

DRAGON EYES

Written by

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OVER BLACK -- THE SOUND OF DESPERATE FEET POUNDING PAVEMENT.

CRASH IN ON BLACK AND WHITE FOOTAGE: Feet frantically running down the sidewalk.

EXT. DARK ALLEY -- NIGHT -- BLACK AND WHITE DREAM

A SHADOWY FIGURE bolts into the alley. Waving his hands.

It's hard to see what's happening. Someone's on the ground. Someone has a gun. The Shadowy Figure runs to intervene.

SHADOWY FIGURE

No!!!

POP! The gunshot RESOUNDS--

EXT. LOUISIANA CITY STREETS -- DAY

--and echoes off into a LOUD INDUSTRIAL ROCK SONG. The song soundtracks shots of a '67 Mustang in transit.

Heads turn as the vintage vehicle passes. The car keeps moving. The surrounding areas grow more impoverished.

The Mustang approaches a small community that looks like it was planned for middle class living but has since fallen into disrepair. The sign reads: ST. JUDE SQUARE.

EXT. ST. JUDE SQUARE -- DAY

The Mustang rolls slowly. Local shops are open. Residents walk the streets. Minding their own business. Scared.

On the corner, we find... The Parkview Apartments. An old-school, two-story building with exterior corridors and staircases. Punctuated by red brick columns.

It's a nice building-- as long as you ignore the reinforced steel bars on the windows and multiple locks on the doors.

Hedges are overgrown and littered with bottles and fast food wrappers. A GRAFFITI TAG on one wall marks the territory. The symbol looks like a backwards "N" leaning to the left.

Three Thugs hang on the corner. THEO their ponytailed leader jokes with SMILEY THUG who laughs. HUGE THUG watches quietly.

A LEXUS rolls up. The college kid DRIVER lowers his window. Theo SNAPS his fingers. Smiley Thug dips his hand in a discarded BK bag in the hedge. Looks like trash. It's not.

Theo approaches the driver side as Smiley Thug circles to the passenger side.

THEO

My man!

Theo and Driver exchange a fist bump and a tight handshake. Look close and you'll spot the C-note changing hands.

THEO (CONT'D)

Glad you could drop by.

At the word "drop"-- Smiley Thug leans in the passenger window and drops a small baggie on the floor--

SMILEY THUG

See you next week.

--and moves back to his spot on the corner. Theo does the same. Huge Thug watching. They're a well oiled machine.

A DIRTY JUNKIE approaches the Thugs. That desperate look already in his eyes. Before he can even ask--

THEO

Step off, fool. No money, no honey.

DIRTY JUNKIE

N-n-no... I got a Hamilton--

THEO

I ain't got no layaway plan. Get outta my face!

Theo KICKS Dirty Junkie. He takes a hard spill.

SMILEY THUG

You heard him! Stay off this corner.

Smiley KICKS Dirty Junkie from the other side. Now it's a game. Theo and Smiley Thug laugh as they kick Dirty Junkie back and forth. Passersby walk a wide circle around them.

Theo goes in for another kick when he's distracted by--

THE MUSTANG. Rolling up like nobody's business. Smiley and Huge Thug turn their heads as well.

Dirty Junkie scrambles to his feet and runs off. The Thugs don't care. The Mustang has their attention. It parks right near their corner. After a moment...

RYAN HONG steps out. Head held high. Confident. Assured. He pulls a duffel bag from the back seat.

Theo strolls over in friendly fashion. Sizing up the new guy. Hong's dressed in a t-shirt and jeans. He doesn't look dangerous, but he looks like he can handle himself.

Theo gestures to the Mustang.

THEO
Cherry ride, boss. Sixty-seven,
right?

He reaches out and touches the hood. Hong reaches out and gently moves his hand away.

HONG
Never touch my car.

Theo's smile falters. Smiley and Huge Thug step up behind him. But Theo holds up his hands in peace.

THEO
No problem, brotha. Ain't
conspiring, just admiring.

Hong nods and walks away. Theo shoots him a glare as Hong heads for the apartment building.

EXT. PARKVIEW APARTMENTS -- EXTERIOR CORRIDOR -- DAY

Hong looks at a slip of paper. Written on it: MGR APT 201. As he approaches 201, Hong hears VOICES from inside.

ROSANNA (O.S.)
He's gonna be here any minute, and
I've gotta go to work!

GEORGE (O.S.)
Why couldn't you tell him to come
after CSI?

ROSANNA (O.S.)
It's a repeat.

GEORGE (O.S.)
It's my favorite one.

Hong stands outside the door. Chuckles to himself.

ROSANNA (O.S.)
Grandpa, please just handle the new
tenant for me, o--

She throws open the door and finds herself face to face with
Hong. Not the tenant she expected.

ROSANNA (CONT'D)
--oh... oh. Hi.

ROSANNA smiles. The kind of smile that makes a difference in
your day. She's in her 20's. Latina. Beautiful catlike
features. And if you cross her, she'll show you her claws.

In the background is her grandpa GEORGE. He looks like he
fought in a war, but good luck getting him to talk about it.
He'd rather tell you what's wrong with your generation.

Rosanna's dressed in her nurse scrubs, and in a hurry. But
now she can't remember why.

ROSANNA (CONT'D)
You're Hong?

HONG
(stepping aside)
You're on your way out.

ROSANNA
No, no. Let me show you the unit.

George trudges over with keys.

GEORGE
I got it, I got it--

ROSANNA
Don't be silly. Your show's on.

GEORGE
It's a repeat.

ROSANNA
It's your favorite.

Rosanna struggles to pull the keys from his hand and nudges
him back toward his favorite chair. George shrugs and goes.

Rosanna JINGLES the keys at Hong. There's that smile again.

INT. PARKVIEW APARTMENTS -- HONG'S APARTMENT (209) -- DAY

Rosanna opens the door and escorts him in. It's a very simple one-bedroom with water damage and peeling wallpaper.

Hong walks around, taking it in. Rosanna watches nervously, now noticing all the things that are wrong with the unit.

ROSANNA

We haven't really had time to fix it up. We have some old barstools down in storage. If you need furniture.

His silence bothers her. She keeps talking to fill the air.

ROSANNA (CONT'D)

I know it's small. It's a little dirty. And it's--

Hong drops his keys on the counter. Then his duffel bag.

HONG

It's perfect.

He unzips his bag. Talks to Rosanna while unpacking.

HONG (CONT'D)

Who are those guys downstairs?

ROSANNA

They run with the Sixth Street Kings. That's who owns this town. They'll leave you alone if you keep your head down and keep to yourself.

(a sudden sharp look)

You can't stay here if you're mixed up with that bullshit. Are you mixed up with that bullshit?

HONG

No.

ROSANNA

Good. 'Cause last year, the Kings went to war with the East Side Boys and it got real ugly. We got peace between the tribes now, but last summer we had way too many gunshot wounds at Mercy General. That's why I applied for a position in Maui.

Hong nods. Rosanna nods back, calming down. She heads out the open door. Hong looks at her, as if for the first time.

HONG
Don't you think the people here at
home need you more?

Rosanna laughs and shakes her head.

ROSANNA
I've lived here my whole life.
Trust me. In a town like St. Jude
Square, one person can't make a
difference.

Rosanna exits and SHUTS the door.

QUICK SHOTS: Hong finishes unpacking-- He throws a blanket and pillow on the bedroom floor-- He finds a broom.

INT. HONG'S APARTMENT -- MINUTES LATER

Hong sweeps his carpeted floor, picking up lots of dirt. He moves with a fluid grace, even when he's just cleaning.

BEEP BEEP BEEP. A device attached to his keys FLASHES.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Theo is jimmying the driver door lock of Hong's Mustang with a hook-ended wire hanger. He's almost got it.

Smiley Thug lights a smoke for Huge Thug, and one for himself.

THEO
Keep an eye out.

SMILEY THUG
It's cool. He's still upstairs.

Theo works it just a little more and-- CLICK! He grins as the lock pops. He can see it through the window.

REFLECTION IN WINDOW -- The focus SHIFTS. Theo sees Hong. Marching right up. The other Thugs are surprised. They move to attack, but he knocks them both back.

Theo jumps aside just in time as Smiley and Huge Thug's bodies SLAM into the door.

The three Thugs face off with Hong.

THEO
Big mistake, noob.

Hong eyes them all. Waiting for one of them to move.

Smiley Thug moves in for a punch. Hong DEFLECTS it easily.

He spins Smiley around and uses his body like a shield.

As Theo and Huge Thug try to attack Hong, they keep hitting their friend instead!

Hong then uses Smiley's body as a weapon. Controlling him like a puppet. Poor Smiley doesn't know what's going on.

Theo and Huge Thug keep TAKING HITS.

Huge Thug finally YANKS Smiley Thug away from Hong. He tosses Smiley aside and BEAR HUGS Hong.

Theo rushes to attack from behind, but Hong's feet are still free. He KICKS BACK at Theo.

Despite the bear hug, Hong manages to knock Theo's legs out from under him and stomp on his head without even looking.

Huge Thug hugs tighter, trying to squeeze out Hong's breath.

Hong pulls his legs up between them and KICKS himself away. Huge Thug falls back.

Hong rolls to his feet just as Theo has gotten up and pulled a pistol.

Hong grabs Theo's gun hand. SNAPS his wrist. Theo SCREAMS.

Hong STRIPS the gun from his hand. POPS the clip.

He YANKS Theo's head back by the ponytail.

HONG
I told you never to touch my car.

Behind Hong, Huge Thug has gotten back to his feet. But as he sneaks up--

--Hong SPINS Theo around by his ponytail.

HURLS him straight into Huge Thug.

The two of them CRASH through a window.

A moment of recovery, and Theo scrambles away. Stumbling with every step. His boys follow. They've had enough.

Hong stands there one more moment. All around him, neighbors are watching. Hiding around corners. Peering out of windows.

Their reaction is a mix of fear and awe.

INT. MERCY GENERAL HOSPITAL -- HALLWAY -- EVENING

The sound of CRASHING WAVES. FREEZE FRAME of a beautiful beach with soft sand and crystal clear waters.

REVEAL Rosanna at her corner of the Nurse's Station. Staring at a photo of a Maui beach.

MISS MASON (O.S.)
Rosanna?

The wave noise abruptly stops as Rosanna snaps to attention.

She stands up to face hospital administrator MISS MASON. A no-nonsense, middle-aged woman.

ROSANNA
Miss Mason. Is something wrong?

MISS MASON
Just meeting with Doctor Fergus.
Thought I'd drop by and tell you in person...

Rosanna's eyes light up with hope--

MISS MASON (CONT'D)
...it doesn't look good.

--and just as quickly, they dim.

ROSANNA
The Maui job's taken?

MISS MASON
Well, no. But since your contract here isn't finished, the transfer requires my approval. And...

ROSANNA
And what?

MISS MASON
Rosanna. Why did you become a nurse?

ROSANNA
To help people.

MISS MASON
That's the right answer. You're one of my best nurses. Why would I let you go? Don't you think the people here need your help more?

Rosanna can't believe what she's hearing. The echo of Hong's words. She goes into sales mode.

ROSANNA
I appreciate that. I really do. But things are different now. It's peaceful. Better.

Miss Mason listens as Rosanna makes her case.

ROSANNA (CONT'D)
Yeah, last year when things were crazy you needed all hands on deck. We had a dozen emergencies a day coming in. But now it's calmed down--

BOOM! The hallway doors fly open. ORDERLIES urgently wheel in two stretchers. Men are SCREAMING in agony.

Rosanna rushes alongside the moving stretchers to help.

ROSANNA (CONT'D)
What happened?

ORDERLY #1
Street fight. These two took a plate glass dive. Multiple lacerations.

ORDERLY #2
And this guy's wrist got flamingoed.

ROSANNA
Flamingoed?

ORDERLY #2
Yeah, he's got a Wrong Way Johnny.

Rosanna sees the screaming man's wrist-- bent the wrong way. She's seen some bad shit but even she recoils at that.

Still hustling down the hall, she registers the guy's face. It's Theo. The other guy is Huge Thug.

The stretchers keep moving but Rosanna stops. Realizing who must have done this.

ROSANNA
Shit.

EXT. STREET/DARK ALLEY -- NIGHT -- BLACK AND WHITE DREAM

Feet frantically running down the sidewalk.

A SHADOWY FIGURE bolts into the alley. Only this time we see his face. It's Hong.

He has never run so fast or with so much purpose. His face is a mask of fear.

He frantically waves his hands as he runs.

Off screen, the sound of a SCUFFLE. Then a shadowy shot of the action. Someone knocks someone else to the ground.

Hong is almost upon them. He can stop it--

HONG
No!!!

POP! The fatal bullet. He can't stop it. Again.

INT. HONG'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- MORNING

Hong wakes up with a start. Catches his breath. On the floor with just a blanket and pillow. He gets up.

He doesn't linger on the dream. He knows it'll be back.

EXT. PARKVIEW APARTMENTS -- EXTERIOR CORRIDOR -- MORNING

It's not long after sunrise. The streets are still quiet. Hong seems at peace as he sweeps the outdoor corridor.

ROSANNA (O.S.)
Was it you?

Hong turns to see Rosanna coming up the stairs. Still in her scrubs after a night shift. Hong nods and keeps sweeping.

ROSANNA (CONT'D)
Do you have any idea what kind of trouble you're in? When hell comes down on you, it's gonna come down here.

(MORE)

ROSANNA (CONT'D)
This could start another war.
(suddenly noticing)
Why are you sweeping the corridor?

HONG
It needs cleaning.

ROSANNA
That's not your job.

Hong stops sweeping and looks right at her.

HONG
It's all of our jobs.

Rosanna stares. The way he looks her in the eyes and speaks with confidence. No one talks to her that way.

She's too tired to argue. She walks toward her apartment.

ROSANNA
I'm going to bed.

Hong resumes sweeping. He casually calls after her--

HONG
Where can I find Dash and Antuan?

ROSANNA
What for?

HONG
I can explain what happened.

ROSANNA
You don't have to ask me. They're not hard to find.
(beat, realizing)
How'd you know who runs the gangs?
I never told you.

Hong just keeps sweeping. Rosanna heads for her door. She doesn't see George's face disappearing from the window. He was eavesdropping.

EXT. DASH'S HOUSE -- DAY

A well-manicured lawn shows this man cares about his own home much more than he cares about the neighborhood he runs.

A couple of GANGBANGERS smoke cigarettes on the porch.

INT. DASH'S HOUSE -- OFFICE -- DAY

The walls are decorated with horse photos. Andalusians. Lipizzans. Appaloosas. Magnificent creatures.

Theo is wrapping up his version of yesterday's events. Talking fast and furious. His wrist in a fresh cast.

He's speaking to someone in a tall chair at a thick oak desk. We don't see him yet.

THEO

--and he blindsides my ass like
BAM! Express Train to Suckerpunch
City. Next thing, I wake up at
Mercy General. Homeboy got lucky.
Won't be so lucky next time. You
know what I'm sayin'?

REVEAL who Theo's talking to. DASH (late 20s). Leader of the Sixth Street Kings.

Shaped by the streets, he's a tough guy who wears his emotions out loud. Shaved head. Jewelry. He's seen every episode of "The Sopranos," and considers Tony a mentor.

DASH

He took you down with a cheap shot.
So how'd he take down your boys?

Theo hems and haws. He didn't know he'd be cross-examined.

THEO

Well, you know, Dash. Shit, it's
like I'm sayin', man. He got
lucky.

Dash looks over at his right hand man JONESY. A bodybuilder who doesn't say much and doesn't have to. Jonesy shrugs.

Dash gets up and walks around the desk.

DASH

Okay, Theo. We can do one of two
things. Number One. I investigate
your bullshit story and find out
from someone else what really went
down. Then I knock all the teeth
out of your mouth with a ball pein
hammer, which'll forever remind you
never to waste my time by coming in
here and talkin' bullshit.

Theo's eyes go wide as Dash is now right in his face.

THEO
W-what's Number Two?

DASH
Number Two. You tell me what
really happ--

THEO
We were jackin' his ride and he
came at us with some crazy ass kung
fu shit. I don't even know what
happened, it was fists of fury,
man! I'm sorry, Dash. These
Vicodins got me all tripped out--

DASH
Okay. Shut up. Hang outside.
We'll sort this shit out.

Two GUARDS usher Theo out. Dash turns to Jonesy.

DASH (CONT'D)
This mystery guy took on three
Kings. And won.

Despite his tough bastard posturing, if you look closely at
Dash, you can always see a mind at work.

DASH (CONT'D)
Could be some new play by Antuan.
We gotta know before we hit back.
Put someone on it. Find out if
Antuan's moving on us.

EXT. ANTUAN'S HOUSE -- DAY

Another fine home, in contrast to the streets where their
business is done. Antuan's home has a koi pond out front.

INT. ANTUAN'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Rock music plays from high end speakers. Pot smoke hangs in
the air. Too many empty beer cans to count.

Six gangbanger types sit around a table, playing Texas Hold
'Em. It feels like the game probably started late last
night.

Unexpected decor for a rowdy poker game. The walls show off
wood-adorned scrolls with Asian characters. If we could read
them, we'd see words like STRENGTH. POWER. RESPECT.
There's even an altar in the corner. A meditation spot.

Players make bets or fold. One of them considers his options. A madly tattooed hard case. He's called J-DOG. We know this because it's tattooed on the back of his neck.

J-DOG
Raise fitty.

He drops a stack of chips in the large pot. The table goes "oooooooo." Everyone folds. Except for one player.

ANTUAN. All eyes on him. At a glance you wouldn't guess him for the boss. He's small. And his bright red mohawk makes him look more like an anarchist than a leader.

He's looking at a text on his phone. It's more interesting than the game.

J-DOG (CONT'D)
Antuan. 'Sup?

ANTUAN
Three of Dash's boys got schooled
on their own corner by some cowboy.

J-DOG
C'mon. It's fitty to you. Pay
attention, man.

Antuan snaps his gaze to J-Dog. And now we see the face of the boss. J-Dog realizes he stepped over the line. Antuan replies coolly. His voice is always smooth yet strong.

ANTUAN
I am paying attention. That's how
I know you picked up the gut shot
straight on fifth street. But you
didn't notice that the river card
put three hearts on the board.
Because you're not paying
attention.

Antuan pushes his massive stacks of chips toward the center.

ANTUAN (CONT'D)
All in.

J-Dog peeks at his pocket cards. Antuan's right. He's got the straight. But it doesn't look as strong now. He folds.

Antuan flips his cards. He only had a pair of fours. He grins and pulls the chips in. J-Dog shakes his head.

ANTUAN (CONT'D)
Whoever this cowboy is that took on
three Kings... might be worth our
while to track him down. Hire him.

HONG (O.S.)
What if he's not for hire?

Everyone JUMPS. REVEAL Hong in the doorway. Everyone's
drunk and stoned, so reactions are clumsy. Except one.

KAT jumps up and levels a pistol at Hong. She mixed in so
tomboyishly well at the table, it wasn't clear that she's a
woman. She's lethal. Merciless. Sexy. It's clear now.

ANTUAN
(waves her back)
It's cool, Kat. Re-lack.

Kat lowers the gun but doesn't sit. Hong smiles. Impressed
with her. His eyes scan the room... then fix on Antuan.
Antuan smiles. He likes this guy's style.

ANTUAN (CONT'D)
So you're the guy. Why'd you bust
Theo's arm?

HONG
He touched my car.

ANTUAN
Yeah, well. That was a Sergeant
you battled with. Only a matter of
time before the General declares
war on your ass.

Antuan moves in closer. In a friendly fashion.

ANTUAN (CONT'D)
Dash is gonna come for you, no
joke. Unless you've got
protection. That's why you came
here, right? You heard I can help.

Antuan SNAPS his fingers and points to J-Dog who immediately
rushes to his side and hands him a stack of cash.

ANTUAN (CONT'D)
You're new in town. You're looking
for something. And I've got it.
Come work for me. Be my soldier.
You get paid. And more
importantly, you get protected.

Antuan counts off some bills. Holds them out toward Hong.

ANTUAN (CONT'D)

The streets are peaceful now. But that won't last forever. And when it's war time again, you'll want to be on the right side.

Antuan's still holding the cash out. He clearly doesn't like being made to wait this long for an answer.

Hong finally steps up and takes the cash.

HONG

I'll think about it.

Hong pockets the cash and walks out. The guys at the table look at one another like, "Who does that guy think he is?"

Antuan and Kat exchange a serious look. "That guy was extraordinary. We have to watch him."

EXT. DASH'S HOUSE -- DAY

Theo hangs out on the porch, smoking a cigarette with a TEEN - - probably just joined the gang. Theo smokes with his cast hand and grips a beer can with his good hand.

THEO

--so he suckerpunches me like BAM! Guinness Book of Pussy Moves. Next time I see that bitch, I'ma kick his head wide open and piss in his...

Theo's jaw drops when he sees Hong marching up the driveway. Coming right toward him!

The beer can slips from his hand and HITS the ground. Barely breaking stride, Hong picks it up and hands it back to him.

THEO (CONT'D)

Yeah, hey. What's up, man. It's cool. Right on.

Hong pats him on the shoulder and goes inside.

INT. DASH'S HOUSE -- POOL ROOM -- DAY

Jonesy lines up a complicated bank shot on the pool table. Holding a cue stick, Dash talks to two of his LIEUTENANTS.

DASH
No, we don't abort the drop. It's
business as usual until I say
different, capisce?

The Lieutenants nod and head out-- just as a GUARD walks in.

GUARD
Dash. I got a guy here, says
you're lookin' for him.

DASH
He got a name?

GUARD
Yeah, he said "Mercy General."

Dash shoots a look at Jonesy. The guy is here? He doesn't understand this move.

Jonesy takes a defensive position near the door. Dash grabs a pistol from a nearby table. Puts it in his belt. Nods.

A moment later, the Guard brings Hong in. He makes eye contact with Dash.

DASH
You got a lot of balls. I guess
that's how you managed to take on
three of my boys.

Hong is listening but his eyes are surveying the room. And watching Jonesy who's a good six inches taller. And wider.

DASH (CONT'D)
Now Jonesy here, he's got more
balls than anyone I ever met. So
if you came here thinking we all
fall down like Theo did, you're
about to learn a hard ass lesson
about the Sixth Street Kings.

Jonesy CHARGES at Hong with the cue stick.

Hong fights back with his bare hands, BLOCKING Jonesy's attack, disarming him and BREAKING the stick.

Jonesy swings his massive fists. Hong CATCHES one of Jonesy's hands. Then the other.

Hong uses Jonesy's momentum and mass to HURL him up and over through the air.

He LANDS HARD on the pool table, which CRASHES DOWN.

Jonesy's lost his breath. He's barely conscious.

Jonesy's a formidable fighter but Hong has still made quick work of him.

Hong snatches up one of the half-sticks with a splintered, sharp end. He raises it up as if to strike--

--then lowers it. Showing mercy.

Dash was so shocked by what he saw that he forgot he had a gun. He whips it out and aims at Hong.

DASH (CONT'D)
All right, you made your point.

Hong tosses his half stick aside. Dash lowers the gun.

DASH (CONT'D)
You got skills. And if that little dance was an audition, then you got the part. You know who runs this town. You came to the right place.

Dash pulls a wad of cash from his pocket. Tosses it to Hong.

DASH (CONT'D)
You work for me. And I'll make you a superstar.

Hong lets out a small laugh. He pockets the money--

HONG
I'll think about it.

--and walks out. Jonesy lets out a painful groan.

Dash offers a hand and pulls him up off the collapsed table.

EXT. PARKVIEW APARTMENTS -- EVENING

Hong is busy picking trash out of the hedges and dropping it in a plastic bag. The place is starting to look different.

The occasional neighbor walks by, noticing the improvement. Some of them whisper to each other about Hong.

He goes nonchalantly about his business. The hedges are still overgrown but now they're nearly picked clean of trash.

Rosanna looks down on him from the upstairs exterior corridor. Watching for a moment. Fascinated.

ROSANNA
You're still alive.

Hong laughs but doesn't look up. Rosanna comes down the stairs. Hong keeps cleaning.

ROSANNA (CONT'D)
You never said where you come from.

Hong keeps picking up trash. Rosanna gives him a strange look. Then starts picking out trash with him. The teamwork makes it go much faster.

ROSANNA (CONT'D)
You can't change things, you know.
You can clean up but it just gets
dirty again.

HONG
Is that a reason to stop trying?

Almost all the trash is gone now. The place looks a thousand times better. Rosanna notices something off screen--

ROSANNA
Uh-oh.

Hong turns to see what she's looking at. Theo, Smiley and Huge Thug have resumed their positions on the corner.

Bandaged and bruised. They stare over at Hong. Hong ties off the plastic bag and dumps it in a nearby trash can.

Walking back to Rosanna, Hong waves at Theo. Theo waves back with his good hand. His boys nod acknowledgment.

Rosanna can't believe what she just saw!

A car pulls up. Theo and his boys go back to work. Business as usual. Hong keeps cleaning. Rosanna shrugs.

EXT. OLD WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

A car pulls up in front of the Old Warehouse across the street from the Parkview Apartments. Two of Antuan's Boys get out.

One is J-Dog, the tattooed guy from the poker game. The other is his little brother MIKEY, who wants to be like him.

J-DOG
Play it cool. It's a big
responsibility but an easy job.

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

The large space is packed with stacks of boxes. If we look close, we see that most of them are DISASTER RELIEF MEALS brought in for Hurricane Katrina and never used.

The guys walk through. Mikey carrying a duffel bag. J-Dog smoking a cigarette and counting the box columns they pass.

MIKEY

What do we do if the cops show up?

J-DOG

(laughs)

They won't.

MIKEY

Why not?

J-DOG

'Cause that's not what they do.

J-Dog stops at a particular stack of boxes. He counts up from the bottom and stops on one.

He pulls down on the outer box flap. Inside is a duffel bag that looks just like the one they brought in.

He pulls it out. Unzips it. Stacks of cash. He flips through one stack. It looks good. He zips it back up.

J-DOG (CONT'D)

We happy. Gimme the--

CHOOM! All the lights in the warehouse go out.

J-Dog's cigarette is the only illumination. The eerie orange light highlights the fear in his eyes.

MIKEY (O.S.)

What the hell was that, Dog?

J-DOG

I don't know. Hang on.

MIKEY (O.S.)

I think I heard--

FWA-FWHOOMP! In the darkness, Mikey's voice is suddenly cut off by the sound of SOMETHING HAPPENING FAST.

J-Dog whips out a pistol but can't see anything to aim at. Cigarette dangling from his mouth. Fearful breaths.

J-DOG
Mikey! What's up!

No answer. J-Dog's scared. Should he move? Should he stay?
Before he can decide--

CHOOM! The lights all go back on. The duffel bag Mikey had
is on the floor. Mikey is nowhere to be seen.

J-DOG (CONT'D)
Shit--

And before J-Dog can do anything, we see someone standing
right behind him.

One arm puts him in a head lock. The other takes the gun
from his hand.

J-Dog struggles but finds himself in a sleeper hold. Quickly
losing consciousness.

As his body eases to the floor, it's revealed who's holding
him from behind. It's Hong. Of course.

He releases J-Dog's unconscious body.

He grabs both duffel bags. He walks out of frame.

CHOOM! The lights go out again.

INT. MYSTERIOUS LOCATION -- BLACK AND WHITE FLASHBACK

Shadows and strange lighting. Black and white memories.
It's impossible to discern the location.

YOUNG HONG sits on the ground. He looks like the Hong we
know but with different hair.

Back against a wall. Knees pulled up to his chest. A shaft
of light illuminates the wall right above him. But Young
Hong sits in darkness, only partially lit in little pieces.

One thing we can see is his eyes. They are blank. Almost
catatonic. The eyes of a dead man.

Suddenly the light is BLOCKED by a massive figure. Six and a
half feet tall. A Sherman tank with legs. This is MICK.

MICK
You're sittin' in my spot.

Young Hong slowly raises his head. Sees the giant man
peering down at him. Shirtless. Skin-headed.

White Power tats adorning his body. We hear the murmurs and giggles of unseen flunkies backing Mick up.

Young Hong says nothing. Just gets up and starts moving-- but Mick blocks his path.

MICK (CONT'D)
Not so fast, little man. You chose
this road. You pay the toll.

Mick stares down at Young Hong. Young Hong won't look at him. He just wants to walk away. He tries to rush by--

BOOM! Mick clotheslines Young Hong. We hear LAUGHTER from the unseen flunkies.

MICK (CONT'D)
Crazy fuck. You wanna die?

Still catching his breath, Young Hong mutters...

YOUNG HONG
Yes...

The answer surprises Mick. He wanted the "no." Now he doesn't know what to say. It pisses him off.

Mick pins Young Hong's head to the ground with his huge foot. Young Hong grits his teeth in pain.

MICK
You're a smart ass little
puppyfucker, ain't you? You really
wanna die, I can oblige you right
now!

Mick raises his leg and STOMPS--

--but his foot is CAUGHT by someone else's hand.

We see the FACE of the man who stepped in to save Young Hong. Looking up at Mick with eyes of steel. This is TIANO.

Tiano uses his leverage on Mick's foot to SHOVE the giant man back. Mick is caught off guard. He falls to his knees for a second but pushes himself back up.

MICK (CONT'D)
You want some too?!

Mick comes at Tiano full force. Tiano ducks and dodges and blocks his fists with ease, then SHOVES him back again.

TIANO
I've given you two chances. Don't
ask for a third.

Mick rushes at him again. This time he goes for a kick.

Tiano catches his foot again. But this time--

SNAP! Tiano delivers a lethal blow to his shin. Bends the bottom half of the leg to a 45 degree angle below the knee!

Mick SCREAMS in horror as he hits the ground. His unseen flunkies gasp in fear and run away.

Tiano stands over Mick, looking down. Bathed in light, Tiano shakes his head.

 TIANO (CONT'D)
You think you know power. But you
only know fear.

Tiano helps Young Hong to his feet. Mick writhes on the ground, howling in pain.

His tibia bone pokes through the skin, piercing his swastika tattoo.

EXT. ABANDONED HOTEL -- DAY

The decrepit old hotel used to be a hot spot for jet setters. Its dilapidated state evokes a time when things were better. Its Colonial style evokes a time when things were worse.

 DASH (O.S.)
Bullshit! My boys dropped their
bag. On time. On the spot!

INT. ABANDONED HOTEL -- CONFERENCE HALL -- DAY

The huge room is badly damaged from a cosmetic point of view but still structurally strong.

Dash and Antuan stand in the middle of the room, arguing. Getting more and more in each other's faces.

 ANTUAN
I know they did. That doesn't mean
they didn't jack my boys.

Dash is backed by Jonesy. Antuan is backed by Kat. Jonesy and Kat look ready to brawl-- though both uncertain about what that would do to the tense peace of St. Jude Square.

Also backing up their leaders are J-Dog and Mikey on Antuan's side. Two BIG GUYS on Dash's side.

DASH
You callin' me a liar?

ANTUAN
I'm calling you a fool.

Dash moves to attack Antuan but Jonesy holds him back. Antuan smiles, calmly pushing Dash's buttons.

ANTUAN (CONT'D)
What about your boy Theo? Maybe he didn't like how you let the cowboy slide. Alls I'm saying is you can't control your boys.

DASH
It was your boys who lost both bags! If they got attacked, why ain't there no marks on them?

MR. V (O.S.)
Gentlemen, please. Use your indoor voices.

Everyone turns to see who's just arrived. Or maybe he's been hanging back listening for a while...

MR. V. (Late 40s). Dressed in a suit. With a perpetual smile that makes him look like he knows a secret about you.

Everyone quiets down in Mr. V's presence. He strolls in casually, looking like he's here to solve a problem.

MR. V (CONT'D)
Sounds awfully tense in here.
Maybe I can lighten things up with a joke.

Mr. V walks around and acts out the joke with gestures and voices, entertaining everyone.

MR. V (CONT'D)
A police officer sees a car weaving wildly in and out of the lanes. He pulls the guy over and says, "Sir, I need you to blow into this breathalyzer tube." The driver says, "Sorry, Officer. I can't do that. I'm an asthmatic."
(MORE)

MR. V (CONT'D)

If I blow into that tube, I'll have an asthma attack." "Okay," says the cop, "Then you're gonna have to give me a urine sample." "No can do," says the driver, "I'm a diabetic. If I do that, I'll get severely dehydrated and go into a coma." Cop says "Then I need you to come down to the station and give a blood sample." Man says, "But I'm a hemophiliac. If I give blood, I'll bleed to death." "All right then," the cop says, "I need you to step out of the car and walk this white line." The driver replies, "I can't do that either." Cop says, "Why not?" And the driver says, "Because I'm really fucking drunk."

Everyone laughs. Mr. V laughs the loudest. Both Dash and Antuan say something like, "That's a good one, Mr. V."

He's broken the tension. As the laughter dies down...

MR. V (CONT'D)

Let that be a lesson to all of you. No matter how many excuses you have, a good cop will always get to the truth. Always.

Mr. V KICKS J-Dog's knee, putting him to the floor. J-Dog SCREAMS in unexpected agony.

ANTUAN

Whoa! Mr. V--

Antuan steps forward but backs off when Mr. V whips out a gun. Everyone steps back. Mikey's terrified for his brother.

Mr. V KNEES J-Dog in the stomach. He hunches over coughing.

MR. V

(to one of Dash's Big
Guys)

Hold him. Now!

The Big Guy has no choice. He steps up and holds J-Dog's collapsing body in place. Keeps him on his knees.

Mr. V tilts J-Dog's head back and makes Big Guy hold it there. Mr. V holsters his gun. Looks at Dash and Antuan.

MR. V (CONT'D)
I got my stacks this morning.

He whips a wad of cash from his pocket.

MR. V (CONT'D)
I think I might have counted wrong.

ANTUAN
No, no. You got the message,
right? It's because--

MR. V
Shut. Up.
(Antuan does)
Now... Let me count again.

Mr. V peels bills off the stack. He STUFFS THEM into J-Dog's mouth, two at a time.

MR. V (CONT'D)
Two hundred. Four hundred. Six
hundred. Are you keeping track?

J-Dog tries to spit the bills out. Mr. V keeps stuffing them in and counting.

A choking J-Dog GRITS HIS TEETH. Mr. V KICKS HIM HARDER in the stomach and holds his nose shut this time.

MR. V (CONT'D)
Fourteen hundred. Sixteen hundred.
Eighteen hundred. Almost there...

J-Dog will be dead in seconds if this doesn't stop.

MR. V (CONT'D)
Two thousand!

Mr. V SLAMS J-Dog's mouth shut with a sledgehammer underhand fist to the jaw. He falls to the floor. Half-conscious and spitting out bloody bills.

Mr. V is a little out of breath, but not emotional. This is business to him.

MR. V (CONT'D)
Looks like I counted right after
all.

He pulls out a vial of what appears to be dried-up chocolate pudding. He tips some out into a glass pipe.

Mr. V lights up and draws deep on the pipe. As he takes the hit, a badge on his belt is revealed.

He exhales a cloud of smoke and shakes his head like a dog shaking off water.

He zeroes in on Dash and Antuan.

MR. V (CONT'D)

I don't care what happens. Earthquake. Flood. Tornado. Your momma's in the hospital. A gator ate your baby. Somebody ripped you off. Diabetic coma. I don't give a fuck. You don't send me messages. You don't give me excuses. And you don't ever hand off an envelope that's light. You pay what you owe. Are you reading this shit or do I have to use capital letters?

Dash and Antuan both spout "Got its," "Sorrrys" and "Yes sirs."

MR. V (CONT'D)

Good. Dash, if you get hit by a truck and lose both your legs, what are you going to do?

DASH

Pay what I owe.

MR. V

Antuan, if aliens blow up your house, what are you going to do?

ANTUAN

Pay what I owe.

MR. V

Excellent. By midnight. The right amount this time. Plus ten percent.

Mr. V turns and strolls out with a smile.

MR. V (CONT'D)

It's nice to see that the two of you aren't fighting anymore.

Antuan quickly helps J-Dog to his feet. Paying no attention to the bloody money on the floor.

Big Guy helps too. Even though he's one of Dash's boys, he whispers apologies to J-Dog for hurting him.

EXT. DASH'S HOUSE -- DAY

Dash and his boys get out of his Mercedes as he talks urgently--

DASH
Right now we just gotta get Mr. V's
cash. We deal with Antuan later--

EXT. ANTUAN'S HOUSE -- DAY

Antuan and company get out of his BMW. Same thing--

ANTUAN
--if Dash fucked us, we'll find out
for sure. If not, we'll find out
who did--

INT. DASH'S HOUSE -- OFFICE -- DAY

Dash removes one of his horse photos from the wall. He quickly spins his combination lock as he talks--

DASH
I never trusted the guy, and I
never will. First chance I get--

INT. ANTUAN'S HOUSE -- GAME ROOM -- DAY

Antuan removes one of his wood-adorned Asian characters from the wall. Punches in a code on a keypad.

ANTUAN
--I'll blast the bastard. Two
holes in the head. He deserves no
respect.

INT. DASH'S HOUSE -- OFFICE -- DAY

Dash opens the safe. And now he's speechless.

REVEAL that it's empty. No cash. Just a piece of cloth with something written on it.

INT. ANTUAN'S HOUSE -- GAME ROOM -- DAY

Antuan opens the safe. His eyes go wide.

REVEAL the same thing. A piece of cloth and no cash.

INT. ANTUAN'S HOUSE -- GARAGE -- DAY

Antuan, Kat and two SKINNY GUYS gather up the guns.

Pushing in bullets. Slapping in clips. It's war.

EXT. ANTUAN'S HOUSE -- DAY

Antuan leads his posse out to the BMW. Everyone's carrying a duffel bag full of guns.

And just as they're about to toss everything in the car--

Dash's Mercedes SCREECHES up.

In a second, all the doors are open and Dash's boys are aiming--

It's sudden insanity as Dash and Antuan yell at each other, and so do their followers.

Everybody's got guns. Everybody's pissed off. Somewhere in the noise, we hear--

DASH
You think you can walk in my house
and steal my money!

ANTUAN
I didn't steal your goddamn money!

Guns aimed. Madness in the air. Dash HURLS something at Antuan's feet. The piece of cloth. It unfurls.

ON CLOTH: A mysterious Asian character written in black.

DASH
What the hell's this! Looks to me
like an Antuan calling card!

ANTUAN
You ignorant fucktard!

Antuan throws a cloth down at Dash's feet.

ON CLOTH: The exact same symbol.

ANTUAN (CONT'D)
It's not mine! I got the same one.
Only difference is I know how to
read the goddamn thing.

Now the madness has turned to confusion. Dash looks at Antuan. Still aiming at him. Is this another trick?

DASH
Then why don't you tell me what it
says, big head.

ANTUAN
It's the symbol for "CHANGE." And
it's from that cowboy who owned
your boys two days ago.

DASH
How you know that?

Antuan picks up Dash's thrown cloth.

ANTUAN
'Cause he signed his initials!

ON CLOTH: The initials "R.H." are scrawled in the corner.
Dash's reaction tells us that he hadn't even noticed that.

DASH
Ryan Hong.

ANTUAN
Fuckin' A.

Dash stares his adversary down for one more moment. Then lowers his gun. Antuan lowers his. Everyone does.

DASH
Let's go.

And all the oppositional energy suddenly joins together. Everyone gets in their cars and SCREECHES OFF.

EXT. PARKVIEW APARTMENTS -- DAY

The Mercedes and BMW pull up near the building. The neighbors in the area know this is trouble. They run and hide.

Dash and his boys get out. Antuan and company get out. Weapons concealed, moving forward with intense intention.

As they move in on the building, Dash notices something strange. Three people who haven't run and hid.

Indeed, they are quite busy raking and pulling weeds from the Grass Square near the building.

Dash stops when he realizes-- it's the Three Thugs! Theo, Smiley and Huge Thug. Doing yard work instead of hanging out on their corner.

Everyone else in the posse stops and looks too. The Thugs suddenly realize Dash is there. They were so focused on their work, they hadn't noticed what was coming.

DASH

Theo?

THEO

Hey. 'Sup, Dash.

DASH

What the hell you doin'?

THEO

Just cleanin' up, dog. It's lookin' good, right?

DASH

Why ain't you on the corner?

THEO

Well, uh... I think you better talk to him about that.

DASH

Him? Him?!

Dash marches forward and grabs Theo by the throat.

DASH (CONT'D)

Get back on your corner right--

Dash stops talking when he locks eyes with Hong. Exiting his unit. No dramatic entrance. Just walking. Dressed in jeans and a black tank top.

Dash SHOVES Theo to the grass. Smiley and Huge Thug help him back up and away.

The Dash/Antuan posse positions itself on the grass, letting Hong come to them.

But something's amiss. Uneasy glances exchanged between Antuan and Kat. "Hong's going to make it this easy?"

He comes down the stairs at his own pace. Walks out into the street. Heading toward them.

Neighbors peeking out of nearby windows. They don't want to get shot but they don't want to miss any of this either!

HONG
They work for me now.

DASH
What the hell you talkin' about?
You're supposed to be working for
me!

ANTUAN
Wait a second. You hired him too?

Dash and Antuan exchange a bewildered look. Neither had any idea how hard this guy has been screwing them.

DASH
I believe we are lookin' at the
craziest motherfucker I ever met.

Antuan's had enough. No more words. He draws his gun.

Dash draws his too. They both aim at Hong-- who just laughs. This pisses Dash off even more.

DASH (CONT'D)
You think we won't waste you in
public? I guarantee no one in this
town's gonna testify against us.

HONG
There is only one guarantee here.
If you kill me, you will never get
your money back.

Dash and Antuan exchange a look again. Only this time it's not bewildered. This time it's "Shit. He's got us."

A moment frozen in time. The posse ready to blast away-- but they can't. Hong confidently facing off with them. Eyes quietly marking each potential opponent.

Dash. Antuan. Jonesy. Kat. The two Big Guys. The two Skinny Guys. There's gonna be a brawl.

Antuan turns to his Skinny Guys.

ANTUAN
Get him to tell me where the money
is. Extra grand for each of you.

Dash turns to his Big Guys.

DASH
You heard him. Same deal.

The Big Guys and Skinny Guys put their guns away. They move in on Hong. Four against one. Here it comes. But then--

WHAM! Theo jumps in and HITS one of the Big Guys with his wrist cast. And now it's a fight.

Hong stands his ground as Theo, Smiley and Huge Thug defend him against the Big Guys and Skinny Guys.

They're still injured from having their asses kicked two days ago. And now they fight for the man who injured them!

The Skinny Guys don't look like much at a glance but they're quick and skilled fighters with some basic martial arts skill.

They take on Smiley Thug, who fights with all his heart. One of the Skinny Guys tries to get past him and go for Hong, but he can't! Smiley gives them a run for their money.

Theo and Huge Thug take on the Big Guys. It's an even match, but the injuries give the Big Guys an advantage.

One of the Skinny Guys whips out a butterfly knife. He goes to stab Smiley Thug--

--but Hong steps in. Grabs his arm. Locks it in place. KNOCKS the knife from his hand. Catches it. Flips it closed. Wraps his fist around it. PUNCHES Skinny Guy out!

DASH (CONT'D)
Jonesy! Wanna rematch?

There is nothing Jonesy wants more. He beelines toward Hong.

The Big Guys have managed to knock Theo and Huge Thug to the ground. They deliver HARD KICKS to their fallen enemies--

--but Hong jumps in and ROUNDHOUSE KICKS one in the face.

The other Big Guy throws a punch and nails Hong in the face. But Hong spins with the punch and ROUNDHOUSE KICKS him too!

Smiley Thug and one Skinny Guy are still going at it. Both Big Guys get back up and now Jonesy has joined them.

Over at the Parkview Apartments, Rosanna has stepped out to watch, and George is trying to bring her back in.

GEORGE

Get back in! It's not safe here!

ROSANNA

It's never been safe here!

She watches Hong face off with three large opponents. He grabs the rake from the Grass Square and uses it as a weapon.

Now the odds are evened! The two Big Guys have only brute strength, so they get plenty of wooden stick jabs to the ribs and metal claws raking their faces.

Jonesy has more fighting skill, so he gets some shots in while taking some hits.

Skinny Guy finally defeats Smiley Thug and brings his martial arts prowess to the melee.

And as Hong finally KNOCKS OUT one Big Guy, then the other-- Antuan turns to Kat.

ANTUAN

Go.

Dash and Antuan watch. Now it's Hong vs. Jonesy, Skinny Guy and Kat. She's a game changer. The best trained so far.

Hong has just knocked Jonesy on his ass when he finds himself going toe-to-toe with Kat, who moves like lightning.

Hong blocks some of her shots with the rake, but then she locks her hands on it and FLIPS OVER IT.

She locks her legs around Hong's neck and FLIPS HIM like a Mexican wrestler.

Hong tumbles right into Skinny Guy who gets a CLEAN KICK at his head.

Kat moves in mercilessly-- now with the rake in her hands. She unleashes a fury of blows with the rake--

--but Hong surprises her with a LEAP UP. He was playing dead. He snatches the rake back and KNOCKS her to the ground.

He takes out Skinny Guy with one hard SWAT.

Kat jumps up, pissed. Hong keeps her at bay with the rake. Jonesy rejoins the battle. Hong takes them on together.

In the surrounding buildings, neighbors are peeking out to get a better look at this epic battle. Many are still watching from their windows.

Fallen soldiers in the street, defeated This new guy fighting the people they live in fear of. It's a sight to see.

Hong is bruised and bleeding but still in control of this battle. In fact, he has Jonesy and Kat on the ropes.

Dash and Antuan stand by watching. The generals of two joined armies. And somehow they're still losing against one man.

The two of them exchange a look.

Hong takes a FLYING KICK IN THE FACE from Kat but then he catches her leg and spins her around--

--and NAILS Jonesy in the face with her body. Jonesy tumbles to the grass. Kat scrambles back up and comes at Hong again.

Her fists flying. His hands blocking. She's taken a beating but she won't stop. And suddenly she has more help when--

--Antuan HOLDS Hong from behind with a baseball bat locked against his neck. Hong was so occupied with Kat, he didn't see Antuan sneaking up.

Now Kat lands EVERY SHOT. Until Hong KICKS HER BACK with both feet.

Antuan tries to hold him in place with the bat but Hong drops his feet to the ground and FLIPS Antuan forward--

--just as Dash moves in with another bat, SWINGING HARD.

Hong ducks and dodges and dives. Dash keeps catching air, making him madder and madder.

DASH

C'mon!

Antuan's back up in an instant. And it's clear as Dash and Antuan fight Hong-- there's a reason they're the leaders.

Hong takes them on. Their raw power and teamwork makes it a tough match for him.

But every time it looks like they've got him beaten, he bounces back and shames them with mighty blows.

Occasionally, we hear Neighbors CHEERING. Unheard of! It's an incredible battle on the Grass Square until--

WHEEEEEOW! Cop cars suddenly SCREECH onto the scene. An unusual sight in this town.

OFFICERS swarm in-- and put Hong under arrest. They hold Dash and Antuan back but don't cuff them. Hong on the other hand, is marched away like a common criminal.

ROSANNA

Hey! What are you doing?

GEORGE

Rosanna!

ROSANNA

They attacked him!

GEORGE

Shut your mouth! Don't get involved.

George grabs his grand-daughter. With the utmost concern for her safety, he tries to pull her inside.

She resists and keeps screaming at the cops as they haul Hong away in a patrol car.

As the cops pull away, we get a wide shot. The toughest bastards in town are struggling to get to their feet.

The Neighbors are watching, and what they've seen has blown their minds. Some are more terrified than ever. But some are growing in courage. Inspired. There is hope.

EXT. POLICE STATION -- NIGHT

A small town precinct that looks like it needs an update on everything. Plus a coat of paint.

INT. POLICE STATION -- HOLDING AREA -- NIGHT

Hong sits in the cell in a simple meditation pose. He doesn't seem scared or even concerned.

Three TOUGH GUYS watch him from the other side of the cell, making jokes about him.

Hong doesn't seem to notice. He stares ahead.

INT. MYSTERIOUS LOCATION -- BLACK AND WHITE FLASHBACK

Shadows and strange lighting. Black and white memories. Different location but still impossible to discern.

Young Hong is curled up on the floor, trying to catch his breath. Through choking tears, he mutters--

YOUNG HONG
She's dead. And I couldn't stop
it. She's dead.

Someone paces behind him with confidence. We recognize the voice as Tiano's. Growling at Young Hong with a voice like crushed gravel.

TIANO (O.S.)
She will always be dead. And
someday so will you. The question
is... What are you going to do now?
Because you are still alive.

Young Hong hears those words but he's still a mess. Heaving sobs on the floor.

BAM! Tiano kicks Young Hong's legs.

TIANO (CONT'D)
Stand up.

Young Hong doesn't respond. Tiano KICKS him harder-- pushing Young Hong from sad to angry.

TIANO (CONT'D)
Stand up.

Young Hong jumps to his feet and faces off with Tiano. Tiano smiles. This is what he wanted.

TIANO (CONT'D)
If you lie on the floor, you get
kicked like a dog. If you stand
like a man--

BOOM! Tiano's foot NAILS Young Hong in the chest. He flies back and hits the wall. Loses all his breath.

TIANO (CONT'D)
--you get kicked like a man.

YOUNG HONG
You-- f-- f--

TIANO
No names. Show me your anger.

Young Hong comes at him full force. Fists swinging wildly.
Tiano blocks every single blow with ease.

Tiano spins Young Hong around, pushes him face first into the wall and holds him there.

 TIANO (CONT'D)
There is a battle raging inside
you. The battle is between two
wolves. One wolf is sorrow, pity,
misery, despair. The other is
courage, honor, truth, compassion.
Do you know which wolf wins?

Tiano spins Young Hong around and looks him in the eyes.

 TIANO (CONT'D)
The one you feed.

Young Hong hears these words. Something changes for him.
Tiano beckons him to attack again.

Young Hong comes at him with a loud war cry. Tiano loves it.
The war cry ECHOES OUT--

INT. POLICE STATION -- HOLDING AREA -- NIGHT

Hong is snapped out of the memory when the leader of the
Tough Guys marches over.

 TOUGH GUY
Hey. I asked you a question.

Hong doesn't even look at him. Still staring ahead.

 TOUGH GUY (CONT'D)
If you're such a bad ass like they
say, why're you sittin' like a
faggot?

Hong stares straight ahead. Tough Guy steps closer.

 TOUGH GUY (CONT'D)
You ain't no bad ass.

Tough Guy steps right up next to him--

INT. POLICE STATION -- CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

A young GUARD whistles a tune as he strolls down the corridor, looking for the right key on his ring. He finds it just as he steps into the--

INT. POLICE STATION -- HOLDING AREA -- CONTINUOUS

--and absentmindedly calls out--

GUARD

Hong. Ryan.

The Guard looks up. He recoils when he sees--

Hong sits meditation style on the bench. The three Tough Guys are sprawled all over the cell, unconscious and bleeding.

INT. POLICE STATION -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

Hong sits in the chair across the table from another chair. Eyes subtly scanning the area. Getting the lay of the land.

The door opens. And in comes Mr. V.

He stands in the doorway for a moment. Sizing up Hong and probably wondering, "This is the guy causing all the trouble?"

Mr. V shuts the door. Unplugs the room's camera. Turns off the microphone on the table.

MR. V

I know what you're thinking. But we're not going dark in here so I can beat a confession out of you or taser your balls for shits and giggles. I just want us to have some privacy, so don't worry.

Hong doesn't look worried. Mr. V sits. Whips out his glass pipe. Pours some blackened resin from the vial. Fires it up and HITS THE PIPE.

He blows the smoke in Hong's direction. Not aggressively. But enough to announce that he's in charge here.

MR. V (CONT'D)

Ever seen this before?

Mr. V shows him the vial. Hong gives it a cursory glance. Then shakes his head "no."

MR. V (CONT'D)
It's called Black Magic. Found it on a nine-year-old kid. Selling it to his little friends, ten bucks a vial. Had to let him go. Know why?

Mr. V takes another big hit. Lets out a grunted exhale and starts to talk more animatedly.

MR. V (CONT'D)
Because it's perfectly legal! Coffee grounds mixed with ammonia and cooked to a fine resin. If I book the kid, I have to arrest every coffee shop waitress, every Starbucks barista, and Mr. Folgers himself!

Mr. V laughs loud. Hong just observes him.

MR. V (CONT'D)
Funny thing is... it tastes like shit. But the kid can't make enough of it. It's all over the playground. Cheap and legal.

Mr. V puts the pipe and lighter in his pocket and walks around, talking. No way could he sit still any longer.

MR. V (CONT'D)
See, the thing is... crack kills you. Kills you quick. And before it kills you quick, it sucks up everything good in your life.
(beat)
Me, I like the taste of Black Magic. And the shit keeps me sharp. Plus, I can smoke as much as I want, and if I ever have to take a drug test, my pee is pure and true.

Mr. V laughs some more and sits back down. He reaches across the table and shakes Hong's hand.

MR. V (CONT'D)

Victor Swan. Folks call me Mr. V. That's the nickname that stuck anyway, and all things considered, I think I could've done a lot worse.

HONG

Ryan Hong.

MR. V

Yes, I know. And if you're wondering why you're here, it's because I had you arrested for your own protection.

(beat)

See, the problem is this. You're tripping over your own testicles. You're like the rookie baseball player who hits one out of the park and runs straight to third.

Mr. V steps up. Still very friendly and smiling but looming over Hong and looking down.

MR. V (CONT'D)

Now if you wanna play on my diamond, you have to know the rules, and you have to run the bases in order. You come running out of the dugout just swinging your bat around... somebody's gonna get hurt.

HONG

No disrespect, Mr. V. But I've had a look at the scoreboard. And I think it should show a lot more runs.

Fascinated by Hong. Eager to do business. High as fuck on coffee crack. Mr. V speaks excitedly, pacing the room.

MR. V

I'm listening...

HONG

Your strategy is short term. It'll win a season or two. I have a career game plan that guarantees victory.

MR. V

How?

HONG

Lots of sports fans in your town
don't root for the team. Too
scared to cheer. If the fans don't
feel safe, then everybody loses.

The wheels are turning in Mr. V's head. He nods.

HONG (CONT'D)

I can get the fans into the
stadium. If I'm managing your
team, I bring a sold-out crowd with
me.

MR. V

Good! You've already proven
yourself as a game day player. But
I need to know how you are at
teamwork. When you score points in
this town, you share those points
with the ball club owner.
Understand?

HONG

Yes. And your points are waiting
for you at the Warehouse.

Mr. V stops cold. Gives Hong a curious look.

MR. V

Is that so?

HONG

Sixth row. Second stack. Fourth
from the bottom.

Mr. V stares at him with a strange smile. Eyes on Hong, he
whips his phone out, hits a button and puts it to his ear.

MR. V

Feldman. It's me.

(beat)

No, it can't wait. I don't give a
damn what you're doing. Drop it
and listen. Warehouse. Sixth row.
Second stack. Fourth from bottom.
Call me as soon as you've got it.

Mr. V hangs up and pockets his phone.

MR. V (CONT'D)

Sometimes Sergeant Feldman needs to
be reminded who's calling the
plays.

HONG
Do we have a deal?

MR. V
Not so fast, Yogi. I'm convinced
you can play and pay, but I need to
know I can trust you. That means
doing me a favor.

Mr. V pulls something from his pocket. SLAMS it on the
table.

MR. V (CONT'D)
Remember I told you how some people
get sucked all the way into the
crack pipe? Case in point.

Hong looks at it. It's a photo of a man.

MR. V (CONT'D)
His name is Beach. Like ocean,
sand, all that. This particular
Beach has become a problem for me.
It used to be very popular. I went
there often. But now it's
polluted. Toxic. And it needs to
be shut down.

HONG
I understand.

MR. V
There may still be "lifeguards"
hanging around. But that won't
stop a man like you, will it?

Hong shakes his head.

MR. V (CONT'D)
Excellent. Take care of this. And
I'll get you what you need.

Hong flips the photo over. On the back are Beach's PHONE
NUMBER and ADDRESS.

EXT. BEACH'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

A small house on an unremarkable block. Two cars out front.
It's the address from the photo.

INT. BEACH'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

If this guy ever had a cleaning lady, she got scared off long ago. Piles of old useless papers stacked everywhere. Used dishes all around.

BEACH sits at the large oak table loading his glass crack pipe. He's a skinny, twitchy fellow who once had a good brain, but he's smoked a lot of it away.

The table is a mess like everything else. But Beach has made a very clear area for his crack-smoking ritual.

Two other guys in the room talk to Beach as he hits the pipe. Both armed with SHOTGUNS.

BALD DUDE sits on the couch. His shotgun rests on the coffee table. HAIRY DUDE sits at the large table with Beach. He strokes his shotgun like a pet. He never sets it down.

BALD DUDE

I don't get it. What's the big deal about crack? How's it make you feel?

BEACH

(holding it in)
Makes you feel like having some more crack.

Beach laughs so hard, he snorts smoke everywhere. Hairy Dude laughs and shakes his head.

HAIRY DUDE

I tried it once. It's crazy. The top of your head comes off.

A phone RINGS. Beach looks around like a bird who just heard a strange sound. He sees his phone ringing on the table.

BEACH

What the hell area code is--

WHAM-BAM-BOOM! Here's what just happened:

Everyone turned toward the phone when it rang. Hong came right in and grabbed the shotgun from the coffee table.

Bald Dude tried to grab it and now Hong is SWATTING HIM BACK using the shotgun as a blunt weapon.

Hairy Dude jumps up from his chair and aims--

Hong swings the shotgun and CRACK--

He KNOCKS the shot wide--

BOOM! It blasts a hole in the wall.

Hong uses the butt of his shotgun to SMACK Hairy Dude in the face. He loses a tooth.

Beach tries to run but Hong KICKS the oak table back toward the wall, trapping him.

Hairy Dude tries to take another shot at Hong, but Hong continues using the shotgun as a blunt weapon, beating him with it and blocking his aim.

Bald Dude gets up and tries to sneak up on Hong from behind--

Just as Hong ducks another shot from Hairy Dude--

BOOM!

A terrified Bald Dude DIVES out of the way just in time. His friend almost blew his head off.

Beach tries to crawl under the oak table but Hong KICKS the chairs in, pushing him back.

Hairy Dude tries to aim again but Hong grabs the barrel with one hand and SWINGS him around--

--just as Bald Dude is getting up. Hairy Dude CRASHES right into Bald Dude. And drops his precious shotgun.

Hong has one shotgun in his hand. He goes to reach for the other one but Beach is trying to escape again.

Just as Beach crawls out from under the table, Hong grabs a chair and SLAMS it down, pinning him to the floor.

Hong jumps on top of the chair to hold him there--

--just as Bald Dude gets up and grabs Hairy Dude's shotgun.

Standing on the chair, Hong arcs back and SWINGS his shotgun.

Bald Dude BLOCKS with his shotgun. They fight each other a moment, both using the shotguns as blunt weapons--

--when Bald Dude suddenly remembers-- that's not how you're supposed to use a shotgun!

He stumbles back and aims. Hong FLIPS off the chair--

--and lands with a mighty SWAT-CLACK! Sending Bald Dude's aim straight down.

BOOM! Bald Dude blows off half of his own foot. He HOWLS. Hong POUNDS his face with the shotgun, shutting him up.

Hairy Dude has recovered and come running up behind Hong-- but he swings around and CRACKS him a good one in the head.

Bald Dude and Hairy Dude are down. Beach is trying to crawl away again. But he's lost all hope. It's a crying crawl.

Hong walks after him. Steps on his back, pushing him down--

BEACH

Oh my God oh my God oh my God--

--then flips him on his back with one foot. Aims the shotgun straight down at his face.

BEACH (CONT'D)

--please please please--

Hong keeps the barrel pointed right at him. Finally--

HONG

Boom.

Beach shudders with fear. Then lets out a breath. Alive. Confused. Still scared.

HONG (CONT'D)

I killed you. Understand?

BEACH

(it takes him a moment)

Yeah... Yes! I understand.

HONG

Get out of town. Let everyone think you're dead. Come back in a month and you can live again.

BEACH

Okay. Yes, sir. Thank you.

Beach starts to get up. Hong's foot pushes him back down.

HONG

First. Tell me everything you know about Mr. V.

EXT. STREET/DARK ALLEY -- NIGHT -- BLACK AND WHITE DREAM

Feet frantically running down the sidewalk. This time an alarm is RINGING. Another detail coming into focus.

Hong bolts into the alley, frantically waving his hands.

The SHADOWY SCUFFLE. Hong is almost upon them--

HONG

No!!!

POP! Too late.

Hong tumbles forward and crawls to the VICTIM. A young woman. Her body shudders. He can see her eyes. She's still aware.

It's a horrifying death. Blood everywhere. Hong is in tears. Helpless. Scared.

He looks to his left. And sees the Shadowy Assailant still standing there with a gun.

The Victim lets out a LAST GASP.

INT. HONG'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- MORNING

Hong wakes up with a GASP of his own. Which cuts right to--

INT. HONG'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Heavy breathing. A shirtless Hong works out vigorously. Pull-ups. Push-ups. Abdominal crawls. Anything he can do with a floor, a wall or a door frame.

As he works out, there's a KNOCK at the door.

HONG

Come in!

The door opens. Rosanna enters. Takes it all in. There's a little more furniture than the last time she was here. Not much but some.

Hong finishes a set of reps. Starts another. Rosanna tries to admire his ripped body without being obvious about it.

ROSANNA

My grandpa wants you out of here.

Hong stops his reps. She's got his attention now.

HONG
I have a six month lease.

ROSANNA
He could legally have you removed
for yesterday's fight. But... He
can't do it without me. We own
this place together. He needs my
approval.

Hong suppresses a smile. He lets Rosanna have her little
moment of power over him.

ROSANNA (CONT'D)
I told you on day one to keep your
head down, didn't I?

HONG
What kind of life is it when you
have to keep your head down?

ROSANNA
The kind where you don't die.

HONG
We all die.

ROSANNA
Some of us live longer.

HONG
Some just die slower.

Hong walks closer to her.

HONG (CONT'D)
If you stand up for yourself... you
might die. But first you'll live.

Once again, Rosanna is face to face with a man who speaks to
her like no other. She's blown away. Trying to hide it.

ROSANNA
I do stand up for myself. When
Dash tried to rent this place and
turn it into a lab, I said no. And
he was offering three times what
you pay.
(beat)
Plus I take Karate once a week.

HONG
Really?

FWHOOM! Rosanna's foot snaps an inch from his face. She holds the position. Strong.

Hong nods. It's his turn to be impressed.

Rosanna playfully takes shots at him. He backs away. She keeps coming.

Finally, she backs him against the wall. Their faces inches apart. It's sudden and unexpected.

They're two seconds from a passionate kiss. But then--

Hong ducks away from her.

HONG (CONT'D)
Sorry. I...

Hong looks vulnerable in a way we haven't seen before. It surprises her. He composes himself.

HONG (CONT'D)
I have to work. If you want me
out, I'm out.
(beat)
But I won't put my head down.

INT. MYSTERIOUS LOCATION -- BLACK AND WHITE FLASHBACK

Mostly darkness with spears of light illuminating the two men. Young Hong faces off with Tiano. Young Hong's body looks harder than before. His eyes are tuned in, his mind sharper.

TIANO
With the right training... in an
open space... you can fight a dozen
men and win, using only your wits
and your fists.

Tiano moves in closer. Their faces just inches apart.

TIANO (CONT'D)
But in close quarters, you must re-
think your strategy. You must
adapt and be creative.

Tiano PUNCHES. Young Hong BLOCKS. Tiano launches a full on assault, pushing him back. Young Hong defends but he's losing.

Young Hong's backed against the wall. Tiano fires off a punch-- but Young Hong ducks it and RAMS his head into Tiano's chest.

Tiano stumbles back. Young Hong presses with a combination of short punches and kicks, pushing Tiano back.

Tiano blocks every blow and then holds his position.

The two of them fight with SHORT, SHARP BLOWS. Both rooted in their spot. Neither one moving backward or forward.

With no room to maneuver, both of them start throwing unusual punches and kicks. Each lands a few but most are blocked with improvised moves.

Young Hong holds his own. Tiano smiles-- then LOCKS Young Hong's arm in place and turns his face toward the floor. Young Hong is clearly in a lot of pain as Tiano speaks--

TIANO (CONT'D)

You win the battle by fighting.
You win the war by imposing your
will on the enemy. Even after ten
defeats, your opponent will return
and engage you a hundred more
times. Until you create an
association in his mind that you
cannot or should not be beaten.

Young Hong tries to free himself from the hold. Tiano pushes him closer to the floor, doubling the pain!

TIANO (CONT'D)

You do this by a demonstration of
overwhelming force that creates a
paralyzing fear in your adversary.

Tiano releases Young Hong. He falls face first to the floor.

TIANO (CONT'D)

Or by showing mercy.
(beat)
The choice is yours.

Despite his pain, Young Hong stands up again.

INT. ABANDONED HOTEL -- FOYER -- DAY

Dash and Antuan enter The Foyer -- a different room than last time. Like most of the hotel, it was once beautiful but somebody stopped loving it.

ANTUAN
You never apologized.

DASH
For what?

ANTUAN
For accusing me of stealing your money.

DASH
What, your feelings hurt or something?

ANTUAN
You're my business associate. An accusation is a sign of disrespect. I don't care if you like me, but you have to respect me.

Dash takes that in. Nods.

DASH
Sorry about that.

Someone steps up behind them. They both turn, ready to draw. But then they recognize the guys. Two young cops in suits.

SERGEANT FELDMAN is short and boyish. Might have modeled a few years ago. He has a way of peering at you with a crooked smile that's more prickly than friendly.

SERGEANT HOWES is a tall athletic type who lets his intimidating presence speak for itself.

SGT. FELDMAN
Howdy, boys. Mr. V's waiting.

DASH
Jesus, Feldman. Almost popped you.

SGT. FELDMAN
I doubt that. You still flinching like a little girl?

DASH
Maybe. You still Mr. V's bitch?

Sgt. Feldman goes after Dash, and it's a sudden clusterfuck as Antuan and Sergeant Howes try to separate them.

ANTUAN
Chill!

Sgt. Feldman finally calms down and straightens his jacket.

SGT. FELDMAN

I said Mr. V's waiting. That means
you should be doing what right now?

Dash gives him a dirty look.

DASH

Following you.

SGT. FELDMAN

Smarter than he looks.

Sgt. Feldman and Sgt. Howes lead them outside.

EXT. ABANDONED HOTEL -- POOL AREA -- DAY

Fallen leaves rule this area. No one has swept in ages, and
no one will for some time. It belongs to the plants now.

The two cops stop and wave Dash and Antuan ahead. Both of
them are uncomfortable moving forward with the cops behind
them but they do.

As they approach the empty pool, they start to see that
someone is standing at the bottom, amongst the leaves.

It's Mr. V with his arms raised in delight.

MR. V

Have you guys ever seen the world
from the bottom of an abandoned
pool?

Mr. V runs up the incline to the shallow end. Up the steps
and out.

MR. V (CONT'D)

Go ahead. Try it.

Dash and Antuan exchange a look. "What the hell is this?"
But they reluctantly move forward.

Down the steps and into the abandoned pool. They turn and
look up at Mr. V.

ANTUAN

Yeah, cool. I see what you mean.

Antuan's playing along. Dash is running out of patience.

DASH

Mr. V--

MR. V

Back in the day, this was the hot spot for rich pricks and their mistresses. You have any idea how many blowjobs went down in this pool? It humbles the soul.

DASH

Mr. V, listen--

MR. V

Dash. Would you ever steal from me?

DASH

No. 'Course not.

MR. V

Would you ever lie to me?

DASH

Nah, man.

MR. V

Would you ever shoot me?

DASH

What?

MR. V

Would. You. Ever. Shoot. Me.

DASH

No. Hell no, man.

MR. V

Why not?

DASH

'Cause, Mr. V. You the man in charge.

MR. V

Good answer. That is exactly who I am. Gold star for you.

DASH

But Mr. V, you being the man in charge-- You gotta-- I mean we need you to--

MR. V
Spit it out, Dash.

DASH
We got jacked!

Mr. V recoils at the harsh tone. Silence for a moment.

DASH (CONT'D)
Me and Antuan both. We got jacked hard. I had to dip into my reserves to pay you 'cause Hong broke into my safe and took everything else.

MR. V
And...?

DASH
What the fuck happened? Where's our protection? What the hell we paying you for if someone can just bust in and take our shit?

Mr. V strolls around the edge of the pool.

MR. V
These are all good questions, Dash. My answer is simple. And it's why I asked you here today.

Dash and Antuan keep their eyes on Mr. V as he walks the perimeter. But their eyes dart back to the Sergeants too.

MR. V (CONT'D)
The protection I offer is from other cops. If Sergeant Feldman here ever gives you shit, you come to me. If some scumbag detective from Downtown tries to muscle in, you come to me. But if you can't handle your shit with some average citizen out there on the street...

Mr. V kneels down at the pool's edge.

MR. V (CONT'D)
...then Dash, I'm afraid I'm going to have to partner you up with someone who can handle his shit.

Dash suddenly realizes how serious this conversation is.

DASH
What... wait--

MR. V
As of today, you and Hong run the Sixth Street Kings together. You split everything down the middle. He's a smart man with good ideas. Listen to him and don't be stupid.

DASH
You don't decide who runs the Kings!

MR. V
I decide if the Kings can live, breathe, shit and eat in my town without getting arrested. That gives me a pretty big goddamn vote.

DASH
This is bullshit!

Dash moves toward Mr. V. Antuan holds him back. Even though they're rivals, he doesn't want to see Dash killed.

DASH (CONT'D)
You can't do this!

MR. V
It's done. You have two choices. Work with Hong or get the fuck out of town.
(beat)
So says the man in charge.

Mr. V walks off. The Sergeants follow, laughing up a storm.

EXT. PARKVIEW APARTMENTS/ST. JUDE SQUARE -- DAY

It's another new day in St. Jude Square with more strange surprises. Hong stands at the railing of the exterior corridor, directing a clean-up crusade.

Parkview has already been revitalized thanks to Hong. Now that he has more bodies at his disposal, he has them working.

MONTAGE

- Sweeping, trimming, washing windows. Hong's people work hard on his behalf. And it's kind of fun too.

- The area of cleanliness grows out from the Parkview Apartments into the streets and to neighboring buildings.

- Roofing, repairing, fixing broken windows. Neighbors are pitching in now. Meeting one another and working together.

- Hong joins in and does some work too. He's friendly but mostly just focused and purposeful. Rosanna works with him.

It's as if a cleansing energy is slowly radiating out from Hong's apartment. It's an inspiring thing to see.

EXT. PARKVIEW APARTMENTS -- EXTERIOR CORRIDOR -- DAY

Rosanna comes back from cleaning up and finds George standing outside, looking over the town square.

ROSANNA

Wow. You came out.

GEORGE

I'm not gonna clean anything.

ROSANNA

Of course not. Coming out was a big step for you, though.

GEORGE

I'm going to the Concerned Citizens meeting.

ROSANNA

I thought those were on Tuesdays.

GEORGE

Emergency meeting.

Rosanna stares him down for a moment.

ROSANNA

What have you got against him?

GEORGE

Nobody knows who he is. You've talked to him. Do you know anything more than you knew the day he arrived?

ROSANNA

I know he changed things. Does it matter what he did before that?

GEORGE

Yes. It matters where a man's been
and what he's done.

ROSANNA

You don't like what's happening?

GEORGE

I don't trust what's happening.

Again. A silent stare. Two people who know each other well
and can push each other's buttons like nobody else.

ROSANNA

Have you heard of Kalmin's
Syndrome?

GEORGE

No.

ROSANNA

People with chronic diseases often
believe they'll never recover. And
many don't. But sometimes a person
who's been living with a disease
for years suddenly gets cured. And
then they don't know what to do
with themselves. They get scared.
They get depressed. They actually
miss having the disease. And they
don't know how to be healthy.

GEORGE

I have to go.

George starts to walk off but Rosanna grabs his arm. A
strong Karate grip.

ROSANNA

You've forgotten what hope feels
like. A lot of people around here
have. Go to your meeting. Just
don't give up.

George shakes his arm free and walks off. Rosanna watches
him go. She looks over her town. Seeing the difference.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Someone watches from a distance. The activity around the
Parkview Apartments is dying down. People are going home.

REVEAL who is sitting in the car, observing. It's Dash. Waiting patiently for the right moment.

INT. HONG'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Hong makes notes on an unfolded MAP. A KNOCK at the door.

HONG
Come in.

He folds it up as Rosanna enters. She has her hands full with flowers and cookies. He hurries over and helps.

ROSANNA
These are for you.

Together, they put everything down on the counter.

ROSANNA (CONT'D)
Some of the neighbors, they--
(searching for words)
Well, they're just very happy.

HONG
Tell them I said "thank you."

The two of them stand just close enough to be uncomfortable.

ROSANNA
Okay, well... I guess I should go.

HONG
Yeah.

Neither one of them moves. They stare into each other's eyes. Both of their BREATHS grow shorter and sharper.

ROSANNA
See you later.

HONG
Okay.

Their faces slowly move in closer.

ROSANNA
Take it easy.

HONG
You too.

Their lips finally meet in a passionate kiss. She throws her arms around him.

They've both been waiting for this. The energy has been crackling between them and now it's exploding.

Their lips locked. Their hands all over each other.

FWHOOM! Hong's door is suddenly THROWN OPEN.

Dash marches in, aiming a silenced pistol.

CHOOM! CHOOM! His bullets hit the wall--

Because Hong is so fucking fast, he's pushed Rosanna to the floor and rolled behind the counter where Dash can't see.

Dash swings the gun to where he expects Hong to pop out--

--but Hong pops out the other way and HURLS a barstool that he's right now thanking God he brought up here.

It HITS Dash's arm. He involuntarily FIRES into the ceiling.

He falls back into the door-- closing it. He tries to aim but Hong is on him like a cheetah.

He disarms Dash and KICKS the gun into the corner. Then he spins Dash around and HURLS him into the Kitchen area.

Dash spots a knife and grabs it. Hong faces off with him, empty handed. Rosanna watches from the floor, terrified.

Hong waits by the door. Anticipating the next move.

DASH
You're fucking up my town.

HONG
It's not your town.

Dash attacks with the knife.

Hong SWINGS the door open. Dash STABS the door. Hong SLAMS the door on Dash's body. Once. Twice. Three times.

Dash manages to slip out and SPIN-KICK Hong in the face. Hong falls into the door and it SLAMS SHUT.

Dash takes another stab but Hong ducks it and TACKLES HIM. The two of them TUMBLE over to where Rosanna is.

As they disentangle, Hong pushes her to run for the door.

HONG (CONT'D)
Go!

The distraction is just enough to give Dash the advantage. He grabs the other barstool and SMASHES it on Hong's head.

He's about to go fist-wild on Hong but then he remembers-- the gun. Over near the door.

Dash goes for the gun. Rosanna TRIPS him. He hits the floor.

He gets back up and turns toward her, furious. But Hong comes at him before he can do anything.

They struggle against each other and to their feet at the same time. They face off again in the Kitchen area.

HONG (CONT'D)
You're a strong leader, Dash. I
have respect for you.

DASH
Fuck your respect.

Dash grabs the cutting board from the counter and SWINGS. Hong ducks and strikes back.

The two of them fight around the Kitchen area with various items. Dishes, utensils, drawers and doors.

Rosanna tries to get to the front door and almost gets hit by a flying plate. Hong BLOCKS it just in time. And again, it gives Dash the extra second he needs to land a blow.

Hong is far more skilled, but Dash gives him a run for his money. He has nothing to lose. And Hong has Rosanna in the room. It evens the odds a little. But not all the way.

Dash KNOCKS Hong to the Living Room floor. Near the knife.

Dash moves to stomp on Hong's head but in one fluid movement--

Hong catches the leg-- Flips him around and down-- Snatches up the knife-- and gets over Dash in the killing position.

Dash looks up at Hong from the floor. A knife ready to strike. They're both out of breath. Dash has no more moves.

Hong holds the knife over him threateningly for a moment-- then tosses it aside. The way he did with Jonesy.

Dash is at once relieved and furious.

DASH (CONT'D)
If you're gonna kill me, kill me.

HONG
I don't want to kill you.

DASH
What the fuck you want then?

Dash moves to get up. Hong puts him back down with a foot. Gentle but strong.

Dash is still pissed. But he's been subdued. Hong has him down like an alpha dog does to its puppies.

HONG
I want to change things. I don't need your cooperation but I want it.

(beat)
I don't want to take half your money. Or half your authority.

Dash is no longer struggling. Just listening.

HONG (CONT'D)
I want you to lead the Kings. I want you to handle the small details so I can focus on the big picture. I'll have a say in what happens but everything still runs through you.

(beat)
In short... I want you to keep doing your old job.

Dash lets out a deep breath. Hong is apparently unkillable. He's come to accept that. His anger has subsided.

DASH
That's what I wanted.

Hong removes his foot. Offers a hand. Dash hesitates. Then takes it. Hong pulls him up. Turns it into a handshake.

Rosanna's still on the floor. Looking at them incredulously.

Dash came in shooting at Hong, and now they're shaking hands. Who the hell is this guy?

INT. MYSTERIOUS LOCATION -- BLACK AND WHITE FLASHBACK

Still impossible to discern where we are. Young Hong faces off with Tiano. He's ready but also intimidated. Scared.

TIANO

When a man aims a gun at you, it is
because he is afraid of you.

REVEAL that Tiano holds a heavy piece of wood, crudely carved
to look like a handgun.

TIANO (CONT'D)

This fear is your best weapon
against him. You cannot dodge a
bullet. But if you can exploit
your opponent's fear, then you have
won the battle before he pulls the
trigger.

Tiano aims the "gun" at Young Hong. Young Hong ducks and
spins and tries to disarm him.

But Young Hong is too desperate to go for the gun. He locks
his hands on Tiano's wrist but leaves himself wide open.

Tiano NAILS him with a knee to the ribs. Pulls his hand
free, and SPIN-KICKS Young Hong in the face.

Young Hong doesn't know what hit him. He falls to the floor.
Tiano stands over him, aiming the gun straight down.

TIANO (CONT'D)

Boom.

Young Hong looks up at him. Ashamed and angry with himself.

TIANO (CONT'D)

If a bullet hits you, it is only
because you did not understand the
man who fired it.

Tiano offers his free hand. Young Hong takes it. Tiano
pulls him back to his feet.

TIANO (CONT'D)

You were thinking about the gun.
Think about the man.
(beat)
Now again.

The two of them square off again. Young Hong looks more
centered this time.

INT. PRIVATE SPA -- SAUNA -- NIGHT

Mr. V relaxes in a sauna with Sgt. Feldman. Sgt. Feldman
looks anything but relaxed. Hong walks in and sits down.

MR. V

There you are. Glad you could make it. Feldman says he's hearing strange stories about what's going on in St. Jude Square these last few weeks.

Hong shoots a look to Sgt. Feldman... who looks away and clears his throat.

SGT. FELDMAN

Yeah, well... I heard you laid down some new rules. Three to be precise.

INT. DASH'S HOUSE -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

Hong addresses the Sixth Street Kings. Dash at his side.

HONG

Number One: Neighbors. We do not harm innocent people. Our neighbors are our friends. If we attack them or steal from them or intimidate them, our town rots from the inside.

Dash nods. Backing him up.

HONG (CONT'D)

Number Two: Transactions. No more drops or deals around schools or parks. All deals are pushed to the borders. Absolutely no more dealing to minors. Adults only. And the price of a bag goes up by half.

Some of the Kings look one another, confused. What's with these new rules?

HONG (CONT'D)

Number Three: No More Guns. Only cowards need guns.

This elicits laughter from many of the guys. Hong doesn't care. He's done talking. He walks away.

The guys continue laughing keep laughing until--

DASH

You heard the man. Hand 'em over!

Dash takes a threatening step forward. Everyone shuts up. Those carrying guns pull them out and give them to Dash.

INT. PRIVATE SPA -- SAUNA -- NIGHT

Sgt. Feldman shakes his head.

SGT. FELDMAN
What kind of leader disarms his own
men? It doesn't make sense.

HONG
Is that all?

SGT. FELDMAN
No.

EXT. ST. JUDE SQUARE BORDERS -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

Theo, Smiley and Huge Thug work a new corner. As they run their purchase-and-drop routine with a guy in a Honda...

SGT. FELDMAN (V.O.)
Everyone selling right at the
borders now. It's too damn close
to the Downtown Dawgz' territory.

A pimped-out Cadillac rolls by. Some bad-ass bastards peering out at the deal in progress. They don't look happy.

EXT. ONE BLOCK FARTHER -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

A Toyota Camry passes Theo and his boys. Goes the extra block. Stops at a different corner. Different guys.

SGT. FELDMAN (V.O.)
Now anyone who can't afford the
jacked-up price just has to go an
extra block and deal with the
Dawgz.

EXT. ST. JUDE SQUARE -- CENTER OF TOWN -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

The radius of cleanliness has now extended far beyond the Parkview Apartments.

A wide angle shows four blocks that have clearly been cleaned, trimmed, repainted-- in sharp contrast to the surrounding areas still in a state of disrepair... for now.

SGT. FELDMAN (V.O.)
To top it all off, there's now a
four-block section of St. Jude
Square-- right in the center--
where no one is selling.

INT. PRIVATE SPA -- LOCKER ROOM -- NIGHT

The three of them finish getting dressed. Sgt. Feldman gives
Mr. V a hard look. Almost done making his case.

SGT. FELDMAN
That's just bad business. If the
Kings don't supply those areas...
someone else will.

Mr. V turns to Hong.

MR. V
What do you have to say about all
that?

HONG
The citizens feel safer now. Some
people are even crediting you with
cleaning up the streets. You're
making more money than you did
before and you're looking good
doing it.
(beat)
That's all I have to say.

Mr. V mulls this over for a moment. Turns to Sgt. Feldman.

MR. V
Feldman... I just had a great idea.
Want to hear it?

SGT. FELDMAN
Yes, sir.

MR. V
Here's my great idea. You do your
job. Keep an eye on everything.
Make sure no one gets out of line.
And here's the best part. You
don't come around telling other
people how to do their fucking
jobs.

Sgt. Feldman stands there, red-faced. Humbled and shamed.
Mr. V walks out with Hong, leaving Sgt. Feldman alone.

He sighs. Picks up his keys and wallet and some other pocket items. Then frowns when he can't find something...

EXT. MR. V'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Mr. V's car pulls into the driveway of a simple suburban home. The kind of street you want to raise your kids on.

He gets out and exchanges a friendly wave with a dog-walking neighbor. Then goes inside.

INT. MR. V'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

The spare decor leaves the impression of a house that the wife moved out of and took all the nice stuff.

Mr. V whistles a tune as he heads to the--

INT. MR. V'S HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

--where he takes a thick envelope from his jacket pocket and tosses it on the bed.

He pulls a small Persian rug aside and feels around the hardwood floor. A section of boards POPS OUT.

Mr. V keeps whistling as he pulls the section of boards aside.

He reaches into the hole and grabs a padlocked METAL BOX. He braces himself to lift it out--

--but he's surprised. It's a lot lighter than it should be.

Mr. V stops whistling. He sets the metal box on the floor.

He frantically fiddles with his keys, trying to find the one that opens the padlock.

He unlocks and opens the box. It's empty.

He looks in the floor hole and feels around, as if the money might have somehow fallen out in there. No. It's all gone.

Mr. V loses his breath. Mind racing and reeling.

Sweating. Wild eyes darting around. Hyperventilating.

He gets up and stumbles around. Vertigo. He almost falls over. Knocks a lamp to the floor.

The sound STARTLES him. He whips out his gun.

He aims the gun all around, expecting someone to jump out of the shadows. No one does.

His breathing grows louder. If Mr. V was unstable before, now he's gone over the edge.

PRELAP another person's heavy breathing.

 TIANO (V.O.)
It is never about fighting. It is
always about balance.

INT. MYSTERIOUS LOCATION -- BLACK AND WHITE FLASHBACK

Shadows and strange lighting. Black and white memories. It's still impossible to discern the location.

Tiano is looking up. Very intense.

 TIANO
It is the duty of the martial
artist to correct imbalance
wherever in the world he sees it.

REVEAL that Hong is standing on a stack of books. With only one foot. Trembling but holding steady. Sharp breaths.

 TIANO (CONT'D)
It is not difficult to defeat a man
in a fight. It is not difficult to
steal a man's car without a key.
It is not difficult to break into
his safe and take his money. It is
not difficult to detonate a bomb
and blow up his house by simply
dialing a number on a telephone.
You can learn all of these things
easily.

Hong has a stack of books balanced on his head and two stacks on each extended arm. Precariously balanced. Sweating.

 TIANO (CONT'D)
What you cannot learn easily is how
to face this man when he comes back
at you with all of his resources
and vengeful fury.

Hong tries to focus on balancing and listen to Tiano at the same time. He's shaking. Barely hanging in there now.

TIANO (CONT'D)

As a martial artist, you must understand when it is time to fight. You must understand when it is time to steal a man's car or break into his safe. You must understand when it is time to destroy his house.

Tiano gets really close. Looking up at Hong's face. He Looks like Jesus on the cross. Tiano growls--

TIANO (CONT'D)

I can teach you how to kill a man with a single blow to the face... but what good does that do if you kill the wrong man?

Hong finds some kind of strength from within. His shaking eases to trembling. Then to almost nothing. He's still.

Tiano suddenly unleashes a flurry of PUNCHES on Hong's abs. Hong holds out as long as he can but finally FALLS.

He lands on the floor in pain, covered in books. Tiano stands over him, looking down.

TIANO (CONT'D)

Fall seven times. Stand up eight.

Hong shrugs off his pain and stands up.

TIANO (CONT'D)

Good. Now again.

SFX: Phone RINGING.

INT. HONG'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Hong is snapped out of his meditation. Sitting at a small altar with a burning candle. His phone nearby RINGING.

Hong answers the phone calmly.

HONG

Yes.

INTERCUT HONG'S APARTMENT AND

INT. MR. V'S CAR -- NIGHT

Driving around in a frenzy, Mr. V talks to Hong while taking reckless turns.

MR. V
Have you seen Feldman since the
spa?

HONG
No.

MR. V
Are you sure?!

HONG
Yes. What's wrong?

MR. V
He won't answer his phone!

HONG
That's strange.

MR. V
No fucking shit it's strange! Stay
by your phone. I may need your
help.

HONG
What's--

MR. V
Just stay by your phone! I'm going
to keep trying Feldman.

Mr. V hangs up and starts dialing again.

In the room, Hong sits quietly with his phone in his hand.

A few feet away, another phone RINGS, lighting up the room.

Hong glances at it. The screen reads: MR. V.

In the car, Mr. V gets Feldman's voice mail. Again.

MR. V (CONT'D)
Goddammit!

EXT. ST. JUDE SQUARE BORDER -- NIGHT

Theo, Smiley and Huge Thug are out on their new corner.
Theo's trying to subtly hand back money to a BUYER.

BUYER
This is bullshit! You can't just
raise the price.

THEO
Keep it down, G. I don't make the
prices. Buy or fly.

Buyer reluctantly hands over another bill. Theo pats him on the shoulder and points him toward Smiley.

As the Buyer gets his goods, two more customers walk up. BIG DAWG and LITTLE DAWG.

BIG DAWG
'Sup.

THEO
'Sup.

WHAM! Big Dawg whips out a tire iron he was hiding behind his arm and CLOCKS Huge Thug in the face with it.

Before Theo and Smiley can do anything, Small Dawg has a pistol aimed at them.

THEO (CONT'D)
What the fuck! This is our spot.

BIG DAWG
Not anymore.

Theo steps forward.

THEO
You over the line, bitch--

POP! Little Dawg FIRES. Theo instinctively raises his arm. His wrist cast. Covered in signatures. The bullet CRACKS the cast as it passes through his arm and into his head.

Theo falls back. Huge Thug is knocked out. Smiley can't believe how fast this shit went down. He RUNS.

The pimped-out Cadillac we saw earlier is parked in the background. A man in back smokes a cigarette.

His name is LORD. He speaks in a deep, scary voice.

LORD
Drive.

INT. SGT. HOWES' HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Weird, grating TECHNO MUSIC plays. A BRIGHT STROBE LIGHT illuminates the room.

Sgt. Howes lies straight back in bed with a sexy GOTH GIRL on top of him. Wearing only a tight pair of underwear shorts. Grinding on him and digging her nails into his chest.

She scratches him. He closes his eyes and throws his head back in ecstasy.

But when he opens his eyes again, something new is revealed in the flashing light. Mr. V is in the room. Moving toward the bed in a strobe light stutter.

He grabs the Goth Girl and pulls her off the bed with one quick motion. Between flashes, she's gone from the picture and Mr. V has replaced her.

He climbs on top of Sgt. Howes' chest.

SGT. HOWES

What the--

WHAM! Mr. V punches Sgt. Howes right in the mouth. The strobe light still going. The music still blaring.

Mr. V picks up the iPod and tosses it at the strobe light. Instead of shutting off, it now plays MUFFLED CLASSICAL MUSIC.

The strobe light clatters to the ground. The setting switches to a bright, steady light. The fallen angle illuminates Mr. V like he's a terrifying monster.

MR. V

Where's Feldman?

SGT. HOWES

I don't know. What's going--

WHAM! He punches Sgt. Howes again. Mouth bleeding.

MR. V

He's the only one who knows where I keep my money. Where is he?

SGT. HOWES

I swear, I don't know. Please--

WHAM! One more punch. Sgt. Howes can barely focus. Spitting out blood.

Mr. V pulls a six-shooter from his ankle holster. Unloads five bullets. Leaves one in and snaps it shut.

Mr. V shoves the gun into Sgt. Howes' mouth.

MR. V
Where the fuck is he?!

Mr. V starts pulling the trigger. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

Sgt. Howes screams "I DON'T KNOW" as best he can with his mouth plugged. Mr. V stares into his eyes, looking for truth.

He pulls the gun out of Sgt. Howes' mouth and FIRES right next to his head. The bullet hits the wall.

Mr. V gets up off the bed. His phone is RINGING.

Sgt. Howes is breaking down in tears. Mr. V answers.

MR. V (CONT'D)
(to Howes)
Shut up!
(to phone)
What.

Mr. V listens...

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Hong strolls down the street. Everything looks cleaner and nicer than ever.

Hong waves to some Neighbors-- then notices a window reflection of a car pulling up alongside him.

MR. V (O.S.)
Hong.

Hong turns and sees Mr. V's car pulling up awkwardly to the curb. He leans over and opens the passenger door.

MR. V (CONT'D)
Get in.

Hong doesn't hesitate. He walks confidently to the car and gets in.

INT. MR. V'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Mr. V just sits a moment, looking out the windshield. Much calmer than he was last night. Hong watches him closely.

MR. V

When you first came to town, I didn't know what to make of you. Then I realized... it's been a long time since I met someone I can trust. I almost didn't recognize it.

(beat)

In my line of work, it's hard to know who you can trust. I thought I could trust Feldman. Or at least I thought he was the best I could do.

(beat)

I chose him because I need someone on the ground talking to people I can't risk being seen with. I chose him because he's young, ambitious and obedient. I chose wrong.

Mr. V turns to look at Hong.

MR. V (CONT'D)

A police officer can't keep his extra money in a bank. Too many questions. I got overconfident. Thought no one had the balls to fuck with me. Thought I could trust my people.

(beat)

Feldman's the only one who knows where I keep my cash. So when I come home and my cash is all gone... I know who took it.

Mr. V starts the car.

HONG

Where are we going?

MR. V

I know where Feldman is.

HONG

A lot of heat's going to come down if you kill a fellow cop.

MR. V
I know. That's why you're going to
do it.

Hong looks stoic but there's fear behind his eyes.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Mr. V's car ROARS down the road. Heading out of the city and
toward the swamplands.

INT. MR. V'S CAR -- DAY

Hong rides shotgun. His eyes dart to Mr. V-- more calm and
sober than usual.

MR. V
You know how much a rookie police
officer makes? Straight out of the
Academy. Year one. Take a guess.

HONG
Thirty-six thousand dollars a year.

Mr. V shoots Hong a surprised look.

MR. V
Exactly right. And when I was
fresh on the force, it was a lot
less.
(beat)
Thirty-six thousand dollars.
That's three thousand dollars a
month. Averages out to...
(almost chokes on it)
A hundred dollars a day. That is
what our society has agreed to pay
the men and women who commit their
lives to the most dangerous, most
stressful, most frightening job in
the world. When you step out of
your squad car to approach a
motorist you pulled over... When
you knock on the door of a shitty
apartment in response to a domestic
disturbance call... When you march
directly into a riot situation
while everyone else is running the
other way... You know it could be
the last time.

Mr. V snaps his gaze back to Hong.

MR. V (CONT'D)
Isn't that worth more than a
hundred dollars a day?

HONG
Yes. It is.

MR. V
I'm the Chief of Police. And I
don't make a whole lot more.

Mr. V pulls a paycheck from his pocket. Hands it to Hong.

MR. V (CONT'D)
When you look at your paycheck... I
mean really look at it... It's like
they're telling you, "We're not
going to pay you what you're worth.
It's up to you to create the rest."

Mr. V twitches a little.

MR. V (CONT'D)
Once you're on the street just a
few weeks, you realize it's all out
there. Whatever you need. You
just have to be willing to take it.
(beat)
They tell you the rules, and then
it's up to you to realize that no
one cares if you break 'em. As
long as you don't call attention to
yourself, you can take what you
need. That's how you get paid what
you're worth. Hold the wheel.

Mr. V lets go of the wheel. Whips out his glass pipe and
lights up some Black Magic. Hong holds the wheel steady.

MR. V (CONT'D)
You see that amount on my paycheck?

HONG
Yes.

MR. V
Cut it by two-thirds. I've got an
ex-wife and two kids. God forbid,
her new boyfriend the tax attorney
should shoulder some of the burden.
Oh no, the good old policeman
risking his life on the streets for
pennies is gonna finance that new
fur coat.

Mr. V takes the wheel back just in time to turn off the highway onto a smaller road. He shakes his head.

MR. V (CONT'D)

The system isn't in place to pay the cops what they're worth. It's in place to make the people feel protected. Cops are never gonna get paid right because it has to come out of people's taxes. We know damn well that's never gonna happen.

Mr. V drives faster. The car bounces. Hong pulls a phone from his pocket.

MR. V (CONT'D)

But the system doesn't stop you from doing what you need to do. If you've got the balls, you can get what you need. No taxpayers necessary.

Mr. V turns a corner. The car almost skids off the road.

Hong casually sets the phone between his legs. Listening, but looking down. Eyes darting to Mr. V then down to the phone. Hard to tell if he's dialing, texting or just looking.

MR. V (CONT'D)

The cops know it. The crooks know it. The judges, the D.A.s, the politicians all know it. The only guy who doesn't know it is Johnny D. Suburbia. Watching a news report about a cop who grabbed some extra cash and saying, "How dare he. He's supposed to be one of the good guys!"

Mr. V turns the car into a secluded area and STOPS.

MR. V (CONT'D)

If we lived by the rules, we'd get paid nothing and die for nothing. And that's no way to live.

Hong's door is THROWN OPEN. Sgt. Feldman has a gun on him. Four more CORRUPT COPS surround the car, covering every angle.

MR. V (CONT'D)

We're here.

EXT. EDGE OF SWAMP -- EVENING

About thirty yards from Mr. V's car, there are three more cars parked near some trees. Strategically placed so Hong couldn't see them upon arrival.

Hong stands right at the water's edge. Mr. V stands a safe distance away, flanked on each side by two Corrupt Cops.

All four Corrupt Cops keep their guns aimed at Hong, who has his hands on the back of his head.

MR. V

I'm disappointed in you, Ryan. I thought you understood. I thought you were like me. I thought I saw a kindred spirit.

Hong's eyes subtly scan the area. He's been in tough situations before but this one... the fear is showing.

MR. V (CONT'D)

You got the balls to take what you want, I say go for it. You want to trim hedges and wash windows, I couldn't care less. But when you betray my trust... that's crossing a line. And you can't cross back.

HONG

You think I robbed you?

MR. V

I know you robbed me. You've surveilled my house. You've seen Feldman there with me. You broke in, picked the lock on my cash box. Then you came to the spa. Took Feldman's phone from the locker room so I couldn't contact him. You knew I'd suspect him, and you were hoping I'd do something stupid so I'd have to go away and you'd keep the money and take control of the town.

HONG

That's a lot of assumptions. You have no proof.

MR. V

If you look around, you'll notice a very obvious lack of judges and juries out here.

(MORE)

MR. V (CONT'D)

I don't need proof that you robbed me when I know that you never delivered on the one thing I ever asked you to do.

Mr. V nods to Sgt. Feldman. He pulls a handcuffed man from a car. A huge bandage where half of his foot used to be. It's Bald Dude from Beach's house.

MR. V (CONT'D)

Is this the guy?

BALD DUDE

Yeah, that's him.

MR. V

When did Beach text you?

BALD DUDE

Yesterday.

MR. V

True or False. Dead people don't send text messages.

BALD DUDE

True.

MR. V

Sounds like an open and shut case.

Sgt. Feldman laughs and shoves Bald Dude back in the car. Mr. V moves closer to Hong, careful to keep his distance.

MR. V (CONT'D)

There's only one reason you're still alive. You have my money.

HONG

You offering a deal?

MR. V

Yes. You tell me where the money is. As soon as my boys confirm it, you leave town and never come back.

HONG'S POV -- Four men aiming guns at him from way too far away. Mr. V standing in the middle. Checkmate.

MR. V (CONT'D)

The deal is on the table for exactly sixty seconds.

Mr. V stares him down. Hong's mind races.

HONG
How do I know--

MR. V
Fifty seconds.

The Corrupt Cops keep their guns leveled at him. Itchy trigger fingers. Hong nods.

HONG
Okay. I can get you the money.
But I need a phone.

MR. V
Bullshit! Where is it?

HONG
I don't know. I gave it to someone
I trust. I told them to hide it,
and I gave them a phone. I'm the
only one who knows the number.

MR. V
Who'd you give it to?

Hong doesn't answer. Mr. V moves closer. Whips out his gun and aims it at Hong.

MR. V (CONT'D)
I'm not playing!

HONG
Neither am I. You can have all the
money. But I need to call the
number.

Mr. V has marched dangerously close. Hong's staring at his gun. Could he make a grab for it and use Mr. V as a hostage?

Mr. V senses what he's thinking and backs up.

MR. V
I'll call. Give me the number.

Hong hesitates. Thinking.

MR. V (CONT'D)
Five seconds!

HONG
Two-two-five...

...and Hong tells him the number.

The Corrupt Cops keep their guns aimed at him. Mr. V puts his gun away. Pulls out his phone and dials.

Seven digits. Eight. Nine. Ten.

He puts the phone to his ear.

It's RINGING.

And for a split second, everyone hears it.

It's coming from Mr. V's car just a few yards away.

QUICK SHOT -- On the passenger seat. Hong's phone RINGING.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!! The passenger side BLOWS WIDE OPEN.

All of the Corrupt Cops stumble and shield themselves.

Hong RUNS straight for them.

He jumps on the smallest Corrupt Cop, disarms him and uses his body as a shield.

The others try to shoot but they'll hit their friend if they do. Hong keeps it at close quarters.

He whirls around, punching, kicking, fast, furious. Shielding himself with Corrupt Cops, switching from one to another.

Hong moves like lightning, but it's not enough. He's outnumbered and outgunned.

MR. V
Fuck it! Just shoot him!

The Corrupt Cops are conflicted. They don't want to shoot one of their own.

Mr. V aims his own gun and OPENS FIRE. Hong jumps away just in time. The Corrupt Cop isn't so lucky. Shot in the throat.

Hong moves the battle over to the parked cars. The Corrupt Cops are forced to FIRE upon their own vehicles, trying to hit Hong. They accidentally kill Bald Dude.

EXT. EDGE OF SWAMP/INT. CORRUPT COP CARS -- DAY

Hong ducks, dodges, jumps in one of the cars. It's a cat and mouse game. He uses the cars both as shields and weapons.

They keep FIRING and getting CLOCKED as he PUNCHES through an open window or KICKS a door open to knock someone down.

Hong finds a set of KEYS in the ignition of one car. He may get out after all!

Keeping his head down as bullets POUND the car, he STARTS the engine by reaching up from the floor.

Without looking, he releases the emergency brake, shifts into drive and FLOORS THE ACCELERATOR with his hand.

The car RUNS OVER one Corrupt Cop and forces two others to jump out of the way in the nick of time.

Hong turns the wheel blindly, guessing the way out. No more gunshots. He raises his head--

--and sees the third car coming RIGHT AT HIM.

KA-BAM!!! Hong gets t-boned. BANGS his head. Loses control.

The car takes a hard slide down to the swamp and FLIPS over. Hong is thrown from the vehicle, into the water.

The other car stops. Mr. V gets out.

Hong SLOSHES through the water. Dizzy and bleeding from the head. Favoring a gash on his arm.

He's trying to escape but there's only one way to go.

POP! POP! POP! Gunfire behind him. Hong dives beneath the surface.

EXT. SWAMP (UNDERWATER) -- DAY

Bullets WHIZ through the water. So close. Hong stays under and keeps swimming. Blood trailing from his body.

EXT. EDGE OF SWAMP -- DAY

Mr. V FIRES until his gun is empty. So do the Corrupt Cops. They reload and wait anxiously for Hong to pop up.

He doesn't. After a few moments, Mr. V marches in knee deep and FIRES into the water.

MR. V
Come up, you sonofabitch!

SGT. FELDMAN
He's drowned, boss. We got him.

Mr. V turns and FIRES dangerously close to Sgt. Feldman's feet. Each bullet is punctuation.

MR. V
No! We! Didn't!

Mr. V turns back to look at the Swamp. Nothing. He lets out a deep exhale.

He turns and marches to one of the cars.

MR. V (CONT'D)
Get Lord on the phone.

SGT. FELDMAN
Who?

MR. V
The leader of the Downtown Dawgz.
I'm taking them off the leash.

EXT. ST. JUDE SQUARE -- NIGHT

Quick shots of CLASHES between the Downtown Dawgz and the Sixth Street Kings.

MR. V (V.O.)
It's me. I noticed you and your boys have been pushing the boundaries.

- A car SCREECHES down the street, chasing two terrified Sixth Street Kings. The car cuts them off. Half a dozen Downtown Dawgz get out and beat them with pipes and chains.

LORD (V.O.)
And?

MR. V (V.O.)
You don't have to push. I get my cut, you get my backing.

- A bunch of Downtown Dawgz ransack Dash's house, taking things and smashing other things.

LORD (V.O.)
What about the cowboy?

MR. V (V.O.)
I took care of him. We got a deal?

- The Cadillac pulls into the center of town and drives a triumphant lion's walk around the Parkview Apartments.

LORD (V.O.)
Yeah. We got a deal.

- Lord exits the Cadillac. Surveys his domain.

- One of his Dawgz paints over the Sixth Street Kings' tag on the Parkview Apartments-- replacing it with a "DD."

- Dash peers out of a window overlooking the area. It's one of the Parkview Apartments. He spies Lord standing near the Cadillac and ducks back down.

DASH
(whisper to self)
Where the fuck is Hong?!

EXT. STREET/DARK ALLEY -- NIGHT -- BLACK AND WHITE DREAM

The RINGING alarm. Hong frantically waving his hands.

The SHADOWY SCUFFLE. Clearer now. A Young Man with a gun running-- holding a paper bag-- BUMPS into a Young Woman.

He KNOCKS her down. He drops his bag. Cash spills out. In a panic, he PULLS THE TRIGGER.

HONG
No!!!

POP! Too late. Again.

Hong falls and crawls to the VICTIM. Her body shudders. Blood everywhere. Hong in tears. Helpless. Scared.

HONG (CONT'D)
No no no, please...

She GASPS her last breath. Hong chokes back sobs.

He looks to his left. The Young Man stands there. Gun hanging at his side. Staring down at the Young Woman.

REVEAL his face. It's Young Hong. It was him all along.

Hong looks up at the young version of himself. Young Hong stares down at the Young Woman in disbelief.

YOUNG HONG
Oh my God...

It's registering that this wasn't someone trying to stop him. Just an innocent bystander.

YOUNG HONG (CONT'D)
Oh my God, I'm sorry!

Young Hong drops the gun and hunches over her. Hong moves back. Watching. Remembering.

Young Hong tries to help the Young Woman but it's too late.

Hong looks down and sees BLOOD ON THE SPILLED CASH. He shakes his head sadly.

Police lights illuminate the alley. Cops rush in to apprehend Young Hong.

INT. JAIL CELL -- BLACK AND WHITE FLASHBACK

Young Hong is shoved into the cell. It starts to look familiar as the Mysterious Location where previous Hong/Tiano flashbacks have taken place.

INT. JAIL CELL -- BLACK AND WHITE FLASHBACK -- LATER

Young Hong is curled up on his lower bunk. Scared. Shivering. Lost.

TIANO (O.S.)
You think your life is over?

Young Hong looks up at his cell mate. The first time he's really seeing him. Tiano is an imposing figure.

YOUNG HONG
She's dead. And I couldn't stop it. She's dead.

Tiano gets in Young Hong's face.

TIANO
She will always be dead. And someday so will you. The question is... What are you going to do now? Because you are still alive.

EXT. SWAMP -- NIGHT

Hong lies face down. Hearing the voices in his head. Blood and mud mixed all over his face.

YOUNG HONG (V.O.)
I didn't mean to kill her.

TIANO (V.O.)
But you did. However, it does not
mean that you must also kill
yourself.

Hong's body TWITCHES. His half-conscious body starts to
slide down the mud bank, into the water.

INT. JAIL CELL -- BLACK AND WHITE FLASHBACK

Tiano gets face to face with Young Hong.

TIANO
I also made a mistake. In a moment
of fury, I...

Tiano hesitates a moment. Feeling the weight of his error.

TIANO (CONT'D)
I forgot my power and accidentally
killed my own son.

Young Hong listens. Suddenly his crime doesn't seem as bad.

TIANO (CONT'D)
I am serving five consecutive life
sentences, and it is not enough. I
know that I can never forgive
myself.
(beat)
But I can still do good in this
world.

He grabs Young Hong's face and looks intensely into his eyes.

TIANO (CONT'D)
You have the Dragon Eyes. The
spirit of the great Kung Fu
Masters. But you have strayed from
the path.

EXT. SWAMP -- NIGHT

Hong's body slides down the mud bank, all the way into the
water. Fully submerged.

TIANO (V.O.)
Time for you to find your way back.

Suddenly someone SLOSHES into the water and PLUNGES his arms in. Grabs Hong's body and starts to pull him back out.

We don't see who it is yet, but he heroically drags Hong out of the swamp and forces the water out of his lungs.

HONG'S HAZY POV -- Hong sees Tiano looking down on him.

 TIANO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Can you hear me?

But Tiano's voice mixes with someone else's. Hong blinks.

 HONG
Tiano...?

HONG'S HAZY POV -- Tiano fades into someone else. George.

 GEORGE
Can you hear me?

Hong's head lolls back as he whispers...

 HONG
I'm sorry.

EXT. SWAMP -- CAMPFIRE -- LATER

George sits by a campfire. Hong across from him. Wrapped in a blanket. His wounds are cleaned but he looks awful.

Shivering. Eyes glassy. In shock. Usually so confident and strong. The Hong we know has been stripped away.

HONG'S POV -- Through the flickering of the flames, he sees Tiano instead of George.

 HONG
I failed you.

 TIANO
There is only one way you could
ever fail me. And you haven't done
it.

 HONG
Done what?

 TIANO
Given up.

HONG'S POV -- For a moment, the image flickers through the flames and he sees George. But then it's Tiano again.

HONG
I'm afraid, Tiano.

TIANO
You are a man. A man is not
measured by whether or not he is
afraid but by what he does in spite
of his fear.

Hong pulls the blanket tighter. Slowly lowers his body.
Curled up by the dying fire. Beat up and exhausted.

INT. MERCY GENERAL HOSPITAL -- HALLWAY -- DAY

It's chaos at the hospital. Several Sixth Street Kings with
minor wounds, on stretchers in the Hallway HOWLING in pain.

But they have to wait while the life-threatening injuries are
attended to. Doctors urgently SHOUT OUT orders.

At the center of it all is Rosanna. On point and doing her
job. The rock for everyone else.

INT. MERCY GENERAL HOSPITAL -- BREAK ROOM -- DAY

Rosanna paces back and forth on her phone. She holds back
tears as she talks.

ROSANNA
Hong, where the hell are you?
Please just let me know you're all
right.
(choking back sobs)
I haven't seen Grandpa since
yesterday. I'm so worried.

She hangs up-- just as Miss Mason walks in.

MISS MASON
Hell of a day.

ROSANNA
Yeah.

MISS MASON
You're doing great.

ROSANNA
Thanks.

MISS MASON
This may not be the best time, but--

Rosanna's breath catches in her throat. Hong missing. George missing. Madness at the hospital. Now more bad news...?

MISS MASON (CONT'D)
You got the Maui job.

Rosanna's eyes go wide.

ROSANNA
I did?!

MISS MASON
They're ready to fly you out next month. I just called them and confirmed. Told them you're the best, and they're lucky to have you.

ROSANNA
(a beat)
Why?

MISS MASON
Because you deserve it.

INT. MERCY GENERAL HOSPITAL -- HALLWAY -- DAY

Rosanna walks down the Hallway in a slow motion daze. Chaos all around her. She's lost in a fog of confusion.

In the background behind her, Mr. V marches down the hallway. Closing in. More wired than ever. Flanked by two Corrupt Cops. The sound of a CRACKLING FIRE swells up.

GEORGE (V.O.)
Some guy once said "When the gods wish to punish us, they answer our prayers."

EXT. SWAMP -- CAMPFIRE -- MORNING

The campfire is rekindled and roaring. Two cleaned fish roasting on a stick. George is doing the roasting.

GEORGE
It might be the luckiest thing that I found you. Or the unluckiest.

Hong sits across from George, who glances around the area.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I used to go fishing here a lot.
Not so much no more. It became a
real popular spot for the cops
to... bring people.

(beat)

Bodies disappear easy in the swamp.
No telling how many are out here.

Hong looks around. The words register a little.

HONG

I could've been one of them.

GEORGE

No... you couldn't. I admit I
thought you were just another thug
when you moved in. Bigger, better
skills but a thug nonetheless.
Took me time to realize that's not
what you are.

HONG

What am I?

George takes a long beat. Slowly turning the fish.

GEORGE

Back in Da Nang. There was a guy
in my platoon called Coakley. Did
his job and kept to himself. No
one thought much about him. 'Till
one day when we got ambushed. Six
of us pinned down under heavy fire.
Bullets whizzing past our heads.
Every last one of us thinking "this
is the end." Then comes the cherry
on top.

George's hand gestures an arc. He makes a WHISTLING sound.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Grenade drops in. Whoever threw
that thing missed a lucrative
career as an NFL quarterback 'cause
it landed right in the middle of
all us unlucky sonsabitches.
Everyone shields their head and
says a prayer. Except Coakley. He
jumps on the grenade. Covers it up
with his helmet. BOOM!

Hong is riveted. George gives him a very serious look.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Now everyone knows it's damn near impossible to survive such a thing. Falling on a grenade's the Christiest thing you can do 'cause yeah, you might save everyone else but you'll be seated at the right hand of the Father about two seconds later. And if you do manage to survive, you'll be picking shrapnel out of your ass for the next fifty years.

(a sober beat)

But that didn't happen to Coakley. A couple cuts. And two broken fingers from the impact. That was it.

HONG

And the others?

GEORGE

Not a scratch. Damnedest thing I ever seen. He risked his own ass to save ours. He knew he'd die but he didn't. We were so inspired, we jumped up and started shooting back.

(big laughs)

Charlie didn't know what hit him. They couldn't believe we were standing out in the open and firing. Must have thought we were madmen. But it was like... we felt invincible. And in that moment... we were.

George looks off into the distance, smiling. Enjoying the memory. Then he looks back at Hong.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You're Coakley.

George pulls the fish from the fire. Pulls one off the stick and tosses it to Hong. The two of them eat.

HONG

I'm not Coakley.

GEORGE

Yeah, well... I'm not Tiano.

Hong stops eating. Looks at George long and hard. Like he can't believe George said that name.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You were calling me Tiano last night. Hadn't heard that name in a while.

HONG
You... You know him?

GEORGE
I knew I recognized that Mustang. It was his, wasn't it?

EXT. AUTO STORAGE UNIT -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

A steel door rises with a loud RUMBLE, revealing Hong. Staring into the unit. The Mustang awaits.

EXT. SWAMP -- DAY

Still holding his fish, Hong locks eyes with George.

HONG
He taught me everything he knew. And gave me everything that was his.

GEORGE
Including his legacy.

HONG
Yes.

GEORGE
He lived down the street back in the day. He was the one who started the Concerned Citizens group. Gangs were taking over and he was the only one brave enough to stand up to 'em.

George nods, remembering this impressive man.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
But then he went away to prison. Nothing was the same after that.

Hong stares down at the ground.

HONG
Maybe Rosanna was right. One person can't make a difference.

GEORGE

No. She was wrong. You went to prison. And you could have rotted there forever. But one man made a difference in your life.

Hong lets those words sink in. After a moment... he slowly rises from his sitting position.

He shrugs off the blanket and starts walking. It's not easy. He's still recovering.

George watches as Hong stumbles into the swamp. He loses his footing and falls face down in the water.

INT. JAIL CELL -- BLACK AND WHITE FLASHBACK

Match cut to Young Hong falling down hard in the jail cell. Tiano has just knocked him down.

Young Hong's face is bleeding. Tiano stands above him, looking down mercilessly.

Young Hong can barely catch his breath. He's afraid. He looks like he wants to give up.

TIANO

You haven't failed. You've only been knocked down.

EXT. SWAMP (UNDERWATER) -- DAY

Hong floats under the surface for a moment. Drifting down with his eyes closed.

TIANO (V.O.)

Pain is inevitable. Suffering is optional.

INT. JAIL CELL -- BLACK AND WHITE FLASHBACK

Young Hong spits on the floor. Looks down at his own blood.

His eyes find a moment of revelation. This isn't where he wants to be. On the floor and bleeding.

Young Hong stands and faces Tiano. The fear in his eyes has turned to grim determination.

Tiano attacks. They trade blows. Punching, kicking, blocking. Close quarters. An insanely small space for a fight.

And yet both of them strike and counterstrike with incredible power, speed and skill.

Tiano puts Young Hong on the defensive. Up against a wall.

But Young Hong holds his ground with resolve. Looking Tiano right in the eyes with a piercing gaze.

Tiano goes for a head shot but Young Hong blocks it and SPINS him around. Now Tiano's up against the wall.

The two of them strike at each other but now Young Hong's clearly winning.

Tiano tries to surprise him with a spin-kick to the head--
--but Young Hong makes the same move a second earlier!

He NAILS Tiano in the head. Knocks him down.

Young Hong stands over his opponent.

Tiano looks up. Proud of his student.

TIANO
Well done.

Young Hong smiles. Enjoying the moment.

BAM! Tiano takes him down with a foot sweep from the floor.

In a second, their positions are switched. Young Hong on the floor and Tiano looking down at him.

TIANO (CONT'D)
But you can do better.

Tiano offers his hand. Young Hong takes it.

EXT. SWAMP (UNDERWATER) -- DAY

Hong opens his eyes.

EXT. SWAMP -- DAY

Hong pulls himself up, out of the water and takes a DEEP BREATH. He emerges from the swamp in a purposeful march.

HONG
Fall seven times. Stand up eight.

INT. VACANT APARTMENT -- DAY

Dash is huddled in the unit. Tired and hungry. Door barricaded. He jumps at the sound of a KNOCK at the door.

ANTUAN (O.S.)
Open up. It's Antuan.

Dash is silent. What should he do?

ANTUAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hurry up. The longer I stand here,
the more trouble you're in.

Dash makes a decision. He pulls away the barricade and lets Antuan in. Then shuts the door and re-barricades it.

ANTUAN (CONT'D)
Wow. You let me in.

DASH
I trust you.

Antuan nods.

ANTUAN
Rosanna told me where you were.
You can't stay here. We need a
plan.

DASH
What kind of plan?

ANTUAN
I don't know. Maybe get the hell
out to a safe house somewhere and
regroup. Figure out a way to--

DASH
This is my hood. I live or die on
these streets but I don't run.

Antuan nods. Puts a hand on Dash's shoulder.

ANTUAN
Respect.

DASH
I had plenty of time to think up
here.

(MORE)

DASH (CONT'D)

One thing keeps going through my mind is... What would Hong do?

ANTUAN

Probably march down there and beat every last Dawg right out of town.

DASH

I don't know where homeboy is now, but I keep thinking about his rules. Pushing deals to the borders. Raising prices. It's like he was trying to start a war with the Dawgz.

ANTUAN

Well if he was, he sure as hell ain't winning it.

DASH

Maybe it ain't his to win. I got an idea.

EXT. STREET -- EVENING

Sgt. Feldman walks down the street with a cup of coffee. As he blows on it, his eyes dart up to the Parkview Apartments.

He approaches an unmarked car, parked across the street. He keeps looking up as he gets into the driver seat.

INT. UNMARKED CAR -- EVENING

Sgt. Feldman keeps his gaze trained on an upstairs unit of the Parkview Apartments.

SGT. FELDMAN

Howes, check this out. I could've sworn I just saw Dash peeking out one of those windows. I bet he knows where we can find--

Suddenly a hand LOCKS ON to Sgt. Feldman's throat. It's not Sgt. Howes sitting shotgun. It's Hong!

Sgt. Feldman CHOKES. Losing oxygen. The throat-hold semi-paralyzes him as well. Hong grabs the coffee from his hand.

HONG

This is an aikido hold. It means I decide if you breathe. Do you understand?

Hong releases some of the pressure. Sgt. Feldman looks over.

SGT. FELDMAN
Go to hell.

Hong pours hot coffee in his lap! Sgt. Feldman SCREAMS.
Hong holds him in place.

HONG
Call Mr. V. You have important
info and you want to meet at the
hotel.

SGT. FELDMAN
He... He won't buy it.

Hong dumps more hot coffee in Sgt. Feldman's lap. He
shudders and shakes and tries to escape but Hong holds him
there.

HONG
He will if you sell it.

INT. ABANDONED HOTEL -- BALLROOM -- EVENING

In its heyday, this was the hotel's most magnificent room.
Spectacular parties with the finest food and dancing 'till
dawn every weekend.

VIP balcony areas for the most elite clientele. And a stage
where dozens of musicians created big, beautiful sounds.

Like the rest of the hotel, the Ballroom is a hollow shell of
what it once was. Unattended for years and dying slowly.

The floor is still littered with the remains of some old
knocked-over oak tables and broken chairs.

Mr. V sits on the edge of the stage, kicking out a gentle
beat with his feet. All alone.

Someone comes through the Main Doors. Mr. V does a double
take and smiles.

MR. V
Well, well... Lazarus comes forth.

REVEAL that Sgt. Feldman is walking Hong into the room. Gun
pressed to the back of his head. Other hand holding Hong's
arm twisted behind his back.

SGT. FELDMAN

I got him, boss. I figured you'd rather I bring him in alive so you could have the pleasure.

Mr. V jumps down from the stage and starts a slow clap. Still many yards across the room.

MR. V

Outstanding, Sergeant Feldman. You are one rollicking motherfuck of a supercop.

CLOSER on what's happening between Hong and Sgt. Feldman. The gun doesn't have a clip in. And Hong actually has a joint-lock hold on Sgt. Feldman's thumb. Hong is controlling the situation. But Mr. V can't see that.

MR. V (CONT'D)

I mean, the last time we saw this man, he successfully held his own against me, you and four of my best men. We had guns. He didn't.

Hong forces Sgt. Feldman to slow down. Something's not right. Mr. V casually strolls closer to the middle of the room.

MR. V (CONT'D)

This is why I find your job-well-done to be very impressive, Sergeant. So impressive that I have to say it's actually... unbelievable.

In a flash, Hong flips Sgt. Feldman around so that their positions are reversed.

HONG

Listen up, Mr. V. It's over.

Mr. V doubles over laughing. Having a ball. Finally...

MR. V

This is priceless. Are you holding Sergeant Feldman as a hostage? Do you actually think I will hesitate for one second--

Mr. V draws his gun.

MR. V (CONT'D)

--before I shoot through him to get to you?

HONG
Of course not. That's why he's not
my real hostage.

Mr. V keeps the gun aimed. Still with a smile.

MR. V
Oh, this is fun. Please tell the
audience... Who is your real
hostage?

HONG
Sergeant Howes.

Mr. V's still smiling, but his expression flickers.

HONG (CONT'D)
He wasn't pleased with the visit
you paid him the other night. And
he knows a lot about your business.
He's tucked away somewhere safe.
And if he doesn't hear from me by
tomorrow morning, he goes straight
into Witness Protection.

Mr. V's mind races. Is this possible?

HONG (CONT'D)
Of course, I can prevent this from
happening. As long as you agree to
resign from your job, leave St.
Jude Square and never come back.

Mr. V takes it all in. Still aiming his gun.

MR. V
You're bluffing.

HONG
One way to find out.

MR. V
Actually, there's more than one
way. And I found a really good
one.

(beat)
Would you like to meet my hostage?

From behind the stage curtain. One of Mr. V's Corrupt Cops
comes out. And he's got Rosanna.

Hands tied behind her back. Gagged. Scared. The tables
have turned.

MR. V (CONT'D)

Et voilà!

Hong looks around and sees six other Corrupt Cops moving out of the shadows. Armed with guns. He's surrounded.

MR. V (CONT'D)

You fucked up. Got too close.
Liked your neighbors a little too much.

Up in one of the balconies, a SNIPER levels a rifle at Hong.

Hong sees him at the last second-- and acts.

He HURLS Sgt. Feldman toward the nearest Corrupt Cop.

POP! The Sniper fires just as--

Hong dives under an oak table.

And now it's time for an insanely ass-kicking fight.

The Corrupt Cops try to shoot Hong but he uses the chairs and tables, along with strategic positioning to fight back.

They FIRE many shots. Some are deflected by flying chairs. Others pound into thick oak tables but don't break through. Several shots aren't taken for fear of hitting another cop.

Hong moves deftly. Trying to anticipate every possible move.

He takes them on with strength, speed and wits but he can't hold out like this forever.

Up above, the Sniper takes his time drawing a bead. He finally lines up a clean shot when--

BAM-POP! Dash CLOCKS him from behind with a baseball bat.

Down on the floor, Antuan bursts in and joins Hong against the Corrupt Cops. The odds are evening up.

While Hong and Antuan disarm and fight off the Corrupt Cops downstairs, Dash goes toe to toe with the Sniper upstairs.

Two more familiar faces barge in. Jonesy and Kat. They've fought against Hong. Now they fight by his side.

Mr. V sees the tide turning. He jumps onstage and grabs Rosanna from Corrupt Cop.

MR. V (CONT'D)

Get in there!

But the guy's afraid. He liked the hostage job better.

Mr. V SHOVES him off the stage. He falls violently to the floor and breaks an arm. SCREAMING in pain. Useless now.

MR. V (CONT'D)

Get up, you--

(noticing something)

What...

Mr. V looks up in the balconies and sees... PEOPLE. Not more fighters. Just Neighbors.

People who used to hide in their homes and avoid trouble. They're pouring in.

A couple dozen. Some upstairs. Some downstairs. The one who led them here marches toward the stage. It's George.

Hong, and company have subdued the Corrupt Cops. Mr. V is alone on the stage with Rosanna-- the one thing he has going for him right now.

GEORGE

Look around you, Swan. Every one of us is a witness.

George is scared but he keeps marching forward, toward the stage stairs.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Let her go. You can't shoot us all.

MR. V

Watch me.

Mr. V aims his gun at George. Rosanna shakes free of his grasp and KARATE SPIN-KICKS him in the head!

Surprised and disoriented, Mr. V tries to gather his senses. Rosanna KICKS HIM AGAIN! Bound and gagged but not deterred.

Mr. V falls back halfway to the floor. Furious, he pushes himself back up and aims at Rosanna.

George runs up onto the stage. JUMPS on Mr. V--

POP! --and takes a bullet right in the chest.

Bleeding to death but still alive, George tries to wrestle the gun from Mr. V's hands. POP! POP!

Rosanna SCREAMS through her gag as George dies right in front of her.

Several Neighbors have stormed the stage. Two of them untie and ungag Rosanna.

Mr. V pushes George off of him and stumbles back. Aiming at everyone. But George was right. There are too many.

HONG

Enough! It's over, Mr. V.

Hong marches toward the stage with his hands up, drawing Mr. V's attention.

HONG (CONT'D)

Leave them alone. Take me. I'm the one you want.

Mr. V sneers at him. It's true. He wants Hong so badly.

He swings the gun toward the man who changed everything.

Hong stands there calmly with his hands up.

MR. V

You changed nothing.

POP! The gunshot RESOUNDS throughout the Ballroom.

Hong's still on his feet. But Mr. V isn't.

Mr. V FALLS off the stage and CRASHES into a table. The old, rotted thing breaks in half.

REVEAL that Dash has shot him from the Balcony with the Sniper's rifle.

Dash lowers the gun. He can't believe what he's done.

Rosanna runs over and cradles George's body.

EXT. ABANDONED HOTEL -- NIGHT

State Police cars surround the hotel. Witnesses give reports to officers. All of them are saying that Dash acted in self defense and describing in detail what they saw Mr. V do.

Dash is cuffed and put in one of the cars. But the Officers are talking to each other about how little time he'll probably serve given the mitigating circumstances.

Antuan stands nearby as the car with Dash drives off. Dash sees him out the window. Antuan pounds his heart with a fist. A sign of respect. Dash nods.

Hong holds Rosanna as George's body is taken away. She's crying, but she's also proud.

HONG
He died a hero.

ROSANNA
I know. But first he lived.

EXT. ST. JUDE SQUARE -- DAY/NIGHT

QUICK SHOTS show the Sixth Street Kings chasing the Downtown Dawgz out of town.

But the Kings aren't alone in this. The East Side Boys have joined forces with them.

What's more, the Neighbors are taking part as well. The Dawgz don't stand a chance. They're run out of town with their tails between their legs.

EXT. ST. JUDE SQUARE -- DAY

SUPER: ONE WEEK LATER

The sun is shining on St. Jude Square. It's a new day. A new era. A new hope.

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE -- DAY

The interior of the Old Warehouse is being redecorated and repurposed. The Kings and the Boys are working together.

Hong walks with Antuan, showing him around.

HONG
It'll be a security company. Doing jobs for local businesses. Keeping things safe.

ANTUAN
The town's clean now. You think it still needs your protection?

Hong stops walking. Looks Antuan in the eyes.

HONG
Not my protection.

Hong holds out a set of keys. Antuan stares at him for a moment. Realizes--

ANTUAN
You're leaving?

HONG
My work is done. Yours has just begun.

Antuan nods. Takes the keys.

HONG (CONT'D)
You have the Dragon Eyes. The spirit of the legendary Kung Fu masters. Just remember that the battle between light and dark first takes place within you. Then out in the streets.

ANTUAN
I'll make you proud, chief.

Hong smiles. Pats Antuan on the shoulder. Heads out.

ANTUAN (CONT'D)
(calling after)
Hey, I got a call from the Penitentiary. Dash says he met a really cool guy inside named Tiano. Says he knows you.

HONG
Yes. Better than anybody.

EXT. PARKVIEW APARTMENTS -- DAY

Hong throws his duffel bag in the back of his Mustang. Tosses his folded-up map on the passenger seat.

ROSANNA (O.S.)
I was wondering where the Mustang went.

Hong looks up and sees Rosanna coming down the stairs.

HONG
I put it in storage after moving in. Seemed like a safer place for it.

He SLAMS the door shut. Walks over to her.

HONG (CONT'D)
Congratulations, by the way.

ROSANNA
For what?

HONG
Heard you got the Maui job. How
come you never told me?

ROSANNA
Because I'm not taking it.

Hong does a double take. She looks him in the eyes.

ROSANNA (CONT'D)
The people here need me more.

Hong smiles. Proud of her. He moves closer. Brushes the
hair out of her face.

HONG
I'll come back one day.

They both lean in for a soft, gentle goodbye kiss. Rosanna
holds back her tears with a smile.

ROSANNA
I hope so. You really made a
difference.

She and Hong exchange a hug. Then he opens the trunk.

HONG
I almost forgot. I have something
for you. For everyone, really.

ROSANNA
What is it?

Hong pulls out a large suitcase. Nods for her to open it.
She does-- and finds stacks of hundreds. Tens of thousands
of dollars. Maybe more. She looks at Hong with wide eyes.

HONG
Use it wisely.

Hong shuts the trunk and gets in his car. Rosanna shuts the
suitcase and takes it upstairs, looking around in disbelief.

As Hong starts the car and drives off, REVEAL that the
Downtown Dawgz symbol on the wall has been removed.

Replacing it is the Asian character symbolizing "CHANGE."

INT. MUSTANG -- DAY

Hong heads out of town. Neighbors wave to him in thanks. He waves back. The unfolded map on the passenger seat.

St. Jude Square is HIGHLIGHTED. Surrounding neighborhoods are OUTLINED.

EXT. THE ROAD -- DAY

Hong rolls on to the next one...

FADE OUT: