

SCHEISSE

By

Jordan Littleton

Copyright (c) 2011 This jmlittleton79@gmail.com
screenplay may not be used or
reproduced without the express
written permission of the
author.

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. Globbs 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: