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# Ritual

By Rob Cohen

The beast is yet to come!  
# In Trinidad there was a family.  
# With much confusion as you will see.  
# There was a mother and a father  
and a boy who had grown.  
# Who wanted to marry  
have a wife of his own.  
# He met a young girl  
who suited him nice.  
# He went to his father  
to ask for advice.  
# His father said  
"Son, I have to tell you no.  
# The girl is your sister  
but your mama don't know"  
# Woe, woe is me.  
# Shame and scandal in the family...  
Tonight.  
Dori... Dori, listen, I don't know.  
- Yes, please, please. You have to.  
- No, listen to me. Listen.  
I don't think... Oh, no.  
Um... No, thank you.  
Land here is extraordinarily  
valued at millions of dollars.  
Agriculture really  
isn't the way to go anymore.  
- The real value is in tourism.  
- Thank you.  
I... No, thank you.  
I'm seeing hotels, resorts, casinos,  
the works, you know?  
If you're really serious about this  
here's my card. Call me anytime.  
- Thank you.  
- You're welcome. Oh, honey.  
I want you to meet Dr. Matthew Hope.  
Doctor, this is my honey  
and partner, Scott.  
How do you do?  
I've just been considering  
your lady's real estate, um... Tips.  
Such a pleasure.  
Wicked, girls.

All alone, Tina? Not for long.  
All I want is jerk chicken,  
jerk fish, jerk pork, jerk...  
More jerk chicken, sir?  
She's a work of art,  
isn't she, superintendent?  
Which I will own someday.  
- I don't believe she's for sale.  
- Everyone is for sale, doctor.  
Really? How's your jerk?  
Attention, everybody, please.  
Settle, everybody.  
Settle.  
Thank you.  
Now we've all gathered here today  
for a very special occasion...  
...my baby brother Wesley's birthday.  
Now I know you were  
all looking forward.  
...to partying with the  
island wildman, as I was...  
...but unfortunately Dr. Winsvold  
has informed me.  
...that Wesley is feeling  
a bit under the weather.  
So if you'll join me in a toast  
to Wesley's good health.  
- To Wesley.  
- To Wesley.  
Rock on.  
Dori, listen, I know I said I'd help you.  
...but it's just too dangerous right now...  
You said it would be easy  
to do a DNA test.  
...to tell who the father of the baby is.  
It's too dangerous.  
No, stop this, please. Dori, I...  
Come on, please, you promised.  
Dori, this is very dangerous.  
Oh, my God, Dori, this...  
Dori, we shouldn't be doing this.  
Dori, we should... Just...  
God.  
Please, please, please. The test first.

- No, no.  
- Yes, sir.  
I'll be more relaxed when I know, yeah?  
Yeah? Please?  
Uh-huh.  
Oh, dear.  
Oh, God.  
My God. Oh, my God.  
Aah!  
Aah! Aah!  
Aaaah!  
Aaah!  
Doctor?  
Doctor?  
He's dead.  
Move, move, move, move!  
Squeeze my hand.  
Hey.  
Help me.  
I will, honey.  
How close are we to maximum dosage?  
We're there.  
Dr. Javitz.  
Dr. Javitz.  
Oh, Alice, you're going down?  
- No. Dr. Javitz, it's Jenny Garcia.  
- I know. Nothing's working.  
I know you said no to the Raptomycin,  
but we've got nothing to lose.  
Alice, for God's sake, that's enough.  
The review board takes a long time  
to determine compassionate use...  
...and you don't want me  
to repeat my speech.  
...on the use of non-FDA-approved drugs  
and disastrous career consequences.  
- This child is not gonna make it...  
- Do not turn me into the heartless...  
...crusty head of a department  
who's going to be making speeches.  
...about liability and insurance companies  
and all that crap.  
You know better.  
Hey, Phil, can I have

an amp of Raptomycin?

Dr. Javitz and the review board gave you  
the thumbs up for compassionate use?

- Do you have it in writing?

- Phil, I'm in a huge hurry.

I don't have time for this.

I got the approval.

You know what they say...

...no good deed goes unpunished.

It's a chance I'll have to take.

Code blue!

If you expect me to jump on a chair,  
don't hold your breath.

How about a piece of cheese?

Help me.

"Dear Dr. Dodgson.

You are a talented doctor...

...a caring person,

and under no circumstances.

...should you blame yourself

for Jenny's death.

However, by prescribing Raptomycin.

...and disobeying my specific instructions...

...you have compromised

this institution's legal standing.

I have no choice but to recommend

that your license be suspended.

...for no less than two years.

Yours, Dr. Javitz. "

Dr. Javitz.

Yes, it's... it's Alice Dodgson.

Yeah, I'm calling to...

to ask you for a favor...

...if you think that's appropriate.

Um, I realize that I can't practice

medicine for the next two years...

...but there is a medical referral service...

...and they're offering

an overseas position.

which doesn't require a license.

Yeah, the patient was diagnosed

with atypical lymphocytosis...

...slipped into a coma twice last year.

Lives in Jamaica

in some out of the way place.  
They want someone  
to give supportive care.  
Well, I'm calling you because...  
'Cause I...  
Well, they do ask for a reference.  
And although I do have other references...  
I... I think that they should know  
why I had my license suspended.  
...before they decide whether or not  
they want to hire me.  
Welcome. Welcome.  
Welcome. Welcome to Jamaica.  
Hope you enjoy your stay.  
Hey. How you doin'?  
I am fine, baby girl.  
And you're very fine, too, you know.  
But me at work now.  
Normally, I would love  
to make your acquaintance.  
...and show you a good time...  
...but me have to work.  
I'm... I'm Dr. Dodgson.  
I'm J.B. I'm sorry. Can I help you?  
No, I'm fine.  
- Yes.  
- Actually, very fine.  
Yes, yes, yes.  
So, you're from New York?  
Yeah, mon.  
Me want to go to New York  
and live there, you know.  
Really? I thought  
Jamaica was like a paradise.  
For tourists. For Jamaicans,  
life is very hard, you know.  
Why does everyone  
carry machetes?  
For work, and for protection.  
Are the mountains dangerous?  
Mmm.  
Some parts, yes.  
Like I say, life can be very hard here.  
The people are very, very poor.

The Claybourne estate  
is up there in the mountains.  
Sugarcane fields, mango...  
Ugli fruit as far as the eye can see.  
What's going on up there?  
They are burning  
the sugarcane to bring in the harvest.  
It's a seasonal ting, you know.  
Hey, that's my father up there.  
- You mind if I say hello?  
- No.  
Go ahead.  
Help me.  
Oh.  
I'm sorry. Are you all right?  
I'm... I'm great.  
It's really hot. I shouldn't have  
stopped so close to the fire.  
Oh, no, no... No problem.  
You know, my father's like you.  
He's a doctor.  
Oh, really? What school did he go to?  
No school. He's originally from Haiti.  
He's what you call a houngan,  
a kind of voodoo priest, a healer.  
I want the full amount  
wired to Luxembourg.  
Yeah, I know I agreed to pay you  
and the others from the escrow.  
I just think this  
is much cleaner and safer.  
Yeah. I'll call you right back.  
I have somebody I want you to meet.  
- Dr. Alice Dodgson.  
- Paul Claybourne.  
Well, welcome to Wonderland, Alice.  
Come in. J.B., could you get Violette  
to get us something cold to drink?  
- Yeah, mon.  
- Let's step out on the terrace.  
It's much cooler out there.  
So Dr. Javitz told me  
that you're a wonderful doctor.  
Says that you're quite a fighter.

You never give up on a patient.  
He also told you I had my license  
suspended, so I'll need a release...  
Any doctor who'll take a job  
in this godforsaken place.  
...has to have some problems.  
Dr. Javitz also told me what happened,  
and I have to say I really admire you.  
I just hope you can help my brother.  
You see, he's the only family  
that I have left.  
- I love him very much.  
- Thank you.  
- Welcome.  
- This is Dr. Dodgson.  
- Hello.  
- She'll be staying with us for a while.  
Thank you, dear.  
Violette and Ramon here...  
...they've been with us forever.  
They're really like family.  
They practically raised Wesley and I.  
So if there's  
anything you need, just ask.  
Mr. Claybourne,  
if your brother has encephalitis.  
...there's not much I can do for him  
except monitor his condition.  
- And put him on a healthy regimen...  
- That's not gonna be easy.  
- Encephalitis is part of the problem.  
- What's the other part?  
- He has brain seizures...  
- That's not uncommon.  
You don't understand. What makes  
the medical problem difficult is...  
This is gonna sound strange.  
My brother, um...  
...he thinks that he's a zombie.  
Well, not really a zombie.  
He thinks someone  
is messing with his mind.  
Aah!  
Hi.



Oh, hi.

I'm sorry.

- Dr. Dodgson, I'm Caro.

- Uh-huh.

Paul thought maybe I could help you.

I used to help Dr. Winsvold,  
minor stuff.

Maybe you could help me  
with something here.

I'm going through Wesley's  
medical records...

...trying to get up to speed,  
and I get data up to three months ago.

After that date, nothing,  
which makes no sense.

When did Dr. Winsvold leave?

Two months ago, right?

There's a one month gap in the data.

He didn't leave. He died.

He what?

Didn't Paul?...

No, maybe I shouldn't.

No, maybe I misunderstood him.

What did he die of?

I think it was a heart attack.

Mr. Hope, a friend of Paul,  
used to be a doctor.

He came and examined the body.

I think he said it was a heart attack.

You're very pretty.

Hmm?

- Would you model for me?

- I'm sorry, what?

Do you want to model for me? I sculpt.

Oh.

If you have some time.

So, when are you going  
to go see Wesley?

Tomorrow morning.

I can go with you, if you'd like.

He's a little funny at first,  
but I get along with him.

He's great.

Wesley was a great musician...

...and he is so funny.  
You sound like you're in love with him.  
Everybody is in love with him.  
Come. Get him in the car.  
Oh!  
You see what I'm talking about?  
- Where is he going?  
- I don't know.  
I ask him, but he won't tell me.  
Can I get you something,  
perhaps a nightcap?  
No, thanks. I'm just gonna  
get a good night's sleep...  
- Focus on the challenge.  
- Well, that it is.  
But I feel you're up for it.  
'Night, Alice.  
- Good night.  
- Sleep tight.  
If you change your mind  
about that nightcap...  
Dr. Dodgson! Doctor! Are you OK?  
Comin'.  
Comin'!  
- Hi...  
- Good morning.  
Hi, um, uh...  
I'm sorry if I woke...  
Did I wake you up?  
No, I'll be ready in a minute.  
You know, um, I... I can go by myself.  
And, you know, it's quite nice.  
I can just kind of wander around...  
- Whatever.  
- Come on, girl.  
I'll put on some coffee.  
Um...  
Wow, you're really, really good.  
- Yeah?  
- Yeah.  
I don't sell much.  
Well, if I had money I'd buy one.  
You're a doctor and you're not rich?  
That's right.

Girl, we both gotta get serious  
about getting rich.  
while we're still young and beautiful.  
So, listen, last night I...  
I found something in my shower.  
A mongoose? They're all over the place.  
No, not a mongoose.  
It was a doll  
with rusty nails stuck in it.  
Somebody put obeah on you,  
but don't worry...  
...it only work if you believe it does.  
What's obeah?  
Obeah. It's voodoo, Jamaican version.  
If you don't take it too seriously  
it's like disco.  
Voodoo is like disco?  
Yeah, you know. You dance hard...  
...you drink a lot of rum,  
smoke some ganja.  
Your head goes to a different place.  
You feel sexy and fun,  
really, really loose.  
So, the airlines lost your luggage?  
My luggage? No.  
Oh, because of what I'm wearing?  
Oh, no, this isn't what  
I was wearing yesterday.  
It looks like what I was wearing  
'cause I have multiples.  
...just to keep things simple.  
- It's a fresh pair, like a uniform.  
- Really?  
So, you're gonna let me lend you  
a dress for dinner tonight?  
A dress?  
Doctor.  
Wesley lives there.  
Maybe I should go first,  
just to get him ready.  
- Is that OK? All right.  
- Yeah.  
Wesley?  
Doctor.

Rough night.  
Wesley, come on.  
Wesley.  
Hi. Dr. Alice Dodgson.  
You know, I'm gonna be honest with you.  
I don't need a doctor.  
I'm sorry, does my breath smell awful?  
I've smelled worse.  
So, how are you doing this morning?  
Wow.  
So young and already so deep  
into the medical bullshit.  
If I felt great, why would my brother  
drag you all the way out here?  
To see...  
Sit down, sit down.  
You know, I hate to sound like  
those doctors you're so fond of...  
...but drinking and lymphocytosis  
are a pretty bad mix.  
What makes you think  
that I have lymphocytosis?  
Your medical records.  
Actually, my medical records  
say atypical lymphocytosis.  
Atypical, as in "we don't know  
what the fuck we're talking about. "  
If you don't mind, I'm gonna  
take your blood pressure...  
...listen to your heart and lungs.  
Open your shirt.  
Well, looks like I got myself  
my own Polidori.  
What's a Polidori?  
Byron's Polidori?  
Give me a big breath.  
I'm impressed. I never met  
a doctor who reads poetry.  
Who's Byron? What's a Polidori?  
Big breath.  
Byron, the poet, had a  
personal physician named Polidori.  
Did you know Polidori  
had a big crush on Byron?

Byron was a battyboy?  
All right, roll up your shirt sleeve.  
I'm gonna take your blood pressure...  
- Take some blood...  
- No, no, no, no. No blood.  
Sorry, I'm sick of you doctors  
sucking my blood.  
What I have, there is nothing  
that you can do anything about.  
What is it that you think you have?  
You wouldn't understand...  
- If I'm able to help you at all...  
- This is over. It's over, I said!  
I'm sorry. It's just nothing has worked.  
Does he really think he's a zombie?  
That's bizarre.  
He seems like a smart guy.  
Oh, and where does he go at night?  
- Wait, you don't want to tell me?  
- No, it's not that.  
I know it's obeah-related.  
- How can I help him if?...  
- I don't know exactly what he does.  
OK, um, do you know  
where I can find J. B?  
As a voodoo priest, could  
your father turn someone into a zombie?  
As a voodoo priest, could  
your father turn someone into a zombie?  
My father? I don't know if he'll talk  
to you about such things...  
I'm asking just so I can understand...  
...you know, what Wesley  
considers to be his problem.  
How is it defined?  
What are the symptoms of that state?  
It's a sickness of the soul.  
If someone's soul is sick...  
...do you know which medicines to give him?  
No, I don't do souls.  
- What ya look for?  
- My sunglasses.  
I thought maybe  
I left them here yesterday.

You're not gonna tell, no?

- Can you drive?

- Yeah, mon.

I am fine.

Actually, very fine.

Wait, wait, wait, back up.

What?... There's a man in that tree.

It's a ceremony,

like communing with nature.

It's like getting your head

to stop thinking so much...

...so he can see more clear.

Lord, it hot, eh?

J.B., what's wrong?

J. B! J. B!

J. B!

What the hell's wrong with you?

Oh, my God!

What the hell's wrong with you?

Oh, you gotta stop smoking that stuff.

Move over, I'm driving.

J.B., these people

need a doctor.

So if your father would like,

I could come up here.

...two or three times a week.

What ya talk 'bout? He is a doctor.

Why you think people come to see him?

- I didn't mean...

- He's healed many people.

Just wait over here

by the worship house.

- Where?

- Here.

What's wrong with this guy?

His relatives think an obeah

priest blow dust poison pon him...

...make him a zombie.

Why the shackles?

So him don't go to work

for the obeah priest. Soon come.

Oh...

OK.

- Hi.

- Rispeck.  
- Thank you for taking the time...  
- Two minutes. I got people waiting.  
I understand.  
I wanted to ask your advice.  
I have a patient who thinks  
someone's made him a zombie.  
- Wesley?  
- Yes.  
There is nothing I can do to help him.  
The obeah man doing it to him  
is bigger than me.  
Bigger than you?  
Can you please put me in touch  
with this bigger man?  
No.  
Is he trying to harm Wesley?  
Look... Oh, my God!  
Oh, my God!  
No, no, no, no!  
What's wrong?  
Jesus, his heart is racing.  
Is he epileptic? Does he need medicine?  
Medicines won't do no good.  
Papa, OK? OK?  
Fuck.  
Look at ya!  
- Oh, my God!  
- Is it OK?  
I really love...  
Big mistake lending you that dress.  
Now everybody will be  
lookin' at you and not at me.  
Look at you!  
- Come on, tell the truth, you exercise.  
- What?  
- Well, I run, yeah.  
- Really?  
You can come with me sometime.  
Oh, God. No, girl.  
I don't have any sneakers.  
Come on, I'll introduce you.  
- That's Jackson.  
- Hi.

- That's a big guy.

- Not so big.

This is Matthew Hope...

...the smartest, nicest  
and craziest man in all of Jamaica.

This is Wesley's new doctor,  
Alice Dodgson.

Nice to meet you.

Nobody looked like you when I went  
to medical school, in the Middle Ages.

- So, you're a doctor?

- Was.

I mostly do veterinary work now  
and odd bits of research.

What do you research?

- He's a big pumpum researcher.

- What's pumpum?

- You're such a bad girl.

- Thank you.

- What's pumpum?

- Come on.

What? Why is everyone laughing?

What's pumpum?

Pumpum. Now this is a question  
that deserves an answer.

No, no, no, hold on a second.

Very interesting...

What is pumpum?

- Oh, you're kidding. You're kidding!

- No!

I don't get much opportunity  
for shop talk.

Spider to obeah  
is as a snake is to voodoo.

- Why a spider?

- It's the wisest of all creatures.

No direct conflict with the prey,  
just lays traps, waits.

...and then boom!

I'm surprised you'd be interested in it.

My interest is purely professional.

I have a patient interested in it.

Poor Wesley.

Is he expected?



Well, Paul was hoping,  
but it's tough on both these boys.  
First the mother tragedy,  
then Wesley so sick.  
You know, I have this  
fabulous property in Negril.  
- Thank you.  
- What happened to the mother?  
Murdered 20 years ago. Horrible thing.  
Caro's mother also,  
same way, a month earlier.  
- How?  
- Little chop-chop.  
Machete action.  
Wesley.  
Wesley.  
Wes.  
Wesley, you look so much better.  
Thank you.  
Come on,  
your seat's all ready for you.  
Oh, that's great...  
...but maybe I should sit  
next to the doctor...  
...just... Just in case I need  
some sudden medical attention.  
As you wish.  
Oh, Wesley.  
It's so wonderful to see you  
back at the dinner table again.  
I missed your cooking.  
Sit down, sit down.  
So sick of that crap  
those doctors made me eat.  
The smell makes me feel better already.  
So, Polidori, how do you like Jamaica?  
I like Jamaica very much, Your Lordship.  
Every day I learn something new.  
What did you learn today, Polidori?  
Today I learned what pumpum is.  
A napkin, Your Lordship?  
Goodness!  
Oh, yay!  
Whatever you're doing for him,

it's working.

I haven't seen him

like this in over a year.

It's not me. I haven't

done anything yet, but I will.

Come on, Wesley!

Oh, man!

- Does anybody want to dance with me?

- Yes, Caro...

Whoo!

- Yeah, baby!

- Come on, baby.

Here we go now. Come on now.

Once the estate sells...

...the brown bitch will be hocking her  
wares on the street where she belongs.

I love it!

Don't you find her repulsive?

Actually, no.

I think she's a great girl.

Did you just say Paul  
is selling the estate?

Yeah, baby!

Get your hands off of my girl.

Cut it out.

- What?...

- Come here.

- Take it easy, man!

- Let him go!

- I'm just dancing with her.

- Hold on, brother.

Don't you have any shame?

Thank you for coming.

It's good to see you.

- Good night, Paul.

- Good night.

- No, no, I am not...

- Stop it!

I want you to go right to bed.

Yours or mine?

Loosen up, for once.

I'm serious.

I want you to go straight to bed.

Your doctor is dead set

on getting you better.  
You know, there are all kinds  
of ways of getting better.  
I think doctors need to be open  
to all kinds of treatments.  
So should patients.  
Go to sleep.  
Good night.  
I cannot believe you were  
prancing around with that native slut.  
Do you know how revolting you looked?  
I don't know why Paul even  
allows her to live on the estate.  
Maybe he's doing her too.  
I wouldn't be surprised.  
I heard the guy fathered a child  
with one of his servant girls.  
It's just disgusting.  
Don't you dare raise the volume  
on me! You're being so rude!  
What the hell was that?  
Great. Let me check.  
Beautiful.  
It's a flat tire.  
Pop the trunk.  
Is this gonna take long?  
It's a little creepy out here.  
Scott?  
Scott?  
Scott? I want to go home.  
Wesley! Open up!  
Alice.  
Alice.  
Wesley, are you in there?  
Wesley?  
Let me help you.  
Aah! Aah!  
Wait.  
I only wanted to talk to you  
without them knowin'.  
Them? Who is them, J. B?  
- The bigger man?  
- If I tell you, I dead.  
Please, for your own sake,

just leave the place tonight.  
Just run. They are more powerful  
than anything, anyone.  
They make you sick physically.  
When you catch fever,  
and your resistance is gone...  
...they get inside your mind, your brain.  
You get these visions,  
they're scary, very real.  
Now they give me the same  
bumbarass pussyclot sickness.  
J.B., I am not big  
on running away from anything.  
I will go with this  
until I figure it out, OK?...

J.B.

J. B?

Caro, are you asleep?

Comin', comin'.

Aay.

- Hi.

- Hi.

I just wanted to thank you  
for lending me the dress and shoes.

- What are those for?

- Well, they...

I thought maybe  
you'd want to go running, but...

- I see you're busy.

- Busy?

Men. No stamina.

We grew up together,

Paul, Wesley, J.B. And me.

Violette used to take us up to Julian's,  
J.B.'s father, on Sundays.

- I heard about your mother...

- My mother?

...and Wesley and Paul's.

That must have been  
very difficult for all of you.

Yeah. My poor mother.

She was Haitian, you know.

She came here

with all the others in 1962.

What others?  
Julian, Ramon, Violette.  
Mr. Claybourne's little Haitian mafia.  
Very clever.  
Wait, Alice.  
That was the same year  
Jamaica got its independence.  
All the British landowners freaked out...  
...thought there would be riots...  
...that the land would be taken over.  
So Mr. Claybourne came.  
...and bought the estate  
for almost nothing.  
Thought he could scare the locals.  
with voodoo crossed with obeah.  
Ramon mess up their bodies,  
Julian mess up their souls.  
Worked great for him.  
- Maybe we should get going.  
- Who's this guy?  
I thought I knew everybody  
who owned a bike.  
What's wrong with you, man?  
Are you crazy?  
Oh! Oh, my...  
Come on. Let's run.  
Oh, my God.  
So about the two killings...  
...did they ever find out who did it?  
Nobody knows who did it...  
...or maybe they do  
and they hushed it up.  
Rich men can get away with...  
Well, you know.  
- So, you think Mr. Claybourne?  
- Me don't know.  
He was a stranger... Alice!  
Are you OK?  
- Oh, my God!  
- What?  
Have you checked  
on Wesley this morning?  
No, not... Not yet. What does that  
have to do with anything?

Isn't it customary for a doctor  
to check on their patient.

- First ting in the mornin'?

- Customary? No.

No, Wesley likes to sleep late.

He needs his sleep.

Why would I wake him?

If him wake up late,  
that mean him go to sleep late.

- Very late.

- Let me go, mon!

- Let me go, mon!

- Look who's here...

with all kinds  
of interesting scratches on.

Man, I did nothin'.

That's exactly  
what you said two months ago...

when that other young lady  
was found dead here.

What other young lady was found dead?

Superintendent.

Those scratches, that's me.

It must have been a very special night.

I can practically hear the moanin'.

What other young lady  
was found dead here?

Al...

Please don't leave.

I can explain everything.

Explain? You never tell me  
the doctor before me.

...supposedly dies of a heart attack...

...that a woman is found slashed  
to ribbons that same night.

You never tell me the police  
consider my patient.

...to be a possible homicidal maniac.

You never tell me...

Alice, I apologize, OK?

- My brother is not a killer.

- Really?

You can swear  
that he was with you last night?

I can tell you he was not in his room.  
- What the hell?  
- Oh, you... Wait, wait.  
Isn't this nice? You like that?  
You like that?  
Mr. Claybourne, I am done here.  
Find yourself another doctor.  
Dr. Dodgson, please.  
See, you don't understand.  
Wesley and I spent our childhood  
in boarding school in New York.  
He's the only family I have.  
I'm afraid of losing him.  
We should never have come back.  
This is not a good place.  
Like hell, it's not.  
This is a beautiful place.  
What our father did to it is a tragedy.  
Wes, are you OK?  
So, you think  
that I killed those people?  
- Where were you after dinner?  
- I don't know.  
What do you mean  
you don't know?  
I have these...  
Fuck, I don't know, blackouts.  
It's like a fever. It takes me over.  
It's like  
I'm some kind of zombie.  
When we were kids...  
we used to go to these ceremonies  
up in the hills. Remember?  
It was really exciting.  
It was all under control.  
A couple of years ago...  
...I started to go back.  
Well, it wasn't in control anymore.  
- Why don't you stop going?  
- Because I can't.  
Look, doctor, we can replace  
anything that you need.  
We can have it flown  
from Miami within 48 hours.

I can get you 24-hour security  
here on the estate.  
We can get you anything you need.  
Just please don't give up on us.  
I'm going to need a sample of his blood.  
Thanks.  
Alice!  
So they talked you into stayin'?  
I knew it.  
I see the way you look at Wesley  
and your pumpum just take over.  
Slow down, please.  
- The blood samples.  
- It's him again.  
- Who again?  
- The guy on the bike.  
The one from this morning.  
He could have killed  
that real estate woman.  
- There's no one there.  
- I'm not taking any chances.  
Hold on!  
Caro. Caro!  
Turn around!  
Caro! Look out! Caro!  
Are you hurt?  
That guy...  
What guy? There was no guy.  
What do you mean there was no guy?  
Don't start messing with my mind,  
Alice. I know what I saw. Ow.  
You're hallucinating.  
I'm sorry, but I think that you have...  
...the same thing  
that Wesley and J.B. Have.  
I don't have anything.  
I don't have anything!  
If I did, I wouldn't want  
to know about it.  
Wesley sure doesn't care about it,  
and if I had it, which I don't...  
...it would fuckin' ruin my day.  
I'll be more than happy to have these  
analyzed for you, Dr. Dodgson...



...but the day shift is almost finished.

It will be done during night shift.

I'll have the results tomorrow.

This won't hurt.

Caro has a medical problem.

...and I want to make sure

you didn't contract it.

Almost got it.

OK.

- How are you feeling?

- Like swimmin'.

- We should...

- Come on. Let's get Matthew and Wesley.

- I really think you should...

- Got your swimmin' suit?

- I got one right here.

- Slow down!

You're gonna have to stop being so cool...

...because I'm gonna wind up

wanting to be exactly like you.

God forbid.

One of me is more than enough.

- Matthew!

- We thought we heard voices.

So, where are we all going?

Whoo-hoo!

I just... I just don't get it.

What is making these people sick

and why isn't it more of an epidemic?

Why is it people associated

with the Claybourne estate?

- I... You know, I'm not sure.

- Alice, come on in, girl!

Come on!

For the tenth time, I don't have a suit.

That's no excuse.

There's no one around except Wesley.

He'll see you naked sooner or later...

...and Matthew, who just might pay \$100

...just so you take off them clothes.

Absolutely.

It's 200 if you'll take a check.

Make it a certified check.

Alice!

- Good! Come on in!

- Come on!

Come on, girl!

Wesley!

Is he in just such complete denial  
about his condition?

It's very serious.

He could be dead in six months.

Oh, I could be dead tomorrow.

You could be dead tonight.

People here don't think  
about that kind of thing.

Drink a little root juice,  
smoke a little ganja.

Hey, baby.

Here, have some root juice.

Root juice?

They make it locally.

Two glasses of this, you'll be  
purring louder than Hercules here.

It's good.

Mmm.

Great.

Mr. Jackson...

...a ladyfriend of yours gave me  
a substantial amount of money.

...for me to turn my back  
at the right moment.

I believe she has  
a car outside waiting for you.

Hit me right here, sir.

No, I just had that fillin'  
put in yesterday.

This one.

Come, come. Come on.

I don't think so!

Wow!

I'm not going  
to eat you, Caro.

What? What are you looking at?

You want to go for a walk?

Hey, you come to give me a ride?

Mr. Jackson...

...out fi a lickle walk?

This is great.  
I can't wait to call home and say...  
"Guess what? I just...  
I just kissed a zombie. "  
You know what, Alice?  
I've seen people turn into zombies.  
Up in the hills, they have the dust  
blown into their face, the whole thing.  
That's not what's wrong with me.  
I have something different.  
I have someone messing with my mind.  
Wesley. Wesley...  
Please...  
Rats.  
Mmm.  
Hmm.  
Aah.  
Yaah!  
Hi.  
Yaah!  
Alice!  
Alice!  
Matthew?  
Get my bag out of my desk.  
Oh, my God. This can't be happening.  
She's coming out of it.  
She's having some kind of a seizure.  
Breathe in, out.  
- In... Out.  
- Did anybody else hear the drums?  
Drums?  
Then I just had the most  
horrifyingly real dream of my life.  
I really gotta learn to relax.  
I gotta chill out.  
- Hold her head.  
- What's wrong?  
We've gotta get her to a doctor.  
Try and support her.  
- Watch your step.  
- Thank you.  
I got the test results.  
It's a virus like HTLV-I, but different.  
It's a retrovirus...

RNA converting into DNA,  
but it's been altered.  
I have never seen anything like it.  
Stick me and run a test.  
For what?  
Same virus.  
How's it hanging?  
That's one trip too many to Miami.  
Listen, this is  
gonna sound a little weird...  
...but it's on my mind.  
I was fine, you know,  
with everything else...  
...but this girl, this doctor...  
Alice... She's a good person  
and she has nothing to do with...  
- Remember...  
- You know what I mean?  
- The deal closes in three days.  
- I know. God knows...  
We don't want anything to get  
in the way of all that money, do we?  
If I can just tell her what she has...  
...or at least, you know...  
...nudge her in the right direction...  
It's a little late  
to be getting self-righteous.  
I'm not being self-righteous...  
...but even a bastard like myself...  
who has a total disregard  
for morality...  
...has to draw the line somewhere.  
Hello? Dr. Shaba.  
Sure, just a second.  
It's for you.  
For me?  
- Yes?  
- Hello, it's Matthew.  
Hi.  
I hope you're feeling better.  
I'm waiting for the results.  
Listen, I might have a thought or two  
about the nature of the problem...  
- The problem you're concerned about.

- Really?  
It's just a hunch,  
but it's worth checking out.  
Just taking a little blood sample.  
...to help somebody who needs  
to understand what's happening to her.  
Come in.  
I'm in the back.  
Alice, got something  
really interesting to show you.  
You got here a whole lot quicker  
than I thought you...  
Oh, what are you doing here?  
In two days me going to be rich.  
Me don't want anything going wrong.  
Listen, superintendent,  
I have a piece of the action too...  
...and I need the money  
just as badly as you do.  
But like I told Paul,  
this young girl can't do us any harm.  
Why do any more damage  
than we have to?...  
Well?  
Positive, same as you and Jackson...  
- You heard about Jackson?  
- No. What about Jackson?  
He was shot and killed.  
Matthew.  
- Matthew?  
- Alice, quick!  
He's dead.  
Oh!  
What are the police doing here?  
Paul's worried about safety  
after the murders.  
Maybe he's worried about what'll happen.  
when everybody finds out  
they're out of a home and job.  
What? Why would people  
lose their home and job?  
That woman that was killed,  
the real estate broker...  
...told me that he was selling the estate...

...that the deal was about to close.

Paul?

Are you out of your fuckin' mind?

What do you mean the deal  
is just about to close?

Never mind you'd have the respect  
or decency to ask my opinion...

- Wesley.

... But you also forgot that I own...

- Could you please just calm?...

- I have no intention of selling!

Fuck you!

Wes, I have nothing but respect,  
if not complete admiration, for you.

I always have. You know that. But your  
sickness has brought to the family...

My sickness has nothing to do with this.

Why would we sell this place?

Not to mention our responsibility.

...to the people that have lived  
and worked here the past 30-odd years.

We are not responsible  
for these people's lives!

Agriculture is no longer profitable.

We can't continue...

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to disturb you.

That's OK, Violette. Could you?...

I thought you might be thirsty.

While you're at it, Violette...

- Get the fuck off my property!

- What?

- Wesley!

- I was trying to make him understand.

what he's about to do

to people who are like family.

- Could you please leave us?

- It's OK, it's OK.

- Violette, please leave now!

- Don't yell at her!

- You calm down!

- It's all right. I'm leaving.

I am not gonna let you  
get away with this, Paul.

- I will not sign off.

- I don't need you to sign off!  
I've gotten power of attorney.  
You're no longer fit to make decisions  
regarding your own welfare.  
What the fuck?  
Wesley, you better calm down.  
You're a sick man.  
You can very easily end up dead.  
- Are you threatening me?  
- No.  
I'm just reminding you  
of your delicate medical condition.  
You really could end up dead.  
Violette?  
Violette, it's Alice Dodgson.  
Violette?  
Oh! Oh!  
Violette, I'm sorry to bother you.  
I wanted to...  
...see if I could get your help.  
It's about Wesley.  
- No.  
- Please, it's important.  
I really need your help.  
I can't.  
Please. Please don't say no.  
So do a lot of people  
in Jamaica believe in obeah?  
You know, they say  
Haiti is 95 percent Catholic.  
...and 100 percent voodoo.  
I suppose the same thing applies  
to Jamaica where obeah is concerned.  
People don't like to talk about it.  
I'm not sure if Julian  
is going to agree to help.  
...because he's also very afraid.  
Tell him that his son is also sick...  
...and the only way we can help his son.  
...is if we can figure out  
who is infecting these people.  
Now, Julian told me that there's  
a bigger man, an obeah man...  
...that is presumably

more powerful than he is?  
Julian, he does white magic.  
He heals people.  
But...  
This bigger man...  
...he take Wesley's soul.  
He take poor Wesley's soul.  
Can you tell me who is it  
that took Wesley's soul?  
No. I don't know, I don't know.  
I don't know anybody who would  
do something like that to Wesley.  
He's such a good person.  
When he got sick,  
he thought he was going to die...  
...and he wrote his will.  
And he left all his money  
to the people who live here.  
Everybody.  
Do you know anybody so good?  
Alice.  
This is for if your man leave you  
and you want him back.  
And this is for...  
What about powder, dust,  
that you use to make zombies?  
- Does that really exist?  
- I do not make zombies.  
But if you wanted to, could you?  
To make someone into a zombie.  
...you would need a lot of hate  
in your heart, anger.  
I understand it's illegal  
and I won't tell anybody...  
...but, technically,  
do you know how it's done?  
He could make a zombie  
if he wanted to, but he wouldn't.  
But there is a way.  
The powder...  
...it is like poison.  
Like they use in the Gulf War...  
...like biochemical poison.  
It will not kill.



It will only take away  
the humanity of the man...  
...the soul.  
It take your will.  
It's like you're there  
but you're not there.  
Is this permanent,  
like that guy out there?  
Not necessarily.  
There is another powder.  
You give it to somebody  
who was made into a zombie.  
But it only work if you give it in time.  
You mean like an antidote?  
Yeah.  
Toxins and neurology I get...  
...but the visions, the mind thing...  
How does that happen?  
- Is this really necessary?  
- Oh, come on.  
You look beautiful.  
Anyway, it makes the gods happy.  
when you make yourself pretty for them.  
Well, the first god that looks down  
my blouse gets a bloody nose.  
Your pumpum take over!  
Alice.  
Alice. Alice, you all right?  
- Yeah.  
- You OK?  
Yeah, I'm OK. I just...  
Something just happened, I don't...  
I just saw something.  
Uh... Thank you for...  
Thank you for taking me here.  
- Uh... I have to go now.  
- What are you going to do?  
What are you looking at?  
You mean like an antidote?  
Thank you.  
Polidori, what are you doing?  
Dr. Polidori to you.  
Want to know what I'm doing?  
I'll tell you.

I am creating an antidote to this virus.

How?

I'm going to inject

an animal with the virus.

...and let it create antibodies

that we can then use.

- You're saying it's curable?

- Yeah, it's curable.

- Can I kiss you?

- No, you can't kiss me.

Don't you want to know about the virus?

What's the virus?

OK, the virus

is a lot like lymphocytosis...

which is what's throwing everybody off.

What we have is FELV,

which is feline leukemia...

which has been altered

so it can infect human beings.

Now what kind of a doctor would be able

to come up with something like that?

- Veterinarian.

- Exactly.

And who do we know?

Matthew Hope.

Your charming brother wants to

sell the place, knows you'll block it.

So he gets the mysterious "bigger man"

to infect you with the virus...

...and with obeah,

basically render you the village idiot.

- No offense.

- None taken.

If that's true...

why does Paul take the time to get

a first doctor and a second doctor?

Why does he not

just let Wesley die? No offense.

None taken, but go on.

Because this wonderful

village idiot writes a will...

...leaving his half

of the property to the workers.

Really?

The trick is to keep  
young Wesley alive yet unwell.  
So why kill Dr. Winsvold and Dori?  
The servant girl was killed the same  
night the doctor had the heart attack.  
And the real estate couple.  
They had to get rid of Dr. Winsvold.  
He was about to identify the virus...  
which is why they deleted  
the last month of the medical records.  
So they get rid  
of Matthew Hope and Jackson...  
...that real estate woman gets hacked up.  
It sure looks to me like  
somebody's covering their tracks.  
There's still a piece missing  
that I will find if it kills me.  
Bad choice of words.  
No, the whole hundred million.  
Yeah, yeah. I'll call you right back.  
- OK, thank you.  
- Got good news.  
- You know, I'm a little busy right now.  
- Well, great news for Wesley anyway.  
Your brother's gonna be fine.  
Really?  
Well.  
You don't look happy.  
Oh, that's great news, really. I just...  
It's a surprise. Does he know?  
He was the first to know.  
Hmm, well, then, I guess we're  
gonna have to celebrate, huh?  
- Is he in his room?  
- Oh, you know, he's not.  
He's downtown at the courthouse.  
...getting your power of attorney revoked,  
as he's in control of his faculties.  
Oh! Oh! I called a couple of friends  
of mine in New York.  
I said just check up on me tomorrow,  
you know, in case I turn up dead.  
Alice, I think you're  
as crazy as my brother.

Is there a problem, superintendent?

No problem.

Just need to clear some things up.

You care to join us?

We'll go back to the station.

It take a minute.

OK.

I just need to go and see the judge...

...so if you don't mind

waiting five minutes...

We don't have five minutes.

Busy, busy day.

- You have a warrant?

- Me don't need it.

I'll see you in five minutes.

- Take him.

- Get your hands off me!

Get your hands off me!

- Violette...

- Hmm.

...can't find Wesley anywhere,

or the doctor.

Doctor is in the livestock yard.

And Wesley?

Haven't seen Wesley all day.

Wesley!

Wesley!

Wesley?

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

- Those drums.

- They're not Julian's.

I have a very bad feeling.

Let's go.

Guys, I'm in a hurry.

Come on, get out the way.

The road is closed.

- What do you mean the road is closed?

- Where are you going? Caro.

You can't leave. It's unsafe.

When I need to ask some big fat slob.

...for his opinion...

...I'll call you.

I have an idea.

There's another way.

Haven't tried it since I was a child.  
It could be blocked.  
Could be a little scary.  
- OK?  
- OK.  
How?... How is this a way out?  
The original plantation owner  
built an escape tunnel.  
- in case the slaves got machete happy.  
- Oh, great.  
It's just a bat.  
A bat? Perfect.  
Which way?  
That way.  
- Come on.  
- Alice. Alice, I can't.  
- Yeah, you can.  
- I can't, I can't.  
Uh... OK.  
I'm gonna go on up ahead.  
No, Alice. I don't want you  
out there by yourself.  
I'll be OK... I think.  
- Are you sure?  
- Yeah.  
Please don't scream.  
I no want them taking you.  
- J.B., stop scaring me like that.  
- Sorry.  
I'm sorry.  
Get down.  
Jesus Christ,  
they might turn him into a zombie.  
I didn't want to do this, you know.  
You made me.  
It's your fault.  
You greedy...  
Hold onto this.  
- One bloodclot move and him dead!  
- Don't even think about it.  
- Alice, this isn't gonna work.  
- Oh, yeah? You dig him up.  
You bitch!  
In a way...

...this is just like a wedding.  
You and Wesley...  
...united forever in married zombiehood.  
Why do you do this?  
How'd you like growing up  
in the Claybourne house.  
with the servants?  
Me, a Claybourne.  
A Claybourne?  
What are you talking about?  
Your father, Richard...  
...was my father.  
He killed my mother so your mother  
wouldn't find out about me.  
But she did find out,  
and you know what he did to her.  
Funny how history repeat itself.  
That servant girl you knock up,  
same thing.  
Like father, like son.  
So, you're asking me why?  
Revenge, for my mother.  
And the money.  
So, Paul, tomorrow your dead body  
be found up here.  
with three zombies roamin' around...  
...and the estate go  
to the next Claybourne in line...  
which is me.  
No one will ever believe you.  
DNA, brother.  
Oh, God, no!  
No!  
I was...  
...was gonna give you so much money.  
I don't want so much money.  
I want all the money.  
And you.  
Girl... You, I like.  
Tried everything to get you to go:  
Doll hanging in your room.  
Mashed up the lab.  
Nothing work.  
You faked being sick.

Mm-hm.

Made me feel bad infecting you  
with a dirty swab.

Not the others.

Even Jackson.

It was fun trancin' him  
into killing Paul's pumpum.  
...and them real estate assholes.

How about we both have some fun?

You blow this in J.B.'s face.

You turn him into a zombie.

No.

I can make you do it.

What the bloodclot,  
you gonna run?

Come on, come on! Come on!

- Back off me now! Come on!

- Come on.

Gotta dig him out and go to Julian  
to get the antidote powder.

- It may be too late.

- Hurry.

In the presence of God  
and before this congregation...

...this man and woman  
have given their consent.

...and made their marriage vows  
to each other.

They have declared their marriage  
by the giving of rings.

I therefore proclaim,

by the powers vested in me...

...that they are husband and wife.

You may kiss the bride.

Action.

What up, my people?

Welcome to Jamaica, mon.

Cut. What's with the goddamn cell  
phone? We're trying to make a movie.

Bernie, glad you called.

The Leno people are driving me nuts.

Get the phone away from this idiot.

'Keeper intro, take 15.

What up, mon? Welcome to Jamaica.

- What died?  
- Can we just focus?  
I warned you not to eat  
the jerk chicken and beans.  
Eww. This is gross.  
And action.  
You know you's a corpse  
when you throw a coconut.  
...and your hand go with it, mon.  
Cut. Cut!  
Where the hell did that crack come from?  
I don't see anything  
like that in the script.  
- Sorry. Just a little joke.  
- It's not funny.  
He's just jealous. Let's face it, babe...  
...the world worships the ground I rot in.  
Give it a rest. Actors, jeez.  
Action. Cut! Action. Cut!  
Cut! Cut! Cut.  
After we finish shooting,  
stick with me, sweetheart.  
I've been known to be the afterlife  
of the party.  
I give up.  
It's a wrap, we're out of here.  
Could someone please give me  
some Quaaludes?