

WARREN'S CHOICE

by

?

@.co.uk

Copyright © 2010

EXT. ANTARTIC WASTELAND - EVENING.

As far as the eye can see, there is white. Harsh, deadly. Arctic winds sweep across and whip up any bit of snow throwing it carelessly, obliviously.

We pan to the right. There is a huddle of block buildings forlorn among the wasted backdrop: O.B. PAPA ALPHA.

We move toward the buildings. Getting closer we see pipes sneaking out and curling round; large oil-drums scatter the perimeter of the brick slabs; there are various strewn paraphernalia. We pass by one building and maze on through past the next.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE BAR ON A BUSY STREET - DAY.

ALAN WARREN (40) and JUDY CURRIE (35) sit together drinking cappuccinos.

ALAN

I used to love the marching, going on a protest - I remember it so well - we hit Mc D's once, and this mate of mine, he threw a chair at the window - would you believe it - the thing bounced off, they made the windows, designed them to prevent that kind of thing, they must have know it was likely to happen.

Judy laughs.

JUDY

I can't imagine you as a protester, you're so sensible now.

ALAN

(Mocking)

Are you calling me square?

JUDY

You're a mature research scientist - I can't image you running around throwing chairs into cheap fast food joints.

Both laugh.

ALAN

It was a buzz I can't deny that, but it was always a buzz based on a point, we had - validation I guess you could call it. Ideals and beliefs with kick up the arse to follow through. We got sick to death of all the sandal wearing veggies, limp-wristed liberals who did their gardening at the weekend. We had to boot all that into touch - if we believed in what we said, then we had to fight for that belief, and, in the end, fight we did.

JUDY

And, you know, I kind of admire that. I admire someone who is willing to stand up for their point of view, more than that really, someone who's willing to really defend it and fight for it - that impresses me.

BACK TO:

EXT. ANTARTIC WASTELAND - O.B. PAPA ALPHA BUILDINGS.

We continue to move in-between the maze of blocks. To our left we see one that is different. It has light coming from it. We move closer to it. It is O.B. PAPA ALPHA building 32.

There is a door, and to the left of the door there is a window. There is a light on - we see it through the window and around the frame of the door. More than light, we see that there is some warmth - an orange glow.

Slowly, we creep closer.

CUT TO:

INT. MODERN FLAT.

CLIVE HENRY (34) leans his back against a kitchen worktop. He has a beer in his hand, wears jogging bottoms, casual top.

CLIVE

You see, you just understand it from a theoretical point of view. Most people don't have that luxury. They have families to feed, they have to get on

with their real lives, they can't just go off something they read in a book, sometimes they have the real world to deal with, and that's hard for them. In a lot of ways, you have it easy - you can afford theory, you can afford that lavishness, that luxury.

Clive pushes off from the kitchen cabinet, and takes a step forward.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

That you have a theory is an opulence. Many the average man can ill-afford a theory when they are spending their living hours providing a living for others they love. It's simple see? The poverty of politics doesn't often call on the philosophies of the vegetarian. They're often satisfied by the realities of living - of everyday life - day to day survival.

He takes a gulp of beer.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

When you have no choice, or when you are forced to choose, then, and when you stick by what you are saying then you can say that it was something that you fought for. Now - it's nothing real, it's just an easy ideal - an easy choice. You never had to suffer for it. You never suffered for want of anything. So how can you hold your ideals so high? How come they mean so much more than some wife with a bread-line husband buying just whatever she can afford? Do you think she read anything - I mean really, do you think that these people read things and then go I'll buy this or that based on what I've read? They read something ok - the price. That's all.

BACK TO:

INT. O.B. PAPA ALPHA BUILDING 32.

The interior is spare. Clive Henry sit on the floor with his back to a wall. Under his left arm is LUCY (6) A white TERRIER dog. Clive is unshaven, disheveled. We move closer to him. His see that his lips are tight. We continue to move closer to him. We stop.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSY STREET.

Protesters throng the road, there are actions and colours; sounds and noise all around, people are vocal, some jump up and down, the crowd believes it has control, is empowered; people blow whistles and wave banners.

We move along the side of the crowds - they are marching forward; we see Alan and TRACEY DEAL (32).

The crowd chants, and Tracey and Alan chant with the crowd; they share one voice with the moving body of people. They shout along with the crowd.

ALAN

Meat is murder. Meat is murder.

TRACEY

Meat is murder. Meat is murder.

CROWD

Meat is murder. Meat is murder.

Tracey motions toward Alan.

Beyond them they see objects being thrown toward buildings. They rush forward. The rioting faction numbers only three or four, it is difficult to be precise. Alan tackles one of them. We see him REBUKE a MAN, grabbing him by the lapel. The man shows no commitment to his cause and limply tries to pull away. His FRIENDS three maybe four them, possibly more, look on. There is inaction - they observe the scene in fascination but without intervention.

BACK TO:

INT. O.B. PAPA ALPHA BUILDING 32.

Clive remains with his back to the wall. We pan left. To the opposite wall a man also sits with his back to the opposing wall. It is Alan.

ALAN

Cute. The puppy.

Clive stares back at Alan, showing no emotion.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Clive, I'm not going to die here.

Clive laughs.

CLIVE

You know what this place is like Alan.
You aint going to live so long here
either.

ALAN

We've got some gas left, we've got some
pans - lots of pans. I can cook - I can
cook good.

CLIVE

Alan, don't get me wrong or anything
here, but last time I heard, you were
veggie or something - am I getting this
wrong?

ALAN

Oh, no. You are right - last time you
heard. But now, things are different.
You know as well as I do that this is a
survival game - you knew there was a
risk of bad weather when you let the
guys take that last seats on the plane.

CLIVE

They're going to come back - this
weather won't hold out this bad forever
- there'll be a break.

ALAN

(Dismissive)

Wake up Clive, you said that two days
ago! We could die. You do understand
that don't you - there's a very real
chance.

CLIVE

You're not eating Lucy. Forget it
before you entertain it.

ALAN

I just can't figure you. You - you're a meat-eater - you've spent most of your life chomping away on innocent animals, and suddenly you're facing death, and it's Oh! Can't eat this animal - she's just too cute!

CLIVE

You can't figure me!

(Surprised)

Here we have a pathological vegan, you write articles in magazines about it, go on marches protesting against murdering animals, and then you come across your first test, and it's like ok, lets eat puppy.

ALAN

My veganism was a philosophy grounded in and among a world that had ample food, yet rejected healthy good eating and instead consumed tons of animal flesh in the guise of junk food. That was not about survival - this is. Clive, don't you get it? This is do or die.

CLIVE

Ok, and because it's about your survival, then suddenly the rules all change, suddenly you're hungry, and it's fine now that things are going to die, because you have to fill your belly. Because before, you had your fill, and you never went without, so you could sustain your point of view, your attitude - you might just call it your philosophy - and all because - at the end of the day - let's not get hung up on etiquette here - you got a full belly. And now it aint so full, now you got a little hunger it's all like goodbye to that, and lets eat what is, is mine.

ALAN

I never concurred with suffering for

any animal in an age of excess. That was my basis. It was all about what was needed and when...

CLIVE

...and then why didn't you ever say that, why didn't you ever, at any time mention it?

Alan looks for the words.

ALAN

It was always there - it was always implied. In everything I did. Everything I wrote.

CLIVE

And what comes after Lucy - what if they still don't come back? What if there is no rescue party?

ALAN

There's the best part of three days food on that little thing, if we go for starvation rations, that little mutt will get us through the best part of a week - that gives us and them an extra week to get back to us - it's a week that right now we just don't have - you got a better idea on how you're going to buy us a week?

Clive strokes Lucy's head.

CLIVE

You'll take her over my dead body.

Alan taps his head against the wall, his face pictures frustration.

ALAN

So now, that's the choice you're giving me then?

Alan looks towards Clive.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Are you seriously bringing it down to you or me? I have to go through you to get to doggy? Do you know what you're

saying? You're actually suggesting that, to save your pooch, at least one of us has to die in here?

CLIVE

You are beginning to lose... direction, focus, moral bearings...

ALAN

You set out your stall, now I have to take my choice.

CLIVE

So meat really is murder then? When you used to chant it, I kind of guessed that you were condemning it, not promoting it.

CUT TO:

EXT. O.B. PAPA ALPHA BUILDING 32.

The wind still howls outside. We remain steady on the door. On our inside-left a man passes, and heads for the door of the building. TED BROWL (52) is the leader of the rescue party. Two other men follow - DANNY WILLIAMS (28) and PHIL HEARD (32) both are carrying flashlights.

Browl stops at the door, and BANGS firmly on the door with the outside of his fist.

TED

Anybody in there?

He turns to his two colleagues, speaks, but we cannot hear, motions, gestures, then tries turning the handle of the door. It opens. They all look inside and remain still.

Lucy appears in the door-frame.

We pull away.

FADE OUT.

THE END