

MARTIAL LAW

"Freefall"

TEASER

INT. FIGHT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A condemned building...The only thing holding it up is the rot. We follow the HOLLERING and HOWLING of an AMPED-UP CROWD into the bowels of the decaying structure, toward a circle of hastily-erected lights. The crowd is gathered tight around a FIGHT, waving CASH in their fists...urging on TWO, LEAN, MUSCLED FIGHTERS, young and shirtless, who are attacking each other with their BARE FISTS...spit, sweat and blood flying.

One of them, let's call him AX, takes the lead, pummeling his opponent with vicious jabs and kicks, jazzed by the screams of the crowd, eager for blood and money. Finally, Ax is pulled off his opponent by a few others, who raise up his arms in victory and lead him away. His victim is DRAGGED OFF and TWO OTHER FIGHTERS immediately step in, launching themselves at each other.

EXT. FIGHT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

As AX and his TWO CRONIES are walking through the darkness. They are jubilant, clutching handfuls of crumpled cash, cheering Ax on.

AX

I'm the baddest! I'm the best!  
Nobody can beat me!

A VOICE

Except Lone Wei.

A FIGURE emerges from the shadows in front of them. It's SAMMO LAW.

SAMMO

Just like he did three months ago.

Ax glares at him.

AX

He got lucky. I had the flu.

SAMMO

If you say so.

Ax moves up slowly, pissed off.

AX

You looking to get hurt?

SAMMO

I'm looking for Lone Wei.

Ax turns away. Sammo grabs his arm.

SAMMO (CONT'D)  
You can tell me where he is.

AX  
You got one second to let go or I'll  
break your wrist.

SAMMO  
Not until you tell me where to find  
Lone Wei.

Ax takes a swing at him, Sammo casually dodges it and does an AMAZINGLY QUICK MOVE that puts Ax face-down on the ground, with his arm twisted painfully behind him. His cronies stand back, stunned.

SAMMO (CONT'D)  
Where do I find Lone Wei?

AX  
You don't. Lone Wei finds you. He  
only fights who he wants, when he  
wants.

SAMMO  
Someone must know him.

Ax doesn't say anything. Sammo twists his arm back hard. Ax winces.

SAMMO (CONT'D)  
One more twist and it breaks. You  
won't be able to fight for months...

AX  
Talk to Strode...Kyle Strode.

AX (CONT'D)  
He bankrolls all the high-roller  
bouts...that's where Lone Wei fights  
now.

Sammo releases Ax and helps him to his feet.

SAMMO  
I am very sorry I had to do that,  
but you gave me no choice.

Ax stares at him, massaging his arm.

AX  
What is he to you?

Before Sammo can reply, the air is shaken by A THUNDEROUS ROAR IN THE SKY... they look up to see:

THEIR POV - THE NIGHT SKY

As a FIREBALL streaks by like a chunk of hell, disappearing BEHIND SOME BUILDINGS a few BLOCKS AWAY...

BACK TO SCENE

As the GROUND IS SHAKEN by an EXPLOSION. Sammo runs off in the direction of the BLAST.

EXT. BLAST SITE - NIGHT

Sammo rounds a CORNER to find OVERTURNED CARS, an ABANDONED BUILDING ABLAZE, and BITS OF BURNING DEBRIS everywhere. ANGUISHED CRIES come from one of the cars. Sammo rushes up the car and finds a WOMAN trapped inside. As he STRUGGLES to pull her out of the car, we SEE

A HOMELESS MAN

Let's call him CHARLIE, hurriedly leaving the scene, pushing his rickety, over-stuffed GROCERY CART... which, as we LOOK CLOSELY, now contains a piece of debris... a SCORCHED YELLOW METAL BOX with the RED MARKING: **CONTENTS RADIOACTIVE**.  
And on:

SAMMO

Pulling the woman to safety, totally unaware of the homeless man disappearing around the corner, we  
FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. BLAST SITE - DAY

Paramedics and firemen are helping Sammo rescue and tend people... mostly homeless folks.

Sammo is trying to lift a LARGE PIECE OF RUBBLE off a car. He's dirty, he's tired, and the rubble is probably about three times his own weight. As he struggles he looks up -- and sees TWO FBI AGENTS standing in front of him.

SAMMO

Help me.

Instead, they PULL OUT THEIR GUNS and aim them at him.

SAMMO (CONT'D)

There could be people trapped under this.

The agents are unmoved. That's when a VOICE comes from behind Sammo.

WICKE

Could be. I wonder what else is down there.

Sammo turns to find himself facing RANDALL WICKE, 30s. Black suit, black tie. If the government could build security robots, they'd look like this.

WICKE (CONT'D)

What's wrong? Liquor store already cleaned out?

SAMMO

I am not a looter.

Slowly, he reaches into his pocket and pulls out his badge. He tosses it to Wicke, who glances at it, then runs a HANDHELD SCANNER over the ID card. His eyes tighten at what comes back.

WICKE

No, I don't suppose you are.

Wicke motions to his agents, who lead Sammo away. And on Wicke's thoughtful look:

EXT. BLAST SITE - LATER

It's a scene out of a conspiracy theorist's worst nightmare. A few MILITARY VEHICLES are blocking off the street and keeping the PRESS at bay. Armed SOLDIERS guard the perimeter of the area. Right now they're guarding it from Amy Dylan, who flashes her badge as she tries to push through.

AMY

Let me through. I have a man in there.

That's when Wicke appears on the other side of the barricade.

WICKE

Are you sure of that?

AMY

I'm Amy Dylan, Commander of the Major Crimes Unit. I was called by an FBI agent named Wicke --

WICKE

I'm Wicke.

He motions at the soldiers, who let her pass into the blast site. He leads her through the blasted area.

AMY

Where's Sammo?

WICKE

There are many questions to ask about Detective Law, Commander. Is that the best you could come up with?

(then)

I assume you know what happened here today.

AMY

It's all over the news. A communications satellite fell out of orbit into downtown LA.

WICKE

Communications, yes. It's what it communicated that matters.

She stops, understanding.

AMY

It's a spy satellite. That's why the FBI is involved.

WICKE

The newest generation of spy satellite.

AMY

Maybe you should stick with the old ones.

WICKE

The newest generation of spy satellite falls out of the sky and lands in a city with 1500 police officers. And yet it lands within walking distance of the one member of your force who's a Chinese national.

AMY

One of two.

(off his look)

Detectives Sammo Law and Grace Chen are here as part of an international exchange program. We sent one of our men to the Shanghai PD.

WICKE

Where I'm sure he's consulted on all their national security issues.

(before she can object)

We've recovered most of our satellite. But one key component is missing.

AMY

If you believe Sammo took it --

WICKE

We've assured ourselves he didn't.

(then)

The component contains a small amount of plutonium. If it is opened, or broken, or tampered with in any way, it will release enough radiation to render several city blocks uninhabitable for a thousand years.

That's enough for Amy. They'll deal with the Sammo issue later.

AMY

What can we do?

WICKE

Two things: Find it. And then stay the hell away from it. Just put a guard around the area and call me.

He hands her a card.

AMY

I'll tell the Chief. You'll have every member of the force at your disposal.

WICKE

Not every member, Commander.

And they've gotten to Sammo, who sits, surrounded by guards.

AMY

Sammo Law is one of our best detectives. If anyone can find your satellite component, it's him.

WICKE

Not if the United States government has anything to say about it.

And with that, he gestures to the soldiers holding Sammo. He walks away as the soldiers release Sammo, who goes up to Amy.

AMY

Are you okay?

SAMMO

I'm fine.

They walk towards the perimeter, then:

AMY

What were you doing down here, Sammo?  
You told me you were going to the  
gym.

SAMMO

I was at a gym.

AMY

You said the police gym.

SAMMO

I'm sorry if I was not clear. English  
is a very complex language.

And with that, he walks away, leaving a concerned Amy behind.

INT. MCU - DAY

As GRACE and TERRELL come in.

TERRELL

The alien chick says "Despite our  
superior technology, we have nothing  
like this activity you call sex."

GRACE

So where do all the little aliens  
come from?

TERRELL

Then she drops her towel. Apparently,  
their superior alien technology has  
come up with breast implants.

GRACE

And you kept watching... why?

TERRELL

It's two AM. Even with six million  
channels, there's not much on.

GRACE

You could turn off the TV and go to  
sleep.

TERRELL

Without finding out if the aliens  
learned to like this activity we  
call sex?

They reach the command center, where Amy hangs up the phone.

AMY

Terrell, grab a shopping cart and  
head downtown.

TERRELL

Don't tell me. I finally made it onto Supermarket Sweep.

AMY

Yeah, and first prize is a top secret piece of military equipment that could irradiate half of Los Angeles if you don't find it first.

She hands him a photo of the BOX (the unscorched, undamaged version of what we saw Charlie make off with).

AMY (CONT'D)

The FBI is convinced foreign spies are out to get this thing. My guess is one of those homeless guys wandered off with it.

GRACE

If he did, he's not going to tell a detective from the MCU.

AMY

But he might mention it to the guy he's sharing a heating grate with.

TERRELL

Sammo and I'll grab some dirty blankets and head down.

He heads out. Amy, uncomfortable, stops him.

AMY

Sammo's not on this case.

(to Grace)

And neither are you. Orders from the Chief... at the request of the FBI.

GRACE

Those foreign spies who are looking for the box -- they mean *Sammo and me*.

AMY

These FBI guys are professionally paranoid, Grace. It's not personal. I'm really sorry.

Grace is stung -- but she's not going to let it show. She shrugs.

GRACE

No problem.

She walks away, leaving Amy watching her guiltily.

TERRELL

I hope Sammo takes it that well.

AMY

He did -- he said he could use the time for another case he's working on.

TERRELL

What case?

AMY

I don't know...he says he's been on it for a while.

(then:)

Find the box, Terrell. Get these FBI guys out of our lives.

And she turns back to her work. Terrell shoots her a look, then heads out.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Where we find a LIMOUSINE parked in front of a building. KYLE STRODE, 30s, handsome, rugged and self-assured, strides to the car. He wears wealth like a t-shirt. If he wasn't a bad guy, he'd be a movie star. He's flanked by TWO THICK NECKED BODYGUARDS in polo shirts. Just as Strode gets into the limo, Sammo drives up in his YELLOW CAB and parks in front of it, blocking the car. The two bodyguards step in front of Sammo as he approaches. One of them, we'll call him THICK NECK, motions to Sammo's car.

THICK NECK

Move it or lose it.

Sammo FLASHES his BADGE and directs his words to Strode, hidden behind the tinted glass windows of the limo.

SAMMO

Police. I want to see Kyle Strode.

THICK NECK

He's busy. Call his office and make an appointment.

SAMMO

I need to see him now.

Sammo reaches for the door handle, but Thick Neck steps in front of him. Sammo sighs wearily.

SAMMO (CONT'D)

Do you know how many times I've been in this exact same situation?

THICK NECK

What usually happens?

SAMMO

I beat the guys up, straighten my jacket, and walk in. I'd like to avoid it this time. The dry cleaning is getting costly.

THICK NECK

I'm trembling.

Thick Neck shoves Sammo, who strikes with LIGHTNING SPEED, taking out the guys in a few incredible moves. Sammo straightens his jacket.

KYLE'S VOICE

Send me the dry cleaning bill.

Sammo turns to see Kyle emerging from the limo, a smile of genuine amusement on his face.

KYLE

Hell, I'll even buy you a new jacket. It was worth it to see that. Come on, detective, let's take a walk.

OMITTED

As they walk, Kyle's bodyguards remain a discreet distance behind them.

KYLE

Anyone ever tell you you're amazing? I mean, who'd ever believe a guy built like you could move like that?

SAMMO

Is that why you let them attack me?

Kyle gives him a sly smile.

KYLE

C'mon, you probably work up a bigger sweat buttering your toast.

SAMMO

I could arrest you for assaulting a police officer.

Kyle laughs good-naturedly.

KYLE

If you're gonna charge me, I want to see a real assault. Let me call a few guys to take you on so at least it's a challenge for you and fun for me.

SAMMO

How about Lone Wei?

KYLE

That would be an interesting fight...  
though I think you're a little old  
for the sport.

Sammo holds out his cell phone.

SAMMO

Give him a call. Let him decide.

Kyle smiles.

KYLE

Is that why you came down here,  
detective, to duke it out with Lone  
Wei? Or are his unpaid parking  
tickets catching up with him?

SAMMO

That's between us. Where do I find  
him?

KYLE

Can't help you. Truth is, I got no  
idea how to find the kid.

SAMMO

He fights for you.

KYLE

No, he fights for himself. Sometimes,  
me and a few of my friends are lucky  
enough to see him do it.

SAMMO

And make lots of money betting on  
the outcome.

KYLE

That would be illegal, you should  
know that, buddy.

(then)

But there's no law against a fellow  
inviting a couple guys to a party to  
show off their pugilistic skills.

SAMMO

You enjoy the violence.

KYLE

Of course I do. Show me a man who  
doesn't. It's natural. People don't  
watch Mike Tyson for his towering  
intellect or kung fu movies for the  
plots.

(then)

C'mon, I saw you back there.

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

Tell me you don't get a rush out of taking on two guys and wiping the sidewalk with them...

He's got Sammo on that one.

SAMMO

If you don't call Lone Wei, how does he know where the fights are?

KYLE

Word gets around. Sometimes he shows up, sometimes he doesn't.

(then)

He's usually got a bunch of Chinese guys with him... one of 'em has a snake tattooed on his cheek... real charming.

KYLE (CONT'D)

(then, playfully)

I'm thinking of getting one, what do you think?

SAMMO

You won't be telling people anything about you they don't already know.

Sammo turns around and walks away. The thick-necked guards have learned their lessons and give him plenty of room to pass...eyeing him warily as he goes.

KYLE

You do realize I don't understand a word you just said, right?

And on Kyle's look, we CUT TO:

EXT. HOMELESS ENCAMPMENT - DAY

We FOLLOW a wandering VAGRANT dragging his BEDROLL behind him. It's Terrell. He passes another vagrant, who's taped TRANSISTOR RADIOS, REMOTE CONTROLS and PORTABLE TELEPHONES to himself with DUCT TAPE... and is wearing a helmet of sorts made of ANTENNAS, ALUMINUM FOIL, and PLASTIC ROCKET SHIPS. We'll call him SPACEY.

SPACEY

They're among us! They're coming for you!

TERRELL

Who?

SPACEY

The aliens, man, the naked little  
green guys with big heads.

(then)

I saw them land last night.

Terrell looks at this guy. Oh yeah, he's going to be lots  
of help.

TERRELL

Didn't we all.

SPACEY

You saw the fireball?

SPACEY (CONT'D)

(off his nod)

You know why they're here, don't  
you?

TERRELL

Because with all their superior  
technology, they have nothing like  
the activity we call sex.

Spacey stares at him. Finally, someone who understands.

SPACEY

They will try to contact you. You  
must block out their signal.

Spacey searches in his bag for a wrinkled roll of ALUMINUM  
FOIL and a BENT CAR ANTENNAE and hands them to Terrell.

TERRELL

I'll remember that. Thanks.

He begins to move on, but Spacey grabs him.

SPACEY

And whatever you do, avoid the men  
with the empty eyes. They are  
everywhere.

Now that might be something interesting.

TERRELL

What do they want?

SPACEY

Your sperm... and their dilithium  
plasma warp trigenenerator.

Okay, maybe it's not interesting.

TERRELL

I'll keep my eyes out for it.

He starts to head off, but Spacey pulls Terrell close and whispers confidentially.

SPACEY

Charlie has it. He found it in the wreckage. It is the key to transwarp space travel.

TERRELL

The dilithium plasma generator -- would it be a yellow box with red lettering?

(off Spacey's nod)

Where's Charlie?

SPACEY

Building the first starship in our defensive fleet. We're leaving on Tuesday.

TERRELL

I gotta go with you.

Spacey doesn't look sold, so Terrell ups the ante.

TERRELL (CONT'D)

What if they catch me? What if they make me mate with them? Do you have any idea what our kids would look like?

SPACEY

Can you fly a starship?

TERRELL

Depends on the model, the engine, the upholstery. I'd have to take a look at it first...

And on Spacey leading him away, we CUT TO:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL WASTELAND - DAY

The ruins of some long abandoned factory complex. In the midst of the rubble and trash, we find a STRUCTURE of SIDING, INSULATION, CARDBOARD, and PLYWOOD built around the remains of an OLD CAR. This is the starship. And tending to it all is CHARLIE, who is putting the SCORCHED YELLOW BOX from the satellite in amidst a hodge-podge of wiring, gears, that's been grafted onto what once was the car engine. Suddenly a SHADOW falls over Charlie. He turns to see a DARK FIGURE emerging from hiding... a well-dressed man in a dark suit...and a cold, dead gaze. This is THE STRANGER. And on Charlie's TERROR, we CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CHINESE GROCERY CART - DAY

Sammo is talking to several CHINESE MEN. They are speaking in CHINESE (so the dialogue you're about to see will be SUB-TITLED). Sammo has a SMALL SHOPPING BAG.

SAMMO

I am looking for a street fighter named Lone Wei. Do you know him?

They all shake their heads no.

SAMMO (CONT'D)

What about a Chinese man with a snake on his face?

MAN #1

I've seen him around. His name is Yao Ping, came out of the Hong Kong triads. He's a gambler.

SAMMO

Where can I find him?

MAN #1

Sometimes he eats at Wo Li's Mandarin Garden. I've also seen him at Tang's Mah Jong parlor.

SAMMO

Thank you very much. If you see him, or hear anything about Lone Wei, please give me a call.

Sammo hands them his card and starts to walk towards his car when he HEARS a SCREAM. Sammo charges in the direction of the scream.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Terrell, following alongside Spacey, also reacts to the SCREAM.

TERRELL

Stay right here.

Terrell runs off in the direction of the sound.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL WASTELAND - DAY

Sammo runs up and immediately spots Charlie sprawled on the ground. Sammo goes over to him and feels his pulse. He's joined a moment later by Terrell.

SAMMO

He's dead. Broken neck.

TERRELL

What are you doing here?

Sammo holds up his little bag.

SAMMO

Buying Chinese herbs. Great for  
back-ache.

That's when Terrell looks past Sammo, his gaze turning deadly serious.

TERRELL

How are they on radiation poisoning?

That's when Sammo follows Terrell's gaze to see the SCORCHED  
YELLOW BOX...which has been FORCED OPEN.

TERRELL (CONT'D)

You, me and everyone within a square  
mile have been exposed.

They share a grim look...the look of two men who know they  
are already dead.

SAMMO

Whoever did this must still be nearby.  
We can't let him leave with it...

TERRELL

...and irradiate the rest of the  
city.

Off they go...and WE GO TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

The STRANGER puts a SOPHISTICATED ELECTRONIC DEVICE...with  
elements similar to a HARD-DRIVE, TRANSMITTER, and RECORDING  
APPARATUS into the trunk of his BMW SEDAN.

He strides to the driver's side and is about to get in when  
a GUN is put to his back.

GANG GUY

Nice ride.

The stranger turns around slowly...to see SIX GANG MEMBERS  
behind him... one holding a gun.

GANG GUY (CONT'D)

I want the keys.

The stranger tosses him the keys. In the split-second that  
the gang guy's gaze shifts to the keys in the air, the  
stranger strikes with LIGHTNING SPEED...wrenching the guy's  
wrist with a SMOOTH MARTIAL ARTS MOVE and MAKING HIM SHOOT  
HIMSELF WITH HIS OWN GUN.

The stranger then takes the gun and tries to POP OFF A SHOT at the other gang members, but they are already in MOTION, attacking him before he can get the gun free from the dead man's hand. As the FIGHT RAGES...

Sammo and Terrell show up, getting into the thick of the BRUTAL FIGHT. One of the gang member's STABS THE STRANGER in the back with a KNIFE and hurls him at Sammo and Terrell. The gang members SPEED OFF in the BMW as our heroes tend to the injured stranger. Sammo turns to Terrell.

SAMMO

Call for an ambulance!

Terrell pulls out his cell phone and starts to dial. Sammo tries to make the dying injured Stranger comfortable.

SAMMO (CONT'D)

You will be okay.

The Stranger SMILES, a sick, joyful kind of smile...and then TWISTS his LITTLE FINGER...jerks ONCE and DIES. Sammo stares down at him in shock... and so does Terrell.

SAMMO (CONT'D)

Scorpio...

TERRELL

They're back... That criminal cult is back.

And on Sammo's realization that a bad situation has just gotten much, much worse, we FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SOMEPLACE - NIGHT

We don't know where this place is... but it's dark, foreboding and empty. Several cold, efficient-looking men stand in the shadows behind MR. LARK, a hawkish man illuminated in the glow of a familiar looking SILVER LAPTOP, from which we hear the heavy, foreboding voice of SCORPIO.

CONTROL VOICE

Do we have the Tacticor, Mr. Lark?

LARK

No, sir. Our operative was killed by a street gang in a carjacking. They obtained the Tacticor, but we believe they are unaware of what they have. We are closing in on them.

CONTROL VOICE

So are the Syrians, the Iraqis, the  
Iranians, and U.S. intelligence, Mr.  
Lark.

LARK

And one police officer.

CONTROL VOICE

Sammo Law.

LARK

How did you know?

CONTROL VOICE

I thought I'd killed him decades  
ago... but he arose like a specter  
to defeat a Scorpio operation last  
month. Sammo Law... one lowly  
functionary. I almost admire his  
tenacity.

LARK

Would you like me to kill him?

CONTROL VOICE

We don't have time for trivial  
amusements right now. We must  
retrieve the Tacticor. It is the  
key to Scorpio's ascension to global  
power.

LARK

Then we shall have it, sir.

And with that, the Control Voice signs off. And on Mr. Lark's  
determination, we CUT TO:

TIGHT ON THE SCORCHED BOX

As men in RADIATION SUITS carefully put it into a PROTECTIVE  
CONTAINER...and the ANGLE WIDENS to REVEAL we're back at

EXT. INDUSTRIAL WASTELAND - NIGHT

Which is now illuminated by GIANT KLIEG LIGHTS and crawling  
with PEOPLE IN RADIATION SUITS picking through Charlie's  
"space ship." SAMMO AND TERRELL sit on a box, in the center  
of it all, looking glum.

TERRELL

Think if they turned off those lights,  
we'd glow in the dark?

Terrell glances at Sammo, who just stares off into space.

TERRELL (CONT'D)

You've got more on your mind than this. You have for days. You want to tell me about it?

Sammo's distant gaze doesn't waver.

TERRELL (CONT'D)

Trust me -- whatever it is, I'll take it to my grave.

Terrell sighs.

TERRELL (CONT'D)

Nevermind. I'll just sit here and listen to my cells mutate.

ELSEWHERE IN THE INDUSTRIAL WASTELAND

Amy, furious, marches after Wicke. They are both in RADIATION SUITS.

WICKE

What was Sammo Law doing here? I was under the impression we had an understanding.

She grabs him, it's all she can do not to kill this smug asshole where he stands.

AMY

An entire neighborhood has been irradiated, two of my detectives will be dead by morning, and that's all you can say?

Wicke just gives her a cold look.

WICKE

You haven't answered my question.

Amy gets in his face.

AMY

There's a hunk of radioactive garbage somewhere in this city and God knows how many people are being irradiated right this second.

AMY (CONT'D)

You can stand here worrying about jurisdiction... I'm finding the nearest reporter and telling him what I know.

WICKE

You don't know anything.

Wicke takes off his helmet, much to Amy's surprise, and glares at her.

WICKE (CONT'D)

There is no radiation... it's a cover story. So now maybe you'll stop hyperventilating and answer my question. What was he doing down here?

Instead, she takes off her own helmet and pushes through the people to Sammo and Terrell.

AMY

Sammo, Terrell... you're going to be okay.

Terrell looks up at her, dubious.

TERRELL

Define "okay."

AMY

There was never any radiation. It was a lie.

Now Wicke joins them.

WICKE

Disinformation.

(to Sammo)

Something I'm sure your Chinese friend is familiar with. It's the common language of counter-espionage agents like us.

SAMMO

I am a police officer, not a spy.

WICKE

Who just happened to be in the neighborhood. Again.

Wicke walks away. And on our heroes looking angrily after him, we CUT TO:

INT. MCU - DAY

Amy & Wicke are at the conference table, talking over a map as Terrell & Sammo march up.

AMY

We've cordoned off these streets and are erecting check points here, here, and here.

Wicke notices Terrell.

WICKE

Excuse us. We are in the middle of a confidential briefing.

TERRELL

I just spent the last four hours believing I was about to die. And you're going to know what that feels like unless you tell us what's really going on.

Wicke looks at Sammo and sighs.

WICKE

I suppose I'm not telling you anything he doesn't already know. That box contained a Tacticor... a military transmission encoder that relays orders, coordinates, and authorization codes to battleships, submarines, fighter jets, and missile silos. If it falls into enemy hands --

AMY

Our enemies can control all our military assets.

WICKE

And launch our own nuclear missiles against us. Every intelligence agency in the world wants the Tacticor -- and they all have agents here trying to get it first.

SAMMO

I am not one of them.

WICKE

All you did was let someone get away with the Tacticor.

(to Amy)

Keep him away from this case. Or I will.

Wicke marches off. She's boxed in, and she knows it. She turns to Sammo.

AMY

Sammo, I'm sorry, but I think you should take a vacation... until this is over. This guy is out to get you and--

But Sammo interrupts her, takes out his badge and hands it to her.

SAMMO

I understand. Call when you want me back.

And with that, he leaves. Terrell watches him go, saddened. As soon as he's gone, Terrell turns to her.

TERRELL

The dead guy who got carjacked... he's a Scorpio agent.

Amy is shocked.

AMY

Why didn't you tell Wicke?

TERRELL

And then try to explain how it's just a coincidence that Sammo and Scorpio go back twenty years? He'd probably think Sammo was a Scorpio agent, too.

AMY

I hate this. What are we going to do now?

TERRELL

Get Wicke his toy back.

And on Amy's confusion and Terrell's determination:

EXT. CHOP SHOP - DAY

As Terrell, Amy, and Wicke approach with a small army of FBI agents.

WICKE

Why would gang members bring the Tacticor here?

TERRELL

I've dealt with the 14th Street Vipers before, and they wouldn't know a Tacticor from a Tic Tac. But this is where they'd take a BMW.

AMY

Let's hope they haven't already taken it apart and scattered the pieces.

Wicke signals to his men, and they open the doors and rush in to find:

INT. CHOP SHOP - DAY

The floor is littered with the bodies of gang members -- and one SUITED SCORPIO AGENT.

The BMW sits in the middle of the garage, untouched, its trunk open.

AMY

At least the car is in one piece.

TERRELL

More than you can say for anyone else here.

Wicke goes immediately to the BMW and does a quick search.

WICKE

It's not here.

He waves at his men, who fan out to search the garage.

AMY

Who could have done this?

Terrell kneels down by the suited body. He glances at the NON-FATAL WOUND. Then gestures at its BROKEN LITTLE FINGER. Wicke follows his gaze.

TERRELL

Scorpio.

WICKE

(surprised)

You know about Scorpio?

TERRELL

Just that they've got poison cartridges implanted in their pinkies... and they'd rather die than be captured. They're some kind of criminal cult.

Wicke groans with irritation.

WICKE

Some kind, yes. They knocked our satellite out of the sky intentionally to get the Tacticor. Only something went wrong -- instead of landing in the Pacific as they planned, it dropped into LA.

(then)

Now Scorpio has it. Either they will use it themselves, or sell it to one of our enemies.

TERRELL

We'll stop them.

WICKE

This isn't one of your simple, provincial police matters. It's global.

AMY

It's happening in our city, which makes it our job.

WICKE

It was -- until I declared it an issue of national security. So unless you have a Level 12 clearance or special dispensation from the president, we don't require your presence any longer. Go write some parking tickets.

And with that, he turns back to the search. Amy and Terrell share a look.

TERRELL

So I guess that means if we find out anything more, we shouldn't bother him with it.

AMY

I wouldn't.

TERRELL

Glad to hear that.

Terrell motions to the floor. She follows his gaze and spots DROPS OF BLOOD leading to MOTORCYCLE TRACKS.

TERRELL (CONT'D)

It looks like one of the 14th Street Vipers has better survival skills than his friends.

AMY

So he'd probably know how to find a doctor who'd treat him without asking questions.

TERRELL

I bet if we thought hard enough, we could find him, too.

AND AS THEY HEAD OUT:

OMITTED

EXT. MAH JONG PARLOR - DAY

Several people are playing Mah Jong on card tables outside. Suddenly a man with a snake tattoo on his face comes flying out, smashing into a table and sending Mah Jong tiles flying.

Sammo comes out after him and tosses Yao Ping against a wall, asking him in CHINESE:

SAMMO  
Where is Lone Wei?

PING  
Who?

Sammo slams him into the wall again.

SAMMO  
I won't ask so nicely next time.

We don't hear (or read in the case of sub-titles) what comes next, because now we shift to:

SOMEONE'S POV - THROUGH A CAMERA LENS

As a RAPID-FIRE SUCCESSION of PHOTOS are taken of Sammo and Yao Ping. Someone is watching Sammo. And they are...

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Two guys we will recognize as FBI AGENTS. Wicke has got Sammo under surveillance. And as the DRIVER snaps off a few more PHOTOS, and his partner gets on the RADIO to report in, we CUT TO:

INT. DR. CHEERY TOOTH - EXAM ROOM - DAY

Dreary, downscale, empty. There's no nurse, just weary DR. CHEERY TOOTH, 40s, sitting in a dental chair, smoking a cigarette and playing some kind of videogame as Terrell drags Amy inside. She's in casual clothes, her hair is a mess, and oh yes, she's got a BLOODY BULLET WOUND in her SHOULDER. She GROANS in pain.

TERRELL  
I need to see the doctor.

Dr. Cheery Tooth glances up from his video game, but doesn't bother to stop playing his game.

DR. CHEERY TOOTH  
I'm Dr. Cheery Tooth, not George Clooney. I fill cavities.

Terrell motions to Amy's wound.

TERRELL  
She's got a cavity.

Dr. Cheery Tooth sighs, puts down the game and rises up from the chair.

DR. CHEERY TOOTH  
You got a thousand bucks, cash?

TERRELL

Getting it was how she got shot.

Dr. Cheery Tooth motions to the dental chair and Terrell lays Amy down on it. Dr. Cheery Tooth slides over a stool and a TRAY OF SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS.

OMITTED

DR. CHEERY TOOTH

This is gonna hurt.

He leans down to examine the wound, Amy handcuffs his wrist to the armrest of her chair and smiles at him.

AMY

Police. You're under arrest.

Terrell pokes in the trash with a BROOM HANDLE... and PULLS UP some BLOODIED CLOTHES.

TERRELL

(to Amy)

These are the gang's colors. The guy we're looking for was here.

AMY

Where is he, Tooth?

DR. CHEERY TOOTH

Doctor Tooth. And I'm not talking without a lawyer.

Amy sits up and grabs a DRILL.

AMY

Hey, Terrell? You ever see that movie "Marathon Man?"

TERRELL

Nope.

AMY

Let me show you my favorite scene.

She starts the drill and pinches the doctor's jaw until he opens his mouth. She starts to put the drill in his mouth and he CRACKS.

DR. CHEERY TOOTH

He's in the back room! Through the door!

Terrell pulls his gun, goes to the door, and kicks it OPEN. Sure enough, there is PRIMO, one arm in a sling, trying to get the window open. Terrell pulls him into the exam room.

TERRELL

We need to know everything that went down today... and anything you can tell us about the people who killed your gang.

PRIMO

I'm not sayin' nothing.

Amy slips out of the dental chair.

AMY

You're the only witness to what they did... and when they find out you exist, they won't rest until you're dead.

PRIMO

They ain't gonna know I saw nothing because I ain't sayin' nothing.

TERRELL

They will when we leak to the press that there's a witness... and give a name and description.

PRIMO

You wouldn't....

Terrell just looks at him. Primo wilts.

AMY

Your only hope is protective custody. We'll put you into the jail ward at Community General hospital... if you start talking.

PRIMO

I saw the shooter's ride... there was a rental sticker on it.

AMY

That's a start. But you're going to have to do better than that.

And on Primo's nod, giving in, we CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

It's a low-rent, studio apartment building. Sammo is led inside by the LANDLADY. They stop in the DOOR WAY. A few pieces of IKEA furniture remain, a few magazines, books and newspapers. Spartan but efficient.

LANDLADY

He skipped out about a week ago, left all his stuff in the place.

(MORE)

LANDLADY (CONT'D)

I was gonna sell it off to make-up  
his unpaid rent.

He starts to step inside, but she stops him.

LANDLADY (CONT'D)

You got a warrant?

SAMMO

This isn't police business.

LANDLADY

Then I got no reason to let you in.

Sammo takes out his check book, writes a check, and hands it  
to her.

SAMMO

This should cover the rent and  
furnishings.

The landlady folds the check and sticks it in her cleavage.

LANDLADY

Welcome to the Sanford Palms.

She hands him the key.

LANDLADY (CONT'D)

The deluxe hot-plate and elegant  
fixtures belong to me... everything  
else is yours.

She goes. Sammo steps into the center of the room.

OMITTED

Sammo stands for a moment, getting a feel for the place.  
Sammo starts to look around...opens a closet, finds empty  
hangars, some t-shirts and socks on the floor. He moves to  
the kitchen, opens the cupboard under the sink, and pulls  
out the trash can, emptying it on the table. Amidst the  
banana peels, drink containers, and the like his interest is  
piqued by some OLD, YELLOWED NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS...

HIS POV - THE CLIPPING

It's a small article, that must have been buried in the back  
pages of the metro section. There's a picture of Sammo under  
the headline: "\$90 MILLION IN EMBEZZLED FUNDS RECOVERED." He  
sorts through several other clippings that feature his  
picture: "PLOT TO BOMB STADIUM FOILED," "ESCAPED SERIAL KILLER  
CAPTURED," and, most significantly, "GUN-TOTING SANTAS  
ARRESTED."

BACK TO SCENE

Sammo drops the clippings. Someone has been following his activities closely. That's when he spots something else in the trash, something that makes him forget the clippings entirely. He pulls out a torn, battered, black-and-white photograph.

HIS POV - THE PHOTO

It's a picture of a YOUNGER SAMMO with a TEENAGE CHINESE BOY, clearly taken in China many years ago.

BACK TO SCENE

Sammo is staring at the photo wistfully when he senses a presence behind him. He whirls around: It's GRACE.

GRACE

Forgive me, *lo lau shir*, for following you... but I had to know.

SAMMO

There is nothing to know.

GRACE

Something has been haunting you since Christmas... since you helped that little boy find his brother, the extreme fighter.

SAMMO

It does not concern you.

GRACE

Please. I owe you so much. Let me help you now. Whatever it is, you don't have to face it alone.

SAMMO

Yes, I do.

GRACE

We can find Lone Wei together.

Suddenly Sammo grabs her by the shoulders, urgent and intent.

SAMMO

What do you know about Lone Wei?  
Where has he gone?

Grace looks at him, confused and concerned.

GRACE

Nothing, *lo lau shir*... just that you've been looking for him for months.

Sammo lets go of her, disappointed and more than a little ashamed of himself.

SAMMO  
No, Pei Pei. Years.

GRACE  
Who is Lone Wei? Why is he so important to you?

He hands her the PHOTO.

SAMMO  
He is my son.

And on Grace's shock, and Sammo's sadness, we FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Grace stares at Sammo, and then at the picture again. She's stunned. Sammo takes the picture and smiles.

SAMMO  
His name is Shian.

GRACE  
Why didn't you ever tell me you had a son?

SAMMO  
I didn't want to lose you the way I lost him.

GRACE  
That could never happen, *lo lau shir*. I owe you my life. You taught me everything.

SAMMO  
I tried to teach him, too. And that is how I lost him.

GRACE  
I don't understand.

SAMMO  
When my wife died, Shian was still a child. I tried to raise him alone... the way my father raised me.

GRACE

That's all anyone could ever ask of you.

SAMMO

But my father was very wise. When I was old enough, he found a master to teach me. But I couldn't send my son away... I had to teach him myself.

(then)

I stopped being his father. I became his master.

GRACE

You only wanted to stay close to him. There's nothing wrong with that.

Sammo shakes his head.

SAMMO

I was very rigid, very strict. It was too much for him. One morning, I woke up and Shian was gone...

GRACE

You had no idea where he went?

SAMMO

Not until two years ago.

GRACE

You heard he was in America.

(then)

So you didn't come here to capture Lee Hei and protect me.

SAMMO

That is why I came... but I stayed to find Shian. I couldn't find any trace of him... until I learned of an extreme fighter named Lone Wei.

GRACE

How did you know he was your son?

SAMMO

Lone Wei was the hero of a story I used to tell Shian when he was little... about a brave young prince who runs away from home to battle a dragon.

(then)

I will find him soon. I will show him that I have changed. And then we can go home... together.

They hear APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS outside. Sammo looks at Grace expectantly... could it be? The door flies open... and in bursts Wicke and several agents.

GRACE

What's going on?

They push past her and grab Sammo, who offers no resistance as they place him in handcuffs.

WICKE

We've had you under surveillance, Detective Law. You're being detained for violating the terms of your visa. You will be held pending immediate deportation.

SAMMO

No, please. Don't do this.

WICKE

You got a problem, you can take it up with the U.S. Embassy in Shanghai when you get there tomorrow.

Grace tries to get between them.

GRACE

He hasn't done anything wrong.

WICKE

Back off, Detective Chen, or you'll be on the next plane to China with him.

They drag Sammo off. And on Grace's fury, we CUT TO:

INT. MCU - DAY

Terrell is talking to Amy...whatever he's told her, it's left her shocked.

TERRELL

His son Shian is going under the name Lone Wei. He's in the world of extreme fighting, living off the martial arts skills Sammo taught him.

AMY

I can't believe Sammo didn't tell us about his son.

TERRELL

We still wouldn't know if Grace hadn't called me.

AMY

He didn't have to search alone. We could have helped him.

TERRELL

We can help him now.

That's when Wicke comes in, trailed by his usual posse of agents.

WICKE

I'll need all of Sammo Law's case files since he arrived in Los Angeles.

AMY

You can have them when I see a court order.

He hands her a piece of paper. She glances at it. She wasn't expecting him to actually have one. She reluctantly motions to Sammo's station.

AMY (CONT'D)

His desk is in that corner.

Wicke's men march over there.

TERRELL

Where's Sammo?

WICKE

In a cell at the INS, awaiting deportation to China.

TERRELL

Your charges are bogus. They won't stand up. I'll see to that.

Wicke whips out a stack of PHOTOS and drops them on the counter.

WICKE

Detective Law was consorting with known felons.

AMY

He's a cop, that's his job.

WICKE

He turned in his badge. He was on leave, remember?

Wicke points to a CLOSE UP PHOTO of SAMMO TALKING WITH YAO PING.

WICKE (CONT'D)

That is Yao Ping, a known smuggler with ties to the Chinese military. Why do you suppose Detective Law was talking to him?

TERRELL

He was trying to find his son.

WICKE

Really? How very interesting.

(to Amy)

Did you know he had a son?

(to Terrell)

You're his partner -- did you?

He's got them on that one, it's all over their faces.

WICKE (CONT'D)

What else don't you know about Sammo Law? I'd think about that before you try defending him any further.

Wicke goes over to join his men.

TERRELL

We have to do something to stop this.

AMY

We can find the Tacticor. What did you get out of Primo Martinez, the gang member who survived the Scorpio massacre?

TERRELL

Just that the Scorpio shooter rented a car from Ready Rides.

AMY

What about the sketch we worked up of the shooter, based on Primo's description?

TERRELL

None of the clerks at the 32 outlets of Ready Rides in LA recognized him.

AMY

Go back to the hospital prison ward, see if you can squeeze more details out of Primo. I think he knows more than he's telling.

TERRELL

He better... or we're nowhere. And Sammo's on the next flight to Shanghai.

Terrell leaves. And on Amy's concern, we CUT TO:

INT. FIGHT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A crowd gathered, bloodthirsty and cheering. And in the center, a MOUNTAIN of a man takes out his opponent with one, two, three blows. He holds up his arms, the victor... again. And as another FIGHTER moves into the impromptu ring with him we find

AT THE BACK OF THE CROWD

Kyle Strode stands, looking bored, with a seedy, needy  
MANAGER.

MANAGER

Look at that -- knocked down three  
of your top fighters without breaking  
a sweat.

(then, wistful)

The kid could be the new Tyson -- if  
I could figure a way to get him in  
the country legally.

KYLE

People are getting bored of watching  
two musclebound morons beat each  
other's heads. We need something  
new. Something fresh. Something  
like --

That's when a HUSH falls over the crowd. Kyle and the manager turn to see Grace, in a crop top and short shorts, muscle her way into the "ring." The Mountain just stares at her. Until she lets fly with a spin kick that rattles every bone in his body. He stares at her for a moment -- and the fight is on. The crowd goes crazy. And Kyle is entranced.

KYLE (CONT'D)

-- that.

He moves away from the manager to watch this amazing fight, as Grace proceeds to turn the Mountain into a pile of rubble. And when he's lying in a heap on the floor, and the crowd is going nuts, she pushes her way through towards an exit -- only to find Kyle Strode standing in her way.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Don't tell me this is just a hit and  
run?

GRACE

That depends on whether you plan on  
getting out of my way.

Kyle likes that. He does get out of her way -- and walks with her.

KYLE

Kyle Strode. I liked watching you fight. I thought we might be able to do some business together.

GRACE

I'm sure that's just what you thought about doing together.

KYLE

No, really. This is my place.

GRACE

Love what you've done with it. But it doesn't have what I'm looking for.

KYLE

It will -- as soon as you tell me what that is.

She stops.

GRACE

Lone Wei.

KYLE

He owe you money? Father your love child?

GRACE

Some people still think he's better than me.

Kyle grins. This chick is great.

KYLE

You fight for me, I'll give you a chance to find out. In a few weeks, after you've beaten a dozen guys, earned a reputation, and we've all made some money, I'll put you up against Lone Wei.

GRACE

I break a couple of Lone Wei's bones tonight, that's all the reputation I need.

KYLE

Can't do it.

She shakes her head.

GRACE

Funny, for a second I thought you were a real player.

She shrugs and walks away. He watches her go, and has a change of heart.

KYLE

Tell me your name, and I'll make it happen. Tonight.

She turns around slowly.

GRACE

Grace.

KYLE

Okay, Grace. I'll put you up against the best. And if you survive, I won't have to call Lone Wei... he'll come looking for you.

She smiles -- it's a done deal.

INT. MCU - NIGHT

Terrell marches up to Amy.

AMY

What did Primo have to say?

TERRELL

Nothing. He's gone.

AMY

Gone? You're telling me he escaped from the prison ward of the hospital?

TERRELL

No one can figure out how he got past security.

AMY

I under-estimated him. I didn't think he was that clever.

TERRELL

He isn't.

AMY

If he didn't escape, then he was taken.

(then, realizing)

But why would Scorpio take him if they already have the Tacticor?

Terrell smiles as she catches on.

TERRELL

They wouldn't.

AMY

You think Primo has the Tacticor.

TERRELL

Primo may not know what it is, but he knew it was valuable enough to kill for. So he took it with him when he escaped from the massacre.

AMY

We have to figure out where he hid it before Scorpio gets the information out of him. Any ideas?

TERRELL

A few. But we got something we have to do first...

And we CUT TO:

INT. FIGHT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Grace, in her skimpy fighting costume, is squared off against TWO MEN. She's inflicted a lot of damage on them, but she seems to be running down.

Kyle stands on the sidelines, watching, nervous. And from the look on his face, this is something more than a promoter worried about his investment. The seedy manager steps up next to him.

MANAGER

Still time to call it off before my boys ruin her looks.

KYLE

Your boys are lucky to be breathing.

And with that, Grace takes out one of the other fighters. But the other one manages to come up behind her and grab her by the throat. He squeezes, and Grace gasps for breath.

MANAGER

How thoughtful. He's not going to hurt her face after all. Just her pretty neck.

Kyle pushes him away and shoves his way to the front of the crowd. He catches her eye, signals her, he'll stop the fight. But she waves him off angrily, even as she's fighting to breathe. Kyle watches, torn, then makes a decision. He starts to step into the "ring" to stop the fight -- when Grace finally finds her hold and hurls the fighter over her head, slamming him on the ground and knocking him out. Then she sinks to her knees, gasping for breath. As the crowd goes crazy and money changes hands, Kyle rushes in and half-carries her to the sidelines.

GRACE  
Did we win again?

He holds up a wad of cash.

KYLE  
More than most street fighters make  
in a month.  
(then)  
You're a star. There's something  
about you people love to watch.

GRACE  
The outfit probably doesn't hurt.

KYLE  
Not much. But it's deeper than that.  
A spirit, I don't know.

GRACE  
So when do I fight Lone Wei?

Kyle looks slightly uncomfortable.

KYLE  
You don't. The truth is, he's beyond  
you... and I don't want to see you  
get hurt.

GRACE  
Afraid of losing a few bucks?

Grace looks into his eyes and is surprised by what she sees:  
genuine concern.

KYLE  
Afraid of losing you.

And here's Grace's real surprise: She believes him. And  
even more surprising, feels a little of it herself. She  
hides it.

GRACE  
You can't lose what you don't have.

She starts to walk away. He stops her.

KYLE  
Grace... Lone Wei has moved to the  
next level of extreme fighting. Two  
fighters in a pit. One walks away.  
One doesn't.

GRACE  
Works for me.

KYLE

Stay here, fight for me, I can make you rich. Fight Lone Wei, you could end up crippled. Or worse.

GRACE

I fight Lone Wei or I don't fight.

KYLE

So don't fight. Which means you're free tomorrow night. How about dinner?

GRACE

You just made more on my last fight than most street fighters bring you in a month, and you're going to walk away from that to protect me from myself?

Kyle thinks it through, and is kind of surprised to discover that the answer is:

KYLE

Apparently.

Well, that's something Grace didn't expect. But she's still got a job to do.

GRACE

If I walk out of here, you'll never see me again.

(then)

I don't think either one of us wants that.

He studies her closely. And finally he's got no choice.

KYLE

There's a private jet leaving from Van Nuys airport tomorrow morning at ten. Lone Wei and I'll be on it. You want a match, you be on it, too.

GRACE

Where are we going?

KYLE

Most likely? To your death.

And with that, he walks away, leaving her watching after him.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. INS BUILDING - DAY

Amy and Terrell accept custody of a handcuffed Sammo from an INS Guard.

GUARD  
Sign here. And here.

Amy does.

GUARD (CONT'D)  
Be extra careful escorting this prisoner to LAX. He's one of those Chinese Hong Kong kung fu karate guys.

Terrell studies Sammo, then turns to the Guard.

TERRELL  
He doesn't look too dangerous to me.

GUARD  
Don't be fooled. I heard he can take on a dozen men with just his feet.

AMY  
We'll keep that in mind.

She leads Sammo to their car, away from the Guard's view.

OMITTED

SAMMO  
Why are you doing this? You are jeopardizing your careers.

AMY  
I've never been very ambitious anyway.

Both Sammo and Terrell give her a look. Busted.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Okay, we want you to find your son.

SAMMO  
(stunned)  
You know?

TERRELL  
Grace told us everything.

Terrell puts his arm around Sammo's shoulder.

TERRELL (CONT'D)

We can't let you get deported, not when you're so close.

AMY

(to Sammo)

But if you find the Tacticor and give it to Wicke, all will be forgiven.

SAMMO

I don't have any idea where it is.

TERRELL

I do.

They jump into Amy's car and as they TEAR OFF, we CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE PRIDE - DAY

It's one of those gigantic home improvement stores with two story high shelves lining every aisle... and employees in BLUE APRONS tooling around in those nifty fork-lift/step-lifts. We FIND Terrell, Amy and Sammo.

SAMMO

Why do you think we will find it here?

TERRELL

Primo's sister Eva works here. She's the only family he's got.

TERRELL (CONT'D)

I'm betting he gave her the Tacticor for safe-keeping.

Terrell spots a YOUNG WOMAN, 20s, in one of the blue aprons, working in bathroom fixtures. This is EVA. He marches right up to her.

TERRELL (CONT'D)

Excuse me, Eva. What can you tell me about that toilet over there?

EVA

It's a low-flow super 1000. It's easy to install, conserves water, and comes in three vibrant colors.

TERRELL

And there won't be enough left of you to flush down it if you don't help us before some very bad men come looking for you.

Terrell flashes his badge at her.

AMY

We know your brother gave you something to hide for him... and so do the people he took it from.

EVA

If you're not interested in the toilet, I got work to do.

She starts to go, Sammo stops her.

SAMMO

They will torture you and then kill you. We are your last hope.

She can see in his eyes that this isn't BS. She folds.

EVA

I hid it on top of the pipes in the storage area. You'll need a step ladder to get it.

Terrell takes her to get a ladder. Amy's cell phone rings.

AMY

Dylan.

(then)

He's right here, with me.

(hands Sammo the phone)

It's Grace.

Sammo takes the phone.

GRACE'S VOICE

Your son is flying out of Van Nuys airport in 20 minutes on Kyle Strode's private jet. They could be going anywhere... you have to hurry.

SAMMO

Thank you, Pei Pei.

Sammo hands Amy the phone. Amy can read his face.

AMY

She knows where he is.

Sammo nods.

AMY (CONT'D)

Go.

SAMMO

You need me.

AMY

Not as much as he does. Go.

She hands him her keys. Sammo hesitates, then bolts. Amy heads off on the opposite direction to find:

INT. HOUSE PRIDE - STOCK AREA

Terrell is up on the ladder, retrieving a SMALL ELECTRONIC DEVICE, the size of a book, from inside some large PVC pipes. Terrell smiles down at Amy and Eva.

TERRELL  
Toilets. Two by fours. And  
Tacticors. Everything the modern  
homeowner needs.

She takes out her phone and starts to dial when a GUN is put to her head.

We PULL BACK to see MR. LARK, the Scorpio agent we saw earlier. His men have the two women surrounded and the aisle cut off. Lark looks up at Terrell.

LARK  
The Tacticor... or we start killing  
everyone in this store, beginning  
with her.

But before things get bloody, Sammo appears out of nowhere, wielding a MASSIVE PIECE OF PVC, taking down a ROW of AGENTS with his first swipe. And THE FIGHT IS ON... Eva bolts for safety. Sammo takes on all comers using the vast array of hardware at his disposal (power tools, BBQ equipment, fencing, pipes, lumber etc.) Unfortunately for him, so do the bad guys... and they are very good at it. Meanwhile, Terrell engages a bad guy, trying to protect the Tacticor. Amy takes on a couple of bad guys herself. Eventually, our heroes subdue the bad guys, just as Wicke and his men arrive. Lark reaches for his pinkie... but before he can twist it, Sammo stomps on his free hand.

SAMMO  
You won't die today.

Sammo puts a PVC pipe on Lark's hand, the one with the poison pinkie, then steps away as an FBI agent handcuffs him. Terrell gives Wicke the Tacticor.

TERRELL  
I think this belongs to you.

AMY  
(to Wicke)  
How did you get here?

WICKE  
The locating device we hid in your  
car. After Sammo disappeared, we  
activated it and closed in on you.

Amy joins Sammo.

AMY  
Why did you come back?

SAMMO  
I couldn't leave you alone to face  
the danger... not even for my son.

Amy glances at her watch.

AMY  
You can still make it, if you break  
every traffic law on the books.

WICKE  
And if I don't deport him.

TERRELL  
He just saved our lives so you could  
get your toy back.

WICKE  
Or so he could get it for his friends  
in China. But we'll never know,  
will we?  
(to Sammo)  
Give some thought to leaving on that  
plane with your son.

Wicke walks away. Sammo rushes out. And on Amy watching  
thoughtfully after him, we

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY - DAY

Sammo's cab screeches up to a chain-link fence and Sammo  
jumps out. He looks and sees:

HIS POV (STOCK)

A PRIVATE JET is hurtling down the runway.

BACK TO SCENE

Sammo jumps on the fence to climb over it, but he's too late --  
the jet is passing over his head.

SAMMO  
Shian!

But all the yelling in the world won't bring the plane back.  
Sammo sinks to the ground, utterly defeated. And then hears  
a MOAN. He gets up, looks around, then walks towards the  
source of the sound. It's:

SAMMO (CONT'D)

Pei Pei!

Grace lies on the ground in front of the fence, bruised and battered and struggling to regain consciousness. Sammo gets on his knees and cradles her in his arms.

SAMMO (CONT'D)

Pei Pei. What happened?

GRACE

I met him.

SAMMO

My son... did this?

GRACE

When I was fighting, he was in the crowd. He saw me move... recognized the style... and knew where I learned it... who taught me.

Sammo nods. He understands.

SAMMO

He knew you would tell me how to find him.

GRACE

He stopped me before I got near the plane. The fight lasted three seconds. He moves even faster than you, Lo Lau Shir.

SAMMO

I am sorry he did this to you.

GRACE

Ten years ago, I was living on the streets. No future. No hope. You made me your student, you saved me. I wanted to repay you... and I failed.

SAMMO

There is nothing to repay. And you did not fail. You got me closer than I have been in years.

GRACE

Not close enough.

SAMMO

Close enough to feel him. And to know, wherever he is, I will find him one day.

And as Sammo looks off at the plane, disappearing into a speck in the sky, we:

FADE OUT.

THE END