

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 among 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...ahh, 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 aint. It's black you woner.

NAZI

It aint 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!

CUT TO:

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