

Bong Fu

By

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1. A LONG DAY'S BONG

EXT. Rolling hills deep in china, spring, dawn. Cherry blossoms are in bloom

COVER. A convoy of covered wagons kicks dust up from the shoddy trail. Pan to the middle wagon. Tai, sixteen, with shaggy hair, sits in the passenger seat of the wagon, trying to roll a tulip joint on a wooden tray while his Uncle calmly steers. Tai gets frustrated after ripping the joint in half and goes back to complaining.

TAI

Uncle it is too early for this nonsense. I asked for one j to smoke on the way back home.

Uncle is slightly upset that his seventeen year old nephew can't roll a joint but calmly replies,

UNCLE

You obviously didn't sleep well nephew, so I thought if you rolled a joint it might ease you. These dirt roads can be rough, and rolling has a soothing aspect. Besides what would you do if all you had were papers? Would you ask your father to roll you another one? Perhaps the town guards could, or maybe if you're lucky you'd find a blind man to help.

TAI

No.

UNCLE

No. Give a man a joint, keep him high for a day; teach him to roll and he will truly be enlightened.

Chow, Tai's best friend, fifteen and chubby, pokes his head through the flap and examines the mess Tai made with sleep filled eyes.

CHOW

And it's supposed to look like a pretty flower, one you could give to a girl. Yours looks more like an actual weed.

(CONTINUED)

UNCLE

Chow, you are right and wrong. The Tulip is supposed to look like a flower, and as you smoke it should bloom open as such. I taught your father that one, it's how he got your mother.

Tai rolls his eyes as Chow gloats.

UNCLE

If you could roll a j as well as you roll your eyes boy.

TAI

Shut up chow or I'll roll you into a weed next.

UNCLE

But what is a weed child? In my garden a rose is a weed. Your weed is my cherished flower. It is unique, colorful and hypnotizing; yet very few accept it. Ah, but there is a natural balance in the world and for every person hating the flower there are people that love it even more. Chow, this means that every flower has a protector and a pest, a butterfly and a grasshopper. Do you understand dear boy?

Tai and Chow exchange a sly look; they have more fun playing with Uncle's words than heeding them. They start to bombard Uncle with silly questions very rapidly.

TAI

What about bees?

CHOW

Yeah, are they gay? Chow asks.

TAI

And beetles are they good?

UNCLE

This is not about bugs it was a metaphor! Uncle says, bewildered.

TAI

(Tai turns a skeptical gaze to Chow. He often tries to see

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things through his friends  
upside down, color blind  
world.)

Wait, are you saying that bees are  
men and butterflies are girls, so  
that makes the flower a guy but we  
only harvest females so...

UNCLE

No, no fire kills the growth and  
water helps it grow.

(He says to neither boy in  
particular.)

CHOW

I think lady bugs are beetles, and  
ladies.

(seemingly positive and  
confident in his analysis.)

Tai turns to Chow, his face saying enough to make Chow  
second guess himself.

TAI

Not all lady bugs are ladies, how  
would they make more?

Chow is now truly confused

CHOW

By just running into each other...

UNCLE

A yin and a yang, wisdom and  
ignorance!

(he says more to himself than  
the boys)

TAI

Right I'm smart and Chow is dumb,  
we all knew that; what are you  
getting at?

CHOW

Uncle, where do babies come from?

Tai gives a grin to Uncle, who only sighs while handing Tai  
the reins. Then he crosses his arms, putting his hand in the  
opposite sleeve. He pulls out a paper and a pinch of grass.  
He grabs the board Tai was using and lays them upon it,  
sprinkling the weed in a line in the fold of the paper. Then  
he picks up the lip of one end with his thumb and rolls his  
palm across the board. He then picks up the joint, licks it

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and lights it. Uncle has deftly rolled and lighted it all in one fluid motion. He lets out a deep breath and takes an even deeper hit, then returns Tai's grin letting out a billow of smoke.

UNCLE

There is serenity in rolling a joint, peace in the process.

They look at Chow who has a horrified look about him and a finger pointing into the horizon, where a group of bandits approach. They are poorly dressed, in ragtag armor and leather jerkins that they have stolen. Two of them have rusted swords and three have taped up pole-axes. The lead bandit bares no weapons, but his massive size is intimidating, and he wears a solid black mask. Tai gives them a hard glare, then takes the j from Uncle and gets in the back with Chow. The bandits approach Uncle.

BANDIT A

Hey old man what's in the back?

UNCLE

Oh just supplies for the village, I am but a humble merchant.

BANDIT A

Yeah? We'll see what kind of merchant you are.

The gang leader sends another bandit to the back to search.

The second bandit goes to the back and opens the flap. Tai is sitting there casually and he relights the j and takes a long drag.

BANDIT B

Hey that smells really good kid, give it here you're too young for it anyways.

(He sticks his head in and tries to reach it.)

The bandit is so focused on the joint that he doesn't see Chow, crouched behind a wooden box by the exit. Tai nods for Chow to make a move, but Chow shakes his head. Tai rolls his eyes goes to pass the j, but right when it's about there he flicks the j into the thugs face like a dart, it lands solidly on his cheek and flies up. By the time the thug composes himself Tai's foot is in his face, and then he catches the j. He steps out, taking a drag, acting stoned and laughing. The bandit swings his pole-arm at Tai, who leans back laughing, dodging the blow. The bandit backhand

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swipes and Tai leans forward holding his stomach and laughing as he ducks this one.

BANDIT C  
Can't you beat one stoned kid?

BANDIT B  
Stop laughing, kid!

He brings the pole-arm down vertically

Tai sidesteps and grabs the pole-arm, swinging the bandit into the cart's side. the second bandit rushes at Tai's back, but Tai spins around to the right, causing the second bandit to slam into the first, and Tai shoves them with both hands, causing the cart to flip. Tai, still relaxed, tries to take a hit from his j but it has gone out.

When the cart flips, Uncle is on the other side, fighting three bandits. He keeps maneuvering himself so the bandits are bent over. By either kicking them in the crotch or shins, or punching them in the stomach. Then Uncle rolls a j on each of their backs in that same swift motion. He puts all three J's in his mouth and lights them, then holds one in each hand and the third in his mouth. He begins a series of spins and strikes, burning their exposed areas.

Then he flicks both of the j's in his hands, one goes down a bandits throat who was screaming and charging at him, the other in a bandits eyes, the third bandit approaches swinging, but Uncle catches both of his wrists and keeps his feet down with kicks of his own. When the bandit thinks they're at a stale mate Uncle takes a massive drag, turning the whole j into a cherry, and spits it at the bandits head, then takes him out.

By this time Chow is getting out of the wagon, he sees Uncle dispose of his bandit and turns to Tai, who is still trying to get his j re-lit. The bandits are getting back up, and Chow lets out a warning.

Tai catches the first one in a headlock and lights his hair on fire. Frustrated that he can't get his j lit, he flicks it at Chow and switches to Bong Fu. Using slower, stronger attacks, shoves and tackles he takes this guy out. Chow gets up and praises Tai.

Chow cheers Tai on as the bandits flee. The cart was flipped and the goods scattered during the fight.

Uncle walks up to Tai

UNCLE

Your Stiff Joint is flimsy at best;  
you must be firm, tight. And you  
let your j go out.

TAI

I wasn't using it anyway.

UNCLE

Still it's better to burn out than  
fade away.

TAI

Yeah well that ain't my school  
anyways. Did you see my Left Hand  
Suzuki Method, now that was tight!

UNCLE

Yes your Bong Fu is strong but you  
must master all four schools to  
reach full body high control and  
earn Grand Tea Master. Now fix the  
cart with Chow, I must discuss  
these attacks with the others.

He coughs and smoke comes out, even though he had stopped  
smoking five minutes ago, then he walks away.

CHOW

That was great. Maybe I can learn  
some of that stuff, do you think  
your uncle will teach me?

TAI

Yeah if you ever get out of the  
wagon.

They flip the cart back over and Tai notices a group of  
giggling girls

TAI

Why did you spill all this stuff?  
Clean it up quick!

(He leaves to talk to them,  
and then turns back to Chow)

And why did you say my name so  
much? You really...Ah forget it.

Chow scrambles to fix the cart, unsure as to what goes in  
which box; he puts the herbs where ever they will fit. He  
puts a green bag in a red box and a red bag in a green  
box. They then reach the village gates.

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EXT. Home village. Though mostly secluded and unknown to outsiders, it is still a small and bustling community.

UNCLE

O.K. boys, this is as far as I go.  
It's been so long since I've  
visited your village...How it has  
grown.

TAI

Why don't you talk to my father  
anymore?

UNCLE

We were good friends once; many  
lost memories ago. But what drew us  
together most became illegal, and  
started tearing us apart. He began  
looking down on traveling  
apothecaries. But he still has our  
great grandfather's bong, so I know  
he still thinks about it. Enough of  
that, I must be going. Tai, this is  
for you,

He pulls out a green box

A gift for your hard work. I've  
been cross breeding this one for  
some time now; I believe it is very  
potent. And here are the teas your  
father asked for.

He hands Tai a red box.

And Tai, it is very important that  
you do not practice Bong Fu in  
town, nothing good could come from  
it.

Tai and Chow leave Uncle and walk into town. It's a moderately busy town for only having a population of five hundred. They briefly say goodbye and go their separate ways; Tai walks home, passing the gardeners and giving a wave. He is friends with some of them, and a few know of his secret hobby. They all know of his mothers', it was hard not to know; but no one would tell. Mother has a temper and a sharp wit.

INT. Tai's house. Two story with a large front and back lawn, relatively upper middle class.

Tai takes off his shoes before going in the house.

O.C. hear the faint sounds of women shouting in unison.

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He sneaks through the kitchen and around to the back of the house. The shouts get louder as he rounds the corner and peaks his head out the door. With a grin on his face he holds his hands behind his back and walks around the corner, his head held high like a teacher. He walks in on his MOTHER, attractive and lean middle aged woman, teaching other women martial arts.

TAI

Your horse stance is too tense, and your tiger lacks any power. True strength comes from within.

Mother is startled and spins around with her leg extending in a kick. She stops just short of Tai's head. Then slowly lowers her leg with a grin on her face at Tai's own bewilderment. She might be old, but she's fast.

MOTHER

Says the boy who almost got kicked out of school.

TAI

Boy? I am a man now!

He takes a horse stance with all the hubris of a young man, and she makes him fall on his rear, the other women start laughing. Tai blushes and rubs his backside, he stands up.

TAI

You know there is a notable fee for women training in extensive fighting; not that it matters.

Mother is about to burst into giggles herself; she has known Tai since he was five and he's always been so hot headed with too much pride.

She suppresses her laughter

MOTHER

Is the baby boy going to cry to daddy?

TAI

No, I can handle a woman on my own.

He takes a horse stance again and rolls up his sleeves.

Mother looks around at her friends.

MOTHER

I think it's time to put the baby  
to bed.

She takes a crane stance.

They spar, and she dominates him on speed. Most of the first ten seconds Tai spends on defense, while mother is in a flow of offense, her dress sleeves fluttering in his face. She lands a solid slap on his cheek, Tai surprises her with a Bong Fu attack she didn't see coming, and stays in this mode. Even with his Bong Fu mother is still faster, though when Tai switches to Joint Jitsue stance he evens the odds slightly. The other women are impressed by the speed, spinning, and rolling.

Tai is over confident and under trained; he can't control his own speed and momentum and over does it. He rolls under a kick, comes up and does a back spin strike of his own. Mother blocks it and grabs Tai's wrist to spin him the other way three times, then makes him do a flip, solely by using his own momentum. He's dizzy and laying on his face.

Tai stands up confused and Mother dashes over to him and slaps him in the face twice. Then, while Tai is dazed, she grabs his belt and rips it off of him. Tai spins in place and lands in Mother's lap. She folds the belt in half and Tai feels the sting of humiliation as she literally whoops him. She grabs a nearby dress that's hanging on a clothes line and manages to slip it over him.

A woman runs in from off screen.

LADY A

Father is coming!

Mother grabs Tai and starts dancing right as father comes in.

FATHER

Ladies, what's going on here?!

Mother stops her dance casually

MOTHER

Oh the girls and I were just  
rehearsing for your big party. With  
all the biggest town officials  
coming we want to make it the  
social event of the year.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER

(Father is skeptical but slightly pleased)

Yes I'm sure they would enjoy a traditional dance. But what is Tai doing here, and why is he wearing that?

MOTHER

(rolls her eyes slyly)

Ah, we needed a man here. Ming Wei hasn't married yet, either because he's fat or a dumb ass and he might want to dance with one of them.

FATHER

Fine. Tai should be a good dancing dummy, he's fat and stupid. I don't think Chun is married...but she might be perfect for him. Tai, I want the cart unloaded and the teas put up in the top shelf. Put the one from Uncle in the pantry. Get it done before I come down for dinner.

EXIT FATHER

Mother turns her glare to Tai; but he is more afraid of her verbal lashing than anything,

MOTHER

Way to go Tai now I have to plan a dance!

CHUN

And I have to dance with HIM. I'll be the joke of the town; what does he mean I'm perfect for him? What is he trying to say?!

Tai tries to argue but is shooed off to his chores. When he is done he takes Uncle's gift upstairs, mumbling about super weed.

INT. Tai's bedroom. slightly messy and furnished sparsely with a desk, bed, and bedside table.

He sets his bag down by the table and takes out the box. Tai rubs his hand over the lid. After a brief internal struggle he puts the box in his secret cubby, a panel in the floor.

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He takes out a little bit of regular weed and his bing: a water bong about six inches big. He sits on his bed and pulls out a little fighting diagram booklet and begins to break up weed. Little strands of grass fell on the bed sheets, a seed bounces across the floor. Tai stuffs the weed in the bowl and takes a nice, long drag.

Before he exhales he looked around his room worried and his eyes fall on his incense, unlit. He holds his breath and runs over to the stick. He tries to spark his lighter but drops it. He groans silently. He lights the incense and runs over to his bed. From under the pillow he pulls a six inch piece of hallowed out bamboo and stuff potpourri in it. He is light headed when he blows out into it. He sits on his bed listening to the crickets and his thoughts, while taking little hits from the bing.

He rubs the stiffness from his arms and goes to sleep.

## 2. BETWEEN RIGHT AND BONG

INT. Next day, early morning.

Tai wakes, groggy and drooling, realizing he slept in. He gets dressed in a rush, and then sits down at his desk to take a quick, relaxing morning smoke.

Father shouts from the living room.

FATHER

Tai get out here or you'll be late!

Tai has the paper stuffed and the ends curved up like a boat on his joint. All he has to do is figure out how to roll it. He uses his index fingers to push the paper down and tries to roll with his thumbs. The joint is coming up loose. Tai twists more, getting frustrated as little bits fall out the ends. It is getting looser, so Tai twists harder, he almost maybe had it.

Mother stands at Tai's door.

MOTHER

TAI YOU BETTER BE UP!

(shrieked from in front of  
Tai's door.)

Tai flinches at the sudden sound and rips the joint he was working. He grumbles and pulls out his little bing, tossing the paper aside.

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TAI

I am I am!

He looks down at the ripped joint, another failure, and it agitates him.

(He mumbles to himself)

Sheesh buzz kill and I haven't even started yet.

(He starts to hum softly to himself and then quietly sings)

Roll me, bowl me, put me in a pipe;  
lazy, hazy, makes me feel alright.

As he stuffs his little bing. He goes towards his door and takes a deep hit, blowing the smoke at the wood.

MOTHER

(whispers loud enough for only Tai to hear)

Light an incense boy you stink. I might be okay with it but your father would have you neutered!

(Then she shouts at the top of her lungs)

Hurry up and get down here before I have to do anymore of your chores!

Tai coughs up his smoke and an ember flies out, burning his hand. He puts the bing away. He goes downstairs and tries to rush out the door but is intercepted by Father.

FATHER

Tai the trash needs taking out and the eggs collected, but since you decided to sleep in I had your mother do it.

Tai has just stopped listening. His ability to keep focus is fading

FATHER

Those eggs have to be gotten daily. There are thieves around here, I'm not sure if I can trust your friend Chow, but I don't think he's smart enough to steal.

Tai is lost in thought now, Father's voice barely an echo. Father enters his thoughts again.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER

You know they can only sit there so long before they spoil, plus they are in high demand right now; so take them to the market after school and don't sell for cheap. With that money buy milk and honey, I must have it for my meeting. Understand?

Tai snickers

TAI

You mean your tea party?

Father glares and Tai immediately straightens up.

I mean tea meeting...a gathering...  
(he walks out of the house and makes a buzzing sound)  
total buzz kill, it's a tea party!

EXT. Home village, early morning

Chow is waiting for Tai outside; Chow takes a big sniff that seems to confuse him and Tai, then notices Tai's eye

CHOW

Hey...hey your eyes are really red!

TAI

Yeah don't worry its early in the morning, I'm covered; I'll just say I didn't sleep well.

They begin walking, Chow looks around to make sure no one is looking. When he's sure no one is looking he says in a low voice.

CHOW

Did you smoke the good stuff, Uncle's super weed?

TAI

No but I should've, I might still be high! Hey you like eggs don't you?

He cracks one and eats it raw

CHOW

Yes, can I have one?

(CONTINUED)

TAI  
No, but I might buy you munchies  
later. You have any money?

Chow only shakes his head.

TAI  
Figures.

INT. School, COVER, teens learning math, meditation, art, writing, and martial arts. COVER, Tai's class, ten or more teens, learning from a deadbeat, scraggly, pompous teacher wearing a toupee.

Tai has a hard time focusing as the weed really starts in. Tai keeps making fun of the teacher; then upstages him in a spar. The teacher isn't very good and Tai just toys with him. He starts making up his own moves like packing the bowl, where he gets the teacher in a head lock and gives him nudges with his fist on his teacher's hair. Then his teacher's wig falls off. He is so embarrassed that he dismisses class early.

EXT. School yard, teens hanging out around campus after school.

They hang around after school for a while. Tai keeps trying to hit on girls and keeps failing; they seem to like being around Chow more than Tai. Tai gets in a bad mood after being rejected over and over, and he can't understand why. Then they walk away together.

EXT. Alley way, dark and littered.

When there's no one left they jump a fence, and then walk down an alley; down a few twists and turns, past a couple of homeless people and into a shady part of town. This part of the trip always scares Chow a little.

Tai knows this and preys on Chow's fears.

TAI  
There's tale of a hand-less  
homeless man, a hobo who runs up  
begging to be fed, chasing you with  
his nubs outstretched as if he  
still had hands!

CHOW  
Stop saying that! You know amputees  
are contagious!

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They arrive at a rundown shack, with a nine pointed pot leaf drawn on it.

They approach the shack. Tai knocks three times and the door opens to a large man, wearing a tight white shirt and a red bandanna on his head, he's scowling, and Tai returns his stare. After several seconds, Tai walks by. Chow walks by, and as he passes the bouncer barks at him.

Chow calms down and starts to talk once he's in the shack.

INT. Lu's Hookah Bar. Dive bar for smokers and drinkers alike, furnished with tables, booths. Decorated with liquor bottles and marijuana smoking pieces on shelves. Owned by Lu, a semi flamboyant late twenties man.

CHOW

Hey I was thinking...

Tai walks into the bar, at this time of day there aren't a lot of people

TAI

Bet that hurt.

(then to the bartender)

hookah for three please

LU

Hey kid why do you always order a hookah for three?

Tai shoots the bar tender a smug look

TAI

Lu, one day my dream girl is gonna walk through those doors, and since I can't get rid of this guy, I need a table for three. But she won't have a place to sit unless I get that table.

Lu glares back.

LU

Ah who wants you? You should try your luck at the pound!

He puts the hookah on the bar and turns his back to them.

Tai takes the hookah they sit at a table in the middle of the room. Chow speaks up again.

(CONTINUED)

CHOW

Listen! this is really cool.

Tai scoffs and takes out a small leather bag.

TAI

Coming from you? Sure.

Then he starts stuffing chunks of weed in the hookah

Chow continues unfazed.

CHOW

What if we smoke the primo out of  
the sacred bong?

Tai stops and looks at Chow.

TAI

What sacred bong?

Chow persists

CHOW

Your great great grandfather's  
bong.

Tai rolls his eyes,

TAI

It's just really old; just because  
it's really old doesn't make it  
sacred. But it is gold...and  
porcelain.

Chow grips the sides of the table.

CHOW

Yes it does! Don't you know  
anything? And he's dead so it  
probably has magic powers or  
something!

TAI

Chow shut up and smoke my weed. We  
gotta hurry I have things to do.

They smoke really fast out of the hookah. Tai sometimes  
takes a hit twice or three times, keeping Chow from getting  
to partake, and laughing at that fact. Then they leave the  
bar and walk into the ally way.

Tai covers his eyes, he mumbles

TAI

I'd like something to cover my eyes, some sort of shade, I'm sure they're red.

He grabs a straw hat from a passed out bum; then Chow nudges him and they begin walking. Tai starts talking again once they hit the square.

EXT. Market square, crowded and bustling by this time of day. stalls selling and buying, all of them shouting at customers and one another.

TAI

So is there anyone in town selling sweets?

Chow passes by a group of women and stops to stare.

CHOW

No, but apples are in season...

Tai shrugs past more market goers, as they get deeper into the square it gets busier. He grabs Chow by the collar.

TAI

Yeah and expensive! Bread and noodles sound good.

CHOW

Hey, I heard there's a guy who found a way to fit dried noodles in a cup! You just add water.

He gets in line to sell the eggs for Father.

TAI

That's stupid and a bet it tastes like dirt. Who wants to eat dried noodles?

(Then he mumbles to himself)

Man, I feel like I'm supposed to buy something important...

CHOW

I would.

The customer behind them is irritated over the two stoners' conversation and they're obliviousness of the line, he speaks up.

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CUSTOMER A

Hey you're next! I'm very busy here!

Tai is lost in thought and unaware of the customer, he only hears Chow and rolls his eyes at Chows' insistence over the noodles.

TAI

Dude you would eat dried crap if it was labeled right.

The customer takes this the wrong way and shoves Chow in the back, who trips and falls on his face. Tai goes into an automatic defensive stance as he starts to block wild punches from the customer. The customer gets agitated when none of his hits land, so he steps back and calls his friends over. A fight breaks out as the random customers two friends join in.

Tai is stoned but still using his father's kung fu. He doesn't want to draw attention to himself, or piss his father off. Then one of the brawlers grabs the bag with the eggs from Tai's hands. The brawler throws the bag high into the air. Tai can't lose his father's eggs either so he resorts to Pipe Quan Do; he grabs a long bamboo stick and, using long sweeping motions, clears some space between him and the disgruntled customers. He holds the pipe to the side of his mouth like a flute, and with slight-of-hand pulls out a J from his sleeve and a lighter. The bag lands on the end of the stick. The crowd is cheering at this point. The customers look at each other and then rush at Tai all at once. Tai sees one of them trip over Chows sprawled leg. The other two rush right at Tai's face. At the last minute he points the stick right at their faces and with the joint in it, exhales through the pipe sending out the j like a dart followed by a great cloud. The joint hits the first man in the neck and it rolls down his shirt, spreading its embers.

Tai pops both men in the head with a swift motion. The third man gets up and grabs the stick by the end. He is bigger and stronger than Tai and holds on tightly. Then he notices the bag on the end of the stick. Tai notices too and lays his end of the stick down, making the bag slide down it and into Tai's hands.

Tai grabs the bag but one falls out. He catches it with his foot and bounces it like a hacky-sack to his hands, dodging an angry offensive from the large customer as he goes. Now both hands occupied with fragile eggs, he uses the glass pipe a method of defense and offense from his legs. One of Tai's least favorite, a bunch of dodging and waiting with fancy footwork, but he was desperate. He blocks with his

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wrists and knees, striking with backhands and more legwork. He gets close quarters, shoving with shoulders and finishes this one with a head butt, which lands both of them on their asses.

The man looks around dazed and confused and sees his friends limping away without him. He starts to crawl off, getting lost in the crowd. The mass of people around him are all murmuring statements of Who is that kid? and What's his style? and Hey that smoke smelled funny. Two bandits from the other day also see Tai, still lying on the ground, high-fiving Chow. One of the bandits almost goes to start another fight, seeing Tai on the ground as vulnerable. However the second thug holds out his arm.

THUG B

Hey let's get out of here, now we know where he lives. He says a little shaken.

With a nod from his buddy they wander off.

Chow helps Tai sit up and dust off. Then he gets shoved hard to the side. Father emerges from the crowd behind Tai and slaps him on the back of the head. Tai does a back roll and wraps his legs unknowingly around fathers' arm in an attempt to flip him. Father deftly counters the stoned Bong Fu, throwing Tai's leg to the side. Tai stands up with the momentum and quickly turns around, meaning to strike, but runs right into fathers open hand slap. Tai is slapped so hard he spins around a full one-eighty. He's face to face with his enraged father.

Father is slightly embarrassed and angry.

FATHER

All I asked you to do is get some milk! Are you retarded boy?

Tai only dares to look down at his shoes

TAI

And honey...

Chow was taking bets during the fight; he walks next to Father counting money.

FATHER

Shut up boy.  
(he takes the money from Chow,  
who protests)  
I'm not taking your money kid, I'm taking his cut.

(CONTINUED)

Chow looks down at his shoes after Father snapped at him

CHOW

Sorry dude.

(He gets the money back and  
flicks through it, not even  
counting)

Hey, you took forty percent!

Father gives Chow a hard look

FATHER

Don't try to count kid, in my day  
this was a cut. Sorry "*dude*". Tai  
get back home. You kid, stay right  
there, we need to talk.

### 3. INSIDE THE FLOWER

INT. Tai's house, later that day.

Tai sits at home, nervous. Father enters, silent and angry,  
and goes to the back, Tai follows.

EXT. Back porch, greenery abounds in the tidy and well kept  
garden. Tai stops at the center of the clearing by the door.

Father continues walking in silence. He takes off his jacket  
and grabbed the strict nine: a whip with nine leather  
tassels on the end.

Tai went to the clearing in the garden and knelt on his  
knees. his focus on a single cherry blossom on the ground  
near him.

On the outside the blossom was beautiful, the petal a velvet  
white on the tip, almost translucent, and it flowed into a  
solid white waterfall towards the center.

Tai's father is walking towards him; his anger flowing white  
hot.

The color of the blossom flowed deeply, bone white, until it  
cascaded with the pink, piercing in.

In the blossom color flowed from pink to velvet red, deep  
red, a dark sanguine red. In the distance he heard a crack,  
and in front of his eyes the blood red shot out at him like  
lightning. Fire, ripping pain shot across his back, flesh  
tore like the dry desert ground. It struck nine times at  
once, bleeding white hot.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER

I know why you've gotten stupid  
boy. You've been smoking with your  
uncle!

(He goes around to look Tai  
right in the eyes.)

Yes not only does your friend look  
like a rat, he squeaks like one  
too!

Tai looks hard into the blossom. Pain of his betrayal was  
only matched by the malice of the whip as father punctuated  
the end of his sentence with another strike.

FATHER

He told me everything. Did your  
uncle teach you that nonsense too?

Tai mumbles uneasily, unsure what about. If anything, air  
just escaped his lips in defeat.

FATHER

Don't try to keep any secrets, I  
heard what happened at school.

( another strike, )

With that disgraceful display of  
illegal nonsense in the streets  
today you'll be lucky not to get  
expelled.

A stronger lash delivered at that statement.

FATHER

Since you acted as dumb as an ox,  
you will work like one. And you are  
not to leave the house until  
further notice!

The final strike put Tai on his hands and knees. The world  
is red; his bones ached from the fight, and his skin from  
the whip.

His father comes back with a large crate. He sets it before  
Tai, who can barely lift his head to look inside. There are  
small sand bags, to be strapped on like weights; one for  
each limb, and a larger one for his back. The ones for his  
arms were probably twenty pounds each, for his legs- thirty,  
and his back piece- fifty.

Father nudges the box to him, and Tai sits and puts on the  
leg pieces, then the arms. He stops and looked up at Father,  
who only glares in return. Tai takes off his tattered shirt,  
and puts on the weight. He winces as he sees red again.

(CONTINUED)

After it is strapped on he kneels again, on hands and knees. But he will not cry.

COVER. Montage.

Tai wears the weights for a week, doing chores nonstop around the house. Father comes up with the most extreme and outrageous of chores. Father's party is coming, and he has Tai doing things around the house that would never have happened otherwise. Mother, of course, takes this opportunity to add a few things of her own; which is mostly tending to her garden.

EXT. Garden

Tai doesn't really like it at first, trimming petals and limbs. Cleaning bird bathes. After a while Tai gets brave enough to start smoking out of his one hitter when he is far out in the garden near the back wall.

The first time he does it one of the new gardeners sees him. The gardener, an old, skinny toothless man, was scrubbing the white wall, removing moss and scum. Tai stops and stares, like a fish trapped in ice. The gardener shares his toothless grin and puts down the bucket. He smokes with Tai and tells him to meet back here tomorrow and that he would know when Tai's father will be busy. Tai goes about his day and actually finds a little peace in the garden and doesn't mind tending to the trees and blossoms.

INT. Gang house, Same time. Thugs and scantily dressed women lounge around on broken furniture in the dark musky building. Through the dark halls and down the damp stairs, behind a large wooden door, is the Boss's lair. The thugs from earlier cower in front of their boss.

The Boss lounges on an over sized beanbag chair smoking his hookah, while nearly naked women fan him, feed him, and load his pipe. He has long slick black hair in a ponytail and a triangular goatee to match his angular face and a thin mustache.

His right hand man, The Grinder is behind his boss in a corner. He has a pointed mustache and a long black braided beard. He wears black pants with a purple belt and no shirt. The six foot muscular beast of a man is rubbing his two foot grinder together as he snarls at the two lower thugs, cowering before him. He stops his grinding.

The boss puts down his hookah,

BOSS

Where were you when this happened?  
(When he talks he practically  
purrs his words like a  
confident lion)

BANDIT A

In town of Pot Ling. We were  
checking in on the area after that  
attack on our raid.

BOSS

And what did you see?

BANDIT B

That same kid from before, he was  
doing the same fighting style. The  
same one as...  
(He stops and bows down.)

BOSS

The same as me?  
(He asks and gets no response,  
which is all he needs to  
know.)  
Interesting. And did you attack  
him?

BANDIT B

No

BOSS

Come now, he was out numbered, and  
without his "*body guard*" from  
before.

BANDIT A

His father showed up!

The other interrupts. Then, catching his mistake, they both  
bow as low as they can.

BOSS

Why, don't be such a coward.

He takes a long drag, letting them sit there in silence,  
heads bowed to the ground. He starts laughing, and then  
abruptly stops.

BOSS

Is he in a rival gang?

(CONTINUED)

BANDIT B

No, we don't think so. We didn't see anything.

BOSS

That town is the optimal location for my new crop.

(He turns to one of the women)  
Bring me a map.

He takes a drag and she returns with one and lays it on the table.

That town, is here, at the edge of civilization. It's a rag tag dump; unknown to any but the occupants there. The town is separated from all other life by these mountains here. They only trade with small villages nearby. They get along fine in their own world, I can't stand it. That's why I'm buying it out from the land owners, under the table, or through murder if I must, and starting my new farm of opium there. As long as there are no rival gangs, we are fine, and that town will be ready for demolition soon.

#### 4. POT AND PREJUDICE

Three weeks pass.

EXT. Rainy day, front porch.

Father and Tai stand inside of the house looking out of the door way. Tai wears the weights and looks anxious. Father is stone faced.

Tai takes a yoke from beside the door and slings it over his shoulders, then trudges out into the rain. He walks down to the well and fills the buckets, then walks back to the house and dumps the water into a very large metal pot sitting in the kitchen.

Tai looks at his soaking wet weights and the rain. Then he looks at the pot, and to his Father. Then he puts the yoke back over his shoulders and marches back outside.

INT. Tai's room.

(CONTINUED)

Tai sits on his bed, drying off the weights with a towel. He looks exhausted. He takes only one hit from his pipe and goes to sleep.

INT. Tai's room, morning.

Tai awakes to his mother knocking at he door.

TAI  
(to himself)  
It's tea party day.

Mother speaks from the other side of the door, a basket on hip full of decorating supplies, she yells, making Tai involuntarily jump out of bed.

MOTHER  
Hey wake up! I'm not going in there. I know how you sleep, but I'll sick the dog on you.  
(She gets closer to the door and adds quietly)  
And don't do any of that shit this morning; you have to work to do.

TAI  
Yeah yeah

He gets out of bed and dressed.

He sits back on the bed and slips on his wooden sandals, and starts to get off of the bed, but he sees his one hitter sitting on the bedside table. He exhales all he can and takes a deep, long hit; the whole bowl lights up. He holds his breath, and sticks his head out the window, and exhales through the smelly good stick as hard as he can. Then he quickly shuts the window, cutting off the smoke from him and his room. He grins and opens the door.

Mother shoves the basket into Tai's arms.

MOTHER  
Come on, you can smoke after this.  
Hell, I might join you, this is going to suck.

Int. Living room, several cooks and decorators work frantically to keep up with Father's shouts and orders.

TAI  
Father needs to chill out for a minute and smoke weed for an hour.

Mother shoots him a warning glance, but Tai can see that she found humor in it.

Father notices Tai and beckons to him.

FATHER

Tai, good you're awake. You have your weights on?

TAI

Like a second pair of underwear.

FATHER

Good... What's that smell?

Tai looks around anxiously.

TAI

I, uh, it's the weights dad; I haven't changed them in weeks.

Tai notices a nearby table with some of the cold food dishes they would be serving tonight already laid out. He catches himself staring at the grapes and cherries on ice. Tai shrugs off the munchies and focus on Father.

Father is irritated all ready.

FATHER

You could still bathe; you smell like a wet dog or a skunk. Go over there and lift heavy things for the decorators.

Tai has never heard of a skunk and doesn't know what to say.

Father turns his attention to a young worker who tripped and made a large mess.

FATHER

What is wrong with you? Are you retarded? Get out of here! To the rest of the room he says, Come on people we have to be ready at four.

Tai notices the kid get kicked out of the house.

He wants to find a way to piss his father off enough to get sent to his room. He tries falling off of a ladder, taking down streamers as he goes. And he tries falling unto the table of cold foods, stealing a bit as he lay there in pain. On his third attempt he is setting the streamers back up, and lets one end fall into a lit candle. It ignites quickly,

(CONTINUED)

up and across the room. People panic and begin falling over themselves.

In an instant Father has the flaming streamer down, he twirls it over head like a whip, and dunks it in the large pot of water. Then he glares at Tai.

Tai wheels the pot out back and dumps it. Then he goes to the well to begin filling it again. As Tai puts in the last bucket full in the pot, Mother approaches him.

MOTHER

You're to go to the kitchen, out of harm's way. Try not to eat all the food.

Tai rolls his eyes and walks to the back.

EXT. PAVILION

There's a large pavilion made up in the back. To the side a few pits with various meats roasting. Steaks and full pigs turning over the fire. He pushes past the flaps and enters the tent.

INT. PAVILION

There are men and women in it, chopping vegetables and working on soups, various kinds of sushi, and pastries.

SAUL

You're not gonna get out of work that easy. You're the master's son right?

Tai turns to find a large man, in his thirties, shaved head and wearing a stained t shirt, looking at him. The man is standing over a wooden table. He holds a chicken in one hand and a butcher's knife in the other.

SAUL

I saw you in that fight in town the other day. You got some weird moves kid.

Tai puffs his chest and opens his mouth to boast

TAI

Oh that was noth-

The butcher cuts Tai's speech off by decapitating the chicken, his cleaver slamming loudly.

(CONTINUED)

SAUL

Now come over here and pluck this chicken.

He peels potatoes and samples cheese and berries. After a while a large pit is made in the tent, hot coals are laid down, no fire or smoke, just the heat. The large pot of water Tai had filled is brought in.

TAI

It's almost tea time  
(In a British accent.)

After a while three fancy looking cooks come in, wearing all white with large white hats. One of them carries a sack filled with spoons, measuring cups, and stirring forks. The next man has all the sugars and spices needed, and the third man carries a single box.

Tai recognizes it in an instant as the tea his Uncle gave his Father.

Following them are two more men, they have larger hats and funny, curling mustaches. No one gets in their way. The tea brewers have a snotty air about them. Tai find them disgusting.

Once the water is brought to a boil the herb is taken out of the box. Tai can't see it from his distance and doesn't care to get closer. They brake the herb up and wrap it in a thin cloth. Then, in a ritualistic manner they put the herb in. Tai suppresses a laugh and walks to the back, away from the tea. Before he gets away the smell of the tea begins to waft in Tai's direction. Tai's train of thought is interrupted by the fat butcher Saul,

SAUL

Hey, I met this guy a while back that smoked out of apples. He showed me how to make them. Wanna smoke?

INT. Shed. They walk to a shed in the very back of the tent. There are four other stoner cooks in the shed.

Tai raises an eyebrow skeptically. Saul offers the apple and Tai hesitates too long for Saul, who shrugs and takes to lighting it himself. Saul passes the pipe to another coworker. Tai's eyes are hooked on the bowl, the pipe is passed to a third person. Then to a girl. The pipe goes back to Saul, who packs it again, loading the bowl that is carved in the top of the apple, where the stem used to be. Saul offers it to Tai again. Tai takes the pipe and lighter and

(CONTINUED)

takes a nice, smooth hit. The bowl goes all the way around as conversation breaks out and the pipe is loaded again. Most of the work is done as the food starts to get passed out by waiters while the tea brews on.

SAUL

I've seen this kid do some crazy  
crap with smoke! No really, here  
show them Tai.

He pushes Tai to his feet.

Tai takes the apple pipe and two other apples. He lights the pipe and then starts to juggle all three. He hits the pipe every rotation and winks at the girl. Then Tai blows three smoke rings and passes the apples through each one. The cooks start applauding and Tai's tricks get more elaborate. He doesn't notice that his father just walked through the front door.

Father is immediately met by the top tea brewer, and they begin their walk around the tent, examining the dishes. Father notices a hint of anxiety on the master brewers face.

FATHER

What's the problem?

The master brewer hesitates to answer.

MASTER BREWER

Sir, we are afraid some of the tea  
from your brother might be spoiled.

Father stops walking, he shouts at one of the sushi cooks.

FATHER

Cut them thinner!  
(Then he turns to the brewer  
and growls)  
Spoiled, what do you mean?

The master brewers starts to stammer

MASTER BREWER

Well it smells different than  
anything else

FATHER

Of course it does its expensive!  
Has it made anybody sick?

(CONTINUED)

MASTER BREWER

Well no but...

FATHER

Don't bother me with nonsense- Get  
back to work!

Tai has begun to contact juggle two of the apples over his arms. He put his arms out in front of him and makes a circle with his arms, then makes the pipe apple roll across one arm and up the other. Then he starts to juggle two regular apples with his feet while puffing smoke rings with the apple-pipe and hacky-sacking the apples through the rings. Tai winks and blows a smoke ring to the girl in his audience.

Father has had enough looking around. Father took the deepest breath he could and bellowed.

FATHER

Tai!

Tai drops the pipe in his hand and kicks one of the apples at the girls face. She stumbles back yelping and knocks over a table. Tai doesn't seem to notice the girl. He runs out of the shed and up to father. He knows he looks stoned, so he just keeps his head down. Father is at his breaking point; there is a throbbing vein on his forehead.

FATHER

Damn it boy! I don't care what you did this time, but it doesn't matter, you're useless. The cooking is done anyway. And there is no way I'm letting you serve. You, out there, mingling with my clients, the thought sickens me. Just go to your room and stay there. Now march!

## 5. HIGHRONIC

They both briskly walk back to the house. Upon entering, Mother stops them.

MOTHER

And where is he going? she points  
at Tai.

FATHER

To his room. I don't need him  
making a fool of us when the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FATHER (cont'd)  
officials arrive. I'm sure they've  
heard about his little stunt.

TAI  
(Tai grumbles to his sandals.)  
You have a little stunt

Father doesn't hear and walks away.

FATHER  
To your room Tai!

TAI  
Yes father, right away.

Mother grabs his shoulder as he tries to go upstairs.

MOTHER  
You are so lucky, if I had it my  
way you'd be in a dress. And your  
father happens to have a very big  
stunt.  
(She winks at that and points  
down at the crotch area.)

Tai gives a repulsive yelp and runs off. He locks his door  
and sits on his bed with is bing. After a while Chow knocks  
on his window and Tai lets him in. Chow is winded from  
climbing up to Tai's window and stands, hands on his knees  
in Tai's room before commenting.

CHOW  
Dude there's a lot of rich guys  
here.

Tai scoffs in disgust.

TAI  
All the snobs in the city; all my  
dad's friends, basically everyone  
who doesn't smoke pot. Big party  
huh, other towns are way cooler,  
where everybody smokes.

He starts the get the bong and weed from a hidden panel in  
the wall, Chow is behind him singing a chant, as if in a  
holy ceremony and Tai shoots him a glare.

Chow is wide eyed

CHOW

Wow, I haven't seen it since we got back.

Tai is a little dazzled also, he whispers to himself,

TAI

Yeah... me neither.  
(Then, more out loud,)  
Let's get lit.

He pulls out the bag and sets it on the table, then the bong. It's little over a foot long, with beautiful jade rimmed pull stem. The bowl is shaped like a tiger's mouth and is silver. The smoking piece itself is golden with emeralds and rubies embedded in it. Intricate images of smoke are carved upon it, leading up to the jade rimmed top. With it came two golden caps, one for the bowl and one for the mouth, both connected by a thin silver chain.

CHOW

Hey! You promised me green hit.

Tai rolls his eyes as he passes the bag to Chow and grabs his drink.

TAI

Fine then, you load it.

Chow opens the little leather bag and roughly breaks it up, leaving big chunks and stems. He looks up.

CHOW

Hey that's a good idea; I'll have cotton mouth after this. Can I have a drink?

TAI

No way, I had to sneak this. My dad keeps going on about how expensive this shit is.

They start smoking and chatting while father's party guests arrive. As the party develops, drinks are passed out and the party goes start acting a little off. Back around the bong Tai takes another massive hit.

TAI

I don't know dude, this is our second bowl and I'm not very high...

(CONTINUED)

CHOW

Maybe its creeper: a subtly weed.

TAI

Maybe the bong is broken.

CHOW

Don't say that about the sacred bong! You should pray for forgiveness or knock on wood or something.

TAI

What, to the great kami of cannabis? The goddess of ganja? Whatever, hold on let me get my pipe.

(He reaches in his dresser drawer and exclaims)

Whoa rice balls!

He pulls one out.

Chow looks at him quizzically,

CHOW

Dude, those are socks.

Tai looks at them again.

TAI

Oh...yeah...

He unravels them and laughs then throws them on Chow, who is looking back at the sack.

Chow almost spills the sack as he wrestles with a sock,

CHOW

Get these snakes off of me!

He holds one up fully stretched.

Tai laughs some more,

TAI

Chills, hit this man. I don't know about this bud, but dad's tea party must be awesome; this tea has me feeling a new high.

Chow hits it.

CHOW

Yeah this bud is more like this stuff my grampa has.

TAI

Yeah, what's that?

CHOW

It's this shit kids try to get. Prescription and expensive, but it kicks ass. You'll see stars man.

TAI

Uh huh... But why would they sell a prescription hallucinatory and not pot?

CHOW

'Cause man it's for old people; they brew it, for arthritis or old people syndrome. It's relaxing but smoking it is better. My grampa caught me getting into his stash once.

Tai lets this sink. He feels high and he is slightly hallucinating.

TAI

But I feel high, really high... I don't think I've felt this before...

He sips the tea and looks at the green box with the red bag next to it.

He starts going on a bad trip. He tries to get to the weed to hide it but kitsune, three-foot fox people, take it away. He starts freaking.

Back downstairs Father looks around the room, everyone is laughing and having a good time, even the widow is enjoying her set up date. Somebody comes up to Father.

PARTY GOER

Dude great party.

Father looks him over. He's not drunk, no one is. He looks back to his friend, who has plates full of food.

FATHER

Yeah, I haven't felt like this since my brothers and I were young...

(CONTINUED)

Father comes to the sudden realization that he is high.

Father looks at his cup and then to Tai's room. Mother sees this and when Father walks off she follows. Father tries to go in the room but mother busts in first and hugs Tai.

Tai is sitting in the middle of his room, legs curled up to his chest. Chow's pants and shoes are in the corner, and the window is open. Tai is staring at a candle, the colors dance around the room like imps as they light his room up with green and purple fires. Tai hears a pounding sound coming up the stairs as the imp's fire gets more erratic and large. They leap from the candles and start dancing around the room. Then the door explodes open and blinding light floods the room, dousing the flames, and Tai is gripped by what he sees as an angel.

TAI

Thanks for saving me.

MOTHER

Thanks for the drink.

Then the room flashes again and the flames re-ignite. The walls are solid sheets of blue and black rippling fire. Although the room is ablaze, it turns ominously dark. From the doorway a monster, an demon, stomps in. Red flames flow down his body and his horns reach the doorway. He points at the angel and suddenly she is swept aside.

Father points at Mother,

FATHER

You're probably enjoying this! Step aside now! He's gone too far this time.

Tai staggers to his feet. He raises his arms, more in defense than to fight. Father rushes to Tai and back hands him. The room spins as Tai lands hard. He stands again and rushes the demon, fighting with the schools kung fu. Father can predict every move and counters Tai, beating him around. Tai can't seem to understand what to do against the Oni; all of his attacks seem pointless. The angel is screaming faintly in the background. Father is yelling at Tai to stop, but Tai only hears a deafening roar as fire juts out of the demons mouth.

Tai sees the bong, a shining beacon in the shadows. He grabs it and unleashes a flurry of Bong Fu. Every strike he delivers seems to enrage the beast. Father shouts in furious anger, vexed that his son would dare use Bong Fu against him. Father counters the Bong Fu with more ease than before.

(CONTINUED)

The flames erupt higher around the demon. He catches Tai's kick with one hand, and strikes him hard in the chest, casting him down to the ground. Father catches the bong as it flies out of Tai's hands.

Father pins Tai, forcing Tai to his knees and his arms helplessly behind his back. The Oni takes the bong and poisons it, morphing the colors from gold to black and green. Then the bong is shoved in Tai's face as he breathes in from having been hit. He gets a lungful of the smoke and exhales, coughing.

FATHER

Is this what you want? You want to be high, you want everyone to be high! Smoke all the pot! Smoke it until you're high and stupid and it hurts!

Then he gets rocked in the stomach again; and again, as he inhales, the bong is placed before him. Tai's vision blurs as the colors get more vibrant. He flails out against the demon again, and the bong is knocked from Father's hands. They both watch as it sails through the air and crashes to the floor. A stench more foul than anything either of them has ever smelled before spews from the bong.

Father Stops and stares at the broken instrument. Disbelief crosses his face as tears swell in his eyes. Fury and sorrow fill Father. The demon strikes Tai in his gut again, and drags him out of the room. No one notices as Father crosses the floor to the back and out the door. Tai is in a daze, visually being drug to hell. Father goes to the tent where a half pot of the tea still remains. Tai's cook-friends are still in the tent, and each hide a cup of tea but remain silent, they don't dare to stop him. Father lifts Tai up to eye level.

FATHER

Is this what you want? You've destroyed everything!

Then he dunks Tai in the liquid. Tai holds his breath as long as he can, but eventually takes in the tea, gulps at a time. Father lifts him up; then dunks him again, and Tai drinks more. Three more times this happens. Tai is getting desperate. He tries to fight back again but Father throws him to the ground. Tai stands, winded, and strikes at Father with lazy Bong Fu. Father counters this and delivers a combo of hits faster and stranger than anything Tai had ever known his Father to be capable of. Tai lay in defeat, and Father takes the pot and dumps it on Tai.

Saul turns to the others and whispers,

(CONTINUED)

SAUL

Dudes, Tai is drinking a lot of that.

(He looks down at his cup and continues solemnly)

No one should have to drink that much.

Then Father picks Tai up

FATHER

Get out of my home, I'm done with you. Get out and don't return until you have learned better.

Then he shoves Tai to the tent flap.

## 6. FLYING HIGH

EXT. Ally, night, Lu's Hookah bar

Tai runs past fluttering images. He runs until he passes out in an ally. He awakes by the hookah bar. It is nighttime. He is cut up, and his clothes are torn.

He hasn't been mugged, however. He has his travel bong tied to his side a lighter, and twenty bucks; He stands up and swaggers into the hookah bar.

The barkeep has his back turned, talking to a customer while drying out the inside of a hookah. The bar is going to close soon and there are only a handful of people left. One man at the bar itself, three sitting around a hookah, lazily talking and smoking, and a couple passed out on bean bag chairs. The bartender looks over his shoulder and notices Tai. He looks shocked and amused.

LU

Hookah for too, a little late night romancing? You're going to be waiting a long while and you don't look too hot.

Tai tries to snap back with a witty retort, but his mouth is dry. He walks up to the counter and says in a hoarse voice.

TAI

Bong for one, and make it big.

He looks around at the glass on the walls. There is a metal bong he wants to buy. He sees a hookah, but the hoses look like snakes, he shivers and they are gone.

(CONTINUED)

The barkeep sits a loaded bong in front of Tai and leans forward to examine him.

LU

What's a matter, you finally got your ass kicked? Girl break your heart?

Tai puts his finger on the edge of the bowl, pensively.

TAI

Worse.

LU

A boy?

Tai looks up as if to ask the barman what the hell he was talking about but gets cut off.

LU

Just saying you and that kid hang out a lot. And I'm sure that even I have touched more vagina than you will in your entire life, and I don't see that chubby you're secretly chasing. Don't get me wrong he's kinda cute but if you're looking for a new best friend you know what I mean.

TAI

No. I broke my family bong...the sacred bog; messed up my father's party. I'm pretty much kicked out of the house.

LU

I don't know about that bong god you're talking about hippie, but I saw you fighting like a stoned asshole the other day in town. You were pretty good, how'd you do it?

TAI

Like this.

He picks up the bong, takes a hit and then goes into a stance, ready to tell the story, but then sees a kitsune stabbing him in the hand and he drops it. He yelps in surprise and starts coughing up a lungful of smoke as he tries to explain.

(CONTINUED)

LU

Hey asshole I didn't mean  
literally! You're getting kicked  
out of here too.

Lu doesn't stick around to hear Tai's explanations. He gets his bouncer to throw Tai out. Tai puts up little fight, but snatches a bag of weed from the counter in all the commotion before he is tossed to the street. Tai flips off the building in general and walks away, stumbling and smoking into the night as the flashbacks worsen.

EXT. Wilderness.

Tai travels over the mountains and across the sky. He finally stops when he stumbles over a bucket of water and falls into a trough of water.

He looks down at the water, at the reflections from the moon. The lights aren't so vibrant anymore. Then he looks up at his surroundings. He is sitting in at the edge of a small crop of marijuana. He pulls out his gourd bong.

He brakes off a bud. White crystals gleaming in the moonlight and sticking to his fingers. He brakes it up and shoves it in his bong, then takes a monstrous hit. He starts humming to himself again, and doesn't hear the door open as the owner of the house steps out.

MENTOR

Good evening.

Tai jumps, startled, and turns to look at the plump, white bearded man.

MENTOR

It is a particularly pleasant evening,

(the old man continues,  
swirling the tea cup in his  
hands, steam rises from it  
into the night sky.)

I am feeling rather young, and I  
like to have company on nights like  
these, while I enjoy my night cap.

Tai is further surprised.

TAI

This is yours old man?

(CONTINUED)

MENTOR

Oh yes, I've grown these for years,  
all off of the same mother plant;  
my life's work. Isn't she strong?  
That's what I like about her.

TAI

Hell yeah this is the shit.

He takes another hit and blows it unintentionally at the old hermit.

MENTOR

Ah yes she will...

(He clears the air in front of  
him.)

What do you kids say? Knock you off  
of your ass. But she is also a  
survivor. Life is a fight you see.  
She is strong; she has grown out  
here for so long. But I too must be  
strong

Tai offers his bong

MENTOR

No, No, I am not done with my tea  
yet. So how did you find my garden  
young grass hopper?

TAI

Oh I'm just going for a hike. I'm a  
midnight hiker. It's a hobby. Keeps  
me in shape. Yep, I like those  
midnight hikes.

(he takes another hit and  
Mentor accepts the bong.)

Did you just call me grasshopper?  
( He says while exhaling.)

MENTOR

Yes, it is a metaphor. You must  
have smelled my garden out.

Mentor looks the bong over.

TAI

Oh like I'm young and your old. My  
uncle, Fey Lung, uses metaphors  
like that all the time and he's  
really old.

(Tai doesn't notice the hermit  
raise an eyebrow at this, but  
continues on)

(CONTINUED)

He has a long beard and he's balding. He told me one. If you teach a man to bowl, wait no. If you learn to roll for a day, damn... I don't really know I just want to smoke for the rest of my life.

MENTOR

No I meant like a wandering insect, a pest. Every day is a fight to keep my plants alive. I have wolf urine to keep deer away and of course many ladybugs. A fence to keep people out, but there is one parasite that is too dumb to be afraid.

TAI

Birds!

MENTOR

No...That's why there's a scarecrow. The grasshopper is the pest

Tai seems to get the vibe. He doesn't like being called that so he gets offensive.

TAI

Are you so old you forgot what you were doing? Hit that or pass it so I can leave.

MENTOR

You took something of mine, now I have something of yours, we are even grass hopper. You should count yourself among the lucky ones.

TAI

Quit calling me that and give me my bong.

Tai walks up to the old man and looks him in the eye. He says slowly.

TAI

Give me the bong, or I will slap the wrinkles off your face.

(CONTINUED)

The hermit makes no move, so Tai shoves him, hard, trying to knock the old man on his ass. The old man brings the bong to his lips and blows. The embers and water go in Tai's face. He steps back and almost falls over in his exhaustion. Tai musters up his strength and strikes out in Tiger style.

TAI

I'm going to punch you so hard you  
turn to dust old man!

He swings swiftly with what strength he has left, trying to end it quickly, but exhausting himself further. He comes up short, or is blocked. Tai is blinded by fury at this point and doesn't notice at first that the hermit is using Bong Fu. Tai gets pegged in the ribs with a fist and stumbles back. The hermit has stepped back too and has taken a Bong Fu stance. Tai looks puzzled.

MENTOR

Are you so stoned that you forgot  
how to fight grasshopper?

The hermit says and then laughs. In the cool night air upon the mountain, Tai can't tell if the old man has taken a hit and his exhaling or if it's his breath. Tai swings more furiously and finally lands a hit.

The hermit stands back again, this time upright, and holds out the bong in the palm of his hand.

MENTOR

In truth you broke my weed; maybe I  
should break your bong.

He tosses the bong up in the air.

As it's falling through the air Tai runs forward, and the hermit kicks horizontally; Tai jumps off of the water trough and somersaults over the leg, catching the bong, and lands in his own Bong Fu stance.

Tai then charges again, using Bong Fu now. He calls out his moves as he goes, but does them all very sloppily and the hermit still counters and blocks him.

Mentor trips up Tai and makes him fall backwards. Fighting from a crouched position, Tai jumps under a table that is outside leaning up against a shed. The hermit stops and laughs at Tai.

MENTOR

What do you call this one,  
grasshopper?

(CONTINUED)

Tai quickly looks around, almost ashamed that he's cornered.

TAI

I call this one hot boxing.

MENTOR

Not bad kid.

TAI

Yeah, You fight like my uncle,  
maybe better.

MENTOR

I meant your imagination isn't bad,  
your Bong Fu is terrible, who did  
you learn it from?

TAI

Fey Lung, my uncle,  
(he says as he slowly creeps  
out from under the table.)  
You know him?

MENTOR

I know him as Bong Fey Lung, The  
Sloth, but I thought he would have  
taught you better.  
(Tai starts to protest but the  
hermit waves it off.)  
Not now, I'm tired, I'm going to  
sleep. I'll tell you in the  
morning. Grass hoppers sleep  
outside, in the shed.

Then he turns his back and walks inside the house.

Tai looks at the door for a while, dazed. He takes his bong to the trough and fills it with water. Then he picks off a bud and puts it in the bong. He walks to the shed and opens the latch. It is dark so he sparks his lighter and looks around. There are bags of fertilizer and other gardening tools, but also cloth bags with marijuana stalks, and separate ones full of leaves and trimmings. Tai gathers those and lay them down in a corner, then crashes down upon them. He takes big hits from the bong, one, two, three, and he is out.

## 7. A BONG NIGHT

Tai's dreams are bizarre. Colors swirl in a mist as Tai flies through them. His mind starts at the beginning, when he woke up and smoked his one hitter, and then travels the time line. When he thinks about the fight with his father Tai slips into a nightmare. His legs kick involuntarily in his sleep and his hand clenches around the bong. dreams replay the scene slower. His father used several Hookah Hashasssin techniques in their fight. The memory goes all a blur as Tai's mind skips over some of the darker parts, and stops here at the end of the night.

EXT. Mentor's cabin. Noon

Tai wakes up and shakes the grog out of his head. He looks around, confused at first, but then remembers everything and sighs to himself. He opens the shed door to see the old man sitting at a stone table, stirring a pot that's steaming over an open fire. He walks up to the old man and stands before the pot, smelling it.

TAI

Wow that's some of the sweetest smelling herb.

The hermit nods stirring the pot,

MENTOR

Yes it is my finest herbs and spices. It is a special day, when my plant took root in this earth and in my heart.

(he stops to look at Tai)

When she came out of the soil to say hello.

Tai looks amused

TAI

It's your plant's birthday? Huh, congrats, can I get some tea I'm parched?

MENTOR

No, I don't think you can handle that yet, but there's some water.

TAI

I had some of your grass yesterday.

(CONTINUED)

MENTOR

That was two days ago, and you weren't my student then. Besides as I recall you passed out. She,  
(he points to the pot)  
might knock you cold for a week, maybe kill you.

Tai bitches and grumbles to himself, crossing his arms.

MENTOR

Fine here, sample a spoonful

Then he stands with a large wooden ladle in hand.

Tai tries to take it but the old man moves and slaps Tai's hands.

MENTOR

Take it  
(Tai tries again and again he is struck.)  
Take it  
(the hermit coos. Tai tries again and is struck harder.)  
Take it!

They spar, only for a minute. The hermit goes through a wide variety of Marijuana fighting styles, gauging how well Tai keeps up. The Hermit never spills a drop; then flicks the spoonful in his mouth.

Tai huffs, winded again, stretching out the sore and stiffness in his joints. He admits defeat and walks over to the water.

TAI

What's your name old man?

MENTOR

For now just call me Mentor. I'll let you live here, under my rules. You can do the chores around here, an old man needs a break, and I'll let you smoke my grass when I see you deserve it. You'll train constantly, and do exactly as I say. In return you may live here, eat my food, and maybe even sleep inside. Eventually, you might learn respect for those around you, an appreciation of what you have, and discipline in what you do. I only

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MENTOR (cont'd)  
offer you this because your Uncle  
was a close friend of mine.

Then Mentor points at a pile of folded clothes. Tai starts changing clothes and notices that the material is different.

TAI  
What's this made of?

MENTOR  
Hemp. I never waste any part of the  
plant. By the way take off those  
weights.

Then Mentor points to a box on the table.

MENTOR  
Put these on too.

Tai opens the box only to find a new set of weights, each one ten pounds heavier than his last set. Tai openly groans and whines but eventually puts them on.

TAI  
So, when do I get to do some Bong  
Fu?

MENTOR  
No grasshopper, there is an order  
of things.

He draws a pot leaf on paper, and writes under the leaves. Under the bottom left he writes Joint Jitsue, under the right bottom leaf he writes Pipe Quan Do, then he writes next to the top left leaf, Bong Fu, and next to the right leaf he wrote Hookah Hashassin, Finally next to the top leaf he writes Tea Chi. Then he points at the bottom.

MENTOR  
We will start here, at the joint,  
and see how you do.

TAI  
Aw that's weak.

Mentor looks him dead in the eye, already tired of the crap.

MENTOR  
It's done a number on you, shall I  
prove my point? And then cracks his  
knuckles.

Tai looks down at his feet until he is beckoned to the table where a bowl of pre-ground weed is sitting.

MENTOR

Now roll me a green arrow.

After a while and some deep breaths to calm himself, Tai does what Mentor asked. Mentor picks it up and gently hits it without lighting it. He spits out the j in disgust.

MENTOR

Bah it's too wet. Do not kiss this like you would one of your school girlfriends. This is a delicate flower, a perfect woman. So don't drool. You left loose ends. When you do that she spits back in your face.

(He cleans his tongue with his sleeve, knocking off the loose bud.)

You treat her like a dog, you roll like one too. All paws and slobber. Have you taken to no training? We will start here, at the Art of Rolling.

TAI

What? But I school in Bong Fu!

Mentor sits but is equally angry. He bellows louder than Tai's mother, scaring the birds and deer in what was once a still clearing.

MENTOR

Never raise your voice to me! You school in nothing, you rack a disaprin, and have no respect.

He calms as Tai sits back down and continues softer

MENTOR

First you must learn how to be a man. If you cannot roll a proper j, you cannot load a proper bowl. We must start at the very beginning; it seems you don't know the process.

Mentor stands and produces a pound of weed from his robes. Tai gawks, practically drooling on the table. Mentor takes one end and delicately separates a chunk, leaving no crumbs, and sets it before him. In a flash he separates the stems

(CONTINUED)

and seeds into one pile and the weed into another. Using his fingertips he gently sweeps the weed into images, all while talking. First a pot leaf, then a j with smoke trails, pipe, bong, hookah, and finally a pot.

MENTOR

The choice style in which we enjoy her is not the point. It does not matter how we dress her, the expensive house we put her in, if we do not respect her for what she is. We start here, at the break down.

(He nods for Tai to take some)

This is where your relationship starts.

Tai greedily grabs a chunk, making a mess. Mentor only shakes his head. Tai starts to break it up and then complains.

TAI

What the hell, there are more seeds and stems than actual pot.

He holds up a three inch branch.

MENTOR

Yes all relationships start rough at the edges, yours especially. This is my worst crop, enjoy your time getting to know her, if you break it all up, you may smoke, this is not a cheap date and she will not...put out early. It will take time, but you smoke what you produce.

He leaves to sit by the fire and pours himself a cup of tea, says a prayer of thanks, and sips; then starts roasting food. Tai goes to work not so enthusiastically. After he has a good sized pile he sees Mentor is dozing. He picks up a rock and begins grinding it and finishes the brick. He wakes up mentor, who walks over to it and takes a pinch in his fingers. He smacks Tai on the back of the head.

MENTOR

You must be honest. You must familiarize yourself with her touch as she must with you. No shortcuts. If you cheat on her she will seek her revenge on you in your most dire moment, like any cunning

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MENTOR (cont'd)  
woman. And that might cost you your  
life.

(He scoops the weed into his  
tea pot and lays down two more  
bricks.)

Again, without the stones.

Tai begins again as Mentor lays down. When he is done it is  
late evening. The Mentor comes over to inspect.

MENTOR  
Yes you did it by hand, this I can  
tell. It is not a fine grind, but  
at least an honest one. Roll  
yourself a j, take a break.

Tai attempts then drops the j.

TAI  
My fingers are numb; will you do  
it?

Tai's hands are shaky and cramping.

MENTOR  
Shall I hold it to you? Light it  
and smoke it for you too?

Tai rolls his eyes and looks down at the papers and grass.  
He rolls it hastily. He lights it and it falls apart, runs,  
and spits on him. He sighs and puts it out. Mentor laughs.

MENTOR  
Has she worn you out? Too much of a  
good thing? Follow me now.

He leads Tai to his farm and starts to pet a bud on a tall  
marijuana plant. Then he picks it, smells it, and puts it in  
his pot. He offers Tai some. Tai picks one and then goes for  
another, but Mentor smacks his hand.

MENTOR  
A bud in the hand is worth two in  
the bush, remember that. Now here  
is list of cool down exercises.  
Complete them.

Mentor walks away.

Tai is disgruntled. He looks at the list of poses and  
stances.

TAI

Whatever I'll get this done easy  
and go smoke my bong. It has to  
have some resin left.

He takes the first stance, concentrating on his breathing. The stances are all based in Joint Jitsue, and Tai didn't care for them much. After a while Tai catches himself staring mindlessly at a blue bird. He is feeling a little stoned even though he only got a small toke.

When he is done he is exhausted and goes straight to bed in the shed.

EXT. Mentor's Cabin. Dawn.

Tai wakes up to find Mentor outside, standing in the clearing in a horse stance, and holding a bong. He holds his arms out, elbows slightly cocked, as if hugging a large tree. And then he exhales slowly as he turns to the side. Then he inhales quickly and steps to the right, arms out stretched straight as he exhales. He does it again three times deeply and quickly, arms waving in large circles. There is no smoke but in the morning air Tai can see Mentors breath come out in powerful rolling waves. Mentor invites Tai over, and they do some warm ups together.

Mentor stops after a while and stands to face Tai.

MENTOR

We begin on a new day, a step from  
the start.

He leads Tai over to the table where a brick lay and breaks off more than enough for a j. He sits down and passes the weed to Tai, then gets his cup and sips on warm tea.

MENTOR

Break it up and roll a j.

Tai goes to work, wincing at first, and takes his time, taking one nugget at a time and delicately looking for stems and seeds. After a while Mentor interrupts him.

MENTOR

You're taking too long, Faster!

Tai grunts and wraps it up, licking the paper though it's not tight, and sticks it together. He gives it to the Mentor who inspects it.

(CONTINUED)

MENTOR

Too rough, do it again.

TAI

What? Do you want me to do it quickly or perfectly?

MENTOR

Both. Breaking is the most important skill in the Arts. Now roll, quickly and perfectly.

Tai breaks the j apart. He takes a deep breath and rolls it again.

Tai does it again, not much better than before, and Mentor snatches it up.

MENTOR

Disproportionate. Leave no loose ends, be firm, be gentle, and be honest. Don't hold her too tight, you won't get any love that way, and don't rip yourself apart over her, be patient. I wouldn't smoke this, but you can.

He tosses it to Tai, who sparks up; a seed pops in his face and he throws a coughing fit. Mentor chuckles.

MENTOR

Always pick her clean, least she be furious and harsh with you. Be mindful of your duty.

Tai is coughing and not paying attention and the j starts running; it burns his fingers. Mentor sighs.

MENTOR

Set the fire even in her heart, lest she runs from you and you feel her burn. Waste not her time or you will weep for more. Enjoy and savor the high she gives you. Come now we have much to learn.

MONTAGE

-Tai spends two weeks waking up every day and breaking up a bricks. He gets faster at shredding by hand and better at getting rid of the junk, but there is a lot of junk. After he has broken it all up he only gets one chance to roll a joint, with his Mentor looking over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

-After the first five days he has to break up two bricks and after ten days he has to roll the hard things, like tulips and cross joints and green arrows.

He always gets to smoke, but he can never get a lung full. His joints are either too loose or there is a stem poking out.

The few nights Tai tries to sneak out to grab a bud for his bong. Mentor is sitting in a chair outside, drinking tea. The second time he tries it Mentor almost kicks his ass again, but Tai is too weary to fight and calls it quits on trying to sneak bud.

After he breaks up the weed and smokes, he always does his cool down exercises, which, to Tai's liking, always get more advanced. He learns a bit of Teh Tarik, or water juggling. A fun tool in his arsenal of techniques where he will take one bong with water and pour it into another bong without water. He does this holding the bong with water near the other without, and begins pouring.

Then he moves the bong with water further and further away, until one is over his head and the other by his waist. Once he gets good at this he starts off at that distance and begins pouring while spinning in place. Or he holds them both near the ground at his sides and splash the water from one to the other, increasing distance and velocity as he goes.

BACK TO SCENE.

EXT. Mentor's cabin. Evening.

Tai stands in the clearing with a long pipe in his hands and is trying to do one of the exercises. It is called Ho Chi Stem: The flute player with the strong left leg. Mentor is going on about a blade of grass and a tree in a storm.

MENTOR

There was once a blade of grass and a mighty tree upon a mountain. It was the tallest tree on the mountain, and very proud of its vantage point, looming over all others. The Tree looked down upon the blade and said, 'Oh how I weep for you, weak blade of grass. You can never be as mighty as I, and I cover you with my branches, do you envy me?' The blade of grass replied that it was not jealous, as the blade of grass was a humble

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MENTOR (cont'd)

one. The mighty tree scoffed and replied 'yes but you can get trampled or eaten, and I can stand against any force. I'll stand for the ages and you might die tomorrow.' The blade of grass did not reply and that angered the tree. That night a storm came in. It had enough force to overturn the mountain itself. The tree stood and said 'Gaze upon me, proud and strong. I bend to no force, watch as I stand straight against the storm.' The blade of grass only flitted in the wind, allowing it to move him back and forth. The tree tried to stand with all his strength but the power of the wind broke him in half, and by morning the tree lay on the mountain floor while the blade lived on. Sometimes it's better to bend with the flow than try to fight it.

Tai looks down. The bowl has spilled out, not that it mattered because the fire had already died. He throws the pipe to the ground.

TAI

The Ho Chi Stem exercises are impossible. It burns out if I go too fast and dies if I go too slow, that's why we have lids. And who would use a pipe this long anyway? I haven't smoked a good bowl in forever. Can't I just have a hit?

MENTOR

You will complete all the exercise, then you may smoke. If an old man like me can do this with a spoon of tea, surely you can do it with pipes.

TAI

Yeah well I'm not using pipes I'm using *A pipe*.

Mentor gives Tai a second pipe.

(CONTINUED)

MENTOR

Again!

FADE OUT

EXT. MENTORS CABIN. MORNING.

Tai steps outside, where Mentor is again exercising. He is deep in thought, and looks up after a while; he seems glad, but anxious.

He beckons for Tai to join him as he steps over to the dead camp fire. He crouches down, although he's great shape, you can hear is old bones pop, like an ancient tree in a storm. He puts his face close to the ashes, and slowly breathes life into the kindle, causing them to catch again. He then puts the kettle over the fire and sits on the bench.

8. BLUNT ABOUT IT

MENTOR

I need you to go into town today, grasshopper. Follow that road and you will find it. There is a local hookah bar; you'll find it easy I'm sure. There is a young woman who runs it, her name is Tsue. Give her this note and she will give you what I need. Don't take too long. And beware Tai, she is very beautiful, but don't fall in love with her, she is nothing but trouble.

Tai scoffs.

TAI

I can handle any woman on my own.

But then Tai looks down in embarrassment. Mentor smiles to himself as Tai gets his things ready.

EXT. Dirt road with greenery. Leading to a village smaller than Tai's. Much quieter and even more secluded.

Tai is glad to go into town today, happy to get away from routine. It is a straight shot to the town, and the path leads right up to Tsue's bar. He opens the bamboo and wicker door to see a decently lit pub.

He can tell a girl ran the place by the smell and décor. The bar has a flowing sense, tables in the front, a small one

(CONTINUED)

and then two larger ones. A big pile of bean bags is in the right hand corner. The tables continue two more to the left before stopping at the row of booths that line the wall. In the pocket the tables had made with the L shape was a large round table.

There is no one in the bar, which makes sense because it is still early. Tsue's back is to the door so he goes to the bar and checks her out from behind. She is attractive, with flowing and glimmering black hair, wearing a tight green outfit, but he can't see her face.

TAI

Any schools around here?

He is met with silence

TAI

Do you go to school? ...No?  
 ...Maybe? Well I'm schooling right now. Yep, it's an ancient art, kind of a secret you know? I'm at the top of my class. I'm mastering the Art of the Flower. Sounds exotic right? You wanna hear more? We can talk over a hookah for two, what do you say doll face? You wanna...

She turns around, and she's wearing a white mask in the shape of a butterfly. The front large wings cover the top half of her face. The wings come out around her eyes, leaving her face a little and coming to a point, then curving down and coming back under her nose. The edges are lined with silver, making them seem sharp, and spotted with emeralds. The second set of wings come from under the first, waving downward and coming to a point, then curving back upward in a smooth crescent on the inside, covering the rest of her cheek with wings; only showing her mouth and chin. The edges of this set of wings are lined with red and pocketed with rubies. It was as if a giant porcelain butterfly landed upon her face. It shocked Tai; he stutters and then mumbles,

TAI

....talk about this later?

TSUE

What do you want?!

TAI

Some old man sent me over here for this.

(He hands her the note, she

(CONTINUED)

takes it and starts to walk off.)  
Whoa hey while you're doing that you want to hook me up with a smoke? Uh...bong for one.

She leads him to a table.

TAI  
What's the good stuff?

She points to a sign reading no illegal smoke.

TAI  
Buzz kills everywhere I go. Yeah  
I'll have whatever you got.

He pulls out a small bag of weed and mixes it with the tobacco.

Some men stumble in the bar, loud and leaning on each other. They are obviously still drunk from the night before, and seem to want to keep the party going.

The middle man, leader of the group and the man with the most drunken swagger staggers up. He grins at the figure of Tsue, and when she turns around he grimaces.

MAO  
Damn that's weird.

TSUE  
Says the man with four teeth missing, an eye patch, and a crooked nose.

One of his friends howl with laughter and the leader snaps.

MAO  
Hey girl, give us some smoke

She sets them a table with hookah.

MAO  
No girl, we want to chase the dragon.

Tsue points to the sign.

SMALL THUG  
Hey why come she wearses a mask

THUG B

Probably because shes is really ugly.

MAO

Give me the smoke bar wench, you don't know who your messing with, I am Mao Zhu, of the Black Lotus Gang!

SMALL THUG

Take off the mask off  
(The small guy howls, throwing his arms up in a drunken stupor.)

TAI

Hey boys you can have some of my smoke.

MAO

Some? We're taking it all.

SMALL THUG

Hey isn't that the kid that got kicked out of Lu's bar? Give us your weed I know you have some.

THUG A

Come on girl, let's see under the mask, if you're cute enough I might dos ya. Hell I might dos ya anyway.

Tai is at his table. The Small Thug and Thug B stand at either side of him. Tai has his weed bag in one hand and his other hand palm up, offering the bong which is on the table. Thug A is harassing Tsue, reaching at her mask or breasts. Two more are at the door. Thug A grabs Tsue's wrist. She kicks him in the chest and he stumbles back into Tai's table, nearly spilling Tai's bong. Tai stables it with one finger and then slides it back to himself.

TAI

You almost spilled my bong, that's bad luck. You should know not to lay your hand on a lady.

THUG A

How do we know it's a lady? It's acting like a kitsune bitch!

One of the thugs at Tai's side moves to snatch the bag of weed as their boss, Mao, springs forward at Tsue. Tai kicks

(CONTINUED)

the table up on its end and Tsue steps back, dodging the thug as he gets tripped up by the table. The bong flies up in the air and the thug on Tai's left catches it to his surprise. Tai punches the right thug in the face and kicks the left in the shin. The Small Thug drops the bong and Tai catches it in his left hand and the bag on his foot. He hops backwards up upon the table behind him, flicking the sack up so it lands on his lap.

Meanwhile Tsue suddenly has two rolled and lit cigarettes in her mouth; she releases a series of chops at her opponent's chest, shoulders, and arms, causing him to stand with arms spread wide. She takes a cigarette in each hand and strikes lightning fast at his arms and exposed chest, then kicks him back. She sees Tai on the table loading the bong, and the two thugs from the doorway coming in on either side behind Tai. She flicks a cigarette at both of them.

One hits its mark but Tai catches the other. He takes a deep hit and goes into a coughing fit.

TAI

Tobacco?

Then Tai gets hit in the back of the head.

Still sitting on the table, he starts dodging all four thugs while loading the bong. One has broken a chair and now swings the legs like clubs, aiming at the bong. Tai is in the push up position, moving the bong from the sticks, loading it, and dodging swings while doing push-ups, sometimes one handed and sometimes coming up and clapping to show off to Tsue, as it was just in Tai's nature to show off for girls. He throws the bong straight up in the air and it passes over one swing, then another, and stops short of a third. Tai lay on his side and kicks them all, spinning on the table.

He catches the bong and continues to break dance, dodging blows as he takes hits and exhales a thick smoke, making a ring around the table. The thugs can't see but swing away. Tsue gets out a pack of rolling papers and pulls them all out like a card trick. Seemingly in slow motion she pulls out all of the papers in a chain event. She then spins on one foot in place, going around faster and faster. The papers seem to wrap around her like a long ribbon banner. She stops cold, ending with both hands coming down like a large fan. She sends the in a whirlwind of papers to the thugs still standing at the table.

Tai reemerges next to Tsue, smiling

(CONTINUED)

TAI

Nice move. How did you know I wasn't there?

TSUE

I didn't.

The thug leader near Tsue stands again, wobbling and still disoriented. Tai takes another bong from the shelf and engages the other four. Tsue grabs an extremely large, five foot blunt wrap from a shelf. The thug charges, merely letting his momentum carry him in his blind rush. She stuns him out and rolls him, still standing, in the blunt wrap, and then unravels him out the window.

Tai is deflecting the other four and holding them off. He does consecutive bong hits, hitting from each bong rapidly, a training exercise he hadn't got to yet, but he does it anyway, spinning around and blowing tons of smoke in each thug's face. They all, including Tai, go into a coughing fit. Dizzy, he stumbles towards one and starts patting him on the back, as if they were friends. He stumbles past Tsue, whom takes a quick sniff, and smells the pot.

One is near enough Tsue to try to fight her. She glares right at Tai, who looks up from coughing to see her doing a move he knows as Removing the Seeds. A move like the eagle's claw, though she has done it to the man's crotch. She holds the stare with Tai as she does the move Breaking the Stems. Another Joint Jitsue move meant to be used to break shins and arms, but she delivers the kick right at the man's groin. He stumbles back and Tsue lays the full body length blunt wrap on the bar and stuffs it. In his anger, the man pulls out a short sword and recuperates enough to swing horizontally. She dives over the bar counter towards the shelves with her hands on either side of the blunt, picking the edges up, and rolls the blunt as she goes. She emerges with it rolled and lit. She jumps over the bar. They fight one to one, and she dominates him, using the blunt as a staff. She stands the blunt on end and blows the ashes in his face. Then, using it as leverage she double kicks him out of the front door.

Tai continues fighting, and during the combat, water spills from one bong and the bowl gets cached in the other. So Tai pours the water over head from the cached bong to the other, and spins around dodging blows as he moves, he ends up spilling a little water but boasts to Tsue anyway.

Once the bong is full he continues his fight. A thug saw what Tsue did and throws his own sword horizontally at her. She barely dodges and it cuts her blunt in half. She's holding the lit end and plants it upright again, making it

(CONTINUED)

so the blunt will stand up on its own. She then spins back four steps and takes aim at the blunt, and then she spins forward, kicking straight at the cherry which flies like a fireball and smacks the thug in the chest and dispatches of him through a window. She looks at Tai and even through the mask he can see a more boastful look on her face.

Tai nods and thanks her

TAI

This Bong Fu technique I call  
Stirring the Bowl.

He starts with six hit combo and while his opponent is staggered out, Tai quickly puts his arms around his opponent's neck and locks his fingers, his elbows slightly bent. Then he violently knocks his opponent around by forcefully rotating his arms. His foe spins around, his head bouncing off of Tai's arms and chest like paper around the rim of a cup. Then Tai lets go, his opponent stunned and facing the door, and Tai strikes him with both his palms. The man flies out of the door.

TAI

That last part I like to call  
Cached Bowl; I made it up myself.

The other stands in the middle of the room but runs and jumps out of a window as Tai charges at him.

Tai strolls back to the door

TAI

So how did you like that, huh?  
That's called the Art of the  
Flower. I could show you some  
moves, not that you did bad. You  
were okay I mean, but your Flimsy  
Joint was...flimsy.

(He stops and notices she  
doesn't seem happy.)

Are you mad? I can't tell really.

She is glaring and points at the sign.

Tai flies through the door in a flurry of papers. He lands sprawled in the street with the thugs, covered in small cuts. The sack of goods lands on his crotch.

He looks at the thugs.

TAI  
What a bitch

## 9. SMOKE TRAILS

EXT. MENTOR'S CABIN, AFTER NOON.

Tai returns to the shack with the goods. Mentor is sitting outside at the table, a fire ready, waiting for Tai to come back with the honey. He stands when he sees Tai approach. Tai angrily drops the bag on the table and sits down. Mentor inspects Tai's wounds and laughs.

MENTOR  
I see you met Tsue, and her  
Thousand Paper Cuts technique. Come  
inside and get cleaned up.

INT. Mentor's Cabin.

Mentor mends Tai's wounds as the Camera pans the house. Tai's focus is also on the house.

Mentor has a smoking collection of several gold and gem encrusted pipes, and several tools meant to hold joints. Tai notices fewer hookahs than anything else, but his eyes fall upon the golden and glorious bong.

MENTOR  
I see you like the bong. Joint  
leads to Hookah like Pipe leads to  
Bong, and they all lead to  
enlightenment. I think that is  
good, it brings promise of purpose.  
Without water in the bong it is  
just a pipe. Those each have the  
last water and bowl of their fallen  
masters, my fallen friends. They  
all had the power to turn a flood.  
Come, come, I have something to  
show you.

Ext. Side of the cabin, afternoon.

Standing there is a wooden nine foot bong and ladder. The bong an hourglass shape a foot wide at its widest girth. Then it tapers at the top to a normal mouth piece. It's crafted by tying together two mirror image vertical halves.

Mentor gestures to it, Tai rushes over to it and looks it over.

(CONTINUED)

TAI  
You made this?  
(awestruck.)

MENTOR  
Yes while you were out.  
(grinning.)

Tai gets past the initial shock and looks the bong over. Curious, he knocks on it with his knuckles.

TAI  
There's no water...

MENTOR  
No, that is your job

Mentor produces two average sized tea cups, his laughter almost apparent on his face.

Tai looks confused; then disappointed.

TAI  
No, not another lesson, can't I  
just smoke?

MENTOR  
There is a lake, down that path,  
fill the bang, then you can smoke.

TAI  
Bang?

MENTOR  
Yes, a bong that big is called a  
bang.

He tosses the cups to Tai and then goes to lay by the fire.

EXT. Mentor's backyard. side trail dense with shrub on either side of the path. Leading to the Lake.

Tai jogs down the path, which has been turned into an obstacle course. He ducks, dodges, climbs and jumps over this and that. He reaches the lake and takes a breather. The lake is of large size, Tai is astounded by its beauty and wonders why he never saw this town on any map or even heard of it. He fills the cups and turns back down the path. He stops at a series of seven upturned poles, barely over six inches in diameter, and rising from a ten foot pit. If he fell he would have to walk back out from the direction of the lake. He would try to go around but the brush and briars seems more difficult than this. So he must walk over. He

(CONTINUED)

gets three poles out, and hops to the fourth. He lands off balance and spills one of the cups. Disappointed he hops down and goes back to the lake. He walks up the path, but spills again at the fifth pole. He goes through it again and when he finally gets back Mentor is sleeping.

He pours the water in and looks down and sighs. He gets better, but one obstacle after another gets the best of him, and still Mentor sleeps. Tai spots Mentor's tea cup, which is larger than what he has and takes it to fill the bong. When he is done he wakes up Mentor. Mentor walks over to the bong, knocks on it, and then effortlessly flips it on end to fill his soup pot. He takes Tai's cups and his own, and fills his with tea.

TAI

Fine I'll do it again, but I need  
my cups.

Mentor hands Tai two smaller cups and sits to eat. Tai finishes the task and sunset. He sits down to break up some weed and falls asleep, grass in hand.

EXT. Mentor's cabin

The next day the bong is gone. Mentor goes outside with Tai and tells him to sit. He produces a medium sized block of wood, and a knife.

Mentor sits and stirs his pot

MENTOR

Carve your bong, your bong is like  
the j you roll, if you carve it, it  
will know your hands. The bong is  
your body, the smoke your spirit.

Tai grunts and tries to force a smile.

TAI

Then I can smoke.

Mentor nods and lays by the fire as Tai starts carving his bong. When Mentor falls asleep and Tai finds a gourd but doesn't try to cheat. So Tai tries to carve, but nicks a hole in the bottom of his first one. He gets a second block and tries again, but gets frustrated and starts stabbing the bong. He rolls his eyes when Mentor walks over. Mentor only lays down another block and walks away. Tai tries all day only to have to stop and do his cool down exercises before he goes to sleep.

(CONTINUED)

INT. Black Lotus Gang house. Mess house.

The Black Lotus thugs from Tsue's go back and are being made fun of by the other thugs, whom are drunk, stoned, or on opium.

The Grinder steps in from a shadow in the room. The men go silent as he towers through them and stops at Mao. He picks Mao up by his shirt and looks him over, inspecting the wounds and poking at the burn marks. Mao only winces but doesn't protest.

The Grinder drops him

GRINDER

You, and you

(He points at Mao's right hand man,)

Go see the Boss, now.

Only when all three of them walk out of the room and the door shut does Mao hear the other men howl in laughter.

They are lead into the Bosses chambers and through to the sauna room in the bath house. They walk in, and see the Boss wearing a towel while women wearing silk undergarments play music on crystal bongos and load his hookah.

MAO

There were two of them...

BOSS

Only two?

THUG A

They cheated, they got really high.

BOSS

You got beat by two high kids?

(The boss replies, seemingly amused but slightly worried.)

If these kids were protegees, they might be worthy advocates.

MAO

Yeah, they had powers, they were really strong.

BOSS

Strong enough to defeat me?

(They don't answer, and he takes a puff from his hookah.)

Very interesting....I will have to investigate.

(CONTINUED)

GRINDER

Let me go, I'll take care of them.

BOSS

And if you fail me too? No, this is my business. I might visit an old friend who seems to be a busy bee, planting new seeds. No matter, I will strike them all down. Meanwhile, that town Pot Ling is finally mine. Go make the demolition plans.

The Grinder seems to take offense to this, but remains silent.

## 10. GREEDY CATERPILLAR

COVER. A smokey bar, hardly visible and dimly lit, except for the focus on the in the middle of the room.

Tai sits there with a hookah for two, seemingly waiting for someone. A girl appears from the smoke. Her hair flows like wisps and trails of smoke. She smokes all of his hookah but he doesn't mind. Before he can ask for her name he wakes up.

Int. Mentors house. Tai sleeps in Mentor's cabin.

He isn't exactly in a good mood, being woken up from such a dream, but the lingering presence of her makes him smile. He gets out of bed and stumbles to the door and puts on his sandals.

He stumbles to the middle of the house. It is a small house, with no doors really, just one giant room where everything is done. He has a lot of dust and sleep in his eyes; he rubs them as they well up and focus to see his Mentor, standing in the middle of the room, facing the other direction, and naked. His mentor grabs a pair of scissors from the desk next to him and starts snipping at something near his waist.

TAI

Aw, what are you doing?  
(as he shields his eyes.)

MENTOR

I'm trimming my bush

TAI

Yeah, o.k., but why are you naked?

(CONTINUED)

MENTOR

Have you ever trimmed your bush  
with your pants on?

TAI

I don't trim my bush.

MENTOR

You don't trim it or you don't have  
one?

TAI

I have one! I just don't trim it in  
the living room...kitchen, not  
here!

MENTOR

You should try it, it brings me  
much peace.

TAI

Just put some pants on.

Tai tosses his Mentor a robe and Mentor puts that on and the  
goes back to trimming. Tai gets some water.

MENTOR

Ah I nicked it! Mentor says.

TAI

Wow that looks bad here let me  
help. I'll just hold it here and  
you tie it off there. Huh that's  
more like a tree than a bush.

MENTOR

It's hardly a tree now.

TAI

How long have you had it?

MENTOR

Since birth. He replies.

TAI

You've had a bush since birth?

MENTOR

Things have changed; back then boys  
were born men.

(CONTINUED)

TAI

Well then, you have the oldest pot  
I've ever seen....how old are you?

Mentor laughs and picks a bud from the clippings and puts it in his tea pot. He puts the weed plant on the window sill and turns to Tai.

MENTOR

Ha....I don't know...too old to go  
into town and buy the milk and  
spices I need.

TAI

Fine I'll get ready...

Ext. The dirt road to town.

Tai is talking to himself, imitating Mentor.

TAI

Take a hit, don't get hit, hold  
your breath, roll a j and go to  
town. This is stupid I'm still  
rolling flowers and getting milk  
and honey. Man I haven't smoked in  
forever, how can I train if I don't  
get high? Maybe I'll see Tsue, show  
her some of my new moves. She won't  
win this time... I bet she's ugly  
anyways.

He sees a man sitting under a tree with a hookah for two. The man seems to be in his forties or fifties, but he is heavily dressed so Tai can't tell if he his fat or not. He can't resist and goes over there. He stands in the shade until he is invited to sit.

TAI

Hey man I'll pay you for a few what  
do you say? Tai asks.

The man lifts his head, he is sitting cross legged, and a hood, lined with fur, hides his eyes from Tai. Tai didn't think it was cold today, but suddenly a mountain wind had blown, and Tai wished he had brought his coat. Tai squats down and waits for a reply.

The man takes a long drag, smoke leaving his nostrils takes the slight image of snakes. He waves his hand.

(CONTINUED)

BOSS

No, no money, but you can help me.  
I'm not from around here, and I'm a  
little lost. There is a man...

Tai rolls his eyes and interrupts, breaking the tension.

TAI

Look I'm not from around here  
either I'm just helping another old  
hippie. He takes a monster hit.  
He's older than you but I bet he  
could kick your ass. He knows this  
weird kung fu, but you don't know  
anything about that. So can I have  
a toke or what 'cause I'm sort of  
busy.

BOSS

Oh wouldn't I? Here is a story  
young grasshopper.

Tai's eyebrows go up. Maybe this is a bad idea. This guy seems to be another old hippie with a lot of stories. He was about to get up and leave but the man's voice makes the story seem so intriguing and the hookah is so pretty. He stays there hunkered down.

The man takes another drag, and goes on to say,

BOSS

It's the story of the greedy  
caterpillar. There was once a man  
who came across a hookah lamp. He  
rubbed on it and behold, there was  
a demon. The demon produced hashish  
that glowed like the sun. He  
offered the man a challenge.

(He set the hose down and  
looks at Tai in the eye.)

That he and the man will both hit  
the hookah at the same time, and if  
the man could get a hit he could  
smoke for free. The man felt like  
he had nothing to lose, and a  
chance to gain. He did not listen  
for what the demon had to say next,  
the bowl was one of diamonds,  
filled to the brim. The odor was  
strong, the hairs a fiery red,  
setting the bowl to smolder. He  
tried to cheat and start smoking  
first, but the demon was ready. He

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOSS (cont'd)

sat there for a few seconds; then slowed down his efforts. The demon never seemed to run out of air and after a while the man did. The demon however, kept going, and the man was drawn into the lamp, into the demons domain. The lamp fell back to the ground, waiting for the next fool. Do you understand this metaphor, young grasshopper?

Tai scratches his chin. He is getting irritated by these old dudes treating him like garbage. He keeps his cool and tries to avoid any fights.

TAI

Yeah...the grasshopper thing, right? Or that long story that was really long, but that guy should have known Bong Fu, he would have never lost.

BOSS

Would you?

Tai starts getting suspicious, something about this meeting isn't right. He replies confidently though,

TAI

Would I lose? No way.

The man's laugh hangs in the frigid air.

BOSS

I think you are exactly the person I'm looking for.

He produces a large sack and lays it down. He unravels it and dumps the weed in the seething pile of coals of the hookah, and they light up, lightly roasting and releasing their sweet fumes. The weed itself is so red it could hardly be called weed, it is more of a tangled ball of red hairs with diamonds in it.

Tai looks up at the traveler, confused.

TAI

I thought you were looking for an old man.

(CONTINUED)

BOSS

Yes, but I found you first. I challenge you young grass hopper, for this bag.

He pulls out another bag, full of the same stuff.

TAI

And if I lose? I won't get sucked into your hookah.

BOSS

Then you will be put to shame, you might die from humiliation, but I won't kill you.

Tai just looks at the Hashassin and then he drops to his knees and grabs the line.

The Boss raises an eyebrow back.

BOSS

Are you sure grasshopper?

Tai has had enough of this charade. He snaps back.

TAI

Grasshopper huh, what's with you old guys? You're a half cashed bowl old man. A cracked bong and a crooked j. Ready?

It starts off and Tai doesn't hold back. He tries until his cheeks start to hurt. Then he lets off and tries the waiting game. He slows his breathing so that he is more or less just holding his breath, waiting for the old man to run out of steam. He holds his breath as long as he can and then gives it one more last minute effort. He inhales with all his might, but he runs out of breath, and in an instant, before Tai can take his lips off of the hose, the Boss inhales sharply, nearly stealing all of the breath that was left from Tai's lungs. Tai drops the hose and put his hands on his thighs, light headed. Tai couldn't understand, he always beat his friend Chow at this. But then again he beat Chow at everything. Still, with all of his training he should have been better that any old man by now.

BOSS

Weak.

The Hashassin smiles, seeing his opponent already nearly bowing in defeat. The Hashassin stands and nods his head. Tai nods in return, but he doesn't know what for.

(CONTINUED)

Before Tai knows it a fight breaks out, and he is in it. The man he was just smoking with is unleashing an offensive Tai is having a hard time dealing with. It is the most basic of kung fu, but Tai's light headed state and the surprise of it all has put him on the defensive. Tai gets struck hard on the chest and steps back. He takes his Bong Fu stance, this time ready to fight. Tai begins working through the basics of Bong Fu, testing his opponent.

Tai grips the Hookah Hashassin by the collar and slugs him on the jaw twice. It isn't Bong Fu, it's street fighting, and Tai is sure it is a solid connection. His thoughts are confirmed when the Boss retaliates by lifting his leg and putting his knee between their chests, creating enough space to shove Tai back and kick out of the grapple. Tai smirks. So far so good; so he keeps up the offensive. He sees the hookah behind the Boss, and goes for it. He runs straight at the Boss and dive rolls past him, coming up with the hookah.

The Boss smirks and a trail of smoke escapes his lips. Tai starts going on the offensive again, mixing his knowledge of Bong Fu with what little he knows about the Hookah. He can't even hit the thing properly to use smoke as an attack and, because the Boss is constantly in Tai's face, he has to rely on his pushing and shoving methods of Bong Fu, which does not mix well with the swift striking method of Hookah. Tai is having a really hard time scoring a punch on target.

The Boss grimaces at Tai's display of Hookah Hashassins and says,

BOSS

You're disgraceful boy!

TAI

I am not a child and I am certainly not yours, don't patronize me!

BOSS

I'd be ashamed if you were my child and have you put down like a dog.

Tai swings furiously, and the Hashassin lets Tai think that Tai is in control, and steps backwards willingly, but still remains in Tai's personal space. Tired of the games he strikes Tai, faster than an arrow, dead in the nose. Tai stumbles back in shock. He was, after all just winning. But the Boss is on him when Tai opens his eyes. His wrists are caught in the deadly hold of the Boss's Hookah constriction technique.

The Hashassin has Tai's wrists locked in his hands, his fingers like the serpent's fangs. Tai knows the counter to

(CONTINUED)

this. Tai rears back, and is about to counter strike with a head butt when he is smashed in the face by a billowing thunderhead of smoke, followed by the lightning strike of his opponents own head butt. Tai tries to step back, out of the cloud of smoke, but he is caught in the vice like grasp. He is blinded by the smoke, the stars in front of his eyes, and the tears welling up from coughing. The Boss spins Tai around, forcing Tai to move as the Boss pleases with a single twitch of his wrist. Tai sails through the air, and lands on his back. He is dazed and confused.

He grits his teeth and stands up. He kicks out and spins around and throws a combo of punches classic to the power of the Bong Fu style. He is full pride. He is zoned in. He lets his body take control, and relaxes his stress. Feeling cocky, he decides to set his moves, building up, and at the end Tai is on one knee and he pulls his travel bong from his hip. He hits the bong, and turns back and forth from knee to knee while moving forward; his elbows aimed at his opponent's ribs. He caches the bowl and finishes his series with a bong blast, both arms outstretched and full of power, smoke flowing like an avalanche.

He lands off target. Though he was sure that he was dead on accurate, when his swing stopped the Boss had somehow moved slightly to the left, making his strike miss the lethal impact he was going for.

Still he hit him squarely, and it won't go unnoticed. Tai stands, but the Hookah Assassin drops to a knee and mimics Tai's attack, though faster and when the Boss finishes his series, he sits cross legged, with a hand on Tai's left ankle and right arm. The Boss stands, tuning on his pivot as he goes, and flips Tai over. Tai lands hard on his back. Where he was once sure of himself, he is now angered.

Tai stands and takes his stance again, more focused this time. He swings with rage and passion. Tai feels unstoppable. He keeps pushing the Hashassin further and further back, but he still never lays a finger on him. Every strike still hits nothing or the Hashassin's hands are there to deflect.

Tai tries to step back and re-evaluate his adversary, but he can't ever get very far, the Hashassin wants to fight from the inside.

It is making Tai even more furious. Tai can't hit the foe in front of him, and he is getting pushed back now, against a creek bed. He is running out of room, and out of control. He is pinned against the bed, and the Hashassin strikes Tai several times. Tai's blocks are slow and misguided, he is out of weed, and out classed. The Hashassin tosses Tai into

(CONTINUED)

the water like a wounded cat. Tai crashes against a rock. The water comes halfway up to his shins at the deepest. His bong barely gets wet. Tai stumbles to stand up. He looks the Hashassin in the eye, and feel fear. This man, whoever he is, is here to kill him, and Tai now knows that.

Tai stands where he is, letting the Hashassin make the first move. They both start hitting their pipes. Tai is trying to hit wet resin though, and isn't getting much. He lights the resin until he scorches the bowl and burns his fingers. Desperate not to let the Hashassin get a hit, Tai charges with both palms extended, and exhales on impact. The cloud is weak but the hit is good. Tai sees some of the smoke escape the Boss's lungs. Not enough though, and the Boss retaliates in kind. He steps forward, his left foot pinning Tai's right, and shoves Tai with both palms, letting loose a rolling wave of smoke. Tai, though his foot is pinned, is hit so hard he flies back anyway, and lands hard on his back. He stands up dazed, holding a large river rock.

BOSS

What do you call this one, boy?

Tai doesn't reply, for him it's not a game anymore; his life might be at stake.

BOSS

You could call it stoned. I would call it screwed.

Tai drops the rock and takes a defensive stance but he is running out of Bong Fu tricks. They fight again, the Hashassin right back in Tai's face, never letting him get more than a foot away. The Hashassin hits his hookah multiple times. Tai's eyes are already swollen from being hit, and now his vision is blurry and smoky. A fog begins to settle over the creek bed. Tai fights as best he can, but his hopes are low and he is getting more and more desperate. Then the Hashassin trips over a large stone.

The Boss stumbles back, and Tai presses forward. He goes on the offensive and gives it all he has. His instincts take over; he is blinded by the fury, and lets his body go through the motions. Tai feels himself flow into a series of moves he felt to be Bong Fu at the core, but he doesn't know how he knows them. He is driving the Hashassin back, and Tai is in control. Tai feels a wave of power coming over him. He is leading up to a climax. He finishes the set with a straight punch to the Boss's chest, full of power. It falls short, inches from the target. Tai doesn't understand, he looks at his fist, and then at the Hashassin, who is laughing.

(CONTINUED)

Tai pushes with his palm and steps back. He catches his breath long enough to look at his own arms. Wrapped around each of Tai's wrists is a hookah hose, twelve inches long with quarter inch spikes at the end piercing into Tai's arms. Tai would have noticed it, but he was already hurting all over. He follows the hose to the Boss, who stands there laughing. He is laughing at Tai. Tai, who just realized how screwed he is. He was being played with like a puppet, the whole time. The Hashassin never tripped over a rock, it was all planned to set Tai up. He drops his guard, and his will to fight.

The Boss looks disappointed, but he snaps the hoses taught, and forces Tai into that same combo. If Tai could name this, he would call it the Shadow Dance. Tai doesn't resist, and the Hashassin cackles all along. Tai feels the same stinging pain on his legs as the hose from his right hand goes to his left ankle and makes Tai spin around to deliver a nasty heel drop, a kick that the Boss of course blocks. Then Tai is flipped over and lands on his stomach.

Tai's bong floats into his face. He blinks and coughs, the water is covering half his face. He reaches for the bong, but the Hookah master wraps a hose around Tai's neck. He is made to stand up, and then to dance as the hose wraps from leg to wrist to neck. Tai is sure that one of his arms is dislocated, he is bleeding out of some vital spots, and an ankle is surely broken. Tai is toyed with and bent like a metal wire. He collapses to the ground, in too much pain to stand. He can never seem to hit the Hashassin, whom moved like a ghost. The Boss grabs the bong from the creek. Tai tries to stop him but is struck back to the ground. The Boss looks the bong over, hits the resin inside, and instantly knows whose weed Tai has been smoking. Tai manages to rest on a knee.

BOSS

All that training he makes you go through. It's pathetic. Useless training, useless lessons and useless morals.

(He looks at Tai again.)

Break it. Break this bong boy.

He tosses the bong to Tai and looks him in the eye; Tai knows he'd better break this before the Hashassin breaks another bone on his body.

Tai barely holds onto the bong. He is woozy and blacking out. He tries to stand but the boss pulls the line on Tai's ankle and makes him drop to a knee. Tai looks down, his eyes welling with anger and fear. He holds up the bong. He sees in his reflection that there are no hoses on his arms. No

(CONTINUED)

master of puppets here, but still he feels their presence. Hoses or not this man is forcing Tai's hand. This man is making Tai break his bong, and so he brakes it, smashing it upon the stones around.

Boss wraps a line around Tai's neck and forces him to bow, then puts his foot on Tai's head. He says

BOSS

I might be a half cached bowl, but  
you're a wet one. Now I could snap  
you in half, and show what a  
crooked jay is or I could crack  
your skull under my shoe, smashing  
it like your bong, but I won't. Run  
grass hopper, it's your lucky day.  
Run back to the old man, you'll  
have no smoke today.

He takes his foot off of Tai's head.

Tai coughs up water and stumbles back. The Hashassin doesn't pursue him, so, he runs.

Ext. The dirt trail, headed back to Mentor's cabin

Tai has no choice; he runs, retreats, cowers and flees. All the while the Hashassin's words echoed in his head as a voice over as he stumbles through the path. He falls a few times and yells in anger, pain, frustration, and humiliation.

In flash backs he realizes that he was never faster than the Hashassin, and he was never in control. He had been beaten badly.

Boss says to himself as he watches Tai's fleeting image.

BOSS

I'll find you, fat old caterpillar.  
That boy will lead me right to you.  
Next time, I'll kill you and that  
boy.

## 11. JOINT EFFORT

Int. Mentors Cabin, evening.

Mentor talks to Tai over the fire pit. Tai is bandaged, lying in a pile of beanbag chairs, and the dinner plates are empty. Mentor has tea and gives Tai a tray with weed and papers.

(CONTINUED)

Mentor sits back in his chair and sips his tea. His demeanor is distressed and regretful.

BOSS

He was one of my students; my best. I found him like I found you, only he was much younger, and much more hurt. He was injured and his mother lost to him, though how she died he never told me. Still, I could see the hurting in his eyes, and the thirst for revenge grew. I let him in, and I trained him though he didn't smoke until he was eighteen. He took to training better than anyone. His mother owned a pastry shop, where he spent most of his time. I've seen him before; he had a lot of skill rolling dough, and even more with joints. He was a natural, but he grew impatient, and when he saw the hookah, his eyes lit up. He wanted nothing more than the power of the hookah. I could see the pain in his eyes. I tried to explain that the joint will calm him-

TAI

My uncle says that!

Tai blames the weed for making him blurt out, though he hasn't even smoked yet. Tai leans back and finds the rolling process soothing, he relaxes.

Mentor rolls his eyes and continues,

MENTOR

He wouldn't listen, he had demons somewhere, and his anger never sated.

Tai tries to roll the j and drops it on the tray. Mentor leans forward to help.

TAI

Are you gonna smoke it for me too?

He grins as Mentor leans back and sips his tea. Tai goes back to what he was doing.

(CONTINUED)

TAI

Hey how come you never smoke? How  
can you teach if you don't smoke?

MENTOR

The same way you can learn without  
smoking. Ah, I fell asleep with a j  
in my mouth, caught my beard on  
fire. Now I can't grow chest  
hair...

Tai sparks his j, and they both enjoy the evening.

Ext. Mentor's cabin, dawn

Mentor awakes to find Tai outside training with weights on.  
Mentor stands in the doorway and watches, smoking a pipe.  
Tai notices him and bows.

TAI

I'm ready to start my training.  
(He notices that Mentor is  
smoking)  
What's the special occasion?

MENTOR

Just tobacco, to ease my nerves in  
the morning.

Mentor starts to smoke, and exhales his smoke in the image  
of a butterfly. Tai is astonished.

MENTOR

Just another lost art. My brethren  
and I had a code we used, smoke  
signals. We could send them for  
miles...

He looks off into the clearing. Tai tries to blow a smoke  
something and fails. Mentor starts laughing. He blows  
another one which lands on Tai's shoulder. Tai tries to  
catch it, but of course can't as it dissipates.

MENTOR

Go on and try to catch smoke....We  
should begin.

Tai bows again.

TAI

Yeah we should start while you're  
still feeling all philosophical.

Tai spends several weeks training, though this time he's taking it seriously. He starts back at the beginning, though truly a step from the start.

## 12. CHRONIC LOGICAL ORDER

Ext. Mentors Cabin, day, at the table

Tai spends time with the flower itself, tending to it and developing a relationship with it. He picks the bud clean and spends the time to roll a j.

At his first attempt he rips the j. He takes too much time with the paper and made it weak with his sweat. He tries not to get frustrated with the joints.

VOICE OVER

UNCLE

if only you could roll joints as  
well as you roll your eyes

Tai sighs and goes back to it, not allowing himself to smoke until he gets it right.

Only after he has worked his way up to it does he start to school in Bong Fu. He learns of each of the Gods of Bong, their styles, and their strong points.

When Tai gets good enough, his Mentor teaches him the most important lesson. As Tai begins to understand it, he realizes that the Hashassin knew it too.

Ext. Mentor's Cabin, in the Clearing

Mentor and Tai stand side by side in the clearing. Mentor takes his Tea Chi stance, and beckons Tai to spar. Tai respectfully stands opposite his master and bows. Tai swings calmly and with precision, but a strike that Tai was sure to be on target falls short, though Tai doesn't see Mentor move.

Tai steps back and tries again, and his attack is off target again. Tai sees that when he makes impact, wisps of smoke ripple from Mentor's clothing.

Mentor teaches Tai how to move like the smoke itself, a fleeting image on the breeze, so fast as to almost not be there at all, yet there all along, floating in the air. Tai can't seem to do it at first, he can't relax enough. Then he takes off the weights he's been wearing. He is definitely much faster, but he is terribly off balance too. Every step

(CONTINUED)

is nearly a leap, and when he jumps he almost flies. But then Mentor tells him to smoke. Tai takes out his bong and took his Bong Fu stance; Mentor gives him a bud from his personal stash. Tai is sure it isn't her, his mother plant, but maybe a first cousin. He exhale and relaxes his mind. Then he closes his eyes and stretches out his arms. Swiftly, he swings his arms in a wide arch, the stops with the bong to his lips. He takes a deep hit, filling his lungs and replenishing his muscles with oxygen and THC. He holds the stance and his breath for longer than he ever thought he could. When he can hold no longer he exhales. The smoke leaves him like fire from a volcano. He doesn't cough though. His body seems so light and his mind is weightless. It is pure serenity. He finishes the move, and when he opens his eyes Mentor is standing in front of him. He bows and Tai bows back. They spar and Tai has found his peace of mind, and can move like the smoke.

MENTOR

Go on try to catch the smoke. Watch it slip past the blade. Watch it move through your fingers. The embers in the bowl are the embers in the soul. We are the smoke. When they strike they will hit nothing but air.

13. GRASS HOPPING

Ext. Mentor's Cabin, seasons have passed

Tai's hair is longer.

Tai stands, wearing his weights again, in the middle of a ring of twelve torches, planted four feet apart and six feet from him. His mentor calls out Bong Fu exercises and a torch, and Tai does the move and ends with an exhale, blowing out the torch.

After an while, his lungs are aching and he is panting. But if he can't blow out the torch on his first try he would do the move again, and exhale harder, even though his Mentor never asks that of him. Tai spent the day doing this, working through Joint Jitsue, Pipe Quan Do, Bong Fu, and even some Hookah Hashassin. Tai asks when he would learn Tea Chi moves, and his Mentor tells him that Tea Chi is the culmination of the other four, combined in your own style to make your own moves, and it can only be done when you are enlightened and your own master. Tai hardly understands it, but he respects it.

Ext. Next day. morning

(CONTINUED)

Tai awakes the next day to no training. He is told to take the day, and his weights, off. He woke, and spends the first four hours of the morning carving a new bong, since he broke his last one. The bong he carved is beautiful, and resembles his great grandfather's bong. Tai is so proud of it he showed his Mentor, who shares his elation. With the afternoon sun lazily hanging in the sky, Tai too feels relaxed and so he takes his bong and some bud, and walked the path to the lake.

Ext. Lake. noon

Two men are there at the lake and Tai stands on the path for a while, looking at the old man with the apple pipe, and the middle aged man with the bong. The old man has a hat on, with a few gray and white strands of hair coming out, and a long white beard. He puffs his apple pipe inquisitively. The other, a middle aged fat man, sits nervously; holding between his legs a bong he recognized from Lu's hookah bar as the Metal. The old man notices Tai, but the other does not. Tai approaches closer, and when the middle aged man sees Tai, he coughs up what little of a hit he had. They stare each other down, the only movement coming from the fishing pole in the lake. Tai is uncertain at first. The middle aged man is trembling like a rabbit, and working up a sweat already. Tai decides that if he has to fight, and can't beat this old man, then he might as well give up Bong Fu. He stands there, and slowly pulls out his bong. The other two just stare, and then the old man brings out a small cloth bag, full of grass, and offers Tai a seat.

Tai smokes but is still a little edgy. He starts a conversation by asking,

TAI

You guys from around here?

DRAGON

He is, I met him on the road. We are traveling from Pot Ling.

Tai raises an eyebrow.

TAI

Oh? What's it like there?

DRAGON

It was nice, but it won't be for long.

TAI

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

DRAGON

You didn't know? It's been bought.  
Maybe for drugs.

Tai remains silent. The old wanderer continues.

DRAGON

But I think they were looking for  
someone. Yeah they didn't find him  
there. But rumor is they found him  
here, and they're about to buy this  
town too.

(He turns to his companion.)

Sorry about your town. Whoa  
traveler where are you going now?

TRAVELER

I have a family here; I have to go  
see my wife! You could'a mentioned  
that before!

(He stands up quickly.)

DRAGON

Sorry I was stoned. Forgive an old  
man.

TAI

(to the traveler)

Wait is your bong for sale?

The man looks at the bong he's holding, seemingly as if he didn't know he was holding it. The man looks at the bong, then back at Tai. Tai has his hand outstretched offering his own bong, complete with a bowl. Tai knows that this trade was even. The man didn't and can't grasp the full potential of that metal bong, but Tai can. And he is certain that the man would at least appreciate the best weed he's ever smoked much more than that bong. The man looks back and forth only once more and then he makes the trade and runs off. Tai is happy; they each got what they wanted, more or less. Tai was low on pot now, but he doesn't mind.

TAI

Never could make a trade without  
making it an honest one, that's  
just my nature though.

He goes over to the water and starts rinsing out the bong.

The old man recast the fishing pole.

(CONTINUED)

DRAGON

Funny he never mentioned a wife.  
Dumb ass can't handle his weed.

Tai looks to bong over. It is sleek and smooth. The metal is shiny and sturdy. The bowl and mouth hole both have flip top lids. The bong, though only a foot, has a button to release a sliding chamber, making the bong nearly four feet long.

TAI

So what's in the bag?

DRAGON

Seeds

TAI

Food seeds?

DRAGON

No they're pot seeds. I spread the love and the flower, some in the west call me the Tumble Weed, but around here I'm the Dragon.

TAI

Sure old man, I'm Tai. But you don't get paid.

DRAGON

I'm sorry?

TAI

You don't get paid for throwing pot seeds everywhere.

DRAGON

It's not about the money.

TAI

So...can I have some pot? I kinda traded mine.

DRAGON

Fifty bucks

TAI

But I don't have fifty bucks.

DRAGON

Fifty bucks.

(CONTINUED)

TAI

You make everyone pay? I recall you just said you don't get paid.

DRAGON

Nope just you. I recall you just said you just said you only make honest trades so, fifty bucks.

Tai grumbles and pulls forty bucks out of his pocket. The Dragon accepts it and they start smoking. Tai grumbles as he lights up.

TAI

You said you don't get paid...I still have the munchies.

Dragon pass Tai an apple and they both start smoking their brains out. As the sun passes over Dragon lights a second apple pipe and then a third. They begin juggling the pipes back and forth to each other and taking hits, testing each other, but also enjoying the sport of it. Soon they score some fish and sit around Tai's new bong, the Metal, passing to each other.

Dragon takes a hit and spits it up,

DRAGON

You didn't pack it?

Tai laughs nervously,

TAI

No.

DRAGON

Dude I'd pack your bowl.

Tai rolls his eyes and gets the bong back.

TAI

I need a light.

Dragon takes the bong back and packs the bowl.

DRAGON

No, no, you don't need a light, just remember where you left off in the cycle and pick back up. The ember in the bowl is like the sun in the sky, it was lit only once, and though it may leave at night, it returns the same sun, same fire.

(CONTINUED)

TAI

Where have I heard that one before.  
I would like one friend who isn't  
lecturing me...I miss Chow.

DRAGON

I gave you an apple to eat...here  
hit it again.

TAI

No I really can't I've got stuff to  
do.

Dragon hits once more and they both sit there in the silence for a while, watching the surface of the pond. Dragon hits it again after a while and passes it to Tai. Tai is dazed and staring off. He accepts it and hits it, only to realize what he is doing after he exhales.

TAI

Damn it I wasn't supposed to smoke  
anymore!

DRAGON

Sorry I just pass it out of  
courtesy...

Tai shrugs it off and they both smoke a lot. Dragon has a satchel full of grass and they load bowl after bowl. Soon they are stoned and bragging about their knowledge of the Art of the Flower. They try sparring but are both more worried about getting high and eating. Tai is also getting comfortable fighting without the weights. He keeps over doing things and so he keeps smoking, thinking that that will help. Though they are both stoned silly, Tai can tell that he has gotten much better, and Dragon is pretty good for being a stoned old man. What started as a spar almost becomes a lesson between mutual masters as they start going through the Ho Chi Stem methods of Passing the Pipe, where they both move, strike, smoke, and passed the apple pipes to each other.

Later on they end up sitting around and eating smoked fish and apples.

DRAGON

Give a man a day; keep him high for  
a joint.

TAI

You're talented, you've got your  
foot in your mouth, your head up  
your ass, and you still manage to  
talk shit.

(CONTINUED)

(He looks at the sky and realizes how far the sun has passed.)

Oh shit I have to get out of here I really do have stuff to do. Thanks for the smoke and fish!

He stands up, gathers his things, and jogs back down the path. He feels he is jogging though he realizes by any other person's standards he was running. Without the weights he is faster, light as a feather, and he feels as if he can run forever.

Int. Tsue's bar, near dusk

Tai stops at the door, feeling only slightly winded. He puts his hands on his knees. Then he stands up straight and composes himself. He opens the door to the hookah lounge, and it is packed. He walks up to the counter, Tsue is busily handing out orders, doing refills and selling merchandise to people all on her own.

He waits at the counter for things to cool off and looks over her merchandise. His eyes stop at a hookah, and he has a flashback of being dunked.

TAI

Can't be afraid forever.

TSUE

What do you want?!

Her tone shocks him so much he almost falls off his bar stool. He meets her gaze and holds it for a while.

TAI

(cheerily)

Hookah for two please.

His tone is unexpected, and though she holds her composure, he can tell she is off balance now.

TSUE

Expecting company?

TAI

Hopefully not the kind I have to fight. And don't worry I didn't bring any illegal smoke today.

Tsue smiles at this and though she is still wearing a mask, Tai can tell she is humored.

(CONTINUED)

TSUE

First impressions and stoned  
suggestions, huh?

Then a customer interrupts and she is forced back to the counter. Tai watches her work, seeing her use the Arts as she goes and when she is really swamped he offers to help. They use some Art at work and play, rolling joints and blunts and reloading hookahs for everyone.

When it slows down a little Tai takes a hit off of a joint and he blows Tsue a smoke butterfly that flutters along the counter. She, to his surprise, blows a smoke cat that jumps off the counter and engulfs the butterfly. Across the bar they stare at each other, locking eyes and sharing a moment.

Then Dragon blows a message for a refill, ruining that moment. They look across the bar and see him smiling and waving. Tai tells her that he's an o.k. customer, and they get back to work.

They close shop and start cleaning, Dragon is gone. They clean up but leave Tai's hookah for two and end up sitting at it after work. Tsue explains how Mentor is like father to her, and he found her like he found Tai, lost and hurt. Tai wants to see under her mask but thinks that would be rude to ask. He tells her that he thinks she is beautiful, he can tell in the way she smokes, when she hits the j it's like she is kissing it gently, her lips barely touching. They get close, and he kisses her but leaves her mask on.

#### 14. SMOKE SIGNALS

Int. Mentor's cabin, Near dusk. A few days later

Mentor and Tai sit around the house, it's almost evening.

MENTOR

Tai, I have one last job for you.

Tai looks up from the joint he was trying to roll. Slightly skeptically.

TAI

Yes what can I do for you?

MENTOR

Run to town, I need supplies, go to  
Tsue's.

(CONTINUED)

TAI

Of course, I'll go there and be back soon.

MENTOR

Tai, run to Tsue's.

TAI

That's like...five miles....

He has his weights on.

MENTOR

After all your training you still don't have the lungs to do it?

TAI

No, I'll be there and back.

And with that Tai stands, grabs the money and list; bows and leaves.

Mentor sits, his back to the door, trimming his plant and watching the sun set.

Ext. Path to town.

Tai approaches the town nearly winded. He smells smoke and hears screaming on the wind. He starts running faster.

Int. Mentor's Cabin

As the sun sets a shadow appears at Mentor's door.

Mentor speaks, never looking away from his pot plant,

MENTOR

Finally here to end my life?

BOSS

How you lived so long is a mystery.

MENTOR

Weed leads to enlightenment; enlightenment has no age, only purpose.

BOSS

Bah weed, its weak, opium is the true flower of death. Would you like to die with some clothes on?

(CONTINUED)

Mentor looks out the window to see smoke rising from the village and getting lost in the setting sun. He stands and dawns a robe then pours some tea.

BOSS

Would you finally pour a cup for an old student?

MENTOR

No. Besides, I am out of honey, it wouldn't taste right.

He bows humbly at this. His old student, this Hashassin, never grew up, and never reached enlightenment. Boss is only angered by this and he charges.

Ext. Village

Back at the village, Tai runs in to find Tsue's shop on fire, people stand in a wide circle watching. A few thugs are holding Tsue back, who is kicking and screaming, trying to run into the shop. Thugs are feeding the flames and laughing. They start to approach Tsue. Mao walks up to her and takes the mask off. Tai can't see her face, but hears Mao say,

MAO

That's what I thought. You're the red devil that gave me this. I could smell you, your red devil blood. Now I'm going to return the favor.

Tai runs full speed, charging into the thugs holding Tsue. They let her go and she darts into the burning building. The thugs recognize Tai and a fight breaks out. Though Tai has no smoke on him and he is completely out numbered, he holds them off well.

Int. Mentor's Cabin

Mentor and Boss fight, and Mentor uses every smoking tool on his shelf and their styles. It seems as if there is no way that the Hashassin can beat him. But Mentor is old, and he can't breathe as deep as he used to. The Hashassin wraps a hose around each of Mentor's arms. They seem to be at a stale mate, but then the Hashassin pulls from his pocket another pipe. He wraps a leg around the hose and kneels, pulling it and Mentor to the ground. Then he hits from the small glass pipe. Mentor knows immediately that this is not pot and hits from his bong. They exhale at each other and the smoke clouds collide, two smoky thunderheads clashing, but the Hashassin's smoke wins over. Mentor gets blown over

(CONTINUED)

by a cloud of opium and falls back. The Hashassin stands over Mentor.

BOSS

You are not the Highest Master anymore.

Ext. Village

Tai is losing the fight and getting backed up towards the burning shop when Tsue emerges from the flames holding a box. She goes back to back with Tai.

TAI

What's in the box that was so important?

TSUE

A gift from Mentor

she opens it and pulls out the fan inside.

TAI

A paper fan, that's it?

TSUE

Look closer Tai.

He looks at it a little closer and sees that in each of the spines of the fan there is a joint, and the sides of the fan are sharpened blades. The handle of the fan is attached to a hose that wraps around her arm and leads to her mouth. The whole contraption is like a stoner's kusarigama. She closes the fan and lights all the joints at once, hitting the hose, and Tai smells the weed this time.

TAI

We have to talk about this later.

They start the fight again, but Tai still does not have smoke and they are still heavily outnumbered, and they are on the losing side even though Tsue is doing very well. Then Dragon comes in with a flying kick. He looks at each of them and nods. They nod back. He splits his pipe in two long ways, creating two half bowl pipes and passes one half to Tai. They start to fight together. When Tai's bowl is cached he passes it back and Dragon reloads it. They win the fight, but the shop is burned down. In the distance they see fire from Mentor's house.

They all run to Mentor's house. Tai tries to get a look at Tsue's face but he can't in the darkness. Mentor's house is also burning down. Tai finds him in the pot field, which is

(CONTINUED)

barely starting to catch on fire. He is lying in the middle of it wounded, holding his plant. Tai kneels by him and tries to tell him everything will be OK.

MENTOR

My purpose is done. Tai, smoke her, you are ready for enlightenment. Your home is in danger Tai, you must save it. And there is a box for you in the shed. Now let me rest with my true love.

He closes his eyes and says no more. Tai takes the mother plant and lets Mentor's body burn with the weed he loved so much.

He wipes the tears from his eyes, setting the plant on the table outside. He turns his anger on Dragon. He marches over to him and grabs him by the vest.

TAI

Where did you come from old man? How do we know that they weren't looking for you? Trouble follows you like the stink on a dog. Do you walk around lighting hookah bars on fire?!

TSUE

Tai, I've never met him before, and he helped us in the fight.

Tai grunts and looks at her face for the first time. She is foreign, white with freckles and glowing red hair. The mask covered up that and must have come with black wig. He is shocked but turns back to Dragon.

TAI

That's right. What's your game old man where did you learn that stuff, and what's with the stick.

He moves to take Dragons pipe but ends up pulling off his beard that was attached to the hat, which also comes off revealing a boy the same age as Tai, maybe a little older.

TAI

Oh great you wear a mask and you wear a fake beard, what's with you people? I need a smoke.

They start to smoke their respective pieces, sitting apart in silence. Then Tai says to Tsue,

(CONTINUED)

TAI

Have any more secrets?

TSUE

Not all of us are free to be ourselves all the time. Do you think I enjoying wearing this disguise?

DRAGON

I do.

TAI

Then why do you do it?

DRAGON

Oh old people can get away with lots of stuff. Just the other day I slapped a kid in the face with a fish... I'll just sit over here.

Tsue rolls another joint, lights it, and blows the smoke into her hands, which are cupped in the shape of a genie lamp, the smoke tells her story of how she and her family had to move to escape oppression and starvation in her homeland. They wound up here and her family made a great life. She spent many years in a small town like this one just west of here. She even had a boyfriend. Then one day the bandits came and started burning down houses, saying it was for new developments. Her family tried to fight, but they killed her mother and father, cursing them as foreign red haired devils. Then they captured Tsue, ready to do ungodly things to her. Her boyfriend charged in and caused enough of a distraction for her to slash Mao across the face and run away. She ran until she found Mentor's house, and vowed that day to keep her heritage a secret to protect those around her.

DRAGON

That's cool.

Tai points at Tsue's roach, it's almost to her fingertips.

TSUE

It's better to burn out than fade away.

DRAGON

And what about you Tai? Would you sit there like your innocent? You didn't tell me where your from did he tell you? Maybe it's time you start talking.

(CONTINUED)

TAI

I...I dishonored my family...and I accidentally got the town officials high.

DRAGON

You got a bunch of old guys high? That's pretty funny.

TAI

Yeah I guess it is...but I broke the family bong, I can't go back.

DRAGON

So why would you fight for that town?

TAI

I don't know. It's still my home.

TSUE

There is great honor in fighting for your home.

DRAGON

If you say so.

TAI

Come on lets smoke this bud.

DRAGON

Yeah, weed heals all wounds. Or is it time? I don't know I spend a lot of time smoking weed.

Tai and Tsue walk off to the table.

DRAGON

What no one wants to know where I come from? My name is Potsy Moonchi. I once saved a baby from a burning building you know.

TSUE

You're just a creepy guy in a pedophile beard.

DRAGON

That's why I go after milfs; then I'm not a pervy old man.

(CONTINUED)

TAI

No but you're a sick kid. What should we smoke out of?

DRAGON

Let's use a bong.

TAI

No I've had a bad experience smoking forbidden weed out of bongs.

TSUE

I'll roll up a blunt for us, it will ease your nerves.

They smoke and Tai and Dragon play putt putt golf using the Dragons pipe halves as putters.

Tsue hits it and passes it to Tai, whom is concentrating hard on the putt ball. He takes it but never lifts his eyes. After a while he passes it to Dragon.

DRAGON

Did you get a hit?

Tai lets loose a long dark stream of smoke and takes his shot, making it.

DRAGON

Yeah you got a hit. Hey check this out.

He turns around and puts his hat and beard back on. He hunches his back like an old man and talks in a raspy voice.

DRAGON

So I was with my old lady last night. We had a pretty good night, you know, and that's hard to do these days, I'm an old man. So anyway when I got done we both laid down and I said to my penis, I said 'Good job buddy we did it again, high five!' and I high fived him.

Tsue is not amused but Tai is laughing a little to himself.

Dragon takes a hit and passes it to Tsue and keeps on,

DRAGON

Well he didn't like that too much. He said to me 'Hey man, don't slap

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DRAGON (cont'd)  
me in the head, that's not cool.'  
He was right of course so I high  
fived his balls. Well he got really  
mad and started whispering angrily  
'Hey man what's wrong with you, you  
don't high five someone in the  
balls! You just slapped me in the  
balls.' I was confused at that  
point I whispered back 'Well I  
thought those were your hands.' He  
said to me 'No man, they're my  
balls. You do that again and I'll  
slap you in the balls.' I said  
back, 'You are my balls! This is  
getting confusing!'

Tai and Tsue both start laughing hard, and Tsue takes a hit.

TSUE  
Man I feel like I'm going to have a  
heart attack! I'm about ready for  
bed.

As they wind down, they set up places to sleep around the  
shed.

Tsue approaches Tai in confidence

TSUE  
Don't blame yourself; the bandits  
would have caused trouble one day.

TAI  
Yeah but I know that if I didn't  
show up that one day with pot and  
fought them, they would never have  
known I was around.

TSUE  
That might be true, but either way  
they would have burnt this town to  
the ground that day if you hadn't  
shown up. The whole world doesn't  
revolve around you.

Tai gives her a weak smile and then goes to bed. He opens  
the box his Mentor left him and inside is an outfit made  
from hemp. White pants and a white long sleeved shirt with  
green sleeves. He smiles and goes to sleep. The bud they  
smoked causes them to have strange dreams.

## 15. UNDER A MOONLIT BOWL

Int. Tai's dream, smokey and clouded.

Tai dreams he is in a field of giant pot plants. He walks through them for a while, up to a lake with smaller normal plants all around it. Tai sees a fat old man smoking from a large fat bottom bong.

TAI

Who are you?

HARKONNEN

I am Harkonnen, and I am your great great grandfather.

Tai bows and realizes he is suddenly in a dress.

TAI

What the hell!?! Why am I wearing this? It's the same dress his mother put on him.

HARKONNEN

It is your dream. Dreams bring your subconscious to your conscious. Perhaps you have some issues to work out. But you have the power to do whatever in a dream.

Tai closes his eyes and concentrates and the dress is on Harkonnen. He gets excited and closes his eyes again, making a bong pop up in his hands and then starts picking weed. He loads up as Harkonnen talks.

HARKONNEN

As you can guess, Bong Fu runs in your blood, though you should be fatter. Bong Fu was always for larger men. Don't worry you'll have a pot belly eventually.

His great grandfather turns to look at the lake and Tai starts flying around. When he turns back around Tai is talking to a bunch of girls.

HARKONNEN

Tai focus! How is Mentor, does he still trim his bush in the living room?

Tai looks down and doesn't answer.

(CONTINUED)

HARKONNEN

Ah, I see, was my bong in his collection?

TAI

I'm so sorry I broke it, my father had it and I broke it.

HARKONNEN

Tis alright, all glass breaks, though I wanted him to have it, after years of fighting side by side. It would have looked good on his shelf. Though he hasn't smoked since our first brother fell, I'm sure he would be quite upset if he knew.

A dense fog rolls in from the bank, filling the area with a smoky mist.

TAI

Whoa Mentor was old.

HARKONNEN

Yes he was, and so was the water in that bong. It still had a purpose, not the tastiest path to enlightenment, but it would get the job done. As will you.

Tai drops to a knee,

TAI

I need your guidance. How can I beat the Hashassin?

HARKONNEN

You're just like your father, you don't listen very well. You'll complete your purpose and when the smoke clears you will be left standing.

(Harkonnen leans towards Tai)

You know that this was all made up by you, even this part. You're going crazy.

Tai's dreams fade out

Dragon's dreams fade in, with thicker, darker smoke.

(CONTINUED)

Dragon is at a bar in the American west. It is silent and empty except for one lone boy sitting on the bar, leaning against a wall, playing a harmonica that has pot smoke trailing from it. There are pipes on his hips like six shooters. He speaks,

KID  
You shouldn't have come,  
Tumbleweed.

Dragon is in beat up western garb. He pulls two pipe shooters from his hips and starts fighting Grinder's men, who bust in from the windows and walls and use hand held grinders to reload rapidly. Then Dragon is leaning, back against a wall.

KID  
You've made a lot of enemies.

DRAGON  
With friends like these.

Then a giant grinder crashes through the wall and into Dragons back, pinning him to the floor. A large sandal pushes the grinder to the Dragon's back. Then you hear the boy.

KID  
My payment?

A bag of gold coins is passed and the kid catches it and weighs in in his hand. Pleased, he says,

KID  
How long have you been chasing the  
Dragon?

GRINDER  
Too long.

KID  
And what will you do with him?

GRINDER  
Nothing good.

DRAGON  
Where is she?

GRINDER  
What, don't you see the flames?

The dream goes black as the sound of a screaming woman and crying baby dies away.

Tsue's Dream fades in with colorful smoke

Tsue's dreams are wild and crazy. She dreams she is being chased by pot plants. They are trying to roll her up and smoke her. She escapes them and is having tea with Dragon, and she looks down and is surrounded by his children. She starts running from weed and babies and jumps on a giant butterfly and she sails away into the clouds of smoke.

#### 16. GOOD MOURNING

Tsue and Dragon awake early in the morning fog. Tsue finds Tai's note, explaining his absence. A perfect rolled tulip lies next to it. She puts the tulip in her pouch then hears Grinder yell from the edge of the woods.

GRINDER

Dragon!

Mentor's house is on a small hill with thirty to fifty yards worth of clearing between them and the tree line. The fog barely comes up to Mentor's house but blankets the clearing.

Dragon turns to Tsue and pointing at the tree line

DRAGON

They're coming up slow, there's  
going to be a showdown. You should  
never have come. You can still run.

Tsue looks at him funny and puts her mask on.

Tsue and Dragon start smoking quickly as the men approach. Tsue rolls up a thin five foot blunt from the remains of the Mentor's crop. Dragon has his hat and beard back on and pulls out another giant pipe, this one shaped like a flute, and loads and roasts his pipe repeatedly whilst playing a mournful song. They nod at each other, both of them recognizing how good the stuff is.

They surround the area with smoke and the combination of smoke from them and the embers of the charred house and morning fog make it very hard to see. The thugs have dampened cloths over their mouths to filter the smoke. They slow their charge, walking cautiously as they enter the fog, seeing nothing. Dragon has cached the three bowls of the flute pipe and ends his song. On the last note he blows out hard, launching fire balls from each bowl up into the air like mortars. They land on unsuspecting targets and splash fire everywhere. Tsue finishes that blunt and then she darts forward into the smoldering clearing. Tsue's mask emerges from the fog, followed by her fan spinning in a dizzying motion.

(CONTINUED)

Ext. Tai's home village

Tai is shocked and horrified. He stumbles back, stepping away from the steep cliff overlooking his town. It has been exactly one year since he had last seen it. To his east he sees that most of the townsfolk standing at the gate. From Tai's vantage he is overlooking a wrecking crew in the town and a few villagers fighting back, led by Chow. Tai jumps off of the cliff and glides, trailing down like a wisp of smoke into the town. He walks through the crowds calmly. As Tai is passing through the crowd of people his name starts to be whispered throughout.

Father comes up and starts to yell at Tai.

FATHER

You did this! You brought them here with that damn drug! And now your back to see our home destroyed?

MOTHER

We can't be fighting each other right now.

TAI

Harkonnen said we must be a family again. He forgives you. And my master, your old friend, had missed you... but he has passed on now.

He gives his father a clipping from Mentor's plants and Father knows what Tai means.

A thug sees this, recognizes Tai, and steps up.

THUG A

What him, this has nothing to do with him, or his drug. This is about our drug, the black lotus. He's just in our way. Again.

TAI

And this is where I'll stay. This is my home, you can't take it.

THUG A

You can't win this time Tai, there's too many of us.

Other thugs join in.

Dragon and Tsue are fighting back to back, surrounded. Dragon has all three bowls of his flute pipe lit. Tsue has

(CONTINUED)

her fan in one hand and a small blunt in the other. Then out of nowhere a giant grinder shreds dragon's pipe, fraying and splitting the end of the bamboo. The other grinder sails at Tsue, who barely jumps back out of reach. The spinning spikes shred her mask off and enough of her fan to make it useless. Dragon and Grinder spar for a moment, but Dragon's flute pipe is wasted. He uses the shredded end of the bamboo to cut many of the thugs and Grinder too. Meanwhile Tsue had rolled another giant blunt, this one much thicker, with one of her wraps and leftover weed from the crop. The Grinder catches Dragons flute pipe with both of his massive grinders and tears it to pieces.

DRAGON

Still chasing the Dragon I see.

Then Tsue fires the smaller blunt at Grinder. He throws his head to the side and catches it in his mouth. Grinning, he kills it in one drag and blows back a smoke skull and crossbones and wags a finger at her.

She gets surrounded by thugs and uses the large blunt like a staff. One of the thugs swing overhead and she blocks it by holding the blunt long ways. Then two more thugs strike at that same spot and the blunt is cut in half. She jumps back and lights the other half of the blunt with the first. Now holding two giant flaming blunts, she spins around and clears up room. Then she exhales out of each of the blunts and it blows embers into the crowd. All of the thugs drop, and Tsue firmly plants each of the blunts on the ground. She spins back again, and then forward. Her first kick hits the first cherry and it sails towards the Grinder. He blocks it with his giant metal disk. But he doesn't see the second one coming and it hits him in the ribs. Tsue steps back with a giant blunt half in her mouth and smiles.

Tai is fighting them off well, but has no pot. He gets beaten back and Father catches him under the arms.

TAI

No I'll fight them.

FATHER

But there are too many, you need help.

TAI

Yeah I have my bong but no pot.

LU

They took all I had.

(CONTINUED)

Father goes to check a fallen thug. He finds a j, and he shoots it towards Tai. Tai rolls over a horizontal sword swipe and catches it in his mouth and lands in the push up position. He does a one handed push up while lighting the j with the other hand. On his final push he shoves hard, so hard that he stands up, blowing embers at the thugs face and leans back with the momentum of his shove with an elbow straight back into a thugs chest. Father throws him two more. Then he finds a bag of weed and tosses that to Tai too.

#### 17. INSIDE THE FIRE

Dragon and Tsue put up a good fight but find themselves on the losing end of the battle. Grinder just barely has the advantage over them because, though he is big and strong, he is somehow fast too. Also with his grinders he blocks the fiery attacks of Dragon and Tsue. He barely has a hold over them and is mocking them when he finds a bag of weed and a pipe on one of the fallen thugs. He takes the weed and shreds it all in his massive grinders, not checking for stems or seeds, and loads the pipe. He lights it and three seeds pop simultaneously, catching his beard on fire. With this timely distraction Dragon and Tsue dispatch of him. Then they run off to help Tai.

Tai is gaining the upper hand. He is using all three j's much like his uncle, one in each hand and one in his mouth. The thugs are getting driven back. Then the Hookah Master shows up out of nowhere and attacks Tai, catching him by surprise. Everyone is watching as Tai starts to go on the losing end. He burns the j in his mouth and exhales hard to get some space between himself and the Hashassin, then throws the other two j's to increase the distance and hold him off so that Tai can catch his breath. He doesn't want to fight the Hashassin at close range this early on, especially when he himself is out of pot.

LU

Tai catch!

Lu throws two loaded glass bong, each only a foot high but with big bottoms.

Tai sees that Lu and the boys are loading more, getting ready. Tai has to appreciate them cleaning the seeds out so well. He drops his weights and lights one of the bowls, turning the bong a dark gray, almost yellow, with concentrated smoke. The Hashassin growls and charges Tai, but before he can get there Tai throws down that bong and disappears into the smoke. He reappears behind the Hashassin and catches another bong from Lu. He closes his mind and

(CONTINUED)

goes through the motions of the god Bing, the short man with a big exhale. Tai sends his attacks low and then comes up and smashes the bong on his opponents head and exhales hard, letting his hit mix with the thick smoke in the bong and taking out the thugs that try to attack him. All the while he is fending off the Hashassin, but then two of the thugs grab his arms from behind and another starts punching Tai in the stomach. The Hashassin walks up slowly and brings to bear his hookah.

To everyone's surprise, Chow charges in with a really big bong. He defends himself alright and gives Tai an opportunity to shake free. This bolsters everyone. Mother and Father charge in too, fighting the thugs. Mother inspires the women she's been training to join in too, and she does a little Joint Jitsue and winks at Tai. Father grabs the Strict Nine whip and uses Hookah Hashassin style to Tai's surprise, though his Father's methods are much more different than the Boss's.

The Hashassin takes advantage of this and starts to attack Tai's mother, father, and friends. Tai rushes in to help them but every time he does the Hashassin goes to another target. Then Dragon flies in with his pipe loaded and lit. He lands in front of four thugs and blows hard through his pipe. The embers and smoke explode into the air and unto the thugs. They all drop and roll as they try to put out the flames, and end up slightly catching a building on fire.

DRAGON

That one, I call Dragon Breath.

Then he splits his pipes again and starts smoking off of both of them doing consecutive pipe hits and making a clearing between the good guys and the bad. The towns people lining up against the thugs.

Tsue then takes her queue and charges in. Her right hand is empty and clenched in a fist, her left hand has a wire glove on, and at each of her fingertips there is a small blunt. The base of the glove and each blunt holder has a hose attached to it much like the fan. She darts through the crowd of thugs as fast as lightning. With her right hand she takes the armor off of her opponents, and with the left hand she slides the lit blunts across their throats and newly exposed areas.

CHOW

She's Ripping the Paper.

TSUE

This tool I call The Lady Finger,  
and that move is the Running J.

(CONTINUED)

Tai and the Boss square off again.

BOSS

Opium is a quick path to enlightenment. I wasn't going to wait around any longer for that old man to let me drink the tea. So I found the flower of death, and began to grow her. Of course I still smoke grass from time to time, when I'm relaxing or teaching a young boy some manners. I smoke my marijuana out of this hookah, and my opium out of another, so I never mix them. I killed the previous owner of this Hookah to get it. He was very old, and so was the water in here. It has never been dumped and I will never be defeated!

He charges Tai again.

Tai finally bring to bear the Metal, his new bong. He loads it and hits it. Then when the Hashassin is almost on him he exhales and stabs with the bong as he hits the button that extends the bongs length.

The base of the bong hits the Hashassin squarely in the chest as smoke billows over and Tai charges right back.

They fight for a while, not holding back anything.

The Metal gets struck from Tai's hands and a Thug picks it up. He tries to use it but when he hits it he goes into a coughing fit clutching at his chest, non of the thugs can hit the metal and clear it. The Hashassin gets tangled up as Fathers strikes his whip around a hookah hose that was aimed for Tai's head. Father uses quick sharp snaps and cracks his whip like a bull fighter as he starts to duel with the Hashassin. Tai shakes off the Boss long enough to get the Metal back from the thugs. He then uses it to strick down several bandits, showing off the Metal's power and style.

Tai ends up with his back to the door of the burning two story building. Tai knows he has nowhere to run and braces himself. He tries to fight where he stands but the Hashassin sends his hoses striking at Tai like vicious snakes. Tai is now with his back to the door. He puts a hand on the door way to keep his footing and takes a deep breath. The area fills with smoke as the Hashassin exhales and charges. Tai can't see him coming and gets kicked hard into the building. The Hashassin walks in after him.

(CONTINUED)

In the burning building both men move like the smoke, trying to get a solid strike on the other. Tai blocks with his bong and the Hashassin wraps a hose around it and rips the bong from Tai's hands. The Boss catches the bong and dumps out the water, smirking.

BOSS

Now what will you do? Screwed again.

Tai backs up while the Hashassin advances. He walks up the stairs of the building to the second floor. It is even smokier here. When the Hashassin walks up Tai surprises him and grabs one of the hoses. Quickly, he inhales as hard as he can, taking the weed into his lungs. He inhales so hard that he drinks the Hashassin's water. The Hashassin tries to stop Tai by taking a hit at the same time but he wasn't expecting the smoky room and he chokes. Still, he charges at Tai, and Tai does not let go of the hose until the hookah is drained, dodging the mad Hashassin's attacks. The fight is pushed until they both stand on the rooftop of the building. People below can hardly make out what's happening through the smoke, and no one dares to enter because the entire first floor is a blaze.

The water is extremely potent and Tai begins to understand enlightenment. Now that both he and the Hashassin are out of weed they are down to raw skill, but Tai has a Full Body High. Tai truly is moving like the smoke now, weaving in and out of the ethereal and traveling on the wind. Tai beats the Hashassin and holds the Hashassin over his head before throwing him down, through the roof. The whole building starts coming down.

Everyone holds their breath. After several moments a figure stands in the haze. Tai coughs and stumbles out of the wreckage.

#### 18. AFTER HASH

Ext. Tai's Home Village, bright and sunny day

Tai is walking down the streets of his hometown. It is another bustling day in the village and Tai and Tsue are walking arm in arm down the street to go sell eggs, which are in a basket in Tsue's other arm. Tsue lets the warm sunshine splash on her face as she is free of her mask. Tai is free of a mentor and is his own master, but wears heavier weights than before, always trying to better himself.

(CONTINUED)

Tai and Tsue are wading through the crowded market place enjoying the afternoon. Tai is in the middle of telling her a joke when he bumps into a big man and they both stumble. Tai apologizes and keeps walking. The man is not satisfied with this. Irritated and possibly drunk he yells,

VILLAGER

I don't believe you've apologized  
right little man, you bow before me  
when you apologize!

Tai tries to ignore the heckling and walks up to a vendor and starts a friendly conversation. The man yells again,

VILLAGER

I don't believe you heard me little  
man!

Tai is stoned, and looks at the man blankly and innocently,  
Voice over, Tai's head.

TAI

I don't believe you heard me, get  
lost

He goes back to interacting with the vendor

The man walks up behind Tai and puts his hand on Tai's shoulder.

HECKLER

I don't believe you're listening  
little man, you need to apologize  
right. And you scuffed my shoes,  
I'll need new ones.

Tai keeps looking straight at the vendor

Voice over. Tai's head

TAI

If you can't keep your hands to  
yourself then I won't keep mine to  
myself and I guarantee I won't be as  
friendly as you.

Tai remains silent and turns around, first looking down at the man's shoes. They're worn, torn and ragged already, falling apart and covered in mud. Then Tai looks at the man's face. He realizes he's kicked this guy's teeth in before, and is very tempted to do it again, but he is trying to rise above all of that. He looks at the man and smiles a stoned smile.

(CONTINUED)

Tsue pulls out a cigarette and places it on a long cigarette holder

HECKLER

What do you believe?

TAI

Well I could say I believe in love, but that would be gay, unless it's about loving the ladies. I could say I believe in freedom of speech but that's lame. So I'll say, I believe in life, man. Live and let live.

HECKLER

Well I believe I live to kick your ass and take your money, and I'd love to get my hands on her. So what do you say about that with your freedom of speech

Tai's smile turns to a hard glare. Stone faced he looks the Heckler in the eyes.

TAI

I could talk circles around you but my girl here is out of cigarettes and I believe she is out of patience too.

Tsue blows hard through the cigarette holder and the ashes singe the mans dirty unkept beard. Tsue kicks him hard into a pig pin. The pigs go wild and knock the man out.

Int. Tai's apartment. Evening. He and Tsue live together. It's moderate.

They find Dragon and Chow there waiting for them with something covered by a sheet. Tai points at it and asks,

TAI

What's that?

DRAGON

Oh it's just a little gift from the Americas.

TAI

Yeah right.

Dragon smiles and takes off the sheet, revealing a battery powered vaporizer.

(CONTINUED)

DRAGON

It's true. I'll have to take you  
there some day. Now, who wants to  
get lit?

THE END