

MEIN HORN

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Story by

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FADE IN:

INT. THE VIENNA HOFBURG - NIGHT

A glass case. Inside sits a red velvet dais. Upon the dais rests the mythical long white horn of a majestic unicorn.

Two NAZI SOLDIERS stand guard, flanking the case. They snap to attention, arms raised high.

ADOLF HITLER approaches, places his hands on the case.

HITLER

At Last. Can you feel its power?

HEINRICH HIMMLER watches Hitler fondle the glass expectantly.

HITLER (CONT'D)

Standing here in Vienna even as a boy I knew my destiny was to possess the horn... Look what divine providence hath manifested.

The Soldiers exchange incredulous glances. Himmler annoyingly clears his throat. The Soldiers snap back to attention.

HIMMLER

Pardon me, mein fürher, but now that we hold the horn of destiny we should be swift in carrying it to safety. Many foreign spies will kill for it.

Hitler gazes at him, looking pissed off like he always did in life. Himmler stares at the horn, mesmerized.

HIMMLER (CONT'D)

It's not like anything we've ever had before. It must be studied.

Himmler reaches out towards the case. Hitler moves in his path, blocking his view.

HITLER

Now that the army carries the horn of the unicorn before it we will become invincible.

HIMMLER

(ecstatic)

We shall take it to castle Wewelsburg at once.

(MORE)

HIMMLER (CONT'D)  
Learn its secrets. Learn its power.  
Make sacrifices unto Satan!

Hitler opens the glass case. Takes out the horn.

HIMMLER (CONT'D)  
At last. It is ours!

HITLER  
No. It is mein.

Hitler sticks the horn in his pocket.

HITLER (CONT'D)  
And I'm keeping it for awhile.

He awkwardly exits out of the room looking like he needs to take a leak. The rest watch him go.

INT. HITLER'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Hitler is dressed in his night gown. He gargles, spits into a sink. Yawns.

He walks towards the bed. Stops.

The horn is lying on his pillow.

HITLER  
Oh, hello. How did you get there?

The horn does not reply.

HITLER (CONT'D)  
You were waiting for me? How thoughtful, what did you have in mind?

The room goes dark, ominous, strange whispers fill the air. The horn seems to radiate with pure evil.

HITLER (CONT'D)  
We could play a game, or, perhaps read a book together?

A hell-raising, demonic scream pierces the air.

MONTAGE

-Hitler sits on the bed reading Hansel and Gretel to the horn.

HITLER

And then the witch said, "I will  
make your brother fat so that I can  
eat him."

He excitedly bounces on the bed.

HITLER (CONT'D)

(to horn)

But we won't let her do that.

-Hitler is lying in a bathtub. Takes a hit from a big fat  
blunt.

HITLER (CONT'D)

The problem with Russia is that  
it's just so freaking big. But I'll  
show them who's the big boy. I'll  
attack when they least expect.

Hitler offers the doobie to the horn.

HITLER (CONT'D)

Want a hit?

-Hitler sings to himself while waltzing around the room. He  
holds the horn close to his chest with the other hand  
outright as if he were with a partner.

-Green paint and bristles dab at a canvas. The horn has been  
turned into a paint brush.

Hitler sits by the canvas with his paints.

HITLER (CONT'D)

Who says you can only be used as a  
weapon of devastation. Enslave the  
masses some other day. For now  
let's make this tree happy.

-A queen sized bed. Two figures under the sheets. The covers  
are thrown back; reveals a angry looking EVA BRAUN. Hitler  
appears a moment later. She glares at him.

HITLER (CONT'D)

What?

She scoffs.

HITLER (CONT'D)

Don't make this weird, Eva.

-Hitler is standing in front of a mirror. He finishes  
sticking the unicorn horn onto the middle of his forehead.

He stands back, looking at himself in the mirror, tosses his head like a horse.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF HITLER'S QUARTERS

Himmler and the Soldiers laugh as they walk down the hall.

HIMMLER  
So then I said-  
(yells in angry German)  
-kumpel, warum das lange gesicht!

Himmler and the Soldiers laugh.

HIMMLER (CONT'D)  
Oh you silly boys will laugh at anything.

They reach Hitler's door. Himmler motions for quiet.

HIMMLER (CONT'D)  
Okay, game faces. Game faces.

He composes himself. Knocks, opens the door.

INT. HITLER'S QUARTERS

Himmler walks in, salutes.

HIMMLER  
Morning mein führer.

His face falls into a look of complete shock.

Hitler jumps about face from the mirror toward him; the horn is stuck in the middle of his forehead still.

HITLER  
Sieg heil!

FADE OUT.

THE END