

The Green Hornet

by

John Fusco

(Based on the radio show by George Trendle)

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EXT. DESERT -- MEXICAN BORDER -- DAWN

A spectacular sunrise east of Rio Tijuana. Nothing out here...

Nothing but a 10,000 acre fenced-in area that resembles some kind of tech junkyard. AUTHORIZED GUARDS in tan jumpsuits and gas masks, well-armed, move about the surreal earth-covered bunkers. A large incinerator that roils with greenish vapor, cloying mist.

This is the far end of the Gila Basin CHEMICAL WEAPON DEPOT known as J BLOCK.

The SITE CHIEF, in jumpsuit fatigues but no gas mask--just a ten gallon stetson--approaches a Mr. Coffee, ices a cup.

SITE CHIEF
Morning, Frank.

GUARD
Hey.

SITE CHIEF
Open Igloo 34. We're cooking M-55's today.

GUARD
Ah. The '55. Cambodian orange.
Good vintage.

SITE CHIEF
Fifteen to a pallet. C oven.

Just as they turn the corner out of view, a FLYING PROJECTILE strikes the wall of the main building, planting a steel grappling hook and 200 feet of paracord from the wall to--

THE SURROUNDING FOOT HILLS

where a STEALTH COMMANDO dressed in black with Kevlar hood snaps his belt onto the paracord and propels himself forward like a human tram.

THE SAME PLAN

unfolds on the opposite side. A SECOND COMMANDO riding a cable seemingly out of nowhere and over the security fence.

He blows into a small sighted tube, hits a GUARD in the neck with a spike. The Guard drops.

OUTSIDE THE FENCE

(CONTINUED)

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SIX STEALTH AGENTS utilize spiked foot-bands to scale the fence. The hoods they wear appear to be the black garb of stealth mercenaries.

GUARDS are taken out as if by invisible men; blow-spiked, neck-chained or struck by gloved hands.

AT THE MAIN GATE

where a sign reads: GILA BASIN CHEM STOCKPILE -- AUTHORIZED ONLY --

A GLOVED HAND removes a blue CD from a briefcase, inserts it in a slot at a Security Checkpoint and taps out a quick configuration on a keypad. A SERIES OF FENCE GATES OPEN--

A small FLEET OF BLACK VANS drive in. The COMMANDO AGENTS open igloos, load vans with canisters and tanks marked with cyrillic lettering--and then drive methodically away into the heat undulations of the basin.

The last vehicle in the caravan stops. Sun-roof glides open and a COMMANDO emerges from it, looking back at the silent disposal site. He raises a weapon to his shoulder, concentrates and SITES A STORAGE TANK in the J BLOCK. He squeezes the trigger.

LONG SHOT -- THE DESERT

just as the sun breaches Rio Tijuana and a new day dawns silent and warm--AN EXPLOSION ROCKS THE BORDER.

CUT TO: .

EXT. ASPEN, COLORADO -- SKY HIGH -- DAY

An EXPLOSION OF SNOW, pure G-force and the single most extreme snowboard jump from a mountain we've ever seen.

BEGIN TITLES and ROCK N'ROLL as--

A young man on a shred-sled soars into an inverted aerial and causes the SKI CROWD below to drop jaws.

Wearing "Yeti-hair" chaps and not much else, BRITT REID free falls UPSIDE DOWN, grabbing his board from under him and tucking it under an arm as he drops...pulls a Mactwist, a backside rodeo, and hits a dangerous ridge just as he gets the board under a boot again and cuts a Euro-Carve into a suicide slalom. That was nothing. Here it comes--

OFF THE LEDGE OF A ROCK!

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CONTINUED:

into atmosphere. Air-surfing. Born without the caution gene.

BRITT lands in the lift area and "surfs" the rest of the way in, face flushed with adrenaline. Pulls his green Killer Loop snow-shades back on his head, gives the SKI CROWD a breathless smile, one not lost on the younger females standing by.

An AMERICAN INDIAN SNOW GANGSTA with braids hanging from under a beanie FIST FIVES Britt as he carves past.

BAUMGARTEN THE INDIAN
Extreme is the dream! You threw
some sick 7's up there, Dude.

BRITT
See you at The Thing, Baumgarten.
Let's get crop-dusted.

INT. DO THE WHITE THING -- RESORT BAR -- NIGHT

Packed with SKI HOTTIES and PUNK BOARDERS, THIRD-HOME PLAYBOYS and TWO PLANKERS. But mostly guys like young Britt: Y2K snowboard posse who dress in beach wear with waterproofing and live by one simple creed: extreme.

Here they are, holding down the bar which is repeatedly set with Kamikaze Shots of tequila.

BAUMGARTEN THE INDIAN
I'll tell you, Spazzo...I'll tell
you where the Great Spirit resides...

PUNK BOARDER
Listen up: the Jewish-Navajo is having
a vision.

Wild, young and unaccountable laughter as VH-1 rocks on the bar TV.

BAUMGARTEN THE INDIAN
Eleven Thousand, one-hundred and
sixty-six feet up at Big Sky. Lone
Peak. No rider alive has jumped
that rock yet.

Britt downs another Kamikaze, slaps a Platinum Card on the bar and gestures his buy to the body-branded SHAUNA.

BRITT
You want to go to Big Sky, Shauna?
I'll charter a Piper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PUNK BOARDER

Britt's gonna jump the rock!

BRITT

Blow the rock. I'm going to jump
out of the Piper. On a board.

BAUMGARTEN THE INDIAN

Air boogie. You're the bomb, Reid.

Encouraging CHEERS rock the length of the bar.

Shauna hits the bar TV remote and the MUSIC CUE for RBS Cable
News comes up with digitalized logo. For some reason, Britt
reacts to this, gets quiet. Downs his drink.

PUNK BOARDER

Leave it on, Shauna.

BAUMGARTEN THE INDIAN

Yeah, Money Report. See if my Ben
and Jerry's went up.

BRITT

No news is good news.
(leaving his stool)
Unless there's granulated powder in
the forecast, who cares. Later...

BAUMGARTEN THE INDIAN

Yo--where you headin', Reid?

BRITT

Need air.

Britt leaves with his shred sled under his arm.

EXT. DO THE WHITE THING BAR -- NIGHT

BIG THURSDAY NIGHT SKI CROWD trying to get into The Thing.
One hundred deep on the long winding wooden stairway that
descends the mountain.

Britt opts for the quick way down. He jumps his plank onto
the snow-covered stairway bannister and surfs down, past the
CHEERING LINE. With a toothpick relaxed in his mouth, he
speeds faster as the rail drops steeper...and by the time he
reaches the bottom he soars ass-over-boots into a Mactwist,
landing in the snow of the parking lot, drunk...

Beside a pair of loafers that don't belong in Aspen. PANNING
UP, Britt sees a City Man in camel hair coat, Armani suit
and deer-skin gloves, cell-phone in hand.

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CONTINUED:

MIKE AXFORD is a big man.

AXFORD

Mr. Reid...

Britt reacts, not making any effort to get up out of the snow.

AXFORD (CONT'D)

Your father wants to see you.

This is not pleasant news.

BRITT

(to the Winter sky)

You had a clean shot at me from the mountain, God. Why make me suffer?

AXFORD

Here, let me give you a hand...

EXT. SAN DIEGO -- FROM THE AIR -- DAY

Urban skyline on the Bay. Mirrored office buildings and skyscrapers. America's Digital City.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Live from RBS headquarters in San Diego this is the Reid News Network...here are the top stories of the hour...

CLOSER ON -- REID CABLE NEWS TOWER

a modern building of black glass, a monument to the communications giant.

A Metro Cab is parked at curb, an old one. A beater.

Behind the wheel sits a young man. Asian. Intense. Black leather duster, black gloves. Meter on the dash is off. The look in his eyes tells us he's much more than a gypsy cabbie. What we don't know yet, is that his name is KATO and he is here for a reason.

CAB WINDSHIELD POV: a long white limo rolls up in front of the Tower. A phone-wielding DRIVER opens the back door. Britt Reid steps out, groggy. Slings his backpack onto a shoulder and looks up at the Tower with reluctance.

REVERSE -- KATO: studying the kid. He seems to study everyone who comes or goes from the Tower.

INT. REID TOWER -- 17TH FLOOR

DAN REID, on the move. 50ish, fit and energetic; a billionaire media magnate of a swashbuckling, no bull style.

Keeping up with him at an equally fervent walk is correspondent CARMINE CASE. She favors bomber jackets and Prada boots. Young. Born in France raised in London, equal parts shrewd and tough. The Bombs over Belfast type.

CARMINE

Rooker's sending me across the border in the traffic chopper.

DAN

Directive from the 15th floor.

CARMINE

I know. Why you doing this to me.

DAN

Because I love you.

CARMINE

Industrial accident. At a chemical junkyard....

DAN

Gila Basin Depot. Five people died.

CARMINE

That's Eddie Banks' beat. I'm crime block, Dan. Since when do I cover industrial accidents?

DAN

Five people died, Miss Case. Get your hard hat on, get airborne, and get your ass down there.

Dan is intercepted by a young male ASSISTANT who hands him a faxed itinerary.

DAN (CONT'D)

My son is here.

CARMINE

Rooker doesn't have Banks covering the Delgado shooting while I'm on a chemical fire. Does he?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAN

How'd you like to be promoted to my outdoor life channel and cover the trout run in Montana, Carmine?

CARMINE

I'm airborne.

The young reporter studies the media legend. Then something tugs at her curiosity.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Did you say your son...didn't know that you...

Dan keeps walking past her. It's a silence that says enough. Carmine watches him go, waits for the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR -- AS IT OPENS

Carmine nearly collides with Britt Reid. His hair is a wind-blown shock and he didn't have time to shave. He wears hipster togs, cargo pants, a backpack, shades, and the kind of hang-over one can only accrue at 30,000 feet.

CARMINE

Going down?

BRITT

Like the Hindenberg. Am I on the right floor?

CARMINE

I don't think you're in the right building.

Britt steps by her, runs a hand through his hair and looks down the hall as if beginning the Bataan Death March.

Carmine watches him go. She puts two and two together...

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Bloody 'ell...

INT. DAN REID'S OFFICE

Vast. Trophy-filled. Neo-western decor and modern glass desk. DAN REID sits with his back to us as he looks out a wall of glass onto the Bay. Suddenly, he wheels in his chair--

DAN

Heads up--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pitches a basketball. Britt snatches it cleanly.

BRITT

Hey.

DAN

Hey yourself. Come on in. Sit down.
You want something?

Britt lowers his shades a hair. The California sun is brutal on a hangover.

Dan Reid's Second Assistant appears.

ASSISTANT

Excuse me. Can I get you something to drink?

BRITT

Tomato juice. No ice. Thanks--

DAN

--Get him a cappucino, Paul. Double.

Alone again, father and son face each other in the spacious office: Britt on the sofa, Dan in the captain's chair.

DAN (CONT'D)

That tomato juice cure for a hang over is a myth, you know. So how's life in Aspen? You taking advantage of the second-home market out there?

BRITT

To be honest, Dad, I'm taking advantage of nine inches of new powder.

DAN

There's a vocation. That and you're degree in the Classics must make for some stimulating debate at the tavern.

Britt gets up, can't sit still.

DAN (CONT'D)

The sun bothering you? I can close the...

As if on cue, Dan aims a remote at said glass and clicks. The ENTIRE GLASS closes with a heliograph wall screen. Another click activates 27 different satellite uplinks on a high resolution global map.

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CONTINUED:

BRITT

Awesome. That new?

DAN

You want to see what's going on in East Timor? Or should we just check the surf report at Del Mar? Maybe track the migrating herds of females heading south for spring break.

BRITT

You're something else, Dad. The Swami of Satellite. Prince of the Global Village.

DAN

Well, you know what your grandfather said. He who does not look ahead remains behind.

BRITT

17th Century Spanish Proverb. Grandpa stole it.

DAN

You ever stop to think about him? And his father. The old man Reid started with--

BRITT/DAN

(together, verbatim)
--with an Underwood and a trench coat and built a news empire taking down public enemies of our America...

DAN

And that was the day when all politics were local. Now they're planetary. And so are the bad boys.

BRITT

So how goes the war, Dad? We winning it?

DAN

I like to think so.

BRITT

(picking up the trades
on the desk)
Winning the ratings I see...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAN

You know, Britt. I can't tell you what to do anymore. You're a man. But now that you're a man...can I just ask you...when you look in the mirror...just what the hell kind of man do you see looking back?

Britt tries to maintain a game face--tries to smile-- but this hurts.

BRITT

Not the kind who rides in his father's slip-stream. I do things on my own, Dad, you know that--

DAN

--till you need to draw from your trust again--

BRITT

--this about money?

DAN

--never been about money, Britt. And listen to me: it's not about ratings. Screw the ratings. You've got issues that I don't understand, Son, but there comes a time when we all have to look in the mirror and take off the mask or put one on, but--

BRITT

--don't start the Jungian rap. We've been there.

DAN

Yeah. We have, Britt.

The ASSISTANT returns with a coffee for the boss's son.

ASSISTANT

Mr. Reid, your plane's ready at Montgomery.

DAN

Okay, Paulie. Ten minutes.

When the Assistant leaves, Dan shuts down the WALL SCREEN.

BRITT

Where you headed?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAN

Washington. Just for the day.

BRITT

You going to buy the Redskins on your lunch break?

DAN

I resent that, Britt. That's low. I'd never waste my money on the Redskins. I'm a Chargers fan, always will be. So what do you think of this bum of a coach we have here in the city?

BRITT

You didn't fly me out to talk about football, Dad. Must be something...

Dan takes in a breath, watches his son cross the room restless.

DAN

You're my only son, Britt. You're the last Reid. Whether you accept that or not. There's a family legacy that...you've been in denial. I mean, if something ever happens to me, who carries it on?

Britt studies his father's face. Something registers, something that makes him uneasy in the belly.

BRITT

Wait a minute. You don't...Jesus, Dad...you don't have cancer or something, do you?

DAN

No, you idiot, I don't have cancer. I just...Britt, it's time to do something with your life.

BRITT

It'll never be as good as what you've done.

DAN

Then why don't you go back to Tahoe or Aspen or wherever the hell it is, and jump off a goddamned mountain on your surfboard and ponder, Britt.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAN (CONT'D)

Ponder what the Greeks had to say
about fathers and sons...

Britt gets up fast.

BRITT

I don't need this...

DAN

The key, damn it. The key is right
there in Homer's Odyssey...

Britt is gone. Dan grabs his coat, follows...

OUT INTO THE CORRIDOR

where he is handed a briefcase, and TWO SECURITY MEN flank
and escort him. And a third, Mike Axford, security chief at
RBS.

DAN (CONT'D)

The final irony of my life, Axford.
I can connect the World through global
communications but I can't communicate
with my own damn son.

AXFORD

You want us to catch him?

Dan considers. Then shakes his head. It hurts, but he lets
him go.

EXT. REID TOWER -- PARKING ROTUNDA -- LATE DAY

Britt moves out into the rotunda...a LIMO ESCORT is on a
cell phone as he spots Britt...

ESCORT

(on cell)

Cargo pants; unlaced shoes; funky
hair; Got him.

(moving in)

Mr. Reid? How are you today? Let
me get a car for you--

BRITT

--I'll get my own ride, thanks.

ESCORT

But--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Limo Escort isn't sure how to react as Britt hurries down the bustling sidewalk and spots a dusty, low-fare Metro cab idling across the street.

INT. METRO CAB -- PARKED -- DAY

Britt hops in the backseat.

BRITT

Airport.

KATO

Get out.

Britt does a take. He can only see the EYES in the rear view. The young man in long black coat, black driving gloves.

BRITT

Excuse me?

KATO

I'm waiting for someone.

BRITT

Well, whatever they're paying you,
I'll double with a twenty percent
tip. I've got to catch a flight.

The driver turns around and stares at the young guy with his thermal eyes until Britt lowers his shades.

BRITT (CONT'D)

This reverse racism or something?
My money no good?

KATO

I am not here for money. Get out
now. Please...

Suddenly the back door opens. The limo escort can't permit this.

ESCORT

I'm sorry, Mr. Reid, I've been
instructed to...

The Cabby reacts to the name.

BRITT

(to limo escort)

Look, I appreciate it. But I've got
it covered. I'll handle my own ride.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Britt closes the door. Throws a fifty into the front seat.

BRITT (CONT'D)

There. Okay? Will that get me to the airport?

KATO

You are no Dan Reid...

BRITT

You said it, Cabby.

KATO

You are his son.

BRITT

The one and only. Last of the breed. Keeper of the family albatross. And badly in need of a Bombay on ice. So put this puppy in drive and get me to Lindbergh, okay? Work with me here...

That's when KATO SEES: a PHALANX OF SECURITY MEN leaving the building, escorting Dan Reid to a 22 foot limo. Kato stares. Squints hard. Yeah, that's him. That's Dan Reid.

The Cabby gets out of the car and moves quickly down the walk, his black leather duster tailing.

BRITT (CONT'D)

Yo, where you--

KATO

Mr. Reid...

SECURITY MEN intercept the cab driver with a trained grace.

SECURITY MAN

Hey, hey, easy, Bud. Where you going?

KATO

I need to see Dan Reid. Urgent.

SECOND SECURITY MAN

(giving Kato a cursory
frisk down)

You again. Write a letter if you got a story to sell. One more time, you're federal property. You hear me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He shoves the Cabby away. The long limo pulls out. The SECURITY MEN enter the building.

That's when a black LINCOLN SUV drives through the rotunda and follows the Reid limo. Then a SECOND one, identical.

Kato notes this with concern...then breaks into a run for his cab.

INT. METRO CAB

Kato gets in fast, floors it.

BRITT

What the hell are you doing?!

KATO

Hold on.

BRITT

Lindbergh's the other way, Dude!

Britt pounds on the partition glass. He can see the intense guy in the rearview, driving at 75, trying to catch the limo.

BRITT (CONT'D)

HEY!

Kato is caught behind some grid locked traffic. Britt tries to bail, but the doors are locked. Then both he and Kato spot an olive-drab Hummer coming INTO FOCUS from behind them.

Kato drives full-tilt up onto a sidewalk, smokes down a One-Way Alley.

He side-swipes brick, scraping a quarter panel. The HUMMER follows until it gets bottlenecked in the narrow alley.

Britt grabs onto the front-seat and scopes the Taxi ID.

BRITT (CONT'D)

Eddie O'Malley. Yeah. Right.

KATO

And you don't look like any heir to the Reid fortune.

BRITT

Why the fuck you tagging my father's car, Dude?

KATO

I'm not. They are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Britt holds onto the dash as he quickly lights a cigarette.

WINDSHIELD POV: the SAN DIEGO TROLLEY! Full-speed. Kato isn't stopping --he runs the crossing light, CRUSHES the gate and just gets them past the commuter coaster before it ROCKS INTO THE GAS LAMP QUARTER.

Britt finally breathes. Looks behind them. Just the trolley.

KATO (CONT'D)

What time is your flight?

BRITT

(to himself, stressed)

I knew I shouldn't have come here.

KATO

Things don't happen according to men's calculations, my friend.

BRITT

What's this now, Yin and Yang?

KATO

No. Hootie and Blowfish. Second album. Very big on Mainland.

BRITT

Who the hell are you?

KATO

Not Eddie O'Malley. Hang on.

SCREECH TURN--Kato careens, just makes it. SCRAPES THE CEMENT EXIT WALL.

BRITT

Where'd you learn to drive?! Downtown Manhattan?

KATO

Uptown Kowloon. Is a truck still behind us?

BRITT

Two.

Kato cuts hard, tries to lose the Hummers by entering a PARKING GARAGE. He cabooses a little Miata as it clears the ticket gate. Almost kills a MESSENGER on a bicycle.

IN THE PARKING GARAGE -- UPPER FLOORS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

the cab pulls over. Kato stares Britt down. Hard.

KATO

Listen to me, Trust Fund boy. I didn't want to come here also. But I can't leave until I find Teacher.

BRITT

What teacher?

KATO

Get out.

BRITT

What kind of shit are you involved in? I try to hop a cab and I end up on the Chungking Express.

KATO

Much worse. Go.

BRITT

What's this have to do with my father?

Kato leans across Britt and opens the passenger door.

BRITT (CONT'D)

I oughta kick your ass.

KATO

I didn't come here to fight you.
Get out. Now.

Britt studies the Cabby for a moment then grabs his back pack and opens the door.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE

Britt pulls his flip-phone from his jacket as he runs across the ramp to an elevator.

EXT. MONTGOMERY AIR FIELD -- SAME

A private Hawker is cleared for take off. It courses the runway, goes up.

Watching the jet gain altitude is a GROUND CREWMAN in orange jumpsuit and ear protection. Other GROUND PERSONNEL move along, but this guy with setter-red crewcut and albino eyes, lingers. Watches the sky...

INT. PARKING GARAGE ELEVATOR

Britt gets in, breathing hard, dialing his cell.

The only one in the lift with him is a stunning young Asian BLONDE in blue leather. An Anita Mui type, pierced and body-branded everywhere.

Silence on the elevator. Awkward, uncomfortable. Britt is breathing too hard from the ride and he feels her looking at him. A playful look.

HONG KONG GIRL

You look like in hurry.

BRITT

Yeah...

(on cell phone)

San Diego. I need the number for Reid Broadcasting Network, general number--right away...

HONG KONG GIRL

Me, too. I am hurry.

She strips away her jacket to reveal a naugahyde bodice and plus-size wonders; pushes Britt into the corner.

HONG KONG GIRL (CONT'D)

Big, big, hurry...

A stunned Britt sees that the lift is going up not down. This is bad. He knows it--

BRITT

Yo betty...hey...

She must be on heroin. She is trying to shag him on the elevator.

BRITT (CONT'D)

(stalling)

Can I ask you something? How do you get through the metal detector with all the pierce work?

The ELEVATOR STOPS, OPENS. A 9mm handgun greets him. A SUIT in tiny shades. The Hong Kong Girl slips a sterling silver "cat claw" over her right hand.

HONG KONG GIRL

Let me ask you something, Rich Boy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HONG KONG GIRL (CONT'D)

How do you even walk with this much
brass?

We don't see what she does to Britt, but his face tells us
he is getting squeezed where it hurts.

SUIT

What did Daddy tell you?

BRITT

To get a life. So if you're thinking
of taking mine...I don't have one.
Who are you people?

ASSASSIN

Follow pretty girl. And you will
learn.

Britt is escorted off the lift and toward an idling car where
FOUR MORE MEN await him.

HONG KONG GIRL

In the trunk, Hunk.

KATO (O.S.)

Hey.

Everyone wheels, alert to see:

KATO. Standing alone in the cavernous multi-park. Black
duster, leather driving gloves tight as snake-skin.

KATO (CONT'D)

That's my fare.

A beat. EYES connect. SWEAT builds. HANDS--go for guns!

What the cabby does defies kinetics as we know it. He
explodes forward in a dragon dervish of black duster. Goes
primal.

Four men are laid out on cement in under three seconds.

BRITT

Jesus...

The Cabby turns his head quick, alert. The pierced Succubus
smiles. Reptiles her tongue to show a diamond stud. She
spits--razor sharp studs--three, four, five of them that the
Cabby ducks. The studs bolt deep into car doors.

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CONTINUED:

KATO

Trendy.

The high-amp vamp lightly touches her pierced naval where a double stranded chain is belted around her skirt in Kowloon punk fashion.

Britt loses his focus, watching the girl tease the chain with one hand while the other summons the Cabby toward her with her cat claw.

Kato holds his ground. The woman yanks the heavy chain and it comes away in two separate lengths, a blade on each end. SCREAMING like a distempered cat she comes at the cab driver in the Shinobi weapon art of the sectional chain. SLASHING the air in all directions and figure 8's and--

Kato ducks, spins--the CHAINS CUTTING AIR--and he manuevers causing one chain to wrap around a pillar and the other to hook onto the side mirror of a parked car. A reverse spinning heel kick knocks the crazed woman out cold. But when he lands, he sees--

THREE SUIT AGENTS trying to force Britt into the trunk of the Car. One of them raises an assault rifle and trains it on the cabby from fifteen yards away. A RED COLLIMATED DOT appears on his forehead.

Now Britt makes a move. He grabs a tire iron from the open trunk and CRACKS the armed Assassin. Kato springs through the air--literally flys, spins, and does an open scissors kick that adjusts the necks of the last two. Britt JACKS the last guy under the chin, knocking him cold and into the trunk which he shuts with the guy inside.

Catching their breath, Britt and Kato survey the roof parking area...then make eye contact. Equally impressed. Breathless...

BRITT

Some cab driver.

Kato gives him a lingering look...then turns on his heel, hurries away, black duster trailing. Britt searches for his cell phone, pats himself down. Its gone. He runs for a stairwell...

DOWN THE STAIRWELL

to a pay phone. He dials as best he can with the adrenaline overload. He waits impatiently for the ringing...

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CONTINUED:

BRITT (CONT'D)
(breathless)
Connect me with Dan Reid's
office...please hurry...

A VEHICLE SCREECHES to a stop up above.

BRITT (CONT'D)
Look...this is his son. You have to
put me through to his office...

FOOTSTEPS COME DOWN THE STEPS AT AN URGENT RATE

Britt drops the phone and vaults over the rail. Keeps
running. TWO MEN in black stealth garb are after him...

ON THE NEXT FLOOR DOWN

Britt is running for his life. FOUR MEN IN HOODS come into
focus behind him. The MESSENGER with a bicycle is standing
beside his ride at an elevator door. holding a Fed Ex pack.

Britt jumps the bike--

MESSENGER KID
Hey!

Britt pedals with desperation across the ramp as he is pursued
by the armed HOODS who spread out. MORE COMING from the
opposite direction...ANOTHER ONE bails from an SUV, armed
with a Beretta shotgun.

They've got him. Trapped between them and cement.

But Britt does something that shocks them all. He rides the
bike up the wall! Pulls an extreme half-pipe, inverts, and
bails in mid-air--GRABS ONTO A RAIL FROM AN UPPER FLOOR and
swings himself JUST out of the line of SEVEN ROUNDS OF
GUNFIRE...

ON THE UPPER FLOOR

he belly crawls, rolls, under a parked car and hides, tries
not to breath too loud.

LIZARD'S EYE POV: a MOTORCYCLE grinds by. Circles back.
Blue stiletto heels on the pedals. Circles again. Then
drives on.

EXT. SAN DIEGO TRANSIT LINE -- LATER

Britt runs. Bowls people over. Keeps running. Down the
walk-- through the rotating doors of the bus station.

INT. TRANSIT STATION

Britt runs to a bank of pay phones, grabs for a free one...and as he waits for a dial tone he looks up and does a take at what he sees.

THREE TV monitors mounted high and twenty feet apart in the bus passenger waiting area. All three are showing the same news footage:

A LEAR JET image; an AERIAL SHOT of the Ocean and search vessels; still photo shots of Dan Reid in his standard Western-cut jacket and bolo.

Britt just stares, numb. He cannot hear anything under the CHATTER OF BUS TRAVELERS.

Finally, someone takes Britt's call.

VOICE ON PHONE
Axford. Reid Security.

BRITT
Mike. It's Britt Reid. What...

VOICE ON PHONE
...you heard? Lost contact shortly after take-off, Britt...missing off the coast. All we know at this--

ON THREE LOUNGE TV'S: a slow motion tape of Dan Reid at the Good Will Games a few years earlier.

REVERSE ON -- BRITT

standing frozen as the boarding line pushes past him. He stares at the TV screens.

MOVE IN ON BRITT as he stares at the TV. He is numb, the room spinning around him.

TRAVELER
Hey, man, you gonna use that phone or what?

EXT. PRIVATE GARDEN MAZE -- STRANGE LIGHT

A 9 story Victorian building that has seen better days. The kind of San Diego manner once turned into a hotel, but then sold private again. Secure behind tall palisade gates, the building is surrounded by a spectacular garden maze with the formality and symmetry of Leeds Castle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The geometrical symbolism however is far from Dutch topiary; it is an intricate security maze sculpted into arcane oriental patterns.

A large man with shaved head wearing a white monk robe, walks through the garden maze and into a courtyard where sect followers (male and female, all ages--even children--all races) are on knees in attitudes of prayer. All wear yellow cossacks, for they are the SECT DRONES and are currently in the throes of a deafening AUM CHANT.

The large man in white robe is the INTERIOR MINISTER of the Sect, and he seems to ignore the DRONES as he weaves through the serpentine avenues of the gardens and through a--

PERGOLA

to reveal a figure in purple robe sitting on a tatami mat. We only see the back of his head. VENERATED TEACHER has impressive hair. Lots of hair. Long, flowing, silver-streaked, black hair down to his robed waist.

The INTERIOR MINISTER enters the room and stands at respectful attention even though His Holiness has not turned. (The following dialogue is spoken in Mandarin and SUBTITLED in both English and Chinese characters).

TEACHER

Interior Minister.

INTERIOR MINISTER

Your Holiness...

TEACHER

Prophecy. It unfolds like a plum blossom, does it not?

INTERIOR MINISTER

Word from the outside. It is done.

TEACHER

Then the path is cleared?

INTERIOR MINISTER

The son. We lost him. But he is of no concern, Teacher. Has no credibility. Was mostly estranged from his father.

TEACHER

Watch him. What other news from outside?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INTERIOR MINISTER

News from inside, Teacher. Another member wishes to leave us. Nun 29 from our U.S. prefecture. She has attempted to make outside contact.

TEACHER

Patience is mercy. Re-initiate. If it fails...take her to higher training.

The Minister in silk robe bows and leaves the pergola. The venerated TEACHER has not moved a fibre, and we have yet to see his face. Only the symbol on the back of his robe: a swastika-like Asian symbol surrounded by 8 trigrams.

EXT. REID MANSION -- LA JOLLA -- DUSK

Old money enclave. Raining. INTERNATIONAL PRESS crowd the front gates of the hidden residence behind rows of eucalyptus and cedar. Suddenly, they react to an approaching limo.

INT. LIMO -- ENTERING GATE -- MUSIC INTERLUDE

In the backseat, Britt sits against a side window, chin in his hand, looking out into the rain at the converging press. Everyone wants his reaction, but the limo does not stop.

Sitting in the back with Britt is the buffed and well-dressed Axford. He is taking notes. Exhausted. Long day.

AXFORD

Chinese or Japanese?

Britt is just staring out the window, shell-shocked.

AXFORD (CONT'D)

Britt--

BRITT

--I don't know.

AXFORD

And who did he say was after your father?

BRITT

He didn't. I don't know who they are.

AXFORD

Ninjas. You told FBI Director Cole you were chased by...ninjas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRITT

That's what they looked like. To me.

AXFORD

(eyeing Britt)
Ninjas...in San Diego...

BRITT

Christ, I don't believe this is happening.

AXFORD

The plane went down with a rudder control problem. Those are the only hard facts we have.

(not sure what else to say)

This is a bad day, Britt. For all of us.

BRITT

Yeah...

AXFORD

Anything I can do...you call me at the Tower...

Britt turns away, looks at the house of his father, the home of his youth.

INT. REID MANSION -- LATE DAY -- MUSIC INTERLUDE

Britt walks shell-shocked, slowly through the main lobby of the elaborate palazzo. DOZENS OF PEOPLE mill about, none recognize or notice Britt except for--

The HOUSE MANAGER, a silver-haired Hispanic man who approaches.

HOUSE MANAGER

Britt...I...I don't know what to say...

BRITT

Sandro...who are all these people?

SANDRO

I'll ask them to leave.

BRITT

I just need to be alone for a little bit. Get them out of here...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Still stunned, the House Manager drops back to allow Britt his slow and doleful walk through the chasmal mansion.

INT. DAN REID'S STUDY -- NIGHT

It is pouring outside, making Britt's lone night in the palazzo even more ruminative. PHONES ARE RINGING, but he's not answering...

He goes to the mahogany bar, finds a bottle of Cuervo Gold, pours himself a tumbler. But before he gets it to his lips he sees a framed photo over the bar:

--Young Britt on a quarterhorse, proud. His first mount.

And there are more of Britt. Everywhere in the study:

--An even younger Britt with his late mother, and now late father, posing with a trophy.

BRITT turns away, goes to the teakwood desk and sits back, shoots the tequila like its the tonic to stop any tears. But even on the desk is a framed photo: young Britt and his father with fly rods on the Snake River. He lifts the framed photo, remembers. But when sets it back on a big and ancient volume on the desktop, his eyes catches the title: Homer's Odyssey.

He stares at the old tome for a moment, apparently reflecting on his father's last ironic words. Setting his empty tumbler down he opens the leather cover on the book to find that it is not a book at all, but a hollowed safe box.

Inside is a key. An old but beautifully preserved gold key.

DAN REID'S VOICE

(in echo)

If anything ever happens to me, who carries it on? The legacy, Britt...

BRITT studies the key in the lamp light, turning it in his hand as he tries to make sense of it all. He crosses the room, follows the walls of photos and Charles Russell bronzes...and finally stops at a cigar humidor. Key doesn't fit. He tries it on a door, no fit. Then...a pine steamer trunk, restored and glistening with a high grade finish.

He slides a Navajo blanket aside and inserts the key. Unlocks the trunk:

INSIDE are laminated newspapers from the old Daily Sentinel. A headline reads: MASKED OUTLAW KILLS THREE AT BORDER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AN OLD COPY OF THE TEXAS STANDARD has a headline in ancient font: SLAIN FEDERALS BELIEVED PART OF ILLEGAL RING.

UNDER THIS NEWSPAPER: an old pearl-handled Colt Lightning, and a black mask.

BRITT puzzles over this. Then he goes back to the laminated news journals and considers yet another headline: MASKED RANGER: outlaw or hero?

ANOTHER: WHO IS THE MASKED VIGILANTE?

CLOSE ON BRITT: in a tequila sweat. Rain and thunder CUT to--

INT. FLASHBACK -- REID HOME -- YEARS AGO

Dan Reid sits on 6 year-old Britt's bed, telling a story as the puckish kid looks up from his pillow.

DAN

Out of the mist by the river he came.
On a horse. A pure-bred Spanish
mustang the color of smoke.

(a mythic whisper)

Those Mexican soldiers shot at him
but he rode straight through the
gunfire. Got away with the stolen
gold. And all they could say was
'who was he? Who was that masked
man?'

YOUNG BRITT

Who was he, Dad?

DAN

Secret. Good night.

BRITT

Come on...

Dan kisses his son, leaves. But at the door he turns and looks at his little boy.

DAN

You really want to know?

Dan leans in the doorway, watching his son in dim light.

DAN (CONT'D)

That masked man... He was your great-
great-uncle. John Reid. He fought
for the people who couldn't fight
for themselves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Britt stares up at his handsome dad in haunting light.

DAN (CONT'D)

Do you believe that?

YOUNG BRITT

No way.

DAN

But it's a good story. Good night, Britt. I love you. And mommy loves you. I'll be away on business when you get up. Be good for Sandro.

YOUNG BRITT

Good night, Dad...

THUNDER CUT -- BACK TO:

INT. REID STUDY -- MANSION -- NIGHT

This is all too much for one night. Britt puts the stuff back, closes the trunk locks it and covers it with the Navajo blanket as if he wants to forget he ever opened the thing.

Britt looks out the window at the pouring rain.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN DIEGO -- NIGHT

Down a sordid backstreet sits METRO CAB office and garage. Through the office window, someone we know. Kato delivers his night's take at the desk and walks out into the rain.

Hands in the pockets of his leather duster, he starts on foot down an alley.

TAXI MECHANIC

(calling after)

Hey! What the hell did you do to Number 7? Where's the muffler?

But the Cabby vanishes in the night mist.

DOWN AN ALLEY

Kato walks. Everything about him seems to evoke mystery. On light feet he walks, deeper in the alley--

Someone is stalking him. But he must have eyes in the back of his head because he WHIRLS as a SHADOW moves from a corner, and he upends the stalker with a vicious but dance-like heel sweep...dropping the stalker in the puddled street and balling a black gloved fist for the kill...all in a nano-second.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRITT

O'Malley...

Kato stares down at Britt Reid, on his back in the alley, rain-soaked and winded.

BRITT (CONT'D)

You better start talking.

KATO

In my country, it's the man who lands on his ass who has talking to do.

Britt opens a hand to reveal his small flip-phone.

BRITT

I can fill this alley with twenty Feds in six minutes. RBS Security. San Diego Police Department. I can get the goddamned Navy over from Coronado, man. I don't know what your game is, Cabby, but you deal straight with me or you deal with the feds.

Again Kato just stares. Then he offers a gloved hand. Britt takes it, pulls himself up to stare eye to eye.

KATO

I tried to reach your father, Reid. I tried...

BRITT

What's your real name?

KATO

That's no way to speak to an Irishman.

BRITT

Look. If you're going to bullshit me--

KATO

--in Hong Kong, I am called Kato.

BRITT

Who was after my father?

Kato doesn't answer. Just stares. Inscrutable.

BRITT (CONT'D)

I've got to be nuts to be--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATO

--if you are equal, fight if you are able. If you are fewer than keep away if you are able. If you are not as good, then run like hell...if you are able.

BRITT

Hootie and the Blowfish?

KATO

Sun Tzu. Art of War.

BRITT

I'm listening.

KATO

The man I tracked here from China is...it is hard to explain in your world. He is a high priest.

BRITT

Wait a minute, say this again--

KATO

Was priest. He passed through the 18th chamber of Shaolin Temple. Achieved high. Then went beyond. Through the inner door of ancient arts. He is Fat-zi.

BRITT

You're losing me...

HEADLIGHTS ease into the rain-slick alley. Kato uses an arm to coax Britt around the brick corner and hide. As the car drives by, Kato eyes it. Waits for it to pass.

KATO

Three-thousand years Shaolin art in dangerous hands. He has followers in China, Japan, Russia. U.S.

BRITT

Cult. That what you're saying?

KATO

Keepers of the Inner Door. Sect. Cult. Whatever you wish to call it.

BRITT

What's some sect from China have to do with my father? Makes no sense.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATO

Teacher's prophecy speaks of the
Four Horsemen of Technology. Your
father was big communications. Making
sense now?

BRITT

And why are you after this guy?

KATO

He insulted me. On a subway.

Britt throws a confounded look at Kato. Confounded.
Disturbed. Getting soaked by a cold rain.

BRITT

--I've got to call the feds. There's
no way--

KATO

--you already did.

BRITT

How do you know?

KATO

You appear reckless. Not stupid.

BRITT

No one believes me. They're upside
down over the plane accident--

KATO

--no accident.

Britt digests this, studies Kato intently.

KATO (CONT'D)

In Asia...the more the law becomes
involved, the stronger Teacher grows.
Like Shiva, growing more arms. He
can change shape, Reid.

BRITT

Okay. Can we hold the Quai-Chang-
Cane stuff for one breath here? My
father flew me out here to talk about
my future. We have a conversation
that I wish I could take back--but I
can't.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRITT (CONT'D)

Two hours later, his plane goes down in what looks like an accident, but what you say is the job of a holy-rolling mad man with a ninja army?

KATO

If Teacher's Followers wish to remove someone, they will. Eventually. Highly-trained in martial warfare.

BRITT

That's very encouraging.

KATO

Do what you want to, Reid. I have my own business to take care of.

BRITT

Where you staying?

KATO

Park.

Kato shirks down the dark alley.

BRITT

Hey...

(off Kato's pivot)

You saved my life, man. If you need a place to crash...

KATO

Park is good. I have little money.

BRITT

According to the family executor, as of today I own half of Utah, a Hockey team and Seven ranches between here and Kentucky. I think I can spare a room. But...anyone asks, you work for me.

KATO

I'm no house boy, Reid.

BRITT

Driver. You're my new driver. You're the worst driver I've ever seen...but you're my driver.

Kato smiles gamely at the ribbing. He considers. Looks down the alley at the sound of a dog barking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Always cautious.

KATO

You trust me, or you trust law. You
have to make choice.

BRITT

Already did. Let's get the hell out
of the rain.

EXT. REID TOWER -- NEXT MORNING

The sunny entrance to the modern alcazar is crowded with
PRESS and SIGHTSEERS; tiled walk lined with flowers and other
offerings from the public.

A white limo sneaks in through a side garage. But a CROWD
OF YOUNG WOMEN mob the car. Most hold flowers and cards,
but several hold copies of the San Diego Tribune that has
Britt's photo. The young and handsome heir to the media
empire.

INT. LIMO -- REVERSE ANGLE

BRITT looks out the tinted glass to see GIRLS pressing against
his tinted window.

Kato is at the wheel. He wears his black leather but now
the addition of a black chauffeur cap. He moves his Ray-Bans
onto the rear view.

Britt is not moving.

BRITT

I'm going in. I'm downloading what
I can. Then I'm getting the hell
out.

KATO

Move fast.

BRITT

You going to get my door?

Kato turns around slowly and looks at Britt.

BRITT (CONT'D)

Just go with the sham, will you?
And hang close. Anyone tries to
whack me, take their head off.

Kato gets out...

INT. REID TOWER -- INNER PORTICO -- MORNING

BRITT exits the limo wearing a leather jacket over T-shirt, cargoes and black Caterpillar boots, unlaced.

The phalanx of SECURITY MEN who open the doors for him all share the same expression: concern over the new boss who has the air of a millennium James Dean.

INT. ELEVATOR -- TOWER

Britt steps in to see Carmine Case, coffee in one hand, ill-kempt folder of hard copy in the other.

BRITT

I assume I'm in the right building...

She reacts to his jab. Looks slightly repentant.

CARMINE

I'm sorry...

BRITT

About mistaking me for a floater, or about my dad?

CARMINE

The gamut, Mr. Reid.

Britt finally looks at her and she meets his mettlesome gaze.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

You know the four w's of journalism? Who, what, where, and when. Never why. Your father broke those rules.

BRITT

That was his style.

CARMINE

That's what made him different. He always wanted to know more. Push the envelope, use the media. In the interest of public trust. He taught me the job from the boiler room up. He was like a father to me.

BRITT

Well, weren't you lucky.

The silence is a discomfoting one as they reach FLOOR 15 and the doors open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARMINE

He was on his way to Washington with Ed Banks, his senior news hound. He had a meeting scheduled later that day with the Attorney General.

Britt pushes R for Roof. Doors close. Lift climbs. Eyes meet again.

BRITT

Has anyone checked in with her?

CARMINE

Dan gave her no agenda. Just said it was urgent that he and Banks met with her right away. Never made it. And I'm working on that fifth W.

BRITT

They think there was a rudder problem with the plane.

CARMINE

Why do I feel like you don't believe that?

Britt just stares at her. They reach THE ROOF, doors open out onto So. Cal sunshine.

BRITT

I'm not here to address the goddamned shareholders, Miss Case.

Britt steps out onto the Tower roof and lights a smoke. She observes him, intrigued.

CARMINE

One more question, Mr. Reid.

Britt waits, eyes her.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Can I bum a smoke?

INT. REID MANSION -- STUDY -- NIGHT

Britt is up late, sitting at his father's computer and going through file after hacked file. He appears depleted, hasn't slept since the nightmare began.

Beside him, Kato sits, sifting through hard copy. Wearing a sleeveless black tee and baggy Kung Fu pants he no longer resembles a limo driver.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRITT

How's this for a track record? Banks covered the stories on Jonestown, the Branch Davidians, and a cult in Uganda. All religious sects. That was his specialty it seems.

KATO

Inner Door?

BRITT

Nothing. Nothing filed since a virus took out the data base a month ago.

Britt glances over at Kato to read his silence.

BRITT (CONT'D)

You going to pin that on Teacher, too?

KATO

Many of his followers are recruited from chemists, engineers and computer scientist. As I say: many arms.

BRITT

Many arms. But I'm finding jack.

KATO

Jack?

BRITT

Jack. Nada. Nothing.

KATO

There has to be a way in. Someone who left the sect who wishes to talk.

BRITT

That's the problem. Anyone who has left the sect seems to vanish from public record.

KATO

Teacher covers his tracks well.

Kato gets up and leaves Britt alone with his frustration. A phone rings. Britt answers it over the computer.

GATE SECURITY

Mr. Reid. I have Miss Case at the gate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRITT

Send her home.

GATE SECURITY

Sir?

Britt sighs, sits back.

BRITT

Send her in.

INT. REID MANSION -- NIGHT

Britt walks with Carmine Case across the enormous lobby. She has a rattan bag full of folders slung over a shoulder.

CARMINE

Navy located the flight data recorder in the bay. Computer navigation system failed. No bomb, no air strike. Investigation closed.

BRITT

You buy it?

CARMINE

At a certain point you have to report the facts.

BRITT

Then why are you here?

Carmine stops mid-stride, pulls a folder from her bag.

CARMINE

Thought you might want Banks' phone records from the last three months. Just in case those facts don't hold up.

Then MUSIC draws their attention to the open upper lobby: KATO, shirtless and wearing only baggy Kung Fu pants and sash. He is doing his tan, his Ba Gua forms, the controlled, snake hip moves from Taming the Tiger to Dragon Emerges from Cave. Only Kato does this ritual to the music of SNOOP DOGGY. Lethal Hip Hop. As sexy as it is deadly.

Britt shares her view.

BRITT

Now what do you call that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARMINE
(under a breath)
Way nasty...

Britt looks at her. She is entranced by the house guest.
And then Kato sees her. He stops at the upper rail and looks
down, wiping some sweat mist from his neck.

BRITT
My driver.

CARMINE
I want one.
(a beat)
I've got tape to cut before six.
Goodnight.

He watches her leave, uneasy. And uncomfortably attracted
to the forthright journalist.

BRITT
Miss Case...

CARMINE
Yeah?

BRITT
(re: folder)
Thank you.

She gives Britt a provisory nod, leaves. Britt opens the
folder, examines the goods.

EXT. GARDEN MAZE -- NIGHT

TWO DRONES open an iron gate and allow a Ford Bronco to drive
in. It has Texas plates.

INT. OLD VICTORIAN MANOR -- IN GARDEN MAZE -- NIGHT

The back of TEACHER. Purple robe, long skunk-striped locks,
seated on silk pillows. A TV flickers before him.

ON A TV SCREEN:

RBS THEME CUE
Live from RBS Headquarters in San
Diego...this is the Reid News Network.

Carmine Case is reporting live from the ashen crater of Gila
Basin Disposal Site. The wind rips at her hair, tugs at the
notes in her hand while ARSON INSPECTORS and MEXICAN FEDERALS
move about in b.g.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARMINE

(on TV)

Gila Basin, like many U.S. chemical stock depots, was five years behind schedule and millions over budget in their weapons disposal program...

Teacher sips some tea as he listens.

INTERIOR MINISTER

Teacher..

TEACHER

Minister. Tell me: this woman, this siren of Satan's Satellite Babylon...what does she look like?

Interior Minister shifts his eyes toward the TV monitor.

INTERIOR MINISTER

Young, Your Holiness. Fine featured.

TEACHER

A shame...

INTERIOR MINISTER

A man is here. He has located our B Sector. He is from the family of the nun who was trying to leave us. The daughter named 29.

TEACHER

Show him in.

THE INNER WALL OPENS

and in walks a very large BLACK MAN. Weight-lifter for sure. He wears jeans and a denim vest with nothing under it but 25 inch biceps and the chest of a Brahman bull.

With him are FOUR MORE GIANTS, none of them under 280 pounds. Like the defensive front five of the San Diego Chargers they approach the back of the peaceful TEACHER.

When the INTERIOR MINISTER tries to stop them from getting so close, the BIG MAN crushes him with a left hook.

BLACK MAN

This ain't gonna be no Waco, Mr. Whacko. Where's my little sister Tyra at? She called me...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEACHER slowly...slowly turns and faces the FIVE GIANTS. He wears tiny sunglasses and a beard cut in the long Shang Dynasty style. There is something beautiful and frightening about him at once. Most surprisingly he is young.

BIG MAN

I said...where's my sister, China man?

TEACHER

She is in training. She cannot be seen at this time.

BIG MAN

She signed over family property to you in Texas, China man. What's your game? Who signed this place over to you?

INTERIOR MINISTER

You are speaking to a high Buddha.

BIG MAN

I don't know what-all I'm speaking to and I don't care. Where's my sister and what kind of drugs you got her on?

TEACHER

Your sister freed herself of material bondage to seek the true Way of the Inner Door. She has gone to the high gardens, leaving you in your place of starvation. So rejoice for your sister...and leave.

The BIG MAN removes his sunglasses to reveal the eyes of a linebacker about to blitz.

BIG MAN

Look in my eyes, little man.

TEACHER removes his sunglasses. He has no eyes. Just whites. He is a blind man.

The huge BLACK MAN contorts his face, sweat breaking like rain. He attacks with the force of a freight train. TEACHER brings a hand up from his robe, blocks the man's attack and gently touches him. He goes down like a ton of mortar.

The OTHER FOUR charge, but TEACHER rising only onto one knee takes on the form of a Praying Mantis and unleashes Dim Mak strikes with such speed and precision that THREE OF THE BEEFS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

end up on their backs on the crushed stone grounds. One of them has a steel throwing star in him, never saw it pitched.

The LAST MAN pulls a 17 inch military knife and hammers the blade downward into TEACHER'S CHEST. And it stops. Like hitting cement. The man pushes with all his strength, but TEACHER is doing something that gives the whites of his eyes a slight bluish hue. His arms outward. The knife is not breaching flesh.

Now TEACHER does something very few have seen, if anyone outside of the 18th Chamber of the Shaolin Temple. He turns his palms toward the attacker in a graceful, blossoming flower gesture. He summons chi, highly-developed internal energy that cannot be seen, but felt like an unrelenting force.

The LAST MAN is trembling, ripped with muscle, as TEACHER turns palms out and just stares with his blind eyes.

The LAST MAN is suddenly hurled backward into the iron gate as if hit by an F-6 tornado. He is smashed like a locust.

TEACHER returns to his seat upon silk pillows. The INTERIOR MINISTER is now up, considering the results, the knife on the flag stone floor that is bent at an angle.

TEACHER

These men were never here.

EDGE MUSIC into--

INT -- REID LIMO -- LATE NIGHT

Kato drives. Britt sits in the luxury cabin, phone records and computer print-out taking over the back seat.

KATO

The girl. She brought you information...

BRITT

Reporter. What were you doing upstairs, man? Making sounds like a mongoose...what was that all about?

KATO

Building up chi.

BRITT

Building up what?

KATO

Chi. Internal energy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRITT

Is this a nightly thing? Because
the housekeeper's getting nervous.

KATO

When I find Teacher. I have to be
ready. You, too.

BRITT

And how do I build up my *chi*?

KATO

For a start...no girl.

BRITT

No girl. You mean no...

KATO

You understand.

BRITT

Are you serious?

Kato nods in the rear-view as he drives.

BRITT (CONT'D)

And how long have you been...building
up your...*chi*?

KATO

Two years.

BRITT

Christ. No wonder you beat the hell
out of people.

KATO

The tiger lives on the mountain. If
he ever comes down from the mountain,
it's for one reason only.

BRITT

Which is...

KATO

To kill.

Britt sits back in the cushy space as they pull up to the
SECURITY GATE -- MONTGOMERY FIELD. Kato inserts a security
card and the gates open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRITT

I came down from the mountain too,
Kato.

KATO

Yes. On a surf board.

BRITT

Number one: it's called a snow board.
Number two: don't condescend to me.
I don't need this, and I sure don't
need you, Charlie Chan.

KATO

Maybe not. Maybe you will get out
alive without me, Britt. But I need
you.

BRITT

I saw you weed-whack six ninjas like
they were nothing. Where do you get
off saying you need me.

Kato drives across the parking area of the private airport.

KATO

Teacher deals with men of power.
Money. Men who sit in the back of
limousines. Not with Chinese cab
drivers from Kowloon.

BRITT

You telling me that I'm tiger bait?

KATO

I'm telling you we need each other,
Reid. Or Teacher will get away.

BRITT

Pull up over here. Near the Hangar.

INT. AIRCRAFT GARAGE -- MONTGOMERY FIELD

Britt walks at a quick pace with a GROUND SUPERVISOR. Kato
lingers by the overhead door, watching flights take off.
Again he plays the dual role of Britt Reid's driver.

GROUND DIRECTOR

I was in charge of every take-off
your father ever made in that
particular Hawker. Nothing was
different. Everything checked out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As they enter an area where SIX GROUND PERSONNEL sit at a table on coffee break, Britt scans the men.

BRITT

Same ground crew?

GROUND DIRECTOR

Right down to catering. Your father liked Mike's Barbecue from over in Lemon Grove.

Kato has moved to the time clock and is casually sifting through time cards. He approaches the table with a deck of time cards in his hands.

KATO

Five man crew. Six time cards.

Britt looks over at Kato, piqued. The DIRECTOR reaches for the cards, shuffles through them. He stops at one card.

GROUND DIRECTOR

Oh. Bud...

The GROUND CREW at the coffee table chuckle as they finish their break and start for the tarmac. "Bud Man," and other ad-libs trail off with the laughter.

GROUND DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Bud doesn't work ground anymore. He was the Field's galley janitor. Let's just say ol' Buddy wasn't the sharpest tool in the shed. He quit on me mid-shift.

BRITT

When?

The Director looks at the card again.

GROUND DIRECTOR

Four days ago. Punched out at lunch and never came back.

BRITT

Give me what you have on him.

GROUND DIRECTOR

That's against field regulations--

Britt looks at Kato. The driver reaches inside his duster and produces a pair of black nunchakus on a chain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GROUND DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
How about a green card number?

INT. REID LIMO -- DRIVING -- NIGHT

In the backseat, Britt hangs up the cell phone.

BRITT
News team ran a check. Some janitor.
Bud's name is Oleg Budjovich. Dr.
Budjovich. Computer scientist from
the former Soviet Union...

KATO
Working as janitor?

BRITT
Head to Spanish Landing.

EXT. SPANISH LANDING -- DOCKS -- NIGHT

A small stocky man with a red crew-cut and albino eyes walks between Britt and Kato, his hands jammed deep in the pockets of a windbreaker. The three are alone, lit by a dock light and the moon. Coastal mist hangs thick.

BUD
I clean the plane. They tell me
clean toilet, but toilet she back up
all the time on small jet, so I tell
them no, no good. I quit.

BRITT
Four days ago.

Budjovich shrugs as he walks along.

BUD
You want to see work visa? I have.

BRITT
The day after a plane took off from
your ground detail and crashed.

BUD
Is true. She crashing in ocean. So
what you are wanting?

KATO
What's that tattoo? On your hand?

Bud lifts his calloused right hand. A dragon tattoo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUD

Drunk in Czech Army long ago. Can't
take off now.

BRITT

The thing that amazes me, *Doctor...*

Budjovich stops walking.

BRITT (CONT'D)

--is that a man with a PhD in computer
science and a former electronics
specialist with the KGB, would be
working as a galley janitor, cleaning
toilets on small aircraft.

BUD

Who are you?

KATO

We're asking the questions. What
you know about Inner Door Sect?

BUD

Nothing.

BRITT

Bullshit.

BUD

How do I know Teacher didn't send
you?

KATO

Because you're smart. That's why
you're running out on them.

BRITT

You're booked on a flight back to
Moscow in the morning, am I right?
We have the means to cancel that
trip.

Budjovich squints at these young guys in the night fog.

BUD

There was no job after fall of Soviet
Union. These people find me, offer
me good money to work for them. But
I must join the religion. I did.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUD (CONT'D)

The Teacher...he is powerful priest. I saw thing made him levitate, and I am man of science. He broke law of inertia.

KATO

What else did you see?

Bud almost goes ashen at the question. He looks out into the fog on the water.

BUD

Enough. Enough to make me believe in Devil. In China he attacked commuters with nerve gas. People's skin melted off. Little childrens...

Kato walks away a few steps. Something disturbs him deeply.

BUD (CONT'D)

Those who try to leave...never seen again. You can enter door but cannot get out.

BRITT

You monkey-wrenched the computer navigation system on that Hawker.

BUD

I have paid my alms. I am free man.

BRITT

Where's Teacher's camp?

BUD

(laughing, detached)
Which one?

BRITT

Here. In this city. We know he's here.

BUD

I can no help you--

Britt attacks him, goes for his lapels.

BRITT

--my father was on that plane,
Comrade! I'll bury you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUD

Speak to this one the Dwarf. The
one who runs hog farm in Escondido.
He keeps them fed.

BRITT

Hog farm?

BUD

It's coming. At Noon on the vernal
equinox. I will be far from here.

BRITT

What's coming?

ON THE WATER beyond the docks, a JET SKI is skimming over
the dark water, a RIDER bucking waves hard from behind a
head lamp.

BUD

I gave my last alms. Now I go. It's
coming. Like nothing you have ever
seen...

Kato is standing down a ways on the dock. He observes the
Jet Ski Rider. Something is amiss; doesn't like it. But he
stands there in the fog, hands in the pockets of his black
leather...and then he whirls...

ON THE WATER--the Jet Ski Rider stands in his saddle and
trains an assault rifle at the docks. GUNFIRE EXPLODES--

KATO

REID!

Kato lunges at Britt and the RIDER HAMMERS the pier with a
FUSILLADE and--

BLOWS BUDJOVICH into a violent tarentella. Kato knocks Britt
out of the bullet line.

The Jet Ski is gone. Grinding into the blackness at 150
horse-power, light off.

Britt crawls urgently to the wounded man, looks in his face
as life leaves him.

BRITT

You got off easy, you sell-out
sonvabitch.

Suddenly, the HEADLAMP returns! Cutting fog, it grinds
straight for the dock. But there is no one on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It is riderless, but set on a collision course with the pier.

Britt and Kato don't wait to make sense of it. They career down the jetty, running as hard as they can. The riderless JET SKI is grinding closer...

KATO

Now...

And they leap. Before the dock even ends, they vault in high tandem as the DOCK EXPLODES IN THE NIGHT behind them, detonated by the wad of C-4 rigged to the Jet Ski.

ON THE LANDING

Britt and Kato watch the sky seethe with bluish fire...then they get into the limo and gun away as DOCK WORKERS gather in the distance, stunned.

INT. LIMO -- NIGHT

Kato drives. Silent. In a zone. Britt is punching in phone numbers on the cell.

BRITT

Dr. Strangelove paid his way out by doing a sabotage job for the sect.

KATO

No such thing as leaving the Inner Door. They were watching him. He was a dead man before we got there, Reid.

BRITT

What's this vernal equinox shit? He said something's coming.

KATO

In China it is called *mappo*. The day when the teachings of Buddha are forgotten and the world turns to chaos.

BRITT

This is it, right here...

Kato pulls over to the curb. He sees something disconcerting.

KATO

You are kidding me, Reid. Tell me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRITT

It's the only hog farm in Escondido.

POV: a neon sign advertises THE HOG FARM. It is a bar. A motorcycle bar of a strange kind.

KATO

How will it get me to Teacher?

BRITT

I don't know. But what the hell else do we have to go on? You wait here. Keep the motor running...

Kato puts her in park and sighs, flustered. Not feeling good about this avenue.

INT. THE HOG FARM -- NIGHT

A biker bar. Nasty, tattooed, leather-vested RIDERS. Not moth-balled California outlaws, but the new biker: the cyber-punk cowboy and METAL GIRLS.

RIDERS drink and CHEER on a METAL GIRL in leather who dances on the bar with an iguana.

Britt walks through the club, having a look. Eyes begin to fall on him as he makes his way through the biker crowd.

He obviously doesn't belong here and a massive skin-head RIDER intercepts him.

RIDER

Hey. I know you?

SIX RIDERS at the bar, relish the moment. Fall in.

BRITT

I'm looking for the...for the vertically challenged individual who runs this club.

RIDER

Say what?

BRITT

Where's the dwarf?

RIDER

Where you think you are? Barnum and fucking Bailey?

LAUGHTER. Metal Girl laughter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRITT
Who runs this place?

Things go silent.

RIDER
What you sellin'? Pecan sandies?

A METAL GIRL eases closer, more tattoos than skin.

METAL GIRL
Hey. I know him. You're the Reid
guy. Dan Reid's kid. On the TV...

BRITT
No, you got the wrong guy...

Britt pushes forward. But a big hand grabs his shirt, spins him.

RIDER
Talk to this, you uptown piece of--

Britt slams him. Punches him square in the face. The big guy falls back, spilling a clutch of bigger guys. Momentary shock. Then CHAOS breaks.

METAL GIRL
It is! It's him! Seen him in the
papers!

A SECOND RIDER throws a haymaker, knocks Britt into tables--

RIDER
I don't care who the punk is...

The place goes balls-out bastinado.

INT. LIMO -- PARKED -- NIGHT

Kato sees what's going on inside. He watches for a moment then very calmly, slowly, he adjusts his cap.

KATO
Baby sitter...

INT. THE HOG FARM -- NIGHT

One Rider has Britt's arms pinned behind him while the one with bloodied nose grabs a tire iron and steps in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIDER

First I'm gonna kick your ass. Then
I'm gonna sue you for twenty mil.

He swings the iron. Something stops it in flight. Kato.
He locks eyes with the skin-head.

RIDER (CONT'D)

Who the hell are you?

KATO

Driver.

Laughter spreads, the biker crowd grows.

RIDER

Let go of my wrench, Pork fry, and
get your ass down the road.

Kato smiles that ill-omened smile and Britt knows what it
means.

BRITT

(to Rider)

If I were you, I'd apologize and
offer him a tequila. No lime.

RIDER

And what if I don't?

BRITT

He'll take his left foot. Kick you
on the left side of your face. And
there's not a damn thing your tattooed
ass can do about it.

Kato gives Britt an "I'm going to do what??" look. The
RIDERS laugh.

RIDER

I'm waitin'.

A BIKER behind Kato makes a move with a 14 inch Phillip's
Head. Kato gyres. Takes out the attacker--CRACK!--then
keeps whirling. Kato snatches the tire iron from the other
guy at the same time he leopard rakes him then--

VORTEXES the room, decking BIKERS, wind-milling through the
air in "coiling dragon" and RUNNING STRAIGHT UP THE WALL,
reverse somersaulting and landing--

ON THE BAR

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

where he does something that stuns even Britt. He slides himself like a human shotglass, down the length of the bar with the tire iron extended and he dominoes SEVEN RIDERS sitting at the bar. Empties stools. Then he leaps from the bar to--

KICK THE SKIN-HEAD RIDER exactly where Britt proposed. Physical poetry.

BRITT

Warned you.

The RIDER is SMASHED through the PLATE GLASS.

A FAT BIKER grabs a club and comes at Britt, cursing. Britt ducks a full bore swing and--

THREE RIDERS

catch the impetus, go down.

Britt BREAKS A BOTTLE over the guy's shaved head.

Kato grabs Britt by the jacket--

KATO

We've got to get out of here. The police.

That's when he emerges. The DWARF. A dwarf in black leather vest, massive arms, tattoos and Harley boots. He's diminutive, but the heater he hefts is huge.

THE DWARF

You're barking up the wrong tree, rich boy. You hear me?

EXT. HOG FARM -- NIGHT

Britt and Kato run into POPPING FLASHBULBS of the PAPARAZZI; approaching SIRENS; pursuing BIKERS.

BRITT

It was a raw hunch, that's all.

KATO

Do you still have that plane ticket? Because I'm dropping you off at the curb.

BRITT

Hell you are. Drive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They get into the limo and wheel out.

INT. REID TOWER -- CONFERENCE ROOM -- NEXT MORNING

INSERT: Dallas Morning Standard features a front page photo of BRITT REID flailing a punch at the camera and the headline: BAR ROOM BRITT! Media Brat in Metro Brawl.

CEO, RICHARD BLUTHORN slaps the paper on the conference table. He's a fatherly-type but roiled with the stress of rebounding.

BLUTHORN

What do you think of the good son,
now? This guy is a liability...

Around the table, concerned faces of BOARD MEMBERS.

BLUTHORN (CONT'D)

Dan's gone, we're trying to keep the
ship afloat let alone cover the coup
in East Timor without Ed Banks, and
we've got the legal heir--our new
president-- fighting in biker bars??
This kid is a loose cannon. We've
got to get him out of here...

Carmine sits at the table, studying the photo. Carmine
appears both amused and troubled.

INT. REID ESTATE -- STUDY -- MORNING

Britt unlocks the yellow pine trunk. He removes the Colt
pistol. The mask. He studies the latter, deep in thought.

KATO (O.S.)

Time to go--

Britt turns, startled. Conceals the trunk's contents. Kato
observes. He sees the ancient mask.

KATO (CONT'D)

You okay?

BRITT

Yeah...just thinking...

KATO

Heirloom?

BRITT

John Reid. My father's great uncle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATO

A bandit.

Britt glances at Kato, says nothing. For a moment.

BRITT

He was a Texas Ranger...survived an ambush by corrupt Mexican Federales--

THUNDER CUT TO:

SURREAL BLACK AND WHITE SHOT: A GATLING GUN RATATATTATS THE SAND, MEN ARE BLOWN OUT OF SADDLES. -- CONTINUOUS

CUT TO:

BRITT, HIS EYES.

BRITT

--They were stealing crops from some village. John Reid survived the ambush. A year later, he went out looking for these Federales. At night--

THUNDER CUT TO:

BLACK MASK. A MAN ON A HORSE AS IT REARS. HE'S NO LONE RANGER. TOO DARK, FRIGHTENING. AND AGAIN, WE'RE IN CLOSE ON--

BRITT

He took them out. Stories traveled. No one knew who it was behind the mask. He'd come out at night. Did some bad things according to these old papers. Or good things. Depending on which side of the border you were on. Some called him a criminal. I always thought it was just a family story. Legend.

KATO

Truth in all legend, Britt. Somewhere.

BRITT

John Wilson Reid started it. The Reid legacy. A guy doing the same thing with a mask and a gun that my grandfather did with the Daily Sentinel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATO

Same thing your father was doing
with his media.

BRITT

Maybe.

KATO

It is the family name. To do what's
just.

BRITT

See, that's what you don't get. I
was never cut out to be a media
crusader, Kato. And I sure as hell
could never be a Texas Ranger. I go
my own way.

KATO

That's called running.

BRITT

Call it what you want.

KATO

Mask of the ancestors has power.

BRITT

Say again?

KATO

In old China, the mask was used in
hunting. Warfare. Transformation
of spirit. Putting on the mask
connected the warrior with his
ancestors. The face is day, see.
The mask is night. Yin becomes Yang.
Common man a warrior.

BRITT

So are you saying...if I put on the
mask...I'll achieve some kind of
metaphysical power?

KATO

No. You'll just look like a
metaphysical idiot.

Britt does a take.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATO (CONT'D)

Nothing to do with putting on a mask, Britt. A mask is to hide the truth from others. To be a warrior is to reveal the truth...to the self.

BRITT

Look, I can't shine the Reid family rodeo buckles let alone inherit a legacy of doing 'what's just.' All I know is I want to find His ass-Holiness and bury him before he kills anyone else.

Britt leaves the room, tense.

KATO

Britt...

At the door, Britt stops. But does not turn.

KATO (CONT'D)

Teacher is going to find you before you find him. Be ready.

Kato watches Britt storm outside, angry.

EXT. REID MANSION -- POOL AND GARDEN AREA -- LATER

Wearing sweats and boxing gloves, Britt is shadow duking. Standing in place he fires a flurry of combinations. He's fast. Angry. Jab-cross-uppercut; jab-cross-uppercut. He unloads. All he's got. Like a wild man. And it'd be fairly damned impressive if--WHAM!--his legs didn't go out from under him and he didn't hit the tiles on his back.

BRITT

Shit! How do you do that?

Kato stands over him, calmly. Not only calmly, but he is eating a sandwich. Done with it, he dusts off his hands.

KATO

What is well-planted cannot be uprooted. Try again. You're doing well.

Britt pulls himself back up, breathing fierce. Kato walks slowly around him. Been a long day of this. Hours maybe.

KATO (CONT'D)

Control anger. Change it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRITT
(shadow boxing)
Change it. To what?

KATO
To water. Swallow the opponent.

Kato continues his circle, slowly bringing his hands up.
(What he is walking is known as the BaGua circle, Britt in the center).

KATO (CONT'D)
Or he will swallow you. Retreat,
and advance--

Britt charges with the reckless energy of an extreme daredevil. Kato merely sucks in Britt's energy and helps him continue his momentum...right into THE WALL.

Britt hits the crushed stone ground. When he looks up, Kato is still walking the circle slowly, hands in graceful position of "Dragon Opens its Mouth."

KATO (CONT'D)
Yes. Teacher will love to meet you.
You and all your anger.

BRITT
Anger? Sucker killed my father.

KATO
Old anger. You still carry it, Britt.
Let it go.

Britt gets up and hits Kato low, a brutal tackle. Kato does some contemporary wushu that leaves Britt clutching at nothing, and landing on one knee, exhausted.

BRITT
Yo. Master Po. Can we get a beer
now?

KATO
Control of the being is like the
combination of a safe. One turn of
the knob rarely unlocks the safe.

BRITT
Okay, I get the yin and yang deal.
But you know what? We have no time
to play "the bamboo bends but does
not break" with this mad man. You
ever hear the expression Speed Rules?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATO

No.

BRITT

I say we do what my father was going to do: annihilate him in the media. Smoke him out of his cave.

KATO

I don't think you understand about Yin and Yang yet.

BRITT

I don't think you understand about loss.

What happens here occurs with such velocity and surprise that Britt isn't sure if he is up against the wall or flat on his back. But Kato is on him, eyes fixed, right hand raised high in a tiger hand...that wants to come down hard and kill.

The earth seems to stop spinning on its axis. Britt breathes hard, looks scared. It is the wall. He's against the wall.

BRITT (CONT'D)

Hey, K-man...lighten up...

Kato is like a coiled viper, lean muscle taut as ship rope, eyes looking into Britt's soul. And that's probably what stops him from jamming his 74th meridian.

Slowly, Kato releases him. Collects himself. Walks away. Stops near the house, his back to Britt.

KATO

The subway that Teacher attacked in China. Thirty-four dead. My family... they were on that train.

BRITT

I'm sorry, man. I...

Kato never looks back, continues walking away, a wounded drifter.

BRITT (CONT'D)

Shit. I'm sorry...

INT. REID ESTATE -- MEDIA ROOM -- DAY

ON A GIANT FLAT PANEL TV: Carmine Case from dated news tape.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARMINE

(on TV)

According to U.S. Army inventory,
all of the declassified stockpile in
Gila Basin's J block was destroyed
in the chemical explosion...

Britt is in front of the flat screen, staring. Kato enters
the room, putting his duster on. He looks loaded for tiger.

KATO

I want to try the Chinese Embassy.
See what they know...

BRITT

Kato, check this out.

KATO

You like this girl. I know this.
You watch her over and over. Enough.
Come on. Not good for chi.

BRITT

Never mind my chi.

KATO

I'm not worried about your's, I'm
worried about mine. She's a beautiful
woman.

Britt rewinds the tape again. And again.

CARMINE

(on TV)

...seventy metric tons of VX nerve
agent, land mines, and dozens of
canisters...

He rewinds and plays again. Now Kato has moved up alongside
him and shares the view. Something in there...Kato hears
it, too. He watches Britt, searches his eyes.

Britt throws himself into a leather office chair and wheels
it across the room to a computer that he attacks with two
fingers and the air of a fever.

EXT. REID ESTATE -- DAY

Kato and Britt move at an urgent pace up the long drive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRITT

--a tenth of a drop on human skin
can kill a man in forty seconds.
World leaders banned its use via the
Geneva protocol--

KATO

--it blew up in fire. In Mexico.

BRITT

--seventy metric tons of VX orange,
up in flames? It would have laid
waste to the Indian Reservation 28
miles southeast of the disposal site.
People in the village across the
border would have at least gotten
sick. Nothing. Not even a dead sheep.

KATO

I don't like what you're saying,
Reid:

They reach the white limo. GATE SECURITY is watching; they
see a passionate encounter going on.

BRITT

(quietly)
Get my door. They're watching.

KATO

Right...

Kato opens the back door. Britt starts in, but lingers to
drive his point home.

BRITT

Teacher hit that site. He raided
it, he copped the VX, and he made it
look like an industrial accident.
He's sitting on 70 tons of nerve gas
that can bring this city to its knees.

KATO

Mappo. The day of chaos.

BRITT

Armageddon. Zero Hour; whatever.
He's picked this City as his platform.
And my father knew it.

Kato is sweating like a horse in a final lap.

INT. REID BROADCASTING TOWER -- NEWS ROOM -- DAY

Bluthorn is there with SEVERAL CORPORATE OLD GUARDS and Carmine Case. News Stringer RIZZULO is there, too: a somewhat sleazy photo-journalist.

CARMINE

You want me to go to Mammoth? Right now?

BLUTHORN

I want you to get a season ski pass for this kid. Entice him. Go with him. Wear leather. Sleep with him if you have to, Carmine--

CARMINE

--Lay off him, Richard. He's a decent guy. Just...different. Just...

WHAM! Britt explodes into the room like a tornado.

BRITT

Everybody get the hell out of here. Now.

After a stunned moment, Bluthorn and the others listen, evacuate. But Britt stops Carmine.

CARMINE

Nice entry. Very genteel.

BRITT

Gila Basin.

CARMINE

Done. We wrapped the story.

BRITT

Unwrap it. Seventy tons of nerve agent. It wasn't there when the place blew. He's got it.

CARMINE

Who's got it? What are you saying?

BRITT

I know who killed my father, Carmine. And I know why.

CARMINE

Someone out there has the M-55's from Gila Basin?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRITT

He's got a ninja army, he's got
Cambodian nerve gas, and we've got
two days.

CARMINE

Two days?

BRITT

At Noon on the vernal equinox.

CARMINE

Keep talking...I'm with you.

BRITT

Keepers of the Inner Door. Religious
sect from Asia. Anti-tech doomsday
cult.

CARMINE

Inner Door, Incorporated.

BRITT

You've been onto them...

CARMINE

No. Seems you have though.

Carmine digs through chaos, hands Britt a floppy.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Not the type who goes picking fights
in biker bars. Wanted to know why.
Checked out the establishment. The
Hog Farm and half a block of real
estate is owned by I.D.I. Inner Door
Incorporated. Their Tokyo chapter
anyway...

Britt stares, absorbing.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Maybe its in your blood despite
yourself. But you're pretty damned
good, Reid.

Britt calculates the new info then winnows out the room like
the same tempest that smashed in.

EXT. PRIVATE GARDEN MAZE -- DAY

DRONES form a line deep in the garden courtyard and, one-by-
one, they lug vinyl bags of something--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INTO A GREEN HOUSE CONSERVATORY

where SECT CHEMISTS in gas masks and full-body suits transfer nerve agent from stolen M-55 canisters...into smaller, heat-sealed nylon bags.

These gas bags are then zipped inside backpacks, duffel bags, briefcases...like an assembly line.

INT. REID LIMO -- MOVING DOWN HIGHWAY 5

Kato does 80 in the fast lane while speaking Mandarin on the cell phone. When he disconnects:

KATO

Chinese embassy knows nothing about the sect in the U.S. Jack. Asian tradition: you don't mess with organized religion, no matter what form. They don't touch it.

BRITT

We've got two days to find him, man. And ten seconds to make a decision: do we go to the Feds?

KATO

I tried. You tried. Teacher would prefer us to do that. He knows how to play that game. We have to stop him ourselves. Only way, Britt...

And then a Motorcycle pulls up alongside the limo, passing on the left. A lime green Kawasaki speed scooter. Riding the bike is a young woman in a silver sateen trenchcoat belted over very little else but stiletto heeled sandals.

Britt glides his window down.

BRITT

Hey, Kato. Scan the product.

KATO

Yes. I wish they all could be California girl. But not today, Reid.

BRITT

Yo betty. Want to ride in style?

KATO

Look away. When you can rise above your weakness, you'll prevail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRITT

Do you always have all the answers,
Grasshopper?

KATO

No. If I did...I wouldn't be here,
driving Miss Daisy.

Britt can't resist the wind-swept view. POV: surprise!
It's the Hong Kong Anita with body-brands and steel through
her lip and eyebrow. She has tape across her nose where
Kato once broke it with his heel.

With her tanned legs straddling the machine and sateen trench
flagging in the wind, she aims a 9mm at Britt and shows her
studded tongue in defiance.

REVERSE -- KATO glides Britt's window up just as ANITA UNLOADS
and BULLETS POP OFF THE PROOFED GLASS and Britt hits the
floor.

The pretty assassin on the green Ninja weaves into traffic
and throttles away off an exit.

BRITT

Stay with her...

KATO

Come on, door woman. Lead us to
Teacher.

GAS PEDAL FLATTENS.

CAR AND NINJA CHASE -- HIGHWAY 5

A white stretch chasing a little green Ninja speed scooter
in broad daylight at rush hour.

The Hong Kong succubus gets hemmed in. She tries to weave
in and out, but traffic is gridlocked. She's stuck. So she
leans over to ask the driver of a BMW if he will back up a
foot.

He gives her a rush hour sneer, starts to say something vile.
So she sticks the 9mm in his mouth. He drops into REVERSE
AND SLAMS THE TRAFFIC BEHIND HIM. The Hong Kong biker girl
finds her chink and is gone...

INT. REID LIMO -- IN TRAFFIC -- DAY

Kato slams a gloved hand on the wheel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRITT

It's all right, man. When the sun goes down, we're going to hit this guru where he *breathes*.

KATO

Yeah. Britt Reid and his Chinese driver. Sneaking around San Diego in a white stretch limo.

BRITT

Head home. My father's got another car in the garage.

CUT TO:

INT. DAN REID'S GARAGE -- NIGHT

THE DOOR OPENS ON BLACKNESS. A LIGHT GOES ON. KATO enters...and he reacts to what he sees:

Forty some-odd high-end automobiles. Vintage cars and Indian motorcycles; even a restored '66 Chrysler Imperial with fins (a homage for the Boomers). Kato walks through a veritable treasure-trove of "toys."

BRITT

(from behind)

My dad liked cars.

KATO

Nice cars.

BRITT

You're the driver, Kato. Take your pick.

Kato looks at Britt like a kid who has just been given the keys to F.A.O Schwarz after midnight.

Kato walks slowly down the rows, but his attention keeps getting drawn back to the '66 Chrysler.

KATO

Open the door, Reid. I like this one.

Britt picks up a remote. He tries different pad codes to unlock the door.

BRITT

You like vintage, yeah?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Something odd happens. The overhead door opposite goes ...and behind it sits something sumptuous. In black.

A year 2000 BUGATTI LIMO. Shiny as an 8-ball. Tinted windows, sleek Thunderbird lines.

KATO

Screw vintage. Speed rules.

CUT TO:

EXT. REID GARAGE -- NIGHT

Here it comes. The Black Beauty. It emerges from the garage, Kato in black at the wheel. But when he gives it gas--it ACCELERATES forward like nothing he's ever known.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY -- NIGHT

Kato brakes an inch from the iron gates. He collects himself...then smiles. This is going to be fun.

Britt is in the luxury cabin, recovering.

BRITT

I don't even want to look under the hood. That power plant can't be legal.

ON A COMPUTER MONITOR that sits in the bar console: 3-D SPECS of the vehicle itself. Britt adjusts the LED.

BRITT (CONT'D)

My father's security vehicle. Made in Italy. Upgraded at JPL. From the good people that gave us the Apache helicopter. You've got to love Dan Reid.

Kato adjusts in the driver's seat, examines the high-tech dash and GPS screen.

BRITT (CONT'D)

Let's roll...

Kato looks at Britt in the rearview. Then he turns, hands back something. It is the black mask.

KATO

Put it on.

BRITT

Wait a minute, I thought you said--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATO

--Prince Charles has better chance
of going unrecognized than you. Put
it on.

Britt holds the ancient leather mask, thinking this through.

EXT. THE INNER DOOR COMPOUND -- GARDEN MAZE -- NIGHT

Under lights in the courtyard, fifty some-odd NINPO AGENTS
train. High-level martial arts; swordsmanship; military
formations. Teacher's COMMANDO SQUAD.

TEACHER (V.O.)

We are warriors in the land of
idolatry, the Center of Commerce and
World Rule. The Digital City where
computer progress is outracing
progress...

INT. TEACHER'S VICTORIAN MANOR -- NIGHT

SECT DRONES sit in robes, staring at a TV that runs a video
of Teacher as he speaks the word. There are more SPEAKERS
THAN WALLS, making his voice DEAFENING. Maddening. While--

OUT IN A ZEN GARDEN

TEACHER is doing an ancient Gung Fu form. An 800 year-old
tiger form. He moves like a tiger as he whirls, double
claws...

TEACHER (V.O.)

Technology will be destroyed. The
ancient powers shall endure...

A TIGER LUNGES -- a big Bengal Tiger like an image right out
of ancient Chinese lore. But it is actually in a walled
exhibit at--

THE SAN DIEGO ZOO

on a sunny day. CHILDREN mill about, looking in at the tiger.
ZOO VISITORS grin, eat churros, push babies in
strollers...while among them walks a young Asian girl we've
seen in the sect. Only now she wears a Padres cap, Walkman
headphones, USC T-shirt and backpack. *(These images are
surreal; hand-held video; they could just be Teacher's
scenario as he plans it, or it might be a dress rehearsal
for the big day).*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

This day when America's Digital City
has five-hundred people of normal
appearance walking her streets, her
schoolyards, convention halls and
office buildings...riding her buses
and trains...

CITY IMAGES: Balboa Park where a BALD MAN WITH BRIEFCASE and
Walkman sits on a bench and smiles at a mother feeding a
young child ice cream. He puts his briefcase on his lap,
unlatches it...

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

And at the hour of reckoning...my
Holy Couriers will deliver the
Message...

AT THE ZOO -- the Asian Girl leans on the tiger wall and
removes her backpack.

IN BALBOA PARK -- THE MAN WITH BRIEFCASE opens it.

IN THE CONVENTION CENTER -- a STRANGER puts down a backpack.
Lifts an umbrella.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

And on the holy day of the
Equinox...we will know that we have
been called into the Kingdom for
such a time as this...along with one-
hundred and fifty thousand people...we
shall leave this profane world of
starvation...do not weep for the
population, there is no saving them.
Only the cleansing of evil Karma. A
devine spring cleaning...

He drives the pointed umbrella downward-- It punctures the
back pack-- A HORRIBLE MIST escapes with violent pressure.
It sucks the oxygen right of the air and sucks the light
from the SCREEN.

WE ARE IN BLACK. Deep and silent black.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Prepare.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY -- NIGHT

A light clicks on. In the rear cabin of the black limo,
Britt faces the mirrored panels.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Slowly, as if in ritual, Britt slides the ancient black leather mask down over his eyes and nose. He stares at himself. His eyes peer from black mask. It is a pivotal moment. Atavistic even.

But it is not Britt. He removes the mask. Puts on another. The green Helix snow goggles we first met him in on the mountain. Futuristic wrap-arounds that conceal his face more than the original family mask. And more hip.

KATO

Much better. Yeah...

Feels right. The legacy needs to move forward not backward.

Then he pulls his hood up in the snowboarding "air hoodlum" fashion. Maybe he can't yet relate to Kato's rap about the transformation of spirit, advancing closer to true self-knowledge, but he feels *something*. Something that he knows he can't turn back from now.

THEME CUE BEGINS. A Joe Satriani/Stevie Vai VH-1 guitar-melting version of FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLEBEE. ROCK INTO--

EXT. REID MANSION -- REAR COMPOUND -- NIGHT

The Black Beauty cruises out into the night.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN DIEGO -- NIGHT

Bustling with NIGHT LIFE, heads turning when the sleek black Bugatti roars up Market Street.

It's the year 2000. The Rolling Arsenal doesn't just roll.

It rocks.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY -- DRIVING -- NIGHT

Kato's black leather gloves grip the wheel.

Riding in back, Britt surveys the streets in his green Helix mask, awed by the backseat tech...

He pokes at a keypad and a burlled walnut bar opens to reveal: A HIGH-RESOLUTION TOUCH SCREEN lit up with the address 151 Kenner Blvd. A CITY WEB CAM not only reveals the street and architecture, it shows the facade from angles; the construction blue prints; every floor. Downloads images.

BRITT

My dad always hated to ask for directions...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATO
(eyes in rearview)
I'm liking this ride.

Suddenly, Kato is bothered by a car tailing them. LOUD MUSIC. Real loud music. The vehicle, a low-riding muscle car passes them with aggression and juvenile glee, BLASTING LOS LOBOS and flipping the limo the bird. They cut sharply in front of the black ride.

KATO (CONT'D)
They want to fight.

BRITT
No, no, no--they don't want to fight.
They're punks. Just give them the
high beams.

KATO
The what?

BRITT
High beams. That's what we do in
America. Hit 'em.

KATO
You hit people with high beams?

BRITT
Yeah. It's an art form.

Kato fumbles with the stalk at the wheel, tries a foot switch.

EXT. BOULEVARD -- DOWNTOWN NIGHT -- NIGHT

The Black Beauty's headlights turn high-resolution GREEN. A HEAD UP DISPLAY is projected onto the windshield detailing the target. TWO CYLINDERS open from beneath the headlights and UNLOAD A FULL MAGAZINE ROUND OF FIRE POWER--

BLOWING ALL FOUR TIRES OFF THE MUSCLE CAR.

KATO
Uh-oh.

BRITT
That was rude, Kato.

The BLACK BEAUTY smokes around the impaired muscle car and shocked rowdies and hammers south.

EXT. THE HOG FARM -- NIGHT

THE BLACK BEAUTY rolls sleek under street lights. Kato glides his tinted window down. He, too, is wearing a mask: Oakley shades, hip Hong Kong style. He scouts as he drives into a back alley.

A MASSIVE BIKER who guards the alley entrance, approaches the car.

BIKER
Who's in the limo?

KATO
Nice night...

Rear window glides down. BIKER GUARD peers in. Sees a guy in hood and green mask. Kato moves his gloved hand, zips a qigong dart. Hits the Biker in his left arm. He takes a step back, falls against the alley wall and slides to his ass, out for the night.

KATO (CONT'D)
...for a nap anyway.

BRITT
You're looking at sect property,
Kato.

KATO
If he is in here somewhere. I kill
him first.

BRITT
We'll flip a coin.

EXT. THE HOG FARM BUILDING -- NIGHT

The Black Beauty: TRUNK POPS open; a turret angles; and SHOOTs A GRAPPLING HOOK AND CABLE four stories skyward where it catches on an air-conditioning unit.

Like masked cat burglars, the two night riders climb the cable. Up to the AC unit where they now need to reach a window ten feet above. They are breathing hard.

BRITT
I'm amped...

KATO
It's why you jump off mountains on
bicycle. Because you like risk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRITT
Adrenaline junky.

Kato is staring at him, there in the dark as they catch their breath.

BRITT (CONT'D)
I know what you're thinking, man. I do it because, deep down, I want to die. Right? I do it because of a sub-conscious need to take the tube.

KATO
No. You do it because it's the one thing your father could not do.

Britt looks at Kato. The driver is unraveling a paracord.

KATO (CONT'D)
Maybe he knew this. Maybe he knew you were more like John Reid than he was.

BRITT
Maybe you better make the jump.

KATO
Why? You're good with air. You go.

BRITT
Wait a minute. Are you *choking* on me?

Too late--!

A Q-BEAM SECURITY LIGHT hits them square on the four story AC unit. TWO ARMED BIKERS look up, feeling adrenaline themselves. They look more like futuristic road-warriors than Hell's Angels.

BIKERS
FREEZE, assholes!

Britt jumps. Holding to a slide throttle with one hand, he rides the steep cable down at a furious speed, duster tailing like a cape.

The BIKERS OPEN FIRE! Bullets pound the air, the wall of the building, the AC Unit that Kato leaps from to grab the ledge above!

SPARKS scrape the night as the man in mask and hood rails downward to kick one Biker in the jaw, knocking him and his

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

gun to the asphalt. The second guard makes a move, but KATO hurls another qigong dart.

Britt throws the biker's leather open, grabs a computerized key card, jumps the cable and shimmies back up...makes it in through the FIFTH STORY WINDOW.

INT. BRICK WAREHOUSE -- FIFTH FLOOR

Britt and Kato run full-bore down the hall.

BRITT

This floor opens into the next building. Old coffee warehouse.

RIDERS intercept them. Kato does his thing: a scissors kick that eliminates four of the five.

The fifth has a gun on Kato. Britt knocks him down the stairwell then tries a door. Locked. Tries the security key. No good. Kato spins and HEEL KICKS IT, splits it open. Britt plows through the splinters.

Kato drops into a Jeet Kune Do stance, looks both ways.

IN THE CONNECTING ROOM

Britt charges in, not sure if he'll find a sect compound or an abandoned warehouse. But what he does find, blows him away.

Kato backs cat-like into the room, turns.

POV: the warehouse floor is some kind of sophisticated lab. Even if the FOUR TECHNICIANS running it are far from sophisticated; they're Biker-types handling the works.

Now, they stand frozen at the sight of two guys in black, upper-faces concealed behind masks.

TECHNICIAN

Who the hell are you?

BRITT

Where's Teacher?

The TECHIES grab for firearms. Kato whirls, hurling qigong needles. Does a roundhouse kick that puts two of the armed lab rats out the fifth story window.

AT THE DOOR

Kato hears--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIKERS

Shoot 'em!...

Kato twirls from the hips, his duster fanning open and he unfurls nunchakus, turning into a human propeller.

THREE BIKERS are taken out with force.

IN THE WAREHOUSE LAB

Britt knocks over trays and petri dishes and registers the sight of white powder, some in blocks, some being refined.

Kato is there, ripping open tarps and ovens. He licks some powder from his glove.

KATO

Time to go.

EXT. HOG FARM BACK LOT -- NIGHT

Britt and Kato rappel down the side of the building.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY -- NIGHT

Kato fires up the Bugatti as he eyes the top floor of the warehouse.

BRITT

What's Teacher cooking up there?

KATO

Shabu. Meth. It's what he feeds his followers. The Kamikaze drug.

BRITT

Let's send him a message.

Kato hits a keypad at the dash and a HEADS-UP DISPLAY appears. He targets the top floor with a collimated cross-hair.

KATO

Ready?

BRITT

Rock his world.

BOOOM! THE TOP FLOOR OF THE WAREHOUSE IS BLOWN AWAY. The biker drug lab and millions in product hit with Apache helicopter technology.

Britt glides his back window down and looks up, flames dancing in his green Helix shades.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The BIKER GUARD, hit with a qiqong spike earlier, now staggers like a wounded bear toward the limo.

BRITT (CONT'D)

Give my regards to Gandhi.

BIKER GUARD

And who do I tell Teacher just blew the roof off his real estate?

KATO

The Green Hornet.

Kato punctuates with his heel into the gas pedal. The Black Beauty burns out and away.

EXT. HOG FARM -- NIGHT

A side door bursts open and the DWARF emerges with his AK-47. He unloads the full magazine.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY -- SPEEDING

Kato holds fast to the wheel as BULLETS HIT THE WINDSHIELD like bugs on the highway.

BRITT

A Napoleon complex and a Kalishnikov.
Bad combination. Faster, Kato.

FIRE POWER--pop-pop-pop-popping and slamming, but not penetrating as Kato burns pavement out onto--

EXT. DIRTY AVENUE -- RACING -- NIGHT

TWO BIKERS on mean hogs ride up on each side of the limo, Sicilian-car-jack style. They hem in.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY -- RACING -- NIGHT

Britt looks out each side, sees the BIKERS hugging the Beauty.

BRITT

Door job.

Kato hits a control on the console and ALL FOUR DOORS open electronically and with FORCE, and all FOUR MOTORCYCLES get SLAMMED over respective curbs.

Just as quickly, Kato fingers the same control and the doors slam shut.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATO

I love this car.

BRITT

What was that Green Hornet stuff about?

KATO

He asked for name.

BRITT

Well, that was courteous of you.

Britt looks over his shoulder, makes sure they're not followed.

BRITT (CONT'D)

Green Hornet...couldn't you do better than that?

KATO

Old legend from Song Shan Mountain. In the garden of the Five Animals, when the Dragon came to seize control...the smallest animal of the garden, the green hornet, was not afraid to face him. To sting him and drive him from the garden.

Britt absorbs, sits back...and quickly fills a tumbler with something from the bar.

BRITT

We scored, K-man.

KATO

The Green Hornet has stung the dragon well.

They slip like a black ghost on wheels down a side alley.

INT. VICTORIAN MANOR -- INNER SANCTUM -- DAY

Teacher sits on his tatami mats before the television monitor with the Interior Minister, FOUR SUITS, and TWO BIKER drug-suppliers listening.

TV MONITOR

(Carmine)

...the shoot-out at the notorious Escondido motorcycle bar has resulted in the confiscation of firearms,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TV MONITOR (CONT'D)

cash and illicit drugs. A lab used for the production of methamphetamine was destroyed in the shootout with the two unidentified masked men who police believe may be from a rival outlaw motorcycle gang. While the DEA and ATF investigate the gang, perhaps authorities should turn their investigation toward the foreign corporation that leases the building to the Hell Hounds organization...

TEACHER

What an enterprising young woman...

TV MONITOR

...his followers have been known to declare their cash savings, securities, real estate, all in the name of the Inner Door Sect. And while this New Age cult is protected in Asia under the Religious Corporation Law, perhaps city authorities should...

MONITOR SOUNDS TURNS OFF/PICTURE REMAINS. All eyes go fearfully to Teacher. His face goes cannibalistic. Even the bikers look nervous around the blind guru.

TEACHER

New Age cult. How offensive. Miss Case needs to learn one of the first teachings of The Buddha: One who speaks, does not know. One who knows...does not speak. Not without consequences...

INTERIOR MINISTER

(buried resentment)

Your Holiness. Perhaps some of us have lost sight of the true teachings and have over-reached.

TEACHER

Perhaps some of us are unable to grasp the final step of prophecy, my friend and good minister. Prophecy must unfold.

INTERIOR MINISTER

Someone is after us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEACHER

Someone has always been after us.

INTERIOR MINISTER

Yes, but this Someone is outside the law, outside the governments.

TEACHER

And his name?

INTERIOR MINISTER

His identity is unknown. He uses the name Hornet, Teacher. Green Hornet.

Teacher reacts.

INTERIOR MINISTER (CONT'D)

You know of this name, Your Holiness?

TEACHER

It is a fable from Song Shan Mountain. Strange...someone sends me a message...

INTERIOR MINISTER

No allegiance, no agency. He is as a ghost. No one knows who he is. Or his partner.

TEACHER

My agents have destroyed technocracy conglomerates in Asia. We have made an entire law firm evaporate in Munich. Don't tell me you cannot find two little piss ants who are trying to alter prophecy.

Interior Minister looks toward the SUITS and BIKERS. They rise, start out.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Find them.

Alone, TEACHER turns the sound back up:

TV MONITOR

(Carmine Case)

...vigilante, criminal, or urban legend? Authorities are left asking, who is the Hornet? And will he strike again. I'm Carmine Case, live in Escondido...back to you, Lynn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEACHER turns the TV off. He stares with blind eyes at the blank screen. He's in a kill zone.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS LAMP QUARTER -- NEXT MORNING

A Volvo pulls up to curb. Carmine gets out, hurried. She is intercepted by RIZZULO, the sleazy news stringer we've seen around RBS Tower.

CARMINE

Where is she?

RIZZULO

Room 32. She's scared, Carmine. She left the sect two days ago, been hiding out in a woman's homeless shelter. She's afraid they're going to find her.

CARMINE

You watch the street, Rizzulo.

RIZZULO

Hey, Carmine. You know what I think? I think this one's for the Federal Bureau of Incineration. This shit scares me.

CARMINE

Let's find out how many people he's got with him before we light the fuse for another Waco.

INT. MOTEL -- DAY

Carmine knocks on DOOR 32. Slowly the door opens, but only a chink held by chain lock. Eyes stare out.

WOMAN

You are from news?

CARMINE

I can help you.

The chain lock slides away, Carmine slips into--

ROOM 32

where the frightened woman walks to a window to peer out, nervously. When she turns, we know her. Carmine does not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It is the Hong Kong killer bitch with body-brands and pierced eye lids.

EXT. GAS LAMP QUARTER -- STREETSIDE -- MORNING

Rizzulo hears a pay phone at the corner. He lets it ring for a time...then decides he better see to it.

INT. PHONE BOOTH

Rizzulo enters the glass booth, closes himself in.

RIZZULO

Hello...

VOICE ON PHONE

You people have opened a Chinese box.

RIZZULO

Who is this?

Click. Dial tone. Rizzulo hangs up. Starts out. But the booth doors won't open.

RIZZULO (CONT'D)

What is this shit...

Rizzulo hears a strange sound. Looks down at his feet. An orange nylon bag is leaking with a burning hiss.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND MOTEL -- MORNING

FOUR SECT GOONS force Carmine into a van with a Carpet Cleaners logo, slide doors shut. The Hong Kong Anita gets in behind the wheel.

INT. PHONE BOOTH -- SAME

Rizzulo is trying to open the doors but cannot. The booth is filling with a reddish cloud that hugs the ground, swallows the stringer up to his knees.

RIZZULO

Jesus...

He tries to break the glass with a kick, but he is suddenly listless; his lungs shut down; his skin blisters. But before we can see the heinous nature of VX nerve agent, the booth fills entirely with a fog. The glass burns to a black hue.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH -- MORNING

A FEW PASSERBY stop and stare strangely at the phone booth, a sealed gas chamber on the street corner. PEDESTRIANS gather, perplexed.

EXT. REID MANSION -- MORNING

The white limo is pulling out of the estate gates only to find itself greeted by the usual clutch of YOUNG WOMEN.

RADIO NEWS (V.O.)
(some San Diego Talk
Radio Program)
Yeah, but come on...who is this guy?
The Green Hornet?

Like teen-agers at a Ricky Martin concert, the six girls crowd the car to see billionaire media prince Britt Reid seated in back, his Chinese driver hardly amused in front.

TALK RADIO (V.O.)
(continuing Talk Radio)
Hey, if he's busting up meth labs,
let him do his thing. Let him hit
the crack houses, let him ride.
(a caller)
We can't condone vigilantism in our
society...

INT. WHITE LIMO

Britt glides his window down and the girls press forward.

BRITT
Can you clear the gate. We're in a
major hurry.

FIRST GIRL
Britt...can we go for a ride...

A black undergarment is tossed onto his lap.

BRITT
I'm sorry. I'm building up my chi.

KATO
I am very proud of you.

BRITT
What a trade off...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Britt hands the girl her undergarment back. She takes it, smiling, and wraps it around Britt's neck while another girl puts a 9mm to Kato's head.

The girl with the choke-hold on Britt leans in to kiss him, smiles, and presses a razor blade out from her lips.

A THIRD GIRL, a pretty little tart, gets in back with Britt and puts a knife to his neck. She pulls off her baseball cap to reveal a shaved head as she points the blade into his throat.

TART

Listen well. If you want to see your reporter alive again, you will follow the instructions of His Supreme.

BRITT

Jesus. It's the cupcakes from hell...

TART

Shut your mouth.

He feels the knife pressing.

TART (CONT'D)

He who knows does not speak. If you contact any agency or use your media to violate Teacher's Declaration, your reporter is censored.

BRITT

What the hell you talking about?

TART

It means nothing to you that His Supreme has twenty-five hundred years of prophecy on his side. But now he has something that will matter to you. Do nothing until further instructions or she loses her tongue. Hard to report news without a tongue.

The girl with the black undergarment strangling Britt, leans in and kisses his cheek, gives it a little cut with the razor blade. He can see the little red dragon tattoo near her cleavage.

And then quickly they are gone, leaping into a black SUV and barrelling away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRITT

He's got her. He's got Carmine...

Kato stares straight ahead, trying to figure out the next chess move.

CUT TO:

INT. TEACHER'S PERGOLA -- GARDEN MAZE -- DAY

Teacher sits on his tatami mat, Carmine sitting opposite. She is terrified, but tries to stay composed. Behind her, a PHALANX of SECT DRONES watch her.

TEACHER

This is a true honor, Miss Case. Wherever I am, whether Singapore or South Beach, you are always there via satellite. Carmine Case. Live. Allowing the world to be witness to history even as it unfolds.

CARMINE

I appreciate your loyalty.

Teacher looks up slowly, eyes hidden behind tiny sunglasses, his hair long and carefully brushed.

TEACHER

Are you comfortable?

CARMINE

I know this place. The old Gamberly estate. Inherited by Richie Gamberly. He sign it over to the sect?

TEACHER

Location, location, location. It is but a temporary Lotus Village.

CARMINE

Can we talk about location, Your Holiness? Where's your VX agent going to hit tomorrow at noon?

TEACHER

Enterprising indeed. I cannot tell you what the heavens have in store, I can only speak of the prophecy.

CARMINE

Yeah, bullshit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Teacher flinches.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

You've got your prophecy covered,
Teacher. How many innocent people
do you forecast will die tomorrow?

TEACHER

Again, Miss Case...I can only
interpret scripture. And according
to scripture, between one-hundred
thousand and one-hundred and fifty
thousand within these city
limits...shall perish. You are
leaving also.

CARMINE

And what about you?

Teacher moves slowly toward her. With a gentle hand, he
touches her cheek. She tenses, but is aware of the GOONS
behind her. Teacher traces her facial bones with a finger,
feels her hair. Touches her neck and keeps his hands there...

TEACHER

You have trapped energy, Miss Case.
It is palpable. You had your heart
broken as a child, did you not? I
can heal you...

CARMINE

Let's not play games, Teacher. What
do you want with me?

TEACHER

I will tell you.
(sitting again)
I am going to give you the
opportunity, tomorrow, to report good
news for once. You have been chosen
to interview the Buddha.

CARMINE

Christiane Amanpour scored Saddam
Hussein. Bobbi Battista got the
president. I get the Buddha. This
will help me in contract negotiations.

TEACHER

You hide fear well, Miss Case.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Tomorrow I deliver my manifesto and declaration, live over the world's largest satellite news network. And then...the rest will be history.

CARMINE

You can't do this...

TEACHER

Take her inside. Treat her with respect.

The DRONES move in on her.

EXT. RBS TOWER -- NEXT DAWN

The skyline shot. Black glass tower, a beautiful sunrise lights the bay. RBS CABLE NEWS THEME CUE...

RBS ANCHOR

Good morning, I'm Shaye Ramsey and welcome to RBS Morning Report...on this first day of Spring...

The Reid Limo pulls in to the rotunda.

INT. RBS TOWER -- MORNING

Britt and Kato move down the hall at hurricane pace, rush into--

DAN REID'S OFFICE

where Britt crosses to a fax machine even as it chatters out multiple pages. Britt grabs them, anxious. Scans.

BRITT

It's in goddamned Chinese.

Kato rips the pages from his hand, reads.

KATO

Your media creation is brilliant, Mr. Reid. America has always loved a masked hero, hasn't it? But remember this: a hornet can only sting once and then it dies...

BRITT

Read on, man, what's he want?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATO

Noon today. He's going to overpower the broadcast tower frequency with his own uplink. He will deliver his message. You are to transmit the broadcast globally. Cooperate and perhaps the city will avoid a Reckoning Day.

BRITT

I send him around the ball live, he'll call off his attack? That the deal?

KATO

You think he's going to declare himself a prophet and not back it up with a taste of Armageddon?

BRITT

Then how the hell do we stop this?

KATO

One way only. To kill him.

Britt is at the big window looking out 15 floors over San Diego.

BRITT

Where are you, you twisted sonuvabitch?

Kato shares the view, the tension.

INT. TEACHER'S GARDEN MAZE -- PERGOLA -- MORNING

SECT TECHNICIANS set up a camera, satellite uplink, and a backdrop of white filter paper.

A chair befitting a Rajah is centered and adorned with pillows.

INT. VICTORIAN MANOR -- INNER ROOM -- SECT GARDENS

Carmin is in a locked and windowless room, one of the sect cloisters. She paces, tries the door twice. Leans against the wall, exhausted, and checks her watch.

She begins to lose it: attacks the door, kicking and striking until she slides to the floor, depleted.

INT. RBS TOWER -- MAIN CORRIDOR -- 15TH FLOOR

Britt is heading out, CEO Bluthorn trying to keep up with him.

BLUTHORN

Noon is Technology Today...

BRITT

Not this day, Pal.

BLUTHORN

If this loony has the tower frequency and an uplink, he can over-ride us locally. But I'll be goddamned if I'm transmitting him worldwide.

BRITT

Do it.

BLUTHORN

I have a twenty-one per cent stake in this company--

Britt grabs him by the tie and slams him against the wall.

BRITT

--and you've got about a four per cent chance of getting through lunch alive today and seeing your kids. You and half this city. And that's only if we play by his rules.

BLUTHORN

We need to contact the FBI and FCC--

BRITT

--he's got Carmine! He'll kill her like he did Rizzulo. That was no break in the city gas main--

BLUTHORN

--What's the trade off here, Britt? He's threatening the city with a terrorist act and we can't alert the law? *Who's going to stop him?* The Green Hornet?

Britt looks him in the eye.

BRITT

Carry the broadcast.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN DIEGO -- 11:30

Here they come. SECT DRONES. But dressed as us. They move about the streets, the parks, the buses, watching the clock. Listening to what we can't hear through their Walkmans.

INT. TEACHER'S GARZEN MAZE -- 11:30

We find Teacher as we met him. Sitting with his back to us, hair long over purple robe. He speaks into a hands-free mic attached to his head.

TEACHER

I am proud of all of you. When I give the word, do the holy work you have been trained for, and know that you have honored the Buddha's love...

INT. SECT CLOISTER -- SAME

Carmine is startled when a small window slides open in the door. Interior Minister peers in.

INTERIOR MINISTER

Show time.

CUT TO:

EXT. REID ESTATE -- LA JOLLA -- 11:35

From out the back of the compound, the BLACK BEAUTY drives through the gate, takes to the coastal road.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

...Technology Today will not be seen at its regular scheduled time due to a breaking news report at 11:45...

INT. BLACK BEAUTY -- MOVING

Kato in black. Black duster, gloves, cap and Oakley mask.

In the backseat: Britt Reid, green Helix mask, air hoodlum garb. He is tapping at the console computer. A TV MONITOR shows Shaye Ramsey the RBS anchorwoman, feigning composure.

BRITT

We have one shot. When he blows into our frequency, we can scan and lock onto his, trace the microwave signal to within a five mile radius.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATO

I love this car...

Britt operates the AVCOM MSA-90A built into the bar: it hums with two backlit LCDS and a digital frequency display.

INT. TEACHER'S GARDEN MAZE -- PERGOLA -- 11:45

Carmine is seated in a chair, facing the empty Buddhist throne while SECT TECHNICIANS prepare to roll live.

Interior Minister and an INNER ENTOURAGE approach the Pergola and split apart to form a path for TEACHER. He is wearing a white silk suit with traditional Chinese collar and his trademark sunglasses, tiny and oval. TWO SECT NUNS help him into his chair.

A SECT TECHNICIAN checks his watch, a computer clock, and signals to Carmine. MONITORS behind the Techies, reveal a sudden flickering image of Carmine and Teacher, seated in a non-descript kiosk of white.

CARMINE

Hello, I'm Carmine Case...

Teacher takes a deep breath and a sip of water.

INT. RBS NEWS TOWER -- DAY

40 MONITORS ignite with the face of TEACHER.

CARMINE

(on monitors)

...venerated around the world and recognized by many as...as the Buddha himself. The leader of the Inner Door Religious Sect, His Holiness and...

Carmine is sweating in the glare of the lights. She is having difficulty saying the words she's been instructed to.

INT. TEACHER'S GARDEN MAZE -- PERGOLA

Carmine hesitates. Teacher tenses. Carmine looks into the first camera, scans the BANK OF CAMERAS and BOOM MICS...and the SECT DRONE aiming a 9mm at her, just in case. He is smiling at peace as he nods softly at her.

CARMINE

...the Holy Monk Emperor, Grandmaster Ng Liu-Lan...who is here to tell us of a global emergency...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEACHER

Humble greetings. We have not much time.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY -- RACING

Britt is using the tech gear to isolate the uplink signal with oscilloscope interface and tracking generator.

TEACHER

(on monitor)

We have not much time...

BRITT

You're not kidding, Reverend. Come on, pick him up, *pick him up*...

TEACHER

(on monitor)

Does not prophecy state that in the moments before a great cleansing, the Messiah himself would appear 'upon the air'? Interpret that as you will...

CARMINE

(on monitor)

And it's technology you say, that has brought us to this...discord.

TEACHER

(on monitor)

--To this rapture, yes. Your computer has become your God. Your golden calf of technology. But look at your children. They are lost. Adrift. Their souls are software...

INT. RBS NEWS TOWER -- DAY

Watching Teacher on the 40 monitors is CEO BLUTHORN and he is ashen. So is MIKE AXFORD, head of security.

BLUTHORN

My God, this maniac *did* kill Dan Reid.

40 MONITORS

I have been persecuted in Japan, China and in Moscow. A war has been proclaimed against me. This, too, is written, you see.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

40 MONITORS (CONT'D)

The apocalypse is upon us. But for
those who seek me, and find me--

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN DIEGO -- DAY

A SECT MEMBER, dressed in a suit, but wearing Walkman, stands by the front doors of the Convention Center, watching HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE file in. He looks at his watch and lifts his briefcase under his arm, holding it tight.

A BLACK LIMO races by, passing other cars. We stay with it. The Black Beauty.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY -- DRIVING -- DAY

Kato checks the time.

BRITT

We're seeking, Teacher, we're seeking.

KATO

We're out of time, Reid...

THE SCANNER: isolates frequency, numbers. A GPS MAP appears in PIP...then goes FULL SCREEN MAP. Clicks in to isolate an area. CITY WEB CAM picks up a feed.

BRITT

We're in the hood.

KATO

Give it to me.

Britt downloads and a GPS SCREEN on the dash lights with the SAME MAP. Kato punches in on a key pad, downloads the fastest route.

KATO (CONT'D)

Five minutes. He's downtown. He's
in the middle of downtown...

BRITT

But where...

CARMINE

(on monitor)

..and your followers, numbering
thousands, do they believe that
they'll reach this Lotus Village,
this Eden, this Xanadu Garden if you
will...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEACHER

(on monitor)

They have been trained to survive
what will befall us. It is about
Karma, Miss Case.

Britt stares at the monitor. Something hits him. He is
staring at CARMINE as she looks hard into the camera, as if
looking right at Britt.

BRITT

Xanadu Garden...

Britt punches in a SEARCH on the computer. Instant hits.

KATO

What is it?

BRITT

I know the place. Xanadu. That's
the old hotel. The Gamberly Gardens.
It's in the sector. We got him.

KATO

Feed me.

Britt downloads to the DASH GPS. High resolution map appears,
zoning in on the exact address. KATO SLAMS GAS.

EXT. BALBOA PARK -- DAY

The park is CROWDED at lunch time, beautiful sunny day. An
enormous REFRIGERATED TRUCK pulls in. ICE CREAM LOGO on the
side.

INT. REFRIGERATED TRUCK

In the back, TWO SECT DRONES sit tense, waiting to throw the
switch on the outside vent system. A FAN WHIRS over their
heads. The DRIVER checks his watch, adjusts his ear-phone.

EXT. GAMBERLY GARDENS -- DAY

The Black Beauty slinks up alongside the twenty-foot wrought
iron palisade. From the street only the top of the old
Victorian can be seen, reaching up through the spectacular
gardens.

Britt and Kato bail. Kato aims a remote at the trunk, pops
it.

A GRAPPLING CABLE fires, wraps and hooks around the razor
sharp top of the fence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Britt goes up like a wall-crawler, and over--

INTO THE GARDEN MAZE OF THE SECT COMPOUND

where Kato lands beside him on cat feet.

The two drop low behind high shrubs, eye the distant 9 story Victorian manor deep in the center. OVERHEAD, A CHOPPER cuts the sky, Bell-Huey helicopter.

BRITT

What the hell's that? Feds?

KATO

Teacher's ride. We have three minutes. He gets airborne, he's going to push the button.

Kato is sweating hard as he peers through the sculpted hedges and walls. But he hasn't made his move.

BRITT

Let's go...

KATO

The 18 chambers.

BRITT

What...

KATO

No English garden. He's designed this place like the 18 Test Chambers of Shaolin.

BRITT

Are you serious...

KATO

No other way in.

BRITT

Two minutes, forty five seconds.

KATO

Don't choke on me.

Britt does a take. Kato almost smiles at him. Then he does that thing with his head. Like a snake looking left then right then moving himself sideways toward a crushed stone path in the garden maze. Britt is with him, looking up toward the Noon sun, the silhouette of hovering chopper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kato has to choose the east or west path. He chooses east, moves down it in ready position. Britt follows, also ready; the two of them creeping, turning, watching each other's backs and then Kato stops. He picks up a smooth round stone from a raked zen patch and rolls it down the path.

WHAMM!! A bamboo spear ejects from a garden wall.

ALARM SIRENS SCREAM, A SECOND SPEAR shoots from same wall, impales the hedges opposite. A third. A fourth. Twelve spears eject, and Kato dives, crawls under the bamboo trellis that they form.

IN THE PERGOLA

TEACHER faces the cameras, Carmine sitting by tense. ALARMS are sounding within the compound.

TEACHER

The day of the Reckoning is here.
The time is now. It is The End. But
in a sense, just the beginning.

Teacher stands up as the TECHNICIANS shut down. Teacher rips off his lapel mic. He starts away, stops. He addresses Carmine with his back to her.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

You can ascend. With me. Miss Case.
Or you can go to the starvation of
Hell.

CARMINE

If that's the fastest route to get
away from you, I'm on the bus.

Teacher hesitates for only a second, deeply wounded.

TEACHER

Put her with the low monks.

EXT. GAMBERLY GARDENS -- DAY

CHAMBER 4: circles in a mind-game spiral before leading west between garden walls of ivy. Kato and Britt move full-bore down the path but find themselves cut off by SIX TRAINED NINPO. Black garb, hoods. Traditional Chinese weaponry.

BRITT

Trail's closed.

They head the other way. But here comes a Hong Kong version of the headless horseman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A rider on a Kawasaki Ninja 500, coming at rip-ass speed and wielding a sawed-off riot piece.

KATO

I'll take the one with the gun.

Britt wheels to face the SIX WITH SABRES AND BLADES...

BRITT

You're all heart...I get the Beni-Hana Dream Team...

Britt takes a few steps down the path, stops. Sweats.

The NINJA BIKER comes straight at Kato, aims the short 16 gauge. And that's when Kato does a vertical jump. Wushu style, six feet up and wedging a foot on each side of the wall just as he lowers a pair of nunchakus under the bridge he's made and CLOTHES LINES the HONG KONG GIRL on the Ninja. She flattens, but the bike keeps going.

BRITT turns to run from the ONSLAUGHT just as the riderless Motorbike comes grinding out of control, almost kills him. He intercepts it like jumping a runaway horse. He CRANKS TORQUE, rides straight at the BLADE BRIGADE...

And they are not moving. They will butterfly him from the saddle. But Britt drops and side-rides extreme style. BLADES SWING where he would've been sitting.

He leaves the SIX NINPO flustered. And now, back up, he maxes the fuel throttle. But out in front-- MORE GUYS. Armed.

Britt cuts the handlebars hard, drives INTO THE NARROW STONE WALL...and half-pipes the Ninja.

Airborne.

Inverted.

A 720 that lands him ON TOP OF THE WALL. And he's got one-hundred yards of flat stone to hammer east on.

A lot of good that does KATO. He's got to take up the slack on the SIX NINPO with eager cutlery. The FIRST TWO charge straight into his flailing nunchucks. The SECOND TWO miss him on a cobra move and take each other out. The LAST TWO charge at him with determination...

But he leaps to grab an overhanging cypress branch. The LAST TWO run into CHAMBER 12 and fall into a trench.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON THE STONE WALL

Britt is doing 75 miles per hour on the Ninja. He leaps onto the saddle. Controls the bars, barely. Does not let up on the throttle, but LOOK OUT--

A SLASH WIRE is slung low as the inside barrier to the Victorian.

Britt drops to the opposite side this time, side-drags. Just misses getting shaved. He twists back up onto the saddle. Corks the throttle and bails as he LAUNCHES THE UNMANNED BIKE into the air--

SMASHING THROUGH STAINED GLASS

while he leaps for a balcony and just grabs the ledge.

INSIDE THE VICTORIAN -- FIRST FLOOR

The Ninja bike SHATTERS stained glass and skids on its side across the stone floor. TWENTY NINPO unload FIREARMS at it and shred it, explode it. But no one is on it.

DOWN IN THE GARDEN MAZE

Kato fights off an unrelenting charge of security NINPO. But he is losing ground against the swarm...

UP ON THE BALCONY

Britt pulls and swings himself up, SMASHES boots first through a window.

INT. VICTORIAN

Britt runs through the musty and strange confines, looking for a way up.

He finds a staircase! Runs up. Forget it: NINPO AGENTS storm down, FIRING 9mm's. Britt slams the iron door, slides a bolt...and runs the other way.

He can HEAR THE CHOPPER TOUCHING DOWN up above. He is out of time. But he has found the Bird Cage Elevator of the old Victorian type and he throws it open. Gets in. Climbs.

DOWN IN THE GARDEN OF BUDDHA

Kato is held by FOUR NINPO while A FIFTH puts a three-pointed sai under his chin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NINPO AGENT

I know why you're here, Cab Driver.
And I want you to know the truth: I
was the one who put the bag on that
subway car in Beijing.

Kato goes primal. The sai ends up through the Ninpo's chest,
pinning him to a wall. The other FOUR NINPO are destroyed
in seconds. Kato runs for the main H.Q.

INSIDE THE VICTORIAN

Carmine is locked in a sealed room with FORTY FOLLOWERS who
are kneeling, each holding a heat-sealed nylon bag, listening
to their Walkmans.

CARMINE

Don't believe this guy. Don't do
this. He's lied to you. He's stolen
more than your cash and your property
and your names. He's stolen your
lives...

The DRONES ignore her. All but one. A YOUNG ASIAN GIRL who
looks up, tears running. But she doesn't want to hear it.

ON THE ROOF

TEACHER waits for the helicopter to rack and touch. The
grandmaster's long hair blows handsomely as he moves toward
the chopper, radio in his hand.

BRITT

TEACHER!

Teacher stops. Turns.

Britt stands there in green Helix mask and hood.

TEACHER

Who is this?

BRITT

Two guesses.

TEACHER

Can't go wrong then, can I? Janus
wore two faces also. Where did it
get him?

BRITT

Ditto, Teacher.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRITT (CONT'D)

I've been waiting a long time to
meet the man who killed Dan Reid.

TEACHER

Technology killed Dan Reid.

BRITT

Call it off. You had your podium.
The World heard your sermon.

TEACHER

When I am in my transportation and
off this roof...I will.

BRITT

Let me make a prediction, Mr. Prophet.
Like hell you will.

Teacher stands on the roof, facing Britt in the wind-rush of
the chopper.

TEACHER

I wish I could stay to hear you
scream. But unlike you, I have a
calling. I have work to do in other
places...

Teacher turns and walks toward the Chopper.

Britt collects himself...then charges, lunges. Teacher wheels
with the grace of a praying mantis and hurls Britt THROUGH
THE AIR and to the opposite ledge of the roof.

Britt is hurt. Winded. He watches TEACHER climb up into
the Chopper. But he refuses to let him go.

Bursting forward, Britt runs, grabs at Teacher's silk jacket.

BRITT

Call it off!

TEACHER uncorks and palms Britt with such force he is slammed
into the campanile and the wind is huffed from him. Can't
fault the kid for trying. TEACHER moves for him.

TEACHER

You should have stayed wherever you
were, Prodigal Son.

Teacher unleashes a 7-star crush kick with all of the runaway
internal force he has harnessed. Britt rolls fast, just
avoids it...and leg sweeps Teacher.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Teacher flips over backward. And keeps on flipping, Shaolin iron-bridge style. A reverse somersault, landing on his feet.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

You have been practicing.

Teacher explodes forward and unfurls a sequence of Wing Chun hands. Britt ducks and weaves through a row of planters as TEACHER shatters each one with a strike.

Britt rolls across the flat roof, jumps to his feet. Teacher is standing beside a stone statue of Shiva, four arms like snakes. Teacher leans into it, and with his *chi* force, pushes it on its wooden dolly--it rolls at furious speed--

RIGHT AT BRITT who dives and just avoids being crushed between the statue and a wall. The STATUE falls from the dolly and SHATTERS.

And then the sound of BELLS from below. The Noon Bells of the Mission Basilica. Britt freezes. Teacher freezes.

DOWN IN THE SUNKEN GARDEN OF THE VICTORIAN

Kato lands ready. He, too, can hear the CHOPPER SQUATTING. He runs down the hall, rides a bannister downward and lands on light feet in--

A BASEMENT

which is empty. He is wounded. Cut. Spent. But he makes his way to a locked door where he hears a GROUP CHANT. He KICKS THE DOOR OPEN and finds--

CARMINE among the DRONES.

KATO

Hurry...

Carmine starts for Kato--but then a sound. A grandfather clock in the center of the garden CHIMES maddeningly.

ON THE ROOF

Britt and Teacher are squared. Britt holds one of Shiva's busted arms like a stone club with bladed end. This is it.

TEACHER

Before I give you the gift of Karma disposal...I must confide.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEACHER (CONT'D)

This all would have been so much
easier on everyone if I had you
abducted. Made Dan Reid stay quiet.

Teacher smiles as he steps closer to the young man.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

But my research revealed, to my
dismay, that you were worth nothing
to your father. Nothing.

TEACHER Turns to walk away...then WHEELS WITH A SPINNING
BACK KICK that--

KNOCKS BRITT off the roof.

FALLING 9 STORIES

Britt has more air under him than he could have ever dreamt
of in his wild, self-destructive past. But this one can
only end one way. He's going to die.

Britt flails a plastic cord from his trench as he falls, and
it hooks on the iron window bars. But its a long line and
he's falling toward inevitable impact. And as he falls he
pulls at his belt and the bungie cord secures. He is jerked
back upward...

And upward still--inverted now--he unhooks the cord from his
belt and lands--

ON THE ROOF

where he runs and jumps onto the wooden dolly platform that
once held Shiva. He hits it with momentum and boards at a
reckless speed right for--

TEACHER

who turns, startled. Here comes Britt, or the Green Hornet,
or whoever he's become, and he's moving at Teacher in a low,
surf stance. All he has to do is slam into him and knock
him from the edge.

But at the last second, he heels the board, spins it upward
and catches it. Lands on his feet, eye to eye with Teacher.

Eye to eye. NO SOUND. SLOW MOTION. And here it comes:
Britt swings the wooden stand with all the rage he has ever
held inside and SLAMS TEACHER across the face, knocking him
off the edge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRITT crawls to the edge. Sees TEACHER clinging to the scalloped gutter.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

I will call them home...

Britt spots the radio a few feet away on the roof.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

They are waiting for the word. I
can call them home.

VOICE

(from behind)

Help him up.

Britt turns, sees the INTERIOR MINISTER standing on the roof. His robes flap in the wind funnel of the chopper as he aims a 9mm handgun at Britt.

INTERIOR MINISTER

Help His Holiness up, or I will kill
you right here.

Britt sees that the big monk means it. He has no choice but to reach down and grab Teacher's arm. He pulls him to the roof edge. Teacher stands there, enraged.

TEACHER

Shoot him.

INTERIOR MINISTER

It is the only way to clear the path
to the true teachings.

INTERIOR MINISTER pulls the trigger. He UNLOADS THE GUN and blows Teacher right off the roof.

Britt stands, shocked. The Interior Minister is now holding the radio. Britt tenses, but the man has a gun.

He brings the radio to his lips and says:

INTERIOR MINISTER (CONT'D)

Come home. Teacher has received a
new vision. Today shall not be the
day of Reckoning. Come home...

Then he says the same in MANDARIN and again in RUSSIAN. Britt finally lets a breath free.

The roof doorway opens and Kato hurries out. A moment later, Carmine emerges.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Britt sees her and reacts.

BRITT

It's over...

Kato is at the edge looking down at Teacher's demise. Finally it is done.

Carmine approaches the guy in hood and Helix mask. She stands before him, looking into the green glass that conceals his eyes. He hands her a cell phone.

BRITT (CONT'D)

You should call your boss. Tell him you've got an 11 O'clock lead.

CARMINE

There's a lot more I'd like to tell him.

BRITT

Maybe you should.

CARMINE

Maybe I will.

She steps up closer, attempts to kiss him. The mask is in the way. She reaches for it, slides it up and off. Then gives Britt Reid a kiss he'll remember for a while.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Thank you...

Kato winces a little.

She then turns to Kato, gives him a hug. Kisses him. Now Britt winces, looks away.

OVERHEAD FEDERAL CHOPPERS are moving in...

CARMINE (CONT'D)

I better get on the air. The FBI's going to be waiting for their good press...

She winks at both, watches them slip down the roof exit.

BRITT

I'm sure you noticed how she kissed me first.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATO

And I think you saw how she kissed
me twice as long.

BRITT

Let's get the hell out of here,
O'Malley.

EXT. SAN DIEGO -- ARIEL VIEW -- DAY

Skyline across the bay. Mirrored office buildings and black
glass towers. Sunny day in America's Digital City.

At the GAMBERLY GARDENS: HUNDREDS OF SECT FOLLOWERS are
returning to the grounds to be handcuffed and herded into
FBI vans as the place bustles with a media circus.

CARMINE (V.O.)

...with the ATF's confiscation of
over seventy tons of VX nerve agent
prepared for mass release, one can
safely say the city dodged a major
civic emergency this afternoon...

OTHER NEWS REPORTS, TALK RADIO, etc. compete for air waves.

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

But while the FBI investigates the
terrorist activities of the Inner
Door Sect, reports continue to
circulate that the city's masked
vigilantes were at the scene. The
FBI denies the reports. City police
however, say the man who calls himself
the Green Hornet remains on police
record a wanted criminal...

EXT. LINDBERGH FIELD AIRPORT -- DAY

A white limo pulls up to the curb, Britt Reid behind the
wheel, Kato in back.

Britt gets out, moves around to the curb and opens the back
door. Kato gets out, lugging a duffel bag. He smiles.

KATO

Thanks.

BRITT

Dude, it's a pleasure.

KATO

To get my door, or to see me go?

(CONTINUED)

BRITT
Little of both.

They stand there at the curb for a moment, TRAVELERS coming and going. Hard to say goodbye after what they've been through.

KATO
You earned it, Reid. Your
father...somewhere, he is proud.

BRITT
What's well-planted can't be uprooted.

KATO
Hootie and the Blowfish?

Britt smiles at his friend. Offers a hand. Kato grips it.

BRITT
I'm glad its over.

KATO
Me, too, Britt.
(long beat)
You ever get stuck for a ride, you
know how to find me.

BRITT
Thanks. Thanks for everything, man...

Kato hefts his duffel bag over a shoulder and vanishes in the crowd, as mysterious a figure in black as the one who arrived days earlier.

Britt leans on the limo and watches him go. Somehow he senses, his journey isn't over; its just beginning.

FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLE BEE kicks in, progressive rock style.
As we GO TO BLACK.