HOW BROWN IS YOUR BREAD?

By

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INT. SUPERMARKET - SNACK AISLE - DAY

Under the garish panel lighting of the supermarket aisles, a newly initiated young NAZI, singing along to the music of "White to Fight" on his ipod, clumsily romper-stomps down the aisle. He stops at the cookie section.

His POV moves from the VANILLA OREOS to the VANILLA FUDGEOS. He smiles satisfactorily and with swelling white pride picks up a package of Vanilla Fudgeos.

NAZI
The white food supremacy movement is really coming along nicely.

He sets the Vanilla Fudgeos in front of a facing of original Fudgeos.

A young black PANTHER, wearing a red, green, and black beret and a Marcus Garvey button, appears alongside the Nazi and handles a bag of Vanilla Fudgeos.

PANTHER
Vanilla Fudgeos!? Get that bird shit out of my face.

The package of Vanilla Fudgeos blocking the original Fudgeos is tossed into another shelf in front of the nazi.

The nazi eyes the panther up from the corner of his eye. He turns down his ipod and stops singing -- but he still looks prideful. In an act of deviance, he picks up the Vanilla Fudgeos pack, holds it out from his body at a distance to admire it, showcase it, his chin sticking out as if proud of it, then puts it in his shopping basket.

The panther notices this display and brazenly selects the original Fudgeos, holding it out to admire it, and puts it firmly in his shopping basket.

A young STOCK CLERK wheels up beside the nazi with a cart of stuff to put on the shelves. He opens a case of CHOCOLATE DIPPED OREOS.

NAZI
Where’s the white chocolate dipped ones?!

STOCK CLERK
Oh we only carry those at Christmas.
NAZI
Christmas...aah, early winter.
Where the snow is pure and white
before it gets all brown and black
on the side of the roads.

STOCK CLERK
You know actually, I like when that happens. See, I’m a geology student
and it reminds me of the differing colors of strata in the earth’s --

NAZI
Nigger lover!

The nazi storm(front)s away to the chip section. He picks up the WHITECORN TORTILLA chips.

The panther mosies on to the chip section. He picks up the BLACKCORN TORTILLA chips.

The nazi and panther give each other a cursory glance indicating "now it’s on". They pack off to the DIARY AISLE

Where the panther selects the BROWN EGGS and the nazi selects the WHITE EGGS.

A white hand grabs WHITE MILK. A black hand grabs CHOCOLATE MILK.

BAKERY

The panther grabs WHOLE WHEAT BREAD. The nazi grab’s WHITE BREAD. There is a sign posted next to the white bread:

SIGN
White bread gums up your guts :(
Try our store made brown bread :) 

The nazi grumbles and tears away.

BAKING AISLE

A white hand reaches for WHITE SUGAR. A black hand reaches for BROWN SUGAR.

The panther steps up to the SPICE RACK. He chooses a bottle of BLACK PEPPERCORNS.

The nazi slinks up next to him and chooses salt.
PANTHER
I get your game fool. But apparently you didn’t know there’s white peppercorns.

The nazi brushes off his shoulder like he’s got some niggling bug on it.

PANTHER(CONT’D)
That would be the more proper equivalent.

NAZI
No! Salt’s everywhere, unlike black pepper. Salt rules!

PANTHER
Too much of it gives you heart disease.
(presents bottle of peppercorns)
Pepper’s got more...soul.

NAZI
Soul’s white!

PANTHER
(shakes head)
You’ve been watching too much Disney movies.

The panther brushes off his shoulder facing the nazi like he’s got dandruff flakes on his shoulder.

CUT TO:

A REFRESHMENTS BOOTH set up near the store breezeway. A female STORE CLERK in an apron wearing the store’s colors, two shades of gray, is attending the booth.

STORE CLERK
Try some of Our Brand Soda! It’s cold and refreshing!

The black panther approaches the booth.

PANTHER
Yeah? What else is it?

STORE CLERK
Ahh...
PANTHER
Everyone always says it’s cold and refreshing. What else is it?

STOCK CLERK
Ahh...it’s really sugary?

The panther quaffs it down.

PANTHER
It’s black.

The store clerk shrugs.

The white nazi pseudo romper-stomps up to the booth.

STORE CLERK
Pop! It’s cold and refreshing.

NAZI
It’s black!

CLOSEUP of nervous store clerk.

STORE CLERK
Yes yes I’m sorry, I forgot! It’s black too!

NAZI
I fucking hate black!

He makes like he’s going to toss it, but instead sets it back down -- but heavily.

NAZI(CONT’D)
I want...vanilla cola.

STORE CLERK
Well we have vanilla pop...but it’s still black.

NAZI
Vanilla’s not black!

STORE CLERK
I have some crystal cola!

The store clerk ducks below the booth.

PANTHER
Fool do you know what vanilla actually looks like?
NAZI
It’s white!

PANTHER
It ain’t. It’s black you woner.

NAZI
It ain’t you...black woner! I mean, it isn’t!

PANTHER
Let’s go and see then boy. They walk away as the store clerk re-appears from behind the booth.

STORE CLERK
Here’s your crystal cola...oh. The store manager, a short, spiky red haired, freckled, punky woman, enters view.

STORE MANAGER
Hmm, crystal cola. Havn’t seen that in awhile. Let me try.

She grabs it from her hands before she can say another word.

STORE CLERK
Umm...Actually, it’s just vinager with club soda and sugar.

STORE MANAGER
(out one side of her mouth)
White sugar?

STORE CLERK
Well, actually it was the raw stuff.

The store manager spits it all out onto the floor and on the booth then takes out her PA phone.

STORE MANAGER
(on phone)
Clean up. Main aisle by deli.

The store manager reaches out of view to grab a mop and bucket. She hands them to the store clerk.

STORE MANAGER
That was fast! Good for you!
BULK DEPARTMENT

We PAN over rows of plastic cases housing various bulk food items until we arrive back on the nazi and the panther.

The panther’s hand reaches into one of the cases and pulls out a piece of DRIED VANILLA FRUIT.

**PANTHER**
See opie, here’s your precious vanilla: black as night.

**NAZI**
Let me see that...
(timidly)
bitch.

He snatches the vanilla and cowers away from the PANTHER. He turns around to examine the vanilla fruit then wheels back around.

**NAZI**
This can’t be true! Vanilla’s white!

The nazi throws the root on the ground.

**NAZI(CONT’D)**
It’ll always be white!

**PANTHER**
It always was black.

**NAZI**
You think you’re resurging now?! 
(backs away)
You think with vanilla being black all of a sudden that the white power movement in food product is going to abate!?

**PANTHER**
Man, yer moma’s a faggot.

**NAZI**
I’ll show you what the son of a faggot mom can do!

The nazi goes on a rampage shooting every FOOD in the store that is BLACK.

BLACK olives. POP!
BLACK licorice. POP! POP!
An eggplant that looks kind of BLACK. POP! SPLATTER!
He turns toward the overripe bananas.

NAZI
YELLATOS!

He fires away at the bananas.

He shoots VANILLA soda -- POP!

Over the nazi’s shoulder, a bottle of CLUB SODA EXPLODES.
The nazi turns around to see

THE PANTHER
Standing high up over the shelves in the other aisle.

He shoots every food he sees that’s WHITE.

WHITE herring. BAM!

RED herring in a WHITE can. BLAM!

PANTHER
Sorry my native brothers and sisters, but it was for your own good.

WHITE eggs. SPLAT!

POP! The BROWN eggs SPLATTER nearby. The camera ZOOMS OUT to reveal the nazi poised with his gun.

The panther SHOOTS the WHITE bread.

The nazi SHOOTS the BROWN bread.

They both come to head in the

BAKING AISLE
The nazi shoots a hole through a bottle of vanilla extract.
The panther shoots a hole through the white sugar.
The two men watch the vanilla pour and bleed into the spilling sugar.

They drop down near the mess, exhausted and catharsised.
NAZI
I can’t believe I’ve been lied to all this time. Vanilla cake. Vanilla ice cream. Vanilla Ice. Vanilla the rabbit.

PANTHER
Vanilla Fudge.

NAZI
Yeah they were white too -- fucking lies!

PANTHER
You know somethin’, this is exactly what the power elites want from us. We are both just living out the auspices of those international banksters who want us to destroy each other when we should be getting together to destroy them.

The nazi scoffs and turns his head away.

PANTHER(CONT’D)
Don’t believe me? To put a seal on my good word, brother, on behalf of all the everyday people, I will give you want you want more than anything. I’m gonna shoot my black ass.

NAZI
What? No! Don’t shoot yourself! I just don’t like negro food, or I mean I like soul food, but just not if it’s brown or blackish. It’s weird. I know.

The panther puts the gun to his temple.

NAZI(CONT’D)
No wait! I agree with you. We should work together.

They both look at the vanilla extract mixing in with the white sugar to form a slushy mess on the floor.

NAZI(CONT’D)
Because vanilla can make great white food, like white cake and cookies. And sugar which is naturally brown can be made white (MORE)
NAZI (CONT’D) (cont’d)
too. Something I learned just now is that everything can blend in harmony, either that or easily convert to the right way.

PANTHER
And what’s the right way?

NAZI
The right way is...
The panther eyes him hard.

NAZI (CONT’D)
is...the light way.

PANTHER
As in the enlightened way.

NAZI
Yes...which is white.

He winks at the panther. The panther looks down blushing. The panther picks up a white chocolate baking square.

The nazi picks up a dark chocolate square and hands it to him.

NAZI
Nah, that shit’s gross.

PANTHER
Man, white chocolate is the worst food ever.

They both throw their pieces away.

The chocolate squares smack into the pant legs of the stock clerk. We scroll up to see an incensed expression on his face.

STOCK CLERK
And I guess I’m supposed to just clean these two maniacs’ mess up.

STORE MANAGER (on phone)
Clean up in backing aisle. Clean up, baking aisle. Thank you.
STOCK CLERK
I’m standing right here ma’am.

STORE MANAGER
That was fast! But like I said before, only address me using the phone. Good work!

The store manager walks away. The stock clerk is left there alone in the aisle grumpily cleaning up the mess.

FADE OUT:

END