always the stronger of you. But inside he was always weak. Weak and sickly with compassion for strangers, outsiders. He put his own interests -- their interests -- above those of the family.

HAN
(MANDARIN)
What family? There is only you and your money. When has it ever been any different?
(bitter laugh)
The Mainland? Hong Kong?

CH'U
What he knew would have ruined things with Roth, would have ruined us. I did everything I could to scare him off...

HAN
Except the right thing. Except what you knew was right.
(torn apart)
To take his side and be his father.

Han stands teetering with an unendurable amount of rage. Never has he wanted to kill with the hunger he does right now.

CH'U
(unaffected)
What do you assume to do with me? Have your vengeance? Will that bring him back, Han?

HAN

No. I have honored my brother properly -- I found those responsible for his death.

(slowly)

The rest is for others, strangers.

Han RACKS A SINGLE ROUND into the chamber and SLIDES the weapon's full clip into his pocket.

Then lays the gun butt-first on the table.

HAN

If the police don't get you, the other Chinese families will.

He slides it across. Giving the old man just one bullet to do his bidding. One bullet for either himself or his son...

HAN (cont'd)

Do what you will, Ch'u. But this time no one will go to prison for you.

It serves as their final good-bye. Han slowly turns and walks over to the window. Completely exposing himself to the mercy of his murderous father.

Ch'u picks up the weapon... levels it Han's back...

HAN'S POV - LOOKING OUTSIDE

Where DISTANT SIRENS momentarily precede A PACK OF COP CARS FISH-TAILING onto the street and SPEEDING for the long stone driveway...

But still Han doesn't turn. Giving his father the cleanest of shots at a motionless target.

Ch'u clinches the weapon with TREMBLING hands, finger coiling around the trigger...

BLAAMM! THE GUN FIRES. Its WHITE FLASH BLINDING THE ROOM as WE HARD CUT TO --

Where THE ARMADA OF BLACK-AND-WHITES are now SCREAMING up to the front, STROBING the yard with harsh red and blue rack-lights...

Trish emerges from the back of a patrol car -- A MATRIX-STYLE SLOW-MOTION FIGURE centered in A FAST-MOTION FLURRY OF ARMED COPS...

Her eyes are lost in silent prayer as they strafe the house. A punishing beat. Then...

HAN

Emerges from inside in MATRIX-STYLE SLOW-MOTION as well.
The Chinese resembles a human train wreck at this point, completely trashed by his long odyssey. But he alone stands as sole survivor.

The couple cuts a path through the circus of law enforcement, STAYING IN SLOW-MOTION, focused only on each other...

TIGHT TWO SHOT - HAN AND TRISH

Where he scans her face before they touch -- the gentle lilt tells him Isaak is going to be alright. Then they come together in a long dreamed-of embrace...

Trish softly pulls free. Leans in to kiss him.

You know, it is a great country. He just might stay.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as Trish holds tightly to Han's hand, the couple centered within the chaos. THEN BACK FURTHER STILL AS WE...

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END