

**WARRIOR**

**PILOT**

Created By

Jonathan Tropper

Based on the writings of

Bruce Lee

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TROPPER INK, inc.  
646-397-2774

**EXT. EAST CHINA SEA - DAY 1**

The East China Sea, a vast empty ocean. Calm waters, the whitecaps catching dazzling glints of the overhead sun.

SUDDENLY the PROW of an enormous STEAMSHIP cuts through the water. Only once we see it do we hear the thrum of the engines churning deep within the bowels of its steel walls.

SUPERIMPOSE: EAST CHINA SEA, 1878

PULL BACK to capture the full size and scope of this gigantic ship, clocking its name, the **S.S Colorado** printed on the upper front side of the hull, and below that, an American flag and the words **THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY**.

PAN UP to the deck, to see a fair number of Western Travelers taking in the air, decked out in the finest threads that the late nineteenth century has to offer.

Moving through them is a Deckhand, ROONEY, 40, tall and muscular, dressed in the nautical uniform of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. With stubble growing around his muttonchops, he is considerably less polished than the wealthy first class travelers around him.

FOLLOW Rooney as he heads for a doorway, stepping aside to make room for a GENTEEL WOMAN being escorted by her HUSBAND.

ROONEY

Please ma'am. After you.

GENTEEL WOMAN

Well, thank you kindly.

ROONEY

(sotto voce)

You're welcome kindly, cunt.

**SUPER: 1878: EAST CHINA SEA**

**INT. S.S. COLORADO - CONTINUOUS - DAY 1**

FOLLOW Rooney down a grand stairway, through a door into a small hallway that, in turn, leads to a narrow door that leads into a narrower, less grand staircase that folds in on itself over and over again as it descends below-decks. Other deckhands running upstairs to assume their duties pass him on the way.

Rooney lands at the bottom level and steps into...

**INT. S.S. COLORADO - STEERAGE - DAY 1**

... a long, narrow corridor that runs the length of the ship. As he moves through the corridor, we catch glimpses through open doors of crowded, subhuman conditions. Bunk beds crowded into rooms, young Chinese men in undershirts sweating as they rest. More than one of them vomits into a bucket.

ROONEY

(shouts as he passes)

Seasick buckets out through the aft decks! It smells like Satan's asshole in here!

He steps through a hatch style door into:

**INT. S.S. COLORADO - STEERAGE - COMMON AREA - DAY 1**

A dank, cavernous room, with shoddy benches at long tables, all crammed with young and not-so-young Chinese men.

As Rooney enters the room, we CRANE UP to get a view of the rows of Chinese men eating their dinner - rice bowls with chopsticks - while others stand in line to be served. Against the walls there are large crates - overflow from the cargo holds, and some of the men have made small "nests" to sleep on or between the crates.

(NOTE: At least a third of the men wear their hair in long braided QUEUES that have never been cut, while they are shaved bald everywhere else.)

DOLLY DOWN the center of a long table, where the Chinese men eat with a quiet dignity, making no conversation at all. It's hot down here, so close to the engines, and the men, all wearing undershirts and cotton pants, sweat as they eat.

RATS scurry beneath the table, scavenging. The men casually kick them off their shoes, accustomed to it.

Off against one side, three Chinese COOKS stand, dishing out rice and noodles under the supervision of two deckhands. The deckhands are CAHILL, 40, stout and sturdy, and SCAB, a skinny, weasel of a man.

ROONEY

Boys. How's it all going?

CAHILL

Feeding time at the zoo.

ROONEY

Christ, do they stink. I don't understand how the little shits can even stand to be around themselves.

A young man, WU, who can't be older than eighteen, passes close by them holding his bowl of rice and noodles, and Rooney steps in his way.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

Hey, Chingchong! Do you smell yourself?

Wu nods and smiles and tries to move past, but the larger Rooney steps in his way. He leans forward and smells Wu, then holds his nose and makes a face. Wu smiles again.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

What's your name?  
(off Wu's blank look)  
I said, what's your name, boy?

Wu reaches into his pocket and pulls out a crumpled piece of paper, which he hands to Rooney.

WU

(Chinese)  
Gumshan. Gumshan.  
(taps his chest)  
Gumshan.

SCAB

What the hell is Gumshan.

Rooney looks at the paper - a flier in Chinese with an American flag and a picture of stacks of gold and money.

CAHILL

It means the Gold Mountain. That's what they call California. They think they're going to get rich.

ROONEY

(turns to Wu)  
You're coming to take our jobs, send money home? Do I come to your country and take your money?

Wu tries to walk away, but Rooney knocks him against the wall, his dinner bowl falling to the floor and spilling out.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

Don't walk away from me when I'm talking to you, Chingchong.

Wu looks down at his ruined dinner. He gets on his knees, scooping the food back into the bowl with his chopsticks.

SCAB

Shit. He's going to eat it off the floor.

As Wu scrapes up his dinner, a black Kung Fu slipper, lands on the food. Wu looks up to see, AH SAHM, 28, strikingly handsome, staring down at him with disdain. He is dressed in a traditional black Kung Fu uniform.

AH SAHM

(Chinese)

What are you doing?

Wu looks at him, confused.

WU

(Chinese)

It's my dinner.

AH SAHM

(Chinese)

Leave it.

Wu looks back at his dinner bowl, then back at Ah Sahm.

AH SAHM (CONT'D)

I said leave it.

SCAB

What's with this one?

CAHILL

Looks like Chingchong's got himself a friend.

ROONEY

You sticking up for your little buddy over there?

Ah Sahm turns to stare at Rooney.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

(grabs his shirt)

I asked you a question, slant.

SCAB

He don't understand shit.

ROONEY

Well, he better learn it fast  
because if he don't answer me now,  
he's going to bleed all over that  
fancy shirt of his.

Rooney slaps Ah Sahm across the face. Ah Sahm's head snaps  
back to attention, his eyes growing a bit wider, more alert.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

You got anything you want to say?

He slaps him again.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

How about now?

Ah Sahm brings his fingers to his lips, and they come away  
bloody. Never taking his eyes from Rooney's, he brings the  
fingers to his mouth and tastes the blood.

AH SAHM

(perfect English)

I wouldn't do that again if I were  
you.

The deckhands are amazed.

CAHILL

Holy shit!

ROONEY

This fucking slant can talk  
American!

SCAB

Now I seen everything! Do it  
again. Say something.

Ah Sahm smiles condescendingly at the three men.

AH SAHM

My dinner is getting cold.

The men smile, amused. But Ah Sahm isn't done.

AH SAHM (CONT'D)

And I'm not going to eat a cold  
dinner just to amuse a few fat,  
borderline retarded white boys with  
too much time on their hands.

The men stare at him, stunned.

AH SAHM (CONT'D)  
 (friendly grin)  
 There. I said something.

He starts to leave, but Rooney grabs him, violently.

ANGLE ON the Chinese men, watching over their rice bowls.

ROONEY  
 You think because you speak  
 American you can talk shit to me?

AH SAHM  
 Well, you have to admit, it helps.

Rooney stares him down. Ah Sahn stares right back.

ROONEY  
 This uppity chink needs to learn  
 his place. Don't let him go  
 anywhere.

Rooney steps back between Cahill and Scab, who step up close to Ah Sahn, but he just watches, unconcerned. Scab fixes him with a wicked grin. Ah Sahn smiles back congenially.

CLOSE ON, Ah Sahn's legs and feet, as he discreetly roots them to the ground.

Rooney takes off his crew jacket, then makes a show of rolling up his sleeves to reveal his massive forearms.

ROONEY (CONT'D)  
 You think you can take me?

AH SAHM  
 That's the wrong question.

ROONEY  
 Oh yeah? What's the right one?

Suddenly Ah Sahn LASHES OUT - A SINGLE STRAIGHT, SHORT PUNCH INTO CAHILL'S FACE, then PIVOTS in his stance and THROWS THE MIRROR IMAGE OF THAT PUNCH INTO SCAB'S FACE! Both men drop to the ground, unconscious. The entire attack has taken less than a second.

(NOTE: Ah Sahn's strikes are punctuated by a light, guttural monkey Kiai - a la Bruce Lee.)

Everyone in the room stops eating and watches in silence.

Ah Sahn, who has barely moved, who has not expended an ounce of extra energy, remains fixed in the second position, his fist extended stock still in the place where Scab's head used to be. Only his head moves, turning to look at Rooney.

Rooney stares at his two fallen friends, shaken.

AH SAHM

The right question is, do you really want to find out?

ROONEY

(enraged)

You motherfucking rice nigger!

AH SAHM

I guess so.

As Rooney throws a passive punch, Ah Sahn BLOCKS WITH HIS LEFT HAND WHILE SIMULTANEOUSLY COUNTERING WITH HIS RIGHT - a fluid snapping punch that flies in and out of Rooney's sternum. By the time Rooney has registered the punch, Ah Sahn is already back in a relaxed fighting stance.

Rooney stares at Ah Sahn, his eyes filled with rage. He starts to charge again, when something stops him. His angry expression gradually morphs to surprise, confusion, and then fear. He looks down at his body, then back up at Ah Sahn.

ROONEY

What did you...?

A dark trickle of blood emerges from his mouth, running down the side of his face. A second trickle emerges from his nose.

AH SAHM

You should go. Now.

Rooney turns for the door, takes a few steps, staggers, and falls to one knee, spitting up a spray of blood.

He pulls himself up, and staggers roughly out the door.

FOLLOW Rooney out the door, where his eyes roll up into the back of his head, and he collapses to the deck. OUT.

BACK ON the crowd of Chinese men, who look at Ah Sahn and nod their heads in silent recognition. These are impoverished men, subjugated and abused - and this is as close as they get to spontaneous applause.

Ah Sahn looks away, not interested their approval. He turns to find Wu, smiling, still holding his bowl of dirty food.

Ah Sahm looks at him with contempt.

AH SAHM (CONT'D)

(Chinese)

I told you to leave it. These bastards see us worthless animals, and you're down there on your knees, proving them right.

WU

(Chinese)

We all need to eat, brother.

Ah Sahm knocks the bowl out of Wu's hands.

AH SAHM

(Chinese)

I'm not your fucking brother.

Ah Sahm strides over to the cooks, where he grabs his own bowl of rice and noodles. He gracefully jumps up onto a high crate, sits Indian style, and eats his dinner alone.

CUT TO:

**TITLES**

FADE IN:

**EXT. PORT OF SAN FRANCISCO - DAY 2**

The S.S. Colorado is docked. The white travelers disembark off a grand gangplank while, on a lower dock, the Chinese men file out. Ah Sahm emerges into the sunlight, and stops for a moment, taking in America for the first time. He sees:

A crowded and colorful port, with multiple ships docked and a great deal of pedestrian traffic. Horses and buggies waiting on the roads, sailors unloading merchandise from conveyors onto large flatbed wagons.

**SUPER: PORT OF SAN FRANCISCO**

At the end of the gangplank there is an IMMIGRATION STATION set up - a long table with four OFFICERS ready for intake.

LIU WEI, 50, bearded and overweight, dressed in a fancy suit and bowler hat, stands at the end of the gangplank, assessing the new arrivals. Beside him is WANG CHAO, 40, his "fixer" and translator, among other things, who wears a Western shirt and a red sash that says LIU WEI COMPANY in Chinese.

Liu Wei nods to Wang Chao, who turns to address the arrivals. There is something rote and tired about his speech - as he's been giving it weekly for a few years now.

WANG CHAO

Greetings, my brothers! Your new employer, Liu Wei, welcomes you to the Golden Mountain. Liu Wei works hand in hand with the Americans, and wants to share his opportunities with his Chinese brothers.

Ah Sahm moves forward on the gangplank along with the other men. He looks over to where another steamship is being loaded. A group of CHINESE MEN convey a seemingly endless supply of occupied body bags from a flatbed wagon into the ship. A BUDDHIST PRIEST in full robes stands at the entry to the ship, overseeing the loading of the bodies.

WANG CHAO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Work hard, follow the laws, and you'll all go home rich men.

A MIDDLEAGED CHINESE MAN in front of Ah Sahm turns to look at the body bags being loaded onto the ship.

MIDDLEAGED CHINESE MAN

They don't look rich to me.  
(looks over Ah Sahm)  
You're young. Liu Wei will work you to the bone.

AH SAHM

I won't be working for Liu Wei.

The man is surprised by this, but Ah Sahm is not looking at him. He somberly watches the bodies being moved onto the boat, until the man behind him nudges him to keep moving.

BACK ON THE DOCK, Liu Wei takes one last stern look at his new recruits, then turns and walks into a waiting carriage, while Wang Chao slips each immigration officer a roll of cash.

WANG CHAO

(decent English)  
As always, gentlemen, Mr. Wei thanks you for your service.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PORT OF SAN FRANCISCO - A FEW MINUTES LATER - DAY 2**

The men stand in a large, fenced in sandlot, divided into three groups of about twenty men each. Behind each group is a horse-drawn wagon bus. Wang Chao stands in the center.

A group of rough, angry looking HOOLIGANS stand on the other side of the fence, protesting their arrival. Among them are DAVIS, 35, and MORGAN, 40.

DAVIS

Go home, coolies!

MORGAN

Get your yellow pan-face asses back  
on that boat!

A few of them hold crude banners. NO CHINESE! YELLOW PERIL.  
SEND BACK THE CHINKS.

Some COPS stand by the protestors, calmly observing.

WANG CHAO

You will all be taken to your  
dormitories, where you'll all be  
given a comfortable bed. Tomorrow  
you will rest from your journey and  
be given your work assignments.  
Since Liu Wei has paid for your  
trip, your first four months of  
work will go to pay your debt.  
After that, you will start to earn  
your fortunes.

Davis throws a bottle over the fence, which crashes on the ground near Wang Chao, who looks momentarily shaken before stepping over to the cover of one of the buses.

Morgan, bent over in the corner, prepares a small Molotov cocktail. But as he moves his lit match toward the cloth, a strong hand grabs his wrist.

PULL BACK to reveal OFFICER BILL O'HARA, known to the few friends he has as BIG BILL. He's tall and powerfully built, and you can still hear Belfast in his every syllable.

BIG BILL

Let's not get carried away, Morgan.

He pinches out the flame between his fingers before letting go of Morgan's wrist.

DAVIS

Come on, Bill. Whose side are you on?! Just open the fucking gate and we'll handle it.

BIG BILL

Believe me, I'd love to see it. But if I let you in, I'll be out of work right along with you, and then who will buy your drinks down at the Banshee?

MORGAN

They're fucking locusts! Destroying our city. We need to crack heads here.

BIG BILL

Just take it easy.

MORGAN

You just sit there all high and mighty, Bill. I guess they're not making any coolie cops yet.

Bill angrily grabs him by the throat and throws him up against the fence.

BIG BILL

(quietly)

You know I've got no love for the Chinese. But you can't pull this shit out here, you hear me?

(lets him go)

Now fuck off. Or I'll fuck you off.

He releases Morgan, who storms off.

DAVIS

Go home you fucking bamboo coons!

Davis throws another bottle (no flames). The bottle crashes on the ground near two pairs of Western shoes.

BOOM UP from the shoes to see four tough looking Chinese MEN who have just walked into the lot from the port side. They wear dark suits with CRIMSON POCKET SQUARES - HATCHET MEN from Hop Sing, one of the most powerful tongs.

Their leader, YOUNG JUN, 25, handsome and cool, turns and looks at the hostile crowd, unconcerned.

Beside him is BOLO, 35, tall and built in a way that would make you suspect steroids if it wasn't 1878, with a fierce, feral expression and a nasty scar across his forehead. Behind them are two other hatchet men.

Young Jun and Bolo stare at Davis, who seems to lose his resolve, and his voice. Then the hatchet men turn to approach Wang Chao, who is still addressing the new immigrants.

WANG CHAO

Tonight you will all be greeted  
with a banquet hosted by the  
Chinese Benevolent Society.

Wang Chao sees the hatchet men approach and bows.

WANG CHAO (CONT'D)

Ah, Young Jun.

YOUNG JUN

Hey, Chao. You got one for us.

WANG CHAO

Liu Wei didn't say anything to me.

YOUNG JUN

Above your pay grade, I guess.  
(to the men)

Which one of you onions is Ah Sahm?

Ah Sahm steps forward.

AH SAHM

I'm Ah Sahm.

Young Jun looks him over.

YOUNG JUN

You know who we are?

AH SAHM

Hop Sing.

YOUNG JUN

(testing him)  
Who paid your way across the salt?

AH SAHM

Wo Lee Kwan.

YOUNG JUN

And did that fat fuck Kwan give you  
anything?

Ah Sahn reaches into his pocket and hands Young Jun a broken Mahjong tile. Young Jun pulls out a second piece from his jacket and holds them together - a perfect fit.

YOUNG JUN (CONT'D)  
 (to Wang Chao)  
 He's with us.

WANG CHAO  
 Of course.

Bolo steps over to Ah Sahn, looks him over.

AH SAHM  
 Something wrong?

BOLO  
 I thought you'd be bigger.

AH SAHM  
 I'm guessing they don't pay you to do the thinking.

Bolo looks pissed, gets right in Ah Sahn's face. Ah Sahn stares him right in the eye. After a beat, Bolo smiles. It's not a friendly smile.

YOUNG JUN  
 (amused)  
 This onion is fucking itchy! I like it.  
 (heads out)  
 Come on. Let's go.

The four hatchet men lead Ah Sahn out of the lot.

As they leave, the protesters continue to shout and throw bottles. A glass bottle hits one of the laborers in the face, shattering and cutting him open around his eye. He cries out in pain and falls over, blood flowing. Welcome to America.

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREET - DAY 2**

Ah Sahn sits in a horse-drawn wagon with the four hatchet men. As the wagon rushes through the gates and onto the city street, members of the mob run forward, throwing rocks and bottles.

Unlike Wang Chao, the hatchet men seem unconcerned, barely registering the angry protestors as they leave them in their dust.

CUT TO:

**EXT. GRANT STREET - DAY - 2**

The wagon turns onto Grant Street, and almost immediately, the population changes. The streets are filled with Chinese men, all dressed in black pants and tops, many with beards and bowler hats, some with long braided queues hanging from their shaved heads.

As the wagon travels, we CRANE UP to get a look at the vast, busy street, teeming with Chinese men. Street vendors sell Chinese food being cooked out in the open, and all the signs are now in Cantonese. Narrow side streets and alleys fan out, creating the sense of a labyrinth. This is Chinatown, a world all its own. ON Ah Sahm, taking it all in.

**EXT. CHINATOWN - EVENING 2**

The four hatchet men march Ah Sahm from the wagon to a building with a CRIMSON DOOR - the official color of the Hop Sing Tong.

**INT. HOP SING HEADQUARTERS - EVENING 2**

CLOSE ON, FATHER JUN, 65, handsome and tough, with a shock of white hair. His blind left eye is milky white, with a scar around it.

FATHER JUN

I fought against the British navy in the opium wars. Battle of Shanghai. This was 1841. We had a fishing junk with a few shitty cannons against a British warship. We knew we'd never beat 'em ship to ship. So we swam over, climbed on board, and fought those dog cunts with swords.

PULL BACK slowly as he talks, to see that he is seated at a long table with two young Chinese hookers, his dinner in front of him. A number of middle-aged Chinese men, the HOP SING COUNCIL, sit around the table. Behind them, a fire burns in an oversized FIREPLACE.

FATHER JUN (CONT'D)

Their Captain, he could scrap. He got me here -

(indicates his eye)

- thought he had won. And in that moment, with his sword still in my eye, I gutted him. When I close this one -

(he closes his good one)

-I can still see the look on that fat cock's face as I sliced up through his intestines to his heart. Then I pulled his sword out of my eye and I made him eat it.

(shrugs)

He was a soldier, but I was a warrior.

PULL BACK to see we are in a luxuriously decorated dining area of a larger open lounge type area, where Father Jun conducts his business. Ah Sahm stands before him, with the four hatchet men who brought him spread out behind him.

FATHER JUN (CONT'D)

When it comes to dealing with the ducks, we can never forget that we are the warriors. We forget that, and we are good and fucked.

(considers Ah Sahm)

You are Ah Sahm, the student of Sifu Li Qiang.

AH SAHM

Yes.

FATHER JUN

Master Li Qiang says you're a great warrior.

AH SAHM

(surprised)

You know the sifu?

FATHER JUN

I know everyone. And he's not your sifu anymore. I am. Get me?

Ah Sahm seems about to retort, then thinks the better of it.

AH SAHM

(beat)

I get you.

FATHER JUN

There's a tong war coming. And my hatchet men need to be warriors. If you can scrap, you're in. If you can't...

He shrugs, not needing to finish the sentence.

FATHER JUN (CONT'D)

My son, Young Jun will get you settled. Tomorrow they'll start working you in, see what you're worth.

Father Jun turns away from him, back to his meal. Young Jun bows and turns to leave. Ah Sahm turns to follow him.

FATHER JUN (CONT'D)

(not looking at him)

Ah Sahm.

Ah Sahm stops and turns back.

FATHER JUN (CONT'D)

Did I just get off a boat?

AH SAHM

Excuse me?

FATHER JUN

I asked if I'm the one who just crossed the salt on a fucking boat?

AH SAHM

No. You're not.

FATHER JUN

No, I'm not. What I am is the boss of the most powerful tong in Chinatown, and the man whose hospitality you are now enjoying. And what you are is one in twenty thousand broke Chinese fucking nationals in San Francisco, who I bought for the price of a small bottle of shitty wine. I say all of this, at the risk of stating the obvious, just to remind you that you're a fucking onion, and when a fucking onion turns away from me, he had better fucking bow.

Ah Sahm stares at Father Jun, like he might very well defy him. Submission doesn't come naturally to him.

But, after a moment, he bows. Father Jun registers it without looking at him. Young Jun leads Ah Sahm out of the room.

**INT. HOP SING HEADQUARTERS - HATCHET MEN'S LOUNGE - EVENING 2**

Young Jun walks Ah Sahm down some stairs to the hatchet men's floor, through a men's bar/lounge, and down a long hallway.

AH SAHM

So, you're Father Jun's son.

YOUNG JUN

The son of a whore and the most powerful boss in Chinatown. How I ended up this pretty is anybody's fucking guess. But I earned my spot as a hatchet man - I scrapped my way in like everyone else. And you'll have to earn it too.

He stops at a doorway and opens it.

YOUNG JUN (CONT'D)

Listen, I saw you back there, getting pissed off when Father Jun lectured you. But you need to let that shit go. Okay?

AH SAHM

I wasn't pissed off.

YOUNG JUN

(dead serious)

Trust me, I grew up with those fucking lectures. But I'm serious, man. There's a reason he is who he is. Whatever other shit you get up to, you never want to cross him. You get me?

AH SAHM

I get you.

Young Jun considers him for a long beat, then smiles.

YOUNG JUN

Okay. House rules: No gambling, no opium, no hookers in the house. We need to be clean anytime the bulls raid us.

Ah Sahm steps into a spare bedroom with a single bed.

YOUNG JUN (CONT'D)  
I'll let you get cleaned up.  
Toilet's down the hall.

Ah Sahm is left alone for the first time since he left China. He sits on the bed, taking it all in. Then he reaches into his small travel sack and pulls out a folded and weathered piece of rice paper. He opens it up to reveal a crude but artfully drawn sketch of a young woman.

QUICK FLASH: *A young girl, 8, from behind, running through a meadow, laughing.*

Ah Sahm runs his finger gently over the image, smoothing out the creases in the paper. This drawing, or the woman portrayed in it, is clearly very important to him.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - EVENING 2**

A large building is being built. American Foremen, Chinese labor.

Across the street, a group of six white HOOLIGANS watch with nasty expressions. Among them we clock Morgan and Davis, from the protest at the port. As a group of five CHINESE WORKERS leave for the day, the white hooligans follow them down the block. Long wooden clubs come out from beneath their jackets.

The Chinese, seeing them, break into an all out run, only to find three more hooligans coming up the block at them. This was planned.

The hooligans attack, beating the Chinese down with their clubs.

Davis winds up on the floor, his hand in a stranglehold around one of the workers. He pulls a long knife from a scabbard on his waste and STABS THE GUY IN HIS CHEST.

Suddenly, a shrill whistle. Three COPS come running down the street. Among them is a rookie - RICHARD HENRY LEE, 25, tall and athletic, a Southern transplant.

Davis and the Hooligans scatter and run, but Davis trips and the cops dive on top of him.

Morgan, blinded by his bloodlust, continues to beat one of the workers who is already down, bleeding and battered. Morgan grabs the man's discarded MALLET and raises it above his head.

LEE  
 (horrified)  
 Don't do it!

But he does, CAVING IN THE MAN'S SKULL.

Only then does Morgan seem to become aware of the police and start to run. Lee chases him, down one block and up the next, through an outdoor food market, until he finally tackles him into a pork dumpling stand. Hot oil, meats, and vegetables go flying.

Lee pulls Morgan to his feet. Morgan hits Lee with a punch, but Lee holds onto him then hits him with a MASSIVE UPPERCUT that almost lifts him off the ground before dropping him to his knees. Then he pulls him back to his feet.

LEE (CONT'D)  
 (enraged, panting,  
 Southern accent)  
 You want to hit me again?! I didn't  
 think so. You're under arrest.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BLAKE MANSION - DAY 3**

Establish the Mayor's mansion.

**INT. BLAKE MANSION - DRESSING ROOM - DAY 3**

MAYOR SAMUEL BLAKE, 50s, polished, sits back in a chair while a Chinese SERVANT shaves him, leaving his trimmed mustache intact. CLOSE ON the blade, moving over the Mayor's stubble.

Once finished, Blake gets to his feet and straightens his shirt and tie in the mirror.

FOLLOW HIM down the steps, past another CHINESE HOUSE BOY dusting the banister, and into

**INT. BLAKE MANSION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - DAY 3**

Blake enters to find his wife, PENELOPE BLAKE, 26, stunning, making coffee. Even if she wasn't thirty years younger than him, she'd be out of his league.

BLAKE  
 (sitting down)  
 Good morning.

Penny, with her back still to him, takes a moment to muster up some good cheer, then turns to serve his coffee.

PENNY  
Good morning.

BLAKE  
Sleep well?

PENNY  
Well enough, I guess.

She brings him his morning roll, then sits down across from him, sipping at her tea.

BLAKE  
Aren't you going to eat?

PENNY  
I don't usually have an appetite in the mornings.

BLAKE  
If I let you waste away, your father will have strong words for me.

She seems about to offer a response when WALTER BUCKLEY, 35, enters. He is the Deputy Mayor, ambitious, officious, and sharply dressed.

BUCKLEY  
Good morning, Mr. Mayor. Penny. How are the newlyweds?

PENNY  
(indifferent)  
Hello Walter.

Buckley takes a seat.

BLAKE  
Morning, Buckley. Something wrong?

BUCKLEY  
Two Chinamen were killed last night.

BLAKE  
(not terribly concerned)  
Yes, and..?

BUCKLEY  
They were working on the  
Merriweather building.

Now he has Blake's attention.

BUCKLEY (CONT'D)  
Couple of Labor thugs did them in.  
One with a knife, one with a  
hammer.

PENNY  
(horrified)  
Jesus...

BLAKE  
Shit. Press?

BUCKLEY  
Not yet, but we arrested a few, so  
they'll sniff it out soon enough.

BLAKE  
Let's see if we can shut that down.  
I don't need any more attention  
from Sacramento.

PENNY  
(sarcastic)  
Yes, by all means. Let's keep  
murder out of the paper.

BLAKE  
(sternly)  
These are affairs of state, dear,  
and they don't concern you.

PENNY  
And yet, I'm concerned.

BLAKE  
(snide and dismissive)  
I'm sure you are. After all, you  
have three of them working in your  
house.  
(to Buckley)  
You're sure they were  
Merriweather's?

BUCKLEY  
Yes. The luxury apartments on  
Broome.

BLAKE  
 Goddamnit. He'll want compensation.  
 (to Buckley)  
 Let's go.

PENNY  
 They're people, you know. And the  
 government treats them like just  
 another legislative problem to be  
 solved. It's reprehensible.

BLAKE  
 Careful, dear. You're married to  
 the government.

He kisses her cheek on the way out. The two men go out the door, leaving Penelope, who wipes her cheek where Blake kissed her with something akin to disgust.

CUT TO:

**INT. HORSE CARRIAGE - DAY 3**

Blake and Buckley ride to work.

BLAKE  
 Merriweather is going to shit a  
 brick. We promised him protection.

BUCKLEY  
 The Workingmen's movement is  
 growing right along with the  
 unemployment numbers. Leary is out  
 for blood.

BLAKE  
 Leary is not going to finance my  
 next campaign.

BUCKLEY  
 No, but Leary's thugs are getting  
 bolder. They used to just beat them  
 in the streets. Now they're killing  
 them. And murder is never good for  
 approval ratings.

Blake sits back to think about it.

BLAKE  
 So either way, we have to stop  
 these attacks on the Chinese.  
 (MORE)

BLAKE (CONT'D)

But how do we do that without looking like we're declaring war on the Workingmen?

BUCKLEY

With all due respect, sir, you're not going to get through this without going to war with one side or the other.

BLAKE

Damn it, Buckley! I don't pay you to tell me how fucked I am. I pay you to show me another way.

Buckley sits back, conceding the point, while Blake seethes.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CITY HALL - THE JENNY LIND THEATER - DAY 3**

To establish. A former theater turned into a multilevel City Hall, containing Police headquarters and a jail downstairs, and the Mayor's office upstairs.

**INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - CITY HALL - DAY 3**

Blake and Buckley enter the Mayor's outer office to find LYMON MERRIWEATHER, 50, tall and thin with an aristocratic bearing, pacing as he waits for them. Merriweather is one of San Francisco's wealthy robber barons who made his fortune on the railroads and now has a large construction empire in San Francisco.

MAYOR

Mr. Merriweather. Nice to see you.

MERRIWEATHER

Blake. I take it you've heard.

MAYOR

Yes, Mr. Buckley was just briefing me. I understand we caught the guys.

MERRIWEATHER

Yes. Your cops are very good at showing up to mop up the mess.

MAYOR

Lymon --

MERRIWEATHER

You promised me protection, Blake.

MAYOR

The bastards will be in front of the judge by noon.

MERRIWEATHER

And they'll be out by nightfall. You can't really be offering me justice for the Chinese.

MAYOR

Lymon. What do you want me to do?

MERRIWEATHER

My guards can handle the sites. But they can't police Chinatown. That's your job, and I need you to do it better.

MAYOR

I've got a quarter of a million people in this city, and only seventy-five cops, which is already ten more than I'm budgeted for.

MERRIWEATHER

(turns to leave)

Your budget is not my concern. I suggest you figure something out fast, for both our sakes.

Merriweather walks out, leaving Blake to sit and fume.

**INT. JING'S TAILOR SHOP- DAY 3**

Ah Sahm stands on a platform before a mirror in a white dress shirt while JING, a tailor, 40s, places suit jacket templates over him.

Jing's son FUNG JING, 16, stands behind the work tables spinning a pair of nunchucks while he watches. Young Jun, in his classic black suit and red pocket square, paces, smoking and talking at high speed.

YOUNG JUN

You have half the duck government looking to bounce the Chinese the fuck out of the country, blaming us for the economy, whores, smallpox, everything.

(MORE)

YOUNG JUN (CONT'D)

The other half are being greased by the tycoons to keep us here to build their buildings and work in their factories. Then you have the pot-lickers - Irish Labor cunts - they hate the politicians and the industrialists, but they can't dice those ducks, so the fucking Micks come after the Chinese.

AH SAHM

So basically, we end up back on the salt or scrapping with the Micks.

YOUNG JUN

Not that simple. Here in Chinatown, you have all the other tongs trying to take us down: the Long Zii Tong are the toughest, but there's Chang Sing, Ghee Kong, the Hung Mun, Suey Sing. It's a fucking blood-jam before the Irish even get started.

Young Jun throws his arm over Ah Sahn's shoulder.

YOUNG JUN (CONT'D)

You're a slant, chink, slope, yellow, ching-chong, rice-nigger and every dog cunt you see wants you in a bag before morning. Welcome to America. The Land of the free, home of the fucked.

AH SAHM

The fucked being us.

YOUNG JUN

(grins)  
The fucked being us.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY 3**

Ah Sahn, now looking sharp and cool in his new dark black suit - no crimson pocket square yet - walks down the street with Young Jun. The other men on the street clear a path as the two Hatchet Men strut past.

**INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY 3**

Big Bill steps in to find Mayor Blake seated across the desk from CHIEF RUSSEL FLANNAGAN, 65, bearded and morose.

BIG BILL  
Chief. Mr. Mayor, this is a surprise.

BLAKE  
How are you Officer O'Hara?

BIG BILL  
(on guard)  
I guess I'll let you know after this meeting.

Blake smiles.

BLAKE  
Chief Flannagan tells me you're our man in Chinatown.

BIG BILL  
If this is about last night, we caught the guys. And we were outnumbered to boot.

BLAKE  
That's the thing, isn't it? Between the tongs and the hooliganism, you'll always be outnumbered.

BIG BILL  
(carefully)  
I guess so.

BLAKE  
I want to create a Chinatown squad. More specifically, I want you to head it up.

BIG BILL  
(worried)  
Me?  
(looks at the Chief)  
I was told I'd be transferred out of there by year's end.

The chief raises his hands apologetically. He's been outranked.

FLANNAGAN

No one knows Chinatown like you do, Bill.

BLAKE

Four men should do it. And yourself of course.

BIG BILL

With all due respect sir - Chinatown isn't just a lousy beat. It's the wild west out there - high risk, with no career prospects, no chance for advancement. No one's going to volunteer for this.

BLAKE

Well, then it's a good thing you outrank them.

He hands Bill a set of cloth rank stripes and stands up to leave. Bill looks at the stripes, surprised.

BIG BILL

Detective?

BLAKE

(standing)

And Sergeant right after the election next year. Congratulations detective.

(to Flannagan)

Chief.

FLANNAGAN

Mr. Mayor.

Blake leaves. Bill looks at Flannagan.

FLANNAGAN (CONT'D)

Don't say it.

BIG BILL

This is bullshit!

FLANNAGAN

Of course it's bullshit. That was a politician speaking, wasn't it? Blake has to show the barons he's protecting their interests.

(beat)

Read the paper. The Exclusion Act is going to happen.

(MORE)

FLANNAGAN (CONT'D)

And after that, there will be no stopping the Workingmen. The Chinese will be gone soon enough, and you'll be sitting on a Sergeant's pension, which is not a bad thing for someone with your penchant for procreation - what do you have now, four kids?

BIG BILL

Five.

FLANNAGAN

Jesus. Look Bill, it's a straight line up the ladder, without kissing a single arse.

BIG BILL

Except yours.

FLANNAGAN

(grins)

Well, everyone's gotta kiss my arse. That goes without saying.

BIG BILL

So what, now I've got to pick four men?

Flannagan slides a piece of paper across his desk.

FLANNAGAN

No. I've taken the liberty of choosing them for you.

BIG BILL

(reading it)

McLeod, Harrison, Stone, and Keller  
-- Are you kidding me?

FLANNAGAN

All veterans.

BIG BILL

They're fucking burnouts.

FLANNAGAN

It's bad enough I have to put you in that shithole. I'm not wasting any more good cops on the Chinese problem.

BIG BILL  
Keller's an opium addict. You  
really want to put him in  
Chinatown?

FLANNAGAN  
(sighs)  
Fine, Bill. Pick yourself a fourth.  
But no one I'll miss.

BIG BILL  
(leaving)  
This is a steaming pile of  
horseshit!

FLANNAGAN  
It's pageantry, Bill. Just put on a  
good show.

CUT TO:

**INT. CITY HALL - COURTROOM - DAY 3**

A large courtroom, with a heavy docket. A handful of  
spectators sit in the gallery. Morgan and Davis, the two  
murderers, are led in, in shackles.

BAILIFF  
The state versus Morgan and Davis.

JUDGE  
What's the charge?

PROSECUTOR  
Murder in the first.

JUDGE  
And how do the defendants plead?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY  
They're innocent, your honor. They  
should never have even been locked  
up. I have filed a motion to  
dismiss on the grounds that there  
is not a single eyewitness account  
of this alleged crime.

PROSECUTOR  
Your honor, Officer Richard Henry  
Lee, one of the arresting officers,  
will stand as an eyewitness.

JUDGE  
Is he present?

Lee stands up just behind the prosecutor.

LEE  
Present, your honor.

On Davis and Morgan, registering his presence with concern.

PAN ACROSS the courtroom to the back row of the gallery, where DAN LEARY, 40, sits watching the proceedings. Leary is a large, menacing man - a former Irish bare-knuckle fighter, savvy and charismatic, the head of the unofficial labor movement. If Jimmy Hoffa had a brogue and could bench 300...

JUDGE  
And you will testify on behalf of the prosecution?

LEE  
I will, your honor.

Leary makes eye contact with Morgan and Davis, and lightly shakes his head, letting them know that it will never happen.

**EXT. CHINATOWN - EVENING 3**

Ah Sahm and Young Jun get noodle bowls from a STREET VENDOR and walk while they eat.

YOUNG JUN  
There's enough gambling and whores to go around. But the *molasses* - that's our fucking bowl. We built the entire opium network, paid off the ports on both sides. Then we had some trouble back in China - someone fucked someone who knew the emperor's nephew - I don't know. We had a few months without molasses, and Long Zii moved in with lower prices. It's business, right? Wrong. We're going to take it all back and bleed those fuckers out for good.

AH SAHM  
So you're going to war with the Long Zii Tong over opium?

YOUNG JUN

(grins)

No. We are going to war with the Long Zii Tong over opium.

AH SAHM

So we survive revolution and famine in China, shit and puke our way across the salt just to dice each other here.

YOUNG JUN

Yeah, but here we get paid.

Ah Sahm looks around at the busy street, curious.

YOUNG JUN (CONT'D)

(off his look)

What?

AH SAHM

There are no women. It's just men everywhere.

YOUNG JUN

(grins)

Oh, there are women. Believe me, there are women.

He tosses his food and takes Ah Sahm by the arm..

YOUNG JUN (CONT'D)

You know, I was actually starting to wonder about you. Come on, let's go get you some sticky.

CUT TO:

**INT. AH TOY'S BROTHEL - NIGHT 3**

A large ornately decorated lobby with high ceilings and plush chairs and a fireplace. Sexy waitresses serve drinks. There is a large oak bar off to the side, a DART BOARD on the wall. A grand, curving staircase upstairs to the bedrooms. Downstairs - underground - is a dark, labyrinthine opium den.

Young Jun leads Ah Sahm through the lobby into the bar. There are both white men and Chinese at the bar, talking to mostly Asian hookers.

YOUNG JUN

Your average Chinese onion can't afford to cross his wife.

(MORE)

YOUNG JUN (CONT'D)

So the only women who come here are  
the ones that get sold in China.

Young Jun casually signals to two Chinese JOHNS talking to hookers at the bar, and they quickly take their drinks and move elsewhere. Young Jun and Ah Sahn sit and Young Jun orders them some whiskey.

YOUNG JUN (CONT'D)

There are whorehouses up and down  
Waverly, but it's mostly  
steakhouse, the discount shit. Ah  
Toy has the premium girls. She  
handpicks each one. What's your  
thing, tits? Ass? Legs? Ah Toy is  
like a fucking curator of pussy -  
the best of the best.

AH TOY (O.C.)

Someone mention my name?

They turn to see a remarkably beautiful Asian woman, 40,  
dressed in an expensive formal gown, her hair done up like  
she's about to attend an opera. Meet AH TOY, Chinatown's  
most accomplished hooker and madam.

You don't get to be Ah Toy if you don't have the brains to go  
with the beauty, if you're not always the smartest person in  
the room. Her lips are always on the verge of a wry smile,  
as if she's in on some cosmic joke you will never even hear.

Young Jun jumps to his feet, takes her hand and kisses it.

YOUNG JUN

Ah Toy. Good evening.

AH TOY

Young Jun. How's your father?

YOUNG JUN

He's good, thank you.

Ah Toy turns to Ah Sahn and takes her time sizing him up.

AH TOY

And who do we have here?

YOUNG JUN

This is Ah Sahn. Just crossed.

AH TOY

Fresh off the boat. Nice. And how  
are things back in the motherland?

AH SAHM  
 (shrugs)  
 Famine, revolution. The usual shit  
 show.

AH TOY  
 So you've come west to seek your  
 fortune.

AH SAHM  
 Or just not get killed.

Ah Toy grins, enjoying him.

AH TOY  
 Well, in Chinatown that's  
 something of a crap shoot.  
 (back to business)  
 You boys here for business, or...  
 business?

YOUNG JUN  
 You know me.

AH TOY  
 (smiles)  
 The insatiable Young Jun.  
 (to Ah Sahm)  
 I swear, that boy's cock has it's  
 own beating heart.

She leads the two men over to the grand staircase. Behind her, two Chinese BUTLERS, in traditional British butler outfits, draw some plush red curtains, closing off the lobby from the bar. Ah Toy pulls out a small bell and rings it.

A door at the top of the stairs opens up, and a stream of beautiful, young Chinese hookers in skimpy lingerie walk out, single file. The first one stops at the bottom stair and the others fall into step behind her until every stair is occupied by a girl.

Young Jun heads up the stairs, looking them over. He selects Hooker #1 and then Hooker #2, and leads them both up the stairs disappearing through the door from which they emerged.

AH TOY (CONT'D)  
 (to Ah Sahm)  
 See anything you like?

Ah Sahm looks the girls over.

AH SAHM  
 Is this all of them?

AH TOY

You mean there's no one in this entire group that floats your boat?

AH SAHM

I'm just looking for someone.

AH TOY

Aren't we all.

AH SAHM

Her name is Mai Ling. She would have crossed about a year and a half ago.

AH TOY

Mai Ling? I don't know anyone by that name, and I pretty much know all of them. Why don't you take Zhang Yan?

As she speaks, ZHANG YAN comes down the stairs to stand before him. There's no doubt that she's one of the top girls.

AH TOY (CONT'D)

Zhang Yan is just eighteen, a farm girl. She has her specialties, but the best part is, she is still discovering her own sexuality - she loves sex in any form. You won't find a more enthusiastic girl.

Zhang Yan takes Ah Sahn's hand as Ah Toy says all this, lifts it up to her mouth, and sucks playfully on his finger.

AH SAHM

Well, if you recommend her.

Ah Sahn allows the girl to lead him upstairs. As soon as he's gone, Ah Toy dismisses the other girls, who head back upstairs. But one of them, LI JUAN, quickly slips away.

CUT TO:

**INT. BLAKE MANSION - NIGHT 3**

Blake sits up in his bed, reading a file from work. Penny steps out of the bathroom wrapped in a towel, still dripping from her bath. After a moment he feels her eyes on him and looks up. There's something defiant in her look, something it will take us a little longer to understand.

After a moment, she drops her towel, allowing him the full view of her nakedness. Is she seducing him? Taunting him? It's hard to tell from the hint of a smile that tugs at her bottom lip. She turns, not picking up the towel, and walks back into the bathroom.

ON BLAKE looking somewhat disconcerted.

LEARY (V.O.)

It's these politicians, made fat by their industrialist cronies, that are cutting the fucking heart out of this country.

CUT TO:

**EXT. THE BANSHEE PUB - NIGHT 3**

Establish the popular Irish pub - drinking spot for all the Irish, cops and thugs alike.

**INT. THE BANSHEE PUB - NIGHT 3**

Leary sits in the corner, holding court with a large group of like-minded Hooligans.

LEARY

I came here like you all did, to work hard, feed my family, to build a better life. Then they told me, Dan, we need you in our war. So I went - me and a hundred and fifty thousand Irishmen, to fight Lincoln's war against other Americans, and other Irishmen. I killed men who didn't need killing, and I saw too many of my own brothers die. But we won. We freed the fucking slaves. And those slaves, god bless 'em, they didn't go back home to Africa, no. They came north, and took our fucking jobs. You're welcome. And now they're bringing in these Chinese by the boatload - an endless fucking river of dirty, shifty, plague-ridden subhumans - because the rich men whose fucking war we fought don't want to pay us a fair day's wage.

CROWD

Yeah. That's right.

PAN ACROSS the room to see Bill, sitting at the bar, drinking his beer, half listening, half looking down at the detective stripes laid across the bar.

LEARY

And what I come to realize is, this country will never stop looking for more fucking subhumans to do our fucking jobs cheaper than we can do 'em. And what they don't see, what I see and what you see- is the cost of that. Because, in the long run, it will cost them their fucking country. So we're going to make 'em see. All of us. We fought for this country, we bled for it, and now we're going to take it back. And if that means another fucking civil war, so be it. Whatever happens, the Chinese must go!

CROWD

Here, here!

They raise their beer mugs in drunken, raucous agreement. On Bill, who rolls his eyes at the rhetoric and turns back to his drink.

CUT TO:

**INT. AH TOY'S BROTHEL - BEDROOM - NIGHT 3**

Two hookers kiss passionately in the bed. PULL BACK to see Young Jun fucking the one on top from behind while she makes out with her friend.

Suddenly, four LONG ZII HATCHET MEN burst into the room. The hookers jump off the bed, naked and terrified. Unlike the Hop Sing, the Long Zii all wear long open coats over white shirts.

YOUNG JUN

What the fuck?!

The men grab Young Jun and haul him, naked, out of the room.

CUT TO:

**INT. AH TOY'S BROTHEL - BAR - CONTINUOUS**

The hatchet men drag Young Jun into the bar, throw him into a chair. Hatchet man #1 and #2 hold him down on the chair while #3 punches him a few times and #4 keeps the other hookers off to the side.

HATCHET MAN #3

You asking questions about Mai Ling?

YOUNG JUN

I will fuck your face, asshole! Do you know who I am?

HATCHET MAN #3

Why are you asking about Mai Ling?

YOUNG JUN

I don't know who the fuck that is you dog cunt motherfuckers!

Hatchet man #3 pulls out a SAWED OFF HATCHET and grabs Young Jun by the throat. Ah Toy comes into the room, pissed.

AH TOY

What the hell is this?! Get off of him! The Long Zii have no business coming in here!

Hatchet man #4 grabs her and holds her against the wall.

HATCHET MAN #3

(to Ah Toy)

Is this the onion who was asking about Mai Ling?

AH SAHM (O.C.)

No. That was me.

The men all look to where Ah Sahm is coming down the stairs. Hatchet man #1 releases Ah Toy and turns to Ah Sahm.

HATCHET MAN #1

Then you're coming with us.

AH SAHM

Thanks, but if I was looking for dick, I probably wouldn't have come to a brothel.

The four men gather around Ah Sahm. Young Jun grabs a throw pillow and covers his crotch.

HATCHET MAN #1

You can come upright, or you can  
come in a fucking bag, but either  
way you're coming to see Long Zii.

AH SAHM

Well, I don't know Long Zii, but  
I'm pretty sure he can kiss my  
salty ass.

The room falls silent, the way rooms do in anticipation of  
violence.

AH SAHM (CONT'D)

So are you cocks just going to  
stand there looking tough, or is  
someone going to do something?  
Because if not, I was going to get  
something to eat --

Before he can finish, #1 LUNGES FORWARD WITH A PUNCH, but  
before it can land, AH SAHM THROWS A FAST, SNAPPING  
ROUNDHOUSE KICK with his front leg that hits #1 in his kidney  
with devastating force. Then he SPINS, delivering a POWERFUL  
SPINNING WHIP KICK, HITTING #1'S FACE WITH SUCH FORCE IT  
FLIPS HIM OVER IN THE AIR, HIS LEGS FLYING UP AS HE LANDS ON  
HIS BACK. OUT.

On Young Jun and Ah Toy, eyes widening with surprise.

Ah Sahn sits down on the guy's chest and calmly considers the  
other three. They pull out SAWED OFF HATCHETS and charge him.

AH SAHM JUMPS INTO THE AIR - A FLYING FRONT KICK INTO THE  
CHEST OF #2. SPINS TO BLOCK A SWING FROM #4, SIMULTANEOUSLY  
DELIVERING HIS OWN QUICK PUNCH, BUSTING THE GUY'S NOSE OPEN.  
BLOOD SPURTS.

BACK TO #2, BLOCKS A PUNCH AND THROWS AN IMPOSSIBLY FAST  
COMBINATION OF THREE PUNCHES TO HIS STOMACH AND CHEST, THEN A  
JUMPING, SPINNING BACK KICK THAT SENDS THE GUY CRASHING INTO  
THE BAR. OUT.

SHUFFLE STEPS INTO A POWERFUL LOW SIDE KICK TO #4 THAT BREAKS  
HIS LEG AT THE KNEE, FOLLOWED IMMEDIATELY BY A HIGH AXE KICK  
THAT COMES CRASHING DOWN ON HIS LOWERED HEAD, BRUTALLY  
SMASHING HIM TO THE FLOOR. OUT

#3 ATTACKS WITH HIS HATCHET. AH SAHM DUCKS AND PUNCHES, A  
STINGING PUNCH TO THE GUY'S FACE. THE GUY SWINGS AGAIN. AH  
SAHM DUCKS AND PUNCHES. #3 STABS STRAIGHT AT HIS FACE.

AH SAHM CLAPS HIS HANDS ONTO EACH SIDE OF THE HATCHET BLADE, STOPPING IT, THEN DELIVERS A STRAIGHT HEEL KICK INTO #3'S CHEST THAT SENDS HIM FLYING BACK INTO THE WALL. AH SAHM KEEPS THE HATCHET.

AH SAHM THROWS THE HATCHET INTO THE WALL, HITTING THE BULLSEYE OF THE DART BOARD JUST BESIDE #3'S HEAD. THE GUY TURNS TO STARE INCREDULOUSLY AT THE HATCHET BLADE, AND TURNS JUST IN TIME TO SEE AH SAHM FLYING THROUGH THE AIR - A FLYING SIDE KICK - A POSTER MOMENT - HIS FOOT LANDING SQUARELY IN THE GUY'S CHEST, KNOCKING HIM THROUGH THE WALL. OUT.

Ah Sahm turns to face Ah Toy and Young Jun, who stands, eyes wide, still holding the throw pillow over his crotch.

AH SAHM (CONT'D)  
Apologies for the wall.

YOUNG JUN  
That was some high-end up-fuckery.  
(off Ah Sahm's smile)  
I'm going to get dressed.

He turns and heads upstairs. The butlers come in and drag out the Long Zii guys. Ah Sahm heads over to the bar to join Ah Toy. She pours them each a drink.

AH TOY  
So, the new guy can scrap.

AH SAHM  
They didn't bring me 6,000 miles  
for my sharp wit.

AH TOY  
Still, even by Hop Sing standards,  
that was impressive.

AH SAHM  
(drinks)  
Not as impressive as the way you  
sold me out five seconds after I  
got here.

AH TOY  
You think I sold you out?

AH SAHM  
(shrugs)  
You or one of your girls. Same  
thing, right?

AH TOY

I suppose it is. I'll get to the bottom of it.

AH SAHM

Sorry if that doesn't fill me with confidence.

AH TOY

Listen, new guy. You just got here. Maybe take a minute before you think you've got it all figured out.

AH SAHM

I may be fresh off the boat, but I know when I've been fucked.

AH TOY

You got fucked because you said her name out loud in front of a room full of whores.

He knows she's right, but he's too annoyed to concede it.

AH TOY (CONT'D)

My loyalty is to the Hop Sing.

AH SAHM

You can tell them that when they shut you down.

AH TOY

(smiles)

The Hop Sing won't shut me down. You think Young Jun wants to see me disappear? You think any of them do?

(off his look)

This isn't China, it's Chinatown, and survival takes more than some flashy fighting skills. Our blood is cheap here. Two Chinese men were murdered last night and no one missed a beat, Chinese or duck. Allegiances are like water here, they're formless and fluid. You want to survive here, you have to be the water. You understand?

AH SAHM

Not really.

AH TOY

Good. The first step toward knowledge is knowing what you don't know.

She gently brushes a hand down his face.

AH TOY (CONT'D)

You didn't come all this way just to scrap for the Hop Sing. You need someone you can trust, someone outside the tong.

AH SAHM

And you're saying that's you?

AH TOY

I'm saying it could be.

AH SAHM

You lied to me about Mai Ling.

AH TOY

I didn't know you.

AH SAHM

You still don't.

AH TOY

No. But now I'm thinking I should.

(beat)

I met Mai Ling soon after she crossed. She was a cut above my usual girls, so I took her in. I should have known she wouldn't last.

AH SAHM

What happened?

AH TOY

The tong bosses can sometimes get possessive.

(shrugs)

Long Zii negotiated her from me. This was about a year ago.

AH SAHM

(angrily)

You sold her?

AH TOY

(sighs)

Ah Sahm. Confucius said: A man in  
a brothel is nobody's judge.

After a long moment, Ah Sahm relents and smiles.

AH SAHM

Confucius never said that.

AH TOY

Maybe not. But I'm sure he'd  
agree.

**INT. CITY HALL - POLICE DEPARTMENT - READY ROOM - DAY 4**

Roll call. About thirty cops gathered to get their daily assignments. Chief Flannagan is finishing up.

FLANNAGAN

...and they're digging up the  
streets in Pacific Heights for the  
new Cable Car rail, so let's direct  
all the wagon traffic around it,  
okay? We've been getting broken  
axles every day since they started.

(beat)

Okay. And now, we'll hear from our  
own Detective Bill O'Hara.

Bill stands as the room erupts into catcalls over his new title.

BIG BILL

Calm down. I'm no different than I  
was yesterday.

(beat)

Just smarter and better paid than  
the lot of you!

He gets a good laugh.

BIG BILL (CONT'D)

As you may have heard, the Mayor  
himself has asked me to start up a  
new Chinatown squad.

Suddenly, the room falls silent. No one wants that beat.

BIG BILL (CONT'D)

Harrison, McLeod, Stone.

As he says each name, we see HARRISON, 35, MCLEOD, 30, and STONE, 45, roll their eyes in disgust.

STONE

Come on, Bill. It's a fucking cesspool, crawling with disease.

BIG BILL

I'm not asking you to fuck it, just patrol it.

MCLEOD

What for? To protect us from them, or protect them from each other?

BIG BILL

Just enforce the goddamn law. I've got one more spot. Any volunteers?

There are none at first. Then, one hand goes up. It's Richard Henry Lee. Bill looks at him for a long beat.

BIG BILL (CONT'D)

Officer Lee.

LEE

Yes sir.

BIG BILL

You got an accent there?

LEE

I'm from Virginia, sir.

Low grumbling from some of the other cops.

BIG BILL

Well, that must make you very popular around here.

LEE

(wryly)

Like a skunk at a lawn party, sir.

BIG BILL

You're very polite.

LEE

Thank you, sir.

BIG BILL

How long have you been a cop?

LEE  
Counting today, about three weeks.

BIG BILL  
Terrific.

Off Big Bill's grim expression we

CUT TO:

**INT. HOP SING HEADQUARTERS - DAY 4**

Ah Sahm, in his suit, enters to find about twenty Hop Sing Hatchet Men, including Young Jun, standing ceremonially in two rows. At their head is Father Jun, this time in a more traditional Chinese outfit, and alongside him are a number of men from the Hop Sing Council. Behind him, as always, a fire burns in his oversized fireplace.

Ah Sahm stops momentarily taken aback.

FATHER JUN  
It's okay. Come in. Come in.

Ah Sahm walks slowly between the men, approaching Father Jun.

FATHER JUN (CONT'D)  
Young Jun told me about your fight  
last night.

Ah Sahm makes eye contact with Young Jun, who winks.

FATHER JUN (CONT'D)  
As a father, I want to thank you  
for saving my son. It wouldn't be  
the first time he followed his cock  
into battle.

Laughs all around.

FATHER JUN (CONT'D)  
Young Jun also told me that your  
skills as a fighter have to be seen  
to be believed. I was happy to hear  
that Li Qiang had not exaggerated.

Bolo, standing close by, looks like he would like nothing more than to rip Ah Sahm to shreds.

FATHER JUN (CONT'D)  
These are difficult times for the  
Hop Sing.

(MORE)

FATHER JUN (CONT'D)  
 Our enemies are everywhere, both  
 inside and outside Chinatown.

Father Jun turns to the fireplace and pulls out a poker that has been lying in the flames, its tip, a brand, glowing bright red.

FATHER JUN (CONT'D)  
 Give me your arm.

Ah Sahm extends his arm. Father Jun slides up the sleeve of his shirt and jacket. Then he takes the poker and presses the brand into the soft part of Ah Sahm's forearm. When he removes it, we see two CHINESE LETTERS burned into Ah Sahm's arm, the insignia of the Hop Sing.

FATHER JUN (CONT'D)  
 There's usually a longer initiation  
 period, and you will still have to  
 undergo our trials of membership.  
 But last night you proved that you  
 are one of us.

He takes his hand in both of his.

FATHER JUN (CONT'D)  
 Loyalty above all.

AH SAHM  
 Loyalty above all.

Father Jun pulls out a red pocket square and tucks it into Ah Sahm's breast pocket.

Young Jun starts the applause. Everyone else joins in. Bolo still looks like he'd like to tear Ah Sahm to shreds. Or maybe that's how he always looks.

**INT. CITY HALL - JAIL - DAY 4**

Morgan and Davis sit in their cell, when a GUARD (JIMMY) approaches.

MORGAN  
 What is it, Jimmy?

JIMMY  
 You boys are sprung.

He indicates Leary, standing down the hall as he slides open the cell door. They join Leary, walking down the hall.

MORGAN

Thanks Danny.

LEARY

Your bail was a hundred a piece -  
the boys all chipped in. So don't  
get any ideas about running.

DAVIS

The cop, the southern one. He can  
put us away.

LEARY

You just stay put, you hear me?  
I'll deal with the cop.

**EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY 4**

Big Bill and Lee walk through town on their new beat.

BIG BILL

So where'd we get you from,  
Georgia?

LEE

Virginia, sir.

BIG BILL

That's right. So you said. What  
made you leave?

LEE

The war.

BIG BILL

The war's over.

LEE

Not for my family. My two older  
brothers died at Gettysburg.

BIG BILL

I'm sorry.

LEE

Yes. Very hard on my folks. And  
their politics being what they  
are... Let's just say they didn't  
cotton to my world view. I figured  
it would be wise to put some miles  
between us.

BIG BILL  
Well, you definitely did that.

LEE  
What about you? Did you fight on  
this side?

BIG BILL  
I was a Federal soldier. Fought  
the secessionists in Oregon right  
after Fort Sumter.  
(spots someone)  
There's our man.

He finds Wang Chao, whom we met earlier working for the Liu Wei Company, standing at an outdoor drink vendor, having a smoke on a long Chinese pipe.

BIG BILL (CONT'D)  
Chao.

WANG CHAO  
Big Bill! A pleasure to see you, as  
always. And who is this you  
brought with you?

BIG BILL  
This is Officer Lee. He's with me.

WANG CHAO  
Greetings Officer Lee. Welcome to  
Chinatown. Anything you need, you  
come see Wang Chao.

LEE  
Thank you.

BIG BILL  
Yeah, yeah. Can we do this?

WANG CHAO  
Of course. Of course. This way.

He turns and leads them down an alley, through a gate, down some stairs, and into a building.

CUT TO:

**INT. CHAO'S ARMORY - CONTINUOUS**

Chao leads them down to a steel door in the basement, pulls a key out from around his neck, and opens it. Inside, is a clean, well-organized room filled with WEAPONS of every kind.

LEE

I'll be damned.

Chao walks in and throws together some weapons, inspecting the blades as he mutters to himself.

WANG CHAO

Five bowie knives, sharpened. Five sheaths, leather. Five blackjacks, weighted.

Chao bundles them up and hands them to Bill.

WANG CHAO (CONT'D)

There you go. As promised. This is what the hatchet men carry. Well, except for the hatchets. But I guess it wouldn't look right for a bull to carry one of these.

He holds up a small, sawed off hatchet.

BIG BILL

Thanks.

LEE

This man deals weapons to the tongs. Why aren't we shutting him down?

WANG CHAO

Shut me down?! I'm a friend to the police!

BIG BILL

Yeah. You're a friend to everyone, aren't you.

WANG CHAO

What can I say? I'm a people person.

They leave.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CHAO'S ARMORY - CONTINUOUS**

Lee follows Bill up the stairs.

LEE

(irate)

We should be arresting Chao, not buying from him!

BIG BILL

Forget everything you know, kid. It shouldn't take you too long.

(beat)

Look, you can make sense of things or you can stay alive. The choice is yours. Actually, no it isn't. The choice is mine, and I choose staying alive.

Bill walks on, leaving Lee to fume.

CUT TO:

**INT. CHINATOWN - POLICE OFFICE - DAY 4**

A small, spare office, with a desk, a couch, and a small holding cell and a couple of shoddy chairs.

Big Bill's new squad, Harrison, McLeod, and Stone, stand looking around at the cruddy office.

HARRISON

They didn't spare any expense, did they?

Stone drinks from a flask.

MCLEOD

It's a fucking dive is what it is.

Big Bill enters, followed by Lee. Stone hides the flask.

BIG BILL

I'll say what you're all thinking. It's a shit assignment. I don't deny it. But it won't last. Chinatown won't last. It can't. In the meantime, the politicians want us here. They don't pay us enough for it, so feel free to supplement as you see fit. Just be smart about it, you hear me?

STONE

(re: Lee)

What about him?

BIG BILL  
What about him?

STONE  
I ain't going to work with no  
fucking Grey-Back coward. Damn  
confederates should have all been  
strung up by their balls.

BIG BILL  
Shut up, Stone!

Lee gets right in Stone's face. There's no question that Lee could snap Stone over his knee. Lee stares down at Stone from his superior height, not budging, not letting him look away.

LEE  
I'm not going to waste my time  
pounding the tar off a drunk. But  
one of these days you'll be sober,  
and when that day comes, Lord  
willing and the creek don't rise,  
there won't be enough left of you  
to spread on toast.

Stone stares at him for another beat then backs down.

BIG BILL  
(sternly)  
Okay, everyone. Let's put those  
dicks away.  
(to Lee)  
Son, I don't understand a word you  
just said, but I liked the way you  
said it.

He starts handing out the weapons.

BIG BILL (CONT'D)  
Tools of the trade, boys. You can  
take 'em or not. But I highly  
recommend taking them, and if you  
do, I definitely recommend  
forgetting where you got them.

HARRISON  
What the fuck do we need this shit  
for. We've got revolvers.

BIG BILL  
Six bullets. Twenty-thousand  
Chinese. You do the math.

TRACKING SHOT out of the office and down the crowded street filled with Chinese men - laborers, vendors, shopkeepers, merchants, etc. SPEED UP and turn the corner to find...

**EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY 4**

... Ah Sahn and Young Jun, making their rounds. Young Jun leads Ah Sahn into a spice store, and says hello to the proprietor, who hands Young Jun a wad of cash. Young Jun pats him on the back, thanking him, and they leave.

BLEND INTO MONTAGE:

-Big Bill and Lee walk their beat.

-Young Jun intimidates a shopkeeper who doesn't want to pay. Ah Sahn watches, hiding his distaste for it.

-Big Bill eats a sandwich from his own bag, while Lee buys noodles and squid from a local vendor. Big Bill is horrified when Lee slurps up the noodles. He tosses his own sandwich into the trash.

-Young Jun and Ah Sahn have lunch standing at the counter of a street vendor.

-Big Bill furtively collects his own protection payment from a shopkeeper. Lee notices it, but says nothing.

**EXT. LONG ZII HEADQUARTERS - DAY 4**

Young Jun and Ah Sahn stand at an intersection, looking down the road to a single, large building. Four Long Zii HATCHET MEN guard the place, playing Mahjong.

YOUNG JUN

Hop Sing have the east side, Long  
Zii have the west. Been that way  
for the last ten years. That's  
Long Zii's house. Everything past  
is Long Zii territory.

One of the hatchet men spots them, says something to his buddies. The men stand up, staring them down.

YOUNG JUN (CONT'D)

(nudges Ah Sahn)  
Come on.

They walk off, heading away from the Long Zii house. Young Jun grabs an apple from a street vendor and takes a bite.

YOUNG JUN (CONT'D)

So, who is she?

AH SAHM

Who is who?

YOUNG JUN

The girl you were looking for last night that got everyone itchy. Don't worry. I haven't mentioned it to anyone.

AH SAHM

I thought you were the one looking for a girl.

YOUNG JUN

But you said --

AH SAHM

I came down and saw you with your dick in your hand - I just figured you needed some space. So I said it was me.

Young Jun contemplates that for a minute.

YOUNG JUN

Okay, here's what I think: You saved my ass last night, so as far as I'm concerned, you're my new best friend. You'll learn that you can trust me. And once you do, you'll tell me why you almost got me diced over some girl. Sound good?

AH SAHM

There's no girl.

YOUNG JUN

Of course not. Who the fuck said anything about a girl?

(smiles and winks)

I'm still hung over from last night. I'm going to go grab a nap. You should take a walk, start to get to know the streets.

AH SAHM

Will do.

Young Jun walks off. Ah Sahm takes a last look at the Long Zii building, then heads in the other direction.

CUT TO:

**INT. THE BANSHEE PUB - NIGHT 4**

Big Bill, out of uniform, has a drink. As he does, Leary comes in and sits down beside him. He places a stack of bills on the bar.

LEARY

Your cop, the young one.

BIG BILL

Lee.

LEARY

I don't care what his name is. He can't show up in court, you understand? Won't be good for him, for you, for any of us.

Big Bill contemplates the money.

BAR BACK

Mr. Leary.

LEARY

What is it?

BAR BACK

The boy back there wants to have a go.

Leary and Bill both turn to see a GIANT MAN standing with two FRIENDS across the room. The man stares Leary down.

LEARY

Okay. Take him back.

The Bar Back leads the giant man across the bar and down a dark hallway. Leary gives Bill a meaningful look.

LEARY (CONT'D)

Divide it up however you like.

Leary walks through the crowded bar towards the dark hallway.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CITY HALL - NIGHT 4**

Mayor Blake puts on a cloak and hat and slips out a side door to where a horse and buggy are waiting. He looks around to make sure no one sees him and climbs in.

The DRIVER is a Chinese Man, we might recognize as one of the butlers from Ah Toy's brothel.

CUT TO:

**INT. AH TOY'S BROTHEL - NIGHT 4**

The butler leads the Mayor into the brothel through a back door and down the stairs. He leads him through an opium den, which has mostly Chinese men but a few white men lying around on pillows, stoned on "molasses". They arrive at a door.

**INT. AH TOY'S BROTHEL - PRIVATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The Mayor enters to find two young, effeminate, naked Chinese men waiting for him, along with a bed and an opium pipe. They undress him and lie him down. Then one administers the opium to him while the other covers himself with gel and slides all over the Mayor.

Everyone's got something.

**INT. THE BANSHEE PUB - NIGHT 4**

PAN DOWN the long dark hallway. The sounds of men cheering.  
OPEN UP into

**INT. THE BANSHEE PUB - BACK ROOM - NIGHT 4**

A large, smoke-filled back room crowded with rowdy, drunk, cheering men. PAN OVER their heads to find:

An old jury-rigged BOXING RING. Boxing in the center, shirtless, are Leary and the giant man, glistening with sweat in the overhead lights. Leary is packed with muscles and scars from his boxing career and his rough life since.

Leary absorbs the giant's blows, ducking and countering with sadistic glee. This is a man who relishes violence.

CUT TO:

**INT. THE BANSHEE PUB - BAR - NIGHT 4**

The cheering from the back is fainter here. Bill contemplates the money in front of him. After a moment he puts it into his jacket, downs his beer and walks out of the pub.

CUT TO:

**INT. THE BANSHEE PUB - BACK ROOM - NIGHT 4**

Leary gets the better of his opponent, landing a series of BRUTAL PUNCHES, knocking out teeth, crushing his eye socket as he goes down, Leary's bloody face aglow in savage triumph.

The men swarm the ring, lifting Leary onto their shoulders. He is something of a folk legend and hero to these men.

FIND Morgan and Davis in the crowd, cheering and drinking.

CUT TO:

**EXT. LONG ZII HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 4**

Ah Sahm stands in the same spot he stood with Young Jun earlier, watching the Long Zii guards. He walks down the block and ducks into an alley, past a row of buildings until he finds a fence behind the Long Zii building.

He removes his jacket, laying it on the ground, then scales the fence, lithely climbs up an iron rail on the side of the building, and lets himself in through a second story window.

**INT. LONG ZII HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 4**

NOTE: This building, like the Hop Sing building, will be an architectural explosion of grand halls, staircases, small rooms and corridors, offices, bedrooms, barracks, training rooms, etc. The tongs have, over the years, retrofitted these buildings into amazing, self-contained headquarters.

Ah Sahm moves silently through hallways, up stairs, through doors, ducking into alcoves when hatchet men walk past.

**INT. LONG ZII HEADQUARTERS - TOP FLOOR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT 4**

Ah Sahm comes off the stairway and looks down a long hallway. There is an open door at the end, and, for a moment, he sees what is clearly a woman, moving past the door frame.

He starts to make his way toward her. He is halfway down the hallway when two men come up the stairs behind him.

Ah Sahm quickly opens a door and ducks into a room...

**INT. LONG ZII HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

... to find two HATCHET MEN, cleaning weapons.

AH SAHM

This is not the toilet -

The men jump up and attack.

AH SAHM (CONT'D)

Shit.

HE KICKS #1 IN THE FACE BEFORE THE GUY CAN HIT HIM, THEN SPINS UNDER #2'S KICK, SWEEPING OUT HIS LEG AND KNOCKING HIM DOWN. QUICKLY STOMPS ON HIS HEAD. OUT.

#1 PICKS UP A BO STAFF AND SWINGS IT AT HIM. AH SAHM DUCKS, THE STAFF HITS THE WALL. HE GRABS THE STAFF, THEN KICKS OVER IT, HITTING #1 IN THE FACE. #1 LETS GO OF THE STAFF, AH SAHM EXPERTLY SPINS IT, TAKING THE GUYS LEGS OUT FROM UNDER HIM, THEN BRINGS IT DOWN ON HIS HEAD. OUT.

**INT. LONG ZII HEADQUARTERS - TOP FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

Ah Sahm steps out into the hallway with the bo staff to see three more HATCHET MEN charging down the hallway at him, carrying actual HATCHETS.

SPINS WITH THE STAFF, SWINGING AND STABBING WITH IT, TAKES OUT #3 and #4 all while making his way back toward the staircase. TAKES OUT #5 WITH A SPINNING KICK THAT SENDS HIM SPILLING DOWN THE STAIRS.

#6, #7, #8 come running up the stairs at him, also armed with various street weapons.

AH SAHM DROPS THE STAFF AGAINST THE RAILING, KICKS IT INTO TWO ESCRIMA STICKS. HE HEADS DOWN THE STAIRCASE, TAKING OUT EACH GUARD WITH THE STICKS AS HE GOES.

ON THE LANDING, #9 COMES AT HIM WITH NUNCHUCKS. AH SAHM BLOCKS AND COUNTERS WITH THE STICKS. THE GUY GOES DOWN, LEAVING HIS CHUCKS HANGING ON AH SAHM'S STICK. OUT.

Ah Sahm flies down another staircase with the nunchucks. He runs through some double doors and enters...

INT. LONG ZII HEADQUARTERS - DOJO - CONTINUOUS

A large training room, with four more hatchet men all busy sparring.

AH SAHM  
(incredulous)  
Oh, come on!

AH SAHM SPINS THE CHUCKS AROUND HIS BODY, HYPNOTIZING THE MEN. THEN HE SPINS AND STARTS HITTING THEM. WEAPONS GO FLYING FROM HANDS AS THE CHUCKS CONNECT. #10, #11, #12 #13... OUT.

AH SAHM GETS HIT IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD BY LEI, A SUMO SIZED HATCHET MAN HOLDING A LEAD PIPE.

HE FALLS DOWN, LOSES THE CHUCKS.

HE GETS TO HIS FEET TO FIGHT LEI, WHO ADVANCES WITH HIS PIPE, EXPERTLY SPINNING IT. AH SAHM HITS HIM, LEI ABSORBS THE BOW AND SMASHES AH SAHM ACROSS THE FACE. AH SAHM STAGGERS. LEI COMES FORWARD, AS OTHER HATCHET MEN FILL THE ROOM.

AH SAHM IS DAZED. THE ROOM SPINS. THE OTHER HATCHET MEN ATTACK. HE IS ABLE TO FEND THEM OFF, BUT HE TAKES A FEW SHOTS TO THE FACE.

LEI STEPS FORWARD AND HITS HIM AGAIN. HE'S IN TROUBLE.

Lei steps forward to deliver the killing blow.

AH SAHM DUCKS THE BLOW AND LETS LOOSE AN ENDLESS FLURRY OF COMBINATIONS, WALKING LEI ACROSS THE ROOM, FINISHES HIM OFF WITH A HIGH, JUMPING SPINNING KICK THAT SNAPS HIS NECK.

The remaining five hatchet men surround him. Ah Sahm squares off when --

MAI LING (O.C.)  
(shouts)  
Stop!

Everyone freezes in place.

And MAI LING enters the room. She is beautiful, regal almost, and elegantly dressed - not at all like a hooker. To Ah Sahm's great surprise, she seems to have command over the men.

MAI LING (CONT'D)  
Leave us!

The men look at her like they must have misunderstood.

MAI LING (CONT'D)

Now!

The men nod and walk out, carrying their fallen comrades.

And finally, Ah Sahm is face to face with Mai Ling. They study each other for a long moment.

MAI LING (CONT'D)

You're bleeding.

He shrugs and wipes the blood from his face.

MAI LING (CONT'D)

(allows herself a grin)

Those poor men - they had no idea.

(looks at him)

What are you doing here?

AH SAHM

I came for you. To get you out of here. To bring you home.

A complicated beat.

MAI LING

This is my home.

AH SAHM

What do you mean, this is your home? Mai...

MAI LING

Xiaojing.

AH SAHM

What?

MAI LING

I'm called Xiaojing now. I'm not Mai Ling anymore.

Ah Sahm can't quite process what she's saying.

AH SAHM

Father's dead.

(off her reaction)

His heart gave out. I buried him in the meadow, built a small garden around his grave. I think you'll like it.

Mai Ling/Xiaojing absorbs the information, shakes her head. Then, to Ah Sahm's surprise, she smiles. And then lets out a short laugh, and then, a longer, more full-bodied one.

AH SAHM (CONT'D)

You're laughing?

XIAOJING

It all makes sense now. Poor Ah Sahm. Father died and left you all alone - so you came all the way here to bring me home. The great warrior Ah Sahm, scrapping his way through my hatchet men, risking life and limb, because, basically, he's a pussy who needs someone to make his bed and cook his meals.

AH SAHM

(confused)

I came for you...

XIAOJING

No. You came for you.

AH SAHM

They bought you!

XIAOJING

Don't you dare judge me! How is it any different from our father planning to sell me to Sun Yang.

AH SAHM

That was a marriage. Sun Yang would have taken care of you.

XIAOJING

Sun Yang was an old fart. I'd have spent the rest of my life wiping his ass. Excuse me for wanting a little bit more for myself.

AH SAHM

They said you were grabbed in the village. Kidnapped.

XIAOJING

More of father's lies, to save face. I sold myself. The way I saw it, I'd be getting fucked either way. At least this way got me to America.

Ah Sahm is devastated.

AH SAHM

You should have talked to me. I would have talked to father.

XIAOJING

And what good would that have done? There are no choices for the daughter of a broke Chinese farmer.  
(bitter smile)  
Do you know why I was being sold to Sun Yang?

AH SAHM

You weren't being sold -

XIAOJING

-- I was being SOLD to Sun Yang to pay for one year of your training. A lifetime of servitude to that old diseased cock, all so you could continue perfecting your precious Gung Fu and father could be a big shot around the village.

AH SAHM

(stunned)  
You never told me --

XIAOJING

-- Don't you dare pretend you didn't know! Where did you think the money was coming from?

Ah Sahm looks away, unable to meet her gaze.

XIAOJING (CONT'D)

But, like you, I had an American grandfather. I always imagined I might end up here some day.

AH SAHM

As a whore?!

She slaps him. He grabs her arm and pulls her closer. As he does, she sees the brand of Hop Sing on his forearm.

XIAOJING

(apalled)  
Hop Sing?!

AH

They were just my way over.

XIAOJING

Oh my God! You're Hop Sing.

AH SAHM

No, Mai Ling! This doesn't mean anything. I'm your brother!

XIAOJING

Not here. Not anymore.  
(horrified)  
Get out.

AH SAHM

Mai Ling.

XIAOJING

Get the fuck out!  
(shouts)  
Help me! Help!

The sound of footsteps running at her. Ah Sahn looks at her, gutted. Whatever he was expecting, it wasn't this.

But the hatchet men are coming. He has no choice. He turns and runs for the window, throwing himself through the glass.

CUT TO:

**EXT. LONG ZII HEADQUARTERS - BACK AREA**

Ah Sahn comes crashing through the second story window and lands on the ground. He picks himself up, his face and neck cut from the glass, and limps off toward the fence.

CUT TO:

**INT. AH TOY'S BROTHEL - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT 4**

The Mayor lies naked across the bed, in an opium stupor, the two young men asleep on either side of him.

TRACKING SHOT from the Mayor's room, down the corridor, past alcoves where other bizarre, drug-fueled sexcapades are taking place, through the opium den, up the stairs, and into the well-lit ornate lobby, past the glammed-up hookers waiting for johns, to find Ah Sahn sitting at the bar, bruised and battered, looking deeply troubled.

**INT. AH TOY'S BROTHEL - BAR - NIGHT 4**

Ah Toy finds Ah Sahn at the bar, nursing his wounds.

AH TOY  
The new guy returns.

AH SAHM  
The new guy has had a shitty day.

Ah Toy turns his face to examine his cuts.

AH TOY  
Seriously.

She sits down beside him and the bartender serves her a drink.

AH TOY (CONT'D)  
You found her. Xiaojing.

AH SAHM  
You could have warned me.

AH TOY  
Would it have changed anything?

Ah Sahn sighs wearily, knowing she's right.

AH SAHM  
I might have liked you better.

AH TOY  
(smiles)  
I think you like me just fine. You want a girl?

AH SAHM  
If I want a girl, I'll take a girl.

He downs a shot, then winces as he rotates his shoulder.

AH TOY  
You're in pain.

AH SAHM  
I'm fine.

AH TOY  
(stands)  
Come on. I know what you need.

**INT. AH TOY'S BROTHEL - AH TOY'S BEDROOM**

CLOSE ON opium being fired up to smoke.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Ah Toy's bedroom. This is her private sanctuary, a grand room with every possible luxury. Ah Sahm lies back on her king-sized bed. She sits at the edge and gives him the pipe to smoke. Then she smokes some as well. Outside her window, a hard rain has started to fall.

AH TOY

So, you want to talk about it?

AH SAHM

I can't begin to tell you how much I don't.

AH TOY

Okay. So let's talk about something else. You didn't fuck Zhang Yan last night.

(off his look)

These girls are the only women available to Chinese men. You do understand that, right?

(beat)

Do you prefer men? It's trickier, but I can arrange that as well.

AH SAHM

No. I just prefer women who have a choice.

She nods, absorbing that.

AH TOY

Well, as far as I know, there's exactly one Chinese woman in all of San Francisco who's not for sale.

He looks at her for a long beat, then reaches for her face as he leans in to kiss her. She stops him with her hand, smiling at his clumsy attempt. Then she stands up to face him. After a long moment, she reaches behind her neck and lets her dress fall to the floor, her stunning nakedness filling his eyes.

AH TOY (CONT'D)

(commanding)

Come here.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. AH TOY'S BROTHEL - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Ah Sahm and Ah Toy fuck on her bed, going at it with passion and an intensity that borders on ferocity.

Their rocking builds to a climax and Ah Toy cries out, biting into Ah Sahn's shoulder, raking her nails down his back.

CUT TO:

**INT. LONG ZII HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 4**

Xiaojing walks up some stairs and into a plushly appointed bedroom. Two Chinese HANDMAIDENS tend to LONG ZII, 70, who looks somewhat frail as they give him a sponge bath.

LONG ZII

Xiaojing. I heard noises earlier.

XIAOJING

It was nothing. A couple of drunk Hop Sing drunks getting itchy. The men chased them off.

LONG ZII

The tension between the tongs is growing. Everyone is itchy. I should reach out to Father Jun.

XIAOJING

Let him reach out to us.

LONG ZII

We're the ones who broke the agreement.

XIAOJING

Chinatown has grown tenfold since you made that agreement. It's absurd to think it should still be binding.

LONG ZII

(smiles fondly)

Xiaojing... Who knew you were such a tough bitch?

XIAOJING

(smiles back)

You did.

LONG ZII

Yes, I did.

He signals the handmaidens, who get up and leave. Xiaojing sits beside him on the bed, picks up one of the sponges and rubs it across his chest. He lies back and closes his eyes.

LONG ZII (CONT'D)

Still. These are dangerous times for all Chinese. We can't afford to be at war with each other. Set a meeting.

Xiaojing seems ready to argue, but then changes tactics.

XIAOJING

I'll reach out to Father Jun.

He takes her hand and kisses it.

LONG ZII

Thank you.

Off Xiaojing, washing his chest softly, lost in thought.

**EXT. THE BANSHEE PUB - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT 4**

Morgan and Davis step drunkenly into the rain, passing friends who congratulate them on their freedom. They approach a wall with a large handwritten sign that says "NO PISSING IN THE ALLEY," and they commence to do just that.

A SHADOW crosses behind them. Then a *whooshing* sound, and Davis' head FLIES OFF HIS STILL URINATING BODY.

Morgan turns in shock, splattered by Davis' blood.

MORGAN

What the fuck?!

A long sword blade PUNCTURES MORGAN'S NECK FROM BEHIND, severing his spine and throat in one shot. The blade is retracted and Morgan drops to the ground dead, revealing the dark form of a woman behind him.

Light spills out from the pub as another drunk opens the back door, and in the second before she disappears into the shadows we see her face: Ah Toy.

CUT TO:

**INT. AH TOY'S BROTHEL - AH TOY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 4**

Ah Sahn wakes up, alone in Ah Toy's bed. He pulls on his pants and walks over to the window, where a hard rain falls. He looks out on Waverly Street, the rain on the window casting shadows across his face. He stares down at the still-raw BRAND of the Hop Sing on his forearm, wondering what the hell he's gotten himself into.

**EXT. AH TOY'S BROTHEL - AH TOY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 4**

PULL BACK through the rain on Ah Sahm standing shirtless at the window, the window in a building, the building on a street, the street in the ominous labyrinthine maze of streets that make up the dark budding metropolis of Chinatown.

He may be a great fighter, but he now knows he's no warrior. He is lost in this strange and hostile new world, fighting for criminals, an enemy now to the sister he came to save.

Continue to PULL BACK, faster now, alongside buildings and through alleys as Ah Sahm gets smaller and smaller, until finally, just before he disappears, we

SLAM TO BLACK