

THE GOLDEN CHILD

By

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DEVELOPMENT FILE

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" ... But down these mean streets a man must go who is not himself mean, who is neither tarnished nor afraid. The detective in this kind of story must be such a man. He is the hero; he is everything. He must be a complete man and a common man and yet an unusual man. He must be, to use a rather weathered phrase, a man of honor -- by instinct, by inevitability, without thought of it, and certainly without saying it. He must be the best man in his world and a good enough man for any world."

Raymond Chandler



FADE IN:

1 A GOLDEN GLOW 1

dominates the SCREEN. FRAME RIGHT, a stripe of highlights churn in a changing pattern... slowly we realize the whole LEFT two-thirds of the FRAME is turning.

FOCUS to show an eight-foot bronze cylinder revolving on its axis. As it turns, a steady stream of strange gold letters come into the light and disappear around its edge. With every revolution it says ten thousand prayers. It is the great prayer wheel of a Tibetan temple.

CUT TO:

2 INT. MONASTERY - DAY 2

In a dusty little back room, a Tibetan puppet man bobbles on its little horse. A happy ragamuffin BOY of about five manipulates the strings. His head is shaved. He smiles at the mock gallop of horse and rider.

In the distance the BOOMING OF A HORN.

Two monk attendants scurry into the room and hurriedly take the Child away.

CUT TO:

3 INT. TEMPLE - DAY 3

The eerie chant of a Tibetan ritual.

CLOSEUP: the Child's face. The face is suffused in a soft yellow light, the golden glow of butter lamps shining in the darkness. \*

PULL BACK to reveal the ragamuffin child is now dressed in golden robes. He sits in the lotus posture on a golden cushion. \*

CONTINUE PULLING BACK to reveal the main hall of the monastery.

Four presiding officials stand just behind the seated Boy.

Two rows of facing monks in purple ceremonial robes sit at perfect attention down the length of the hall.

A LEGEND comes up on the SCREEN:

TIBET  
PRESENT DAY



4 EXT. A MOUNTAIN PATH - DAY 4

One by one, mounted on shaggy-tailed Tibetan ponies, a sinister group moves up a narrow mountain path.

We watch as they file past...

FU, the monkey man. A flat simian face, hair growing low on his forehead in a widow's peak, his resemblance to a monkey is unmistakable. Ominously coiled around his chest is a nine-sectioned steel whip, one of the most vicious weapons of the Chinese martial arts.

KHAN. A Tibetan sorcerer dressed in an apron and robe ornamented with carved human bones. His face is stony and impassive. He carries a spear.

TWO TIBETAN MERCENARIES, a pair of rough-looking men in sheepskin chubas. The two men carry a strange steel cage suspended by a staff between their two ponies. The arms of the contraption are twisted in irregular geometric patterns, ominous shapes that carry a mystical meaning.

A small brown bird swoops through a diamond-shaped opening in the cage. Instead of exiting through one of the equally large openings on the other side, the bird flaps around wildly inside. For no apparent reason, it's trapped.

The little brown bird flutters around desperately, beating itself hysterically against the bars, until its broken, dead body drops through the opening at the bottom. This is no ordinary cage.

BACK ON THE LINE OF HORSEMEN

SARDO NUMSPA, dominating the group. Dark with black hair, he is at least half a head taller than any of the others. Dressed like a modern Italian count in the most stylish European clothing. His elegant appearance is accentuated by the cloth overcoat he wears draped over his shoulder.

The evil eunuch YU. Dressed in the clothes of a 19th Century Mandarin courtier. He carries an ancient Chinese short crossbow made of aluminum and fiberglass.

Two more Tibetan mercenaries armed with daggers and swords.

TOMMY TONG. Chinese, in his twenties, dressed in a Grateful Dead T-shirt and WWII leather flight jacket. Crossed over his back are two zebra skin sheathes holding Chinese semi-circular swords.

(CONTINUED)



4 CONTINUED: 4

TIL. A huge man with a large pad-like leather callus on his forehead. He is apparently weaponless.

He is the last of the raiding party (for that is what they are).

5 INT. THE HALL - DAY 5 \*

Chanting... A silver BELL CLANGS and the chanting suddenly stops.

The presiding official motions to the side of the hall.

A monk carries out a tray containing four shiny toy balls made of multicolored thread.

He holds them out to the Child.

Without hesitation, the Child reaches out and touches one of the balls.

A flicker of excitement shines in the eyes of the officials. The chief among them nods to the monk holding the tray.

The attendant puts the ancient ball down next to the child and goes off with the other three.

SOUND CUT:

6 EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - RAPID SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY 6

WEOOOOSH!THUP!... One of the guards at the post on the mountain path drops to the ground, an arrow in his heart.

The steel whip slashes INTO THE FRAME, coils around a guard's throat, yanks him off his feet, snapping his neck.

Tommy Tong drops from above. SHHH-THAP!... his semi-circular sword cuts down another guard. He raises the sword, revealing its distinctive jagged edge. \*

7 INT. HALL - DAY 7 \*

The attending monk holds out a second tray. Four sets of Tibetan rosary beads. The Child glances briefly at the beads... then reaches up and takes the rosary from around the monk's neck and puts it over his own.

A MURMUR of astonishment from the monks in the hall.

All eyes turn to the presiding official... He nods confirmation... The Child is right.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

The excitement in the hall builds...

SOUND CUT:

8 EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - RAPID SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY 8

WHESS-THUP!... Another guard falls, a steel throwing knife in his chest.

Til reaches INTO FRAME and grabs a guard by the throat. THWAP!... he smashes his callused forehead into the guard's face.

9 INT. THE MAIN HALL - DAY 9

The head official motions and again a monk steps forward holding out a wooden tray. On it, four dead birds -- all brilliantly colored. They lie on their sides, their tropical plumage folded against their bodies, their stiff legs outstretched.

The Child reaches out and touches one... it BURSTS up into the air. The Child reels back, a pleased smile on his face.

The entire hall watches as the resurrected bird flies toward the rafters.

Amazement, tears of joy, embraces, and the murmuring over and over of the words, "Gompen Tarma" (The Golden Child).

With a beautiful TRILLING song, the bird flies across the darkened ceiling toward the massive steel studded doors.

CRASH!!!... The doors of the temple entrance slam open... there, outlined in the doorway, is the raiding party.

A beat... and everything is mayhem... the men in the doorway dash into the room, cutting down everything in their path... the steel whip lashes out, snagging a monk, ripping him off his feet... the WHOOSH of the semi-circular sword as it drops another monk... an arrow ZINGS across the room and THUMPS into one of the officials...

Sardo Numspa, weaponless, walks calmly through the carnage... he approaches the Child... he looks down at the little Boy robed in gold... a self-satisfied expression spreads across his face...

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

The Child looks around, frightened, but turns back to Sardo, determined to hold his ground. The Child stares bravely at the archfiend. They face each other... Good and Evil. It is a confrontation as old as time.

All around, monks are meeting their death.

A loose arrow flies through the air, headed straight for the Boy... as it approaches, it veers off as if deflected by an invisible force. There is a power that protects this Child.

Sardo turns after having watched the strange course of the arrow. He motions toward the doorway and two of the Tibetan mercenaries hurry in, carrying the large metal contraption suspended from the heavy staff.

The dozen arms of the contraption SNAP outward, expanding the opening in the bottom.

SARDO

(sternly to the men  
with the cage)

Don't let him touch you!

Sardo turns back to see...

Khan spears one of the red-robed officials. As he does so, he trips over a falling monk and tumbles to the stone floor close to where the Boy is seated.

The Golden Child reaches out and touches him gently on the arm.

Khan's expression undergoes a strange transformation: bliss, tenderness, a burst of understanding. It hardens into sudden resolve.

Khan leaps to his feet and darts out with his spear, impaling one of the Tibetan mercenaries holding the staff. The other jumps back, letting the contraption CLANK to the ground.

Khan stands in front of the Golden Child ready to protect the Child with his life.

He anxiously scans the room... Tong is coiling the steel whip... Yu raises his crossbow...

Khan looks around desperately... Sardo stands in front of him, regarding him silently...

Khan leaps forward, jabbing the spear at Sardo...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Just as the spear tip pierces his custom-made silk shirt, Sardo vanishes!

Khan looks around... To his amazement, Sardo stands calmly staring at him from the other end of the hall, far out of range.

An arrow THUDS into Khan's chest and he tumbles over dead.

Sardo coolly surveys the scene...

SARDO

No witnesses.

The three remaining hired Tibetans strike down the final officials and the last living, terrified monk.

Sardo makes a sign with his hand...

Tong, the Monkey Man, and Yu stand at the three Tibetans' backs. WHOOSH! SHUUT! THWAP!... Simultaneously sword, arrow, and whip sail through the air. The Tibetans drop to the ground, never having seen what killed them.

SARDO

(confirming the fact)

No witnesses.

Til and the Monkey Man pick up the steel contraption, carefully lower it over the Golden Child, and SNAP it shut, encaging the little Boy inside. \*

They hoist it gently in the air...

Sardo motions with his head and leads the way out.

CLOSE ON: The face of the Golden Child as he looks out of the steel cage...

HIS POV: everything in the room is dead... except, perched high in the rafters... the tropical bird he brought to life...

The bird looks back at the Child and tilts its head.

An understanding passes between them.

CLOSEUP: The worried face of the Golden Child as he is carried out through the massive temple doors.

FADE OUT.



10

WHITE OUT AND THEN DOWN -- ROCK MUSIC BURSTS ON THE TRACK

10

HONKING. A sun drenched street. Santa Monica and La Brea at noon. A swelter of high power wires, telephone poles, revolving gas signs and billboards.

A stack of cars shimmers in the heat and exhaust.

Through the dusty windshield of a beat up old station wagon the CAMERA isolates CHANDLER JARRELL. He looks around... quick, sharp glances that take in everything. He's working. \*

L.A. -- City of contrasts: A MONTAGE to the MUSIC as Chandler drives through the streets:

A man in a duck costume waves wildly from in front of the grand opening of a fast food joint.

A woman in a red lace body stocking cuts in front of a black-robed Russian Orthodox priest and goes into the Vinyl Fetish on Melrose. Neither gives the other a second thought.

A man in a black BMW picks up his car phone, listens a moment, and hands it to a passenger in the back seat.

Two cops stand talking to a man with his arms handcuffed behind him.

In an empty lot, a bikini clad woman on skis snow plows down a carpeted ramp.

A punk hitchhiker thumbs his way down Melrose. A guy in a white Mercedes stops to pick him up.

A man's head glides mysteriously along the hood of a parked car... Unexplainable, until the man comes INTO VIEW in the gap between two cars, propelled by a motorized wheelchair.

Chandler takes it all in, without reaction. This blend of the sacred and the profane, the ridiculous and the absurd, the sinister and the banal. This is our world and we take its strange patterns for granted.

11

EXT. ROY'S HAMBURGER SHACK - DAY (MINUTES LATER)

11

Chandler shoves his car door shut and jaywalks across Santa Monica Boulevard toward Roy's Hamburger Shack.

Roy's is orange, the building, the awning, tables, umbrellas, fence along one side... all orange.

On a paper shredded bit of orange wall that serves as Roy's bulletin board, Chandler pins up a one-sheet.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

REWARD: for information leading to the recovery of Cheryl Mosely, 16.

The picture is a yearbook shot of a shyly smiling clean-cut teenager.

Chandler looks around... out in the dazzling light of the parking lot, two young girls in bun-hugging jeans are leaning in the window of a black Caddy tastefully underflecked in gold. \*

CHAN'S FACE: he doesn't think much of his world.

12 EXT. SANTA MONICA NEAR WESTERN - DAY

12

Chan walks up Santa Monica by a sign which advertises "LIVE NUDE DANCING" and cuts into a seedy magazine shop.

A woman (KEE NANG) watches him from a distance.

13 INT. MAGAZINE SHOP - DAY

13

A bulky GUY sits at the desk behind a machine that dispenses tokens. \*

Chandler comes through the front door.

He holds up the Cheryl Mosely one-sheet to the guy.

CHANDLER

Mind if I put this up?

HULK

Suit yourself.

Chandler looks behind the door.

CHANDLER

What happened to the ones I put here last week?


HULK

Who the hell knows. I told you last time, we've got no underage stuff here.

Chandler pins the poster behind the door, smiles at the guy who shoots him a very unwelcome look, and goes out.

The Hulk pulls himself out of his chair and walks over behind the door and rips the poster off the wall.

(CONTINUED)



13

CONTINUED:

13

CRASH!... The door flies open slamming the guy into the wall.

The guy starts to call out. Chan slams it again and all we hear from behind the door is GROANING.

Three figures dash into the end of the hall and throw open the back door and race out.

Chandler dashes after them.

CHANDLER

Mary Beth! Mary Beth, I want to talk to you!

14

EXT. BACK OF SHOP - DAY

14

Chandler comes out into the light at the back of the store.

Running across the parking lot, in a pink tube top and tight jeans is Mary Beth. Running on either side of her are two street tough guys in their early twenties.

\*  
\*

They disappear up the alley.

Chan chases after them.

\*

They burst out of the alley into a street.

The BLARE of HORNS and SQUEAL of BRAKES as traffic does its best to miss them.

On the other side, the threesome disappears around a brick building.

Chan sprints through the cars and tears around the side of the building. One of the toughs leaps out and rolls a garbage can right in front of him.

Chan hits the can at full speed, falls forward, and skids along the sidewalk on his hands.

The tough darts into the alley.

Chan jumps to his feet shaking his stinging hands.

Toward the end of the block a foot disappears in an apartment building door.

The tough rips around a corner and joins Mary Beth and the other guy in the alley that leads up the length of the block.



15 EXT. BUILDING - DAY 15

Chan charges through the door of the apartment building.

16 EXT. ALLEY - DAY 16

Mary Beth and two guys dash up the alley.

17 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 17

An apartment door splinters as Chan shoulders his way through it.

18 EXT. ALLEY - DAY 18

Flagging, but running hard, the threesome race toward the top of the alley.

Suddenly a fire escape LADDER CLANKS INTO FRAME, and Chan leaps off the end of it, knocking one of the toughs off his feet. Chan rifles around and lays the second guy out with a right cross.

Chandler and Mary Beth stand their looking at each other, both breathing hard.

Mary Beth glowers at Chandler.

MARY BETH

You can take me back to my parents, but you can't make me like it.

CHANDLER

It's not my job to make you like it.

A beat...

MARY BETH

(softly)

So when we going?

CHANDLER

(bent over, his lungs pumping wildly)

Could you give me a minute?

Chan, still catching his breath, looks at the brick wall next to him where a few deteriorating one sheets are pasted. He reaches in his pocket, pulls out one of the Cheryl Mosely posters, and tapes it to the wall.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. STREET - DAY

19

Chandler pinning a poster of Cheryl on an outdoor bulletin board.

A WOMAN'S VOICE:

VOICE

Could I please speak with you, Mr. Jarrell?

Chandler turns toward the voice... An attractive Oriental-looking girl in her mid twenties looks back at him. (KEE NANG)

CHANDLER

I'm listening.

Chandler moves up the street.

KEE NANG

(following after him)

A child has been kidnaped and you're the only one who can get him back.

CHANDLER

That so. When was the kid snatched?

KEE NANG

Five days ago in Northeastern Tibet.

CHANDLER

You received a ransom note?

KEE NANG

No. But we have reason to believe the child is being held somewhere here in Los Angeles.

Chandler clears a telephone pole to tack up a poster.

CHANDLER

Oh yeah. Why's that?

KEE NANG

This child is special, Mr. Jarrell.

Chandler looks over his shoulder.

CHANDLER

All children are special.

(CONTINUED)

KEE NANG

Yes, that's true, but this child is the spiritual leader of two hundred million people in China, Tibet, and southeast Asia.

CHANDLER

So this kid's an important world leader. How do you know he's in L.A.?

Chandler holds out Cheryl's poster to a passing kid. The kid shakes his head.

KEE NANG

Four hundred years ago the Nechung Oracle predicted that the "Gompen Tarma," that is Tibetan for Golden Child, would be taken to the new city, a city of the angels, and would be rescued by a man who is no angel.

Chandler turns around.

CHANDLER

(pointedly)

So where do I fit in?

KEE NANG

We've had a computer throw the I Ching for every person in the Los Angeles phone book. You were picked independently by all three computers. New York, London and Delhi. It is your profession to find missing children. It is your destiny to find the Golden Child.

CHANDLER

Oh yeah, and what's your destiny?

KEE NANG

To see that you do yours.

Chandler looks her over from head to toe.

The expression on her face gives no doubt she believes every word she is saying.

CHANDLER

Why would anyone who snatched a kid in Tibet bring him all the way to L.A.?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

KEE NANG

They think because no one will  
believe us here --

CHANDLER

(breaking in)

Well they got that one right.

Chandler heads up the street.

KEE NANG

No one will help us either.

CHANDLER

They got that one right, too.

Chandler comes up to his car.

CHANDLER

(getting in)

Sorry, can't help ya, I'm already  
on a case.

KEE NANG

Mr. Jarrell, finding this Child is  
more important than anything else  
in the world.

CHANDLER

I don't doubt that. But like I  
said, I'm busy.

He STARTS up the CAR.

KEE NANG

Is there any chance I could appeal  
to your better nature?

CHANDLER

I wouldn't advise your going  
around appealing to people's  
better nature.

KEE NANG

Why not?

CHANDLER

They haven't got one.

He gives her a phony little smile...

CHANDLER

Nice meeting you. Gotta dash.

(CONTINUED)

pk

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14.

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

He pulls away from the curb.

The CAMERA PANS to a poster of Cheryl pinned to a telephone pole.

HOLD on the black and white face of the missing teenager.

QUICK MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

20 EXT. YARD - DAY

20

Cheryl's face in color. Lifeless. WIDEN OUT to take in the dead girl lying in the dried brush of a Southern California hillside.

Chan, a Polaroid camera in his hand, flanked by BOGGS, black, Sergeant LACD, looks down at the body of Cheryl Mosely. In the b.g. a line of railroad tie stairs lead down to a modest Studio City home.

BOGGS

That her?

CHANDLER

Yeah. Cheryl Mosely.

BOGGS

How long she been missing?

CHANDLER

About three weeks.

Chandler snaps a shot of the body. The picture whirls out in his hand. On her throat is a distinctive jagged edged cut.

Chan crouches down... on the back of the girl's shoulder is a small tattoo -- a yellow dragon. He snaps a close-up.

BOGGS

Want to see the rest?

CHANDLER

Yeah, sometimes the parents want to know.

MOVING DOWN the stairs.

CHANDLER

Got anything?

(CONTINUED)



BOGGS

Not much. Three days ago the rental sign goes down and a white truck backs over the lawn, right up to the front door. The neighbors hear this continual "low murmur" night and day. Then at ten o'clock last night the white truck pulls up again and the murmuring stops.

CHANDLER

Anybody get the plates? \*

BOGGS

No plates. So the next morning one of the neighbors comes out to shut up his dog who won't come down the hill. He looks over the fence and finds the body.

CHANDLER

Who rented the place?

BOGGS

She did, by phone, in cash.

Chandler and Boggs step aside so two white clad paramedics can carry a gurney up the hill.

CHANDLER

The neighbor got an alibi?

BOGGS

Come on, Chan! He's a CPA and a dog owner, for Christ's sake. Don't you trust anybody?! \*

Chandler considers...

CHANDLER

Nope.

21 INT. BACK ROOM OF HOUSE - DAY

21

Chan stands next to Boggs in a back room of the house.

Chan looks around...

Arcane red letters are painted all over the walls.  
(The bars, attached circles and crescents of Sanskrit or a related language.)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

Chan notices something on the floor. He stoops down... shadowed by the light from the back window, slight impressions in the rug. Twelve broad lines radiating from a hollow center.

Boggs crouches down and takes a look.

CHANDLER

You know what made them?

Boggs shakes his head in the negative.

Chan snaps a picture... rises and starts to photograph the walls...

BOGGS

You take that referral I sent you?

CHANDLER

Nope.

BOGGS

Easy job.

CHANDLER

Yeah.

BOGGS

You only take the kid cases, huh, Chan?

CHANDLER

Yeah.

BOGGS

Why don't you go back to the Department of Social Welfare and take home a regular paycheck?

CHANDLER

I like being self-employed.

BOGGS

Is that what you call it?

CHANDLER

Yeah.

BOGGS

Yeah.

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



22 INT. FRONT ROOM - DAY

22

Chan stands alone in a front room of the house...  
Empty, no sign of habitation.

A large front window lets light into every corner.

Chan walks to the window and looks out...

23 EXT. STREET - POV - DAY

23

A yellow police tape stretches across the lawn. On the other side of the quiet residential street, nervous little clumps of neighbors have gathered in front of their homes. A little way down the street, Kee Nang stands talking to a Korean gardener in front of his truck.

Chan watches her a second...



24 INT./EXT. HOUSE (INTERCUT) - DAY 24 \*

The gardener gestures toward the house and Kee Nang turns and notices Chan at the window.

She acknowledges him with a bow of her head. He just looks at her and turns and walks toward the kitchen.

25 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 25

Chandler looks down at a pot of oatmeal that sits on the stove.

A skin has hardened on the cold oatmeal.

Something in the oatmeal catches Chandler's eye.

He reaches in and pushes the congealed oatmeal away from the side of the pot.

Red liquid collects in the crack... blood.

DISSOLVE TO:

26 EXT. STREET - DAY 26

Eagle Rock. A little tree lined street. Every few feet the vegetation stained concrete is buckled by the gnarled roots of the old trees.

Chandler accompanies MR. AND MRS. MOSELY along the sidewalk toward their house. They've just returned from Cheryl's funeral.

They turn up the walkway to one of the little houses.

Mrs. Mosely's done her best to look respectable at her daughter's burial with clothes that haven't seen the light of day in 10 years.

Mr. Mosely turns with the screen door in his hand.

MOSELY

Well, I guess that's the end of that.

(to Chandler)

I owe you money?

CHANDLER

I'll send you a bill.

MOSELY

I'm sure you will.

He opens the door and goes in the house.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

Mrs. Mosely stands in the walkway with Chan.

MRS. MOSELY

He doesn't mean it like that. He loved Cheryl so much. It's just that he had such high expectations of her. She tried but...

Chandler nods his head slowly in sympathy.

MRS. MOSELY

Mr. Jarrell, I want you to find the people who killed Cheryl.

CHANDLER

Excuse me, Ma'am, but --

Mrs. Mosely, determined, breaks in and pushes bravely on.

MRS. MOSELY

Here's 320 dollars. It's mine, I saved it up myself. I want you to find Cheryl's killer.

CHANDLER

Mrs. Mosely, I can understand how you feel, but the police will be doing that.

MRS. MOSELY

Mr. Jarrell, look me right in the eye and tell me you honestly think the police are going to find the ones who killed Cheryl.

Chan looks her in the eye but doesn't say anything.

She holds out the money. \*

Chandler looks at the money, but doesn't make a move to take it.

CHANDLER

Did Cheryl have a tattoo before she left home?

MRS. MOSELY

(shocked)

No!

CHANDLER

You're sure?

MRS. MOSELY

Positive... Are you going to take the money?

(CONTINUED)

CHANDLER

I'll look into it, see if there is anything I can do.

MRS. MOSELEY

You're going to take the money? I want you to take it.

CHANDLER

I'll take twenty-five dollars. That's my price.

MRS. MOSELY

That doesn't seem like very much.

CHANDLER

That's my price. Take it or leave it.

MRS. MOSELY

I don't want to know about it. I don't want to think about it. After you've turned him over to the police, mail back the picture of Cheryl. Then I'll know it's over.

Mrs. Mosely is satisfied and with relief drops the huge effort she's made to be assertive.

MRS. MOSELY

Mr. Jarrell.... thank you.

Chandler gives her a faint comforting smile and walks away.

26A OMIT

CUT TO:

26B INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

26B

Chandler puts some money in a washing machine, closes the lid and sits down on an adjoining bench. A GIRL watches him. She picks up a pair of panties and displays them.

GIRL

I don't understand why these machines keep eating up my panties.

Chandler, who has picked up a newspaper and started to read, looks up at her then back to the paper. She looks at him then moves over to sit down on the bench next to him. He doesn't look up.

(CONTINUED)



26 B CONTINUED:

26B

GIRL  
(trying to get  
his attention)  
I'm a cosmetologist.

He doesn't react.

GIRL  
(continuing)  
What do you do?

He finally looks up from his newspaper.

CHANDLER  
I'm a freelance social worker.

He goes back to his paper. Pause..

GIRL  
Nobody's a freelance social worker.

He looks at her again.

CHANDLER  
I'm an investment banker.

GIRL  
(noticing his hat)  
What's the hat for?

CHANDLER  
It's part of the bank uniform.

Pause. He goes back to his paper. The girl presses on.

GIRL  
If you're an investment banker,  
what are you doing here?

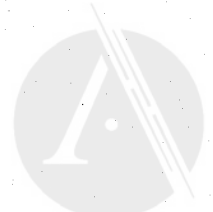
CHANDLER  
(looking up)  
Washing my clothes.

He looks beyond the girl to another customer drying his clothes in the back.

CHANDLER  
See that guy down there?

She looks.

CHANDLER  
He owns the bank. Money running  
out his ass.



The Girl realizes she's hitting on the wrong dude.

GIRL

Very nice meeting you. Excuse  
me.

She gets up and pushes her washing cart back to the  
customer in the back while Chandler, with a slight  
smile on his face, watches.

GIRL

(holding up her  
panties)

I don't understand why these  
machines keep eating up my  
panties.

The customer looks at her.

CUSTOMER

Yah, they keep eating my  
panties, too.

Chandler laughs.





## 28 EXT. CHANDLER'S STREET - NIGHT

28

A modern overhanging street light illuminates an empty street in the Silverlake district.

Opposite the street light a crumbling concrete stairway runs up an eroding dirt hillside.

Chandler, his coat thrown over his shoulder, trudges up the stairway to his Silverlake home. Not large, in a deteriorating part of town, it occupies its own lonely little hilltop backed by a small grove of eucalyptus trees.

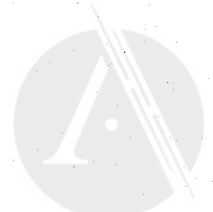
Chandler disappears over the top of the stairs.

## 29 INT. CHANDLER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

29

Chandler stands in the dark, over the sink in his kitchen, eating a chicken pot pie out of the tin.

He looks out the window...



30 HIS POV - STREET - NIGHT

30

Down in the street, backlit by the street light, Chan can see someone sitting in a brand new Buick with paper plates.

Chan scrapes the last of the pie in out of its metal corner. He puts it in his mouth, still watching the person in the new Buick.

31 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

31

In the living room, Chan pulls the Yellow Pages out from under the telephone.

He takes it over to the couch and lays it open on the coffee table. He rustles through the T's, to TATTOOING... Five listings...

Chandler scans some of them.

He rips out the page, takes a red marker, and starts to number the listings by location...

MINUTES LATER.

Chandler saunters into the kitchen and walks up to the window.

He glances out, the person in the Buick is still there.

Chan slowly walks toward the living room, ducks down, crosses over to the back door, eases it open, and slips out.

32 EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

32

Chan darts silently through the shadows of his backyard.

He runs down a steep dirt path and leaps over the concrete retaining wall at the bottom. He dashes up to the Buick and throws open the door.

CHANDLER

Okay, you --

The car's empty!

Chan leans in, looks around. He opens the back door. Definitely no one there.

Chandler shakes his head, shuts the car doors.

(CONTINUED)



32 CONTINUED:

32

He walks over to the stairs, turns, and looks back at the car. Puzzled, he turns around and goes up the stairs.

As he disappears over the top, the CAMERA turns and TRACKS UP... There, 20 feet above the ground, delicately balanced on the cross arm of the street light is Kee Nang. \*

With a WHOOSHING SOUND (traditional to Chinese martial arts movies), she jumps from the street lamp. She lands on the ground with a cat-like lightness and walks slowly back to the Buick. As she calmly gets in, she watches the light flood from Chan's open front door... and disappear.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET - NIGHT

33

Long Beach. A bleak street near the harbor. Factories, warehouses, empty storage lots surrounded by chain link.

We MOVE down the street toward a warehouse marked SEVEN STAR TRADING COMPANY. There is an ominous MURMUR... as we approach, it gets louder...

34 INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE

34

A weird Hari Krishna type, totally nude, his head shaved, sits against a wall chanting like a crazy man. His eyes are glazed over, as if he'd been hypnotized.

A stone THUMPS into the wall just inches from his head. He doesn't react, just keeps up the incessant drone.

In the center of the warehouse, the Golden Child sits trapped in his cage.

The walls are covered with the same red arcane writing as the Studio City house and in the center of each wall sits a chanter pumping up and down, endlessly mumbling some kind of anti-prayer.

Til, the giant with the pad on his forehead, sits a dozen feet in front of the Child.

He picks up a stone from the pile near his feet and loads it into a slingshot, pulls back, and fires straight at the Child.

The little Boy sits there impassively.

(CONTINUED)

The stone flies right at the Boy... At the last moment, it veers off, drops to the ground, skips across the floor, and THUDS into the wall.

Til picks up another rock and this time aims a little higher.

The stone angles up over the Boy and THUMPS into the wall ten feet above the back chanter.

Til tries to think of something to make the game more interesting. He picks through the pile for something special... Nothing. He chooses a little pebble and lets go.

This time as the stone approaches, the Boy quickly waves his hand and the stone flies off in the direction he motioned. It PINGS into one of the overhanging lights.

Til is astonished. He looks at the Boy... The Boy sits there impassive, with a blank face, as if nothing had happened.

Til, squinting curiously at the Boy, picks up another rock and fires.

The Boy suddenly motions his hand in the other direction and the stone CLANGS into a light on the other side.

Til looks up at the light which swings wildly... then down at the little Boy...

The Golden Child's face reveals the hint of a smile.

Til hurriedly loads another stone and fires it straight at the little Boy.

The Boy puts his hand right in the path of the stone. It reverses direction and zips straight back at Til.

Shocked, Til ducks just in time.

Til sits back up in amazement.

The little Boy is looking back at him with a mischievous little smile.

Til's quizzical face.

The Child's impish smile.

(CONTINUED)



Til, his eyes still on the Child, gets up, goes over, and gets a wastebasket full of discarded aluminum cans from near the soft drink machine.

He places the basket out in the floor, a safe distance from the little pile of stones. He points to the basket several times so there will be no mistake.

He sits back down in his place and loads the slingshot.

He fires and simultaneously ducks.

The little Boy motions with his hand toward the waste basket and the stone flies that way and CLANKS in, knocking an empty aluminum can on the floor.

Til straightens up with a smile.

Til goes over to the basket picking up the aluminum can as he goes. He tosses it into the basket.

The can stays on the top of the pile an instant... then moves, turns, and tumbles onto the ground with a hollow CLINK.

Til is stunned. He looks over at the little Boy.

The Boy is looking right at him with that impish smile.

With one eye on the Boy, Til picks up the can and tosses it back in.

The Boy looks at the basket and the can pops out at Til's feet.

Til looks at the Boy. The Boy looks at Til, then over to the can.

To Til's amazement the can starts to roll... curves off... stops.

The Boy looks at Til with a frustrated grimace, then concentrates on the can.


The can rolls the other way... stops.

Til looks at the child. The Boy smiles, then focuses his attention on the can.

THUPPP!... Half of the can collapses downward.

Til can't believe it.

(CONTINUED)



34 CONTINUED: (3)

34

THUPPP!... The rest of the can flattens against the ground.

The little Boy concentrates with all his might.

The can rips and slowly folds over. Rips, and another part folds over. Rips, folds. Rips, folds.

The can rips and slowly tilts up on one edge... It's been folded into the shape of a little man! Flat, like a paper doll. \*

Til's mouth drops open, he looks over at the Golden Child whose eyes are twinkling in his direction.

The Child looks back at the can.

One of its aluminum legs bends up... too high, straightens, bends again lower, at the knee... and steps forward. The other leg bends and steps forward... step... step, step, step.

Til, mesmerized, walks toward the little can man.

The little man bends his neck and tilts his head toward Til.

The little man raises an aluminum arm, bends it at the elbow, and waves.

Til, delighted, waves back.

The little can man dances a little jig...

A foot comes down crushing the little man.

The CAMERA TILTS UP to reveal Sardo Numspa.

Sardo points to the soft drink dispenser and wastebasket and addresses Til in a fury.

SARDO

(in a rage)

Get that out of here! Everything out!

Til, terrified, hurries to obey.

Sardo turns. His eyes burn at the Child.

Frightened, the little Boy holds his own, looking bravely back at him.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (4)

34

Sardo glances down at the bowl of oatmeal on the ground near the cage... it is untouched.

SARDO

You will eat!

Sardo turns with an angry flourish of his coat and exits the room.

Til throws a guilty glance at the Child as he carries the wastebasket of cans out the door.

The Child looks around desperately... He stares at the bars of his cage... he concentrates.

The bars quiver and bend slightly, nowhere near enough to slip through.

He gives it up and looks down at the bowl of oatmeal...

It flips over with a PLOP!

The Boy pulls something out of his robe.

CLOSEUP - In his hand, a twig with four little leaves.

The little Boy takes one, puts it in his mouth, and returns the other three to their hiding place.

CLOSE on the determined face of the little Boy, chewing on the leaf.

FADE OUT.

WHITE OUT AND THEN DOWN

35 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

35

HONKING. The sun blares down on Main Street, downtown.

ON Chan, through his windshield, looking around.

He pulls into a red zone, hops out, snaps open the hood of his car, and leaves it up.

He walks down Main... past a little white box of a building that advertises CIGARETTES - ALL BRANDS 85¢ and walks into THE MAIN STREET TATTOO PARLOR...

PICK UP Chandler as he comes out, slams down the hood of his car, drives off.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

CLOSE on the list of tattoo parlors from the Yellow Pages.

Chandler's hand marks off the Main Street listing.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE LIST. All but one of the listings are crossed out.

36 EXT. VICTORY NEAR VAN NUYS - DAY

36

Chan walks up Victory... Tarot Readings... Bail Bond place... Tattoo Parlor (THE WORLD FAMOUS EMPORIUM OF TATTOOS).

There's a Hell's Angel's legal defense fund poster in the window.

Chan goes in.

We watch through the window. Chan hands a huge guy with a big pot belly and a long beard the Polaroid. Chan says something. The guy shakes his head. Chan asks another question. Another shake. Chan takes back the Polaroid.

Chan comes out the front and heads back the way he came.

Suddenly he turns around. He walks past the tattoo parlor and down the street. He makes a sharp right turn into the alley behind the vacuum cleaner repair place.

Chan stands looking down the dead end alley.

CHANDLER

Come on out. You've been following me all day. Here I am. Come on out!

VOICE

(from behind him)

I am out.

Chan rifles around. Kee Nang is standing right behind him.

Chandler looks her over... up and down... a beat...

CHANDLER

It's not going to help to follow me around. I'm not going to take your case.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)



36 CONTINUED:

36

KEE NANG

You are already on it.

CHANDLER

How do you figure that?

KEE NANG

The Golden Child was held in the house where the girl was killed.

CUT TO:

37 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

37

Chan pulls a second piece of boysenberry pie toward him, the empty plate from the first is on the table in front of him.

CHANDLER

So that's the real reason you've been following me. You think I'll lead you to the people who took your kid?

KEE NANG

That and to protect you.

Chan takes that with a grain of salt and considers the situation...

CHANDLER

I'm already looking for your missing kid? Don't you find that a little coincidental?

KEE NANG

It is your destiny. You cannot avoid it.

CHANDLER

I can't believe I talk to you... Okay, if I believed you, which I don't, what makes you think the kid was in the house?

Kee Nang reaches over and pulls the Polaroid of the Tibetan writing from the murder scene out of Chan's pocket.

KEE NANG

This is a restraint curse. They must restrain him both spiritually and physically. They need to keep evil on all four sides of him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

KEE NANG (CONT'D)

Just the writing wouldn't be enough though. They'd need to augment it with something else.

CHANDLER

Or what?

KEE NANG

The child might project himself astrally.

Chandler throws her a sideways glance.

CHANDLER

And show up in my living room?

KEE NANG

Mr. Jarrell, your TV projects people into your living room. You have no trouble accepting your own magic, but you scoff at everyone else's.

CHANDLER

Okay, we'll let that ride.  
(holding out the  
Polaroid)

What does it say?

KEE NANG

"The world is wicked. Let it perish."

CHANDLER

Well, at least they've got their basic facts right.

KEE NANG

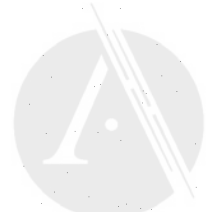
You don't see much good in the world, do you?

CHANDLER

I don't see any, and I get around quite a bit.

Chandler sums up.

(CONTINUED)



CHANDLER

So what you're telling me is -- the people that killed Cheryl Mosely are the ones who snatched your kid. So when I find Cheryl's murderers, I'll be finding the people that are holding your Golden Child.

KEE NANG

Yes, that is exactly what I'm saying.

CHANDLER

Why was Cheryl killed?

KEE NANG

I don't know.

CHANDLER

I do. They wanted her blood. Why are they putting blood in the kid's oatmeal?

Kee Nang is shocked, worried.

KEE NANG

Are you sure?

CHANDLER

Yeah, I'm sure.

KEE NANG

I don't know.

(pause)

You believe me?

CHANDLER

No, but this is L.A., anything's possible.

KEE NANG

There is someone we can ask about the blood.

CHANDLER

Oh really, is it somebody in this world?

CUT TO:

A yellow light from the sinking sun filters through the Chinatown gate.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

Chan looks up at it as he and Kee Nang pass under.

The ornate piece of bric-a-brac meant to attract tourists looks strange in this light. It is a passageway, not just to a tacky square of shops, but to other beliefs, other ways of life, other possibilities.

KEE NANG

Are there other leads we should be pursuing?

CHANDLER

Lady, if I had any other leads, I wouldn't be hanging around with you.

Kee Nang takes that in silence and leads Chan into the herbalist shop across the square.

39 INT. HERB SHOP - DUSK

39

The CAMERA passes through the store, with its dried seahorses, snake skins, antelope horns, and exotic cures... to the back room, where a sign announces "DR. YING-SHAU HONG." Dr. Hong is burning a punk on a TOOTHLESS Old MAN's back.

A wisp of smoke rises from the conical punk.

Hong smiles and bows to Chan.

HONG

Mr. Jarrell, you honor my shop with your presence.

The toothless MAN smiles at Chandler and speaks to him in Chinese.

Chandler draws a blank.

HONG

He says he is very pleased to meet a man as great as you.

Chandler looks suspiciously at Hong... at the bowing man, all smiles.

Chandler dips his head to the old guy.

KEE NANG

(urgently)

We must speak to Kala.

Hong turns to his toothless patient.

(CONTINUED)

HONG

Please, excuse us.

As Hong goes off, Chandler leans confidentially toward the toothless man.

CHANDLER

Gotta talk to Kala.

(winks)

You understand.

The old man smiles and winks back.

Hong leads Kee Nang and Chandler through a curtain at the back of his office... down a hallway... darker and darker...

Both sides of the hallway are hung with posters of mythical Chinese beings -- dragons, demons, heroes.

One of the posters is of a demon in a hellish setting. (NOTE: Sardo in his demon form in the "I.L.M. Hell." \*

Chandler checks out the posters... they figure.

They pass through another curtain and come into a large dark room.

Chan's eyes slowly adjust to the lack of light...

Behind a screen, at the back of the room is the shadow of a woman seated on a raised platform. From her outline, we can see she is naked from the waist up.

Dr. Hong turns to Chandler.

HONG

You may speak with her. She will hear you.

Chandler lets that go and addresses the woman behind the screen.

CHANDLER

Okay, tell me about the kid. The Golden Child.

Kala speaks in an eerie rasping voice...

KALA

Every thousand generations a perfect child is born. A Golden Child. This is the fourth. He has come to rescue us.

(CONTINUED)

CHANDLER

Rescue us from what?

KALA

From ourselves. He is the bringer of compassion. If he dies, compassion will die with him.

CHANDLER

So without the kid the world will go to hell? Right?

KALA

The world will become hell.

CHANDLER

We're not that far off now. So who would want to take the kid?

KALA

Those who want evil rather than good.

CHANDLER

Could you be more specific?

KALA

No, we do not know who took him.

CHANDLER

Why are they trying to make him eat blood?

KALA

Nothing in this world will hurt him. The smallest pebble will not strike him, the largest fire will not burn him. But if he were to pollute himself with anything impure, he would become vulnerable.

CHANDLER

You're saying as long as he doesn't eat the blood nothing can harm him?

KALA

Yes, but there are things in this world that are not of it. These things could harm him... Do you have any other questions?

Chan looks at the outline of the naked woman behind the screen.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (3)

39

CHANDLER

Yeah, what are you doing Saturday night?

SHHHHTTT... SHHHHTTT... there is a strange RATTLING SOUND. Chan looks around for the source but doesn't see one.

KALA

This is the Chosen One?

HONG

Yes.

KALA

Strange are the ways of destiny.

HONG

Yes.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - DAY

40

CHANDLER

You people certainly put on a good show. Where did you get her from?

KEE NANG

She is the librarian of the secret repository at Palkor Sin. She was flown here to help us. She is over 300 years old.

CHANDLER

Oh yeah, how does she manage that?

KEE NANG

One of her ancestors was raped by a dragon.

CHANDLER

That happen a lot where you come from? Because it barely ever happens around here.

40A EXT. CHINATOWN SQUARE - DAY

40A \*

Chandler and Kee Nang come to a stop in front of the wishing fountain in Chinatown." \*

KEE NANG

Promise me, you'll do your best to save the Golden Child. \*

(CONTINUED)

40A CONTINUED:

40A

CHANDLER

Sorry. I don't make promises.

KEE NANG

Why is that?

CHANDLER

Because I might not be able to keep them.

KEE NANG

Why do you do this? Find lost children.

CHANDLER

Because I can't think of anything better to do.

He looks up at her... and softens.

CHANDLER

Because I don't like to see kids used, abused, passed around, and discarded.

Kee Nang considers the intent expression on his face.

KEE NANG

That happened to you, didn't it?

CHANDLER

My parents could have wanted me a little more. Then, maybe they would have stuck around a little longer.

KEE NANG

I can understand how you feel.

CHANDLER

Oh yeah, how do you figure that?

KEE NANG

My father left us when I was very young. For a long time, it was very difficult for my mother and me.

CHANDLER

Why did he leave?

KEE NANG

He had a calling to the religious life. He had to follow his destiny.

(CONTINUED)



40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

CHANDLER

So he ran out on you?

KEE NANG

It is part of our culture to go if you are called. It was a great sacrifice for him. Each must give what he is asked to give.

CHANDLER

Personally, I don't think that's much of an excuse.

KEE NANG

He is my father. Why are you so angry?

CHANDLER

I just don't like that kind of a guy. Mind?!

CUT TO:

41 EXT. CHANDLER'S STREET - NIGHT

41

Kee Nang pulls the Buick up to the bottom of the concrete stairs that lead to Chandler's house.

Chandler gets half out and turns back.

CHANDLER

So you want to come up?

KEE NANG

No, thank you.

CHANDLER

If I got a little harsh, I'm sorry.

There's a slight pause...

CHANDLER

You want to come up, have a drink or something?

KEE NANG

No. Thank you.

Chandler gets out, walks a few feet, turns around, comes back.

CHANDLER

I almost forgot.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

They say you should always give a woman two chances to say no. In case...

KEE NANG

That's no twice.

CHANDLER

Maybe another time?

KEE NANG

Maybe.

CHANDLER

Promise?

KEE NANG

I never make promises. I may not be able to keep them.

CHANDLER

Good policy. 'Night.

Chandler turns and goes up to his house.

Kee Nang sits in her car watching the lone figure mount the steps.

42 INT. CHANDLER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

42

Chandler picks a glass out of the dirty dishes in the sink. He rinses it out, and pours himself a stiff shot of bourbon.

He carries it out into the living room and lies back in an upholstered chair.

Next to him, a small red light flashes in the darkness.

He takes a slug from the drink, exhales deeply, and snaps down a button near the red light.

Chan's answering machine...

MAN'S VOICE

Mr. Jarrell, this is Mr. Whelchel, Wendy's father... um... I know I missed the payment again this month and I want you to know I'll make it up next month... That's all.

There is another BUZZ and then another male VOICE.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

SECOND MAN'S VOICE

I got your name and phone number from the police. Our little boy has been missing two days. He's a good boy and --

\*

The Man's VOICE chokes, HEAVY SOBBING...

Chan reaches over and clicks off the machine. He takes a long slug of bourbon, a deep breath, and leans back in his chair.

Chan sits there. On the table next to him the little light, now a constant red, gleams in the darkness.

43 OMITTED  
thru  
45

43  
thru  
45

46 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

46

Bleak industrial light illuminates the warehouse of the Seven Star Trading Company.

Crouched on the roof over the front entrance, outlined against the faint glow of the night sky, Fu, the monkey man, sits silent sentinel.

47 INT. SEVEN STAR WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

47

The Golden Child sits in the center of the great room.

Til comes over and picks up the bowl of oatmeal. He holds it out toward the Child.

The Golden Child resolutely shakes his head no.

Til goes out to change it.

The little Boy reaches in his robe and pulls out the little twig... Three more leaves. He plucks off one and puts it in his mouth.

48 OMITTED

48

49 EXT. CHANDLER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

49

VARIOUS ESTABLISHING SHOTS of Chan's house in the dead of night... Kee Nang sits silently in the Buick... The little grove of eucalyptus trees behind Chan's house... the flat leaves of the trees sway gently in the wind...



50      INSIDE THE HOUSE      50      \*

In the darkness of the living room, Chan lies asleep in his chair.

51      OMITTED      51      \*

52      BACK TO THE WAREHOUSE      52      \*

Except for the four hypnotized chanters, the Gompen Tarma sits alone in the big room. Deep concern troubles his face.

The chanters sit against the walls, the constant beat of their MURMUR fills the air...

Suddenly, one of the chanters collapses from exhaustion and slumps forward in a heap on the floor.

The Child turns in the direction of the fallen man. It is an important chance! The little Boy stares off that way, focusing all his attention.

CUT TO:

53      EXT. CHANDLER'S BACKYARD - NIGHT      53

In the little grove of eucalyptus trees behind Chan's house, a rainbow-colored sheet of light appears... and then, in front of it, the astrally projected form of the Golden Child.

As the lovely rainbow shimmers behind him, the Boy raises his hand. On his finger is the beautiful tropical bird he brought to life in the Tibetan monastery on the other side of the world.

54      INSIDE THE HOUSE      54

Chan lies asleep in the chair. Heavenly rainbow light filters through the blinds. The room is awash in radiant color.

The bars of colored light strafe across the side of the TV.

The beautiful TRILLING SONG OF THE BIRD.

Chan opens his eyes. Looks around him...

He looks at the window where the multi-colored light pours in...

Chandler walks to the blinds and flips them open...



55 CHANDLER'S POV - NIGHT

55

Out in his yard, the Golden Child, backed by a glimmering rainbow, sits hovering a few inches above the ground.

The Gompen Tarma lifts his hand releasing the bird.

CHAN'S STUNNED FACE: watching in amazement.

56 INT. THE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

56

In another of the back offices, Sardo Numspa closes an elaborately-ornamented Chinese cabinet. He makes a hand motion in front of it, locking it magically.

He senses something. He looks over his shoulder and stares off into space...

57 INT. THE MAIN ROOM OF THE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

57

Numspa comes into the main room of the warehouse. He sees the collapsed chanter... the Child meditating...

He walks quickly over to the fallen chanter and stands in front of him.

The Boy breaks off and looks down at Numspa.

Numspa glares at him.

The Child looks confidently back at him, unafraid.

SARDO

By the time he finds you, it will be too late.

The Golden Child looks steadily at Numspa, unruffled.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. CHANDLER'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

58

Chan walks toward the eucalyptus grove. There is nothing there. No sign of the Child or the light.

Chandler runs his hand along the ground. He stands up and looks around, puzzled.

CHANDLER

I've got to stop living like this.

He starts to go inside. Something catches his eye...

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

He looks up. High in one of the trees -- a splash of color. He moves a little to get a better look...

The beautifully-colored tropical bird looks back at him.

From inside the house, the PHONE RINGS...

Chan stares at the bird... It isn't a vision, it's definitely there... where did it come from?... the zoo?... a pet store?... someone's home?...

The TELEPHONE RINGS insistently. Chan goes to answer it.

59 INSIDE THE HOUSE - NIGHT

59

Chan picks up the receiver.

CHANDLER

Hello.

From the other end of the line comes the VOICE OF A GIRL (19).

GIRL'S VOICE

Are you the one looking for Cheryl Mosely?

Chan considers.

CHANDLER

(his tone gives  
nothing away)

Yeah.

GIRL'S VOICE

I know who she was with last Thursday.

CHANDLER

Okay, who?

GIRL'S VOICE

The poster said there's a reward.

CHANDLER

Yeah.

GIRL'S VOICE

Could you please bring it to the Church of Our Heavenly Savior on Cattaraugus? Come to the back door and knock lightly. I'll be waiting.

60 EXT. CHANDLER'S STREET - DAWN

60

The sun is coming up as Chandler comes down the concrete stairs.

Kee Nang sits out front in the new Buick.

CHANDLER

Nice timing. You drive.

He gets in the car.

CUT TO:

61 INT. CAR - DAY

61

Kee Nang drives, Chandler hesitates a moment, and then, looks over at her.

CHANDLER

So what's this kid of yours look like? In case, I happen to run into him at the drugstore.

Kee Nang looks over at him, wondering why he's asking...

KEE NANG

He's about five years old, he was dressed in golden robes... he has a rainbow aura about him. You may not be able to see that.

CHANDLER

Don't worry, if it's there, I'll see it.

62 EXT. CHURCH OF OUR HEAVENLY SAVIOR - EARLY MORNING

62

Kee Nang's Buick pulls off the alley and into the open back yard (used as a parking lot) of a little house on Cattaraugus. On top of the house, red neon letters shine brightly against the early morning sky:

CHURCH OF OUR HEAVENLY SAVIOR

Chandler and Kee Nang hop out of the car.

Chandler stands blocking her way.

CHANDLER

Let's get something straight. You're crazy and I'm sane. I'm just letting you tag along because you're good looking.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

Don't let it go to your head and  
start talking or something.  
'Cause then they're going to find  
you out. Got it?

Kee Nang looks at him stonily. Chandler takes that for  
a yes.

They turn and go to the back door.

Chandler knocks.

A GIRL'S VOICE whispers from inside.

GIRL (O.S.)

Rob?

CHANDLER

Nooo...

A nineteen-year-old GIRL in a dark red turban sticks  
her head out the door.

GIRL

Who are you?

CHANDLER

I'm the man interested in Cheryl  
Mosely.

The girl slips out the door closing it lightly behind  
her. She wears a full length robe the same color as  
her turban.

CHANDLER

Okay, what do you know about  
Cheryl?

GIRL

My old boyfriend's picking me up.  
I told him I had gas money.

CHANDLER

How much you tell him you had?

GIRL

I mentioned fifty dollars.

CHANDLER

Sure you didn't mention twenty?

GIRL

I might have.

(CONTINUED)



CHANDLER

Good.

Chandler reaches in his pocket and gives her the twenty.

GIRL

Thursday, she had this appointment to get a tattoo at Fettered Leather on Melrose.

CHANDLER

What else do you know?

GIRL

Nothing. I barely knew her. She just wanted somebody to go with when she got the tattoo... Can you believe it, she goes off to get tattooed and I join the Church of Our Heavenly Savior.

CHANDLER

Who's our Heavenly Savior?

GIRL

He's a little fat guy who's been hitting on me all week.

A station wagon pulls up in the b.g.

The girl pulls off her robe, her street clothes are underneath. She unwraps the turban, she's totally bald!

GIRL

(adjusting her clothes)

How do I look?

Chandler looks at her gleaming dome.

CHANDLER

Great. I was going to mention it before but I forgot.

The station wagon pulls to a lurching stop, the door swings open.

The Girl runs over to it and jumps in.

ROB

What happened to your hair?

GIRL

I cut it.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (3)

62

The station wagon starts to maneuver its way out of the backyard.

\*  
\*

Kee Nang looks up at the red neon sign.

KEE NANG

When people believe in nothing, they are ready to believe in anything.

CHANDLER

You should talk.

Chandler walks over to where the car is backing up. He steps over to the girl's window.

\*  
\*

CHANDLER

Did she tell you why she was getting the tattoo?

\*  
\*  
\*

GIRL

Sure, it's the emblem of the Yellow Dragons.

\*  
\*  
\*

CHANDLER

Who are the Yellow Dragons?

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

63 OMITTED  
&  
64

63 \*  
&  
64 \*

65 EXT. BOYLE HEIGHTS - NIGHT

65

The Yellow Dragon insignia. Circling it the words: YELLOW DRAGONS MOTORCYCLE CLUB.

PULL BACK to reveal a massive biker, wearing Yellow Dragons colors, getting off a Harley parked amid a dozen similar Harleys.

The biker weaves his way to the sidewalk in front of the GOOD FOOD CAFE where a sign proudly announces: No Topless, No Bottomless, No Video, Just Good Food.

It's out of business.

The biker walks next door to PANDORA'S BOX, a bar which advertises both Topless and Bottomless and a chance for amateurs to show their stuff on Tuesdays.

Even at this distance, we can hear the crowd inside.

(CONTINUED)



65 CONTINUED:

65

Chan shakes his head, he's watching from the Buick parked across the street. Kee Nang watches with him.

66 INSIDE THE CAR - NIGHT

66

KEE NANG

What do we do now?

CHANDLER

We wait. When they split up, we'll single one off and politely ask him about Cheryl.

KEE NANG

And if he won't tell us?

CHANDLER

We act real offended and ask him again... not so politely... I can tell you right now these guys don't have your kid.

KEE NANG

It is all part of your destiny. You will find the Child.

CHANDLER

Listen, even if your kid has been snatched, I don't buy he's some magical kid sent to bring good into the world.

KEE NANG

It is not important that you believe in the Child. It is only important that you believe such good can exist in the world.

CHANDLER

Look around! You see any good in the world?

She looks right at him.

KEE NANG

(pointedly)

Yes.

Chandler has a confused moment before he realizes she means him. He's flustered an instant, then sighs with resignation.

(CONTINUED)



66

CONTINUED:

66

CHANDLER

You're a real piece of work, you know that? Get some sleep, I've got a feeling these guys stay up late.

TIME BLEND

67

EXT. PANDORA'S - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

67

Chan sits in the car watching Pandora's. Kee Nang is asleep in the seat next to him.

The bikes are still out front and the street is totally deserted.

Chandler looks over at Kee Nang, sleeping peacefully beside him. She looks lovely.

He looks at her with a tenderness we've never seen him show. He sits there a moment admiring her. He reaches over and gently moves a strand of hair out of her face ... then turns back to keep watch on Pandora's.

As soon as his head's turned, Kee Nang opens one eye. She watches him for a few seconds... then closes the eye. There is just the hint of a smile on her face.

CUT TO:

68  
thru  
72

OMITTED

68  
thru  
72

TIME BLEND

73

EXT. PANDORA'S - FIRST LIGHT

73

It's about dawn outside Pandora's. The twelve bikes sit out front.

The twelve bikers come out of the bar and start to mount up.

74

INSIDE THE CAR

74

Kee Nang watches and gently nudges Chan awake.

The Yellow Dragons REV UP their hogs and PEEL OUT.

Chandler waits until they're up the street and pulls out after them.



Chandler drives up a quiet residential street in Boyle Heights. It's dawn, the little houses are dead still, and the Dragons are nowhere to be seen.

(CONTINUED)



75 CONTINUED:

75

As the car approaches the cross street, Chan looks left... He gets a glimpse of the last of the bikers traveling the same direction on the next block. Parallel tailing, trick of the trade.

Chandler keeps his eye on them and heads up the next block.

At the next cross street, he sees them disappear up a freeway ramp.

Chandler makes a hard left and picks up speed.

76 EXT. FREEWAY - EARLY MORNING

76

Chandler follows the bikers up the almost deserted Golden State.

The bikers, frequent targets for harassment, ride in formation at an even 55.

Chandler pulls in behind a semi, and settles in for a long ride.

77 EXT. LANCASTER HOUSE - MIDDAY

77

Chandler pulls the Buick across the street from where a dozen bikes are parked. It's a house totally surrounded by a corrugated metal fence on a ratty little residential street in Palmdale.

Chan notices something, looks up... on a wire high above the house, the tropical bird he saw in his backyard. It takes off and disappears behind the house.

KEE NANG

(noticing he's looking  
at something)

What is it?

CHANDLER

Nothing.

KEE NANG

What happened to your plan about  
singling one off?

CHANDLER

I made a mistake, okay?

KEE NANG

(gently)

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

CHANDLER

Don't worry, I came prepared for other eventualities.

He reaches over her and pulls his .38 out of the glove compartment.

CHANDLER

You wait here. If anything gives you the impression something's happened to me, don't stick around. Get help... quick.

Chandler slips the gun into his belt and struts out toward the neighbor's driveway that runs along the fence.

78 IN THE NEIGHBOR'S YARD - DAY

78

Chan walks along the eight foot fence into the neighbor's backyard.

He senses something and looks over his shoulder.

There's an entire family standing around their barbecue, watching him suspiciously.

Chan turns and slams his palm against the fence and turns with a smile.

CHANDLER

This side's solid. Gotta check the back.

79 EXT. BACK OF HOUSE - DAY

79

Mumbling to himself about getting out of this business, Chan hops the neighbor's small fence into the alley. The whole biker house is surrounded by the eight foot fence.

Chan looks at the fence annoyed and then resigns himself.

He jumps up and grabs the top with his hands and starts to pull himself over.

80 EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - DAY

80

Kee Nang cranes her neck to make sure Chan's out of sight. She slides across the seat and gets out of the car.

She walks across the street to the eight foot corrugated fence and looks both ways... nothing.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

With the help of one hand she jumps over the fence.

Kee Nang drops gracefully to her feet on the other side.

81 EXT. BACK OF HOUSE - DAY

81

Chan struggles to the top of the fence and jumps down into the backyard. It's a good drop and he comes down hard.

He picks himself up and walks toward the weathered little back door of the low slung track house.

HOLD on a tall bush as Chan passes by.

One of the DRAGONS, taking a piss, backs out of the bush just far enough to watch Chan. Still taking his leak, he watches curiously as Chan takes the gun out of his belt and prepares to kick in the back door. \*

82 EXT. THE FRONT YARD - DAY

82

Kee Nang peers in the front window... the living room's empty.

Kee Nang sneaks over to the front door and gently rotates the knob... It's locked.

She looks around... the yard is littered with junk of all kinds.

83 INT. BACK ROOM OF THE HOUSE - DAY

83

The door splinters and Chan comes barrelling in.

A music video is blaring away on a dilapidated TV. \*

The three amazed Dragons look over at him.

CHANDLER

(brandishing his gun)

Hi, fellas. Just thought I'd drop by and ask you a few questions.

WHAP!... The Dragon from outside bowls into Chan from the back... and the other three are all over him, kicking and punching.

84 EXT. THE FRONT YARD - DAY

84

Kee Nang is gently slipping an old metal paint scraper into the front doorjamb.

She carefully works the door at the latch. The lock CLICKS open.

She gently opens the door and walks in.



85      INSIDE THE ROOM

85

She gets to the middle of the room and turns around.

HER POV

Eight DRAGONS stand up against the wall looking at her.

DRAGON

Come on in.

The one closest to the door swings it shut.

One of the Dragons reaches for her.

She twirls backward, her foot makes a SHHHTTTT as it cuts the air and a THWAP as it slams into his face. In a continuous motion, she whirls around again, catches him as he staggers, and he drops to the ground.

A couple of guys leap out of the line and circle her.

One charges...

She parries with her wrist and lets his momentum carry him into her elbow which she snaps in his face. It hits with a CRUNCHING SOUND.

She kicks out in the other direction catching the second guy in the face.

She twirls around and finishes him with a foot to the side of the head.

86      IN THE BACK ROOM - DAY

86

Chan is standing with his hands roped behind his back. One of the Dragons has yanked his head back by the hair. Another one is wetting down a leather belt with a can of beer, while the other two are rigging a bracket on the wall.

The guy with the wet belt loops the buckle over one of the faucets on the laundry sink. He stretches the belt as best he can, unloops it, and saunters up to Chan.

He threads the belt through the buckle forming a noose.

Chan, his head yanked down almost to his back, smiles at him ingratiatingly.

CHANDLER

(brightly)

You know, I was thinking of getting a bike. Do you think the new Harley --

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

DRAGON 1

Shut up!

He pulls the belt around Chandler's neck, and jerks it tight.

87 INT. THE LIVING ROOM - DAY

87

The SNICK of a switchblade.

One of the Dragons jabs at Kee Nang with the knife. She parries at his wrist and staggers him backward with an elbow. She twirls in the air and kicks one of the watching Dragons, standing up against the wall.

He drops to the ground like a stone.

The remaining Dragons look down at him and then over at her angrily. Apparently, they didn't think that was fair.

The last three circle her.

One SNICKS open a knife. They rush her simultaneously.

She pushes one by her, kicks the second, and grabs the arm of the one with the knife and brings it down on her knee.

There is a sickening CRACK, and she finishes him with her elbow.

Kee Nang whirls and staggers the final Dragon with a kick to the face.

Kee Nang whirls the opposite way. He stumbles into her flying foot and drops to the ground.

88 INT. THE BACK ROOM

88

Chandler hangs by the belt from the bracket in the wall. His toes just reach the floor, supporting some of his weight.

The biggest of the Dragons smashes him in the stomach with his fist.

89 BACK TO KEE NANG

89

Kee Nang moves up the hall toward the back of the house.

Two guys pulling up their greasy jeans come out of one of the bedrooms.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

Kee Nang twirls and kicks, she catches one with a kick to the stomach... and then, the face.

He smashes through the plasterboard wall and slumps to the floor.

The second Dragon charges her and she kicks him in the groin, leaps in the air and double kicks him to the head.

He skids down the hall, comes to a stop, and doesn't move.

90 BACK TO CHANDLER

90

Chandler is strung by the neck, rotating slowly on his toes.

The belt must be drying and getting tighter because he's turning red and looks nervous.

The four Dragons are rifling through the contents of Chan's pockets and arguing about what to do with the body.

DRAGON

I don't have to cut it up to get rid of it. I stuff him in a garbage bag and dump him off-road in Los Padres.

DRAGON

What if some animal drags him out into a camp sight?

DRAGON

So what? He gonna spoil some little old lady's dinner?

Kee Nang slips into the room by the inside door and almost disappears behind Chandler's hanging form.

Using one of the switchblades, she cuts the ropes around his wrists and reaches up and shears the belt.

Chan pulls off the belt and gasps for breath.

The four Dragons look over at him.

Chan puts out his arms to shield Kee Nang behind him.

Kee Nang is a little surprised by the unnecessary chivalry but goes along.

(CONTINUED)

CHANDLER

(to Kee Nang)

Stay behind me. I'll get us to the door and whatever happens, you get away.

Kee Nang shrugs, a little charmed by his protectiveness.

Chandler edges toward the door, moving Kee Nang with him.

One of the Dragons rushes him.

Chan takes a shoulder in the stomach. It knocks the air out of him but he shrugs it off and gives the guy a right to the face that drops him.

CHANDLER

(to Kee Nang, over his shoulder)

These guys are the real sensitive type. They just act tough.

KEE NANG

You should talk.

A second Dragon comes at them, head down, flailing. Kee Nang gracefully sidesteps as Chan is shoved into the back wall.

Chan gives the guy two vicious uppercuts and shoves him off.

Chan turns to Kee Nang.

CHANDLER

You all right?

She nods and gives him a brave little smile.

CHANDLER

Don't worry.

KEE NANG

I'm not.

The two remaining Dragons rush Chan at once.

Chan hits the first with a left, but the second one clips him. He's staggered and the guy is all over him.

The first one comes back in.

(CONTINUED)

Kee Nang checks... Chan is totally occupied with his own problems.

She throws a fast kick to the guy's face. He staggers backward, crumbles into the wall, and retires for the day.

Kee Nang immediately goes back to the role of endangered damsel.

Chandler hits the remaining Dragon once... twice... picks him up by the shirt and slams his fist into him one last brutal time... and lets him drop to the floor.

He turns quickly with concern in his eyes for Kee Nang.

She stands there truly touched by his solicitude.

CHANDLER

(breathing hard)

You okay?

She nods in the affirmative. She stands there with a calm appraising look, not a hair out of place. She looks prettier than ever, maybe because she's just a little flush, maybe because she's just impressed us a great deal.

KEE NANG

How about you?

CHANDLER

I'll live. I don't want this to turn into a lecture, but I told you to wait in the car. You come running in here, you could have got hurt.

KEE NANG

I knew I'd be safe.

CHANDLER

I appreciate your confidence, but next time do what I ask. Okay?

Kee Nang looks at his concerned expression.

KEE NANG

Okay.

As Chandler walks over toward the fallen Dragons, he throws Kee Nang a cocky little smile over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CHANDLER

I thought you were the one  
supposed to be protecting me.

Chandler yanks the biggest Dragon off the ground. He  
drags him over to the sink, shoves his head under, and  
turns on the faucet.

The Dragon sputters to consciousness.

CHANDLER

You had a girl tattooed with a  
yellow dragon. What happen to  
her?!

DRAGON

Huh?

Chandler slams him in the gut and the guy makes a real  
effort to remember.

DRAGON

(gasping for breath)  
What girl?

CHANDLER

(shoving the Polaroid  
in the guy's face)  
This girl!

He looks at the photo.

DRAGON

Yeah, her. Right. We sold her,  
man.

CHANDLER

(amazed and repulsed)  
You sold her?

The Dragon doesn't see the problem.

DRAGON

Yeah, we sold her to Tommy Tong,  
he runs that bar over on Broadway.  
He said he needed a girl 'cause he  
sold his soul to the devil.  
Needed her blood.

CHANDLER

So you sold her?

(CONTINUED)



DRAGON  
(trying to be  
agreeable)

Yeah.

Chandler slams his foot up between the legs of the slimy fleshpeddler.

The Dragon rolls around on the floor, groaning.

CHANDLER

Shut up!

The guy, still rolling around, stifles his groans.

Burning with outrage, Chan looks over at Kee Nang.

CHANDLER

They sold her.

One of the Dragons starts to get up. Chan brutally kicks him in the side.

The Dragon rolls around in pain.

CHANDLER

They sold her.

Chandler shakes his head in disgust. Kee Nang regards this man she's coming to respect.

CUT TO:

The Buick pulls up in front of Tommy's on Broadway.

Chan throws it into park.

Chan looks at Kee Nang like he means it.

CHANDLER

This time wait.

Kee Nang watches Chan go in the front door. She shakes her head and gets out of the car and goes around the back.

Chan comes through the front... The place is a Chinese bar, almost empty, except for the help who are eating at a back table. \*

(CONTINUED)

92

CONTINUED:

92

A GUY comes around the bar to intercept Chan. \*

GUY

What do you want?

CHANDLER

Where is Tommy Tong? In the back?

GUY

Yeah, but you can't go back there!

Chan barges by him.

The guy spins Chan around. Chan nails him with a right cross.

CHANDLER

(stepping over him)

It's okay, I've got an appointment.

93

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

93

Chan bursts into the back room.

Tommy Tong, wearing the same Grateful Dead T-shirt he was wearing on page two, sits in his office. The two zebra skinned sheathes hang on the wall.

Chan storms across the room.

CHANDLER

I want some answers, you slug!  
What happened to this girl?

Chan flings the Polaroid down on the desk.

Tommy gets up and slowly moves to the back wall where his swords are hanging.

CHANDLER

I'm talking to you, asshole. Pay attention.

94


EXT. BACK OF TOMMY'S - DUSK

94

Kee Nang comes up the alley in back of Tommy's and looks around... no one...

She goes up to the back door and listens...

(CONTINUED)





94 CONTINUED:

94

Through the door she hears Chan's voice -- getting tough.

She shakes her head -- It figures.

95 INT. TOMMY'S BACK ROOM - NIGHT

95

Chan is working himself up.

CHANDLER

Answer the question, shitbag!

Tong grabs the sword and spins around --

Kee Nang bursts through the door just in time to parry Tong's blow at the wrist and keep Chan from being cut in half.

Tong slashes out at her...

She leaps back, out of reach.

He slashes again...

She avoids the blow by flipping over backward, landing behind the desk. It's a neat trick. Just this side of the possible.

Chan watches in amazement.

Tong looks around nervously, he's overmatched. He dashes out the open back door.

Chandler's still thinking about the flip.

CHANDLER

How did you do that?

KEE NANG

Years of discipline.

CHANDLER

Yeah, yeah, but how did you really do it?

Kee Nang rushes out the door after Tong.

Chan looks from where she started the flip to behind the desk. Shaking his head, he dashes out after her.

96 IN THE ALLEY

96

Chan takes the lead and races forward. Kee Nang grabs his shirt and yanks him backward --

(CONTINUED)

SHHHHTT!... Tong's sword lashes out of a side alley, cutting the air where Chan was just standing. It was a very close call.

Chan's eyes roll heavenward thankfully.

KEE NANG

Could you be more careful?

CHANDLER

Didn't I tell you to wait in the car?

Together, they cautiously enter the side alley. \*

It divides. They split up, Chan heads up one way, and Kee Nang takes the other. \*

Chan moves up the little alley alone. \*

Chan ducks as Tommy's sword slashes out at him and strikes the wall near his head. \*

Tong dashes away. \*

Chan looks up to see the cut in the slime of the wall. It is the same distinctive jagged cut as on Cheryl's throat. \*

Chan's face registers rage and he dashes up the pitch dark tunnel after Tong. \*

UP A SMALL DEAD END ALLEY - OUT OF SIGHT \*

Tommy Tong, breathing hard and worried, stands with his back to the wall in an alley cul-de-sac. \*

Tong looks down. \*

A bloated rat slinks across the floor. \*

Suddenly a form telescopes up from the ugly rodent... Sardo Numspa! \*

Tong stands aghast. Numspa snatches the sword out of his hands and, with a long swooshing blow, cuts him down. \*

With a smile of satisfaction, Numspa tosses the sword down on the lifeless body. \*

Numspa hears something. \*

(CONTINUED)

## EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Chandler runs toward the mouth of the little alley. He hears but doesn't see the strange SOUND of Sardo's telescoping down.

## IN THE CUL-DE-SAC

The ugly rodent scurries across the ground and squirms into a drainage hole... and is gone!

Chandler comes into the little cul-de-sac and up to the body. He looks down... Tong's dead body lies there with the sword on top of it.

Kee Nang comes up behind him. She's surprised.

KEE NANG

You killed him?

CHANDLER

No, he was dead before I got here.

KEE NANG

What happened?

CHANDLER

How do I know?! Maybe he cut himself shaving, came down here for the view, and bled to death before he could find a Kleenex.

Chan looks around, pokes his foot at the little drainage hole.

He's puzzled, he thinks about it...

CHANDLER

He must have killed himself when he saw there was no way out. He knew I was right behind him.

He's clearly not satisfied with his own explanation.

CHANDLER

Do you buy that?

KEE NANG

No.

CHANDLER

Neither do I.

KEE NANG

I think I should tell you. We may be up against supernatural creatures.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (2)

96

CHANDLER

Like what?

KEE NANG

Demons.

Chan shakes his head in disgust.

CHANDLER

Just when I was beginning to take  
you seriously.

CUT TO:

97 INT. WAREHOUSE BACK ROOM - NIGHT

97

Sardo sits cross-legged in the center of a back room of  
the warehouse.

He takes two deep breaths and folds his arms in front  
of him. Suddenly his hair starts to blow and the wall  
behind him gleams an unearthly red. It tears and  
dissolves (a la I.L.M.)

CLOSE on: Sardo's face with his hair streaming in the  
wind.

PULL BACK to reveal he is sitting at the mouth of a  
cave on the rocky ledge of a cliff.

All through the scene the CAMERA continues to PULL BACK  
revealing an ever expanding view of Hell.

The VOICE of the THING speaks from out of the cave. It  
is a melodious voice, the slick oily voice of Evil.

THING (O.S.)

Congratulations. You have the  
Child.

Sardo nods slightly with pride.

SARDO

Thank you, Lord.

THING (O.S.)

But he is still alive.

SARDO

You have no reason to fear him.  
He is surrounded at all times, in  
all the four directions, by evil.

(CONTINUED)



THING (O.S.)

Do not underestimate the power of good. Do not dismiss the strength of the Child... Time grows short. The Child will never eat the blood.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SARDO

What must I do?

THING (O.S.)

Move the Child again before they discover where you are holding him.

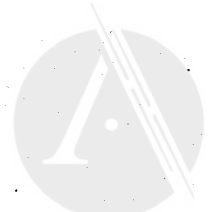
SARDO

And to kill him?

THING (O.S.)

The Ajanti dagger. It is not of his world. With it you could kill the Child.

(CONTINUED)



97 CONTINUED:

97

SARDO

It is well guarded. How can I get it?

THING (O.S.)

Offer to exchange the Child for it. They can refuse nothing for his safe return. When you have the knife, come to me. I will tell you how to use it to kill the Child.

The smirk on the Thing's face is almost audible.

Suddenly an EVIL LAUGH issues from out of the cave...

THING (O.S.)

Use the Chosen One.

The LAUGHTER heightens...

CUT TO:

98 EXT. CHANDLER'S STREET - NIGHT

98

The Buick pulls up the Chan's stairs. The lights go off.

Chandler and Kee Nang sit in the car a moment in silence.

Chandler takes a deep breath and gets out.

He walks down the street. Mei gets out of the car and follows after him.

Chandler walks over to the mailbox on his street.

He pulls a letter out of his coat pocket, looks at it... the envelope is addressed to MARTHA MOSELY.

He holds it a second over the chute and drops it in.

Kee Nang's eyes catch on something.

She reaches up and picks a small yellow fruit off a low slung tree.

KEE NANG

Loquats. We had loquat trees in China near the house where I grew up.

She bites into the delicate yellow fruit. Her face takes on the tender expression of reminiscence.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

KEE NANG  
 (tasting the fruit)  
 Life is sweet.

Chandler looks at the tree... pulls off one of the  
 yellow fruit and bites into it.

His face contorts and he spits it out.

CHANDLER  
 It's sour.

KEE NANG  
 Of course, they're not ripe yet.

Chandler looks at her... she looks back at him...

A beat...

CHANDLER  
 Well, good night.

KEE NANG  
 Good night.

She walks back toward the car and he goes to mount the  
 stairs.

99 INT. CHAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

99

Chan drags himself through the front door.

IN THE BEDROOM

Chan slogs into his bedroom, collapses on the bed,  
 kicks his shoes off, and closes his eyes.

The SCREEN starts to FADE slowly, just perceptibly,  
 just enough to make us feel secure...

SHOCK CUT TO:

Two figures pounce on Chandler.

His eyes pop open.

HIS POV

Til's ugly face comes rushing at us until the SCREEN  
 goes BLACK! WHAP!... the sickening sound of impact.  
 As the face rises, smiling, the SOUND goes DEAD and the  
 grinning face BLURS and FADES OUT...

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

FADE IN:

The BOTTOM portion of the SCREEN only. We're looking under a blindfold.

Dots of light twirling and spinning.

100 INT./EXT. LIMO - NIGHT

100

Chan lies tied and bound in the back seat of a Mercedes limousine.

THROUGH BLINDFOLD

Snatches of the top stories of expensive houses...

The car comes to an abrupt halt.

Chan is yanked unceremoniously out.

101 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

101

Til and the Monkey Man pull him to his feet and march him across one of the godview streets in the Hollywood Hills.

102 CHANDLER'S POV - UNDER THE BLINDFOLD

102

A blur of light as he's spun past a lighted window... his head is shoved down and we catch a glimpse of the curb... up a flowered walkway... in a front door... an intricate Chinese rug... through a door and into a panelled study... the SOUND of the DOOR SHUTTING behind him... chest down of a man in a custom-made Italian suit...

The blindfold is ripped off Chan's face.

Chan stands face to face with Sardo Numspa.

Chan turns to Til.

CHANDLER

Thanks, I won't be needing you any more tonight.

SARDO

Mr. Jarrell, it's good to see you.

CHANDLER

Oh yeah, what's good about it?

SARDO

I'm sure you are wondering why I asked you to see me this evening.

(CONTINUED)



CHANDLER

Did somebody ask me. I must have missed that part.

The Monkey Man moves forward to restrain Chan if necessary. Chan rifles around, rage burning in his eyes.

CHANDLER

Get your monkey off my back!

SARDO

Of course... Fu, please retire.

Fu gives Chan a hostile look and goes out.

CHANDLER

This is a dream, right?

SARDO

Why do you say that, Mr. Jarrell.

CHANDLER

Because creeps like that guy don't exist in real life.

SARDO

Perhaps... Mr. Jarrell, I've had you brought here to make you a very attractive offer.

CHANDLER

I wouldn't consider getting married this early in the season.

SARDO

Has it ever occurred to you how many men of less worth than yourself obtain so many of the rewards of living while you, who can imagine so much, have so little.

CHANDLER

No, I'm lucky that way, I haven't got much of an imagination.

SARDO

If you'll consent to my service, I'm willing to give you luxury... power... position... whatever women you may desire...

CHANDLER

I got all those things for Christmas.

(CONTINUED)

SARDO

I don't like your attitude.

CHANDLER

That's okay, because it's not for sale.

Numspa glowers at Chan.

Chan responds by yawning and patting his moth with his hand.

SARDO

I will repeat my offer one last time.

CHANDLER

This is a dream so I can say anything, right?

SARDO

Right.

CHANDLER

Screw you.

As Numspa fumes, Chan turns to Til and winks...

Til is astonished he would dare.

SARDO

I can see there is no use talking to you.

CHANDLER

I've been trying to tell you that for five minutes.


SARDO

I'm willing to make an exchange. I will trade the child for the Ajanti dagger.

Suddenly, Til grabs Chan's forearm and, using his tremendous strength, pins it to the desk.

Sardo puts his finger against Chan's arm and with his sharpened fingernail sketches something into the skin. Droplets of blood form along the scratch marks on Chan's arm.

(CONTINUED)



SARDO

(pointing to Chan's  
bleeding arm)

That way you'll have a reminder of  
the evening. Something so you'll  
know you were here.

Chan smiles at Numspa defiantly.

CHANDLER

Thanks, I was just going to press my  
corsage.

SARDO

(threatening)

You're going to remember this  
evening for a very long time.

CHANDLER

I doubt it, I go out a lot, and I  
really haven't had a very good time.

SARDO

You'll have to excuse me a minute.  
I'll be right back.

CHANDLER

Take your time.

SARDO

Til, see that he doesn't do any harm  
while I'm gone. Oh, when you have  
the knife, we will contact you about  
the exchange.

CHANDLER

You do that.

SARDO

(with a smile)

Tell your friends that Sardo Numspa  
sends his greetings.

CHANDLER

You got any other messages you want  
sent while I've got my pencil and  
paper out.

SARDO

I think that one should be  
sufficient.

Sardo walks out of the room, his overcoat hung over his  
shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

Chan glances at Til and then around the room.

Til eyes Chan suspiciously.

Chan throws him a smile, looks around, and then reaches to look at a framed photo on the desk, knocking over a small Chinese vase on a delicately carved little wooden pedestal.

Til dives forward and catches the priceless vase with both hands just before it hits the ground.

Til looks up from his kneeling position on the floor.

Chandler looks down at him, smiling...

CHANDLER

Mistake...

THWAP!!!... Chandler kicks him in the face and Til THUMPS to the floor unconscious.

CHANDLER

(stepping over Til's  
body)

Mind if I look around?

Chan walks over to the door, eases it open, looks up and down the hall, and slips out.

IN THE HALL

Chan slides up the hall, smiling. He's in his element.

He rotates the knob on the first door and peeks in.

HIS POV

Through the slit, he can see... ancient Chinese instruments of torture... Kee Nang bound against the wall, ropes and pulleys holding her arms and legs.

Chan saunters through the door.

CHANDLER

Hi. What are you doing?

He comes over and leisurely pulls down her gag.

KEE NANG

You're here.

CHANDLER

Of course, it's my dream.

(CONTINUED)

He gets one hand loose and starts on the other.

CHANDLER

The kid's probably here somewhere. What do you say after we rescue the kid, take care of these jerks, we spend a little time together... no pressure... I could take you around L.A. Show you a few of the better attractions... we get to know each other, let nature take her course... what do you think?

She looks at him fondly.

KEE NANG

I think I'm falling in love with you.

Chan takes her in his arms and kisses her long and sensually.

They separate.

KEE NANG

I am in love with you.

LAUGHTER...

Chan turns toward the sound.

Sardo, Yu, the eunuch, and Fu, the Monkey Man, holding the nine piece steel whip, stand in the doorway.

The steel whip lashes out. It wraps around Chan's ankle.

Fu yanks it and Chan thuds to the ground.

Chan lies there a moment, stunned...

SHHHHTT!... Yu brings his sword down. Chan just manages to roll out of the way, the blade comes down inches from his head.

ShhhtttHWPTEHWPTEHWP... the steel whip swishes around Chan's neck.

Yu raises his sword and swings it toward Chan's arm...

Fu snaps the whip toward him jerking Chan upward... just as Yu's sword comes down at Chan's arm.

Chan watches with horror as the sword strikes his wrist --

MATCH CUT TO:

103 INT. CHAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

103

Chan fires rigidly up in bed. Cold sweat covers his face. He's straining for breath.

He reaches out and clutches his arm. It's there. His face lights up with relief. He massages the arm thankfully...

He looks around... his own bedroom. It has all been a dream!

He looks down at his arm...

His shocked face... on his forearm, the drawing of the Ajanti dagger! Scratched into the skin!

Chan can't believe it.

CUT TO:

104 INT. HERBALIST SHOP - DAY

104 \*

The sketch of the Ajanti knife scratched in Chan's arm.

TILT UP to see the faces of Kee Nang and Hong looking down at it.

HONG

It is the Ajanti dagger. It has great power...

(to Chandler)

And it is what he wanted in exchange for the Child?

CHANDLER

Who knows? It was a dream.

HONG

Magicians in China have known how to speak to people in their dreams for centuries.

105 INSIDE THE BACKROOM

105

Kala's form behind the screen. She speaks in her deep RASPING VOICE.

KALA

So it is Sardo Numspa.

There is a heavy silence in the room...

Kee Nang and Hong exchange uneasy glances...

(CONTINUED)

They have the look of two people who know they are in way over their heads.

Chan looks from one to the other... he is none too comforted by their reaction.

CHANDLER

What's this knife?

KALA

The crossed dagger of Ajanti was hammered in hell from 100 million souls of the damned. It took 400 years to make and all the labor of the demons of the lower world. They brought it to this world to kill the second Golden Child, the bearer of justice. His death was a great loss. It is why the innocent suffer, and terrible crimes go unpunished.

Hong turns to Chan.

HONG

It is, what you Americans call, a double edged sword. It has four blades and cuts in all directions. There is no one it can not kill.

KALA

You must obtain the knife and lure Numspa into freeing the child. But you must never let him get possession of the knife!

CHANDLER

That's a neat trick. You got any ideas on how to pull that one off.

Kala says nothing more... Chan looks around at the other two... They are both lost in their own worried thoughts.

IN THE HALLWAY

Chan, Kee Nang, and Hong stand in the back hallway.

Hong exhales deeply.

HONG

If need be, we will exchange the dagger for the child.

(CONTINUED)

KEE NANG

If the Abbot of Karma Tang will let us have it.

CHANDLER

If the child is so important, why wouldn't he let you have it?

HONG

He is a very difficult man. There is never telling what he will do.

CHANDLER

Who is Sardo Numspa?

Both Hong and Kee Nang look at Chan in silence a moment...

CHANDLER

Well, who is he?

HONG

In this stage of the world, he is the head of the demons.

CHANDLER

And you believe that?

Hong and Kee Nang look straight at Chan... there is no doubt they believe it.

HONG

We will sacrifice whatever need be for the Gompen Tarma. If we have to give up the knife, we will.

KEE NANG

What about Kala's warning?

HONG

She thinks of herself before the child. What does she care if the world turns to hell. Cursed as she is, she is already in hell. The knife is the only thing that can kill her, and Numspa the only one who would dare.

They look at each other somberly... They are playing against an unimaginably formidable opponent.

Hong turns to Chan.

(CONTINUED)



105 CONTINUED: (3)

105

HONG

Tomorrow you will go with Kee Nang to Tibet to obtain the dagger.

CHANDLER

I think I missed something. I haven't said I'd go to Tibet. I'm not going to Tibet just because I had some crazy dream.

KEE NANG

You won't go?

CHANDLER

I haven't said that either.

HONG

Only the Chosen One can obtain the knife. Anyone else would be killed in the attempt.

KEE NANG

Will you go?

Kee Nang looks pleadingly at Chan. Chandler looks back at her and softens. Hong sees the feelings behind their interaction.

CHANDLER

I'll think about it. I'm not making any promises.

Hong bows respectfully to Chan.

HONG

Could you please leave us for a minute.

Chan shrugs and walks out to the front of the shop.

Hong watches him go out and turns to Kee Nang.

HONG

No price is too great to obtain the dagger.

Hong looks meaningfully at Kee Nang... There is a painful resolution in her eyes, behind the 18 layers of control.

106 INT. FRONT OF HERB SHOP - DAY

106

Chandler is checking out some of the contents of the glass cases... dried seahorses... antelope hoofs... snake skins.

(CONTINUED)

106

CONTINUED:

106

The CLERK addresses Chan with a smile.

CLERK

Yak loin. Good to keep the Yang up.

CHANDLER

You got anything to keep it down? \*

A little old Chinese WOMAN comes in and looks in the glass case near Chan.

CHANDLER

(confidentially)

Try the Yak loin on your husband.  
It's going to make you a very happy woman.

OLD WOMAN

I'm already a happy woman.

CHANDLER

Try it anyway.

Kee Nang comes out from the back, looks at Chan, and starts out of the shop.

Chan joins her.

107

EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY

107

Chan and Kee Nang walk up North Spring.

CHANDLER

This dream transmission thing, how does it work?

KEE NANG

Part is dream and part is real.

CHANDLER

This scratch on my arm is real.

KEE NANG

Right.

CHANDLER

And this guy Mumsda.

KEE NANG

(correcting him)

Numspa, he's very real.

CHANDLER

You were there, and you said some things that seemed very real.

(CONTINUED)



107 CONTINUED:

107

Kee Nang looks over at him.

KEE NANG  
That part was dream.

CHANDLER  
Just wanted to be sure.

CUT TO:

108 EXT. CHANDLER'S STREET - DUSK

108

Kee Nang pulls her car up in front of Chan's house.

Chandler goes to get out of the car...

KEE NANG  
Aren't you going to ask me up?

Chan is taken by surprise.

CHANDLER  
What?

She looks directly at him.

KEE NANG  
Does a woman have to ask twice?

CHANDLER  
(taken aback)  
No.

CUT TO:

109 INT. CHANDLER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

109

MONTAGE:

Kee Nang pulls the pins from her hair. Her hair falls to her shoulders.

Chan stands in the bedroom, watching.

She looks down at the pins... each one is crowned with an identically sized stone... a ruby, an emerald, a sapphire, and a yellow diamond.

She hesitates a moment and then gives Chan a little smile.

She closes the door. She sticks the jewel with the blue stone at the center of the wall above the head of the bed.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

The pin with the ruby goes into the wall to the left...

Chan watches...

The emerald goes into the wall to the right...

The yellow diamond in the final wall...

Chan and Kee Nang move together. They put their arms around each other and start to kiss.

PAN to the ruby pin... it gently starts to glow... the other three pins in turn... each starts to glow... green... yellow... blue...

The ruby pin again... as it glows we can hear a SOFT RHYTHMIC SOUND like a heart beating or breathing... As the glow brightens a threadlike laser beam bursts out of the red stone... and each of the other jewels shoot out a threadlike beam of intense light...

The RHYTHMIC SOUND builds...

AT THE CENTER OF THE ROOM

The beams of light join and swirl... bits of color mix in exquisite abstract patterns, flatten in sheets, and fold in and out of each other...

The BREATHING SOUND is still soft but faster...

As everything crescendos, the central core of light bursts out in all directions... the room is consumed in a rainbow...

As the rainbow burns in all directions, we...

FADE TO:

110 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

110

CLOSEUP: The four jeweled pins in Kee Nang's hand.

Kee Nang stands there looking down at them.

Chandler comes into the bedroom happy as a lark.

CHANDLER

I guess it's only fair to tell you  
I'm not that easy to live with.

KEE NANG

I want you to go to Tibet. Will you  
go?

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

Kee Nang looks at him dead seriously. Chan gives her a don't-you-ever-give-up look.

CHANDLER

I hear it's cold there. I don't like the cold. There are some pretty good shows on television this week. What do you say we just stay home and watch them?

Kee Nang starts for the door. Now he's serious.

CHANDLER

Where are you going?

KEE NANG

Tibet.

CHANDLER

You can't get the knife. Only I can get the knife.

KEE NANG

I can die trying.

A beat...

CHANDLER

I'm warning you right now, if it's cold, I'm turning right around and coming back.

CUT TO:

111 INT. AIRPORT - DAY

111

Chandler, Kee Nang, and Hong stand in the airplane terminal.

Chan looks at Kee Nang, something is clearly wrong.

CHANDLER

Is something wrong?

KEE NANG

Of course not. I'll get the tickets.

HONG

You must not be angry with Kee Nang for trapping you into going. It was I who told her to do it.

CHANDLER

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

HONG

She told you.

Chan looks puzzled.

HONG

In our culture a woman may not give herself to any man but her husband. She can never marry now. She has given you what was most precious to her. Her future. To obligate you, so you would get the knife.

CHANDLER

What are you talking about? This isn't the Dark Ages. A woman doesn't have to marry the first guy she spends a little time with. This is the Twentieth Century.

HONG

Not for us.

CHANDLER

Oh yeah, what is it for you?

HONG

Just another century.

CHANDLER

I don't get it. You're telling me last night was just about the knife. Now she can't marry...

(puzzled)

She knew I was going to get the knife.

HONG

Then why would she... now you are the only man...

(his voice trails off)

I should never have spoke to you about this. Only the Golden Child is important.

Chandler is stunned. He stands there trying to comprehend what last night meant to Kee Nang.

CUT TO:

112 EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

112

A jetliner gleams in the sunlight as it sails through the sky.

113 INT. PLANE - DAY

113

Kee Nang and Chandler sit next to each other. Both are lost in their own thoughts.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

Chandler glances over at her. She doesn't even seem to be aware of his presence.

Chandler turns back.

Kee Nang looks over at Chandler... sees his distracted expression and looks away.

114 INT. LA TEMPLE - DAY

114

Five sticks of incense burn in a bowl of sand.

PAN UP to Hong's praying form.

HONG

Forgive me. I have sacrificed Kee Nang to bind the Chosen One to us. I felt it was necessary. If I was wrong in not having trusted the American, take my life...

(with great feeling)

... but save the Child.

From Hong's fervent face.

CUT TO:

115 INT. SEVEN STAR WAREHOUSE - DAY

115

A huge white truck sits in the center of the warehouse. Til and Yu lift the two ends of the staff that supports the cage and slide them into brackets in the truck.

Yu slams the door and motions for the truck to pull out.

116 INSIDE THE TRUCK

116

Inside the darkened truck, the little Boy takes out the twig. Only one leaf left. He puts it in his mouth and consumes another little measure of hope.

CUT TO:

117 EXT. KATHMANDU - DAY

117 \*

Dressed in a Tibetan sheepskin jacket and fur-lined hat, Chandler stands in a ramshackled street of clay brick buildings in old Kathmandu.

As his breath plumes out in white mist, he beats his arms against his body for warmth.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

CHANDLER

(under his breath)

I'm cold. I'm cold. I hate it here.

Chan watches as Kee Nang comes out of one of the trekking offices.

She comes up to him.

KEE NANG

Kathmandu is the gateway to Tibet. Two days into the mountains and we will be at the heights of heaven.

CHANDLER

And I thought this was the best part.

There is clearly something Chan would like to say but he's not saying it... finally...

CHANDLER

I want you to know I'm going to save the Golden Child.

KEE NANG

Of course you are.

CHANDLER

In addition to that, I know you need to marry somebody and I'm willing to do it. I'm the logical guy... hell, I'm the only guy. You're an okay woman, you deserve a full life... so I'm prepared to do it.

Kee Nang is shocked and insulted.

KEE NANG

You're asking me to marry you?

CHANDLER

Yeah, consider it a proposal.

Chan looks over at Kee Nang who stares icily back at him.

CHANDLER

Will-you-marry-me. There, that make its official.

Kee Nang could kill him.

(CONTINUED)



117 CONTINUED: (2)

117

KEE NANG

What would ever make you think I  
would want to marry you?

CHANDLER

(stunned)

Well, I thought... given your  
situation... I mean... Why wouldn't  
you marry me?

KEE NANG

Because you are a distrustful egotist  
who gives no consideration to the  
consequences of his actions. A  
reckless fool who runs around  
thinking he knows everything about  
everything. Why would I want to  
marry a man like that?

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

CHANDLER

(angrily)

Yeah, why would you want to marry a  
man like that?!?!

KEE NANG

Exactly.

(they glare at  
each other)

I'll arrange for our trek into the  
mountains. You have about an hour  
to look around.

CHANDLER

At what?!

Chandler turns and walks away, angry, frustrated,  
hurt...

118 EXT. STREET - DAY

118

Chan walks up one of the narrow stone streets of  
Kathmandu.

A MAN in a cloth cap comes up to Chan and starts  
jabbering in Nepalese.

Chandler looks at him blankly a moment... and then --

CHANDLER

Okay.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



118 CONTINUED:

118

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

(pointing)

You go down until you see a Tastee Freeze, you turn right at the Carl's Jr... you getting this?... and it's right across from the video arcade.

The Nepalese man bows several times.

CHANDLER

Any time.

The guy goes off.

Chan hears a TRILLING SOUND... and looks up.

It's the tropical bird with the colorful plumage. The one the Golden Child raised from the dead, the one he saw in front of the Dragons' hideout.

The bird looks at Chan, tilts its head, and takes flight up a tiny side street.

Chan gives it a quick moment's thought and heads up after it.

AT THE TOP OF THE STREET

The bird flies into a little alleyway.

Chandler heads after it.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Chandler hustles up the alley.

119 EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

119

Chan comes out into a courtyard in which the little alley dead ends.

Chan looks around for the bird... it's gone, not a chance to find it.

Chan turns and goes back down the little alleyway.

About halfway down the little stone path, a BEGGAR sits with a begging bowl in front of him, mumbling for alms.

The beggar must have just sat down. He wasn't there when Chan came up the alley.

As Chan walks toward the guy, he notices the Old Man's pant legs... spread out in the street in front of him, empty. The Old Man has no legs.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

Chan winces in sympathy. He digs into his pocket and pulls out a coin and drops it into the Old Man's bowl.

The Old Man motions for him to come closer.

Chan comes forward... the Old Man motions closer...

Chan steps up to where the Old Man is sitting.

CHANDLER

(trying to get  
rid of him)

You're welcome.

The Old Man holds up his arm. On it are several pendants, set inside them are glittering sapphires. Their cool blue as restful as the waters of the Costa Brava at dusk.

The Old Man holds one up to Chan. Chan reaches out for it.

CHANDLER

Thank you.

The Old Man shakes his head and rattles the coin in his bowl. He wants Chan to buy one.

CHANDLER

Okay. How much?

Chan reaches in his pocket and pulls out his money.

The Old Man plucks a bill out of Chan's hand and loops something over Chan's neck.

CHANDLER

Hey! That was a hundred!

Chan looks down at the pendant... it's a cheap piece of tin with a circle of fire stamped into the metal. It's held around his neck by a thin white string.

CHANDLER

Wait a minute, this isn't what you showed me.

OLD MAN

You're breaking my heart, asswipe.

Chan is stunned, the guy speaks perfect English.

CHANDLER

You speak pretty good English.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (2)

119

OLD MAN  
So do you, what of it?

CHANDLER  
Okay, let's have my money back.

OLD MAN  
Monkey breath, puke face, eater of  
turtle slime, the stench of you  
clogs my hearing.

CHANDLER  
Let's have it back.

The Old Man cups his hand to his ear.

OLD MAN  
What was that, scuzz bucket?

CHANDLER  
That's it, you low budget hustler,  
you two-bit cheap-water jerk, I'm  
not asking you again. Hand it over.

The Old Man cups his hand to his ear.

CHANDLER  
Listen, punk, if you weren't...

The Old Man stands up. Quite the contortionist he's  
had his legs folded up behind him and has slipped them  
back into his pants.

OLD MAN  
I am listening.

CHANDLER  
You little weasel --

The Old Man slaps Chan.

OLD MAN  
You'll pay for this.

CHANDLER  
I already did and I want my money  
back.

Chan grabs him by the shirt front and yanks him toward  
him. The Old Man kicks him in the shins and stares  
over Chan's shoulder...

Chan looks in back of him... there's nothing there...

(CONTINUED)

- 119 CONTINUED: (3) 119
- He turns back around...
- He is holding onto an empty shirt, the Old Man is gone... with his hundred bucks. The old weasel seems to be a master of slipping in and out of his clothes.
- Chan throws the filthy shirt down in disgust.
- 120 IN THE MAIN STREET - DAY 120
- Chan comes out onto the main street trying to pull the pendant off. Despite the fact that's how it went on, it's now too small to fit over his head.
- He yanks at it. Chan grimaces in pain as the string bites into the back of his neck, it won't break... he yanks harder, it holds fast. The only thing that is giving is his skin.
- He starts up the street looking the string over, trying to find a knot or place where it's joined... there isn't one.
- 121 EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - DAY 121
- On the trail, a procession of Tibetan ponies. Chan rides in the middle on one of the shaggy tailed little horses. He pulls on the pendant, then rubs an irritated red line on the back of his neck.
- 122 EXT. RIVER - DAY 122
- The procession fords a river. Chan sits on his horse trying to bite through the thin piece of string that holds the pendant around his neck.
- 123 EXT. CAMP - NIGHT 123
- Chan sits at camp trying to cut the string with a scissors... he works away... he looks down... it's not even frayed.
- 124 EXT. MONASTERY - DAY 124
- The line of ponies... up ahead the monastery at Karma Tang.
- 125 INSIDE THE TEMPLE 125
- Chan and Kee Nang, backed by a formation of saffron-robed monks, stand in the main hall awaiting the arrival of the Abbot.
- Suddenly everyone bows... but Chan, who glares in the direction of the man who has just entered.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

## CHANDLER'S POV

He stares dead in the face of the old Beggar who took his money in the alley.

The Old Man throws Chan a broad smile.

Kee Nang nudges Chan.

KEE NANG  
(to Chan, out of the  
side of her mouth)

Bow!

Chan, none too happy, tilts his head slightly to the Old Man.

The old Beggar smiles at him knowingly.

OLD MAN  
What do you twill bags want?

KEE NANG  
(whispering to Chan)  
That's how he speaks.

CHANDLER  
I know.

KEE NANG  
Don't do anything to anger him.

CHANDLER  
No, we wouldn't want that.

KEE NANG  
(in a loud normal voice)  
We have come to ask for the sacred  
crossed dagger of Ajanti.

OLD MAN  
For what reason?

KEE NANG  
For the Golden Child.

OLD MAN  
He has no need of it.

KEE NANG  
To save his life.

OLD MAN  
It is for our sakes the Child lives,  
not for his own.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (2)

125

KEE NANG

I humbly beg you, let us have the knife.

OLD MAN

(meaning Chan)

Let him ask...

Stony silence... Kee Nang looks at Chan, he relents.

CHANDLER

(hostilely)

I'm asking for the knife.

OLD MAN

Only a man whose heart is pure may wield the knife. If you are such a man, you will have it.

126 INT. ENTRANCE TO CORRIDOR - DAY

126

Chandler and the Abbot stand in a tiny room in front of a curtain.

The Old Man pulls the curtain aside revealing a huge wooden door.

OLD MAN

Beyond that door is a corridor. At the end of that corridor is the sacred Ajanti dagger. If you walk to the other end of the corridor and retrieve the knife, it is yours.

Chandler starts for the door.

OLD MAN

There is one thing. You must carry this cup of water without spilling a drop.

The Old Man fills a glass from the clear water that splashes into a little pool from a dragon spout. He hands the glass to Chan.

\*  
\*  
\*

OLD MAN

Keep your thoughts as pure as this water.

Chandler looks down at the glass... Some sediment floats around in the clear liquid.

\*  
\*

CHANDLER

It's not all that pure.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

OLD MAN

Neither are you. We're giving you every chance.

Chan throws him a look.

OLD MAN

I give you this advice -- stay on the path. And remember, whatever you retrieve from that room, is yours.

\*  
\*

CHANDLER

I'm just here to pick up the sacred knife and go home... butt wipe.

\*

Chandler throws the Old Man a cocky smile and, holding the glass carefully upright, goes over, pulls the door open, and walks in.

126A INT. THE CORRIDOR

126A

Chandler stands with his back to the doorway.

Everything else is in darkness.

Chandler looks down at the dark stone floor... At his feet, a path of lighter stones lead into the darkness toward the spotlight knife.

CHANDLER

How hard could it be?

Chan starts down the path of light-colored stones, careful to hold the glass upright.

Something sparkles a little up the corridor. As he approaches, he sees off to the left a pile of gold coins and precious gems... emeralds, rubies, the size of hens' eggs.

The OLD MAN'S VOICE sounds from overhead somewhere.

OLD MAN (O.S.)

Remember, whatever you retrieve from the room is yours.

CHANDLER

Give me a break. It's a test, right? Come on, what's behind door number two?

(CONTINUED)





126A CONTINUED:

126A

Chandler shakes his head and starts on down the path of light-colored stones.

Chandler looks around... he can see nothing out in the darkness. He protectively puts his hand over the glass of water.

Chandler looks down at the light-colored stones which narrow.

CHANDLER

The path narrows. I love this shit.

Chandler tightropewalks along the narrow path. Suddenly one of the light rocks crumbles away and is dislodged into the darkness.

Chandler catches his balance, hanging on tight to the glass of water.

Chan stands there, waiting for the rock to hit bottom... it is a chasm of incredible depth.

(NOTE: All we see is a few feet of wall disappearing into the darkness. The depth is implied by the sound.)

With a smile of mock good humor, Chandler continues down the trail.

As he continues on the path, the stones become stepping stones that lead up into the darkness. Like fording a river, he walks along tall fingers of stone that reach out of the darkness.

He steps down on one and it wobbles. He holds his hand over the top of the glass as the water sways around inside.

Chan exhales hard and keeps going.

Just ahead two small torches glow in the darkness, illuminating a crumbling bamboo suspension bridge.

OLD MAN (O.S.)

You must stay on the path.

CHANDLER

I heard you the first time.

Chandler steps up on it. It sways wildly. Chandler puts his hand up over the glass and hangs on.

He makes his way along it. The bottom gives out under one of his feet.

(CONTINUED)

126A CONTINUED: (2)

126A

He just saves himself from losing the glass and plunging downward.

He works his way along the bridge.

Suddenly, in the darkness, Chandler hears a small child CRYING.

He moves forward trying to ignore it, but the child sounds in trouble.

He looks that way... out on a protruding stone a small boy is crying.

CHANDLER

That's it!

Chandler hoists himself over the rail and down onto a stone. He leaps to a stone closer to the child.

A mother steps up to the little boy. She wraps it gently in her arms and it stops crying. The mother and child FADE AWAY as if they were an illusion.

There is a ROAR as the torches near the bridge burst out in 10-foot FLAMES. The bridge is instantly incinerated.

Chandler turns around.

Chandler would have been fricasseed if he'd stayed on the path.

CHANDLER

(looking up, addressing the darkness)

I thought I was supposed to stay on the path!

OLD MAN (O.S.)

You must know when to break the rules.

CHANDLER

Don't worry. That's what I know best!

Chandler looks around in the darkness. A path of stones leads right up to the spotlight knife.

He walks along them and takes the dagger from its stand.

Chandler looks up in triumph.

CHANDLER

How's that for "pure of heart," dip wad?

(CONTINUED)

126A CONTINUED: (3)

126A

Still smiling, just as he turns around to go back, Kee Nang swings down on the stone next to him by a rope tied around her wrist.

KEE NANG

You got it!

As the rope starts to pull her back...

KEE NANG

(quickly)

Give me the knife.

Chandler hands it to her and she cuts herself free.

CHANDLER'S FACE: Shocked.

HIS POV: Kee Nang's face is disintegrating.

She raises the dagger.

The air WHOOSHES as she/it plunges the dagger at Chan's heart!

Chan's life is flashing before his eyes..

The dagger strikes Chan's chest with a BURST OF SPARKS and a tiny METALLIC CLINK!

To Chan's amazement, the knife doesn't enter his body.

He looks at his chest, at the place where he was stabbed... the tin trinket lies peacefully on the spot ... in the center of the flaming circle is a cross where the point of the four-edged knife struck.

Chandler looks around, with the knife in one hand and the glass of water in the other. There is nothing around him. He is trapped on the little island of stone.

The rope swings out over the darkness. He gives a moment's thought what to do with the water... he gulps it down, grabs onto the rope and swings back the way he came.

\*



127 OUTSIDE THE CORRIDOR - DAY

127

Kee Nang and the Old Man stand waiting. \*

The Old Man shakes his head.

OLD MAN \*

It's been too long. \*

Kee Nang's heart drops. \*

Suddenly the door opens and Chandler steps out of the darkness. \*

He turns the cup upside down... \*

CHANDLER \*

I lost the water... \*

He takes the knife from behind his back.

CHANDLER \*

... but I got the knife! \*

He looks at Kee Nang with a smile.

She doesn't seem to think it was a laughing matter.

CUT TO:

128 EXT. MONASTERY GARDEN - NIGHT

128

Moonlight shines down on a leafless tree, its branches gnarled and clotted from two centuries of cutting back.

Beneath the tree, looking over the vast valley below, sits the Old Man, the head monk of Karma Tang.

Chan comes up to him and sits by his side.

He looks over at Chan without a word and turns back to the landscape.

Chan looks over at the revered monk who speaks without looking at him.

OLD MAN

What is it, asswipe?

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

CHANDLER

I wanted to thank you for giving me  
the pendant.

The Old Man turns and gives Chandler a mouthfart.

CHANDLER

We'll let that go because that's  
your style.

The monk does it again.

CHANDLER

I accept that's your way, but don't  
push your luck.

OLD MAN

Ha! Ha!

CHANDLER

Listen, I want to ask your advice.  
You're old and wise... at least  
you're old... What can I say to a  
woman from your world to make her  
understand I love her and want to  
marry her?

Gompa breaks out in laughter...

OLD MAN

Ha! Ha! Ha! He thinks someone  
would marry him just because he  
said something.

CHANDLER

Okay, so what can I do to make  
her want to marry me?

OLD MAN

Ha! Ha! Ha! If you took the short  
path and reached enlightenment  
before tomorrow, who would want you  
for a husband?

CHANDLER

What's the short path?

OLD MAN

It is the fastest way to fulfill  
your destiny, slime turtle. One  
slip and madness, death, and  
damnation.

(CONTINUED)

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



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128

CONTINUED:

128

CHANDLER

Okay, so how do I do it?

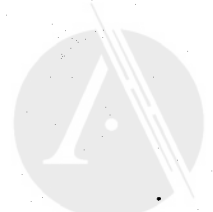
OLD MAN

Ha! Ha! Ha! First, you must  
remain pure until you have done what  
you must do. \*

CHANDLER

What do you mean pure?

(CONTINUED)



OLD MAN

You know what I mean.

CHANDLER

Is there a long path?

OLD MAN

It takes 10,000 lifetimes.

CHANDLER

I haven't got that kind of time. No women. What else?

OLD MAN

No men.

CHANDLER

That won't be a problem. What else?

OLD MAN

For you? You must trust someone you have no reason to trust. You must make a promise to someone you have just met. And you must love someone who loves you.

CHANDLER

How about I just walk on water?

OLD MAN

What would that accomplish?

CHANDLER

How will I know when to do these things?

OLD MAN

That is for you to decide. You must tell no one I've set you on the path. It is your own lonely way you must go.

CHANDLER

Okay. Thanks for your help.

OLD MAN

Ha! Ha! Ha! He thinks I helped him.

Chandler gets up.

CHANDLER

Thanks anyway.

He goes inside.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: (3)

128

The great monk sits on the ridge watching the moon and the vast valley below... he rubs his shaven head.

Kee Nang sits down beside him.

The Old Man turns and looks at her with great compassion.

KEE NANG

Gompa, I have ruined myself for the American. I think I am in love with him.

He turns and gives her a sympathetic smile.

KEE NANG

He is a fool.

The Old Monk nods sagely...

OLD MAN

... but he is brave.

KEE NANG

He is irresponsible.

OLD MAN

... but he is generous.

KEE NANG

He thinks of nothing but protecting his own feelings. \*

OLD MAN

But if you touch his heart, there is nothing he would not do for you.

KEE NANG

He believes in nothing.

OLD MAN

And still he does what is right. \*

KEE NANG

He is a careless, thoughtless, egotistical undisciplined fool!

OLD MAN

Yes, I, too, like him very much. It is hard not to...

(rubs his head)

... Oh these magnificent Americans, so much power and so little understanding of what to do with it.

(CONTINUED)



128 CONTINUED: (4)

128

KEE NANG

What should I do?

OLD MAN

Help him save the Golden Child...  
and follow your heart.

KEE NANG

Thank you, Gompa.

OLD MAN

You are welcome, Daughter. When you  
want to marry him, you have my  
blessing.

KEE NANG

Thank you, Father.

The Old Man turns and looks at her tenderly. She looks  
back at him very seriously... He gives her a confident,  
reassuring smile.

CUT TO:

129 INT. KATHMANDU AIRPORT - DAY

129 \*

Kee Nang and Chan walk across the airport terminal  
toward the gate to their plane. Chandler carries the  
knife.

Chan's face registers concern...

Standing right before the gate to the airplane is a  
walk-through metal detector.

CHANDLER

They're not going to let me on the  
plane with an eight inch knife.

KEE NANG

Yes, they will.

CHANDLER

No, they won't.

KEE NANG

Trust in your destiny.

CHANDLER

You trust in it. I'll try to figure  
out something a little more to the  
point.

Chandler moves toward the metal detector, plenty con-  
cerned. Two armed guards stand at the monitor.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129

Chan reluctantly gets in the line in front of the machine. Just before it's Chan's turn, a heavy-set man pushes in line, unsympathetically elbowing Chan out of the way. Chan thinks about that... and slips the knife into the guy's pocket, and gives him a little shove through the detector.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The ALARM HONKS. Chandler dives through the metal detector and tackles the guy. He spins the guy over and pulls the dagger out of his pocket.

Chandler looks down with satisfaction at the befuddled man.

CHANDLER

Okay, Freddy, we've got you.

Chandler turns to the two stunned guards, pulls out his wallet, snaps it open, and then shut.

CHANDLER

Agent Jarrell. International  
Police, Department of Antiques and  
Fine Arts.

Chandler turns to the frightened man on the ground.

CHANDLER

Okay, Freddy, get out. Go on!

The guy, panicked, gets up and literally runs out.

The guards are still trying to figure out what's happening.

CHANDLER

It's okay. We know where to find  
him.

As the head security man comes out of the back office, Chandler turns to him.

CHANDLER

I want to congratulate you on the  
work of your men. Just recovered  
this rare artifact and put one of  
the world's biggest art thieves in a  
position where he's ours, we'll own  
him. There'll be citations all  
around. Good work men.

Chan pounds the two guards on the back. They blush modestly.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: (2)

129

CHANDLER

Okay, Agent Kee...  
(holding up the knife)  
... let's get this back where it  
belongs.  
(to the security men)  
Look forward to working with you  
again.

Chan pumps everybody's hand.

Chandler, carrying the knife, starts off for the plane.  
Kee Nang chases after him. They leave the security men  
nodding a pleased goodbye.

CHANDLER

(out of the side of  
his mouth to Kee  
Nang)  
Did I get us out of that, or did my  
destiny?

KEE NANG

Is there a difference?

Chandler sighs, this woman will never learn.

CUT TO:

130 EXT. PLANE - DAY

130

Their plane streaks for home.

CUT TO:

131 INT. HOUSE - DAY

131

CLOSEUP - The Golden Child takes the twig with no  
leaves left. He puts it in his mouth and chews it  
stoically. He is pale and visibly weaker. He is  
fading fast and this is the last of his little food.

CUT TO:

\* 131A INT. AIRPORT - DAY

131A \*

Chandler and Kee Nang come out of customs.  
Dr. Hong is waiting there to greet them.

HONG

It was a great victory for you to obtain  
the knife.

(continued)

CHANDLER

Nothing any other pure, true-hearted  
Chosen One couldn't have done who was  
smart, resourceful... good looking...

HONG

We'll be spending the next few days at the  
house of a certain friend.

KEE NANG

When do you think we'll be contacted about  
the knife?

CHANDLER

(looking out of FRAME)  
About now.

Sardo walks into FRAME followed by two cops.

SARDO

That's the man -- Mr. Chandler Jarrell.  
While working for the Berkshire auction  
house, he absconded with a rare antique  
knife. I want him arrested and I want the  
knife back.

Hong and Kee Nang are stunned..

Chan looks around as the two cops approach.

A beat... as Chandler decides what to do.

CHANDLER

(dropping into an English accent)  
My god, it's Numspie. Numspie, how are  
you. You look splendid. Is that the  
shirt I gave you? You really shouldn't  
wear it with that jacket.

Nobody knows what to make of this...

CHANDLER

Mum always said you were a pig. Little  
piggy, remember that? Kee, Numspie and I are  
brothers... adopted. He went into  
classics and antiquities and I'm, I'm...  
(searching) the black sheep of the family.  
Here I am caught again. Alright, take me  
away. Arrest me. I'm used to it. It's  
not so bad for me but it will certainly  
break mum's heart.

(continued)

\*131A Continued:

SARDO

There is no need for these melodramatics.  
All I want is the knife back.

CHANDLER

No, no. Arrest me. I insist upon it.  
(to Sardo) Can we speak for a moment.

Chandler leads him aside and the mood changes.

SARDO

How long do you think you can keep up this  
miserable masquerade?

CHANDLER

Until they arrest me and you find out how  
the rules of evidence work in this  
country. They take the so called stolen  
object and put a little tag on it and hide  
it away where nobody can get it until  
after the trial. So have me arrested and  
see if you get your knife so quick. Oh, by  
the way, you're seriously overdressed for  
this coast. We're much more casual here.

SARDO

You have no idea who I am, do you?

CHANDLER

I don't care who you are or who you think  
you are. I care that you're holding a  
child. And I don't much care for your  
style of tattooing or dress or anything else.

SARDO

I could destroy you with one flick of my  
finger but you're not worth the effort.

CHANDLER

I don't care what you can do. I don't  
care if you just came from hell. When you  
bring the kid, you'll get the knife. And  
not before.

Sardo looks around... at the tourists in Hawaiian shirts.  
This is not the place he wants to decide the matter.

CHANDLER

(flicking Sardo's shirt front)  
You look like an asshole.

(continued)

Sardo bristles. Chandler turns back to the crowd.

CHANDLER  
(back in English accent)  
Well, we've straightened that out. Old Sardie here has made a terrible mistake. Made a big fool out of himself. That right, Numspie?

SARDO  
I won't be pressing charges.

Sardo storms by Hong who takes a step back in fear.

CHANDLER  
Tootaloo.

KEE NANG  
What did you do?

CHANDLER  
(English accent)  
I told him to shove it.

KEE NANG  
Do you know who you told to shove it?

CHANDLER  
Yeah, the pompous ass who put this here (tattoo) and the one who probably has the kid.

KEE NANG  
And what else did you tell him.

CHANDLER  
That I'd be seeing him again and I wasn't going to be so polite next time.

KEE NANG  
You are foolhardy, aren't you?

CHANDLER  
I do my best.

CUT TO:

132 INT. CAR - DAY

132

A car winds its way into the Malibu Hills.

Chandler and Kee Nang sit in the back of the car jammed between two massive Chinese bodyguards.

Chandler turns to Kee Nang.

CHANDLER  
Where are we going?

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

132

KEE NANG

Somewhere safe.

CHANDLER

Well, don't tell me too much.

Chan turns back and faces front.

133 EXT. HOUSE IN MALIBU HILLS - DUSK

133

Two cars pull up in front of a handsome little house. Chan, Kee Nang, and eight intent Chinese bodyguards get out.

Chan looks around at the woods that surround the little house.

134 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

134

Two of the massive guards stand watch in the woods to the north... two more to the east... south... and west.

135 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

135

Chandler sits on the couch in the living room. In front of him on the coffee table is a briefcase packed with foam. The sacred dagger rests neatly in a hollowed area.

A pair of handcuffs lies on the coffee table.

Chandler takes the knife from out of its hollow in the foam. He looks it over, hefts it, makes a few playful swipes at imaginary opponents.

TRACK to reveal Kee Nang standing in the bedroom doorway watching him. She smiles slightly.

Chandler stops fooling around and reverentially returns the knife to its place in the briefcase.

Chan closes the briefcase, carefully testing its lock.

Kee Nang looks at him tenderly for a moment... then, turns and goes into the bedroom.

136 IN THE BEDROOM

136

Kee Nang takes the pins slowly out of her hair.

She holds them in her hand and considers them a moment ... then she places the ruby pin dead center in the east wall.

(CONTINUED)

wh

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136

CONTINUED:

136

She walks slowly to the north wall and places the sapphire pin.

137

OUT IN THE LIVING ROOM

137

Chan clamps one of the cuffs to the briefcase handle. He adjusts the other and fits it around his right wrist. He clamps it on and off, testing it.

138

IN THE BEDROOM

138

Kee Nang sticks the emerald pin in the center of the south wall. All four pins are in place.

She walks to the door of the bedroom.





139 IN THE LIVING ROOM

139

Kee Nang, her hair down, appears in the doorway to the bedroom.

Chandler senses her presence. He looks up.

KEE NANG  
Are you coming to bed?

Chan is surprised.

With all his will, Chandler fights to stay on the short path.

CHANDLER  
No. You go ahead. I'm going to sleep out here.

There is a long silence while Kee Nang looks at him, but he still avoids her... finally...

KEE NANG  
Good night.

CHANDLER  
Night.

Kee Nang turns and goes into the bedroom.

CUT TO:

140 INT. BEDROOM - CLOSEUP - NIGHT

140

Kee Nang's devastated face. She lies face upon her pillow. Tears begin to well in her eyes.

141 ESTABLISHING SHOTS

141

Two guards stand watch in the woods north of the house... Two more to the south... east... west...

142 IN THE BEDROOM

142

Kee Nang lies in bed, motionless. Two glistening tears begin to roll down her cheeks...

143 CROSSCUT

143

An ARROWS THUDS into one of the guards and the other is SNAPPED off his feet by the steel whip.

144 BACK INSIDE

144

Kee Nang, lying there... silently crying...



145 CROSSCUT

145

A KNIFE THUMPS into the chest of one guard. The other guard turns toward him and a KNIFE THUMPS into his chest.

146 BACK INSIDE

146

Kee Nang's tear stained face. The door begins to open.

Kee Nang quickly rolls her face across the pillow. When she lifts her head up, there is no sign that she was ever crying.

Chan comes in.

CHANDLER

I heard something.

He cautiously goes to the window and glances out.

CHANDLER

I don't like it. Let's get out of here.

Chandler slides up in the window. The briefcase with the knife is handcuffed to his wrist.

Kee Nang gets up from the bed and holds Chan from going out the window. She looks out, and then, goes first.

147 IN THE WOODS

147

Chan and Kee Nang move silently through woods.

SHOCK CUT:

The Monkey Man drops from one of the trees and lashes out with the nine part steel whip... Yu steps out from behind a tree, his crossbow at the ready... Til, sword in hand, comes out from behind another... and Sardo appears literally out of nowhere...

SHETT--TEWIT--TEWIT--TEWIT... the WHIP wraps around the briefcase...

The evil eunuch aims the crossbow at Kee Nang and fires... She leaps backward... the arrow flies by her and splinters the trunk of a little pine.

Fu snaps his whip taut, pulling straight briefcase, cuffs, and Chan's arm.

Til slashes the sword towards Chan's outstretched arm...

Chan pulls it out of the way just in time.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

147

The sword cuts through the chain of the cuffs.

Another ARROW... as it ZINGS toward her, Kee Nang jumps sideways avoiding it. It sails out of sight.

Yu fires again.

Kee Nang jumps straight up and grabs one of the branches of the pine trees and the arrow flies beneath her.

Numspa rips the crossbow out of Yu's hands and waves his henchmen off. With a cruel smile, he aims the crossbow at Chan who stands in the open with nowhere to go.

Kee Nang turns to see Chan's predicament... her face tenses with fear. She leaps to the ground and hand-springs across the hillside.

Numspa fires the crossbow, his intense satisfaction gleaming in his eyes.

The ARROW ZINGS from the bow...

Kee Nang spins through the air and comes to a stop right in front of Chan, facing him.

Kee Nang looks into Chan's eyes. There is a THUMP as the arrow strikes her full in the back, her body jerks... and slumps into Chan's arms.

Numspa lets out an amused laugh and then disappears after the others.

Kee Nang lies in Chan's arms, her eyes tenderly looking up at him, her face tightened with pain.

She smiles lovingly at Chan...

KEE NANG

I did not spend the night with you  
to obligate you. I spent the night  
with you because I love you.

\*  
\*  
\*

Her eyes fall shut and the pain in her face dissolves  
... she is dead.

CUT TO:

148 INT. HERBALIST SHOP - DAY

148

Kee Nang, as beautiful as she was in life, lies on a table in the back room of Hong's shop. The window covering has been thrown back and a square of sunshine illuminates Kee Nang's head and shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

148

Chan and Hong stand looking down at her.

HONG

She is beyond this world of pain.

CHANDLER

She saved my life.

The rasping voice of Kala hisses out...

KALA

And you can save hers. The Golden Child can bring her back. As long as sunlight still shines on her body, the touch of the Golden Child will bring her to life.

Suddenly, everything in Chan boils over.

He rushes at the screen.

CHANDLER

She's dead! She's dead! No little child can bring her back to life! No little child can make the world better!

He swipes away the screen.

A terrible HISSING!

Kala arches her back. Her body is coiled at the waist. It is the body of a snake. The tail rises high in the air. A RATTLE TREMBLES on the end of it.

SHHHHTT!... SHHHHTT!... SHHHHTT!

Chan stands there, looking at Kala, body of a woman, tail of a rattlesnake.

KALA

There is more on heaven and earth than is dreamt of in your nightly newscasts! Bring the child!

HISSSS!... a forked tongue shoots from her mouth.

Chandler steps backward, awestruck.

Hong steps to Chandler's side.

HONG

You are the Chosen One. You can make the world better. Find the Child!

CUT TO:



\*  
\*

149 INT. HOUSE - DAY

149

Six or eight dead butterflies, their wings folded backward, lie on a carpeted floor.

A large hand reaches in and picks up one and tosses it forward.

The dead butterfly falls just inside the bars of the Golden Child's cage.

The Golden Child looks down at it with great tenderness in his eyes and gently reaches down and touches it.

CLOSEUP: The Golden Child's hand touches the butterfly. A burst of color as the insect flutters its wings, rises into the air, and flies off.

The large hand reaches down amid the dead insects, picks up another butterfly and tosses it into the cage.

Once again the Golden Child puts out his hand and lightly strokes the colorful insect.

The butterfly immediately breaks into flight.

The hand takes another and tosses it toward the cage... it hits one of the bars and falls to the carpet.

The hand reaches forward to retrieve the dead insect and the Golden Child reaches through the bars and touches the hand.

The big hand trembles with the contact. The hand turns over and opens. The butterfly sits on the upraised palm, spreading and unspreading its wings.

The caged Child reaches over and gently strokes the huge hand. The Golden Child smiles compassionately at the owner of the hand and then raises his fingers to his lips in a sign of silence.

CUT TO:

150 EXT. L.A. STREETS - MONTAGE - DAY

150

Chandler drives through the streets of L.A... aimlessly... through the jumble of stores and gas station... Chan looks around anxiously... for what?... it's hopeless, the child could be anywhere... He drives randomly into the hills... Chan looks to his right... the sun cuts a sharp shadow halfway down the hillside... the seconds tick away.

151 INT. HERBALIST SHOP - DAY

151

The square of light shines down on Kee Nang's torso.

(CONTINUED)

- 151 CONTINUED: 151
- Her face is shaded except for a minute triangle at the bottom of her chin. We watch as the little point of light shrinks and disappears.
- 152 EXT. MULHOLLAND - AFTERNOON 152
- Chan's face is harried... suddenly he pulls onto the dirt shoulder, high above the city. He slumps forward against the wheel... he breathes hard, then raises his head with determination...
- A familiar TRILLING SOUND...
- Chandler puts his head down, (close to the windshield) and scans the sky... high in one of the dusty trees, a dash of color... The bird the Golden Child brought to life. The bird tilts its head at Chan, and then, leaps from its perch and flies down Mulholland...
- Chan puts it in gear and pulls out after the bird...
- 153 BACK TO THE HERBALIST'S - DAY 153
- The square of light has moved to Kee Nang's waist.
- 154 EXT. ROAD - DAY 154
- The bird waits for Chan at the mouth of a dirt road. As Chan approaches, the bird drops from its branch and darts up the dirt road. Chan pulls the wheel and follows it.
- The car moves up the dirt road trailing a line of dust.
- The bird disappears into the trees of a lavish walled estate.
- Chan pulls up to the side of the wall.
- Chan leaps the wall into a heavy bed of ivy.
- He moves through the ivy.
- Suddenly from all around him there is a terrifying HISSING... Chan's heart freezes. In the ground cover around him, a thousand snakes or maybe only a dozen or so big ones. We don't see them, but from the HISSING, we know they're down there.
- Chan looks around... ivy, knee-deep in every direction for a hundred feet...
- Chan springs up and grabs the low hanging limb of a tree and pulls himself up.

(CONTINUED)

He sits there catching his breath... He senses something... he looks straight across from him. The Monkey Man smiling coolly from his perch on another branch.

Chan's face drops.

The Monkey Man uncoils his steel WHIP and, with a malicious smile, SNAPS it a quarter inch from Chan's head.

Chan jerks his head back and barely keeps his balance on the tree.

The Monkey Man smirks as he coils the steel lengths. He throws the whip forward and it loops around the branch Chan is on. He pulls on the whip a little, shaking the branch.

Chan, doing his best to hang onto the branch, looks around... no place to go... looks down at the ground where under the cover of the ivy whatever it is HISSES threateningly.

Chan looks over at the Monkey Man who smiles and yanks harder on the whip, almost throwing Chan off the branch.

Suddenly Chan springs up, grabs an upper branch, and swings into Fu. They both go tumbling.

As they fall, Chan reaches out and grabs a low hanging branch with one hand.

Dangling above the ivy, Chan watches as Fu crashes into the thick covering.

The HISSING intensifies...

The human simian is pulled down and disappears to terrible CRUNCHING NOISES.

Chan looks down at the ivy in horror, he doesn't even want to contemplate what's down there.

Chan struggles to the top of his branch and pushes off. He grabs a neighboring branch, takes advantage of his upward swing, and sails beyond the ivy into a hedge that cushions his fall.

Chan rolls out of the hedge and onto the concrete surrounding the swimming pool. He comes to a crouch and silently darts to the sliding glass door at the back of the house. He pushes it open and slips in.

155 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

155

The sunken living room is dramatically spotlit. At the far end of the huge room, glistening on its stand is the crossed knife of Ajanti.

Chan hurries over and puts the knife into his belt.

A mammoth hand reaches out and closes over Chan's mouth.

Chan's worried face turns to see Til looking down at him.

Til looks at Chan... and raises his finger to his lips. He gives Chan a gentle little smile, giving off a loving, encouraging reassurance, the kind one receives if one is touched by the full force of good. He motions for Chan to come with him through the doorway that leads to the hall.

Chan nods in agreement and the giant releases his hand.

As Til turns to go through the door, Chan considers burying the dagger in Til's back, relents, and decides to trust this creature he has no reason to trust.

In the hall, Til motions for Chan to wait.

Til disappears into the closest doorway.

Chan stands at the end of the hallway waiting... He starts to feel uneasy, vulnerable. Maybe he's trusted the wrong guy.

Suddenly, from a doorway in front of him, Yu steps out with his crossbow raised.

Chan stands there, stunned, as Yu aims the crossbow at his heart and --

An arm reaches out and grabs Yu by the throat. Til's head shoots out from the side of the doorway and smashes into the face of the evil eunuch.

He lets go of Yu and Yu falls to the floor.

Til motions for Chan to come ahead into the room.

Chan rolls his eyes heavenward and follows the mute giant.

156 IN THE ROOM - DAY

156

Chan looks around... seated in his cage in the center of the room is the Golden Child.

(CONTINUED)



156 CONTINUED:

156

The little Boy looks terribly weak. On each of the four walls hangs one of the four chanters.

Chan goes to the middle of the room, snaps the cage open, and lets the Child out.

CHANDLER

Don't worry, I'll get you out of here.

(to Til)

Where's 'the big guy?

Til points to the door leading to the next room.

Chan takes the crossed knife out of his belt and goes to the door.

Til, trembling, shakes his head "don't."

CHANDLER

(with a confident smile)

It's okay, I'm the Chosen One.

Chan opens the door to the next room and steps in.

157 INSIDE THE ROOM

157

An unearthly red glow fills the room.

A steady stream of objects are blown by a spiraling wind.

In the center of the empty room, Sardo Numspa sits deep in meditation. On the back wall is a frightening otherworldly landscape that seems to open on the bowels of hell... fires burn, tiny figures wriggle and writhe in agony, tormented by strange demons. A Bosch-like scene.

CHORUSES OF LITTLE SHRIEKS come from the microcosm in the wall.

Chan is aghast, frozen in his footsteps.

CLOSE SHOT: Numspa sitting at the side of The Thing's cave, he senses something.

NUMSPA'S FACE: Intense, his hair streaming behind him in the wind.

BACK IN THE ROOM

Numspa opens his eyes and looks directly at Chan.

Sardo stands up... the room falls dead still.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

157

Numspa's clothes start to smoke. A piece of paper floats down, comes to rest on his back, and bursts into flames.

His clothes ignite and burn around him...

In the fire, he starts to change... into a clawed skeletal beast.

The fire dies and the horrifying beast stares viciously at Chan.

As if that wasn't enough, two black feathered wings suddenly unfold from his back and stretch up over his head, filling the room. The tips virtually touch the opposite walls, darkening the room.

Chan blanches.

Sardo lets out a shriek! An awful, terrifying sound.

Chan backs out of the room, pushing the door shut behind him.

158 IN THE OTHER ROOM - DAY

158

Chan doesn't waste any time, he swoops up the Child and runs.

Chan, carrying the Golden Child in his arms, races for the front door.

In the other room, Numspa flaps his immense wings. As he is propelled forward, he wraps them around him.

CRASH!!!... Numspa (FULL SPEED) goes crashing through the door, it bursts out in a thousand flying splinters (SLOW MOTION).

Til is waiting for him. He leaps up and grabs Numspa, entangling him. The two tumble and roll across the floor.

159 OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - DAY

159

Chan and the Child come racing out of the front door, they hurry into one of the cars out front.

160 INSIDE THE CAR

160

Chandler looks over at the seat next to him. The little Child is looking at him with a beatific smile on his face.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

160

CHANDLER

I'm going to get you out of this.  
That's a promise.

A promise to someone he's just met.

The Child reaches over and gently touches Chan on the arm.

Chan is thunderstruck with the force of the touch.

CHANDLER

(in amazement)

I'm not angry anymore.

GOLDEN CHILD

I know.

It is the only time we will ever hear him speak.

The Golden Child nods and smiles knowingly at Chan.

CHANDLER

Fasten your seat belt, Kid. I  
 can't promise it's going to be a  
 smooth ride.

The Golden Child smiles and, by itself, the seat belt  
 folds around him and CLICKS locked.

The Child looks at Chan... Chan's belt wraps around him  
 and CLICKS into place.

Chan looks at the magical Child with great  
 tenderness... then he turns the IGNITION, and stamps on  
 the gas.

161 INSIDE THE HOUSE

161

Numspa's powerful hands squeeze Til's neck. Where  
 Numspa's hands touch, Til's neck is scorched. There  
 is burning and smoking. The mighty demon tosses  
 Til's dead body aside. He flaps his mammoth black  
 wings and flies through the window.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

162 OUTSIDE

162

Sardo bursts through the window. Glass EXPLODES around  
 him in SLOW MOTION as he zooms over CAMERA at REGULAR  
 SPEED.

\*

163 ON THE ROAD

163

The car tears along the dirt road kicking up a trail of  
 dust. Chandler turns the car out onto Mulholland. The  
 city stretches out below them.

In the rear view mirror, Chan can see a black speck high in the sky racing toward them at incredible speed. He strains down on the accelerator.

CHAN'S POV

OUT the back window THROUGH the dust, the winged creature flies into the rays of the sinking sun and back out again.

Sardo's wing clips several of the line of telephone poles, bringing them down in a shower of sparks. \*

Chan maneuvers the car along the twisting road. Suddenly, a steel frame power line crashes down in front of the car. \*

Chandler slams on the brakes. The car swerves to a stop. \*

He looks over at the Child.

Suddenly the driver's compartment darkens and a clawed hand bursts through the Child's window. It gropes for the Child but misses.

CRACK!... as the safety glass of the windshield fractures into a million pieces and goes all white. \*

RIPPPPP!... razor-sharp nails shred the metal top.

Chan jumps in the back seat, pulls the kid over, and gets out the side.

He runs from the car carrying the kid.

Numspa flaps his mammoth black wings and races after them.

Chandler runs for all he's worth. Suddenly he hears the RUSH OF WINGS and throws himself on the ground.

Sardo swoops over them, missing them by inches.

Chandler, sprawled in the dust, looks over at the kid.

CHANDLER

You okay?

The kid nods.

CHANDLER

You got any suggestions?

The kid shakes his head.

CHANDLER

I was afraid of that.

163 CONTINUED: (2)

163

Chandler jumps to his feet and picks up the Child and dashes toward the entrance to a concrete tunnel.

HELICOPTER SHOT: ZOOMING TOWARD them as they race into the tunnel.

Sardo banks upward and then nose dives straight toward earth. Sardo strikes the ground with tremendous force. Dirt flies into the air.

164 DOWN IN THE TUNNEL

164

Chandler, carrying the Golden Child, climbs up a metal ladder leading to a manhole cover.

He puts the Child on a concrete ledge and shoves on the cover... it doesn't budge.

He turns to the kid.

CHANDLER

We're in a little trouble here.  
Can you help?

The Child shakes his head sadly.

CHANDLER

Let me guess. It's my destiny,  
right?

The kid smiles and nods encouragingly.

CHANDLER

Oh good.

Suddenly the concrete roof of the tunnel CRACKS and Sardo bursts into the tunnel.

Chan strains at the cover.

A claw grabs Chan by the leg and yanks him to the ground.

Chan jumps to his feet and pulls out the sacred dagger.

As Sardo reaches out for him, Chan stabs the demon in the hand.

Sardo lets out a terrifying screech and recoils in pain.

Chan looks up at the kid on the ledge.

(CONTINUED)

CHANDLER

(to the Child)

If you think of any way to help,  
don't be bashful, just jump in and  
lend a hand.

The Child smiles agreeably at Chan.

CHANDLER

(under his breath)

Big help.

Chan readies the knife, waiting for a second onslaught.

Sardo grips a timber in the wall and yanks on it. The  
whole tunnel shakes.

The hole where Sardo entered shivers and cracks. A  
steady stream of earth pours down like an hourglass.

Chan looks around... the whole thing's going to go.

Sardo rips the timber out of the wall.

He advances and swings it at Chandler.

Chandler leaps back out of the way.

Sardo hurls it right at Chandler's face.

CLOSEUP: The concentrating face of the Golden Child.

The timber veers to the right, just missing Chan's  
head.

CHANDLER

(to the Child)

Thanks.

Sardo picks up a piece of concrete and throws it at  
Chan.

Again it veers off just before hitting him.

The face of the Child, meditating with all the strength  
his weakened body can muster.

A flickering ring of fire forms around the demon from  
hell.

Sardo looks around him at the flaming ring and in a  
fury charges at Chan.

Chan heaves the dagger straight at Sardo.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED: (2)

164

The knife strikes Sardo just as a portion of the ring extinguishes, leaving the ring incomplete.

The knife in his chest, Sardo stumbles backward into the building mound of earth just as the ceiling caves in, burying him in tons of rubble.

Chandler climbs the ladder and shoves against the grate.

The whole place is collapsing and the concrete around the grate is CRACKING. Chan manages to push the grate open.

Chan takes the Gopen Tarma and lifts him to safety as the tunnel collapses around them.

165 ABOVE GROUND - DAY

165

Chandler scrambles out of the hole. He and the Child run for safety. The ground in the pattern of the tunnel collapses downward. The mouth of the tunnel spews dust and rubble as the entrance caves in.

Chandler looks at the setting sun... Barely any time left.

He picks up the child in his arms and races for the car.

166 OMITTED

166

167 EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY

167

The sun is dropping almost out of sight when Chan pulls the car to a stop in front of Chinatown.

Chan leaps out of the car.

He leads the Boy by the hand as they run through the square and into Hong's shop.

168 INT. HERB SHOP - DAY

168

They rush down the hallway.

Chan and the Golden Child come running into the room. The square of light is quickly disappearing up Kee Nang's toe, only the last of the toenail sparkles in the sunlight.

MOVING with them as they cross the room...

(CONTINUED)

EEEEIIIIIII!... The concrete floor EXPLODES. Sardo telescopes up out of the ground right in front of them, terribly burned and disfigured, on his face all the fury of his intended revenge. He raises the burnt remnants of his wings. Ripples of flame run up and down the ragged edges. In his right hand is poised the Ajanti dagger! \*

Chan's shocked face!

The evil creature plunges the knife down into Chan's chest.

A shower of sparks as the blade CLINKS against the pendant!

Chan is knocked to the ground. The knife goes skidding across the floor.

Sardo rushes at Chan.

(CONTINUED)





168 CONTINUED:

168

Chan looks for the knife, it's on the other side of the room, out of reach.

The Child concentrates.

The knife slides across the room right into Chan's hand.

A bright perfect ring of fire encircles the reigning Prince of hell.

Chan jumps to his feet and buries the knife into Numspa's heart.

An unearthly HOWL!

The space around the circle of flames warps, objects in the room distend in unnatural shapes. Time and space stretch and contract. Numspa's face distorts in extreme pain.

Suddenly the circle and everything in it shatter and start to collapse toward a burning point in the center.

The shards of broken light pour into the shining hole which closes around itself and disappears like a TV going off. The Archfiend of hell disappears from this world.

Chandler rushes across the room to Kee Nang.

The light has disappeared from the end of her toe.

CHANDLER'S FACE: All is lost.

He takes her in his arms and kisses her.

The Golden Child quietly approaches.

The Child lifts her foot in the air. The tip catches a last beam of sunlight.

He reaches out with his finger and gently touches the tip of her toe where the single point of sunlight glistens.

As Chandler pulls back from the kiss, Kee Nang opens her eyes.

She starts to cry.

They pull each other tight.

Chan looks over... behind the screen the bodies of Kala and Hong lie dead on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED: (2)

168

Chan looks over at the Golden Child.

The little Boy shakes his head in the negative. This is their destiny.

Chan turns back to Kee Nang.

They kiss.

169 EXT. STREET - DAY

169

On one of the heights near Chinatown, with downtown Los Angeles in the background, Kee Nang, Chan, and the Child stand overlooking the city.

Chan puts a baseball cap on the kid's head.

CHANDLER

You'll need it. It's cold in Tibet.  
Very cold. I know.

Chan turns to Kee Nang.

CHANDLER

You'll be back after you take the  
Child home? \*

KEE NANG

Yes.

Chandler looks over... a loquat tree is in full bloom nearby.

He walks over and confidently pulls off one of the bright yellow fruit.

He bites into it and his face contorts.

He looks over at Kee Nang and the Child. They both have an amused smile on their faces.

He smiles back.

CHANDLER

Life is sweet.

FADE OUT.

END