

P.E.T.A.
PEOPLE EATING TASTY ANIMAL

Written by

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Story By

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FADE IN:

CREDITS ROLL...

Haunting music over a MONTAGE of cattle, poultry, pork, fish, mammals, hunting, lobster harvesting, pet mills, bugs, and exotic birds suffering at the hands of man.

EXT. LONDON - PROMENADE - DAY

A banner across 'Big Ben Tower' proclaims 'Happy Guy Fawkes Day'. LONDONERS and TOURISTS, many in costume and wearing masks, spill across the promenade in festive celebration.

ROBERT LONG (30's), a large grim brutish man, ambles along hiding a full beard under a Guy Fawkes mask.

EXT. CONCESSION STAND - DAY

Robert SMASHES his hand on a table, scattering a flock of feeding birds. He lifts his hand to reveal a smear of bird shit.

ROBERT
Fucking birds.

He takes a seat and savors an order of Fish & Chips before checking his watch and moving off toward the 'The London Eye' (Giant Ferris Wheel) at the end of the promenade.

EXT. LONDON EYE - OBSERVATION CAPSULE - DAY

Robert glances at his watch and observes the Ferris Wheel's timing.

He moves aside and motions to let a FAMILY board the current observation capsule of twenty-five PEOPLE.

As the next capsule swings into place, Robert steps aboard.

INT. LONDON EYE - OBSERVATION CAPSULE - DAY

Approaching its apex, Robert steps to an observation window, facing 'Big Ben.'

An excited BOY (8) rushes up and pushes his face against the observation window looking out toward Big Ben.

BOY
Is that the queen?

VIEW THRU OBSERVATION WINDOW

From an arch window above Big Bend's clock the QUEEN holds up one of her CORGIS and waves to the crowd.

Robert smiles.

ROBERT
Keep watching kid.

He faces 'Big Ben' as his watch BEEPS'

SILENCE.

Time stands still.

The smile drops off his face and transforms into a smoldering dark anger.

A GRUNT echoes throughout the capsule as Robert's hand SLAMS against the window in seething rage.

A SECURITY OFFICER (man-50's) steps forward and lays a hand on Robert's shoulder.

Robert turns. Fear flickers across his face.

SECURITY OFFICER
Sir, we're safe.

Like a cornered rat Robert freezes for a nervous moment before he melts into the crowd.

In hesitation the Security Officer turns back to the observation window.

KABOOM! KABOOM! KABOOM!

Carnage sweeps along the promenade as a series of massive explosions brings down the Queen, Big Ben and Westminster Palace.

In shock, PASSENGERS fix on the carnage.

A hand grabs Robert's arm.

SECURITY OFFICER (CONT'D)
SIR--

As the Passengers focus turns to the explosion, Robert plants a swift unnoticed elbow deep into the Security Officer's solar plexus, driving the air out of the man's lungs and sending him to the ground.

In one fluid motion Robert follows the Officer to the ground and drives a knee into the man's throat.

SNAP!

People turn and crowd in around the commotion.

ROBERT
Back off. Let him breathe.

Kneeling over the Officer, Robert pretends to give mouth to mouth.

The Officer expires as the capsule comes to a stop for disembarking.

Robert steps off and vanishes into the chaos.

EXT. BP PETROL STATION - DAY

Vehicles drive up to busy pumping stalls associated with BP's Food & Petrol Palace center.

INT. BP PETROL STATION - CONTINUOUS

CUSTOMERS meander among the aisles as a BBC newscast drones on.

OVERHEAD SCREEN

shows a frightened exhausted IMMIGRATE (man-20's) being rescued from rough seas. Recovered RED broken boat planks suggests a violent explosion.

BBC BROADCASTER (V.O.)
...the Mediterranean has turned into a sea of blood as a tenth flotilla of immigration boats with over a five hundred men, women and children looking for a second chance has drowned. Hopefully the survivor will be able to shed light on who's behind these savage attacks...

Customers pause to focus their attention on the overhead screen as a urgent broadcast breaks in...

BBC BROADCASTER (V.O.)
Urgent national alert... A terrorist attack has struck at the heart of London.

(MORE)

BBC BROADCASTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 A devastating gas explosion in the
 sewers under Westminster Palace has
 murdered thousands...a national
 manhunt is underway to locate the
 terrorists...

A grainy video projects a LARGE MAN exiting a storm drain
 dragging equipment.

Switch to an image on the screen of Robert in a Guy Fawkes
 mask stepping into a truck outside the 'London Eye.'

EXT. ROBERT'S TRUCK - DAY (MOVING)

Traffic's a bitch.

Something up ahead has turned the road into column of
 vehicles in a death march.

Robert punches up the volume on a BBC radio broadcast.

BBC BROADCASTER (V.O.)
 ...biometric analysis reveals a
 match.

Worry blankets Robert's face.

In the passenger seat his twin brother GARY LONG (30's), a
 bearded, impulsive violent psychopath scans the road ahead.

He sports a stylish full beard.

GARY
 There's a fucking cockroach up
 ahead needing to be squashed.

Gary reaches over and jerks the steering wheel to move to the
 shoulder of the road.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Up ahead, ALAN BENTLEY (30's), a man neurotically happy in
 the simple way he sees the world.

Some might even call him a rube as he pedals a rickety
 bicycle, oblivious to the HONKING and CURSES of impatient
 DRIVERS stretching out behind him.

ALAN

draws his bicycle to a halt at a crossing.

Before him a MOUSE hesitantly advances into the street.

Apprehension crosses Alan's face.

ALAN
Lonely. Little friend.

SQUEAK! SQUEAK!

Alan's attention shifts to the side of the road where the mouse had ventured from.

Four more MICE set off on the trek across the asphalt into the danger of traffic.

ALAN

clutches a whistle from a chain around his neck. For a moment, fear tremors through his body. Gathering courage, he leaps off his bicycle and braces himself against the oncoming traffic.

He BLOWS the whistle.

MICE

scurry across the road to join together on the other side.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Oh, family.

A thankful smile crosses his face as he rubs the moisture out of his eyes.

He catches the family one last time disappearing safely into the underbrush.

HONK! HONK!

Climbing back on his bicycle he continues on his journey, again enraging drivers.

EXT. ROAD - DAY (MOVING)

In nervous fear of being a cat's tit ahead of a national manhunt, Robert's vehicle BACKFIRES and stalls.

ROBERT
Shit!

In rage, Robert retakes control of the vehicle and engages the ignition. The gears GRIND as he accelerates toward the obstruction up ahead.

Robert muscled his truck to the front and clips Alan's bicycle, driving Alan into the ditch.

Gary leans out the window and SCREAMS as they accelerate past.

GARY
Fucking idiot.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Unperturbed, Alan mounts his bicycle and pedals with a flat tire toward the petrol station up ahead.

EXT. BP PETROL STATION - DAY

Robert's truck drives to the back of the Petrol Station and stops before an outside restroom.

Gary pulls a gun from the glove compartment and motions to the TRAFFIC RESPONSE UNIT on the nearby roadside.

ROBERT
Yeah.

Gary stows the gun in his pants and jumps out.

Robert pulls up to the gas pumps.

ALAN

pedals past the truck and halts at the station's air pump.

INSERT - AIR PUMP STATION

displays: coin slot

BACK TO SCENE

He fishes through his wallet to reveal only banknotes.

The air pump takes coins.

ROBERT

SLAMS his truck door, attaches the petrol hose and paces toward BP's Food & Petrol Palace center.

INSERT - PETROL PUMP #1 SIGN

reads: Out of Order

BACK TO SCENE

ALAN

straddles his bicycle and pedals toward BP's entrance.

Oblivious. Neither he nor Robert notice each other.

CRASH.

The bicycle slams into Robert's shin.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Damn it. You idiot.

ALAN

(deprecating)

Sorry.

Apologetically, Alan lifts his bicycle only to step on the frame and smashes the bike into the man's other shin.

Alan rushes off dragging his bicycle inside ahead of an apoplectic Robert.

INT. BP PETROL STATION - CONTINUOUS

Alan leans bicycle near the door and joins half a dozen Customers in line waiting at the register.

OVERHEAD SCREEN

the BBC broadcasts the bombing of Big Ben.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Today, terrorists attacked the heart of London.

Customers step out of line drawn to the terrorist attack broadcast coverage.

Alan steps to the front of the line.

Robert rushes inside and spotting Alan advances to throttle him. At the last moment, he pulls up as he sees a picture of himself in a Guy Fawkes mask on the monitor above the GAS ATTENDANT (male-20's).

An angry MURMUR rises from amongst the Customers.

Oblivious to the commotion, Alan pulls out his wallet and puts a pound note on the counter.

ALAN

Change.

GAS ATTENDANT

Sorry, Sir. You need a purchase.

Robert shoves past toward the counter.

ROBERT

Move it.

A SMALL BOY (10) SQUABBLES with his mother over a box of cookies.

Alan signals to put the cookies on his tab.

Robert strong arms Alan to the side.

GAS ATTENDANT

(to Robert)

Sorry, Sir.

Gas Attendant motions Alan back to the register and punches the register.

BONG! BONG! BONG!

Gas Attendant bursts with excitement.

GAS ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

(to Alan)

You're the man.

Gas Attendant awkwardly high-fives a confused Alan.

GAS ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

British Petroleum's billionth customer, winner of BP's 'Everyone's a Winner' contest. You've won a free vacation to America's vacation capital, Las Vegas and 10,000 pounds spending cash.

Robert explodes into a silent rage. He reaches inside his coat pocket but catches himself as an armed CONSTABLE (male-40's) walks up to congratulate Alan.

Robert GRUNTS in disgust as he chucks his credit card on the counter.

He stops a moment to admire a film clip of the explosion until he sees his own mug shot on the screen.

He takes a nervous glance at the Constable engrossed in the broadcast and makes for the door while the broadcast distracts everyone.

Always helpful, Alan hands the attendant Robert's credit card and looks out the window at Robert's truck.

ALAN

Pump One.

In the rush of confusion, the OUT OF ORDER SIGN on the pump goes unnoticed.

INT./EXT. BP PETROL STATION - CONTINUOUS

The distracted Gas Attendant processes the card, turns on the pump and returns the card to Alan.

INT./EXT. BP PETROL STATION - CONTINUOUS

Alan rushes outside, credit card in hand.

ALAN

Hey.

At the sight of Alan rushing outside, a fearful Robert bolts into his truck.

Panicking, Robert GRINDS the gears ripping the petrol hose off the pump station.

The ruptured petrol hose sprays fuel over everything.

An exploding BACKFIRE, lights up the truck and Robert into a FIREBALL.

INT./EXT. BP PETROL STATION - CONTINUOUS

The EXPLOSION captures the Gas Attendant's attention. He rushes outside and joins Alan as a witness to the conflagration.

Worried they'd be blamed, the look of let's keep this a secret passes between them.

Robert, as a human torch, staggers from the burning truck. One over riding thought compels Robert's action.

REVENGE.

Lurching forward the conflagration envelopes him and the gun in his hand.

KABOOM!

The gun's ammunition EXPLODES, blowing Robert's hand off.

INT. BP PETROL STATION - CONTINUOUS

The Small Boy with his bag of cookies points to the image of Robert on overhead screen.

SMALL BOY
Mean man left.

Constable grabs a glance at the screen and bolts into action.

BBC BROADCASTER (V.O.)
The face of terror.

EXT. BP PETROL STATION - CONTINUOUS

Robert's rage drives him staggering forward with his one remaining desire - KILL Alan.

Death SCREAMS of hate commands Robert's remaining outstretched arm, intent on one final task - to snap Alan's neck.

ROBERT
AARCH! I'll kill you!

A stride away Robert reaches out toward Alan.

EXT. BP PETROL STATION - CONTINUOUS

The Constable dashes outside, his service revolver at the ready.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

The Constable empties his weapon into the blazing wrath.

From the smoldering mass, burning at Alan's feet, an outstretched hand reaches up to Alan who carefully places the credit card back into the dying man's remaining hand.

The Constable rushes over to the smoldering mass and realizes who Alan just confronted.