THE SOUL CLEANER VS. HITLER VS. KEVIN

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Please note: Conversations within description blocks are (MOS) -> without sound.

OVER BLACK

SUPER: "The evil suicide will come back and mislead you with black magic!" (Sepultura - metal band)

FADE IN:

EXT. UPPER MIDDLE CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - STREET - DAY

KEVIN, 24, tall and slim, leaves the front door of his home. The new denim pants hug his butt perfectly while he saunters along the front yard walkway.

A quiet place. Houses and lawns all look the same.

At the lay-by, MARILYN, 25, a hot redhead, works inside the engine compartment of her red Corvette C1.

She's small, wears an overall which cannot hide her above average sized breasts. The oil on her face and the wrench in her hand reinforce her natural beauty.

She shuts the hood, smirks as she finds Kevin waiting behind. She chats some words to him, hops behind the wheel.

VROOM! The roaring engine makes her smile.

On the other side of the street, kids dressed up as mummy, werewolf and dinosaur jump along the sidewalk.

Kevin proudly presents Marilyn a flyer: "HALLOWEEN RAVE".

Marilyn's delighted, speaks some words while she nods. She gets out and takes a look around - only those costumed kidsno need to worry, so she opens her palm.

Two blue pills stamped with X.

Kevin smiles, a bit cowed he shrugs. Her big eyes make him smile honestly and nod an OK.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Men's boots stride over white shiny floor toward a wooden door with a golden handle. Slightly noise of ball bearings follows those determined stepsA cleaning bucket on rolls which GENE HENDRICKS looking like a wicked, older version of Jesus Christ carries close behind him by the pole in his rough hand.

His dark eyes inspect the walls of this all white tunnel. Nothing to clean for him. Everything's sterile as in a quarantine area.

Then he stops.

Frozen he examines a certain part of the wall, which appears as an act of providence because it shines same white as anything else.

He takes one step nearer: Only a part of the plastic revetted, white wall.

CLOSE ON the wall's surface - it's perfectly clean.

CLOSER ON the wall's surface, so that pores have an uneven structure, and indeed,

a tiny CRACK winds through those fragments.

The crack fills with a liquid colored like fresh motor oil. Slowly it uses the weak point to come to light from inside the wall.

Hypnotized, with greedy pleasure in his eyes Gene stares at the liquid. His hand leaves the pole, reaches for the wall.

His other hand appears with a wiping cloth in front of his face as if another Gene has raised it. He regains his attentive, careful poise, knees down, and douses the cloth into the bucket's sudsy water.

He wrings it out, gets up to clean as

the wall cracks open and an ARM DASHES FORWARD;

hideous dark blue skin littered with greasy brown birthmarks under darkest black body hair, and clean overlong nails;

rages,

grabs for Gene,

while making appalling groaning noises and enduring low grunting.

Slapped by the nails Gene falters backwards and topples over the bucket.

Water sloshes around the floor.

Mindless Gene's overturning several times. Ecstatic breathing he comes to a stop.

The beast, whatever it is, it's gone. The wall's as clean as before.

Gene touches the five slashes in his faces. Bit by bit they bleed.

INT. CORVETTE - NIGHT

Kevin gets in, takes a seat on the passenger side. He wears his expensive casual clothes and a classic black half mask which covers his eyes only.

At the wheel, Marilyn's dressed up as Catwoman. She reaches for the glove box and takes out two cans of champagne.

They crack the cans, speak a salute, then swallow the ecstasy pills, and take a sip.

They smile at each other, come closer to peck the other's cheek. Then they kiss in an intimate way.

Marilyn starts the Corvette.

INT. CORVETTE - INTERSTATE

Kevin crushes his can, throws it outside.

His pupils widen. He smiles.

Marilyn turns the radio on - MODERN HOUSE MUSIC.

Kevin lies back into his seat.

Marilyn touches his inner thigh. Quickly she finds the bone in his jeans.

In love, Marilyn spends a lot of attention for sex, not for the truck whose HORN sounds into the car.

Blinded by passion -- blinded by oncoming lights --

Kevin opens his eyes.

## SLOW MOTION

Marilyn jerks the wheel violently. Kevin grabs over for the steering wheel; everything's blurred, colorful.

Frightened they stare ahead.

## INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The Halloween rave party's underway. Young adults with crazy costumes are ecstaticly dancing to ELECTRONIC MUSIC on a dark and creepy decorated dance floor.

Kevin turns away from the bar. He carries two root beers with him.

He searches for Marilyn - knits his brows "what?" when he finds her behind the DJ turntables.

He walks over to her, grabs for her hips, while Marilyn's swinging to the music she plays for those hyphy party people. She slaps Kevin's hand aggressively.

Emotionally charged, Kevin speaks and gesticulates at her. He pulls up his mask onto his short hair, takes a sip of his beer, calms, and leaves the other bottle for Marilyn, who's only focused on her music.

Kevin wanders off, jostles his way through dark costumed dancers who react quite aggressive, pushing him, almost bringing him down.

He breathes a sigh of relief when he reaches the door with the decorative sign "HELL'S RESTROOM". He looks back at the weird crowd, shakes his head in disbelief, and opens.

## INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Next to the entrance door, Gene stands at the top of a stepladder. He cleans the wall's upper corner with a toothbrush.

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

At the other side of the shiny white corridor somebody from outside bangs against the wooden door.

Gene takes a deep breath.

EEERRRRKKK - The creaky door swings open.

Brown Nazi uniform, swastika band - it is he,

ADOLF HITLER, mass murderer and suicide. Sharp, energetic, resolutely radical; the young, most aggressive version imaginable of him.

Cautiously Gene steps from the ladder, keeping Hitler attentively in his view.

## HITLER

Soul Cleaner. You hold your fort tonight. Exemplary. But-

His eyes shift, then rest, as he usually play-acts. Visibly warmed up, with perfectly rehearsed gestures, pauses, and emphases he continues:

HITLER

- I've told you, I've told all of you, that I will oppose you, with all my power, and with all my determination.

He pulls out a transparent test tube marked as "Ebola".

HITLER The inimitable Dr. Mengele, at my personal command, has found this exceptional remedy. It's extremely lethal, and I am firmly convinced, that solely the Aryan race, the Aryan blood, is the only cure there is.

With a sinister look, smiling, Hitler's wagging his finger.

HITLER Eventually, Soul Cleaner! Eventually and finally!

Beside Gene,

Kevin enters the corridor with his root beer. He nods cooly toward the pale Gene, and takes some steps looking for a door at the sides.

There's none. So his view shifts along the corridor where Hitler's standing in front of the only door's frame.

Spitting beer in laughter Kevin walks on. Gene chases after him, grabs Kevin by the shoulder.

Kevin looks to Gene, who frightened shakes his head and points the finger back toward the entrance door.

Hitler smiles all over his face.

HITLER

Is it him, Soul Cleaner? A lad--a lad comes to deliver the remedy!?

One arm bent, as a courtly waiter would carry a napkin, Hitler upright steps ahead.

He smiles joyfully as he reaches out the Ebola.

Hypnotized, Kevin makes a grab for it, as

THE BEAST'S TWO ARMS SHOOT THROUGH THE WALL,

take Hitler's head and

smashes it against the wall.

Brutally, again and again.

Hitler's head crushes, his blood sprays around.

The Ebola tube lies on the ground. CRASH - with his last dying breath Hitler steps onto it.

At that moment Kevin collapses in Gene's arms.

Lying on the back - he looks up to Gene - then he slowly shuts his eyes.

INT. CORVETTE - NIGHT

Rays of flashlights come in through the windows. They touch the face of Kevin and Marilyn, both unconscious. The car's interior is wrecked, everything's deformed.

Noises of METAL-CUTTING TOOLS and DRILLS work their way into the cockpit.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A WHITE COAT bends over Kevin's unconscious body in the bed.

The female hand sticks a syringe into his arm, and gives him the injection.

She strokes over Kevin's forehead, checks his temperature.

The doctor's coat leaves through the door, enters a

LONESOME HOSPITAL HALLWAY

and her sloppy posture morphs into a stiff, upright, masculine one.

The person's elbow juts out at the side. Its forearm lies stiff horizontally at the stomach, as a courtly waiter carries a napkin. We know whose rehearsed postures these are.

In the background, with his back against the wall, Gene; he eyes the white coat marching off. He looks sad, swallows, then takes his broom, and sweeps the floor.

Again he pensively gazes after the white coat. He trudges to the hallway's window.

The broom tight in his hands he watches the sun rise.

Nothing but sadness in his eyes.

INT. HALLWAY - HOSPITAL

The masculine person in the white coat slowly becomes invisible while marching.

INT. AT THE WINDOW - HOSPITAL

The broom leans against the pane.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

DOCTORS fight for Kevin's life and lose.

EXT. INTERSTATE - DAY

Marilyn stands at the accident site. She's pale. The charming girl from back in the days is gone.

She walks over to the commemorative cross.

Then she takes out a razor blade from her pocket.

We can read in her eyes she understands, whatever she's going to do now, in this life she has lost him.

FADE OUT.