

Blood Hangover

By

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INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

This room in a gothic castle is walled with enormous bricks of solid granite. Orange devils of light play across the room from four burning torches attached to the walls.

On the wall hangs a large portrait of a woman from the shoulders up, a classical beauty wearing an empress crown and robe. She has a Mona Lisa smile, and her gaze seems to follow you everywhere in the room.

In the center of the room is a darkly stained oak coffin, garnished with bronze handles and accoutrements. The coffin is open and empty. Red silk lines its interior.

The COUNT, 450, stumbles into the entrance, dressed in a jet black cape and Old World black suit with a black tie reminiscent of Medieval days. His hair is slicked back and glistening with hair oil.

He pauses to lean his hand on the doorframe to steady himself.

COUNT  
(in a Cockney slur)  
By Lucifer, what a night!

From the shadows emerges a figure. The Count tries to focus on it.

COUNT  
What the devil?

The figure forms into the HUNTER, 52, a man with salt-and-pepper beard and hair, dressed smartly with a tweed suit, vest, and hat. He carries a large mallet and a rough-hewn wooden stake.

HUNTER  
(in a formal British accent)  
You spawn of the nether regions,  
your reign of terror is about to  
end!

The Count stumbles forward.

COUNT  
You wouldn't believe the night I've  
had! You should have been there.

The Hunter stops at the foot of the coffin.

HUNTER

You've spread your curse throughout the land, but I'm here to send you to the circles of hell where you belong.

COUNT

I should know better than to attend parties like that. I haven't done that since aught six.

The Count reaches the Hunter and throws a friendly arm around his neck.

COUNT (cont'd)

That's sixteen aught six, buddy!

He laughs a wheezy laugh. The Hunter balks at the stench of his breath.

HUNTER

You inflicted your vile curse upon my lovely daughter.

COUNT

A word of advice, buddy. Never drink the blood of pathetic fools wandering home in the alleys from a party like that!

The Hunter grabs the Count's hand and tosses him arm away.

HUNTER

She wanders the nights as you do, looking for innocent prey to sustain her unnatural life.

The Count steadies himself with a hand on the edge of the coffin and shuffles toward the middle of it.

COUNT

Oh, I gotta sleep this one off.

HUNTER

(shouting)

I must end your miserable existence so she can be free to join her mother in the arms of Jesus!

The Count puts one leg over the edge of the coffin.

COUNT

I'm going to have such a hangover  
when I wake up tonight.

The Hunter grabs the Count's foot and swings it back onto  
the floor.

HUNTER

Prepare to meet your ignominious  
demise.

COUNT

It was that woman at the party who  
done me in. Reminded me of the love  
of my youth.

He gestures toward the portrait.

The Hunter raises the stake and the mallet.

The Count politely pushes the Hunter aside.

COUNT (cont'd)

Excuse me, buddy. I need to get to  
bed.

In a rage, the Hunter produces a large, intricate crucifix.  
He holds it up in the Count's face.

COUNT (cont'd)

Whoa, buddy!

The Count backs off, warding the crucifix away with his arms  
over his face.

COUNT (cont'd)

My headache's starting already.

HUNTER

I look forward with delight to  
watching your blood spurt from your  
chest.

The Hunter puts the crucifix away and holds up the stake and  
mallet high in both hands.

HUNTER (cont'd)

Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord!

COUNT

Oh, I need some fresh air.

The Count flashes into a large bat and begins flying around  
erratically.

The Hunter's jaw drops, and he chases after the bat.

The bat winds its way to the entrance, ramming into the wall before zooming out.

The Hunter dashes after it.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The bat flies in a serpentine pattern up the stairs.

The Hunter bounds up the steps two at a time.

EXT. CASTLE - DAY

The east horizon is rosy with impending dawn. The castle is as old, moody, and gothic as anything in Transylvania.

The bat zooms out the open gateway, soaring around aimlessly. It bounces once off a turret.

The Hunter runs out of the castle and comes to halt, gazing up at the bat.

The first spot of sun appears above the horizon. A brilliant ray of sunlight shoots from it and lands directly on the bat.

The bat bursts into a fireball that plummets to the ground. The flames go out upon impact, and the ashes explode into a circle of fine dust on the ground.

The Hunter looks at his stake and mallet, then at the circle of ash.

HUNTER

Well, that works too.

FADE TO BLACK