

## PAGE ONE

pics 1-5 short, full horizontal panels. Indicia at bottom. No title or credits (appear on last page).

- pic 1 TAMRA McRae strides through Tampa International Airport (a sign might be helpful), with a proud, adventurous bearing, her chin held high. She is a light-skinned black woman in her early twenties, with long, brown, wavy-curly hair and pointed nose (model: Sydney Tamiia Poitier). She is dressed in a light business skirt-suit ensemble, an overnight sport-bag and her purse over one shoulder, while dragging a larger bag behind her (one of those things with wheels and telescoping handle). The airport is clean, well-kept, and boisterous with activity; everyone is happy.
- pic 2 A friendly and cheerful attendant hands Tamra her boarding pass.
- pic 3 Tamra gazes wistfully out the window of the airplane at the clouds below while the sun shines on her face.
- pic 4 Tamra stands in Port-Au-Prince airport (again, a sign might be helpful) at the the arrival gate. For the first time she appears hesitant and a little nervous. The airport is dingy and sparsely inhabited.
- pic 5 Tamra stands outside an inactive baggage claim. There are no bags on the track and no one is around. Tamra looks worried and unhappy. She carries only her purse and sport-bag. We won't see her suitcase again.

## PAGE TWO

pics 1-6 basic six-panel grid, stretch or compress as needed.

- pic 1 Tamra frowns, looking out of the dirty window of an overcrowded, dilapidated school bus. A large Haitian woman sits beside Tamra, fanning herself. A chicken ruffles its feathers trying to evade the grasp of a passenger behind her.
- pic 2 Tamra steps off the bus into a dusty dirt street in a small, shabby town.
- pic 3 Tamra approaches a taxi (late-model compact station wagon) and taps the cabby lightly on the shoulder. The cabby is sprawled out on the hood and leaning his shoulders and head against the windshield. A straw hat shadows his face.
- pic 4 Tamra slumps dejectedly onto a plain wooden bench on the curb as the cabby tugs the brim of his hat lower over his face.

pic 5            Looking at Tamra on the bench as a brown hand shakes her awake.

1) TAMRA    WUH--

pic 6            Looking at our cabby, well-rested with wide smile.

2) CABBY    TAXI?

#### PAGE THREE

pic 1            Tamra stands at the side of an uneven dirt road as the cabby drives away.

pic 2            Tamra approaches a rusty iron fence with padlocked chain holding together the two gates hinged on brick columns. A simple plaque on one of the columns reads "Maison de Sante". A primitive intercom is on the side of the same column. The building beyond (set some distance back from the road) is a colonial plantation house, decaying, but well-tended. Tamra mildly shakes the bars of the gate.

1) SFX            SHANKLE-KINK!

pic 3            Tamra tries the intercom, depressing the "talk" button.

2) TAMRA    HELLO? HELLO, I'M HERE TO SEE DOCTOR DRUMM?

3) TAMRA    DOCTOR DRUMM?

4) TAMRA    HELLO?

pic 4            Tamra shakes the bars of the gate with gusto.

5) SFX            SHANKLE-KRANKK!

pic 5            Tamra slumps *very* dejectedly against the brick column.

pic 6            We look past Tamra (foreground) at an impressively artistic tree several paces away (on her side of the fence).

#### PAGE FOUR

pic 1            Same angle as previous pic. Tamra has a sketchpad resting on her knee-- we see her sketching the aforementioned tree.

pic 2            Same shot. We see a pair of man's legs in khaki pants and leather boot-shod feet (Brother Voodoo -- BV) walking past her in the foreground.

pic 3           Wide shot. Looking back at the open gate (doors swung wide). Tamra jumps up as she sees BV (civilian guise) walking out towards the road. BV is in khaki pants and white canvas shirt, sleeves rolled up and collar open to show a medallion underneath. He carries a leather satchel at his side.

1) TAMRA   OH!-- DOCTOR DRUMM?  
2) TAMRA   I-- I DIDN'T HEAR THE GATES OPEN.

pic 4           Two-shot looking past Tamra at BV crouching down in the road, reaching for something in one of the ruts.

3) TAMRA   DOCTOR DRUMM?  
4) BV       YOUR CAB-DRIVER--

pic 5           Close on BV as he stands and turns back towards Tamra, a stern expression (the usual) on his face. He holds up a short (2-3 foot) snake, crushed in the middle-- obviously under the wheel of a car.

5) BV       --IS A **CARELESS** MAN.

PAGE FIVE

pic 1           Close on BV's hands as he slips the snake into his satchel.

pic 2           Close-up on Tamra's eyes, wide with amazement at BV's actions.

pic 3           Tamra, slightly apprehensive, approaches BV, indicating his satchel.

1) TAMRA   THE SNAKE-- WHY DID YOU--?  
2) BV       HE MAY **TELL** ME SOMETHING LATER.  
3) BV       WHAT DO YOU WANT?

pic 4           Close on Tamra, she is flustered and has difficulty properly introducing herself.

4) TAMRA   I-- MY NAME IS TAMRA McRAE. FROM SAVANNAH-- IN-- IN THE STATES. I'M HERE FROM THE INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL STUDY EXCHANGE PROGRAM.

5) TAMRA   YOU SHOULD HAVE-- THERE SHOULD HAVE BEEN A LETTER--

pic 5           BV walks past Tamra towards the gate, suggesting disinterest in her.

6) BV       I REPLIED THAT NO AID WAS NEEDED.  
7) BV       I **REQUESTED** NO AID BE SENT. RETURN TO SAVANNAH.

pic 6 Two-shot. Tamra in the foreground, desperately pleading to BV as he walks away.

8) TAMRA BUT I'M HERE BECAUSE I **WANT** TO BE.

9) TAMRA BECAUSE YOU'RE-- YOU'RE **BROTHER VOODOO**.

#### PAGE SIX

pic 1 Opposite angle two-shot from previous pic. Somehow BV looks even *more* stern. He has stopped walking.

pic 2 BV turns to address Tamra.

1) BV I WILL NOT DENY IT. TO BEAR FALSE WITNESS IS TO INVITE DISASTER.

2) BV INSTEAD, LET ME BE **BLUNT**: GO HOME. THERE IS **NOTHING** FOR YOU HERE.

pic 3 Tamra musters her courage. She becomes obstinate.

3) TAMRA THERE IS SOMETHING, THOUGH: **KNOWLEDGE**. I WANT TO **LEARN** FROM YOU. LEARN **VOODOO**. I'M FASCINATED BY MARIE LeVEAU AND--

pic 4 Close-up of BV, the lightest hint of a smile on his face.

4) BV BE NOT **CASUAL** WITH SUCH NAMES! YOU, TOO, ARE CARELESS. IF YOU WANT TO LEARN VOODOO-- GO HOME. I WILL **NOT** TEACH YOU.

5) BV IF YOU WANT TO LEARN HOW TO RIDE A HORSE-- TURN AROUND.

pic 5 Tamra turns her head and jumps, surprised to see Bambu (BV's manservant--big Haitian dude) behind her, leading two horses by the reins.

6) TAMRA OH!

#### PAGE SEVEN

pic 1 BV and Tamra ride their horses down a narrow path amongst thick brush and low, sprawling trees. BV in front, of course.

1) BV WE HAVE NOT MUCH FURTHER TO GO. BUT THIS IS NOT UNUSUAL

IN HAITIAN MEDICINE: HOUSE CALLS ARE INEVITABLE, AND ALTERNATIVE TRANSPORTATION A MUST.

- 2) TAMRA WHY WON'T YOU TEACH ME ABOUT VODOO, DOCTOR DRUMM?  
3) BV DID YOU RIDE HORSES MUCH IN SAVANNAH?

pic 2 Closer on Tamra, falling sideways in her saddle, one hand clutching at her horses mane.

- 4) TAMRA EEP! WHOA!  
5) TAMRA NO-- NO, I'VE NEVER RIDDEN BEFORE. WHY?

pic 3 Focus on BV, back straight, riding tall and comfortably in his saddle.

- 6) BV YOU WOULD SEEM MORE ADEPT AT A STANDARD TRANSMISSION--  
THE WAY YOU SHIFT GEARS SO EASILY.  
7) BV ALLOW **ME**, THEN-- PERHAPS YOU ARE ALSO FAMILIAR WITH  
GREEK MYTHOLOGY?

pic 4 Big pic. Both in pic, still riding, Tamra partially recovered, BV still comfortable and confident.

- 8) TAMRA OF COURSE, BUT I DON'T--  
9) BV THROUGHOUT GREEK MYTHOLOGY, THE STORIES OF THOSE WHO  
TARRIED WITH THE GODS-- WHETHER THESE MORTALS DREW THE  
GODS' **IRE** OR THEIR **HONOR**-- ALWAYS END BADLY FOR THE  
LITTLE GUY  
10) BV AND THIS IN A PANTHEON FREE OF PERSONIFIED **EVIL**.

PAGE EIGHT

pic 1 They come to a clearing where stand several simple wood shanty homes with aluminum sheet roofs. A few people run excitedly towards BV as he dismounts.

- 1) TAMRA I UNDERSTAND THERE ARE **DANGERS**--  
2) BV YOU UNDERSTAND **NOTHING**. THE HOUN'GAN INITIATION  
CEREMONY ASKS YOU TO SWEAR UP AND DOWN THAT YOU ARE  
COMPLETELY AFRICAN.

pic 2 A middle-aged woman hurriedly leads BV to one of the shanty homes. Tamra is right behind him, other Haitians crowd close.

- 3) BV OBVIOUSLY, YOU ARE **NOT**.  
4) BV YOU **CANNOT** PRACTICE VODOO.

pic 3            Inside a shanty home, BV and Tamra kneel down beside a somewhat withered and twisted middle-aged man, obviously in a degenerative state. The woman from the yard speaks excitedly to BV (unrepresented in dialogue).

5) BV            HIS WIFE SAYS HE CAN'T REMEMBER HER. SHE SAYS HE SEES "HOLES OF BLACKNESS" ALL ABOUT HIM. THAT HE TWITCHES UNCONTROLLABLY AND HIS SPEECH IS OFTEN INARTICULATE.

6) TAMRA       IS HE-- POSSESSED?

PAGE NINE

pic 1-3: three even panels, full horizontal

pic 1            BV checks his patient's retinal response with a small light. Tamra kneels beside him, looks startled at his suggestion.

1) BV            I GIVE YOU DEMENTIA, SCOTOMAS, FASCICULATION, AND SPEECH APHASIA AND YOU GIVE ME POSSESSION? GET HIS PANTS OFF.

2) TAMRA       WHAT?

3) BV            GET-HIS-PANTS-OFF.

pic 2            Obviously, the patient goes out-of-picture below the panel border as Tamra pulls his pants down and BV feels around his privates (implied).

4) TAMRA       WHAT ARE YOU --UH-- LOOKING FOR?

5) BV            GUMMAS ON THE TESTES. INSTEAD OF EXORCISING THE PATIENT, I THINK WE SHOULD GET HIM BACK TO THE HOSPITAL AND START HIM ON AN AQUEOUS **PENICILLIN I.V.** WITH ORAL **PROBENECID**.

pic 3            Patient still out-of-pic below panel, BV turns to put his instruments back in his satchel, Tamra looks embarrassed.

6) TAMRA       OH. TERTIARY **SYPHILIS**. SIGNS OF **GENERAL PARESIS**.

7) BV            COMPLICATED BY **STROKE**. GET HIS PANTS BACK UP AND LET'S GET HIM ON MY HORSE.

PAGE TEN

4-panel grid-- give a big gutter between top two panels and bottom two to denote passage of time.

pic 1            Two-shot. They ride back through the gates of the maison de sante, BV front

(foreground) carrying the patient like a child-- facing BV with one arm over a shoulder and his head lolling on the other. Tamra in back, her head slightly lowered.

- pic 2            Looking at Tamra, obviously very crestfallen and feeling like a failure at this point.
- pic 3            Tamra continues her sketch of the tree, as page four, pic 1.
- pic 4            Same shot, again BV's legs move into the foreground, as page four, pic 2. This time they stop beside Tamra instead of walking on.

1) BV            YOU DRAW WELL.

#### PAGE ELEVEN

pic 1            Opposite angle, looking back at Tamra w/ sketchpad leaning against the brick column. BV stands beside her-- she doesn't bother to look up at him, too ashamed.

1) TAMRA        YEAH, WELL... I GUESS THIS'LL BE MY ONE SUCCESS FROM MY TRIP TO HAITI.

2) BV            GIVING UP SO SOON?

pic 2            Same shot. BV walks around in front of Tamra.

3) TAMRA        I'D PREFER TO STAY. BUT I DON'T SEE HOW. YOU DON'T WANT ME HERE.

pic 3            Two shot, Tamra foreground, looking past her at BV as he sits in front of her with a slightly softer demeanor now.

4) BV            BUT WHAT SHALL I RETAIN FROM YOUR VISIT?

5) BV            PLEASE-- MAKE ANOTHER DRAWING. A QUICK SKETCH OF MY FACE.

pic 4            Looking at Tamra, vaguely suspicious eyes peer out from under her brow, a touch of a smile plays on her lips.

6) TAMRA        A PORTRAIT? REALLY?

7) BV (O.P.)    REALLY.

pic 5            Return to pic 3 shot. Tamra flips the page of her sketch book.

- 8) TAMRA OKAY.  
9) BV PAY CLOSE ATTENTION TO THE **EYES**.

PAGE TWELVE

pic 1 Full horizontal - Close-up of BV's eyes, wide open and seeming to glow.

1) BV THE WINDOWS TO THE SOUL, AS SOME WOULD HAVE IT.

pic 2 Two-shot, looking past BV at Tamra, hard at work on her sketch.

2) TAMRA THIS ISN'T MY FIRST PORTRAIT, DOCTOR.

3) BV YES... BUT YOU MUST **CONCENTRATE**.

pic 3 Same shot, BV extends a hand for Tamra's sketch book.

4) BV LET ME SEE.

5) TAMRA NOT DONE YET.

6) BV IT WILL BE SUFFICIENT.

pic 4 Looking at BV looking at the sketch (we see the back of the book); BV has a thoughtful expression.

7) BV HMMM... A TERRIBLE LIKENESS, BUT AN **INTRIGUING** PICTURE.

8) BV COME INSIDE.

pic 5 BV hands Tamra back her sketch book. She is surprised to see what we see-- she's drawn a crude outline of Florida.

9) TAMRA WHAT? BUT I DREW--

10) TAMRA A MAP OF **FLORIDA!**?

PAGE THIRTEEN

pic 1 They walk up the road to the maison de sante. We should see several mental patients milling about the yard, some accompanied by staff.

1) TAMRA THE SIGN AT THE GATE-- "MAISON DE SANTE"-- SO THIS **IS** A MENTAL INSTITUTION?

2) BV PRIMARILY-- I HOLD AN M.D. IN PSYCHOLOGY IN THE STATES, BUT HERE IN HAITI--

3) BV IT IS QUITE **NECESSARY** FOR ME TO BE A GENERAL PRACTITIONER,

AS WELL.

pic 2 BV holds the door open for Tamra.

4) BV IN **THAT**, AT LEAST, I COULD USE YOUR ASSISTANCE.

pic 3 Inside the maison, they proceed through the entry hall-- left plain for practical use, a couple of potted plants the only ornate touch. A large, middle-aged woman in white doo-rag (Madame ROBIER) sits behind an uncluttered reception desk.

5) BV HEALTHCARE FUNDING IS... INADEQUATE. BUT THE STAFF ARE HARD-WORKING--

6) BV CA VA, MADAME ROBIER?

7) ROBIER BIEN, HOUN'GAN DRUMM.

8) BV --AND WE DO WHAT WE CAN.

PAGE FOURTEEN

pic 1 They enter into a small room converted to use as an exam room-- exam table, counters with cabinets over them stocked with supplies, some free-standing out-of-date monitoring equipment, etc.

1) BV A FRENCH PLANTATION-OWNER'S LIBRARY IS NOW OUR PRINCIPAL EXAM ROOM. WE HAVE SOME SUPPLIES--

2) TAMRA THE PENICILLIN FOR THE SYPHILITIC.

pic 2 Tamra investigates the contents of the cabinet while BV watches.

3) BV PENICILLIN IS NOT A PROBLEM-- WE GROW OUR OWN MOLDS.

4) BV THERE ARE OTHER... **HERBAL** RECIPES THAT YOU MIGHT LEARN.

pic 3 Tamra turns back to BV who cuts her off as he tenses at sounds coming from outside the door.

5) TAMRA COLOR ME INTRIGUED. WHAT SORT--

6) BV HOLD! OUT IN THE HALL--!

pic 4 A middle-aged American white man, mid-management suit and bald pate (LYNDON) comes barging through the door; his demeanor is frantic and desperate. Madame Robier follows behind him.

7) LYNDON I MUST SEE DOCTOR DRUMM!

8) LYNDON DRUMM! I NEED YOUR HELP! I NEED-- BROTHER VOODOO!

9) ROBIER HOUN'GAN DRUMM! JE NE PEUX PAS S'ARRETER!  
10) BV C'EST D'ACCORD, MADAME ROBIER. I WILL SEE HIM.

PAGE FIFTEEN

pic 1 BV grabs Lyndon's arms, trying to calm him down.

1) BV YOU'VE GOT TO CALM DOWN, MR.--?  
2) LYNDON LYNDON! JOE LYNDON! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! PLEASE-- I  
CAME ALL THE WAY FROM MIAMI-- MY **DAUGHTER!** THEY SAID  
YOU COULD HELP ME--

pic 2 BV backs off, turning away.

3) BV I AM BUT A SIMPLE DOCTOR, MR. LYNDON.  
4) LYNDON NO! NO!! YOU'RE BROTHER VOODOO! THE MYSTIC! I PAID A **LOT**  
OF MONEY TO FIND OUT-- ONLY **YOU** CAN HELP ME! MY  
PROBLEM-- NOT **NATURAL**--!

pic 3 Two-shot. BV in foreground at the counter. We see him picking up a scalpel in  
his left hand; his back is to Lyndon, who is advancing towards him.

5) LYNDON IT'S MARLA! MY DAUGHTER! SHE'S LOST TO ME! SHE'S JUST--  
JUST-- **GONE!**

pic 4 BV wheels around suddenly and slashes at Lyndon's right palm with his scalpel.  
Tamra is shocked, Lyndon more so.

6) LYNDON AAAH!

PAGE SIXTEEN

pic 1 BV grabs Lyndon's cut hand with his right, like arm-wrestling. BV stares hard at  
Lyndon's eyes, which are wide with fright.

1) LYNDON NO-- NO-- I'M SORRY--

pic 2 Close on Lyndon's alarmed and frightened face, focus on the eyes which seem to  
be glowing or directly lit, a la film noire.

2) LYNDON ...PLEASE--

pic 3 BV lets Lyndon go and turns away from him. BV stares at his right hand. In the

background, an astonished Tamra tends to a cowering Lyndon's injured hand.

- 3) TAMRA DOCTOR DRUMM!  
4) LYNDON PLEASE... YOU'VE GOT TO...  
5) BV HMMM....

pic 4 Close-up of BV's hand, covered in Lyndon's blood, no discernable pattern.

- 6) BV SOMETHING IS **STRANGE**, YES...

#### PAGE SEVENTEEN

pic 1 BV makes a fist of the bloody hand and drops it to his side. His expression is resigned, he still faces away from the others. Lyndon and Tamra look up, taken aback by what he says.

- 1) BV ...BUT I'M SORRY, MR. LYNDON. YOUR DAUGHTER IS DEFINITELY **DEAD**.

pic 2 Closer on Lyndon, reaching out towards BV again, frantic.

- 2) LYNDON NO, NO, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. SHE'S JUST... EMPTY. SHE CAME WITH ME--

pic 3 Two-shot, Close on BV, his turn to be quite surprised by Lyndon's words (background).

- 3) LYNDON SHE'S **WAITING** OUT IN THE CAR!

#### PAGE EIGHTEEN

pic 1 They run out to the car (rental sedan), Lyndon in front, BV close behind. Several patients and staff stand close to the car, but keeping a respectful, awed distance.

- 1) LYNDON SWEETHEART! MARLA!

pic 2 BV shoves Lyndon hard away from the car after Lyndon has opened the door (passenger rear).

- 2) LYNDON MAR-- HUUPH!  
3) BV GET AWAY FROM IT, LYNDON!

pic 3 Close on Marla, late teen pretty girl, but with a vacant expression and sallow

complexion as she turns to face BV.

pic 4 BV stands at the car door, turning to talk to Lyndon, his hand on Marla's shoulder.

4) BV I'M SORRY, MR. LYNDON. SHE'S TRULY GONE. I CAN **STOP** HER FROM WALKING, PUT HER TO **REST**--  
5 etc.) PATIENTS ZOMBIE. ZOMBIE.

PAGE NINETEEN

pic 1 Looking at Lyndon, his reason pretty much shattered at this point.

1) LYNDON WHAT? NO-- **NO!!**  
2 etc.) PATIENTS ZOMBIE.

pic 2 With hysterical strength, Lyndon shoves BV away from the car and slams the door shut.

3) LYNDON NO!

pic 3 Lyndon gets in the driver side, looking back over the car at BV.

4) LYNDON INSANE! YOU'RE-- YOU'RE-- KEEP YOUR HANDS **OFF** OF HER!  
5 etc.) PATIENTS ZOMBIE.

pic 4 Lyndon at the wheel, starting the engine. Several patients crowd closer to the car.

6) LYNDON GET AWAY! GET--  
7 etc.) PATIENTS ZOMBIE.

PAGE TWENTY

2 big pics

pic 1 Lyndon peels out and plows into one of the patients ( a woman), taking out her legs and knocking her up onto the hood; her shoulder and head smash against the windshield.

1) LYNDON --AWAY!  
2) VICTIM ZOM--  
3) SFX SKRASH!

pic 2            BV, Tamra, and staff rush to the stricken patient while Lyndon and daughter speed away.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

4 full horizontal pics

pic 1            Tamra (left) and BV sit on a bench in the hall. They are in surgical smocks, soaked with blood. They appear tired and upset.

1) TAMRA    I'M-- I'M SORRY-- ABOUT--  
2) BV        I'M GOING TO MIAMI.

pic 2            Same shot. BV gets up to leave.

3) TAMRA    TO HELP LYNDON?  
4) BV        TO PUT DOWN A ZOMBIE. AS FOR LYNDON... THE LOAS DEMAND **BALANCE**.

pic 3            They walk down the hall to BV's office ( not yet seen). BV opens the door to go in.

5) TAMRA    I'M GOING **WITH** YOU.  
6) BV        NO.  
7) TAMRA    WHAT ABOUT THE PICTURE I DREW-- THE PICTURE OF FLORIDA? THAT MUST BE A **SIGN**. I'M **MEANT** TO BE WITH YOU, AND YOU **KNOW** IT.

pic 4            BV is inside his office-- we're still out in the hall. Tamra tops short at the doorway, staggered by what she sees.

8) BV (O.P.)    PERHAPS--

PAGE TWENTY-TWO

full page pic-- BV stands in his office-- an impressive candlelit shrine housing a bewildering assemblage of voodoo paraphernalia and totems. He has torn away his smock and shirt. His expression is intense and stern, stern, stern Credits this page, title: "Initiation, Part One".

1) BV        PERHAPS I MAY **YET** BE YOUR **DOOM**.  
2) BV        OR YOU MAY YET BE **MINE**.

