(Vegan Police Brutality)

Written by

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EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A REPORTER stands, framed by camera lens. Slick. Serious. Corporate - stern.

Behind him, middle class city life bustles. Boutique shops. Designer clothes. Urban - but upscale, all around.

REPORTER

(to the camera) Once, long ago, America's greatest fear was existential danger from without. A terror exemplified by the horrors of September 11th, 2001 - the realization that any moment, those who seek to harm innocents might cross US borders; and bring the fight to us.

(beat) But now, twenty years later, the focus has shifted - to dangers from within. Extremists. Domestic Terrorism. Three very simple words which strike fear into every US soul.

The reporter stops - a dramatic pause. Then waves in irritation at the camera.

REPORTER Manny, that's the cue. Roll the clip!

A montage of IMAGES replace the reporter onscreen. He narrates over action as it flows.

REPORTER (O.S.) Some such groups, you may already know. The ironically named "Proud Boys." Colorfully attired Boogaloos. But dangers come from left wing sources, too...

Camera focus snaps back to the reporter. He holds up a thin white binder. The logo and header on its page reads:

Office of the Director of National Intelligence: Domestic Violent Extremism Poses Heightened Threat!

REPORTER

One year ago, our heroic intelligence forces identified four distinct categories of Domestic Terrorism Extremists... otherwise known as DVE's. Among such dangerous elements: Another narrated, video MONTAGE plays:

REPORTER (O.S.) Racially motivated groups.

Clips from a BLM March. Intercut with Black Panthers.

REPORTER (O.S.) Abortion related.

A WOMAN waves a "Keep Your Hands Off My Ovaries" sign aloft.

REPORTER (O.S.) Anti-authority, Anti-Government Activists.

Teens chant, wear "Anarchism Has No Rulez" tees.

REPORTER (O.S.) Environment-oriented, animal rights radicals.

An activist dumps red paint on a FUR COAT, runs.

Back to the reporter. Closing the binder, he frowns.

REPORTER

"Anti-Government, Anti-Authority". Words sure to send a chill down any law abiding citizen's spine. Here in seemingly peaceful Chelsea, one category of such extremists appears to have now evolved to a form of Green Sharia law, openly enforcing its morals on a minority population it claims for its own...

A digital logo SLAMS down across the screen: <u>VPB</u>.

REPORTER

Vegan Police Brutality. In some US cities, a growing, insidious trend.

Two MEN pass the reporter, clad in green uniforms. VP patches adorn their shoulders. Police caps on their heads.

Per their name tags: ROOKIE FOER (20s), VETERAN OFFICER SINGER (40+). Their interaction and body language make it clear who's in charge.

The camera leaves the reporter, trails them instead.

ROOKIE

(to the Veteran) So there I was. All alone. Off duty, at the bar. The menu *said* everything was vegan. I ordered a White Russian. Soy milk, of course! A girl in pleather was givin' me the eye. Hot.

VETERAN

(shrugs) You're entitled to have fun. You're young, bust your ass at work. We all need a safe place to unwind.

ROOKIE

I swear, it was like I died and went to heaven. Until the bartender handed out...

The rookie gasps, the memory raw.

VETERAN Hey, relax. Partners don't snitch. Tell ole' Sarge what went down.

ROOKIE

I swear to Pam Anderson: she gave us Jello Shots - on the house!

VETERAN

(beat) Sure it wasn't Agar-Agar?

ROOKIE Nope. Old school Bill Cosby style!

VETERAN You write them down for violations?

ROOKIE More than that, I -

He stops. Points down the street. Veteran Singer looks:

At an ANIMAL RIGHTS MARCH in the distance. Plenty activist branding here: Mercy for Animals, Primate Freedom, Animal Liberation Front.

Rookie Foer eyes a MAN holding a PETA sign. Designer sweater, khaki slacks.

ROOKIE

Is that-

VETERAN You bet your sweet Morningstar!

The two dash over. Seizing the man, they wrestle to remove his jacket. The perp fights back.

VETERAN

Stop resisting!

SWEATER MAN Resisting what? Lemme go!

A CROWD forms, watches. Several take pictures as the fight unfolds. The Rookie whips out a TASER...

... zaps Sweater Guy in the chest.

SWEATER MAN

Ow!

He doubles over in agony.

Giving Veteran Singer the opportunity to snag the sweater's collar, and pop the material tag out. Revealing...

VETERAN

(reads) Ah-ha. As I suspected. Wool!

The crowd vibe turns against Sweater Man. Several boo.

Sweater Man shrugs off his sweater, slumps to the ground. Laying it on the pavement, he sadly smooths wrinkles out.

> SWEATER MAN It was a going out of business sale. I thought it was polyester.

Rookie glares down at him, unmoved.

ROOKIE Ignorance is no excuse. Make sure it's vegan *before* you swipe.

SWEATER MAN

(wails) By the time I saw it, I'd lost the receipt!

VETERAN Tell that to the poor little sheep who froze for your "fashion", creep! Froer spits on the sweater. The crowd clap. The officers turn away - move on.

Into the food cart area. Veteran Singer slaps Foer's back.

VETERAN Excellent eye, Junior. You in for a promotion? Keep it up!

A few feet ahead, a man in a Farm Sanctuary cap unwraps a *Burger King* Sausage hoagie.

Rookie Foer sees it. His eyes bug.

With split second timing, he draws a GUN. Pushing screaming PEDESTRIANS out of the way, he fires!

The hoagie vaporizes in a spray of slo-mo breadcrumbs. The man himself: unharmed, but stunned.

The vegan police run over.

The man stares in shock at the wrapper's bullet hole. Sticks a finger through. Wiggles it. Throws it down in disgust at Rookie Froer's feet.

> VETERAN The Earth ain't your trash can, pal. (points) Discard paper products over there!

> BURGER KING MAN (to the Rookie) Yo, Trigger Happy; what's YOUR beef?

ROOKIE "Beef?" You mean the cow you disrespected, or me?

BURGER KING MAN Yeah - what's your badge number? You coulda killed me with that stunt!

ROOKIE Like you killed Wilbur with that sausage? Save me your carni excuses, please!

The man sneers, taps his hat with an annoyed finger.

BURGER KING MAN That was an Impossible Sausage. You're VP, but can't tell?!? The Rookie's face falls.

ROOKIE

Oh. I'm sorry...

BURGER KING MAN Sorry don't fix my blood sugar. I'm hypoglycemic. You owe me seven bucks!

The crowd closes in; sympathetic with the man this round. Activists hiss insults at Rookie Foer:

ACTIVIST

Pig!

Crestfallen, the Rookie fishes money from his pocket, transfers it to the man's outstretched palm.

The Veteran guides him away, gently calms the crowd.

VETERAN Nothing to see here, folks. Just law and order doin' its essential job.

ROOKIE Did you hear that? She... she called me a Pig. Like that's an insult-

VETERAN

No harm, no foul. Just be more careful next time. But damn fine shooting there, squirt.

ROOKIE

(perks up) You mean it?

VETERAN

Sure. But don't start strutting around like some species neutral Clint Eastwood. The Vegan Police don't have the benefit of Qualified Immunity, kid.

Just ahead, a NEW march approaches...

A throng of PROUD BOYS with Tikki Torches. The US anthem blasts from a boom box.

A young African American TEEN in a BLM shirt spots the procession, frowns.

Flipping a finger at the group, he steps into the street - starts to kneel down.

The Rookie lunges towards him.

ROOKIE Hey, don't play in traffic -

The Veteran grabs for his collar. Misses. Rolls weary eyes.

VETERAN Why do I always get the newbies? Jezus Christ!

He hauls ass after Froer. Pedestrians dive out of the way.

Rookie Froer reaches the teen RIGHT before knee contacts ground. The young cop nudges the young man to his left. Gently repositions the leg, sets it down.

The teen curses, shoves him off.

TEEN Don't touch me!

The veteran races over, grabs his partner.

VETERAN This. Isn't. Our. Jurisdiction.

ROOKIE

But -

VETERAN You see a Vegan Membership Card on him? Let. It... and Him.... Go.

The Rookie wilts, points down at the pavement.

A cute CRICKET bounces by.

ROOKIE You almost squished him. I was just protecting him from harm.

The teen glares. And points at the Proud Boys, closer now.

TEEN

Protect me from THEM. Or YOU hop off!

The Rookie nods. Kneels down, too.

Standing besides the two, Veteran Singer whips his hat off. Holding it to his heart, the "old soldier" fights tears. The Proud Boys close the distance. Its leader steps forward, shoves the Rookie down.

PROUD BOY Greenie, this ain't your problem. Go suck a cow!

Veteran Singer pulls out a gun, levels it at the thug.

VETERAN What do they call y'all again, "Pussy Boys"?

PROUD BOY Excuse me, Ranger Rick?

VETERAN

There ain't no excuse for punks like you. Stick those Tikki Torches where the sun don't shine. Stand the fuck down!

The brawl's about to get epically ugly. The crowd ROARS...

SIRENS SCREAM.

Two NYPD uniformed COPS race towards the altercation.

Ignoring the Proud Boys, they attack the Vegan Police and teen! A NYPD baton whacks the veteran's gun from his hand.

VETERAN

Ow!

The Rookie and teen fight as comrades, back to back. But with a flurry of kicks, punches and pepper spray, the cops drag the three down.

Proud Boys applaud as they snap the cuffs on.

Shoved towards a SQUAD CAR, Veteran Singer huffs.

VETERAN You didn't even scratch those fascists. Why?

NYPD OFFICER You're the one breaking the peace and obstructing a parade. PROUD BOY Go eat Cheese, Soy for Brains!

NYPD OFFICER You heard the Citizen. In the car!

Leaning forward, the cop grins - hisses in Froer's ear.

NYPD OFFICER The black site we're dumping you in doesn't have Soy Milk or Salads, I guarantee. Get used to Hamburger Helper, Nature Boy!

Nearby, the Reporter watches. His CAMERAMAN tracks the police van as it zooms off.

One Police Officer lingers behind, directs traffic for the Proud Boy caravan. Eventually, the Chants of "Moos will not replace us" fade off.

The Reporter smooths his hair, pastes on a corporate smile.

REPORTER Who will be the Domestic Violent Extremist of tomorrow? Anarchists demanding a right to jaywalk? Women breaking windows for Choice? Or radicals like we saw here today demanding animals have rights... or else! But no matter the internal enemy which rears its property endangering and status-quo shaking head, one thing will remain a constant. Society will always require

enemy which rears its property endangering and status-quo shaking head, one thing will remain a constant. Society will always require a commitment from us to fund and respect traditional law enforcement. So they keep streets safe, and protect US.

Proud Boys gone, the NYPD cop pivots towards the Reporter. Unsheathing his taser, he points it at the unseen cameraman.

> NYPD OFFICER Did you record that arrest?

REPORTER Every last detail. My crack team never misses a beat!

NYPD OFFICER Gimme the film.

That was unexpected. The reporter's face falls.

REPORTER

I... I can't. It's not like we can reshoot. And some of this is live.

NYPD OFFICER (snarls) It's ALL classified evidence. Hand it over, now!

The officer's hand descends over the camera lens.

The camera sways wildly, view blocked. It's impossible to see the officer fire. But you *can* hear the reporter scream.

REPORTER (O.S.) I'm a journalist. Free speech!!

NYPD OFFICER Disinformation. Shut it down!

SMASH. The camera hits the ground. Static then... black out.

Replaced with a LOGO from "National Intelligence".

Red words blink:

"Brought to you by the committee to prevent Domestic Violence Extremism. If you see something, say something. Report your neighbor now!!"