

SHALOM, NAZIBOY

FADE IN:

INT. FREDERICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A gruff GERMAN MALE VOICE vibrates through the almost totally dark place.

The old propaganda speech, with intent hatred perceptible in each intonation, drones on and on without making a pause...

The unkempt single household is furnished with makeshift shelves, beat-up tables, an unfolded sofa bed - all obviously filched from the curbside one day.

Laundry lies scattered on the floor.

Dirty plates and bowls pile up in the small kitchen unit.

The only light comes from a COMPUTER CORNER'S equipment at the room's far end where

FREDERICK SIMON, 27, ultra-short buzz cut, relaxes with bare upper body in front of the monitor, streaming a 1940s demagogic rabble-rousing from Joseph Goebbels.

From Frederick's neck down to his pants, neo-Nazi tattoos "88, white power, dark runes" cover his bony back.

He grins from ear to ear, enjoying Goebbel's speech:

-- beside Frederick's elbow lies the manifesto of Anders Breivik 2083: A European Declaration of Independence, next to it Mein Kampf by Adolf Hitler

-- on the wall, a collection of swastika flags, Iron Cross, posters of international neo-Nazi bands

-- fliers of the French Front National and papers of Germany's far-right movement PEGIDA are scattered everywhere

As Frederick takes a sip from a beer bottle and clicks the computer mouse, silencing the sound--

A soft metallic CLACK resonates from the door on the other side of the one-room apartment.

He turns, too dark over there, yet the door is closed, so he focuses back on the PC and plays some white power music.

He bangs his head to a pure pulp of loudness, while behind him

the door slowly swings open.

A dark-skinned man, who barely fits between the door jambs, MAURICE, 42, blocks all light from the hallway behind him as he steps on the sill.

The 260 lb colossus wears a black crew neck sweater and perfect fitting dark jeans.

Maurice pads inside, carefully shuts the door.

Quietly but swiftly, he moves toward Frederick, who still faces the computer screen, no faintest idea of the dark giant approaching from behind.

Slowly,

Maurice leans forward,

downward,

inch by inch coming closer to Frederick's head,

until his brown face is right behind Frederick's pale cheek, who still knows shit, ecstatically banging his head to the Nazi-sound.

Maurice opens his mouth, moves his lips as lip-syncing the virulent rock lyrics from the speakers.

He obviously just serves a whimsical moment for his personal amusement, since he slowly leans back again, without making Frederick aware of his presence.

He puts his hands in his pockets, waiting right behind Frederick who keeps nodding to the song, unaware.

As the music eventually fades out...

MAURICE

Frederick, I'll take you with me.
To America.

Frederick's eyes widen, his lips open a tiny gap - but Maurice chops the side of his hand in a blistering pace against Frederick's larynx.

Frederick wheezes, no sound seeps out of him except for a gurgling gasping for air.

Maurice rubs gentle strokes across Frederick's back.

MAURICE

It's all good, boy. It's all good.
I'm going to get you some water.
We'll talk tomorrow.

While Frederic in his chair still gasps for air, Maurice

AT THE KITCHEN COUNTER

turns on the light. He looks around the unkempt apartment.

MAURICE

Man, you really let yourself go lately. I just hate this untidiness.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Maurice scoops knocked-out Frederick up, carries him in his arms, lays him on the sofa bed and covers him with a blanket.

- Maurice wriggles his hands into a pair of rubber gloves.

- Maurice cleans the kitchen, washes the dishes.

- He wipes away dust, puts things back into place.

- Step by step, the whole apartment becomes more and more tidy.

END OF SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. FREDERICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

While the first sunbeams fall through the window across the room, Frederick awakes, breathing alright again.

He notices the loud DRONING from the vacuum cleaner.

Then he perceives Maurice, holding it.

Frederick jolts up.

FREDERICK

Du scheiß Neger. Was zur Hoelle?

(subtitled)

(You fucking Negro. What the hell?)

MAURICE

Hallo, Fraulein. Schlafen gut?

(subtitled)

(Hello, Miss. Slept well?)

Maurice turns off the vacuum cleaner.

MAURICE

I beg your pardon. My Deutsch
simply isn't good enough.

He puts up the Breivik manuscript from the desk.

MAURICE

Since you have such close contact
with all those White Supremacy guys
worldwide, we may speak English.

FREDERICK

(in German)

Fuck you, nigger.

MAURICE

Really, Freddy? Haven't I treated
you like a mother would?
Affectionate? Hell, I tucked you
into bed and cleaned your room.
Course, only without the mascara
and a pair of boobs... Put your
clothes on now, son. We're heading
to America today.

FREDERICK

No.

Frederick shouts out a row of GERMAN SWEARWORDS AND RACIAL
TAUNTS at Maurice.

Maurice slowly shakes his head, pursing his lips.

He deliberately lets the pole of the vacuum cleaner slip
from his hand, plods to the sofa bed, perches on its edge.

He fixes Frederic with his brown eyes:

Now nothing but pure, grim determination in his pupils. All
quirkiness gone.

Frederick strokes over his mouth.

MAURICE

Do you get it now? The space I
provide you, is the space you fill
in.

EXT. TROPOSPHERE/BLUE SKY - DAY

A private jet flies through a cloudless airspace.

FREDERICK (V.O.)

Where do we go?

MAURICE (V.O.)

We're heading toward the future, to make you understand your past, my white little brother. Haha.

FREDERICK (V.O.)

This is kidnapping, asshole. My lawyer is going to take care of you later.

MAURICE (V.O.)

Where we're going you don't find any lawyers. There, only judges will wait for you.

EXT. JEWISH CEMETERY - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Maurice in a long black coat and Frederick in sportswear pass an arched gateway with the six-sided Star of David on its top.

Under the light of the full moon, an almost overgrown burial ground opens up:

Climbing plants wrap around natural stone walls, trees and bushes gently sway in the wind.

Weathered headstones stand upright at the end of long rectangular gravestones.

Placed on the tombstones are pebbles and piles of rocks.

Few candles sit here and there throw some light on the well-worn path that Maurice and Frederick step along.

All the graves within this almost untamed nature give an enchanted, mystical atmosphere to this place.

Even Frederick looks around, presses his lips together.

MAURICE

An impressive place, isn't it?

Frederick tilts his head and furrows his brows, playing it cool.

FREDERICK

That's a couple of dead Jews.

MAURICE

Oh, look, we're almost there.

At the end of the pathway sits a twenty-foot high mausoleum

With its venerable structure, as if hewn from a single block of stone, the building looks quite eerie in the light of the low-hanging harvest moon.

FREDERICK

What the hell are you doing with me?

As they take the three steps toward the entrance of the mausoleum, Frederick's eyes widen,

he turns his shoulder,

willing to run.

Maurice grabs him by the collar.

He presses a .44 Magnum revolver into Frederick's mouth.

MAURICE

When... will you... ever... take... responsibility... for your own... actions?

Frederick shivers like a leaf in the wind.

His left pant leg slowly wets through.

A puddle of urine builds around his sneaker.

MAURICE

Fuck, I'm so done with you!

He cocks the revolver.

Frederick's drool runs along the barrel.

His eyes as wide as the full moon in the background.

Maurice slowly pulls the trigger until

A soft CLICK.

No round in the chamber.

Maurice cocks the hammer again, bares his teeth like a rabid dog.

Pulls the trigger.

Soft CLICK. He cocks again. Soft CLICK.

Six times in a row. There's no single bullet in the cylinder.

Maurice calms.

He withdraws the revolver from Frederick's mouth.

Frederick just stares motionless at Maurice.

The puddle around his shoes has accumulated into a respectable body of urine that constantly flows down the steps of the mausoleum.

Maurice spots the saliva dribble from his revolver barrel.

MAURICE

EWW...

He rubs the revolver over Frederick's upper body, wiping long trails of spittle on his shirt.

MAURICE

If it were up to me, I would have placed a bullet into your little brain.

Frederick almost collapses,

Maurice grabs him by the collar.

MAURICE

But unfortunately it's up to her.

With teary eyes, Frederick faces Maurice.

FREDERICK

Who? What are you doing with me?

MAURICE

You're soon going to find out.

Maurice turns his back on the mausoleums entrance. Upright standing, as bodyguard protecting the building, he points the Magnum at the mausoleum's opening.

MAURICE

She's waiting for you

INT. JEWISH CEMETERY - MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

Frederick toddles into the candle-lit circular hall.

In the middle of the mausoleum, a woman in a long black veil, ELISE FERLING, 43, stands in front of a tombstone.

Inscribed on it: "Karl Ferling 1889 - 1945"

ELISE

This is a cenotaph. You know what a cenotaph is?

Frederick shrugs.

Elise looks back at him over her shoulder. Her face invisible behind the veil.

ELISE

A cenotaph is an empty tomb in honor of a person whose remains are elsewhere. And in the case of my grandfather, his remaining ashes once was thrown in a huge hole, along with the ashes of hundreds of others.

She turns toward Frederick.

ELISE

He's sleeping somewhere, in the fields of Birkenau. Not a peaceful place if you ask me. You know Birkenau?

She slowly toddles toward him.

ELISE

You know Auschwitz-Birkenau?

FREDERICK

Who doesn't?

ELISE

And you might know a certain Blockwart Friedrich Simon? SS Totenkopfverband, Friedrich Simon? Jawohl, mein Führer?

Aggressively, she pushes him back. Frederick falls.

ELISE

Herr Simon, who tortured my grandfather to death as the eyewitnesses said.

She pursues. Forward.

Frederic gets on his knees, lifts himself up.

With both hands, she shoves hard against his upper body that he falls back and slides over the floor.

ELISE

We know all about your lot.

FREDERICK

I'm not responsible. It's his life.
My grandfather's life. Not mine.

ELISE

Then tell me now, knowing all
this... why do you still hate
today? Why walk in your
grandfather's footsteps?

As he slowly gets up, she kicks him in the face.

Blood flies from the corner of his mouth's.

Maurice moseys into the mausoleum, the .44 Magnum in his hand.

MAURICE

Can I finish this bastard once and
for all?

Maurice looks around.

MAURICE

Honey?

Elise is gone.

ELISE (V.O.)

I'm up to the restroom, darling.

Laughing slightly, Maurice shows Frederick his teeth.

He raises the revolver.

FREDERICK

Time to visit your Fuehrer. Shalom,
Naziboy.

He pulls the trigger.

CUT TO:

INT. COZY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Maurice sits on the sofa. A head mounted display for virtual reality around his eyes.

He laughs his ass off, moving his hands and upper body while gaming.

MAURICE

(shouts)

Could you bring me some water?

(to himself)

Eat this, Naziboy!

Elise comes inside, carries a glass of water and places it on the table in front of Maurice.

ELISE

It's fun, right? I believe our customers will love this new game.

While Maurice wildly plays on...

MAURICE

Yeah, who wouldn't like to hunt Nazis? We just should get rid of this whole SIM style in the apartment and such.

ELISE

Yeah, you did everything possible there. Even washing the dishes.

MAURICE

I just wanted to check some of the world building, honey. If all is programmed properly. But you're right, we could get rid of this whole shit and better get to the action quick.

ELISE

I'm just wondering if the AI of the Nazi... I mean he's pretty limited, almost unreal, wouldn't you think?

MAURICE

What do you expect from a birdbrain Nazi?

Elise picks up the game case from the table. It reads "Nazi Hunter".

ELISE

The title could have some more wit I guess. Don't you think?

MAURICE

Yeah.

ELISE

What did you shout at him in the
mausoleum?

MAURICE

I can't remember.

ELISE

Wasn't it something...
Shalom, Naziboy? You're such a
weirdo, honey. I go to bed.

She gives Maurice a kiss on his cheek.

FADE OUT.