SCHEISSE

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Lightning CRACKLES. Thunder ROARS. A torrent of rain falls on the tombstones littering the hillside.

The lightning illuminates a small lantern at the rim of an open grave. Fresh wreaths adorn the tombstone.

Sounds of digging. Globs of mud are heaved out of the grave. A thunk is heard as the shovel strikes the coffin.

The coffin lid creaks open.

    HUMPEN
    (German accent)
    Yes. Yes! YES!

INT. CASTLE LABORATORY - NIGHT

The storm rages outside.

The stone walls are cluttered with patched together electronic devices. Smoking beakers full of bubbling liquid rest atop the work benches strewn about.

A MAN in a hospital gown lies still on a wooden examination table in the center of the room.

    HUMPEN (O.S.)
    How are you feeling mister Smith?

Mr. SMITH, 28, awakens, groggy, confused as he looks at the hospital gown he’s wearing.

    SMITH
    Where am I? Who are you?

HUMPEN, 62, wild gray hair and mustache, bottle bottom bifocals on his face, sits in a chair across the room.

    HUMPEN
    You are in my laboratory Mr. Smith.
    I am Physician’s Assistant, Awnhist N. Humpen.

    SMITH
    You’re not a Doctor?
HUMPEN
No I am not a doctor! You accidentally kill 43 people and suddenly you can’t be a doctor anymore.

SMITH
What am I doing here?

HUMPEN
What is the last thing you remember Mr. Smith?

Smith sits up and rubs his head. A patch of hair falls off.

SMITH
What the hell?

HUMPEN
Mr. Smith! That last thing you remember!

Smith brushes the patch of hair to the floor. A look of concentration on his face.

SMITH
I was...driving home...from work. It was raining. Tires screeching.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. SMITH’S CAR - DAY

Smith drives down the street, heavy rain obscures his view. Tires screech, a loud horn blows, a large truck plows into the side of Smith’s car.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. CASTLE LABORATORY - NIGHT

SMITH
There was...an accident! Oh my god! I was in an accident! Am I dead? Is this heaven?

HUMPEN
No Mr. Smith, you are not dead and this is not heaven. This is not even Iowa.

In disbelief, Smith stands up. His right arm falls off.
SMITH
What the hell! What happened to my arm! You said I wasn’t dead!

HUMPEN
Scheisse!

Humpen scurries over to Smith and picks up his arm.

HUMPEN
Technically you are not dead. You are more...un-dead than dead.

SMITH
Un-dead! What the hell does that mean!

Humpen holds Smith’s arm back up to his shoulder and analyzes the problem.

HUMPEN
Calm yourself Mr. Smith. This I can fix.

Humpen pulls a syringe out of his lab coat and jabs it into Smith’s neck.

Smith passes out.

FADE OUT:

HUMPEN
Can you hear me Mr. Smith?

FADE IN:

Smith is groggy and confused. Again.

SMITH
What did you do?

HUMPEN
I fixed your arm Mr. Smith, that is what I did. I also ensure that no more of your limbs will fall off. You may now thank me.

Smith looks down at his body and freaks out.

He’s wrapped in gauze from head to toe.
SMITH
A mummy! You turned me into a mummy! What the hell is wrong with you!

Smith stands up and his arm falls, again, but it’s caught in the gauze and it swings at his side.

SMITH
This is your fix? You’re a moron!

Smith takes a step to leave, his knees buckle. He stumbles and cracks his chin on a workbench. His head pops off and rolls across the floor as the gauze unwraps.

HUMPEN
Scheisse!

Humpen takes another syringe out from his coat and jabs it into Smith’s head.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

HUMPEN
Welcome back Mr. Smith. I believe you will agree that I have solved all of your problems.

Humpen holds up a mirror. Smith sits up on the floor and looks into the mirror.

HUMPEN
Tell me Mr. Smith, what do you see? Or should I be saying, what do you not see?

Smith’s reflection flashes in and out like a broken TV.

SMITH
What the hell did you do to me?

Smith notices something different about his teeth. He sticks his fingers in his mouth and pulls back his lips. One of his front teeth is a giant fang. Little bat wings on the back of Smith’s head flutter and lift his head into the air.
HUMPEN
I have successfully spliced Nosferatu DNA with your own. You are a Vampire!

Smith’s detached body, snatches his flying head out of the air and quickly anchors it to his neck with some gauze.

He uses his good arm to help himself up.

His other arm still swings in the gauze at his side.

His giant fang protrudes from his mouth.

His knees buckle.

He collapses to the floor. Again.

SMITH
Why are you doing this to me? I don’t deserve this?

Smith begins to cry.

HUMPEN
Do not cry Mr. Smith. You have your whole afterlife ahead of you. Why look, the storm has passed and it is a beautiful day outside.

Humpen walks to the large wooden doors of the lab and flings them wide open.

SMITH
No! Wait!

Blinding sunlight floods in and envelops Smith.

POOF!

Smith turns to dust.

HUMPEN
Scheisse.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

Smith comes to. Again.
HUMPEN
Fret not Mr. Smith. This I can fix.

Smith looks down at his body. It’s transparent with a haunting blue glow. His lower half is floating within the stone floor. His ghostly head flutters away, tethered to his body by a line of gauze.

SMITH
Shit.

FADE OUT: