

MR. SUN (O.S.)
Looking good, Samuel.

Samuel looks up at the bright, vibrant, yellow MR. SUN,
looming in the sky, with a massive smile.

SAMUEL
Thank you, Mr. Sun!
(To us)
The year was 1919 in Germany and
things weren't so good... but we
made the best of it. Then...

The ground slowly starts to shake.

SAMUEL
...they came.

Samuel looks on in the far distance, as thousands of Panzer
tanks crest over the hill, slowly approaching Samuel.

SAMUEL
But, things were getting a little
better. This was a time for hope.

Just then, a Line of JEWISH PEOPLE all skip, merrily, through
the field, collecting Samuel, who skips with them.

As the Line of Jewish People skips along, Samuel looks over
at us, narrating:

SAMUEL
Our people have always been very
resourceful and willing to make the
best of things. So, we did. Until
1933...

A duh-duh-duhhhhh sound effect plays.

The Line of Jewish People stops, with Samuel looking worried,
as he points O.S., meekly.

We pan over to a 200-foot tall ADOLF HITLER, dressed in his
Nazi uniform and matching regalia, standing in the middle of
the field, doing the Nazi salute.

Dark clouds loom over him as thunder and lightning crashes.

Quick pan back to the Line of Jewish People.

Samuel has a severe look of worry on his face.

The flowers have all wilted and are frowning while Mr. Sun
has been obscured by gray, sinister-looking, laughing clouds.

SAMUEL

Uh-oh...

TITLE CARD: PART 2
 MEET THE MONSTER

INT. NONDESCRIPT WAREHOUSE - DAY

Samuel stands next to Brad, facing us.

SAMUEL

Welcome back, friends.

Brad groans and grunts, but is unintelligible.

SAMUEL

(Re: Brad)

This... is a Nazi.

Samuel holds his arms out, as if presenting Brad to us.

SAMUEL

(To us)

Now, please, don't be alarmed. I know it might seem that I am in immense danger by being so close to this monster but, I assure you, I am a trained professional.

Brad continues to grunt and groan.

Samuel points to different areas on Brad's body.

SAMUEL

Notice the distinct lack of Nazi regalia, Swastikas or a certain "toothbrush mustache". Don't let this fool you. This Nazi -- let's call him... Adolf -- Adolf is every bit a Nazi as all those from oh, so many years ago.

Samuel quickly rips the tape off Brad's mouth.

BRAD

(Grunts and strains)

My name's Brad, not Adolf, you...

BRAD

(Silent, edited out)
...fucking Kike!

AUTOMATED MALE VOICE (V.O.)

...wonderful Jewish man.

SAMUEL

Why, thank you, Adolf. I am, aren't I?

(To us)

You see? Nazis are human beings, just like us. They're just a little rough around the edges is all...

Just then, a massive, animated yak, YOM THE YAK, with Hasidic Payot, walks into frame.

YOM THE YAK

Hello there, Samuel. Have you found another Nazi who's oh, so cruel?

Samuel puts his hands to his mouth, in faux-surprise.

SAMUEL

(Excited)

Oh, my Yahweh, everybody, it's Yom the Yak!

A pre-taped recording of an audience clapping plays.

In the background, Brad looks around, trying to see what Samuel sees.

YOM THE YAK

It's so nice to be back in the Nazi Room, which will be his final tomb!

Just then, a pre-recorded tape of children cheering plays.

SAMUEL

Yom, would you be willing to take our visitors the rest of the way?

YOM THE YAK

Yes, I will, my good man. As we go, hand-in-hand.

BRAD

Who the [Beep] are you talking to?! You [Beep]ing...
(Silent, edited out)
...Heeb!

AUTOMATED MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Jewish man.

Yom leads us back to the gray exit door. He opens it.

YOM THE YAK

Here we are, watch your step. On you go, with a little pep.

We enter the blackness once again.

YOM THE YAK

The Jews were shipped off with no choice/The Nazis smiled and rejoiced.

EXT. DESOLATE FIELD - DAY (ANIMATED)

Yom the Yak walks along the set of railroad tracks.

YOM THE YAK

The Jews were taken on a train/To a place that causes awful pain.

The train zooms past Yom the Yak, into --

EXT. AUSCHWITZ II-BIRKENAU - THEN (ANIMATED)

Yom the Yak follows the railroad track right inside.

YOM THE YAK

Here, we arrive at Auschwitz/Where the Jews were burned to bits.

EXT. AUSCHWITZ II-BIRKENAU - CREMATORIUM III - NIGHT
(ANIMATED, B&W)

Rain pours down as nude, Jewish WOMEN, CHILDREN and ELDERLY PEOPLE file in through a metal door.

Animated fig leaves cover their genitalia.

Yom the Yak watches on, as he sees a dark, animated storm cloud, Z.B., frowning, as it hovers over the Jewish People.

YOM THE YAK

Z.B.! Z.B.! Do you see me?

Z.B. glances over at Yom, who waves, heartily. He hovers over towards Yom.

YOM THE YAK

What's wrong, Z.B.? Why the long face? Why are you going at this lowly pace?

Z.B.

I hate my life. I hate my job. I hate this place.

YOM THE YAK

Oh, Z.B., that's no excuse. If you don't like it, why not refuse?

Z.B. turns another shade darker.

Z.B.

If not me, it'd be somebody else.

YOM THE YAK

Don't be down, Z.B., it's not your fault. Sooner or later, these things will halt.

Z.B.

That's easy for you to say, Yom, people don't hate you...

(Sighs)

I miss the plants.

Z.B. turns and sees the last of the Jewish People heading inside Crematorium III.

Z.B.

You're a good friend, Yom.

YOM THE YAK

You, too, old friend. I hope, one day, your heart will mend.

Z.B. hovers away, into Crematorium III, just as a NAZI closes the metal door.

YOM THE YAK

But one young Jew, he got away/To the old U.S. of A.

Yom the Yak takes a few steps, as we see a CHILD running away, into the darkness.

YOM THE YAK

*There he goes, our little Sam/
Running as fast as his legs can.*

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: PART 4
 KRAUT CONTROL

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY (ANIMATED)

Mr. Sun is even brighter than before, as the flowers bloom and harmonize, happily.

A group of plucky, animated ANIMALS; chipmunks, squirrels, bunnies, birds and more, all line a white, picket fence.

Yom the Yak walks into frame, where we find a hand-drawn Samuel and Brad -- still tied to a chair -- in the field.

Samuel sets down a comically-oversized power sander, as he turns to face us.

SAMUEL

Hello there, friends. As you can see, I was just helping Adolf smooth out his rough edges.

Brad sobs, in obvious pain.

AUTOMATED MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Thank you, Samuel. That felt wonderful. I am invigorated.

SAMUEL

(Cheerful)

You betcha, Adolf.

(To us)

Of course, since you're realizing your newfound humanity, I thought I might treat you to one of our most well-respected traditions. Please help me welcome... Mr. Mohel!

A tape of pre-recorded audience clapping plays as --

A large, cartoonish scalpel, MR. MOHEL, wearing a white lab coat and Coke bottle glasses, walks into frame.

Brad's eyes go wide, as he regains his strength.

BRAD

No! [Beep], no! Get that [Beeping] thing away from me! Help! Somebody [Beeping] help me!

As we slowly pan to the Animals on the fence, watching.

A chubby-faced chipmunk, CHIPPY, stands on his hind legs.

CHIPPY

I bet he did Nazi that one coming.

A pre-recorded audience laugh track plays.

CHIPPY

All together now, everyone!

All the Animals exaggeratedly harmonize in unison, singing.

ANIMALS

All that work/All that toil/Just for fun with Mr. Mohel. All that work/All that toil/Just for fun with Mr. Mohel. All that work/All that toil/Just for fun with Mr. Mohel...

The Animals continue to sing as Brad lets out horrific, blood-curdling screams, O.S.

ANIMALS

All that work/All that toil/Just for fun with Mr. Mohel. All that work/All that toil/Just for fun with Mr. Mohel...

One by one, the Animals slowly stop singing, as looks of disgust and horror form on their faces.

Despite the fact that they've all stopped singing, the song continues on, like a tape you'd hear playing in a theme park.

We pan back over to Samuel, Brad and Mr. Mohel, where Yom the Yak and all the Animals gather around.

They all look down at Brad's genitalia, censored by a cartoonishly-gold Star of David.

YOM THE YAK

I don't quite know how I feel. This evil Kraut's about to keel.

SAMUEL

(To us)

What do you think, friends? Do you think Adolf is a changed man?

Samuel waits for us to respond.

Z.B. (O.S.)

Not yet, he isn't...

Everyone turns to see Z.B. floating towards them, with a vengeance, his storm cloud shooting out lightning bolts.

SAMUEL

Hello there, Z.B. What brings you here?

Z.B. AUTOMATED MALE VOICE (V.O.)
 (Cold) -- Killer.
 This mother...
 (Silent, edited out)
 ...fucker.

SAMUEL
 That's very true --

Just then, Z.B. shoots a beam of green gas straight at Brad's face, as he struggles and screams and chokes in his chair.

Brad's eyes roll back in his head, showing skulls and crossbones, as a cuckoo clock sound effect plays.

Suddenly, Z.B. is a bright, white, smiling cloud.

Samuel turns to us, with a smile on his face.

SAMUEL
 Well, friends, as you can see,
 another success. And, that's what
 we expect of you here at The Samuel
 Friedman Company, so get out there
 and make us proud. And, don't
 forget to tune in for Volume 2,
 where we'll learn about how to spot
 a Nazi in a crowd and chemical
 dissolution. L'Chaim, friends.

Chippy rolls a record player into the field, as Betty Everett's "It's In His Kiss" plays.

All the Animals cheer and dance around Brad's corpse. Each of the major characters gets their moment to shine.

Samuel walks away, to a gray exit door in the middle of the field. He opens and walks through it, as we follow into the --

INT. NONDESCRIPT WAREHOUSE - DAY

We see Brad's corpse still tied to the chair, but everyone else is gone.

Slowly, we pan to the ground, by the gray exit door and see a World War II-era gas mask on the concrete floor.

"It's In His Kiss" continues through the credits, as we --

FADE OUT.