

# CONFIDENCES OF A CHINESE DEALER

SUPER: FALL OF '76 - HONG KONG

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

A 12 year-old Chinese boy, JACKIE, looks out the back window, staring, sadness in his eyes.

EXT. NEW TERRITORIES - HONG KONG - DAY

A Royal Hong Kong Police station wagon crosses a rural area, reaches the market town of Yuen Long.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A row of small brick houses with Chinese roofs. The station wagon pulls up mid-block. A POLICEMAN in khaki shorts steps out, slides the back door open, lets the boy out.

The child crosses to the front door where HIS MOTHER, a Chinese woman in her forties, waits. The boy's body language exudes guilt.

The woman waves to the policeman, grabs the back of the boy's shirt, drags him inside.

INT. HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

They cross the main room

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

They reach the kitchen. She retrieves a bottle of milk from the cupboard, fills a glass.

Jackie's FATHER, in his forties, barges in, takes hold of his son, shakes him violently, grabs a butcher knife on the counter, waves it at him. Frightened out of his wits, the boy backs off, stumbles, falls against the cabinets.

Jackie's mother crosses to her husband, pushes him hard repeatedly until he hits the wall.

The man throws the knife on the counter, exits.

OVER CREDITS

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF ATTICA - DAY

Four fortified walls and their twelve equidistant watchtowers, in the midst of green pastures. Inside the fortress, dark, austere buildings.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A car travels on a lonely stretch.

INT. JOURNALIST'S CAR - DAY

A man, casually dressed, is at the wheel. THE JOURNALIST, mid-forties, is a consumed professional, with a touch of causticity.

The fortified walls grow taller as the car approaches and reaches a parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The journalist finds a spot in the section reserved for visitors, steps out of the car, walks across the lot.

INT. FRONT GATE - DAY

He reaches the 'Front Gate', built like a medieval dungeon. On its wall, the inscription: Attica Correctional Facility.

He goes through the gate.

EXT. ATTICA- DAY

He crosses to the 'Administration Building', enters.

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY

He heads for a window, hands his press pass to the CORRECTION OFFICER on duty, waits.

ANOTHER CORRECTION OFFICER meets with him, escorts him out.

INT. INTERIOR CORRIDOR - DAY

They walk down the 'Interior Corridor', reach the 'Interior Gate', wait for it to open, go through it.

INT. C BLOCK GALLERY - DAY

They march past a row of cells that flank each side of the dimly lit 'C Block Gallery', stop in front of one of them. Its gate opens automatically. The journalist steps in.

INT. C BLOCK CELL - DAY

A tight space brightly lit. In it, a bunk, a small table with a desk lamp and a mini sink.

On the walls, photos of a young, attractive woman, of the same woman kissing a tall Chinese man with a ponytail, of her posing with him and her parents, of the Chinese man surrounded by his parents and a younger sister.

END OF CREDITS

SUPER: SUMMER OF '89, CHINATOWN

EXT. CHINATOWN - NIGHT

The Chinese New Year, vibrant, exotic, noisy, with its traditional dragon and lion dances, its colorful banners and lanterns, the deafening pops of firecrackers that compete with the syncopation of Chinese drums and gongs.

EXT. CORNER OF CANAL AND ELDRIDGE - NIGHT

Two Chinese men in their twenties face each other at this busy intersection. One of them is Jackie, the tall man with a ponytail from the photographs.

Jackie slides a couple of small envelopes in the other man's hand. The other man reaches behind his back, retrieves a gun, furtively passes it on to Jackie who grabs it and tucks it away in his pocket.

The two men part.

EXT. MOTT STREET - CHINATOWN - DAY

Its usual hustle and bustle.

INT. STORE - DAY

A dried fruits & nuts store.

A DOZEN PATRONS cram the small room.

Jackie attends to a CUSTOMER. He is wearing an army shirt and dirty jeans.

At 25, Jackie is easygoing. His imposing, even threatening appearance stands in sharp contrast with his gentle disposition. He wouldn't hurt a fly.

In a dimly lit room, in the back of the store, we catch a glimpse of a Chinese teenager doing her homework. CAROLE, 16, is Jackie's sister.

JACKIE  
(in Cantonese w/subtitles)  
Will that be all?

CUSTOMER  
 (in Cantonese)  
 A half pound of shredded coconut and a  
 quarter of a pound dried mango.

Jackie fills up two small paper bags.

CAROLE (O. S.)  
 (in English)  
 I gotta go home.

He ignores her, returns to his customer.

JACKIE  
 (in Cantonese)  
 That'll be \$7.80.

The customer pays, leaves.

CAROLE (O. S.)  
 (whining)  
 Jaaaackie!

Jackie heads for the back room, leans against the doorway.

INT. STORE/BACK ROOM - DAY

CAROLE  
 You're gonna get me in trouble.

JACKIE  
 I...I need a favor.

CAROLE  
 (bored)  
 What?

JACKIE  
 Watch the store for a couple of hours,  
 will ya.

CAROLE  
 I can't.

INT. STORE - DAY

Three Chinese men barge in. One of them stands out as the boss. OYSTER, in his thirties, self-assured, cool, engaging, moves with feline elegance. He has style.

The two others are ONION HEAD and WARRIOR, both in their twenties.

Jackie turns to his patrons.

JACKIE (CONT' D)  
 (in Cantonese w/subtitles)  
 Sorry. The store's closed.

Oyster grabs a fistful of almonds from a jar while Jackie gently pushes his patrons out.

JACKIE (CONT' D)  
 The store's closed.

After the last customer leaves, Jackie turns the 'Closed' sign outward, motions Oyster to follow him. They cross to the back room.

INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

They enter. Carole is involved with an SAT test.

OYSTER  
 (in Cantonese)  
 Get rid of her.  
 (beat)  
 Now!

JACKIE  
 (in English)  
 Wait for me outside.

CAROLE  
 What if I don't want to.

Jackie firmly grabs her by the arm, drags her out of the back room.

INT. STORE - DAY

He pulls her across the store, opens the front door, pushes her outside.

JACKIE  
 Wait for me here.

Carole gives him the finger. He returns to the back room.

INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

He enters.

OYSTER  
 (to Warrior in Cantonese)  
 Go watch the front door.

Warrior complies.

OYSTER (CONT' D)  
 (in English, to Jackie)  
 Show me what you got.

Jackie uncovers a chest hidden under a pile of blankets.

JACKIE  
 What's goin' on?

Oyster pops a few almonds in his mouth.

OYSTER  
 Jackie, Jackie, you should know better.

Jackie snaps the lock of the chest, revealing two PPK 380s, one .32 and two .22s.

OYSTER (CONT' D)  
 How much?

JACKIE  
 Three grand.

Oyster motions to Onion Head who retrieves a bundle of 100-dollar bills from his pocket, lays it on the table. Jackie grabs the money, hides it behind jars of dried fruit, on a shelf.

Warrior opens a small suitcase. Jackie throws the weapons in it.

Oyster, flanked by his two goons, leave. Jackie follows them

INT. STORE - DAY

They cross the store.

OYSTER  
 Take it easy, Jackie boy.

They exit. Jackie follows them outside.

EXT. CURB - DAY

Carole, pacing the curb, throws a dirty look at them

A brand new Corvette is parked in front of the store.

JACKIE  
 Yours?

Jackie walks around it, caresses it.

JACKIE (CONT' D)

Nice ride.

Oyster sits behind the wheel, Warrior takes the back seat, Onion Head the passenger seat.

OYSTER

Wanna make a little extra? Come see me.

The car roars away. Jackie walks back to the store, opens the main door.

JACKIE

(to Carole)

Come on in.

CAROLE

Fuck you!

JACKIE

Watch your mouth, Carole! Come on. I don't have all day.

INT. STORE - DAY

Carole walks past him.

CAROLE

What did they want?

JACKIE

It was business, OK?

CAROLE

Sure... business!

JACKIE

Yeah, business. You mind staying for a while?

CAROLE

I promised Dad I'd be home.

JACKIE

So what?

CAROLE

Just because you don't care about him doesn't mean I shouldn't.

JACKIE  
I'll make it up to you.

CAROLE  
(parodying him)  
I'll make it up to you.  
(back to her own self)  
OK, I'll stay. But you owe me big time.

Jackie picks up his leather jacket, puts it on.

CAROLE  
Gimme a smoke.

JACKIE  
You're too young to smoke.

CAROLE  
(teasing)  
A joint?

Jackie motions as if he was going to hit her with the back of his hand.

CAROLE (CONT' D)  
Ha, ha!

Jackie shakes his head, crosses to the door.

CAROLE (CONT' D)  
Gimme a smoke or I walk.

He hesitates, turns around.

JACKIE  
Don't push it, Carole.

He hands her a cigarette reluctantly.

JACKIE (CONT' D)  
Not in the store. OK?

He exits.

EXT. DIVISION STREET - DAY

Jackie crosses the street.

IAN, a red-haired man in his mid twenties, exits a building, unaware of Jackie's presence.

INT. BUILDING - DAY

Jackie catches a quick glimpse of Ian before entering that same building.

INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

He runs up the first floor.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

He retrieves a key from his pocket, opens a door.

INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

He enters an apartment furnished with cheap Chinese pieces, cuts across the living room.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

He steps in the bedroom to find the bed undone, the bathroom door closed. Jackie bangs on it.

MOLLY (O.S.)  
I'll be right out.

JACKIE  
(loud)  
What the fuck is goin' on with Ian?

MOLLY stumbles out of the bathroom, visibly high. She is a young Chinese woman in her mid-twenties, stark naked, with the body of a nymphet.

She grabs a hand mirror and an eyeliner on the credenza, squats in the middle of the bed, does her eyes.

JACKIE  
So?

MOLLY  
So nothing.

JACKIE  
Bullshit.

MOLLY  
You got nothin' on me.

She interrupts what she is doing, lifts her head.

MOLLY (CONT'D)  
Look at you. You look like a bum.

JACKIE  
 Shit, if you don't like the way I dress,  
 go buy me some fuckin' clothes.

MOLLY  
 OK.

Molly jumps off the bed, struggles with a miniskirt and a blouse.

MOLLY  
 Let's go.

Jackie doesn't move, watches her stagger to the door.

JACKIE  
 Are you gonna make it?

MOLLY  
 Coming or what?

Jackie shrugs his shoulders, follows her outside.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jackie and Molly exit the building, walk in silence for a while. She holds on to his arm

JACKIE  
 Are you like fuckin' that shithead?

MOLLY  
 Lay off, will you.  
 (pause)

JACKIE  
 He's dealing, ain't he?

He hails a cab.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
 Sure. That's why you spend your life in  
 the fuckin' bathroom. Shiiit!

MOLLY  
 Look who's talking!

The cab stops. They get in.

INT. MEN'S STORE - DAY

Molly and a SALESMAN watch Jackie as he is trying a golden sport jacket under a royal blue shirt, in front of a mirror.

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