

K U N G F U

"The Way Of The Tiger, The Sign Of The Dragon"

Teleplay By

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FINAL DRAFT

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KUNG FU

"The Way Of The Tiger, The Sign Of The Dragon"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. THE PASSAGEWAY (SEE SCENE #61) - DAY

CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY and silently towards the urn at the far end. The feeling is of a dream reality; a movement along some womb canal toward birth, which, indeed, is here symbolized.

CAMERA REACHES the urn and comes to a stop. CAMERA HOLDS for a moment, as if considering how to pass. It CIRCLES SLOWLY to the right, DISCOVERING a raised, embossed figure on the urn, the figure of a Tiger. As CAMERA MOVES IN on the figure, SUPERIMPOSE first segment of main title:

"THE WAY OF THE TIGER"

CAMERA BACKS AWAY, CIRCLES SLOWLY to the left, DISCOVERS and MOVES IN on a second figure, the figure of a Dragon. SUPERIMPOSE second segment of main title:

"THE SIGN OF THE DRAGON"

CAMERA AGAIN BACKS AWAY, CIRCLES BACK to the center of the urn, then RISES UP to LOOK DOWN into the bed of glowing coals. SEGMENTS JOIN to form main title.

2 EXT. A DESERT IN THE AMERICAN WEST - DAY

The sun shines hot over the desert. A lone black spot moves imperceptibly across the sand. Heat waves rise from the blistering desert sand. As the figure moves closer, BEGIN CREDITS:

3 ANGLE - CAINE

walking through the desert. He is about thirty. His movement is graceful, his face reflecting a kind of purposeful serenity, a disregard for the elements. He is wearing Americanized clothes -- ankle-high leather shoes laced with eyelets, and the rough pants of a working man. His shirt has loose sleeves. He wears a wide straw hat, like that of a Mexican. He carries a small canvas sack over his shoulder.

END CREDITS AS:

4 EXT. DESERT BOOMTOWN - DAY

Caine walks out of the desert into a boomtown... a wild, wide-open railroad town. The men are unruly. Few women are seen on the street; those who are seen have a hard look. Caine moves down the heavy street activity generally unnoticed.

5 ANOTHER ANGLE - IN FRONT OF THE ASSAY OFFICE

FEATURING an elderly Chinese man, HAN FEI, sitting up in the box of a flat-bed wagon, holding the reins of the single horse, waiting, in the attitude of a chauffeur. He spots Caine moving down the street, watches him with interest, reacts with something like growing alarm as Caine scans the street, fixes his attention on a saloon, starts for the entrance. When it is apparent that Caine is going into the saloon, Han Fei glances with perturbation at the assay office, then quickly gets down from the wagon, starts hastily towards Caine. Caine goes into the saloon.

6 INT. THE SALOON

as Caine enters. A few of the CUSTOMERS watch him curiously as he heads for the bar. ANGLE FEATURES a table with four MEN sitting, hard types. The leader for the four, FULLER, follows Caine's progress with a cool, watchful eye.

7 ANGLE AT BAR

as Caine approaches. The BARTENDER looks up, spots him, looks nervously toward Fuller's table, quickly comes up to Caine.

BARTENDER

Yeah?

CAINE

Water, please, if it is not too much trouble.

BARTENDER

That's all you want? Water?

Caine opens a small pouch, looks up as the Bartender pours a large mug of water.

BARTENDER

(reacting to
the pouch)

Water's free around here.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

Caine nods his thanks. The Bartender's attitude still contains a note of tension, marked by an occasional quick glance toward Fuller, who is watching the interchange coolly.

Caine removes some brown herbs from the pouch and sprinkles them into his water. The water turns dark brown. Caine begins to drink slowly. The Bartender is caught by Caine, in spite of an obvious wish to get him quickly out.

BARTENDER

Where'd you come from?

CAINE

The desert.

BARTENDER

The desert? How'd you get across?

CAINE

Walked...

The Bartender leans forward, half-believing what seems like an impossible assertion. Before he can pursue it, something catches his eye in the doorway.

8 ANOTHER ANGLE

Han Fei is standing just within the doorway, looking anxiously around for Caine. Fuller, at the table, has turned to watch Han Fei. Han Fei spots Caine, tries to signal him from the doorway. The Bartender, sensing trouble, starts to come around the bar.

FULLER

I'll get it, Harry.

The Bartender stops. Fuller's tone has been soft, almost gentle, but the saloon suddenly quiets down. A long beat, then Fuller turns to look at Han Fei in the doorway.

FULLER

(still soft)

You know how I feel about slant-eyes coming into a white man's saloon.

Han Fei stares for a moment at Fuller, shoots a glance towards Caine, then backs away fearfully.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

Fuller gives him time to vanish, then turns deliberately to look at Caine. The tense silence deepens. Caine, seemingly oblivious to what is happening, continues to sip at his water. Fuller watches him for a full moment, with what seems almost a gentle regret, then SIGHS and slowly rises to his feet. Caine does not look at him. Fuller crosses the saloon deliberately to Caine. The Bartender and others in the immediate vicinity back away. Fuller examines Caine for a moment with his deadly gentle concern, then:

FULLER

My friend, I got a nose for
Chinamen, and you smell a little
yellow to me.

Caine does not respond.

FULLER

(with infinite
patience)

No speakee English?

(no response)

I wish I could say it in Chinee,
but you --

(taps Caine's chest
with a heavy finger)

Out!

(a heavy gesture
toward the door)

Caine does not move. Fuller glances back, as though asking for sympathy in his dealing with this simple-minded heathen.

FULLER

(patiently)

I guess I'll have to show you.

He reaches out to take a good hold on Caine's shirt front. With a light, seemingly accidental movement, Caine's hand moves up, blocks the action. Fuller stares at him, mildly surprised, but still not engaged.

FULLER

That's almost unfriendly.

He shoots a sudden fist in toward Caine's belly. This time there can be no mistake. Caine blocks it quickly and easily. Fuller stares at him, his temper now involved. He swings a knee up quickly towards Caine's groin.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

Caine twists aside easily, and, using the impetus of Fuller's motion, swings him off balance against the bar. Fuller is now totally engaged. Glaring with fury at Caine, he picks up a bottle from the bar, takes a step toward Caine, raises the bottle to swing it down on Caine's head. With one beautiful and deliberate move, Caine blocks his swing and hits him with a single explosive blow to the solar plexus. The strike is done with the heel of the open palm; it is a basic form of a Chinese System called "Pa Kwa Chang" (Eight trigrams).

Fuller is literally lifted off his feet. He flies backward across the saloon, over tables and chairs, to slam heavily into a wall. The suddenness, the power of the action, stun the spectators. Caine goes back to his drink. Fuller, chest heaving, fighting to regain his breath, struggles to his feet. It takes him a moment to catch his breath, shake off the shock; then in one swift motion, he draws a knife, hurls it straight at Caine.

Caine does not even seem prepared, yet he plucks the knife out of the air, in flight, and in a motion almost too swift to follow, sends it back at Fuller. The knife catches Fuller's arm through the sleeve, pinning it to the wall. The saloon is totally still, in a state of shocked disbelief. Fuller's three friends, who have started to rise, now sink slowly back to their seats under Caine's calm look. Caine quietly finishes his drink and goes out. No one in the room moves.

9 EXT. OUTSIDE THE ASSAY OFFICE - DAY

Han Fei is standing beside his wagon as Caine comes out of the saloon.

HAN FEI

I have never seen anything like what you did to that man. I have heard...

He breaks off expectantly, but Caine does not respond. Han Fei continues hurriedly:

HAN FEI

I sought only to warn you of what might happen, realizing you were a stranger to this town.

CAINE

And brought trouble upon yourself. I am grateful.

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

HAN FEI

I am Han Fei. And you?

CAINE

Caine. I am called many names --
but have chosen Caine.

HAN FEI

Have you work?

Caine shakes his head.

HAN FEI

Here everyone must have work.

He glances toward the assay office.

HAN FEI

I am waiting for the engineer who
supervises the railroad construction.
When he has finished his business
we will return to camp. You may
come along if you like. The
railroad needs men.

(a beat)

You don't mind railroads, do you?

CAINE

No... what is a railroad? How
should I mind it?

HAN FEI

(smiles)

A railroad is... you will see
for yourself if...

He breaks off as a youngish, well-dressed, earnest-looking man comes out of the assay office, heading for the wagon. The man, DON MCKAY, is the on-site, supervising engineer of the railroad line. About to climb up into the box, he stops as Han Fei addresses him.

HAN FEI

Mr. McKay... this is Caine... a
friend.

MCKAY

(cordially)

How do you do?

Caine nods a response.

HAN FEI

He seeks your permission to ride
with us --

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

MCKAY
(looking Caine
over critically)
To the camp?

HAN FEI
(subdued)
He needs work.

MCKAY
Does he know what he's getting
into?

Han Fei looks doubtfully at Caine without answering.

MCKAY
(to Caine)
If there's anything else you
can find to do... ?

No response. McKay stares at him for another moment, then shrugs, starts up into the wagon.

MCKAY
He's welcome.

Caine climbs aboard. Han Fei watches him come on, his expression suggesting an uneasiness, a regret -- and then he turns and starts the wagon in motion.

10 EXT. THE RAILROAD WORK CAMP - DAY

A scene of high activity. CHINESE LABORERS laying track; wagons filled with freshly-cut trees being driven from the wooded hills toward the tracks; CHINESE CARPENTERS chopping and shaping the wood into ties; OTHER CHINESE unloading wagons. A helter-skelter of tents, for living, for working, for cooking, for storage.

CAMERA PANS the movement of the flat-bed wagon driven by Han Fei through the camp.

11 OUTSIDE DILLON'S TENT

Han Fei maneuvers the wagon to a stop near the tent. McKay descends, picks up a case from the wagon bed, looks once more at Caine, starts toward the tent. Han Fei moves away.

12 INT. DILLON'S TENT

DILLON, working on some papers at his "desk," looks up as McKay enters. Dillon appears cordial.

DILLON
(a greeting)

McKay.

McKay moves to him, unrolling a map.

MCKAY
We've got a problem up ahead.

Dillon rises, comes around the table to McKay.

MCKAY
The plans call for blasting a tunnel through the hills here. Apparently nobody realized they were a sandstone formation. Just to be sure I took a few samples and sent them off to the laboratory for analysis.

DILLON
Suppose they are sandstone -- what does it mean?

MCKAY
What they call a Bolsa formation. Perfect for the formation of trapped pockets of natural gas. We cut into one, any spark would set it off.

(a beat as he stares
at the map)
Fortunately it's still four or five weeks away. We'll have the results of the test sample before that.

DILLON
Suppose they come back like you said.

MCKAY
Bolsa formation? We'd have to call in the surveyors, lay out an alternate route.

(CONTINUED)

12 (CONTINUED)

DILLON

How long?

MCKAY

(shrugs)

Two and a half -- three months.

McKay rolls up his map. Dillon stares at him for a moment, then:

DILLON

Mr. McKay, the railroad gets up to forty-eight thousand dollars for each mile of track we lay -- and twenty miles of land on each side of the right of way.

(a beat)

How do you think they're going to feel about taking three months to re-route?

McKay turns, looks at Dillon, reads something in his eyes that surprises and disturbs him.

MCKAY

We're dealing with men's lives here. You want that on your conscience?

Dillon just stares at him, the look, cool, measuring, suggestive. The implication, though unspoken, is: "Men? We're talking about coolies." McKay stares at him briefly, reading the look, then turns and goes out. Dillon remains unmoving.

13 EXT. WORK AREA - DAY

ANGLE FEATURES RAIF, cradling a shotgun against his body; at the same time drinking from a mug of coffee. He is staring off toward the work area. He finishes the coffee, turns in his own sweet time with the cup. Waiting, apparently for the cut, a respectful distance off, is HSIANG, a Chinese coolie. Raif hands him the cup, pauses to look back toward the work area, then, still in his own sweet time, moves up to Han Fei and Caine, also waiting a respectful distance off. His look pretty well disposes of them as "non-people," and he is in no hurry to get to them. Han Fei keeps his eyes on Raif's face, waiting for a signal. When Raif finally speaks to Caine, it is without looking at him.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

RAIF
You speak English?

CAINE
Yes.

Caine has a characteristic gesture, in moments of thought or speculation, a gesture of lightly rubbing his thumb along his chin. We have seen him use it before, in the saloon perhaps, and we may become aware of it as he repeats it now.

RAIF
(indifferently)
Say something.

CAINE
(calmly)
Yes, I speak English.

Now Raif turns to look at him. Caine returns his look with neither challenge nor obsequiousness. Han Fei shows signs of nervousness, until:

RAIF
The pay is seventy-five cents
a day and food.

Caine nods his acceptance. Another brief beat, then:

RAIF
Put him to work.

Han Fei nods joyfully, still with respect, starts to lead Caine away. Raif manages to intercept him just before he is led off.

RAIF
Behave yourself, and we'll get
along.

Caine gives no response. Raif moves away disinterestedly.

14 EXT. WORK CAMP - DAY

Caine and the others are working on the road bed. Among the Coolies are CHUEN, an impressionable young farmer; FONG, an embittered Cantonese pirate who carries a knife scar on his cheek; Hsiang and Han Fei. All except Caine show the harsh effects of heavy work and poor food.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

CHUEN
 (dreamily, as he
 scrapes at the land)
 Fertile land. A man could grow
 things here.

HSIANG
 Grow us food, farmer. My belly
 aches from what I eat.

CHUEN
 (wistfully)
 I could.

FONG
 (savagely)
 The only soil you will ever call
 yours is the dirt in which they
 will lay your body! To them we
 are animals!

HAN FEI
 Not to all. The engineer McKay is
 our friend.

FONG
 Is he?

HAN FEI
 He has studied our history, and
 he speaks with respect.

Fong turns and looks at Caine, working quietly, seeming
 to ignore the conversation.

FONG
 (irritated)
 And you, Stone Face! Do you say
 nothing?

Caine runs his thumb along his chin, without answering.

CHUEN
 These men from North China...
 dark skin, tall bones -- very
 quiet.

FONG
 Northerner! Why don't you
 speak?! A man without words is
 a man without brains!

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

The others await his response. Caine continues for a moment as if nothing had been said, then slowly raises his head.

CAINE

(to Fong, mildly)

If one's words are not better than silence, one should keep silent.

His tone as much as his words tends to end the talk. Fong, however, with deep feelings, is working up to a reply, when:

15 ANOTHER ANGLE

Down the tracks, there is the beginning of a stir of activity, the SOUND of approaching wagons. A GUARD standing way down the tracks, cups his hands around his mouth, yells:

GUARD

Supplies in!

16 END OF TRACKS

Two horse-drawn dray wagons edge INTO VIEW, inching slowly and laboriously along the newly-laid track on a slight upgrade -- the wagons loaded with construction supplies and food. Clinging precariously to whatever hold they can find are some dozen coolies, recruits to the work force, eyeing the scene with fear and misgivings.

Camp Coolies are advancing to meet the wagons for the work of unloading. Caine finds himself next to Fong, the latter staring with a strained intentness at the new arrivals.

FONG

New men.

(Caine turns to him.

Fong adds bitterly)

To make up for those whose bones line the right of way.

Caine stares at him. SING, the middle-aged Head Coolie, pushes his way through and calls out some rapid Chinese to the recruits, who listen, then fearfully dismount, moving through the other Coolies to the camp.

17 VARIOUS ANGLES

The moving interchange between the two groups as the new men sift through the old, each side reacting to the other.

18 ANGLE FEATURING DILLON

DILLON

Empty 'em!

The Coolies move in to the work of unloading, under the eyes of the Guards.

19 VARIOUS ANGLES

The unloading. Coolies react to the rotted and filthy condition of much of the food supplies.

20 ANGLE FEATURING CAINE

Working on the unloading. A coolie close by begins to lose his grip on a heavy piece of equipment high up on the pile. The slip makes the whole pile sway dangerously. The men close by shout calls of warning. Caine moves over quickly, raises his hands into the crate, shoves it back in place.

The quick stretch causes his sleeves to pull back, exposing a figure seared into each forearm, on the right, a Tiger; on the left, a Dragon. He quickly covers them up, but it is too late. The man who has almost dropped the crate has seen them, and so has a MAN on the other side. The reaction is shock -- awe. Quickly the word spreads down the line from Coolie to Coolie. Movement comes to a gradual stop as each man stops to look at Caine. Finally the track is silent.

21 ANGLE FEATURING DILLON

talking to the Guard. Both turn, watching the scene.

22 ANGLE FEATURING RAIF

caught by the strange tableau. He turns toward Caine.

23 WIDE ANGLE - THE SCENE

All work has stopped. The laborers stand motionless, staring at Caine. He becomes aware of the silence and turns. The line of Coolies bows to Caine. He slowly returns the mark of respect.

24 CLOSE - CAINE

We hear the crack of the temple block.

25 EXT. THE GATE OF THE SHAOLIN TEMPLE - DAY

Outside the temple is a swarm of Chinese boys, averaging about 13 years of age. ANGLE FEATURES the YOUNG CAINE, as he, along with some of the other boys, bows. The bow, similar to the one above, begins to tell us who he is -- and, as he straightens, we recognize the gesture -- thumb along the chin, as he watches:

26 MASTER SUN

who stands framed in the open space of the doorway. He is of medium build and height with fierce, deep-set eyes... cat's eyes... buried beneath black, furrowed brows. His shaved head and black, flowing robe cut an imposing figure in the doorway.

The boys are cowed by the harsh sound and the suddenness of his appearance. The monk takes two resolute steps forward. His feet are bare. Firmly he points out ten of the boys. He motions them to step forward. They do, Young Caine among them. Master Sun emphatically waves his hand to dismiss the others.

MASTER SUN

Go home!

The boys hesitate, frightened. The monk stoops, picks up a handful of pebbles and charges a few steps forward. He throws the pebbles.

MASTER SUN

GO HOME!

They run in full flight. The monk turns to the ten boys he has chosen. He smiles an ever-so-slight smile which indicates that he is not as evil as his actions have appeared. He bows his head.

MASTER SUN

You have waited one week. Please wait a little longer.

They watch as he enters the gate. The door slams shut again. The bewildered boys stand before the gate.

27 EXT. SAME SCENE - DAY

It is raining. Four of the boys are huddled under a nearby tree; five others sit holding their shirts and jackets over their heads for umbrellas. ANGLE FEATURES Young Caine, standing at attention, facing the gate. The torrents of rain streak down his unprotected face. PAN to the gate, where we may MAKE OUT some kind of a view slot slowly closing.

28 EXT. SAME SCENE

The sun is shining. Caine is now standing before the gate. Three of the boys are sitting together, in a small grouping; two others talk together. The other four are isolates, each by himself. The THUNDEROUS CLAP of the temple block resounds again. The monk, Sun, is framed in the doorway. The boys snap to attention and form a line facing the gate. The monk walks to the line and, without hesitation, points to four of the boys, the isolates, again Caine among them.

MASTER SUN

(softly)

You will follow me.

(he turns politely
to the others)

Thank you. Please go home.

The four boys follow the monk through the gate and into the outer courtyard of the monastery.

29 EXT. TEMPLE COURTYARD - DAY

The courtyard floors are smooth white block stone. The surface of the yard is immaculate. There is an aura of serenity about the place. Master Sun leads the boys across the court. All pause as they reach the bronze door of the inner Temple. The door swings open.

30 INT. INSIDE THE SHAOLIN TEMPLE

It is dark. The floors are smoothly-polished wood. The boys follow the monk through a wide, torchlit corridor to a huge room. It has the same smoothly-polished floors. There is no furniture except for a small, low table which is situated in the middle of the room. There is a lit candle on the table. Behind the glow of the candle, the boys can see the partial outline of a seated monk. The boys are led before him and are motioned to sit down by Master Sun, who then leaves. They sit on the gleaming floor and face the figure hidden in shadow. The monk leans forward to scrutinize them more carefully. The light of the candle now illuminates his face. He is Master CHEN MING KAN (pronounced Khan). He is about sixty-five years old, with a round face and a beefy body.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

Although his face is imposing, one senses a gentleness about the man. Kan is the Senior Reverend and Grand Master of Martial Arts; a man of unquestioned ability and exemplary personal discipline. As with all of the Shaolin Masters, his speech is an economy of words... his movements a careful economy of action.

Master Sun returns with five cups of tea. He places one before Master Kan and the other four before the boys. The seated monk motions with his hand for the boys to drink. All, with the exception of Caine, reach for their cups. Kan raises his hand quickly for the boys to stop. The standing Master Sun speaks politely.

MASTER SUN

Please go home.

The four bewildered boys get up to leave. Sun places a gentle hand on Caine's shoulder.

MASTER SUN

No, you may stay.

Sun ushers the three boys from the room, remains standing at the door, just within the room. The seated Master Kan motions for Caine to sit down once again, and he does so. They sit looking at each other for a long moment. The monk looks deeply into the boy's face. The boy looks innocently back. Master Kan speaks quietly.

MASTER KAN

Boy, why did you not drink?

CAINE

(bowing from the waist)

After you, Honorable Sir.

Kan smiles and nods to himself. He picks up his cup of tea. The boy picks up his cup, and they drink.

MASTER KAN

Young man, where did you learn your manners?

CAINE

My grandfather, Sir.

MASTER KAN

He taught you well. Tell me, what is your name?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

CAINE

Kwai Chang Caine.

MASTER KAN

Caine? Not a Chinese name.
Yes, there is something in your
face which is not of our people.

CAINE

(self-conscious)

My father was an American,
Venerable Sir.

MASTER KAN

And where are your parents now?

CAINE

(he bows)

Both dead.

MASTER KAN

Your grandparents.

CAINE

Dead. All dead.

MASTER KAN

In the Shaolin Temple, we have
never accepted anyone of other
than full Chinese birth.

Caine hangs his head.

MASTER KAN

(he pauses)

There is a first for everything.

The boy's face brightens. Kan places his cup on the
table. He leans forward and opens his right hand.
There is a pebble in it.

MASTER KAN

As quickly as you can... snatch
the pebble from my hand.

Caine tries, but Kan's hand closes like a flash.

MASTER KAN

When you can take the stone from
my hand, it will be time for you
to leave.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (3)

MASTER KAN (CONT'D)

(he rises)

Please excuse me.

We SEE a CLOSEUP of the monk's feet. As he walks, we hear no sound. We see Caine's face as he strains to listen. We SEE the Master Kan as he pads silently out of the room. Caine looks quizzically after the Master. Master Sun enters again.

MASTER SUN

(kindly)

You have just spoken to Chen Ming
Kan... himself.

MOVE IN on Caine's face as he reacts to the name, his thumb gently rubbing along his chin.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

31 INT. COOLIE TENT - NIGHT

The night meal... Coolies are sitting around morosely, showing their fatigue, eating mostly by themselves. ANGLE FEATURES Caine and Han Fei, Caine not eating, Han Fei drinking tea. Han Fei stares at Caine for a moment, then:

HAN FEI

Forgive me... for every man there is a proper place. But you... a man like yourself should do what is his calling. Pardon my rudeness... but perhaps I was wrong in bringing you here.

CAINE

What happens in a man's life is already written in Heaven. A man must move through life as Heaven wills.

HAN FEI

Yes... yet each man is free to live as he chooses. Though they seem opposite, both are true. I do not understand it.

CAINE

(smiles)

You have taken in much, old man -- like the water of the Tao.

Han Fei, about to respond, breaks off as Fong enters, looks down at Caine, then sits down with his bowl of food and his cup of tea. His manner is heavy, almost, but not quite, a challenge to Caine. Han Fei sighs.

HAN FEI

The first thing the young cast aside is manners.

FONG

You value manners, old man. We value other things.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

HAN FEI
(gestures at
Caine)

Would you acknowledge the worth
of the priest?

Fong turns to Caine. He reaches into his bowl and extracts a dead roach clinging to the gruel at the end of his chopstick.

FONG
Yes -- if he will get us decent
food to eat!

(he rises)
Or will he sit there with his
good manners and smile politely
while we eat garbage and die of
the cold?

He shoves the bowl aside, relapsing into a sullen silence, huddled against the cold. Han Fei avoids looking at Caine. Outside the WIND WHISTLES.

32 OMITTED

32A INT. CAINE'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

A dark, tiny room, lit only by the light of a small candle, Caine lying on the thin straw mat that serves as a bed - a cold and frightened little boy staring wide-eyed at the shadows.

33 EXT. THE SHAOLIN TEMPLE COURTYARD - DAY

The weather, the time of year, have changed. It is Fall -- Young Caine is raking an elusive carpet of wind-buffeted leaves. He is toilworn; his eyelids are heavy. It is the end of the day. He lifts his head and stops. In the dusk at the extreme far end of the courtyard we SEE the shadowy silhouette of a double column of Masters and Disciples. They move silently across the courtyard, and then are gone.

34 INT. TEMPLE HALL - NIGHT

Young Caine is on hands and knees scrubbing the wooden floor with a crude brush. Beside him is a bucket. The room is immense; his task appears overwhelming. His face conveys his uncertainty, his awe at the size of his task.

35 EXT. AN INNER COURTYARD (GROTTO STEPS) - DAY

Young Caine is sweeping a light covering of snow off the steps. On either side of him are high banks of snow, which have been shoveled to the side in order to make a passageway.

He nearly slips, catches himself, grits his teeth and continues. As he moves away, CAMERA PANS SLOWLY UPWARD toward the Temple's towering superstructure. High above, silhouetted in an archway, Master Kan stands peering intently downward toward Caine.

36 EXT. THE COURTYARD OF THE SHAOLIN TEMPLE (GROTTO STEPS) - SUMMER DAY

Young Caine is in the same relative area as we saw him previously in Scene 35. However, now, he sweeps away clouds of dust. He seems acclimated, as one who has followed a routine for some time. He looks up from his work as Master Kan walks by with total disregard for his presence. Caine stops his sweeping. He nervously bows to Kan and walks up to him, broom in hand.

CAINE

(voice showing
anxiety)

... Excuse me, Sir.

Kan looks down at him sternly.

CAINE

Master... I have... been here
for many seasons.

(a pause... then
quietly, with
head bowed)

When will I learn?

He looks up to see Kan's stern but vacant face, in which there is no hint of an answer. Without a word, Kan continues walking. The boy is left standing with his broom. His face shows disillusionment and disappointment. As he begins to sweep again, his attention is arrested by a VOICE from O.S.:

MASTER PO

You are the new student.

Young Caine moves a few steps to a small arched doorway.

37 NEW ANGLE

FEATURING a small grotto to one side of the courtyard. Master Po, who has been meditating, sits atop a wooden platform contiguous to the grotto. His back is to Young Caine, who appears in the doorway behind him.

CAINE

(with a touch of
resigned bitterness)

No, I am not a student. All I do
is sweep.

MASTER PO

(brightly)

Are you a good sweeper?

CAINE

(confused)

... Yes. I believe so...

MASTER PO

(brightly, with
sincerity)

Good! Come closer.

Caine walks around to the side of the seated monk. The monk turns his head towards Caine. His eyes are milky white; he is blind. Master Po is the embodiment of the timeless Buddhist.

CAINE

(registers shock)

You cannot see!

MASTER PO

(wryly)

I cannot see?

CAINE

Of all things, to live in
darkness must be the worst.

MASTER PO

(lightly)

Fear is the only darkness. Take
your broom and strike me with it!

Caine hesitates.

MASTER PO

Do as I tell you!

Caine lifts the broomstick and hesitates again.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

MASTER PO

Strike!!

Caine reluctantly brings the stick down behind the monk's back, aiming at his shoulder. With great speed, the monk blocks the strike with a flick of his hand.

MASTER PO

Again!

Caine, puzzled and inquisitive, walks to the monk's other side. This time he tries harder. Again the blow is blocked. He backs off. Then he tries to quick flurry of blows, all of which are harmlessly blocked.

MASTER PO

(wryly)

Never assume that because a man has no eyes... he cannot see.

The boy's astonishment turns into a broad smile. A smile also mystically appears on Po's face; his reaction to the situation is the same. The monk gestures to the ground beside him. Young Caine sits down.

MASTER PO

Close your eyes. What do you hear?

After a moment, as they listen, SCUNDS are amplified.

CAINE

I hear the water. I hear a bird.

MASTER PO

Do you hear your own heartbeat?

CAINE

No...

MASTER PO

Do you hear the grasshopper which is beside you?

The boy opens his eyes, looks down at the ground, and sees a grasshopper.

CAINE

Old Man, how is it that you hear these things?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

MASTER PO

Young man, how is it that you do
not?

MOVE IN on Caine listening, eyes wide with wonder.

37A CLOSE ON CAINE - DAY

listening. PAN DOWN with his look to a lizard skittering
past some ten feet away.

37B WIDER ANGLE

Caine is standing apart from a small group of Coolies,
including Fong, Han Fei, Chuen, Hsiang, who are handling
domestic chores, mending clothes, and fixing sandals, etc.
They watch Caine covertly. Seemingly unaware of their
scrutiny, he goes out of the tent.

FONG

It is plain he needs no company.

HAN FEI

A Shaloin priest is at one with
himself.

Fong stops work for a moment to stare after Caine.

FONG

Why is he here? What brings a
Shaolin monk to this country... ?

CHUEN

To labor on the roadbed?

FONG

In clothes that conceal what he is?

HAN FEI

Enough! You work on the roadbed.
Your clothes are not so different
from his.

Fong reflects for along moment before answering softly:

FONG

But I am no priest.

He resumes sewing.

38. INT. THE SHAOLIN TEMPLE - DAY

In another large room Young Caine is once more on hands and knees, laborously scrubbing the floor. His movements are practiced, as if he had been doing the work for some time. And there is a serenity about him. He stops and looks up to see Kan standing over him. He drops his brush, springs to attention, and silently bows. Kan maintains his stern demeanor.

MASTER KAN

Boy, how long is it that you have been here?

CAINE

(humble, with head bowed)

... A very long time, Sir.

MASTER KAN

(arching an eyebrow in mock displeasure)

How long?

Caine looks sadly up at him and then back to the floor. He finally understands what is expected of him.

CAINE

Not very long...

The trace of an imperceptible grin flickers across the corners of Kan's mouth, and then is gone.

MASTER KAN

Now you will learn.

39 EXT. THE OUTER COURTYARD OF THE SHAOLIN TEMPLE - DAY

Scattered in the yard are six groups of five men each -- a Master and four Disciples.

A stark, perfect whiteness pervades the courtyard. The walls and floor being smooth white stone, this perfect whiteness gives the courtyard a surrealistic aura.

Kan paces quietly, hands behind his back, observing each group. He is followed by Caine, whose head is now shaven. He is in bare feet, dressed in the robes of a novice. Kan is contemplative. He speaks as the boy dogs his footsteps.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

MASTER KAN

In the Shaolin Temple, there are three kinds of men... students, disciples and Masters. The development of the mind can be achieved only when the body has been disciplined. To accomplish this, the Ancients have taught us to imitate God's creatures.

With Kan's VOICE OFF SCREEN, the following exhibitions illustrate the very essence of the major Kung-Fu "Systems." Each move is performed with a ballet-like grace, artistic perfection, and an underlying sinister bearing. The VOICE OVER narrative and corresponding SHOTS follow a rate and tempo which build dramatically and climax with the eerie "Dragon System."

This demonstrational scene sets the tone and style of the Shaolin Ethic. The Masters are models of humility, and project a non-physical bearing while not performing their Kung-Fu.

These ancient movements are a physical manifestation of the disciplines of grace, self-control, speed, patience, tenacity, etc. of which Kan speaks. The movements of each system are unique, yet compliment each other. The transition from one system to the next flows easily... "Crane" to "Snake" to "Eagle"... fast to slow, hard to soft.

It must be noted that the Kung-Fu movements of Master calibre are a singularly unique art, the grace and drama of which can never be captured by adjective; they must be visually demonstrated to be fully understood and appreciated.

We SEE Master Sun demonstrating a movement of "The White Crane System."

MASTER KAN (V.O.)

This is Sun, Master of the White Crane System. From the Crane we learn grace and self-control.

Sun executes the graceful, sinister Crane movement using two disciples as opponents. He strikes both, pulling his punches.

40. EXT. SAME SCENE - DAY

Another Master is performing "The Snake System." His body bobs as his feet move in a smooth, reptilian glide. His hands weave in and out in a confusing pattern.

MASTER KAN (V.O.)

The Snake teaches us suppleness and rhythmic endurance.

From out of the rhythmic pattern, the right hand strikes straight out with blinding speed.

41 EXT. SAME SCENE - DAY

Another Master instructing "The Way of the Eagle." His hand is formed like an Eagle's talon, his fluttering wing-like movements graceful and sinister.

MASTER KAN (O.S.)

The Eagle, the duality of hard and soft.

The Master strikes with both hands in an eerie fashion, at once gentle yet deadly.

42 EXT. SAME SCENE - DAY

Another Master teaching "The Praying Mantis System."

MASTER KAN (V.O.)

The Praying Mantis teaches us speed and patience.

In Praying Mantis form the Master stands perfectly still, squatting back on his left foot with his right arm held out and high above his head. He holds the form as his disciple opponent circles him. Like a shot, his arm flashes down. He pulls the impact, but taps the disciple's shoulder. The disciple falls back. Once again the Master is back at his odd half-squat.

43 EXT. SAME SCENE - DAY

Another Master teaching "The Way of the Tiger."

MASTER KAN (V.O.)

The Way of the Tiger... tenacity and power.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

Hands moving like a tiger's claws, the Master advances and then retreats... grasping, pulling, snapping. He uses "hard" strength.

44 EXT SAME SCENE - DAY

Another Master performing "The Dragon System." First weaving low, then springing up. He slithers side to side, up and down, with floating footwork and elusive steps.

MASTER KAN (V.O.)

... And from the Dragon we learn
to ride the wind.

The Master appears to float on the air as he gracefully executes a whipping sidekick. As he lands lightly, he continues his Dragon's movements.

45 EXT. SAME SCENE - DAY

Master Kan and Caine; the boy's expression is one of astonishment.

MASTER KAN

It may take half a lifetime to
master one system.

CAINE

(awed)

You are a Master... which one do
you teach?

Master Kan begins to walk back inside. He turns to the boy.

MASTER KAN

I teach them all.

He walks inside the Temple, Caine looking after him.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

46 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - DAY

McKay, the young engineer, moving through on horseback at an easy pace, looking around the countryside. Off in the distance, we HEAR the MUFFLED SOUND of an EXPLOSION. McKay pulls to a stop, listening to the REVERBERATIONS. For a moment he remains in thought, relating to the explosion, and then it comes to him, the meaning of the blast. He wheels his horse around, heads quickly toward the source of the sound.

47 EXT. WORK SITE

The country still serene, but becoming more mountainous. CAMERA PANS McKay riding through the area towards the end of track.

48 ANGLE FEATURING CAINE, FONG AND HAN FEI

working on the roadbed. They look up as McKay rides by, his expression intent. He is heading towards:

49 DILLON

conferring with Raif at the end of the tracks. McKay rides up, dismounts quickly.

MCKAY

Dillon!

Dillon turns easily, waits as McKay approaches.

MCKAY

(indicates off
ahead)

You've got men blasting up there
in the hills.

DILLON

Plans call for putting a tunnel
through. We want it through and
ready for track by the time these
men reach it.

MCKAY

(angrily)

That sandstone formation is sure
to be filled with pockets of
methane! You got my report!

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

Dillon turns to face him squarely, looks directly into his eyes.

DILLON
(deliberately)
What report?

The sheer infamy stops McKay momentarily cold.

MCKAY
(finally)
Whatever you did with yours, I have two more copies. One is going off to the head office in San Francisco. The other is going to the Adjutant General in Washington.

(a beat)
If you dig that tunnel, and anything happens -- I'm going to see you hung up dry!

He turns, gets back on his horse, rides off. Raif, off to the side, watches him go, then turns to look at Dillon. Dillon gives him a nod, a barely perceptible signal. Raif moves off after McKay.

50 ANGLE - FEATURING CAINE, FONG AND HAN FEI

who have been close enough to catch the drift of the interchange between Dillon and McKay. Fong turns to look at Caine. Caine meets his eye. For a moment they stare at each other, a challenge and a question in Fong's look.

51 CLOSE - CAINE

Taut. He looks away, raises the sledge, brings it down onto a spike. JINK. He raises the sledge to swing again. CAMERA MOVES IN ON the partly inbedded spike. The sledge swings down to meet it. Instead of the JINK of the spike, we HEAR the CLAP of the temple block.

52 EXT. THE TEMPLE COURTYARD - DAY

CLOSE ON a straw and paper target as it is hit deadcenter by an ornate brass throwing star, the star adorned with Chinese characters and birds. A hand reaches in to dislodge the star. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Caine, grown up now, dressed as a Disciple, taking out the star.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM as he returns the star to the Master of the Praying Mantis sitting cross-legged, eyes closed, some twenty-five yards from the target. Set out neatly before him on the stone floor are darts, stars, and other assorted throwing objects. Master Sun stands some yards behind him. Caine and three other novices are observing as Sun lectures quietly. The Master picks up five darts.

MASTER SUN

He is practicing. To hit a target in this manner is to exercise the 'inner strength.'

53 CLOSE

on the target again. Five darts hit dead-center, as:

MASTER SUN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Indeed, there are two kinds of strength. The outer strength is obvious; everyone has it in varying degrees. To delight in one's outer strength is foolishness. It fades with age and succumbs to sickness. Then there is the 'Chi,' the inner strength. Everyone possesses it, too, but it is infinitely more difficult to develop. Youth fades... but once acquired, the inner strength lasts through every heat and every cold, through old age... and beyond.

54 EXT. A NARROW ALLEYWAY IN THE MONASTERY YARD - DAY

Kan and Student Caine stand at the opening of the alleyway. On the floor before them is a long strip of wet rice-paper.

MASTER KAN

When you can walk the rice-paper without disturbing it... then your steps will not be heard.

Student Caine... his head facing forward, his body turned sideways, slowly walks through the alley and over the rice-paper. His feet tear the delicate wet sheets. His face shows frustration.

55 EXT. THE TEMPLE COURTYARD - DAY

MASTER TEH speaks to six students who stand thoughtfully a few yards before him.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

Student Caine is particularly attentive. TEH is a short, beefy man. He is the fourth of the Shaolin Masters.

MASTER TEH

Perceive the way of nature, and no force of man can harm you.

Teh gestures to one of the students and motions him forward. The boy charges at full speed. Teh continues talking calmly.

MASTER TEH

Do not meet a wave head-on. Avoid it.

With a seemingly casual "Aikido" move, Teh sidesteps before the boy can make contact. With an easy motion of the right hand, he grasps the student by the pit of the collarbone; with a studied twist of the wrist, the boy is flipped into the air by his own momentum. He lands on the floor, flat on his back... shaken, but unharmed. Ignoring the fallen student, Teh continues:

MASTER TEH

You do not have to 'stop' a force...

He motions for another student to advance. The student comes on with breakneck speed and a bullying posture.

MASTER TEH

... It is easier to re-direct it.

With a blocking stop, a slight shifting of weight, and a sweeping circular motion of the arm, Teh throws the student sideways into a somersault. Seemingly thrown by his own inertia, the boy lands unhurt four feet away.

MASTER TEH

There are many ways to avert the physical actions of man.

Teh motions the remaining students forward. Caine is among them. They hurl themselves at Teh in quick succession. One after the other they are effortlessly thrown by their own momentum as Teh re-directs their force against themselves. He speaks to the students, four of whom lie sprawled unhurt on the courtyard floor.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

MASTER TEH

Learn the ways to preserve
rather than destroy. Avoid
rather than check; check
rather than hurt; hurt rather
than maim; maim rather than
kill; for all life is precious,
nor can any be replaced.

CAINE

Master, what is the best way
to deal with force?

MASTER TEH

(as if the question
is well-taken)

As we prize peace and quiet
above victory, there is a
simple and preferred method.

CAINE

What is that, Sir?

MASTER TEH

(in dead serious-
ness)

Run away.

56 EXT. THE COURTYARD - DAY

Caine and Master Po practice "Bo-jutso" (stick fighting).
They each hold a three-foot, polished oak staff. They
spar. Although blind, Master Po beats Caine with little
difficulty. They both laugh.

It is obvious that if these stick movements were used
for combat instead of discipline, the loser would be
crippled or sustain at least a cracked head.

57 EXT. THE STREAM - DAY

We SEE the backs of blind Master Po and the twenty-
six-year-old Disciple Caine. Caine is mature; he is
passive, but self-assured.

CAINE

I have learned many things,
Old Man.

MASTER PO

You have learned discipline, and
have acquired many new abilities.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

MASTER PO (CONT'D)

However, never forget that a Priest's life is a simple one... and must remain free of ambition.

CAINE

Have you no ambitions, Master Po?

MASTER PO

(a far-off look on his face)

Only one. Five years hence, it is my wish to make a pilgrimage to the Forbidden City. It is a place where even Priests receive no special status. There, in the Temple of Heaven, will be a festival... The Full Moon of May. It will be the thirteenth day of the fifth month, in the Year of the Dog.

CAINE

That is not such a great ambition.

MASTER PO

But it is ambition, nonetheless. Who among us is without flaw?

Caine turns and looks affectionately at Po. His look is one of complete respect for the Master who has just humbled himself.

58 EXT. THE COURTYARD - DAY

The alleyway again. We SEE smooth sheets of wet rice-paper. We SEE Caine as he quickly scurries over the wet paper.

59 CLOSE

as we SEE that Caine's feet do not disturb the paper. As his feet come off the paper and continue walking, we notice that they make no sound.

60 INT. THE TEMPLE ALTAR - DAY

Caine sits before the altar. Incense is burning.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

He meditates. Suddenly, we SEE that Kan is standing behind him. Caine turns as he feels Kan's presence. He rises. Kan extends his open hand; there is a pebble in it. A moment of eye contact. As Kan closes his hand, Caine's movement is barely perceptible. Kan opens his hand; the pebble is gone. Caine opens his hand; we SEE the pebble. Master Kan meets his eyes.

MASTER KAN

Time for you to leave.

Caine turns as a grate rises silently up into the ceiling, revealing a passageway beyond. The dim light within the passageway conceals more than it reveals -- a mistshrouded glimpse into the future. Caine stares at the passageway for a moment, then turns back to Master Kan.

MASTER KAN

Remember always that a wise man walks with head bowed... humble like the dust.

It is an ending and a beginning. Both men know it. Caine bows with respect, with reverence, with a deep, filial affection. They will never see each other again. Caine turns and goes into the passageway. Master Kan watches the grate close behind him.

61 THE PASSAGEWAY

Long, dimly-lit, high-ceilinged; but the suggestion of a room rather than a corridor: say a passageway. At the far end, the passageway narrows, passes through a smaller linteled doorway.

Caine moves slowly and calmly down the passageway; something ritualistic in his motion, suggesting a novitate approaching an initiation. On either side of the passageway, tall, jade buddha-like figures watch his progress silently. He passes through the linteled doorway.

At the end of the passageway is a door. Blocking the door is a heavy, glowing-hot, iron urn, filled with glowing coals. Caine moves up to the urn, stares down at it, then suddenly becomes aware of other presences. He turns to look. Standing three on each side are the six Shaolin Masters, ritualistically dressed, arms folded. Caine approaches, looks with affection at each of his instructors, bows. Each returns his respect. The last in line is blind Master Po. Caine's face beams with warmth and affection.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

CAINE
Goodbye, Old Man, my Master.

MASTER PO
What do you hear?

CAINE
(full of emotion)
I hear the grasshopper.

Master Po nods and smiles. Caine bows to him. Master Po returns the bow.

The moment has come. Caine turns to look at the urn blocking the doorway, moves to stand directly in front of it. He hesitates, looks back. Each of the Masters roll back the sleeves of his robe, holds out his arms. They are all the same. Each right forearm bears the Sign of the Tiger; each left, the Sign of the Dragon.

Caine turns back to the urn, looks down.

61A THE URN

Glowing hot. On the right side, the embossed figure of the Tiger; on the left, the figure of the Dragon.

61B CAINE

He positions his feet, summons all his strength, and with one awful, painful moment places his forearms against the urn, strains and lifts. It takes all his strength to shift it aside to an alcove. As he sets it down, the door behind swings open, letting in a dazzling shaft of light. Caine stares through the doorway out into daylight. ANGLE WIDENS as he turns back to the monks. They are gone. He raises his hands to look down at his forearms. Seared into the right arm is the figure of the Tiger; on the left, the Dragon. He lowers his arms, stares through the doorway, hesitates, then steps through.

61C EXT. SUNLIT, SNOWY MEADOW

CAMERA WATCHES him move across the broad, virgin meadow leaving his tracks in the unbroken snow. His figure grows smaller, a dark patch on the snow-covered meadow as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

SCENES 62 thru 69 TRANSPOSED TO SCENES 73A thru 73H.

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

70 EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The Chinese landscape. PAN DOWN to the road where Caine is walking among a scattering of PILGRIMS and PEASANTS. He reacts as a ways off he sees:

71 POV SHOT

Master Po a short distance ahead, nearing a small bridge.

72 BACK ON CAINE

Increasing his pace to reach Master Po. He falls in beside Po, saying nothing. They walk for several seconds, to the middle of the bridge, then:

MASTER PO

Grasshopper, did you think you would fool me?

Caine smiles.

MASTER PO

It would take more than years for me to forget the footsteps of my favorite pupil.

CAINE

How have you been, Old Man?

MASTER PO

Well. And you?

CAINE

The years have been good. Quiet and measured. Flowing slowly -- like water.

MASTER PO

What brings you to the road leading to the Temple of Heaven?

CAINE

I came to celebrate the fulfillment of your ambition. The Full Moon of May... the thirteenth day of the fifth month... in the Year of the Dog.

Master Po stops, moved.

73 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE BRIDGE

The two have come to a stop on the bridge. Behind them is a slight commotion. Moving at a faster pace are two IMPERIAL GUARDS. They are leading a procession of the splendidly-dressed NEPHEW of the Imperial House being carried on a sedan chair. The guards are jostling people out of the way.

GUARDS

Make way... Move aside...

One of the guards attempts to shove Master Po aside. Po reacts by reflex and deflects the guard's hand. The guard is shocked. He stops short, and his companion halts with him.

GUARD

(shocked at this
impudence)

You dare to touch an escort of
the Imperial House?

Master Po bows profusely.

MASTER PO

Humble apologies... I meant no
harm.

GUARD

Who are you? Where are you from?

MASTER PO

I am Po... lowly priest from
Hunan Province.

GUARD

(to Caine)

And you?

CAINE

Kwai Chang... also a priest of
Hunan Province.

The Imperial Nephew gestures to the guard. He slaps Master Po hard across the face.

NEPHEW

Once for your stupidity... and
once for my annoyance.

He gestures again to the guard. He attempts to slap Master Po's face again. Po blocks at his wrist and holds it. The wrist shakes as Po's finger touches a pressure point.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

MASTER PO

(quietly)

Even one of the Royal House
should not punish an old blind
man twice for the same offense.

The Nephew's face shows rage as Master Po holds the guard helpless in a painful grip. The Nephew snaps a look to the other guard, who draws his sword. As he brings it down, Po grabs his sword arm; he stands holding both men by pressure points. Their arms shudder with pain; they are helpless.

The Nephew takes a small, ornate cap-and-ball pistol from under his silk robe. He fires point-blank into Master Po's chest.

Master Po's body recoils from the force of the bullet. The Nephew draws his sword to finish Po. For a brief moment, Caine's face shows hesitation. Then he steps forward. He lashes out with his hand at the Nephew, killing him instantly. The two guards, thunderstricken, come at him. With a kick and another punch, he disables them, leaving them writhing on the ground. The bystanders watch the incident with disbelief. Caine kneels and cradles the dying Master Po in his arms.

MASTER PO

Did you kill him?

CAINE

(remorseful)

Yes. After everything you
taught me. I have disgraced
myself.

MASTER PO

No. Sometimes one must cut off
a finger to save a hand.

BYSTANDER

(shouting)

Get the Guards! Someone just
killed a member of the Imperial
House!

Oblivious to the bystanders, Caine looks into the old man's face. Po's hand lies draped across his chest. He faintly moves his fingers for Caine to bring his head closer.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (2)

MASTER PO

There will be a price on your
head. No place for you to hide.
You must leave the country.

Caine simply holds him. Po reaches into his robe, with
difficulty takes out an old pouch.

MASTER PO

If I had a son, all I could
offer him is contained here in
this pouch. Please take it.

Caine accepts the pouch. It is the last thing the old
man does. Grief stricken, Caine holds the dead Po for
a moment. There is a barely perceptible tear on Caine's
face -- barely perceptible because in physical or mental
anguish, or even in death, a Shaolin Priest is beyond
tears. Caine lays Po's head gently on the ground, then
turns and walks slowly away.

73A EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT - WORK CAMP - NIGHT

The camp is still; two or three Guards visible huddled
around a campfire. Scattered about, the tents of the
Coolies.

73B INT. COOLIE TENT

A few Coolies wrapped in blankets around the edges of
the tent. Some huddled around a makeshift stove. Caine
is not present. Hsiang sits with his face pressed to
his upraised knees, listening as; amid a mood of
somberness:

CHUEN

Can it be true?

FONG

I heard the story from two men,
one whose cousin had lately
come from China.

HAN FEI

If it is true, it is not to
say this priest is the same
man.

Silence for a moment, then:

FONG

(with quiet
conviction)

It is he.

(CONTINUED)

73B CONTINUED:

CHUEN

Why would he come here?

FONG

A man runs a long way with a price on his head -- for murder!

Silence for a beat, then:

CHUEN

If it is so, he is worth more than any of us will ever see.

HAN FEI

(with respect)

Only to one who could kill him.

CHUEN

Not many could do that.

FONG

Another with the same skills... one like himself.

HAN FEI

Enough. He is one of us, and that is the end of it.

Silence settled down among them. A long moment, then Hsiang slowly raises his head up from his knees. He looks around slowly, listens, then quietly gets up and moves out of the tent. No one seems to notice his departure.

73C EXT. CAMPSITE

Hsiang moves across the campsite. The Guards ignore him. After a little he stops, turns to look back. There is no sign of motion. He changes his direction and his pace quickens.

73D INT. DILLON'S TENT

Dillon working at the desk. Raif with a drink next to him cleaning his gun. Both men look up at a movement at the tent entrance. Hsiang ENTERS, looking nervously from one man to the other. Dillon looks at Raif. Raif smiles.

RAIF

This is the boy I was telling you about.

(CONTINUED)

73D CONTINUED:

Hsiang has been caught by a salami on the table near the bottle of liquor, a piece of the end having been sliced off. The look Hsiang turns on it is pure hunger.

RAIF

Go on. Help yourself. No reason why anybody who does us a favor should have to go hungry.

He exchanges glances with Dillon.

RAIF

(continuing)

There's more where that came from.

Hsiang is drawn as if by a magnet toward the food.

73E EXT. WORK CAMP - FIRST LIGHT

The camp is absolutely still. In the distance a dot APPEARS, resolves itself into a horse-drawn wagon, wheels CREAKING, moving slowly, lugubriously into and through the camp area. As it approaches, a Guard moves out of one tent, drawn by the SQUEAKING wheels. One or two Coolies open tent flaps to see what it is. Once seen, the people stay with it, move with it. The wagon, approaching, begins to collect a train of attendants, moving with it, somehow like mourners at a funeral. CLOSE ON CAMERA a tent flap opens, and Han Fei comes out to look. Behind him, one by one, the others APPEAR. Caine steps out just as the wagon comes abreast and draws to a stop. We can make out the figure of a man sprawled out in the wagon, his posture immediately suggesting death. MOVE IN WITH Caine to LOOK DOWN into the face of the dead man. It is McKay, his face dirtied, bruised, his chest stained with what looks like a large patch of dried blood.

73F ANOTHER ANGLE

featuring the Coolies, reacting to the death of the one man who had stood up for them. Caine looks across the body to Raif, who meets his gaze and does not look away. There is an arrogance, a contempt, in Raif's look, and something more, a challenge, a promise.

73G NEW ANGLE - FEATURING DILLON

having been summoned from his tent. He reaches the wagon, peers down at McKay.

(CONTINUED)

73G CONTINUED:

DILLON

An accident.

Some of the Coolies react as much as they dare.

DILLON

(to Raif)

Bury him.

He turns and moves off. Raif turns to look again at Caine.

73H EXT. GRAVE SITE

A field close by. CLOSE ON shovel biting into the earth. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Chuen working the shovel. Raif is supervising. On the ground close by is the canvas-covered body. Caine is holding a pick-axe. Chuen steps back. Raif gestures for Caine to move in. Caine looks at Raif, moves in to the grave site, raises the pick-axe, swings it down. Again the CRACK of the temple block.

73I EXT. TEMPLE COURTYARD - NIGHT

An OFFICER in the uniform of the Imperial Guard stands in the center of the courtyard as SOLDIERS search the temple building, carrying torches. A soldier approaches the officer.

SOLDIER

The temple is empty. All are fled.

The officer deliberates for a moment, then:

OFFICER

Burn it.

The soldier looks at the officer's face for a moment, then turns to put his torch to the building.

74 EXT. GRAVESITE - DAY

CLOSE ON the last shovelful of dirt that covers the grave of McKay. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Raif still watching as Caine and Chuen complete the job. Raif is about to turn back toward camp when Caine reaches into his pouch, takes out in his fingers a small amount of dark powder, sprinkles it over the grave. Raif, watching, stiffens. The gun, always a part of him, swings a little in Caine's direction. Chuen, looking from one man to the other, sensing a confrontation, tenses. Raif's eyes are fixed on Caine.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

RAIF

Maybe you want to say a few words.
 (no response from
 Caine)

You're a priest, ain't you?
 (Caine's eyes
 narrow. Raif
 gestures at
 the grave)

We got a man here knocking at
 the Gates. Help him out.
 (no response)

That's it? A little dirt
 sprinkled over his grave? Even
 an Apache gets a better send
 off than that. What else you
 got in that pouch?

Caine does not move. Raif suddenly hardens, a tight anger showing in his eyes. The grip on the shotgun tightens, and it swings directly to face Caine! Chuen takes a step or two back.

RAIF

You bother me, Chinaman. I get
 the feeling you think you're
 better than the rest of them.
 (nods at Caine's
 blouse)

Maybe you don't feel the cold
 like they do, and maybe you
 can lay ties around the clock --
 but you're going to find you
 bleed like they do.

Caine still does not move. Raif's mounting fury shows in the tightening of his eyes. He takes a slow step or two towards Caine, the muzzle of the gun centered on Caine's belly. A moment as their eyes are locked, then Raif's finger starts to tighten on the trigger.

The moment is abruptly shattered by a massive, dull BOOM in the distance. LOUDER than any we've heard, the BOOM followed by a crescendo of REVERBERATING RUMBLES. The three men swing quickly toward the hills from which the EXPLOSION has come.

75 POV SHOT - THE HILLS

almost obscured by growing, ominous cloud of swirling dust, billowing upward and out.

76 BACK TO SCENE

The three men watch with alarm. Raif, his confrontation with Caine quickly forgotten, heads back toward camp. Caine and Chuen continue to watch the hills. Chuen's expression shows a growing horror as the realization of what the explosion means.

CHUEN

The tunnel through the hills!
The engineer warned them!

(a beat
of horror)

How many of our people are in
there?

Caine's expression is strained as he looks toward the hills.

77 OMITTED

&
78

78A EXT. SITE OF MCKAY'S GRAVE - NIGHT

Thirteen fresh graves are marked by crosses. The Coolie population of the camp is gathered around the graves. Some of them are holding torches. Their mood is grim, quiet. Twelve of the thirteen graves have been covered over. A canvas enshrouded body is lowered into the last grave. Caine and another Coolie begin to cover it over.

FONG

It's our own doing!

(a beat)

We show them only weakness. The weak will always be abused. Only when a man is strong and feared is he safe.

HAN FEI

Dangerous talk!

FONG

You talk of danger, old man. Tomorrow they will order us to clear the entrance to the tunnel, and when that is done, more of us will be sent in to die.

CHUEN

He is right -- because we are not white, they consider us worthless.

(CONTINUED)

78A CONTINUED:

FONG

We are many, they are few! If we fight, at least we choose the manner of our death!

HAN FEI

How will you fight? What will you use against their guns?

FONG

Rocks! Our hands!

CAINE

You will lead these people to be slaughtered like sheep.

FONG

Shall we stay then and dig our own graves? Are they right? Are we less than men?

CAINE

Men do not beat drums before they hunt for tigers. They will be waiting for you.

FONG

Tell us what to do, Priest.

CAINE

Wait.

FONG

What shall we wait for, Priest? Starvation? The tunnel? Is our death any less certain? The time to fight is now!

Caine reacts. Fong brushes past Caine, leading the Coolies away.

79 OMITTED
thru
83

84 EXT. WORK CAMP - NIGHT

Fong, leading the group of Coolies, comes to a sudden stop, a look of shock on his face. PAN TO Raif and Dillon at the head of some dozen guards, all heavily armed and spread in a skirmish line. Raif's gun is extended, pointing at Fong. Almost casually he presses the trigger.

84A NEW ANGLE

At the LOUD REPORT of the gun, a sharp look of pain spreads over Fong's face. He clutches at his belly, his hands slowly being overspread with his blood. Caine pushes through the crowd as Fong sinks to the ground dead. The moment of shock stretches out as the Coolies look from Fong to the guards facing them.

Raif and Dillon are cool, confident. A moment of high indecision, then the guards tense at the beginning of a surge forward from the Coolies. Caine rises quickly up between the two forces. His upraised hand stops the Coolies. Silence for what seems like an interminable moment, then:

CAINE

To fight for yourself is right.
To die vainly without hope of
winning is the action of stupid
men. Let one death be enough.

The moment stretches out, and then slowly Caine's words seep through the anger. Hands are slowly lowered. One man turns away, a second... a third. It is a matter of time. Slowly the Coolies disperse, turn back to their tents. At the end, Caine and Han Fei are left alone over Fong's body, facing Raif, Dillon and the guards.

Raif and Dillon move up slowly, followed by some of the guards.

85 ANGLE - FEATURING CAINE

looking down at Fong's body. Dillon and Raif approach, look down.

DILLON

(nodding off
toward the Coolies)

They owe you a lot.

Caine does not respond. Dillon turns to Han Fei.

DILLON

Take him away. See he's buried.

Caine starts to bend.

DILLON

(strained)

Not you.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

Caine, catching the tone, straightens, stares at Dillon. Dillon reaches into his pocket, takes out a piece of paper, opens it. It is a telegram.

DILLON

Telegram -- from the Chinese Legation in Washington. An answer to one we sent them. They say you're wanted in China -- for murder.

A Guard moves forward with a coil of rope.

DILLON

They ask us to take you into custody.

Dillon and Raif, confident, sardonic, watch Caine, who remains motionless. Han Fei, looking from one to the other, shows a dawning fear.

85A INT. CUSTODY TENT - NIGHT

The flap opens and Caine is led in by a pair of Guards. His wrists have been tied behind his back. In the center of the tent a peg has been driven deep into the ground and a chain attached to it. The Guards move Caine to the peg, force him down. One Guard ties his ankles securely as the second Guard secures him to the chain. Raif enters, watches the Guards finish, tests the ropes, the chain, then stands back with satisfaction.

RAIF

Nobody comes in to see him. You got that? Nobody.

The Guards nod. Raif turns and goes out. CAMERA MOVES IN on the bound and chained figure of Caine.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

86 INT. CUSTODY TENT - NIGHT

Two Guards on duty. In the distance, someone approaching brings them both alert. It is Han Fei, bringing a bowl of gruel. They watch him approach. He bows to them respectfully, indicates he wishes to enter.

FIRST GUARD

I'll take it.

He takes the bowl from Han Fei, who turns to go, stopping however on:

SECOND GUARD

Wait.

Han Fei turns, waits. The Guard approaches, takes off his head covering, rubs his head, tosses the head covering back at him, gestures for him to go. Han Fei, with a passive dignity, submits, moves away.

FIRST GUARD

What's that for?

SECOND GUARD

Luck. I can use some.

The First Guard snorts, turns, ducks into the tent.

87 INT. CUSTODY TENT

ON the Guard as he enters, then freezes with disbelief.

88 POV SHOT

A chain still on its peg, the peg in the ground; ropes dropped in a neat little pile close by. Evidence of Caine's incarceration. But Caine is gone!

89 INT. DILLON'S TENT - NIGHT

The tent lit by a lantern. Dillon standing with the telegram in his hand. Raif staring with disgust at the two Guards.

FIRST GUARD

Raif, I swear neither of us turned our backs for a minute!
He...!

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

RAIF

Shut up!

DILLON

He take anything along?

RAIF

Only what he had in his pockets.
He's on foot and hungry.

DILLON

I hate to lose him.
(indicates telegram)
He's worth money.

RAIF

We've got men covering the road
into town. If he's heading that
way, they'll pick him up.

DILLON

And if not?

Raif shrugs.

RAIF

You know the country. Wind...
cold... desert. Without a horse,
without food, he's good for two
... three days.

DILLON

Give him four. After that, send
out a search party... pick up
what's left of him.

(addresses himself
to telegram)

They want him this bad, maybe
he's worth something to them
dead.

The others watch him turn and stare thoughtfully off.

90 INT. COOLIE TENT (2) - NIGHT

An ELDERLY COOLIE lies weak and exhausted, covered by a
blanket, in the corner of the tent. He is being tended
by another Coolie. The second Coolie looks over his
shoulder toward the tent entrance as Han Fei enters,
and approaches the sick old man. Han Fei looks down
at the old man.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

HAN FEI

He grows worse.

COOLIE

(bitterly)

The wonder is he clings to life.
He needs broth, nourishment.
Where shall he get it?

HAN FEI

Come.

He starts out of the tent. Wonderingly the other man follows him.

91 EXT. CAMP SITE

The Coolie emerges from the tent, follows Han Fei, who is waiting for him a little ahead. Han Fei leads him to his own tent, beckons for him to enter.

92 INT. COOLIE TENT

occupied by Chuen, Hsiang, Han Fei, and the others. Han Fei enters with the Coolie, glances around, leads him to a blanket-covered mass in the back of the tent. As the Coolie watches wonderingly, Han Fei draws back the blanket, revealing the carcass of a deer. The Coolie's eyes widen in disbelief.

HAN FEI

Left outside the back of our tent and found there this morning. No one heard a sound during the night.

COOLIE

How...?

HAN FEI

Enough that it is here. Perhaps it will save the old man's life.

They both stare down at the deer.

93 INT. COOKTENT - NIGHT

A Coolie dumps a sack of flour down on the floor, starts to move away, is caught by something about the sack. The white HEAD COOK approaches, reacts to the Coolie's look of revulsion, looks down at the flour.

94 CLOSE - THE FLOUR SACK

Mouldy, crawling with weevils.

95 BACK TO SCENE

The Head Cook indifferently smears his foot around the bag, disposing of the weevils (one way or another), turns to the Coolie.

HEAD COOK

Go on, bring in the rest.

The Coolie stares down at the sack, turns and goes out.

96 EXT. COOKTENT

The Coolie comes out of the tent, starts toward the storage shed, stops, reacting to:

97 POV SHOT - THE STORAGE SHED

On fire, the blaze beginning to build up stronger. MEN are running up to fight the fire.

98 EXT. COOKTENT

The Coolie staring at the fire, his face expressing a certain satisfaction. The Head Cook comes out of the tent, watches with him.

99 OMITTED

thru
106

106A EXT. WORK CAMP - DAY

TRACKING a pair of wagons through the camp area.

106B CLOSER

as the lead wagon pulls to a stop near a camp Guard. The second wagon stops behind it. The DRIVER leans out to the Guard.

DRIVER

Where can I park these, Sonny,
while me and my friend get
something to eat?

GUARD

(disinterestedly)
What have you got?

(CONTINUED)

106B CONTINUED:

The Driver glances back at the load of stacked crates.

DRIVER

Dynamite.

The Guard shows sudden uneasy interest.

GUARD

Way over there.

He indicates a spot at the edge of the camp, then edges nervously away. The Driver grins, starts the wagon in motion, with the second wagon following close behind.

106C INT. DILLON'S TENT

Raif holding a clipboard; Dillon behind the desk.

RAIF

Two wagonloads full. We can begin blasting again tomorrow.

DILLON

The entrance clear?

RAIF

Charlie's up there now with a crew, bringing out what's left of the bodies.

Dillon looks away thoughtfully.

RAIF

You wondering if there's any more gas left in that tunnel?

Dillon turns to meet his eyes.

DILLON

We'll find out tomorrow.

Raif snorts soundlessly, then turns and goes out of the tent.

106D EXT. OUTSIDE OF DILLON'S TENT

As Raif comes out, the two wagon Drivers pass, heading for the chow tent. Raif looks off in the direction they are coming from.

106E POV SHOT

The two wagons loaded with dynamite parked way at the edge of the camp.

106F BACK ON RAIF

He turns away, takes no more than two or three steps, when -- BOOM! He turns quickly in alarm.

106G POV SHOT

One of the dynamite wagons blowing sky-high in a burst of flame and debris.

106H BACK ON RAIF

watching, thunderstricken. Dillon is quickly out of the tent looking towards the wagons.

106I POV SHOTS

Just as the debris from the first wagon is starting to settle, the second wagon BLOWS in an even more spectacular explosion of fire and smoke.

106J ANGLE - DILLON AND RAIF

Watching with dismay. Around them alarmed Guards have begun to drift up, not too closely, to watch the fire.

107 INT. AN UNDERGROUND SHELTER - DAY

CLOSE on a man's hands digging into the soil, extracting the root of a plant, the hands working diligently and with no wasted motion. PULL BACK to REVEAL Caine doing the digging.

We are in a small cave-like structure approximately 8' x 6' x 4' deep, the walls and floor of smooth dirt. The shelter is curiously illuminated by occasional pencil-rays of sunlight which needle through the woven and matted material that serves as a roof. Despite these occasional stings of light, the interior of the shelter appears cool and dark.

Next to Caine on the floor is a pile of roots similar to the one we have seen him unearth. He appears relaxed and comfortable as he picks up a root; he breaks off its small lower portion and begins to chew it, discarding the rest in the corner. After chewing, he spits the remnants into the same corner. He keeps a tidy house. The roots appear to give him sufficient moisture and nourishment.

Having replenished himself, he reaches up and grasps the roof of the shelter.

108 EXT. WILDERNESS AREA - DAY

What appears to be one of many desert plants is pushed aside, revealing that Caine's shelter is a well-camouflaged hole in the ground. The roof of woven sagebrush is so ingeniously constructed that when it is closed it is undistinguishable from its surroundings. Caine climbs out of the hole, carefully replaces the roof, and walks into the wilderness.

109 EXT. A ROCK OUTCROPPING - DAY

Caine moves up to the outcropping, peers past and down.

110 OMITTED
thru
116

117 INT. DILLON 'S TENT - DAY

CLOSE ON a map. A hand MOVES IN to touch an area.

RAIF (O.S.)

He's here.

ANGLE WIDENS to REVEAL Dillon behind the desk, watching Raif at the map. Dillon fingers the metallic star.

DILLON

Badlands.

RAIF

(grim)

Nowhere else.

DILLON

(needling)

Wasn't so long ago you were sure nothing could survive out there.

Raif meets his eyes, turns away. Hsiang is brought into the tent by a Guard, Hsiang frightened.

DILLON

Sit down. Nobody is going to hurt you.

Hsiang, petrified by a deep fear, does not move. Dillon and Raif exchange glances.

DILLON

What are you scared of?

(no response)

Is it the priest?... Have you seen him?... Tell us where he is.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

DILLON (CONT'D)

(no response)

You helped us, we'll help you.
We'll put you someplace he can't
find you.

HSIANG

A Shaolin Priest can walk through
walls.

RAIF

We'll put guards around you.

HSIANG

It is said that... listened for,
he cannot be heard... looked for,
he cannot be seen... felt, he
cannot be touched.

Dillon and Raif exchange glances, turn once more to
Hsiang.

DILLON

Do you know where he is?

No response. Dillon stares at the terrified man for
another moment, then:

DILLON

(to Guard)

Take him out.

The Guard takes Hsiang out.

DILLON

Well?

RAIF

Let me go after him.

DILLON

You're not afraid of him?

RAIF

(contemptuously)

A Chinaman?

DILLON

A very special Chinaman. One who
walks through walls. You won't
hear him, see him... touch him.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: (2)

RAIF
(hefting his shotgun)
I'll touch him with this.

DILLON
You're sure?

RAIF
Give me two men.

Dillon regards him for another moment, then:

DILLON
Take 'em.

Raif meets his eyes for a brief beat, then turns and goes out.

118 EXT. TENT AREA

The Guard moving with Hsiang, Hsiang moving in a daze of fear. The Guard turns and moves off. Hsiang tries to take himself under control, heads for the tent. In f.g. Chuen and Tsung move INTO SHOT watching Hsiang move away. Their eyes as they watch him are narrow with speculation.

119 EXT. REMUDA AREA - DAY

Two MEN are already mounted on horses. Raif is mounting a third horse. The Three men, Raif leading, all heavily armed, ride through the camp toward the wilderness area. Coolies and Guards watch them go.

120 EXT. A SECTION OF THE WILDERNESS AREA - DAY

Raif and the other two ride up, their eyes taking in the countryside. Nothing moves.

121 ANGLE - THE THREE MEN

Moving slowly through the wilderness, looking for 'sign'. Raif spots:

122 A PIECE OF BRUSH

With a thin branch broken and hanging.

123 BACK ON RAIF

Reacting to the telltale break. He turns his horse, leads the others off in that direction, his eyes carefully searching the surroundings.

124 WILDERNESS AREA

ANGLE FEATURES the desert brush we had seen earlier as the top camouflage to Caine's underground shelter. In the distance the three riders are approaching steadily closer, their eyes searching the ground, the brush, the horizon. Nothing moves. Raif, in the center, comes closer and closer to the underground shelter, not yet zeroed in on it. And then he spots it. He draws to a stop, his eye on the brush.

125 REVERSE ANGLE

All three now staring at the brush covering the underground shelter. Raif cocks his shotgun, moves slowly closer, totally alert. They reach the brush, dismount slowly, guns held ready, eyes riveted on the brush.

126 ANGLE - FEATURING RAIF

Moving slowly up on the brush.

127 RAIF'S POV

MOVING IN CLOSE on the brush. ZOOM IN on a piece of lint clinging to the furze.

128 ANGLE FEATURING RAIF

Shotgun raised he moves right up to the brush, gestures the other two to positions on each side. All three aim down into the brush.

RAIF

Pray, Chinaman!

He deliberately squeezes the trigger, FIRING both barrels downward through the brush. The other two FIRE almost simultaneously. Raif reloads, holds the gun ready, moves up to peer down. There is a slight SOUND behind him. He whirls.

129 POV SHOT

Caine, staring at him! A ghost!

130 EXT. CAMP AREA - DAY

A Guard moving across the area turns as three riderless horses move slowly into the camp. The Guard stares at the horses, frozen. Other Guards, a few Coolies, move up to watch the horses move into the camp. No one moves to take them.

131 EXT. CAMP SITE - DAY

SHOOTING FROM the edges of the wilderness area, a long ways off, giving a panoramic VIEW of the camp. We can only just make out a figure moving out of the camp, alone, walking towards the wilderness area, putting distance between himself and the camp, his movement a steady, unhurried walk.

132 CLOSE ANGLE

The man is Dillon, moving away from the camp, alone, his manner serious but not frightened. He is unarmed. He comes to a stop a considerable distance from the camp, surveys the wilderness area.

133 PAN SHOT - HIS POV

The wilderness area. Nothing moves.

134 BACK ON DILLON

He continues to search the area for another moment. He cups a hand to his mouth, speaks projecting his voice as far as he can.

DILLON

Caine! This is Dillon! They tell me you'll be able to hear what I say. I'd like to talk to you... face to face. I want it to happen while it's still daylight, while I got an even chance.

(he glances
up at the sun)

To help you make up your mind -- I ought to tell you -- the boys have staked out a friend of yours. Han Fei... the old man. If you're not in camp before sundown, I don't think I'm going to be able to stop them.

(a beat)

They want to nail him to a tree.

He stands and waits for a moment, then he turns and starts at the same unhurried pace back towards the camp.

135 LONG SHOT - SHOOTING FROM THE EDGE OF THE WILDERNESS

as the figure returns toward the camp. Nothing moves in the wilderness.

136 EXT. CAMP SITE - DAY

ANGLE FEATURES a group of Guards in an attitude of waiting. No conversation, each man busy with his own thoughts. PAN TO a group of Coolies, less clustered, hovering near their tents, relating off to the Wilderness, to the Guards, and off to:

137 HAN FEI

wrists tied together, hands hoisted above his head from a rope looped over the branch of a tree and tied loosely in place. Two Guards stand close by, alert and waiting.

138 ANGLE - FEATURING DILLON

staring off toward the wilderness area, not far from a small cluster of Guards. He turns to glance toward:

139 THE SUN

moving low on the horizon, not far from setting.

140 BACK ON DILLON

turning to look back toward the wilderness area.

141 ANGLE - HAN FEI

maintaining a serenity in spite of the discomfort of his position. There is evidence of pain in his eyes.

142 ANGLE

FEATURING Chuen, others, relating to Han Fei, to the Guards.

143 ANGLE - HSIANG

Alone, torturing himself with fear and repentance.

144 ANGLE - HAN FEI AND THE GUARDS

The Guards glance toward the sun, look toward Dillon.

145 ANGLE - DILLON

Looking off in the wilderness. Looking... looking... looking... and then he stiffens.

146 POV SHOT - SHOOTING TOWARDS THE WILDERNESS AREA

A figure walking toward the camp.

147 REACTION SHOTS

Guards, Coolies. Principals.

148 POV SHOT - THE APPROACHING FIGURE

walking towards the camp at a steady, even pace.

149 ANGLE - FEATURING DILLON

He nods a signal at the Guards.

150 ANGLE - CAINE

walking into camp.

151 SCENE

Caine walks into Camp, looks at Han Fei, starts toward Dillon. Almost there, he stops, HEARING people behind him. He turns around to discover he is surrounded by Guards all holding guns on him. The Guards move in.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

152 INT. CUSTODY TENT - NIGHT

Caine and Han Fei both bound, in separate areas of the tent; Caine, in addition, tied securely to a post planted firmly into the ground. Three Guards, heavily armed, on scene. Dillon checking Caine's bonds himself. The tent lit by a pair of lamps.

Dillon, satisfied with the bonds holding Caine, steps back.

CAINE

(quietly)

Let the old one go.

Dillon glances over at Han Fei. The long hours already spent staked to the tree outside have already sapped his strength. He looks wan, exhausted.

DILLON

I need insurance.

He turns to the Guards.

DILLON

If he makes a move, kill them
both.

Another glance at Caine to make his point (conceivably Caine could avoid death; the old man could not), then Dillon goes out. The Guards settle down for the vigil.

153 INT. DILLON'S TENT - NIGHT

Dillon enters the darkened tent, turns up the lamp on the table, remains for a moment toying with a thought. He picks up a telegram from the table, scans it, drops it again, then moves over to pour himself a drink. CAMERA HOLDS for a moment, then MOVES IN on the telegram.

154 INSERT - THE TELEGRAM

Addressed to Dillon at the work camp, and reading: A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE IMPERIAL CHINESE GOVERNMENT HAS BEEN DISPATCHED TO RECEIVE PRISONER AND BESTOW GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF GOVERNMENT. It is signed by the first secretary of the Chinese Embassy.

155 ANGLE - DILLON

He takes a thoughtful slug of his drink.

156 EXT. CAMP SITE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

Late. Everything seems quiet. CAMERA PANS the camp, registering the stillness, the total absence of movement. CAMERA LOCATES and HOLDS ON the custody tent, separate from all the others. MOVE SLOWLY IN on the tent.

157 INT. CUSTODY TENT

ON the Guards, two playing cards, the third trying to extricate a splinter from his palm with a knife. PAN TO Caine, bound as we last saw him, his eyes closed. He could be asleep.

PAN to Han Fei, where the action is different. Han Fei is crawling slowly and carefully, inch by inch, across the dirt floor toward the back of the tent, his movement carrying him away from Caine.

158 REVERSE ANGLE - FEATURING HAN FEI

His eyes on the Guard as he inches painfully along. The ANGLE INTERPOSES his body so that his hands are not visible. A movement of the Guards pulls him to a stop. A brief moment, and then he continues.

159 ANGLE - FEATURING THE THIRD GUARD

Diligently working at the splinter. He finds himself squinting, looks toward the lamp, rises, goes to the lamp, begins priming the kerosene chamber. In the shadows in the back, Han Fei risks a move. The Guard turns, sees him. Han Fei makes as if to scramble to his feet. The Guard, alarmed, in what is almost a reflex action, hurls the knife in his hand.

160 ANGLE - HAN FEI

His face contorts with agony as the knife hits.

161 ANGLE - FEATURING THE OTHER GUARDS

Startled, they rise quickly, take in the situation, move quickly toward Han Fei, joined there by the Guard who had thrown the knife. Caine is awake, watching.

162. ANGLE FEATURING HAN FEI

Shock and pain. One of the Guards looks at the knife, turns Han Fei over. The motion reveals his hands, still bound at the wrist. The Guards react. They quickly check his feet. They, too, are still tied and attached to the peg. The two guards turn to the man who had thrown the knife.

THIRD GUARD

I thought he was loose!
 (sees their
 disbelief)
 He must've done it deliberately!

They turn once more to look down at Han Fei.

SNAP! The SOUND, a sharp retort, comes from Caine. The three Guards whirl.

163. ANGLE FEATURING CAINE

With outward pressure from his arms, he has snapped the ropes binding his arms to his body. His wrists are still bound and tied to the post, but with a lightning two-handed chop, palms pressed together, he cracks the heavy wooden post in two. The Guards are frozen with shock. One of them breaks the spell, makes a move for his gun. But Caine is among them before any of them can shoot. Using his hands, his feet, he disposes of them before they are totally aware of what is happening. Now Caine frees his wrists and kneels down beside Han Fei, a tenderness in his eyes. Han Fei looks up at him, presses his hands together, fingers under his chin, inclines his head with a deep respect, then slumps into death. Caine stares down at him with a respect as deep.

164. INT. DILLON'S TENT

NIGHT

CLOSE ON Dillon asleep. He wakes, suddenly, as if he has heard something. For a moment he lies still, listening. Not a sound. Slowly he rises in the dark, still listening. His look says it all: something is wrong! He reaches for his gun in the dark, finds it, holds it ready. Still not a sound. He moves slowly to the entrance to the tent.

165. EXT. DILLON'S TENT

As the flap is drawn slowly back and Dillon cautiously

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

emerges. Nothing moves. All is quiet. He stands still for a long moment, listening, then starts a cautious movement forward.

166 CLOSE - DILLON

MOVING with him as he advances slowly through the darkness toward the custody tent.

Abruptly and with no warning, a figure comes hurtling toward him out of the darkness. He blazes at it with his gun. The figure crumbles, falls. Dillon stands ready, waiting for whatever else may come. But nothing happens. The night is as still and soundless as before. He waits for a long moment, then moves carefully toward the fallen figure, looks down at it, turns it over with his toe.

167 ANGLE - THE DEAD MAN

Hsiang, the informer.

168 BACK ON DILLON

as he reacts. He looks around, then freezes at a SOUND coming from the area from which Hsiang had been propelled toward him. Two figures, a little apart, advance slowly from out of the shadows. As they come closer, we recognize Chuen and a second Coolie, both armed. Both come to a stop, their eyes fixed on Dillon. As he stares at them, another SOUND draws his attention. Three more armed Coolies emerge from the shadows. And then suddenly the night is filled with Chinese, encircling him in all directions, many of them armed. The circle parts and Caine walks through to confront Dillon. Caine is unarmed. For a moment the two stare at each other, then Dillon throws aside his gun. Chuen moves slowly up to Caine.

CHUEN

This was found in his tent.

He holds out the telegram. Caine takes it, reads it, turns once more to look at Dillon.

169 EXT. THE WORK CAMP - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

The camp seems deserted -- a ghost camp. Off in the distance, three riders are approaching at a stately, unhurried pace. As they come closer, we can MAKE THEM OUT as Chinese. All three are in Chinese dress. The most ornate is the man in front, the other two on each side and slightly behind, like a guard of honor. The camp remains deserted.

170 CLOSER - THE THREE RIDERS

it is the man in front who takes our attention. A small man, even slight, but a face filled with calm purpose, sure of itself, sure of the divinity of its mission. The three men ride on toward the camp.

171 THE WORK CAMP

As the three men ride into camp, Coolies begin to appear from all sides watching the movement into the camp. Faces are expressionless. The man in front and his two escorts do not seem to take any notice of the appearance of the Coolies. they ride up to a tent outside of which some of the Coolies are massed. The lead rider dismounts and goes into the tent.

172 INT. COOLIE TENT

Caine is alone in the tent. He turns as the Little Monk enters. For a moment the two stare at each other.

THE LITTLE MONK

You are Caine?

Caine bows slightly in acknowledgment.

CAINE

And you?

With what seems to be a ritual movement, the little man raises his hands above his head, elbows bent slightly, circling his extended, bent arms behind, shoulders pushed forward, and then the forearms raised up before him, palms up. The movement throws back his sleeves, reveals his bared forearms. On his arms the familiar symbols: The Way of the Tiger, the Sign of the Dragon, proclaiming him Caine's equal. Around them, the Coolies react. Caine looks calmly at the symbols, then meets the Little Monk's eyes. His voice is cold:

CAINE

You have journeyed a long way.

THE LITTLE MONK

From the ashes of the Shaolin Temple.

CAINE

The monks live. Honor lives.

THE LITTLE MONK

But the favored nephew of the Imperial House does not.

(CONTINUED)

172 CONTINUED:

Caine reacts as the realization of the monk's perfidy takes hold.

CAINE

For money?? A Shaolin monk does not sell himself like a handful of rice!

THE LITTLE MONK

A man can tire of begging. You are more than a handful of rice.

He moves in closer to Caine.

THE LITTLE MONK

I have spent many weeks searching for you. It has long been known that you escaped to this country.

Caine receives this, makes a little gesture of acceptance.

CAINE

And so you have found me.

For another moment they stare at each other, then both bow politely.

173 INT. COOLIE TENT - DAY

CLOSE ON Caine's pouch as a hand opens it, reaches in and takes out a folded black-topped cloth. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Caine as he unfolds the cloth into a rough silk pajama-like uniform. Within are a red sash and soft black cloth shoes. Emblazoned on the chest of the garment are small figures of a Tiger and a Dragon and three minute gold characters. In the tent with Caine is Chuen, standing respectfully back.

Caine begins to undress, preparing to don the ceremonial uniform.

CHUEN

(softly, as Caine prepares)

Master, what about the man Dillon?

CAINE

He must be held to be judged by the laws of his own country.

CHUEN

How shall this be done?

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

CAINE

He has much to answer for before the law. The body of the young engineer will be unearthed, and surely it will be seen that he was murdered. The evidence of the food he has fed us will show that much of the money allotted for this purpose has gone into his own pocket. They will read the engineer's report about the tunnel through the mountains, and judge how he has acted.

CHUEN

Master, who can speak of this to American justice?

CAINE

I can.

A beat, then:

CHUEN

And if you are killed?

Caine pauses in his dressing to consider this.

CAINE

Then it may be he will go free -- if that is the way of this country. But this country must live with the kind of justice it dispenses. It is not for us to change it.

Caine continues to dress.

174 INT. DILLON'S TENT

Dillon lying on his cot. He gets up, moves quietly to the entrance, carefully lifts the tent flap. A Coolie armed with a rifle, guarding the tent, turns to face him. Dillon lets the tent flap drop, moves back into the tent. He begins to pace, thoughtfully.

175 EXT. A COOLIE TENT

Coolies standing back expectantly. A moment, and then the tent flap rises. An extra beat, and then the Little Monk emerges, in full ceremonial regalia. The Coolies react with awe and respect.

176 EXT. COOLIE TENT (CAINE'S)

Caine comes out, he, too, in full regalia. He is met with postures of respect and reverence.

177 EXT. THE CAMPSITE

With Coolies forming two, uneven, irregular lines along both sides of the main trail through the camp. Caine and the Little Monk appear at opposite ends, a distance apart. The two Masters stare at each other, ignoring the bystanders. A total hush falls over the scene. From opposite ends, the two monks bow toward each other.

Then swiftly, so swiftly that the eye almost cannot follow, the Little Monk hurls three brass stars at Caine. Caine slaps them out of the air to the ground. The Coolies gasp with awe. The Little Monk smiles coldly, and the two begin to approach each other.

178 CLOSER ANGLE

The opponents bow again. The Little Monk assumes "The Way of the Eagle," and advances. As in a chess game, Caine takes a sinister counter-stance. In close quarters, with an almost imperceptible hand, the other man strikes. Caine is unmoved, his face expressionless.

A trickle of blood runs down Caine's head over his right eye. He holds his stance as if nothing has happened. The Little Monk senses early victory, but draws back... he is wary of over-confidence. the Coolies are startled, but remain silent. The Little Monk takes the offensive again, striking for the neck. Caine evades the movement and strikes open-palm. Blocked. There is a succession of hand and foot movements by both men, all blocked. They appear evenly matched.

179 INT. DILLON'S TENT

Dillon is listening to the SOUNDS made by the spectators of the battle. He moves again to the tent entrance, slowly draws back the flap. The Coolie guarding the tent has moved a little distance away from the tent to get a view of the battle. Dillon looks around, spies a wooden stake in the tent, returns to get it.

180 BACK ON THE BATTLE

Each man executes the ancient forms and fluid patterns -- The Way of the Eagle, The Tiger, The Crane, The Snake, The Praying Mantis. The smaller man's eyes are SEEN to glow as he summons his "chi." Again he assumes The Way of the Snake; like two slithering serpents, his hands weave in and out. With blinding speed, one of the hands springs forward. The tips of the rigid fingers catch Caine in the throat.

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED:

Obviously hurt, Caine steps back. The Monk quickly moves in with the Crane movement. We SEE his deadly "Crane-hand" CLOSEUP as it connects with Caine's shoulder. Caine buckles and defensively moves back again; it is apparent that he is losing. The Coolies stand as if in a death-watch.

In a low stance, scurrying like a crab, the Little Monk slowly circles his opponent. He stops. With right hand held high above his head, he assumes the "Praying Mantis." Completely immobile, he stands statue-like. Caine takes the appropriate counter-stance. The Monk's hand flashes down, but Caine blocks it and throws three lightning hand movements in quick succession. The blows are cleanly executed, each blow finding its mark. The Monk recoils momentarily, then retreats.

181 INT. DILLON'S TENT

Dillon succeeds in working the stake loose. He grips it, goes back to the entrance, lifts the flap. The Guard is still intent on the battle. Dillon steps carefully out of the tent, moving in towards the Guard, the stake held ready like a club. He moves in close, raises the club, swings it down on the man's skull. The Guard drops to the ground. Dillon picks up his rifle.

182 BACK ON THE BATTLE

Both men are bloody and torn as Caine waits his opponent out. Caine stands in the classic "cat-stance" (back on right foot), his discipline undisturbed. He appears to have regained strength. His opponent circles warily, his face displaying a foreboding grimace.

183 ANGLE - DILLON

Moving in toward the area of the battle, watching. He raises the rifle to his shoulder. His finger tenses against the trigger. He waits his opportunity.

184 BACK ON THE BATTLE

Despite his possibly broken ribs, the Little Monk slowly straightens and advances once more. Caine circles with him, ready. Suddenly the CRACK of a rifle shot. Caine slaps at his shoulder, where he has been hit. With blinding speed, he draws a brass star and hurls it.

185 ANGLE - DILLON

Jarred back. the rifle drops from his hand. He whirls, clutching at his chest, drops, the brass star seen protruding from his gripping, inert hand.

180 CONTINUED:

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186 BACK ON THE BATTLE

The Little Monk leaps in on Caine. One of his deadly hands is blocked, but the other connects as his foot sweeps Caine's legs out from under. Caine goes down.

The Monk turns quickly. Caine rises, assumes a defensive position. The Monk, looking for the kill, comes hurtling through the air... riding the wind... the Way of the Dragon. A high-flying side-kick comes straight at CAMERA. We SEE it catch Caine squarely in the head. He is knocked sprawling, seemingly out. The Little Monk scurries in for the kill. His hands form "Twin Dragons Fighting for the Pearls." It is almost over.

But Caine suddenly rises, thrusts out with both hands, fingers extended, aimed for the Little Monk's temples.

It is as though the scene freezes, a grisly tableau. The little man is erect, but paralyzed. Caine's fingers hold him as if by electrocution. The Little Monk's body shakes violently; his eyes roll back in his head. It is like a crucifixion scene.

Caine springs back and stands defensively. Slowly, like a felled tree, the Monk falls face forward heavily into the dirt.

Total silence. A long beat, then Caine bows to his opponent, turns and walks away.

187 ANGLE FEATURING CAINE

APPROACHING CAMERA. He comes to a stop, looks down. VIEW EXPANDS TO INCLUDE Dillon's body on the ground. Caine stares at it thoughtfully, then continues on into his tent.

188 INT. COOLIE TENT

Caine enters and stares thoughtfully off. Chuen enters behind him, his manner showing a vast deferential respect.

CHUEN

In years to come people will remember what was done here. They will speak of it with respect.

CAINE

The taking of life does no one honor.

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED:

Chuen accepts this. A moment, then:

CHUEN
What will you do?

CAINE
(shrugs)
Work... wander... rest when I can.

CHUEN
He will never let you rest.
(a questioning look)
The Emperor. He sent this man after
you; he will send others. They know
you are here -- in America. They
will search you out.

A long moment as Caine seems to stare into the future,
then:

CAINE
Then let them find me.

As Chuen stares respectfully at the mystic figure of
Caine:

FADE OUT.

THE END