

WHITE TIGER

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. MUSEUM OF HISTORY - NIGHT

In the darkened hallway, there is only silence. No movement is seen along the recreated early twentieth-century street.

ANTIQUITIES GALLERY

In a room lighted by display cases, a masked man stands beside an open display case.

CHUN SO, 35, is not the guy you'd take home to mother. He's an arrant thief who'll do what it takes to get money. He's a user and exploiter.

In his gloved hands, he holds and carefully examines a pearl the size of a fist.

CHUN SO (V.O.)
Congratulations, Connie Sun.
Another perfect robbery, almost.

He places the pearl into a black bag. From his sock, Chun So removes a pack of cigarettes. He removes a lipstick from his pocket and smears some on one end of a cigarette. With a match, he lights and burns the other end. He butts the cigarette on the floor.

CHUN SO (V.O.)
This is one payday you didn't cheat
me out of.

HALLWAY

Chun So creeps along. The black bag is over his shoulder.

Light from an adjacent hallway illuminates an unfortunate cockroach that happenstance has placed in his path. Pop! His foot crushes the cockroach. Reaching the door to a stairwell, Chun So opens it and backs through.

STAIRWELL

Taking two steps at a time, Chun So hurries to a landing above. He hesitates momentarily to listen. He continues up the steps toward the door that leads onto the roof.

EXT. MUSEUM OF HISTORY - ROOF - NIGHT

Chun So emerges onto the roof. The lights of Kowloon cast his shadow upon the side of an air-conditioning unit as he walks. He makes his way toward the edge of the roof. In doing so, he accidentally kicks an empty pail.

CHUN SO
(Cantonese; subtitled)
Damn!

He reaches the edge and peers at the ground four floors below. His eyes dart from side to side. He removes the mask and stuffs it into his waistband. Chun So picks up a coil of rope and tethers one end to a vent pipe. He tosses the coil over.

He steps to the edge and tugs on the rope before he propels himself over the side.

EXT. MUSEUM OF HISTORY - DAY

Puffy clouds drift over this modern, multistory building. Several police cars are parked on the street in front. A uniformed officer leaves the building and walks to a white police car.

SUPER: "KOWLOON, HONG KONG."

INT. MUSEUM OF HISTORY - ANTIQUITIES GALLERY - DAY

The crime scene investigation team is busy. They dust for prints and photograph the crime scene.

WINSTON CHIANG, 55, is the curator. He stands beside a man who wears a suit.

SIMON LUK, 38, a chief inspector, has all the patience and finesse of a sixteen-year-old trying to get his first lay.

LUK
What's your security system?

CHIANG
Our main system is a laser floor grid. Over here.

He walks to a wall, and Luk follows.

CHIANG
There.

He points at the lenses near the baseboard.

CHIANG
We also have an acoustical alarm. It's working erratically, so I deactivated it.

They turn and walk back to the center of the room.

CHIANG

Under normal conditions, nobody could enter without detection. A small creature might get in undetected or --

LUK

-- or maybe a light-footed white tiger.

CHIANG

I don't follow you.

Luk walks about, nodding his head.

LUK

This robbery wasn't amateur hour.

Luk looks down at the base of the pearl's display case.

LUK

What's this?

He stoops. From his pocket, he takes a toothpick and spears a cigarette butt. He stands, retrieves a plastic bag from his pocket, and shakes the butt off into the bag. He pockets it.

LUK

Whoever pulled this may have had inside help.

CHIANG

That's not possible.

LUK

Oh, but it is. Who knew the alarm was broken?

CHIANG

Everyone.

LUK

Come now. So, you're telling me a piece of critical security information was a matter of common chit-chat?

Chiang looks uncomfortable.

CHIANG

I wouldn't put it quite that way.

LUK

I would.

LUK
 I'll need a list of your employees.
 At this point, nobody is above
 suspicion.

INT. REGIONAL CRIME UNIT - KOWLOON WEST OFFICE - DAY

Several men gather around a desk where Simon Luk sits. In the corner of the office, a television plays the news. A female NEWSCASTER, 30s, is on the screen.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
 We're on the scene of a robbery at the Museum of History. A valuable treasure known as the Pearl of Kublai Khan has been stolen. The pearl, weighing over five-hundred carats, was on loan from the National Museum in Beijing.

LUK
 Turn that damn thing off!

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
 The robbery --

A man switches off the set.

Luk turns to SAMMY TONG, 35, a probationary inspector. He's a cop with a keen eye for detail. He keeps the cigarette companies in business.

LUK
 I see Connie Sun's M.O.. She may have been in it with Chiang.

Tong sits with an ashtray on his lap, and a cigarette stub pokes from the corner of his mouth. He butts the cigarette, leans forward, and places the ashtray onto the desk.

TONG
 Inspector, don't rush to judgment.

Luk frowns at him.

LUK
 You've worked a few cases, I've worked hundreds.

TONG
 I was just cautioning --

LUK
 -- Cautioning?

Tong takes another cigarette from a pack and lights it.

Luk shakes his finger in Tong's direction.

LUK

As a new inspector, you can learn a lot from me. That cigarette butt is the first piece of evidence against her.

Luk stands, strolls to the window, and peers out.

LUK

Have her brought in.

Tong gets up and walks toward the door.

LUK

Oh, and put a man on Chiang.

TONG

Yes, Chief.

Tong looks back and gives the thumbs-up sign.

INT. SECURITY CONSULTING - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

The upscale interior decor says this is a high-maintenance operation. A bowl of expensive chocolates sits on one corner of the secretary's desk. An oriental ceiling fan moves air ever so slowly.

Across the room, ROSE KWON, 30, the secretary, loads paper into a copy machine.

The door opens, and two men who wear suits enter.

ROSE

May I help you, gentlemen?

They swagger over to Rose. One man, early 30s, produces a badge that identifies him as a POLICE OFFICER.

POLICE OFFICER

Connie Sun in?

ROSE

I'll let her know you're here.

Rose walks indifferently toward her desk. At that moment, an office door opens.

CONNIE SUN, 36, walks in. She's a woman more than just easy on the eyes. She has the gait of an agile cat and is no stranger to kung fu.

A retired thief known as the White Tiger, she has seen the error of her ways.

ROSE
Couple of cops to see you.

Connie forces a smile.

CONNIE
Officers, how may I assist you?

POLICE OFFICER
They'd like to talk to you downtown.

CONNIE
About what?

POLICE OFFICER
They'll discuss it at the station.

CONNIE
Let me get my purse.

She disappears into her office.

INT. REGIONAL CRIME UNIT - KOWLOON WEST OFFICE - DAY

Connie sits in a chair in front of Luk's desk. Luk sits behind his desk and eyes Connie with a look of disdain.

LUK
We have your lipstick on a
cigarette. Same color you're
wearing.

When Luk tosses a plastic bag onto his desk, Connie's hand instinctively goes to her lips. She eyes the bag containing the butt.

CONNIE
My dear Inspector, I don't smoke
anymore. It's a plant.

LUK
Plant, my ass.

CONNIE
Interpol and I made a deal. I'd get
out of the business, and they'd stop
pursuing. Anyway, I was wearying of
it. I didn't rob the museum. Why
would I?

LUK
M-o-n-e-y!

LUK
Someday, I'll run you in.

CONNIE
(smiling)
My dear Inspector, your local Seven
Eleven is the only thing you could
run in.

Luk bristles. He gets up, walks around his desk, and stops beside her chair.

LUK
Where were you the night of the
robbery?

CONNIE
Home in bed.

LUK
Can you prove it?

CONNIE
My dear Inspector, a lady should
never discuss what goes on in her
boudoir.

Luk looks a bit embarrassed as he clears his throat.

LUK
Well --

CONNIE
Now, if you have no more questions,
I have a business to run.

Connie gets to her feet and heads to the door. She opens it wide and looks back.

LUK
I'm warning you, Sun, White Tiger,
or whatever you call yourself these
days, if you --

She steps through the door and pulls it closed behind her.

EXT. REGIONAL CRIME UNIT - KOWLOON WEST OFFICE - DAY

GINGER LI, 25, is Connie's driver and loyal personal assistant. She wears a well-tailored beige jacket and trousers while she stands beside a silver Mercedes S65 AMG.

Connie exits the building and hurries toward the car.

Ginger opens the back door, and Connie gets in. She closes the door and slips into the driver's seat. A moment later, she slowly pulls from the curb.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY - TRAVELING

Connie leans back in the rear seat. Ginger drives.

GINGER
How'd it go?

CONNIE
Ginger, dimwit Luk thinks I robbed the museum.

GINGER
That sucks.

CONNIE
I've worked hard to straighten out my life. Made this business by establishing integrity.

Ginger looks admiringly at Connie.

GINGER
Where to?

CONNIE
The history museum. I'll do a little investigating.

INT. MUSEUM OF HISTORY - ANTIQUITIES GALLERY - DAY

Connie stands and chats with Winston Chiang.

CHIANG
You've heard of the Arco Valley Pearl?

CONNIE
I've seen photos.

CHIANG
It was one of two large pearls owned by Kublai Khan. The other was hidden by the Chinese government until recently. It's the Pearl of Kublai Khan.

Connie and Chiang walk among the displays.

CHIANG
We reopen tomorrow.

CONNIE

I appreciate the chance to look around.

CHIANG

What do you expect to find? The police checked everything.

CONNIE

My dear Mr. Chiang, that's why I'm here.

She smiles. He responds with a somewhat feeble one.

CHIANG

Luk's a rather abrasive fellow.

CONNIE

You caught him on a good day.

Connie walks methodically about the room. She looks up at the gallery's low ceiling. She carefully examines the pearls display case.

CONNIE

Was the case open after the robbery?

CHIANG

It was locked.

She spots an object in a space between two display cases. She artfully palms it and slips it into her pocket.

CONNIE

How often is this room cleaned?

CHIANG

Daily.

CONNIE

What time was the robbery?

CHIANG

Between midnight and four.

CONNIE

Mr. Chiang, you've been most helpful.

They slowly walk from the room.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Connie removes the object from her pocket. Ginger looks at her in the rear-view mirror.

GINGER
Uncover anything?

CONNIE
This.

She holds up a pack of matches.

GINGER
A matchbook?

CONNIE
A matchbook from a bar in Singapore.

Ginger looks puzzled.

GINGER
Significant?

CONNIE
Maybe. Perhaps the robber is from
Singapore or visited recently.

GINGER
Connie, I learn from you every day.

Ginger starts the car. She checks her side mirror. Once
it's clear, she pulls from the curb.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY - TRAVELING

The stoplight turns green. Ginger gives it gas and makes a
turn onto another street.

CONNIE
Home early the other night.
Anything wrong?

GINGER
A groper. You know the kind, six
hands like... like a sci-fi
creature.

CONNIE
How do you keep going wrong?

GINGER
They say, "Look before you leap."
It seems I leap before I look.

CONNIE
Must be some deep-seated problem
with self-esteem.

GINGER

Doctor, when you figure it out, let me know.

INT. REGIONAL CRIME UNIT - KOWLOON WEST OFFICE - DAY

Luk leans back in his chair and sips a cup of coffee. Tong sits in a chair beside the desk and puffs a cigarette.

LUK

She's really slick. Remember the Crutchfield Emerald? Stolen from the safe in Lady Crutchfield's hotel suite. Her ladyship there in bed. Grilled Sun for five hours. Nothing.

Luk is galled.

LUK

There was that painting, The Window, by some French master. Suddenly, poof... it's gone. She was attending an opera two blocks away.

Luk bangs his fist onto the desk.

LUK

I want answers.

TONG

Maybe the street knows something.

MONTAGE - INSPECTOR TONG TALKS TO CONTACTS

-- Inspector Tong and a plain clothes officer talk MOS to a vendor at an outdoor market.

-- Inspector Tong and the plain clothes officer visit a bar and talk MOS to a barkeeper.

-- Inspector Tong and two taxi drivers lean against the side of a taxi and talk MOS.

-- Inspector Tong and the plain clothes officer talk MOS to a valet parking attendant.

-- Inspector Tong and a topless dancer chat MOS beside a dance platform.

-- Inspector Tong and the plain clothes officer talk MOS to a cashier in an OK store.

-- Inspector Tong talks MOS to a hotel doorman.

-- Inspector Tong talks MOS to a filling station attendant.

END MONTAGE

INT. KOWLOON MARTIAL ARTS SCHOOL - DAY

Thick green mats cover sections of a hardwood floor. Near one wall, several students lift weights. An instructor corrects a student's kung fu stance.

SUN HUITING, 59, a martial arts master of White Crane kung fu, stands in front of a class.

Across the gym, Connie and Ginger work on their technique.

GINGER

Take it easy. Last week, you almost broke my nose.

CONNIE

That shows you're slow. Let's practice low sweeps. You be on defense.

They maneuver. Connie's first sweep misses, but the second one takes Ginger down.

CONNIE

Now, I'll be on defense.

They jockey for position. Ginger's first sweep misses. After several tries, she puts Connie on the mat.

GINGER

Looks like I'm getting my speed up.

Connie smiles as she hops to her feet.

SUN HUITING (O.S.)

Very good, Ginger. Someday, you may become as good as Connie.

Sun Huiting walks near. Ginger bows.

GINGER

Master, coming from you, it's quite a compliment.

SUN HUITING

At that time, I'll show you some moves Connie doesn't know.

GINGER

I'd love it.

CONNIE

What moves don't I know?

Connie moves aggressively toward Sun Huiting and executes an array of beak strikes and edge of hand strikes.

Sun Huiting's fluid motions deflect them. A couple of fast, spinning kicks and beak strikes overwhelm Connie. Down she goes. He extends a hand to help her up. She grasps his wrist, and he pulls her to her feet.

SUN HUITING

That's why I'm the master.

CONNIE

Uncle, only you could do that so easily.

They laugh.

SUN HUITING

I'll move on to people who really need training. Carry on.

He turns and walks away.

INT. SECURITY CONSULTING - CONNIE'S OFFICE - DAY

A sofa and chair in white leather occupy one area of the spacious office. Mounted on the wall is a large-screen television. A glass cabinet displays a collection of martial arts throwing stars and darts.

Connie is behind her desk on the phone.

CONNIE

Mr. Kim, how may I help you?

KIM (V.O.)

I'm considering your firm for work.

CONNIE

What kind of work?

KIM (V.O.)

Miss Sun, I prefer dealing face to face. Can you drop around?

CONNIE

What's the address?

KIM (V.O.)

Island Harbourview, eleven Hoi Fai Road, penthouse three.

Connie scratches the address on a pad.

KIM (V.O.)
Shall we say about three o'clock?

CONNIE
Very well.

Mr. Kim hangs up. Connie still holds the phone to her ear. She hears a noise on the line. She looks at the receiver and then hangs up. She tears off the note and walks to her office door.

OUTER OFFICE

Rose works on a computer. At another desk, Ginger sits and sips a cup of tea. Connie comes out of her office.

CONNIE
Rose, be careful what you say; the phones are tapped. Luk is digging.
(to Ginger)
We have errands, and an appointment with a Mr. Kim. Here's the address.

She hands the note to Ginger.

INT. ISLAND HARBOURVIEW - HALLWAY - DAY

Connie gets out of the elevator at penthouse three. The entrance is directly in front of her. When she raps, the door drifts open. She peers around the open door.

CONNIE
Mr. Kim. Mr. Kim, it's Connie Sun.

She pushes the door open wider and enters the living room.

INT. PENTHOUSE THREE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The décor has a tropical flavor. A high-backed chair sits not far from a large aquarium well stocked with colorful saltwater fish.

Her eyes scan the room while she cautiously steps forward.

On the drapery leading to a balcony is a large smear of blood. The sofa partially blocks her view, so she moves toward it.

CONNIE
Hello.

The body of Mr. KIM, 60s, lies by the sliding door. She lightly treads to the body and kneels.

Blood soaks the front of his white shirt.

She hears a noise behind and looks around. Inspectors Luk and Tong stand a few paces away.

LUK

We got a tip you were here. Isn't murder out of your line?

CONNIE

My dear Inspector, you don't suspect me, do you?

LUK

You're the one kneeling over the body.

Tong steps on the other side of Connie, a cigarette in his mouth. He takes the cigarette from his mouth when he begins to cough.

LUK

I told you to quit. Listen to you.

TONG

I know. I know. I'm trying.

He examines the body.

TONG

There's a slug under his heart.

CONNIE

If I shot him, where's the gun?

TONG

Inspector, the edge of the bloodstain is dry. He's been dead for a while.

CONNIE

See?

LUK

Check the rest of the place.

Tong hurries across the marble floor, through a door, and into another part of the penthouse.

LUK

Sit where I can keep an eye on you.

CONNIE

My dear Inspector, you're not that stupid. You can smell a frame.

She gets up. Connie steps to the sofa and sits. Luk slowly walks about the room and looks for evidence.

TONG (V.O.)
Inspector, there's an open safe.
Looks like robbery.

CONNIE
Oh great.

A few moments pass.

TONG (V.O.)
Inspector, here.

Luk takes Connie by the arm.

LUK
Come along.

She gets up, and they hastily walk into the bedroom.

BEDROOM

Connie and luk enter the room. Tong stands near the bathroom. Bullet holes pock the door to the bathroom.

TONG
From her dress, I'd say it's the
housekeeper. Probably tried to lock
herself in the bathroom.

Tong pushes the bathroom door open wider. Splatters of blood are on the walls and floor. The housekeeper's body rests against the side of the toilet. Her arm is in the bowl and a pool of blood at its base. Tong enters.

BATHROOM

Tong steps in droplets of blood as he approaches the body. Luk and Connie watch through the open door. Tong examines the body.

TONG
The wounds are large caliber. Could
be forty-four magnum.

Tong heads into the bedroom.

BEDROOM

TONG
I'll get the lab boys in.

LUK

Right.

While he heads toward the door to the living room, Tong takes a cell phone from his pocket.

LUK

Have a female officer sent to search Miss Sun.

TONG

Okay.

He continues toward the door.

LUK

Oh, and when you're through, go down and bring up the chauffeur.

LATER

Connie and a FEMALE OFFICER, 30ish, emerge through a door and into the living room. Tong sits in the high-backed chair. Ginger sits in a chair beside the sofa.

Luk, seen through the sliding door, stands on the balcony. He sees the others and returns to the living room.

FEMALE OFFICER

Inspector, she's clean.

LUK

Thank you.

Female Officer steps to one side.

LUK

Connie, you're too smart for your own good.

CONNIE

My dear Inspector, if you're done having me fondled, I'd like to be on my way.

LUK

Arrested so many times, you should be used to it.

CONNIE

Yes, but no convictions.

LUK

A temporary state.

Connie shoots him a look. Luk turns to Ginger.

LUK
What do you know?

Looking uncomfortable, Ginger crosses her legs.

GINGER
I only drove Connie here to meet Mr. Kim.

LUK
You always know nothing. Why do I ask?

Ginger looks at Luk and smiles. Luk's eyes catch fire.

LUK
Get out before I commit murder!

He turns and marches back into the bedroom.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY - TRAVELING

Connie sits in back. Ginger drives.

CONNIE
Luk was at his repulsive best.

GINGER
How'd he get where he is?

CONNIE
It wasn't through charm school.

GINGER
I've picked some losers, but nothing like him.
(shakes her head)
His poor wife. That reminds me; I met a new guy. He's educated and speaks well.

CONNIE
What does he do?

GINGER
He didn't exactly say. Quotes a lot of fancy stuff like Shakespeare.

INT. SECURITY CONSULTING - CONNIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Connie walks over to her desk and plops down into the chair. She picks up the remote and turns on the television. The news is on, and a clip of Mr. Kim plays MOS.

CONNIE (V.O.)
 If Luk has me tapped, he would know
 I didn't kill Kim.

INT. REGIONAL CRIME UNIT - KOWLOON WEST OFFICE - DAY

Luk sits behind his desk, and Tong sits in a nearby chair.

LUK
 It keeps getting worse. Now we have
 a robbery and double murder.
 Meanwhile, Sun walks around like a
 Chinese empress. Put a tail on her.

TONG
 Okay, you're the boss.

LUK
 Anything on Chiang?

TONG
 Nothing. My hunch is he's not
 involved.

LUK
 Keep a man on him.

INT. RICE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Stacks of sacked rice line the floor in long rows.

SUPER: "SINGAPORE."

An office is high above the warehouse floor. Glass windows cover all sides. Ricketty wooden steps lead to the office landing and catwalks.

OFFICE

Chun So sits at a desk. Across the room, two men work out with nunchakus.

Chun So holds a newspaper clipping that includes a picture of Connie. A glass and bottle of whiskey are in front of him. He mutters.

One man stops his workout and ambles over. He's a cheap gun named DOLLAR. He's a 33-year-old who is obsessed with the concept of good and bad luck. Wherever he goes, he carries his lucky Singapore dollar.

DOLLAR
 Boss, why you constantly look at
 that clipping?

CHUN SO
Ever hated somebody? Really
hate'em?

He lays the clipping on the table. He stabs his finger into the clipping as he speaks.

CHUN SO
She's a devil.

He puts his hand to his head.

CHUN SO
I get these damn headaches. Feel
her watching right now. She's
trying to drive me crazy.

He looks around the room. An agonized look covers his face.

CHUN SO
She's in my head. Knows what I'm
thinking. Seeing her dead will be
my release. Ha! Ha!

DOLLAR
Boss, why don't you ice her?

NUNCHAKU MAN, 30, tucks nunchakus into his pants and saunters up. He wipes his face with a towel.

Dollar takes his lucky coin from a pocket, flips it, catches it, and turns it over onto the back of his hand.

DOLLAR
My lucky coin says it's a cinch.

CHUN SO
It's not that easy. Killin' devils
is hard.

He picks up the bottle and pours a drink. He throws it down and follows with a burp. He looks again at the clipping.

CHUN SO
Time to settle the score.

DOLLAR
What happened, Boss?

His voice drops.

CHUN SO
Had this sweet deal. Seven hundred
and fifty thousand Hong Kong
dollars.

FLASHBACK - INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Chun So stands with a YOUNG WOMAN, 20s, among racks of ladies' dresses and other fashion items.

CHUN SO
What ya got for me, baby?

YOUNG WOMAN
The money will be at the house for two days. His bedroom armoire has a compartment.

She leans against his chest.

YOUNG WOMAN
When can I see you again?

He looks annoyed.

CHUN SO
Soon, baby, soon.

YOUNG WOMAN
Suppose they find out?

CHUN SO
They won't. Keep your trap shut.

INT. LARGE HOME - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

In the darkness, Chun So treads silently past several doors. A rubber Frankenstein mask covers his face. In an alcove, Connie Sun presses herself against the wall.

He stops in front of one of the doors. He slowly turns the knob, opens the door, and slips inside.

MASTER BEDROOM

Chun So gets on his hands and knees and crawls toward an armoire. A middle-aged man and middle-aged woman sleep in the bed. The middle-aged woman stirs and turns. He freezes; his eyes dart from side to side.

In the corridor, a woman screams and a door slams. The middle-aged man and middle-aged woman sit up in bed. Chun So jumps to his feet and dashes out the door.

CORRIDOR

Chun So runs to the end of the corridor. He spots open French doors. He pushes the doors wider and barrels through onto a porch.

EXT. LARGE HOME - PORCH - NIGHT

Chun So sprints across the second-floor porch. He knocks into chairs. At the rail, he watches the slim figure of Connie Sun dressed all in black. She carries a duffel bag as she races across the lawn.

LAWN

Effortlessly, she bounds over flower beds and a stone bench until she reaches a split-rail fence. She places one hand on top, leaps over, and disappears into the darkness of the nearby wood.

PORCH

CHUN SO (V.O.)

Who the hell was that?

Chun So feels the barrel of a pistol against the back of his head and slowly raises his hands.

INT. RICE WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT DAY

NUNCHAKU MAN

How'd you know it was her?

CHUN SO

People said only Connie has that combination of athletics and grace. She got the money; I did time.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

The restaurant color scheme is green and gold. Bright sunlight streams through large windows. Patrons and restaurant employees move about.

Connie sits at a table and peruses a menu.

SUPER: "TWO DAYS LATER."

LINCOLN TAYLOR, 37, an American, a man who seeks redemption, walks past her table and stops. He's well-groomed and a sharp dresser, the business look. Link, to his friends, is a con man and thief. He and Connie are old friends.

LINK

Connie, I almost missed you behind that menu.

Connie looks up.

CONNIE

Link, what a surprise.

She reaches across the table to shake his hand.

LINK

Haven't seen you since Paris. Say, did you have anything to do with the museum robbery?

CONNIE

No way. I thought you were in jail.

LINK

Can't keep a good man down.

He pulls out a chair and sits.

LINK

I was in the Casino Lisboa. Thought I saw an old friend of yours.

CONNIE

Oh, who?

LINK

Chun So.

CONNIE

Hardly a friend. Last I heard, the Yokahoma police had him for fencing jewelry.

LINK

I'm sure it was him.
(jokingly)
Maybe he pulled the job.

A light goes on; Connie places the menu aside.

CONNIE

Have lunch with me. Perhaps I can entice you to take a ride on the Turbojet.

LINK

Macau?

She nods.

INT. CASINO LISBOA - SECURITY CENTER - DAY

Images of the casino floor flicker on monitors in the security center. Employees scan the images and maintain a constant vigilance.

Connie and Link stand with DEREK HILL, 47. Derek is British.

He's a friend of Connie's and the head of security. They gather around a monitor while a male employee operates the console.

HILL

We can review the images of the baccarat table from this monitor. What time frame?

LINK

Somewhere between ten fifteen and ten forty-five.

The male employee uses a mouse to select the time. An image pops onto the screen, and the video rolls.

CONNIE

What was he wearing?

LINK

A blue shirt, I believe. Yeah, a blue shirt.

The video shows patrons at the baccarat table. Other patrons stand behind them. People mill about.

HILL

Anything?

LINK

No.

The video rolls. A man in a blue shirt enters the camera's view and stops at the table.

LINK

Stop! Back it up.

The male employee puts the video in reverse.

LINK

There!

He points to the screen. The male employee freezes the video with the blue-shirted man plainly in view.

CONNIE

Let's zoom in.

The male employee zooms the video to tighten around the image of Chun So. A woman holds onto Chun So's upper arm.

LINK (O.S.)

See? It is him.

CONNIE (O.S.)
You're right. Who's the woman?

LINK (O.S.)
Don't know.

HILL (O.S.)
That's Noriko Shinagawa.

NORIKO SHINAGAWA, 27, is a model, cover girl, and gold digger. She's a woman in search of her place in life.

CONNIE
The model?

HILL
The very same.

CONNIE
What's she doing with his kind?

HILL
She has a nose for cash.

CONNIE
Know where she lives?

HILL
We've taken some markers. I'm sure
I have her address.

Connie looks at Link.

CONNIE
While Derek gets the address, let's
play.

She turns to Hill.

CONNIE
Give me a line for twenty?

HILL
Connie, your credit's good.

CASINO FLOOR

Connie and Link play Pai Gow poker. The DEALER, 25, stands behind the table.

DEALER
Ladies and gentlemen, please place
your bets.

CONNIE

It's fortunate you saw me. Want some work?

Connie, link, and the other players place their bets.

LINK

What's on your mind?

CONNIE

Think you can get close to Shinagawa?

The cards are dealt to the players by the Dealer.

LINK

That's not work.

Connie picks up her cards and arranges them. Link peeks at his and does the same.

LINK

Remember the red-head in Monte Carlo?

Some players place their cards face down while others continue to look at their cards.

CONNIE

Sure, the one with the husband who wanted to kill you.

Link lays his cards face down.

LINK

A mere bump in the road.

Connie lays her cards face down onto the table.

LINK

Why does Chun So have such a hard-on for you?

CONNIE

I beat him to the punch on several occasions. It seemed he was everywhere. During one caper, he was caught at the scene. Did time.

LINK

If he's behind it, he's sure picked a hell of a way to get even.

DEALER

Ladies and gentlemen, turn your cards.

The players turn their cards. The dealer turns his cards and compares them to those of the players.

INT. MANDARIN ORIENTAL HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Long rectangular chandeliers hang from the ceiling. Oriental style tables sit among well upholstered sofas and chairs. It's a hotel for those with deep pockets.

Link sits on a sofa.

EXT. MANDARIN ORIENTAL HOTEL - DAY

A doorman who wears a red jacket and black top hat opens the door. Noriko Shinagawa enters the hotel.

INT. MANDARIN ORIENTAL HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

With an arm full of packages, Shinagawa awkwardly walks to the elevator. When she presses the elevator button, one of the packages tumbles onto the floor.

Link dashes over.

LINK

Allow me.

He picks up the package.

SHINAGAWA

Thank you. You're most helpful.

LINK

I'll carry it.

She breaks eye contact with him. Her manor is cautious.

SHINAGAWA

I don't think it's smart.

LINK

(smiling)

Can't I help a lady?

The elevator door opens. Link steps around her and enters. Shinagawa looks around and then enters.

HALLWAY 12TH FLOOR

The elevator opens; Shinagawa and Link get out. They move past several doors and stop at number 1209.

SHINAGAWA

Hold these.

She hands him the packages. She digs the key from her purse, unlocks the door, and opens it. They enter.

SHINAGAWA'S SUITE

The walls are cherry paneling. Behind the sofa, hangs a painting of the Shanghai coast. A fur stole drapes over a black lacquered chair.

SHINAGAWA

Set them on the chair.

Link sets the packages on a chair near the door.

SHINAGAWA

I'm Nori.

She falters as she extends her hand. They shake.

LINK

Link.

Her discomfort is obvious.

SHINAGAWA

Link, I don't know how to thank you.

LINK

How about with cocktails?

She hesitates.

SHINAGAWA

I don't know if I should.... Okay, maybe this once. At seven in the hotel lounge?

LINK

I'll be there.

INT. HOTEL LOUNGE - NIGHT

Patrons occupy a number of booths. Three male patrons sit at the near end of the bar.

Link enters and sees Shinagawa at the bar. He moves at an easy stride and then slides onto the barstool beside her.

LINK

You're early.

She squirms uncomfortably on her stool.

SHINAGAWA

So are you.

A balding bartender walks over.

LINK

What'll you have?

SHINAGAWA

White wine.

LINK

White wine for the lady. Cognac
X.O. for me.

The balding bartender nods and steps away.

LINK

I've seen you before.

(he contemplates)

I know. At Casino Lisboa a few
nights ago. You're a hard woman to
miss. Was that your husband?

SHINAGAWA

I was there. And no, he's --

The balding bartender returns with drinks and places them
onto the bar. Link tosses some bills next to his. The
balding bartender takes a few.

Link leans toward Shinagawa.

LINK

Should I be jealous?

His intrusion into her personal space prompts her to lean
the other way.

SHINAWAWA

I have commitments.

LATER

LINK

This place is too quiet. Let's go
to the Shanghai Club.

SHINAGAWA

I don't know.

LINK

Your place then.

SHINAWAWA

No,... I'll go to the club but only
for a while.

They get up and stroll out.

INT. SHANGHAI CLUB - NIGHT

Tables for two or four line the edge of the dance-floor. A
rock band does its thing. Waitresses clad in sequined short
shorts make their rounds.

Link and Shinagawa enter. Link speaks MOS to a stocky man,
and he leads them to a table.

MONTAGE - LINK AND SHINAGAWA HAVE FUN

-- Link and Shinagawa dance.

-- Link and Shinagawa sip drinks at their table.

-- Link and Shinagawa dance, and Link steals a kiss.

-- Empty glasses are lined up in front of Shinagawa, and she
giggles. One strap of her dress hangs off a shoulder.

-- Link and Shinagawa play kissy-face at their table.

-- Link and Shinagawa grind on the dance floor.

END MONTAGE

Link and Shinagawa sit at their table.

SHINAGAWA

(lightheaded)

It's warm in here.

Link smiles.

LINK

Let's get some air.

SHINAGAWA

My place.

He helps her from her chair. They walk slowly to the door.

INT. SECURITY CONSULTING - CONNIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Connie sits behind her large oak desk. The intercom rings.
She answers.

CONNIE

Yes?

ROSE (V.O.)
A call on line one. Won't give his
name.

CONNIE
I'll take it.

She pushes the button for line one.

CONNIE
This is Connie Sun.

A raspy male voice speaks.

RASPY (V.O.)
(Cantonese; subtitled)
I have information on the pearl
robbery. We gotta meet.

CONNIE
(Cantonese; subtitled)
Where and when?... Okay.... I have
a one.

Connie hangs up.

EXT. TSIM SHA TSUI PIER - KOWLOON - NIGHT

A breeze blows across Victoria Harbour. Connie stands in
line to board the ferry. Around her neck is a red scarf.
She looks through the crowd.

EXT. STAR FERRY - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Swirls of water churn up from the boat's propellers. Connie
strolls along the deck. A young couple shares a kiss at the
ferry's rail.

Connie looks warily around as she slowly walks to the bow.
The ferry's bow cuts through the dark water. She looks
toward Hong Kong and the bright lights.

Behind her, the figure of RASPY, 30s, lurks in the shadows.
It's obvious he works out. He extends his hands into the
light. He inches forward. His hands are centimeters from
her neck.

He grabs the scarf around Connie's neck. He twists it
around her throat. Instinctively, her hands go to the
scarf. Her mouth opens and closes. She gasps for breath;
her eyes widen.

He pants as he twists the scarf, a joyful look on his face.

RASPY
 (Cantonese; subtitled)
 You're pretty, too pretty.

They struggle. Connie brings both elbows back into Raspy's ribs. His grip loosens. She swings her leg back and up into his crotch. He groans and releases his hold.

She spins around, and they fight for several minutes. He rushes forward and swings both fists. She ducks under his assault and steps behind him.

She plants a firm foot on his butt and shoves. He sails over the rail and into the water. Over the noise of the churning water, Connie shouts into the darkness.

CONNIE
 (Cantonese; subtitled)
 Hope you swim better than you fight.

INT. CONNIE'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

In the room, vases and other antiques accent traditional Chinese furniture. A cabinet displays trophies won in kung fu tournaments.

Ginger sits on the sofa, her legs drawn up beside her. She pages through a book. The title on the cover reads: "FINDING TRUE LOVE." Connie enters.

CONNIE
 Enjoy your night off. I'm going out. No date?

GINGER
 I'm in a dry spell. Don't have your charm.

CONNIE
 Guy trouble?

GINGER
 You know me. What I need is a good-looking one with money.

CONNIE
 What happened to Shakespeare?

GINGER
 He spoke flowery words, but what a horn dog. Wow, and no money even for Mickey D's.

CONNIE
 What happened to the kickboxing
 champion?

Ginger has a forlorn look.

GINGER
 He also had other girlfriends.

CONNIE
 Look at it as a learning curve.

Ginger sighs.

GINGER
 I'll try. Mom said I -- Never mind.

CONNIE
 Good night.

GINGER
 Night.

Connie walks to the front door. She opens it and exits.
 Ginger focuses attention back to her book.

GINGER'S BEDROOM

The window is open, and a breeze rustles the curtains.
 Moonlight illuminates much of the room.

Ginger is asleep in a bed. Part of her bare breast is in
 view above the sheet. She stirs. The sheet moves, and more
 of her nakedness is uncovered.

Two masked men in dark clothes stealthily slip through the
 window. They approach each side of the bed.

Ginger's eyes pop open. She whips aside the sheet. All she
 wears is a pink thong. With both feet, she kicks up and out
 toward the masked men. One foot connects to each, and they
 reel backward from the bed.

Ginger jumps to her feet and turns to face them. She
 quickly backs against the wall and flips on the switch.
 Before her are the masked men.

Ginger steps forward and uses kung fu to punch the tall
 masked man. The short masked man attempts to grab her from
 behind. She plants an elbow into his ribs and spins away.

They fight for several minutes.

GINGER
 Interrupt my sleep will you.

She leaps onto the bed. She uses it like a trampoline to spring into the air. She kicks out with both feet as the masked men reach the end of the bed.

The short masked man is knocked onto the floor, and the tall masked man slams into the dresser. The mirror breaks. Ginger lands back onto the bed. She bounces into the air. She lands on both feet at the foot of the bed.

The masked men look at each other. The tall masked man opens the bedroom door, and they sprint out.

Ginger places her hands on hips.

GINGER
And don't come back.

EXT. MANDARIN ORIENTAL HOTEL - DAY

Connie's Mercedes sits not far from the front entrance. A horn honks, and two women who cross the street wave at a passing car.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Connie and Ginger sit inside the car. From dark clouds, a few raindrops splash onto the windshield. In the distance, thunder rumbles.

Chun So wears a ball cap and sunglasses as he hurries up the steps and into the building.

CONNIE
There's Chun So.

INT. SHINAGAWA'S SUITE - DAY

There's a knock at the door. Shinagawa exits the bedroom, patters to the door, and opens it. Chun So stands at the door. He removes his sunglasses and slips them effortlessly into his pocket.

CHUN SO
You alone?

SHINAGAWA
Why wouldn't I?

He strolls in, and Shinagawa closes the door, an uncertain look on her face. Chun So looks about the room.

CHUN SO
Ya miss me?

SHINAGAWA

Of course.

He reaches out and grips her chin with his thumb and index finger. He gives her a kiss on the lips.

CHUN SO

Keep yourself entertained while I was away?

SHINAGAWA

It's hard for a girl to stay entertained when she hasn't any money.

She turns away, suspicious of his next words.

CHUN SO

I'm heading to my hotel. Pick you up for dinner.

He reaches down and pats her on the butt.

CHUN SO

We have catchin' up to do.

He turns, opens the door, and steps out. After she closes the door, she leans against it. A look of despair is plainly on her face.

EXT. MANDARIN ORIENTAL HOTEL - DAY

The pavement is wet. Water trickles along the gutter. Rain clouds drift off.

Chun So pushes open the lobby door and exits the building. He hurries down the street and hails a taxi.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Connie and Ginger are in the car. Ginger starts the motor.

GINGER

Here we go.

She pulls into traffic a few cars behind.

EXT. ISLAND EASTERN CORRIDOR EXPRESSWAY - DAY

The taxi turns up a ramp and onto the expressway. Ginger follows. After several minutes, the taxi exits. Ginger is directly behind.

EXT. HONG KONG STREET - EVENING

The sky slowly darkens as night descends. A few more blocks and the taxi pulls to the curb in front of a hotel.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Chun So exits the taxi, walks quickly to the hotel door, and pulls it open. He enters.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Connie leans forward and peers over the seat.

CONNIE
Stop at the end of the block.

EXT. HONG KONG STREET - NIGHT

The Mercedes pulls up to the curb, and Connie gets out.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Ginger pulls away and turns at a side street.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Connie goes to the entrance of the hotel. She gazes through a window into the lobby.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Chun So, with key in hand, walks toward the elevator. The elevator door opens; two men and three women get out. Chun So dashes the last few steps to the door and darts inside.

Connie enters and steps up to the desk. The CLERK, older, turns to greet her.

CLERK
Help you?

CONNIE
I think I saw a friend enter. The man in the blue ball cap.

CLERK
Mr. Na.

CONNIE
Oh! A mistake. That's not my friend's name. Thanks.

CLERK
Anytime, miss.

Connie turns and hurries away.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

Connie opens the rear door and gets in.

CONNIE
He's registered under the name of
Na. Here's what I want you to do.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Ginger enters and walks swiftly to the desk. She has a package tucked beneath her arm.

CLERK
Yes, ma'am?

GINGER
A package for Mr. Na.

She sets the package onto the counter.

CLERK
I'll call him.

GINGER
Oh no. It's a surprise.

CLERK
What kind of surprise?

GINGER
Can't say. My boss, she'd be
furious. You know how lovers are.

The Clerk's face lights up.

CLERK
Ooh! Well, go surprise him.

GINGER
Which room?

The Clerk grins.

CLERK
Three thirteen.

GINGER
Thanks.

She pats the Clerk on the hand and winks. She walks to the elevator and looks back. The Clerk gives her the okay sign.

3RD FLOOR HALLWAY

Ginger steps out of the elevator. She searches for and finds the room. She glances up and down the hallway before she presses her ear to the door.

She walks down the hallway and locates the door to a stairwell. She opens the door and closes it carefully behind her.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

Ginger opens the door and slides onto the seat. Connie leans forward.

GINGER

Here's the layout. He has a room on the third floor. We can go unseen through the service entrance.

CONNIE

Good! We'll wait for the rat to go out.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Two dogs on leashes pull a thin woman in a tight skirt along the sidewalk. A taxi rolls up to the curb. Chun So walks out of the hotel and gets in. The taxi drives away.

Connie and Ginger get out of their car and walk to an alley.

ALLEY

Ginger leads Connie. Several meters up the alley is the hotel service entrance. Connie removes lock pick tools from her pocket.

Across the alley, a drunken man sits, swigs wine from a bottle, and watches. Connie glances at him.

CONNIE

So much for unseen.

A few skillful moves and they're in. As she closes the door, Ginger gives a little wave to the drunken man. He struggles to waves back.

INT. HOTEL - 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Connie easily picks the lock on Chun So's door. She slowly turns the knob and opens it. A coin drops onto the carpet. She picks it up.

CONNIE

Cute.

CHUN SO'S ROOM

Connie flips on the light, and they creep inside. Ginger begins to close the door.

CONNIE

Wait.

She slips the coin between the bottom of the door and the stop. She closes it.

CONNIE

Check the bathroom.

Ginger walks toward the bathroom while Connie opens a dresser drawer.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Chun So sits in the back seat.

CHUN SO

(Cantonese; subtitled)

Driver, back to my hotel.

Chun So takes a cell phone from his pocket and speed dials a number.

SHINAGAWA (V.O.)

Hello.

CHUN SO

Baby, I'll be a little longer.

SHINAGAWA (V.O.)

I'm not ready anyhow. See you.

CHUN SO

Bye.

He disconnects the call.

INT. HOTEL - CHUN SO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Connie rummages through the nightstand. She finishes, heads for a closet, and pushes open the door.

Connie goes through the pockets of clothes that hang in the closet. Ginger returns.

CONNIE

Find anything?

GINGER
He doesn't flush the toilet.

CONNIE
How disgusting. Anything else?

GINGER
No.

There's noise at the door. Ginger switches off the light. They duck into the closet and close the door.

The door opens, and Chun So enters. He goes to the bed, kneels, and slides a suitcase from beneath. He unzips the suitcase and removes a forty-four magnum and holster. He lays them onto the bed.

Connie watches his every move through the crack of the door.

He closes the suitcase and slides it back under the bed. Chun So stands, removes his jacket, and slips on the shoulder holster. He puts on the jacket, holsters the pistol, and buttons the jacket.

He walks to the door. When he closes it, he places the coin back in the stop.

Connie slowly opens the closet door. Ginger steps over and turns on the light.

CONNIE
That was close.

Connie returns to her search. She pulls something from a jacket pocket.

CONNIE
Well, will you look at that?

Between her fingers, she holds a pack of matches.

CONNIE
Same as the matches from the museum.

GINGER
Guess that clinches it.

CONNIE
Let's get out of here.

Ginger leads the way. She opens the door and looks out before they exit. Connie switches off the light.

3RD FLOOR HALLWAY

As she closes the door, she slips the coin back between the door and stop.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

Ginger sits sideways on the front seat. Connie is in back.

CONNIE
I'd bet the ballistics from his
forty-four magnum match those from
Kim and the maid.

GINGER
Even Luk could piece this together.

CONNIE
Right now, it's circumstantial.

Ginger starts the car and places it in gear.

CONNIE
Chun So probably sent those goons to
your room. The one who attacked me
as well.

INT. SECURITY CONSULTING - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Connie enters the office.

ROSE
See the morning paper?

CONNIE
No. Why?

ROSE
They found a man's body in the
harbour. From the description,
sounds like your attacker.

She hands Connie the newspaper. Connie's eyes are caught by an article's headline that reads: "BODY FOUND IN HARBOUR."

CONNIE
Guess he couldn't swim.

INT. SHINAGAWA'S SUITE - NIGHT

Shinagawa sits on a sofa. Chun So sits in a nearby chair and puffs on a cigar. In the background, a stereo plays.

CHUN SO
Baby, I'm going back to Singapore.
A big deal workin'.

She looks away; her little smile shows a dimple.

SHINAGAWA

When?

CHUN SO

Tomorrow. When I get back, we'll
take a vacation.

She gets up, takes the few steps to the chair, and gives him
a hug.

SHINAGAWA

Leave some money. I can't live on
love.

CHUN SO

Can you be a good girl till I get
back?

SHINAGAWA

Don't you trust me?

CHUN SO

I don't trust any woman, specially
your kind.

Her face shows anger.

SHINAGAWA

Okay, I'll be your dutiful little
bitch at least --

He jumps to his feet and slaps her across the face. She
steps back.

CHUN SO

-- Don't ever use that tone with me!

SHINAGAWA

You bastard! Don't touch my face.
I have to work.

She rushes forward, claws at him, and knocks the cigar from
his mouth. Fingernails scratch his face.

He grabs her arms and then grips both with one hand. He
rubs his face. He looks at the blood on his fingers.

CHUN SO

Bitch!

With his free hand, he punches her in the jaw. She falls
back onto the sofa.

He picks up the cigar from the floor. Chun So pins her and places one hand around her throat. He holds the glowing cigar close to her face.

CHUN SO
I'll burn that face. No man'll
wanna screw you. Got That?

She nods. He stands, pulls her from the sofa, and gives her a shove. She stumbles and falls onto the floor.

CHUN SO
Go fix a drink. Then we'll have
fun.

She slowly gets to her feet; her face already shows redness.

INT. LINK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Link's cell phone rings. He takes it from his pocket and places it to his ear.

LINK
Hello.

INT. SHINAGAWA'S SUITE - NIGHT

Shinagawa stands in front of her bedroom dresser. She holds a cell phone to her ear. Her face is still red.

SHINAGAWA
Where you taking me Wednesday?

INTERCUT - LINK/SHINAGAWA

LINK
Wednesday? Thought you were tied
up.

SHINAGAWA
I'm untied. He's going back to
Singapore. Some big deal.

LINK
When's he leave?

SHINAGAWA
Tomorrow, and he wants me to see him
off. Can't be soon enough.

LINK
What's wrong?

SHINAGAWA
I'm tired of being a doormat.

She runs her fingers over the red mark on her jaw.

LINK

Don't worry, sweetie. We'll go out.
You can forget your troubles.

Link hangs up. He enters another number.

CONNIE (V.O.)

Hello.

LINK

Connie, Chun So's going back to
Singapore.

CONNIE (V.O.)

When?

LINK

In the morning. I have a friend in
Singapore. Dependable but boastful
at times. He could follow him.

CONNIE (V.O.)

Let's do that.

LINK

Nori's going to the airport. I'll
get the flight number from her.

INT. SHINAGAWA'S SUITE - NIGHT

Shinagawa opens the door. Link leans against the doorframe
with a big grin on his face. His expression changes. He
steps inside.

LINK

What happened? Why's your face
bruised?

SHINAGAWA

Had my fill of that bastard. I've
been his toy for too long.

She starts to whimper.

SHINAGAWA

He punched me.

Link looks carefully at her face.

LINK

Makeup will make it less obvious.

SHINAGAWA
Let's change the subject.

She leads him to the sofa.

SHINAGAWA
Drink?

LINK
Cognac.

He sits down.

Shinagawa walks over to a liquor cart and pours drinks.

She returns and hands one to Link. With drink in hand, she kneels close to him on the sofa. She puts her arm around his shoulders. They sip their drinks.

She pulls away, takes both drinks, and sets them onto the coffee table.

SHINAGAWA
You're different. Not like most guys.

She lays her head on his shoulder.

SHINAGAWA
Most men want me for my body. With you, I don't feel like I'm being used. You're gentle and loving.

LINK
Really, I --

SHINAGAWA
Under different circumstances, we'd make a good pair. Maybe get married. Sound crazy?

LINK
No, not at --

SHINAGAWA
-- All my life, I've been afraid to make real commitments.

LINK
My life's been a mess. In and out of trouble since a kid. Did time. I'm no prize. If you're serious about -- I mean --

SHINAGAWA
If I'm serious, what?

She rubs her hand over his chest.

LINK
Nori, I'm falling for you. If
you're serious, we can discuss it
when I get back.

SHINAGAWA
You're leaving?

LINK
Business in Taipei.

SHINAGAWA
I'll miss you.

LINK
Let's drink to the future.

They pick up their glasses and sip the drinks. She leans
over and kisses him.

SHINAGAWA
Make love to me. I want something
to remember until you're back in my
arms.

She stands up. She extends her hand toward him. He gently
takes it.

INT. CONNIE'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Connie and link sit at the bar. Connie pours each of them a
glass of wine.

CONNIE
Singapore could be dangerous. You
want out?

LINK
I'm in. Making up for past
misdeeds.

Connie gets up and steps over to a wall. She stops in front
of a wall display of martial arts weapons. She pulls on a
nunchaku stick, and a panel opens in the wall. It reveals a
small room.

CONNIE
Come on.

She enters, and Link follows.

SMALL ROOM

On racks are an array of weapons, including swords and a mini harpoon gun. There is also a crossbow with attached quiver and metal arrows.

Link looks around the room.

LINK

Wow! I thought you had reformed.

CONNIE

I have. These are mementos from my dark side.

She lifts the crossbow from the wall rack.

CONNIE

I might be able to use this.

LINK

How about heavier firepower?

He picks up a 45 caliber 1911 Colt. He looks down the sights toward a wall.

CONNIE

No, couldn't get it through airport security. This I can disassemble and put in checked baggage. Remember, the White Tiger works quietly.

LINK

What about me?

CONNIE

Call your friend. Have him get something.

LINK

No sweat.

INT. SECURITY CONSULTING - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Rose sits at her desk. Connie and Ginger stand beside her.

CONNIE

Link and I are flying to Singapore.

ROSE

When are you coming back?

CONNIE

Don't know.

CONNIE

If Luk noses around, tell him you don't know where I am or when I'll be back.

ROSE

He won't believe it.

CONNIE

What's he gonna to do, beat it out of you?

Connie turns to Ginger.

CONNIE

We'll pick up Link. After you drop us at the airport, take a few days off. Work on your men problems.

INT. SINGAPORE AIRLINES BOEING 777 - DAY - AIRBORNE

Connie and Link relax in their seats. An OLDER MAN walks up the aisle and enters a rest room. Two rows forward, a small girl stands in her seat and plays with a teddy bear.

CONNIE

Luk may be able to make a case against Shinagawa for aiding and abetting Chun So.

LINK

I'm not so sure.

CONNIE

You realize Shinagawa's a slut.

Link looks at Connie.

LINK

Connie, those words are harsh. I prefer saying she has an overactive libido. Besides, I've become more than attached to her.

She shakes her finger at him.

CONNIE

I warned you. You've spent so much time with her; it's slanted your objectivity.

LINK

Maybe so, but it doesn't change my feelings.

CONNIE
I'll say one thing; you've changed.
You've mellowed.

The Older Man comes down the aisle and bumps into Link's shoulder. Link looks up.

OLDER MAN
(with British accent)
Sorry, old chap.

LINK
No harm done.

He turns attention back to Connie.

LINK
Glad Boots is meeting us. I don't
know Singapore well.

CONNIE
With the Chinese New Year coming,
the crowds should give cover.

EXT. CHANGI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

As a Singapore Airlines Boeing 777 touches down, its tires throw up puffs of smoke.

SUPER: "SINGAPORE."

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL 2 - DAY

BOOTS GAO, 34, is a loud talking glad-hander. He wears a tailored suit and cowboy boots. Hand extended, he rushes up to Link.

BOOTS
Link, how ya been, man?

Boots pumps Link's arm like he's jacking up a car.

LINK
Now that I'm on the outside, I'm
doing great.

BOOTS
Good! Good! Surprised me when you
called. Didn't know you were out.

LINK
Out to stay.

Boots looks at Connie.

BOOTS
Well, this must be Connie. Have I
heard a lot about you.

He extends his hand. While they shake, Connie looks at Link
in a questioning manner.

CONNIE
I hope only good.

Boots erupts with a jovial laugh.

BOOTS
Of course! Of course!
(to Link)
Been keeping an eye on your boy.
Sure likes the ladies. Been to the
same whorehouse three times. Gotta
admire a guy like that.

CONNIE
Maybe it's a front.

Boots scratches his head.

BOOTS
I didn't go in. Not my style.

EXT. FAR EAST BANK LTD - DAY

Ginger walks up to the door and enters.

INT. FAR EAST BANK LTD - DAY

Ginger treads over to a WOMAN TELLER, late 20s.

GINGER
I'd like to open an account.

WOMAN TELLER
That would be Shin Chung. Have a
seat.

Ginger walks over and sits in an armchair. A minute later,
SHIN CHUNG, 30, a new account executive, walks up to Ginger.

SHIN
I can help open your account. My
name is Shin Chung. You are?

GINGER
Li. Ginger Li.

SHIN
Miss Li, come this way.

He leads her to his desk.

SHIN
Sit down, please.

Shin steps behind his desk. Ginger sits down.

LATER

Shin sits behind his desk. Ginger sits across from him.

GINGER
Thanks for your help.

SHIN
(nervously)
I don't wish to be presumptive.
I've never done this before, but
would -- that is -- are you busy for
dinner this evening?

GINGER
I --

Ginger smiles.

GINGER
No, I'm not engaged.

SHIN
Then I can pick you up at the
application's address?

Shin beams.

GINGER
Yes. What time?

SHIN
Shall we say, seven?

GINGER
Seven it is. See you then.

She stands up. Shin stands and extends his hand; they shake. She walks toward the front door. She looks back at Shin. He smiles and gives a little wave.

INT. REGIONAL CRIME UNIT - KOWLOON WEST OFFICE - DAY

Luk sits at his desk with his head back and eyes closed. Waving a paper, Tong rushes into the office.

TONG
Here it is.

Luk sits up.

TONG
Connie flew to Singapore.

LUK
What the hell's she up to?

TONG
Time'll tell.

EXT. SERPENT'S TOOTH BAR - DAY

Boots brings his car to a stop in front of the bar.

INT. BOOTS' CAR - DAY

Connie and Link sit in back, Boots in the drives seat.

BOOTS
Here's the place.

He looks at the building.

CONNIE
Boots, we don't want you involved.

LINK
Drop us at a car rental; we'll take
it from here.

BOOTS
I'll turn you on to a guy who'll
give you a great deal.

He steps on the gas, and they continue down the street.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Connie and Link sit in a car across the street from the
Serpent's Tooth Bar. Link munches on a sandwich. Connie
sips soda through a straw.

CONNIE
Lately, we've spent a lot of time
following people. Gives me a
respect for the police.

LINK
Yeah, a cop's job isn't easy. Being
on the right side of the law gives
you a new perspective.

He looks at the sandwich.

LINK

The downside is... carryout stinks.

He tosses the sandwich into a bag.

LINK

When we get back, I'll make a go of it with Nori.

CONNIE

Really think she's waiting?

LINK

Yeah.

CONNIE

If she is, I'll take back what I've said about her.

EXT. SERPENT'S TOOTH BAR - DAY

Chun So, with Dollar and Nunchaku Man behind him, emerges from the bar. They walk a short distance down the street and get into a sedan. Nunchaku Man pulls the car quickly from the curb.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

CONNIE

We'll follow.

She starts the car. She pulls out, makes a u-turn, and falls in behind Chun So's car.

EXT. SINGAPORE STREET - DAY

Motorized traffic is not heavy; foot traffic makes up for it. Pedestrians dart among cars and buses. A car's brakes are slammed on to avoid a dog.

Connie follows Chun So's car.

EXT. SULIMAN'S VILLA - DAY

Large trees cover the grounds. A stone wall is topped with jagged glass. A SKINNY GUARD, 20s, patrols inside at the driveway's heavy metal gate.

EXT. STREET - ENTRANCE SULIMAN'S VILLA - DAY

Chun So sits in back with Dollar. Nunchaku Man brings the car to a stop in front of the gate. The Skinny Guard walks through the gate and over to the car.

SKINNY GUARD

Yea?

CHUN SO

Mr. Suliman is expecting me.

SKINNY GUARD

The name?

CHUN SO

Chun So.

SKINNY GUARD

Okay.

The Skinny Guard turns and heads toward the gate. He opens it. Nunchaku Man slowly rolls through the gate and up the driveway. The Skinny Guard eyes them.

Down the street, Connie and Link sit in the rental car.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

CONNIE

Maybe this is the buyer. We'll wait.

LINK

I'll grab a nap.

He leans back in the seat and closes his eyes.

EXT. SULIMAN'S VILLA - GARDEN - DAY

MODAR SULIMAN, 47, is a wealthy businessman. He and the law are not always on the same side. He collects works of art and artifacts.

He strolls in the garden while he sips a glass of wine. Not far away, men stand guard.

The BUTLER, middle-aged, enters the garden.

BUTLER

Chun So has arrived.

SULIMAN

Excellent! Bring him to me.

The Butler disappears into the house and returns straightaway with Chun So.

Suliman sits down at the end of a table only a stone's throw from a pool. A topless blond and a topless redhead, twentysomethings, sun themselves by its edge.

HU LING, 30, tight glutes, slowly swims its length. She's one of Suliman's treasures. She rolls over onto her back. Her ample breasts strain at the tiniest of bikinis.

Suliman looks at her.

HU LING
Hi, darling!

She waves. He waves back.

The Butler returns with Chun So and Dollar. Chun So strides forward and extends his hand toward Suliman. Dollar falls back several paces and stops. Suliman remains in his seat when they shake.

SULIMAN
I've been waiting to hear.

CHUN SO
Mr. Suliman, unforeseen delays.
Everything's on track.

SULIMAN
Good. My time is valuable.

He motions Chun So to sit. Chun So joins him.

SULIMAN
Have the pearl with you?

CHUN SO
It's in Singapore. Have the cash?

Suliman throws a cold stare.

SULIMAN
Look at this place. You doubt me?

Chun So looks warily at Suliman.

CHUN SO
I meant nothing.

SULIMAN
I'll be out of town for three days.
When I return, we'll conclude our
business.

CHUN SO
No problem.

They shake hands.

EXT. STREET - ENTRANCE SULIMAN'S VILLA - DAY

The Skinny Guard opens the gate. Chun So's car exits the well-manicured grounds.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Connie nudges Link.

CONNIE

Time to go.

Link sits up and rubs his hands over his face. They look out the window as Chun So's car passes.

INT. SULIMAN'S VILLA - GAME ROOM - DAY

Suliman walks around a pool table and sizes up his shot. One of his men stands a few paces away.

LU TING YIN, 32, has a face well marked with scars. He heads Suliman's security.

LU

You trust that guy Chun?

SULIMAN

No.

He positions himself for the shot.

SULIMAN

It's taking long to produce the goods.

He shots and sinks the ball into a side pocket.

LU

Think he'll pull a double-cross?

SULIMAN

He's capable.

Suliman walks around the table to pick his next shot.

SULIMAN

If he doesn't perform, he's yours.

Lu nods and grins.

Suliman takes another shot. The ball is swallowed by the corner pocket.

INT. LIN FA TEMPLE - HONG KONG - DAY

The altar is elevated. A stone staircase with wooden banisters provides access. Lotus flower lamps abound.

Shinagawa kneels before the statue of Kwun Yam. She lights incense sticks from a nearby candle and shoves the ends into an urn.

SHINAGAWA

I ask forgiveness for my shameful life. I've been dishonest and aided others in dishonesty. I've lied and whored myself.

A tear rolls down her cheek.

SHINAGAWA

I've found someone who means everything to me. I want to love and serve him. I beg mercy for this sinner.

She bows her head.

INT. RICE WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

Chun So stands and looks through the glass at the warehouse floor below. Dollar sits and flips his lucky coin. Nunchaku Man works out with his nunchakus.

CHUN SO

Suliman keeps plenty of muscle. I need men. Seen Storyteller or Fatso?

DOLLAR

Saw Fatso at the Dragon Boat Race Festival. I know other guys you can use. I can line'em up.

CHUN SO

Get'em. I need a good driver too.

DOLLAR

That'd be Chicklet. You remember Chicklet the little Filipino broad? Nobody's better.

CHUN SO

Yea.

INT. RANG MAHAL RESTAURANT - DAY

Crisp white tablecloths cover the tables. The chairs are dark wood with beige upholstery. Waiters scurry among the tables and chairs.

Connie and Link sit in the main dining room. They finish their meal.

CONNIE

I'm going for a workout. You wanna join me?

LINK

Thanks, but no. They have a masseuse?

CONNIE

I doubt it.

LINK

I'll pass. I saw a sign for massage girls.

CONNIE

Don't forget Shinagawa.

LINK

Really, I just want a massage. Nothing else!

A WAITER, 30s, walks up to the table.

WAITER

May I interest you in dessert?

CONNIE

No, thank you. My friend's going for a massage. Can't handle too many sweet things in one afternoon.

The Waiter looks puzzled.

LINK

Now wait a minute.

Connie ignores his protest.

CONNIE

Will you be okay if I take the car?

LINK

Sure, catch you later.

Connie gets up from the table and swiftly walks off. Link calls after her sarcastically.

LINK

Don't worry, I've got the check.

She looks back over her shoulder.

CONNIE

What a man.

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - DAY

Nunchaku Man drives the car. Dollar sits beside him. Chun So sits in the rear.

INT. CHUN SO'S CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

Chun So looks out an opened window. He lights a cigarette and picks a piece of tobacco from his tongue. His mouth drops open when Connie pasts in the other direction.

CHUN SO

Stop the car! Turn around! I saw
Connie Sun.

When Nunchaku Man quickly makes a three-point turn, he cuts off other cars. Pedestrians dash for the sidewalks.

NUNCHAKU MAN

Where?

CHUN SO

The blue Toyota.

He leans forward and points to a Toyota several cars ahead.

CHUN SO

Get that devil bitch. Run her off
the road.

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - DAY

Nunchaku Man weaves in and out of traffic until the car is behind the blue Toyota. He gives it gas and pulls up alongside Connie. Connie glances over. When she sees Chun So, she gets a look of surprise on her face.

Dollar takes a couple of shots at Connie. One slug breaks the side rear window. Nunchaku Man slams into the side of her car. The impact forces her to the curb where she hits a mobile ice cream vendor's cart.

The cart's umbrella flies into the air and lands onto a car behind Connie's.

The car swerves, slides to the curb, and flips onto its side.

Nunchaku Man bangs into her again. She runs up onto the sidewalk. Pedestrians shout as they scatter. Nunchaku Man veers away.

Connie steers back onto the street. Chun So opens up with his forty-four magnum. Connie's eyes meet Chun So's.

At the end of the street, they turn. The tires on their cars smoke while they spin and slide across the pavement.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

Connie looks ahead and sees a trishaw.

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - DAY

A trishaw driver looks back and sees her car close. He leaps off. She plows into the trishaw and knocks it into a nearby pole. One of its tires flies off and sails through a store window. The two cars continue.

Nunchaku Man forces Connie's car into a wall where it slams to a stop. Connie slides out the passenger door while Dollar and Chun So throw lead. She runs along the sidewalk for several blocks. Nunchaku Man and Dollar run after her.

Connie spots the arched glass entrance to a mass transit station. She hurries toward it.

INT. MRT STATION - DAY

She enters the station. Dollar and Nunchaku Man dash after her. They shove passengers out of their way.

DOLLAR

There she is!

Connie reaches the platform just as the transit cars' doors close. She looks up and down the platform. Dollar and Nunchaku Man run onto the platform. They walk toward her.

Dollar aims his semiautomatic at Connie's head. Click! The hammer drops; the gun is empty. He looks at it and jams it behind his belt.

Connie turns and runs to the end of the platform. She springs over a gate and hurries down steps to the track bed. The two men follow.

Connie stops and turns around. The two men approach. Nunchaku Man pulls nunchakus from his waistband. He spins them in a figure eight.

Connie positions herself for White Crane kung fu. They fight.

NUNCHAKU MAN

I can take this bitch.

Nunchaku Man rushes Connie. She grabs his shirt and tumbles backward. She flips him over her head. He lands on an electrified rail. His body shudders as sparks fly. In moments, his smoking corpse lies motionless across the rail.

Dollar stares at his friend. He looks angrily at Connie and starts to run away.

DOLLAR

I'll get you. You are a devil.

He runs up the steps to the platform. Connie follows. He sprints through the exit. She continues the pursuit.

EXT. MASSAGE PARLOR - DAY

Link walks out of the massage parlor. He looks up and down the street. He ambles a few doors down and enters a bar.

INT. BAR - DAY

A few barflies sip their medicine. One bar patron's head rests on a booth table, eyes closed. His hand is around a whiskey bottle.

Link ambles to the far end of the bar and hops onto a stool. The WHITE-HAIRED BARTENDER, 50s, quickly walks over.

WHITE-HAIRED BARTENDER

What'll ya have?

The White-haired Bartender wipes the bar in front of Link.

LINK

Cognac, your best.

The White-haired Bartender places a glass in front of Link. He turns and removes a bottle from a glass shelf. He pours Link's drink and then sets the bottle onto the bar.

A man who looks like Chun So enters. The two hoods with him look tough. Link sees the man, but the man doesn't recognize Link.

CHUN WA, 35, is an identical brother of Chun So. A thief in his own right, he's cut from the same cloth as his brother.

He and the hoods slide into a booth.

CHUN WA
Bartender, beer.

Link looks away and sips his drink.

A young slut passes Link and gives him the eye. She puts money into the jukebox and makes her selection. The jukebox plays. She stands in front of it, and her hips gyrate to the music.

She turns, slinks past, and blows Link a kiss. She returns to the table she shares with two young harlots. Link watches them. The young slut says something MOS and the three break into laughter.

The CUTE HARLOT, 20s, turns in her seat, reaches up, and squeezes one of her breasts that overflow a red blouse. Link diverts his gaze.

He glances at Chun Wa, who gulps down the last of his beer. Chun Wa wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. He says something MOS. He and the hoods get up and walk leisurely out of the bar.

Link feels something press against his arm and looks down. Cute Harlot's breasts try to wrap themselves around his upper arm.

CUTE HARLOT
Busy this afternoon; want a
foursome?

LINK
No, I'm picking up the kids from
school, and besides, I don't play
golf.

She turns up her nose and walks back toward her table.

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - DAY

Connie chases Dollar up and down streets. At times, they run among jams of cars and buses. Dollar tries to steal an orange motorcycle from CYCLE MAN, 20s.

DOLLAR
Gimme that bike!

Dollar pulls at the bike.

CYCLE MAN
(Malay; subtitled)
Fuck you!

Cycle Man holds on and kicks Dollar in the crotch. Dollar limps away.

Connie vaults over the hood of a parked car and maintains the chase.

Dollar hops onto a slow-moving bus.

INT. BUS - DAY - TRAVELING

Dollar squeezes past passengers and climbs the steps to the open top.

EXT. BUS - OPEN TOP - DAY - TRAVELING

Dollar looks over the back of the bus.

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - DAY

Connie sprints after the bus. She jumps onto the back of a slow-moving green motor scooter. She points at the bus while it lumbers down the street.

CONNIE

Follow that bus.

The motorcyclist speeds up. In the next block, the scooter pulls alongside the bus.

Connie stands on the back half of the small scooter seat, one hand on the scooter cyclist's shoulder. She grabs the bus handrail and pulls herself through the open door.

INT. BUS - DAY - TRAVELING

Connie wades through passengers and ascends the steps to the open level. Dollar tries to kick her when she emerges.

EXT. BUS - OPEN TOP - DAY - TRAVELING

Connie and Dollar exchange blows. Dollar lands a solid punch, and Connie falls backward over the last seat. She uses her legs to catch herself on the seatback.

She lies backward; her body dangles down the back of the bus. She looks from side to side and sees the inverted buildings as they pass. The bus continues down the street.

With the strength in her legs and back, she pulls herself back into the seat. Dollar disappears down the steps to the lower level.

The bus stops. Dollar races off into the crowd. Connie hangs from the side of the bus and drops to the street.

She again takes up the chase and sees Dollar enter a nearby brick building.

INT. BROTHEL - HALLWAY - DAY

A male trick and thinly-clad woman casually walk down the hallway. The man's hand is on her butt. Dollar runs past, opens a door, and disappears inside. The male trick and thinly-clad woman enter a room and close the door.

Seconds later, Connie appears at the end the empty hallway. She flings open the door to the first room and looks inside.

ROOM

PROSTITUTE #1 displays her melons while she sits topless on the side of the bed. Her CUSTOMER, 40s, sits on the bed beside her, his eyes fixated on her breasts. She unbuttons his shirt. The Customer looks at Connie.

CUSTOMER

What the hell?

CONNIE

Did another man come in here?

PROSTITUTE #1

I'm not doin' groups, honey.

CONNIE

(under her breath)

Certainly not an equipment problem.

HALLWAY

Connie closes the door and opens the door on the opposite side of the hallway.

NEXT ROOM

PROSTITUTE #2 reclines on her side in the bed. Beside her, an overweight red-haired WHITE MAN, 40ish, lies nude on his stomach. His butt is like a fluffy white pillow with a crease down the middle.

CONNIE

Did an Asian man come in here?

The White Man looks around.

WHITE MAN

Get the bloody hell out.

PROSTITUTE #2

What you see is what you get.

HALLWAY

Connie slams the door and moves to the next. She opens it an arm's length and looks inside.

THIRD ROOM

A BLACK MAN, 50s, who wears trousers stands with his back to the door. PROSTITUTE #3 is on her knees in front of him.

CONNIE

Did an Asian man come in here?

Prostitute #3 peers around the man's thigh.

PROSTITUTE #3

Yeah, and this is chocolate.

The Black Man looks over his shoulder.

BLACK MAN

Wanna taste?

HALLWAY

People hear the noise, open their doors, and look out. A few of them enter the hallway.

Dollar opens his door and rushes out. He knocks into RED PANTIES, a woman in her 20s. She squeals. Red Panties falls to the floor.

RED PANTIES

Bastard!

He dashes to a window and crashes through the glass.

Connie looks at the people.

CONNIE

(slightly out of
breath)

I'm glad that's over.

INT. CONNIE'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Connie and Link sit on the sofa. Link has his feet on the coffee table.

LINK

It was strange. He looked right at me. Never batted an eye.

Connie gets up and walks about the room.

CONNIE

It couldn't have been him. He was
several kilometers away chasing me.

Link looks perturbed.

LINK

I know that face.

CONNIE

You said he didn't recognize you.
It was a guy who looks like him.
What's important is Chun So knows
I'm in town.

LINK

Yeah, but he doesn't know where you
are.

Connie walks back to the sofa and sits.

CONNIE

Maybe not, but when he finds me, he
finds you.

Link shakes his head.

INT. SULIMAN'S VILLA - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Heavy teak furniture decorates the room. A poster bed with
a sheer red silk canopy dominates one wall. French doors
lead to the veranda.

The French doors open, and Suliman enters with Hu Ling. She
presses herself against him.

HU LING

I missed you.

She nibbles on his neck.

SULIMAN

I have something for you.

HU LING

What?

He ambles to a wall portrait. He pulls on the corner. The
picture swings away from the wall to reveal a safe.

HU LING

I didn't know that was there.

SULIMAN

My secret.

He works the combination and opens the safe. He removes a black velvet jewelry case, closes the safe, and steps back to Hu Ling.

He opens the case. Light glistens off an emerald bracelet.

HU LING

For me?

He nods.

She removes it from the case and drapes it over her wrist.

HU LING

Wow! Gorgeous.

SULIMAN

A reward for your loyalty.

She kisses him passionately.

INT. RICE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Dollar limps into the office. His clothes are torn, and there are cuts on his face and arms. STORYTELLER, 40ish, a bamboo pole who wears glasses, stands against a wall and works a newspaper crossword puzzle.

CHUN SO

Where the hell you been?

Dollar drops into a chair at the table.

CHUN SO

You look like you were thrown through a window.

DOLLAR

No, I jumped.

He puts his head onto the table.

CHUN SO

Where's Nunchaku Man?

DOLLAR

He's dead.

CHUN SO

Connie?

DOLLAR

She is a devil. Got away.

CHUN SO
We've gotta find her.

STORYTELLER
Did I tell you the time --

DOLLAR
(to storyteller)
-- Later.
(to Chun So)
I have an idea.

He takes out his lucky coin. He flips and catches it and then turns it over onto the table. It's heads. He smiles and places it back in his pocket.

DOLLAR
I know a guy who always has the inside dope. Knows everything happening.

CHUN SO
Think he can find her?

DOLLAR
Boss, in twenty-four hours. I'd bet on it.

CHUN SO
Call him.

INT. RICE WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

The wall phone rings. Chun So steps over and picks it up.

SUPER: "NEXT DAY."

CHUN SO
Hello. Sure, he's here.
(to Dollar)
For you.

He hands the phone to Dollar.

DOLLAR
Hello. Yea.... Uh-huh.... Thanks.

He hangs up.

DOLLAR
Boss, there's this small-timer name of Boots. He's braggin' about meetin' Connie Sun.

CHUN SO
 Take Chiclet. Get answers. Don't
 come back without 'em.

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

Boots sits with his feet on the desk. Dollar and a small
 woman enter.

CHICLET, 28, short, is a snarky Filipina. With bright
 colored tats, she looks like a comic strip.

BOOTS
 Hi, can I help you?

Boots takes his feet off the desk and sits up.

DOLLAR
 I need information.

BOOTS
 My specialty.

DOLLAR
 I'm looking for Connie Sun.

Boots displays a look of anxiety.

BOOTS
 Can't help you.

Chiclet, irritated, steps forward.

CHICLET
 Lyin' son of a bitch!

DOLLAR
 Let me handle this.

CHICLET
 Ya know the bastard's lyin'!

DOLLAR
 I said I'd handle it.
 (to Boots)
 We don't want trouble. Where's
 Connie Sun?

BOOTS
 I don't know any Connie Sun. I
 swear.

Perspiration breaks out on his forehead.

DOLLAR
My friend's one nasty bitch. If I
let her loose, it won't be pretty.

BOOTS
I told you; I don't know any Connie.

Dollar and Chiclet walk around the table. Boots cowers in his chair.

CHICLET
You ain't cooperatin'.

Boots clenches his lips.

Chiclet grabs Boots by the head. She snatches a butterfly knife from her pocket. The blade flashes past the side of Boots' head and slices off his ear. It falls onto the floor and rolls under the desk. Boots screams in pain.

Dollar holds him down in the chair. Blood runs down the side of Boots' neck.

DOLLAR
I said it wouldn't be pretty.

They beat the hell out of Boots.

Boots is flat on his back on the floor. Dollar kneels.

DOLLAR
(angrily)
Where is she?

BOOTS
(weakly)
The Grand Copthorne.

Chiclet straddles Boots. She takes the butterfly knife and drives it into the side of Boots' neck. Boots' mouth opens, and blood pours out.

CHICKLET
That's for givin' me a lot a shit.
Men are all alike. Ya don't know
how to treat a lady.

DOLLAR
C'mon, you've done enough.

Chiclet wipes her knife on Boots' shirt. Dollar and Chiclet stroll out of the office. A pool of blood forms around Boots' head.

INT. RICE WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Chun So and Dollar sit at the table. Chiclet and a few of the boys are in the office. Chun So has a cigarette in his mouth. It bobs up and down when he speaks.

CHUN SO
You made a goddamn mess.

DOLLAR
Boss, you said don't come back empty handed.

CHUN SO
I didn't say kill the bastard. The cops'll be snooping.

STORYTELLER
You know how we --

CHUN SO
-- Never mind.

Chun So looks at Chiclet.

CHUN SO
By the way, where the hell did you get the name Chiclet?

CHICLET
(snarling)
I was small for my age.

Chun So chuckles.

CHUN SO
Still are.

Her eyes flash.

CHICLET
Wanna make somethin' of it?

CHUN SO
Just control that temper. Follow orders, and we'll get along.

CHICKLET
I don't like pricks askin' dumb questions.

The office door opens. Chiclet whips out her butterfly knife and twirls it in the air. Dollar grabs a S&W Bodyguard 38 from his black waistband holster.

The door swings wide, and Chun Wa strolls in. Behind him are two hoods. Dollar looks at Chun Wa and then at Chun So.

DOLLAR
(to Chun So)
Am I seein' double?

Chun So doesn't answer. Chun So slips from behind the table, walks over, and hugs his brother.

CHUN SO
Took your time gettin' here.

CHUN WA
Don't like being rushed.

Chun Wa surveys the surroundings.

CHUN WA
It ain't the Hilton.

CHUN SO
That'll change.

CHUN WA
Brought my boys along; hope you
don't mind.

CHUN SO
I can use'em.

CHUN WA
So, what's up? You wouldn't say
shit on the phone.

Chun So walks back and sits down.

CHUN SO
Grab some lumber.

Chun Wa takes a seat at the table. The two hoods back against the wall behind him, their faces expressionless.

CHUN SO
I need you for backup. Somebody I
can trust.

CHUN WA
Got a drink?

CHUN SO
Sure, whiskey?

CHUN WA
Yea.

Chun Wa rubs his nose and then picks one nostril.

CHUN SO
Fatso, whiskey.

FATSO, 27, a chicharron with legs, hurries over with two glasses and a bottle. He sets the glasses onto the table and pours whiskey into each. He sets the bottle onto the table and steps away.

Chun Wa picks up his drink and takes a sip.

CHUN WA
Gimme the lowdown.

CHUN SO
The Pearl of Kublai Khan heist? It was me.

CHUN WA
Wow! Didn't know you had it in ya.

Chun Wa sips his drink and looks on with interest.

CHUN WA
So, what's the payoff?

CHUN SO
Nine mil U.S..

CHUN WA
That's not a payoff; that's a fortune. No wonder you want backup.

Chun Wa finishes his drink and helps himself to another. Chun So picks up his glass.

CHUN SO
Here's to success.

They toss down their drinks.

INT. GRAND COPTHORNE HOTEL - CAFE BRIO - DAY

Link sips coffee at a table. He reads the morning newspaper. Connie hurries across the parquet flooring and takes the seat across the table.

LINK
See the morning paper? Boots was murdered.

CONNIE
I saw coverage on Good Morning Singapore. Chun So no doubt.

LINK
I'll fix that bastard.

CONNIE
After breakfast, we'll run over to
Boots' office.

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

Connie and Link stand just inside the door.

CONNIE
A shame the neighbors saw nothing.

LINK
If they did, they're not talking.
We need a break.

A shotgun blast blows out the window next to the door.
Connie and Link drop onto the floor.

CONNIE
How's that for a break?

LINK
Not what I had in mind.

Link pulls out a Taurus PT111 9mm semiautomatic. He fires
through the broken window. Automatic fire from the street
shatters the door's glass and rips up its wooden frame.

CONNIE
Where did you get that?

LINK
Boots. Remember, you said get
something from him.

CONNIE
Got another?

LINK
Here!

He slides a Glock 9mm across the floor. She picks it up.
She uses the barrel to knock out the glass of another
window. Gunfire shreds the window's Venetian blind. She
fires several times.

EXT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

Across the street, a man with a pistol moves behind some
metal drums. Pistol man fires a few rounds.

A man totes a shotgun when he steps from around a corner. Shotgun man levels the gun to fire. Link drills him with a couple of rounds. Shotgun man is hit, backpedals into a wall, drops his weapon, and slides down out of sight.

Pistol man reloads.

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

CONNIE
I didn't know you could shoot like that.

Link reloads.

LINK
Hung out at carnivals. Difference was the targets didn't shoot back.

Link fires again. Connie peeks between the pieces of blind.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Around the corner rolls a small gasoline delivery truck. It stops about three hundred meters up the street. The truck driver guns the engine.

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

Connie peers out the window.

CONNIE
This doesn't look good.

Link looks around the room.

LINK
We need an out.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The truck driver guns it again and starts to move. Faster! Faster! The truck closes on the real estate office location directly at the end of the street. Smoke from gunfire can be seen at the windows.

Not far from the office, the truck driver jumps clear. The truck rolls across the intersection and plows into the real estate office.

A small fire ignites; the truck explodes. Truck parts and other debris are hurled high into the air. An orange ball of flame rolls skyward.

EXT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - ALLEY - DAY

Connie and Link hotfoot it away from the office. They look back and watch flames lick over the remains of the demolished office.

INT. GRAND COPTHORNE HOTEL - 20TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Connie walks down the hallway toward the elevator. MALE GOON #1, 30s, follows not far behind. They reach the elevator simultaneously.

MALE GOON #1

I got it.

He presses the button. A moment later the door opens. They get in.

ELEVATOR

MALE GOON #1

Which one?

CONNIE

Lobby, please.

He presses the lobby button and then presses the button for another floor. When the elevator door opens, a FEMALE GOON, 20s and MALE GOON #2, 20s, get in. Male Goon #1 does not get off. The door closes.

Connie smells trouble. Male Goon #1 seizes Connie's arm.

FEMALE GOON

Hold her!

The Female Goon and Male Goon #2 attack Connie.

MALE GOON #2

Get her legs!

The Female Goon grabs for Connie's legs. Connie pulls free. They fight.

Connie manages to press an elevator button. The door opens, and Connie kicks the Female Goon backward into the hallway.

HALLWAY

The fight continues. Connie kicks out the glass of a fire hose cabinet. She grabs the hose and thumps Male Goon #2 on the head with the nozzle.

She ducks under Male Goon #1's outstretched arm and gets behind him. She quickly ties the hose around his neck.

She steps back, places her foot on his back, and shoves. He stumbles forward and crashes through a window.

EXT. GRAND COPTHORNE HOTEL - FACADE - DAY

Male Goon #1 plunges several floors with the hose around his neck. The hose snaps back and breaks his neck. High on the outside of the building, he swings from side to side.

INT. GRAND COPTHORNE HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

Connie sprints to a door, throws it open, and steps through to the stairwell.

STAIRWELL

Connie holds the door closed.

HALLWAY

The Female Goon grips tightly onto the doorknob. She pushes on the door with the help of Male Goon #2.

STAIRWELL

Connie yanks the door open. The Female Goon is jerked forward. She screams as she sails over the railing. On the way down, her body bounces off the railing of other floors. Male Goon #2 picks himself off the floor and backs through the door. Connie follows.

HALLWAY

MALE GOON #2

Die, bitch!

Male Goon #2 pulls throwing stars from a pocket. In quick succession, he throws two of them at Connie.

Connie runs, bounds off of the wall, and lands on the man's shoulders. She grabs the hand that holds the remaining star. They struggle. Connie forces his hand toward his face, and the star penetrates his eye.

He screams multiple times. Blood runs from the wound onto his face. Connie does a backflip onto the floor. Male Goon #2 slides down the wall to the floor. He holds his face and screams. Connie dashes down the hallway.

EXT. ASIA INVESTMENT BANK - DAY

Chun So's car pulls to a stop in front of the bank. Chiclet is the driver. Chun So and Chun Wa are in the back seat.

Chun So gets out of the car. He carries a gym bag. He speaks to his brother through the open rear window.

CHUN SO

Sit tight.

He turns and quickly walks into the bank.

INT. ASIA INVESTMENT BANK - DAY

Chun So walks to the far corner of the bank where a FEMALE BANK EMPLOYEE, 30s, sits at a desk. He speaks to her MOS and then sits in the chair beside the desk.

She checks his identification, makes entries in a computer, then has him sign an electronic signature pad. They stand and walk toward the safe deposit vault.

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT

A few hundred safe deposit boxes line the interior. The Bank Employee leads Chun So to the scanner.

FEMALE BANK EMPLOYEE

Sir, if you'll look into the scanner.

Chun So steps forward and positions his eye near the scanner lens. The Female Bank Employee presses a button.

FEMALE BANK EMPLOYEE

Thank you.

She leads him to a wall of boxes and inserts the bank's key into a lock. Chun So inserts his key into the other lock. She turns the keys. The Female Bank Employee opens the door, removes the box, and hands it to Chun So. He tucks it under his arm.

FEMALE BANK EMPLOYEE

In there, Mr. Chun.

She points to a door.

CHUN SO

Thank you.

He walks to the door, opens it, and enters.

SMALL ROOM

Chun So closes the door and sets the bag onto the floor. He sets the box onto the table, opens it, and removes a white bundle. He places it upon the table and unties it. He spreads the cloth open and picks up the pearl.

He tilts his head to the side as he rotates the pearl to examine it. He wraps it again. He picks up the bag and places the pearl inside.

EXT. ASIA INVESTMENT BANK - DAY

Chun So strolls out of the bank and gets into the car. The car pulls from the curb.

EXT. STREET - ENTRANCE SULIMAN'S VILLA - NIGHT

Large coach lights illuminate the driveway entrance. A pock-faced guard patrols behind the gate.

Chun So's car, driven by Chiclet, pulls up near the gate. Another car is directly behind. The pock-faced guard ambles out to the car and speaks MOS to Chun So.

DOWN THE STREET

Connie brings the rental car to a stop next to the villa's wall. She kills the lights and turns off the engine. She and Link watch the cars enter the grounds.

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Connie and Link sit in the darkness.

LINK

Who was in back with Chun So?

CONNIE

Couldn't see. Looks like the deal's going down.

LINK

What's next?

CONNIE

We'll go in.

LINK

We'll?

CONNIE

Sure, suppose I need a diversion?

LINK

Is that what I am, a diversion?

CONNIE

An example of how important you are to the scheme of things. If anything happens, they'll think Chun So's behind it.

LINK

Guess I'm in.

INT. CHUN SO'S CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Chun So and Chun Wa are in the back seat. Chiclet steers the car up the drive. Dollar is in the passenger seat.

Chun So looks at Chun Wa.

CHUN SO

This setup gives me a bad feeling.
Don't know where I'd find another
buyer. Stole it for him.

Dollar reaches into his pocket and pulls out his lucky coin. He flips it, catches it, and turns it over onto the back of his other hand. He looks; it's heads.

DOLLAR

Don't worry, Boss. My lucky coin
says no problem.

With a cynical look on his face, Chun So leans forward.

CHUN SO

Gimme forty-four caliber insurance.

EXT. SULIMAN'S VILLA - NIGHT

Chun So's car pulls up under the covered driveway. Fatso pulls the second car up behind Chun So's. The Butler stands on the steps that lead to the front door. Behind him on the landing stands a pug.

INT. CHUN SO'S CAR - NIGHT

CHUN SO

Let's do it.

He opens the door, picks up the gym bag, and gets out.

EXT. SULIMAN'S VILLA - NIGHT

Fatso and the men in the other car get out.

The Butler walks up the steps and opens the door. They enter. The pug brings up the rear.

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

CONNIE

Let's go.

LINK

It's your show.

They open their doors and get out.

EXT. SULIMAN'S VILLA - EXTERIOR WALL - NIGHT

Connie goes to the trunk, opens it, and removes a coil of rope, a crossbow, and a backpack.

LINK

Where'd you get the rope?

CONNIE

Lying around.

LINK

Lying around? You suckered me. Why didn't you say something?

CONNIE

Would you have come?

LINK

No. I've reformed.

CONNIE

That's why. We're not stealing anything.

LINK

Tell that to Suliman.

(shakes his head)

Well, what do I have to lose other than my life and a blissful marriage with Nori?

CONNIE

Come on, lover boy.

Connie closes the truck, and they move off along the wall.

INT. SULIMAN'S VILLA - GAME ROOM - NIGHT

A pool table sits in the middle of the room. Against one wall is a well-stocked bar. The room looks like an armed camp. Lu Ting Yin stands several paces from Suliman.

Suliman is in the middle of a game of pool. He chalks his cue stick and prepares to take a shot.

The door behind him opens, and the Butler leads Chun So and his entourage into the room. Fatso plants his massive form by the door.

Suliman looks up and does a double take on Chun So and Chun Wa as they amble closer.

SULIMAN
Well, what's this?

CHUN SO
My brother's in town, so I brought
him along.

Chun Wa steps forward and extends his hand, but Suliman continues to shoot pool.

SULIMAN
(matter-of-factly)
Sure. Sure.

Chun Wa withdraws his hand and steps back. He looks angry.

EXT. SULIMAN'S VILLA - EXTERIOR WALL - NIGHT

Connie and Link hug the wall while they make their way along the perimeter. In the distance, a dog barks.

LINK
Glad he's not over here.

Connie stops.

CONNIE
This is it.

She points to a tall tree inside the grounds. She fastens the rope to one of the arrows and loads it onto the crossbow. She aims and fires. The arrow cuts through the air and into the side of the tree.

She slips the crossbow over her shoulder and pulls on the rope. She puts one foot onto the wall and slowly walks up its side.

INT. SULIMAN'S VILLA - GAME ROOM - NIGHT

Suliman continues to shoot pool.

SULIMAN
Have the merchandise?

CHUN SO
Right here.

He holds up the gym bag in one hand. Suliman hands his cue stick to one of his men.

SULIMAN
Let's finish the deal.

To one side, Chiclet stands like a windup toy waiting to be let go.

CHUN SO
You're the man.

SULIMAN
Damn right.

Suliman snaps his fingers. A ponytailed guard leaves the room. Chun So and Chun Wa exchange glances. Chun Wa's hand moves toward the button of his closed jacket.

Chun So takes a pack of cigarettes from his pocket, removes one, and puts it into his mouth.

SULIMAN
Don't smoke. You'll stink up my place.

Chun So extracts the cigarette from his mouth. He looks scornfully at Suliman.

EXT. SULIMAN'S VILLA - GAME ROOM WINDOW - NIGHT

Connie and Link stand in the flower bed and look through a large window.

CONNIE
No wonder we both saw Chun So. He has a twin.

LINK
I knew it was him, or... I guess I saw the brother.

CONNIE
Aren't you the detective. That's also why he was everywhere all those years. Not hard when there are two of you.

LINK
Yeah, twice the trouble.

INT. SULIMAN'S VILLA - GAME ROOM - NIGHT

The ponytailed guard returns with a briefcase. Chun So starts to place the gym bag onto the pool table.

SULIMAN

(Rudely)

Not on my table.

Lu stands to one side, a grin on his face. Chun So gives Suliman a bitter stare. Suliman steps to his desk. The ponytailed guard with the briefcase follows.

Chun So walks slowly to the desk.

SULIMAN

Let's see it.

Chun So opens the gym bag and lifts out the cloth wrapped pearl. He places the pearl onto the desk and unwraps it.

Suliman gazes at the pearl. His eyes widen.

SULIMAN

Magnificent!

He picks it up with both hands. He smiles broadly.

SULIMAN

The quest of a lifetime. When I first heard of its existence, I knew I had to have it.

Suliman turns to the ponytailed guard with the briefcase.

SULIMAN

The money.

The ponytailed guard places the briefcase onto the desk and opens it.

SULIMAN

American dollars just as requested.

Chun So picks up a bundle of bills and fans through it. He counts the bundles.

CHUN SO

Looks good.

SULIMAN

Now, if you'll excuse me.

Chun So closes the briefcase and hands it to Chun Wa.

CHUN SO

Let's go.

Led by the Butler, Chun So and his entourage exit the room. Chiclet, looking over her shoulder, is the last one out.

Lu walks over to Suliman.

LU
We should've taken'em down.

SULIMAN
It would've been messy. Take a
couple of boys. See where they go.

Lu hurries from the room. He points at two associates as he goes. They follow.

Suliman takes the pearl and walks over to a wall. He presses a button in the corner, and a panel opens.

EXT. SULIMAN'S VILLA - GAME ROOM WINDOW - NIGHT

Connie and Link watch Suliman place the pearl into the safe and close the door.

CONNIE
Let's go. When we come back, we'll
know right where it is.

They turn and slip away.

INT. CHUN SO'S CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Chiclet drives; Dollar rides shotgun. Chun So and Chun Wa are in back.

CHUN SO
Nine mil. Who'd believe it.

CHICLET
I don't trust men. I was itchin' to
blast those guys.

DOLLAR
So was I.

CHUN SO
That bastard dissed me. Under
different circumstances...

CHUN WA
Forget it. Whad'ya gonna do with
all that cash?

CHUN SO
I'll make lots of changes. For one,
I'll kill that dumb broad Nori. She
knows too much. Anyway, I've worn
her out.

He chuckles.

CHUN SO
 Something fresh, a little tighter,
 if you know what I mean.

The men laugh. Chiclet's upper lip curls.

CHICLET
 Bunch of male chauvinists.

DOLLAR
 Lighten up.

The men laugh again.

EXT. SULIMAN'S VILLA - NIGHT

Two Mercedes sedans are parked under the covered driveway at the front door.

SUPER: "CHINESE NEW YEAR'S EVE."

Suliman, Hu Ling, the Blond, and the Redhead walk out dressed to the nines. Several bodyguards accompany them. The Butler opens the back door of the first sedan. Suliman and Hu Ling get in. The other girls walk hastily toward the second sedan.

INT. SULIMAN'S VILLA - GAME ROOM - NIGHT

Connie and Link sneak toward the wall that conceals the safe. Connie has the pack on her back. A noise at the door and the knob turns. Connie and Link duck behind a love seat. The door opens. ASIAN THUG #1 looks in and then closes the door.

Link feels something press against his buttocks. He looks back only to see the pug sniff at his hind parts.

LINK
 Get.

The pug looks at Link.

CONNIE
 Have you heard the story of why dogs
 sniff each other's tails?

LINK
 Very funny.

The pug walks up and licks at Link's face.

CONNIE

(smiling)

We're committing a robbery, and
you're building relationships.

Connie smells a fart and makes a face.

CONNIE

Tell me that was the dog.

Link has a deflated expression. He tries to crawl away from
the pug. The pug follows. The pug mounts Link's hip.

CONNIE

Love. My but you do work fast.

Link pushes the pug away.

LINK

I wish he'd find someplace to sit.

The pug sits.

CONNIE

You finally got command of the
situation.

Link looks at the pug.

LINK

Stay.

The pug sits and watches. They stand and move carefully
toward the hidden safe.

EXT. CHINATOWN - NIGHT

Revelers line the streets while lion dancers compete with
one another.

People light the way with red lanterns through many streets.
The Chingay Parade with its floats and colorful costumes
moves along another street.

INT. SULIMAN'S VILLA - GAME ROOM - NIGHT

Connie feels for the panel button. She finds it and
presses. The panel slides open to reveal the safe. She
removes a small electronic device from her backpack,
attaches it to the safe, and turns it on.

A digital display is shown on its face. She slowly turns
the dial of the safe clockwise. The number 36 appears on
the display. She dials left, and the number 7 comes up.
She turns right again for the number 22.

LINK
What about the alarm?

CONNIE
With all his muscle, why would he
use it?

Link swallows hard.

LINK
Just... suppose.

CONNIE
Just run.

Link sighs. Connie turns the dial left, and the number 10 comes up with a green flashing dot beside it. She pulls down on the handle. Hesitantly, she pulls the door open.

CONNIE
See?

Connie shines a small flashlight into the safe.

CONNIE
Not here.

LINK
What do you mean?

CONNIE
What do you mean? What do I mean?
It's empty.

CONNIE AND LINK
(together)
The bedroom.

Connie locks the safe and closes the panel. They creep back to the window. The pug sits in the same place.

EXT. CHINATOWN - NIGHT

The New Year's celebration continues. People with and without costumes stroll along a street. Many of them cheer.

EXT. SULIMAN'S VILLA - GAME ROOM WINDOW - NIGHT

Link climbs out the window. He feels something against the back of his head. ASIAN THUG #2, stands with an SAR 21 assault rifle.

ASIAN THUG #2
Hold it!

Link freezes.

ASIAN THUG #2

Down!

Link lets go of the window sill and steps to the side.
Asian Thug #2 steps over with him.

ASIAN THUG #2

(to Connie)

You, come out.

Connie climbs out the window. While she does, she reaches into her hair and whips out a black feathered dart. With a snap of her wrist, it flies through the air.

It hits Asian Thug #2 in the neck. Air escapes his lips. His eyes are blank. He falls backward to the ground.

CONNIE

Quick, in the bushes.

LINK

Is he dead?

CONNIE

Very.

They drag the body into bushes. They start to move away. Link looks back and sees a leg that protrudes from beneath the bushes.

GROUNDS

Connie and Link quickly walk toward the back of the villa.

CONNIE

There.

She points to a second-story veranda with fancy wood trim. She removes the backpack and quickly assembles the crossbow from the parts inside. She attaches a piece of rope to an arrow and loads the crossbow.

She shoulders the crossbow and fires. With a t'chi, the arrow streaks through the air and embeds itself into the wood trim.

LINK

May I?

He tugs the rope and climbs up.

CONNIE

I see you're getting in the spirit
of things.

Link, half-way up the rope.

LINK

Do I have a choice?

Link reaches the veranda; Connie follows.

VERANDA

They steal across the veranda to the French doors. Connie
tries the door, and it's open. They sneak inside.

INT. SULIMAN'S VILLA - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The shadow of the poster bed is cast upon the wall. The
room is eerily silent.

Link sniffs the air.

LINK

Clive Christian.

CONNIE

Better than dog fragrance.

LINK

Don't go there.

CONNIE

Get the dresser. I'll check by the
bed.

Connie examines a brass sconce on the wall beside the bed.
Link runs his finger along the edge of a portrait.

Connie steps over and examines a watercolor landscape on
another wall.

CONNIE

Nothing.

Link moves on to another portrait. He runs his finger along
the frame and pulls.

LINK

Bingo.

The portrait swings away from the wall and exposes a safe.
Connie uses her electronic device to work the combination.

She opens the safe and reaches inside.

CONNIE

Aha! I have it.

She withdraws the bundle from the safe and slips it into the back pack.

Outside the bedroom door, a dog barks.

CONNIE

Your friend.

The door opens, and the pug runs in. Asian Thug #1, holds a semiautomatic pistol as he steps through the door. ASIAN THUG #3, is behind him. He totes an SAR 21 assault rifle.

ASIAN THUG #1

Hands up!

Connie and Link look at each other and raise their hands. The pug jumps up and down at Link's feet.

ASIAN THUG #1

Search'em.

Asian Thug #3 pats down Link.

ASIAN THUG #3

Not packin'.

Asian Thug #3 walks up to Connie. He pulls her backpack off, and it falls to the floor. He slowly pats her down.

CONNIE

Never seen a lady?

When he gets to her hip, she grabs his hand, bends forward, and pivots on one foot. He rolls over her hip and falls onto the floor. She palm strikes him in the face and knocks him out.

From behind her belt buckle, she produces a throwing star. Like a bolt of lightning, it flashes to its mark in Asian Thug #1's chest. The sound of pain escapes his lips. As he falls, Link takes the pistol from his hand.

LINK

I'll take this.

Asian Thug #1 collapses onto a bench at the foot of the bed.

CONNIE

Let's go.

She snatches the backpack from the floor and strides toward the veranda.

EXT. SULIMAN'S VILLA - VERANDA - NIGHT

Connie and Link hurry to the rope and quickly climb down.

GROUNDS

Link jogs among a thin stand of trees.

LINK
We're clear.

He looks from side to side.

LINK
Connie?

He turns around and comes face to face with ASIAN THUG #4. The man pokes an AK-47 under Link's chin.

ASIAN THUG #4
Where's this Connie?

Connie steps from behind a tree in back of him. She grabs him by the head, twists, and breaks his neck.

CONNIE
Right here.

She releases him, and he falls to the ground.

LINK
They should call you the White
Ghost.

Connie and Link double-time it toward the wall.

INT. SECOND FLOOR RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Suliman, Hu Ling, and his guests sit at a long table. Bodyguards patrol nearby. Suliman looks out the window at the crowded street below.

SULIMAN
Exhilarating.

Beside him, Hu Ling leans over. Her boobs protrude from her dress. She flaunts her emerald bracelet.

HU LING
I love excitement.

SULIMAN
There's a lot to celebrate on this --

His cell phone rings. He reaches into his jacket pocket and removes it.

SULIMAN

Yeah?

LU (V.O.)

Boss, we've been robbed. The pearl.

SULIMAN

What? You fool! How?

LU (V.O.)

I didn't see'em. They got four of the boys.

SULIMAN

I'll be right there.

He hangs up and jumps to his feet.

SULIMAN

We're leaving.

Everyone looks perplexed. They slowly get up and shuffle toward the steps.

INT. SULIMAN'S VILLA - FOYER - NIGHT

Suliman bursts through the door followed by bodyguards. Hu Ling, the Blond, and the Redhead bring up the rear. The Butler jumps out of the way.

GAME ROOM

Suliman enters and heads for the bar. Lu is close behind. Suliman snatches a bottle of scotch from the bar, takes a glass, and pours some. Hu Ling joins them. He looks at Lu.

SULIMAN

What the hell happened.

Suliman drops onto a barstool.

LU

I was in --

LATER

Suliman and Hu Ling sit at the bar. Lu sits on a stool to one side of Suliman.

SULIMAN

That double-crossing Chun So.
Tomorrow --

Suliman speaks MOS as the others listen.

EXT. RICE WAREHOUSE - DAY

Two of Chun So's men stand in front and smoke. One has a mopyy head of hair and the other wears spectacles.

Three cars turn and start down the street toward the warehouse. Suliman's car stops near the top of the street. At high speed, the others continue.

Mopyy head and spectacles hurry inside. Spectacles pokes his head out when the two cars come to a screeching halt about fifty meters from the door.

Men pile out of the cars and immediately open fire with AK-47s, semiautomatic pistols, and other weapons. They take cover behind vehicles parked along the street.

INT. RICE WAREHOUSE - FLOOR - DAY

Through a narrow opening in the door, mopyy head returns fire with a sawed-off shotgun, and spectacles uses a nickel-plated revolver.

INT. SULIMAN'S CAR - DAY

Suliman and Hu Ling sit in back. Lu is in front with the chauffeur. The four of them watch the gunfight.

INT. RICE WAREHOUSE - FLOOR - DAY

Chiclet runs up and looks through one of the small dust-covered window panes of the door. Bullets shatter two panes near her. She ducks down.

CHICLET

Go ta hell! It's a war zone!

She rises and returns fire with a Pindad PS-01 assault pistol. Smoke drifts from the barrel. Through the window, she sees men zigzag along a sidewalk.

She turns and runs toward the metal steps that lead to the office. Mopyy head and spectacles continue to fire.

OFFICE

Chun So, Chun Wa, and the others hear the gunfire. Everyone goes for their weapons. Chiclet bursts through the door.

CHICLET

Gunmen shootin' up the place!

Chun So stands beside the table. He turns to Chun Wa.

CHUN SO

Suliman!

CHUN WA

I love the smell of gunpowder.

Chun Wa and Chun So follow Chiclet out the door.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

When their car rounds the corner, Connie and Link see the gun battle. Link pulls his Taurus 9mm semiautomatic from his waistband and checks the magazine.

LINK

Let's kick butt.

Connie brings the car to a stop some distance from the action. Gunfire can be plainly heard.

Connie turns in her seat. On the rear seat, next to the crossbow, is her shoulder bag. She grabs it, turns, and places it onto her lap. She removes the Glock 9mm semiautomatic that Link gave her. She chambers a round.

LINK

Chun So's mine.

She reaches around and picks up the crossbow. They get out of the rental.

EXT. STREET - NEAR WAREHOUSE - DAY

Connie slips the strap of the crossbow over her shoulder while they move cautiously past storefronts. Suliman's men see them; the men fire. Connie and Link return fire. Henchman #1 is hit and stumbles against a trash can. He slides off the can onto the ground.

EXT. RICE WAREHOUSE - DAY

Gunman #1 opens the front second-floor warehouse window. Gunman #1 and gunman #2 operate a CIS 50MG heavy machine gun. They open up on a car where three men have found cover. They laugh while they blast away.

Two of Suliman's men fall. Machine gun fire pings across the hood of a car. Smoke drifts from beneath it. Flames erupt. An explosion knocks henchman #2 and henchman #3 to the pavement.

Blood oozes from the back of henchman #2's head. He raises his head and then it drops. Henchman #3's leg is blown off. He hollers, rolls from side to side, and then tries desperately to crawl away.

The main warehouse door swings open. Storyteller steps out. He wields a Norinco Type 86s bullpup rifle with a drum magazine. He lets loose. He's immediately taken out by a spray of fire.

Connie and Link duck up an alley.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Connie and Link observe some of Suliman's men. The men work their way around to the back of the building.

A Second-floor window opens, and Fatso looks out. He holds a loaded RPG-7 grenade launcher. He gets a bead on two men who hide behind a dumpster. He squeezes the trigger.

The grenade rips the dumpster to pieces. The men's bodies fly through the air like rag dolls. Garbage, burning paper, and pieces of metal shower down.

Henchman #4 sees Connie and Link. He raises his weapon to fire. Link drills him in the head. Henchman #4's head snaps back. He steps backward and then tumbles ass over teakettle down a gravel incline. He comes a stop face down.

INT. RICE WAREHOUSE - SECOND-FLOOR REAR - DAY

Fatso spots Connie and Link. He reloads the RPG.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

As Fatso raises the RPG to his shoulder, Connie shoots and hits the grenade. It explodes, and Fatso is no more.

INT. RICE WAREHOUSE - SECOND-FLOOR REAR - DAY

Dollar walks up to the opening where the window was. Link runs up steps that lead to a second-floor entrance. Dollar fires at him. Link hugs the wall.

EXT. WAREHOUSE STEPS - DAY

Link fires at Dollar and then hugs the wall.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Connie fires at Dollar.

INT. RICE WAREHOUSE - SECOND-FLOOR REAR - DAY

Dollar leans out to get a better view. Connie nails him with a bullet to the chest. Dollar lurches away.

DOLLAR
Son of a bitch!

He looks at the wound.

INT. SULIMAN'S CAR - DAY

SULIMAN

(to Lu)

Rush the building.

Lu checks his pistol. He opens the door and gets out.

INT. RICE WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

Dollar staggers in and over to the table. He flops into a chair. He uses one hand to press against the wound in his chest. With the other hand, he reaches into his pocket and retrieves his lucky coin. He flips it.

The coin, seemingly in slow motion, revolves head over tails up in the air and then down. It lands on the table. It rolls lazily in circles before it comes to rest. It's tails. Dollar stares at the coin. His body slumps forward onto the table.

SECOND-FLOOR FRONT

Link comes face to face with Chiclet at the head of the long metal steps.

CHICLET

Who the fuck are you?

She takes a shot at link but misses. Link fires and hits Chiclet in the side. Chiclet drops the gun and grabs onto the railing of the steps.

Chiclet sways back and forth before she tumbles down the steps. Her leg tangles in the steps. She hangs upside down and groans in pain.

EXT. RICE WAREHOUSE - DAY

In spite of heavy machine gun fire from the second-floor window, Lu waves his men on. The warehouse door opens, and Chun Wa steps out with two forty-five semiautomatic pistols. He sees Lu. He marches toward him. Chun Wa's forty-fives blaze away.

CHUN WA

Eat lead, bastard!

Lu fires and grazes Chun Wa's shoulder. Chun Wa stops momentarily. Determination paints his face. Other fire ricochets off of the pavement. His eyes fix on Lu's. He pulls one trigger and then the other. Bam! Bam!

Lu is hit in the hip. The next slug inflicts a belly wound. Blood turns his shirt and trousers red. He goes down on his knees; his gun drops to the pavement. Chun Wa walks up and stands over the wounded Lu.

CHUN WA

Go to hell!

The hammer on one of Chun Wa's forty-fives drops, and a hole is blown in Lu's chest. His body keels over backward.

Chun Wa gets down on one knee and places the barrel of a forty-five into Lu's mouth. As the gun's slide recoils, Lu's head explodes and sprays blood onto Chun Wa's face.

Chun So exits the warehouse, an angry look on his face. He carries a Carl Gustav M3 recoilless rifle and a sack. He hurries over to Chun Wa.

CHUN SO

Good shootin'.

He gets in a prone position on the pavement. Chun So takes aim at a car that shields some of Suliman's men. When he fires, Suliman's men run. The round hits the car and blows off its doors. Flames consume the wreckage.

Chun Wa pats him on the shoulder.

CHUN SO

Where's Suliman?

CHUN WA

The Mercedes.

He points toward Suliman's car.

CHUN SO

Reload me.

Chun Wa reaches into the sack and takes out a round.

INT. SULIMAN'S CAR - DAY

Suliman, Hu Ling, and the Chauffeur look in horror as Chun So aims at them. The Chauffeur opens the door and starts to get out. Hu Ling screams.

EXT. STREET - NEAR WAREHOUSE - DAY

Chun Wa fires. The explosion picks up the front of the car. Debris sails through the air. The hulk cashes to the pavement and burns. Smoke billows into the air.

A short distance away, the lower part of Hu Ling's arm lands on the pavement. On it, the emerald bracelet glistens in the sun.

INT. RICE WAREHOUSE - FLOOR - DAY

Chun So and Chun Wa enter. Chun So drops the recoilless rifle and sack by the door. Chun So spots Connie and Link beside Chiclet. Chiclet still hangs upside down from the metal steps.

CHUN SO
Shoot the bitch!

Chun Wa raises his weapon and pulls the trigger, but the forty-five is empty. Link squares off with Chun Wa, and they fight.

Connie tosses the crossbow aside and springs over to where Chun So stands. They too fight.

Connie uses White Crane kung fu while Chun So uses Snake style. Connie gets the best of him, and he breaks it off.

Chun So runs and jumps onto a lift truck. He tries to run Connie down.

He chases Connie about the warehouse, but she eludes him. While he turns the lift truck around, he backs into the steps and crushes Chiclet.

He Pulls forward, and while he tries to watch Connie plows into rows of neatly stacked sacks of rice. Chun So is momentarily stunned.

He stumbles off the truck. He picks up an empty rice sack and sets it on fire. He tosses it at Connie. Sacks of rice catch fire.

He runs to the bottom of the steps and watches Connie grab the crossbow from the floor. He starts up the steps. He feels pain and looks down to see an arrow in his leg. He limps up the steps.

Link and Chun Wa continue to throw punches.

SECOND-FLOOR FRONT

Below, flames engulf the warehouse floor. Chun So stands on a catwalk. The arrow protrudes from his leg.

CHUN SO
Burn, devil!

FLOOR

Connie spies the recoilless rifle. She dashes over and looks inside the bag beside it. She pulls out a round. She awkwardly loads the round and shoulders the rifle.

Chun So limps along the catwalk. Connie fires, and the round hits the wall just below where the catwalk attaches. The catwalk is blown loose. It twists and creaks.

Link and Chun Wa fight beneath the catwalk. Chun So hangs on precariously.

CONNIE

Link, run!

Link sprints to where Connie stands. Chun Wa starts to run but trips over a sack of rice and falls. The fire spreads around him.

The catwalk falls; Chun So loses his grip and falls into the flames. The catwalk lands on Chun Wa. Chun So and Chun Wa scream as the fire rapidly consumes them.

Connie and Link watch the flames sweep over the floor.

CONNIE

All his hate was for nothing.

LINK

Hate's a big motivator.

CONNIE

Let's get out.

They turn and head through the door.

INT. SINGAPORE AIRLINES BOEING 777 - DAY - AIRBORNE

Connie and Link sit in their seats. Connie glances at the carry-on bag at link's feet. She notices movement inside.

CONNIE

The bag's moving.

Link picks up the bag and places it onto his lap. He unzips the top. Out pops the head of the pug. It licks his face; he turns away.

Connie looks surprised.

LINK

(sheepishly)

Couldn't leave him. Who'd take care of him?

Connie's eyebrows raise questioningly.

INT. HONG KONG INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

The area outside of Immigration bustles with people who wait for friends and loved ones. Passengers exit. Shinagawa stands on her tiptoes. She strains to look over the sea of bobbing heads.

Connie and Link move with the flow. Shinagawa sees them first and waves. Link sees her, smiles broadly, and waves frantically at her.

LINK

Nori! Hi!

They come together for a big hug and kiss.

CONNIE

She's got my vote.

SHINAGAWA

Vote?

Link puts his arm around Shinagawa while the three of them continue to walk.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Ginger drives, and Connie sits in back.

GINGER

Why'd you have me pick you up at the Regional Crime Unit? Where's the pearl?

CONNIE

In due time. Right now, what's with you?

GINGER

Concerning what?

CONNIE

Men problems.

Ginger smiles broadly

GINGER

Oh! I met this great guy. Works at a bank.

CONNIE

Least he has money.

Ginger glances over her shoulder.

GINGER
I'm serious. He's terrific.
Bashful but cute.

CONNIE
Does he pay for the date?

GINGER
Of course.

CONNIE
I like him already.

INT. CONNIE'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Connie and Ginger walk in.

CONNIE
I could use a drink.

Ginger goes to the bar and starts to prepare a drink. In
Connie's bedroom, there's a noise.

CONNIE
(whispering)
Hear that?

GINGER
(whispering)
Your room.

CONNIE
(whispering)
Call Luk. We'll give him some real
work.

Ginger walks out of the room. Connie pops a CD into the
player; music plays. She tiptoes to the bedroom door and
listens. Moments later, Ginger returns.

GINGER
(whispering)
Luk wasn't there. Tong's on his
way.

LATER

The doorbell rings, and Ginger answers.

GINGER
Come in, Inspector.

Tong and two uniformed officers enter.

CONNIE
Where's Luk?

Tong looks confounded.

TONG
Left hours ago. Not answering his
cell.

GINGER
Checked the morgue?

Connie gives her a disapproving look.

TONG
Where's the perp?

CONNIE
My bedroom.

Tong looks at uniformed officer #1.

TONG
Cover this door.

He turns to uniformed officer #2.

TONG
You, come with me.

They draw their weapons.

Tong and uniformed officer #2 stalk to the bedroom door.
Connie and Ginger follow. Tong listens at the door.

TONG
(whispering)
I don't hear anything.

He slowly opens the door.

CONNIE'S BEDROOM

Tong's silhouette fills the open doorway. He reaches out,
flips on the light, and walks cautiously to the bay window.
He quickly yanks open the drapes. There's no one.
Meanwhile, Connie and uniformed officer #2 enter.

Uniformed officer #2 walks over, switches on the bathroom
light, and enters. Ginger leans slowly through the open
bedroom door and gazes about.

Tong gets on his knees. He lifts the spread and looks
beneath the bed, pistol at the ready. He looks at Connie.
She shrugs her shoulders.

He gets to his feet and makes a beeline for the closet. He points the pistol at the closet door. Uniformed Officer #2 joins him.

TONG
Come out with your hands up!

The knob on the closet door slowly turns. A rather embarrassed Inspector Luk emerges with his hands up.

LUK
Nice place, Connie.

TONG
Inspector!

CONNIE
What are you doing here?

LUK
Well --

CONNIE
Inspector Tong, there's your man.

Tong fumbles for a cigarette and lights it.

TONG
Whad'ya want me to do?

CONNIE
Arrest him. He's a trespasser.
Might be a peeping Tom.

Luk looks angrily at Connie.

LUK
Are you trying to make a monkey out
of me?

CONNIE
My dear Inspector, you're capable of
doing it on your own.

Ginger chortles.

TONG
You're not serious.

CONNIE
Oh, but I am. They call it breaking
and entering.

Luk shakes his fist.

LUK
Damn you, Connie!

CONNIE
Inspector Tong, watch him; he could
become violent.

Tong walks over beside Luk. Smoke drifts into Luk's face.

LUK
Thought you were quitting.

TONG
I'm on the patch.

CONNIE
Tong, do your duty.

Tong has a reluctant look on his face.

TONG
C'mon, Inspector.

CONNIE
Yes, c'mon, Inspector. It's time
for a ride downtown.

Tong starts to lead Luk from the room.

CONNIE
Inspector Tong.

Tong turns around.

TONG
What?

CONNIE
Check Inspector Luk's desktop.
You'll find the missing pearl.

Tong leads the indignant Inspector Luk to the bedroom door
followed by the uniformed officers.

INT. REGIONAL CRIME UNIT - KOWLOON WEST OFFICE - NIGHT

On the top of Luk's desk sits a package. A note on the
package reads: "Compliments of the White Tiger."

INT. CONNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Luk looks over his shoulder.

LUK
No way. We're wise to you.

CONNIE
Oh? Who's the White Tiger?

GINGER
Chun So, Chun Wa, and their kind are
out of the way because of Connie.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A street light illuminates a BEARDED MAN, 30s. He attempts to gain entrance through the door of a building. He works the lock with picks and opens the door. He turns.

BEAREDED MAN
Chun Jie, c'mon.

A man steps from the shadows. He is CHUN JIE the triplet of Chun So and Chun Wa.

CHUN JIE
Let's get this job done.

He grins broadly, and they enter.

FADE OUT.