

GERMAN STONER

Written by

Addison Prentice

6545 Simpson Ave Apt 43
503-819-4596

EXT - OUTSIDE COLLAPSED BUILDING - DAY

Two paramedics kneel down on the edge of the largest pieces of rubble. By them are other paramedics walking by and clearing debris.

JOHN

Alright MARY, there should only be one more person left in the rubble, but we need to hurry.

MARY

We should be close, I'll see if he can hear us.

Mary clears throat

MARY (CONT'D)

Sir? Sir this the paramedics. It's going to be okay, we're going to get you out of there.

CAMERA PANS THROUGH RUBBLE

Man (HANS) is trapped laying face up from the waist down under a large piece of cement. He comes through as if recently being knocked unconscious and looks at the large pieces surrounding him to make a small encloser.

HANS

(thick German accent)

What? Hello?

Mary and John look at each other then back at the rubble.

JOHN

Sir this is John, one of the paramedics. Stay calm.

MARY

The building you were in collapsed, and there's a gas leak, but we're going to get you out of there.

HANS

The building just started rambling on. Das is all I can remember

MARY

There was an earthquake.

JOHN

A 4.2 magnitude one. Things are pretty bad out here.

HANS

Most unbodacious. Tell me (coughs) what was the number?

JOHN

(slightly concerned)

A 4.2 magnitude one.

HANS

No (coughs worse) the full number.

MARY

(confused)

John I think the gases are reaching toxic levels, will you check real quick?

John reaches into a paramedics bag and pulls out device. He turns it on and it begins beeping periodically.

MARY (CONT'D)

(to Hans)

Sir, what do you mean?

HANS

What (coughs eccentrically) was the next decimal?

MARY

Oh..... it was a 4.20 magnitude

HANS

(laughs then coughs) Ha. Niiiiice.

JOHN

(anxiously)

The gases are at toxic levels. He only has about nine minutes of breathable air left.

Mary hears this and begins to clear rubble faster.

MARY

Stay calm, we're going to get you out of there.

HANS

How long did you say I have?

JOHN

We've got nine minutes to clear
room for more air or else you'll
suffocate.

HANS

(to himself)

Huh.... Well, in the words of da
fast and da furious....

Hans reaches into his shirt pocket and pulls out a joint,
puts it in his mouth and reaches down into his pant pocket.
He pulls out a lighter and his phone and begins to light the
joint as he speaks.

HANS (CONT'D)

...one last riiiiide

After the joint is lit, Hans looks at his phone and begins
playing "Free Bird" by Lynrd Skynyrd on his phone speaker.

John and Mary are busy pulling blocks of cement off the pile
of rubble and begins hearing Free Bird playing.

MARY

(confused)

What is that?

JOHN

(listening)

Um... I....

Hans begins singing along with the song. John and Mary can
hear him through the rubble.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(semi-excitedly)

I think its Free Bird.

MARY

The gases must be getting to him.

Mary turns her attention to Hans's direction.

MARY (CONT'D)

Stay with us sir. What's your name?

Hans is covered in a small cloud of smoke, and reaches to
pull the joint out of his mouth.

HANS

My name is Hans.

Mary begins to move debris again as she speaks

MARY

Okay Hans... what do you remember
before the building collapsed?

HANS

Well.. (takes a puff of the joint
and coughs).. I was on vacation
here in Colorado.. and being a
lover of da wonderful herb dat I
am, I told myself "Hans, you need
to try dat good good."

JOHN

The what?

HANS

I guess you could say I had dat
good good fever.

MARY

What is... good good fever?

HANS

You know, that wonderful feeling
when all you want to do is take a
Hindenberg-sized breath of dat
sweet sweet good good.

John and Mary begin to see and smell marijuana smoke oozing
out of the dwindling cement pile.

JOHN

Hans, what was the building you
were in?

HANS

It was, how you say... the purveyor
of good good.

JOHN

(frankly)

I've never heard that once in my
entire life.

Hans begins singing the last chorus of Free Bird with his
exuberant, out-of-pitch German accent.

MARY

(Frantic)

We're losing him. Hurry!

Hans stops singing as the Free Bird solo starts and takes a
deep puff from the joint.

HANS

Hey, (laughs and coughs) have you heard of the bee who got stuck in a bong?

JOHN

No, Hans... I haven't

HANS

Oh yah, it got stuck and he got so high he pollinated the bowl piece... you could say it was a real "stinger"

MARY

(yelling)

He's going into shock and becoming delusional. God dammit Hans don't die on me!

Mary frantically starts moving debris and turns to John

MARY (CONT'D)

John the gas is making him lose it we got to hurry.

JOHN

Hans were getting close hang in there.

Hans takes another puff and slides his arms behind his head in a relaxed fashion

HANS

John, so you're saying you've never had das good good fever?

JOHN

(frustrated)

What the hell are you talking about?

HANS

It's okay you can tell me (whispers loudly) I won't tell das supervisor

JOHN

(ignoring Hans)

Okay we're almost there, just one or two more blocks

HANS

Oh, take your time. I am most comfortenshauzen

JOHN

What?

Mary pulls out a piece of cement to expose Hans's face. A cloud of smoke pillows out straight into Mary's face

MARY

Oh my (coughs) what were you doing down there?

HANS

I had to stop my fever, plus I thought, hey, if I'm going, I'm going to ride the high into the great beyond.

MARY

Ohhhkayyy....

JOHN

Not gonna lie to you Hans, I was pretty worried. When I got here it was just me and I don't know if I could have gotten to you fast enough by myself.... I'm just happy I had Mary Jane to help me get to you

HANS

See!

JOHN

See what?

HANS

I knew you had das good good fever.

THE END

