

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.**

**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.

**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.

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 (CONT'D)**

(shaking his head)

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.

**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 emporer.

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.

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

**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 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.

(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.

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...

**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.

**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.

**ANGLE ON CROWD AS THEY ENJOY THE SHOW IMMENSELY**

Trevor has learned the lesson of the day, and he walks off.

**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.

The masseur nods and adjusts his technique accordingly.

**TREVOR (CONT'D)**

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

**EXT. COLISEUM DAY**

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

**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.

**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.

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.

**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.

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.

**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?

**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)

What's Don't you see? You said yourself I needed the right training where better than the Shaolin Temple?  
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...

**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...

**MONTAGE OF DEPARTURE**

**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.

**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 young men, who watch him run by through dark glasses.

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.

**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.

**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.

**EXT. CHINA COUNTRYSIDE DAY**

**TRAIN RUSHING THROUGH THE COUNTRYSIDE.**

**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.

**EXT. GREAT WALL DAY**

**ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW, BACKPACK ON, AS HE WALKS ON THE GREAT WALL.**

**EXT. CHINA COUNTRYSIDE NIGHT**

**TRAIN RUSHING THROUGH DARKENED COUNTRYSIDE.**

**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".

**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.

**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?

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 tittering as they drive off.

**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.**

**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!

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.

**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.

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.**

**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.

**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.

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.

**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.

**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.

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 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...

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 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.

**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.

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.

**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 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 perseverance.

**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.

**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 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?

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. 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 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.

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.

The crowd goes crazy, clapping and yelling.

Drew runs into the temple. The door closes behind him.

**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 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.

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.

**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.

**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?

**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 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.

**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...

**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.

**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!

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?

**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.

**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.  
Drew yelps and jumps, looking around for the attacker.

No one is there, and his underwear is now all wet.

**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.

**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.

**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.

**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?

**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:**

**LATRINE WORK AREA MONTAGE  
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.

**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?

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 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.

**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...

**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.

**EXT. WORK AREA DAY**

**ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW WALKING ON A RIDGE BETWEEN TWO 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.

**CLOSEUP 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.

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.

**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.

**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.

**DREW**

Come out, goddamn it! Show yourself!

No answer, as we HOLD on Drew looking around.

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

**DREW (CONT'D)**

(to Li)

Well, somebody sure smells!

**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.

**DORM AREA NIGHT**

**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.

**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 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.

**EXT. D.S. QUARTERS SAME DAY**

**ESTABLISHING SHOT OF GAO WAITING OUTSIDE D.S. ROOM.**

He looks around, knocks, and then goes in.

**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.

**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.

**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?

**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.

**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?

**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.

**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.

**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...

**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 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.

**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.

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.

**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.

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.

**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.

Drew, used to a more individualized type of training, isn't getting it.

**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.

**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.

**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.

**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.

**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.

**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 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.

**ANGLE ON D.S.**

Watching them go. There is a slight smile on his face.

**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**

Hhe smiles, then pours the huge bucket over the edge, dousing Drew.

**ANGLE ON DREW**

As the dirty water hits him, drenching him.

**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.

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.

**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...

**MONK**

Then do it that way...

The Monk walks away, shaking his head.

**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.

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

**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.

**ANGLE ON DREW**

As he lands face down in the pile of dust and dirt he already swept up.

**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.

**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 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.

**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.

**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!

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.

**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 teenagers 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.

**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.

**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.

**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...

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.

**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.

**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!

**DREW**

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

**LI**

'R & R'?

**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.

**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.

**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.

**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.

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

**GAO**

In your dreams...

**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!

**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.

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.

**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.**

**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!**

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

**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.

**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.

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.

**EXT. GIRLS SCHOOL SAME NIGHT**

**ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DISCIPLES SPRINTING THROUGH THE DARKNESS.**

**EXT. SHAOLIN TEMPLE SAME NIGHT**

**ANGLE ON THE DISCIPLES**

As they climb back into the dorm room.

**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.

**DREW**

Did you say you were going to keep us OUT of trouble?  
The group pauses for a BEAT, then they all laugh, relaxing.

**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?

**EXT. COURTYARD SAME DAY**

**IN THE COURTYARD ARE SEVERAL POLICEMEN, WAITING AROUND.**

Drew and the others spot the cops, and walk quickly to their dorm room.

**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.

**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"

**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!

**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.

**DREW (CONT'D)**

I'm sorry, Master.

**SAN DE**

As am I.

Drew gets up and walks out of the chamber.

**EXT. COURTYARD SAME NIGHT**

**DREW WALKS BACK TO THE DORM ROOM, SLOWLY.**

**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.**

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.

**DREW**

I hate long goodbyes anyway...

He exits the room.

**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.

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

**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.

(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.

**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 alright?

**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.

**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.

**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.

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.

**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.

**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.

**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.

**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.

**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.

**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.

**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.

**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.

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.

**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 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.

**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.**

**EXT. FOREST OF STONE SUNSET**

**ESTABLISHING SHOT OF DREW TRAINING IN THE FOREST OF STONE, THE BLAZING SUN BEHIND HIM.**

**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.

**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.

**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.

**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.

**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!

**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.**

**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.

**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...

**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.

#### **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 mischevious look. He hefts the ball and puts his fingers on the laces.

#### **SAN DE**

Go long.

Drew pauses for a moment, not sure motions with his left hand, like a out. He takes off sprinting, with San De throws the ball to him in a

what San De said, until San De NFL quarterback, for Drew to go Gao covering him like a blanket. 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.

**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.

**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.

**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...

**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.

**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.

**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?).

**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 (CONT'D)**

(to himself)

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.

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. 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.

**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.**

**EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE EVENING**

**ANGLE ON DREW**

As he climbs the side of a mountain.

**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.

**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.

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.

**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.

**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 passed 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.

**GUIDE (O.S.)**

Monks don't like to be bothered, they are from a different world.

**DREW**

I'll say...

**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 on the stump, he examines it carefully to make sure it isn't something else. He continues across, more careful this time.

**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 occassionally 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.

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?

**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.

**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.

**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.

**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.

**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.

**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.

**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 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.

**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.

**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.

**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.

**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)

**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.

**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.

**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.

**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.

**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.

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.

**FLASHBACK TO D.S.**

**D.S.**

There is no can't, only won't.

**FLASHBACK 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 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 HURLING 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.

**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.

**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.

**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

**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.

**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.

**EXT. BEIJING HALL DAY**

**ESTABLISHING SHOT OF HUGE EXHIBITION HALL. THE MARQUEE READS "INTERNATIONAL WU SHU COMPETITION".**

**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 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'D)**

(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. 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.

**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.

**TREVOR**

So, let's see what you've learned.

**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.

**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 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. 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, not 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.

**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 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**