

THAT F**KING TURTLE!

Written by

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EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A car travels along the road among the rolling hills and farms in the rural countryside.

INT. CAR

In the car are PATRICK and DARREN. By their clothes, hair, sunglasses and manner they are obviously "city fellas." Patrick drives while Darren looks distractedly at a map. In the background can be heard an NPR-like radio talk show.

DARREN

Anus.

PATRICK

Ear drum.

DARREN

Anus.

PATRICK

Ear drum.

DARREN

Anus.

PATRICK

Ear drum. Why would it be anus?

DARREN

Why would it be ear drum?

Darren turns up the radio. A NASAL MAN says to the HOST.

NASAL MAN

Would that be "anus", Bob?

HOST

"Anus" is right, for two hundred dollars!

PATRICK

Change the station.

DARREN

There are no other stations. You got us out into the middle of butt-fuck-topia, thank you very much.

PATRICK

You're the one with the map.

DARREN

Yeah, well we wouldn't need it if you'd let me drive.

Darren checks the map.

PATRICK

Okay, we're a little lost, but look around you, man. Beautiful countryside, fresh air, singing birds. Nature at it's finest.

DARREN

Right...cow manure and bald headed kids playing the banjo.

The car continues down the country road.

DARREN (CONT'D)

God, we are so lost.

Patrick pulls the map closer to him and scans it as he drives.

PATRICK

We can't be that far off the main highway.

DARREN

See for yourself.

They are both looking at the map. As they look, they both peer out over the map. There is the typical flash zoom on their faces as they scream.

DARREN & PATRICK

AHHHHHHHHH!!!

Patrick slams on the brakes. The car come skidding to a noisy halt as the two men fly into the dashboard and back upright again. They look out into the road. In the middle of the road is a large turtle tucked up into it's shell.

DARREN

Holy shit!

PATRICK

Wow...is that what I think it is?

DARREN

A bowling ball?

PATRICK
 (To Darren, blankly.)
 Yes...yes, it's a bowling ball.

Patrick gets out of the car shaking his head. Darren gets out as well and the two men stand on either side of the car looking the turtle.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
 I think it's a tortoise.

DARREN
 A what?

PATRICK
 A tortoise...a turtle?

DARREN
 What's he doing way out here?

PATRICK
 Where's he supposed to be?

DARREN
 (Shrugging.)
 Aquarium?

PATRICK
 We should move him off the road.

DARREN
 Why?

PATRICK
 We don't want him to get hit by a car.

DARREN
 Why?

PATRICK
 Nice. It's a living thing, you know.

Patrick cautiously approaches the turtle.

DARREN
 (Nervously.)
 No don't, it's just a--Don't touch him, he could be diseased or...

We get a turtle's eye view of Patrick squatting down and examining the turtle at a safe distance.

PATRICK
Hello in there...Mr. Turtle?

Darren approaches Patrick extremely nervous.

DARREN
Oh God...Look, look maybe he wants to be in the road, right? Maybe he's taking a short cut or something. Don't piss him off.

PATRICK
We can just move him over into the grass.

DARREN
"We?" Oh God, I'm gonna puke.

PATRICK
Fine, I got it.

Patrick slowly approaches the turtle and reaches down to grab it. Just as he does we hear two women SCREAMING.

Patrick jumps back as STACY and LACY emerge from the tall grass across the road. They are two beautiful, if not overly bright, young women. They wear designer blouses, gaudy jewelry, wedgie shoes and short-shorts. Their clothes are smudged with dirt and their hair is messy and unkempt.

STACY
DON'T TOUCH IT!!!

LACY
IT'S A MAN EATER!!!

PATRICK
What?

The two women stumble over to the car. Darren eyes them up and down, eagerly, as Patrick joins them.

STACY
Oh thank God you came by!

PATRICK
What happened?

LACY
(Through tears.)
It was horrible! We saw it in the road...

STACY

We got out to see what it was...

DARREN

Where's your car?

The women point up the road. Near the curve, about fifty yards away, is their car.

LACY

We thought it was a bowling ball or something.

Darren glances at Patrick as if to say, "see?"

LACY (CONT'D)

Then it just sprouted legs and a head and started chasing us!

STACY

Oh God!

LACY

He kept coming at us and coming at us!

STACY

For over five hours!

Darren and Patrick look back at the girls' car, then at each other, puzzled.

LACY

Luckily we found those bushes to hide in. I don't know what he would have done if...

She breaks down crying. Darren puts his arm around her, comforting her.

DARREN

Hey, hey, hey...Shhhh, it's all right.

LACY

So horrible...

DARREN

Girls, there's nothing to worry about. He's just one of nature's creatures who's lost his way. Now, what we're gonna do is pick it up--

Stacy screams, horrified.

DARREN (CONT'D)

No, it's all right. We're going to pick it up and move it safely off the road where it can't hurt anyone. Then, we'll get you back to your car, take you in to the nearest town, clean you up and get you some nice coffee and pie, would you like that?

LACY

Blueberry pie?

DARREN

We can get you blueberry. You want blueberry?

She nods like a little girl. Darren puts his arm around both girls and turns to Patrick.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Dude, move the turtle. I got this.

Patrick shakes his head and goes back to the turtle. We get another turtle's eye view as Patrick leans in to pick it up. But before he does--

An old, rickety pick up truck pulls up to a stop next to him. Behind the wheel is MERLE, a filthy country bumpkin type wearing a hunter's hat and coveralls. He hurries out of the truck and stands next to Patrick, looking down at the turtle.

MERLE

Sheeee-ooot! Hey Earl! Come take a peek at this!

Out of the back of the truck comes EARL, Merle's brother. He is also filthy and country bumpkin-like. He hurries over to Merle.

EARL

(Seeing the turtle.)

Well I'll be batter dipped and deep fried, Merle. It's a terrapene ornata.

(to Patrick.)

That's the common box turtle.

MERLE

I will beg to differ with you, sir. That there is a chelydra serpentina. Northern snapping turtle.

PATRICK
 Whatever, I'm just gonna move it
 off the road.

EARL
 There's a good man.

MERLE
 No! Don't touch it! The chelydra
 serpentina has deadly, vise-like
 jaws that can snap through the
 thickest bone.

Stacy screams again.

EARL
 Yes, that would be the case if this
 were a chelydra serpentina. But it
 is, in fact, a terrapene ornata.

MERLE
 It's a chelydra serpentina.

EARL
 Terrapene ornata.

MERLE
 Chelydra serpentina.

EARL
 Terrepene ornata!

MERLE
 Chelydra serpentina!

A BIKER GUY dressed in serious bicycling spandex, teardrop
 helmet and racing sunglasses screeches to a halt by the
 turtle. He looks at Patrick and the brothers, then down at
 the turtle, then back to Patrick and the brothers.

BIKER GUY
 It's a turtle.

The Biker guy then looks at his sports watch.

BIKER GUY (CONT'D)
 Damn it!

He resets the watch with a "beep" and speeds off.

EARL

If you will recall, sir, the chelydra serpentina has a scallop-like pattern of octogonal shaped protusions at the hilt of it's elongated shell base. Which, as you can see, this terrapene ornata, lacks.

Merle looks down at the turtle and spits a brown wad on to the road.

MERLE

I stand corrected. You have me dead to rights, sir. That is, in fact, a terreprene ornata.

(To Patrick.)

And quite safe to move to the roadside, at your lesiure.

PATRICK

Fine, whatever...

Patrick bends down and we see the turtle's eye view again. We see the camera view move forward as if the turtle is poking out it's head as Patrick reaches out to it.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Hey there, little guy. Let's get you to the nice cool grass.

Earl leans out from the bed of the pickup truck holding a leather bound textbook.

EARL

Hey Merle! I was completely in error. That was a snapping turtle.

We hear the snapping of bone and Patrcik screaming. He comes up into frame holding his hand, the index finger of which is completely bitten off.

Blood sprays everywhere like a hose, hitting Darren, the screaming girls, the brothers in the truck, even the biker guy well down the road gets splashed a bit.

Patrick staggers and screams as the blood shoots from his stumpy digit. 80's style titles flash on to screen as he freezes.

TITLE: "That Fucking Turtle!"

END