



Scripts.com

# Ganja & Hess

By Bill Gunn

1

'One, one, one...

Two, two, two... three, three...'

II know it was some blood

Jesus! Jesus!

Yeah, yeah... It's all right.

It's all right.

I tell you something, you know...

- Jesus is here today.

- Yeah!

If you don't feel it, you ain't got  
no business being here!

- Am I right? Right on?

- Amen!

you see,

I've been a Minister for a long time.

'I like it.

'And I've been at this church for...

I mean, this church is very good.

'In fact, the people are very warm to me  
and they love me.

'They love me very much,  
which is very good.

'Because that pulls something out of me,  
it's what is giving them something.

I wanna get a little higher note.

I wanna go up there!

'My official title is

Reverend Luther Williams.

'I also work as a chauffeur  
and a stableman

'part-time to help support my family.

'I work for Dr Hess Green.

'And he's an addict.

'He's not a criminal. He's a victim.'

'He's addicted to blood.

Why don't you park it over there?

- Dr Green, I'm Jack Sargent.

- Good to meet you, Mr Sargent.

Come this way.

'And Jesus said unto them,

"'Who so eateth my flesh

and drinketh my blood,

"'hath eternal life.

"'And I will raise him  
up at the last clay.  
"'For my flesh is meat indeed,  
"'and my blood is drink indeed.  
"'He that eateth my flesh  
and drinketh my blood  
"'dwelleth in me and I in them"'  
'Dr Green, I want you to meet  
your new assistant, Mr George Meda.'  
'Dr Green, I know these things  
are better left unsaid,  
'but, er... I just want you to know that  
I'm very proud to be employed by you.'  
It's not a city I know well,  
but I've always loved that music.  
Well, it's pretty silly, but as long  
as you're out here on the outskirts,  
the museum is just fantastic.  
Some of these terracotta pieces,  
they're really nice.  
This is us.  
Would you take Mr Meda's things  
to the south bedroom, please?  
Very good, sir.  
How do you do, sir?  
Which would you prefer by the way,  
Meda or George?  
I thought I heard  
Mr Woods call you Meda.  
- I hate George.  
- It's Meda, then. See you inside.  
Luther, what's wrong with this?  
It seems to be discoloring.  
Most likely it's the heat.  
I really have to tell you this story  
about this very good friend of mine.  
Thank you. That was a very  
delicious meal, I liked it very much.  
Thank you very much.  
What was I saying?  
I was gonna tell you this story...  
This friend of mine's a director,  
you know, and we were in...  
My god!

Fantastic! That's so fantastic.  
I really appreciate this so much.  
It's really...  
That is my first good meal in clays,  
you know?  
- I've been... out a lot.  
- I'm glad you enjoyed it, Mr Meda.  
Anyway, I was saying about this friend  
who was directing a picture in Holland,  
and the thing you've got to know  
about this story  
is that in Dutch,  
"Cut" means "cunt".  
Thank you very much.  
Very sweet of you.  
He was directing this scene and there  
was a lot of people on the street...  
Suddenly he yells, "Cunt... Cut!"  
And all these people get  
very upset at him,  
and they start throwing things at him  
because he did a dirty word.  
Anyway, the guy who's supposed to be  
the interpreter is in the hotel room,  
he was racked out because he was  
at a party the night before.  
I know cos I was there,  
and it was really fantastic.  
Anyway...  
My god. I don't believe it.  
This is really terrific.  
You don't know  
how much I appreciate this.  
It's been a long time  
since I had a good meal.  
Er... anyway... the interpreter  
comes downstairs, right?  
And he tells them that  
you can't say "cut" in Holland,  
because you'll get  
into a lot of trouble.  
So we go back to the end of the scene,  
and the guy yells, "Cunt!"  
Dig it? You understand what I mean?

It's a very fantastic thing,  
I thought that was terrific.  
I mean, it's a fantastic thing,  
what he did.

Yes.

Anyway, I don't know, if I...

If I really believed in a desire...

...I don't think it would frighten me  
so much, do you understand that?

I think I know what you're saying.

The idea of desire is

very much a part of our culture.

After all, the Myrthians thought they had  
a desire for blood, not a need for it.

But it was a need.

Good grief.

I think what we're talking about...  
is hunger.

Do you know what hunger is?

I don't know what hunger is.

I sit and I eat,

but I don't know what hunger is.

Dr Green... I'm Jack Sargent.

Good to see you. Come this way...

I'm Jack Sargent. Good to see you.

Meda?

Medal

I'm drunk, OK?

Not drunk enough to  
jump out of that tree.

Look, will you do me a favor?

Don't try to impress me, all right?

- All right.

- OK.

Is there anything I can do?

Yes, there is something you can do.

Don't bullshit me.

All right.

Would you do me a favor  
and hand me my drink down there?

- Where is it?

- No, over there, right at your feet.

Right down there, OK?

There.

Thank you.  
What are you doing?  
What are you...?  
You put something in my drink.  
You put something  
in my goddamn drink, I saw you!  
What's in the drink?  
I removed a few dead ants.  
That all right?  
I'm neurotic, OK?  
What does that mean,  
"I'm neurotic"?  
Actually it means that  
this hasn't got anything to do with you.  
OK? May I have it? I need it.  
- It has nothing to do with me?  
- No.  
Except it is my tree and my rope.  
You see, that would give the authorities  
the right to invade my privacy  
with all sorts of  
embarrassing questions.  
Dr Green, actually I thought  
I'd throw myself in one of your lakes.  
But I have an absolute  
horror of drowning.  
Then your horrors outweigh your manners.  
I tried not to involve you.  
Mr Meda... there's no possible way  
for you to know this,  
but I'm the only colored on the block.  
And if another black man  
washes ashore around here,  
you can believe the authorities  
would drag me out for questioning.  
Will you please come out of that tree?  
I got into this very heavy idea  
about suicide.  
And I tried it once before,  
this was a long time ago.  
I was actually sitting on the floor  
of the kitchen where I was living.  
This was in New York.  
And, er... I really had this idea...

It was a very schizophrenic idea,  
because I was, you know...  
...that...  
...I was a victim on one hand,  
and on the other hand,  
I was, er... a murderer.  
You understand? It was very complicated,  
but that's what I was going through.  
And it was like the murderer...  
I can't start with the murderer,  
I got to start with the victim.  
The victim didn't want to die.  
I didn't know why, everything was OK  
but I didn't want to die.  
And then the murderer, you know,  
that's what...  
And I was in the kitchen and I took  
a knife and put it right to my neck.  
I couldn't do anything.  
I just couldn't do it.  
It was like... What am I saying?  
It was like... the murderer  
let the victim cut.  
It was like a cat-and-mouse game.  
You understand that?  
You know that feeling?  
"To the black male children...  
"Philosophy is a prison.  
"It disregards the uncustomary things  
about you.  
"The result of individual thought  
is applicable only to itself.  
"There is a dreadful  
need in Man to teach.  
"It destroys the pure instinct to learn.  
"The navigator learns from the stars.  
"The stars teach nothing.  
"The sun opens the mind  
and sheds light on the flowers.  
"The eyes shame the pages of any book.  
"Gesture destroys concept.  
"Involvement mortifies vanity.  
"You are the despised of the earth.  
"That is as if you were water

in the desert.

"To be adored on this planet  
is to be a symbol of success.

"And you must not succeed  
on any terms,

"because life is endless.

"You are as nameless as a flower.

"You are the child of Venus,  
"and her natural affection is lust.

"She will touch your belly  
with her tongue

"but you must not suffer in it,

"for love is all there is

"and you are cannon fodder  
in its defense."

And O Lord...

...that as we are baptized  
into the death of thy blessed son,  
our savior, Jesus Christ,  
and by continually mortifying  
our corrupt affections,  
we may be buried with him.

Through... the grave and gate of death,  
we may pass to our joyful resurrection.

By his merit...

...who died the same...

Good god!

A muse lingers in the room  
and dangles a melody in the air  
like a ripe fig.

And we eat our summer soup  
around the great table,  
humming into our plates  
some court phrase  
then dropping it for a second,  
till a bird in the window  
sings it clearly  
and darts towards the river.

- There's your father.

- Dad!

Enrico! What a surprise,  
no one told me you were coming.

- How are you, son?

- Fine.



- How's school going?  
- Fine. Never been better.  
- Yes? And French?  
- Ca Va bien.  
Ca Va bien? Formidable...  
- Did you get something to drink?  
- Nope.  
- What would you like?  
- Anything.  
- Some ginger ale?  
- Yeah.  
- Archie?  
- Yes?  
- Can we get a ginger ale?  
- But of course, sir.

'All right, I'll do it.'

'When, baby?'

Today.

Today when?

I mean, like in this hour...?

I promise you we'll

make a big take today.

Yeah, a big one. I can feel it.

This is the love movement, man!

Where you comin' from?

Be cool, bro. Cool it.

- I'm gonna help you.

- When, baby?

Today.

When today, is what I wanna know.

See, my time is money.

Soon! I mean...

Be cool, be cool, be cool...

Hey, look at y'all.

- Nothin' here but a slick brother...

- How d'you know, man?

This sort of thing...

If we're going to the Derby,

we need some cash.

All right!

There...

Well, I'll take care of that soon.

That's what you been sayin'

for the past hour.

Well, ain't nobody been in here.

I mean...

Come on, move it.

Do you know a girl named  
Dolores Kincaid?

No.

Dolores Kincaid?

No.

Well, you know, you look  
just like the boyfriend she had  
before she moved to Seattle.

I do?

Yes. I saw him with her once  
at the Apollo.

- And you look just like him.

- I see.

There's this strung-out child lives  
downstairs from her, you know?  
And she was just screaming and yelling,  
and I didn't know  
what in the world to do.

So I said,

"Well, I have to put a stop to this."

So I decided to call the police.

So I called them and they came  
and got her, you know, and...

Sit down, girl.

I said sit down.

I know what I'm gonna do...

Yeah.

Help! Kill him!

'Hello?'

Hello, is my husband there?

I haven't the slightest idea  
who your husband is, madam.

George Meda is my husband, and I wanna  
speak to him. Put him on the phone!

'Do you hear me talking to you?'

He's not here now.

Hello?

I called the museum  
and they told me George was there.

'Now you put him on the phone.'

I don't want no more of his shit!'

Look, Mrs Meda, I have had  
a very difficult morning and if...  
I have had a very difficult  
fucking six months!  
- It's not possible to talk to Mr Meda now.  
- What do you mean, it's not possible?  
- He has disappeared.  
- 'Disappeared?'  
'George freaked out on you?  
'He ain't disappeared. He'll show up.  
'He's going crazy again,  
that's what's happened. He'll be back.  
'All right, man,  
I'll put it to you straight.'  
I just got in from Amsterdam and I do not  
have enough money for a decent hotel.  
Now since he already has a room there,  
if I could come to your place  
and stay there  
for just a few clays  
and wait for him...  
Where are you, Mrs Meda?  
I'm at the goddamn airport,  
that's where I am!  
Tell me where you are exactly  
and I will send a limousine for you.  
I'm standing in front of Pan American  
and the driver can't miss me,  
cos I'm that evil!  
Tell your boss I'm here.  
I am Dr Green.  
Could you tell me where I could change?  
I haven't changed since I left  
Amsterdam. I'm very tired.  
I have a friend who's a ballet dancer.  
And he went to Mexico to dance  
at the Palace of Fine Arts.  
That's where he scored this stuff,  
from Mexico.  
And, er...  
I think he came up with a really  
fantastic, ingenious thing to do.  
He puts the grass in a prophylactic,  
and rolls it up so that

it's like a suppository, you know?  
And then he just... you know?  
And then he puts on all  
these shorts, right?  
Like four pairs, he pulls them on.  
Cos they've got these clogs at Customs,  
you know when you go through?  
And they can smell anything.  
Well, almost anything!  
And... hey, man,  
I think it takes a very heavy cat  
to come up with that, I really do.  
Don't you think so?  
Come...  
Hess? Hess!  
Hess!  
Hess?  
Thank you.  
Why do you live  
in a house this size alone?  
That's an impolite question.  
A-... they're the  
only ones worth asking.  
- What do you want now?  
- This instant? Or now?  
Now.  
Money.  
Is there anything else?  
May I get you fresh coffee?  
No, thank you.  
I would like some, Archie.  
Do you sometimes feel overworked,  
Archie?  
Good heavens, no, madam.  
No, never.  
Another impolite question.  
I told you,  
I specialize in impolite questions...  
"They're the only ones  
worth asking."  
They are!  
When people answer them I know more  
about them than I did before.  
- What do they know about you?

- Nothing.

They know that you ask  
impolite questions.

Yes.

What is there to know about Ganja?

Archie, when you get  
the grape jelly...

And you are gonna get the grape jelly,  
right?

Of course, madam.

Well, then, why don't  
you get the grits...

...at the same time?

The grits?

Grits. Harmony grits. You know  
what harmony grits are, don't you?

- Harmony grits?

- Harmony grits.

Now, the other thing I wanted  
to ask you about is,  
I need an extension cord.

I have a record player  
that I wanna play downstairs.

For a record player?

For a record player.

You understand "a record player"?

And you understand "extension cord"?

So we got three things going:

we got some grape jelly, some  
harmony grits and an extension cord.

- Don't we?

- Yes, madam.

- Thank you so much.

- But of course, madam.

Archie, how long you been here?

Madam, I came with the house.

- You came with the house?

- Yes, ma'am.

You mean the plumbers  
came in and put you in?

- Precisely where...?

- Right there!

- Good heavens!

- You blew your peach.

- Archie!  
- That was rather humorous, madam.  
Is red one of your favorite colors?  
I wore white cos I wore black when I got  
here, and I thought you'd like this.  
But if you like red, I'll wear red.  
I like red.  
Look.  
Looks like blood!  
I haven't the slightest idea.  
Yeah, I remember.  
It really doesn't matter, anyway.  
- It's a good-looking saddle, Luther.  
- Glad you like it.  
It's good leather and it's comfortable.  
Good morning.  
I'll see you around.  
What would you like  
to have for dinner?  
Cook whatever you do best.  
Give me a suggestion.  
Doesn't matter as long as it doesn't  
have a lot of grease in it.  
- Hess?  
- Yes?  
Did I hear you say  
you didn't believe in marriage?  
No, I never said any such thing.  
Archie, you forgot the wine.  
Madam! Dr Green keeps  
a very good wine cellar.  
Good. Where is it?  
I think we should wait  
for the doctor to return.  
He doesn't allow anyone in the cellar.  
The only time I go... is with him.  
Archie, I need the wine.  
OK, I'll tell you what we'll do.  
You tell me where the wine cellar is  
and I'll go and get the wine,  
and I won't tell Dr Green  
that you told me.  
- But Mrs Meda...  
- Archie!

I said I need the wine.  
Do I make myself clear?  
Very well... madam.  
Thank you.  
My pleasure.  
Hey, I'm sorry.  
You did make a special effort  
for dinner tonight, didn't you?  
Archie cooked.  
I couldn't get it together.  
Are you all right?  
I just couldn't fix dinner.  
The soup's very good.  
I know you killed my husband...  
I beg your pardon.  
...because you have his body  
in the freezer in the basement.  
Will you clear the plates, Archie?  
We don't seem to be very hungry.  
When I was  
about 10 or 12 years old,  
my favorite time of the year was winter  
because of the snow.  
And I made the best snowballs  
in all of Boston.  
I was in the best snowball fights,  
and I always won.  
This particular day,  
it was just snowballs flying,  
it was all you could see,  
that was all you could feel.  
Some hit hard, some hit soft  
and fell down behind your collar.  
You could feel it in your muffler.  
And I got home... about 6:30 or 7:00,  
cos I'd been fighting

**since 3:**

And my mother said,  
"Where have you been?"  
I said, "I've been having this tremendous  
snowball fight, it's really fun.  
"And I beat everybody, and everybody  
beat me. It was a tremendous day."

And she slapped my face and said,  
"Where have you been?"  
"Someone said they saw you  
being chased by a boy."  
I said, "We were all  
chasing each other,  
"because we were having  
a snowball fight."  
And she said,  
"You are a liar... and a slut."  
And I said, "I swear to you  
that I was having a snowball fight."  
And she didn't believe me.  
She never believed me.  
It was as though I was a disease.  
I have a brother that's ten years older than  
I am and a sister that's eight years...  
...older than I am.  
So that I was obviously an accident.  
And it was, "Ganja, I came down  
with Ganja," you know?  
And I think that day, I decided  
that I was a disease.  
And I was gonna give her  
a full case of it.  
That whatever it was that I was,  
she was gonna have it.  
Maybe because she hurt me so badly.  
All that time up till then,  
I really worked  
for her to say, "I love you."  
"You're a wonderful girl, Ganja."  
She could never, ever say that.  
The only thing she could ever bring  
herself to say was that I was beautiful.  
And I loathed my beauty for that..  
...because she found it appealing.  
But that was a very decisive clay  
in my life,  
because that day I decided  
that I would provide for Ganja always.  
Do whatever had to be done.  
Take whatever steps had to be taken.  
But always take care of Ganja.



Dearly beloved, we are assembled  
here in the presence of God  
to join this man and this woman  
in holy marriage,  
which is instituted of God,  
regulated by his commandments,  
blessed by our lord savior,  
Jesus Christ,  
to be held in honor among all men...

...in all love and honor,  
in all duty and service,  
in all faith and tenderness,  
to live with her and cherish her,  
according to the ordinance of God  
and the holy bond of marriage?

- 'Please answer "I will".'

- 'I will.'

Ganja, will thou have this man  
to be thy husband  
and will thou pledge thy troth to him  
in all love and honor,  
in all duty and service,  
in all faith and tenderness,  
to live with him and cherish him,  
according to the ordinance of God  
and the holy bond of marriage?

- Please answer "I will".

- I will.

You still think I'm psychotic?

Of course.

Of course?

And the fact that you think I'm  
psychotic doesn't frighten you?

Man...

Everybody's some kind of freak.

Everybody I know is into something.

You know?

You're into horror movies,

I can dig it.

When it gets too heavy and I can't cut it,  
believe me, you'll be the first to know.

Meanwhile...

...let's celebrate the divine art...

...and follow Nature.

Or let's follow Nature  
and celebrate the divine art!  
In all 69 positions?  
That's called "taking care of business".  
Is that what it's called?  
Why don't you kiss me?  
You know I want you to live forever?  
The way you're acting, you'd figure  
I was gonna live forever.  
No, I mean I really want you  
to live forever.  
'I had a strange dream last night.  
'I dreamed you murdered me.'  
'The only perversions that  
can be comfortably condemned  
'are the perversions of others.  
'I will persist and survive  
without God's or society's sanction.  
'I will not be tortured,  
'I will not be punished,  
I will not be guilty.'  
'The blood of our lord, Jesus Christ,  
which was shed for thee  
'preserve thy body and soul  
for everlasting life.'  
'Drink this in remembrance that  
Christ's blood was shed for thee.  
'And be thankful.'  
Ganja...  
Here.  
Take this, it'll help you sleep.  
I'm sick.  
I'll be gone for a while.  
You'll be all right until this evening.  
We're having a guest for dinner.  
I think you need a little distraction.  
You've got to understand that  
I won't let anything happen to you.  
How do you know Hess?  
He was a volunteer at my center.  
- What kind of a center is it?  
- A community recognition center.  
For people of all ages?  
For people of all ages.

All over.

'What do you have?

I mean, any kind of dance classes?'

We have dance classes,  
swimming, all kinds of...

- He's alive!

- No!

- Hess, no! He is alive!

- No!

- He's alive!

- No!

Why am I always cold?

I don't know.

Are you always cold?

What have you clone about it?

Grown used to it.

What are you reading?

It's a guide to our destruction.

A solution.

Helgda, fourth queen of Myrthia.

"If you worship any god whatsoever,  
"and you believe this god to be good,  
"and if this god in which you trust  
be destroyed

"by forces dangerous  
to the survival of love...

"...and it is the implement  
by which this god was destroyed...

"...for this is the symbol  
of the destruction of life,  
"does cast a shadow on the heart,  
"then he shall be released  
into the bosom of his creator,  
"having suffered and tasted  
the blood of the womb of nature.

"He may sleep in her lap forever.

"Amen."

If the shadow of the cross  
is against our heart,  
it'll destroy us.

The cross is only an  
implement of torture.

Its shadow is the darkness it casts,  
you see?

Nothing can survive in the shadows.

We've got to learn to let it go.

- Hallelujah!

- Yeah...

Church...

You know, I'm high right now.

- But I'm high on the Lord.

- Thank you, Jesus!

Yeah...

When you got a high on Jesus,  
you high!

Only one thing can bring you down,  
and that's yourself, that's the devil.

But the devil ain't gonna come in here,  
I tell you.

I ain't gonna let evil in here.

Evil is not coming between  
those doors back there.

- Say, "Thank you, Jesus."

- Thank you, Jesus!

Raise your hands to God and say,

"Thank you, Jesus."

- Thank you, Jesus!

- Say, "Thank you, Jesus."

Say, "Thank you, Jesus."

- Say, "Thank you, Jesus."

- Thank you, Jesus"

Right now...

If there's anyone...

...who'd like...

...to be prayed for?

If there's anyone...

...that would like to be prayed for,  
will you come?

We're not playing in church,

I mean business!

You might think I'm playing,

but I mean business.

- Cos I'm from the same place you're from.

- Amen!

I'm from the same place,

I'm no different from anybody else here.

That's right.!

Today is the clay

you give your life to Jesus.  
Today is the clay that  
you give your life to Jesus.  
He will guide us.  
God the father...  
In the name of Jesus!  
In the name of Jesus!  
In the name of Jesus...  
How do you feel, brother?  
How you feeling, brother?  
How do you feel, brother?  
Come with me.  
Please, please, come with me.  
'What's his name?'  
'Dr Hess.'  
- How old is he?  
- Er... 38.  
- You called the doctor when he took sick?  
- Yes, I did.  
- And he found out he'd died?  
- Yes, he did.  
OK. Good. Thank you.