

DOKTOR
FANG

An Introduction to 3reeDeee

This might be the FIRST SCRIPT EVER WRITTEN IN 3D! I did a quick web search, and if it isn't, it's probably in the top ten.

Which makes it a shoe-in at the Oscars (Best Screenplay Written in 3D). Of course that also means it's probably the worst script ever written in 3D. But if AVATAR has taught us anything, it's that even the complete absence of originality and quality should not be considered an impediment to financial success.

Get used to it people! The future is in the THIRD DIMENSION! I can't believe we didn't notice it sooner!

But now that the universe is forever changed, how does one write in the dangerous milieu of 3D?

For starters, you have to get used to wearing those glasses -- and by "those glasses" I don't mean the fancy Polarizes you stole from the local Imax when you went to see "Avatar" (I know someone with four pairs!). Sure, we were asked to recycle, but honestly the price they charged for that stinker, they should be grateful I didn't take the seat home with me. No, this is your granddaddy's ThreeDee: red-and-blue migraine inducing anaglyphic filters in near-cutting cardboard frames. Try putting them on over your regular glasses and see how long you last. Of course you could always shell out for the deluxe pair -- remember, they'll double as safety goggles when all that stuff flies off the screen at you. (Note to self: potential lawsuit there....)

Once you've acquired your anaglyphs, take a walk outside -- I always go to crowded locations where I can see (and be seen in) the third dimension clearly. Assume a variety of "3D poses": hands on hips, elbows out, one leg forward, waist twisted slightly. As the Ancient Greeks discovered, this will maximize your 3D-ness, particularly around the buttocks. In fact a quick study of Hellenistic sculpture (and who doesn't have time for that!) will give you a variety of easily assumable poses you can draw on: "Discus Thrower" is my favourite, although no matter what kind of excuses I come up with ("my, this bus does corner well!" or "is this your soap?") that one always seems a bit contrived. "I don't care how three-dee you are!" the police always shout, "Put your fucking clothes back on!" And don't even think about offering them a complimentary pair of 3D glasses.

Some writing devices are inherently more 3D than others: a typewriter is probably the most 3D-ish, since it occupies about the same amount of space in each axis (yes, axes -- you'll have to learn all about those, too); if you've got an old CRT computer you'll be okay (most talented but undiscovered writers have these, since they can't afford the upgrade to laptops. Ha! Who's a loser now!); but if you've recently made the switch to lap-top (2D-ish) or even flat-screen (2D, period), then you might be in trouble. Obviously pen and paper are right out.

And then all you have to do is borrow some ideas, and get a spell-checker. (Not to self: look into spell-checker).

Are there any other ramifications for those unfamiliar with the new language of 3D? If you're going to write it, you'd best be prepared for what they're looking for. Here are some starters:

Producers will obviously want scripts that "stick out more". Don't expect anything more ludicrous than that. "I'm looking for something that sticks out," will now be the new catchphrase.

Directors will probably have an easier time of it. Now they have a third dimension to auteur, any mistakes made in dimensions one and two will inevitably be overlooked (e.g. "Avatar").

Cinematographers will enjoy the extra time they get to "light the third dimension".

Editors? I guess Walter Murch will have to find another position to edit in, and add a couple more rows of cut-out people to his work-station.

Sound has that boom to swing around, and those guys are easy enough to fake it ("it sounds a little flat").

Same for the composers: "it sounds a little flat", which is why Lou Reed won't be getting much work.

Costume will obviously be looking for something with a little more bulk -- possibly a resurgence in Civil War pictures.

Hair and make-up will say they're doing something, and ask for more money. Maybe a remake of "Cyrano"? "Does Kidman still have that nose?"

The pop people will really have their work cut out for them!

But it's the actors I feel for. Talented thespians who once troubled themselves over accent and motivation must now learn to fill but the third dimension. Ironically this might herald a revival in traditional theatre, although most repertory companies will be hard-pressed adding the cost of anaglyphic glasses to their already tiny budgets. Still, this is an area where a prior career in pornography could really pay off!! Maybe a sequel to "Boogie Nights"?

I wish.

My humble contribution follows.

Oh, sorry about the spelling mistakes.

Owen Coughlan, March 2010

DOKTOR

THING

Now In

3D!

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(c) 1999
Second Draft
(c) 2010

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BIBLACK.

SCSOUND of fAASSTEAM+TRAINWHISTLE.

1 1 EXT.COUNTRY SIDE DE RAILWAY WAY NIGHT 1 1

S'STEEL WHEELS on S'STEEL TRACK: CLACKETY-CLACKETY-CLACKETY--

THE TRAIN WHISTLE, like a WOMAN'S SCREAM--

B BOLLING STEAM illuminated by FELICKERING CARRIAGE WINDOWS,
emerging into:

"DOKTOR FANG "

--GUNSHOTS! BBLAM-BBLA-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!

FANGAN(V.O.)

Dead!

(gasp(g))

Dead!

HARD CUT TO:

2 2 INT. LABORATORY NIGHT 2 2

B BLOOD sweeps slowly over B BARE WOODEN FLOOR...

FANGAN(V.O.)

Hans is dead.

FANG--thirty, in stiff Edwardian collar--eyes wide in
horror, back to the wall. He looks to:

L Loose ELECTRICAL CABLES SPARKING FURIOUSLY.

FANGAN(V.O.)

Hans is dead and the machine is
gone.

FFINALLY FROM ABOVE:

THE LABORATORY: an unfinished garret, S STREWN PAPER, S SMASHED
EQUIPMENT. H HANS, faced down in a widening pool of blood.

FANGAN(V.O.)

Someone talked. Someone must've
talked.

FANG backs out the door.

3 3 EXT EX STREET (1) (+) NIGHT TIGHT 3 3

De Deserted European nightmare. Cal Cabigardis distortion...

FANG (V.O.)

But who? Who Hans was was capable able assistant Unimagingive, vbut but capable able.

... finding FANG, walking quickly.

FANG (V.O.)

He understood the value of the work -- the need for secrecy. But he told his mother everything. Now we may pay the price.

4 4 INT IN HANS APARTMENT BUILDING STAIRCASE EN NIGHT TIGHT 4 4

Weirdly spiraling vortex staircase. FANG climbs quickly:

FANG (V.O.)

But how is it? How many enemies have I made? Perhaps Hans another. Can't tell me--

5 5 INT IN HANS APARTMENT EN NIGHT TIGHT CONTINUOUS 5 5

FANG steps into the doorway and freezes, staring at:

SOMETHING SPLASHED on the WALL; a TRICKLE to the FLOOR, DRAG MARKS across the room, leading under a BATHROOM DOOR:

FANG

(a whisper)

To late.

The BATHROOM DOOR opens, revealing THE TWINS: round mirror spectacles, identical suits.

LEFT

Doktor Fang.

RIGHT

We've been expecting you.

And they raise their PISTOLS and open fire BBLAM BBLA--BLAM--!

--FREEZE FRAME!

5 CONTINUED:

5

FANG(V.O.)
It'll be gain a quiet little
tavern.

HARD CUT TO:

6 INT TAVERN NIGHT

6

A BEER GLASS EXPLODES against a wall!

TWO MEN in tweed coats to toe across the tavern with
BRUTAL left-right PUNCHES: SIGMUND FREUD and CARL JUNG.

FANG(V.O.)
Freud and Jung were in the middle
of a debate.

FANG at a corner table, nursing a glass of beer.

FANG(V.O.)
I assumed it had something to do
with the beautiful woman who
accompanied them.

Across the room: CARLOTTA, finely dressed and veiled, at her
own table. She chances a glance at FANG: recognition?

Grunting and cursing, FREUD and JUNG roll about on the floor.

FANG stares at CARLOTTA, enamoured...

CARLOTTA'S EYES lock with his...

FANG(V.O.)
In fact it was a matter of science
they were discussing. Specifically
the nature of dreams:

FREUD smashes a bottle and tries to stab JUNG.

FANG(V.O.)
Freud asserted that a dream was
merely the unconscious expression
of desire.

JUNG evades a lunge, hits FREUD with a chair.

FANG (V.O.)

Jung insisted that that dream was a collection of symbols he called them "archetypes" and that that conflicts between these archetypes led to psychological trauma.

FREUD and JUNG punch each other across the room...

Passing CARLOTTA, whose EYES are on FANG...

FANG (V.O.)

And then it occurred to me: perhaps there was significance neither was aware of. Perhaps a dream could be something else.

An idea! FANG breaks his gaze with CARLOTTA, stands:

FANG

A-hem! Gentlemen! Gentlemen, if I may.

SILENCE! FREUD and JUNG paused in the midst of strangling each other to stare at Fang with horror and rage:

FANG lands painfully on cobblestones. LAUGHTER in the bg.

FANG (V.O.)

They dismissed my ideas as "poppycock". (rising painfully) And one of them stole my wallet.

FLASH-FORWARD TO:

--BLAM-BLA-BLAM-BLAM! The TWINS stop firing, lower PISTOLS.

FANG, still in the DOORWAY, surrounded by BULLET-HOLES but unscathed.

The TWINS exchange a disappointed glance. When they look back:

The DOORWAY is empty and the SHATTERED DOOR drops off it's hinges.

99 INTNTHANAS' APARTMENT BUILDING STAIRCASE NIGHT 99

The TWINS arrive at the top landing to see a FLEEING FANG hurtle through THE LOBBY below...

100 EXTSTREETE(2) NIGHT 100

Cobblestones, gas-light, and long, dark shadows...

...FANG ricochets off a wall, hurtles down a lane...

111 EXT TOWN SQUARE POLICE STATION NIGHT 111

FANG staggers across the square, up the steps to THE DOORS of the BRIGHTLY LIT POLICE STATION.

Locked! He shakes the DOOR HANDLE: nothing. He POUNDS THE DOOR angrily.

FANG

Open up! Open up! I wish to report a murder!

Silence. KA-CHUNK! a VIEWING SLIT suddenly opens, startling FANG. He tries see inside, but the slit is too high up...

FANG (CONT'D)

(straining on toes)

You must help me! Someone has been murdered!

(closer)

The killer is still at large!
Please. Please, help me--

--CLUNK! the SLIT slams shut. Then CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!
The INTERIOR LIGHTS are shut off.

FANG steps back, staring at the POLICE STATION in disbelief.

He runs to the CENTER OF THE SQUARE, looking from building to building:

FANG (CONT'D)

Someone help!

But everything is dark and silent...

...and THE TWINS are watching him from an alleyway:

LEFT

Poor Fang.

((CONTINUED))

111 CONTINUED:

11 11

RIGHTGHT
No one can help you here.

PISTOLS UP and BLAM-BLA-BLAM-BLAM!

FFANG flees as BULLETS ZIP past!

122 EXT EX STREETE(3) (3) NIGHTGHT

122

FFANG hurtles around a corner, skids to a halt:

The TWINS again: BLAM-BLA-BLAM-BLAM!

FFANG spins away in another direction--

133 EXT EX STREETE(4) (4) NIGHTGHT CONTINUOUS

133

--FFANG turns another corner:

BLAM-BLA-BLAM-BLAM! The TWINS already there--

--and FFANG is off again...

144 EXT EX STREETE(5) (5) NIGHTGHT

144

FFANG SSSHADOWs at a blon the WARPED FACADES...

FFANG staggers onto the street, exhausted...

LEFTE(O.S.)S.)
(echoing)
Nowhere to turn, Fang.

RIGHTG(O.S.)S.)
Nowhere left.

FFANG falls to his knees, exhausted and confused.

LEFTE(O.S.)S.)
Nowhere you can go...

RIGHTG(O.S.)S.)
...that we haven't already seen.

Now, gasping for breath, FAFANG can't even tell where the voices are coming from. SC SOUND of FOOTSTEPS closing. FAFANG is trapped.

Then something nearby CREAKS QUIETLY... Again:

1414 CONTINUED:

1414

A DOOR nearby, opening gently --- beckoning.

FANG risks it, staggers through the OPEN DOOR.

1515 INT. MANNEQUIN SHOP - NIGHT

1515

FANG closes the DOOR behind him, leans against it wearily.

The room is dark, but light pours down from a SKYLIGHT, illuminating the FROZEN SILHOUETTES of WINDOW MANNEQUINS.

FANG creeps cautiously to a FRONT WINDOW. Behind him, unseen, a MANNEQUIN HEAD turns to watch him.

THE STREET OUTSIDE is empty. SILENT.

Exhausted FANG slides to the floor....

FANG

They've taken the machine. My My machine.

1616 INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT FLASHBACK

1616

FANG at his DRAFTING TABLE, possessed: BLUE-PRINT, BLUE-PRINT, BLUE-PRINT!

FANG(V.O.)

The indignity of the tavern was my greatest inspiration. I would build a device: a machine that would prove my theory and change mankind's perception of itself forever.

SPARKS FLY as FANG and HANS weld HEAVY COMPONENTS.

FANG(V.O.)

I enlisted Hans, a promising technician. We began building immediately.

FANG and HANS hammer an ANVIL: CHING! CHING! CHING!

FANG and HANS wield GIANT WRENCHES to tighten THICK BOLTS; test VACUUM TUBES; connect THICK CABLES...

THE MACHINE: a huge humming clothes dryer of WELDED IRON, THROBBING VACUUM TUBES, TWITCHING DIALS...

1616 CONTINUED:

1616

FANG (V.O.)
I tested immediately.

FANG sticks his head in and twists THE HANDLES.

POWER stiffens the cables. The MACHINE shudders and shakes:
the TUBES BRIGHTEN, SPARKS FLY, GLASS SHATTERS!

HANS retreats warily.

FANG TWITCHES violently! HANS kneads his apron in fear.

And then FANG begins to VIBRATE!

HANS
Mummy!

STEAM fills the screen! Somewhere A STEAM-TRAIN WHISTLE
SHRIEKS:

1717 EXT VIENNA TRAIN STATION NIGHT

1717

STEAM clears, revealing FANG on the platform, cradling BLUE-
PRINTS, under a SIGN: "WIEN".

FANG (V.O.)
Within hours I was filing my blue-
prints at the nearest patent
office.

1818 INT PATENT OFFICE NIGHT

1818

THE DESK PLACARD reads "EINSTEIN".

FANG (V.O.)
They assigned me a dull little
clerk. At first he was skeptical.

Young, pipe sucking EINSTEIN snorts derisively at FANG'S
BLUEPRINTS--

--WHAM! FANG'S FIST drops him out of frame.

19 19 EXT COUNTRYSIDE NIGHT

19 19

CHACKY-CHACK CHACKY-CHACK CHACKY-CHACK... A STEAM-TRAIN
howls through the dark countryside...

2020 I/E I/ TRAIN CARRIAGE AGE COUNTRY SIDE IDENIGHT 2020

FANG watches the scenery....

FANG (V.O.)
I was halfway home before I
realized what I had done. The
universe had changed forever.

....A REFLECTION in the WINDOW: CARLOTTA unseen behind him....

FANG (V.O.)
And everything since, has been a
nightmare.

CARLOTTA (O.S.)
(from next scene)
I'd hoped to see you here.

2121 INT. MANNEQUIN SHOP HOPNIGHT 2121

FANG turns from the window to see:

THE SILHOUETTE watching him.

CARLOTTA
I'm sorry. You don't remember me.

FANG
(rising awkwardly)
Of course. Remember you from the
tavern.

He straightens his clothes:

FANG (CONT'D)
But what are you doing here?

CARLOTTA
It's a long story, Herr Doktor.
And we should talk.

FANG
Yes. Yes. I would like that very much.

LEFT (O.S.)
(from outside)
This reminds me of Prague.

RIGHT (O.S.)
(outside)
You mean the architecture?

FANG glances out the window:

THE TWINS are in the STREET OUTSIDE, sniffing around.

LEFT

No, NO, mean the mother. Remember
that woman in Prague?

RIGHT

I thought that was in
Czechoslovakia?

LEFT

Prague is in Czechoslovakia I
can't believe you get all the
girls.

RIGHT

(at Fang)
You must come out please, Herr
Doktor.

LEFT

Let's not prolong this foolishness.

FANG

Freud sent you, didn't he? he?

LEFT

Freud doesn't even know you exist.

RIGHT

Jung is her.

LEFT

They wouldn't sleep if they
did.

THE TWINS chuckle at some private joke.

FANG

You can't stop me. I've already
filed the plans.

LEFT

Yes, yes, that tedious little clerk.

RIGHT

He was more than willing to give
them up.

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221 CONTINUED:(2) 221

LEFT
Of course we had to give him
something in return.

FLASH TO:

222 INT. EINSTEIN'S BEDROOM NIGHT 222

EINSTEIN, nose bandaged, sits up in bed in a cold sweat:

EINSTEIN
Trains!ns!

And he looks to the WINDOW:

In the FROST someone has fingered: "E=MC2".

FLASHBACK TO:

233 INT. MANNEQUIN SHOP NIGHT CONTINUOUS 233

LEFT pushed THE DOOR open, but FANG throws himself against
it. They push and pull, FANG inadvertently hits a LIGHT-
SWITCH:

A SINGLE NAKED LIGHT BUBBLES wildly, throwing shadows:
HANDS, FEET, HEADS, TORSOS: dismembered MANNEQUINS...

And CARLOTTA, now just A TAILOR'S DUMMY.

FANG bolts the door, but the TWINS pound relentlessly.

LEFT
Really, Fang.

RIGHT
This is completely pointless.

FANG
(to Carlotta)
Is there another way out?

CARLOTTA
(quietly, to herself)
I wish.

FANG
Is there another way out of here?

(C(CONTINUED))

233 CONTINUED:

233

CARLOTTA
The ladder. Take the ladder to the
sky light.

FANG tests the tall WOODEN LADDER.

CARLOTTA (CONT'D)
Goodbye, Herr Doktor.

FANG
You're staying?

CARLOTTA
You must leave me.

FANG
(realizing)
Leave you? Never.

244 EXT. ROOF-TOPS NIGHT

244

An ANGULAR MOON rises over CHALK-DRAWN MOUNTAINS and JAGGED
CLOUDS....

Carrying CARLOTTA, FANG steps deftly over the ROOF-TOPS....

In the distance a TRAIN WHISTLE cries softly...

255 EXT. FOREST NIGHT

255

A forest of CHALK-WHITE SKELETAL TREES....

....finding CARLOTTA and FANG, resting.

FANG
When the sun comes up we'll go to
the police. They can't ignore me
this time--you're a witness.

CARLOTTA
Do you know where you are, Fang?

FANG
This is my home. I live here.
I've always lived here.

CARLOTTA
Yes, but do you know where you are?

FANG
What are you talking about?

CARLOTTA

There's a photograph pinned to my back. Take a look.

FANG unpins the PHOTOGRAPH, studies it:

A formal portrait: FREUD, JUNG and A WOMAN--a real image circa 1910.

FANG

Freud and Jung. What does this mean?

CARLOTTA

They shared me, Fang. I was their mistress. But I've left them. I'm riding in a train to Vienna.

FANG stares at her, not comprehending...

CARLOTTA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Herr Doktor. I'm so sorry.

FANG studies the PHOTOGRAPH, then his surroundings.

FANG

A dream? That's what this is?
(disappointed)
Just a dream.

HE kicks the ground in frustration.

CARLOTTA

Listen carefully: I'm traveling in a first-class compartment. I've taken a bottle of sleeping pills. Sleeping pills and brandy.

FANG

Don't be ridiculous. You're a tailor's dummy, just a character of my subconscious. An archetype. I guess this means Jung was right.

CARLOTTA

But that's how I see myself, just a tailor's dummy. And you are a brilliant scientist full of ideas and hope. You are everything I hoped for, Fang, and desire is Freud's argument.

FANGANG
(good point)
Damn! Damn!
(an idea)
But wait a minute, that would
mean...

CARLOTTA
--Yes, that's right, You are my my
archetype. This is my dream.

Beat. Then FANG hears the DISTANT TRAIN WHISTLE.

FANGANG
But it built the machine. The
machine worked. I exist.

CARLOTTA doesn't answer. Her head sags slowly forward.

LEFT (O.S.)
She's fading, Fang.

FANG sees THE TWINS a short distance away, watching.

RIGHT
Soon she'll be dead.

LEFT
Or in a coma.

RIGHT
The machine worked.

LEFT
You do exist.

RIGHT
You are self-aware.

LEFT
Cognizant.

RIGHT
But only in her dream.

LEFT
The man of her dreams, Fang.

RIGHT
Literally.

The TWINS chuckle at another private joke.

FANG has picked up a fallen TREE BRANCH. He tests its weight.

FANG

You've always know this? Is?

LEFT

Oh yes, es.

RIGHT

Always, ys.

FANG

Then you must know what she'd want me to do.

The TWINS exchange a glance, then a realization.

PISTOLS come up: CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK!

Suddenly FANG is right in front of them. They lower their weapons wait nervously...

FANG (CONT'D)

Who stole my wallet?

LEFT

Perhaps you desired the wallet stolen?

RIGHT

Have you asked yourself what the wallet symbolizes?

FANG adjusts his grip, let's them squirm.

LEFT AND RIGHT

(pointing at each other)

It was him!

WHACK! FANG cuts down LEFT in a single swift blow.

RIGHT makes a couple of yards before FANG clubs him down. FANG pounds, again and again and again--

--until the DISTANT TRAIN WHISTLE stops him and idea.

The DISTANT TRAIN WHISTLE again. FANG carrying CARLOTTA and waving through THE TREES as fast as he can...

"DOKTOR FANG" (c) Owen Coughlan, 2010 1616.
2626 CONTINUED: 2626

FANG FANG
Not yet, yet... Not yet, yet...

2727 EXT. FIELD IN NIGHT 2727

FANG running with CARLOTTA.. The TRAIN WHISTLE approaching.
Up ahead, DISTANT SMOKE indicates the APPROACHING TRAIN.

FANG FANG
Not yet, yet...

2828 EXT. FIELD AND TRAIN TRACKS IN NIGHT 2828

-- FANG arrives as THE LOCOMOTIVE hurtles past -- CHACKETY-
CHACK CHACK CHACK CHACK CHACK!

He watches as PASSENGER CARRIAGES whip past, all dark.

He raises CARLOTTA, showing her the TRAIN:

FANG FANG
Live! live!

He shouts at THE PASSING CARRIAGES:

FANG (CONT'D)
LIVE! LIVE! LIVE! LIVE!

MORE CARRIAGES, all dark...

FANG (CONT'D)
LIVE! LIVE! LIVE! FOR ME! ME!

Just then the LAST CARRIAGE, hurtles past --

-- and the LAST WINDOW is illuminated: A WOMAN'S SILHOUETTE,
standing, palms pressed to the window, looking out at him.

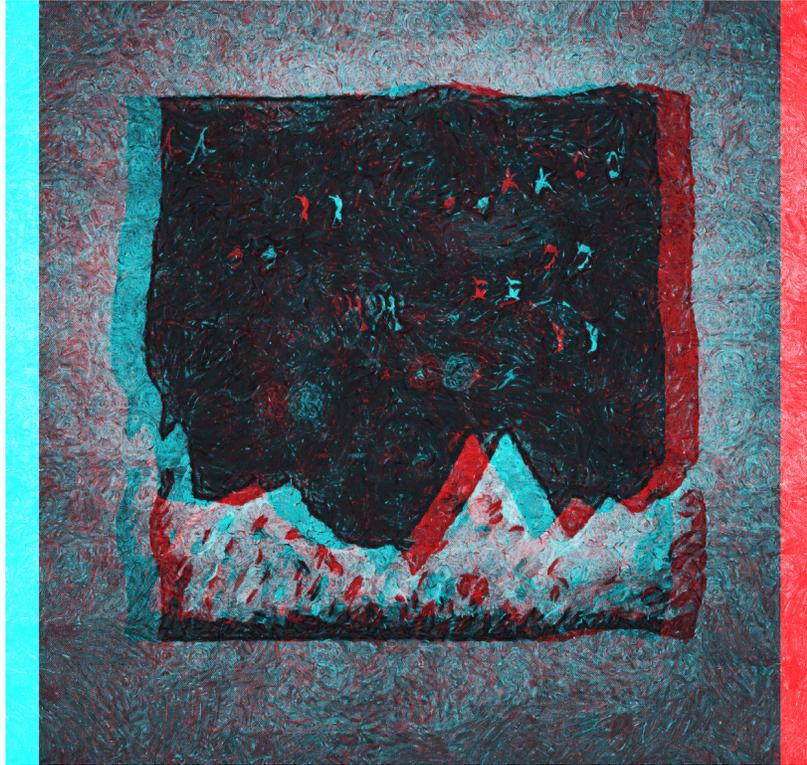
-- and the TRAIN is gone, hurtling away into the distance.

FANG sags slowly to his knees. He holds CARLOTTA tightly.

FANG (CONT'D)
(a whisper)
Live for me.

FADE.

THE END



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