

THE LAST DRAGON: REBORN

Screenplay by

B. E. Davis

Based on the original film "The Last Dragon" conceived and produced by Berry Gordy (1985)

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TITLE: THE LAST DRAGON: REBORN

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

The city is alive — a restless organism of light and sound. Neon billboards tower over Times Square, projecting ads for fashion, crypto, fight streams. Drones streak overhead, spraying holograms across the sky. A hip-hop cypher battles beneath the steps of a subway entrance. A gospel choir sings outside a club. This is 2025 New York — seductive, relentless, dangerous, and dazzling.

SUPER: NEW YORK CITY - 2025

The CAMERA swoops through it all, riding a skateboarder weaving through traffic, then up into the night air, until it drops down into —

EXT. BROOKLYN WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

Crowds flood the cracked sidewalks, converging on a single abandoned warehouse. Music thunders inside, the walls vibrating with bass.

A neon sign flickers above the entrance, painted in graffiti flames:

\*\*DRAGON UNDERGROUND - NO RULES. NO MERCY.\*\*

Phones glow in every hand. Livestreams scroll with hashtags:  
#DragonUnderground #FightTok #TheGlow #NoMercy.

The crowd is electric, hungry.

INT. DRAGON UNDERGROUND FIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Chaos. A steel cage dominates the center of the warehouse floor. Floodlights swing wildly overhead. The walls are tattooed with graffiti dragons and fists. Drones hover like flies, capturing every angle for the streaming audience.

A DJ hypes the crowd from a stage. Dancers in LED masks perform flips. Vendors hawk drinks and street food.

The ANNOUNCER (40s, sleek suit, pure showman) works the mic like a rock star.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen! Fighters and lovers! Streamers and screamers! Welcome to DRAGON UNDERGROUND – where legends are BORN and fools get BROKEN!

The CROWD ROARS.

IN THE RING – TWO FIGHTERS brawl savagely. Sweat, blood, fists. There's no technique, just rage. The crowd LOVES it.

On the giant projection screens above the cage, live comments flood:

- “Betting 2000 on Blue!”
- “#KnockoutIncoming”
- “Who’s got the Glow tonight?”

AT RINGSIDE – LIV CARTER (23), a stylish whirlwind in sequins and leather, streams live to her followers. She narrates like she’s running her own fight show.

LIV

(to camera)

Brooklyn, baby! Where you get punched in the face... AND go viral for it. Stay tuned. It’s about to get bloody.

Beside her, JAY JACKSON (24). Hoodie up. Lean, calm, disciplined. His eyes are fixed on the fighters, analyzing.

Liv elbows him playfully.

LIV

Come on, monk-man. You dragged me out here just to sulk?

JAY

(flat)

Observation sharpens discipline.

LIV

Yeah, well, views pay rent.

Jay doesn't bite. His focus is absolute. Liv shakes her head, amused.

IN THE RING — One fighter lands a brutal elbow. The other crashes to the mat. The CROWD explodes. The ANNOUNCER declares the winner, voice booming.

ANNOUNCER

And THAT is why we love this city! Who's NEXT?!

The crowd chants: "GLOW! GLOW! GLOW!"

The ANNOUNCER throws his arms wide.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Who's got the courage to step in and claim the GLORY?

The CROWD chants louder. Phones stream every angle.

Then — silence falls. Heads turn.

From the shadows, strutting toward the cage — TYRONE "SHOGUN" STYLES (30s). Six-foot-four of muscle and swagger. A gold-trimmed jacket, shades indoors, a permanent sneer. He radiates menace and charisma.

The CROWD ERUPTS: "SHO-GUN! SHO-GUN!"

Shogun climbs into the cage, arms out like a conquering king.

SHOGUN

(booming)

Brooklyn — your champion has ARRIVED. The Shogun of BROOKLYN bows to no one!

Phones tilt up. The crowd goes wild.

SHOGUN (CONT'D)

(taunting)

Any fool wanna try me? Any wanna step up and see the GLOW?

Silence. Nobody moves.

AT RINGSIDE — Liv's eyes dart to Jay.

LIV

(whispering, teasing)

Your move, grasshopper.

Jay breathes deep. Pulls down his hood. His face revealed: sharp, intense, humble.

He steps forward.

The CROWD parts, murmurs, streams blazing. Comments fly:

— "Who's this dude?"

– “Dead meat.”

– “#GlowKid”

Jay climbs into the ring. He bows, respectful.

The CROWD LAUGHS. Shogun sneers.

SHOGUN

You don’t bow to ME. You bow to the SHOGUN.

He charges. A blur of fury.

Jay sidesteps. Effortless. Shogun slams into the cage. The crowd GASPS.

Shogun spins, throws a hook. Jay blocks, redirects. His movements are precise, fluid, like water. True martial arts.

The CROWD’s laughter dies into shock. Phones capture every second. Comments explode:

– “Yo this kid’s got SKILL.”

– “#RealMartialArts”

– “Is he glowing??”

Shogun roars, humiliated. He rushes full force. Jay pivots, flips him flat onto the mat.

BOOM. Silence. Then – PANDEMONIUM.

ANNOUNCER

(awed, breathless)

Ladies and gentlemen... we may have just witnessed a NEW legend!

The CROWD ERUPTS.

Jay bows again, calm. Humble. He slips out before the mob can swarm him.

Liv scrambles after.

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EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS - NIGHT

Jay and Liv walk briskly under streetlights. Behind them, Shogun's men glare from the shadows, plotting.

LIV

Do you even get what you just did? You embarrassed the Shogun in front of EVERYBODY.

JAY

(flat, steady)

Then trouble's coming.

Before she can respond — a VOICE cuts through the night. Calm. Powerful. Familiar.



VOICE (O.S.)

Your form is precise. Your spirit... unshaken.

Jay freezes. He knows the voice.

From the shadows steps MASTER LEROY GREEN — TAIMAK. Older now.  
Dignified. Eyes sharp as steel, aura unshakable.

Liv GASPS.

LIV

Oh my God. That's him. That's THE Leroy Green.

Jay bows deeply.

MASTER LEROY

But precision without purpose... is wasted.

(beat)

You seek the Glow. But you are not ready.

He turns, disappearing into the night.

Jay stares after him, shaken. Liv's jaw drops.

LIV

What the hell just happened?

Jay's eyes blaze with new fire.

JAY

The beginning.

FADE OUT.

TITLE CARD: THE LAST DRAGON: REBORN

MUSIC BLASTS — a fusion of Motown funk and trap 808s.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. SHOGUN'S LAIR — NIGHT

A cavernous warehouse reimagined as a temple of ego. Neon dragons blaze on concrete walls. Speakers pound bass. Screens loop fight footage from the Underground.

The footage freezes — Jay flipping Shogun flat. On loop. Over and over.

The CREW laughs nervously. Slim Ice tries to hide his smirk.

Shogun's eyes burn as he watches. His hands tremble on the armrest of his throne-like chair.

Finally, he EXPLODES, hurling a whiskey glass across the room.  
It shatters.

SHOGUN

(booming)

Turn. It. OFF!

The screens blink dark. Silence.

SHOGUN (CONT'D)

That boy... that nobody... thinks he can embarrass me? In MY house?!

He paces, fury vibrating through him.

SLIM ICE

Boss, the stream hit a million views overnight. He's trending.  
People saying he's got the Glow.

Shogun WHIRLS, gripping Slim Ice by the throat.

SHOGUN

(through his teeth)

The Glow... is MINE. Nobody steals what belongs to the Shogun.

He releases Slim Ice, shoving him down. He stares out at his  
men, voice thunderous.

SHOGUN (CONT'D)

Find him. Find his girl. Bring them to me. Alive... or half-dead.

The crew scatters instantly.

Shogun stands alone in the flickering neon, his reflection fractured in a cracked mirror. He whispers to himself.

SHOGUN (CONT'D)

The Glow... will bow to me.

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INT. JAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sparse. Bare mattress. Heavy bag. Books on martial philosophy stacked in corners. A cracked mirror against the wall.

Jay paces, restless. His phone buzzes on the floor, notifications piling up.

He grabs it, scrolling:

— "Who IS Glow Kid??"

— "Better than Shogun, no contest."

— "He bowed in the ring? That was badass."

— "#TheLastDragonLives"

Jay throws the phone onto the bed. He stares at himself in the mirror.

FLASH CUTS:

- Shogun's sneer.
- The crowd chanting "GLOW."
- Leroy's words: \* "You seek the Glow... but you are not ready." \*

Jay clenches his fists, jaw tight.

JAY

(whispering)

Then what does ready even mean?

He launches into strikes at the bag. Fluid, precise - but too fast, too angry. The bag swings wildly. His breathing falters.

He stops, panting, sweat dripping. He stares at his reflection again, the crack splitting his face in two.

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INT. LIV'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Liv sits at her vanity, ring light glowing. Her phone buzzes endlessly. She scrolls through fan messages, comments, threats.

- "Glow Kid saved you?"
- "Sing about it!"

— “Better watch out. Shogun owns this city.”

She exhales, nervous. Then plays a voice memo — her own raw demo. A soulful, sexy track, lyrics about fire and freedom. She closes her eyes, lost in it.

But her phone vibrates again. An unknown number: “COME TO THE PIT. MIDNIGHT.”

She shuts it off immediately, uneasy.

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EXT. BROOKLYN ROOFTOPS - SAME NIGHT

Master Leroy stands in meditation, arms folded behind his back. The city hums below — sirens, music, shouting, life.

He breathes deep, face calm but troubled.

MASTER LEROY

(to himself)

The Glow stirs again. But so does the darkness.

He opens his eyes, watching the horizon. Waiting.

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EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NEXT MORNING

Sunlight cuts through graffiti-splashed walls. Flyers everywhere: Shogun's face on one. Spray paint over it: "GLOW KID OWNS YOU."

Jay walks, hoodie up. People whisper, staring. Phones tilt toward him.

KID ON BIKE

(pointing)

It's him! Glow Kid!

Jay sighs, keeps walking. The whispers ripple louder.

STORE OWNER leans from his bodega, nodding with respect.

STORE OWNER

Hey kid. You showed the Shogun what's what. We needed that.

Jay nods, polite but guarded. The weight presses heavier.

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INT. NEIGHBORHOOD DOJO - DAY

Jay steps inside. Students spar on mats. The INSTRUCTOR (40s, sharp, traditional) pauses when he sees him.

INSTRUCTOR

You're the one from the Underground. The bowing kid.

Jay nods.

INSTRUCTOR

You fight with skill. But no patience. No control.

JAY

Then teach me.

The Instructor studies him – then shakes his head.

INSTRUCTOR

Can't teach someone chasing fame.

Jay bristles.

JAY

I'm not chasing fame.

From the back, a calm voice:

MASTER LEROY (O.S.)

Humility. Step one.

Jay freezes. Turns. Leroy stands there, hands folded.



The Instructor bows instinctively, recognizing a legend.

LEROY

(to Instructor)

Continue your class. He's mine.

Jay bows deeply to Leroy, following him to the back room.

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INT. DOJO - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dimly lit. Scrolls and weapons adorn the walls.

Leroy studies Jay, circling him.

MASTER LEROY

Why do you seek the Glow?

Jay fumbles, searching.

JAY

Because... I don't want to be nothing.

Leroy's eyes sharpen.

MASTER LEROY

And there it is. Ego. The enemy.

Jay swallows hard.

MASTER LEROY (CONT'D)

The Glow is not about being more than others. It is about being whole within yourself. Until you face your truth, you will remain lost.

Jay lowers his eyes, ashamed.

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EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS - LATER

Shogun's men spray graffiti: \*\*"BROOKLYN BELONGS TO THE SHOGUN."\*\*

Others shove flyers into hands: "THE DRAGON PIT RETURNS - TONIGHT."

Slim Ice films live.

SLIM ICE

(to camera)

Glow Kid's got nowhere to hide. Tonight, the Shogun takes back his crown.

Comments pour in:

- "Shogun comeback incoming."
- "Glow Kid better run."
- "#BrooklynWar"

The city simmers.

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INT. JAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jay sits cross-legged in the dark. Candles flicker. His phone lies face-down, silent.

He breathes deeply, flowing into slow kata movements. His strikes are smoother now. His breath steadier.

In the cracked mirror, his reflection shifts - not glowing, not magical, but calmer. More whole.

The CAMERA pulls out his window to the skyline.

MASTER LEROY (V.O.)

The Glow is not fire to burn your enemy. It is light... to guide the lost.

Jay exhales. Eyes closed. A storm brews.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Steam lifts from grates. The city's pulse goes subterranean. JAY and LIV descend into the tiled glow.

INT. SUBWAY CONCOURSE - CONTINUOUS

Buskers lay down a velvet groove on a battered keyboard. A MAN paints a neon dragon on a cardboard sign: "HOPE IS A MUSCLE."

Liv clocks it, half-smiles.

LIV

(soft)

I like that.

JAY

Me too.

They move with the crowd toward—

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

A local TRAIN roars through without stopping, wind whipping coats and hair. Jay scans the platform—exits, columns, cameras. Calm, alert.

Across the tracks, a TEEN in a homemade "GLOW" hoodie films a vlog.

TEEN

(quiet to phone)

If he's real, he'll show up when it matters.

A distant whistle. The crowd shifts. Four FIGURES peel from the pack, faces masked by bandanas, jackets stitched with small gold dragons. Not random. Not shy.

They fan out—one near the staircase, one by the emergency call box, two closing from the sides.

Liv feels it first. Her hand finds Jay's sleeve.

LIV

(low)

Company.

Jay's eyes soften—never wide, never hard. He angles Liv behind a column, placing himself between her and the figures.

A leader steps forward—slender, coiled, a razor glints in his palm. Not Slim Ice. New wolf.

RAZOR WOLF

(pleasant, wrong)

Autographs. From the kid who bowed.

JAY

You can have my quiet instead.

RAZOR WOLF

Mmm. Boss prefers your bones.

He flicks the blade toward Jay's face—fast. Jay doesn't flinch. He doesn't counter. He \*listens\*. The platform hum, the keyboard upstairs, Liv's breath.

Then the blade moves again—

Jay shifts a wrist. The metal kisses his sleeve, slips past. Jay's other hand finds Wolf's elbow, turns the arc into empty air. Blade taps tile harmlessly.

A murmur ripples through onlookers. Phones rise.

SECOND THUG lunges from behind with a chain. Jay ducks; the chain whips a column and rebounds. Jay catches the recoil with an open palm, redirects it around the thug's own shoulders—gentle—until the man is knotted by his weapon, stunned at how easy it was.

Liv steps to the emergency call box, fingers hovering. She looks to Jay.

Jay shakes his head once—\*not yet\*.

A THIRD THUG swings a short bat. Jay closes, eliminating distance, forearm-to-forearm contact, turns, and guides Bat into the tile with a hollow \*klok\*. The bat slides away.

The TRAIN LIGHTS appear in the tunnel—approaching.

Razor Wolf hisses, steps toward Liv. Jay \*sees\* it before it happens. He glides between, hands open, no fists.

JAY

Leave her out of it.

RAZOR WOLF

She's the chorus. We're here for the song.

He slashes. Jay withdraws just enough, a paper-width margin. The blade slices air. Jay's palm presses Wolf's wrist to the column. Not anger. Geometry.

Wolf snarls, tries the other hand. Jay's knee pins the thigh. Breath-harmony. He lets the man feel it—how easy stillness breaks frenzy.

Across the platform, the TEEN with the hoodie has stopped filming; he's simply watching, eyes wide, like witnessing a math problem solve itself.

The TRAIN SCREAMS into the station, braking hard. Wind surges. The crowd compresses.

The FOURTH THUG shoves a COMMUTER hard—toward the edge.

Without looking, Jay releases Wolf's wrist, slides, grabs the commuter's coat and pivots, momentum carrying both into a safe spin against the wall, the man's feet never crossing the yellow line. The crowd gasps, then erupts in scattered cheers.

Liv exhales—shaky laugh despite herself.

LIV

(still scared)

Okay, monk.

Razor Wolf, red now, swings wild—committed. Jay lets the motion pass, touches the forearm, the shoulder, the hip. Three points, one answer. Wolf kisses tile.

Jay *\*does not\** hit him. He steps back.

JAY

Go home.

The TRAIN DOORS open. No one boards. Phones drink everything.

Razor Wolf laughs small, embarrassed. He stands, smooths his jacket. From an inside pocket he sets down something black on the platform: an obsidian coin etched with a dragon crest, a tiny QR glyph winking within.

RAZOR WOLF

Boss says midnight. The Dragon Pit. Bring your bow.



The four recede into the crowd, swallowed by steel and faces.  
The doors close. The train departs.

Silence—that strange, heavy kind after adrenaline.

Liv approaches the coin. Doesn't touch it.

LIV

Feels cursed.

JAY

It's an invitation.

He kicks it gently toward the tracks. The coin disappears into darkness.

The TEEN across the platform lifts his hands—no phone—just small applause. A few join him. It's not frenzy. It's gratitude.

Jay nods once. He turns to Liv.

JAY

You okay?

She nods, eyes wet, not from fear exactly—something else.

LIV

You didn't swing. You... solved.

JAY

If you hit water, you drown. If you *\*are\** water—

He stops, caught by the earnestness in her face.

LIV

(smiles)

—You find the shape.

They breathe.

INT. SUBWAY STAIRS / STREET EXIT - NIGHT

They climb toward cold air. At the top landing—two uniformed COPS rush down, led by a breathless station manager. A dozen voices try to explain at once. No arrests. No statements. The moment is already myth.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - CONTINUOUS

They emerge to sodium lights and puddles. A food cart hisses. Somewhere, sirens layer with midnight choir.

Liv grabs Jay's hand. He lets her.

LIV

Don't go to his clock. Make your own.

JAY

I won't go to \*his\* pit.

LIV

Good.

(beat)

But find... your place. Before he chooses it for you.

He looks past her to a sliver of paper tucked under a wiper blade on a parked moped. He slides it free.

A calligraphed phrase in ink: "\*\*\*The Jade Dragon remembers.\*\*"

An address. Chinatown.

Jay tucks it away.

INT. JADE DRAGON STUDIO - LATER

A bell chimes softly as Jay enters. Dust motes turn in lamplight like slow snow. Wooden racks hold staffs, butterfly swords, fans. On one wall, a mirror-not cracked, simply unfinished around the edges.

Master LEROY is there without ceremony, kneeling beside a low table, pouring tea. He doesn't look up.

MASTER LEROY

Tea cools if you talk first.

Jay waits. Breath. He sits opposite. Leroy fills a cup, sets it before Jay, then his own.

They drink. Quiet is a teacher.

MASTER LEROY (CONT'D)

You moved tonight.

JAY

I listened.

MASTER LEROY

That's moving.

(beat)

Why are you here?

JAY

Because I don't want to dance to his drum.

Leroy considers the phrase. Approves.

MASTER LEROY

Stand there.

He gestures to an open square of floor. Jay rises.

Leroy takes a single stick of incense, lights it, places it upright in a small bowl of sand beside Jay's right heel.

MASTER LEROY (CONT'D)

Horse stance. Until the ember touches brass.

Jay sinks low. Thighs parallel. Feet rooted. Back straight.

A wall clock ticks. Not loud. Insistent.

Leroy moves behind him with a staff. He does not strike. He adjusts a shoulder a millimeter. A hip. Breath.

MASTER LEROY (CONT'D)

The world will try to move you for its convenience. Learn your weight.

Sweat beads Jay's forehead. His quads shiver, then still. The incense burns down, a thin serpent of ash leaning toward the bowl's rim.

Leroy circles again, studies the mirror. In it, Jay is small. The room big. The lamp halo imperfect and alive.

MASTER LEROY (CONT'D)

When a candle flickers, it is not failing. It is negotiating with air.

(then)

You are not failing if you shake.

Jay's legs tremble. He stays. The ember kisses brass with a tiny \*tink\*—a bright, satisfying punctuation.

Leroy removes the bowl. He nods—not generous, not stingy. True.

MASTER LEROY (CONT'D)

If you can hold a candle, you can hold a city.

Jay exhales for the first time in a long time. He bows.

JAY

Teach me.

Leroy sets the staff aside. He kneels to clear a space on the low table, revealing an old black-and-white photo under glass: a younger Leroy, radiant, eyes lit from within. The original \*Glow\*—not a trick of light, a certainty of being.

Leroy covers it with felt—respect, not shame.

MASTER LEROY

Tomorrow. Before dawn.

JAY

Why not now?

MASTER LEROY

Because now you are full of tonight.

That lands. Jay accepts it. He turns to go.

At the door—

MASTER LEROY (CONT'D)

Leave through the back. Pride walks out front.

Jay smiles despite himself. He slips into the back corridor.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND JADE DRAGON - MOMENTS LATER

Quiet. The city is softer here. Jay steps into a rectangle of moonlight.

At the alley mouth, a silhouette—a hulking outline, coat like a banner. SHOGUN? He steps forward—

It's a POSTER—his \*face\* wheat-pasted huge: SHOGUN OF BROOKLYN. A fresh tag drips across it in luminous paint: "WHO OWNS THE GLOW?"

Jay stands under it. Not a taunt. A question.

He touches his chest with two fingers, a private vow.

EXT. ROOFTOP - PRE-DAWN

The sky is a bruise turning lavender. Jay stands at the edge, barefoot on cold tar. The city stretches, veins of light dimming as morning arrives to relieve the night shift.

He moves through a form—slow, precise. Each breath placed. Each joint articulate. Not a fight. A conversation.

For an instant—so brief you might blame the eye—his outline seems to hum. Not a glow exactly. A readiness for one.

He doesn't try to catch it. He doesn't reach. He acknowledges, like recognizing a friend across a crowded room, and keeps breathing.

Down at street level, trucks cough awake. A bakery door unlocks. A lone saxophone tastes a scale in an open window, then another. The city is doing what it always does: beginning again.

INT. SHOGUN'S LAIR - DAWN

Shogun stands before a bank of screens as a tech dials through feeds: platforms, comments, maps. He studies metrics like they're constellations.

A digital schematic of a stage blooms—an arena with spotlights and fire cannons. The DRAGON PIT reborn, not a basement but a spectacle.

SHOGUN

(quiet, to himself)

I'll make the sky bow.



Slim Ice enters, jaw tight, one eye purpled from some earlier stumble.

SLIM ICE

He didn't bite. No midnight. Just... water.

Shogun doesn't turn.

SHOGUN

Then we flood the city.

He smiles—thin, predatory.

EXT. ROOOFTOP - SUNRISE

Jay finishes the form. He bows to the city. Not a flourish. A thanks.

Behind him, the first clean sun spills over brick and glass, washing the graffiti, posters, bruises in honest light.

He closes his eyes, lets the warmth land on his face. He is not glowing. He is \*ready to earn it\*.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CHINATOWN - PRE-DAWN

Lanterns sway above an empty street. A CAT scampers across rooftops. The Jade Dragon studio sits tucked between a herbal apothecary and a dumpling shop. The sign glows faint but proud.

INT. JADE DRAGON STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Jay enters barefoot. The mats smell faintly of sandalwood. Master Leroy kneels already, incense smoke curling between them.

Jay bows low.

LEROY

You came before dawn.

JAY

You said that's when training begins.

Leroy studies him, unreadable. He gestures for Jay to follow.

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INT. JADE DRAGON STUDIO - TRAINING HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Leroy lights a candle, sets it on the floor between them. The flame flickers steady.

LEROY

The Glow is not in the fist. It is not in the kick. It is here.

(points to flame)

It burns only if you protect it.

Jay nods, uncertain.

Leroy suddenly SWIPES his hand near the candle. The flame sputters but holds.

LEROY (CONT'D)

Too much force snuffs it out. Too little care and the wind owns it. Balance... is survival.

Jay kneels, staring at the flame. He closes his eyes, mimics Leroy's breath.

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MONTAGE - EARLY TRAINING

- Jay holds horse stance while Leroy presses a bamboo staff across his shoulders.
- Jay runs stairs carrying buckets of water, arms shaking.
- Blindfolded, Jay listens as Leroy drops pebbles; Jay tries to catch them by sound alone.
- Push-ups with Leroy calmly sipping tea, foot planted on Jay's back.
- Jay meditating, restless, opening one eye, closing it again.

The training is grueling, humiliating, but alive with rhythm.

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EXT. BROOKLYN - MORNING

Liv sits at an outdoor café, scrolling her phone. Her face splashed across a gossip blog: "WHO IS THE UNDERGROUND DIVA WITH GLOW KID?" She frowns, sighs.

A SLICK TALENT AGENT (40s, Italian suit) slides into the chair opposite without asking. He places a business card on the table: "FRANKLIN BROWN MANAGEMENT."

AGENT

You've got heat. I can make it fire. Tours. Records. Spotlight.

Liv raises an eyebrow, amused but guarded.

LIV

And my cut?

AGENT

Fifty-fifty. Until you're famous enough not to care.

Liv smirks. She knows the game. But her eyes linger on the card.

Across the street — Shogun's men loiter, watching. Recording.  
Liv doesn't notice.

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INT. SHOGUN'S LAIR — DAY

Shogun stands before a wall-sized screen. Clips of Jay's subway defense go viral: millions of views. The hashtag "#GlowKid" is everywhere.

His crew cheers ironically, mocking. Shogun doesn't laugh. He leans forward, jaw tight.

SHOGUN

They chant his name. They cheer his bow. They think he's balance?

He SLAMS a fist into the table, cracking it.

SHOGUN (CONT'D)

Then I'll show them chaos. Let's paint this city with fear. Let them beg for the Shogun.

Slim Ice nods, already scheming.

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INT. JADE DRAGON STUDIO — AFTERNOON

Jay collapses mid-drill, sweat soaking his shirt. He slams a fist into the mat, frustrated.

JAY

I can't. It's too much.

Leroy sets his staff down, kneels beside him.

LEROY

You think pain is the lesson? Pain is the doorway. Walk through.

Jay looks up, eyes burning.

JAY

And what's on the other side?

Leroy holds his gaze.

LEROY

You.

Jay sits up, breath catching. Something stirs, unsettled but real.

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EXT. BROOKLYN COMMUNITY CENTER - EVENING

Children crowd around a cracked basketball court. Shogun's men pull up in SUVs, blasting music. They hand out T-shirts: "SHOGUN RULES." Free pizza. Sneakers from trunks. The kids cheer.

Across the street, Jay watches, jaw tight. Leroy steps beside him, arms folded.

JAY

He buys them. Turns their cheers into chains.

LEROY

(quiet)

And what will you do? Punch every slice of pizza?

Jay bristles. Leroy's tone is not mocking – it's teaching.

LEROY (CONT'D)

You cannot fight shadow with shadow. Only light makes it vanish.

Jay watches the kids. His fists unclench, but his eyes remain hard.

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INT. LIV'S REHEARSAL SPACE - NIGHT

Liv belts into a mic, raw power filling the room. Her band jams behind her. Lyrics about freedom, fearlessness. The walls shake.

Jay slips in quietly, watching from the doorway. Her voice grabs him more than she knows. She spots him, winks mid-verse.

After the song, she strides over, sweaty, electric.

LIV

Well? Am I getting better, or do I still need more discipline?

JAY

(smiles faintly)

You don't need discipline. You need audience.

She grins, tossing him a water bottle. He catches it effortlessly.

LIV

Good answer.

They share a look that lingers too long. Then her phone BUZZES. A message flashes: "MEET. MIDNIGHT. OR HE BLEEDS."

Her smile fades. She pockets it quickly, not letting Jay see.

---

EXT. BROOKLYN SKYLINE - NIGHT



Jay trains on a rooftop, silhouetted against neon. His movements are sharper now. Breath steady. Flow natural. For a fleeting moment, his outline shimmers faintly in the dark.

He doesn't notice.

Across the street — Leroy watches from another rooftop, arms folded. He sees. He nods once.

LEROY

(whispering)

The Glow... is near.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - DAY

A sidewalk BARBERSHOP. Kids toss a ball. A mural of a golden dragon wraps a brick wall—new, hopeful. A VAN idles. Two SHOGUN CREW hop out with duffels.

They unzip—rollers of black paint, stencils: "SHOGUN OWNS THIS."

BARBER (50s) steps out, cape still on a client.

BARBER

Not on my wall.

CREW #1

(smiling)

Community improvement, grandpa.

They raise rollers. A HAND catches one mid-air—JAY. Hoodie up, calm.

JAY

Put the paint down.

CREW #2 swings. Jay lets the strike pass, turns the wrist, roller harmless on the ground. No flourish. Just final.

CREW #1

You think camera-boy makes you strong?

Jay glances: three PHONES up across the street. He sighs, not for the fight—for the performance.

JAY

This is a barbershop. People meet their sons' eyes here.

(beat)

Go.

Something in the tone—unmoving, not loud—works. The two back toward the van. They mask fear with laughter, peel away.

The Barber exhales.

BARBER

Haircut's on me. But not that monk cut.

Jay almost smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. JADE DRAGON STUDIO - DAY

Floor lined with upside-down porcelain teacups. A narrow path of wood slats floats above them, suspended by hemp rope. Tiny brass bells hang beneath.

MASTER LEROY stands at one end. JAY at the other, barefoot.

LEROY

Noise is the tax you pay when your mind wanders.

He gestures. Jay steps onto the first slat—steady. Second slat—a bell \*ting\*s faintly.

Leroy's eyebrow nudges. Jay breathes, softens feet, walks again—no sound. Midway, he pauses, weight in the wrong place. A bell kisses air. He resets, not angry.

LEROY (CONT'D)

When you fail quietly, you learn loudly.

Jay reaches the end. Leroy nods. Approves without applause.

LEROY (CONT'D)

Again. Eyes closed.

Jay obeys. He moves, not counting steps but measuring breath.  
Bells remain silent.

Leroy smiles, almost invisible.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG WATERFRONT - AFTERNOON

A pop-up MARKET. Food stalls, vinyl bins, a tiny stage with string lights. LIV checks a setlist with her band. FRANKLIN BROWN (the Agent) appears, two assistants in tow. He loves making arrivals.

FRANKLIN

Kid—"kid" as in "younger than me"—you sold two hundred RSVP's in an hour. Nova Theatre called. They want a \*showcase\*. Next Friday. Industry in seats.

Liv's eyes flare. A dream within reach.

LIV

Terms?

FRANKLIN

Ten minutes. Two songs. And a story the publicists can use.

(leans in)

You're Glow Kid's girl, right? Don't deny it. We package \*danger + romance + talent\*—we print money.

Liv's jaw tightens. She looks toward the stage lights.

LIV

I'll headline because I'm good. Not because some man glows.

FRANKLIN

(grinning)

Then glow because \*you're good\*. I'm agnostic. I'm greedy.

He slides an envelope—Nova letterhead. Liv doesn't take it yet.

Her phone BUZZES. Unknown number: \*\*MIDNIGHT. COME ALONE. ONE SONG.\*\* Then: \*\*OR HE BLEEDS.\*\*

She hides the screen, forces a smile.

LIV

(covering)

I'll read it after soundcheck.

FRANKLIN

You'll say yes. Everybody says yes to Nova.

He drifts off to charm a blogger. Liv's smile falls.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOGUN'S LAIR - DAY

SHOGUN watches a loop: Jay stopping the paint rollers. The crew returns, blustering excuses. Shogun stands, eyes dead calm.

SHOGUN

You touched a barbershop?

CREW #2

We were—spreading brand—

Shogun backhands him. CREW #2 crumples.

SHOGUN

We are not a brand. We are a verdict.

He turns to SLIM ICE.

SHOGUN (CONT'D)

Is the Pit ready?

SLIM ICE

Stage built, feeds bought, burners warmed. We light a match, the city burns pretty.

SHOGUN

Make them wish for my order.

Slim Ice grins, too eager. Shogun doesn't.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT MARKET - SUNSET

The market is golden. Liv onstage, mic in hand. A groove forms—drums sticky, bass velvet. Her voice threads through everything—sexy, defiant.

JAY moves through the crowd on the fringe. He's not a bodyguard. He's gravity.

A KID tugs his sleeve—same hoodie teen from the subway.

KID

(low)

They're here. I saw the dragon patch.

Jay looks. In the lattice of stalls, three men in bomber jackets plant something under a vendor's table. Not a bomb; a canister with a twist valve and a wick.

Jay calculates—wind, crowd, exits. He starts forward—

MASTER LEROY steps from between two stalls as if he'd always been there. He shakes his head once.

LEROY

If you sprint at a spark, you push air to flame.

He holds up a hand. A subtle tilt: \*left\*.

Jay nods, alters course—past a noodle stall to the generator. He kneels, kills the power to the left grid—half the lights drop, including the planted wick's corner of the market.

The saboteur curses, flicks a lighter. Jay arrives \*without\* arriving—no tackle, no pose. He places a palm on the man's chest, eyes on the canister. The man can't find the breath to be brave. He retreats. The other two panic and bolt.

Across the darkened corner, a PAPER LANTERN tips, catches on a cloth awning. Flame licks upward. The crowd ripples.

Liv sees it mid-song. She holds a note—longer than the band expects—then releases into a new melody, unplanned, ancestral.

LIV

(singing; to crowd)

Step back slow... eyes on the light... left to the aisle... follow my voice tonight...



She turns her mic into a lighthouse. People begin to \*listen\*. Roadies move, practiced. A vendor slaps at flame with a wool blanket. Jay snatches the fallen lantern, stomp-smothers the ember. Leroy vanishes into smoke, reappears with a fire extinguisher like he ordered it from air.

Within seconds, the panic dissolves into applause—the improvisation more thrilling than disaster.

Liv's song shifts from instruction to celebration. The band finds her. The market breathes again.

BACKSTAGE CORNER

FRANKLIN Brown materializes, eyes wide like dollar signs.

FRANKLIN

(charmed, predatory)

You just saved a show with a chorus. Nova becomes Carnegie if you keep that up.

Liv keeps singing; she doesn't look at him. Her phone BUZZES in her pocket—the same unknown number: \*\*MIDNIGHT. WAREHOUSE ON RIVER. COME ALONE.\*\*

Her face doesn't betray panic. Only purpose.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARKET EDGE - MINUTES LATER

Jay hands the extinguished canister to a SECURITY GUARD.

SECURITY

Thanks, man. You a firefighter?

JAY

Just neighbor.

A SMALL GIRL hugs Jay's leg without asking. He freezes, then pats her hair, awkward but gentler than he knows.

GIRL

You made the scary stop.

Jay's throat works around a soft answer.

JAY

We all did.

He looks up—Liv finishes her set to a roar that feels like relief more than fandom.

On the opposite roofline—SLIM ICE films on a long lens, satisfied.

SLIM ICE

(into phone)

He'll choose the crowd every time.

(beat)

Text the diva. Midnight holds.

CUT TO:

INT. JADE DRAGON STUDIO - NIGHT

Jay stands on the slat path again—now balancing a porcelain cup filled to the lip. Leroy lights three candles in a triangle around him.

LEROY

Earlier you saved paint and pride. Then fire and crowd. Good.

(then)

Why didn't you chase the men?

JAY

Because the flame was honest about what it wanted.

Leroy almost laughs.

LEROY

You're learning *\*what\** to fight, not just *\*how\**.

Jay takes a step; water ripples but doesn't spill.

LEROY (CONT'D)

A man who saves strangers becomes a story. A man who needs to be a story becomes a problem.

Jay stops mid-step. That one lands harder than the training. He breathes, continues.

A BUZZ from Jay's pocket. He doesn't check. Leroy watches the not-check like a test passed.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIV'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Liv exits in a plain hoodie, hair tucked, eyes set. No glam. No entourage. She slides into the driver's seat of a borrowed sedan.

A SHADOW peels from the stoop—MASTER LEROY.

LEROY

Don't bargain with wolves.

Liv freezes—caught, then bristles.

LIV

If I don't go, he hurts Jay.

LEROY

If you go alone, he hurts \*you\* to hurt Jay.

He steps closer, voice low, kind.

LEROY (CONT'D)

Sing when you choose, not when you're told.

Liv's jaw trembles once, then locks.

LIV

You going to tell him I'm stupid?

LEROY

No. I'm going to ask you to be brave in a different direction.

She looks past him to the river—black ribbon under city lights.

LIV

He said midnight.

LEROY

And the sun said morning.

A beat. Liv's eyes glisten. She nods, a single surrender to wisdom.

LIV

Okay.

Her phone BUZZES again. This time she pulls it, types fast:  
\*\*Change of plan. If you touch him, I sing your name in every  
room until there's nowhere left to hide.\*\*

She hits send. She blocks the number.

Leroy accepts the imperfect victory. He taps the sedan's roof.

LEROY

Nova will call tomorrow. Say yes because you're good.

She almost smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST RIVER WAREHOUSE - MIDNIGHT

Black SUVs idle. SLIM ICE checks his watch, looks at the empty  
road. No headlights. He forces a laugh for the goons.

SLIM ICE

Divas, man. Always late.

His phone buzzes. He reads Liv's text, frowns, shows it to  
Shogun's second-in-command. The man grunts.

SLIM ICE (CONT'D)

Boss isn't gonna like poetry.

Across the water, a single VOICE rises—faint but sure. From a rooftop, Liv sings \*her\* song. It carries. It refuses.

Slim Ice pockets the phone, jaw tight.

SLIM ICE (CONT'D)

Plan B.

He gestures. The SUVs roll out—hunting a different target.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARBERSHOP - SAME NIGHT

The mural dragon gleams under streetlight. A lone can of paint sits like a dare. A SUV creeps to a stop. Doors open.

A SHADOW lands between the van and the wall—JAY.

He doesn't raise his fists. He raises his \*voice\*—quiet, iron.

JAY

Not this wall.

The crew fans to encircle. The street holds its breath.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. BARBERSHOP - NIGHT

Streetlights flicker, painting long shadows across the mural dragon. The SHOGUN CREW circles JAY. Paint cans clink like dull bells. One thug pulls a bat, another swings a chain.

The BARBER (50s) peeks from his shop door, fear tightening his grip on the frame. Behind him, a BOY of eight watches with wide eyes.

Jay steps forward, stillness in his bones.

JAY

Leave.

CHAIN THUG sneers, snapping his weapon across the asphalt.

CHAIN THUG

Orders say erase the wall. Erase the kid, too.

Jay exhales once. He lowers into stance—not dramatic. Certain.

They rush.



- Jay slips under the chain, redirects it around a light post. The thug yelps, tethered like he collared himself.
- BAT THUG swings high. Jay shortens distance, elbow to ribs, a clean pivot–bat clatters away.
- The third thug grabs a paint can, flings black across the mural. Jay blocks mid-air, the paint exploding across his hoodie instead. He doesn't blink. He drives the thug back with two simple palm strikes.

The BOY gasps. The BARBER pulls him inside, slams the door.

Jay stands alone, paint dripping, chest heaving–but calm. The dragon mural untouched.

The thugs stagger, humiliated. They retreat to the SUV. Before climbing in, CHAIN THUG spits.

CHAIN THUG

Shogun says every wall falls. One by one.

They peel off into the night.

Jay wipes paint from his eye. He turns to see the BOY peeking out again.

BOY

(whispers)

You're real.

Jay gives the faintest nod. He walks away, hood low, vanishing into the shadows.

---

INT. SHOGUN'S LAIR - SAME TIME

Shogun sits on his throne, lit by screens replaying the failed ambush at the barbershop. Slim Ice paces nervously.

SHOGUN

(icy calm)

Again.

The footage loops: Jay stopping the paint mid-air.

Slim Ice swallows.

SLIM ICE

Boss, the city's eating it up. They're calling him "The Last Dragon" now. It's-viral.

Shogun's jaw tightens. He rises, towering over his men.

SHOGUN

There is no Last Dragon. Only the Shogun.

(beat, boiling)

If they want a myth, then we'll crucify one.

His fist SMASHES through the screen. Sparks spit.

---

INT. JADE DRAGON STUDIO - PRE-DAWN

Jay kneels, hoodie stained with black paint. MASTER LEROY circles him silently, staff tapping the mat.

LEROY

You bled your pride for another man's wall. Good.

Jay bristles.

JAY

It wasn't pride. It was right.

Leroy stops, kneels across from him.

LEROY

Do not confuse the two. Pride always thinks it's right.

Jay exhales, frustrated.

LEROY (CONT'D)

What did you feel?

JAY

(quietly)

Calm. Even when they came at me. Like I knew what to do before they moved.

Leroy studies him.

LEROY

That is the doorway. The Glow is not lightning. It is knowing.

Jay looks up, hunger in his eyes.

JAY

Then teach me to walk through.

---

MONTAGE - TRAINING DEEPENS

— Jay blindfolded, moving through rows of hanging bottles, not one clinking.

— Leroy strikes from all sides with a staff; Jay deflects with empty hands, rhythm building.

— Jay balances on one hand, body rigid, Leroy placing pebbles on his back.

— Slow sparring: Leroy whispers lessons with every exchange, each word a key.

His form sharpens. His breathing steadies. The Glow flickers faintly around him—almost visible.

---

EXT. ROOFTOP - SUNSET

Liv joins Jay mid-training, guitar slung over her shoulder. She strums softly, matching her rhythm to his forms.

He moves with her beat—martial arts blending with music. Flow, not fight.

She smiles, voice low.

LIV

See? Even monks need a groove.

Jay chuckles—small, rare.

---

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT

Liv stands in a booth, headphones on, recording a track. Sexy, defiant, alive. Her producer nods, impressed.

In the control room, FRANKLIN BROWN leans toward execs.

FRANKLIN

She's the sound of 2025. And she's got a dragon at her side.  
Package deal. Trust me, the streets love them.

The execs nod. Liv sees through the glass—Jay watching quietly,  
arms folded. She sings harder, for him.

---

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

Kids gather around a phone, replaying clips of Jay fighting  
Shogun's men. They mimic his moves, laughing. A TEACHER frowns,  
uneasy.

Across the street, Shogun's men hand out candy and shirts:  
"SHOGUN RULES." Kids swarm them.

Jay watches from a distance, jaw tight. He starts forward—  
Leroy's hand catches his arm.

LEROY

Not every battle is fists. Some you fight by showing another  
way.

Jay hesitates. He kneels, teaching one boy the proper way to  
bow, to breathe. Soon, ten kids mimic him, copying stance.  
Phones film. A new video begins: #GlowDiscipline.

Shogun's men snarl, retreat. Their candy drops uneaten.

---

INT. SHOGUN'S LAIR - NIGHT

Shogun rages, watching the clips.

SHOGUN

He steals my children. He poisons my streets with peace!

He pounds the table, wood splintering.

SLIM ICE

Boss, the Pit's ready. Stage, fire, cameras. We bait him—finish him live. No coming back.

Shogun's face twists into a dark grin.

SHOGUN

Good. Then let the whole city watch me break his bones. And when he glows—I'll snuff it out with my hands.

He laughs, low and terrible. His crew joins in, the sound echoing like a storm.

---

EXT. BROOKLYN ROOFTOP - DAWN

Jay stands alone, watching sunrise. His outline shimmers faintly again—more real this time. He doesn't chase it. He breathes. Accepts.

LEROY (O.S.)

The Glow comes to those who no longer want it.

Jay turns—Leroy stands in the doorway. Proud. Stern.

LEROY (CONT'D)

But wanting never truly dies. That is the fight.

Jay bows, silent. Ready.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. NOVA THEATRE - NIGHT

Marquee lights spill onto the sidewalk. Industry EXECUTIVES and BLOGGERS stream inside. A red carpet rolled cheap but bright. Paparazzi bulbs flash.

FRANKLIN BROWN ushers LIV toward the entrance. She wears sequins under a leather jacket, glamour and edge colliding.

FRANKLIN



Tonight's the night, darling. One song, one clip, one million views by morning. The \*industry\* is watching.

Liv forces a smile, but her eyes dart. Across the street, a VAN idles. Two silhouettes linger—Shogun's men.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Ignore them. They can't touch you here. Nova security's tighter than an exec's wallet.

Liv nods, steels herself, steps inside.

---

INT. NOVA THEATRE - BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The band tunes. Stagehands hustle. Liv paces, clutching the mic. Her phone BUZZES. Unknown number again: \*\*"Sing for Shogun, or Glow Kid dies tonight."\*\*

Her hand trembles. She locks the phone, shoves it into her pocket.

Jay appears from the wings, hoodie down, calm. He studies her.

JAY

Nervous?

LIV

(lying)

Stage fright.

JAY

You don't get stage fright.

She laughs weakly, avoids his eyes. He sees more, but doesn't press. He just nods.

JAY (CONT'D)

Breathe. They came for you. Not Shogun. Not me. You.

Her eyes glisten. She takes strength from it.

---

INT. NOVA THEATRE - MAIN HALL - LATER

Spotlights blaze. Franklin introduces Liv with a booming voice. The crowd claps, polite but curious.

Liv steps out, mic in hand. She takes a breath. Then she  
\*sings\*.

Her voice fills the hall—sultry, soulful, commanding. A love song twisted with rebellion. The crowd leans in, spellbound.

In the rafters, two of Shogun's men film, muttering.

SHOGUN CREW #1

Boss wanted his name in the hook.

SHOGUN CREW #2

She's singing her own name instead.

They frown, texting updates. Phones buzz.

---

INT. SHOGUN'S LAIR - SAME TIME

Shogun watches the livestream on a giant screen. His jaw clenches as Liv's chorus hits, not glorifying him but celebrating freedom.

Crew hover, nervous.

SLIM ICE

Boss... she's selling herself, not you.

Shogun's rage boils. He hurls a bottle against the screen, glass raining.

SHOGUN

Then we take HER. And we bleed HIM in front of her eyes.

He storms out. The crew follows.

---

INT. NOVA THEATRE - BACKSTAGE - LATER

Liv finishes to thunderous applause. Execs crowd Franklin, scribbling numbers. She bows, breathless, glowing.

Jay waits. She runs to him, laughing, exhilarated. He catches her in a hug.

LIV

Did you hear them? Did you *\*hear\** them?

JAY

(smiling faint)

I heard. You owned it.

They share a long look—close enough for a kiss. But stagehands interrupt, congratulating. The moment slips.

Liv's phone BUZZES again. She reads: *\*\*"Dragon Pit. Tonight. Times Square. You don't come, he dies."\*\**

Her smile fades. She hides it. Jay notices, frowning.

---

EXT. NOVA THEATRE - EXIT - NIGHT

Liv exits to cheers and cameras. Flashbulbs explode. Jay shadows her, protective.

From the crowd, a SHOGUN GOON whispers:

GOON

Pit. Tonight. Be ready.

Jay whirls, but the man melts away. Jay's jaw tightens.

Liv grabs his hand, whispers urgent.

LIV

Don't. Not here.

---

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jay paces, furious. Liv sits on the mattress, clutching her guitar.

JAY

He wants a stage. He wants the crowd. That's his weapon.

LIV

And yours is what? Hiding? Running? That's not you.

Jay stops, looks at her.

JAY

If I fight him there, I give him everything he wants.

LIV

And if you don't, he takes me.

Silence. Heavy.

Jay exhales, torn.

---

INT. JADE DRAGON STUDIO - NIGHT

Jay storms in. Leroy kneels, unmoving. Jay paces.

JAY

He's using her to bait me. If I fight him in his Pit, I lose. If I don't... I lose her.

Leroy opens his eyes, calm.

LEROY

So stop making it about winning and losing.

Jay freezes. Leroy rises, staff in hand.

LEROY (CONT'D)

The Glow is not a prize you take from him. It is a truth you  
\*become\*.

Jay bristles, shaking.

JAY

And if my truth gets her killed?

Leroy studies him, quiet. Then:

LEROY

Then she dies knowing you stood whole.

Jay's face twists with pain, fury. He slams a fist on the mat.

Leroy doesn't flinch.

---

EXT. BROOKLYN ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

Jay stands on the edge, looking out at the glowing skyline. His  
fists tremble. His breath shakes.

Then—slowly—he exhales. His shoulders drop. His hands open. Calm floods him. His outline flickers faint golden.

He doesn't smile. But he breathes.

---

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - MIDNIGHT

Screens blaze neon. A steel cage rises dead center, built like a concert stage. Pyro cannons hiss. Drones swarm. Thousands gather.

Banners: \*\*"SHOGUN RULES"\*\*.

On the big screen: livestream countdown. Comments fly:

- "#GlowKidVsShogun"
- "This is it!"
- "Who owns the Glow?"

From one entrance, SHOGUN strides out, arms wide, robes flowing. His crew swarms behind. The crowd SCREAMS.

From the opposite side, JAY steps out, hoodie down, calm. Alone.

The crowd splits—half roaring "SHOGUN," half chanting "GLOW-KID."

The announcer's voice booms.



ANNOUNCER

Brooklyn! The fight you begged for! The Dragon Pit... REBORN!

The bell CLANGS. The cage door SLAMS shut.

Shogun grins, predatory.

SHOGUN

This is where legends DIE.

Jay breathes, steady.

JAY

This is where truth lives.

They circle. The crowd roars.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - MIDNIGHT

A frenzy. Screens blaze overhead, drones swoop, thousands scream. Hashtags flood neon tickers: \*\*#DragonPitLive  
#GlowKidVsShogun.\*\*

Police line the periphery, powerless against the tide. Vendors hawk bootleg shirts: "TEAM GLOW" / "TEAM SHOGUN."

INT. STEEL CAGE - CONTINUOUS

SHOGUN circles like a panther, muscles slick under stage light. His grin feral.

JAY stands opposite, still as stone, breath measured.

ANNOUNCER

(booming)

Brooklyn! The hour is NOW! The Shogun of Brooklyn—TYRONE STYLES!

(beat)

And the challenger... the man they call the GLOW KID!

Half the crowd ERUPTS for Shogun. The other half chants: "GLOW! GLOW! GLOW!"

Shogun smirks, taunting.

SHOGUN

This ain't a dojo. This is my house.

Jay doesn't move. His voice low, steady.

JAY

Then I'll leave the door open.

The bell CLANGS.

---

ROUND ONE - BRUTAL OPENING

Shogun EXPLODES forward. Fists, elbows, knees—ferocity weaponized. Jay blocks, redirects—but the sheer force drives him back.

The cage rattles. Phones capture every strike.

COMMENT STREAM floods screens overhead:

- “Shogun too strong!”
- “Glow Kid outmatched.”
- “Where’s the glow??”

Liv, pressed at cage-side, shouts above the chaos.

LIV

Jay! Breathe! Don’t fight his fight!

But Shogun’s pace is relentless. He SLAMS Jay against steel, headbutts him viciously. Blood sprays. The crowd ROARS.

Jay stumbles. Knees buckle. He steadies, but the cut above his eye runs into his vision.

---

EXT. CROWD - SAME

Kids in homemade "Glow" shirts cover their faces. The little BOY from the barbershop squeezes his father's hand.

BOY

(pleading)

Come on, Glow Kid. Don't quit.

---

INT. CAGE - CONTINUOUS

Shogun sneers, grabbing Jay by the collar. He whispers venom.

SHOGUN

You're not balance. You're a body waiting to bow.

He hurls Jay across the cage. Jay CRASHES down hard. The crowd chants: "SHO-GUN! SHO-GUN!"

Jay groans, pushes up. He breathes raggedly, vision swimming.

FLASH CUTS:

— Leroy's voice: \*"The Glow is not fire... it is light."\*

— Liv's words: \*"Don't fight for me. Fight for YOU."\*

— The boy's eyes at the barbershop: \*"You're real."\*

Jay exhales. A flicker of calm. He rises slowly.

---

ROUND TWO - TURNING

Shogun charges again, fists like hammers. Jay sidesteps—cleaner this time. Redirects. The fist SLAMS into steel instead of his face.

The CROWD gasps. Phones flash. Comments scroll:

— “Wait—did he just...?”

— “That was smooth.”

— “#FlowNotFight.”

Jay relaxes into movement. Breath slows. He deflects Shogun’s fury, lets him burn energy. Each dodge like water slipping past rock.

Shogun’s rage grows. He roars, striking harder. Jay redirects again—Shogun’s own momentum sends him sprawling.

The CROWD ERUPTS. Half shift chants: “GLOW! GLOW!”

Liv leaps up, screaming through tears.

LIV

That’s it! Flow, Jay! Flow!

---

INT. CAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jay steadies, fists lowered, body glowing faintly. Just a shimmer—but visible. The crowd GASPS. Drones zoom in. Screens magnify it.

COMMENT STREAM explodes:

- "HE'S GLOWING!"
- "#LastDragon"
- "It's real!"

Shogun's eyes widen—fear flashing. Then fury. He slams fists against his chest, bellowing.

SHOGUN

No. NO! The Glow is MINE!

He charges, wild. Jay flows aside, counters with a spinning kick—precision, glowing. It CRACKS across Shogun's jaw. The giant staggers for the first time.

The crowd loses its mind. Chanting: "LAST DRAGON! LAST DRAGON!"

Jay breathes, calm. Glow steady now, wrapping him like golden fire. His eyes are serene.

Shogun, blood dripping, stares in disbelief.

SHOGUN (CONT'D)

(hoarse)

What... are you?

Jay's voice steady. Clear.

JAY

Whole.

The crowd SCREAMS. Phones flood light across the cage.

---

EXT. CROWD - SAME

The boy in the Glow shirt leaps onto his dad's shoulders,  
screaming with joy.

BOY

He's the Last Dragon!

The chant swells, unstoppable: "LAST DRAGON! LAST DRAGON!"

---

INT. CAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jay stands glowing, posture fluid. Shogun trembles—his kingdom cracking. He charges one last time, screaming.

Jay exhales, lifts his palm. Calm. Still. Ready.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. STEEL CAGE - TIMES SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

The crowd is deafening. "LAST DRAGON! LAST DRAGON!"

Jay glows faintly, golden light radiating from his skin. Shogun wipes blood from his mouth, snarling like a beast.

SHOGUN

(hoarse, furious)

NO! It belongs to ME!

He rips a STEEL PIPE from the cage wall. The crowd GASPS.

He swings savagely at Jay's head—murder in his eyes.

Jay exhales. He lifts a single glowing palm. The strike meets light. The PIPE BENDS around his hand like tin foil.

The crowd ERUPTS. Phones catch the slow-motion miracle. Screens loop: Jay's calm palm stopping steel.

COMMENT STREAM:



- "Did that really just happen???"
- "#TheLastDragon is REAL!"
- "Shogun is DONE."

Shogun howls, throws the twisted pipe away, and launches himself at Jay barehanded.

---

#### ROUND THREE - DESPERATION

Shogun's fury is wild, primal. Every punch a scream. Jay deflects with flowing grace, redirecting the storm. The Glow pulses brighter each time contact is made.

Jay sidesteps, guides Shogun's charge into the cage—steel BUCKLES under impact. Shogun bounces back, dazed but unbroken.

Jay doesn't chase. He breathes, centered.

From the sidelines, Liv's voice cuts through, pure and strong.

LIV

Jay! Don't fight him—shine on him!

Jay hears her. He nods faintly.

---

EXT. CROWD - SAME

Liv climbs onto a camera platform, mic in hand. Her bandmates rush to wire instruments. The SOUND bleeds into the square.

Liv sings—soulful, fierce. Her lyrics lift the crowd:

"You can't cage the light... it was born to rise..."

The music fuses with Jay's Glow. His movements sync to rhythm. Each step a note, each strike a beat.

The crowd sways, chants blending into chorus. The city becomes an audience, not just a mob.

---

INT. CAGE - CONTINUOUS

Shogun staggers, fists flailing. He lunges with a roar. Jay pivots, glowing kick to the ribs. CRACK. Shogun stumbles, breath gone.

Jay steps forward. Not in rage. In truth.

JAY

(quiet, certain)

This ends now.

He strikes—one glowing palm to Shogun's chest. A shockwave bursts through the cage. Shogun is LIFTED off his feet, SLAMMED against the steel, collapsing in a heap.

Silence. For half a beat, the world holds its breath.

Then—EXPLOSION of sound. The crowd ERUPTS. Drones catch every angle. Screens flash: \*\*VICTORY.\*\*

---

EXT. CROWD - SAME

People scream, cry, chant. "LAST DRAGON! LAST DRAGON!"

The little boy in the Glow shirt leaps onto his dad's shoulders, tears streaming.

BOY

He did it! He's real!

Phones flood social media. #TheLastDragon trends worldwide in seconds.

---

INT. CAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jay stands glowing, chest heaving. Slowly, the light fades. His calm remains.

Shogun groans, broken, humiliated. He claws at the mat, trying to rise. Jay looks down at him—no anger, no cruelty.

JAY

I don't bow to you. I don't bow to anyone.

The crowd roars even louder.

Jay turns away, Glow fading fully now. Liv rushes into the cage, tears streaming. She throws her arms around him. They kiss, passionate, triumphant.

The screens flash their embrace across Times Square. Phones explode. Hashtags flood:

— "The Last Dragon lives."

— "Glow + Love."

— "Brooklyn forever."

---

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - LATER

The cage is empty now. Crews dismantle. The crowd disperses, still buzzing. Street dancers break into battles, musicians riff. The city feels alive, healed.

Jay and Liv slip into the shadows, avoiding cameras. Hands clasped. Calm in the storm.

---

INT. JADE DRAGON STUDIO - DAWN

Jay kneels before Master Leroy. His body bruised, but his spirit unshaken. Leroy stands tall, staff in hand.

MASTER LEROY

You found it.

Jay nods.

JAY

The Glow. It's real.

MASTER LEROY

(soft)

It always was. But it was never mine to give. It was yours to claim.

Jay bows deeply. Leroy bows in return—torch passed.

---

EXT. ROOFTOP - SUNRISE

Jay and Liv stand side by side, overlooking Brooklyn bathed in gold. The skyline gleams, alive with promise.

Liv slips her hand into his.

LIV

So... what now?

Jay smiles faintly.

JAY

Now... we live. And shine.

The CAMERA pulls back. The city sprawls, vibrant. Music swells—a fusion of Motown funk, hip-hop, and soul.

SUPERIMPOSE: "THE LAST DRAGON: REBORN"

FADE OUT.

ROLL CREDITS.

FADE IN:

EXT. BROOKLYN - SIX MONTHS LATER - NIGHT

The city is transformed. Murals of golden dragons stretch across walls where "SHOGUN RULES" once loomed. Kids practice martial arts on basketball courts, blending breakdance footwork with kicks and forms. Street performers remix Liv's songs into subway sets.

Jay walks quietly among them, hood low. People nod, whisper-respectful. He's not a celebrity. He's a symbol.

---

INT. LIV'S RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT

Gold records hang on the wall already. Liv stands in the booth, headphones on, singing a new track: smooth, sexy, fierce. Lyrics about rising, glowing, never bowing. Her voice soars.

Through the glass, Jay watches. Proud. She catches his eye mid-verse, smiles without missing a note. They share a look that says: \*we did this together.\*

---

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

Jay teaches kids on a sunlit mat. He corrects stances, gentle but firm. A LITTLE BOY wobbles, frustrated.

LITTLE BOY

I can't hold it!

Jay kneels, steadying the boy's hands.

JAY

Then breathe. Stillness isn't the same as stopping. It's learning to move without rushing.

The boy breathes. His stance steadies. Jay smiles, faint but real.

---

INT. JADE DRAGON STUDIO - DUSK

Master Leroy kneels before his shrine. He places incense, bows deeply. For the first time in years, his face is at peace. He whispers:

MASTER LEROY

The light burns on.

He looks out the window—Jay leading children across the courtyard, the Glow flickering faint in his movements.

Leroy smiles. Legacy secured.

---

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Jay and Liv sit together on the edge, looking at the skyline. Neon pulses, but calmer now. A soft breeze hums through.



LIV

(quiet)

Think he's gone for good?

Jay shakes his head.

JAY

Shogun was just a shadow. Shadows always come back. Different shapes, same hunger.

Liv leans against him.

LIV

Then we shine louder.

They laugh softly. Comfortable. Certain.

---

EXT. UNDERGROUND FIGHT STREAM - UNKNOWN LOCATION

In a grimy basement, shadows crowd around a flickering screen. A NEW FIGHTER demolishes opponents effortlessly. Tattoos glow faint across his arms—like circuitry, like dragon scales. His eyes gleam unnatural.

The crowd whispers.

FAN

(low)

They say he's hunting the Last Dragon.

The fighter turns toward the camera. Smirks. Knocks out the lens with one punch.

STREAM CUTS.

---

EXT. BROOKLYN SKYLINE - DAWN

The city wakes. Sunlight spreads golden across rooftops. The dragon murals gleam like beacons.

On a distant rooftop, Jay practices forms. His body flows like music. For a brief moment, his entire outline hums with a radiant Glow—brighter than ever before.

He doesn't chase it. He simply breathes. Whole.

FADE OUT.

SUPER: "THE LEGACY CONTINUES..."

ROLL FINAL CREDITS.