

THE DRUG GAMES:
CATCHING FIRE

FADE IN:

EXT. QUIET MAIN ROAD OF A TOWN - DAY

Trees flank the street. Birds sing.

From the sidewalk, a sign welcomes to

"BUMVILLE
HOME OF THE BOOZE"

WHIRR-- Passing the sign on a segway, is a fortyish tramp called BEVERAGES B.

His extra-long overcoat reaches almost to his flip-flops. Below his broad-brimmed hat, years of booze belabored his wrinkled face.

He swerves the segway along, enjoys his ride toward

BUMVILLE TOWN CENTER

composed of cardboard homes all along the sidewalk.

The filthy INHABITANTS of Bumville crawl out of their boxes and receive Beverages B with cheers.

INHABITANTS
Look who's coming! Hallelujah, it's
Beverages B!

A toothless BUM HUSBAND stretches his mouth wide open while his BUM WIFE places buckets beside their cardboard home.

BUM WIFE
Shoot us some booze, Beverages B!

BEVERAGES B
Sure thing. I'll get you sloshed as
you like it.

While he whooshes past the bum couple, he takes one hand off the segway's handlebar and shoots a spurt of whiskey from inside his coat sleeve at them.

Bum Husband enjoys his alcoholic mouth douche while Bum Wife collects as much whiskey as possible in the buckets.

BUM HUSBAND
Delicious, Beverages B. Could you
also send some ice, brother?

Beverages B makes a U-turn. From his other coat sleeve, he shoots a stream of ice cubes into the couple's buckets.

The couple gives him a big thumbs up.

As Beverages B cruises along and serves more tramps, wildly shooting whiskey and ice - ANGELA, a kid dressed in a potato sack, sprints after his segway.

ANGELA

Beverages B! They drew your name.
You're chosen as Bumville's tribute
in the annual Drug Games.

Beverages B stops his vehicle, "oh my god" settles in his wrinkled Van Helsing-like face.

BEVERAGES B

Guess I need a drink then.

He pours himself a whiskey with ice.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

In front of a closed supermarket, a circle of pushed together shopping carts and burning garbage cans build the boundary of the circular-

DRUG GAMES ARENA.

Inside the arena sit five platforms, starting points for the tributes of the Drug Games.

Behind each of the platforms, around the ring of carts, different groups have clustered to support their own community's tribute:

1st group: THE LSD SQUAD. A bunch of maniacs... thin, with rumpled hair and striped t-shirts. They're apathetic, depressive, fickle, tottering. High as shit, they chew magic mushrooms and lay LSD blotters on their tongues...

while listening to Bob Dylan from their boombox.

Their tribute, ALPHA, 19, horn-rimmed glasses, is already in the ring, sits on his platform. Retarded, he looks up at the clouds, pondering over life, existence and such...

Coming to the

2nd group: THE POTHEADS. Almost invisible in the immense cloud of smoke they produce with their joints and bongos. A diverse crowd, slow moving, while having insignificant conversations, you may imagine yourself at this point.

The Potheads listen to reggae music from their boom boxes.

Their tribute, DREADLOCK MIKE, 30, chubby-cheeked, is already in the ring, sits on his platform, rolling a spliff.

Coming to the

3rd group: THE NARCOTIC PUSHERS. Well-worn clothes, long hair. Lots of them lay in shopping carts, spaced out or dead. Some give heroin injections to each other. Spoons and syringes lie all around their place.

Their tribute, MELANIE MAYHEM, 18, a bone thin gothic, is already in the ring, sits on her platform, nibbling at a bottle of morphine. She reclines with a moan of pleasure.

Coming to the

4th group: THE BUMVILLE BUMS. Their tribute, Beverages B, is already in the ring, drunk as shit, bends over the cards and serves his supporters from Bumville with whiskey and ice from his coat's sleeves. Some puke all over; many are aggressive and punch each other. They sing...

to folksongs from their boombox.

Coming to the

the last 5th group which just arrives at the parking lot with BMW pimp mobiles and loud drum 'n' bass music.

Getting out of the cars are hipsters in Armani suits, sunglasses, and colorful shoes: THE COKE CAVALRY. With cool handshakes, they swap sachets of cocaine, while doing business like trading stocks on their smart phones.

Beverages B watches in fearful awe how their tribute--

-- a short guy in a custom made suit and remnants of powder under his nose, COCAINE KID, steps onto his platform.

BEVERAGES B

(to himself)

Cocaine Kid. Third time volunteer.

How could I ever beat this guy?

Angela heard his doubts and tugs at his coat. He bends down to the kid and unintentionally BUUUURRPS in her face. She wrinkles her nose but forgives him that faux pas.

ANGELA

Just believe in the coat, B.

BEVERAGES B

Angie. My coat is made to serve
booze. A gift of pleasure. It's not
a weapon or of any use here.

With bowed head, he staggers to his starting platform-

- while the sleazy GAMEMAKER, 40, enters the arena.

Two ASSISTANTS roll the CORNUCOPIA into the Arena's center. The cornucopia is a specially designed shelf in shape of a horn. In its compartments lies everything the world has to offer for a nice little drug war:

-- Weapons like guns, clubs and daggers--

-- Any imaginable drug from alcohol to ecstasy--

-- Equipment such as pipes, syringes, hookahs--

GAMEMAKER

Welcome to the fiftieth Drug Games!

Electrified, the crowd shouts, claps, bangs on the cards.

GAMEMAKER

As usual, we've chosen a tribute of
each consumer group. A tribute we
pay to remind us about the lethal
consequences of Drug Wars -- And
make aware that we're able to
respect any kind of drug abuse and
delirium. Tributes! Stay strong and
may god give you the right drugs.

A countdown blasts over loudspeakers:

Five - BEVERAGES B shivers, almost pisses himself.

Four - MELANIE MAYHEM rises to a sitting position. Down from the morphine, she injects herself a hit of smack.

Three - ALPHA watches the clouds, still full of melancholy.

Two - DREADLOCK MIKE awakes from a cross-legged meditation. Full of fresh energy, he roars like a mountain gorilla.

One - COCAINE KID gets excessive active, his whole face twitches. He clearly aims for a light speed start toward the cornucopia.

The buzzer goes off. It's on:

SLOW MOTION SHOT

Beverages stays stone still, plastered, breathing loud. He looks at

Cocaine Kid almost made it halfway to the cornucopia

just as Alpha awakes from his motionless melancholy, switches to an insane quick hyperactivity, jumps off the platform and darts ahead, easily overtaking Cocaine Kid.

Melanie Mayhem has given herself a Golden Shot. Dead.

END SLOW MOTION

Gamemaker comments for the cheering spectators.

GAMEMAKER (V.O.)

Oh no, the Narcotics' tribute
Melanie Mayhem pushed herself out
of competition.

Alpha reaches the cornucopia, picks a Desert Eagle handgun, best choice.

GAMEMAKER (V.O.)

And look at this. Alpha is on a
extreme high. Oh my goodness, he
really could take out the three
times Champion Cocaine Kid.

Alpha points the gun at the arriving Cocaine Kid.

Nooooo, Alpha begins thinking again. He swings the gun up, points it at his own temple and blows his head off.

GAMEMAKER (V.O.)

Alpha got a manic depressive
attack! What a mood swing is this?
Can you believe that we have
another suicide here?

Cocaine Kid grins. He takes a bag of powder and cuts a massive line of coke on a glass top of the cornucopia shelf. He snorts it like a pro.

He throws the remaining 2K baggie toward Dreadlock Mike. It's a sandstorm of coke.

But it's too late; Dreadlock Mike jumps through the cloud of powder and hits Cocaine Kid with a flying tackle.

They smash into the cornucopia's drug arsenal.

GAMEMAKER (V.O.)

Pure carnage at the cornucopia! But
wait, where the hell is Beverages
B? We could have a neat Mexican
standoff here, B!

Beverages B watches the pulsing crowd around the Arena.

His eyes focus Angela who keeps her fingers crossed, clearly believing in him.

He turns to the arena's center, raises his coat sleeve and fires an extreme stream of whiskey toward Cocaine Kid and Dreadlock Mike, who both lie in the destroyed Cornucopia.

As Dreadlock Mike groans and tries to light a spliff to reduce his pain -- only the hyperactive Cocaine Kid foresees the ultimate consequences of this action...

COCAINE KID

(to Dreadlock Mike)

Nooooooooooooo!!!!

The spurt of booze coming from Beverages B's coat reaches the lighter in Dreadlock Mike's hand and ignites a merciless ball of fire.

EXT. CENTER OF BUMVILLE - MAIN ROAD - DAY

On his segway Beverages B celebrates the triumph like Caesar on a chariot. He shoots booze and ice at his beloved friends from Bumville.

FADE OUT.