

Turn Turtle

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Turn Turtle

FADE IN ON:

1 INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

1

A young man stands admiring himself in a full length mirror. He wears a perfectly tailored suit and clearly takes pride in his appearance.

Spread along the walls of the room in perfect symmetry are various framed film posters.

Walking over to his dresser he pulls open the top drawer. It is filled with pairs of black ribbed dress socks. All identical, all folded neatly and placed side by side.

He takes a pair from the drawer, rearranging the rest to conceal the space left by the socks in his hand.

Sitting on the edge of the bed he pulls on the socks and meticulously checks them all over for any imperfections or hanging threads etc.

When he is satisfied with their appearance he slips his feet into a pair of highly polished black loafers.

Moving over to the wardrobe, he pulls out a long overcoat and takes it from its hanger. Putting it on, he returns to the mirror.

He turns up the collar and moves from side to side. Should it be up or down? He turns the collar back down again.

Looking at himself, he smiles.

MAN

Perfect.

FADE TO BLACK:

2 INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

2

BLACK SCREEN:

There are two loud knocks on a door.

A young man peers through the spy hole of his front door.

He can barely make out the distorted image of a stranger's face.

(CONTINUED)

Turn Turtle

2 CONTINUED (2)

MAN

What do you want? Who's there?

There is no response.

MAN

(louder)

I said what do you want?

CUT TO:

The man inside.

He turns his head and puts his ear to the door.

Hearing nothing, he looks back through the spy hole again.

FADE INTO:

The man's P.O.V.

The stranger is no longer there.

Pull back to reveal an interior shot of the man's apartment.

It contains only the bare necessities.

Cobwebs hang in every corner and a layer of dust covers everything in sight.

Unlocking the door, the man hesitantly puts on the safety chain and nervously opens it.

All of a sudden the door bursts inward, as the stranger, who seems to have come from nowhere, forces his way in.

The man falls backwards, crashing into a table.

His glasses fall from his face.

As they hit the ground they spin slowly on the wooden floor before coming to a standstill.

The stranger stands in the doorway.

He casually steps into the room, kicking the door shut behind him.

As the two men stare at each other the stranger pulls out a gun from inside his jacket and sticks the barrel in the man's mouth.

(CONTINUED)

Turn Turtle

2 CONTINUED (3)

STRANGER

Stand up. Slowly.

Cautiously, the man stands.

STRANGER

Move. Now.

With the gun, he gestures to the man to sit down in the nearest chair.

He ties the man's hands behind his back.

Taking a roll of tape from his pocket, he places some firmly around the man's mouth.

STRANGER

As you've probably guessed by now,
I'm here to kill you. Now, I bet I
know exactly what you're thinking.
You're wondering who hired me, aren't
you?

He waits for the man's response though obviously he knows he won't be getting one.

STRANGER

Well? Aren't you? No?

He pauses.

STRANGER

Oh okay then. Have it your way.

He tuts.

STRANGER

Spoil sport, that's the best bit.
Funny, usually everyone wants to know
that. In fact, I normally tell them
as a rule but I'm always prepared to
make exceptions and my employers tell
me that you're exceptional. I could
tell you how much you're worth
though, if I wanted to. But I don't
know if I want to yet.

The man curses at the stranger from beneath his gag.

The stranger walks around the man in a continuous circle.

(CONTINUED)

Turn Turtle

2 CONTINUED (4)

STRANGER

Oh go on then, what do you think? Go on, have a guess.

He pauses.

STRANGER

Five? Ten? No, you must be worth at least fifty quid. Christ, after what you've done I would imagine that you're priceless. Still, I never take more than I need and right now about 200,000 is exactly what I need.

The stranger stops directly behind the man.

The man struggles to turn his head around.

STRANGER

Did you think that you could hide forever? Surely you must have realised that sooner or later someone would find you. And this place, what a shit hole.

The stranger looks around the room, before walking back around to the front of the man.

STRANGER

1.2 million and this was all you could afford?

With his thumb and forefinger he feels the lapel of the man's suit.

STRANGER

And what is this about? You're stacked and you get your clothes from a charity shop?

He looks down at the man's feet. He is wearing odd socks that are tatty and worn.

STRANGER

You're pathetic. Even your socks don't match. Details. It's all about details. Take me for instance. I know I can never have odd socks. Do you know why? Because all my socks are the same. All black, all ribbed and all 100% nylon. None of that cotton
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Turn Turtle

2 CONTINUED (5)

STRANGER(CONT'D)

rubbish. I never did understand the whole cotton socks explosion of the 80's. Have you noticed how most men own at least a couple of pair of nylon socks for weddings and funerals? They keep them for special occasions. Why do they do that? Why not have the best every day of the week? See?

He lifts his leg and rests it on the mans knee and shows him his socks.

STRANGER

Quality. It speaks volumes. Trust me. Anyway, I'm getting off track here. Back to business.

Taking a step back, the stranger raises his gun and aims it at the man's head.

The man struggles in the chair, trying desperately to break free from his bonds.

STRANGER

You wont feel a thing. I promise. Well, that's what they say in the movies. Actually, that's a very stupid comment to make isn't it? After all, how would I know? Sorry, I'm rambling again aren't I? Bad habit of mine.

He looks at his watch.

STRANGER

Well, times getting on.

He pulls the trigger. Nothing happens.

STRANGER

Shit.

Seizing his opportunity the man jumps up out of the chair and throws himself at the stranger.

The gun flies from the strangers hand and hits the ground.

It bounces slightly on the floor before coming to a standstill next to the glasses.

(CONTINUED)

Turn Turtle

2 CONTINUED (6)

As the stranger staggers back from the impact, the man kicks him full force in the groin.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN ON:

3 INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

3

A C.U. shot of the mans legs as he sits in the chair.

A pair of hands enter the shot and tie his ankles to the chair legs.

The camera tilts slowly upward.

His suit is crumpled and marked from the scuffle.

The camera reaches the face. It is not the man, it is the stranger who is now wearing the man's clothes. He is unconscious.

CUT TO:

The two men.

The man, who is now wearing the stranger's clothes, bends down and picks up the gun.

Taking the roll of tape, he peels off a strip and gags the stranger.

Slowly, the stranger begins to regain consciousness and almost instantly realises the situation that he is in.

He struggles violently against his restraints.

MAN

You're not going anywhere.

He wraps the remainder of the tape around the stranger's chest and the chair.

Grabbing another chair, he places it directly in front of the stranger and sits astride it.

He stares into his eyes.

They sit in silence for a while.

(CONTINUED)

Turn Turtle

3 CONTINUED (2)

MAN

So, how does it feel?

He head butts the stranger.

MAN

To be on the receiving end.

The stranger cries out in pain from beneath his gag.

MAN

So, this is what they pay you for?

He laughs.

MAN

You're very good at it aren't you?
Look at you, you're pathetic. You
don't watch enough films. I mean
really, don't you know that you
should never take your eyes off a
hit? Not even for a second.

He laughs.

MAN

John Travolta, Pulp Fiction 1994.
Well, obviously you don't otherwise
you wouldn't be tied to a chair
wearing somebody else's clothes.
Would you?

CUT TO:

The Stranger.

A trickle of blood runs from his nose.

He stares menacingly at the man.

His anger showing on his face.

CUT TO:

The two men.

MAN

Now, I imagine that you're wondering
why you're wearing my suit? I know,
it's a bit short in the leg and the
sleeves are a bit too long but don't
let that bother you, it really

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Turn Turtle

3 CONTINUED (3)

MAN(CONT'D)

doesn't notice that much. Besides, it's your clothes that have to look good on me. After all, if I'm going to take on a new identity then I suppose that I should try to make an effort and look the part.

He looks down at his shoes.

CUT TO:

A C.U. shot of the shoes.

CUT TO:

The two men.

MAN

Now these are nice. I've never really been one for style but I have to admit I could get used to it. And you were right about the socks.

Lifting his trouser leg he reveals that he is also wearing the strangers nylon socks.

MAN

Can't say I was too keen on the idea of wearing your socks but it sort of completes the package doesn't it? It's all about details, right?

The stranger makes a comment from behind the tape.

MAN

Sorry? You'll have to speak up. I do hate people that mumble, that's a bad habit you've got there. If you're going to say something then why don't you just go ahead and say it. There's nothing worse than someone who talks under their breath, it's so rude. Didn't anyone ever teach you any manners?

Standing, the man walks over to the corner of the room and picks up his glasses.

(CONTINUED)

Turn Turtle

3 CONTINUED (4)

He returns to the chair and sits back down opposite the stranger.

With the corner of his shirt, he cleans the lenses of the glasses.

He holds out his hand to shake the stranger's hand.

MAN

Hi, I'm you.

Leaning forward he puts his glasses on the stranger.

MAN

And you're me.

The man stands.

He raises the gun and aims it at the stranger's head.

The stranger struggles desperately with his bonds but he is obviously bound far too tightly to break free.

The stranger stares blankly at the barrel of the gun.

MAN

(shouting)

Bang!

The stranger does not even flinch.

Suddenly a mobile phone can be heard ringing.

It is coming from inside the stranger's jacket.

The man searches the pockets of the jacket until he finds the phone.

MAN

Saved by the bell. Looks like you have a call. I'm sorry, looks like I have a call.

He answers the phone.

MAN

Yes?

Pause.

Yes its done.

Pause.

No, not the usual place.

(CONTINUED)

Turn Turtle

3 CONTINUED (5)

Pause.

Well now I'm changing it. Do you have a problem with that?

The stranger is struggling so much that the chair topples over onto its side.

MAN

(into phone)

Would you excuse me for a moment?

He places his hand over the mouthpiece.

MAN

(to stranger)

Do you mind keeping the noise down? I'm trying to speak with my employer here.

Moving over to the stranger the man pulls the chair back to its upright position.

The stranger continues to rock the chair to and fro.

Leaning over the stranger, the man strikes him on the side of the head with the butt of the gun.

The stranger is left dazed.

MAN

(into phone)

I am sorry. Please continue.

Pause.

Good.

Pause.

No, call me back.

Hanging up, he places the phone back in the inside pocket of his jacket.

He slaps the stranger across the face.

MAN

Wakey, wakey. You're missing all the fun. Well, that was the easiest 200,000 that I've ever made. Anyway, where were we? Ah yes.

(CONTINUED)

Turn Turtle

3 CONTINUED (6)

He raises the gun.

FADE TO BLACK:

There is an echoing gunshot.

ROLL CREDITS