

"SERPENT AND THE RAINBOW"

by

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based on the book by Wade Davis

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FIRST DRAFT

FOR TWO HUNDRED YEARS, HAITI HAS BEEN RULED BY DICTATORSHIP AND TERROR.

THIS HISTORY OF REPRESSION AND TORTURE WAS RAISED TO NEW HEIGHTS UNDER PAPA DOC DUVALIER AND HIS SON BABY DOC.

THEIR RIGHT ARM WAS A RUTHLESS SECRET POLICE FORCE, THE TON TON MACOUTE.

HOWEVER, BEHIND THE TON TON MACOUTE WAS ANOTHER FORCE, DARKER, MORE DEADLY POWER WITH ITS OWN METHODS OF BRUTAL PUNISHMENT: VODOO.

WORKING TOGETHER, THESE TWO INVISIBLE EMPIRES KEPT AN ENTIRE NATION IN TOTAL SLAVERY.

THE FOLLOWING IS BASED ON A TRUE STORY

EXT. JACMEL SHANTY TOWN - NIGHT

SUPER: "HAITI, 1963"

A BILLBOARD PICTURE OF FRANCOIS (PAPA DOC) DUVALIER looks down on the deserted mud streets of a patchwork slum, thrown together out of packing crates, cardboard, scraps of plywood and thatch. A PACK OF WILD DOGS slinks through the shadows. The only light comes from a small garbage fire, tended by an OLD LAME PEASANT, leaning on his crutch. In the distance we hear VOODOO DRUMS, and CLOSER ON THE SOBS of a woman.

INT. AMERICAN HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A white-haired MISSIONARY DOCTOR has been looking out the hospital room window. Now he turns back to his patient, CLARVIUS NARCISSE, black, in his early thirties, and apparently dead. At the foot of the antique hospital bed stands Clarvius' family: ANGELIQUE, young, pretty, and sobbing hysterically; HELENNE, fat and imperious; and JEAN-CLAUDE, his lean obsidian face a mask of peasant patience.

NOTE: THE OPENING SCENES ARE PLAYED IN CREOLE WITH SUBTITLES

ANGELIQUE

Please. Don't let this happen.
It isn't fair. Please. Help.

DOCTOR

I'm sorry.

Using his stethoscope he listens for a heartbeat on the chest, and then on the carotid artery. Nothing. He exchanges a glance with the attending BLACK NURSE who begins to rub ink on one of Clarvius' thumbs.

The Doctor polishes the metal end of his stethoscope with his tie, then places it under Clarvius' nose.

CU

The silver surface of the stethoscope doesn't cloud.

DOCTOR

Was your brother sick long?

Angelique is shaking her head "no", but Helenne cuts in.

HELENNE

He was always sick. Since he was
a child. His stomach.

The Doctor looks into Clarvius' dilated eyes. There is no flicker of life, but instinct tells the Doctor to be

absolutely certain. He takes out a hypodermic needle (not the syringe).

CU

The needle jabs deep into the fleshy fold just beneath the eyelid. The lid doesn't flicker. The Doctor's fingers gently close the eyes.

The Nurse rolls the inked thumb onto Clarvius' death certificate and takes a Polaroid snapshot of the corpse.

DOCTOR

I'd like to do an autopsy. It may help to save others.

HELENNE

No! You did what you could. Now we'll do what we must.

At Helenne's signal, Jean-Claude throws Clarvius' body over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes.

The Nurse hands the Doctor the completed death certificate with photo attached. He is about to sign it, glances up.

Angelique seems desperate to say something, but Helenne pulls her roughly out of the room. The Doctor signs the certificate. Looks back out the window.

DOCTOR'S POV

The Lame Old Peasant looks back at him with a toothless silent laugh.

INT. NARCISSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angelique is kneeling next to the body of Clarvius. She cries softly as she threads a large needle with red string.

Jean-Claude, scowling and swigging rum, watches intently as Angelique carefully pulls the skin of Clarvius' eyelids up and away from the eye itself.

CU

We WATCH as the needle pierces the lid and begins to sew the eye shut.

INT. NARCISSE MAIN ROOM - LATER

Clarvius' body, eyes and lips sewn shut, lies in his coffin on display. Candles burn at the cardinal points around the

coffin. The small room is filled with people, but their faces don't show grief -- it's more righteous indignation, and cautious triumph.

Leaning against the front door frame is DARGENT PEYTRAUD, barely twenty, dressed in the loud sportshirt, mirrored sunglasses (despite the dim light) and openly displayed pistol that is the unofficial uniform of the Ton Ton Macoute (Haiti's secret police). The truculent sneer that flickers across his face leaves no doubt who is in charge.

A MIDDLE AGED PEASANT looks down into the coffin. He spits in the corpse's face. The crowd approves, particularly Peytraud, whose smile exposes one gold bicuspid which catches the light like a fang.

Angelique steps out of the back room, dressed in her prettiest dress, a bunch of flowers clutched to her breast. Peytraud sees this and takes off his glasses.

Sadly, forlornly, Angelique looks down at her brother's face one last time. Then from out of the flowers she pulls a butcher knife and raises it to stab him through the heart.

CLOSE ON Angelique's plunging stab as it is stopped by another hand, a gaudy gold Timex on its wrist. Peytraud's.

PEYTRAUD

Are you crazy woman. You want to join him? You want to take his place?

Jean-Claude rushes forward, obviously terrified for her.

JEAN-CLAUDE

No, please. She is our sister. I'll beat her. She'll cause no more trouble. Please.

Peytraud throws her to Jean-Claude, who forces Angelique to the ground as he strips off his belt.

PEASANTS hurriedly put the lid on the coffin, nailing it shut. THE BANGS of their hammers mingle with the STINGING SLAPS of Jean-Claude's belt, and Angelique's CHOKED MOANS.

INSIDE THE ROUGH-HEWN COFFIN cracks emit just enough light to SEE Clarvius' face as a long nail breaks through the thin timber and pierces his cheek.

CU

Blood flows from the wound.

EXT. VILLAGE GRAVEYARD - DAY

Clarvius' coffin is lowered into his shallow grave.

Peasants watch the GRAVEDIGGERS begin to shovel in dirt. Peytraud is standing with the family. He pinches Angelique's badly bruised and swollen cheek playfully. When she winces in pain, he presses harder.

PEYTRAUD

(to everyone)

Look and learn. Here I am the father. It can be sweet as honey, or bitter as bile.

THE CAMERA MOVES to the distinctive tombstone: "ICI RESTE CLARVIUS NARCISSE"

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLES - OVER BLACK

THE TITLES ROLL as a HOUNSI (voodoo initiate) SINGS a ceremonial invocation, calling to the ancient mysteries of Africa. TEMPLE DRUMMERS COUNTERPOINT the plaintive melody with a bird-like rhythm of STICKS played against the sides of their DRUMS. In the background we HEAR the sounds of the HOUNFOUR (voodoo temple), and the rural village beyond.

INVOCATION

Papa Legba ouvri barrie pou
moin, Ago-e
Atibon Legba ouvri barie pou moin
Ouvri barie pou moin papa pou
moin passe
Lem retounin ma remesie loa oi

TRANSLATION (NOT ON SCREEN):

Papa Legba, open the gate for me,
Ago-e
Atibon Legba open the gate for me.
Open the gate for me, Papa, so I
may enter the temple
On my way back I shall thank you
for this favor.

THE CONGREGATION answers in call-and-response each of the three repetitions of the verse. With each repetition, the Hounsi's voice, at first a clear sweet soprano, reveals more and more of the raw, rasping quality underneath. And each time the Congregation answers it is more forceful, more challenging. The Hounsi is balanced on the edge of possession when...

At the LAST CREDIT (THE DIRECTOR'S), the giant earth-shaking ASSANTO DRUM suddenly pounds three harsh syncopated beats, and the OTHER DRUMS come in with a passion. The Hounsi SHRIEKS.

LAP SOUND FADE UP

EXT. AMAZON INDIAN VILLAGE - DAY

The Hounsi's SHRIEK transforms into the squawk of a jungle parrot, the CHATTER of the jungle, and the happy LAUGHTER of children. We are CLOSE on the face of WADE ALAN, an American anthropologist, his face painted with swirling ritual designs of a Jivaro Warrior, as he comes out of an Indian lean-to. Two WARRIORS, each carrying a long blowgun, fall in on either side as he walks across the primitive village set among the far more ancient stonework of a long lost Incan outpost.

SUPER: "AMAZON BASIN - 1983"

Everything about Wade is Ivy League, from his Harvard t-shirt to his confident good looks, but he moves through the domestic bustle of natives doing their jungle chores as comfortably as a trout cruising its favorite feeding nook.

EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - LATER

Leaning against the foot of a vine-encrusted Incan stella is Wade's fat, toad-like native guide, JORGE.

Wade leaves his escorts, kneels next to Jorge and talks softly.

WADE

Jorge, there's no way I could get out of this? I've got all the samples I need.

JORGE

This is a bad tribe, Senor. Very primitive. Perhaps, if you had let me bring guns we could kill a few and run, but...

(shrugs)

WADE

You'd do that too, wouldn't you?

Jorge just rubs a greasy hand over his face. Wade sees what the guide is looking at. A group of very young INDIAN GIRLS are bathing and splashing merrily in the placid stream that runs by the village.

JORGE

Have you ever had an Indian,
Senor? One that is truly wild?
It is something.

Wade notices the look the WARRIORS are giving Jorge.

WADE

Look, Jorge, you're scum. But
you know the way home. So until
this is over, keep your pecker
in your pants.

Jorge keeps watching the Indian girls, his sweaty face an
image of lust.

EXT. SHAMAN'S CLEARING - DAY

AN OLD SHAMAN, in a beautiful cape of many colored feathers,
chants in his ancient tongue as he takes a greenish powder
from a crude stone bowl and loads it into the tip of a blow-
gun.

Wade fills two labeled sample bottles with the powder, checks
the time, makes an entry in the notebook by his side.

At the Shaman's signal his TWO ASSISTANTS grab Wade's head
and jerk it back. They hold it firmly in place as the Shaman
puts the blowgun to Wade's nostrils, and with a single
powerful puff sends the powder straight into Wade's brain.

Wade's body jerks stiff. He staggers to his feet, standing
stock still, then keels forward flat on his face.

The Jivaro all smile benignly.

LATER

Wade lies watching the play of shadows and sunlight among the
jungle canopy. Everything seems imbued with a crinkling inner
light.

SHAMAN (O.S.)

He is very near. Your good
animal. He is within you, but I
call him to myself.

After a moment, Wade looks up startled.

WADE

You're speaking English!

SHAMAN

(lips aren't moving)
Our minds are like leaves in the
forest. They share the same
wind.

WADE

(to himself)
Pre-Colombian zen. Right. I'm
still comatose.

Wade lies back, firmly closing his eyes.

SHAMAN (O.S.)

He is very near. Very. Face him
without fear.

We hear the LOAD ROAR OF A JAGUAR. Wade's eyes pop open. He
looks over to the Shaman.

Where the old man was a few moments before stands a magnifi-
cent BLACK JAGUAR, the Shaman's discarded cape at his feet.

Wade keeps his eyes on the hungry-looking cat, gets up into a
crouch, and turns to head down the trail.

The Jaguar is already there looking at him.

Wade turns to run down stream. Again, the Jaguar is in front
of him, on a tree limb, ready to pounce.

Wade stumbles backwards into the stream as the Jaguar leaps.

They roll over and over in the shallow water, Wade fights to
keep the big cat's fangs away from his throat.

At the other side of the stream, finally, there is no way to
save himself. The cat is too strong. Wade grimaces, waiting
for the cat to rip out his throat. But, instead the cat
starts to lick Wade's face like a dog.

Wade takes this in, realizes he's still tripping on the
jungle drug, and roars in laughter, rubbing the Jaguar's
rippling black neck.

LATER

Wade comes to on the far side of the stream from the Shaman's
clearing. The colors and sounds are normal now. There is no
one around. He sniffs the breeze, smells smoke.

EXT. AMAZON INDIAN VILLAGE - DAY

The simple lean-tos of the Indians are now just smoldering ruins. In the center of the clearing Wade looks down at the body of Jorge. We don't see the wound, but can't miss the blood stains that coat Jorge's trousers.

LATER

By a simple grave marked with a cross, Wade checks to see that all his plant samples and notes are safely stored in his backpack.

WADE

You were a real prince, pal.
Thanks for everything.

Wade pulls on his backpack and starts out alone into the jungle vastness.

MONTAGE - THICK AMAZON JUNGLE

Through interminable swamps with water up to his armpits, through freezing nights on the jungle floor, through foliage so thick you can't see six feet in any direction, Wade tries to make it out of the jungle. In each shot he is leaner, his beard longer, his clothes more filthy with bugs and debris, his face more dehydrated and desperate. Along the way he abandons his pack, and keeps only a shoulder bag with his samples.

EXT. THICK AMAZON JUNGLE - DAY

Finally he obviously can't go on. He leans against a tree. He barely has the strength to swat the bug crawling across his parched and cracking face.

A poisonous snake glides down the tree trunk towards him. He doesn't even bother to move.

He hears a JAGUAR GROWL. Standing not 10 feet away is the Black Jaguar. Wade blinks at it. The Jaguar turns and walks down a barely discernible jungle trail. The cat begins to trot.

Wade staggers after him.

ANOTHER LOCATION

Wade has lost sight of the Jaguar. He scans the trees frantically. There it is, sitting on a high limb. The cat seems to gesture over his shoulder

Wade keeps moving down the trail, as quickly as he can.

THE CAMERA MOVES UP to the level of the Jaguar, then KEEPS GOING. From above the trees we see that the jungle only goes another thirty feet, then ends abruptly where a highway has been cut through.

EXT. HIGHWAY CLEARING - DAY

Wade comes bursting out of the jungle and shades his eyes against the first direct sun he has seen in days. Behind him we hear the JAGUAR ROAR, but the sound changes into a loud BEEPING HORN from a fast approaching truck. Wade looks to his right and we...

CUT TO

EXT. BOSTON STREET - DAY

An MTA bus BEEPS LOUDLY and swings in towards the curb. THE CAMERA PANS WITH IT to pick up Wade. He's clean shaven and well dressed, but the days in the jungle are still etched in his eyes. He steps off the curb and walks quickly towards a glass and chrome skyscraper.

INT. SKYSCRAPER LOBBY - DAY

Wade stands well back from the crowd waiting for an elevator. An elevator arrives. People packed like sardines push to get out as even more push to get in. Wade's eyes show panic.

WADE
(to security guard)
This building have stairs?

GUARD
Sure, right there.

INT. KLINE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Wade, winded from his climb, comes into a lavish office the size of a small bank lobby and walks directly across to the floor-to-ceiling windows. He looks out over the city, 18 floors below, breathing in the space and regaining his control. Only then does he notice the three men waiting for him.

Boston Biocorp's founder, pharmacologist ANDREW KLINE, as wealthy as he is renowned in his own field, sits at his spacious executive desk munching on a box of mints. Across from him sits Harvard Professor IRL SCHOONOVER, 73, big boned, but frail now. Schoonover has been Wade's mentor since Anthropology 101. His eyes have a sparkle that would make a

pixie seem dour. Fluttering around the edges is JOHNSON, a conspicuously nondescript government type.

KLINE
Mint, Doctor Alan?

Wade declines the mint and takes the offered seat.

KLINE
You are all right? Haven't
picked up anything nasty and
tropical have you?

WADE
(insincere)
I'm great. Couldn't be better.

KLINE
Fine. So tell me, what do you
know about zombies?

WADE
Excuse me?

KLINE
Zombies. The ghosts who walk.
The living dead.

Wade gives Schoonover an "is this guy for real" look.
Schoonover nods that he is.

WADE
Just what I've seen on the late
show.

KLINE
(sliding over photo)
This photograph was taken five
weeks ago at a psychiatric
clinic in Port-au-Prince. The
man's name is Clarvius Narcisse.

CU

The 8 x 12 photograph shows Clarvius twenty years older, but
still with scars around his eyes and mouth.

KLINE
(passes over document)
As you can see from his death
certificate, Mr. Narcisse died
19 years ago in an American
missionary hospital outside
Jacmel.

Wade looks at the old Polaroid attached to the death certificate.

JOHNSON

We've heard rumors for years,
but this is the first hard data
we've gotten.

WADE

(with look)

Who's we?

JOHNSON

Come on, Alan, you've been
around. You know who we is.

WADE

(to Schoonover)

You don't really believe this?

SCHOONOVER

The Haitian's do. It's customary
to stab a corpse through the
heart to keep it from being
raised from the dead.

KLINE

Of course the man wasn't
actually dead. Though he was
buried. We're sure of that.
Obviously he was drugged.

SCHOONOVER

A compound which so radically
reduces metabolism that the
victim can live on the air in a
closed coffin.

JOHNSON

NASA is real hot for this. Deep
space stuff.

SCHOONOVER

But the drug's real value would
be as an anesthetic.

KLINE

Surgeons are mostly glorified
plumbers. It's the anesthesi-
ologist who holds the patient's
life by a thread. This drug
would revolutionize cardiology.

SCHOONOVER

It could save as many as 15 to 20 thousand lives a year.

KLINE

More, world-wide, properly marketed.

(beat)

Boston Biocorp is prepared to make a substantial, a quite substantial, honorarium to the University.

SCHOONOVER

I've already arranged with Wiggins and Donaldson to handle your course load.

JOHNSON

Plane ticket and the name of your contact are in the file. Doctor Douyen runs the clinic down there. Play it tight. There's lots of local heat on this, and we can't back you up.

WADE

So you want me to get you a sample.

KLINE

Well, that is what you do best, isn't it?

CLOSE ON THE PHOTOS as Wade compares them.

INT. WADE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The same two photographs on top of Wade's expertly packed suitcase. It's a simple room. The only decoration: a collection of elaborate blowguns on one wall. Schoonover stands next to the night table looking at a framed photograph he has in his hands.

CU OF PHOTO

Taken a few years before, it shows Wade and Schoonover, arms around each other's shoulders, surrounded by a group of New Guinea Mud Men.

Wade comes in from the bathroom. He dumps a load of toiletries into his suitcase and notices Schoonover's wistful expression.

WADE
You miss it that much?

SCHOONOVER
The last time out is always
special.

Schoonover replaces the photo on the night table, picks up a
bottle of pills sitting by it, reads the label.

SCHOONOVER
Seconal? You're having night-
mares?

WADE
(taking pills)
A little culture shock. You know
how it is.

SCHOONOVER
Any other symptom?

WADE
Mild claustrophobia. Mild. I can
handle it.

(beat)
The last few days, I started to
feel it was all closing in.
Crushing me, you know.

SCHOONOVER
Yes, I know.
(beat)
Still if the telepathic link you
reported with the shaman can be
verified it was worth it.

WADE
It won't be. I've run some blind
tests.

SCHOONOVER
And what about your totem, the
jaguar that saved your life.
Hardly a coincidence.

WADE
Drug induced flashback.

SCHOONOVER
Maybe what your tests are
missing is the Shaman?
(MORE)

SCHOONOVER (CONT'D)

(fatherly)

Wade. Accept it. These plants we hunt aren't just medicinal. They're magical. That may be their greatest healing quality. Lord knows we could stand some magic among all this civilized concrete crap?

WADE

I won't go native for you. You can't be both the scientist and the experiment at the same time.

(beat)

What do you want, Schoonie? Why the big sendoff?

SCHOONOVER

Doctor Douyen didn't contact Johnson's people, but me directly. I think the danger is very real. If it is, I want you to convince her to come back with you.

WADE

Her?

SCHOONOVER

Remarkable woman. Met her while you were in Canada. Truly gifted. Just your type.

EXT. PORT-AU PRINCE MARKET - DAY

The RAUCOUS MUSIC of a Rara band fills the jam-packed open air market that surrounds the Psychiatric Clinic. The scene is very African. Women with all sorts of produce and cheap items for sale stacked high on their heads. People shouting, bargaining, gesticulating wildly.

Above the crowd (on the asylum steps) RACHELLE DOUYEN, a light cafe au lait complexion, waves towards the camera. Rising up out of the sea of faces, hers is unique -- not because of her striking beauty, but because of her composure. As if among all these people, she is the only one with nothing to sell, and true value to give.

Wade starts towards her, but steps back to avoid being run down by an ornately painted Tap-Tap (local bus). This one depicts the crucifixion. The disciples are spear-carrying African warriors, and the Romans have the heads of pink pigs.

When it's passed, Wade is face to face with a UNIFORMED TON TON MACOUTE, Uzi at his hip, his mirrored sunglasses staring straight into Wade's face.

Wade steps around him and goes up the steps to Rachelle.

WADE
Doctor Douyen? I'm...

RACHELLE
Wade Alan. I know.

WADE
(boyish charm)
Yeah, I guess I'm an easy face
in this crowd.

RACHELLE
I would have known you even in
Boston. Professor Schoonover
talked about you often.

WADE
Really, he never mentioned you.
(coming on)
I may never forgive him for
that.

RACHELLE
Probably protecting me. You
enjoyed quite a lurid reputation
with the girls at Radcliffe.

WADE
I wasn't the only one who
enjoyed it.

Rachelle notices the Ton Ton Macoute listening intently.

RACHELLE
It would be better if we talk
inside.

WADE
(catching it)
You're being watched?

RACHELLE
Everyone is watched.

INT. INSANE ASYLUM HALLWAY - DAY

The Institute was built in the late 50's, and apparently
hasn't gotten a coat of paint since. As Rachelle leads him

down the hall Wade can see the wards leading off to each side.

They are straight out of a Hogarth print of Bedlam. Total, horrible, drooling dementia. The most violent are handcuffed to their beds. Wade notices a SCHIZOPHRENIC GIRL alternately rocking a child's doll and then chewing viciously on its neck. Rachelle is inured to all this. Wade isn't.

Rachelle stops by MARCEL, a young patient handcuffed to a chair in the hall. He's beating his head against the wall. She gently stops him, takes a small bottle of pills from her coat and gives him two.

As she straightens up she notices for the first time how the scene is effecting Wade.

RACHELLE

I'm sorry. You tend to forget how horrible it is. Maybe that's the most horrible thing about it.

WADE

What's with the handcuffs?

RACHELLE

(very tired)

500 patients. 3 doctors. 15 nurses.

(shakes small bottle)

A week's supply of thorazine. Handcuffs are one thing Haiti has in abundance.

(changing subject)

We only get the worst cases. Marcel here believes a Bokor, an evil sorcerer, has sent worms to eat his brain.

WADE

And you don't believe that?

RACHELLE

(stupid question)

I'm a psychiatrist.

WADE

But you do believe in zombies?

She looks at him, turns and walks on.

INT. ANOTHER PART OF THE ASYLUM - LATER

CLOSE ON a small padlock bolted into the frame of a hospital room door. Rachelle's hand comes into frame and unlocks it. She puts the special key in her pocket, unlocks the normal lock with keys clipped to her belt.

A MALE NURSE notices them going into the room and hurriedly picks up the phone.

INT. TI-FEMME'S ROOM - ASYLUM - SAME TIME

Sitting perfectly still on the bed is TI-FEMME, a peasant woman of thirty, dressed in plain hospital clothes. Rachelle notices Wade's discomfort at being in the small closed room.

RACHELLE

We don't have to stay in here if you're uncomfortable.

(on his look)

Phobias are nothing to be ashamed of. It helps if you talk about them.

WADE

Thanks for the advice. Doctor.

(cooling it)

So what's her problem? Catatonia?

RACHELLE

Her name is Ti-femme.

(Creole)

Ti-femme, stand up.

(Ti-femme does)

Extend your arm.

Again Ti-femme does as she has been told. Her movements are detached and lifeless. Rachelle flexes Ti-femme's arm.

RACHELLE

(to Wade)

A catatonic wouldn't have heard me. And a schizophrenic wouldn't have the muscle tone. Ti-femme is a zombie. Someone made her like this.

Wade looks into the woman's eyes. Ti-femme isn't lost in some inner world. She's not there at all.

WADE

And Clarvius, he's like this?

RACHELLE

Clarvius is unique. More functional. Much of his memory is intact. He remembers his funeral for instance. And the farm on which he was kept.

WADE

I'd like to see him.

RACHELLE

You can't. Not now.

(very embarrassed)

I had to release him. There was a lot of pressure. Political pressure. I thought they might kill him. I think he remembers too much.

WADE

(thinks it's a scam)

Released. Right. It figures. Okay. Then where do we start looking for him?

RACHELLE

Where everything starts in Haiti. With voodoo.

INT. HERARD'S HOUNFOUR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON VEVE (ritual diagram) which resembles an ornate valentine being drawn in cornstarch in front of a small fire burning on the dirt floor of the Hounfour.

The FAT MAMBO (voodoo priestess) SINGS a joyful incantation as she works. The DRUMS are very up-beat, the sweaty faces of the drummers smiling. PIERRE, a young pretty-boy Houngan (priest) keeps time by hitting a machete against the poteau mitan (peristyle or center post of the temple). A semi-circle of HANDSOME HOUNSIS (both men and women), in stylish costumes of red and white, clap their hands and respond. The scene is occasionally punctuated by FLASH BULBS.

We SEE why. Just off the dance floor are tables set up in what looks like a nightclub. White jacketed WAITERS serve the crowd of TOURISTS silly umbrellaed rum drinks.

We FOLLOW A WAITER to a front row table. Wade and Rachelle are sitting with the owner, HERARD CELINE. Herard, 47, nearly blue black, is enjoying the show, and his enormous frame seems so full of life that we almost expect it to burst open any second like a seed going to sprout. When he laughs, which he does often, it's like water bubbling up from the earth.

HERARD

It goes well. You've chosen a good time. Tonight, the spirits are happy.

WADE

And the dancers, they're going to be possessed? Taken over by these voodoo gods?

HERARD

We say ridden. They are the horses, the gods the riders. Of course, there is only one God, the Gran Maetre. The loa, the little gods, like all creation, serve him. He allows us to call them down.

RACHELLE

The specific spirit is called by the drawing, and the special rhythms.

HERARD

(laughs)

It is like a dinner party. You don't invite just anyone.

The rhythm of the drums picks up. The Houns is start a circular flatfooted dance around the Hounfour, not playing to the crowd, but each turned within themselves.

RACHELLE

You'll excuse me.

Rachelle's walk is straight forward, but Wade still enjoys the way her long white gown clings to her hips.

He notices three men at another table also giving her the eye. One is the nurse that made the tip-off call at the hospital. Another is GASTON, a vicious-looking Ton Ton Macoute thug. The third, in an elegant French-cut suit and sporting a flashy gold Rolex, is Dargent Peytraud. He's twenty years older, leaner and meaner, his baby fat having turned to a sinewy sneer, but he has the same golden fanged smile.

WADE

(indicating)

So who's the peanut gallery?

HERARD

The one to watch is Captain
Peytraud. Ton Ton Macoute.
Secret police. And some say a
Bokor.

(on Wade's look)

A priest who serves with the
left hand. A black magician. But
Peytraud is a petty man who has
used his position to steal
secrets he can't control. He is
beneath contempt.

Wade, obviously not buying any of it, pours himself another
drink.

WADE

So, how much do you take in on a
given night?

HERARD

My Hounfour is maybe more lavish
than most, but one does not play
with these things, my friend.

(laughing)

In voodoo you get what you pay
for.

(straight business)

Why did you come to Haiti,
Doctor Alan?

WADE

Your niece didn't tell you?

HERARD

Why did you come here? To mock
us? To laugh at us?

WADE

I might laugh, but no more than
I laugh at myself.

HERARD

(deep laugh)

A good answer. Very Haitian.

The intensity of the ceremony has picked up and now the DRUMS
are at a fever pitch.

HERARD

Now it happens. We have called
Erzulie, Goddess of Love. And
she comes.

Wade is startled to SEE Rachelle standing near the poteau mitan, being ritually tended by the Mambo. A lace cloth has been placed on Rachelle's head. A Hounsi sprays the air with perfume. Pierre is shaking his ASSON (rattle drum) near Rachelle's head.

WADE

Rachelle, she's...?

HERARD

Yes, favored of Erzulie. She has a great gift. Watch how she's mounted. The first touch of a loa can be painful, very violent. For her it is like breathing. Seamless. A great gift.

The big ASSANTO DRUM pounds out. Rachelle's leg slaps down flat footed on the ground and the drum rhythm seems to move up her body like a snake. A shudder runs through her. Her head bends forward, sways, then snaps back.

As her head slowly returns to a normal position, it isn't Rachelle's expression we see. It is Erzulie. Goddess of Love.

A FEMALE HOUNSI sprinkles flowers in front of Rachelle as she walks toward Wade. The swaying of her hips is a symphony of controlled provocation. Her eyes too are transformed, once analytical, they are now coldly regal and crackling with an inner heat that fills the room with the musky smell of sex.

Rachelle stops and strokes Wade's face gently, then she turns and walks back to the fire coquettishly.

She pulls a branch glowing red with burning coals from the fire, and keeping her eyes on Wade's, begins to run her tongue lasciviously along its searing surface, kissing up toward the phallic tip. Then taking the burning end in her mouth, she rolls her eyes for effect.

Many of the WOMEN TOURISTS are blushing. No one is missing the point, least of all Wade.

Rachelle walks back to Wade, and with a twinkle in her eyes for the ladies, she bites off the tip and deposits it in Wade's glass. The rum in the glass bubbles and steams. As Wade watches fascinated, she bites off the edge of the glass and chews the pieces with a LOUD CRUNCHING.

HERARD

She is proving herself to you.
When she is ridden, she is the
Goddess. Fire does not burn.
Glass does not cut.

CAMERA MOVES through the happy audience, and comes CLOSE ON Peytraud's left hand as it completes drawing an ugly-looking veve on the table top in wine. Peytraud then picks up a fork and begins to play a harsh, OFF-TEMPO BEAT on the lip of his glass.

Herard can suddenly feel something is going wrong.

A MALE DANCER begins to twitch his head, not to the drum rhythm, but to the tinkling high-pitched rhythm of Peytraud's clave pattern.

Herard can HEAR it now, but in the glare of the stage lights, he can't make out where it's coming from.

The Dancer clutches the sides of his head, trying to shake off the invading spirit, but he can't.

CU

The fork, tapping the rhythm.

The dancer begins to shake all over. His eyes roll back in his head. He SCREAMS in agony, falls and goes into convulsions.

The DRUMS become confused. The rest of the Hounsies surround Erzulie protectively. Pierre rushes over and speaks forcefully to the fallen man in Creole.

WADE

What's going on?

HERARD

We have an uninvited guest. Be calm. Pierre knows what to do.

The Dancer's face has been transformed into something truly malevolent. Whatever Pierre has been saying hasn't worked, because with one fluid movement the Dancer has him by the throat and is standing, holding the helpless Houngan suspended off the floor, then he casually hurls him into a table of startled tourists.

Across the room Peytraud puts down the fork and smiles.

The Mambo runs up offering a bottle of rum. The Dancer backhands her, smashing her nose to pulp, and sends her flying into Wade's table.

Herard leaps up to confront the violent loa.

HERARD

You are not welcome here. I cast you out.

DANCER

I was summoned!

HERARD

In the name of the Great God...

DANCER

(suddenly craven)

I bear a message. For the blanc.
He wants to see the dead walk.
He will walk among them.

From behind the Hounsies, Rachelle, still possessed by Erzulie, and in the Goddess' voice, insults the invading spirit in an ancient language.

The spirit responds angrily in the same tongue.

Again Erzulie arrogantly insults the evil loa.

Quick as lightening the enraged spirit snatches up Pierre's discarded machete. He takes a swipe at Herard, who dodges, but this leaves the way to his real goal, Rachelle, open. Everyone scatters.

Rachelle's face shudders, and suddenly she isn't Erzulie any more. Just a terrified woman facing a maniac with a knife.

The demonic Dancer raises the machete, and just as he is about to bring it down, a rum bottle explodes against the back of his head.

Wade swung it. It's hardly stunned the creature. But it has bought time, and now Herard has the thing grasped in a powerful bear hug, lifted off the ground.

Herard calls on some esoteric gods, but it's not enough.

HERARD

For god's sake, hit him again!

This time Wade grabs a champagne bottle and swings it full on. It hits, doesn't break, and the Dancer goes out like a light. Herard lets him drop to the ground.

A moment of stillness, then RAGGED APPLAUSE. The crowd seems to think it was all part of the act, like a gunfight at a tourist ghost town. At the back, clapping in slow, sarcastic beats is the gloating Peytraud.

INT. HAITIAN BACKROAD - DAY

Wade and Rachelle are driving in silence down a dirt road past raped and barren countryside, once lush timber, now turning to man-made desert. They pass a group of charcoal burners cutting the scrub and putting it on a mule.

RACHELLE

Clarvius' village is off to the right.

Wade makes the turn, the car bouncing onto the rougher road.

WADE

About last night...

RACHELLE

I really don't remember. When you're possessed you're really not there.

(beat)

I remember the machete though. I was there for that. Thanks.

WADE

And this Erzulie, she just left you to face it all alone?

RACHELLE

(bitter)

She's like that.

WADE

Not much to put your faith in.

RACHELLE

(looks away, sad)

Love never is.

EXT. HAITIAN VILLAGE - DAY

Cylindrical mud-wattle huts with thatch roofs are arranged in a roughly circular pattern. In the center, two women crush corn with a giant mortar and pestle, CHANTING a Creole work song as they do.

Wade and Rachelle are standing in front of the Narcisse house (quite wealthy by comparison - it even has a tin roof) talking with Helenne, who sits on the wide veranda in a rocking chair. She has on a distinctive red and black checked fancy dress, fans herself with a cheap Japanese fan, and has a MEAN MONGREL MUTT curled at her feet.

HELENNE

I told you. He is dead. What should I know about the dead?

WADE

Then Clarvius hasn't been back here at all?

HELENNE

How I cried at his funeral. Everyone saw it. He was loved. Ask anyone.

WADE

You speak very good English.

HELENNE

I holiness now. Saved. Washed in the blood of the...

(searching for word)
...goat.

WADE

You mean lamb. Blood of the lamb.

Helenne gives him a look. She means just what she said.

RACHELLE

But Clarvius had to come back here. Where else could he go?

HELENNE

He is dead. Dead. If he walks, it is the djab's, the devil's work. I don't speak of such things.

Rachelle is about to press the point, but the dog suddenly snaps up and begins to SNARL very viciously.

HELENNE

My dog is hungry. He sees meat, he wants to eat.

WADE

(getting the point)
Right. Thanks for everything.

Before she can say more, Wade takes Rachelle's arm and leads her back toward the car.

AT THE CAR

They are about to get in when Angelique, older of course, still pretty but very scared, rushes up to Rachelle.

ANGELIQUE
(Creole, Subtitles)
You are the Doctor? The one
that helped him?

RACHELLE
(Creole, Subtitles)
Clarvius? Yes. Where is he?

ANGELIQUE
(Creole, Subtitles)
The cemetery. I cannot say more.
Please.

Angelique ducks away, casting a frightened glance towards Helenne, who glares back at her, royally pissed.

WADE
So where is this graveyard?

RACHELLE
We have to look. But it will be
up further on the mountain. They
always are.

EXT. GRAVEYARD GATE - DUSK

The sun is setting and the high-walled graveyard with its concrete tombs is already deep in shadows. Wade and Rachelle leave their car by the gate and walk in.

RACHELLE
This is bigger. I'm sure this
must be the one.

WADE
You said that about the last
three.

He hasn't clicked on his big flashlight yet, and doesn't notice the faded poster of Francois Duvalier dressed in the clothes of Baron Samedi (god of the dead), hanging inside the cemetery wall, an offering plate in front of it. But the MUSIC notices and becomes more ominous.

ANOTHER LOCATION IN GRAVEYARD

They are searching -- Rachelle eager, Wade discouraged -- but they are also being watched. SHADOWY FIGURES peer out surreptitiously from behind the tombs. MUSIC BUILDS, joined by the voodoo drums starting in the valley below. Wade and

Rachelle start to feel that something is going down, but what?

The figures seem to be pacing them, slowly closing in. And they are carrying tools. This one an axe, that one a pick. Only barely glimpsed, but sharp and menacing in the fading light.

A SOUND behind them. Wade looks back. Nothing. Then a figure can be barely seen, ducking away. Rachelle starts after it.

RACHELLE
(Creole, Subtitles)
Clarvius? Clarvius! It's
Doctor Douyen. I want to help
you!

Rachelle begins to trot, Wade following. Out of the corner of his eye he can see there is more than one figure. The movement gets faster, and in the swirl we can't tell who is chasing who, but the MUSIC lets us know someone is about to get it when...

Wade comes around a tomb and is face to face with a MAN WITH A PICK ready to strike. Wade stops short, pulls back, and FALLS OUT OF FRAME.

CLOSE ON

Wade, twisting as he falls, lands sprawling on a coffin in a grave, his weight bursts the rotten wood sending a HORRID MUMMIFIED HAND right up next to his face.

Rachelle has retrieved his light and has it on as Wade leaps out of the grave. We SEE the GANG OF GRAVE ROBBERS running off.

RACHELLE
They're just grave robbers.
We're safe now. It's okay.

WADE
(pissed off)
Look, I'm hot, tired, and I just
fell into someone's grave. So
let's stop jacking around and
face facts. Without Clarvius you
just don't have any hard
evidence.

RACHELLE
But you heard Clarvius' sister.
She said she saw him buried.

WADE

She was lying. Anyone could see that. And as for that brain-damaged geek you trotted out...

Rachelle gives Wade a venomous look.

WADE

I'm sorry. That was cruel. I know she's your patient. You'd do anything to help her, wouldn't you.

(Rachelle nods yes)

So how much is Boston Biocorp going to kick into the clinic if this scam of yours works?

RACHELLE

(ice cold)

The way Professor Schoonover used to talk about you, he thought you could almost walk on water. Now I know why.

(beat)

Shit floats.

She turns and stomp off. He pursues her.

WADE

Okay. I was wrong. Look, let's go to my place, have a couple of drinks, relax and kick it around.

She is about to offer a stinging reply when they both hear a PITEOUS LOW MOAN from not far away.

AT CLARVIUS' GRAVE

Sitting next to the tombstone we saw in the opening scene is Clarvius Narcisse, as we saw him in the recent photo. When he looks up the expression in his rheumy eyes is haunted and pitiful.

RACHELLE

(Creole, Subtitles)

Clarvius? Do you remember me?

CLARVIUS

(Creole, Subtitles)

I remember. The dying. The cold of the grave. I could not fly to the Gran Maetre to be judged.

(MORE)

CLARVIUS (CONT'D)

Instead the Bokor came with his
whip. I remember.

WADE

Does he remember a poison? What
were his first symptoms?

RACHELLE

(Creole, Subtitles)

Did you eat something? Before
you got sick?

CLARVIUS

(Creole, Subtitles)

The Bokor. He has my soul, in
his little jar. He sends me out
into people's dreams. I do evil
things. I cannot rest without my
canari.

WADE

Canary? Like a bird?

RACHELLE

Canari. A ritual clay jar. It's
complicated, but Clarvius
believes a magician has stolen
part of his soul, his ti-bon-
ange, and keeps it captive in a
canari. The magician can then
use it to gain power over
others. And without it Clarvius
can't really die.

WADE

And that's what he wants?

Clarvius plays idly with the dirt near his grave.

RACHELLE

Yes. To die. To finally rest.

(Creole, Subtitles)

Clarvius, you must come with us.

CLARVIUS

(Creole, Subtitles)

No! This is my place!

RACHELLE

(Creole, Subtitles)

Clarvius, I have some pills...

Clarvius jumps away from her, and from behind the tombstone
pulls out a machete which he brandishes menacingly.

CLARVIUS
(Creole, Subtitles)
Go away. Away. This is my place.
Leave me in peace!

WADE
(conciliating)
Sure. Whatever. It's cool.

RACHELLE
Wade. We can't just leave him.

WADE
(pulling her away)
I don't like it either. But he's
the one with the knife.

AT THE GATE

Wade and Rachelle get into their car. Gaston has been watching, hidden in the shadows. As their headlights start down the hill, he walks towards Clarvius' grave.

INT. WADE'S CAR - PORT-AU-PRINCE AVENUE - NIGHT

Wade's car is trapped in traffic at an impromptu police road block. Street vendors swarm around the stopped cars.

RACHELLE
You've been very quiet.

WADE
I'm thinking.

RACHELLE
About Clarvius?
(beat)
He's very convincing, isn't he?
(Wade doesn't answer)
So you will stay?

WADE
(charming, sexy)
It's worth talking about. Let's
swing by my place.

RACHELLE
But you do believe it now?

WADE
(with look)
You don't back off, do you?

RACHELLE
(returning look)
Neither do you. Well?

The moment is shattered as Wade's door is rudely pulled open.
It's Gaston.

GASTON
Come with us.

Looking at Gaston and the bruiser he has with him.

WADE
Gee, guys, I'd love to but...

A gun is shoved into his neck. Wade does a take.

GASTON
Now.

WADE
Like I said. Love to.

INT. TON TON MACOUTE JAIL - PEYTRAUD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The office is an odd mixture of the elegant and the brutally functional. A genuine Louis XIV desk. Next to it, a tall mechanics' tool chest and an acetylene torch. Rough carpentry tools hang on one wall, photographs chronicling the rising career of Peytraud on another. In the center of the room a plain, ugly wooden chair with holes bored seemingly at random through it is bolted to the floor. A thin gutter runs from under the chair to a drain.

We have time to see all this. Wade is being purposely kept waiting to listen to the SOUNDS of a young woman being tortured in the next room. We INTERCUT on the SLAPS, KICKS, MOANS and CRIES of pain between Wade's face, the tools, the photos, and always the chair. The blood-stained chair, waiting in the center of the office.

Peytraud comes in from the torture room, casually wiping a small blood stain from his pants with a towel.

PEYTRAUD
They can be so stubborn.
(beat)
Stains.

Peytraud takes Wade's passport out of his pocket, sits behind the desk, and starts the game of cat and mouse.

PEYTRAUD
So. Why are you in Haiti, Doctor Alan.

WADE

Like it says there. Tourist. See the sights.

PEYTRAUD

Yes. Happy island people. Then why visit an insane asylum?

WADE

Tax write-off. Makes the trip deductible. It's a scam, but don't tell the IRS.

PEYTRAUD

Did you know this woman, Rachelle Douyen, is a radical? Her father before her. He was...misplaced.

WADE

(first honest answer)
No. I didn't know that.

PEYTRAUD

(straight at him)
What is your interest in Clarvius Narcisse?

WADE

Clarvius who?

PEYTRAUD

The man you met in the graveyard.

WADE

Graveyard? Oh, you mean the tour guide. Old guy? Scars? You know I don't think he's very happy.

PEYTRAUD

(real menace)
You're not a very good liar, Doctor Alan.

WADE

(right back at him)
I'll work on it. Can I go now?

Peytraud shows Wade to the door.

PEYTRAUD

I'm keeping your passport. You can retrieve it at customs when you leave the island, which I suggest be very soon.

INT. TON TON MACOUTE HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Out in the hall sits Angelique. It has been her screams we heard.

PEYTRAUD

By the way, have you met Miss Narcisse?

WADE

No. Never.

Through the pain and blood, we see gratitude in Angelique's eyes as Wade forces himself to turn and walk away.

EXT. RACHELLE'S FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Wade, packed suitcases in hand, is repeatedly ringing the doorbell of a modest suburban-style house set high on the mountain above Port-au-Prince. Below him the lights of the city and harbor flicker through the thick smog. Rachelle opens the door.

RACHELLE

Wade! Thank god you're all right.

INT. RACHELLE'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Wade comes straight in, talking as he heads down a narrow hall, trying to keep all his possessions under control.

WADE

I'm fine, but they really did a number on the girl that told us about the graveyard. All they did to me was trash my hotel room and 86 me from every other place in town. I'll be crashing on your couch.

He stops to look at an oil portrait of Rachelle, done when she was barely 14. Her face is that of Erzulia, and up her thigh a snake is gliding towards her crotch, its tongue flicking. In front of the painting, a small candle burns.

RACHELLE

Then you will stay and help?

WADE

(dropping his bags)

Oh yeah. I'm in all the way now.

HERARD (O.S.)

Is it really heroic to put my
niece at such great risk?

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Herard sitting on a couch sipping cognac. He scene flows into
the simply furnished room.

WADE

You sure you got that the right
way around?

HERARD

Here she has certain protec-
tions. Because of her position.
Because of who she knows.
Because of me. But not if an
outsider meddles.

RACHELLE

(to Herard, angry)

What should I do? Let it go on?
Let them grind the peasants into
the dust, while the Duvaliers
grow fat on the people's blood
like flies on a corpse?

HERARD

(to Rachelle, angry)

Don't tell me of the people. Not
with your house on the hill and
your coffee skin.

RACHELLE

I'm a true child of Africa!

HERARD

(conceding)

Yes, but sometimes a very stupid
one.

(dismissing snort)

Politics.

RACHELLE

Not politics. The faith. Can you sit and let them use it for fear instead of hope? This is the twentieth century!

Herard just gives her a hard, weary look.

RACHELLE

(pleading)

I know you know the names of the men who make the powder. Give me one. Just one.

WADE

Do you know the names?

Herard doesn't answer, but he obviously does know.

WADE

Listen, Herard. Whatever this stuff is used for now, in the right hands, it can save a lot of lives. Enough so I'll stay around and find it, no matter what. The longer I look, the more waves I make.

Herard considers this, then yields and begins to write a name on a piece of paper.

HERARD

He is a petite malefactuer. A troublemaker. But he knows the formula, and he will do anything for money.

(handing over paper)

Use my name only if you must.

EXT. BLUE EAGLE BAR - DAY

The Blue Eagle Bar is a single story cinderblock and stucco building painted blue, with the white outline of an eagle crudely copied from a dollar bill crumbing off in chunks. Wade and Rachelle come out of the shimmering heat into the shade of a long veranda. They walk past a FAT WHORE asleep on her feet leaning against a busted juke box, and into the bar itself.

INT. BLUE EAGLE BAR - SAME TIME

A long bar goes the length of one wall. The others are lined

with numbered cubicles with louvered doors, each big enough for one mattress. A CRIPPLED BARTENDER tends bar.

RACHELLE

(French, Subtitles)

We were told we might find the proprietor, Louis Mozart here. We have a matter of the greatest confidentiality to discuss with him.

The Bartender stares at her like she just arrived from the moon.

WADE

(in English)

Louis Mozart. Get him. It's business.

This he understands. He goes through a door behind the door. The nearest cubicle creaks open, and a PRETTY WHORE in an outlandish Fredricks of Hollywood negligee looks out.

PRETTY WHORE

You don't need to wait. I speak English.

(sees Rachelle)

I can give your woman great pleasure.

Rachelle shuts the louvered door in the whore's face.

RACHELLE

My uncle is having his little joke. He's sent us to a pimp!

WADE

Nice guys don't make people zombies. You want to wait in the car?

LOUIS MOZART, 35, rangy and jet black except for spider-like pattern of broken blood vessels that scars his right cheek, comes out to the bar. He's wearing only a cowboy hat and a pair half-buttoned Levis. Behind him comes the pride of his stable, MICHELLE, lithe, petulant and sporting a fresh black eye.

MOZART

I am Mozart. This is important? ..

RACHELLE

My friend represents powerful interests. Rich, American interests. They have an enemy they want to make into a zombie.

MOZART

(smug)

A zombie? Is that all? One hundred dollars. I cast the coup de l'air tonight.

RACHELLE

(on Wade's look)

A magic spell.

MOZART

I will catch his soul like a spider in my web and pop it into the jar. A canari. Like this one.

Mozart, smiling broadly, holds up a small clay jar with a string of beads wrapped around its neck.

MOZART

The previous owner.

WADE

No, I'll do it myself. What I need is the poison.

MOZART

(suddenly suspicious)

The coupe poudra. Some say there is such a thing. Some say it.

WADE

I guess Celine was wrong. You can't help us. Sorry.

Wade starts to go. Mozart stops him quickly.

MOZART

Celine? Herard Celine? He sent you to me?

(Rachelle nods yes)

Well, of course, Herard and I we are like that...

(finger-crossed gesture)

A man should help his friends. One thousand dollars.

WADE

Five hundred. And I need proof
it works.

MOZART

A test will cost more. I have to
give something to the poor man's
wife and children. It is only
fair.

WADE

An animal will do.

MOZART

Then come. I already have the
powder prepared.

INT. MOZART'S BAGI (SORCERER'S WORKSHOP) - LATER

The dimly lit room is incredibly dusky. Hanging from the
rafters are herbs, dried bats, snakes, rats, a child's doll
(painted red and decapitated) and various bones, some human.
On the wall behind a low, stone altar is a collection of
pictures. Mostly colored portraits of the saints, but also a
movie poster version of Godzilla and a newspaper photo of
Papa Doc. The altar itself is covered with magical brick-a-
brack. Rum bottles filled with different colored powders and
potions, two human skulls, a dried puffer fish, and next to
it a pile of small empty medicine bottles.

Mozart pours a white powder from a rum bottle into one of the
medicine bottles. Wade picks up the puffer fish, looks at it.

MOZART

(looking up)

With this powder, you must be
careful. I make it so there is
no second chance.

When Mozart looks back to his work, Wade puts back the puffer
fish, and unseen by Mozart, pockets a small empty medicine
bottle.

Mozart finishes, claps his hands to get off any excess.
Stands and holds out the bottle to Wade.

MOZART

Five hundred dollars.

WADE

First, the proof.

MOZART

Yes, the test.

Mozart takes a small offering plate of rice that has been sitting in the corner, placing the cigar on it in his mouth.

MOZART
(to Rachelle)
Ogoun will forgive me. We are
like that...
(finger-crossing gesture)

Mozart sprinkles a little of the poison onto the rice.

MOZART
Don't worry. There is enough
here to make ten zombies. A goat
will do?

WADE
If it's healthy.

EXT. BLUE EAGLE COURTYARD - SAME TIME

In the center of the courtyard a black and white SPECKLED GOAT is tethered. Wade kneels beside the goat, running his hands along its flanks as Mozart leers at Rachelle.

MOZART
(Creole, Subtitles)
You are very beautiful. Are you
looking for work?
(on her drop-dead look)
He may keep you better. But I
would love you longer.

She really steams, and this only makes Mozart roar with laughter. Wade uses the moment to mark the hoof of the goat with a pocket knife he has concealed in his hand.

CU

The knife cuts an "X" in the hoof.

WADE
This goat'll do.

MOZART
Watch carefully.

Mozart puts the rice in front of the animal, rubbing its ears as it eats. Then steps back.

The goat takes a few bites. Starts to cough. Tries to pull against the tether, but its legs give out. It kicks to get up, but can't. It bleats, choking bleats of goat agony. Rachelle turns away from the cruelty, but Wade observes the

onset of symptoms. Foaming at the mouth, the poor animal finally convulses and dies.

MOZART

(holding out the bottle)

You see. No second chance. So the money.

Wade takes out a roll of bills, counts off five hundreds to let Mozart see. Then puts them back in his shirt pocket.

WADE

You get the money tomorrow, when I see you've raised the goat from the dead.

(beat)

Zombies, remember?

Wade and Rachelle walk away without looking back. Mozart kicks the dead goat in frustration.

EXT. HAITIAN ROADSIDE CAFE - DUSK

Wade and Rachelle have just finished dinner at a roadside cafe on the outskirts of Port-au-Prince. Wade is fiddling with the medicine bottle he filched and watching the hungry, furtive faces of the peasants that stream by on foot.

RACHELLE

Do you think he has it? The poison?

WADE

I think so. At least he thinks so. But I doubt he's shown it to us yet.

(beat)

You know, I've been with, what, ten, twelve tribes. With the Jivaro, the natural way of death is you get murdered. Anything else is purely accidental. But I've never seen people this frightened, this obsessed with a religion. Why do you do it?

RACHELLE

In the states, everything is cold and corporate. You put your offering in brown envelopes and slip it into a plate as easy as paying taxes. Here the pain is

(MORE)

RACHELLE (CONT'D)

very great, and very personal.
We need to see our gods in the
flesh. To know they cry for us.

WADE

You're a shrink. You must see
that it's just some, I don't
know, some type of auto-hypnotic
Jungian fugue state. Something
like that.

RACHELLE

Let's just say I prefer tradi-
tional to psychiatric mumbo-
jumbo.

(beat)

I was raised in the faith. My
father was a Houngan -- a
priest. I was dedicated to
Erzulie at four. First ridden at
eight. There is great love and
compassion to it.

WADE

(finished with his wine)

Sure. Whatever gets you through
the night, right?

Rachelle wonders how to wipe that arrogant American grin off
his face. Gets up very determined.

RACHELLE

There's a pilgrimage at a place
near here. You should see it.

WADE

The drug either works or it
doesn't. What I believe won't
change anything.

RACHELLE

Maybe it will change you.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - VILLE BONHEUR - NIGHT

Wade and Rachelle are moving through the square, flowing
along with the throng, towards the ornate Catholic church at
its far side. Everyone is dressed in their finest clothes.
The MUSIC is plaintive organ tones of the vaccines (native
bamboo trumpet), and farther up in the hills, the long
keening CRY of many conch shells. There are VENDORS, but they
aren't hawking their wares (mostly religious artifacts), they
are quietly working rosaries.

RACHELLE

Years ago, Erzulie appeared here. Not as flesh, but as light. Many saw her in the trees on the other side of the square. Then she turned into a dove, and flew into the hills. This is her festival. They come for her grace.

EXT. CHURCH ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Most of the crowd flows past the church and up the hill, but Rachelle leads Wade up the steps. He stops, noticing that the statue of the Virgin set in a small garden nearby is surrounded by candles and small offering plates of food.

RACHELLE

There's no contradiction. Haiti is 95% Catholic, and 110% voodoo. For us Erzulie and the Virgin Mary are the same.

WADE

Except for the virgin part, right?

Rachelle gives him a strange sad look, and opens the church doors. We can hear the MASS in Creole being said.

INT. VILLE BONHEUR CHURCH - SAME TIME

At the church's altar the BLACK PRIEST is going through the mass. Rachelle genuflects as she enters. Wade is several steps down the aisle before he realizes what he's walked into.

This is a healing mass, and all around them are the very SICK AND LAME. Leprosy, elephantiasis, pox. They are all here. Diseases that have been conquered elsewhere still thrive in the poverty of Haiti. Faces with skin torn, swollen almost past our ability to see them as human, turn to Wade.

Thinking that a white man here must be a doctor, A YOUNG MOTHER holds out her DYING LITTLE GIRL. A bleeding, ulcerated rash covers the child's face. Wade feels horrified, trapped, and worst of all, helpless. He looks to Rachelle, but she is as powerless as he.

THE DOOR CREAKS LOUDLY OPEN

AN OLD WITHERED WOMAN in the clothes we have seen as Erzulie's (white dress, veil, blue belt) comes in. From the

altar, the priest lifts his chalice and smiles, as if this visit by a "saint" is the answer to his prayer.

RACHELLE
(to Wade, on look)
It's Erzulie. Different horse,
same rider.

The Mother pulls the sick girl back from Wade and rushes to offer her to Erzulie, bending on one knee.

The Old Woman runs bony hands softly over the little girl's pustulant cheeks as she whispers in the child's ear.

Everyone is watching.

And when the hands come away, the cheeks are healed. Fresh and glowing.

The Mother, tears of joy in her eyes, takes the now smiling girl and begins to bow before Erzulie.

This has profoundly changed Wade. He can't deny or explain what he has just seen. His defenses are down as Rachelle pulls him lightly by the arm to the door.

MONTAGE - THE PILGRIMAGE - NIGHT

Rachelle and Wade buy candles from a VENDOR, and join the crowd moving up the mountain trail. Scenes of determined piety. Old, young, rich, poor, each with a candle. Even the gods are here to pay homage. Possessed adepts flowing with the rest. White faced, comic GUEDES (spirit of an ancestor), stern commanding OGOUNS (gods of war), softly hissing, tongue-flicking DAMBALLAHS (snake spirits).

At the crest of the path, like hundreds have before him, Wade lays his candle among the roots of an ancient tree sacred to Legba (god off the crossroads). Beside it, a LINE OF MEN call to the faithful with their CONCH SHELL TRUMPETS.

Wade looks back down the trail. Still they come. Up the three thousand foot climb. Their candles forming a flickering ribbon, a sensuous serpent of simple faith.

Over the crest, leading down into the darkness, the path continues towards the RUMBLING ROAR of a waterfall.

EXT. WATERFALL TRAIL - NIGHT

The SOUND OF THE FALLS is closer. Wade and Rachelle are among the many that sleep by the trail. Rachelle curled on the ground. Wade leaning against a tree.

A harmless snake slides down the trunk towards Wade. We MOVE CLOSE ON WADE'S FACE and into his dream.

EXT. WADE'S DREAM - DREAM TIME

Wade watches a snake moving down a tree towards him. But it's not the Haitian snake, it's the one that almost got him in the Amazon. He's back in the jungle.

He HEARS a choked-off cackling laugh and SEES Clarvius standing where the Jaguar stood, gesturing for him to follow. He runs after Clarvius.

Up ahead Clarvius is perched on a limb and waving to him to hurry. He does, and bursts out of the foliage into a clearing with tables set up like the nightclub. Schoonover, Kline and Johnson are playing the drums. The rhythm is like the POUNDING of a million bees (a little subliminal electronic music mojo here).

The patrons aren't tourists, they are the insane from the asylum, handcuffs dangling from their wrists. The Schizophrenic Girl is among them, but it is the child from the church whose neck she is chewing on, not a rubber doll's. And the little girl is somehow still smiling even as the flesh is torn from her windpipe.

Marcel is holding his hands to his ears. He takes away his hands and we see worms crawling out of his brain. He offers a handful of fat maggots to Rachelle, sitting across from him. She pops them in her mouth and smiles a squirmy, sweet smile at Wade.

A LITTLE GIRL IN A BLUE DRESS, a veil over her face, comes up offering Wade a rum punch.

Peytraud, in a white waiter's jacket, pulls off the veil. Her face is the emaciated face of a cadaver, her hair long and tawny red. Her little boney hands grasp Wade's sleeve. Across the nightclub, the BLACK JAGUAR comes bounding, and it leaps. As its FACE FILLS THE FRAME we

CUT ON JAGUAR ROAR TO

EXT. WATERFALLS TRAIL - DAWN

Wade jerks forward out of his sleep, his face covered with cold night sweat. Rachelle is there, watching him. Other sleepers are stirring.

RACHELLE

It was just a dream. I would have woken you up, but that can be bad sometimes.

WADE

It was bad. Just a bad dream.

RACHELLE

Then let's go on. They say the mud is healing.

EXT. SAUT D'EAU FALLS BASIN - DAY

At the top of the falls the small river is split into three close streams that plummet three hundred feet onto a rising shelf of cracked and mossy black boulders, sending up a thick spray of mist and rushing in a hundred rapid rivulets into a wide pool of sweet gray mud, so thin it's almost like water.

Wade and Rachelle are among the first to reach the pool. A GROUP OF KIDS run past them splashing and rolling into the thin mud. A DRUM TRIO starts a light Erzulie rhythm. Rachelle wriggles her feet in the pool. They come up coated in a sparkling gray sheen of mud.

RACHELLE

You look better already. Come on. Get your feet wet.

WADE

Maybe in a minute.

Rachelle gives him a "suit yourself" look, and holding her white dress carefully up by her thighs, steps in.

A FAT MAN in a business suit leans precariously over the pool to gather up a cup of the medicinal mud. One Kid, egged on by the others, sneaks up and pushes the Fat Man in. He comes up sputtering and shouting, but everyone is laughing, soon even the man himself.

What the hell. Wade strips off his shirt and walks in, pants and all, falling over backwards and wallowing in the mudhole.

ANGLE ON RACHELLE

She's standing alone, her back to us. Her hips begin to sway to the rhythm. A shudder runs up her spine. She drops her dress into the mud. Sways her head. Throws it back. Steps into the spray of the waterfall itself.

ANGLE ON WADE

The mud is so thin you can almost swim in it. Wade is "floating" on his back. Something pulls his foot, and he comes upright, only his head above the placid gray pool. Rachelle's face glides into frame. She has been possessed by Erzulie. It's in her eyes.

She kisses him passionately. Not tongue. All soft lips. And then her teeth, which catch his lower lip in a light nip.

She stands. His eyes follow the dripping mud down her dress, which clings to her body like the skin of a snake. Her hard brown nipples stand out clear against the translucent fabric. The muscles of her tight stomach. The line of her lace panties. His hands go to hold her, but she pushes them away and again descends to his level.

A thin sheet of water forms the very top layer of the pool. She blows ripples across the distance between them. He breathes in the honey sweetness of her breath.

She turns, stands and casually letting her panties drop from her hand, she glides away, making not a ripple. Her buttocks clear and straining against the mud-saturated fabric. Wade watches, mesmerized, then in a splashing rush, follows.

AT THE BANK, BY THE EDGE OF THE THIN FOLIAGE

The noise of his pursuit has made him aware of the very public nature of their encounter. There are people all over the place. Grandmothers, toddlers, families. A YOUNG HUCKSTER has even started up a dice game nearby.

She doesn't mind the crowd. She pulls him close to her. When she talks it is still Rachelle's voice, but the Goddess is there too, husky and heavy with heat. When she laughs it's like honey dancing across a hot skillet.

RACHELLE

I want you.

WADE

Me too. Come on. We'll find a place.

RACHELLE

Now. Let me have you, now.

WADE

There's a lot of people here, baby, I don't think...

RACHELLE

Now!

She's running her slick body up along his, her foot stroking up the back of his leg. He's hot. But the crowd is still in his head.

WADE
I know you Catholic girls get
kinky but...

RACHELLE
(Goddess's laugh)
Catholic?

CLOSE ON her heel as it hooks behind his leg and she pushes him over backwards.

We don't see him hit the ground. We SEE her hands carry his head to the leafy forest floor. She's on top of him, her legs on either side. She goes to open his pants. He looks to the side.

WADE'S POV

Only a thin line of cover separates them from the crowd. THREE GRANDMOTHERS stand where he was a moment ago. LITTLE KIDS toddle by. The DICE GAME is rolling.

He's caught between his fear of discovery and his passion. Her dress billows down to cover his lap, but one of her hands is hidden under it, rubbing his hardness against her.

She leans forward, stroking his face with her other hand and wiping away the gray mud.

RACHELLE
(very soft and sexy)
White as milk. Hard as steel.

On their faces we see him enter her. Her look triumph, his hot wonder.

She's up and riding him hard. He takes just the quickest glance at the still unseeing crowd as he lifts to grab and guide her buttocks.

WADE
Easy. Slowly.

RACHELLE
Now. Let me have you.

The shudder of his orgasm rises across his face as a hot flush over tense concentration. He doesn't want to come, but he is powerless to resist.

WADE
(pants)
Sorry.

But she isn't looking at him with reproach for his haste. She is smiling a Goddess' secret smile.

RACHELLE
Again. Again.

WADE
It'll take a second. I'm not
superman. Just...

He realizes that maybe he is, because his erection is just getting stronger. He seems ready to burst again. All this written on his face, and in the slide of her hips.

WADE
How? What?

RACHELLE
(sexy whisper to him)
Hard as steel. As steel.

He is beginning to shudder into another orgasm. The nearby crowd, still unknowing, seems somehow eroticized just by being near the energy he and Rachelle are giving off. He's coming so strong he wants to scream. He bites down on his own hand, and his head snaps from side to side.

The sun comes over the mountains. Behind Rachelle's tossing head the day's first light strikes the mist rising above the falls to FORM A RAINBOW.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - VILLE BONHEUR - DAY

The sun is much higher in the sky. People are streaming back from the falls and tap-taps are loading up. Wade, walking a blissed out he doesn't notice that Rachelle seems withdrawn and deeply embarrassed.

At their car, he takes her in his arms to kiss her. She pushes him away, and goes quickly to her own door.

INT. CAR - VILLE BONHEUR - SAME TIME

He's puzzled. As he gets in, he again goes to caress her shoulder. She again rejects him.

WADE
Look. I understand. I don't own
you. No strings. But after what
we did a little human affection
isn't out of line.

RACHELLE
We didn't do anything.

WADE

(pissed off)

Maybe it was no big thing for you, but it was something special for me. Okay?

RACHELLE

Can't you even tell the difference? It wasn't me. It was her!

WADE

Her? Who?

RACHELLE

Erzulie! She mounted me in the waterfall, and then she mounted you, didn't she?

(bitter sarcasm)

And you loved it didn't you. It was so special. Like a dream come true. You see, I have to ask, because I wasn't there. I'm never there.

WADE

(understanding)

Never? You mean every time you...

RACHELLE

I'm never there. When I'm with a man she always takes me. And of course, he's so much happier that she did. Because what could I offer compared to her. I have no experience.

WADE

You don't even remember?

RACHELLE

No. In that way, in my own mind, in myself, I'm still a virgin.

WADE

You must hate her.

RACHELLE

I can't afford to. But I envy her. I might have wanted you for myself. But I guess that's just selfish.

(really hurt)

Just drive.

INT. BLUE EAGLE BAR - DAY

A small party is in progress. Mozart is behind the bar, passing out free beers, as the whores dance with the small crowd of customers. The JUKE BOX plays a sickeningly sentimental tune. Wade and Rachelle come in. Very uptight, very out of place. Wade goes over to Mozart, who sets a beer in front of him.

MOZART

We are celebrating! A man should share his good fortune.

WADE

You don't have the money yet.

MOZART

(shrugs)

I trust you. I have a feeling, you and I, we're going to be just like that...

(finger-crossing motion)

Relax.

He leans forward, gets confidential, and points to Michelle who is showing Rachelle the new ring Mozart bought her.

MOZART

(pimp sales pitch)

You should try Michelle. In bed, she is like a goddess. A goddess.

Wade stares over the bar between them with a cold and lethal slowness.

WADE

(sips a beer)

So, how's the goat?

MOZART

Of course. Business before pleasure. The American way, no?

(to everyone, Creole)

My friend here wants to see the goat.

EXT. BLUE EAGLE COURTYARD - SAME TIME

When the merry band reaches the courtyard, Rachelle and Wade exchange a look. There in the center, tethered and alive, is the goat. Wade goes to inspect it. Mozart plays to the crowd.

MOZART

Did I lie, blanc? You saw it
die yourself, but it walks.

(Creole, Subtitles)

Even in America they know me.
They come for my work.

Wade lifts the hoof we saw him mark.

CU

The hoof is unmarked. Mozart has switched goats.

WADE

(standing)

Nice animal.

MOZART

You like him? I throw him in.

No charge.

(Creole, Subtitles)

He doesn't want a woman but he
wants a goat! Americans!

This gets a bawdy laugh from the crowd. Wade just walks right
past them and back into the bar with Rachelle.

INT. THE EAGLE BAR - SAME TIME

Wade sips his beer, looking straight ahead. Rachelle is by
him, nervous. Mozart, feeling his patsy slip away, slaps the
bottle of poison down on the bar.

MOZART

500 dollars. As we agreed.

Still not looking at Mozart, not looking at the bottle, Wade
casually flips the five hundred-dollar bills onto the bar.
Mozart grabs the bills and fans them for the crowd.

WADE

(cold contempt)

You're an idiot.

MOZART

A joke, no? I understand. But
my friends might not. Tell them
you are joking.

RACHELLE

He never jokes.

MOZART
(vicious, mean)
Shut up woman, or I'll cut your
face.

Mozart is a pimp being cornered in his own lair, in front of
his girls. There is no more dangerous animal.

WADE
A stupid little man who'll never
know how close he was to being
rich.

MOZART
I am rich!

WADE
You call that rich. The men who
sent me spend that much on
lunch. You could have been rich.
(picks up poison)
Instead you play games.

MOZART
There is enough there to kill
ten men. My poisons work.

WADE
You want to see what I think of
your poison.

Wade pours the bottle of powder onto his beer, which foams.
From Mozart's reaction, it's clear whatever that bottle
contains, it's deadly. Wade lifts the beer to his lips.

MOZART
Careful, Blanc. No second
chance.

RACHELLE
Wade...

WADE
(drains glass)
Piss.

MOZART
(cold fact)
You're a dead man.

Wade sits the empty glass upside down on the bar, takes
Rachelle's arm, and walks for the door. Mozart doesn't expect
him to make it, is surprised when Wade walks right out.

EXT. BLUE EAGLE - BY THE CAR - SAME TIME

Mozart is still watching from the door as Wade opens the hood of the car. Rachelle leans in with him.

WADE

Fiddle around, we have to give him time.

RACHELLE

You took quite a chance. What if that had actually been poison.

WADE

Oh it was. Rat poison, probably.

RACHELLE

Then how...?

WADE

Hold out your hand.

She does. He drops a coin in it. He closes her fingers around it, then leans forward and gives the hand a little kiss.

WADE

Now open it.

She does, and the coin is gone. He deftly pulls the coin out from behind her ear.

WADE

Tricks of the trade. I've got the bottle he gave me in my pocket.

Mozart comes over, studies Wade curiously.

MOZART

You're still alive?

WADE

(slamming lid)

I noticed.

MOZART

(no bullshit)

I can make it. The powder you want. I know how.

Wade ignores him and opens the car door.

MOZART

No tricks this time, Blanc. 1000 dollars. The zombie poison. The coupe poudre.

WADE

All right. One more try. But I need more. I need all the things that go into making it.

MOZART

Agreed, but you must help me make it.

(on Wade's look)

There are rules. It's the only way.

Wade is careful not to let his excitement show. He knows this time he is on to it.

WADE

When do we start?

MOZART

Tonight. Meet me at the foot of San Souci, as the sun sets. You know the place?

Rachelle nods that she does. They get in and drive away.

EXT. RUINS OF SAN SOUCI - SUNSET

In the 19th century San Souci was a slave's grandiose idea of Versailles. Now its thick, ornate walls are collapsing and covered with moss, its once lavish gardens fit only for grazing goats. What few tourists made the journey up from Cap Haitian on the coast below are hurrying to get back from the roads before dark. Wade and Rachelle, still in the same clothes, wander through the ruins, enjoying each others' company.

WADE

This must've been quite a place.

RACHELLE

Haiti hasn't always been poor. There's an expression in French to be "rich as a Haitian planter". We fed much of Europe. Now with the erosion, we can hardly feed ourselves.

WADE

So the French built this place?

RACHELLE

No, we did. After the Revolution. The only successful slave revolt in history. Napoleon sent 35,000 of his best troops to put it down. A year later, 6,000 left alive. They said it was mosquitoes, but it was voodoo. Dark loa drank their blood. 60 years before you freed your slaves, we had cast off our own chains.

WADE

You'd make a great tour guide.

(on look)

What I mean is, you really love this country.

RACHELLE

It's normal. You love the States.

WADE

Not the same way. No.

RACHELLE

You would if you had to.

(seriously)

We wanted something very much, our freedom. And we sold our souls to get it. Now, look around, what do we have left. Only the devil. You and I, we want something very much. We must be careful not to make the same mistake.

In the parking lot below, they can SEE Mozart waving to them from his battered pickup truck.

EXT. AT THE PICKUP TRUCK - DUSK (TH-14)

Wade is helping the Fat Whore and Crippled Bartender unload picks and shovels from the truck. He notices Mozart is picking a distinctive blue flowered herb, with orange-rimmed leaves from an almost hidden cultivated patch nearby.

WADE

(calling over)

Is that part of it?

ANGLE ON MOZART clearly showing herbs as he stuffs the leaves into his sack.

MOZART

These. No. They are not in the powder, but they only grow in a few places, and it's best to be careful.

EXT. OUTSIDE A SMALL GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

NIGHT SOUNDS. A HAITIAN GUARD sits drinking rum by the gate of a small graveyard. He HEARS THE SOUND of a screech owl, looks nervous, and quickly pretends to be asleep.

AT THE BUSHES

Mozart and the others are crouching like commandos. Mozart again makes the SCREECH OWL SOUND. The guard at the gate begins to snore unconvincingly.

MOZART

You see. His biggest fear is that he might see us.

Mozart ties a red bandanna over his face like a bandit. Hands one to Wade. Rachelle and the others already have theirs on.

WADE

What do we need from here?

MOZART

(like he's stupid)

Bones. What else would you need from a graveyard. The bones give the powder force.

WADE

I saw bones back at your place. Why not use them.

MOZART

A strong work, fresh bones. And we need the rest as well. Now. Quietly.

Wade really doesn't want to go through with this. He gives Rachelle a look. With her bandanna on, you can't miss the "I told you so" in her eyes.

The group sneaks past the guard, but the Fat Whore can't really tiptoe, and waddles by HUMMING SOFTLY. The guard squeezes his eyes shut and SNORES even louder.

EXT. BY A GRAVE WITH A FRESH HEADSTONE - LATER

Wade with a pick, Rachelle and the Cripple with shovels, work quietly and quickly to exhume the grave. The earth is baked hard, and it's demanding work when you can't stand up to get a proper purchase. They've gotten about three feet down. The Fat Whore leans against the grave stone, apparently uninvolved. Mozart sits to one side, rubbing his arms with a thick green unguent he pours from a old rum bottle.

MOZART

You must be close. They never bury them deep here.

WADE

You do this often?

MOZART

When need comes. Many use this place.

Wade gives a good solid swing of his pick. We HEAR the steel point break through thin timber. The Cripple drops down, begins to scoop away the loose dirt with his hands, exposing a small coffin, less than four feet in length.

Mozart rubs the green unguent on Wade's arms.

MOZART

I will need your help.

WADE

(sniffing arm)

Antiseptic?

For the vapors. The breath of the dead can kill.

Together they pull the coffin up, and lay it by the grave. Mozart pulls back the broken lid to check the contents.

It's the corpse of a little girl. Her face horribly emaciated, her lips in a vitus grin, but still with the long tawny red hair attached to the shriveled skull. The clean blue dress she was buried is brittle, but freshly pressed.

We know that face. So does Wade. He's seen it in his dream. Mozart notices his shock.

WADE

(to cover)

I didn't know it would be a child.

MOZART

It makes no difference, and it is easier to carry.

Now we see why they brought along the Fat Whore. She lifts the coffin up easily and balances it on her head, like a market basket. Without a pause she starts for the gate. Wade and Rachelle exchange a glance.

WADE
Just a coincidence. I'll tell
you later.

EXT. BLUE EAGLE - NIGHT

TO ESTABLISH

Wade's car and Mozart's pickup. The sky is showing just the first signs of dawn. The bar itself is deserted, but light shines in the courtyard below.

EXT. BLUE EAGLE COURTYARD - SAME TIME

The child's coffin is open, next to a newly dug grave. Beside it are a collection of plants, a puffer fish, a few jars and bottles. Mozart is carefully packing the ingredients into the coffin around the corpse. Wade is all business now, taking notes.

In the cold electric light, the corpse is no longer frightening. It looks vulnerable and violated.

Mozart lifts a large jar, peers in. It contains a toad and a long nasty looking sea worm, both alive.

MOZART
This is a secret. They must both
be alive. The toad's fear makes
the powder stronger.

Wade watches. When the worm gets near the toad, the trapped creature swells to almost twice its normal size.

Mozart puts the jar in the corpse's hands, as if it were a bouquet. He takes the dried puffer fish, and lays it over the corpse's heart. Then he puts on the coffin lid.

WADE
And now we rebury it all
together?

MOZART
It must remain with the dead for
one day. More would be better.
Hurry. The light of the sun will
destroy all our work.

LATER

The shallow grave has been filled in by the time the first rays of the sun break over the nearby mountains.

Mozart finishes an elaborate veve in corn meal over the newly turned earth.

MOZART

There, it is well done. At midnight we will grind the powder. This enemy of yours is as good as in the canari.

Wade finishes copying the veve into his notebook.

EXT. THE ROAD IN FRONT OF RACHELLE'S HOUSE - DAY

A typical happy street in a wealthy neighborhood (for Haiti - we would see it as lower middle class). Kids playing soccer in the street, women chatting over fences. Wade's car is parked at the curb. He's unloading a few bags of groceries from the trunk. Rachelle takes a bag, looking glum.

WADE

It was a hard night. But all that ju-ju stuff is over. Now it's just primitive chemistry.

RACHELLE

I guess.

(more upbeat)

So I hope you like omelettes. That's all I cook.

WADE

That's all I eat. Really. That and quiche.

AT THE TOP OF HER STEPS

Rachelle has trouble balancing the groceries as she get her key in the lock. The door swings open by itself. She's pulled inside, and we HEAR the groceries hit the floor.

Wade drops his own bag and rushes up the stairs. Gaston steps out of the house to meet him.

GASTON

You come with us. Captain Peytraud wants you again.

WADE

Just leave the lady out of this.

RACHELLE

(frightened)

He doesn't understand. He's just
a tourist.

Gaston shoves her roughly back into the house. Wade is two steps down. As Gaston turns to grab his collar, Wade pulls the big man towards him, drops low, and smashes him in the balls, side-stepping and sending the thug stumbling down the stairs.

Wade is on him, and gets in one more good short karate right, bloodying Gaston's nose, before a length of pipe in the hand of ANOTHER MACOUTE smashes him on the back of the neck.

They quickly drag him to a car that pulls up to the curb, and throw him in. Rachelle watches helpless.

CLOSE ON Wade's unconscious face as the car pulls away.

FADE TO

EXT. PEYTRAUD'S OFFICE - DAY

THE SAME ANGLE ON Wade's face, as he comes to. We become aware as he does that:

He's nude.

He's tied to the chair in Peytraud's office.

Peytraud is watching from behind his desk, grinning his fanged grin.

OTHER THUGS, including Gaston, are on the sidelines to enjoy the show.

Peytraud strolls around the desk, takes Wade's chin and studies his face.

PEYTRAUD

You have a pretty face. The
girls must like that. Do you
like it, your pretty white face?
(beat, harsh)
I asked you a question.

WADE

Yeah. I like it.

PEYTRAUD

I like it too. I'll leave the
face.

Peytraud goes to the mechanic's chest, rummages around like a dentist selecting the right tool. Comes out with the flint lighter for the acetylene torch. Picks up the torch.

WADE

I think you've made your point.
Next plane. I swear.

Peytraud turns on the torch. It hisses as he talks. But the lighter won't spark.

PEYTRAUD

That was last time. Not good
enough now.

WADE

Listen. I'm an American citizen.
We give you guys a lot of
foreign aid.

PEYTRAUD

I don't see the Ambassador here.
Do you? Here we have secrets we
keep even from ourselves. I
warned you.

Peytraud puts down the useless torch. Chooses a small sledge hammer, with a leather wrapped handle, from the wall.

WADE

(talking fast)

I'm here on medical research.
There's a lot of money in it.
Plenty for you.

PEYTRAUD

I don't want money.

WADE

What do you want?

PEYTRAUD

I want to hear you scream.

Peytraud approaches, hitting his palm with the hammer.

WADE

(at the top of his lungs)
I'M SORRY. I'LL LEAVE YOUR
COUNTRY. JUST LET ME OUT OF THIS
GODDAMN CHAIR!!

(normal)

That loud enough?

PEYTRAUD

You've got balls. Real balls. I like that.

Peytraud picks up a large nail. Holds it out so Wade can see. Two thugs grab Wade's legs and pulls them apart.

Peytraud puts the nail down between Wade's legs, pinning his scrotum to the wood of the chair.

Peytraud and Wade search each others' eyes as the hammer slowly raises. Wade is praying Peytraud's bluffing. Peytraud is waiting for his moment.

The hammer reaches the top of its arc. Wade's eyes finally show panic. Peytraud's gleam merrily. The hammer starts down. Wade shuts his eyes, tenses.

ECU

The hammer hitting the top of the nail with an EXPLOSIVE METALLIC CLANG.

Wade's eyes snap open, his face clenches trying to hold back.

SNAP CUT TO

INT. TON TON MACOUTE HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

The LONG SCREAM reverberates in the empty hallway.

EXT. RACHELLE'S STREET - DUSK

The street life stops when the car that took Wade away comes roaring around the corner. Mothers gather up their children and rush to shut their blinds. The car pulls to a stop in front of Rachelle's house.

A NINE YEAR-OLD BOY is watching. He's grabbed by the arm and pulled inside so quickly that his soccer ball is left in mid-air. It bounces towards the curb.

We HEAR the house door SLAM, and with it a car door SLAM.

The car roars away revealing Wade, nude, bleeding, and unconscious in the gutter.

INT. RACHELLE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON WADE'S FACE as he comes to. He's been cleaned up. He lifts his head and looks down his body.

WADE'S POV

He's got on a shirt, but he is still nude from the waist down, lying on a dining room table with his legs up like he was in a gynecologist's office. Rachelle is working down between his legs. She notices he's come around.

RACHELLE
This will prick a bit.

WADE
(shot of pain)
Hey!

RACHELLE
Don't move! I only have a few more to go.

Her hand comes up, pulling a needle and thread. She's stitching up Wade's wound.

RACHELLE
The scrotum actually has very few nerves. The pain's mostly psychological.

Herard is standing nearby, eating a plate of food.

HERARD
It was a risk, bringing you in.
(looking at Wade's crotch)
I don't know what she sees in you.

WADE
(with look)
It's mostly psychological.

Rachelle leans forward into Wade's crotch. Out of frame, she bites the string to break it.

RACHELLE
I haven't done this since I was an intern, but they'll hold. Just rest until your plane tomorrow.

WADE
We have work to do.

RACHELLE
We were lucky. They don't usually give a warning.
(beat)
Wade. I don't want you killed.

WADE

Why does Peytraud care so much?

HERARD

Think. If the powder exists, someone uses it. It has a purpose. Today, anything is possible. Genocide, torture. No one reads it. But Zombies? They capture the imagination. That will capture the headlines. Duvalier doesn't want headlines.

WADE

The government is on this?

(to Rachelle)

How much of this did you know?

RACHELLE

(defensive)

Some. Most. It doesn't matter now. You don't care about politics.

WADE

This isn't politics. It's personal. I mean, screw him, SCREW HIM! I'm going to get on the plane tomorrow, but tonight I'm going to make that stuff. And then I'll have him by the balls.

HERARD

(shocked)

You are making it? Mozart is having you prepare the poison?

WADE

I'm helping him. Yeah.

HERARD

(cold fact)

You can't go on. I thought he would simply sell it to you. But he's testing you. Mozart is Bizango.

(to Rachelle)

Tell him.

RACHELLE

(with effort)

It's said there is a cult. A cult of Bokors. Black magicians
(MORE)

RACHELLE (CON'T)
called Bizango. It's supposed to
be very old...

HERARD
(cutting in)
It was old when Egypt was young.
We are African the way Africa
has forgotten how to be.

(beat)
The Bizango are the guardians of
the night. They are Duvalier's
eyes, ears and teeth. You invite
these things to you, but when
you do, they are real. If you do
this work, you are in their
domain.

(beat)
It is no longer just your life
that's at risk.

WADE
What do you mean?

HERARD
It's your soul.

WADE
Tomorrow I'm back in Boston, and
all this hoojive is history. I'm
smarter and faster than
Peytraud, and I can do it.

RACHELLE
I'm coming with you.

HERARD
(to Rachelle)
Don't be stupid. The Bizango
sing of only one thing. Blood.
To do their work they need a
skull, fresh, not from the
ground. You understand? Do you
understand what that means?

RACHELLE
(defiant)
It's my choice.

Herard sighs.

HERARD
If you make it to Boston,
distance will provide some
protection.

(MORE)

HERARD (CONT'D)

(decides to help)

All right. They are everywhere. They march at night, but guard the crossroads. Avoid those, but if you can't, their handshake is this.

CLOSE ON THE SECRET HANDSHAKE

HERARD

The one who stops you will ask where you come from. You answer "I come from the heel and go to the toe". He asks, "Who are you", you answer, "beasts of the night". Then show him this.

Herard takes a small decorated wanga bag off his neck, and presses it into Wade's hand.

RACHELLE

How do you know all this?

HERARD

(ignoring her, to Wade)
Bring her back safely. That's all that matters.

EXT. TRAIL TOWARDS THE OCEAN - NIGHT

HUMMING a Creole lullaby Mozart leads the way down towards a distant coral beach. In the light of the full moon we can just see the waves breaking. Behind him come the Fat Whore with the coffin, the Cripple, and two other anxious HELPERS. Wade, walking stiffly, and Rachelle lag well behind.

EXT. FURTHER ALONG THE TRAIL - NIGHT

Nearing a crossing of two trails, Wade SEES a line of MARCHERS coming towards them up the other trail, CHANTING SOFTLY in Creole and wearing the red and black colors of the Bizango cult. Remembering Herard's warning, he and Rachelle duck down and watch.

In the moonlight falling into the crossing, they can see handshakes being exchanged. A joke told. Helenne is there, laughing, a tiny black ritual coffin balanced on her head. Her dog is there too. The two lines pass their ways.

When the crossing looks safe, Wade and Rachelle start to sneak across. They don't make it. THREE BIZANGO GUARDS, machetes glinting in the silver light, step out to confront them.

LEADER

(Creole, Subtitles)

It is the night. Not time for travel. Where are you going?

RACHELLE

(Creole, Subtitles)

We come from the heel and go to the toe.

The Leader isn't buying it. He looks closely at Wade.

LEADER

(Creole, Subtitles)

A white? Who are you?

WADE

(Creole, Subtitles)

We are beasts of the night.

Wade shows him the wanga bag. The Leader takes it, studies it, then offers his hand.

LEADER

(Creole, Subtitles)

We are brothers of the night.

Two of the guards drift back into the shadows, but the Leader watches suspiciously as Wade and Rachelle walk away.

EXT. CLEARING NEAR THE OCEAN - NIGHT

By the time Wade and Rachelle arrive in the small coral-sand clearing, the others are already at work. A fire is burning (a simple grill over it) and the coffin has been largely unpacked. The helpers, dressed in burlap from head to foot have set up a large mortar and pestle.

Mozart is stuffing his nostrils with cotton. He holds out the bottle of green unguent to Wade.

MOZART

Rub yourself. Thickly. And chew this.

He gives Wade and Rachelle each an orange rimmed leaf.

WADE

You said this wasn't part of it.

MOZART

It isn't, but best to be careful. Remember, no second chances.

The Fat Whore puts various ingredient on the grill to cook.

CU

The puffer fish sizzles and pops, giving off a thick yellow smoke.

FADE TO

LATER

On the grill, next to the now shriveled and blackened puffer fish is the severed arm of the young girl, the dead flesh burning like tallow and falling into the fire.

Dressed so only his eyes show, Wade watches as Mozart rubs his arms with a blue lotion from another bottle. Mozart pours some of the lotion into a ceramic dish and ignites it. It burns with a thin blue flame. Mozart runs his hands into the flame, and the lotion on them ignites. He claps out the fire, leaving his hands coated with a crust of gray ash.

MOZART

I lied about the powder. You cannot give it in food. That would kill completely. The flesh would never rise to serve you.

Wade takes the lotion, rubs his own hands.

MOZART

When the man is sleeping, you put it on his skin.

(beat)

We cannot lose a drop of resin. You must work quickly.

WADE

(surprised)

You can't this part?

MOZART

This is your work, not mine.

Wade runs his hands over the ceramic dish, and they burst into blue flames. On the grill, the bones of the young girl are exposed as the charred flesh continues to drop away.

LATER, CLOSE ON

Wade and Mozart looking over the edge of the coffin. Mozart is leaning into a machete, moving it from side to side. Suddenly there is a sickening CRACK. Wade's eyes show horror at what he is having to do. Rachelle turns away, sick.

Wade pulls and brings out the MUMMIFIED HEAD of the girl.

MOZART

Quickly.

Mozart puts a small pot under the skull, then jabs a hole through the top of the skull with a screwdriver. Wade can't stand much more.

MOZART

Squeeze. Squeeze. The bones are brittle. It will come.

Closing his eyes, Wade squeezes on the sides of the skull. The bones collapse. We SEE Rachelle's reaction.

CU

From out of the hole putrid slime, the rotten remains of the girl's brain flow into the pan.

MOZART

(happy)

This is the last. Soon it is done. A good work.

Wade drops the skull and staggers into the wood.

As Mozart lays the pot on the fire, WE HEAR Wade puking his guts out in the shrubs. The Fat Whore is moving the burnt bones from the grill into the large mortar.

LATER

The Helpers are pounding the ingredients into powder. A cloud of YELLOW-GRAY DUST rises out of the mortar.

Mozart, Rachelle and Wade sit far back from the work now, no longer wearing burlap. Mozart smokes a cigarette, lit end in his mouth, chuckling at his carnival trick.

MOZART

Think gay thoughts. When you do a dark work, it must be done lightly. Otherwise it takes you, and you are lost.

Wade is speechless, filled with shame and mortification. Rachelle put her hand on his, looks at him kindly...

RACHELLE

You did what you had to do. Think of the ones the drug will save.

Tears are forming in his eyes as he looks away. He knows he has crossed a line in himself. After this night he can never be the same.

LATER

BIRD SONGS anticipate the arrival of the dawn. They are finished, and packing the coffin up to go. Mozart pours the yellow-gray powder out of the mortar into a clean glass jar. He keeps his bandannaed face well away from the rising dust, chewing a leaf rapidly.

Wade can barely stand the sight of this man now. He throws the thousand dollars on the sand between them. Reaches out to take his samples. Mozart grabs Wade's hand and pulls it away.

MOZART

Not yet. It must be buried with her for one more day.

WADE

You have your money, and I can't wait. It's finished.

MOZART

(firm and scary)

Not yet. One more day in the coffin.

Wade looks around. The others all have machetes ready.

MOZART

You do this work badly, it comes back on you. Risk your own soul, blanc, not ours.

WADE

All right. Until the sun sets.

EXT. BLUE EAGLE - SUNRISE

The sun is just coming over the mountain. Rachelle and Wade slump against the front wall, physically and emotionally exhausted.

RACHELLE

So what do we do now? I can still get you to the plane. I could send you the poison.

WADE

He'd never give it to you. It's between him and me. Besides,
(MORE)

WADE (CONT'D)
what would happen to your
headlines. "Great White Hunter
brings back miracle zombie
cure."

(bitter)
That's why you got me into this
isn't it. Headlines.

Hurt, she starts to pull away. He stops her.

WADE
I'm sorry. It's just that
I...I've never felt this
filthy.
(beat, thinking now)
What we need is a place to hide
until dark.

EXT. FISHING SHACK - DAY

TO ESTABLISH

A small plank-and-frame fishing hut. The tin roof reflects
the hot sun, and the windows, all intact, flash in the light.
A narrow pier, mostly broken by the waves, leads out into the
rough water.

Rachelle is by the half-buried remains of a canoe, in a robe,
dripping wet, watching Wade as he runs out of the surf
towards her. She throws him a towel.

RACHELLE
Feel cleaner now?

WADE
(sitting by her)
On the outside anyway.

RACHELLE
It wasn't really that much worse
than what we had to do in
medical school. If you look at
it that way.

WADE
Right. Stay objective. Even
keel. That's the way to play it.

RACHELLE
You're going back tonight. I'll
miss you. I think I...
(covering)
I think I'll miss you.

WADE

Why don't you come back with me?

RACHELLE

(with look)

You mean on the same plane.

WADE

I mean with me. Stay with me.

RACHELLE

Schoonie told me about you. I don't want to be your latest trophy from the wilds.

WADE

(sincere)

What we've been through, it's made me look at some things. The things I need. The things I want.

RACHELLE

Maybe I want that too, but we can't have it.

WADE

Why not?

RACHELLE

My patients for one thing.

WADE

(sighs)

All right. If we can't have then, let's at least have now.

He kisses her, deep and slow. She responds. But when he intensifies the passion, she pulls away like she's been slapped.

RACHELLE

Oh. I see. You want her. Erzulie.

(cold martyr)

A farewell fling with the Goddess. All right, if that's what you really want. You can have it. I won't mind. I won't even be here.

(real hurt)

Just don't confuse it with me.

She gets up and strides very purposely towards the house. He watches her go. Maddeningly frustrating. Totally desirable.

At the edge of the cove, an OLD FISHERMAN watches as Wade finally gets up and goes towards the shack.

INT. FISHING SHACK - DAY

The inside of the "fishing shack" is almost completely filled by a large brass bed with a mirror over it. Rachelle, in full pout, is in bed with the covers pulled up tight over her breast. Her bra and panties are a wet pile on the floor. Wade takes in the scene from the door.

RACHELLE

Well.

WADE

(walking to bed)

Quite a place. Herard do a lot of "fishing" here?

RACHELLE

He's like you. He has a lot of women.

Wade goes over to her side of the bed and sits next to her. Runs a hand along her face. She almost shudders.

RACHELLE

(warming)

I shouldn't take it out on you.
Go ahead. Get started. She'll show up.

WADE

I don't want her. I want you.
Stop living in her shadow.

She doesn't believe him, but he continues to caress her, kissing down towards her neck as he talks softly.

WADE

You're more than she is. You're human. And warm. And heroic, and strong, and smart, and very desirable, and I want you very, very much.

They kiss again, and this time it's for keeps. He pulls the cover away, her naked body open to him, but out of frame.

RACHELLE

I can't control it. She'll come anyway.

WADE

No she won't. Because if she
does I'll stop.

He's kissing her breast, just out of frame, and she enjoys
it. Rolls her head back, then she remembers something.

RACHELLE

No, we can't. Your stitches.

He looks up, smiles.

WADE

You really are a virgin, aren't
you. There's more than one way
to do this.

In the overhead mirror she can SEE him kissing her body,
working his way across her chest and down her stomach.

CLOSE ON her head, pushing back into the pillow as he reaches
his goal. She sighs and shudders warmly.

RACHELLE

(to herself, softly)
Don't stop. Even if you think
it's her. Don't stop.

INT. HERARD'S FISH SHACK - DAY

Love making is over, and Wade and Rachelle are sleeping
lightly in each others' arms. We hear WAVES and the PEACEFUL
CALL of sea gulls. Rachelle, the glow of sex fresh on her
face, rolls away from Wade, deeper under the covers. He
drifts deeper into sleep. We MOVE INTO HIS DREAM.

EXT. WADE'S DREAM - DREAM TIME

CLOSE ON the Black Jaguar's legs moving through the Amazon
jungle floor.

Wade stumbles along trying to keep up. Down another trail
Clarvius, in the red and black of the Bizango, gestures to
him. Wade follows down the other trail and out into a
clearing; it's in Haiti. Up on a hill we can see the ruins of
San souci.

The sky is empty, save for a moon which is a silver ring of
fire. We are on its far side.

In the center of the clearing, Peytraud sits in front of a
poteau-mitan, wearing the robes of a Bizango Bokor. LIVING

SNAKES are wrapped around the central pillar. When a snake flicks its tongue, we hear the CRACK of a sisal whip.

Peytraud is staring into a shallow pan of water. Wade looks over Peytraud's shoulder. The image in the water is Wade's own face, but with the eyes and lips sewn shut with red thread.

Peytraud's eyes are a demonic glowing red. From out of his robe, he pulls a canari, and thrusts it towards Wade.

As we ZOOM IN to the canari we hear a SOUND like wind trapped in a haunted attic.

INSIDE THE CANARI

Wade is crouched in a small box barely big enough to hold him. Its walls are the color of flesh, and soft so that when he pushes against them in his desperate claustrophobic attempts to get out, he leaves hand prints. But the box won't budge.

The hand prints begin to bleed.

Blood is rushing into the box now with a roar like that of the waterfall. It's up to his knees. To his waist.

To his chest, as he notices that on its surface a THIN WATER SPIDER is scuttling towards him.

The blood is up to his chin, and if he opens his mouth to scream that Spider will go straight down his throat.

He opens his mouth and screams, but instead of his own voice, it is the majestic roar of the Jaguar.

HARD CUT TO

INT. HERARD'S FISHING SHACK - DAY

Wade's eyes open, his jaws are clenched, but the ROAR of the Jaguar still rings in his ears. He's sticky with a sickly sweat, and too terrified to move.

He HEARS the reassuring wash of waves. The PLAYFUL CALL of gulls. In the mirror above he SEES Rachelle's figure, curled with the covers up almost over her head.

He feels foolish, rolls over and nudges Rachelle's shoulder.

WADE

Rachelle, baby, we should be...

THE WHOLE HEAD, SEVERED AT THE NECK, ROLLS SO IT FACES HIM.

It's not Rachelle's face, it's the horribly bruised face of Angelique. He leaps out of the bed, pulling the covers with him.

WADE

Jesus! Jes... J... J...

The rest of Angelique is in the bed, neatly butchered and artfully laid in Rachelle's place. It isn't clammy night sweat Wade is covered with -- it's blood.

Before he can even think, the windows on one side of the house shatter inward, glass flying everywhere. The door on the other side is kicked in.

A POLICE DOG rushes towards him snapping. Wade covers his face with his arms for protection, crossing them at the wrist. He shut his eyes, HEARS THE CLICK OF HANDCUFFS.

When he looks around, he's cuffed, and the room is filling with UNIFORMED POLICE.

EXT. DOOR TO HERARD'S SHACK - LATER

Dressed, cuffed, but still bloody, Wade is led out the door by the cops. The road is filled with cop cars with flashing lights. Peytraud is standing off to one side, talking to the head cop. Gaston is against the side of a gray Mercedes, smirking.

Rachelle is peering out of the Mercedes' back window, more frightened for him than for herself.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A COCKROACH the size of a young sparrow as it comes over the edge of a filth-encrusted "waste bucket", and starts down the side.

The bucket is at the far end of the long 17th century cell, between two benches on which 15 PRISONERS are crowded trying to sleep. Wade and another PRISONER are the only ones awake. They're watching the cockroach.

CLOSE ON the cockroach, antennae quivering, as it scurries for a crack in the wall.

SUDDENLY a LARGE RAT shoots out from the shadow under the bench, and neatly bites off the bug's head.

The Prisoner slaps Wade on the shoulder, holds out his hand. Wade gives him a dollar.

CLOSE ON the rat, sitting on its haunches, holding the cockroach like a squirrel in the park holds a peanut, snarling and munching as the bug's legs continue to run.

PRISONER

Encore?

WADE

Sure. Next one makes it.

Wade leans back against the bars. No telling how long he's going to be here.

A billy club SLAMS into the bars right next to his head. Peytraud steps around a SADISTIC GUARD.

PEYTRAUD

Enjoying your vacation, Dr. Alan?

WADE

Why go to so much trouble? Why not just kill me?

PEYTRAUD

It wasn't any trouble, really.

WADE

Where's Rachelle?

PEYTRAUD

Someplace else. She's not the problem. You are. You have two choices. You can stand trial for murder...but I can guarantee you won't live to hear the verdict, or I can put you on the next plane.

WADE

Not much of a choice is it? Okay. The plane.

PEYTRAUD

When you get back to the States don't do something foolish. I can get to you as easily there as here.

WADE

Yeah? I'll bet the Boston cops just love you.

PEYTRAUD

The loa have long arms, Dr.
Alan. Remember that.

INT.- PORT-AU-PRINCE AIRPORT - DEPARTURE GATE - NIGHT

It's a typical, modern airport. The P.A. DRONES away in three languages (French, English, Spanish) all equally garbled. Gaston and another MACOUTE THUG accompany Wade to the departure gate. A line of TOURIST FAMILIES with funny straw hats and snot-nosed kids is already starting through.

As Gaston undoes Wade's handcuffs Herard, flanked by two other Ton Ton Macoute, approaches from the waiting area.

WADE

So they let you see me off.

HERARD

I am not without influence.

WADE

How's Rachelle?

HERARD

She's safe. She sends her love.

Herard starts to pass over an envelope, but Gaston grabs for it. Herard gives Gaston a look, then lets him have the letter.

Gaston tears open the envelope, checks inside, and begins to read the letter. While he's occupied Herard extends his hand to Wade and looks him straight in the eye.

HERARD

I'm doing this for her. She
cares for you.

As he shakes hands, Wade feels something pressed into his palm. He covers by thrusting both his hands in his jacket pockets, and looking embarrassed. Gaston misses it.

WADE

It's mutual. Try to get her to
come to Boston.

HERARD

I've already tried. She cares
about too many things.

WADE

Right. Well, thanks for
everything. (MORE)

WADE (CONT'D)
(takes letter from Gaston)
Do you mind, I've got a plane to
catch.

INT. IN THE PLANE - SAME TIME

Wade takes his window seat. Pulls what Herard slipped him out
of his jacket pocket.

CU

In his hand are two sample bottles, filled with the yellow-
gray zombie poison.

He presses his face to the window, shading against the glare.

WADE'S POV

On the other side of the observation window, Herard and
Gaston are still watching.

The lights of the runway flash off his face as the plane
taxi for take off.

FADE TO

INT. FOUNDATION LABORATORIES - DAY

Wade's face reflects a stream of numbers and formulas running
up a computer terminal. He's dressed in a white lab coat, but
his eyes are still haunted and tired. He rubs them.

Sitting next to him is the lab chief, DARYL, 37, thin, with
ratty red hair, bald on top and worn long. Daryl grinds out a
cigarette in the overflowing ashtray, and hits a few keys on
the computer keyboard.

DARYL
That's the one we want. Give it
a second.

A name on the computer flashes: TETRODOTOXIN. Then the name
disappears and is replaced by a molecular diagram.

DARYL
Tetrodotoxin. It's in the puffer
fish. Real toxic.

He hits another key, and the diagram is replaced by a multi-
colored 3D computer simulation of the shape of the molecule
which spins slowly around.

DARYL

Then there's a lot of filler.
Some buffers. Some stuff to make
you itch. The victim introduces
the poison into their own
bloodstream when they scratch

(back to list)

Three or four hallucinogens, and
the toad venom. Lucrecia Borgia
used that. All in all, the
nastiest dope I've seen since
Woodstock.

Wade gives him a tired look.

DARYL

This is real bad karma, Wade.
And we're getting a lot of spook
pressure down here.

DARYL

They say it's for NASA.

Daryl slugs down the last of a cold cup of coffee, gets up.

DARYL

They also say Castro killed
Kennedy.

INT. ANOTHER LAB - LATER

A PRETTY GRADUATE STUDENT at a computer, watches the spewing
printout beside her. Wade and Daryl are by a table on which
sits a RHESUS MONKEY. Its head is held firmly in a
restraining device, the top of its skull open to expose the
brain, from which a series of long probes extend. Wires run
from the probes over to the computer.

DARYL

Janie's still charting neural
pathways, but basically this
stuff sets up a synaptic block
between the frontal lobe and the
pons. The body kicks out,
metabolism drops. But when it
kicks back in, the block is
still there.

Daryl bends forward and checks the probe connections.

DARYL

You'd respond to simple
commands. That's back brain
stuff. Other than that, you'd be
(MORE)

DARYL (CONT'D)
totally locked in. You could
still feel, probably think. But
it wouldn't do you any good.

Daryl stands and lights another cigarette, sending out a
billow of smoke.

DARYL
You know Rhesus monkeys?

WADE
Not really.

DARYL
Horrible creatures. We keep them
over here.

They walk away. We MOVE IN ON THE MONKEY as the cloud of
cigarette smoke drifts down on its exposed brain, sending the
monkey's eyes flickering in his head like a pinball tilt.

INT. ANIMAL ROOM - SAME TIME

CU

The snarling face of a rhesus monkey smashing up against the
wire cage, spitting and screeching through its fanged mouth.

REVERSE ANGLE THROUGH THE CAGE

Daryl and Wade are looking at the creature.

DARYL
That's how they are normally. We
haven't gotten to this one yet.
But we will, you little flea
bag.

Daryl gives the cage a smash, the monkey jerks back.

DARYL
I hate these things. They bite
like a bitch.

They are walking between two walls completely filled with
caged monkeys all SCREECHING AND GOING APE SHIT. All except
one, which Daryl stops to look at.

DARYL
This is one of your little
zombies. Notice the difference.
(beat)
And that's how you stay.

Wade studies the animal's lost, vacant eyes.

WADE

But Clarvius was functional.

DARYL

So there has to be an antidote.

INT. LABORATORY HALLWAY - BY ELEVATOR - LATER

Wade and Daryl are walking towards an elevator.

WADE

There was a plant. I didn't get a sample. And I never saw it growing wild, but the man who made the powder said it offered some protection.

DARYL

Then that's it. These guys are real sophisticated. So when are you going back to get us a bunch?

WADE

(with look)

Never. No way.

DARYL

I heard there was a girl. Thought you might like a replay.

Wade is about to make a sharp reply, but the elevator arrives. Wade eyes the elevator like it's poison.

DARYL

(getting in)

Coming?

WADE

No. No. I'll walk. Catch you at the party.

EXT. BIZANGO COMPOUND, RURAL HAITI - DUSK

TO ESTABLISH

Set among tended fields carved out of the thick forest nearby, the compound is surrounded by high wattle and thatch walls, leaving a large, brightly lit courtyard around the Hounfour in its center. BIZANGO GUARDS with machetes are at the two gates leading into the compound. A Haitian flag floats listlessly in the fetid wind.

INT. THE BIZANGO HOUNFOUR - SAME TIME

The Hounfour itself is roughly conical in shape. A single door leads out to the courtyard, another behind the peristyle (central post) leads back into the temple's bagi (ritual rooms). From the rafters hang hundreds of small Haitian flags, alternating with pictures of the Duvaliers.

On benches along one wall sit MEN AND WOMEN in the red and black of the Bizango. On a raised platform sits a TRIBUNAL, TWO MEN and THREE WOMEN, older, wiser, more lavishly costumed than the rest. Helenne is on the tribunal. Behind them is a large picture of the devil, its tongue flicking out of its mouth like flames. Under it, in Creole, the slogan "BEWARE THE DANGERS OF THE MOUTH".

Peytraud is sitting in formal Bizango robes on a chair in front of the tribunal, flanked by human skulls each with a black candle burning on it. Behind him is a painting of Baron Samedi which resembles Papa Doc, leading a procession of half animal/half men in a frantic dance, and under it the slogan "GUARDIANS OF THE NIGHT".

NOTE: THIS SCENE IS PLAYED IN CREOLE, WITH SUBTITLES

PEYTRAUD

(addressing court)

Three times he was warned, told these things were not for him, and still the white man stole our secrets fled the Island with them.

HELENNE

(accusing)

And whose fault is that?

PEYTRAUD

I could not stop it. Herard Celine betrayed us.

HELENNE

Where is the proof?

Peytraud stands, and at his gesture Gaston, dressed in Bizango garb with machete, pushes Mozart into the circle.

PEYTRAUD

This is the man who sold our secrets.

HELENNE

Is this true?

MOZART

(falling to his knees)
He came in Celine's name. He had
the signs. I thought it was our
thing. I was tricked.

PEYTRAUD

(to court and crowd)
The white man paid in American
dollars. Would you have made
such a mistake? Would any of
us?

The crowd rumbles that it agrees. A THIN BOKOR on the
tribunal speaks up.

THIN BOKOR

But Celine. He is protected.

PEYTRAUD

We do the djab's work. Can there
be any protection if we break
his laws? Remove it.

HELENNE

(doubting)

And you would be strong enough
to stand against Celine?

PEYTRAUD

I will summon one who is. One
who can strike at the blanc from
a distance.

An OLD WIZENED BOKOR who has been listening with his eyes
half shut now leans forward.

OLD BOKOR

This one you call will be very
powerful. How can you control
him?

PEYTRAUD

When it is done, I will offer
him the head of Erzulie's
favorite horse.

OLD BOKOR

This is a dangerous, dangerous
thing. It is on your head --
alone.

PEYTRAUD

Agreed.

This seems to shock the crowd, but it answers the old man's objection. Helenne looks over the court and crowd, which can smell the blood in the air.

HELENNE

Then in the djab's name let it
be done.

Gaston takes a step back from Mozart, who lifts his head out of the dirt.

MOZART

(pleading)

No. You make a mistake. The
president and me, we are like...
(he begins to cross his
fingers)

CLOSE ON Gaston's machete as the blade whistle through the air, reflecting the light, and cutting off Mozart's sentence with a SICKENING CHOP AND A FLASH OF LIGHT.

CUT ON FLASH OF LIGHT

INT. BOSTON PENTHOUSE BALLROOM - SAME TIME

The light is from a flashgun in the hands of the hotel photographer, catching Wade coming through the door in a tuxedo. It's the annual party for Biocorp stockholders and bigwigs. The wedding reception-sized room overlooking the Charles River has been stocked with just enough military brass, young scientific blood and power groupies to make the evening promising.

Wade takes one look and is about to split when DEBRA FARREL, an earnest go-getter blonde catches his arms.

DEBRA

Excuse me, you're Doctor Alan
aren't you. The one who brought
back this new zombie drug?

WADE

(with look)

How do you know about that?

DEBRA

(extending hand)

Debra Farrel. The Boston Globe.
Biocorp seems quite high on it.
Why?

BOBBIE DICKMAN, A 40-ish P.R. type comes over.

BOBBIE

Hey Wade. I see you and Debbie
have already met. That's great.

WADE

Bobbie what the hell is going
on? We're not ready to publish.

BOBBIE

I know. I know. I know. But word
leaked out from the shareholders
meeting and we're on damage
control, so let's just keep it
light, keep it general and have
fun with it. Okay?

(turning to go)

By the way, I'll be sending over
a few others.

WADE

Great. Great.

Bobbie pushes off as Debra takes out her reporter's pad and
looks up at Wade expectantly.

INT. BIZANGO HOUNFOUR - SAME TIME

The VOODOO DRUMS are playing hard and hot. The crowd is in
the center of the floor, doing an elaborate ceremonial
mockery of the minuet, bowing and curtsying. MEN WITH TEMPLE
FLAGS and Helenne with the little coffin on her head, twirl
among them.

NOTE: IN CREOLE, SUBTITLES

SONG

What we see here,
I won't talk.
If we talk,
We'll swallow our tongues.
We'll swallow our tongues.

Everyone marching in place like soldiers, the rhythm punctu-
ated with the SNAP OF A SISAL WHIP.

SONG

I serve good, I serve bad.
We serve good, we serve bad.
Wayo-oh
When I am troubled, I will call
a spirit against them.

Cross-legged on the ground, his back to the peristyle,
Peytraud turns his mind inward.

INT. - THE PENTHOUSE BALLROOM - SAME TIME

Rock music is playing, and many people are dancing. Debra has Wade trapped in a corner with other REPORTERS taking notes as well. Wade is totally miserable.

DEBRA

And NASA want to use this...
Tetrodotoxin stuff to go to
Mars, right?

WADE

I think it's mostly medical.
Look, it's really close in here,
and I need some air so...

DEBRA

Just one more. Do you know the
astronauts?

Wade is about to have a major bout of claustrophobia when across the room he sees something.

WADE'S POV

Rachelle, standing by the bar, holds up a glass of champagne offering him a silent toast. She's dressed in the white dress and blue sash of Erzulie, and is radiant with joy.

DEBRA

I was asking about the astro-
nauts because a photo of you
with them...

WADE

Look, just talk to each other,
okay?

Wade pushes his way roughly out of the reporters' trap.

VARIOUS ANGLES

Wade manhandles his way through the thick crowd towards Rachelle who is now facing the bar.

AT THE BAR

Wade comes up on Rachelle and takes her by the shoulder.

WADE

Rachelle, Schoonie didn't tell
me you...

It isn't Rachelle, but it is a very attractive BLACK WOMAN, expertly decked out and totally available.

WADE
(shocked and embarrassed)
Oh. I ah....I thought you were
someone else.

BLACK WOMAN
(giving him a look)
Maybe I could be. She must be
something special.

WADE
(flustered)
Yes. She's...she's very special.

BLACK WOMAN
(up against him)
I know some special things too.

Wade backs up into a WAITER who drops a tray of drinks, which
CRASH onto the floor. Wade makes a break for the door leading
out to a patio overlooking the river.

Schoonie sees this, excuses himself from his little crowd
(which includes Kline), and follows.

INT. BIZANGO HOUNFOUR - SAME TIME

The crowd is in a frenzy. Several people are possessed and
running about wildly. Others stand marching and jumping as
the chant ROARS out of their throats. The DRUMS pound
furiously.

NOTE: IN CREOLE, SUBTITLES

SONG
When they take the powder and
use it outside
When they take the powder, who'
will we call
I will not die for these people
Better the devil eat me!
BETTER THE DEVIL EAT ME!!

SUDDENLY the giant ASSANTO DRUM pounds three times. The other
drums fall away.

HELENNE
Enough! It is done!

CLOSE ON Peytraud twitching against the peristyle as if his
prick was plugged into a thousand-volt socket.

EXT. LEDGE OUTSIDE THE BALL - SAME TIME

Wade is leaning against the railing, gasping for breath. Schoonover comes out, shuts the door behind him.

SCHOONOVER

Still got it, huh?

WADE

Claustrophobia I can handle. But this...Ever since I got back I...Schoonie, I think I'm going crazy.

SCHOONOVER

Crazy? How? Dreams?

WADE

Even when I'm awake.

(beat)

I did some things down there. I crossed the line. It's not just another mythology for me anymore. It's real. Jesus, I feel like I'm drowning Schoonie.

SCHOONOVER

Maybe you'll learn to swim.

(kind father)

Wade, when I was in the jungle. The long time. I did things I didn't report. That I don't talk about. I think of myself as a nice man. But I did those things.

WADE

I took a little girl's head, she was dead, but it was a little girl's head and...

SCHOONOVER

(stopping him)

I don't need to know. I don't want to know. But I do know that in us there is something good. Something stronger than all that. And that spirit, our good spirit, can't be destroyed, unless we really work to destroy it. It's always there for us. You have to believe that if you're going to go on. And life does go on.

WADE

Right. Yeah. Okay. I'm, I'm better now.

SCHOONOVER

Good. Because we have a dinner to attend, and funds to inveigle. You know the rules. You take the grant, you take the bows.

INT. BIZANGO HOUNFOUR - SAME TIME

Helenne is wetting Peytraud's forehead with a cloth. He still seems comatose, and confusing slightly.

CLOSE ON

Peytraud's face, ghastly pale, covered in a sickly sweat. His eyes are closed, and on his cheeks MARKS appear and move. Something is trying to claw its way out of his head.

His eyes open, his head lulls over, and the eyes are the deep red of a Demon's. He laughs a laugh that's half BREAKING GLASS and half the WHIMPER OF A WHIPPED DOG. Despite herself, Helenne makes the sign of the cross.

INT. PRIVATE DINING SUITE - SAME TIME

An elegant private dining room. Kline is showing off his new genius to the rest of the board. Long table, best crystal, full course. Wade is seated next to the hostess, MRS. KLINE, in her fifties, elegant and vacuously charming.

MRS. KLINE

Well, I must tell you Doctor, these animals were wild. Completely wild. You couldn't shoot them of course, not that I wanted to, but you'd want to know someone could, wouldn't you. If they bit you, I mean.

(noticing)

Is something wrong with your soup?

WADE

I'm not hungry. I'm getting a little headache.

Mrs. Kline makes a discrete nod. A BLACK WAITER appears.

MRS. KLINE
Doctor Alan is finished with his
soup. It's really not very good,
you know.

WAITER
(light Haitian accent)
I'm sorry, Madame.
(to Wade)
Would Monsieur care for some-
thing else?

WADE
(noting the accent)
No, thank you.

As the Waiter scoops away the bowl, we

CUT ON MOVEMENT

INT. BIZANGO HOUNFOUR - SAME TIME

Helenne lays a platter in front of the DEMON/PEYTRAUD, who
leans forward towards it as she backs rapidly away.

THE CAMERA MOVES AROUND TO REVEAL that what we first took as
a bowl resting on the platter is actually MOZART'S SEVERED
HEAD. His eyes are open, his face is locked in the final
grimace of death, and his skull is peeled back to reveal the
brains.

The Demon sticks its hand into the skull, pulls out a handful
of brains, and pops the morsel into its mouth, lustily
smacking its lips.

INT. PRIVATE DINING SUITE - SAME TIME

Mrs. Kline has just put a fork full of food in her mouth and
smiles appreciatively.

MRS. KLINE
Now that is good. Marvelous.

Wade hasn't touched his. He has a splitting headache.

MRS. KLINE
Now really, you must eat
something.
(beat)
You probably just had too much
to drink. What you do is flush
the system. Drink lots of water.
Really. Works wonders.

To demonstrate, she lifts her own water glass, and drinks.

INT. BIZANGO HOUNFOUR - SAME TIME

The Demon looks into a shallow pan of water. It picks up a ritual knife and slowly cuts the surface.

INT. THE PRIVATE DINING ROOM - SAME TIME

CU

Mrs. Kline's left hand moves shakily to her knife.

She's still got the water glass in her right hand, and seems confused for a moment. Her head makes a little nervous twitch.

WADE

(game)

You were telling me about your safari?

WADE'S POV

She brings the glass back to her mouth and bites the edge off it, chewing the pieces.

Wade shakes his head, this must be some sort of flashback. But it isn't, and the totally possessed woman lunges at Wade with the knife.

He manages to stop the knife and twist her around. They both fall onto the table, on top of everyone's food. Everyone is moving. Trying to help, trying to get out of the way, trying to make some sense out of it. Wade can't just belt her, she's a little old lady. She glares at him, and LAUGHS THE DEMON'S LAUGH.

DOCTOR

Stand back, I'm a doctor. Let me through.

Wade loosens his grip. The knife jerks up and slashes his forehead. Then Mrs. Kline goes into full-on convulsion.

DOCTOR

It's a seizure. She'll bite off her tongue.

The doctor works forward to get something between the woman's jaws.

CUT TO:

INT. BIZANGO HOUNFOUR - SAME TIME

Peytraud's eyes are human again. He collapses forward into the pan of water, the ritual knife falling from his hand.

INT. WADE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wade, in shirt sleeves, comes out of the bathroom, dabbing a wet towel against his forehead. He checks the condition of his wound in the mirror over his bureau. It's superficial, but nasty. He discards the bloody towel and goes to the phone.

He consults his address book, taps in a long number and sits on the bed as the phone rings.

INT. RACHELLE'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

TO ESTABLISH, CLOSE ON Rachelle's phone as it rings.

INT. WADE'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Wade fiddles with his good luck charm, the "Mud Man Photograph" he keeps on his night table as he LISTENS to the phone RINGING. It's not the first time he's called. He's about to hang up when the phone is answered.

WADE

Hello? Hello, Rachelle?

The voice on the phone is Peytraud's but old and very labored.

PEYTRAUD (OVER PHONE)

I told you our reach was long.
Bring back what you've stolen.
All of it. We'll know.

WADE

Where's Rachelle? What have
you...

PEYTRAUD (OVER PHONE)

Her life is in your hands. The
next plane, Doctor Alan.

WADE

Just let me...

PHONE CLICKS OFF

Wade stares at the receiver, then hangs up, determined.

The whole plane is shaking on the approach, but the Haitian Man across the way is shaking more. His head rolls back. Wade knows the signs. The man is becoming possessed.

STEWARDESS (O.S.)

The weather here in Port-au-Prince is sunny, with a temperature of 74 degrees.

A STEWARD is trying to calm the man who is now completely possessed, and easily pushes past the Steward. He rushes towards Wade, grinning manically. Wade frantically tries to undo his seat belt.

STEWARDESS (O.S.)

Those passengers continuing on with us to Aruba and Caracas may wish to stretch your legs and visit some of the fine shops in the Duty Free area.

Wade holds his suitcase up for protection, but the possessed man grabs Wade's head in both hands. Then with a CACKLING LAUGH, kisses him.

HAITIAN MAN

(Creole, Subtitles)

I have a white face like yours, but people cannot see it.

The plane touches down. The man is possessed by a relatively harmless Guede (ancestral spirit). He falls to his knees in the aisles and kisses the ground.

HAITIAN MAN

(Creole, Subtitles)

Haiti! Haiti! Land of Dreams.
Bring me rum. Bring me women
with clitorises as fat as my
thumb!

STEWARDESS

On behalf of the Captain and crew, it's been a pleasure serving you today, and we hope you enjoy your stay in the island paradise of Haiti.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY - DAY

As Wade steps onto the tarmac, he can SEE Peytraud talking with Gaston on the other side of the observation deck window.

TWO TON TON MACOUTE THUGS grab Wade, one on each arm, and hustle him away.

INT. BOSTON BIOCORP LABORATORY - NIGHT

Wade has an open suit case set up on the desk, and is dashing about, gathering up records, computer printouts, floppy disks, sample bottles, and throwing them in.

In between trips he goes over to the computer and types in commands.

CLOSE ON

The computer screen as he types "ERASE ALL FILES"

Computer responds "ALL FILES?"

Wade enters "YES"

Computer responds by scrolling up a legal-looking form, "Warning: erasure of files without prior written authorization may be a criminal offence. Enter password authorization."

Wade types in some numbers.

Computer responds: "All files erased. Computer authorization password entered in log."

Wade shuts his suitcase, turns out the lights as he leaves. The legal frame is still blinking in the dark lab.

INT. PLANE - DAY

CLOSE ON

Wade's sleeping face rocking gently to the vibrations as the airplane comes in for a landing. Clutched in his lap is the suitcase filled with the zombie material.

STEWARDESS (OVER MICROPHONE)
The captain has turned on the
"No Smoking" sign, and we will
be landing shortly in Port-au-
Prince, Haiti's largest city.

Wade wakes up, looks around as he fumbles to get his seat-belt fastened. From across the aisle, a NERVOUS HAITIAN MAN gives him a thin smile.

STEWARDESS (O.S.)
Please make sure your seats are
in an upright position, and
extinguish all smoking
materials.

Peytraud sees this, and walks quickly from the window.

FURTHER ALONG THE RUNWAY

The thugs are forcing Wade to run now. Up ahead he can see Peytraud's Mercedes parked near the runway gate.

Peytraud and Gaston come out of the customs area door. They hurry after Wade at a fast trot.

Wade is pulled along, right past the Mercedes. He has just enough time to notice Peytraud's unconscious driver on the tarmac.

Peytraud and Gaston running full out now.

Up ahead, the passenger door of a plain black car swings open. Herard reaches out and pulls Wade in.

Gaston goes into a desperate but futile sprint as the black car peels away.

We get our first good look at Peytraud's face as he watches the car roar out through the gate. He looks like he's aged ten years.

INT. - HERARD'S HOUNFOUR - SUNSET

A few Ton Ton Macoute gunmen lounge around the otherwise empty nightclub tables. Wade and Herard sit off to the side, sipping coffee.

WADE

You can trust these guys?

HERARD

Within reason. As long as I am here. Peytraud is a little fish. He has made some big fish angry.

WADE

Big fish? Like you?

HERARD

Like me.

WADE

How deep are you into this?

HERARD

The father, Papa Doc, he was different. At first he was different. Before him voodoo was

(MORE)

HERARD (CONT'D)
anathema. The Roman priests
wanted an inquisition. They
wanted blood. Our blood. We all
supported the father then.

WADE
And once you're in you can't get
out. Is that why they killed
Rachelle's father? Because he
tried?

HERARD
(with look)
The men who did that died. Very
slowly.
(beat)
Don't worry. You're protected
here.

WADE
That's what you said about
Boston.

HERARD
Against human magic I could have
been some protection, yes. But
there are loa, dark loa, and
against their magic...it isn't
the same. Peytraud has sold
himself to the worst of them.
But he can't control it. He is
doomed.

INT. BIZANGO HOUNFOUR - SAME TIME

Peytraud, his uniform shirt ripped open to the waist, leans
against the peristyle in agony, his hands open on the ground.
His face realizes. His eyes are the Demon's eyes.

A LARGE BLACK SPIDER walks into the palm of his hand.

CLOSE ON THE HAND as it closes over the spider and squeezes.
When it opens, it is filled with powder.

The Demon lifts the hand to his mouth and blows the powder
into the rapidly gathering fog.

EXT. HERARD'S HOUNFOUR - NIGHT

TO ESTABLISH

The fog is closing in on the building near the docks. Wisps of mist drift through the front door.

INT. HERARD'S HOUNFOUR - SAME TIME

They are still at the same table. A THIN MACOUTE is eyeing them carefully as he pulls on a thin, rubber surgical glove. They don't notice.

WADE

What about Rachelle? Shouldn't we be doing something?

HERARD

People are talking. He won't hurt her while we have what he wants. This takes time.

(beat)

All right. To keep you happy I'll make a call.

Herard stands, slugs down the last of his coffee. He looks puzzled, begins to COUGH. He spits out the coffee. He's CHOKING. Trying hard to get in even a little air. Wade pounds him on the back, then locks his arms around the big man's thorax to perform the Heimlich maneuver.

Wade gives a strong pull against Herard's diaphragm. Nothing. Herard claws at his throat, gurgling grotesquely. Wade gives another pull.

A gout of blood comes out of Herard's mouth splashing on the clean white tablecloth.

Horried, Wade drops him. Herard's head lands next to the blood, a hissing death rattle coming from his open mouth.

CU

Slowly, out of Herard's lifeless mouth, emerges the spider. It walks untouched across the blood to the white linen.

Wade starts to turn, and the Thin Macoute throws a shower of powder into his face, pulling back carefully not to get any on himself.

All the macoute are watching him as Wade feels his cut, rubbing off the powder.

CU

His hand. The fingers are covered with the distinctive yellow-gray zombie dust.

He pushes past the Gunmen, and rushes out the door.

THIN MACOUTE
(Creole, Subtitles)
Run as far as you like. When you
are dead we will call you back.

EXT. EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - PORT-AU-PRINCE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A cab pulls up by the ambulances. Wade lurches out. His face is chalk white, and the cut on his forehead has quickly turned a nasty looking purple. The poison is working quickly. He staggers towards the emergency room door, past a WOUNDED MAN whose face has been mostly blown away by a shotgun blast, one eye dangling from the socket.

INT. EMERGENCY LOBBY - SAME TIME

Saturday's a busy night in any emergency room. A MULATTO NURSE with a clipboard is trying to keep order. Wade grabs her away from a sick crying child.

WADE
(slurring)
I need a Doctor. I've been
poisoned.

MULATTO NURSE
(French, Subtitles)
You will have to wait your turn.
They are all emergencies here.

Wade pushes her away and starts down the hall.

WADE
(yelling)
Doctor! We need an intern
here!!

MULATTO NURSE
Jean Paul!

A BURLY GUARD starts after him, but Wade has already reached a door and thrown it open.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - SAME TIME

A YOUNG AMERICAN DOCTOR is deep in an INJURED MAN'S intestines, covered in gore. He glances up but continues to work rapidly. The Doctor is assisted by PHILIPPE, a black intern and TWO NURSES. Wade pushes in.

DOCTOR
Get that man out of here!

WADE
I've been poisoned.

DOCTOR
(still working)
Philippe, get him on a stomach
pump, but get him out.

WADE
It's a blood poison. Listen to
me. I'm going to die...

Struggling with the Intern, Wade stumbles and falls into the doctor. Instruments CLATTER to the floor. Enraged, the Doctor spins Wade up against the wall and holds him pinned by the throat.

DOCTOR
So are a lot of other people in
this hospital tonight, but I'm
in this guy's guts and...

The Doctor's whole manner changes as he notices something.

DOCTOR
Hold still.

The Doctor takes the pulse of Wade's neck.

DOCTOR
Jesus. This guy has almost no
pulse. Okay. Okay. What's open.

NURSE
Four.

DOCTOR
I want him in there. Code blue.
Stat. Double check the blood
test. And wired. I'll close and
follow

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOM FOUR - NIGHT

WADE'S POV

The light above a hospital gurney. Everything is bright and shimmering in and out of focus.

The entire medical team is working efficiently to save Wade's life. He is wired to an EKG that pulses erratically. His chest is bare and he is barely breathing.

DOCTOR
Pressure?

INTERN
Can't get a good reading.
Dropping.

DOCTOR
Adrenaline. Double-O gauge long.

The Nurse hands the Doctor a syringe with a needle fit for a horse and starts to roll Wade over for an injection.

DOCTOR
No. Right in the diaphragm.

CU

The long needle stabs into Wade's chest, just below the sternum. The plunger is pushed and the clear fluid flows in.

DOCTOR
Come on. Come on. Breathe. Don't
die on me you bastard. Breathe.

Wade's chest bucks violently. He gets in a gasp of air.

DOCTOR
Good. Now another.

WADE
I'm going to die.

DOCTOR
Don't talk. Don't waste it.

WADE
I'm going to die. But I won't be
dead. I'll still be here.
Inside. Don't cut me.

INTERN
I'm losing him.

WADE
(fading fast)
Schoonover. Harvard. Kline.
Boston Biocorp. Rachelle.
Rachelle. Go to...
(clutches Doctor)
Rachelle.

Wade goes out. The EKG buzzes and shows a flat line. The Intern shakes his head no. The nurse holds out the electric paddles used to shock the heart back to life. The Doctor

sadly shakes his head no and absent-mindedly turns down the volume on the EKG.

DOCTOR

Write the time on the tag. I'll
notify the Embassy tomorrow.

(very tired)

Rough one. So, what else have we
got on the plate.

The team moves out of the room, leaving only a nurse, who puts a tag on Wade's toe, turns out the light and shuts the door as she leaves. The glowing green flat line is the only illumination.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

A MINOR OFFICIAL comes into the room and clicks on the dim lights. He's talking to someone that is still in the hall.

OFFICIAL

(French, Subtitles)

He is in here. Normally we would
require an autopsy, but as your
request was made through
official channels...

ANGLE ON WADE lying on the morgue table.

OFFICIAL (O.S.)

(French, Subtitles)

...we will waive that. It is the
least we can do for the poor
man. No? A tragedy.

WADE'S POV

A cold fish-eye view of the Official looking down at him, then Peytraud comes into frame, smiling nastily. He has aged another ten years.

The official closes Wade's eyes.

OFFICIAL

(French, Subtitles)

A tragedy. So young. Well, he is
yours now.

The Official leaves. Peytraud reopens Wade's eyes, whispers in his ears.

PEYTRAUD

No. No rest. You will see it all. Can you feel it? The cold. In the coffin it is worse. Much worse.

INT. BIZANGO HOUNFOUR - DAY

Wade is laid-out in a plain wooden coffin set in front of the Tribunal. Black candles burning on human skulls mark the cardinal points. On the table nearby is a VERY LARGE CANARI sealed at the top, with Herard's "wanga bag" wrapped close to its neck. Next to it, a SMALLER CANARI, open, with Wade's WRIST WATCH around its neck. Peytraud stands at the head of the coffin as CULT MEMBERS in normal dress file by.

NOTE: THIS SCENE IS PLAYED IN CREOLE WITH SUBTITLES

PEYTRAUD

You see. We give him all the chances. He wronged us but still we do this for him. While his spirit flies free.

The crowd thinks this is more than fair. Gaston pulls Rachelle up to the coffin. She's frightened, but her fear makes her arrogant and wild. She won't look.

Peytraud grabs her head and forces her to look.

PEYTRAUD

See the man you love. A dead man. See what you put your faith in. A dead man. Look at him. Can he help you now?

The loss on her face, the look of sadness held back so as not to give satisfaction to Wade's tormentors, touches us more than any tear or sob of grief. She wrenches free. Glares her hate straight into Peytraud's eyes.

RACHELLE

My Uncle will tear your heart out. He'll turn your blood to worms.

PEYTRAUD

The great Houngan serves me now. ..

He gestures towards the canari, and Rachelle sees it for the first time. Now a sob of grief does escape her throat.

PEYTRAUD

You miss him? Shall I send him
to you tonight? Shall he eat
your flesh in your dreams?

She spits in Peytraud's face. Gaston slaps her hard, goes to
do it again, but Peytraud stops him.

PEYTRAUD

Carefully. Not the face. The
head is promised.

Rachelle reaches to touch Wade's face one last time, but
Gaston pulls her away roughly. Two bizango step up with the
lid of the coffin and start to put it in place.

PEYTRAUD

Wait.

He takes a jar of large hairy spiders the size of your fist
and pours them onto Wade's chest. Leans close to Wade's face.

PEYTRAUD

(in English)

To keep you company.

WADE'S POV

The coffin lid is closed.

EXT. THE GRAVEYARD - DAY

The Bizango watch as Wade's coffin is lowered into the
ground.

Inside the coffin, the cracks admit some light. We can see
Wade's head rock as the coffin hits bottom. There is a spider
on his neck.

Dirt is shoveled in.

CLOSE ON Wade's face, as the light is blocked out. The SOUND
OF DIRT falling on THE COFFIN LID is like a slowly beating
heart. The spider is on his chin crawling upward.

CU

Wade's eye, still very much alive, filled with panic.

ECU

The spider's hairy paw steps directly on the eye, which
cannot even blink.

INT. IN THE COFFIN - DARKNESS

TOTAL DARKNESS

We can HEAR very faintly A FLUTE WHISTLE playing an arrhythmic pattern.

In the coffin with us, A HEART BEAT. After too long, ANOTHER. A GASPING BREATH. The heartbeats begin to pound like a racehorse on its last legs.

FINGERNAILS SCRATCHING ON WOOD. And finally, A SCREAM. It's Wade's voice, but no longer human. It's totally trapped, inarticulate, animal fury and fear.

CUT TO

EXT. AT THE GRAVEYARD - SAME TIME - DUSK

PULLING BACK WITH SCREAM

From the newly turned earth of Wade's grave, we SEE Peytraud sitting in front of a skull with a burning black candle. He lifts Wade's small canari up out of a complicated death's head veve.

Tooting on the little whistle that dangles from his lips, Peytraud makes three counter clockwise circles with the canari in the air, then CLAPS on the lid.

All this time the SCREAM has continued, with hardly a pause for breath. Muffled by dirt, but loud. Now it changes. Becomes high pitched, like WIND trapped in an attic.

CLOSE ON the canari as Peytraud seals the lid with the black wax of the candle. THE SCREAM seems to be coming from it.

At Peytraud's nod, WORKERS begin to rapidly dig up Wade's grave.

LATER

The Gravediggers are about four feet down when we HEAR their shovels hit the top of the coffin. The coffin lid starts to CRACK AND SPLINTER.

They barely have time to get out of the hole before Wade's bleeding and torn hand rips through the thin lid. Tearing away the lumber. He stands in the grave, hunched, mute fury.

Strong hands lift him out. He's disoriented. Peytraud CRACKS a sisal whip which gets his attention. As Wade turns toward the bokor, Gaston smashes him in the midsection with a 2 x 4, doubling him over.

The workers are immediately on him, beating, kicking, shouting. Wade goes down in the flurry.

LATER

Peytraud takes Wade by the hair and almost tenderly pulls the bound and bleeding man to his knees.

PEYTRAUD

You are dead. You are not alive.
You have been judged. You are
mine. Mine.

Wade's mouth won't work right, but he tries to mumble something. Gaston kicks him in the gut, like he was going for a goal in soccer.

Peytraud pulls his head back upright.

PEYTRAUD

You are dead. Mine. Never yours.
Mine. You are dead. Dead.

The animal panic and hate in Wade's eyes dim, and they become the lifeless eyes of a zombie.

INT. BIZANGO BAGI - DAY

Rachelle is being given a ritual bath, attended by TWO YOUNG WOMEN, and supervised by Helenne, who pours in more herbs.

On one wall is a painting of the Djab (devil), winged and burning with flames. On the other is ERZULIE DANTUR, the dark virgin, surrounded by a halo of thorns dripping blood.

RACHELLE

(Creole, Subtitles)

It won't work. The Goddess won't
come.

HERARD

(Creole, Subtitles)

The waters compel her. She will
be in your blood. That is all
that matters.

(kind)

The cut is quick. There will be
no pain. I can give you a
powder. It will be like a dream.

Rachelle shakes her head no and slumps into the bath. Someone comes into the room. She turns to see who it is.

It's Peytraud, with Wade, now in peasant rags, and completely a zombie. They are accompanied by a FOREMAN.

PEYTRAUD

(to Wade)

You see her? You want her?

Peytraud is testing him, looking for some flicker of response in the eyes. There is none.

PEYTRAUD

Tonight we take her to him. Her
and the one that rides her. He
hungers. You understand? She
dies. Tonight. You have
something to say?

(slaps him)

No clever lies, blanc? Nothing?

(to Foreman,

Creole Subtitles)

It is well done. Take him with
the others.

Peytraud leaves. As the Foreman pulls Wade to follow, a look passes between the two doomed lovers. Still entombed in his own unresponsive flesh, Wade struggles to form a word. We SEE that the word on his lips is "Rachelle".

MONTAGE - IN THE FIELDS - DAY

A BRIEF MONTAGE of the Zombies working in the parched clay sand of the fields. Among them we see Wade and Clarvius (who is now back as zombified as the rest). Hoeing, digging, carrying. Not flinching from the burning sun that gets higher in the sky. Not responding to the scalding dust that clogs their throats. Not sweating in the heat that bubbles off the ground like water. Not even pausing to wipe at their blistering lips. Just endless, repetitive, crushing work.

Which doesn't keep the machete-carrying FIELD HANDS from occasionally punching, kicking or cursing.

At one point, in the background we see Peytraud stop for a moment and watch Wade, then head down a thin forest trail carrying the large and small canari.

EXT. - BY THE EDGE OF THE WOODS - DAY

Wade is carrying a large sack of grain, following ten paces behind the very cocky Foreman who is enjoying the shade.

From very far away Wade HEARS a jaguar roar. He stops dead in his tracks. The Foreman hasn't heard it, but sees him stop.

FOREMAN

(Creole, Subtitles)

Carry. Carry. Work.

As he bends to pick up the sack, the Foreman senses something. Looks over.

He's face to face with the snarling Black Jaguar. The terrified man doesn't even get to straighten up before the jungle cat is on him, slashing his jugular and ripping out his throat with one swipe of its paw.

CLOSE ON the Foreman's face as blood pours out of his mangled neck. He dies.

Jaguar trots off down an almost invisible trail. Wade trots down the same trail. We hear the roar of the Jaguar.

EXT. SMALL FOREST CLEARING - DAY

Wade is following down the trail from pure instinct. He's done it so many times in his dreams.

Around a little bend the Jaguar is standing in a small cultivated patch of the ANTIDOTE HERB (the blue flowers with orange-rimmed leaves we've seen him chew before).

Wade falls to his knees and stuffs the leaves into his mouth like a ravenous animal. The sap runs down his chin.

LATER

Wade is back to normal now, sitting among the orange-rimmed leaves.

He looks at his hands. They're covered in blood. The Foreman's blood. Wade tears off more leaves and chews them.

EXT. IN THE FIELDS - DAY

Clarvius works next to the forest's edge, hacking at the undergrowth mechanically with a shovel. The guards aren't watching him closely. An arm comes out and pulls him into the bushes.

IN THE BUSHES

Wade shoves Clarvius' mouth full of the leaves. And forces him to chew.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BIZANGO HOUNFOUR COMPOUND - DUSK

THE VOODOO DRUMS are beginning to weave their magic. Bizango cultists are arriving. The gates are guarded by both machete-bearing Bizango, and Ton Ton Macoute armed with Uzis. Peytraud is taking no chances.

EXT. BY A FOREST STREAM - SAME TIME

Wade, working by a small stream, crushes a batch of purple berries between two rocks to get a pulp. Clarvius sits nearby. Between them is a pile of the antidote leaves, which they are still popping into their mouths.

CLOSE ON Wade as he takes a small wooden dart and runs its tip through the berry pulp. Next to him is a short hollow reed fashioned into a serviceable blow-gun.

In the fading light, he studies the tip to make sure it has enough of the juice on it. The VOODOO DRUMS are louder.

INT. THE BIZANGO HOUNFOUR - NIGHT

The Tribunal and Peytraud are standing as if reviewing troops as the Bizango, in their red and black robes, march in a flat-footed dance SINGING in a rhythmic monotone. The flags of the temple moving among them, the small black ritual coffin sitting in the center on a Haitian flag.

NOTE: THIS SCENE IS IN CREOLE, WITH SUBTITLES

SONG

We are going to the cemetery
We go to get our mother.
Hello mother, the Virgin.
Protect us. Give us courage.

Rachelle, in Erzulie's ritual clothes, is brought to the front.

HELENNE

Three shots of the cannon for
the offering.

The sisal whip CRACKS three times.

PEYTRAUD

The Shanpwel departs! Those who
belong.

CROWD

Come in!

PEYTRAUD

Those who do not.

CROWD

Stay out!

The ritual coffin lid lifted up, and the Bizango form a line behind it. As they do we see that sitting in the back, like

dogs at a dance, are a small group of ZOMBIES.

HELENNE

Twenty shots of the cannon for
the one we call!

The sisal whip CRACKS off the shots as the Bizango file out
of the Hounfour, behind the black ritual coffin.

EXT. AT THE COMPOUND GATE - NIGHT

The last CRACK of the sisal whip sounds as the end of the
CHANTING line straggles out the gate. The Bizango guard joins
in for the ritual walk through the night, leaving the gate
guarded only by an Uzi-armed Ton Ton Macoute.

IN THE BUSH NEARBY

Wade waits his moment, then lifts the blowgun to his lips,
and shoots a dart at the Guard's unprotected neck.

AT THE GATE

The Guard slaps his neck, comes up with the silly looking
little dart, and stares at it stupidly.

INT. BIZANGO HOUNFOUR - SAME TIME

Peytraud and the Tribunal are talking among themselves.
Gaston is off to the side holding Rachelle. They all torn
when they hear the MECHANICAL SNAP of an Uzi being cocked.

Standing at the doorway are Wade and Clarvius.

RACHELLE

Wade!

Gaston starts to make amove towards the gun on his hip.

WADE

(has him covered)

Don't do it.

A signal passes between Peytraud and Gaston. Gaston goes for
it.

Wade cuts him down, the stitch of bullets throwing the big
man back twenty feet, dead instantly.

Wade wheels around and has the other two guards covered as
they come through the door.

WADE
Down! The guns down! Now!

PEYTRAUD
(Creole, Subtitles)
Do it. We will get him.

They lay their guns down, and Wade keeps them covered as he heads over to Rachelle. Clarvius can't work a gun, he takes a machete.

WADE
Are you okay? Did they give you anything?

RACHELLE
No. I can run.

Wade steps towards Peytraud, a mad gleam in his eye, the gun aching to fire in his hand.

WADE
(ice cold passion)
Now it's your turn to die,
motherfucker!

RACHELLE
(stopping him just in time)
No! He's a bokor. He'll be more
powerful dead. We have to run.
The others will be back.

WADE
(hard choice)
All right. Let's go.

As they go out the door, Wade turns back to Peytraud.

WADE
Later. Count on it.

Then they are out the door, across the courtyard and running into the forest. The Ton Ton Macoute pick up their guns to follow.

PEYTRAUD
(Creole, Subtitles)
No. You'll lose them. Use the
dead. Drive them like cattle.

EXT. IN THE FOREST - NIGHT

VOODOO DRUMS are playing in the distance. Wade, Rachelle and Clarvius run through the thick undergrowth along the narrow

trail. They come to a fork. Rachelle starts to the right, Wade to the left.

RACHELLE
The road's this way, I'm sure of it.

WADE
No, we have to find our canaris. If we don't, I don't think Clarvius and I will make it.

RACHELLE
He'd hide them some place secret. Only he would know. But they would have to be some place close. His power depends on it.

WADE
I think he took this trail.

EXT. AT THE EDGE OF THE FOREST - SAME TIME

The GUARDS, CRACKING WHIPS, are bringing together the zombies from their small work parties, handing out machetes. They place the Zombies twenty yards apart along the edge of the forest. Ten yards behind the Zombies are the DRUMMERS and FIELD HANDS, and back another ten yards are the machine gun-toting MACOUTE HUNTERS.

INT. BIZANGO HOUNFOUR - SAME TIME

The Tribunal is standing off to the side, talking nervously in low tones and casting frightened glances at Peytraud who sits with his back leaning against the peristyle.

THE CAMERA MOVES AROUND TO REVEAL that Peytraud is carving a veve deep into his chest, softly intoning an ancient incantation through his pain.

He slits a vein in his wrist and lets the blood flow into a small ceramic bowl at his side. Helenne's black dog, kneeling by the bowl, licks its jowls hungrily.

EXT. AT THE EDGE OF THE FOREST - SAME TIME

THE DRUMS begin a voodoo march. The Zombies move forward, like one undying body, under the whips and curses of the guards.

EXT. AT THE END OF THE TRAIL - SAME TIME

Our trio have come to the end of the trail. In the distance they HEAR the voodoo rhythm. Wade leads the way as the go straight into the bush.

INT. THE BIZANGO HOUNFOUR - SAME TIME

CLOSE ON the Dog's face as it watches the dish filling with blood. The Dog's attitude suddenly changes from hunger to cringing fear.

We FOLLOW THE DISH as Peytraud lifts it to his lips and drinks deeply. His eyes are the red eyes of the Demon.

Quick as a cat the Demon has the Dog by the ears and is holding its face to his own, hissing a SULFUROUS HISS.

EXT. IN THE FOREST - SAME TIME

Wade and the others are running through the tight undergrowth of the forest floor. The DRUMS are closer, much closer, and we HEAR shouts.

The forest ends abruptly. Ahead of them, up the mountain, is only eroded desert.

WADE

They can't be that way.

(deciding)

We have to double back.

They're out of breath, but he pushes them on, back towards the approaching drums.

INT. BIZANGO HOUNFOUR - SAME TIME

The Demon throws the dog away from him twenty feet. The dog scampers to its feet and looks back. Its eyes now glow red as well. The demonic dog turns and lopez out of the Hounfour into the night.

The Tribunal shrinks back as the Demon's gaze falls on them, but the Demon only scoops up a handful of dust and throws it high into the air.

EXT. THE FOREST - SAME TIME

From behind some trees, Wade and Rachelle watch as the line of Zombies, moving stiffly, approaches.

WADE

We have a chance. They're brain dead. They can't react. Just lie still.

INT. BIZANGO HOUNFOUR - SAME TIME

CLOSE ON the Demon's hand as it scoops up a fistful of dust and throws it into the air. As the dust settles, we

FADE TO

EXT. THE FOREST - SAME TIME

The Zombies, settling into themselves, beginning to move differently now, more stealthily, like natural predators.

RACHELLE

(on Wade's look)

He rides them now. The one they called. He sees with their eyes.

WADE

Great. Pray.

They lie down in the thick leaves. Clarvius is already prone and praying, ten yards back.

The Zombies' eyes glowing with demonic light keep moving closer.

Wade and Rachelle try not to breathe.

CLOSE ON a Zombie foot moving softly on the loam.

ANOTHER ANGLE reveals the Zombie is only a few feet from them.

CLOSE ON the Zombie's face as it sniffs the wind.

CLOSE ON Clarvius' face, bug-eyed and quivering with fear.

The Zombie is getting closer, closer, closer...

Clarvius can't take any more and bolts. He's up and running like a gazelle.

Several Zombies rush to pursue, but the Hunters open up, and in the hail of bullets the Zombies closest to Clarvius are cut down. He makes it back into the thick undergrowth.

CONFUSION, SHOUTS, ZOMBIE HOWLS as the unholy army rushes off

in pursuit, running past Wade and Rachelle. They wait, then staying low, run in the opposite direction.
INT. BIZANGO HOUNFOUR - SAME TIME

The Demon rolls back its head and LAUGHS. Then it draws a circle in the dust with its finger.

EXT. THE FOREST - SAME TIME

Wade and Rachelle running. They stumble back onto a trail and take it.

VARIOUS ANGLES

The trail seems to bend, so as they run, dodging leaves, leaping logs, they gradually go from running left to right to going right to left. The DRUMS are everywhere so that offers no orientation, but they're running in a circle. They don't know that, all they can do is run, then run even faster.

Wade is going hell-bent for leather around a dark turn when he collides full on with another man going even faster. They go down. The Uzi clatters out of Wade's hand. His opponent has a machete. They're at each other's throats in the darkness.

It's Clarvius!

The both realize it at the same time. Collapse panting for a moment. Rachelle gives a sigh of relief and straightens up.

Suddenly, looming behind her, seeming to materialize out of the shadows, is a RED-EYED ZOMBIE, machete raised. She doesn't see it until it grabs her shoulder and turns her, its machete already flashing through the moonlight towards her neck.

Wade grabs Rachelle's leg and pulls hard. She falls, her dress ripping lose as the whistling blade misses her head by inches.

The Zombie's sword stroke carries it off balance, Wade and Clarvius are on it. Dragging it to the ground. Fighting to stay on top, but it's about to throw them both of when...

Rachelle retrieves Clarvius' machete and plunges it into the Zombie's chest. The Zombie bucks, shudders and dies.

They get off of it. Carefully. Back away. It really is dead. But the DRUMS are closing in. Wade straightens to get his bearings.

OUT OF NOWHERE the Demon Dog is on him, snarling and

snapping. Wade goes down, the Dog tearing at his leg with savage teeth.

Clarvius pulls the machete out of the Zombie's chest, and with one stroke lops off the dog's head. Blood spews from the Dog's severed neck. The body falls over and dies, but the hound keeps on snarling and chewing.

Wade is still fighting it as Clarvius and Rachelle see the machete blade to pry the dog's jaws off Wade's leg. The head falls to the ground, still snapping and snarling.

Wade gives it one last look as he gets the Uzi, and they run off through the brush.

ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST

More trees, more shadows, more exhausted. But they have put some distance between themselves and the pursuing DRUMS. Wade stops and braces his arm against a tree to try and catch his breath.

WADE

(gasping for breath)

Wait. We have to have a plan.

RACHELLE

(grasping)

It has to be close. I'm sure of it.

WADE

Okay. Okay. One minute.

WADE'S POV

The trunk of the tree opens, the wood forming a fanged mouth. Wade falls forward, his arm going into the maw. The teeth clamp shut. He pulls back and looks in horror at the bloody stump of protruding bone that is all that's left of his arm.

WADE

(agony)

OH GOD. JESUS!!

Wade is rolling on the ground, his arms under him. Rachelle didn't see what happened.

RACHELLE

What is it? What happened?

WADE

My arm. MY ARM! IT ATE MY
FUCKIN' ARM!

She rolls him over and looks. His arm is still there.

RACHELLE

Listen to me. LISTEN TO ME. Your arm is still there. It happened in your mind.

WADE

I can't feel it! I can't move it!

RACHELLE

He has your ti-bon-ange. Your soul. He can do what he wants with your mind. Listen. Listen. Listen. It must be near here!

Wade gets to his feet, his arm dangling uselessly. Rachelle takes the Uzi. Clarvius leads the way.

INT. THE BIZANGO HOUNFOUR - SAME TIME

The Demon has been playing with a frayed twig, pushing the end together to make a mouth. He drops it, and pours rum from a bottle into the ceramic dish.

EXT. FOREST STREAM - SAME TIME

Wade, Rachelle and Clarvius come out of the woods to a small pond formed by water flowing off a waterfall. It is clean and sparkling in the moonlight. THE DRUMS ARE CLOSING IN, and zombies HOWL from all around.

INT. THE BIZANGO HOUNFOUR - SAME TIME

CU

The Demon's finger touches the rum in the dish, and it bursts into flame.

EXT. AT THE WATERFALL - SAME TIME

The pond bursts into flame. The water turning like liquid pitch.

Through the fire Wade can see the Jaguar pacing in the water of the falls like a caged cat, growling at the flames.

Wade leaps into the flames, his good arm in front of his face.

INT. WATERFALL CAVE - SAME TIME

The cascading water puts out the flames as Wade, badly singed, comes through the entrance to the cave. It's lit by the light of the flames outside refracted through the water.

Across the room that has been dug out behind the falls, there is a wall filled with a large collection of CANARI. The centerpiece of the display is Herard's large clay jar.

Rachelle and Clarvius come in. Wade hurries to rip away the part of her dress that is still smoldering. She has the Uzi over her arm like a purse.

WADE

What do we do now?

RACHELLE

We find yours!

They start across the room, but before they make it they HEAR the Demon's laugh behind them. There he is, silhouetted against the flames outside.

Clarvius rushes forward swinging his machete. The Demon catches his wrist in the air effortlessly.

CLOSE ON Clarvius' wrist as pustulant sores form and run up his arm, like flames on gasoline.

The disease shoots up his neck, and into his brain. Clarvius is cast aside. The Demon turns his attention to Rachelle.

PEYTRAUD

(as Demon)

Your head. It is mine.

Wade steps in front of her to form a human shield, but she pushes him away and opens up with the Uzi. The DEAFENING NOISE drowns out the DRUMS for a moment.

The impact of the .72mm slugs smashes the Demon back against the far wall, leaving gaping, ugly wounds. A head wound exposes some of the brain.

Rachelle lets the gun fall out of her loose grasp. Wade shields her from the sight.

WADE

It's all right. Don't look. It's over now. It's all right.

Rachelle looks into his face, sobbing, then down past him, terrified.

RACHELLE

Oh god! NO! NOO!!

Wade turns to see what she sees. There on the ground, the Demon's wounds are healing themselves, the flesh knitting together. The Demon opens its red eyes and HISSES like a thousand angry snakes. The head wound is still open, but this thing doesn't need a brain.

DEMON

Your head, bitch goddess!

Wade blocks the way, but is easily thrown off by the Demon. He goes flying into the wall of the canari, knocking three to the ground. As they break, we HEAR a high pitched hum, like wind rushing through a narrow pipe.

Three cuts open up on the Demon's face as he swats away invisible pests. Wade sees this, and grabs up two other canari. Baites the Demon with them to draw him away from Rachelle.

WADE

Come on! Come on! They can hurt you, can't they? That's why you won't set them free. They can turn on you. You think you can keep these people slaves forever? FUCK YOU!

Wade throws the canari to the ground, and two more souls are released and two more cuts appear.

As he reaches for more, the Demon has him by the throat and is choking the life out of him. In his struggle, Wade manages to knock the large canari of Herard to the floor with his foot.

CLOSE ON Herard's canari as it shatters. The room is suddenly filled with a ROARING HURRICANE, and in the wind Herard's hard and vengeful LAUGH.

For the first time, the Demon shows fear. He drops Wade and makes a desperate lunge for Rachelle's defenseless throat.

CLOSE ON the Demon's hand held back only an inch from its goal by an invisible force. The hand is still clutching as the Demon is lifted across the room and pinned to the opposite wall, two feet off the ground.

CU

We see the flesh of the Demon's neck yields under the pressure of invisible fingers.

The Demon is frantic to break the grip, twisting and HOWLING an unearthly screech of eternal pain which joins the LAUGHING WIND.

All the spells the Demon has cast come back on it. Horrible sores run up its arm onto its face, each pumping black blood.

The veve on its chest bursts into flame. So do the Demon's hands, and eyes.

Out of its throat a deluge of cockroaches and spiders is vomited. The eyes burst and the melting ocher flowing down its cheeks is followed by slithering serpents.

The Demon's chest is ripped open by an invisible hand and its heart is thrown at Rachelle's feet. Still beating. Covered with maggots. It too bursts into flame.

The whole body of Peytraud is now consumed to ash. The SCREECHING WAIL stops. The WIND stops. The charred husk falls to the floor. It is quiet. There are no more VOODOO DRUMS.

Wade holds Rachelle in his arms, only a lost numbness in their faces.

CLARVIUS (O.S.)
(Creole, Subtitles)
Help me. Please.

They bend to him. His sores are rapidly healing on their own.

CLARVIUS
(Creole, Subtitles)
Please. My jar. That one.

Rachelle hands him the canari. He looks at it for a moment.

CLARVIUS
(Creole, Subtitles)
I must be judged. I am not
afraid. I go in faith.

Clarvius breaks his canari, leans back, and peacefully dies. Rachelle and Wade hold each other. The anger is over.

INT. WADE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

PULLING BACK SLOWLY FROM THE TV the 11:00 News shows footage of riots in Haiti, Baby Doc arriving at the airport and driving his Mercedes into the airplane, people dancing in the streets burning portraits of Papa Doc. Wade is lying on the bed, sipping a glass of wine, and watching.

ANNOUNCER (ON T.V.)
 For the time being the crisis
 seems to be over. The provisi-
 onal government declared an
 early curfew...

Rachelle comes in, takes off her white doctor's coat, kicks off her shoes, takes an offered glass of wine. As she moves around we see that they are living together now, and she has given back a feminine touch. The portrait we saw of her as Erzulie back in her apartment is hanging on the wall caty-cornered to the mirror above the bureau.

ANNOUNCER (ON T.V.)
 ...but that hasn't stopped
 thousands of Haitians from
 pouring into the streets as word
 of Duvalier's hasty departure
 swept through the crowded
 capitol. State Department
 sources...

RACHELLE
 (turning off sound)
 So it's finally over.

WADE
 You want to go back now?

RACHELLE
 (joining him)
 Me. No. Maybe when our lease is
 up I'll think about it.

She snuggles up, looks over at the Mud Man picture still on the night table.

RACHELLE
 What about you? You miss being
 the intrepid explorer?

CLOSE ON THEIR FACES

WADE
 I have something here I want to
 explore tonight.

RUSTLE OF HER SKIRTS OFF CAMERA

RACHELLE
 Oh you do.

WADE
 Yes I do.

As their faces go down to the pillow, the CAMERA HOLDS, THEN MOVES IN ON THE MUD MAN PHOTO. The light is clicked out.

FADE TO

Still the photo, but the time on the clock is 3:00 a.m.

We hear WHITE SOUND and see Wade's head tossing on the pillow. He's having a nightmare. His eyes open.

He looks around the room. It's normal, calm. But the T.V. is on a channel that's gone off the air, and is giving off the loud hiss of electronic static.

He gets up and turns it off. Something is wrong.

The painting. It's been slashed and cut. He goes to it.

It takes all his courage to go to the bed and throw back the covers. But Rachelle is all right, nude and sleeping peacefully with her back to him.

As he leans back against the bureau we SEE JUST A GLIMPSE of another figure standing in the mirror. The Demon-Peytraud.

Wade turns so that his hands are flat on the bureau top, shakes his head to clear it. Looks up into the mirror.

OVER HIS SHOULDER WE SEE it is his reflection, slightly embarrassed, staring back at him.

FROM THE SIDE WE SEE him lean towards the mirror studying himself.

SUDDENLY - PEYTRAUD'S HAND COMES RIGHT OUT OF THE MIRROR and grabs Wade by the throat pulling him into the glass so that it cracks.

Wade grabs the wrist, pulls back with all his strength, and pulls Peytraud out of the mirror, which shatters.

They struggle amidst the broken shards of glass, smashing into the night table and sending everything flying.

CU

Wade's bare foot as it steps on the Mud Man Photo, breaking the glass and bending the frame.

Wade is pressed back into the bed. The Demon has the ritual knife and is pushing it closer and closer to Wade's chest. Wade can just barely hold the knife back.

Rachelle's head rolls to face him. It's not severed, she

hasn't turned, just her head is backwards on her body, and her eyes are Demon Red.

RACHELLE
(Demon's voice)

Join us.

He loses his grip on Peytraud. The knife plunges into Wade's chest.

CUT TO

Wade jerks up out of sleep.

The reassuring SOUND OF TRAFFIC outside. The room is normal. The lamp right there. Rachelle, warm and tender, stirring next to him. The T.V. safely off. The painting untouched.

He snuggles up to Rachelle, and goes back to sleep.

THE CAMERA MOVES DOWN

CU

There on the floor is the Mud Man Photo, frame bent, the glass broken just as it was when Wade stepped on it in the "dream".

HOLD ON PHOTO AS END CREDITS ROLL.

"THIS FILM IS DEDICATED TO THE FREE PEOPLE OF HAITI"