

DRAGON:

The Life of Bruce Lee

Screenplay by

Rob Cohen

Based on the screenplay by

Edward Khamara

and

John Raffo

Producer-Raffaella DeLaurentiis
Director-Rob Cohen

Rev. BLUE	1/21/92
Rev. PINK	3/17/92
Rev. YELLOW	3/17/92
Rev. GREEN	4/17/92
Rev. GOLDENROD	4/22/92
Rev. BUFF	4/24/92
Rev. SALMON	5/18/92
Rev. CHERRY	6/23/92
Rev. GRAY	7/08/92
Rev. IVORY	7/13/92

"The key to immortality is first living
a life worth remembering."

--St. Augustine--

Note: Underlined dialog indicates
characters speaking in Chinese with
English sub-titles.

FADE IN:

1 EXT. ALLEY - TSING LIN TEMPLE - DUSK/NIGHT - A CLUSTER OF
PORCELAIN FIGURES - 1949

1

They're aged with the centuries, some laughing, some terrified, some defiant, a frieze atop the TSING LIN TEMPLE. As the CAMERA CRANES DOWN to the red doors below, a NINE YEAR OLD BOY emerges from the Buddhist shrine in a white school uniform, his book bag swinging by his side. He heads home. The sun throws long tree shadows on the bullet-pocked walls, a subtle reminder of World War II.

A SUPER TITLE reads: HONG KONG 1949.

The daylight FADES unnaturally as he approaches a wall sculpted with HIDEOUS GARGOYLES, demons, warriors, guardians. It's a mammoth bas relief like the Silk Road Cliffs or the Terra-cotta Men of Xian, rooted in Chinese mythology and the dark side of the Jungian soul. As the boy passes under their gaze, fear overcomes him almost to the point of paralysis. When he passes the last figure, A GIANT SIXTEENTH CENTURY MING WARRIOR, fear turns to abject terror.

It may be his over-active imagination, but the hand seems to reach for its sword hilt, cracks growing in the stone.

The boy runs. Only the direction in which he was headed SUDDENLY DIPS INTO TOTAL BLACKNESS. He wheels and streaks back toward the temple.

As he charges up the steps, the DOORS SLAM IN HIS FACE. Uselessly, he pounds his small fists raw. He looks back. Where the warrior was is now an EMPTY SPACE as if he were wrenched from the wall by a terrible force.

The boy runs down a small alley aside the temple building heading for the back door. It's a mistake.

A WEIRD LIGHT fades up from the end of the narrow lane. FOG rolls in all around him, sticky, hugging the ground and an IMMENSE SHADOW grows on the ancient brick wall. Not of this earth, THE PHANTOM starts toward him. The boy backs away as the creature draws his scalpel-edged SWORD. His legs buckle. His face contorts with silent screams as the monster towers over him, ready to strike.

The blade whooshes down. THUNK!

2 INT. BEDROOM - LEE'S APARTMENT - HONG KONG - NIGHT - 1949 2

A MAN (LEE HOI CHUEN) snaps awake in his bed shaken by the dream. He swings out of bed, pulls something out of the bureau drawer and hurries out.

3 INT. BRUCE'S BEDROOM - LEE'S APARTMENT - HONG KONG - NIGHT - 1949 3

In the adjoining bedroom, the NINE YEAR OLD BOY sleeps peacefully. Relieved, he tenderly strokes his son's hair, then goes to the window and places AN OCTAGONAL MIRROR on the sill. Several are there already.

The boy opens his eyes, gives him a sweet smile and falls back to sleep. Later, the world will know him as BRUCE LEE.

4 EXT. CAT STREET - HONG KONG - DAY - (MACAU ALLEY) - 1949 4

Lee Hoi Chuen and Bruce walk through a loud and busy market, the rich cacophonous street life of Hong Kong. People recognize Bruce's dad; he's got a joke and a hello for everyone. They climb up some ancient stairs.

5 EXT. STREET - HONG KONG - TANG CITY HALL DAY - 1949 5

TRACK ALONG mounds of fruits, vegetables, thousand year old eggs, even a vendor selling AMERICAN CANDY--Baby Ruths, Mars bars, Hershey's chocolate, Wrigley's gum. Young Bruce juts into frame eyeing the sugar wealth greedily.

BRUCE

Buy me some candy. Dad. I want
some candy.

LEE HOI CHUEN

When you learn to ask in English,
I'll buy you some candy.

He pulls his son away.

6 EXT. BRICK ALLEY - HONG KONG - DAY (TANG CITY HALL) - 1949 6

They cut down a long narrow brick alley broken by only one doorway. There he kisses his forehead and urges him in alone.

7 EXT. YIP MAN'S KWON - HONG KONG - DAY (TANG CITY HALL) - 1949 7

It's an abandoned temple with roofless courtyards flanking it front and back. Under the tiled arch in the center sits an OLD MAN brewing "cha". In the shadowy corner peaks a DRAGON'S HEAD six feet high.

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2A.

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7

The boy approaches his teacher and bows. As YIP MAN motions that he should join him, a light fires in his eyes. John the Baptist has found his Jesus.

Yip Man instructs Bruce--THE EAGLE STANCE, THE PRAYING MANTIS, THE WHITE CRANE. Bruce absorbs every move.

Striking at quarter speed, Yip Man takes the boy through the various punches at the Wing Chung Dummy. His sinewy body moves with precision and economy like ballet.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED

7

Bruce begins the routine--straight punch, straight punch, leg sweep, chop to the neck, another, faster, faster. SNAP! A foot cuts the air extended high above Bruce's head. SNAP! It kicks away the demons. SNAP!

8 EXT. COURTYARD - YIP MAN'S KWON - HONG KONG - DAY - 1949

8

RAIN streams off the old ceramic tiled roof. Yip Man and Bruce glare at each other, squared off ready to do battle.

Bruce makes a move -- on the CHESS BOARD under the shady trees in the back courtyard. Yip Man smiles sweetly and offers checkmate.

9 EXT. YIP MAN'S KWON - HONG KONG - DAY - 1949-1957

9

Bruce dances through the exercises, training his small body, focusing his CHI, his inner essence. He spins. He's NINE. He spins. He's TEN...Spinning faster, he's THIRTEEN, FIFTEEN, SEVENTEEN. A blur...

10 INT. CIRCLE OF HEAVEN DANCE HALL - HONG KONG - NIGHT - 1962

10*

A CHINESE BOY LUNGES INTO FRAME.

He's dressed in a salmon pink blazer dancing his ass off with his TRUE LOVE decked out in mint green crinolines. This is the CHA CHA like we've never seen it.

WIDEN OUT to THE CIRCLE OF HEAVEN DANCE HALL packed with two hundred Chinese kids dancing to A STEREO, JUDGES circulating, an ELIMINATION CHA-CHA CONTEST in progress. It's CHINESE NEW YEAR and the city's coming apart in celebration.

*

A SUPER TITLE READS: HONG KONG 1962

A PACK OF ENGLISH SAILORS fresh from Wanchai filters in. They look out of place and hoping for trouble. They're big guys, a little drunk, more than a little superior.

*

They push their way to the PUNCH BOWL. The BOATSWAIN grabs the ladle from a startled CHINESE LADY and another sailor spikes the punch with GORDON'S GIN.

*

*

The Boatswain's eyes fall upon the GIRL IN THE MINT GREEN CRINOLINE DRESS. He shoulders through the crowd and cuts in on her, moving her boyfriend aside with his sheer size. He twirls her to the beat. He's not a bad dancer.

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CONTINUED

The boyfriend cuts back in but the Boatswain swats him away like a pesky mosquito. The girl is terrified. *

The boyfriend is persistent. The Boatswain turns and smashes him with a full-weighted right hook. The Chinese boy goes down and does not get up..People scream and clear back. *

The Boatswain holds her tight, his pelvis shoved up against hers dragging her around the emptying dance floor. *

DOWN THE HALLWAY COMES A SHADOW. At the auditorium doors it becomes substance in the five foot seven, 135 pound form of BRUCE LEE, 22 and very handsome.

He walks across the empty dance floor drawbridges drawn, unafraid, focused.

The dancehall stumbles into silence and the Boatswain looks up from kissing the girl's nape. When he sees Bruce, he laughs. *

BOATSWAIN

What do you want? *

BRUCE

I want to dance with her.

BOATSWAIN

This one's mine. Get one of your own. *

He resumes dancing without music, kind of humming to himself.

BRUCE

She is one of my own.

Without warning, the Boatswain's fist sweeps within millimeters of Bruce's face but misses. The girl breaks free and runs to the safety of her friends. *

The Englishman is a foot taller and a hundred pounds heavier than Bruce. It looks like a slaughter in the offing.

He lunges for Bruce. Bruce side steps. He lunges again and gets a combination of straight-arm punches to the kidneys. The Boatswain's stung, mad. He throws a wicked right cross which Bruce blocks. He throws a left. Bruce catches it, twists it around bending the sailor's wrist back. He smashes it down on his knee with a sickening CRACK! *

CONTINUED

5.

10 CONTINUED (2)

10

The Limey howls in pain as Bruce gives him a high kick right back into the bandstand. His mate hands him a CAKE KNIFE.

Bruce whips out his BELT. Only it isn't a belt, it's A TOILET PULL CHAIN. Like nanchukkas, he whirls it around in a blur.

The Boatswain charges. Bruce slaps the chain down on the knife hand like a bollo and pulls the whole arm around the guy's own neck. In a fragment, Bruce has his knee in his opponent's back. HE STRANGLES THE BOATSWAIN WITH HIS OWN ARM!

Like a Lindy dancer, he flings the larger man forward still chained at the wrist then follows with a high flying kick that sends him flying onto THE CAKE TABLE, the whole mess collapsing in a spectacular display of flying shards and splattering pastry.

The Boatswain lies bloody and unconscious, hardly breathing. POLICE SIRENS wail their approach. Bruce races for the back door.

GIRL

Lee Sui Long! (Little Dragon!)

It's the girl in the green crinolines. He stops. She comes close to him.

GIRL

Un goi. (Thanks.)

He fingers her white corsage and smiles. POLICE SIRENS approach. He bolts. After a few seconds, she follows

11 EXT. LEE'S APARTMENT BLDG. - HONG KONG - DAWN - 1962

11

Bruce jogs up the flights of stairs climbing from the harbor as scores of Chinese greet the day with their tai chi exercises. He zips around the corner of his apartment building, scales the back wall and scampers up the BAMBOO SCAFFOLDING like a spider monkey.

12 INT. BEDROOM WINDOW - LEE APARTMENT - HONG KONG - DAWN - 1962

12

He quietly slides it open and climbs in. A rough hand SLAPS him on the shoulder and yanks him out of frame. It's his FATHER, LEE HOI CHUEN.

13 INT. HALLWAY - LEE APARTMENT - HONG KONG - DAWN - 1962

13

He flings him against the wall.

LEE HOI CHUEN
The cops were here! They're
looking for you!

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CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED

13

BRUCE

I know.

LEE HOI CHUEN

The boy's in the hospital with a
concussion. He might die!

BRUCE

I know.

LEE HOI CHUEN

He's the son of the secretary to
the British consul, did you know
that!

Bruce stares at him, realizing he's in real trouble.

BRUCE

It'll blow over. I can hide out
with my friends.

LEE HOI CHUEN

You don't have any friends now.

He walks away. Suddenly, a hand reaches in frame and Bruce
is yanked out.

14 INT. KITCHEN - LEE'S APARTMENT - HONG KONG - DAY - 1962

14

A DRAGON-HEADED TEA POT. It pours steaming "king tea" into a
plain enamelled cup.

BRUCE

The cops'll be back. I should get
out of here...

LEE HOI CHUEN

Sit down!

Bruce has great respect for his father. He does as he's
told. Lee Hoi Chuen pours them both some tea.

LEE HOI CHUEN

I've thought about this a lot. For
a long time: you have to leave Hong Kong.

BRUCE

Leave Hong Kong? For how long?

LEE HOI CHUEN

For a long time. Forever.

BRUCE

This is a joke, right? You're
joking.

CONTINUED

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7.

14 CONTINUED

14

LEE HOI CHUEN
Listen to me, Sai Fong. You'll die
in Hong Kong. I've seen it.
Death is stalking you here.

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*

BRUCE
That's just superstition.

*

LEE HOI CHUEN
You're a man now. Almost. You have
a right to know everything: you
had an older brother, you see. He
died in childbirth. The Demons
took him from us. A first-born man
child is very valuable. When you
were born, I named you Sai Phong,
a girl's name. We dressed you in
dresses so the demon wouldn't know
I had another son. Well, now he
knows and he's coming for you.

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In spite of his confidence, Bruce is unnerved.

LEE HOI CHUEN
You must leave tonight.

*
*

Having made the decision, he leaves the room.

BRUCE
Where, Dad? Where can I go?

*
*

Bruce has no choice. He follows his father out.

A15 INT. LEE HOI CHUEN'S STUDY - LEE'S APT. - HONG KONG - DAY

A15

The walls are covered with PHOTOGRAPHS documenting his long
successful career as a comedic opera star, his work in the
Hong Kong movie business. His KANG, his opium couch and
pipes sit discretely in the corner.

Lee Hoi Chuen fishes around in the back of his desk drawer
and lovingly pulls out a piece of ANCIENT SILK wrapping.
Carefully, he unfolds the cloth. Inside is a DOCUMENT.
Bruce moves from the door, curious.

LEE HOI CHUEN
You love American movies. You love
American cars. You'll go to
America.

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*

He unfolds the paper. It's an AMERICAN BIRTH CERTIFICATE.

CONTINUED

A15 CONTINUED

A15

LEE HOI CHUEN

I was in America on tour with the
Canton Opera in 1940--San
Francisco--doing THE DRUNKEN
PRINCESS. November twenty-
seventh, you were born. That
morning I got you and three good
reviews! I was very proud. This is
your birth certificate.

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Bruce looks at it in wonder.

BRUCE

Bruce Lee...

*
*

LEE HOI CHUEN

It sounded very American.

*
*

BRUCE

It sure does!

*
*

The two men giggle almost like schoolgirls.

*

LEE HOI CHUEN

You were born there. You give this
to the immigration man. They have
to let you in.

*
*
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*

Adventure looms. America lights up his eyes.

*

CONTINUED

A15 CONTINUED (2)

A15

BRUCE

You need money to go to America.

His father goes to a specific photograph. It's of father and son on the set of THE ORPHAN, the last film Bruce performed in as a kid actor.

LEE HOI CHUEN

You were good in this film. You were a good young actor.

BRUCE

I was okay.

LEE HOI CHUEN

Juvenile delinquents you always did well.

He smiles at his son, flips over the photo and opens the back. It's filled with HONG KONG DOLLARS.

LEE HOI CHUEN

You earned this doing those movies. This is yours. I saved it for you for a day like today.

Bruce is overwhelmed.

BRUCE

I don't know what to say...

LEE HOI CHUEN

Say you'll do better. Tell me you'll make a big noise in America. A big noise I can hear over here.

Bruce nods. They're about to hug when footsteps approach the apartment door and then the inevitable pounding.

POLICE(O.S.)

It's the police! Open up, please.

Lee Hoi Chuen rushes Bruce out of his study.

B15 INT. Bruce's bedroom - LEE'S APARTMENT - HONG KONG - DAY

B15

His father shoves Bruce toward the back window escape. The police pounding becomes more intense. Bruce is about to climb out when his father pulls him back.

LEE HOI CHUEN

Remember one thing. You must remember this about America. Everything depends on it...

CONTINUED

B15 CONTINUED

B15

POLICE (O.S.)

Open up now!

BRUCE

Yes, Dad?

LEE HOI CHUEN

In America...remember to drive on
the right!

He cuffs his son's chin--one last joke. He shoves him toward the window. Bruce throws one leg over then grabs his father in a tight embrace. Out he goes. Only then can we see the loss in Lee Hoi Chuen's face. He messes his hair, effects the role of an awakened drunk, and heads for the door.

LEE HOI CHUEN

Coming! Coming!...

15-17 OMIT

15-17

18 EXT. THE S.S. MENENDEZ - HONG KONG HARBOR - NIGHT - 1962

18

140 ton steamer carrying Chinese cargo to Seattle via Hawaii sailing from Hong Kong through West Lamma Channel.

19 INT. STEERAGE - S.S. MENENDEZ - NIGHT - 1962

19

It was designed for twenty passengers. FIFTY-FIVE share the space. Many are seasick, some play MAH-JONGG. It's airless, and very hot.

Bruce picks his way through and collapses on his pallet. He produces a chicken leg, takes a hungry bite and offers some to his NEIGHBOR, a sad-looking older man.

BRUCE

Got it from the cook. Want some?

The man shakes his head. Bruce makes short work of the leg.

BRUCE

You speak English? I'm practicing
my English. Going to America.

The Neighbor grunts.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED

19

BRUCE

I've always wanted to go to
America. John Wayne. French
fries. Sky's the limit, that's
what they say.

NEIGHBOR

"Not a Chinaman's chance"--they
say that, too. You ever hear that?

BRUCE

No.

NEIGHBOR

We built the railroads, right.
They lower Chinamen over the
cliffs in baskets to set the
dynamite. Get pulled up too slow--
Bang! Ropes break--bye-bye!
Americans say "not a Chinaman's
chance" and laugh.

BRUCE

What's that got to do with me?
Things're different now. It's
today!

Those in earshot burst out laughing. Bruce glares, as always
ready to fight but there are too many of them.

BRUCE

I'm different. You'll see...

20 OMIT

20

21 INT. KITCHEN - GUSSIE YANG'S REST. - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

21*

Flames leap under woks, WAITRESSES wearing silk "cheongsams"
slit up to the thigh scream orders in Chinese while others
rush out carrying huge trays. Chopping sounds fill the air.

A SUPER TITLE READS: GUSSIE YANG'S RESTAURANT, SAN FRANCISCO 1962 *

Up to his elbows in scalding, greasy water is the DISHWASHER BRUCE
LEE. While working, the kitchen staff watches THE GOOD *
EARTH on TV, PAUL MUNI and LOUISE RAINER in tape-back *
Chinese make-up head in Pearl S. Buck's classic. *

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED

21

APRIL, one of the Chinese waitresses, rubs hips with Bruce as she passes by. They exchange smiles, not unnoticed by the HEAD CHEF, a huge man who bursts out of his oil-stained tee-shirt. He tries to grab April but she slaps him away. Some laugh. TWO UNDER-CHEFS glare them down.

He purposefully knocks over a bottle of rice vinegar. It smashes on the floor.

CHEF
Clean it up, Lee.

Tension. Just then, GUSSIE YANG comes in, every inch the proprietress. She looks at the mess on the floor. *

GUSSIE
(to Bruce)
Clean that up. *

Everyone goes back to work. Bruce grabs a broom.

22 INT. YANG'S REST. - THE DINING ROOM - SAN FRAN. - NIGHT - 1962 22*

It's empty. Bruce retires his mop and shoulders into-- *

A23 INT. KITCHEN - YANG'S REST - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT - 1962 A23*

On the black and white TV CASSIUS CLAY is fighting. He glides around the ring, taunting, confident, thumbing his nose. Bruce watches and imitates and gestures. They give him pleasure. He can relate to the attitude

23 INT. BRUCE'S ROOM - YANG'S REST. - SAN FRAN. - NIGHT - 1962 23*

A closet. Bruce strips down to his jockeys and does a handstand in the corner and rips off a quick set of VERTICAL PUSH UPS. He collapses on the bed and grabs a USED PAPERBACK from under his army-issue cot, Ernest Hemingway's FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS. Scores of books are piled around the room. He reads aloud to improve his English.

BRUCE
"And I have made a mistake, Robert Jordan thought to himself. I have told the Spaniards we can do something better than they..."

There's a quiet KNOCK. Bruce opens up. It's April. He pulls her into an immediate embrace, slams her up against the wall and kicks the door shut.

24

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO WATERFRONT - DAWN - 1962

24

As the sun rises, all alone Bruce does his gung fu exercises flexing his well-muscled young body in front of the Golden Gate Bridge and God himself.

★
★

12.

25 OMIT

25*

26 EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY - 1962

26

In his new sport jacket, loaded with take out food, Bruce
pedals a rickety SCHWINN BIKE complete across the campus.
He imbibes his surroundings.

*

A27
THRU OMIT
27

A27*
OMIT THRU*
27*

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12A.

28 OMIT

OMIT 28*

29 INT. LECTURE HALL - LOBBY - UNIVERSITY - DAY - 1962

29*

Bruce tucks up his last menus. A lecture is in progress, the Prof.'s words audible in the hallway.

PROFESSOR (O.S.)
...elements of style. Words. How they're put together. That's what we want to get at. Hemingway's style. Define it. You.

STUDENT #1 (O.S.)
Heroic code.

PROFESSOR (O.S.)
Stop reading Lionel Trilling. Hemingway's style--the key. You.

STUDENT #2 (O.S.)
His sense of irony.

PROFESSOR (O.S.)
Tone is not style. Hemingway's style, what?

In spite of Gussie's warning, Bruce has been listening to all this carefully.

BRUCE
(to himself)
Simplicity...

PROFESSOR (O.S.)
It's simplicity! The approach to language without frills, rooted in journalism, sparseness and truth...

Bruce leans back against the bulletin board and awards himself a small smile.

30 INT. POOL - SPORTS CENTER - UNIVERSITY - DAY - 1962

30*

It's olympic-sized and apparently empty. He's about to go when he spots A YOUNG WOMAN DIVER approaching the lip of the ten-meter dive platform. She has short blond hair, a slim body, shapely toned legs. She holds her stomach flat, her rib cage high. In full concentration, she's ready to dive.

Fascinated, Bruce stays in the corner and watches.

She launches off in a beautifully executed half-gainer with three twists and knifes the water like a falling angel. When she surfaces, she sees this intensely handsome Chinese busboy staring at her. Their eyes lock in for just a brief moment, then she swims away.

Her name is LINDA EMERY and, although he doesn't know it, Bruce is looking at the love of his life.

31 INT. KITCHEN - YANG'S REST. - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY - 1962 31

Chaos. Bruce is back at the sink washing dirty dishes.

The TV is cranked up on a movie "CHARLIE CHAN IN PARIS".
Warner Oland walks down a foggy street, his eyes taped back to
his ears to make him appear Chinese. *

Bruce and April are flirting while he washes dishes. A red hot
wok flies across the room and lands in the sink with a
scalding splash. Bruce wheels around. It's the Chef.

Bruce leaps across the room and delivers a kick square in the
Chef's chest. He goes back against the stove, his apron
catching on fire. UNDER-CHEF #1 douses him with ice water.

The Chef picks up a cleave and charges like a madman. Bruce
deflects the weapon and delivers a quick series of knuckle
punches to the Chef's rib cage sucking his wind.

Also trained in martial arts, the Chef counters with a back
elbow to Bruce's head sending him reeling right out the rear
kitchen door. The Chef charges the cleave cocked high.

32 EXT. BACK ALLEY - YANG'S REST. - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY- 1962 32

THE THREE UNDER-CHEFS join in with their boss. It's now FOUR
AGAINST ONE AND THEY'RE ALL ARMED WITH KITCHEN WEAPONS.

The alley is under construction. The four-story brick walls
are dressed with WOODEN STAIRS AND CATWALKS and two steel
SPANNERS are wedged between the walls supporting them. It's a
perfect amphitheater for acrobatic display.

Wosh! Wosh! Wosh! the Chef's cleave slices the air. Bruce
leaps and ducks. No matter how fast the Chef strikes, and he
is fast, Bruce is faster. The actions are executed at such
high speed, it's impossible to see exactly what's happening,
just a fantastic display of motion.

Under-chef #1 decides it's time to make his move striking at
Bruce's blind side with a major KNIFE. He cocks his arm to
stab. Bruce delivers a spin kick disarming him. And a second
spin kick which de-jaws him.

No time for celebration because here come the other three
intent on evisceration. They back him toward the corner. Bruce
turns, runs at top speed right into the wall. THEN HE RUNS UP
THE WALL, grabs the catwalk and flips himself up onto a
landing.

CONTINUED

The chefs #2 and #3 fan out to the stairs, two to one side, the head Chef to the other. They surround him. Cutting tools flashing, they inch closer and closer, boxing him in.

BRUCE RUNS OUT ON THE SPANNER, like a tightrope walker. The two under chefs venture out as well. They close in.

BRUCE JUMPS TO THE OTHER SPANNER. It's a ten-foot leap a story off the ground. The underchefs do the same. Bruce waves them to come on, bouncing on the balls of his feet like a boxer, wiping his nose like Cassius Clay. Simultaneously, the chefs charge and swing like cuisinart blades.

Bruce drops down vertically, catching the spanner like a gymnast catches the high bar. He kips his body and swings up and over, spreading his legs at the top of his arc catching both underchefs in the face. Pow! they both go flying off crashing hard on the cement below. They won't do anymore fighting today.

Bruce swings round and round and flies through the air in a terrific dismount, landing on his feet like a cat.

A killing SLASH comes in from out of frame. It's the Head Chef having beaten him to the ground level. Bruce reacts a split-second too late. The cleave slices his upper arm, blood seeping through his shirt.

Everything stops. Bruce grabs the wound and looking unwaveringly at the Chef, HE BRINGS HIS BLOODY FINGERS TO HIS LIPS AND LICKS THEM CLEAN! His eyes glow with an unearthly light. He charges the big man and pommels him with a shit storm of blows, tying up his ability to retaliate. The Chef edges inside and knocks Bruce back against the wall. Freed, he cocks back the cleave and takes a ferocious swipe.

Bruce leaps back as the deadly blade swings past dragging on the wall in a shower of sparks. The momentum brings the chef forward. Bruce kicks his weapon hand and the cleave flies high in the air, tumbling end over end as it falls--

Right into Bruce's hand. He hurls it, the cleave embedding in a wooden beam next to the Chef's head. A purposeful miss.

Under-chef #1 re-joins the battle. Their punches quickly lead to a locked-arm tangle. They dance, their feet sweeping and counter-sweeping. Bruce breaks free with a wicked back hand smash to the nose and an awful scissor chop to both sides of the neck. Red-out. Next course.

32 CONTINUED (2)

32

The Chef has recovered and comes in for the kill his superior bulk and size used to good advantage. Trapped in a BEAR HUG, he rams Bruce face-forward into the brick wall over and over.

Bruce lifts his legs, runs up the wall and flips over. Both men go down in a tangle of legs.

The Chef snags Bruce in a suffocating SCISSOR LOCK. He squeezes with all his might, Bruce's neck tendons bulging like steel cables. He frees his trapped right hand and slams it down-- right in Cheffie's groin. He squeezes and squeezes like making orange juice. The man howls like a beast! And, of course, the lock is broken. Bruce backflips to his feet into a PRAYING MANTIS stance.

Unbelievably, the Chef keeps on ticking. He's met with a flying kick to the head. He goes down; Bruce launches himself high in the air, the KILLING LEAP, designed to snap the neck.

He lands. There's a horrible CRUNCH!

Bruce has stomped a BALLANTINE ALE CAN next to the Chef's head. It's smashed flat.

A33 INT. YANG'S REST.-KITCHEN DOORWAY - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY-1962

A33'

HAND CLAPS snap the air. Not applause. It's Gussie Yang...

GUSSIE

Get back inside all of you!

B33 EXT. BACK ALLEY - YANG'S REST. - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY - 1962

B33'

The kitchen workers grab the Chef and his cronies reduced to slabs of hurting meat and drag them back inside.

C33 INT. YANG'S REST.- KITCHEN DOORWAY - SAN FRAN. - DAY - 1962 C33*

Gussie stops Bruce as he passes.

GUSSIE

Lee, you good at fighting. You good at...

(she makes a pumping gesture)

You make a fine American.

It's not a compliment.

Cherry 6/23/92

16A.

33

INT. UPSTAIRS DINING RM. -YANG'S REST.- SAN FRAN.- DAY

33*

The dining room is empty except for Gussie at her adding machine.
cranking through the night's take. Bruce comes in.

Sit down. GUSSIE

CONTINUED

She tosses a wad of HONG KONG DOLLARS at him.

GUSSIE

Your father's money. No need to count it. It's all there. If I let you keep it, be gone now.

She adds some American dollars to the pile from the cash box.

GUSSIE

Two weeks pay, two weeks severance.

She peels off some more, hands it to him.

BRUCE

What's this?

GUSSIE

All-purpose loan. Now you got a lot of money, Lee, what you going to do?

Bruce shrugs.

GUSSIE

I tell you what to do. Take April on the town. Buy her nice clothes. Check into big hotel. Have lots of sex. Have food brought to you in bed. Drink champagne and whiskey. Buy her jewelry, very expensive. Buy yourself a car, new not no second-hand. Now money all gone. Now April be gone like money. You come back to me. I put you back in kitchen. Wash dishes to pay back loan. By that time you no longer young, you no longer handsome, you nothing but a dish...washer.

Bruce squirms and looks depressed.

GUSSIE

That one choice. There are others.

BRUCE

Like what?

GUSSIE

They say education is good. Me personally, I hope you go with April. I can always use a good dishwasher!

She laughs, a high-pitched cackle.

34 EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY - 1963

34*

Bruce sprints across the campus books under his arm, happy and jazzed wearing clothes in the style of JFK.

35 INT. SPORTS CENTER - UNIVERSITY - DAY- 1963

35*

He does chest curls on a universal weight machine set at 200 lbs. Hard enough if you use two hands, Bruce uses two fingers of each hand.

Half the VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM pours in ready to train led by their captain JOE HENDERSON, a Viking kind of guy. He towers over Bruce.

HENDERSON

Time's up.

Bruce keeps pumping.

BRUCE

I'm...not...finished...yet.

HENDERSON

Yeah, you are. We work out here every day at three. See the clock. It's three.

Bruce keeps pumping.

BRUCE

Where's it...say that in the... rulebook?

HENDERSON

You been reading the wrong rulebooks. You gotta read the ones in English!

The team laughs. Bruce stops pumping.

BRUCE

What's that mean?

HENDERSON

That's my point. Your kind just doesn't understand English.

BRUCE

"My kind."

CONTINUED

35

CONTINUED

35

HENDERSON

Yeah, chinks, gooks--your kind. You guys killed my brother at the Yalu River. You think I'm happy to see you in my gym!

He reaches for Bruce.

BRUCE

Don't touch me.

HENDERSON

Or what?

BRUCE

Or I'll touch you back.

The guys egg it on. They've never seen anyone go up in Henderson's face before.

HENDERSON

C'mon, touch me, dink.

Bruce heads for the door. Henderson smirks, assuming he's leaving. Bruce turns back.

BRUCE

Coming? I need to finish my workout. Might as well finish on you.

The football players go "Whoo!" "Uh-oh, Henderson," etc.

HENDERSON

Let's go.

They pour out.

36

OMIT

36*

37

INT. WRESTLING ROOM - UNIVERSITY - DAY - 1963

37

High windows split shafts of light down onto the mats. The crowd files in. Henderson takes a boxing stance.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED

37

BRUCE

Wait a minute. Wait.

He takes off his socks and sneakers. Henderson looks at his audience and rolls his eyes.

HENDERSON

You gonna stink me to death?

They square off. Bruce stops and holds up his finger.

BRUCE

Wait. Wait...

He peels off his shirt, bare-chested.

HENDERSON

This a fight or a striptease?

BRUCE

Ready now. "So sorry."

Out of patience, Henderson throws a rock hard fist at Bruce's head, a bomb, a death blow.

Bruce pronates his neck and the punch goes whistling passed. Like a flash, he ducks under Henderson's momentum and comes up behind him. He flicks the Vikings ear.

BRUCE

Over here.

Furious, Henderson charges with a series of punches. Bruce backs up with the reflexes of a house fly and Henderson catches nothing but air.

BRUCE

Very good shadow boxing.

Crazy now, Henderson launches himself in a diving tackle. Bruce leaps five feet off the ground letting Henderson crash beneath him. He lands straddling Henderson's head. He tussles the guy's hair with the ball of his foot.

BRUCE

Chinks can jump really high, huh?

Henderson rolls and grabs for the legs but they're suddenly not there. He climbs to his feet.

HENDERSON

I'll kill you, you bastard!

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED (2)

37

BRUCE

I'm no bastard. The name's Bruce
Lee.

He offers Henderson his hand. The big guy lunges for it and gets air-born with the slightest roll of Bruce's hip. It's like an optical illusion. The crash is ugly.

Unable to take his friend's humiliation any longer, PAUL NUNNEMACHER, the fullback, and CHRIS TOWNSEND charge in with a double punch and a high double kick. He sends them back onto Henderson just as he's getting up. Now nobody's getting up. Bruce looks down at Henderson.

BRUCE

I'm sorry about your brother. That
was the Koreans. I'm an American.

He faces the quiet crowd. They part as he moves for the door.

VOICE

Hey, Bruce!

He turns. It's LINDA EMERY, the diving queen. She has his shirt and sneakers in her hands.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED (3)

37

LINDA

Gotta learn to pick up after yourself.

*
*
*

She hands him his stuff. It's hard to read what she thinks of him. He nods his thanks and leaves.

38 INT. HALLWAY - SPORTS CENTER - UNIVERSITY - DAY - 1963

38

Now very alone, Bruce shows another face--trouble, disappointment. This is not the America of his dreams.

Footsteps race toward him. TWO GUYS approach. Bruce readies himself.

BENNY SAYLES

Hey, ease up. We come in peace.

*

He's a Native American and offers his hand and a smile.

BENNY SAYLES

I'm Benny Sayles, this is Tad Overton. We just wanna ask you a question: that jujitsu stuff, can you teach us? Can anybody do it?

*

Bruce looks at them coldly and walks away. When they think he's out of earshot, Tad turns to Benny.

TAD

Told you. It's secret chink stuff...

Bruce hears this and turns.

39 EXT. COURTYARD - UNIVERSITY - DAY - 1963

39

He goes flying through the air, launched over Bruce's hip. This is not another fight. It's his first class, his first outing as a teacher. He helps Overton up and positions him next to Sayles. They're in a beautiful quad on the University grounds, Nunnemacher and Townsend included.

BRUCE

Be like water. Water is the the softest stuff in the world but it can fit in any container. Water seems weak but it can penetrate rock. Be like the nature of water...

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED

39

He's got them thinking about everything in a new way.

BRUCE

That's it for today. Friday we'll
spar.

The class breaks up, some pay Bruce for the lessons. Someone
taps his shoulder. IT'S LINDA.

LINDA

This class only for guys? Looks
like you only teach guys.

BRUCE

I teach anyone who wants to learn.
Usually guys are the ones
interested in fighting.

LINDA

I've dated some of these animals.
I did plenty of fighting. Listen, I'd
like to take lessons.

BRUCE

Friday, three o'clock.

LINDA

That's a date.

BRUCE

No, that's an appointment. There's
a difference.

She smiles fetchingly.

LINDA

See ya, Bruce.

He watches her go--that's a real American woman.

40 INT. WRESTLING ROOM - SPORTS CENTER - UNIVERSITY - DAY - 1963 40

Kung Fu class is back in session. Linda is dwarfed by beefcake
on every side. Sayles is sparring with Nunnemacher. Unable to
best him, Nunnemacher tackles him and they go crashing to the
mat. The fight gets real.

CONTINUED

BRUCE

Break it up! Break it up!

He pulls them apart.

BRUCE

If you give in to emotion, you lose yourself. You must be at one with your emotion, because the body always follows the mind. This is not about winning. This is about perfection.

SAYLES

Then why do they have all those keen colored belts?

BRUCE

The only thing belts are good for is to hold your pants up, Next...

He surveys the class.

BRUCE

Linda...and...

He surveys all the hulks. He's the only one her size.

BRUCE

Linda and...I guess, me.

She bows to him at mat center and assumes the eagle stance. He nods and they dance around each other like mating birds. She's got the grace and power of a natural athlete. They engage. He strikes and pulls the blow a millimeter from her face. She flinches.

BRUCE

You were open.

She nods, regains her stance. They re-engage, the air filled with slapping blocks. She throws her leg, he leaps over it.

BRUCE

I saw it coming.

She feints a straight arm punch catches Bruce's counter and flips him over her hip. He crashes to the mat. The class breaks out in whoops and hollers.

She offers him a hand and pulls him up. He's not embarrassed. In fact, he's pleased.

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED (2)

40

BRUCE

It isn't size or strength. It is focus. You all have a "Chi", an inner spirit. Focus it and there is no force you cannot bend to your will. Just like you saw.

A little cocky, she comes at him again. This time, he slips inside like water, envelops her and down she goes. He's on top of her ready to finish her off. She smiles, demurely.

LINDA

I kinda like this position.

The guys all laugh. Bruce puts his lips to her ear.

BRUCE

Good. Then say yes to a date.

LINDA

You mean all of us?

BRUCE

No, just you and me.

He springs off her and pulls her to her feet.

LINDA

Why?

BRUCE

Why?

LINDA

Yeah, why? Why me?

BRUCE

Why not. We already fell for each other.

She likes the answer. The class guys "oooh" it up.

41 INT. LIVING ROOM - EMERY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - 1963 41

The Huntley/Brinkley Report is on the TV. *

NEWSCASTER

Senator Barry Goldwater and his
running-mate William Miller kicked
off their campaign for the '64
presidential campaign today in
Phoenix...

VIVIAN EMERY, Linda's mom, busies herself paying bills while
watching the news. A CAR HONKS and Linda emerges in jeans with
rolled up cuffs and a flannel shirt. She carries a BOWLING BAG. *

VIVIAN

David Brinkley, now there's a man. *

LINDA

Bye, Mom... *

She eyes her daughter's attire. *

VIVIAN

Lemme guess: it's either bowling
or a lumberjack convention. *

LINDA

Close. It's bowling at a
lumberjack convention. *

VIVIAN

Have fun. Not too late now... *

Linda gives her a quick peck and shoots out the door.
Vivian's attention is drawn back to David Brinkley, her man. *

42 OMIT 42

43 INT./EXT. SHERRY SCHNELL'S CAR - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT - 1963 43*

As they speed away, Linda flips into the back seat and
immediately pulls off her jeans, already clad in garters and
stockings. She unzips the bowling bag and pulls out a nice
DRESS. *

LINDA

I hope he likes blue. You think
this is too wrinkled, Sherry? *

SHERRY

All this for a Chinese guy? I
can't believe you're going out
with a Chinese guy! *

Linda struggles into the dress.

LINDA

Lemme tell you, if you met him,
you'd get it.

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED -

43

SHERRY
I don't know if I could kiss
somebody who wasn't white. I don't
know if I could.

LINDA
I'll try to live with that
thought, Schnell. I really will.

SHERRY
You'd kiss him?

LINDA
Kiss him--at least. Who knows,
maybe more.

Sherry laughs. It's a nervous laugh.

SHERRY
Your dangerous, Emery. You
pretend to be a jock, but you're
just a...a beatnik!

She flips open the compact and lipsticks her lovely mouth.

LINDA
Pass me the bongos, Daddy-O...

44 OMIT

44

A45 EXT. LE TRUFFLE RESTAURANT - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

A45*

Sherry's car pulls up a steep hill and deposits Linda on the
street still fiddling with the twisted back garter. She
smooths herself out, waves and goes in.

45 INT. LE TRUFFLE RESTAURANT- SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT - 1963

45

An elegant bistro with a view of the Golden Gate Bridge. Looking
dewey and nervous, Linda spots Bruce dressed in a slick black
suit with micro-lapels waiting at the bar. He leaps up when he
sees her.

BRUCE
You look great. Blue looks really
good on you.

LINDA
I'm glad you like it. You look
pretty good yourself. Never seen
you with so many clothes on.

They're both a little nervous. He ushers her over to the
officious MAITRE 'D.

CONTINUED

BRUCE

Lee. We have a reservation at eight
o'clock...

The man looks at Bruce, his eyes flick to Linda, then back to
Bruce. He consults his MASSIVE RESERVATIONS BOOK.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED (2)

45

MAITRE 'D

Sorry. I don't have a thing right now. If you'd care to wait at the bar...

Bruce nods politely and they go to the bar.

46 INT. LE TRUFFLE - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT - 1963

46

Linda sips a COKE while Bruce keeps an eye on the Maitre 'D. Cordially, the fop guides a late-arriving WHITE COUPLE to their table, no waiting.

LINDA

Philosophy major, what can you do with a philosophy major?

BRUCE

You can think deep thoughts about being unemployed.

LINDA

No, seriously. You're a great teacher. Did you ever think of teaching kung fu?

BRUCE

What do you think I've been doing?

LINDA

No, I mean really going for it--the American way--make a business, a chain like McDonald's.

BRUCE

I like teaching...

LINDA

Sure it's fun to throw helpless girls around.

BRUCE

Seriously, I like they way it changes people. You can't change people with your fists. I learned that

CONTINUED

As he watches the Maitre d' seat yet another party, under the bar his fists ball up, his knuckles cracking with tension.

BRUCE

...They see something strange,
something they don't understand
and they get afraid. You teach
them the beauty of that strange
thing and they're no longer afraid
because it's become part of them.

LINDA

Sometimes strange things can be
very beautiful.

There's that 'ole heat again.

BRUCE

Excuse me...

He goes back to the Maitre 'd fondling his reservations book.

BRUCE

It's been a half an hour and I keep
seeing people being seated ahead of
us...

MAITRE 'D

Don't exaggerate. It's been barely
twenty minutes...

*
*

Audience over. Bruce's jaw sets hard with humiliation. He'd
like to "teach" him good with his fists but fights back hard
on the instinct. He returns to the bar.

BRUCE

(to bartender)
Large tomato juice, please.
(back to Linda)
You know what I was thinking?

LINDA

What were you thinking?

BRUCE

I was thinking I'd like to take
you some place else. Someplace
...good.

The bartender plunks down the tomato juice. Bruce throws down
a few bucks and escorts Linda back to the Maitre 'd, tomato
juice in hand.

BRUCE

I'm sorry. We just ran out of
time...

CONTINUED

46

CONTINUED (2)

45*

He checks his watch and dumps the large tomato juice all over the precious reservations book.

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED (3)

46*

BRUCE
Gee, I'm sorry...

He pulls the Maitre 'd's WHITE HANDKERCHIEF out of his pocket and begins to mop up the red mess.

BRUCE
Let me...

MAITRE 'D
I'll do it! I'LL DO IT!

Bruce tucks the soaking red handkerchief back in the fop's breast pocket then guides Linda toward the door. She looks at him curiously.

LINDA
What was that all about?

BRUCE
Confucious say: when pupil is ready, teacher appears.

Linda looks confused; Bruce smiles inscrutably and ushers her out.

47 EXT. YANG'S REST. - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT - A NEON SIGN - 1963

47

It reads YANG'S CHINESE RESTAURANT. Below it, Bruce and Linda sit at a window table enjoying each other's company. She pours some sugar in her green tea. Bruce almost gags. He dumps out the cup and refills it.

April, the waitress, brings the next course. She gives Bruce a withering look. He smiles politely and serves Linda some beef in oyster sauce.

48 EXT. A MOVIE MARQUEE - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT - 1963

48

It reads "BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S. Held Over."

49 INT. MOVIE THEATER - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT - 1963

49

MICKEY ROONEY does a wild characature as Audrey Hepburn's ASIAN LANDLORD: buck-toothed, coke-bottle glasses, out of control, his eyes taped back.

ROONEY
"Miss Go-Rightly! You in there,
Miss Go-Rightly!"...

CONTINUED

49

CONTINUED

49

LINDA

She munches popcorn and laughs with the best of them. She looks over to Bruce.

HE'S NOT LAUGHING. He watches the screen like a Black man watching a minstrel show.

Linda looks back at the screen, Rooney squinting, licking his lips. She looks back at Bruce, the real thing, almond eyes jaw set, arms folded, humiliated. It's cosmic zoom time.

LINDA

Let's get out of here...

50

EXT. UNIVERSITY COLONNADE - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT - 1963

50

They gambol across campus in the fog. He chases her up to the colonade where he traps her against the column. He takes her in his arms and kisses her, his hands travelling along her ripe body. When they move up under her dress, she pushes away, trembling with start/stop fever.

LINDA

I...I can't. I can't go this fast
I talk a good game. You think
I'm experienced. I'm not.

Bruce could force her, she wants to be taken over the line.

BRUCE

Do you want what I want?

LINDA

Yes. Soon.

BRUCE

Good things come to those who wait.

LINDA

Did Confucious say that, too?

BRUCE

I don't know. I never ate that
many fortune cookies.

He kisses her tenderly. She shivers

BRUCE

It's getting cold...

He walks her back.

51 INT. THE POOL - SPORTS CENTER - UNIVERSITY - DAY - 1963 51

The SWIM TEAM works out. In her maillot, Linda passes the four hundred meter relay guys in their speedos. Washboard stomachs, tight buns, forbidden mysteries. She bristles with awareness. Bruce has made her aware.

52 EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY - JANUARY 1964 52

Linda walks alone after class. She hears a strange, tinny HONK and looks up.

Bruce barrels down the street astride the most tricked-out MOTORCYCLE ever, dressed in a black leather jacket and Ray-Bans. He skids to a stop. Her gloom lifts at the sight of him. *

BRUCE

What's the matter? Never seen a Chinaman on a bike before. Get on!

Without hesitation, she jumps on the back and throws her arms around his waist. The Motorcycle darts away, handlebar streamers chattering in the wind.

53 INT. AN ABANDONED STOREFRONT - DAY - JANUARY 1964 53

The front door opens and they enter.

BRUCE

Well, what do you think?

Breathless, Linda looks around. It's a wreck--old brick walls, flaking paint, garbage on the floor, flourescent light fixtures hanging like they're drunk. In the center is a SOMETHING MAN-SIZED covered under a sheet; at the far end is a LARGE CHINESE SCREEN.

LINDA

I don't know what to think? *

BRUCE

What do you mean you don't know what to think. This was your idea!

LINDA

My idea--to move into a slum?

BRUCE

This is no slum. This is the first Bruce Lee Kung Fu Institute. *

Linda begins to catch his enthusiasm. *

BRUCE

You talked me into it. You make me feel like I can do anything. *

CONTINUED *

53 CONTINUED

53

LINDA

You can.

*

*

They're so close, it looks like a kiss. He bends down and picks something off the floor

*

*

He puts a PEBBLE in her hand.

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED (2)

53

BRUCE

When I came over on the boat, I knew this was an idea place. Ideas make this country great. Here, a good idea makes a man anything he wants to be. You drop a pebble in a pond, you get ripples. Soon the ripples cross the whole pond.

He opens her hand with the pebble.

BRUCE

Drop it.

She does. It clatters to the filthy floor.

BRUCE

See. It's begun.

They stand very close. Linda moves away toward the mystery under the sheet.

LINDA

And here's the first student.

BRUCE

No, you're my first student. This is Pete!

He whips the sheet off revealing a WOODEN TRUNK studded with dowel off-shoots, a Wing Chun dummy.

LINDA

Hey, Pete. How they hanging?

BRUCE

He's the perfect opponent. Always there, always ready, doesn't eat much.

LINDA

Don't fight him, marry him.

She wanders the space pulling him along by hand.

LINDA

Here's where you can have the reception area. Over here's where you give the classes.

She peeks behind the Chinese screen and sees a BOXSPRING AND MATTRESS SET still wrapped in plastic.

LINDA

And here's where you give me my first private lesson...

54 INT ABANDONED KWON - SAN FRANCISCO - EVENING - JANUARY 1964 54

LOVE MAKING. Imagine two young athletic people at their peak, truly in love, ready to challenge the mysteries, afraid of nothing. That's who they are. That's how they love.

The afternoon shadow of Pete drifts across the wall.

They continue on, a forced march with no end. Linda's a natural, her mind and body in harmony. In new territory, she assumes his level and they come together as equals.

Pete's shadow fades off the wall as night pours in.

Behind the screen, pleasure and love unending as time is rendered meaningless.

55 INT. ABANDONED KWON - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT (LATER) - 1964 55*

Bruce pumps some iron in the middle of the night. Glistening with sweat in the ambient street light, he's a study in physical perfection and excess energy.

Linda comes from behind the screen.

LINDA

Come back to bed. Don't you ever sleep?

BRUCE

I'll sleep when I'm dead.

She comes up behind him, grabs the bar and they French curl together. He drops the barbell and turns to her.

LINDA

There's only one problem about having sex with a Chinese man.

BRUCE

(A little nervous)
What's that?

LINDA

You're hungry an hour later.

She jumps on him, straddling him with those diver's legs.

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED

55

LINDA
And I mean starved...

MATCH DISSOLVE MONTAGE

56 INT. KWON - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT - JANUARY 1964

56

The place has been cleaned up and turned into a fine-looking kwoon. Bruce teaches his normal University group.

57 INT. KWON - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY - JANUARY 1964

57

Then there are new people, ten, fifteen, people of different races, different age groups.

*
*
*
*

58 INT. KWON - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT - JANUARY 1964

58

It's grab ass time in the dark. Naked, Bruce chases Linda around the space. She ducks and dodges behind the columns and makes a break for it right into--

59 INT. SHOWERS - KWON - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT - JANUARY 1964

59

The showers already running full blast filling the room with luxuriant steam. Inner heat meets outer heat. Meltdown.

59A
THRU OMITTED
62

59A
THRU
62

A63 INT. KWON - SAN FRAN-NIGHT-AN OLD SMITH CORONA- SPRING 1964

A63

Bruce is alone typing a term paper on Hegel on a make-shift desk of bricks and boards, a CUP OF TEA steaming next to him. The STEAM CHANGES DIRECTION. The lights FLICKER and BLACK out. The door BLOWS OPEN so hard the glass shatters.

The kwoon becomes whipped by a SUPERNATURAL MAELSTROM. Mats fly around like leaves. Pete is blown over backwards. Papers, books, lamps, everything is churned by some invisible cuisinart. Bruce struggles to hold his ground but is blown backwards like a doll on a yankwire smashing painfully into the back wall.

He looks up. In the center of the hurricane towering over Bruce is THE PHANTOM. His eyes glow malevolently in the dark. He points as if to say "you're mine" and fades.

The storm fades with him. Bruce springs to his feet but The Phantom has disappeared. His father's nightmare has found him.

*
*
*
*

CONTINUED

60
THRU
62

60
THRU
62

63 INT. KWOON - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY - A TV - JUNE 1964

63

Half-undressed, Bruce and Linda watch GENERAL HOSPITAL eating Gussie Yang's TAKE OUT. Linda is now a chopstick champ. Bruce looks under a cloud, edgy.

SOAP ACTRESS

...Scotty, Scotty is not your son.

SOAP ACTOR

Not my son? Who's son is he?

The organ music swells and they picture fades to a BREN COMMERCIAL.

LINDA

I hate to tell you this, Bruce--
but he's my son.

She gives him a quick kiss, pops up showing her diaphragm case and personal stuff in her BOWLING BAG.

LINDA

Gotta go. Told mom I'd help her
with dinner.

BRUCE

Your mother must think you're a
professional bowler by now.

Linda's uncomfortable. He won't look at her now.

LINDA

I'm gonna tell her.

BRUCE

When?

LINDA

When I'm ready.

BRUCE

Well, we all know how long that can
take. Are you ashamed?

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED

63

LINDA

No, I'm not ashamed. Are you
ashamed of me? Did you ever tell your
father about me? Did you tell him
about your little "gwei-lo" girl?

BRUCE

Yes.

LINDA

What did he say?

BRUCE

It doesn't matter what he said.
What matters is I told him.

LINDA

Okay, so I'll tell her. It's
just...she's so...she's not gonna
understand, Bruce.

BRUCE

You understand. I understand.
That's what matters.

LINDA

I dunno...it should be...but she's
my mom.

He knows all he's doing is forcing the issue.

BRUCE

Then don't bother.

LINDA

What?

BRUCE

You don't have to. I think we
should break up.

LINDA

What're you talking about?

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED (2)

63

BRUCE

I've made some decisions: I'm gonna quit school. I've gotta get going with my life. I saw a larger space in Oakland. I'm gonna open up a school over there...

LINDA

Thanks for giving me a lot of notice. Nice of you to talk it over.

BRUCE

It's better. You did your crazy Chinaman thing. Now you can marry a nice white doctor and everybody'll be happy!

She SLAPS his face hard. He resists the urge to retaliate.

LINDA

Go ahead! Hit me back!

She goes up in his face.

LINDA

Hit me! Only this time why don't you make it above the belt.

He cannot stare her down. He blinks first. Defiantly, she grabs her stuff, charges out and slams the door. The plywood clatters to the floor. Bruce gives Pete a smack like it's all his fault.

64 EXT. BUS STOP - SAN FRANCISCO - LATE AFTERNOON - JUNE 1964

64

Crying, Linda gets to the corner where she waits for the Number 10 along with TWO BLACK NURSES sitting on the bench.

LINDA

C'mon....C'mon....

CONTINUED

It's hard to tell whether she's rooting for the bus or Bruce to show up first. But here comes the motorcycle. Linda quickly wipes her eyes and assumes an aloof attitude. Bruce skids the back wheel out as he stops right in front of the bus stop.

BRUCE
Come with me.

LINDA
I'll take the bus, thank you.

BRUCE
The bus can't take you where I can.
Come with me to Oakland.

LINDA
I've been to Oakland, thank you.
It gave me a headache.

BRUCE
You'll like it better when we're married.

LINDA
What did you say?

BRUCE
You heard me--marry me!

LINDA
You mean it?

BRUCE
Of course, I mean it.

There's a suspended moment between them. Neither is really sure about anything.

NURSE
Forgodssake, girl, take two aspirin and go to Oakland with the man!

That seems to break the deadlock. Linda literally leaps on the bike and they peel away.

CONTINUED

A65 EXT. EMERY HOUSE - MAGIC HOUR - JUNE 1964

A65

Bruce and Linda pull up on Bruce's motorcycle. A light rain falls as sounds of a CHOPIN NOCTURN emerges from inside the house.

65 INT. EMERY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - JUNE 1964

65*

Vivian, Linda's mom, brings the coffee tray into the DEN where Linda sits playing her BABY GRAND PIANO flubbing now and again out of nerves. Bruce paces alongside her.

VIVIAN
Eight years of lessons...

She pours Bruce a cup, her face politely composed but tense.

VIVIAN
Sugar, Mister Lee?

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED

65

BRUCE

Please.

VIVIAN

Are you...pregnant?

LINDA

No!

VIVIAN

Okay, look at this thing from all angles. First, you're awfully young, Mr. Lee. And Linda has to finish college.

LINDA

I'll finish up from Oakland.

Vivian is visibly relieved. She changes tactics.

VIVIAN

Okay. Okay. You'll finish college from Oakland. But there are other aspects to marriage I don't think you two have considered. How will you live?

BRUCE

I'm going to open another school in Oakland. Maybe one in Palo Alto. Soon, it'll be a chain--like McDonald's.

VIVIAN

I don't wanna rain on your parade, young man, but people need hamburgers. They don't need judo.

BRUCE

Kung Fu.

VIVIAN

Whatever...

BRUCE

More people want to study it all the time. That's how I've been putting myself through school.

VIVIAN

Alright, I'll give you that, too. So now let's address the real issue: children.

Bruce and Linda exchange looks. They've never discussed it.

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED (2)

65

VIVIAN

After all, Linda, marriage is really about children.

LINDA

Sure, we want children. Someday.

VIVIAN

What'll they be? They won't be white, they won't be oriental. They'll be some kind of half-breeds and they won't be accepted by either side.

BRUCE

They'll be Americans. Linda's an American. I'm an American.

VIVIAN

You're an American citizen. You're not really American.

Bruce grips the coffee cup so hard, he snaps the handle cutting his hand. He slowly rises and looks at Linda like "Is this woman you?" She averts her eyes. He walks out.

LINDA

Bruce!

VIVIAN

You should get a band-aid on that cut, Mister Lee...

(to Linda)

I treated him like a gentleman. You saw me.

The front door slams. Vivian examines the broken cup.

VIVIAN

This is my favorite china.

LINDA

Mom...

VIVIAN

You can do much better. Believe me, you'll forget him in a month.

Linda's lashed to horses going different directions.

VIVIAN

Can you really imagine yourself having yellow babies? Can you?

LINDA

Yes, I can.

41A.

*

65 CONTINUED (3)

65

Outside the motorcycle kicks over like a call for liberation.

*

VIVIAN

I'm sorry, honey, all this will
bring you is pain. and I can't allow
it.

*

*

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED (4)

65*

LINDA
It's not up to you.

Linda dashes after Bruce.

66 EXT. EMERY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - JUNE 1964

66

OUTSIDE Linda runs down the steps after the motorcycle. It's pouring now. *

LINDA
Bruce! Bruce!

Relieved, he throws the bike into a skid on the drenched street. She leaps on and throws her arms around him.

LINDA
Don't ever leave me. Don't ever
leave me again.

She kisses his neck as he rolls the accelerator to the max. They bullet off so fast, they streak between the raindrops.

67 INT. DINING ROOM - YANG'S REST. - SAN FRAN. - DAY - 8/17/64

67

In a sharp-looking TUX, Bruce runs through the crowded dining room. There, supervising her establishment is Gussie. Bruce smacks an envelope in her hand.

GUSSIE
What's this?

BRUCE
The loan..

He gives her a peck on her astonished cheek.

GUSSIE
Where you going?

BRUCE
To a wedding!

He's gone.

68 EXT. GUSSIE YANG'S - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY - 8/17/64

68

Bruce jumps in his badly-used '63 CHRYSLER packed with luggage and boxes, Pete lashed to the top. In a lovely dress, Linda rides shotgun. "JUST MARRIED" GRAFFITTI and tied shoes trim out the car as they pull away. *

69

EXT. AN OAKLAND STREET - DAY - OCT. 1964

69

With bags of groceries under each arm, Linda hurries into a loft building. Over the doorway is marked THE JUN FAN GUNG FU INSTITUTE.

70

INT. THE NEW KWON - OAKLAND - DAY - OCT. 1964

70

Everything is finished and ready. Only problem is there are NO STUDENTS. Bruce does his THUMB PUSHUPS to keep busy.

LINDA

Anything?

Bruce shakes his head and keeps on dipping. Linda puts some of the groceries away in the back living area.

LINDA

I put five-thousand flyers under every windshield in this city...

Just then, the front door opens and a HANDSOME YOUNG BLACK MAN sticks his head in, one of Linda's flyers in hand.

BLACK MAN

You open?

BRUCE

Come in. Come in...

BLACK MAN

I caught the flyer. Thought I'd check it out. Seen some of that Kung fu in them chopsaki movies.

He makes a few crazy moves along with a few sound effects.

BLACK MAN

Cool shit. Name's Jerome. Jerome Sprout. And you must be that cat Bruce Lee, right?

*
*
*

They shake hands.

JEROME

I'd like to take some Kung Fu lessons.

*

BRUCE

I'd like to give them.

JEROME

Really? You know I'm not Chinese.

*

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED

70

Bruce smiles at the obvious.

JEROME

Some of the other teachers around here just turned me down flat. Some wouldn't even talk to me.

BRUCE

They have little imaginations and big bank accounts.

JEROME

They got attitude. That's what they got.

BRUCE

Well, you got a teacher

He pounds Jerome on the shoulder.

BRUCE

Let's go to work...

THE KWON MONTAGE

71 INT. KWON - OAKLAND - DAY - DEC. 1964

71

Like before, one pupil becomes five.

72 INT. KWON - OAKLAND - DAY

72

five becomes fifteen--black Muslims, young attorneys, secretaries, college kids, retired guys--anyone who wants to learn. He even teaches a CLASS OF SEVEN TO TEN YEAR OLDS.

A74 INT. KWON STAIRWAY - OAKLAND - DAY - DEC. 1964

A74*

A YOUNG CHINESE BOY, maybe eleven, runs up the stairs to the kwon and goes inside.

*
*

74 INT. KWON - OAKLAND - DAY - DEC. 1964

74

Linda is alone straightening up between classes.

LINDA

Can I help you?

Shyly, he gives her the scroll.

CONTINUED

74 CONTINUED

74

LINDA

Un goy.

He smiles at her and runs out

75 INT. CHINESE SOCIAL CLUB - OAKLAND - DAY - DEC. 1964
THE SCROLL

75

It's flipped on a lacquered table. Bruce stands in front of a COUNCIL OF CHINESE ELDERS in the chiaroscuro light of their "Social Club". Some play fan tan or mah jong, others sip "cha" and read the Chinese newspapers. Some are focused on the young upstart before them.

BRUCE

You asked me here. I'm here.

ELDER #1

Lee Jun Fan, you've been charged with violating the martial arts code. We've had complainst from Wu Zuolin, Wong Jack Man and many others. You've been teaching the gwei-lo. This must stop

BRUCE

I'll teach whoever wants to learn.

*

This pisses off a lot of council members.

*

A moderate man, Elder #1 pulls his friend back. In English:

ELDER #1

Look Bruce--you like to be called Bruce. We do things differently here. One of the things we don't do is teach our secrets to whites.

*

*

ELDER #2

Whites, blacks. They're the enemy!

*

CONTINUED

75 CONTINUED

75

BRUCE

They're not the enemy. They just
don't know us. We've been so closed
for so long they have never seen
the real beauty of our culture.
Let's show it to them.

*
*

ELDER #2

Pearls before swine.

*

Most agree.

BRUCE

You have reasons to be angry. But
you cannot teach if you cannot
learn and if you cannot learn, you
have nothing to offer anybody.

*

Whispers go around the table.

ELDER #1

We do not agree. You are ordered
to stop teaching the gwei-lo...

*

BRUCE

Or what?

ELDER #1

Or we will settle this by combat.
If you refuse the challenge, You
will close your school and
leave San Francisco with your
Gwei-lo wife.

*
*
*
*

BRUCE

If I win?

*
*

ELDER #1

You will be left alone. Prepare
yourself.

*
*

Bruce exits the club back into the blinding sunlight.

- 76 INT. KWON - OAKLAND - DAY - JAN. 1965 76*
- Bruce gives Pete a daily workout. Pete now wears LOVE BEADS as befits the time. Bruce takes a break and towels off. The lovebeads begin to clatter against the dummy's wooden frame. Then the whole kwoon is hit by an EARTHQUAKE. Yip Man's portrait crashes to the ground. Bruce looks around in horror. Suddenly, he drops out of bottom frame into the pits of hell. *
- 77 EXT. SURREAL LANDSCAPE - NIGHT - JAN. 1965 77*
- He falls into a hollow, covered in thigh-high ground fog, knees washed in spectral light. He's all alone. No Phantom. Frantically, he looks around. *
- Behind him, stealthily, the Phantom rises from beneath the fog until he towers full-height behind Bruce. He grabs him, lifts him over his head and smashes Bruce across his knee snapping his back like kindling wood. *
- 78 INT. KWON - OAKLAND - NIGHT - JAN. 1965 78*
- Bruce comes out of it, on the floor of the kwoon clutching his back in agony. He realizes the nightmare's over. The pain is gone. He bounces to his feet, shaken and alone. *
- 79 INT. KWON - OAKLAND - DAY - JAN. 1965 79
- The next morning. Bruce sits alone at the table staring into his teacup, his breakfast untouched. Linda pops out of the bathroom.

LINDA
Not hungry?

Bruce shakes his head.

LINDA
Teaching today?

BRUCE
No. Have to take care of some business in the city. Tax stuff.

Linda comes to him and holds his shoulders.

LINDA
Do we owe a lot of money?

CONTINUED

79

CONTINUED

79

Bruce wants to confide in her but can't. He kisses her suddenly, deeply.

BRUCE

I owe everything...

She starts to react.

BRUCE

...to you. See ya later.

★

★

He gives her a last look and leaves.

80

INT. PHILLIP LEE GYMNASIUM - DAY - OAKLAND - 1965

80

It's completely empty. Eerily silent. The council of martial arts ELDERS files in and sits mat-side.

From the back, Bruce emerges followed by Jerome Sprout.

JEROME

...Bookies are laying twenty to one against you.

BRUCE

Who is this guy?

JEROME

Name's Johnny Sun. Got a school over on Thompson. I checked him out. Bookies ain't stupid. He's a killer, man.

BRUCE

What're you, his press agent?

CONTINUED

80 CONTINUED

80

JEROME

No, man, he's a real killer. Some brothers tried to rob him last year. Two went to the hospital. The one with the gun went to a funeral.

BRUCE

Jerome, you're a real confidence builder.

Just then, from the locker room emerges JOHNNY SUN. His body and face could make ice wish for the arctic. Behind him is his younger brother, LUKE SUN, eighteen, handsome with a deep scar down his left cheek. He's bigger than his older brother but doesn't have Johnny's murdering edge.

JEROME

Younger cat's his brother Luke. They eat their Wheaties in that family.

JEROME stops Bruce.

JEROME

Forget this shit, man. Forget all us gwei los and let's get the hell outta here right now.

Bruce smiles at him like an indulgent father then enters the fighting area.

81 INT. FIGHTING AREA - PHILLIP LEE GYM - OAKLAND - DAY - 1965

81

The Sun brothers hug and Johnny joins Bruce. Side-by-side, Bruce looks like the "before" version. They bow to the council. They bow to each other. The ordeal by combat is ready.

Elder #1 nods. THE FIGHT IS ON!

Johnny Sun charges in without caution driving Bruce back with a series of jabs and snapping knee kicks. Bruce feints and parries. The assault yields little damage.

The fighters re-set. Bruce comes on the offensive striking up at Johnny Sun's neck and head. The killer spins away both feet flying. Bruce ducks the first lethal heel but can't dodge the second. It catches him hard in the shoulder. Bruce absorbs the force, backflips to his feet, ready.

CONTINUED

81 CONTINUED

81

Bruce slides into another position and charges. He smothers Johnny Sun in a barrage of kicks and punches driving him clear across the mat. The bigger man covers up as he's hammered from every angle, losing his form.

Bruce snaps a high kick to Sun's face, another, another. First blood. Stung severely, Johnny is knocked down. Bruce charges a flying drop kick.

Johnny Sun intercepts the leading foot and literally heaves Bruce back EIGHT FEET IN THE AIR. Bruce crashes into the perimeter. The Elders scatter. Cuba winces.

Johnny Sun comes on. Bruce can do little more than block the fury of the counter-attack. Johnny Sun unleashes a double three-sixty. Bruce deflects both kicks at a high cost. He's staying close, suffering greatly, to find an opening.

Here it comes. Bruce slips inside Johnny's legs, catches his thick calf and throws it upward like a lever, hammering the Goliath's kidneys with a blur of knuckle punches.

Johnny Sun goes down again. Bruce maximizes the opportunity but Johnny Sun is far from finished. A street-fighter, he mounts a defense with his back on the mat. Bruce kicks for the throat but misses. Anchored from the floor, Johnny Sun jams a powerful right leg right into Bruce's sternum, a crushing shot.

Bruce is knocked back and collapses to his knees, unable to breathe. He's hurt. Johnny Sun comes on for the kill.

Pulling up from the gonads, Bruce rises to meet him. His only chance is to absorb and wait. His strength now diminished, it has to be marshalled for the exact moment.

It's ugly. Bruce takes kick after kick, punch after punch, backing around the perimeter of the mat. Glistening with sweat, Johnny Sun just keeps on coming, blood running from his mouth and nose, the killer's glint in his eye.

Bruce retreats, wily but showing total depletion. Another blistering combination and Bruce goes down on one knee. The crowd eggs Johnny Sun to deliver the killing blow.

Sensing his moment, Johnny launches himself in the air targeting Bruce's neck for breaking.

Bruce rises and with perfect co-ordination finds the opening between Johnny Sun's arching legs and smashes him square in the groin. The man literally impales himself on Bruce's fist.

CONTINUED

81 CONTINUED (2)

81

He bellows in pain and crashes to the floor. Bruce is on him, knee on his chest, right arm cocked with a blow aimed at the bridge of Johnny Sun's nose. One punch and Bruce could drive the nose bone into Johnny Sun's brain, ending his fighting days forever.

Bruce hovers above, muscles quivering with go/stop energy.

BRUCE

Do you give up?

He cocks his arm higher.

BRUCE

Do you give up!

Johnny Sun nods knowing Bruce will crush his windpipe if he doesn't. Bruce leaps to his feet and turns to the Elders.

BRUCE

I'll teach anyone I want. The choice is mine. Mine! Maybe I've taught you something today.

He bows to the council and walks off. Johnny Sun charges Bruce from behind.

JEROME

Bruce, watch out!

Bruce turns in time to see something terrifying: JOHNNY SUN HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO THE PHANTOM. With all his massive strength, the demon drop kicks Bruce right in the small of the back.

There's a horrible CRUNCH and Bruce crumples, screaming in pain-- EXACTLY LIKE THE NIGHT BEFORE.

*
*

82 OMIT

82

83 INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - OAKLAND - NIGHT - JAN. 1965

83

Along with other families, Linda waits nervously in the waiting room of SISTER OF ANGELS HOSPITAL. DOMINICAN NUNS administrator at the front desk while NURSES of the order go about their medical business. An ORTHOPEDIST comes down the hall and ducks his head in the waiting room fro Linda, signals her to come out. He guides her around the deco lobby during the following:

CONTINUED

83 CONTINUED

83

DOCTOR

The damage is between the sixth and seventh vertebrae. The crushed cartilage is putting pressure on the spinal cord.

LINDA

Can you fix it?

DOCTOR

Surgery could make it worse. I think physio-therapy will be more productive.

LINDA

How long before he's better?

DOCTOR

If we're lucky, two years.

LINDA

Two years! It'll take him two years to get back to normal?

DOCTOR

Two years to walk. He might never get back to normal.

*
*
*
*
*

84 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - OAKLAND - NIGHT - 1965

84

Through a glass door, Linda sees Bruce lashed from head to foot to a torture implement known as a FOSTER BED. He looks like a chicken on a spit. Behind him the bay area skies DUMP as if crying. Linda's in shock.

DOCTOR

There are some papers to sign.
Mrs. Lee?

She doesn't respond.

DOCTOR

Mrs. Lee?

Linda looks around like he might be talking to someone else. She gets her bearing, regains her poise and pushes in. She crosses to her husband and wipes the hair out of his eyes. He tries to avoid looking her but his head is strapped down.

CONTINUED

Green 4/17/92

52A.

84 CONTINUED

84

LINDA

This thing's kind of sexy. Maybe we
can keep it after you're better.

Bruce glares at her.

CONTINUED

84 CONTINUED

84

LINDA

Sorry. Bad joke. I know you're mad.
Don't be mad. It'll only make
things worse.

BRUCE

worse! Gonna take a helluva lot to
make things worse.

LINDA

We'll just order dinner in for
awhile.

BRUCE

The fight took too long. I left
myself open. That's why this
happened.

LINDA

This happened because he cheated.

Did he cheat or did he have help? Bruce isn't sure. But it's
beyond decussion.

LINDA

You should've told me where you
were going.

BRUCE

Why?

LINDA

Because I'm your wife, that's why.
I had a right to know.

BRUCE

You might want to think about
that...the wife part, I mean

LINDA

What're you saying? You lost a
fight so you want a divorce!

BRUCE

It's you who might want a
divorce. Take a good look, Linda.

LINDA

Okay. So we'll eat take-out
and we won't go dancing for
awhile.

BRUCE

We won't be doing a lot of things
for awhile. Maybe never.

CONTINUED

53A.

★

84

CONTINUED

84

LINDA

So we're in a little trouble...

★

★

BRUCE

This is more than a little trouble

84 CONTINUED (2)

84

LINDA

So this is big trouble. You're
always going on about the beauties
of the Chinese culture. Well, lemme
tell you about the beauties of my
culture--we love big trouble!

*
*

BRUCE

That's what you say today. Six
months from now you'll be looking
for the back door. Might as well
get it over with now!

*

LINDA

It'll never be over between you and
me. Get it? Never!

BRUCE

Go back to your mother, Linda. I'm
finished...

*

LINDA

Baby, you're just hurt now...

*
*

BRUCE

...tell her you made a mistake. Do
it! I don't want you here! Go!
You hear me? I don't want you!
GET OUT!

*
*
*
*
*

He's consumed with anger, paralyzed inside and out but his
words are like lethal blows. She can't take anymore and runs
out

*
*
*

A85 INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - OAKLAND - NIGHT - 1965

A85*

Destroyed, weeping for them both, Linda bursts through the
door and rushes out into the rainy night.

*
*

85 OMIT

85*

86 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - OAKLAND - DAY - 1965

86

BRUCE. He's hung in the down position staring at the linoleum.
Rain plinks against the windows.

*

CONTINUED

86 CONTINUED

86

The wind rattles the VENETIAN BLINDS an eerie vibration. He hears the door open.

TWO BLACK MARBLE NOTEBOOKS come flying into frame followed by Linda who slides under the bed and lies on the floor.

LINDA

Hi, Thought I'd improve the view.

Bruce tries to turn his head away but can't.

LINDA

Look at the big kung fu man. First sign of trouble, all he can do is quit.

BRUCE

Shut up! Shut up!

LINDA

Make me! Make me, quitter. Beat me up. C'mon, that's what you do best.

Bruce strains against the leather straps.

BRUCE

I'll...I'll...

LINDA

You'll what? Bust out of there like superman and kill me. I doubt it.

Bruce is so angry and frustrated, there are tears in his eyes. But in his anger, there is life. She knows it.

LINDA

See these notebooks? They look the kind we had in school. Right? Wrong. They're your future.

BRUCE

I have no more future!

CONTINUED

86 CONTINUED (2)

86

LINDA

Sure, you do. All I hear is the fight took too long. Too many fixed positions in Wing Chun. Too much tradition. Too much classical mess. You know everything wrong. So fix it! Stop whining and start fighting. Fight back with your mind.

BRUCE

I can't write. I can't move.

LINDA

Whine. Whine. Whine. You talk, quitter. I'll write.

She cracks the first notebook and picks up a pen.

LINDA

C'mon. I'm waiting.

BRUCE

It'll take forever.

LINDA

You going anywhere? I'm not.

They lock wills. She has bested him and he knows it. He relaxes, surrenders to her. She sees it in his eyes.

LINDA

Oh, yeah, one more thing--I'm pregnant.

87 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - OAKLAND - DAY - NOTEBOOKS - 1965

87

The pages fill up with Linda's neat handwriting as Bruce dictates his theory of martial arts for the twentieth century. Whether he's rotated up or down in his torture bed, the work goes on.

88 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - OAKLAND - DAY - SEPT. 1965

88*

One becomes several. The thoughts and methods flow out of him as he takes over the writing from his WHEELCHAIR. Now EXTREMELY PREGNANT, Linda places something on the windowsill covered by a cloth. With a flourish, she unveils it--a CARDBOARD TOMBSTONE. It reads "IN MEMORY OF A ONCE FLUID MAN CRAMMED AND DISTORTED BY THE CLASSICAL MESS". They share a good laugh and a better kiss.

*
*

89
THRU OMIT
90B

89*

90B*

AA91 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY - SEPT. 1965

AA91*

Bruce wheels down a long hospital corridor dressed to the
nines in the best of 1965 L'Uomo Vouge, a BOUQUET and a BROWN
PAPER BAG on his lap. He does a little theatrical spin for
the NURSES at the Nurse's Station and pushes through a door
directly across.

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*

A91 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MATERNITY - OAKLAND -DAY - SEPT. 1965

A91*

MOTHER AND CHILD sleep peacefully. He wheels next to the bed and stares at the miracle of his son. The two gene pools have done excellent work. Bruce tears himself away and opens the window. Like his father before him, he places some OCTAGONAL PAT KWA MIRRORS on the window ledge.

LINDA (O.S.)

Hey kiddo, he's too young to shave.

He wheels back over and takes her hand, strokes the baby's cheek. *

BRUCE

They aren't shaving mirrors
They're called "Pat Kwa."

LINDA

Pat kwa.

BRUCE

They're like gargoyles on churches:
You put them around to ward off
evil spirits.

LINDA

That's an interesting tradition.

BRUCE

The 'feng Shui' priests think it's
real. So do a lot of people.

LINDA

Do you?

He wants to confess his dark knowledge, but he can't bring himself to frighten her, she looks so vulnerable.

BRUCE

No. Of course not.

LINDA

I want to call him Brandon.

BRUCE

Brandon. That's good...

He pushes back from bed--and slowly, painfully rises from the wheelchair.

BRUCE

I stand for my son Brandon Lee.

He takes the two steps to the bedside. Her eyes alight with miracles, Linda hands him their child. Bruce Lee stands with heaven in his arms.

91 INT. KWON - OAKLAND - DAY (LATER) - OCT. 1965

91*

Bruce is reading Richard Burton's "Book of The Sword" while Linda writes thank you notes on the bed. Brandon fools with the mobile above his crib. The DOORBELL rings.

LINDA
I'll get it.

She disappears around the screens while Bruce continues to read and make notes. He hears the door open and some low, very intense conversation. Curious, he wheels out to look.

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED

91

In the doorway is LINDA'S MOTHER, Vivian. Linda's posture is stiff and unforgiving. She's about to shut the door in her mom's face.

BRUCE
Brandon, it's Grandma!

Both women turn and see Bruce wheeling toward them. He maneuvers himself past Linda and swings the door wide open.

BRUCE
Come in, Grandma. There's someone
you ought to meet.

Linda glares at him like "what the hell're you doing?" Bruce does a wheelie and pushes off toward the bedroom.

BRUCE
C'mon...

Unsure of herself, Vivian follows. Smoldering, Linda shuts the door and does likewise.

VIVIAN
How're you feeling, Mister Lee?

BRUCE
Like half-man, half-car.

VIVIAN
Glad to hear it.

BRUCE
You know, Linda, you're Mom has
great legs. Really great...

In spite of herself, Vivian is girlishly flattered. They gather around the crib. Linda hangs back by the screen. When she sees Brandon, Vivian's face transfigures. Years of anger and resistance dissolve like so much toxic waste. Her eyes glisten with tears, tears of regret and joy.

VIVIAN
He's beautiful. He looks...he looks
like...well, he looks like you
both. May I?

Linda nods. Vivian picks up the infant and holds him close, smells the top of his head, kisses his cheek. Linda sees the mother she used to know. Able to hold out no longer, she goes to her and the two women stand close admiring the baby.

BRUCE
Oh, Brandon, you're a strong one.
Only you could have done this. Only
you...

CONTINUED

- 91 CONTINUED (2) 91
The women laugh. Linda puts her arm around her mom.
- 92 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - OAKLAND - DAY - OCT. 1965 92
It's a golden Bay Area day. Bruce pulls the stroller behind his wheelchair like a small train. Mother and grandmother amble a few paces behind.
- BRUCE (V.O.)
The art of Jeet Kune Do is simply to simplify. It favors formlessness so that it can assume all forms. It has no style so it can fit in with all styles...
- 93 INT. KWON - OAKLAND - DAY - SPRING 1966 93
Linda spots for Bruce as he does bench presses with only the bar, no weights. Brandon's stands in his crib holding the bars like the Prisoner of Zenda.
- BRUCE (V.O.)
Kung Fu, Karate, Tae Kwon Do, all the classical styles are attempts to arrest the flux of conflict--
- 94 INT. KWON - OAKLAND - DAY - SPRING 1966 94*
The world is upside down. Bruce does his handstand push-ups in the corner. Brandon crawls over to investigate and playfully kisses his dad's face as he goes up and down.
- BRUCE(V.O.)
But in actual combat, the opponent doesn't wait for formalities. He's not a robot, but a human being, fluid and alive--
- BOOS AND CATCALLS fade up on the soundtrack, a sound wall of hate.
- A95 ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THE BRIDGE - LONG BEACH - DAY - JUNE 1966 A95
SUPER-TITLE: LONG BEACH INTERNATIONAL KARATE TOURNAMENT
- 95 INT. LONG BEACH STADIUM - LOS ANGELES - DAY - JUNE 1966 95
It's madness, something out of the French Revolution. Bruce stands ring-center reading from his notebooks.

CONTINUED

95 CONTINUED

95

BRUCE

...Like the sculptor who doesn't keep adding clay to his statue, but strips away the inessentials until the truth is revealed, we've tried to develop a way of fighting with no fixed positions, no set movements--

He is ripping a thousand years of tradition away from these people. There's little appreciation for the effort.

Linda looks around for the exits in case they need to escape.

BRUCE

The fancy mess of martial arts solidifies what was once fluid. It is nothing but blind devotion to the systematic uselessness of routines that lead nowhere...

Someone throws a chair. Bruce ducks and it crashes behind him. The tournament director ED PARKER takes the mike holding up his hands for order.

ED

Now hold on! Hold on!

HECKLER

Tell him to prove it!

The crowd murmurs in agreement. A chant grows out of assent.

CROWD

Prove it! Prove it! Prove it!...

ED

Mister Lee is not here in competition. There is a lot of truth...

Boos and "prove it's" shake the walls.

ED

...there's truth in what he says.

Bruce takes back the mike.

BRUCE

Okay! Okay! I'll prove it. I'LL PROVE IT! I need someone to prove it on.

CONTINUED

95 CONTINUED (2)

95

LINDA

No. No!

She weaves through the crowd toward the sparring area.

BRUCE

I will beat anyone in this room. In
thirty seconds!

The place goes crazy. Linda clears her way to Bruce.

LINDA

What're you crazy, the doctors told
you no fighting.

BRUCE

They told me I'd never walk again,
too.

LINDA

When will you be happy--when
they're right!

VOICE

(O.S.)

I'll fight you!

All heads turn to the back of the hall. IT'S JOHNNY SUN.

JOHNNY SUN

I beat this man before. I'll beat
him again.

The crowd applauds him like a savior. Bruce chomps back on his
fear. Is this a man or The Phantom? Is this the final
confrontation or just an affair of honor between mortals?

Johnny Sun strides toward the center followed, as always, by
his younger brother LUKE SUN who's growing strongly into
manhood.

Linda digs her nails into her husband's arm.

LINDA

Bruce, I'm begging you, if you love
me.

BRUCE

This isn't about you and me.

He gently unpeels her deathgrip and unbuttons his shirt.

LINDA

Fine. Fine. But I'm not going to go
through it again. You understand
me? You get hurt, you're on your
own.

Johnny Sun arrives in the ring. Angry, Linda pivots out.

CONTINUED

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*
*

95 CONTINUED. (3)

BRUCE
(to Linda)
Don't go too far, hon. I'll be done
in thirty seconds.

Linda won't buy the bravado. ED takes the mike.

ED
This is a challenge match to prove
Mister Lee's theory of Jeet Kune
Do. Thirty seconds. Ready?

96 INT. RING - LONG BEACH STADIUM - LOS ANGELES - DAY - JUNE 1966 96*

He and Johnny Sun bow to each other and square off once again. Ed Parker blows his whistle. The match is on. The SECOND HAND on the COMPETITION CLOCK starts its sweep.

Johnny Sun launches a full-tilt assault; Bruce is immediately on the defensive. He takes a wicked kick to the head. It snaps his whole torso back. He sucks breath against the pain.

Linda turns away. His back is her back. She reaches the side exit but can't go. She has no choice but to watch.

Johnny Sun moves in. The crowd smells vindication. They're on their feet screaming. TWELVE SECONDS have elapsed.

Like water, Bruce slips inside the attack. He reaches in and draws from the centuries, the energy flow of the universe and from his throat emerges a PRIMAL SOUND, the knifing yell of a high-tension wire. THE BRUCE LEE SCREAM!

It launches him through space. Like an arrow called to the target, his foot unerringly finds Johnny Sun's jaw. The big man is rocked back.

NINETEEN SECONDS ELAPSED.

Bruce whirls and delivers a series of kicks and blows so masterfully deployed, it would be hard outside of stroboscopic slow motion to count them.

It's easier to gage the effect on Johnny Sun's body. He is destroyed piecemeal. His nose is broken. His jaw is shattered. His ribs crushed. His kneecaps fractured.

CONTINUED

96 CONTINUED

96

He goes down! Bruce is on him, his arm cocked high, his knuckles poised like spikes. Again the SCREAM! He slams it home, driving it beyond Johnny Sun's body to the pits of hell crushing everything in its path.

Bruce leaps back from his opponent and ceremoniously bows to him. Johnny Sun is not moving. He will not move for a long time.

The clock is stopped at TWENTY-SIX SECONDS. The auditorium is frozen. No one has ever seen anything like it.

97 INT. LONG BEACH AUDITORIUM - LOS ANGELES - DAY - JUNE 1966

97

Amongst the stunned, is a well-tanned, well-dressed man BILL KRIEGER. He's clearly as impressed as anyone present.

Bruce looks around for Linda but doesn't see her. Suddenly, his jacket and shoes are thrust in his arms.

LINDA
Hey, Bruce!

He turns and sees her.

LINDA
You never did learn to pick up
after yourself.

Bruce grabs her and hugs her tight. Arms around each other, they walk through the sobered crowd which parts to let a legend walk by.

All except Luke Sun. As PARAMEDICS work on his brother, he charges Bruce bellowing in rage. Bruce pushes Linda out of the way and flips him crashing into some chairs. He lunges again but is held back by the other martial artists.

LUKE SUN
I'll kill you! I'll kill you!

Bruce takes Linda and ushers her out of the hall, joined by Jerome and his student entourage.

*
*

LUKE SUN
You hear me? I'll kill you...

98 OMIT

98*

A99 LONG BEACH AUDITORIUM LOBBY - JUNE 1966

A99*

They're on their way out when the well-tailored, well-coiffed man seen earlier tails after them.

*
*

CONTINUED

A99 CONTINUED

A99*

The mood is euphoric and the fight has been re-fought many times. The well-tanned, well-dressed man seen earlier approaches the table.

KRIEGER

Mister Lee? Name's Bill Krieger.
You were pretty great out there.

JEROME

Bullshit. He took too long. He was
too slow!

They cackle and slap each other on the back.

KRIEGER

Seemed pretty fast to me. Think you
can do some of that stuff in front
of a camera? See, I'm a TV
producer...

JEROME

Yeah, and I'm Marvin Gaye.

KRIEGER

No, I really am. My Jag's is parked
right out front.

He winks at them. Bruce likes the guy for holding his ground.

KRIEGER

I'm casting my new series. It's
called The Green Hornet and I think
we could use you.

Bruce looks in Krieger's eyes and sees he's on the level Fate
has come knocking again.

99 INT. OFFICE SET - GREEN HORNET SOUND STAGE - DAY - JUNE 1966

99

In a little world of its own, the crew readies the next shot.

A SUPER-TITLE reads: HOLLYWOOD, 1966

Dressed as KATO, black chauffeur's suit, cap and mask, Bruce
crosses to the STUNT COORDINATOR.

STUNT COORDINATOR

Okay, Bruce, you get the cue light,
you come through the door, you kick
over this table. It'll break. It's
balsa and it's been scored.

(more)

CONTINUED

99 CONTINUED

99

STUNT COORDINATOR (Cont'd)
Then you grab the gun out of the
bad guy's hand like this...

He demonstrates at half-speed where BRITT REID, The Green
Hornet is tied to a chair dressed in his Hornet suit.

STUNT COORDINATOR
...then the Green Hornet delivers
another one of his classic lines
and you start to untie him. That's
the cut. Okay?

Bruce nods. Everyone goes to battle stations. TWO BELLS
RING. Kreiger stands at the sidelines watching his show
take shape. A YOUNG STUDIO EXECUTIVE sidles up to him.

STUDIO EXEC.
Just talked to the network. Loved
the dailies. Just loved 'em. Just
one little problem.

KRIEGER
Yeah, what's that?

STUDIO EXEC
Well, this Lee guy, he's, you know,
awfully Oriental.

KRIEGER
He's supposed to be Oriental He's
playing an Oriental. Kato's an
Oriental!

STUDIO EXEC.
Yeah, I know but just make sure he
keeps his mask on.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
Sh-h-h-h! First positions,
please. Very quiet...

THE TEAMSTER CAPTAIN, half-biker/half-redneck, kicks back in
a chair eating a powdered jelly donut. THE DIRECTOR crouches
near the camera.

DIRECTOR
And...action!

CONTINUED

BAD GUY

Alright, Green Hornet, where's the formula?

GREEN HORNET

Where it belongs.

BAD GUY

Okay, have it your way...

They're about to torture him when the door EXPLODES OPEN. With a WILD SCREAM, Bruce bursts into the room.

GREEN HORNET

Kato!

Bruce kicks the breakaway table. It shatters in a thousand toothpicks. He spins in a wild flourish and kicks the gun out of the Bad Guy's hand.

GREEN HORNET

Good work, Ka...

Bruce isn't finished. He screams again, launches himself high in the air and kicks out a lamp eight feet over the torture chair. It smashes and sparks. He flies across the room and chops the desk in half. Scared shitless for real, the Bad Guys run off the set.

The Teamster Captain drops his donut. The A.D. nudges the director.

DIRECTOR

Ah...cut! Cut! Cut!

SCRIPT SUPERVISOR

It's not going to match.

BRUCE

I thought that might be a little more exciting.

The director gets the thumbs up from the CAMERA OPERATOR.

DIRECTOR

I think that's lunch. Lunch!

The director grabs Bruce around the the neck and walks him off stage. Jealous, Britt Reid watches them leave. He passes the Stunt Co-ordinator who's examining the broken furniture.

STUNT COORDINATOR

This desk was real!

100 EXT. - PINK'S HOTDOG STAND - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT - 1967

100*

Bill Kreiger's YELLOW CORNICHE makes a sharp right turn around a doubled parked car into the lot alongside the ever-popular hotdog stand. Talking full speed ahead Bill and Bruce get out and join the line.

KRIEGER

Okay. The wild west. A Chinese immigrant wanders the land...

BRUCE

He's a good guy. A hero.

KRIEGER

Of course, he's a hero. He's the star of the show. He wanders the land solving problems. Every week he solves a problem...

BRUCE

With no gun. Just his hands.

KRIEGER

Great! No gun. Right. He's looking for something...

BRUCE

His father! He lost his father who came over ahead of him.

KRIEGER

Father's been done to death.
Brother! He wanders the land
searching for his brother.
(to the hotdog vendor)
Four with everything on 'em.

BRUCE

He never finds him.

KRIEGER

Not until the fifth year anyway.

BRUCE

He wanders the land searching for
his brother solving problems
without a gun...

KRIEGER

With something no one's ever seen
before--

BRUCE AND KRIEGER

Kung Fu!

KRIEGER

Starring Bruce Lee

CONTINUED

100 CONTINUED

100

BRUCE

He remembers what he was taught by
his teacher in the old country and
teaches people his culture.

KRIEGER

After he beats the shit out of
everybody.

They get the dogs and head back to the Corniche.

KRIEGER

This is fantastic! We got action!
We got culture! It's a western.

BRUCE

But it's an "eastern".

KRIEGER

An "eastern"! Yeah, an eastern!
They're gonna love it. God man
thing'll run forever!

They climb back in the car and look at each other.

BRUCE AND KRIEGER

Kung Fu!

They drive off.

*

101 EXT. BEL AIR HOUSE - DAY - 1967

101

It's a quaint ranch number. In a spanking new '67 RED
PORSCHE, Bruce streaks into the driveway and honks the
horn. Dressed in California casual, Linda hurries out. She
eyes the car.

LINDA

You steal Steve McQueen's car?

BRUCE

He stole mine. C'mon get in. We're
late.

She leaps over the door and lands on his lap.

LINDA

I'll work the stick. You do the
clutch.

He clutches, she throws it in reverse. The car bullets
backwards. A gear grind. The car races away.

69A.

A102 DRIVE-UP - BEL AIR - DAY - 1967

A102

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF KRIEGER HOUSE

The Porsche bullets up from the Pacific Coast Highway to a knoll over-looking Trancas Beach where a grand Spanish house sits demurely trimmed out with a HANDFUL of expensive cars and VALET PARKING.

★
★
★
★

102 OMIT

102 *

A103 INT. KRIEGER'S FOYER - DAY - 1967

A103 *

STEPHEN, the butler, opens up for Bruce and Linda escorting them through a tastefully-done marble foyer. On the second-story landing, late for his own party, Bill Krieger is rushing from one room to another. Spotting his star, he comes to the railing.

★
★
★
★
★

CONTINUED

A103 CONTINUED

A103 *

KRIEGER

Hey, guys. Glad you could make it
We'll be right down...

*
*
*

In the b.g., STEPHANIE, Krieger's slinky blond wife zips past.

*

B103 KRIEGER DINING ROOM - LATER

B103 *

Stephen pops the cork on another bottle of Chardonnay and walks it from behind the expansive marble bar to the cupola dining room behind. Seated around a large round table overlooking the Pacific, the core of The Green Hornet Team--the director and his wife, Van Williams and wife, Bruce and Linda, Bill and Stephanie lunch on cold poached salmon, sliced cucumber in dill sauce and asparagus vinaigrette. Grosses, who's in who's out, deals, meetings, packages, gossip...a true Hollywood luncheon.

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103 EXT. KRIEGER'S HOUSE - BEL AIR - NIGHT - 1967

103 *

The A-party done, now the house is opened to the CREW and assorted others. There are some guys and girls bubbling in the jacuzzi at the top of the round pool not-so-discreetly passing around a JOINT, while scores of others munch on finger food and enjoy the California night.

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*

The Krieger's chat it up with their below-the-line guests. Stephen interrupts.

*
*

STEPHEN

Excuse me, Mister Kreiger. There's
a phone call...

*
*
*

He pecks his wife on the cheek and heads into the house.

*

ON THE DANCE FLOOR.

*

Bruce and Linda dance a la 1967 accompanied by a LIVE BAND and a CHARMING YOUNG SINGER (the real Shannon Lee with two back-up singers harmonizing on "CALIFORNIA DREAMING" by the Mommas and the Pappas).

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BRUCE

I ever tell you I was the cha-cha
champion of Hong Kong?

LINDA

Only about fourteen times...
I ever tell you I was pregnant?

BRUCE

Once...

CONTINUED

103 CONTINUED

103

LINDA
Make that twice.

He hugs her and never drops a step. Angry and tense, Krieger goes to the bandstand and calls off the music.

KRIEGER
I know the timing's lousy but I wanted you to hear it first from me personally--the show's been cancelled. I just got the call. We'll finish out the last episode and that'll be that. I'm sorry.

A lot of cold water on a good party. Linda looks concerned. Bruce shrugs it off.

BRUCE
Bill and I'll just roll into KUNG FU.

He takes her back in his arms and cha-cha's to music he hums. Van Williams his sexy wife VICKIE, by his side, takes it hardest. *

THE GREEN HORNET
Shit! We just bought a sixty thousand dollar house in Malibu! *

104 INT. DINING ROOM - BEL AIR HOUSE - DAY - FALL 1967

104

FIRST OF THE MONTH. Bills and more bills. Linda divides them into different piles: those that have been turned over to credit agencies and those that haven't. She's very pregnant. She hears Bruce in HIS STUDY talking on the phone with bravado and waddles in to join him. He hangs up but can't remove his hand from the receiver as if there should be more. When he senses her, he turns, his demeanor instantly transformed to confidence.

BRUCE
They still haven't made any decisions on the show it still looks good.

LINDA
Good...good...

BRUCE
Don't worry. Who else are they gonna get, Mickey Rooney?

LINDA
I'm not worried.

They hug, both very worried.

A105 EXT.- BEL AIR HOUSE - DAY - 1969

A105

A SUPER-TITLE READS: EIGHTEEN MONTHS LATER.

105 INT. - HALLWAY/BEDROOM - BEL AIR HOUSE - DAY - 1969

105

It's a beautiful morning. Dressed in old jeans ready to do some yard work, Bruce comes down the hall and peaks in the bedroom. Linda's asleep on the bed, Brandon curled up next to her on one side, SHANNON, a beautiful two year old sleeping on the other. He glows like the morning.

106 EXT. BEL AIR HOUSE - DAY - 1969

106

Bruce cuts the grass with a rotary lawn mower. In the b.g., A TOW TRUCK backs up to his beloved Porsche. He doesn't hear it over the noise. The DRIVER has it hitched up in a flash. Bruce sees what's going on and kills the mower.

DRIVER

They home? You see 'em, you tell
'em the car was re-po'd.

He looks at the well-cut lawn.

DRIVER

You do good work. Got a card?

Bruce is too embarrassed to respond. The guy hops in and drives off, Bruce's beloved car disappearing around the bend.

107 EXT. BRUCE'S WORKOUT AREA - BEL AIR HOUSE - DAY - 1969

107

Bruce pumps iron with a fury. Something catches in his back. He drops the barbell, clutches at the pain and hobbles over to a cabinet. The shelves are loaded with bottles of vitamins. He swallows a handful of pills.

108 INT. KITCHEN - BEL AIR HOUSE - DAY - FALL 1969

108*

Shannon sits in a booster chair as Bruce helps her cut up her french toast. This done, he picks up his eighty pound dumbbell and begins doing french curls while he reads the L.A. TIMES. A RADIO plays morning news in the b.g. as well. Brandon mounds up his farina like sand sculpture.

BRUCE

C'mon, Brandon, eat it don't play
with it.

CONTINUED

Linda comes in dressed to go out.

LINDA

First day. Can't afford to be late.

BRUCE

Can't afford anything. Here.

He hands her a brown bag lunch. She looks at him for any sign of resentment. He smiles complacently.

BRUCE

Tuna. An apple...

LINDA

Thanks.

A TAXI HONKS outside. She gives him a lunging kiss, then kisses Brandon.

LINDA

Mind your sister and no TV. See you tonight.

She kisses her daughter's head and stops to look back at Bruce.

LINDA

Sure you're okay?

BRUCE

I'm great.

He smiles warmly, almost too warmly.

LINDA

You're still a teacher, you know...

BRUCE

I know.

LINDA

Best teacher in the world. I mean, they all come to you--McQueen, Coburn, Alcinder--all of them.

BRUCE

It's not enough to keep you from going to work.

LINDA

I love you. You're still my real-life hero.

He generates a smile.

73A.

108 CONTINUED

108

He generates a smile.

BRUCE

Have a good day. Don't worry.

The taxi honks again. Linda dashes out.

109 EXT. WORKOUT AREA - BEL AIR HOUSE - DAY - 1969

109*

Bruce positions himself in front of Pete, the Wing Chun dummy. He gives it a blistering shot to the head. A forearm to the chest. The dummy cracks. Chops to the arms--they go flying. Bruce explodes, hot magma of humiliation overflowing. He goes berserk and destroys Pete in a terrifying fury.

He hears something behind him and whips around.

It's Brandon standing in the doorway crying, terrified. Father looks at son and sees himself in his son's eyes.

110 OMIT 110*

111 INT. KITCHEN - BEL AIR HOUSE - NIGHT - 1969 111*

Linda comes home carrying a bag of groceries. She flips through the mail--more bills and credit agency form letters.

LINDA
Bruce? Bruce?

She looks in the workout room.

112 EXT. WORKOUT ROOM - BEL AIR HOUSE - NIGHT - 1969 112*

On the floor, Bruce and Brandon re-assemble Pete with glue. Shannon crawls nearby.

LINDA
What happened?

BRUCE
Pete started it.

112A OMITTED 112A*

113 INT. BEL AIR HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - A TV SET - FALL '70 113

Music swells over black. Oriental sounds. Wind. A lone

CONTINUED

113 CONTINUED

113

WOLF howls on the prairie. The OPENING CREDITS fade up accompanied by an ANNOUNCER.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

KUNG FU--starring David Carradine--
is brought to you by Marlboro
Cigarettes. Come to Marlboro
Country...

David Carradine walks as CAINE, the hero, his head shaved, his eyes made up to look sort of Chinese.

Bruce and Linda sit on the couch, shell-shocked. The telephone rings and rings and rings. Neither makes a move. Neither is able. Finally, Linda crosses to the kitchen.

LINDA

Hello?...What?...What? I can't
understand you...One minute,
please...

(to Bruce)

Long distance. They're speaking
Chinese...

Bruce takes the phone. Linda watches as he rocks against the wall, collapsing. He hangs up and stands perfectly still.

BRUCE

My father's dead.

114 EXT. TSUEN WAN CEMETERY - HONG KONG - DAY - FALL 1970

114

In the mountains over-looking Hong Kong, a Buddhist funeral is in progress in a vast cemetery stepped into the hillsides like a mammoth ziggurat.

Bruce kneels with a few others all dressed in white, the Chinese color of mourning as the PRIEST prays over the grave. *

A black and white PHOTO of Lee Hoi Chuen is laminated into the headstone and small plates of food are ceremoniously placed by the graveside--sustenance for the celestial journey.

115 EXT. BRICK ALLEY - HONG KONG - DAY- FALL 1970

115

As he did when he was a boy escorted by his Dad, Bruce heads down the long brick alley to Yip Man's Kwoon. *

116 EXT. YIP MAN'S KWOON - HONG KONG - DAY - FALL 1970

116

Bruce stands in front of the tattered DRAGON'S HEAD transfixed in confession while the MASTER does a slow, graceful workout with a RITUAL SWORD. Painfully thin, his close-cropped hair now totally grey, Yip Man's movements are still beautiful to watch.

YIP MAN

...And then?

*

BRUCE

It comes, it goes...

*

YIP MAN

In your dreams?

*

BRUCE

No, I'm always awake. It's not a dream, Sifu.

*

*

YIP MAN

No, it's not.

*

He retires the sword.

YIP MAN

When your father first brought you here, he told me everything. He wanted you to learn Wing Chun to protect yourself, against men, and... other forces.

*

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*

BRUCE

I thought that was all superstition.

*

YIP MAN

Superstition is a name the ignorant give to their ignorance. You were special then; you're special now. That's why the Demon wants you.

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BRUCE

Maybe you should teach me to be more ordinary.

*

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*

Yip Man gently touches Bruce's shoulder, the only time outside of sparring he's ever made physical contact.

*

*

YIP MAN

The gods are bored, Little Dragon. They make some of us special to test themselves. When they beat us, they know we are nothing and they are gods.

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CONTINUED

116 CONTINUED

116

Bruce struggles to follow this exegesis.

YIP MAN

Put yourself in the demon's place-
-how many really good opponents
are there?

★
★
★

The old master sits, his beloved chessboard nearby.

YIP MAN

We've spent a lot of time together
preparing you for this.

★

BRUCE

What if I won't fight him?

★

YIP MAN

You have no choice. You're
fighting for more than yourself.

★
★

BRUCE

What're you saying, Sifu?

★

YIP MAN

This demon has a taste for first-
sons. It means you. It also
means Brandon.

★
★
★

The blood drains from Bruce's face. In an instant, he understands his fate.

YIP MAN

When you are at your absolute peak
he will come to you. When the
monsoons blow, be prepared.

★
★
★

CONTINUED

116 CONTINUED (2)

116

He slides the chessboard over.

YIP MAN

This is where we left off a long
time ago, you and me. Let's finish.
It's good to finish. Especially
because I'm ahead.

*
*
*
*

He smiles at Bruce. Bruce takes his seat like he did when he was a boy.

117 EXT. THE BRICK ALLEY - HONG KONG - DAY - FALL 1970

117*

There's nothing "western" about it. This is the real Hong Kong. Bruce strolls the streets trying to deal with his confusion among the anonymous crowds. He cuts down a NARROW ALLEY heading toward Kennedy Town.

118 EXT. WESTERN DISTRICT - HONG KONG - DAY - FALL 1970

118*

He hears footsteps following him, he whips around. Something darts back in a doorway. It's not The Phantom, it's a TWELVE YEAR OLD BOY. He tries not to stare at Bruce but can't help himself. Busted, the kid runs away. Bruce continues on.

He strolls past the JADE SELLERS, the MAHJONG TILE MAKERS their ivory tusks stacked around, the HERBALISTS selling snake musk and powdered lizard. He turns around.

The same twelve year old boy now has TWO FRIENDS with him. They stare at Bruce. They all agree on something, chattering excitedly.

119 EXT. MAN WA LANE - HONG KONG - DAY - FALL 1970

119

Bruce carries on--past the ROPE MAKERS, down Man Wa Lane where STAMP MAKERS carve the most elaborate calligraphy. When he turns he sees A DOZEN CHILDREN on his trail. He stops, they stop. They stare, some giggle, others shyly avert their eyes. Like the Pied Piper, when Bruce walks, they follow--

120 EXT. MAN WA LANE - HONG KONG - DAY - FALL 1970

120

Past the HANG WEN RESTAURANT, where owners bring their pet birds to have communal singing. The kids whisper something to the bird lovers, many of them join the posse. Self-conscious, Bruce picks up the pace; so does the crowd.

- 121 EXT. HOLLYWOOD ROAD - HONG KONG - DAY - FALL 1970 121
He hurries past the MAN MO TEMPLE on Hollywood Road...
- 122 EXT. LADDER STREET - HONG KONG - DAY - 1970 122
...past the OTHEL LEAH SYNAGOGUE down Ladder Street, zig-zagging down toward the THIEVE'S MARKET. From doorways and barber shops, antique stores and soup stalls, people join the pack until it's swollen into a full parade.
Bruce makes a run for it down the endless stairs of Ladder Street. The mob runs in pursuit shouting something: "Ato!"
At the bottom, another phalanx of people comes around the corner running toward him shouting "KATO!" "KATO!" "KATO!"
Bruce realizes they're not trying to kill him, they're trying to love him.
Some carry movie magazines, Kato on the cover. They want his autograph. They want to touch him, to tell their friends they met him. Some TEENAGE GIRLS crying with joy. Old ladies kiss his cheek. Men shake his hand. Their love is like a beast that wants to lick his face.
In this crazy world of Hong Kong, Bruce Lee is a star from twenty-six episodes of a cancelled TV show. He had no idea.
- 123 EXT. GANGPLANK-NORTH POINT FERRY-HONG KONG-DAY- NOV. 1970 123*
Suitcase in hand, Bruce crosses the gangplank boarding the ferry to Kowloon where the airport is. He seems reinfused with a sense of himself.
- 124 EXT. TERMINAL-NORTH POINT FERRY-HONG KONG-DAY- NOV. 1970 124*
On the street A MORRIS TRAVELLER screeches up to the curb and discharges FOUR WELL-DRESSED MEN. Their LEADER sports a white turtleneck under his bespoke-tailored suit. He dashes off, his minions trailing.
- 125 EXT. BACK DECK-NORTH POINT FERRY-HONG KONG- DAY- NOV. 1970 125*
Bruce takes a last look at the powerful cityscape of Hong Kong.
- 126 INT. TERMINAL-NORTH POINT FERRY-HONG KONG-DAY- NOV. 1970 126
The four guys race through the colonnade with absolute determination.

- B123 INT. BEDROOM - BEL AIR HOUSE - NIGHT - SUMMER 1971 B123*
- Linda wakes prematurely from an uneven sleep. Her arm reaches out for Bruce and only finds cool, empty sheets. Her eyes flutter open. She checks the clock: FOUR A.M., the hour of the wolf and the wolf has got her in his jaws. She aches for Bruce, aches terribly. *
- C123 EXT. BRUCE'S WORKOUT AREA - BEL AIR HOUSE - NIGHT - 1971 C123*
- She lays down on the mat in front of the reconstructed Pete, the closest thing to Bruce she has. At the wooden man's feet, she curls up under the covers and goes back to sleep. Pete watches over her in the shadows. *
- 123 EXT. GANGPLANK-NORTH POINT FERRY-HONG KONG-DAY- NOV. 1970 123
- Suitcase in hand, Bruce crosses the gangplank boarding the ferry to Kowloon where the airport is. He seems reinfused with a sense of himself.
- 124 EXT. TERMINAL-NORTH POINT FERRY-HONG KONG-DAY- NOV. 1970 124
- On the street A MORRIS TRAVELLER screeches up to the curb and discharges FOUR WELL-DRESSED MEN. Their LEADER sports a white turtleneck under his bespoke-tailored suit. He dashes off, his minions trailing.
- 125 EXT. BACK DECK-NORTH POINT FERRY-HONG KONG- DAY- NOV. 1970 125
- Bruce takes a last look at the powerful cityscape of Hong Kong.
- 126 INT. TERMINAL-NORTH POINT FERRY-HONG KONG-DAY- NOV. 1970 126
- The four guys race through the colonnade with absolute determination.

127 EXT. GANGPLANK-NORTH POINT FERRY-HONG KONG-DAY- NOV. 1970 127

The gangplank's lifting. Like gazelles, they leap over just in time.

128 INT. NORTH POINT FERRY-HONG KONG-DAY- NOV. 1970 128

Fanning out, they search the various decks for something or someone. The Leader spots his quarry--Bruce Lee--

129 EXT. BACK DECK-NORTH POINT FERRY-DAY- NOV. 1970 129

Out on the back deck as the ferry pushes off across the bay.

LEADER

Mister Lee! Mister Lee, thank god
we got you...Can we talk?

He can hardly talk he's so winded.

BRUCE

I can if you can.

The small, elegant man pulls himself together.

LEADER

I'm Phillip Tan. I'm a producer and
I want to make a picture with you.

BRUCE

Like I said, I can if you can.

PHILLIP

I'm serious. You're Kato and here
Kato is a big star. They don't
call your show "The Green
Hornet". It's "The Kato Show"
So when I hear Kato's in town, I
consider it a good omen. I'm a
man who can spot a good omen a
long way off.

BRUCE

I've gotta get back to my family,
Mister Tan. I'm on my way to the
airport...

PHILLIP

Leave tomorrow. Give us time to
talk. There's a great deal to talk
about.

Bruce assesses him coolly.

CONTINUED

129 CONTINUED

129

PHILLIP

You say no to my movie, I'll buy
you a new ticket--first class. I'll
take care of everything. You can't
lose.

BRUCE

Keep talking.

Phillip is far too shrewd not to close. He moves in.

PHILLIP

It's called "The Big Boss". It's
an action film. You'll see, it's
going to be very good for both of
us...

130 OMIT

130*

131 EXT. ICE HOUSE - PAK CHONG, THAILAND - DAY - SPRING 1971

131

A small Chinese crew sets up their outdated equipment at the
frenzied commands of the DIRECTOR. He paces around his ear
glued to a shortwave radio. An ENGLISH ANNOUNCER calls the
horse races at the Happy Valley Racetrack back in Hong Kong.

Bruce sits in a chair reading when the Director comes over.

DIRECTOR

We'll do the scene where you fight
the hit man for the Big Boss.

BRUCE

Where's the guy? Maybe we can
rehearse.

DIRECTOR

No rehearsing! I want it fresh! I
want it real! Hold on...

The third race is finishing. He loses. He curses a
bluestreak.

CONTINUED

131 CONTINUED

131

DIRECTOR

I got this great fighter. From the States. If you beat him, the story ends one way. If you don't, I might change the ending. Make him the star!

He chomps back down on his cigar and cackles. Bruce walks away in disgust and takes his place in the ice house. The camera is ready.

DIRECTOR

Action! Action already!

He watches but keeps his ear glued to the shortwave. Bruce looks down the muddy street. A LONE FIGURE walks around the corner. He approaches unhurriedly like a gunslinger. Bruce steps out of the ice house to meet him.

The fighter is LUKE SUN, Johnny Sun's little brother. He's not little anymore.

Bruce is surprised. Luke shows nothing. He just keeps coming, fixed on Bruce like a jaguar on a tethered goat.

LUKE

My brother can't talk right. He
can't walk right...

The director checks his script for this dialog and doesn't find it*

LUKE

You've dishonored my family. I've
sworn to kill you.

BRUCE

Swearing is easy. Killing is hard.

LUKE

I've read your books. I've
studied Jeet Kune Do. I know all your tricks.

BRUCE

Let's see how well you learned
your lessons...

Luke Sun goes on the attack, his onslaught blistering. Bruce recede before its pressure with countering blocks but is driven back toward the ice house. He leaps up the steps to face him on higher ground. He kicks out. Luke catches intercepts it and flips Bruce back inside. The cameraman looks to the director

CONTINUED

131 CONTINUED (2)

DIRECTOR

Follow them! Follow them, you
idiot!

He shoulders the tripod and runs after the combatants, the crew in tow.

Luke Sun forces Bruce into a corner where the conveyor belt mechanism grinds menacingly. He gets his hands around Bruce's throat forcing his neck down toward the grinding gears. Bruce's shirt catches and is ripped to shreds.

Bruce head butts Luke Sun breaking the chokehold. His forehead split, blood pours down the younger man's face. He's undeterred and charges again.

Bruce slips aside and issues a sweeping kick to the head. It doesn't seem to phase the kid. He bounces back with a punishing series of blows and chops, their hands moving so fast it impossible to actually see contact.

Bruce makes a flying drop-kick and Luke is thrown back against the conveyor belt where hundred-pound blocks of ice are moving. He hurls a block at Bruce. Bruce holds his stance and raises his fist to meet it. The ice shatters in a thousand shards.

He slips through the ice explosion and knocks Bruce clear out of the ice house. Bruce does a backwards somersault and lands on his feet in a giant mud puddle. Luke Sun leaps off after him. The two men go down in the mud.

The director shoves the cameraman after them.

DIRECTOR

Hurry! Hurry! Get it all!

Luke Sun grabs Bruce by the hair, slams his face into the muddy water and holds him down. Bruce forces his head back up, but using both hands, Luke Sun shoves him down again. Bruce thrashes but is unable to find release. His movements become frantic, then weaker. Then they stop altogether. He lies perfectly still. Luke Sun pulls Bruce's head up. His mouth is open in a ghastly way. He looks like a drowned cat. Contemptuously, Luke Sun flings the head down like garbage.

The crew is stunned. The camera keeps on mindlessly turning.

Luke Sun climbs off and faces them. He's about to say something when Bruce flies on him like a mad devil back

CONTINUED

131 CONTINUED (3)

131

from hell. Caught off guard, Luke Sun is now on the defensive. Smash! His nose explodes. Smash! His collarbone is shattered. Bruce whirls. Each kick takes out another bone until the kid has the co-ordination of Ray Bolger's Scarecrow.

Bruce flips through the air, his legs slamming onto Luke Sun's neck in a scissor grip. The momentum flips him viciously to the ground. With his steel-cabled legs, Bruce could garret him. The boy's tongue thrusts out grotesquely. There's a demonic quiver in Bruce's facial muscles, a berserk glow in his eyes.

DIRECTOR

Zoom in! Zoom in!

Bruce remembers where he is. Who he is. He releases his grip and jumps to his feet.

BRUCE

It's done between you and me. If I ever see you again, I'll kill you.

DIRECTOR

Now that's a movie!

Bruce walks calmly over to the camera.

DIRECTOR

What're you doing? No. No! NO!

Bruce pops the magazine door and unspools the film in the harsh Thai sun, so much plastic spaghetti.

DIRECTOR

Asshole! Unprofessional asshole!

Ignoring all, he walks past the broken Luke Sun right off the set like Shane. There is no joy in his victory.

132 OMIT

132*

133	OMIT	133
134	OMIT	134*
135 THRU 144	OMIT	135 THRU 144
145	EXT. WATERLOO HILL - HONG KONG - DAY - SUMMER 1971	145
	A MINI VAN creeps, stops in front of an older apartment building. Bruce steps into the sweltering humidity and bids farewell to his fellow cast and crew members.	
146 THRU 147	OMITTED	146 THRU 147
148	INT. WATERLOO HILL STAIR LANDING-APT. BUILD.-HONG KONG-DAY-1971	148*
	Bruce puts his key in the front door and enters.	
149	INT. WATERLOO HILL APT - HONG KONG - DAY - SUMMER 1971	149*
	He goes to the refrigerator for a cold drink. There's a doll chilling there. His eyes fire up with hope.	
	The bedroom door swings open. Shannon comes cruising out, a beautiful blonde toddler with black almond eyes. Next, Brandon bullets into his father's open arms.	
	BRANDON Daddy! Daddy! The flight took so song. Look, they gave me wings.	
	Bruce sees Linda framed in the doorway. He scoops up both kids and wraps his whole family in one, all-encompassing embrace. He is so happy to see them, so secretly conflicted about their being in Hong Kong where the monsoons blow.	

150 INT. WATERLOO HILL APT - HONG KONG - DAY - SUMMER 1971 150*

The kids nap off their jet lag in the thick afternoon heat.

151 INT. WATERLOO HILL BATHROOM-HONG KONG-APARTMENT-DAY-SUMMER 1971 151*

A ball of sheets are thrown in the bathtub and doused with cold water.

Naked, Linda charges back into the bedroom...

152 INT.WATERLOO HILL BEDROOM-HONG KONG-APARTMENT-DAY-SUMMER 1971 152*

...using the sopping cold sheets like a matador's cape. She makes a flying dive on the bed where Bruce is waiting. He screams with the shock of the wet cotton on his hot, post-coital skin. She burrows into his arms, the translucent sheets clinging to their intertwined bodies.

LINDA
That's better.

BRUCE
I missed you.

The reality of this is completely clear in his face.

LINDA
Never again.

BRUCE
Never.

They kiss, deep and intimate.

LINDA
How long'll we be living here? *

BRUCE
Awhile, I think. *

LINDA
I can handle that. I didn't pack much. *

BRUCE
You won't need much. *

He rolls on top of her and pulls the sheet over like a cowl. *

CONTINUED

152 CONTINUED

BRUCE
I don't know. This might be home
for awhile.

Linda absorbs this.

LINDA
I didn't pack much.

BRUCE
You don't need much.

He rolls on top of her and pulls the sheet over like a cowl.

153 EXT. JUNK - HONG KONG HARBOR - DUSK - SUMMER 1971

153

The day's heat is drifting out to sea, the lights of the city are coming on. A JUNK slowly cuts through the water riding the harbor breezes. On board is the Lee family. Brandon hangs out with the sailors. Shannon's asleep in Bruce's arms, Linda leaning her back against him. They just sail away, no need to talk.

154 EXT. MOVIE PALACE - HONG KONG - NIGHT - 1971

154

Huge banners proclaim "THE BIG BOSS" over a likeness of Bruce in a fighting stance. Hundreds of spectators and paparazzi mill around awaiting the verdict.

*

155 INT. MOVIE PALACE - HONG KONG - NIGHT - 1971

155

The ornate theater is packed. With rapt attention, the crowd watches the final scene:

CHANG
...That's okay, May...

Bare-chested, in hand-cuffs, Bruce is led off by the Thai police as NORA MAIO clutches his wounded torso. Fade out:

No one moves. The house remains dark and silent. Bruce leans into Linda, the nausea of failure washing over him.

BRUCE
Let's get out of here before they
lynch us...

They side-step out past Phillip, and the Director for the aisle.

*

CONTINUED

155 CONTINUED

155

Then it begins. Somewhere some viewer snaps out of the dream and starts to clap. Like a chain reaction, one becomes a thousand. PEOPLE GIVE IT A STANDING OVATION. The film has made them one organism, a Chinese organism bursting with pride and identity.

And this new communal feeling is focused on one man, a symbol of their aspirations, their traditions and their hunger for real heroes.

This man is Bruce Lee.

They spot him in the aisle. It's Pandemonium, a riot, mob worship.

They swamp Bruce, snatching him from Linda. They hoist him on their shoulders and literally carry him out of the theater!

156 EXT. MOVIE PALACE - HONG KONG - NIGHT - 1971

156

He looks back to his wife.

BRUCE
Linda! Linda!

His outstretched hand just misses hers. Linda tries to follow but cannot budge in the tide washing her husband away.

LINDA
Bruce!

He laughs carried off in his moment of triumph. Linda's crushed against Phillip Tan. They watch him swept into the streets where the crowd swells marching like the marching scene Bruce did in the movie.

PHILLIP
He's gone. We'll never get him
back again.

Linda's face clouds over. Something is definitely beginning - but something is, also, definitely ending.

157 EXT. KOWLOON TONG HOUSE - DAY - FALL 1972

157

Linda hustles Brandon up the front steps of their NEW HOME dressed in his school uniform, books at his side.

CONTINUED

157 CONTINUED.

157

LINDA
We gotta hurry. We don't want to
keep Daddy waiting.

158 INT. KOWLOON TONG HOUSE - DAY - FALL 1972

158

Things are still in boxes. MRS. NGAN MA, the housekeeper,
KNOWN IN THE CHINESE TRADITION AS "AUNT", greets them in
Chinese. *

BRANDON
Daddy's taking me to the circus!
Full of anticipation, he charges up the stairs.

159 INT. KOWLOON TONG HOUSE - DAY - FALL 1972

159

Dressed and ready, Brandon waits for his father by the front
door swinging his legs back and forth clutching the circus
tickets in his small hand.

LINDA
Chinese acrobats, they're the best
in the world.
Brandon nods. He watches the door for Bruce.

160 INT. KOWLOON TONG - HOUSE - DUSK (LATER) - FALL 1972

160

Mrs. Ngan Ma comes through turning on a few lights as the day
waned. Brandon sits patiently still clutching the tickets.
Aching for the boy, Linda sits down beside him.

LINDA
Come have a little dinner...
Brandon shakes his head.

LINDA
Beef with oyster sauce, your
favorite...
Brandon shakes his head.

LINDA
The circus is really long. He'll be
here. You'll see the second half...
Brandon nods. He's trying to believe. It's hard.

161 INT. KOWLOON TONG HOUSE - NIGHT (STILL LATER) - FALL 1972 161

Brandon has fallen asleep where he's been waiting. Linda picks him up and carries him upstairs to his room. The circus tickets drop from his hand.

162 EXT. PEARL OF THE ORIENT STUDIO - NIGHT - FALL 1972 162*

A CAB pulls through the front gate and discharges Linda.

LINDA
Wait here.

She goes inside.

163 INT. BRUCE'S EDITING ROOM/OFFICE - NIGHT - FALL 1972 163

He shuttles between two moviolas and two teams of EDITORS. Production design sketches and shots of ROME, many of the COLISEUM, are push-pinned to the walls. An unmade single BED is sandwiched in the corner amidst the cabinets, film racks and bins. (He's editing Return of the Dragon, a film he wrote, directed and starred in.) His desk and research books occupy another wall. This room, not Kowloon, is home.

BRUCE
Cut here. Pre-lap the punch sound
here when his head rocks back.
Makes it quicker: ba-bum. Like
that: ba-bum...

LINDA (O.S.)
Can I talk to you for a moment?
Alone.

Linda's at the door, her demeanor cold and controlled. Bruce nods. The editorial staff takes a break. They know a marital scene coming when they see one. When they're alone:

BRUCE
What?

She stares at him, says nothing

BRUCE
What? You wanted to talk. What?

CONTINUED

163 CONTINUED

163

She stares at him. He reviews the issues in his head. A sickening feeling floods in with realization.

BRUCE

Oh, my God

LINDA

You should've seen his face. I guarantee you'd never forget it.

BRUCE

I thought it was tomorrow.

LINDA

Why didn't you answer the phone?

BRUCE

We were working. We turn the phones off.

LINDA

God forbid anything should interrupt your work.

BRUCE

What're you trying to say, huh? What? I mess up once and I'm a lousy father!

LINDA

I didn't say it. You said it. And it's not just once. This was just the worst.

CONTINUED

163 CONTINUED (2)

163

BRUCE

I'm working. That's for them, too.
This is the time for work.

LINDA

But you never stop. For godssake,
Bruce, it's not a race! You have
your whole life and he won't be a
little boy forever.

He rubs his eyes, a headache coming on, and unlocks a steel
cabinet with a key. It's shelves are packed with pill bottles.
A strange pharmacopeia He pops a few capsules.

LINDA

What's all this stuff? What're you
taking?

BRUCE

Medicine.

LINDA

What kind of medicine?

BRUCE

Chinese medicine.

LINDA

Why? Your back?

BRUCE

You wouldn't understand.

LINDA

Where along the line did you decide
I didn't understand?

They stare at each other.

BRUCE

I didn't mean it that way.

LINDA

It's something else. There's a
secret. Is there something you
want to tell me?

Bruce shakes his head.

CONTINUED

163 CONTINUED

LINDA

Is it another woman?

Bruce shakes his head.

LINDA

Don't you love me anymore?

He aches to tell her the truth but how can he tell her about
The Phantom and his dark purposes? How can he say it outloud?

BRUCE

Things are building in the right
way for a change. I've got to
make the most of it while it
lasts. For all of us.

LINDA

That's a lie. We all tell
ourselves lies. That's yours.

She walks out. He doesn't follow.

Salmon 5/18/92

93.

164
THRU OMIT
166

164
THRU
166

167 EXT. ROOF - KOWLOON TONG HOUSE - SUNSET- FALL 1972

167

Bruce climbs on the roof of his house overlooking the sea, and lines the cornice with PAT KWA MIRRORS to keep all the inhabitants safe from the evil that is surely coming.

168 INT. EDITING ROOM/OFFICE - PEARL OF THE ORIENT STUDIOS - DAY -

168*

Shirtless, Bruce sits at his desk typing away at GAME OF DEATH, a screenplay. Attached to his pectorals are some wires snaking off to an electrical box. The current makes his muscles contract and twitch, a new form of exercise he's experimenting with. Next to him is a corkboard covered with FILE CARDS lined up in neat rows with pushpins--his outline for the new film. An EIGHT-TRACK STEREO is blasting ELTON JOHN'S "Funeral for a Friend" (or something period), while a RADIO broadcasts the local news in Cantonese. A POSTER for RETURN OF THE DRAGON serves as the proud centerpiece above the desk. There's a knock at the door.

BRUCE

Waie...

Bill Krieger, the Green Hornet producer, sticks his head in. Bruce doesn't look up. Krieger takes in the scene.

KRIEGER

Somewhere there's gotta be a series in all this...

Bruce looks up surprised to see him. Coolly he snaps off the fibrillator and pulls off the wires.

BRUCE

Three minutes is like doing two hundred bench presses. Wanna try it?

KRIEGER

No, thanks. You might turn it up and electrocute me.

BRUCE

The thought crossed my mind.

KRIEGER

Justifiable homicide, some would say. Called the house. Linda told me where to find you...

BRUCE

What do you want, Bill? You didn't come here to discuss old times.

CONTINUED

A169 CONTINUED

A169*

KRIEGER

No, I didn't. I came to discuss new times, Bruce. There's somebody downstairs I want you to meet. His name's Freddie Weintraub. We got a proposal for you...

*
*
*
*
*

BRUCE

What happened? David Carradine turn you down?

KRIEGER

That's low, kid. Low but fair. No, Fred's got a script. Warner Brothers is behind it. It's a Hollywood feature with all the trimmings...

169 EXT. BACK LOT - PEARL OF THE ORIENT STUDIOS - DAY - FALL 1972

169

Bruce, Kreiger and FRED WEINTRAUB, a fleshy man sporting a full beard and a bush jacket walk down a period street while a film unit shoots one of Hong Kong's endless stream of AERIAL NINJA movies. The wire rigs get tangled and chaos ensues.

WEINTRAUB

It's an action film. Plenty of action. Big budget. In English. First class all the way. It's called ENTER THE DRAGON. You like the title?--"Enter the Dragon"!

Bruce is non-committal.

WEINTRAUB

It'll make you another James Bond.

BRUCE

I don't want to be another James Bond.

WEINTRAUB

Then another Steve McQueen. I know you like Steve McQueen. He's your friend for godssake and he's number one in the world!

KRIEGER

I've read it. It's good. It's everything you ever wanted.

BRUCE

I want you to know right up front
I've become partners with Phillip
Tan. Anything I do, I do with
him.

Krieger and Weintraub look at each other.

WEINTRAUB

That can be handled. Anything can
be handled. I just wanna make this
goddamn film!

CONTINUED

169 CONTINUED ..

169

In spite of himself, Bruce is beginning to like this guy. He's passionate. Weintraub mops his brow in the Hong Kong heat.

WEINTRAUB

Can we sit? It was a long flight.

Bruce ushers them to a PAGODA, part of the set overlooking the South China Sea, quite a vista. Krieger points west.

KRIEGER

America's over there, kid. It's right over there...

170 EXT. DRIVEWAY - KOWLOON TONG HOUSE - DAWN - FALL 1972

170

Driving a new '72 RED MERCEDES 350SL, Bruce pulls into the driveway of the Kowloon house as the sun rises.

171 INT. BEDROOM - KOWLOON TONG HOUSE - DAY - DEC. 1972

171

He sneaks in and starts to undress. Linda stirs.

LINDA

It's okay. I'm awake. You can turn the light on.

BRUCE

I was writing "Game of Death." Lost track of time. Kids okay?

LINDA

Don't you ever get tired of asking that question?

She sits up and hugs her knees.

*
**
*

CONTINUED

171 CONTINUED

171

BRUCE

We've been through this before,
Linda. I don't have a choice.

LINDA

You might not, but I do. I'm taking
the kids home for awhile.

BRUCE

Home's here for now.

LINDA

No, here's where we watch you work.

BRUCE

Success has got it's problems like
everything else. Big surprise. It's
better than having your car repo'd.
It's better than being nothing!

LINDA

We weren't nothing. We were a
family.

Bruce looks weary, stretched too thin.

BRUCE

What do you want me to do?

CONTINUED

171 CONTINUED (2)

171

LINDA
Come with us.

BRUCE
Forget it. I worked in America for
ten years. What it get me? It got
me nothing!

LINDA
You got me.

BRUCE
Yeah and they hate me for it.

LINDA
Who hates you?

BRUCE
Oh, boy they got such a good line
of bullshit--come and get it,
America, the mountain of gold!
It's for everybody. Yeah, it's for
everybody white! They don't tell
you that. You gotta read the small
print-- if you can read.

LINDA
You were gonna show them. You were
gonna teach them. What happened to
that?

BRUCE
I tried. It wasn't enough!

LINDA
I'm not America. Your kids are not
America. Don't push us away.

He rubs his temples. He's losing it.

LINDA
We're going. I want you to come
with us. I want the kids to have a
father again...

BRUCE
Is that some kind of guilt trip.
I'm not taking any guilt trips!

CONTINUED

171 CONTINUED (3)

171

LINDA

This place is eating us up. Can't you see that?

BRUCE

This place has given me a life. I'm somebody here. I'm special. Back there I'm just another gook, just another wetback Charlie Chan slopehead coolie dishwasher in a stinking chinky restaurant!

He topples an end table. Lamps and books go flying. He contorts his face like Mickey Rooney in Breakfast At Tiffany's squinty eyed, buck-toothed.

BRUCE

Starch you shirt, Mister White Man, prease. No tickey, no shirty. Orda one fwum corumn A and two fwum corumn B. Me happy to build de lail loads. Me happy to dig mines for you, Mister White Man. Me no walk on sidewalk kiss your white ass...

He smashes his fist through the bureau door.

BRUCE

Is that who I am?! Is it? Tell me! Tell me that's who I am!

The children are screaming in the other room terrified by his outburst. Linda goes right in his face.

LINDA

I don't know who the hell you are any more. Do you?

She pushes past him to reach the children. He covers his ears to block out their cries. He's coming apart.

172 EXT. KOWLOON TONG HOUSE - DAY - DEC. 1972

172

He leaves the house slamming the door behind him, jumps in his car and squeals away.

A173 EXT. STUDIO COMMISSARY - DAY - DEC 1972

A173*

Phillip and Bruce burst from the door and stride down the portico. They are not happy with each other.

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*

CONTINUED

A173 CONTINUED

A173

PHILLIP

I thought we were partners.

BRUCE

We are partners. I told them
without you it was no deal.

PHILLIP

A co-production "in association
with Phillip Tan." That's an
insult.

BRUCE

It's a big budget. Warner
Brothers. In English with
international distribution...

PHILLIP

Don't sell me, Bruce. Don't sell a
salesman.

B173 EXT. PHILLIP TAN'S OFFICE - DAY - DEC. 1972

B173*

In frosty silence the men mount the steps to the head office,
Pearl of the Orient Studios stretching behind them. They pass
Phillip's ROLLS and Bruce's MERCEDES parked in front of the
head office. A STUDIO ATTENDANT CAN BE SEEN DRIVING BRUCE'S CAR
AWAY. *

173 INT. PHILLIP TAN'S OFFICE - DAY - DEC. 1972

173

It reflects the taste, power and success Phillip and Bruce's
joint efforts have accrued. Still tense, they enter.
Bruce massages his temples in the grip of an oncoming migraine.

CONTINUED

BRUCE
You have an aspirin?

Phillip turns to his well-tailored EXECUTIVE SECRETARY.

PHILLIP
(in Chinese)
Please, get Mister Lee some aspirin.

She exits.

BRUCE
...All I'm saying is it's an opportunity.

PHILLIP
Sure, for them, for you...

BRUCE
That's what they offered. You could get more.

PHILLIP
We don't need them.

BRUCE
Yes, we do. We have to grow..
America is the largest market in the world...

The Secretary returns with the analgesic. Bruce downs the tablets, skips the water. He collapses in a chair, suddenly looking more exhausted than we've ever seen him. Phillip nods for his assistant to withdraw.

BRUCE
I don't know, Phillip. I don't how much longer I can keep this up.

Seeing how tapped out he looks, Phillip softens.

PHILLIP
You want it so bad, don't you? You want their love so bad. Our love's not good enough.

CONTINUED

173 CONTINUED (2)

173

BRUCE

I set out with a dream. I wanted to show the world the beauty of our culture. I wanted to give them a hero, a Chinese hero...

PHILLIP

We're on our way. Don't you see that?

BRUCE

I want something else now.

PHILLIP

Name it.

BRUCE

I want to stop breaking my wife's heart. I want to play with my kids and not look at the clock.

He crosses to Phillip at the window.

BRUCE

They're American, Phillip. I need to get back to America--or I'll lose them. If I lose them, nothing means anything.

Phillip's Executive Secretary comes back in looking distressed.

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

It's your housekeeper, Mr. Lee. She sounds very upset.

Bruce punches the line on a phone on Phillip's enormous desk.

BRUCE

(in Chinese)

What's wrong, Sister? Put Linda on...I'll be right there...

He hangs up and turns to Phillip.

BRUCE

They're leaving.

He runs out of the office and down the stairs.

174
THRU OMIT
176

174*
THRU
176*

A177 EXT. PHILLIP TAN'S OFFICE - DAY - 1972

A177*

THE CAR PARK ATTENDANT stands at this place but Bruce's car is gone.

BRUCE

Where's my car?!

ATTENDANT

It's Thursday. Mr. Lee. We always have it washed and gassed on Thursday.

Bruce eyes Phillip's Rolls and starts back up the stairs when he spots a MOTORCYCLE MESSENGER on a slick KAWASAKI circling around the parking lot. As the motorcycle swings by the steps, Bruce makes a DIVING LEAP and lands behind the startled guy tossing him like a green salad. He throttles her up and streaks off. The Messenger recognizes his idol as he eats the dust.

MESSENGER

Hey! that was Bruce Lee! Bruce Lee stole MY motorcycle.

It's the best day of his life.

B177 EXT. MAIN GATE - HONG KONG - DAY - DEC. - 1972

B177*

Laid low on the handle bars, Bruce streaks toward the BARRIER.
With no time to lose, he leaps it like Steve McQueen in THE
GREAT ESCAPE.

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177 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - HONG KONG - DAY - DEC. 1972

177*

A WILD RIDE. Bruce dodges and weaves through downtown--
along the DOCK CRANES, in front of walls painted with
ADVERTISEMENTS fifty stories high. As the powerful backdrop
of DOWNTOWN HONG KONG whizzes by, Bruce bites down on the
determination to save his family.

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178
THRU OMIT
181

178*
THRU
181*

A182 EXT. KOWLOON TONG - DAY - DEC. 1972

A182*

Doing sixty, he streaks around the blind curve twenty-five
yards from his house--JUST IN TIME TO COLLIDE WITH THE CAB
LEAVING HIS DRIVEWAY loaded with Linda, kids and luggage.

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He flips over the hood, bounces off the roof, and hangs upside
down, splayed out on the BACK WINDSHIELD.

*
*

BRANDON

It's Daddy!

*
*

Bruce rolls off the cab and rips open the rear door, half-
diving into Linda's arms.

*
*

BRUCE

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry...

*
*

LINDA

Sh-h-h, it's okay...

*
*

BRUCE

Just this American movie. One
more--and we go home.

*
*
*

LINDA

One more. Okay. It's okay...

*
*

BRUCE

Don't ever leave me. Don't ever
leave me again...

*
*
*

LINDA

No, no never...

*
*

182 EXT. HONG KONG - DAY - 1973

182

The monsoon rips into the colony. The waterfront roils. Boats head for the typhoon shelter. It's going to be a bad one.

A183 EXT. PEARL OF THE ORIENT BACKLOT - DAY - 1973

A183

One of the period sets blows over like it was made of cardboard. A lone figure at the wind. Bruce watches the storm build.

183 INT. PHILLIP TAN'S OFFICE - DAY - 1973

183

In costume, he stands at the window watching the sky blacken as a storm mounts. He presses back on his eyes, another migraine building.

PHILLIP

You should see a doctor.

Bruce ignores this. He fishes around his desk drawer and pulls out a BOTTLE OF ASPIRIN and downs them without water. Outside the winds begins to howl driving sheets of rain against the windows.

PHILLIP

They're calling Dot a typhoon now.
It was supposed to come yesterday.

There's a knock on the door. An ASSISTANT DIRECTOR sticks his head in.

A.D.

Sorry, Bruce. Sorry, Mister Tan.
We're ready when you are.

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*

CONTINUED

183 CONTINUED

183

BRUCE
Be right down...

PHILLIP
Americans. They're very efficient.

Bruce turns back to Phillip when they're alone. He knows the final battle with the Phantom is coming soon.

BRUCE
Are you scared of anything,
Phillip?

PHILLIP
Yes. A few things like bankruptcy
You?

Bruce shrugs.

PHILLIP
You've got a right to be scared.
You're the one in front of the
camera. Me, I'm just a smart
man...

BRUCE
...who can spot a good omen a long
way off.

PHILLIP
Did I really say that? But when
it's all over, you'll be the great
Bruce Lee and I'll be remembered
as--Bruce Lee's friend.

BRUCE
Don't sell yourself short.

PHILLIP
We changed many things, you and me
I never sell that short.

Bruce throws a fake jab at him.

BRUCE
Better go. Gotta finish the scene
before your whole studio blows
away.

184 EXT. KOWLOON TONG HOUSE - DAY - 1973

184

The gale force winds blow Bruce's PAT KWA MIRRORS
off the roof like weightless leaves. Bruce is now
unprotected.

185 INT. THE HALL OF MIRRORS SET - DAY - 1973

185

The set of the climactic fight in ENTER THE DRAGON. Bruce leaps through the REVOLVING DOOR, intense, focused ready to bring HAN the villain down. He moves like a cat amidst all the images of himself. Out front, producers Fred Weintraub and Bill Krieger, the director, and crew film it all.

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Suddenly, the sound stage begins to shake and vibrate like it's riding the spine of a killer earthquake. Bruce looks out to the crew--they're all gone-- and the FOURTH WALL OF THE SET IS CLOSING, sealing him in. Bruce loses his footing and crashes to the floor. The stage goes black and the spectral lighting fades on from high above.

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CONTINUED

The shaking stops, only the furious sounds of the monsoon rattle the stage, the high key light of ENTER THE DRAGON replaced by a moodier, more spectral light associated with The Phantom. Ever-wary, Bruce cats around the set looking for his memisis.

Suddenly, the KWANDON whistles through the air, missing a clean decapitation by a micro-millimeter. Bruce rolls and faces the demon in all his backlit glory.

The Phantom charges, swiging his awesome weapon with super-human speed. In a pas de deax of death, Bruce parries and leaps, ducks and side-steps as the kwandon cuts at him from every angle. The action is faster than the eye can see. He gets in a high kick to the Phantom's chest but his force seems puny next to the dark god's. He goes flying back and rebounds behind one of the MIRRORED PILLARS.

The Phantom severs it with one swipe as if it were wax. The thick mirrored structure crashes to the floor, shattering in a thousand razor-sharp shards. With a reverse flourish, he cuts the second pillar, crashing in on the first. Bruce is clearly in his sights.

Using the kwandon like a SPEAR, he slings the weapon with all his might. It bullets across the room. Bruce watches it approach in SLOW MOTION, grabs it out of the air and TORN ALONG with the supernatural momentum as it imbeds in the revolving door.

Bruce flips off the kwandon like a gymnast and pulls it from the wall. Now, it's his turn to be armed. He twirls the kwandon and stalks the Phantom who carefully side-steps in his space. Bruce raises the weapon to strike. The Phantom's eyes GLOW FIERCELY and the kwandon BURSTS INTO FRAME.

Bruce drops it clattering ablaze to the floor. The SHAFT disengages from the the axe part and TRANSFORMS INTO A COBRA, its malevolent eyes looking around from its flaming flaged head. Like a serpent from hell, it slithers off into a darkened corner of the set, a sinuous cord of fire.

When Bruce looks up, The Phantom is gone.

He warily stalks around the MIRRORED CUBICLE at the end of the set as his reflection is multiplied like a kaleidoscope. No Phantom. He leaps around the corner and is grabbed in mid-air by hands so powerful, they shake him like a rag doll. With his SPIKED QUANTLETS, the Phantom delivers a few lethal punches and HURLS Bruce through a glass wall which EXPLODES with the impact obliterating everything else.

186 INT. SURREAL LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

186

The explosion propells Bruce into the FOG-COVERED HOLLOW his previous encounter with the demon. Bruce rebounds. No Phantom. Bruce wheels around in the thigh-high fog, ever on guard for the monster's sudden appearance.

He sees the monsoon rolling toward him in the NIGHT SKY, clouds unlike any other, swirling toward him bringing strong WINDS and slanting RAIN which make short work of the ground fog.

What's revealed is a TERRACED CONCRETE world that studded with TREES, some dead, some coniferous whipping in the strengthening storm. As its fury mounts, the earth begins to tremble and transform.

From all sides, TIERS AND HEADSTONES wrench up through the concrete like granite flowers in stop-motion. In a instant, the world transforms into a HALF- CEMETARY/HALF AMPITHEATER, a cross between his father's resting place and the subterranean arena where he first fought Johnny Sun. It's the COLISEUM from hell.

Now the earth is wrenched open by Bruce's feet and something MONOLITHIC grows so quickly beneath his feet, Bruce has to leap back to keep from being knocked over. It rises larger and larger, looming above him. As it grows, his face because riddled with horror. It reads:

BRUCE LEE
1940-1973
FOUNDER OF JEET KUNE DO

His picture is imbedded in the granite. Before he can react, he's grabbed from behind and smashed into the headstone by a vice-grip chain-mailed hand. Bruce's own blood smears his portrait. Over and over, The Phantom bashes his face into the monument until it's hamburger. He tries to rebound, to find the extra he's always relied upon, but Bruce is almost finished.

The Phantom cocks his massive fist for the coup de grace. He stops when he sees something beyond Bruce. His eyes glow as he stares beyond the limp quarry in his grip.

It's BRANDON playing on the lawn with some Tonka toys in front of THE PHANTOM WALL imbedded askew in the concrete like a sinking battleship

The Demon flings Bruce away like trash. He sets off toward the first-born son, just as Yip Man warned.

BRUCE
No-o-o-o!

CONTINUED

106A.

186 CONTINUED

186

He leaps on The Phantom's back but is thrown off like a mere annoyance. The monster heads inexorably for the child. SMASHING THROUGH HEADSTONES like they're made of paper mache. Bruce once again bars his path but his efforts, while focused and brilliant are puny compared to his opponent's momentum.

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Fueled by a fear more primal than self-preservation, Bruce springs back. He screams a kia from the depths and launches himself in a twisting high kick that catches the demon full-force in the windpipe -- his one vulnerable spot. There's the sickening crunch of cartilage.

The giant is stunned, clutching at his crushed throat he falters. Bruce realizes he's found The Phantom's achilles heel. He zeros in on it.

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But not before the demon's eyes glow with the molten hatred. Suddenly, his whole face EXPLODES WITH SPIKES and his eyes dim back to blackness. Undeterred, Bruce moves in for the kill. Over and over, his chops, punches and kicks find their mark with lethal accuracy. The demon is rocked back blow after blow away from Brandon back towards Bruce's grave

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CONTINUED

186 CONTINUED

186

The Phantom grapples wildly with Bruce but has clearly lost the advantage and is having trouble breathing. He's weakening. Bruce vaults onto his massive shoulders and slams his hands and forearms around the demon's head and neck, IMPALING HIS HANDS ON THE SPIKES. But no matter, The Phantom goes down on one knee.

Leverging for all he's worth, his chi burning like a supernova, Bruce wrenches and wrenches the mask/face further and further around.

With one final kia, he snaps his neck like a dried stick.

The giant collapses at Bruce's knees, a beaten hulk in black armor. Bruce leaps high and comes down with a definitive crunch, grinding his lethal foot to make sure the neck is crushed once and for all.

The demon's eyes MILK OVER. The Phantom will be haunting his dreams no more.

Bruce looks over to Brandon. The boy fades away, safe and unaware of the battle that took place. Bloody and victorious, Bruce rises to his feet feeling reborn. In a final act of rage, Bruce kicks the gravestone. It explodes and the flash envelopes him.

187 INT. HALL OF MIRRORS SET - DAY - 1973

187

He's back in the Hall of Mirrors. Life has been restored.

KREIGER

You okay, Bruce? We kind of lost
you there for a minute...

He looks up. The crew watches him, concern on all their faces. Without a word, he rushes out

188 OMIT 188*

189 INT. KOWLOON TONG HOUSE - DAY - 1973 189

Brandon and Shannon sit on the living room floor playing with a MODEL TRAIN SET. Linda is in the kitchen working on dinner with Mrs. Ngan Ma.

Like a spirit, Bruce stands quietly at the door watching his family. Success, real success, is within his grasp. Like it's the most natural thing in the world, he sits down with his kids on the floor.

BRANDON

Hey, Dad. What're you doing here?

BRUCE

I live here.

BRANDON

I mean it's still day time. Wanna play trains?

BRUCE

Yeah, I love trains...

He kisses his son and pulls his daughter close. Linda comes from the kitchen, happy to see him. Next to her on the wall is a CLOCK. Bruce walks over. Linda anticipates a kiss but he kicks the clock off the wall. In SLO-MO, it spirals into the air and lands in his hand. He gently turns it face down.

BRUCE

That's better.

And gives his wife a kiss, the kiss of an eternal lover.

190 EXT. PEARL OF THE ORIENT STUDIOS - DAY - 1973 190

Holding hands, Bruce and Linda walk across the lot. Bruce kids with all the extras. They get to a scaffolding built behind a set where an A.D. is waiting. He holds up his walkie-talkie.

A.D.

He's here...

He jogs around to the front of the set. Bruce turns to Linda.

CONTINUED

190 CONTINUED

190

BRUCE
Final shot.

LINDA
Make it great.

He climbs the scaffold. Half way up he stops.

BRUCE
Hey, Linda...

She turns.

BRUCE
I forgot something: I forgot to
tell you I love you.

She looks startled.

LINDA
You know, I don't think you ever
said that to me before.

BRUCE
Yeah, but I meant it every day.

He climbs the final rungs and disappears over the wall.

191 EXT. HAN'S ISLAND SET - HONG KONG - SUNSET - 1973

191

The catwalk runs along the walls of the HAN'S ISLAND SET
Below him are a hundred martial artists standing in exact
lines. When they see Bruce, uncued, they turn and bow. He
returns the bow. The setting sun halos him perfectly in the
golden glow of greatness.

LINDA (V.O)
Three weeks before the opening of
"ENTER THE DRAGON", the film that
made him an international super-
star, Bruce died in Hong Kong of a
cerebral edema, a swelling of the
brain. Twenty-five thousand
people attended his funeral. I
brought his body home to America
for burial. He was thirty-two.

FADE OUT:

THE END.