

Sugar Race Wars

By

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INT. BEDROOM - DAY

BILL sits up in his bed. His wife MARY is still asleep beside him. They are both white and in their 30s. Bill yawns, rubs the sleep from his eyes, and puts on his slippers. He opens the drawer on the nightstand and removes a handgun.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gun in hand, Bill descends to the first floor. The house looks neglected. Bill peeks through a gap in the boarded-up windows at the quiet suburban street out front. Satisfied he moves on.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

In the street, a crouched figure darts between two parked cars.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Bill approaches a padlocked trunk. He puts down his gun to dial in the combination. Inside is a crate marked "US ARMY". He removes the lid, revealing the large assortment of candy inside. He gobbles some up before shutting the lid.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Bill checks his teeth in the mirror. They are yellowed and rotting, crowned with bleeding gums.

He opens the cabinet. It's almost bare except for dozens of orange pill bottles, two toothbrushes, and a jar filled with a white powder.

He dips a brush in the white powder and brushes his teeth but gags and coughs.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Bill's choking wakes Mary.

MARY

Bill? Are you OK?

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

He spits into the sink. It's mostly blood.

BILL

Yeah. Just too salty.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Bill returns, drying his face with a hand towel. Mary is up and making the bed.

BILL (CONT'D)

I told you, it needs more sugar.

MARY

Bill, if I add more sugar, it will defeat the whole purpose.

BILL

I'm not saying it needs to be sweet. Just add a *little* more.

MARY

Well, did you look for stevia on the last run like I told you?

BILL

There's nothing left at Geller's. I hate that stuff anyway. I think I saw some sweet & low left at the diner...

MARY

That's even worse, Bill! Look, if the baking soda isn't working out maybe we need to find another toothpaste alternative until the next drop because I can't keep-

A candy wrapper falls from Bill's pocket. Mary picks it up and shows him.

MARY (cont'd)

Goddammit, Bill! Before breakfast!?

BILL

Uh... OK. Fine you caught me. I had a couple of-

A sudden blast of gunfire interrupts the conversation as the bedroom wall is peppered with bullets from outside. Bill and Mary immediately drop to the floor and exchange a knowing glance.

BILL (cont'd)

Get the guns.

Mary crawls over to the bed and lifts the pillows uncovering a shotgun and assault rifle. Bill rolls over to the boarded-up window and peeks out through the gap.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

AHMED, CARLOS, and JOSE, armed ethnic men from the ghetto, are hiding behind cover and shooting at the house.

CARLOS
Give it up, honkies! You ain't got
enough bullets.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

BILL
We'll see about that you rat-faced
fucks!

Mary tosses the assault rifle to Bill. He fires it out the window.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Carlos ducks below the volley of bullets and signals for Jose to go around the back. Jose obliges.

CARLOS
Why you playin, cracka? We just
want some of that candy.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

BILL
Not gonna happen. We got this haul
fair and square. Maybe if you
wetbacks weren't so lazy you would
have made it to the drop on time.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

AHMED
None of us are Mexican, lice-nest.
Come out here and let's talk so no
one has to die.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

BILL
I don't negotiate with brown
people.
(to Mary)
There's one going around back.
Protect the baby.

Mary nods, cocks the shotgun and leaves the room. Bill fires a few more rounds out the window.

(CONTINUED)

BILL (cont'd)

Are you sure you monkeys want this candy? You can't break down these complex carbs with your shitty genetics.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

CARLOS

Better than you can, bird turd. Send out your wife and I'll show you what else I'm better at.

AHMED

Yeah, didn't you call us? We're the cuckold committee.

INT. CRIB - DAY

Mary looks into the crib. Gunfire resounds in the background. She picks up the baby. It's a rubber doll.

MARY

It's OK. Momma has you.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mary, clutching the swaddled fake baby, sneaks down the stairs. She peeks out of the boarded-up back window, at the quiet backyard.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Jose is unseen at the back door trying to pick the lock. He's sweating, being careful not to make a sound.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

BILL

Hey, you know what I'm looking at right now? A big painting I just made of your prophet sucking my dick!

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

AHMED

I'm agnostic, you fucking bigot. And I'm not into gay art.

CARLOS

Last chance, Blanco. Share the candy or we're coming in.

(CONTINUED)

BILL
Bring it, Sanchez. I don't mind
getting salsa on my boots.

Carlos tosses a silver canister towards the house.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The view from the window is suddenly obscured by smoke.

BILL
Shit.

Bill leaves the room.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Jose hears a click and gently turns the doorknob. The door is unlocked. Gun at the ready, he slowly opens the door.

He's knocked flat on his back as Mary, rubber baby in hand, kicks open the door. She fires the shotgun at his head. Blood splatters on her expressionless face.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bill sneaks down the stairs and stands beside the front door. He looks through the peep-hole. The smoke is clearing and he can see Carlos and Ahmed on the lawn approaching.

He looks towards the back of the house.

BILL
(whispering)
Mary?

Mary, rubber baby in hand, sneaks over to the other side of the door.

BILL (CONT'D)
(checking clip)
Almost out.

MARY
Me too.

Bill takes a moment to gingerly caresses the frozen face of his rubber baby. We wipes some blood away from Mary's face and they exchange a loving gaze. He gets serious and nods. She nods. he opens the door and, like Butch and Sundance, they run out firing.

CUT TO:BLACK

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

A light floods in through the doorway at the top of the stairs. Two armed figures enter and descend. A trail of blood leads to Mary, laying face down and motionless. Bill is beside her, bleeding out and resting against the storage trunk full of candy. He has his rubber baby in one arm and something round in his hand. Carlos and Ahmed approach them.

BILL
 (breathing heavily)
 I don't know....how much longer...I
 can hold this...

Bill appears to be holding a grenade. Carlos and Ahmed look at each other. Ahmed snatches the grenade and studies it.

CARLOS
 Is that..?

AHMED
 Yeah. Just a cologne bottle.

Ahmed tosses the bottle aside.

CARLOS
 Spicebomb? Did you really think
 that would work?

BILL
 Actually, yeah, I did.
 (cough)
 If you two shit cheeks are looking
 for your families..
 (cough)
 The rat's nest is behind the dryer.
 (coughs up blood)
 Heh heh.

CARLOS
 Come on, man. How you still gonna
 talk trash? We ain't even racist
 like you. We just want the candy.

AHMED
 Yeah. It's over, man. You're out of
 bullets. We won.

BILL
 Yeah well, you two chimp-brains
 forgot about one thing.

(CONTINUED)

CARLOS
Oh yeah? What's that?

In a flash, Mary spins around and points Bill's handgun at them.

MARY
His other gun.

She fires two shots.

CUT TO: BLACK

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

In the foreground, Mary, wearing yellow rubber gloves, swings an axe, chopping something off-screen that sprays blood on her shirt. She reaches for the object, struggling to pull it free. In the background, bandaged Bill comes running out of the back door.

BILL
Mary, guess what those dudes had in their car?!

Mary finally manages to yank off Carlos' now severed head.

MARY
What?

Bill holds up a handful of small packets.

BILL
Stevia!

Mary laughs and shoves Carlos' head on a stick. She skips over to join Bill.

FADE TO BLACK