

AMERICAN SHAOLIN

FADE IN

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE--NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THE NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE AT NIGHT, THE LIGHTS OF THE CITY SHINING BRIGHTLY.

CUT TO:

EXT. WORKOUT AREA--SAME NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF MASTER KWAN'S SCHOOL, A RAMSHACKLE BUILDING IN A BURNED OUT ROW OF STORES. His is the only one still occupied, and it doesn't look that permanent. In the window is a cardboard, handwritten sign that reads "Kwan's Shaolin Kung Fu". What remains visible behind the poster and the security grate is an IMPRESSION of people moving and milling around.

CUT TO:

INT. WORKOUT AREA--SAME NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF KWAN'S SHAOLIN KUNG FU SCHOOL. The students are doing their own thing, and they are a mixture of old and young, men and women. They are not dressed alike, as they would be in a Karate school: they are dressed in old T-shirts and tattered sweat pants. This is not a wealthy school, by any means, and that is typified by the appearance of SIFU KWAN, who is walking through the students as they train. He is wizened old man, 70 years old if he is a day, and he is dressed in a fraying Chinese jacket, scruffy cloth shoes and a discolored Chinese T-shirt.

ANGLE ON A YOUNG ADULT, struggling through a horse stance, his face in real pain. He is trying his best to hold the stance, but his legs are quivering. He drops out of the stance onto his knees. Master Kwan is right beside him.

YOUNG ADULT

Sifu Kwan, was that long enough?
It's been 10 minutes...

Sifu Kwan shakes his head and puts his hands behind his back as he walks past the student.

KWAN

At Shaolin Temple, in misty Songshan
mountains, We monks trained in iron
palm until our hands bled, <BEAT>
then we trained some more.

(CONTINUED)

He walks on, leaving a puzzled student behind.

YOUNG ADULT (getting back into horse stance)

I guess not...

ANGLE ON KWAN as he walks around the different people training. As one woman is moving through an intricate series of movements, he sighs and rearranges her hands.

KWAN

Tiger grasps his tail, not hamburger!

He moves on, studying the room with his eyes, often glancing toward the door, and then toward the small clock on a table near the door. It is late, and Kwan is obviously waiting for someone to arrive. As he is waiting, a young STUDENT comes up to Kwan.

STUDENT

Master Kwan, when can I learn flying kicks? I see Bruce Lee...

KWAN

Bruce Lee actor, we fighters, warriors. A sparrow in flight is beautiful, but a side kick to the ribs is effective. Show me.

The boy shrugs and then starts throwing side kicks. Kwan is half looking at the boy and half looking towards the door and the clock. The boy throws three or four kicks and then stops. He is watching Kwan watching the door. Kwan sees him, and turns back to him.

KWAN (shaking his head) (CONT'D)

A Shaolin warrior lets nothing intrude. Continue, never mind.

He continues to kick, and Kwan continues to look at the door. Finally, the student stops kicking, half-heartedly bows to the master, and then moves to the side of the workout room. Kwan doesn't know he's gone. Kwan turns around, forgetting for a moment what he is doing, and comes face to face with the mother of a student, MRS. RODRIGUEZ, and she is holding a uniform of some sort. She smiles widely at him and holds up the uniform. It is beautiful, obviously hand made, and on the back is embroidered: "Kwan's |Shaolin" and underneath that is "Drew Carson". Kwan takes in the entire outfit, while the rest of the class is gathering around to have a look. They are all very impressed.

(CONTINUED)

KWAN (CONT'D)

Never in my days at the Shaolin Temple
have I seen uniform as beautiful as
this. Thank you, Mrs. Rodriguez. I
wish Drew were here to thank you
himself. Ta ma de!

This last he says looking at the empty door.

MOTHER

I only hope it brings him luck in
the tournament.

KWAN

Luck is no concern, Mrs. Rodriguez.
Shaolin warriors depend on heart and
soul--that's how they saved the T'ang
emperor.

He looks again at the door, then claps his hands together,
gathering his students around him.

KWAN (CONT'D)

Xie Xie, Mrs. Rodriguez. (to class)

During my time training at the Shaolin Temple, the birthplace
of the martial arts, I was lucky (glance at Mrs.
Rodriguez)...er...fortunate to have the best instructors in
the world train me. But, there was also time for individual
training--where skills were honed like the blade of a sword.
Now, it is that time for you.

He turns to go.

One of the students, before he can leave, clears his throat

STUDENT 2

What do you want us to do?

KWAN

When the blind follow the blind,
they both fall over the cliff.
Understand?

STUDENT 2

No.

The others mutter "No" and shake their heads, confused.

KWAN

No matter.

He exits, leaving his students staring vacantly after him.

(CONTINUED)

They look at each other, honestly not knowing what to do.

CUT TO:

EXT. DREW GARAGE--SAME NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF OLD GARAGE. It is kind of spooky, and there are no lights on outside. There is candlelight inside, and it is moving around--an effect not unlike a ghost carrying a candelabra.

INT. DREW GARAGE--SAME NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF INTERIOR. The area is dilapidated, but very clean, with all kinds of kung fu and Chinese paraphenalia lying around. Around the corner comes the spooky light, and (with music building to a crescendo), we see DREW CARSON, a muscular 16/17 year old, bowls of flaming wax on his bare shoulders, moving through the garage, practicing his kung fu maneuvers. He is kicking, punching, etc., occasionally spilling hot wax on his skin (INSERT).

In the background is a TV, and on it is showing a martial arts movie.

ANGLE ON KWAN, WHO IS QUIETLY SETTling INTO A SHADOWY CORNER of the garage, watching Drew.

ANGLE ON DREW as he continues to move around the workout area, his arms and body moving as he tries to match the movements on the TV.

Suddenly, Kwan jumps out of the shadows, attacking. Drew reacts instantly, evading the attack, the wax sloshing around in the bowls but not spilling (INSERT SHOT HERE). |Kwan continues the attack, and Drew evades, their movements matching the movements on the TV almost move for move. It is a beautiful ballet, and Drew ends it by sweeping Kwan down to the ground. When Kwan hits the ground, hard, his face is lit by the TV screen.

ANGLE ON DREW, who, for the first time, sees that it is |Kwan.

DREW
MASTER KWAN!

He hurries over to his master, a concerned look on his face.

He leans down to help Kwan up, forgetting about the bowls of

(CONTINUED)

hot wax. It pours down on Kwan, scalding him, as well as running down Drew's chest. Kwan struggles to get up, while at the same time trying to wipe the hot wax off.

DREW (CONT'D)

Master Kwan! I'm sorry, very sorry!

KWAN (blustering)

I'm OK, never mind! What are you doing anyway?

DREW is taking the glued-on cups of wax off his shoulders, while peeling the already hard wax off his chest.

DREW

Practicing. I saw it in this movie...

Kwan shakes his head and walks over to Drew, standing in front of him.

KWAN

Why didn't you come to class? Why waste time with this...Should study tapes of opponent.

DREW

I'll still win. Besides, the Shaolin monks never had tapes to study...they did it this way...right?

KWAN

Not quite--our drills at the temple had meaning. If we had tapes, we would have watched them.

Drew starts to protest, but Kwan doesn't even let him start.

KWAN (CONT'D)

"The warrior who knows himself and his opponent will win 100 times in 100 battles." Study the tapes I gave you. All these years of one on one training--you're the best I've ever taught.

DREW

The best?

KWAN

Best white boy, maybe. Just fight like a Shaolin warrior--the rest will take care of itself.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KWAN (CONT'D)
 (picks up tape) Face reality, before
 it breaks your jaw!

Drew holds out his hand for the tape, and Kwan slaps it into his hand. Drew smiles a defeated smile and turns toward the VCR, when Drew's stepfather, BOB, walks in. He is a big, overweight man, and he is very angry.

BOB (shouting)
 Are you screwing around with this
 stuff again?

DREW
 Look, Bob, I'm not bothering you, am
 I?

BOB
 It's your attitude that bothers me,
 son.

DREW
 I'm not your son, Bob. Lay off.

It is a threat, one that Bob almost takes up. Kwan feels the tension in the room, and starts to say something.

BOB (cutting him off)
 Don't say a word, yellow man.

REACTION SHOT OF KWAN, closing his already opened mouth.

BOB (CONT'D)
 You're here because I told your Mom
 I'd see you were taken care
 of...after. At least respect my
 wishes, and make something of
 yourself...Stop wasting your time!

DREW (sarcastic)
 When I'm the best fighter in the
 country, I'm not going to let you be
 part of my entourage...'

BOB
 You mean when you're in jail...

DREW
 Just leave me alone, Bob, OK? I
 NEVER asked for anything from you.

(CONTINUED)

He spins and kicks one of the hanging bags, then walks out of the workout room, leaving Bob and Kwan standing alone. Kwan looks at Bob, who towers over him, and smiles sheepishly.

KWAN
Pressure. Big tournament this weekend.

He starts to walk out, but Bob follows him.

BOB
How would you have liked having to take care of a kid you never really wanted...?

KWAN
I wish I had the chance...

KWAN EXITS, AND WE

CUT TO:

EXT. TREVOR ESTATE--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF TREVOR GOTTITALL ESTATE, A HUGE PALATIAL SPREAD. The grounds are immaculate and huge, exquisitely kept and beautifully laid out. A gathering is around the pool and lawn area, where TREVOR and his team are having an exhibition for their guests. Polite applause is COMING FROM THE CROWD, ALL WELL-DRESSED AND OBVIOUSLY WELL-heeled.

ANGLE ON TREVOR as he knocks out an opponent.

ANGLE ON CROWD, applauding.

ANGLE ON TREVOR, taunting a different opponent. Trevor executes a beautiful technique and puts the guy down and out.

ANGLE ON TEAM (psychologist, therapist, masseur, etc.) who are cheering Trevor on.

ANGLE ON TREVOR as he plays with the next fighter.

(CONTINUED)

TREVOR

They said you were good...ha!

He knocks the guy out with a picture perfect kick. There is no denying that he's a superior fighter.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Can't you get me any quality sparring partners?

The next guy comes up, but before they can start, the psychologist, DR. PFEELGUT, calls for "Time" and motions Trevor over.

PFEELGUT

It's not enough just to win, Trevor. You have to destroy your opponent completely, mentally and physically. Beat him once, he's a threat. Humiliate him, and he'll fear you forever.

Trevor listens to this, nods his head once, and when Pfeelgut goes to leave, Trevor pushes him into the pool.

Pfeelgut comes to the surface, smiling.

PFEELGUT (CONT'D)

Exactly!

Trevor goes back to the ring. He really takes it to this guy, alternately playing with him and hurting him. As the guy tries to hold his own, the string to his pants comes loose and they start to fall down. He grabs for them with both hands, and Trevor starts to back up, laughing with the rest of the group.

ANGLE ON PFEELGUT, toweling off, who is yelling to Trevor.

PFEELGUT (CONT'D)

GET HIM! NOW!!

Trevor looks at him for a moment, not really understanding, then sees what the psychologist is saying. He lunges immediately forward and (in SLOW MOTION) knocks the guy out while he is still trying to pull his pants up.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON CROWD AS THEY ENJOY THE SHOW IMMENSELY. TREVOR HAS learned the lesson of the day, and he walks off.

CUT TO:

INT. TREVOR HOUSE--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF TREVOR BEING PAMPERED BY HIS ENTOURAGE.

The masseur is massaging his shoulders, a woman is doing a pedicure and another is doing a manicure. An exercise physiologist is going over a computer print out with Trevor, when an old Korean master, MASTER KIM, comes into the room.

TREVOR

Ah, Master Kim. (to physiologist)
I'll look at these stats later.

Trevor indicates a seat near him, much lower than the one he is sitting in. The Korean master prefers to remain standing.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Are all you guys named Kim? So,
what did you think?

KIM (THICK ACCENT)

You velly good fighter...

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Learn English, will ya? And, tell
me something I don't know...

KIM

A mountain lion doesn't ponder his
weakness, and is therefore vulnerable.

TREVOR (AFTER A BEAT)

Well, I'm pretty damn tired of this fortune cookie crap.
<BEAT> You're history. Chaunce, get ride of the bum.

The butler, CHAUNCY, comes forward and walks up to Master Kim.

CHAUNCY

Very good, sir.

TREVOR

Don't come here any more, you hear?
Over a little more to the left, Sam.

(CONTINUED)

The masseur nods and adjusts his technique accordingly.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

It's hard being me, you know. So much pressure...

CUT TO:

EXT. COLISEUM--DAY

People are streaming into the large building. The marquee out front reads "Diamond Nationals".

CUT TO:

INT. COLISEUM--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING MONTAGE OF TOURNAMENT: CROWDS AND COMPETITORS

(SOME IDEAS, NOT IN ORDER)

Competitors warming up (wall front stretch, very high; one guy kicking another in the head--tap, tap, tap; two man routine practicing--another one jumps in?; two beautiful girls sparring; crowd assembling; group of kids waiting--call comes over public address system, they run off; stand outside selling high tech equipment; different styles of fighter's clothes--camo, stars & stripes, "headhunter"; stern 9 year old girl doing kata; two toddlers barely seen through their safety equipment fighting furiously; two twins doing identical kata; breaking; etc.)

ANGLE ON Drew and Kwan walk into the area--Drew is dressed in the ill-fitting handmade suit by Mrs. Rodriguez. People recognize him as he walks past.

ANGLE ON Trevor, making his entrance. He is in a perfectly laundered and pressed suit, and his assistant is carrying another suit pressed and ready to go.

COMPETITOR

Hey, Trevor! What's the 2nd uniform for?

TREVOR

The finals.

COMPETITOR (AFTER HE'S GONE)

Cocky bastard...

ANGLE ON Trevor as he wins a fight.

ANGLE ON Drew as he wins.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON Trevor, Drew watching, as he wins again.

DREW AGAIN, winning. The stage is set for the finals.

ANGLE ON the ring. Drew and Trevor are already inside, waiting. Drew fights in a mish mosh of gear (different colors, different makes), while Trevor is decked out in designer, personalized gear.

ANNOUNCER

Fighting for the Grand Championship:
Trevor Gottitall and Drew Carson. 3
rounds, max point. Gentlemen, bow
to the ref, to each other...

The referee gives them a signal and the fight begins. Drew is holding his own, but Trevor is scoring. After several flashy moves, the round is over.

Score: 6 - 1. We see Trevor's cheerleaders cheering.

ANGLE ON Trevor's corner, where he is given mineral water to drink, his shoulders are massaged, etc.

ANGLE ON Drew's corner: Kwan sheepishly offers him a sip of water from a battered paper cup.

2nd round: Drew's getting beaten worse than the first round. |Nothing he tries works. The score at the end of the round is 15 - 4, in favor of Trevor.

ROUNDBREAK: Drew is exhausted, frustrated and worried. |Trevor is pumped and ready to go on forever.

KWAN

You only lose if you give up.

ANGLE ON TREVOR'S CORNER. THE PSYCHOLOGIST IS EXHORTING HIM to destroy Drew. Trevor leans back on his padded stool, smiling.

The 3rd round starts. In this round, Trevor is destroying Drew, making him look ridiculous. A clinch comes, and

(INSERT HERE) before they can break, Trevor grabs the drawstring around Drew's waist and pulls.

They face off ("20 seconds" comes the call), and Trevor charges. As Drew blocks, his pants begin to sag. Trevor, not trying to score, just trying to keep Drew's hands busy, keeps coming.

(CONTINUED)

Drew's pants drop lower and lower.

When they get around his knees, he finally notices them, and reaches down to get them. Trevor drives and picks him up in a throw, effectively showing Drew's bare ass to the world.

CUT AWAY to crowd laughing, girls shocked, cameras poised and recording, one mom puts her hands over her daughter's eyes, etc.

Trevor dumps Drew and scores the final point, just as time runs out. A buzzer goes off, signaling the end of the round.

Trevor thrusts his fists into the air in celebration. Drew tries to crawl out of the ring, and everyone is watching him.

DISSOLVE
TO:

ANGLE ON TREVOR AS HE IS BEING INTERVIEWED BY TV REPORTERS

TREVOR
I was never worried. He's no match
for me. I just hope the 2nd place
trophy is a belt!

Crowd laughs, Trevor's entourage laughs the hardest.

ANGLE ON DREW AS HE PACKS UP HIS STUFF. DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK BRIDGE--NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW AND KWAN WALKING ALONG A BRIDGE,
THE ENTIRE NEW YORK NIGHT SKYLINE IN THE B.G. They are not
talking, they are just walking, Drew kicking a can and
contemplating the future, and the past.

CUT TO:

INT. KWAN HOUSE--SAME NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF SMOKING ACUPUNCTURE NEEDLE, ITS TIP
EMBEDDED IN DREW'S FOREARM. Kwan's hand COMES INTO FRAME
and flicks the needle, sending it vibrating back and forth.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Drew sitting at the table in Kwan's house, the acupuncture needle in his arm and his face pensive and sad. Kwan busies himself around the needle, trying to alleviate the pain of Drew's bruises.

KWAN

Next time we get that guy...

DREW (SHAKING HIS HEAD)

No next time, Master. Maybe, (big sigh) you should find a new student. I just can't do it--I'm not getting any better!

KWAN (CONT'D)

Don't talk like that. At Shaolin...

He pauses, and decides not to tell another Shaolin Temple story. Drew looks at him funny--this is very against his character.

KWAN (CONT'D)

I saw a Shaolin monk once. I was only 5 years old at the time, but I remember it like it was yesterday. I was coming back from the market with my father. Soldiers stopped us and were taking the food we had just bought. It was all we had left to eat--no more money. These were hard times in China, people were selling their children for food, and the soldiers had no right. Who can stop soldiers with guns, though? Yes?

He pauses, and takes a sip of tea, checking the needle, adjusting it and turning it slightly this way and that.

KWAN (CONT'D)

Just as the soldiers were leaving, a monk stepped out of the crowd and told them very calmly to put the food back. Well, naturally, they didn't. They pushed the monk, and the next thing I knew the soldiers were in the street, and the food was back in my father's arms. 5 soldiers, and they were in a heap on the ground, their blood mixing with the dust of the street.

Kwan smiles with the memory--it is a sweet and heroic one.

(CONTINUED)

KWAN (CONT'D)

The crowd whispered "Shaolin", and he bowed to us, touched my cheek and smiled, then just walked on. I watched him until he disappeared in the distance. He was larger than life, a hero to a little boy of 5. I vowed then and there to become like him, fight for right like the Shaolin.

He pauses again, looking at Drew. Drew meets his gaze, wondering why he is telling him this story.

KWAN (CONT'D)

I never did, though. My family left China and ended up here in New York, a young boy's dream left behind in China.

DREW

You mean...all the stories...?

KWAN (nodding)

Made up. I never trained at the Shaolin Temple. When I realized my dream couldn't come true, I convinced myself that it had anyway. It was a small step to convince other people.

DREW

Why are you telling me this?

KWAN

I've given you all I can, and it's not enough. It was never enough. You're like a son to me, Drew, and you have all the potential in the world, but I can't take you where you want to go.

Kwan takes the needle out of Drew's arm, and then rubs the spot where it was with a cotton ball.

KWAN (CONT'D)

There, that should control the swelling.

He watches Drew, who is pondering what Kwan has said.

DREW

So you're not a Shaolin?

(CONTINUED)

KWAN

No.

DREW

Never were?

KWAN

No.

Drew nods, an idea forming in his head. A slight smile forms on his face. Kwan was expecting him to be angry, he never expected this.

KWAN (CONT'D)

What?

DREW

If you are not a Shaolin warrior, then I will become one.

KWAN

What are you talking about?

DREW

I'm going to the Shaolin Temple-- they can train me so I will never lose like that again.

Kwan feels Drew's forehead. A long beat here as Kwan studies Drew's eyes.

KWAN

He hit you so hard, you're delirious. I'll get a cold cloth.

He starts to get up, but Drew grabs his arm and forces him back down.

DREW (eyes intent)

Don't you see? You said yourself I needed the right training--where better than the Shaolin Temple? What's holding me here? I have the chance to do what you couldn't. I will go to the Shaolin Temple.

Kwan looks at him, realizes he's serious. He nods his head, giving the idea serious consideration. He smiles along with Drew.

KWAN

I must pay for your ticket...

(CONTINUED)

DREW
No! I'll make it there myself.

KWAN
I grew up on the stories of the Shaolin, and you can be those stories. You can live my dream for me--at least let me help you. Let an old man make up for the trouble he's caused.

Kwan touches Drew's bruised cheek, fatherly love in his eyes. Drew nods his head, then bows in the traditional Chinese manner.

DREW
Master...

CUT TO:

12 MONTAGE OF DEPARTURE 12

ANGLE ON DREW AND KWAN AS KWAN HANDS HIM A "NORTHWEST AIRLINES" TICKET.

ANGLE ON DREW AS HE PACKS FOR CHINA

ANGLE ON KWAN AND DREW AS KWAN DROPS DREW OFF AT THE AIRPORT. Drew takes his suitcase and walks into the airport.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHANG AN LU--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW RUNNING ALONG BEIJING'S CHANG AN LU, A SEA OF BICYCLES AROUND HIM. Bicycle bells ring loudly as figures dressed in the same drab clothes ride around him, their faces covered with scarves and surgical masks against the northern China dirt.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL TIAN AN MEN SQUARE and the huge photo of CHAIRMAN MAO on the front of the Meridian Gate of the Forbidden City.

Drew continues his run, past a group of western-dressed lyou mang, who watch him run by through dark glasses.

(CONTINUED)

Drew runs through a large city park, stopping to watch a group of older citizens going through Tai Zhi routines under the weeping willow trees there.

Drew runs through an open air food market, picking his way through flipping fish, dead frogs and all kinds of fruits and vegetables. People yell at each other, trying to get the best price. Young man brushing his teeth in the street. |A group of toddlers, strung together with rope, walks down the street, their split pants showing glimpses of bare bottoms as they walk. CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF SERIOUSLY OVERCROWDED TRAIN, PEOPLE PUSHING AND SHOIVING TO GET ON. Drew walks up to it, a huge backpack on his back. He hesitates a moment, then starts forcing his way onto the train like everyone else. He manages to get in through a window.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWDED TRAIN--SAME DAY

There are no seats. Drew takes his pack off and sits on it. Next to him is an old man, his teeth red and rotted from betel nut juice. The man smiles at Drew.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINA COUNTRYSIDE--DAY

TRAIN RUSHING THROUGH THE COUNTRYSIDE.

CUT TO:

DREW POV EXT. COUNTRYSIDE--DAY

Drew watches the countryside go by. Temples, farms and rice paddies slide by, with an occasionally glimpse of the Great Wall.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREAT WALL--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW, BACKPACK ON, AS HE WALKS ON THE

GREAT WALL.
CUT TO:

EXT. CHINA COUNTRYSIDE--NIGHT

TRAIN RUSHING THROUGH DARKENED COUNTRYSIDE.

CUT TO:

INT. LUOYANG TRAIN STATION--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW GETTING OFF THE TRAIN. He stops on the platform for a moment, a huge colorful Chinese billboard in the b.g. A transit cop quickly comes up to him and prods him into motion. Drew walks on, passing a sign that reads "Luoyang". CUT TO:

EXT. CHINESE STREETS--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW MAKING HIS WAY TOWARD THE SHAOLIN

TEMPLE. He stops at a drink stand and orders one. As soon

as he stops, he is ringed with people watching his every move--he feels almost like a movie star. The woman in the stand hands him a drink, and takes the money out of his hand.

DREW

Where is the Shaolin Temple? Shaolin?

The woman just smiles and shakes her head, not comprehending.

ANGLE ON DREW walking aimlessly. He comes to an

intersection and sees a sign that says "Shaolin Temple" with an arrow. He goes in the direction that the arrow points.

CUT TO:

EXT. GIRL'S SCHOOL--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF GROUP OF GIRLS STANDING OUTSIDE THEIR

SCHOOL. Drew walks up and says hello.

DREW

Hello, ladies! Can you tell me how to get to the Shaolin Temple?

(CONTINUED)

They titter with laughter, covering their mouths with their hands. Drew is not really amused, however, he is frustrated and tired.

DREW (CONT'D)

The Shaolin Temple? How hard can that be? Geez, doesn't anyone speak English here?

ANGLE ON ASHEMA as she pushes her way to the front of the group. She is a strikingly beautiful young woman.

ASHEMA

I do. But wouldn't it make more sense for you to speak Chinese than to expect us to speak English?

DREW (flustered)

You're right. I apologize--I've just been trying to get to the temple for a long time now.

ASHEMA

Why do you want to find the temple?

DREW (NOT WITHOUT PRIDE)

I am going to join the temple as a monk.

Ashema translates this for her friends, and they titter anew. They gesture to Drew's longish hair and laugh, and then make some attempts at martial arts movements.

ASHEMA (CONT'D)

I'm going that way--I can take you.

DREW

You have a car?

ASHEMA

The next best thing. <BEAT> This is a Chinese car.

She pulls out her standard-issue black bicycle--she has customized it, however, with some colorful additions.

ASHEMA (CONT'D)

Hop on.

Drew does, and they take off, the girls from the school

(CONTINUED)

tittering as they drive off.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINESE STREETS--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF ASHEMA PEDALING DREW. It is not the most stable ride--Ashema is struggling to keep moving, while Drew is doing his best to stay on the bike.

DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. CHINESE STREETS--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW PEDALING ASHEMA. He is riding strongly, and she is comfortable in the back. They are getting stares from the people they pass, but Ashema seems to be enjoying the attention. Drew hits a bump, and Ashema holds his waist a little tighter. Neither of them mind--in fact, Drew starts looking for more bumps.

He pulls around the corner into a wide area lined with drink and food stands.

ASHEMA

We are here.

DREW STOPS
THE BIKE
AND LOOKS
BACK AT
HER. ASHEMA
GESTURES
TO THE
TEMPLE
FRONT, AND
DREW TURNS
IN AWE.
CUT TO:

EXT. SHAOLIN TEMPLE--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THE TEMPLE. This is it--the temple he came halfway around the world to see. The Shaolin Temple, the birthplace of the martial arts.

DREW

Whoa!

(CONTINUED)

Ashema climbs off the back and takes the bike from Drew, marveling at his awe-struck face.

ASHEMA

I have to help my grandfather with our stand. If you get a chance, come by later.

DREW (distracted)

I'll try, but monks aren't allowed to be around girls.

ASHEMA

Good luck.

DREW

Shaolin monks don't need luck...<BEAT>
Hey, thanks a lot for the ride. I hope I see you again.

They wave at each other, and Ashema pushes her bike off. Drew turns back to stare at the front of the temple. He is letting it all sink in.

After a moment, he picks up his backpack and heads for the front door. He pulls it open and disappears inside.

CUT TO:

INT. SHAOLIN TEMPLE--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF TEMPLE INTERIOR AS DREW OPENS THE HEAVY DOOR. The muted half light inside is in direct contrast to the sunlight of the day outside. Drew quietly closes the front door, and the half light takes over.

He walks through the temple proper, and what follows is a MONTAGE of temple shots, establishing the feeling of the

temple: the famous Shaolin monk painting, the depressions in the floor of the training hall, the incense blackened walls of the temple, the temple figurines, the red lanterns hanging from the ceiling, a huge wooden carving of Bodhidharma, etc.

No one is around.

(CONTINUED)

Drew continues to explore, looking for someone to talk to.
 |He wanders into another hall, following the O.S. sounds
 of |CHANTING.

Once inside this hall, he sees a group of monks, amid hanging incense burners and paper lanterns, sitting down on the floor chanting in rhythm. No one notices that Drew is standing there. The monks eyes are open, but they don't seem to see him.

He stands there for a moment, then shrugs and walks out of that hall. He goes into a corridor, then passes the "Wooden |Man Chamber".

HE STICKS
 HIS HEAD
 IN, AND
 SEES ALL
 KINDS OF
 WOODEN
 STATUES
 LINED UP.
 HE ALMOST
 STARTS IN,
 BUT IS
 DISTRACTED
 BY THE
 SOUNDS OF
 TRAINING
 OUTSIDE
 (O.S.).
 HE WALKS
 OUT IN
 SEARCH OF
 THE SOUNDS.
 CUT TO:

EXT. TRAINING AREA--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF TRAINING AREA. All manner of training equipment is standing outside (wooden men, posts, hanging targets, heavy bags, iron palm jugs, balance beams, etc.).

A monk, the DRILL SERGEANT (hereafter D.S.), is standing in front of a wooden post, driving his hand into the wood.

The post TREMBLES with every strike.

Drew stands next to the monk, watching him intently. Again, the monk takes no notice of him.

(CONTINUED)

DREW
Excuse me, Master.

No answer.

DREW (CONT'D)
Hello? Busy, huh?

Still no answer. The man is just slamming his hand into the post, over and over.

Drew sighs and walks on. He goes down a path, and flowering bushes are on either side of him. He can see the "pagoda forest" in the distance. At the end of the path, a monk, SAN DE, is sweeping up the path. (Cont.)

Drew walks up to the monk and bows.

DREW (CONT'D)
Master, may I ask you a question?

No answer nor response. Drew's kind of tired of this treatment.

DREW (CONT'D)
What's the deal here? Is everybody deaf in this temple? Even if you heard me, you wouldn't understand, would you? Huh, baldy? Shine your head for a quarter?

He walks off frustrated, wondering what he has to do to get noticed. He walks back into the chanting chamber.

CUT TO:

INT. TEMPLE--SAME DAY

The monks are still chanting. Drew stands there, listening some more, moving with the beat, until they stop chanting. Drew, thinking it was some kind of performance, claps his hands.

DREW
That was great! Great!

The monks finally take notice of him, and they are shocked.

(CONTINUED)

MONK 1
No tourists! Temple closed!

DREW
So you can see me?!?

Several monks rush up and start herding Drew towards the exit.

MONK 1 (VERY AGITATED)

No tourists! No tourists!

Drew stops their progress and makes sure he has the monk's attention.

DREW (CONT'D)
I'm not a tourist! I want to be a monk!

The monk stops, his face a mask of shock. He calls to another monk, and they have a short conversation in Chinese.

ADMISSIONS MONK
That's not possible.

DREW
What do you mean, sir?

ADMISSIONS MONK
The training is too difficult. Besides, Shaolin policy is no foreigners.

DREW
I didn't come all this way, from America, to get turned away. I want in. I want to become a Shaolin monk.

ADMISSIONS MONK
What people want and what they can have are often not the same.

DREW
Not in this case.

MONK
Oh, yes, especially in this case.

DREW
I'm not leaving.

(CONTINUED)

Drew starts to sit down, intent on staying, almost like a kid who is going to hold his breath until he turns blue.

MONK

You give me no choice. (to other monks)

Remove him.

He continues in a stream of Chinese, and the other monks grab Drew and physically force him to stand up and start moving him towards the door.

DREW

I just want to be a monk!

Drew is forced through the courtyard to the front door. They pass the monk who was sweeping up in the back of the temple. He watches with interest as they open the door and force Drew through it, out of the temple.

He smiles.

CUT TO;

EXT. SHAOLIN COURTYARD--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW LANDING ON THE FLAGSTONES OF THE COURTYARD WITH A THUMP! A group of people stop and watch the foreigner. The temple door closes with a solid boom.

DREW

Hey! What about my...

The temple door opens again, and out comes Drew's backpack. It lands next to him, but spews out a couple of pairs of underwear, and some socks.

The people standing around laugh.

Drew gathers up the clothing and stuffs it back into his pack. He sits there for a moment, then gets up and heads for the small shops and stands ringing the courtyard.

He walks past a couple of the stalls, looking at the people

(CONTINUED)

running them. He doesn't see Ashema. He passes a tea stall, where one old man is sitting down sipping his tea.

The old man looks at Drew and smiles, and Drew is about to walk on, when Ashema stands up from where she was squatting behind her stall.

ASHEMA

Drew?

DREW

Hi.

Drew sits down heavily, putting his pack down next to him. Ashema places a cup of tea down in front of him, the steam rising from it.

DREW (CONT'D)

Make it a double. Rough day.

ASHEMA

What happened?

DREW

They kicked me out...

DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. TEMPLE STAND--EVENING

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW, ASHEMA AND OLD MAN, STILL SITTING AT THE TABLE, NOW LIT BY CANDLES AND A LANTERN. A bunch of tea bowls are scattered in front of Drew, as if he's been drinking heavily. He points to his teacup, and Ashema shakes her head.

ASHEMA

You've had enough.

Drew's shoulders slump even more.

ASHEMA (CONT'D)

Maybe it's for the best, Drew. You belong in America. New York.

DREW

I have to do this. I can't go home, not until I'm a monk. I'd be even more of a disgrace...

(CONTINUED)

The old man talks to Ashema for the first time. He chatters in Chinese, motioning towards Drew.

ASHEMA
Not now, Bau Bau.

DREW
Bau Bau?

ASHEMA
My nickname for him. He wants to tell you a story about the temple.

The grandfather keeps talking, even though Ashema and Drew really don't want to listen.

ASHEMA (CONT'D)
He is telling a story about a monk who was refused admission into the temple. It broke his heart not to be allowed to be a monk.

DREW
What did he do?

Ashema says something to him, and he continues in Chinese.

ASHEMA
He decided not to leave. He stayed in the courtyard until they let him in.

DREW
How long?

ASHEMA
A long time--through the worst weather. He just sat there, unmoving, through rain, sleet, snow.

DREW
Did they let him in?

ASHEMA
No. <BEAT> Of course they did-- what kind of story do you think my Bau Bau would tell? He stayed in front of the temple until they could no longer say no. He went on to become one of the most famous monks in the history of the temple.

Drew sits there, thinking, letting it all soak in. He then

(CONTINUED)

gets up and smiles.

DREW

Please tell your grandfather, your
Bau Bau, he is a wise man. And that
he tells a good story.

The grandfather smiles at him, nodding his head.

ASHEMA

What are you going to do? Are you
going home?

Drew shakes his head.

DREW

I'm camping out.

He starts away from the stand.

DREW (CONT'D)

In front of the temple.

He walks off into the Chinese night.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHAOLIN TEMPLE--EARLY MORN

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF MIST-LADEN COURTYARD. The sun is barely coming up, and only a few shafts of light are illuminating the darkness. A figure can be seen sitting cross-legged in front of the door.

It is Drew, backpack at his side.

The front door opens and a monk pokes his head out to look around, and he sees Drew sitting there. His eyes widen in shock, then he quickly disappears inside.

Almost immediately, the door opens again, and the Admissions Monk is standing there, surprised and angry to see Drew sitting there.

ADMISSIONS MONK

Go home! You cannot stay here!

No response from Drew. He just sits there, staring straight ahead.

ADMISSIONS MONK (CONT'D)

Do you hear me? Go away!

Drew doesn't move.

(CONTINUED)

San De, the sweeping monk, walks out of the open door, a monk behind him carrying a suitcase. He walks past Drew, noticing him sitting there. He walks on.

The Admissions Monk slams the door, angry.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEMPLE--MONTAGE SECTION

ANGLE ON DREW SWEATING IN THE HOT SUNSHINE. Sweat is running into Drew's eyes, and he is trying to keep them from stinging.

ANGLE ON DREW BEING TORMENTED BY LOCAL KIDS. They are playing games around him, throwing stones at him, messing with his hair and his clothes, touching the things in his backpack (frisbee, football, walkman), etc.

ANGLE ON DRILL SERGEANT AS HE COMES OUT OF THE TEMPLE, CHASING AWAY THE KIDS. When they are gone, he turns to Drew

DRILL SERGEANT
Will you give up? I think so.

ANGLE ON DREW SHIVERING IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT. His eyes are closed, and it is obvious he is very uncomfortable.

ANGLE ON SPIDER AS IT CRAWLS OUT TO SEE DREW. It lingers for a moment, then goes away.

ANGLE ON DREW BEING FED BY ASHEMA. She is giving him food and all he is moving is his mouth. They do not speak.

ANGLE ON DREW SITTING IN THE RAIN. He is miserable, and he is looking at the relative comfort of the stands around the temple, where there is food, warmth and light. His spirit is wavering.

ANGLE ON DREW BEING FED BY ASHEMA AGAIN.

ASHEMA
Give this up, Drew! Please?

No response from Drew. Just a small smile.

ANGLE ON SPIDER, WHO IS BACK. This time it stays even longer. Drew looks down at it and smiles.

ANGLE ON MONKS FROM TEMPLE, looking out the windows at the crazy foreigner in their courtyard.

ANGLE ON DREW IN COURTYARD AS A SCHOOL GROUP COMES THROUGH

(CONTINUED)

THE TEMPLE. The children are tied together with a rope, and the teacher motions to the crazy American. Drew has become an attraction!

ANGLE ON DREW, SURROUNDED BY OLD MEN. They are marveling at his perserverance.

ANGLE ON DREW, WIND AND RAIN. THIS TIME IT DOESN'T SEEM TO bother him so much.

ANGLE ON DREW WITH ASHEMA AND HER BAU BAU THERE. Bau Bau speaks quickly in Chinese.

ASHEMA (CONT'D)

My Bau Bau says, keep it up! He is proud of you...

Drew nods.

ANGLE ON DREW SURROUNDED BY KIDS. They are no longer tormenting him, they are playing around and with him. Drew is not moving, but he is part of their group.

ANGLE ON DREW, THE SPIDER NOW SITTING ON HIS HAND. Drew stares at the spider, his companion in the vigil.

ANGLE ON DREW, BIRDS ALL AROUND HIM. THE BIRDS ARE KEEPING him company, and they are singing for him.

ANGLE ON DREW, THE FULL MOON IN THE B.G. Drew's form is firm and solid, the determination in his eyes easily seen as he stares at the moon. He will see this through.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEMPLE--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW STILL SITTING IN THE COURTYARD.

The old monk, San De, comes back, the same monk following behind him with the suitcase. He looks at Drew, a little surprise showing in his face at seeing the American still there. He doesn't stop, though. He goes into the temple, shaking his head.

ANGLE ON DREW, same as the first shot, all alone in the

(CONTINUED)

temple.

DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. SHAOLIN TEMPLE--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF COURTYARD, DREW ALL ALONE. The door to the temple opens and out comes San De, alone this time. He walks over to where Drew is, stares at him for a moment, then sits down across from him.

Drew tries not to look at him.

San De runs his hand across his bald pate and smiles.

SAN DE
My head is shiny enough already,
don't you think?
(Cont.)

Drew, in shock at his ability to speak English, sputters

DREW
You...You speak English? I'm sorry,
I was just goofing...I apologize,
master. I didn't mean to make fun
of you...

San De shrugs it off. Apology accepted.

SAN DE
What are you trying to do?

DREW
I want to become a monk--they won't
let me in...Hey, you're just a grunt,
a janitor sweeping up and all, don't
sweat it. It's not your problem...

SAN DE
Why are you sitting here?

DREW
I got the idea from a story about a
monk who wouldn't leave. I thought...

San De nods.

SAN DE
Has it been hard?

DREW
It was at first.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DREW (CONT'D)

I was uncomfortable, in pain, actually, but as time went on, I got... into it, I guess. The sacrifice made me feel...in control, you know what I mean?

SAN DE (nodding)

Much of the training at the temple is in that direction--self sacrifice. Tell me more.

DREW

At first I was really bored, and very lonely. But then, things changed. Maybe it's like hitting the wall in running--it was like I became part of the courtyard, and I felt powerful. Even the spider became my friend...

Drew opens up his hand to reveal a spider sitting in his palm.

DREW (CONT'D)

It was an incredible experience--I said I'd do it, and I did it.

San De, watching Drew intently, smiles at this last. He stands up and bows to Drew. Drew bows back, from his seated position.

SAN DE

I wish you all the best.

DREW

Same to you.

San De turns and goes into the temple, leaving Drew still sitting in the courtyard, the setting sun in the b.g.

DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. SHAOLIN TEMPLE--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF COURTYARD, DREW ALL ALONE. O.S. comes the sounds of gongs and drums.

A crowd has gathered in the courtyard. Ashema and her

(CONTINUED)

grandfather are in the crowd, and they work themselves up to where Drew is.

Drew turns his head, and a procession of kids about his age (some older and some younger) come walking into the courtyard.

The front door to the temple opens wide, and a column of monks, all in their best saffron robes, are lined up waiting to receive them.

The young men who are walking in all still have hair, and they are carrying some baggage. They begin to enter the temple.

ASHEMA

They are disciples. This is the last class for fighting monks at Shaolin.

Drew, very concerned, watches as the monks-to-be file through the temple doors.

The mothers and fathers of the boys watch proudly as the last ones go through.

The temple doors close.

ANGLE ON DREW, who is crushed. His chance is gone.

ASHEMA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Drew. It was a good effort.

Drew is sitting there, trying to understand what is happening when the door to the temple opens again. The Drill Sergeant appears in the doorway and impatiently motions for Drew to come in. (Cont.)

The crowd has stopped and is watching the drama unfold.

Drew gets up warily, expecting some trick.

The Drill Sergeant motions again, wanting Drew to hurry up.

Drew looks at Ashema and her Bau Bau and smiles. He picks up his backpack and starts towards the temple, limping from sitting for so long.

(CONTINUED)

The crowd goes crazy, clapping and yelling.

DREW RUNS
INTO THE
TEMPLE.
THE DOOR
CLOSES
BEHIND
HIM. CUT
TO:

INT. SHAOLIN TEMPLE--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF INTERIOR OF TEMPLE. The line of disciples has stopped, waiting for Drew. Drew, back pack in hand, takes his place at the end of the line.

They parade past a line of monks assembled in the courtyard inside the temple.

As they walk by, some of the monks look nonplused, while a few are put out by the fact that Drew is among them.

Several of the disciples turn around to look at Drew, and a couple are openly hostile to him.

They file up to a raised platform, on which stand 20 monks, each holding a scroll in their hands, one monk for every new disciple.

A gong sounds, and the questions begin.

ANGLE ON FIRST DISCIPLE, WHO IS ASKED

MONK

Do you accept the authority of the
Shaolin patriarchs?

DISCIPLE 1

Yes, without pause.

ANGLE ON DREW:

MONK

Do you renounce the earthly world?

DREW

Sure do, master. You bet.

The monk pauses, for that is not the ritual answer to the

(CONTINUED)

question. The Drill Sergeant comes up to him and whispers in his ear, and the monk then continues.

MONK
Will you abide by the rules of the temple, even if it means death?

DREW
I do.

The Drill Sergeant comes up behind Drew and WHACKS him in the side with his elbow.

DRILL SERGEANT (WHISPERING)

Answer 'Yes, without pause.'

DREW (RUBBING HIS SIDE)

Yes, without pause.

ANGLE ON ANOTHER DISCIPLE

MONK
Who is the patriarch of the Shaolin Temple?

DISCIPLE 2
Bodhidharma.

ANGLE ON DREW

MONK
Do you accept the shr fu at the Shaolin Temple as your spiritual leaders?

DREW
Yes, without pause.

The Drill Sergeant nods his head.

MONK
Will a fighting monk ever use his skills for personal gain?

Drew pauses, looking at the Drill Sergeant. The D.S. nods, urging him on.

DREW
Yes, without pause.

(CONTINUED)

The D.S. puts his hands over his eyes.

DREW (CONT'D)

I mean, no, of course not.

Then, another gong sounds, and the quizzing is concluded.

A figure moves down a corridor in beautiful robes. Everyone bows down, their eyes on the floor, to the figure, who is moving towards the raised platform in the center.

Drew, also bowed down, sneaks a peak at the figure.

It is San De!

San De catches his eye and smiles slightly. He winks at Drew, then clears his throat.

Everyone stands up again.

SAN DE

Do these disciples accept the
authority of the Shaolin Temple?

DRILL SERGEANT

Yes, without pause, Master San De.

ANGLE ON DREW, who now knows that the monk he called a "Janitor" is the headmaster!

DREW (UNDER HIS BREATH)

I'll be damned!

The DISCIPLE next to him, GAO, pokes him sharply in the ribs.

GAO

Shut up!

DREW (HOLDING HIS SIDE)

Oh, unbelievable, in the same place...

SAN DE

Are they ready to begin their
training?

DRILL SERGEANT

They are.

(CONTINUED)

SAN DE

Then, let us welcome them into our ranks!

Gongs go off, firecrackers are set off, and a special flag is raised on the flag pole. A roar comes from the crowd outside.

ANGLE ON THE DISCIPLES--all of whom are happy. All, that is, except for Gao, who is staring at Drew.

Drew, notices the stare.

DREW

You got a problem, man?

GAO

You, American...

ANGLE ON SAN DE when the noise subsides.

SAN DE

Your training begins tomorrow. For now, your shr fu will introduce you to our temple. Welcome to Shaolin.

San De walks away, and the disciples are split into several "platoons". Drew is matched up with the Drill Sergeant, and Gao is also in his group.

DREW

Great, just great.

They are motioned to follow Gao out of the courtyard and into the temple proper.

CUT TO:

INT. SHAOLIN TEMPLE--SAME DAY

Drew walks behind the other disciples, who are lining up to get their robes. As he takes his place in line, a monk comes up to take Drew's backpack. Drew resists, and a tug of war ensues.

DREW

What are you doing, man?

(CONTINUED)

MONK

You must surrender this.

DREW

No way, man! Get your own...

The Drill Sergeant sees the scuffle and walks over.

D.S.

It is unseemly to argue like this. Take the backpack into the sleeping quarters. (to Drew) Do not cling to material things--it is not good for your soul.

He walks away, and Drew reluctantly gives up his backpack.

Drew lines back up, and is about to get his robes, when Gao slides over and takes them from him. Drew immediately shoves him and tries to grab the robes back. Gao smiles and moves away, holding the robes up and away from Drew.

Drew is pissed and ready to go after Gao. Before he can, however, LI, another disciple, grabs another set of robes from the table and gives it to Drew, pulling him away from the confrontation.

DREW (CONT'D)

What's with that guy?

LI

Watch out for Gao. He's trouble.

DREW

Really? I hadn't noticed...Why'd they let him in, anyway?

LI

Who knows? Maybe for the challenge?

DREW

No, that was me...

They both smile and walk off.

DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. TEMPLE--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF MONKS HAVING THEIR HEADS SHAVED. THE CAMERA MOVES DOWN the line of monks, as their hair is shaved

(CONTINUED)

off in clumps. Drew is standing next to his chair, arguing with the D.S. about the haircut.

DREW
Mr. James designs my hair, master.
I don't think...

D.S.

This will symbolize your final break from the outside world.

DREW (CONT'D)
Can't I just wear a patch?

The D.S. shakes his head, and Drew sits down, unhappy.

The barber starts on Drew's head, big clumps of hair falling down to the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHAOLIN COURTYARD--EVENING

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF MONKS, THEIR HEADS NEWLY SHAVED, STANDING OUT IN THE COURTYARD. They are running their hands over their heads. Drew comes out of the building, his head shaved completely clean.

DREW
What outside world? I don't want to
be seen by anybody...

He rubs his hand over his head, and then sees the others.

Li is smiling.

DREW (CONT'D)
If I look half as stupid as you guys
do, I'm really in trouble...

CUT TO:

INT. DORM--NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THEIR SLEEPING QUARTERS, AS THE MONKS FILE IN, LED BY THE D.S. A number of cots are lined up side by side. The D.S. has assigned a bed to each monk. Drew finds his bed, which is right next to Gao's.

(CONTINUED)

GAO
I want another bed.

D.S.

Why?

GAO (CONT'D)
I won't sleep next to the American.

D.S.

We are no longer Chinese or Americans, Han or Mongol. We are Shaolin. Everyone is a monk.

GAO (CONT'D)
Well, this monk smells!

Drew unconsciously smells himself. He shakes his head.

Li goes up to the D.S. and points to the bed he was assigned.

LI
I will switch with Disciple Gao.

D.S. nods, and then starts for the door.

D.S.

Go to sleep. No talking! We have an early day of training tomorrow.

Gao collects his stuff and starts off to the new bed, hitting Drew with his shoulder. Drew trips him as he walks away, all done very secretively since the D.S. is watching.

DREW
Jerk! (Cont.)

Li comes over to the new bed, and in silence they get climb into their respective beds. D.S. switches off the lights, then leaves, and Drew stares up at the ceiling.

DREW (CONT'D)
Thanks for what you did.

LI
Where are you from?

DREW
New York City. You?

(CONTINUED)

LI
Beijing. What is New York like?

DREW
Amazing. I'll tell you about...

GAO
Shut UP!

DREW
Blow me!

Drew waits for a moment, fearful that the D.S. will be coming back in. He doesn't.

DREW (CONT'D)
Good night, Li.

LI
Wan an.

DISSOLVE
TO:

ANGLE ON DREW, SLEEPING. All is quiet.

Suddenly, a huge stick ENTERS FRAME, and it pauses for a moment above Drew, before THUMPING down on top of him.

Drew cries out when he is hit, and jumps out of bed, looking all around him. No one is there. A few of the disciples are moving around because he yelled, but there is nothing else there.

Drew, belatedly, gets into a fighting stance, but no other attack is coming.

ANGLE ON GAO, who seems to be sleeping peacefully.

ANGLE ON DREW as he climbs back into bed, bone-weary. He lies back down to sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. SHAOLIN TEMPLE--MORNING

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF LATRINE. Drew stumbles in, bleary-eyed, to relieve himself. He stands at the urinal, relaxing as he starts. Suddenly, a huge stick WHACKS Drew across the rear end, the SOUND reverberating through the latrine.

(CONTINUED)

Drew yelps and jumps, looking around for the attacker.

NO ONE IS
THERE, AND
HIS
UNDERWEAR
IS NOW ALL
WET. CUT
TO:

INT. DINING ROOM--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING TIGHT SHOT OF RICE GRUEL ("water rice"), A
SPOON STIRRING THE MEAGER MIXTURE. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO
REVEAL Drew sitting with Li and some other disciples.

Drew makes a face.

DREW
You got to be kidding.

The D.S. comes up behind and grabs the bowl from him.

D.S.

You don't like it, don't eat it.

He takes the bowl away.

DREW (CONT'D)
I didn't say I wasn't going to eat
it... Geez!

He turns to the rest of the disciples.

DREW (CONT'D)
Well, at least we start training
today, right, guys?

A chorus of YEAHs.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DORM ROOM, ALL THE DISCIPLES CHANGING
INTO THEIR WORKOUT CLOTHES. They are the standard fighting
monk issue--suitable for martial arts training.

(CONTINUED)

DREW

Wonder what they'll start us with first?

LI

Iron Palm?

SHU

Wooden Man, I think.

WU

No, it'll be basics, first day.
Horse stance, kicks and punches...

When they are all dressed, they run out of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAINING AREA--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF ALL THE DISCIPLES LINED UP, READY FOR THE TRAINING. In the b.g. are the fighting monks, going through their routines.

ANGLE ON fighting monks, as they go through forms or free sparring. There are SHOTS of monks throwing stars, working with weapons, etc. It is all very exciting.

ANGLE ON DREW, who is more excited than all the others.

ANGLE ON THE D.S. as he walks to the front of the group. In his hand he is carrying a shovel.

D.S. Bodhidharma, the patriarch of the Shaolin Temple taught us that to train the mind, we first have to train the body.

ANGLE ON WU, WHO SHIELDS HIS MOUTH AND WHISPERS

WU

Basics, I told you.

ANGLE ON D.S. who motions to one of the monks behind him, who has a wheelbarrow filled with shovels.

D.S.

Each one of you take a shovel.

DREW

We're using the shovels as weapons?

(CONTINUED)

D.S. (smiling)
Weapons <BEAT> in the war on
infection.

D.S. motions with his hand, and in the distance is the
latrine building.

D.S. (CONT'D)
You will be digging today, digging
our new latrines.

DREW
Latrines? Why?

D.S.

A Shaolin fighting monk-in training does not ask questions.
He just obeys.

The D.S. leads the way to the latrine building, and the
disciples follow, each of them carrying a shovel. Drew is
trudging along, not believing what they are doing.

DREW (CONT'D)
I came halfway around the world to
dig latrines? I could have just
joined the army...

DISSOLVE
TO:

45 LATRINE WORK AREA--MONTAGE 45

MONTAGE SEQUENCE OF WORK DETAIL.

ANGLE ON DREW AND THE OTHER DISCIPLES digging with their
shovels. Their training clothes are already sweated through
and dirty. Their shirts are off, and their arm muscles are
bulging and shining in the hot sunshine.

ANGLE ON DREW as he lifts up two heavy buckets of dirt on a
pole, then places the pole on his shoulders, the muscles in
his arms, shoulders and back straining. He walks off to the
side of the area to dump it.

As he dumps the dirt, a pole appears and CRACKS across his
back. He drops the buckets and falls to the ground. He
gets up as quickly as he can, but there is no one to be
seen.

ANGLE ON DREW AND DISCIPLES as they are working hard on the
latrines. Drew is teaching them an American song as they
work.

(CONTINUED)

DREW (CONT'D)

"Ain't no cure for the Shaolin Temple Blues..."

OR

"Working on a Chain Gang"

OR (CONT'D)

"I fought the law and the law won"

OR (CONT'D)

"16 tons"

The monks are singing along with him. All except for Gao.

ANGLE ON DREW AND DISCIPLES AS THEY EAT THEIR LUNCH. IT IS again very meager: a bowl of rice, a bowl of soup and a piece of scrawny meat. Drew looks at it for a moment. The D.S. is standing over his shoulder.

D.S.

Any problems? (Cont.)

Drew shakes his head and starts to eat, quickly.

ANGLE ON DREW AS HE LOADS UP A TWO BASKETS OF DIRT ONTO HIS pole. He gets it up onto his shoulders, in pain, and starts to walk. Immediately, the D.S. is there in front of him.

He examines the baskets. They are not full.

He moves quickly and dumps both baskets of dirt.

DREW (shocked)

What'd you do that for?

D.S.

Do a job well or don't do it.

ANGLE ON GAO AND THE DISCIPLES as they are in line for water. They each drink a large glass full, then move back to their work area. Drew is the last in line. When Drew gets to the front, the D.S. smiles and shakes his head.

D.S. Sorry, all gone. Get some more.

Drew stares at all the water spilled onto the ground, then looks up at the D.S., then forces a smile. He takes the proffered buckets of water (made of wood, with pointed

(CONTINUED)

bottoms and large handles). The D.S. indicates that they are to be held straight out to the sides, to work on the shoulder muscles. Drew turns and walks away, muttering to himself.

DREW (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get you, man. Oh, yeah...

Gao is laughing as he watches Drew go.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHAOLIN TEMPLE--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW FILLING THE BUCKETS IN THE STREAM.

Once they are filled, he starts back for the temple. His shoulders are straining from the weight of the buckets.

He goes over the path to the temple, having to negotiate logs over chasms, etc. After various trials and tribulations, Drew arrives at the temple, his arms incredibly tired. The D.S. is there waiting for him.

Drew, determined not to show any weakness, raises the buckets a little bit higher. He comes to the D.S., proud and defiant. The D.S. motions for him to put the buckets down.

Without thinking, Drew, puts the buckets down, and they both fall over, spilling their contents onto the ground. Drew tries to stop them, but he's too late. The water has all spilled out onto the ground.

DREW

Don't tell me, I know. Get more water...

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM--NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DISCIPLES ALL IN BED. They are exhausted from their work. Drew is lying in bed, his eyes wide open, ready to get attacked.

ANGLE ON DREW AS HIS EYES GO CLOSED, FINALLY. CUT TO:

EXT. WORK AREA--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW WALKING ON A RIDGE BETWEEN TWO

(CONTINUED)

LARGE HOLES, CARRYING HUGE BASKETS OF DIRT ON HIS POLE. He is balancing as he walks.

ANGLE ON GAO, who is working at the other end. He starts across the same ridge. They come to the middle: a stand off.

GAO
Back up and let me pass.

DREW
No chance, Gao. You back up.

Gao smiles and shakes his head. Gao starts forward, and WHACKS Drew in the leg with a leg sweep. Drew tries to keep his balance, and fights a valient, but losing battle. He falls over the side, the dirt in his buckets flying everywhere. Gao wipes his hands off and continues walking.

CLOSE UP ON DREW'S BLOODY HAND, a huge splinter sticking out of it. He is in real pain. The D.S. walks over and looks at the splinter, and in one move pulls it out.

D.S. (heartlessly)
Shaolin monks feel no pain. Rub some dirt on it and you will be fine.

He walks away.

ANGLE ON DREW AND THE DISCIPLES on a work break. They are watching the monks training in the distance. It is all the more desirable because it is unattainable.

In the distance, a monk can be seen walking between two other monks. They are leading him out.

The monk continues walking until he walks right in front of the disciples. His face and body are covered with bruises and welts. The two other monks don't say a word, their faces grim.

Li turns to the D.S.

LI
What happened?

D.S. He failed to pass through the wooden man chamber. He must leave the temple.

(CONTINUED)

The D.S. walks off.

LI (CONT'D)

The "Wooden Man Chamber"! The
ultimate test of a Shaolin monk...

WU

Did you see his face?

SHU

Poor guy.

GAO

He just wasn't good enough. I
wouldn't be surprised if half of us
go out the same way.

The D.S. appears and motions for them to work.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDITATION HALL--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DISCIPLES, DREW IN THE MIDDLE, SITTING
IN ROWS IN THE INCENSE-FILLED MEDITATION CHAMBER. The monk
in charge of the chamber is talking to them.

MEDITATION MONK

Breath in through your nose, out
through your mouth. Imagine yourself
sitting on the bank of a river
watching your thoughts flow by.
Clear your mind...Think of nothing.

Drew sits, trying to think of nothing. He is not
succeeding.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING AREA--NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW WASHING DISHES, ALONE IN THE
KITCHEN AREA. He bends over to get a dish, when a pole
comes and SMACKS him on the rear end. He turns immediately
in one direction, but gets hit again from the OTHER
direction.

Drew is furious, and he can't even see the attacker.

(CONTINUED)

DREW
Come out, goddamn it! Show yourself!

No answer, as we HOLD on Drew looking around.

CUT TO:

EXT. WORK AREA--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DARK BROWN LIQUID BEING POURED INTO A LARGE PIT. Drew is walking with Li, having just dumped their buckets into a large hole.

DREW
So what is this 'night soil' stuff anyway?

LI
Human waste.

DREW
Oh, man! You guys actually use this as fertilizer? That's disgusting!

They turn to go back, and there is Gao, balancing a huge basket of night soil over his head, peasant-style. He is on the same ridge that they are going to walk on.

DREW (CONT'D)
Hi, Gao. How you doing?

GAO (A LITTLE WORRIED)

Let me pass.

He reaches down and plucks a stick out of the earth at his feet, and then closes on Gao a little bit.

DREW (CONT'D)
There's something on the bottom of your basket.

Drew pokes at the basket for a moment, right over Gao's head. Then, he JAMS the stick in, and holds it there.

DREW (CONT'D)
Oops! I think I found the problem.
<BEAT> A hole.

Drew pulls the stick out and watches as the night soil

(CONTINUED)

cascades down onto Gao's head. They back away as Gao goes running towards the pit where the night soil is deposited.

DREW (to Li) (CONT'D)
Well, somebody sure smells!

CUT TO:

EXT. WORK AREA--DAY

THE DISCIPLES ARE WORKING EXTREMELY HARD. As they work, a group of fighting monks walk by after a workout. Drew stops working and watches them pass.

DREW
This is ridiculous.

Suddenly, a bamboo pole CRACKS Drew on the shoulder. He turns around, ready for a fight, only to see the D.S. standing there, the pole raised for another strike.

D.S.

Back to work.

DREW IS
ABOUT TO
SAY
SOMETHING,
BUT DOESN'T.
HE RETURNS
TO WORK.
CUT TO:

53 DORM AREA--NIGHT

53

ANGLE ON DREW MASSAGING HIS MUSCLES. HE IS SITTING WITH LI and a couple of the other disciples, Wu, Shu and Low.

DREW (CONT'D)
I've got an idea on how to get even
with our beloved Drill Sergeant...

They all huddle a little closer.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHAOLIN TEMPLE--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF D.S. AS HE WALKS ALONG THE PATH.

In the b.g. can be seen Drew, Li, Wu and a couple other of

(CONTINUED)

the disciples. They are waiting for something.

The D.S. hits the trip wire and suddenly two bamboo poles HURTLE towards him, ready to slam him in the shoulders.

With one beautiful move, the D.S. breaks both poles, shattering when they hit his arms.

The D.S. hardly breaks stride and continues walking. He looks back once, and sees the outline of the group of disciples.

ANGLE ON DREW AND THE GUYS, who are up and running as soon as they are spotted. They run by Gao, who was watching from another area.

CUT TO:

EXT. D.S. QUARTERS--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF GAO WAITING OUTSIDE D.S. ROOM. He looks around, knocks, and then goes in.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF ENTIRE CLASS GATHERED TOGETHER. The D.S. walks into the front of the courtyard and addresses the group.

Gao is standing off to the side, a smug smile on his face.

D.S.

You are all responsible for anything that happens within your group. What happened yesterday falls on everyone's shoulders. So, all of you will do double work...

ANGLE ON GAO, the smug smile gone now.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDITATION ROOM--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF GROUP OF DISCIPLES SEATED ON ROUND PILLOWS PRACTISING ZAZEN, SITTING MEDITATION. Drew is in the center of the room, and the sound of light snoring is heard.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON DREW: it is him, he is asleep!

Suddenly, a bamboo shinai is SLAMMED across Drew's back, waking him up.

MEDITATION MONK
Bodhidharma meditated for 9 years
without sleeping. Think you can
manage 9 minutes?

CUT TO:

EXT. WORK AREA--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THE ENTIRE GROUP LABORING IN THE
FIELDS. They are all singing "Chain Gang".

TIGHT ON SEVERAL OF THE DISCIPLES. They are good workers,
and they don't mind the hard work nor the hot weather quite
so much.

ANGLE ON DREW, working hard.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM AREA--NIGHT

ANGLE ON DREW, who is holding court.

DREW
We came here to train, not to be
slaves! We're free men...

MU
But we swore to obey them...

DREW
An uninformed choice is no choice at
all!

MU
Huh?

DREW
We have to stand up for our rights!
If they don't even know we're
dissatisfied, things will never
change.

GAO
They haven't changed for centuries,
why should we listen to you?

(CONTINUED)

DREW
Are we men or mice? Sheep or the
shepherd?

WU
I'm with you!

The others are with him too, except for Gao. They are ready
to explode, and Drew has the match.

DREW
I'm for going to the Headmaster right
now!

They are all ready. They head for the door, but Gao doesn't
move. Drew stops at the door and turns to Gao.

DREW (CONT'D)
You're either with us, Gao, or you're
against us.

No answer from Gao. They exit the room.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY--SAME NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW AND THE BOYS RUSHING DOWN THE
CORRIDOR, HEADING FOR SAN DE'S QUARTERS.

ANGLE ON D.S. HEADING FOR THE SAME PLACE BUT FROM A

DIFFERENT
DIRECTION.
CUT TO:

INT. SHAOLIN HALLWAY--SAME NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF GROUP ASSEMBLED OUTSIDE SAN DE'S

CHAMBERS. Drew goes to knock on the door, when it opens and
San De is standing there. The D.S. has just arrived. He

looks at San De for instructions, but San De indicates that
he will deal with them.

DREW
Master San De!

SAN DE
Who else?

DREW
We have something to say...

(CONTINUED)

SAN DE

This is an interesting coincidence,
as I was just on my way to your
sleeping quarters to talk with you
all.

DREW

I request permission to go first.

SAN DE

I think I'd better...

DREW

No, really, I want to...

San De holds up his hand. He is the final authority.

SAN DE

Here at the temple, we use a period
of intense physical labor to test
your patience, and to teach you
humility and self-reliance. As you
continue training, you will be given
chores every day--remember the first
time you saw me I was sweeping?
Physical labor keeps us humble.

ANGLE ON THE DISCIPLES, who tonight have been anything but
humble.

SAN DE (CONT'D)

You've all performed admirably, and
have learned an important lesson--to
obey your shr fu without question.
Because of this, I've decided to
begin your martial training sooner
than what is prescribed. Tomorrow
morning.

The disciples can hardly believe their luck.

SAN DE (CONT'D)

And, what did you have to say to me?

ANGLE ON DREW, who is sputtering now.

DREW

I..I mean we, just wanted to...thank
you for the opportunity to be part
of the illustrious history of the
Shaolin Temple. <BEAT> Yeah, that's
it. Right, guys?

They all say "Thank you" as one, and then bow to the

(CONTINUED)

headmaster with their hands clasped in front of them. They turn away and head down the hallway.

ANGLE ON THE DISCIPLES as they increase their pace, almost running through the halls with their excitement.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM AREA--SAME NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DOOR TO THE SLEEPING QUARTERS.

Suddenly, it BURSTS open and in come the disciples, led by Drew. They fan out into the room, Drew in the center.

DREW

Gentlemen, this calls for a party!

He runs to his backpack and pulls out a boom box with speakers, and puts on some good old American Rock 'N' Roll.

Everyone, but Gao, is moving in time with the music. Drew is the most accomplished dancer, but the others are pretty bad.

The entire effect of the bald-headed monks rocking out is very comic.

Drew starts showing Li and Wu a couple of dance routines (old stuff--the swim, the twist, etc.). Everyone is having a great time.

ANGLE ON GAO, glowering, as he moves toward the boom box. He reaches for the "Stop" button.

Drew blocks the arm, and a pushing and shoving match starts.

GAO

You're trying to get us all kicked out!

DREW

I'm just trying to have a party. Chill out!

They push and shove into the middle of the room, a couple of kicks and punches thrown, then they face off, ready to duke it out.

(CONTINUED)

The party is raging, while Gao and Drew are the only ones static, set to do battle.

Just then, the door starts to open. Everyone freezes and looks toward the door, including Gao. Drew, meanwhile, has the presence of mind to jump onto the boom box, shutting it off and hiding it with his body.

ANGLE ON DOOR, as the D.S. opens it and sticks his head in.

He surveys the room, seeing the tableau of frozen monks, with Drew lying on his bed.

ANGLE ON DREW, who waves to the D.S.

ANGLE ON THE D.S., who knows that something is going on.

D.S.

Go to sleep. Lights out.

HE HITS THE LIGHTS AND THEN CLOSES THE DOOR. IN THE SEMI-darkness the room relaxes in a collective sigh. Drew stands up and packs up the stereo.

Gao walks over past Drew.

GAO
It's not over, American.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN CHAMBER--MORNING

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF CHAMBER FULL OF FIGHTING MONKS, ALL GOING THROUGH THE SAME SET OF MOVEMENTS. Kick. Punch. Kick. Punch. INTERCUT of feet striking the stone floor, depressions in the floor testifying to the centuries of training this chamber has seen.

Through the door come the D.S., Drew and the others. They line up along one wall, watching the fighting monks go through their form.

It is beautiful: powerful, graceful and intimidating.

(CONTINUED)

Their form done, they file out of the chamber, leaving the D.S. with his group, along with one fighting monk. The D.S. motions for them to line up as the monks had.

D.S.

You will train 6 days a week, from 5 am to 9 p.m., alternating with work and meditation. Sunday afternoon is free time.

D.S. lets that sink in, then motions for the monk to take over.

MONK

In order to keep our bodies strong, Bodhidharma gave us a series of exercises and breathing techniques. Because the times demanded action, we developed Shaolin style wu shu from these exercises.

He goes through a couple of martial movements.

MONK (CONT'D)

The spirit of Bodhidharma remains. Training is like meditation. Be aware of everything, but aware of nothing in particular. Think not thinking.

DREW

What do you mean, 'Think not thinking'?

MONK

Non thinking.

ANGLE ON DREW, confused.

ANGLE ON MONK, who doesn't explain any further.

MONK (CONT'D)

Your training begins today, in this most sacred of training halls. The floor bears witness to the efforts of fighting monks from centuries past.

ANGLE ON FLOOR, WHERE THERE ARE DEPRESSIONS AND WORN SPOTS, the result of thousands of hours of training.

(CONTINUED)

MONK (CONT'D)

At the Shaolin temple, we forge our
bodies in the fire of our wills. We
adhere to a vow of non-violence,
unless someone else is in danger...
Follow my movements...

He starts moving through a series of techniques, and the rest of the disciples try to mimic his actions. He is moving around the room, and they are trying to do what he is doing.

Some are getting it, some aren't. (Cont.)

DREW, USED
TO A MORE
INDIVIDUAL
IZED TYPE
OF TRAINING,
ISN'T
GETTING
IT. CUT
TO:

EXT. TRAINING AREA--DAY

ESTABLISHING TIGHT SHOT OF WEDGE THWOCKING INTO THE GROUND.

A hand COMES INTO FRAME, grabs the wedge and pulls it back out of the ground.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Drew, along with the other disciples, lined up and throwing these sharp wedges into the ground and pulling it back out. Their muscles are bulging with the effort.

ANGLE ON HUGE SMOKING BRASS URNS, filled to the brim with small stones. Drew is forcing his arms into the urn in "Iron Palm" training.

ANGLE ON MONK ON A SET OF POLES. He is going through a complex form, kicking and punching, never missing or faltering a step. Some of the poles are as high as 6 feet off the ground.

ANGLE ON GAO ON THE POLES. HE IS LESS SURE, BUT AT LEAST HE doesn't fall.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON DREW, TRYING THE POLES. HE STARTS OUT WELL, BUT HE soon misses and falls, almost impaling himself on a pole.

DREW
I can't do this!

D.S.

Here at Shaolin, can't doesn't exist. Only won't.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAINING AREA--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DISCIPLES PAIRED OFF. Drew is working with his friend Li. They are moving through a series of techniques, ending with a flashy kicking technique which is to be blocked by a special Shaolin technique.

Each time Li throws the final kick, Drew gets hit, HARD. His block isn't working. A monk comes up to him.

MONK
Block the way I showed you.

DREW (SHOWING HIM A BLOCK)

This is the way I was taught.

MONK (CONT'D)
Do it this way. You won't get hit.

Drew bows and turns to continue working with Li. By this time, however, the ranks have shifted, and Gao is opposite Drew.

Drew attacks first in the series, and Gao uses the block to easily deflect Drew's kick.

GAO (menacingly)
My turn.

He attacks, and Drew gets to the final technique. He blocks the way he did before, and he gets slammed brutally by Gao. Gao stands over him, smiling.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAINING AREA--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF MONKS FLIPPING THROUGH THE AIR, DOING FLYING KICKS, AERIALS, ETC.

A monk is alternately falling down and kipping up, falling down and kipping up.

Drew's group is working on several very athletic maneuvers, none of which Drew is especially good at. Gao, of course, is having no trouble.

Drew tries a flying move and falls into a heap on the ground. He is very angry, and he hits the ground with his fist.

MONK

Emotions cloud the spirit--eliminate them.

DREW

This isn't martial arts--it's gymnastics!

MONK

This is Shaolin Wu Shu. Continue.

Drew sits in the dirt, watching everyone around him sail through the air and flip over the ground. He is not a happy camper.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHAOLIN TEMPLE--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF TRAINING AREA. The entire group is gathered in a sort of pit, on a hard concrete floor. D.S. stands in the middle.

D.S.

I want to go over some takedowns before we end for the day. I'll need a partner...

He scans the group, and then points to Drew. Drew smiles ruefully, walks to the front and bows to D.S.

(CONTINUED)

D.S.
 Watch carefully as I take him down,
 using techniques from shwai jyau,
 Chinese wrestling.

DREW (LOOKING AT GROUND)

Excuse me, Master, but there aren't any mats here.

D.S.

Do they always use mats in America?

The group laughs a little at that, and Drew's manhood is now challenged.

D.S. (CONT'D)
 If you are scared, I'll get someone
 else. Perhaps Gao would assist me...

ANGLE ON GAO, who is already getting up, ready and willing.
 This changes Drew's mind right away.

ANGLE ON DREW AND D.S.

DREW
 Let's do it.

D.S.

Attack me straight on...

Drew attacks, and is taken down brutally, smashed into the
 hard concrete floor. No attempt is made to cushion or
 soften the blow.

Drew gets up right away, and attacks again. Again he is
 driven to the ground. This continues from all angles and
 all methods of attack.

ANGLE ON the group, who can barely watch the destruction.

ANGLE ON THE FIGHT. THE D.S. DOES NOT LET UP AT ALL, TAKING
 Drew down hard each time. Every time, regardless of the
 impact, Drew gets right back up. His eyes are dazed, there
 is a little blood coming out of his nose, but he keeps
 coming back for more.

Finally, after a high arcing back throw, a real thumper, the

(CONTINUED)

worst of all of them, the D.S. calls it a day.

D.S. Any questions? Good, that's all for today.

Before anyone can move, however, Drew raises his hand as high as he can, obviously in pain.

DREW (CONT'D)

I'm not sure I got that last throw
clear in my mind.

The group gasps, knowing how much Drew must be hurting, admiring him for his guts. Even Gao is impressed.

D.S.

I said that's enough.

DREW (CONT'D)

If you're getting too old for this
kind of training, I understand.

D.S.

Attack!

Drew attacks, and the D.S. executes the manuever perfectly, crashing Drew down almost on his head. Luckily, Drew is able to twist at the last moment and take the impact on his already bruised shoulder. He moans and groans and lies there.

DREW (CONT'D)

I think I've got it now. Xie Xie!

The group disburses, shaking their heads in wonder. Li comes up to Drew, who is still lying on the ground.

LI

Are you trying to kill yourself?

DREW

He hurts more than me, he's just not
bleeding, that's all.

He tries to get up, but moans in pain and falls back down.

Li helps him up and takes him to the showers.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON D.S., WATCHING THEM GO. THERE IS A SLIGHT SMILE ON his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. DORMITORY--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF LI RUBBING THE BRUISE ON DREW'S SHOULDER WITH TIGER BALM. It is huge, and looks really painful.

LI

If you go to San De, he can send you to a doctor...

Drew pulls away and stands up. He backs up to the wall of the dormitory, right underneath a window.

DREW

I appreciate your concern, Li, but it's not that serious. I'm all right.

Just as he is talking, Gao comes to the window with a pan of dirty water (from washing the floor of the dorm).

GAO LOOKS DOWN (GAO POV) AND SEES DREW. HE SMILES, THEN pours the huge bucket over the edge, dousing Drew.

ANGLE ON DREW as the dirty water hits him, drenching him.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERFALL--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF WATERFALL. It is huge, and the water is crashing down from high above.

ANGLE ON A MONK, INSIDE THE WATERFALL. HE IS GOING THROUGH martial arts techniques as the water thunders onto him.

ANGLE ON D.S. AND GROUP, as they stand on the bank.

D.S.

Concentrate on your stance. All I want you to do is try to hold your stance. Li, you're first.

(CONTINUED)

Li smiles and walks into the waterfall, using a walkway that goes behind the thundering water.

He moves into the water a little, and gets into a deep horse stance. He stand there, immovable. After a moment, he turns to look at D.S.

ANGLE ON D.S., who motions him farther into the water.

ANGLE ON LI, WHO NODS HIS HEAD AND WALKS INTO THE THUNDERING water. As soon as he gets into the main stream of water, he is forced off the ledge and he falls about 20 feet into the pool below.

D.S.

Next...

Each of them try it in turn. Everyone fails.

Gao goes in, and he manages to stand under the impact of the water for a moment, before he too succumbs and goes down into the pool.

ANGLE ON DREW. It's his turn. He walks to the waterfall and goes in. He picks up an umbrella he stashed behind the waterfall (imprinted with a NEW YORK GIANTS NFL logo on it-- unmistakably American).

He walks into the waterfall, and the umbrella works for a moment. Drew is holding it with both hands, and he gets into a deep horse stance.

He turns to smile at the D.S., and then waves at the others. |As soon as he takes a hand off the handle of the umbrella, the water slams him and off he goes into the pool.

He lands with a huge splash, doing a painful bellow flop. |Drew comes to the surface, still clutching the now-destroyed umbrella. He smiles at the other disciples, who are still swimming, sheepishly.

DREW
Thought I'd join you guys.

CUT TO:

INT. TEMPLE TRAINING HALL--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF GROUPS WORKING OUT. Drew is in with the group. Gao and Drew are chosen to do a training exercise together.

D.S.

In this exercise, you try to touch your partner's chest lightly, and your partner tries to block.

The group gets started doing the drill, and Gao is almost caving Drew's chest in with his blows. He is so close to Drew that Drew doesn't have a chance to block it. On the last strike, Drew falls back to the ground.

The D.S. is there immediately.

D.S.

Something wrong?

Drew shakes his head and gets back up.

D.S.

Switch! (Cont.)

Now it's Drew's turn to strike, and he tries to hit Gao with the same amount of force as he did, but Gao avoids his attack, throwing him off balance. He throws another punch out, and Gao grabs it and pulls.

Drew falls to the floor again. A monk who was watching walks over.

MONK

The goal of this drill is not to hurt your partner. Just try to tap his chest.

DREW

I know, but...

MONK

Then do it that way...

(CONTINUED)

The Monk walks away, shaking his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHAOLIN TEMPLE--EVENING

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF TEMPLE COURTYARD, EMPTY EXCEPT FOR DREW AND LI PLAYING CATCH WITH A FRISBEE. Drew is flipping it in a bunch of different ways, and Li is enjoying watching him. To the side of the courtyard are two brooms leaning against the wall.

DREW

This sure beats sweeping...

ANGLE ON FRISBEE, floating past temple statues and ancient Chinese decorations, barely missing them.

Drew makes an acrobatic catch and then flicks it back to Li, harder than he should have. It heads for an ancient statue and smacks it dead center, right in the face.

The statue starts to tip!

Drew and Li rush for the statue and catch it, just before it tips over and smashes on the ground.

They look at each other, thanking their lucky stars the statue didn't fall. They start to throw the frisbee again, when Drew spots the D.S. coming towards them.

Drew stashes the frisbee in his shirt and grabs the brooms. He tosses one to Li and they just begin sweeping again when the D.S. rounds the corner.

The D.S. knows something is going on, but they look so innocent.

D.S.

Sweep the main chamber, Drew.

DREW (CONT'D)

Yes, master.

(CONTINUED)

He bows and smiles goodbye to Li. He walks into the main training chamber.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAMBER--SAME EVENING

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW WALKING INTO THE CHAMBER. This is the chamber where they had their first workout, and Drew just stands there for a moment, soaking up the tradition of it.

He walks to an area of the chamber under the famous painting and stands staring at it.

QUICK CUTS to different ANGLES of the painting.

ANGLE ON DREW, who begins to sweep.

His broom is going over the depressions where the monks train, and soon he loses his desire to sweep. He takes the broom in his hand as a weapon and starts to spin it, going through a martial arts form, his feet moving naturally into the depressions in the floor.

He finishes with a flourish, having moved into a shadowy area in a corner, and then bows to an imaginary crowd, using the broom as a microphone.

DREW (IMITATING AN ANNOUNCER)

Presenting, the greatest fighter in the history of the Shaolin temple...Drew Carson!

Drew holds his broom over his head, nodding his head to the imaginary crowd.

DREW

The crowd is going wild.

Just then, out of the shadows comes an attacking staff, SLAMMING into Drew's unprotected stomach!

Drew, ready to double over in pain, hears the staff hit the frisbee, and stands up straight, adjusting the frisbee that saved his stomach.

Before he can react, the staff SMACKS him in the back of the head and sends him pitching to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON DREW AS HE LANDS FACE DOWN IN THE PILE OF DUST AND dirt he already swept up.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHAOLIN TEMPLE--EVENING

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF TEMPLE COURTYARD, THE SUN SETTING IN THE DISTANCE. DREW IS STANDING IN FRONT OF A PAINTING--statue of Bodhidharma, one in which he is made to look extremely fierce.

San De walks up behind Drew and stands there for a moment.

SAN DE

He was an amazing monk...

DREW

Yeah, what's up with him?

SAN DE

Come with me...

San De walks away, and Drew follows him.

CUT TO:

INT. SAN DE'S CHAMBERS--SAME NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF SAN DE BREWING TEA. The room is filled with paintings and scrolls. A Golden Sash hangs in a place of honor.

San De puts the tea leaves into the pot, then soaks them with boiling water. He pours the water out, then repeats the process several times. His movements are all very precise and careful--it almost looks like a martial art kata.

SAN DE

Legend states that Bodhidharma gave us tea. Once, while meditating, Bodhidharma fell asleep, a natural reaction we all have to fight against.

San De looks pointedly at Drew, who doesn't meet his eyes.

SAN DE (CONT'D)

When he awoke, he was so enraged at his eyelids for betraying him, he tore them off and threw them to the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAN DE (CONT'D)
 ground. <BEAT> From those eyelids
 grew the first tea bush. You see,
 even the leaves look like eyelids.

San De shows Drew a tea leaf.

DREW
 Impossible.

SAN DE
 Nothing is impossible if your spirit
 is pure, and your will is strong.

The tea is ready, and San De begins to pour for Drew.

SAN DE (CONT'D)
 I understand you've been questioning
 some of the teachings of the temple...

DREW
 It's just not the way I was taught...

San De keeps pouring into Drew's cup. It is getting to the
 rim. San De is not stopping.

DREW (CONT'D)
 Master! Stop! No more will go in!

San De continues pouring until the tea runs all over the
 table.

SAN DE
 Exactly! You are like this cup,
 full of what you have learned. How
 can we show you Shaolin unless you
 first empty your cup?

He picks up the cup and tosses the tea through an open
 window. He now pours into the empty cup.

SAN DE (CONT'D)
 The rules and disciplines of the
 temple exist to free you, not restrict
 you. They keep your mind from harmful
 thoughts. <BEAT> Drink your tea.

Drew nods and sips at his tea.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAINING AREA--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF ONE OF THE INSTRUCTORS TEACHING A SOFT STYLE OF SHAOLIN WU SHU. His body moves with the wind, bending and swaying. Another monk is attacking him with a hard style, and the soft style is very effective.

Drew and Li try it, and Drew is having a lot of trouble. He is used to training hard style, and the soft style seems too weak for him. D.S. comes over.

DREW

It's not fighting--I feel like I'm dancing or something...This soft stuff is unnatural-- Fighting should be hard, tough...

The D.S. holds out his hand, in a tight fist.

D.S.

If my hand was always like this, what would you call it?

DREW (AFTER A BEAT)

Deformed.

He opens his hand, letting it go limp.

D.S.

And if it was always like this?

DREW (CONT'D)

Again, deformed.

The D.S. nods and walks off, leaving Drew to stare questioningly at Li.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHAOLIN TEMPLE--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF TEMPLE COURTYARD, WHERE ALL THE DISCIPLES ARE COLLECTED. They are not dressed in their monastic robes, however. They are in street clothes.

It is their day off!

(CONTINUED)

A monk comes down the line, handing out hats to the disciples. They put them on, and wait for instructions from the D.S.

D.S. Remember, let no one know you are disciples at the Shaolin Temple, but do not forget that you are. Dzai Jyan

They file out.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHAOLIN TEMPLE--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THE DISCIPLES EXITING THE TEMPLE. As soon as they are out, the serious faces break into smiles, and they are teen-agers again. Some of the disciples run off to join relatives waiting for them in the courtyard, while a group of them stick together.

Drew is walking with Li, Wu and several others.

ANGLE ON THE GROUP as they walk through the small town outside of the temple.

They pass by Ashema's stand, but only the Bau Bau is there.

Drew bows to the Bau Bau, then slips off his hat, rubbing his bald head for Bau Bau to see. Bau Bau laughs, and the rest of the guys rush up to Drew, forcing his hat back on his head.

LI

Drew! We're not supposed to...

DREW

Chill out, guys! It's our day off!

He bows to Bau Bau and then they walk off.

They walk through the small town, checking it out.

They walk through the countryside, enjoying their freedom.

Drew has brought a frisbee with him, and they are tossing it around.

CUT TO:

EXT. LUOYANG CAVES--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF GROUP AS THEY WALK IN THE HILLS HOUSING THE FAMOUS LUO YANG CAVES. The hills are filled with Buddhist carvings.

ANGLE ON CARVINGS, INTERCUT.

ANGLE ON DREW as he walks by the carvings. The detail and the artistry are amazing.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERSIDE--SAME DAY

ANGLE ON DREW AND GROUP as they walk by a riverside park. |The park is filled with people, and a group of kids swinging into the river on a rope. Drew stops to watch them, then looks back at the others.

They all shake their heads.

Drew nods his.

They continue to shake their heads.

Drew starts running towards the kids, stripping off his shirt at the same time. The others pause for a moment, then follow his lead.

ANGLE ON GROUP AS THEY SWING INTO THE RIVER, TRYING TO KEEP THEIR HATS ON AS THEY SPLASH INTO THE WATER. THEY ARE HAVING THE TIME OF THEIR LIFE. (CONT.)

ANGLE ON GROUP, resting on the bank of the river. Drew and the guys spot a group of girls down the bank from them.

DREW

Check it out, guys!

WU

Girls!

DREW

Good work, Wu. What tipped you off?

LI (alarmed)

We are not allowed to have contact with females. It is the most serious rule of the temple.

DREW

It's a stupid rule, Li. But....

(CONTINUED)

He is about to turn away, then spots Ashema as she runs down a path to the group of girls. He stands up immediately and starts over to her. He is jogging, at the same time trying to straighten his clothes and his hat.

Li starts running after Drew. The others follow.

DREW (CONT'D)

ASHEMA!

ANGLE ON ASHEMA, WHO HEARS HER NAME. SHE LOOKS AROUND, SEES Drew but doesn't immediately recognize him. She looks around the park.

DREW (CONT'D)

ASHEMA! Here!

She looks at Drew again, and this time recognizes him. Drew arrives and impulsively he gives her a hug, genuinely very happy to see her.

Li arrives and pulls them apart.

DREW (CONT'D)

What!?!

LI

You can get kicked out of the temple for this...

DREW

Who's going to tell, Li? You?

He turns to Ashema, who has now backed off a little bit and is looking at Drew, a smile on her face, but is pretending that she is embarrassed. The other girls are gathered around, giggling.

DREW (POINTING AT GIRLS)

Not the giggle girls again! How've you been? You look great!

ASHEMA (HIDING A LAUGH)

You look...funny.

DREW (CONT'D)

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

ASHEMA
How do you like the temple?

DREW
Shhh...nobody's supposed to know.

Li tugs at Drew's shirt.

LI
We really shouldn't be doing this...

DREW
I'm trying to show you guys a good
time. (to Ashema) I guess I gotta
go. It was great to see you.

One of the giggle girls behind Ashema whispers something in
her ear. She nods and smiles.

ASHEMA
My school is having a party this
Tuesday night. Can you and your
friends come?

Li and the guys immediately hem and haw their negative
replies, but Drew smiles and takes Ashema's hand. The girls
start to giggle again. He brings her hand up to his lips,
and kisses it gently.

DREW
We'll be there.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM--NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DORM ROOM, LI STANDING IN FRONT OF
DREW, THE REST OF THE DISCIPLES GATHERED AROUND. The room
is dark--it's after lights out.

LI
Are you nuts? We can't go to a party,
with GIRLS! (Cont.)

DREW
Why not? We're working hard, we
deserve some R & R.

LI
'R & R'?

(CONTINUED)

DREW

We've earned this. Back home in New York, you don't say no to a party...Where's your sense of adventure?

WU

What do you do at a 'party' with girls?

Drew smiles, knowing that he has them.

DREW

You dance, and talk. And have a good time.

LI

That clinches it, we can't dance.

WU

And we don't know how to talk to girls...

DREW (trying to sound like an expert)

That's easy. You just talk to them like you would to the guys--you just don't tell them as much, and...not in the same way...

Drew is in over his head.

GAO

Like you know?

DREW

Look, dancing's easy. I'll show you. We'll start with slow dancing.

An OOOH escapes from the guys.

DREW (CONT'D)

Dirty dancing!

Giggles now. Drew pulls his boom box out of his backpack, and starts searching for a suitable tape.

DREW (CONT'D)

You guys grab a pillow for a partner, while I find some slow music.

The disciples have grabbed their pillows. Drew pops the cassette into his boom box and turns it on, low and sultry.

(CONTINUED)

DREW (CONT'D)

Just move in time to the music,
nothing elaborate. Think of it as a
soft form...

The disciples move and sway in time to the music. They are
treating their pillows like imaginary girls.

ANGLE ON LI, who is holding his pillow at arm's length.

DREW WALKS BY LI

DREW (CONT'D)

Loosen up, Li. She's not going to
bite!

LI

How do you know?

ANGLE ON WU, who is really getting into it. He is dancing
with his pillow cheek to cheek, and occasionally sneaking a
kiss.

ANGLE ON OTHER MONKS, PRACTICING THEIR DANCING AND PREPARING
for the party.

ANGLE ON DREW who sits back on his bed, his hands clasped
behind his head.

DREW

This is going to be great...

ANGLE ON DISCIPLES, still moving and swaying to the music.

DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. DORM ROOM--NIGHT

ANGLE ON DISCIPLES, now asleep and in bed, still clutching
their pillows like they were girls.

ANGLE ON DOOR as it opens. The D.S. looks in on the room,
and sees all the kids holding their pillows. He shakes his
head and then closes the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAINING AREA--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF TWO BODIES FIGHTING, KICKING AND PUNCHING. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Drew and Gao going at it. The other disciples are paired off as well, but the only real action is here in this ring.

Drew is getting tagged, hard, while the points he scores are all relatively controlled. After one particularly powerful shot, Drew stops. (Cont.)

DREW

I thought this was light contact!

GAO

Fight, you coward!

Drew stares at Gao, then looks around for the D.S. He is over at the other side of the training area.

DREW

You got it.

Before he can move, however, Gao attacks, slamming him full power in the face. Drew almost falls to the ground, then attacks him and the battle is joined.

The fighting is fast and furious, and soon the others see what is happening, and gather around. One of the monks comes over and tries to break it up, but they continue fighting, wrestling, kicking and punching.

The D.S. finally gets over to them, and without moving a muscle, barks

D.S. Stop!

Drew and Gao immediately break apart, breathing heavy and staring daggers at each other.

D.S (to others)

Back to work.

He turns and walks off, motioning for Drew and Gao to follow him. Drew follows immediately, with Gao behind him. Gao shoves him once.

CUT TO:

INT. SAN DE CHAMBER--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW, GAO AND SAN DE IN THE SHADOWS OF SAN DE'S ROOM. San De is sitting down reading a Buddhist text. With a sigh, he puts it down. On the wall behind is hanging a Golden Sash.

SAN DE
So soon? <BEAT> Tell me what happened.

Drew looks at Gao, and Gao looks at Drew. There is a pause, one that is very uncomfortable. Finally, Drew speaks.

DREW
It was my fault. I started it.

ANGLE ON GAO, surprised at Drew's confession.

DREW (CONT'D)
Disciple Gao was better than me.

Drew pauses, and Gao is even more surprised at the revelation.

DREW (CONT'D)
I lost my temper. He was only defending himself.

ANGLE ON SAN DE, who nods his head and looks at Drew.

SAN DE
Is this true, Disciple Gao?

Gao looks at Drew, wondering what he should say. Drew looks at him, nodding for him to say yes.

GAO
Yes. But, I am not completely blameless...

SAN DE
I didn't think you were...<BEAT> The Shaolin martial tradition is built on challenges. We challenge ourselves, but we do not fight with each other.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAN DE (CONT'D)

Never do we fight to see who is best--
we train to be able to right wrongs,
not to let our hands and feet express
emotions run wild. A Shaolin never
throws a punch or kick in anger.
<BEAT> Shake hands and let your
emotions go.

Gao looks at Drew, knowing that the anger is already long
gone, swept away in the shock of Drew taking the blame.
They shake hands.

Both Drew and Gao notice the Golden Sash hanging on the
wall. It is occupying a place of honor.

SAN DE (CONT'D)

That is the Golden Sash, the highest
honor of the temple. It is awarded
to the monk who has attained the
pinnacle of understanding.

DREW

The best fighter?

SAN DE

Among other things. Fighting is
only a small part of being a Shaolin
monk.

GAO

Yours?

San De nods.

SAN DE

Return to your training.

Drew and Gao get up, bow to San De and head for the door.
They get to the door at the same time, however, and for a
moment they jockey for position, trying to be the first one
through the door.

Finally, Drew tires of the game and opens the door for Gao.

DREW

Ten more seconds and I would have
kicked your ass...

(CONTINUED)

Gao smiles and walks through the door. Just as he passes Drew, he punches him in the stomach.

GAO
In your dreams...

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DISCIPLES GETTING READY TO GO OUT. |They are dressed in "street" clothes and are just pulling on their hats. Drew, instead of wearing his temple-issue hat, pulls on a New York Yankees baseball cap!

DREW
Now, we're ready!

He leads them towards the window of their dorm, but stops when he gets there. He turns to where Gao is standing, all alone.

DREW (CONT'D)
Gao, you coming or what?

There is a moment of indecision, then Gao frowns, shakes his head and comes jogging towards them.

GAO
I'm coming, just to keep you out of trouble!

CUT TO:

EXT. SHAOLIN TEMPLE--SAME NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF EMPTY COURTYARD BATHED IN MOONLIGHT. Suddenly, a figure lands on the ground with a PUFF of dust. In a crouch, Drew scans the area, then motions for the others to jump down.

Immediately, other figures land with PUFFS of dust all around him. As soon as they have all landed, they move off.

ANGLE ON Group as they sneak through the courtyards and training areas of the temple. They are about halfway across from the front door of the temple when a monk comes walking towards them. He is weaving and bobbing--he looks drunk.

(CONTINUED)

Drew shoots Li and Gao a questioning look. Drunk? In the temple?

They take refuge behind a couple of the columns and watch as the monk makes his way past, weaving and throwing kicks and punches. It is a tense moment as the monk comes uncomfortably close to where Drew and Gao are standing, but he walks on.

GAO (whisper)
Drunken Kung Fu...

Drew nods and leads them out of the temple.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEMPLE--SAME NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF GROUP AS THEY HEAD DOWN THE DARK

STREETS OF
THE TOWN.
EUPHORIA
STRIKES,
AND THEY
ARE HAVING
FUN (AD
LIBS HERE)
JUST BEING
FREE AND
A.W.O.L.
CUT TO:

EXT. GIRL'S SCHOOL--SAME NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF FRONT OF GIRL'S SCHOOL. It is the same school where Drew first met Ashema. The guys, still happy, arrive at the school, and the realization of what they are about to do sinks in.

They stop talking and are staring at the building. Drew starts toward the door, and nobody follows his lead. He stops and motions for them to join him. Nobody moves.

DREW
Are we men or are we sheep?

A beat, then the entire group bellows:

GROUP
SHEEP!

(CONTINUED)

And they follow Drew, the shepherd, in through the front door, making noises like sheep.

CUT TO:

INT. PARTY ROOM--SAME NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF PARTY. It isn't happening. The boys are on one side, the girls are on the other. The music is bad Chinese rock and roll.

The only ones together are Drew and Ashema, who are talking in the center of the room. The disciples are all clustered together, staring at the walls and the ceiling. A group of giggle girls are standing around Drew and Ashema.

A group of toughs are standing at one side of the party room, observing everything that's going on.

ANGLE ON DREW AND ASHEMA

DREW

Great party...

Ashema smiles a sheepish smile. Drew decides that if they are going to have a good time, he's going to have a hand in it. He pulls out a cassette tape, gives it to Ashema

DREW (CONT'D)

Play this when I signal, OK?

She nods and walks off. Drew motions for Gao and the guys to come over. They do, and when they do, Drew turns to the giggle girls

DREW (CONT'D)

Ladies, allow me to introduce my best friends in all of China...

He drags Gao over to one of the prettier girls.

DREW (CONT'D)

This is Gao. And this wild man is Li...

Drew does the same for Li, Wu, Su, Sou and all the others, forcing them to stand with the girls for a moment. When everyone is paired off, he motions to Ashema.

(CONTINUED)

DREW (CONT'D)

Hit it!

INSERT of Ashema's finger on the tape player "PLAY" button.

ANGLE ON THE ROOM as the song the disciples have been singing in the fields blasts out. Immediately, the disciples start moving with the music, and suddenly the

PARTY IS
HAPPENING.
DISSOLVE
TO:

ANGLE ON DISCIPLES who are now slow dancing to a romantic melody--some holding the girls closer than others. Drew and Ashema are locked in an embrace, their eyes closed.

A hand comes in and taps Drew on the shoulder.

DREW (EYES STILL CLOSED)

Not now, Li...

The hand comes in again, punching Drew in the shoulder hard. Drew opens his eyes, and sees that he is surrounded by five tough guys, dressed in dark clothes and with sunglasses on.

DREW (CONT'D)

What can I do for you?

TOUGH

Leave.

ANGLE ON DISCIPLES. They have noticed what is going on.

ANGLE ON DREW

DREW

No, thanks.

He turns back to Ashema, but she is pulled back by the giggle girls, away from danger.

The tough spins Drew around and pushes him HARD. One of the toughs has already gotten behind him, on his knees, and Drew goes flipping over the tough, landing hard on the ground, the wind knocked out of him.

(CONTINUED)

Drew gets up, wincing, not really ready to fight.

DREW (CONT'D)
Can't we talk this over?

The tough pulls his fist back to strike Drew, who has been grabbed by two other toughs, his arms pinned behind his back.

Suddenly, a figure FLIES in and SLAMS the tough to the ground.

It is Gao, and he immediately sets on the other toughs. The room ERUPTS in a melee as the disciples go at it with the village toughs.

The girls are SCREAMING as the boys kick and punch.

The disciples are winning, having a great time, until the door to the room SLAMS open and the HEADMISTRESS comes storming in, screaming at the top of her lungs for them to stop.

ANGLE ON DREW, GAO AND THE DISCIPLES as they all agree as one to hightail out of there. They go running past the Headmistress and out the door, full speed.

CUT TO:

EXT. GIRLS SCHOOL--SAME NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DISCIPLES SPRINTING THROUGH THE DARKNESS.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHAOLIN TEMPLE--SAME NIGHT

ANGLE ON THE DISCIPLES AS THEY CLIMB BACK INTO THE DORM ROOM.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM--SAME NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT AS THE LAST DISCIPLE CLIMBS THROUGH THE WINDOW--IT IS DREW. He lands on the hardwood floor, panting his lungs out after the run. After a BEAT, he lifts his head and looks right at Gao.

(CONTINUED)

DREW

Did you say you were going to keep
us OUT of trouble?

The group pauses for a BEAT, then they all laugh, relaxing.

CUT TO:

INT. DINNER ROOM--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF GAO CARRYING A PLATE OF CHINESE FOOD
OVER TO A TABLE WHERE THE DISCIPLES EATING, THEIR EYES
SCANNING THE ROOM FOR SIGNS OF WARNING. Gao sits down and
looks around. They are all dressed in their training
clothes, dirtied after a full day of training.

GAO

I can't believe nobody's said
anything! It's been a whole day!

LI

We broke every major rule the temple
has, how could we get away with it?

DREW

I think we might have. If they knew,
they'd have already gotten us! You
guys just have to stop looking so
guilty.

ANGLE ON WU, who pushes his dinner away from him.

WU

I've lost my appetite.

DREW

Let's go back to the dorm for a few
minutes, go over our stories in case
they separate us...

He gets up to leave, and the others follow him.

LI

Separate us?

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD--SAME DAY

IN THE COURTYARD ARE SEVERAL POLICEMEN, WAITING AROUND.
Drew and the others spot the cops, and walk quickly to their

(CONTINUED)

dorm room.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM--SAME DAY

DREW AND THE OTHERS ARE FRANTIC.

DREW

Cops! Somebody called the cops?!?

Before anyone can answer, the door opens and the D.S. walks into the room, his face serious.

D.S.

Drew! Come with me to San De's chamber...

He turns to go, but the others are on their feet, ready to follow Drew.

D.S.

Just Drew.

Drew looks at them and shrugs, then follows the D.S.

CUT TO:

INT. SAN DE CHAMBER--EVENING

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF SAN DE AND THE GIRLS SCHOOL

HEADMISTRESS. Also in the room are two high-ranking police officials. The Headmistress is yelling at the top of her lungs, and San De is just sitting there, letting her vent. |She has obviously been going at it for some time, because her face is sweaty and flushed. She stops when Drew and the |D.S. enter and points an accusing finger at Drew.

HEADMISTRESS

He's the one!

SAN DE

Drew, I think you know Headmistress
Low. Correct?

Drew can only nod.

SAN DE (CONT'D)

The police have also come. A morals
violation is what brought them...

Drew's head snaps up at the words "morals charge"

(CONTINUED)

POLICE LIEUTENANT

We demand that he leaves the temple,
and China!

POLICE CAPTAIN

He's a disgrace, to the temple and
to this country. He must leave.

They all agree that Drew should leave, and for a moment the
sound of the three of them agreeing fills the room (ad
libs).

ANGLE ON DREW who is staring down into the abyss.

SAN DE

This is a serious issue, there is no
question. This we will have to take
under advisement--but we will handle
matters of this temple.

POLICE CAPTAIN

This involves more than just the
temple. I am authorized to escort
him from your temple to the jail now,
tonight, where he will be held until
he leaves the country.

San De pauses, letting this sink in. The D.S. steps
forward.

D.S. Master, may I? (San De nods) We accepted a challenge
when this disciple came into our ranks. If we force him to
leave China, we admit failure. Can we do that?

The police don't have an easy answer to that.

ANGLE ON DREW, WHO IS SURPRISED THAT THE D.S. IS STICKING UP
for him.

D.S.

You are wise. You know what is right
and what is not right. This disciple
does not even know right from wrong.
Who will teach him if we do not?

This sinks in, and the police have nothing to say. The
Headmistress will not keep quiet, however.

HEADMISTRESS

He does not belong here!

(CONTINUED)

DREW (whisper)
Chill out, honey!

Drew catches a hard look from the D.S.

D.S.

Would you be so hard hearted as to turn him away from that which he so desperately needs?

She is about to speak, but thinks better of it.

San De stands up, signalling that the meeting is over.

SAN DE
Thank you all for coming. I am pleased that you brought this problem to our attention. May you sleep well tonight knowing that the situation has been swiftly resolved.

POLICE CAPTAIN
I do not wish to visit you again with this kind of news.

SAN DE
You will not have to.

The Headmistress starts to say something, but San De holds up his hand, stopping her. He leads them out, then closes the door and comes back to face Drew.

DREW
Master, I can't tell you how sorry I am. I appreciate you both going to bat like that for me. I won't let it happen again.

SAN DE
Neither will we. You must leave the temple in the morning.

DREW
But I thought...the police...

D.S.

You do not deserve to leave the country as a criminal, but you cannot stay.

Drew sits for a moment, looking back and forth between San De and the D.S. His eyes are filling with tears, and he wipes at them.

(CONTINUED)

DREW (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Master.

SAN DE
As am I.

Drew gets up and walks out of the chamber.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD--SAME NIGHT

DREW WALKS BACK TO THE DORM ROOM, SLOWLY.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM--SAME NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW WITH THE OTHER GUYS AROUND HIM.
He has just finished telling the disciples what is going on.
They are shocked.

GAO
Why only you?

Drew shrugs and goes over to his bed, lying down with a
sigh.

LI
The D.S. always told us that we're
all responsible for what happens.

WU
It's not fair.

DREW
It doesn't have to be fair...

DISSOLVE
TO:

ANGLE ON DREW LYING IN THE DARK. Everyone else is asleep,
but not Drew. He is staring at the ceiling.

DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. DORM ROOM--MORNING

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW WAKING UP TO AN EMPTY ROOM.

(CONTINUED)

Everyone is gone already, their beds made up. Drew gets up quickly and gathers up his few things. He puts on his New York Yankees cap and shoulders his back pack, then looks around the room one last time. (Cont.)

DREW

I hate long goodbyes anyway...

He exits the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHAOLIN COURTYARD--SAME DAY

ANGLE ON DREW WALKING THROUGH THE COURTYARD, FOR THE LAST TIME. Only a few monks are around, and they don't meet Drew's eyes.

The sounds of training can be heard O.S. Drew stops to listen to those sounds for a moment, then heads for the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHAOLIN TEMPLE--SAME DAY

ANGLE ON DREW AS HE LEAVES THE TEMPLE. He pauses for a moment with the door open, then shuts it sadly. He looks out over the courtyard, which is completely deserted. Drew sighs, hitches his backpack onto his back and starts out.

As he comes out of the doorway and into the courtyard proper, he sees...

THE ENTIRE CLASS OF DISCIPLES, dressed in street clothes with their bags packed. Li and Gao are in the front, their bags in their hands, smiling.

GAO

You're either with us or against us,
remember?

DREW (smiling)

I'm with you!

A cheer goes up from the entire group as Drew, Li and Gao

(CONTINUED)

embrace. In the b.g. can be seen the D.S., who is observing all this.

CUT TO:

INT. SAN DE CHAMBER--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF SAN DE'S CHAMBER, SAN DE WAITING FOR DREW IN ONE OF THE CHAIRS. The door opens and Drew walks in, the D.S. can be seen in the b.g. San De indicates one of the chairs for him to sit in. He does.

SAN DE

Quite a show of solidarity, yes?

Drew nods, trying to hide a smile. He is trying his best to appear humble.

SAN DE (CONT'D)

Why did you come to the Shaolin Temple?

DREW (CAUGHT OFF GUARD)

To train, Master.

SAN DE (CONT'D)

Yet you rebel at every rule, and blame the training for your inability to learn and progress?

No response from Drew, who is just looking down at the ground.

SAN DE (CONT'D)

You are like someone swimming in fresh water crying "I thirst!". What you seek is all around you. Don't fight with the ways of the temple, the battle is within yourself.

DREW

Within myself?

SAN DE

You must accept the responsibility for your life. If we force you out of the temple, you can always blame the temple for your failure--it never has to be your fault.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAN DE (CONT'D)

<BEAT> Life without committment is
no life at all.

DREW

What if I can't handle it? What if
I fail?

SAN DE

Live for the moment, Drew. The future
will take care of itself. If you go
through your days here, squeezing
every last bit of life out of every
minute, you need not fear failure.

DREW (AFTER A BEAT)

Then, it's up to me.

SAN DE (CONT'D)

Yes. Your fellow disciples stood up
for you. It's your turn.

DREW

I don't want to let them down.

SAN DE

Don't let yourself down.

He bows to San De and then leaves the chamber.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHAMBER--SAME NIGHT

DREW COMES OUT, FINDING GAO AND LI WAITING FOR HIM.

GAO

Are you staying?

Drew waits for a moment, studying their hopeful faces.

DREW

Yeah, I'm staying. If only to keep
you guys out of trouble!

They walk off, and just as they round a corner, a BANG is
heard as one of the monks drops the heavy wooden lid of a
storage barrell. Drew jumps, spinning around in the
direction of the sound.

LI

Drew! Are you allright?

(CONTINUED)

DREW

Yeah, I'm just a little on edge,
that's all. Ever since I got to the
temple, some nut has been attacking
me with a stick-- at night, in the
toilet...anywhere! It's driving me
crazy...

Gao and Li look at each other, nodding.

DREW (CONT'D)

What? Honest, it's happening! I...

GAO

Every class of disciples, the one
with the most potential is singled
out for special training. We were
wondering who it was...now, we know.

DREW

Special training? You mean...?

Gao and Li nod, and Drew walks with them, shaking his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE--MORNING

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF ASHEMA STANDING NEXT TO THE STREAM,
WATCHING THE WATER RUSH BY. In the b.g. comes Drew, dressed
in his monastic robes, no hat on his head. He is making no
attempt to hide the fact that he is a monk.

Drew walks up to Ashema and takes her hand, and they stand
like that for a moment. She then turns to him, and starts
to say something. Drew stops her with a finger on her lips,
then strokes her cheek. (Cont.)

DREW

Ashema, beautiful Ashema, I can't
see you anymore. I will...miss you
and remember you...always.

Ashema closes her eyes against the tears there, and buries
her head against Drew's shoulder.

ASHEMA

Are they making you do this?

She wants to hear that they are, even if it's not true. She
NEEDS to hear it.

(CONTINUED)

Drew pulls her head away from his shoulder, looking into her eyes. It would be so easy not to take the blame for hurting her like this.

DREW

No. It is my choice, and my responsibility. I'm sorry....

He embraces her for the last time, and she openly begins to cry. He holds her for a moment, then breaks the embrace and with one last long look at Ashema, walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAINING AREA--DAY 103 (SPRING TIME)

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW WORKING ON THE "WOODEN MAN", A TRAINING DEVICE. The D.S. in the b.g. comes up and corrects his technique, and Drew immediately does it his way.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLE AREA--EVENING

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW WORKING ON THE POLES. He is doing well, jumping from pole to pole, kicking and punching. He tries an especially difficult sequence of moves, and falls with a THUMP to the ground. Immediately, he is back up and onto the poles. He tries the same set of moves, falls again. Instead of being angry, Drew just laughs at himself, then climbs back up on the poles.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDITATION HALL--NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF BARE CHESTED DREW, SOAKED IN SWEAT. In the b.g. is a huge bronze buddha. Drew is in the same position as the Buddha.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREAM--DAY 106 (SUMMER TIME)

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW DRAWING WATER FROM THE STREAM, IN THE POINTED BARRELS. He fills them up, and then starts moving back towards the temple, his arms up and strong.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON DREW AS HE GOES THROUGH A THICKET OF BAMBOO. AS HE gets to the center, he is attacked! The staff comes out, but Drew manages to block it with one of the buckets. The staff strikes again, and Drew blocks again! A third time, and Drew raises both buckets over his head to block it--and drenches himself with the water. Then, the staff hits him in the stomach.

His attacker has vanished, leaving Drew alternately moaning from the pain, and chuckling at himself in the bamboo.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAINING AREA--DAY

ANGLE ON DREW AND LI as they go through a very intricate, beautifully staged series of techniques. The last technique is a very powerful kick, and one which Drew is to block using the blocking technique he refused to learn before. This time, the kick is thrown and Drew blocks it with the new technique, sending Li pitching to the ground in a cloud of dust.

Drew turns around and high-fives Gao.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAINING AREA--ANOTHER ANGLE

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF GROUP OF DISCIPLES GOING THROUGH A SERIES OF SOFT GONG FU MOVES. Drew is next in line, and he moves through the techniques without a mistake. When he gets to the end of the routine, he breaks into a little dance step, having fun. The entire group breaks up in laughter.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEMPLE--DAY

TIGHT SHOT OF D.S.' ARM. Gao's hands are around his elbow, pulling down.

D.S.

Using your muscles, bend my arm.

(CONTINUED)

Gao pulls down, while the D.S. tries to fight back with his muscles, but finally, after great strain, his arm bends. A cheer goes up from the group.

D.S. smiles and motions for an old monk standing near him to take his place. the old man puts his arm up on Gao's shoulder, and takes a deep breath. He does not tense up his arm and shoulder.

Gao looks questioning at the D.S.

GAO

What if I hurt him?

D.S.

You will not.

Gao starts to pull down, gently at first, but when he sees that the old monk's arm is not bending, stronger, until finally he is putting all his strength into it. The old monk's arm has not moved, and his expression of relaxation and piece has not changed.

Gao quits, not able to bend the arm. D.S. motions for Drew to get on the other side of the monk.

D.S.

Grab his arms and try to pull him out of his stance.

Drew and Gao shrug at each other and take an arm. They pull and push, straining and groaning, but there is no movement from the old monk. It is like he is a heavy stone.

They give up, and the D.S. bows to the old monk.

D.S. (CONT'D)

Master Shu's spirit is indeed strong.

ANGLE ON DREW AND GAO, sweating from their efforts.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAINING AREA--DAY

110 (AUTUMN TIME)

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DISCIPLES DOING AERIAL MANUEVERS--KICKS, AERIALS, KIPS, ETC. Drew is on the ground, trying to

(CONTINUED)

do a kip. He is coming up, but then is crashing back down onto his spine. The D.S. comes up to him and points at his chest.

D.S.

Try to hit me here with your feet.

DREW
With pleasure.

Drew tries another kip, pushing his feet towards the D.S.' chest. He lands on his feet easily, surprised.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERFALL--DAY

ESTABLISHING
SHOT OF
DREW AND
GAO UNDER
THE
WATERFALL.
THEY ARE
BOTH IN
HORSE
STANCES.
THEY NOD
AT EACH
OTHER, AND
THEY BEGIN
GOING
THROUGH A
SLOW FORM,
MOVING
THEIR ARMS
AND LEGS
CAUTIOUSLY,
BUT WITH
POWER.
CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST OF STONE--SUNSET

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW TRAINING IN THE FOREST OF STONE,
THE BLAZING
SUN BEHIND
HIM.
CUT TO:

EXT. DINING HALL--NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW CARRYING THE DIRTY PLATES FROM DINNER. He carries them out to the garbage area, and begins to scrape them off. From out of nowhere comes the staff, swinging for Drew.

Drew doesn't jump, but just calmly avoids it. The staff WHOOSHES over his head. Drew stands up, and the staff comes again, from a different direction. Drew avoids, and the staff finds empty air again.

Drew goes on with cleaning the plates, a slight smile on his face. After a BEAT, he looks around, trying to find the attacker. When he is sure no one is around, he smiles bigger.

DREW
Allright! I did it!

As soon as he finishes saying that, the staff comes out and SLAMS him in the stomach, sending Drew to his knees in pain.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAINING AREA--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THE DISCIPLES THROWING FLYING KICKS. The sequences are very beautiful as the monks throw kicks into the air and into targets.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAINING AREA--ANOTHER ANGLE

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW AND LI FIGHTING. Drew is rushing Li, throwing every possible technique at him, which he blocks. Li gets into a low stance as he goes back, and Drew takes this opportunity--he uses Li's own leg as a step and jumps off of it, hitting him HARD with a jump spin hook.

Li gets up right away and slaps Drew's hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEMPLE PATHS--MORNING

116 (WINTER TIME)

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF SNOWY MORNING. A group of monks, Drew in the lead, come running down the path, barefoot in the snow.

ANGLE ON
DISCIPLES
THROWING
KICKS AND
PUNCHES
AT ICICLES
HANGING
FROM ROCKS
ON A CLIFF.
SLOW MOTION
AS THE
DISCIPLES
SHATTER
THE ICE.
CUT TO:

EXT. TEMPLE FIELDS--DAY

117 (SPRING TIME)

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DISCIPLES WORKING IN THE FIELDS. They are singing again, but this time the song is in Chinese!

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF OF THE WORLD--SUNSET

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW, POISED ON A ROCK PLATFORM AT THE ROOF OF THE WORLD, THE SUNSET IN THE B.G.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAINING AREA--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DISCIPLES WORKING ON THE UNBENDABLE ARM. Drew is in the middle, and Gao is straining to bend his relaxed arm. He is getting the hang of it.

The D.S. walks up with another monk with a spear. Together, they position a wooden target. The monk bows to D.S. and to the rest of the disciples, then positions the point of the spear in the hollow of his neck. He then hands the shaft of the spear to the D.S.

The D.S. holds the shaft and starts to push, bending the spear, slowly but surely.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON DREW AND THE DISCIPLES, amazed.

ANGLE ON THE MONK. The spear is now almost bent double. With a flick of his head, the spear goes flying into the TARGET POSITIONED BEHIND HIM, ITS POINT FINDING THE BULLS-EYE.

Drew walks over to the target and sees that the very real spear point is imbedded deep into the wood of the target.

DREW (bowing)
Boy, his spirit is strong...

CUT TO:

EXT. TEMPLE GROUNDS--DAY 120 (SPRING TIME)

TIGHT SHOT OF AMERICAN FOOTBALL SPINNING THROUGH THE AIR. |Set against a deep blue sky, it could be spinning anywhere--but the CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the Shaolin Temple "forest of stupa", where the disciples are having a pick up football game--it's Sunday, the disciples' afternoon off. |The football spins into the hands of Gao, who drops it.

Drew runs over, showing Gao how to catch the ball, and how to make the cuts he has to make (no dialogue, music over).

Gao follows Drew's instructions, then they run the play. |This time Gao is all alone and he catches the ball easily for a touchdown.

Drew runs up and high-fives Gao, then teaches him how to spike the ball.

They are playing some more, having a great time. This time |Drew goes out for a pass, with Gao playing defense.
Li

throws the pass, and Gao intercepts. Drew, laughing, goes after Gao.

ANGLE ON DREW, who goes long for a pass, which Gao lets fly.

It is immediately obvious that it is way too long.

ANGLE ON SAN DE, who is walking along through the stupa, meditating as he walks.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON DREW, WHO STOPS RUNNING AND SEES SAN DE. THE BALL is going towards San De.

ANGLE ON SAN DE--the ball is heading right for his HEAD!

ANGLE ON DREW, GAO AND OTHERS...they are bracing for the impact, and the trouble it will cause.

ANGLE ON SAN DE, who at the last moment turns and catches the ball like a professional receiver. He holds the ball and looks right at Drew, a very stern look on his face.

ANGLE ON DREW, expecting the worst.

ANGLE ON SAN DE, HIS STERN FACE NOW TAKING ON A MISCHIEVOUS look. He hefts the ball and puts his fingers on the laces.

SAN DE

Go long.

Drew pauses for a moment, not sure what San De said, until San De motions with his left hand, like a NFL quarterback, for Drew to go out. He takes off sprinting, with Gao covering him like a blanket. San De throws the ball to him in a perfect spiral, to a spot where Gao has no play on the throw, and Drew catches it in stride.

SAN DE
IMMEDIATELY
RETURNS TO
HIS
MEDITATION,
WHILE DREW
AND THE
OTHERS
STAND AROUND
DUMBSTRUCK.
CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF GAO, LI AND DREW RUNNING THROUGH THE COUNTRYSIDE. They come to a stream, and there by a stream is a beautiful young woman who can't get across the stream without getting her clothes soaked.

Without thinking twice, Drew allows her to get on his back

(CONTINUED)

and carries her across the river. He deposits her on the other side and then continues running.

Gao and Li run up next to Drew, and together they go back to the temple. When they stop outside the temple, they are breathing heavily. Finally catching his breath, Gao turns to Drew.

GAO

I can't believe you carried that girl over the stream! After all the trouble you got into...

LI

Are you crazy? You almost got kicked out once over that kind of thing...

DREW SMILES SLIGHTLY

DREW

I left that girl at the stream. Are you two still carrying her?

He turns and walks away, leaving Li and Gao to puzzle that one out. As he walks away, San De comes out from behind a pillar where he had been sweeping, smiling and nodding his head at Drew's answer.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAINING AREA--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF TRAINING GROUND, WHERE SEVERAL GROUPS OF DISCIPLES ARE GOING AT IT. The action is fast and furious.

ANGLE ON DREW AND GAO, who are squared off and fighting. |They are intense, and the techniques they are throwing are full power. Drew hits Gao, and he bends over. Drew closes, thinking that he has Gao at his mercy. At the last minute, |Gao stands up and cold cocks Drew, who sags to the ground.

TIGHT ON DREW who is trying to get his bearings.

DREW

Lucky shot, slant eye!

ANGLE ON GAO, who gives him a mean look.

(CONTINUED)

GAO
You stink, American!

ANGLE ON DREW, who stands up, mad.

DREW
That's it! You're dead meat!

He comes at Gao, and they start fighting again, throwing all kinds of acrobatic kicks and techniques.

A gong sounds, O.S., and Gao and Drew stop, bow to each other, and then embrace, smiling.

DREW (CONT'D)
Saved by the bell...

GAO
I had you...

Drew moves off to the side to get a drink of water, and to towel off. As he rubs his neck, D.S. comes up to him.

D.S.

San De wants to see you, in his chambers.

Drew raises his eyebrows, then looks over at Gao and Li. He rolls up his towel and snaps Gao with it as he walks by.

DREW
I wonder what you did now...

CUT TO:

INT. SAN DE CHAMBER--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW AND SAN DE SITTING ACROSS FROM EACH OTHER. San De has an ornately embroidered golden box in his hand, and he is showing it to Drew.

SAN DE
You are to deliver this scroll to the Arhat living on the Jade Mountain. This is your quest. The scroll that is in this box is more precious than life. Guard it well.

(CONTINUED)

DREW

I will, Master.

SAN DE

If you deliver this, you may ask this master, the most advanced monk of the Shaolin tradition, any question you wish, and he must answer it.

San De takes out a map of the area.

SAN DE (CONT'D)

This map will lead you to the Jade Mountain. Let nothing deter from safeguarding the sacred scroll. You leave first thing tomorrow morning. <BEAT> You must return within three day...or don't bother to return at all.

San De stands and bows to Drew. Drew returns the bow, takes the map and the box, then leaves the chamber.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEMPLE--EARLY MORNING

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW WALKING OUT OF THE TEMPLE INTO THE MIST-SHROUDED COURTYARD. He is off on his quest.

DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE--SAME DAY

ANGLE ON DREW, WALKING STRONG. THE SUN IS HIGH IN THE SKY, and the scenery behind is incredibly beautiful (Guilin?).

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL TOWN--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW STOPPING IN A SMALL TOWN, IN THE MIDDLE OF AN OPEN AIR MARKET. He goes over to a drink stand, and buys a cool drink. Just as he is about to drink it down, it is KNOCKED from his hand.

DREW TURNS AROUND AND SEE FOUR DIRTY THUGS AND THEIR LEADER--the one who hit the glass. They are yelling at Drew in Chinese, which he doesn't understand.

DREW
OK, boys, just let me get my glass
and...

Drew, not looking for trouble, bends down to pick up the glass, and the leader kicks him in the rear end, sending him pitching to the ground. Drew rolls to a standing position, and the five men close on him.

A crowd is now starting to form, eager to watch how the monk handles this situation.

The thugs come after Drew, and the leader throws a roundhouse punch, hitting Drew square in the jaw. They continue to attack, while Drew tries to avoid getting hit. |Drew catches a haymaker, and he spins and drops, and the thugs laugh, kick him a couple of times, and then kick dust and dirt onto him. Drew doesn't get up.

They soon tire of the sport and move on, the crowd staring at Drew in pity.

DREW (to himself) (CONT'D)
This humble, not fighting stuff is
harder, and more painful, than it
looks!

ANGLE ON THE THUGS, WHO HAVE NOW SPOTTED A MAN AND HIS YOUNG son. They are both loaded down with goods from the store, and the thugs stop them. They take the things from them, and start to walk off.

The father tries to fight back, but they easily beat him up, sending him into the dirt. The young boy runs forward. The leader of the thugs raises his hand, ready to slap the boy's face.
(Cont.)

Before he can bring his arm forward, Drew's fingers come around his wrist, stopping it.

DREW (CONT'D)
Oh, I don't think so...

ANGLE ON THE CROWD--it's getting good now.

(CONTINUED)

The fight starts, and this time Drew is unencumbered by vows of non-violence. He has a cause, and he's enjoying every minute of the fight. It is over quickly, as Drew is a superb fighter, using incredible techniques. The thugs limp away, leaving Drew with the little boy and his father.

Drew bends down and picks up the goods, handing them back to the boy and the father. Drew stops and kneels down in front of the boy, looking deep into his eyes.

A whisper is going through the crowd: "Shaolin".

Drew touches the boy's cheek, smiles, then stands up and bows. He moves on, the crowd watching him walk away.

HOLD ON BOY'S FACE--he now has a hero.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE--DAY

ANGLE ON DREW WALKING THROUGH THE COUNTRYSIDE. HE STOPS AT A CROSSING IN THE ROAD, CONSULTS THE MAP SAN DE GAVE HIM, THEN WALKS ON. CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE--EVENING

ANGLE ON DREW AS HE CLIMBS THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE TEMPLE--NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW, MEDITATING NEXT TO HIS SMALL FIRE. It is dark around him, with vague forms of the temple columns and statues. Drew is sitting with his eyes closed, oblivious to his surroundings.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE--NEXT DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW WORKING OUT NEXT TO A MOUNTAIN LAKE. He is throwing kicks and going through his routines, concentrating on his breathing. As he finishes a particularly strenuous series, he strips off his clothes and dives into the lake.

(CONTINUED)

As Drew's head breaks the surface of the lake, he is surprised to see a beautiful woman standing next to where he left his clothes.

Drew starts to get out of the lake, then remembers that he is naked--he stops, not quite knowing what to do. He goes as close to the shore as he can without coming out of the water.

The woman just smiles, and starts to strip off what clothing she has on. She is very sexy.

DREW
No, don't do that!

WOMAN
Why not?

DREW
I'm a monk. I've taken a vow to abstain...

WOMAN
No one will know...

DREW
I'll know! Throw me my clothes, please.

Pouting, the woman takes Drew's pants and tosses them to him, but they land (purposely) about 5 feet away from the lake edge.

DREW (CONT'D)
Nice throw...

ANGLE ON DREW, who realizes he is going to have to get out of the water without a cover. He gets up and hurries to where his pants are. He starts to put them on, and the woman is all over him, trying to seduce him.

He takes her hands in his and forces her to look him in the eye.

DREW (CONT'D)
Despite the fact that this is every teenage boy's dream come true, I can't!

He lowers her hands, and her head drops, pouting.

(CONTINUED)

DREW (CONT'D)
 Besides, if I were to break my vows,
 it would not be with you.

He kisses her on the forehead, and then grabs the rest of his clothes, running up the path away from the lake.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEMPLE--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF VERY ORNATE TEMPLE. Drew walks up to the front of the temple, looks around for a moment, then takes a drink of water from the well out front.

Just as he starts to drink, a huge TOUR BUS pulls up in front, air brakes HISSING. Before he can react, the doors open and a bunch of AMERICAN TOURISTS pile out of the bus and rush into the temple, jostling Drew from side to side.

TOURIST 1
 Not another temple!

TOURIST 2
 Do they have a gift shop?

TOURIST 3
 Guide! How do you say 'gift shop'?

GUIDE
 You have 10 minutes to be back on the bus.

The wave of tourists passes Drew, and he stands there looking after them. Then, as a group, they realize that they just passes a monk, and turn back to Drew.

TOURIST 1
 A real live monk! Somebody, take my picture!

The tourist runs up to where Drew is and stands next to him. |The cameras click and whirr, and Drew is thoroughly embarrassed. When the first pictures are over, and someone else wants to stand next to him, he raises his hands up to his face and bows.

DREW
 Oh Mi Two Fwo

He then turns and walks away.

(CONTINUED)

GUIDE (O.S.)
Monks don't like to be bothered,
they are from a different world.

DREW
I'll say...

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERFALL--EARLY MORNING

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THUNDERING WATERFALL. Drew stands at the side of the waterfall, studying his map. From his expression, we know that he has to go through the waterfall to get where he is going.

Drew pockets the map, checks that the box is safely in place, then starts toward the waterfall. The drop off the side of the waterfall is incredible--steep and deadly.

ANGLE ON DREW as he enters the waterfall. The water hits his back, almost pitching him into the abyss. Drew concentrates and moves forward, slowly but surely.

He emerges on the other side, only to be confronted by a swamp. Jutting out of the swamp are rocks and tree stumps.

Drew examines the distance between the objects, realizing that he can jump from place to place and make it across.

DREW
Just like at the temple...

He starts out, jumping onto the first stone, then moving on to the others. He almost falls a couple of times, but regains his balance. He gets a rythm going, and is soon almost halfway across.

He gets to one particular rock, only to find out that it's the head of an alligator! Its mouth opens to bite him!

Drew jumps off it quickly, onto a tree stump. When he lands

(CONTINUED)

on the stump, he examines it carefully to make sure it isn't something else.

HE CONTINUES
ACROSS,
MORE CAREFUL
THIS TIME.
CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW CLIMBING UP THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN. It is much steeper now, and the going is much tougher.

ANGLE ON DREW AS HE COMES UP ONTO A ROPE BRIDGE OVER A DEEP gorge, the way to the arhat. Drew smiles, stashes the map and starts across the rope bridge, hand over hand. He looks down once, at the DROP, then forces himself to look straight ahead.

He just starts across when the rope bends and jumps. Drew turns around to see a man RIGHT BEHIND HIM.

DREW

Is this rope strong enough for both of us?

No answer from the man, who is now pushing Drew to go faster. He is inching up closer to him, and occasionally kicking him to go quicker.

DREW (CONT'D)

OK, OK, I'm going!

ANGLE ON THE ROPE BEHIND THEM, which is starting to fray from the weight.

ANGLE ON DREW, who sees that and is hurrying.

The rope is fraying more, and when Drew is almost there, the rope snaps and they both go swinging into the side of the mountain.

ANGLE ON DREW, WHO SLAMS INTO THE WALL HARD. WHEN HE HITS, the scroll POPS out of his pocket and goes up in the air.

(CONTINUED)

Drew, groggy from the impact, manages to lash out and PIN the scroll to the cliff wall with the BACK of his hand.

ANGLE ON MAN, who is barely hanging on, just below Drew. He has his hand out to Drew for help.

ANGLE ON DREW, WHO DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. IF HE TRIES TO save the scroll, the man might fall. If he goes for the man, the box will certainly fall.

ANGLE ON THE MAN, screaming for help.

DREW (CONT'D)

Hold on...

Drew hears the headmaster's voice.

SAN DE (O.S.)

The scroll that is in this box is more precious than life. Guard it well.

He looks down at the man, who is about to lose it.

DREW

What the heck...

Drew reaches down for the man's hand, letting the box fall. Their hands meet, and Drew pulls him up.

ANGLE ON BOX as it spins down into the abyss.

ANGLE ON DREW AND MAN as Drew pulls him up onto his back, and carries him up the rope to the other side of the gorge.

INT. MAN'S HOUSE--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW EATING WITH THE MAN HE SAVED. They look at each other and smile, but Drew is anything but happy.

DREW

What am I going to tell the arhat?

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW WALKING UP THE PATH TO THE ARHAT'S CAVE. There is no bounce to his step, and he is dreading this audience.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARHAT HUT--EVENING

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF ARHAT HUT. Drew walks up to the entrance, looks around. He doesn't see anyone. He walks into the hut.

CUT TO:

INT. ARHAT HUT--EVENING

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF HUT AS DREW WALKS INTO THE HUT--NO ONE IS AROUND. He walks through the rooms, looking at all the books and scrolls littered around the room.

DREW

Maybe he won't miss one little scroll...

He shakes his head and starts for the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARHAT HUT--SAME EVENING

DREW COMES OUT OF THE HUT AND WALKS AROUND TO THE AREA BEHIND THE HUT, HIGH UP ON THE MOUNTAIN. The view is incredible. Drew stands looking at the view, and slowly becomes aware of a figure sitting on the ground near him.

He looks down, and it is the ARHAT!

DREW

Master! I apologize, I did not see you.

The Arhat says nothing, but just puts out his hand for the scroll. Drew bows again, and gets down on his knees.

(CONTINUED)

DREW (CONT'D)
 I failed, Master. A person was in
 danger...

The Arhat holds up his hand, and Drew stops talking.

DREW (CONT'D)
 Of course, you're right. No
 excuses...

Drew bows once more and is ready to leave. The Arhat reaches into his robes and pulls out the embroidered box that Drew was given at the temple.

DREW (CONT'D)
 You have it? How?

The Arhat holds up the box in front of Drew for a moment, then tears it in two with his hands, scattering the pieces to the winds.

DREW (CONT'D)
 So, I didn't fail, huh? <BEAT> I
 can ask my question, then?

The Arhat sits without moving or speaking. Drew takes that as a yes.

DREW (CONT'D)
 What is the meaning of life?

The Arhat ponders that for a moment, then smiles and puts his sandals on his head and stands up.

ARHAT
 What is life? What is reality? The
 head of a dead cat.

He walks off, leaving Drew sitting there, dumbstruck by the answer.

DREW (smiling ruefully)
 I just climbed a mountain to ask a
loon about the meaning of life.

He shakes his head and gets up, following the Arhat. The Arhat is standing on the other side of his hut, the sandals still on his head.

(CONTINUED)

ARHAT

For forty years, Shaolin disciples
have made their quest to deliver a
scroll to me. You are not Chinese.

DREW

No. American.

ARHAT

I notice the littlest details.

DREW

How many succeeded?

ARHAT

A handful. You chose correctly.
Nothing is more precious than human
life.

DREW

But, I didn't obey. (Cont.)

ARHAT (smiling slightly)

At the beginning of your training,
you were to obey without question.
Now, as you become a Shaolin, you
must learn to question everything,
and obey yourself.

Drew and the monk bow to each other, the sunset over the
mountain in the b.g.

DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. ARHAT HUT--NEXT MORNING

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW COMING OUT OF THE HUT, HAVING JUST
GOTTEN UP. The Arhat is already out there, moving through
his gong fu moves.

DREW

I have to leave. What is the easiest
way to get back to the temple

ARHAT

The bus.

Drew laughs at the crazy reply and starts for the mountain

(CONTINUED)

path that brought him to the hut. The Arhat runs after him, grabs his sleeve and pulls him over to a place behind his hut.

DREW'S POV OF A ROAD BEHIND THE ARHAT'S HUT. A ROAD! AFTER all he went through to get there?

ARHAT (CONT'D)

Bus stops every 20 min., will take you straight to the temple.

Drew smiles and shakes his head, then bows to the Arhat. The Arhat returns the bow.

DREW

Thank you, Master.

ARHAT

They should give you a bus schedule with that map...

He walks off to the hut, while Drew makes his way down to the bus stop.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHAOLIN TEMPLE--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW WALKING BACK INTO THE TEMPLE. He is dirty, weary but triumphant. As he walks back through the temple to San De's chambers to report, he sees a group of people walking out the other way.

The group is made up of the thugs who attacked him, the woman by the lake, and the man from the bridge. They are talking together on their way out.

ANGLE ON DREW, smiling as he realizes that it was all a test--every moment of it.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAINING AREA--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW AND THE DISCIPLES TRAINING. They are expert fighters now, and they move through the complicated routines with ease.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON DREW FLYING THROUGH THE AIR, HITTING THE GROUND AND rolling, then coming up and throwing a shuriken at a target. The throwing star hits the target dead center.

ANGLE ON DREW manipulating the spear like a master.

ANGLE ON DREW, up on the poles again. Only this time, squared off against him is Li. They move from pole to pole, throwing kicks and punches at each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THE GROUP OF DISCIPLES STANDING UNDER THE SWELTERING SUMMER SUN IN FRONT OF A RUN DOWN FARM BUILDING. The D.S. is standing in front of them.

DREW

We've got to rebuild this?

D.S.

No. <BEAT> Tear it down.

Smiles grow on the faces of the disciples. They rush into the building.

FOLLOWING MONTAGE SECTION: different shots of the monks tearing the building apart with kicks and punches. Shots of Drew, Gao and Li kicking through walls, through doors, through windows, etc. Some the three of them destroy together, others are separate. Several shots of disciples as they concentrate on particularly difficult things, using their chi, smashing the bricks and wood apart. They are destroying the building, and they are having a GREAT TIME!

(NOTE: Great place for HOT song over this scene)

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAINING AREA--DAY

TIGHT SHOT OF DREW'S ARM. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Drew standing there, calmly, while two full-sized disciples hang off his arm. .

CUT TO:

EXT. TEMPLE--NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW WALKING THROUGH THE COURTYARDS OF THE TEMPLE. He is going nowhere in particular, just walking and thinking.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, comes the staff and the ATTACK. Drew calmly avoids the first few strikes, blocks a couple more, then grabs the staff and PULLS.

Out comes the D.S. into the night on the other end of the staff. He looks proudly at Drew.

ANGLE ON D.S. as he smiles and bows in respect to Drew. Drew returns his bow.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHAOLIN TEMPLE--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF SAN DE WRITING BOLD, BLACK CALLIGRAPHY ON A BARE WHITE PAPER. The CAMERA follows the sweeping brush, as it ends with a FLOURISH. The CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the temple courtyard, where San De and the D.S. are standing in front of the group of disciples.

SAN DE

Only one trial remains before you
become full fledged fighting monks.
The Wooden Man Chamber.

ANGLE ON THE DISCIPLES. They are remembering the stories they have heard about the chamber.

SAN DE (CONT'D)

I warn you all, any monk who fails
must leave the temple forever, and
will NEVER be called Shaolin.

San De pauses, letting this remark sink in.

(CONTINUED)

SAN DE (CONT'D)

Disciple Drew Carson, as you will return to America, and never intended to live as a monk in the temple, you need not enter the chamber.

ANGLE ON DREW, who rises to the challenge.

DREW

Master San De, I am part of the disciple class, am I not?

San De nods.

DREW (CONT'D)

Then I must pass this final test. Furthermore, I request that I be the first one through.

SAN DE (VERY PROUD)

Your request is granted.

ANGLE ON DREW in front of the entrance to the Wooden Man Chamber. San De and D.S. are flanking Drew as he pauses in front of the door. Drew turns to look at San De, and the D.S. smacks Drew in the back of the head.

DREW (CONT'D)

What did you do that for?

D.S.

My last chance--when you come out the other side, we will be equals.

Drew smiles at the D.S.'s attempt to lighten him up. He turns to look at the others from his disciple class, then opens the door and goes through.

CUT TO:

INT. WOODEN MAN CHAMBER--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF WOODEN MAN CHAMBER. Drew pauses for a moment, examining the room. It is filled with wooden statues of monks, all in different fighting positions. The carvings are precise and incredibly beautiful. Their arms, open hands, fists and legs are fashioned out of hard wood, and they look very dangerous indeed.

(CONTINUED)

Drew gathers himself for a moment, then starts into the chamber.

ANGLE ON DREW'S FOOT as it presses down on one of the stones of the floor.

The attacks start--from all sides, as the wooden statues |COME TO LIFE, spinning, lunging and striking.

Drew is caught off guard, and is hit several times, driven back to the door of the chamber. The statues stop moving.

Drew, a little scared, tries to remember the sequence of the statues, letting his arms practice for the attacks.

There is fear in his eyes.

He starts in again, and the attacks come again, but they are different this time.

Drew is clobbered.

Driven back to the door, Drew slumps against the wall. His face is already bruised and bleeding.

DREW (whispering)
I can't do it.

FLASH BACK TO D.S.:

D.S.

There is no can't, only won't.

FLASH BACK TO SEVERAL D.S. ATTACKS, including the one where Drew succeeded in evading them.

ANGLE ON DREW WHO GATHERS HIMSELF, STRAIGHTENS UP AND TAKES a deep breath, forcing it out in a breathing exercise.

DREW (CONT'D)
I am a Shaolin monk.

He enters the chamber again, and the attacks start again.

Drew, however, is prepared (both mentally and physically).

He blocks, avoids, rolls, jumps and redirects the attacks on him, making his way across.

He is about halfway across when an especially fierce and

(CONTINUED)

large statue comes crashing towards him. Drew, caught a little off guard, quickly adjusts and manages to jump and spin out of the way.

Suddenly, as he turns and tries to get his breath, two huge, deadly spears are streaking towards him. Drew blocks the SPEARS with his arms, misdirecting them into the wall behind him.

They THWOCK into the wall, sticking there.

As he rounds a particularly difficult series of statues, a volley of ARROWS comes HURTLING towards him. Drew blocks some, avoids others, and catches one in each hand. He throws them down and continues on.

He goes past the few remaining statues, and is out of the |Wooden Man Chamber. All that is left is to walk down a little hallway and out the door.

Drew looks behind him, then starts to walk. He goes cautiously, expecting a trap or a trick.

Nothing happens.

He gets to the door and looks for a handle on the door. He spots a handhold near the top of the door, and pulls it with his hand.

Immediately, his hands is locked in and a panel in the ceiling DROPS right onto his arm, forcing it down. Drew fights back with his muscles, the veins popping out in his arms and neck.

Behind him, a statue has started coming towards him, spinning like a dervish. Its fists and legs are extended, and they are deadly.

The panel drops lower and lower.

FLASHBACK TO UNBENDABLE ARM SEQUENCE

ANGLE ON DREW as he relaxes his face, and forcibly relaxes his arm and entire body, letting his inner energy take over.

ANGLE ON PANEL, as it slows with a GRINDING NOISE, then stops.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON DREW, holding up the heavy stone panel with his arm, his face and body completely relaxed.

The panel goes back up into the ceiling, and the door opens. The whirling statue slows, and then stops altogether. Drew reaches up with a hook kick and taps it in the face.

DREW (CONT'D)
Not this time.

Drew quickly walks through the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEMPLE--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF CHEERING ASSEMBLAGE, SAN DE AND D.S. AT

THE FRONT.
HE HAS
MADE IT!
DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. TEMPLE--SAME DAY

MONTAGE OF SHOTS OF OTHER DISCIPLES--GAO, LI AND WU MAKE IT THROUGH, JOINING THE OTHERS AS FULL-FLEDGED FIGHTING MONKS.

Drew is there each time to embrace them and congratulate them.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEMPLE--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF SAN DE AND D.S. STANDING BEFORE THE ASSEMBLED DISCIPLES. There are a few missing from their ranks, monks who did not make it through the chamber, but the majority of them are there. The entire temple is gathered to watch the ceremony.

San De and D.S. are dressed in elaborate ceremonial robes. After he goes through some complicated ceremonial movements, including the waving of smoking incense over them, San De spreads his hands

(CONTINUED)

SAN DE
 You are now Shaolin. We welcome you
 into our ranks as fighting monks...

A roar rises from the assembled monks, and fireworks go off
 all around.

ANGLE ON REAR OF COURTYARD, WHERE A HUGE RED SHEET IS PULLED
 back to reveal tables laden with Chinese dishes, wine and
 other foods.

The party gets going and is soon in full gear.

ANGLE ON DREW, GAO AND LI as they congratulate themselves,
 and gorge themselves on the huge tables of Chinese food.

ANGLE ON THE ENTIRE GROUP, they are enjoying themselves.
 This only happens once every couple of years, and the monks
 are intent on enjoying themselves.

ANGLE ON SAN DE (DREW'S POV), WHO IS WALKING TOWARDS THE
 side of the temple, away from the party.

ANGLE ON DREW, WHO SEES HIM LEAVE. HE EXCUSES HIMSELF FROM
 his group.

CUT TO;

EXT. BAMBOO GROVE--SAME EVENING

ANGLE ON SAN DE, who is walking in the bamboo grove, his
 hands behind him. Drew walks up to him and they bow.

SAN DE
 Congratulations.

DREW
 I wouldn't have made it through
 without you. <BEAT> You once asked
 why I came here, why did you let me
 in?

SAN DE
 Do you remember the story you heard
 about the monk who would not leave?

DREW
 Yes.

(CONTINUED)

SAN DE

That monk was me.

ANGLE ON DREW, who digests this. He smiles a little.

SAN DE (CONT'D)

I would like to ask a favor.

DREW

Anything.

SAN DE

Before you leave for American, can you help at an international tournament in Beijing? The Shaolin temple has an entry, and he will be fighting men from all over the world-- I'd like you to be there.

DREW

No problem. (he smiles) Without pause.

SAN DE

Now, a friend would like to see you.
<BEAT> ...alone From out of the bamboo grove comes Ashema, her hands in

front of her and her head down. She is not sure Drew wants to see her.

Drew looks at her, then back to San De, but he is already gone. They are alone.

Drew walks to her, takes her chin in his hand and tilts it up to look at her face. Her eyes are full of love and tenderness, and a little fear.

Drew kisses that fear away.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEIJING HALL--DAY

ESTABLISHING
SHOT OF
HUGE
EXHIBITION
HALL.
THE MARQUEE
READS
"INTERNATI
ONAL WU
SHU
COMPETITIO
N". CUT
TO:

INT. BEIJING HALL--SAME DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF HUGE HALL, THE FLOOR OF WHICH IS CROWDED WITH RINGS. One large raised ring is in the middle of the floor--the place for the finals.

ANGLE ON SIDE OF THE RING, where Li, Gao, San De, D.S. and some others are waiting. They are all in monastic garb. Drew and Ashema walk up to them, holding hands. Drew is dressed in a fighting monk's costume as well, and he bows to his fellow monks.

DREW

Are we late?

SAN DE

The fight has not yet started.

DREW

Did you think he would get into the finals?

SAN DE

Who could know? He fights the winner of the Western countries, which is why I wanted you here.

DREW

I'll help any way I can.

ANGLE ON THE CROWD AS IT PARTS TO LET SOMEONE THROUGH. DREW turns casually to look at the competitor. Slowly, a figure, followed by a large group of people, comes clear...it is

(CONTINUED)

TREVOR!

ANGLE ON DREW, who is stunned.

ANGLE ON SAN DE--could he have known?

ANGLE ON TREVOR, WHO SPOTS DREW STANDING NEAR THE RING. HE

walks past him, trying to place his face. Then, he comes back and walks right up to Drew and slaps him on the back.

TREVOR

Carson! Drew Carson! I can't believe it! I come half way around the world, and run into you! I heard you left the city, but I didn't know losing to me drove you into being a monk!

Drew is dumbstruck, and Trevor takes advantage of it.

TREVOR (CONT.) (TO SAN DE)

He take a vow of silence too? Nice hair, Drew. (he looks at Ashema) If he took a vow of chastity too, honey, you see me after this fight, 'Kay?

He puts his arm around Ashema and lets his hand slide down onto her rear end.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Wish me luck, huh?

He walks off, and Drew, who still hasn't said a word, stares after him. All of the monks are looking at Drew with questioning looks, everyone that is except for San De.

ANGLE ON THE RING, as Trevor and the Shaolin entry bow to each other. The fight begins. (Cont.)

It isn't even close. Trevor is better than he ever was. He is incredible, and he destroys the Shaolin fighter. Oblivious to the boos and whistles from the crowd, he plays with the Shaolin fighter, making him look like a real fool.

INTERCUT REACTION SHOTS OF DREW, who is watching the destruction. Behind his eyes, he is reliving his humiliation.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON TREVOR, WHO FINISHES THE SHAOLIN FIGHTER OFF WITH A devastating technique, and then immediately plays to the crowd, RIGHT IN FRONT OF DREW AND THE OTHERS.

The referee comes over to Trevor, and raises his fist up in victory. Trevor tears his arm away and SCREAMS TO THE CROWD:

TREVOR (CONT'D)
I'M NOT DONE!

The crowd, which before was wild and booing, now grows quiet.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
I want HIM!

He points right at Drew.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
I want to face the American who is now a Shaolin monk! I want to learn at the hands of a master!

The crowd, who has seen Drew and heard about him for quite a while, warms to the prospect. They start cheering for the American Shaolin to face Trevor.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
I want the American Shaolin!

ANGLE ON DREW, who doesn't know what to do. San De appears and puts a comforting hand on his shoulder.

ANGLE ON TREVOR, pointing and yelling for Drew.

ANGLE ON DREW WHO CLIMBS THE ROPES AND GOES INTO THE RING. |The crowd is going crazy, eager to see the match. Drew, oblivious to the crowd, walks over to Trevor.

DREW
I came to the Shaolin Temple because of you, Trevor. You humiliated me, and I wanted to make sure it could never happen again.
(Cont.)

TREVOR
So, let's see what you've learned.

(CONTINUED)

DREW (SHAKING HIS HEAD)

I've learned that...there's nothing to prove. Beating you is no longer important. It was my ego that had to be defeated, not you.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Bull! You're just chicken!

DREW

The arts should never be about who is best--they are too important for that.

He bows to Trevor and starts out of the ring.

ANGLE ON CROWD--they don't know what's going on.

ANGLE ON LI, GAO AND OTHERS--they don't know either. They want Drew to fight him.

ANGLE ON SAN DE AND D.S., WHO KNOW WHAT IS HAPPENING AND ARE proud of Drew, prouder than they have ever been.

TREVOR

COME BACK HERE! You can't just walk away!

Drew steps out of the ring and walks over to where San De is standing. They bow, and the pride is shining in San De's eyes.

SAN DE

Do you turn away from him out of fear?

ANGLE ON TREVOR, who is seething.

TREVOR

I thought the Shaolin monks were warriors, not babies! Look at him--he is too scared to face me!

ANGLE ON DREW, his face calm.

DREW

No, master. I will not fight for personal glory, or for my ego.

SAN DE

You have learned much.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON TREVOR

TREVOR
The Shaolin monks are PUSSIES!
Warrior-monks? Ha!

ANGLE ON SAN DE, WHO INDICATES TREVOR WITH A INCLINATION OF
his head.

SAN DE
You did the right thing.

ANGLE ON TREVOR

TREVOR
How about you, baldy? Or you?

He is pointing at Li and Gao and the others, who are itching
to climb into the ring. Gao goes over to San De, and shoots
a questioning look at Drew.

GAO
Master, the American is insulting
the Temple, and the fighting monks.

SAN DE (LOOKING AT DREW)

What should be done?

GAO (CONT'D)
Someone should face him in combat.
For the tradition of the temple.

San De looks at Drew long and hard.

SAN DE
There are some times when a Shaolin
must fight, and some people who will
not learn until they are taught a
lesson.

ANGLE ON DREW, WHO UNDERSTANDS THE IMPLICATION OF WHAT HE IS
saying. He starts to smile slowly.

SAN DE (CONT'D)
It's your call.

Drew nods, then turns to face the ring, where Trevor is
still standing, trying to get someone to fight him.

Drew walks with Gao back to the side of the ring. He turns

(CONTINUED)

to Gao and Li and together they high-five.

DREW
For the temple...

Drew climbs into the ring.

The crowd is going crazy. Trevor has a predator's grin on his face as he sits down in his corner to get ready to start the match. Immediately, his contingent of people start to work on him--massage, drinks, etc.

ANGLE ON DREW, who sits alone in the other corner.

ANGLE ON LI AND GAO, who see the difference. Immediately, they mobilize the other monks.

ANGLE ON GAO who pulls a drink from one of the men in the crowd, and rushes up to give it to Drew.

ANGLE ON DREW'S CORNER as it is flooded with monks. Some of them are massaging Drew (painfully), others are stretching his legs out, others waving towels to bring air to him, etc.

The referee signals for the fighters to come to the center. |They do, and he motions for them to bow to each other.

TREVOR
Remember last time, punk?

DREW
Nothing exists but the moment, and
<BEAT> I'm going to enjoy it.

They back up, and the fight begins.

Trevor attacks hard, but Drew avoids easily, using all soft gong fu. He continues to attack, throwing flashy technique after flashy technique, but he can't touch Drew.

TREVOR
Stay still, dammit! Stand and fight!

And he dances out of the way. Trevor is getting more and more angry.

Soon, Drew tires of this game and decides to end this quickly. He goes after Trevor, and it is immediately obvious that Trevor is completely outclassed.

(CONTINUED)

Drew scores on Trevor at will, and soon has Trevor totally confused and helpless with a mixture of high kicks, takedowns, flips and punches.

Trevor drops to one knee, his hands down at his side, note even bothering to defend himself.

Drew grabs Trevor by the front of his uniform and pulls back his right hand in a fist. He is going to put him out with a good old-fashioned roundhouse punch.

ANGLE ON LI AND GAO, yelling for the knock out blow.

ANGLE ON D.S. AND SAN DE, worried about this latest development.

Instead, however, Drew smiles and lifts Trevor up and shakes his hand, putting an arm around him to steady him in front of the crowd.

Trevor looks into Drew's face, wondering why Drew would do such a thing. When he sees Drew's friendly face, he knows.

To teach him a lesson.

Trevor smiles and holds up Drew's hand as the champion.

The crowd goes crazy.

ANGLE ON LI AND GAO, who also get the message.

ANGLE ON SAN DE AND D.S., who knew the message all along.

WIDE ANGLE OF ENTIRE RING, Drew and Trevor standing together in the center. The monks on the side climb into the ring to celebrate with Drew.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREAT WALL--MORNING

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW STANDING ON THE GREAT WALL, THE SUNSET OVER HIS SHOULDER. He is doing the beginning of a Shaolin form. When he finishes the salute, a figure comes toward him.

It is San De, and he has something in his hands.

Drew bows to San De, and San De holds THE GOLDEN SASH out to

(CONTINUED)

him. Drew takes it and San De bows to him. Drew can't stand it anymore, and rushes up to San De. He gives him a hug.

ANGLE ON SAN DE, WHO IS NOT USED TO SHOWS OF AFFECTION. HE is lost for a moment, then his face softens and he returns Drew's embrace.

They break and bow again, and San De moves off. Drew stands there holding the Golden Sash, the rising sun of the first day of the rest of his life shining in the b.g.

ANGLE ON ASHEMA who comes up to Drew, taking his arm and walks with him along the Great Wall.

FADE OUT

THE END

EXT. TRAINING AREA--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF MONKS FLIPPING THROUGH THE AIR, DOING FLYING KICKS, AERIALS, ETC.

A monk is alternately falling down and kipping up, falling down and kipping up.

Drew's group is working on several very athletic maneuvers, none of which Drew is especially good at. Gao, of course, is having no trouble.

Drew tries a flying move and falls into a heap on the ground. He is very angry, and he hits the ground with his fist.

MONK

Emotions cloud the spirit--eliminate them.

DREW

This isn't martial arts--it's gymnastics!

MONK

This is Shaolin Wu Shu. Continue.

Drew sits in the dirt, watching everyone around him sail

(CONTINUED)

through the air and flip over the ground. He is not a happy camper.

CUT TO:

INT. TEMPLE TRAINING HALL--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF GROUPS WORKING OUT. Drew is in with the group. Gao and Drew are chosen to do a training exercise together.

D.S.

In this exercise, you try to touch your partner's chest lightly, and your partner tries to block.

The group gets started doing the drill, and Gao is almost caving Drew's chest in with his blows. He is so close to Drew that Drew doesn't have a chance to block it. On the last strike, Drew falls back to the ground.

The D.S. is there immediately.

D.S.

Something wrong?

Drew shakes his head and gets back up.

D.S.

Switch!

Now it's Drew's turn to strike, and he tries to hit Gao with the same amount of force as he did, but Gao avoids his attack, throwing him off balance. He throws another punch out, and Gao grabs it and pulls.

Drew falls to the floor again. A monk who was watching walks over.

MONK

The goal of this drill is not to hurt your partner. Just try to tap his chest.

DREW

I know, but...

(CONTINUED)

MONK
Then do it that way...

THE MONK
WALKS AWAY,
SHAKING
HIS HEAD.
CUT TO:

EXT. TRAINING AREA--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF ONE OF THE INSTRUCTORS TEACHING A SOFT STYLE OF SHAOLIN WU SHU. His body moves with the wind, bending and swaying. Another monk is attacking him with a hard style, and the soft style is very effective.

Drew and Li try it, and Drew is having a lot of trouble. He is used to training hard style, and the soft style seems too weak for him. D.S. comes over.

DREW
It's not fighting--I feel like I'm dancing or something...This soft stuff is unnatural-- Fighting should be hard, tough...

The D.S. holds out his hand, in a tight fist.

D.S.

If my hand was always like this, what would you call it?

DREW (AFTER A BEAT)

Deformed.

He opens his hand, letting it go limp.

D.S.

And if it was always like this?

DREW (CONT'D)
Again, deformed.

The D.S. nods and walks off, leaving Drew to stare questioningly at Li.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREAM--DAY

004 (SUMMER TIME)

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW DRAWING WATER FROM THE STREAM, IN THE POINTED BARRELS. He fills them up, and then starts moving back towards the temple, his arms up and strong.

ANGLE ON DREW AS HE GOES THROUGH A THICKET OF BAMBOO. AS HE gets to the center, he is attacked! The staff comes out, but Drew manages to block it with one of the buckets. The staff strikes again, and Drew blocks again! A third time, and Drew raises both buckets over his head to block it--and drenches himself with the water. Then, the staff hits him in the stomach.

HIS ATTACKER
HAS
VANISHED,
LEAVING
DREW
ALTERNATELY
MOANING
FROM THE
PAIN, AND
CHUCKLING
AT HIMSELF
IN THE
BAMBOO.
CUT TO:

EXT. TRAINING AREA--ANOTHER ANGLE

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF GROUP OF DISCIPLES GOING THROUGH A SERIES OF SOFT GONG FU MOVES. Drew is next in line, and he moves through the techniques without a mistake. When he gets to the end of the routine, he breaks into a little dance step, having fun. The entire group breaks up in laughter.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAINING AREA--DAY

006 (AUTUMN TIME)

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DISCIPLES DOING AERIAL MANUEVERS-- KICKS, AERIALS, KIPS, ETC. Drew is on the ground, trying to do a kip. He is coming up, but then is crashing back down onto his spine. The D.S. comes up to him and points at his chest.

(CONTINUED)

D.S.

Try to hit me here with your feet.

DREW
With pleasure.

Drew tries another kip, pushing his feet towards the D.S.' chest. He lands on his feet easily, surprised.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERFALL--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW AND GAO UNDER THE WATERFALL. They are both in horse stances. They nod at each other, and they begin going through a slow form, moving their arms and legs cautiously, but with power.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEMPLE PATHS--MORNING 008 (WINTER TIME)

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF SNOWY MORNING. A group of monks, Drew in the lead, come running down the path, barefoot in the snow.

ANGLE ON DISCIPLES throwing kicks and punches at icicles hanging from rocks on a cliff. SLOW MOTION as the disciples shatter the ice.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEMPLE FIELDS--DAY 009 (SPRING TIME)

ESTABLISHING
SHOT OF
DISCIPLES
WORKING IN
THE FIELDS.
THEY ARE
SINGING
AGAIN, BUT
THIS TIME
THE SONG
IS IN
CHINESE!
CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF OF THE WORLD--SUNSET

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW, POISED ON A ROCK PLATFORM AT THE ROOF OF THE WORLD, THE SUNSET IN THE B.G.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE--DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF GAO, LI AND DREW RUNNING THROUGH THE COUNTRYSIDE. They come to a stream, and there by a stream is a beautiful young woman who can't get across the stream without getting her clothes soaked.

Without thinking twice, Drew allows her to get on his back and carries her across the river. He deposits her on the other side and then continues running.

Gao and Li run up next to Drew, and together they go back to the temple. When they stop outside the temple, they are breathing heavily. finally catching his breath, Gao turns to Drew.

GAO

I can't believe you carried that girl over the stream! After all the trouble you got into...

LI

Are you crazy? You almost got kicked out once over that kind of thing...

DREW SMILES SLIGHTLY

DREW

I left that girl at the stream. Are you two still carrying her?

He turns and walks away, leaving Li and Gao to puzzle that one out. As he walks away, San De comes out from behind a pillar where he had been sweeping, smiling and nodding his head at Drew's answer.

CUT TO: