

“MY TURN”

Story and Screenplay by  
Tim Mikkelsen

**EXT. PARK – MID-AFTERNOON**

WIDE VIEW WITH SATURATED COLORS. The park is a gorgeous setting – sunny, trees, grass, birds. SLOW PAN across the park. SLOW ZOOM onto JON, a youngish man is sitting on a park bench. There is nothing unusual about Jon – nothing stands out. Jon’s breathing is a bit labored.

VIEW FROM ABOVE. Jon is holding a gun, but not secretively. VIEW SHIFTS AROUND TO SIDE VIEW. Showing Jon’s face from the side. VIEW SHIFTS TO FRONT. Showing Jon’s face from the front. Jon is a young man, unshaven, with a hard look about him.

JON  
(to himself)

Time to go.

Jon stands and starts to walk. His feet scuff the ground a bit. He walks with a smooth, deliberate gate and pace. As he walks he slowly puts the gun in his pants in the back and pulls his shirt over the gun.

Jon looks around, casually.

CHILDREN  
(playing in distance)

My turn! My turn! My turn!

Jon hears the children and turns seeing the children playing in the distance.

JON  
(to himself)

You got that right...

**EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE PARKING LOT – MID-AFTERNOON**

SLOW PAN across the store and parking lot. The convenience store is a normal looking convenience store – a little dirty, but not bad considering the neighborhood. There are a few cars in the lot – older cars that have seen better days, like the neighborhood that surrounds the store.

PAN STOPS as Jon walks into view. PAN AND ZOOM on Jon as he heads toward the store, from the side of the store. He pauses before he comes up to the windows of the store.

Jon looks around, casually, and then a bit more intently, at the parking lot and the cars.

Jon checks the bulge in the back of his pants and walks up and enters the store.

**INT. CONVENIENCE STORE – MID-AFTERNOON**

B/W SECURITY CAMERA. The store is a smallish convenience store. Jon walks in, framed by the measuring strip on the door – 5'7". Jon walks towards the coolers in the back. All the while looking, in a practiced nonchalance, at the rest of store and its customers.

HIGH WIDE ANGLE. (INTERIOR STORE SHOTS HAVE FLOURESCENT TINT.) Jon notes FRANK, the clerk, first - who is only paying slight attention to Jon and the customers. Frank is sitting on a stool reading a magazine (Gamer). Next Jon looks around and sees BOB, a middle-aged salesman type. Jon then sees SUE, a young woman – maybe in college or waitressing. Jon finishes his casing of the store and arrives at the coolers.

CLOSE UP. Jon looks towards the other three people in order, notes them and counts them off on the fingers of his left hand.

JON  
(to himself, as he counts)  
Hmm...      Hmm...      Hmm...

MEDIUM SHOT FROM BEHIND FRANK. Bob comes up to the counter to buy chips and a 20oz of pop.

BOB  
Hey...

FRANK  
(mostly disinterested)  
Hey...

MEDIUM SHOT FROM BEHIND FRANK. In the distance you can see Jon looking around the corner at the purchase.

BOB  
I think this'll do it.

FRANK  
(trying to engage)  
Any lottery tickets?

Sue walks up to the counter with a package of SnoBalls and diet pop.

MEDIUM SHOT OF JON. Jon looks carefully, and slowly, around the store.

MEDIUM SHOT FROM FRONT DOOR OF COUNTER.

BOB

(with a smirk)

Nah... they're a tax on stupidity...

FRANK

(trying to engage)

Uh-huh...

Jon walks around and up behind the two customers.

FRANK

That'll be three bucks and twenty nine cents...

Jon comes up behind Sue. Jon pulls out the gun, the motion looking more like he was going to scratch his back.

JON

(in a loud, deliberate tone, while brandishing the gun)

Everybody stay calm...

PAN ACROSS FACES. Everyone looks freaked and nervous.

JON

(a little nervous, to Frank)

You, get out here... and no sudden moves...

MEDIUM SHOT FROM BEHIND JON. The three people are on the outside of the counter.

JON

(feeling more in control)

Everybody down on the floor... Hands behind your head...

MEDIUM SIDE SHOT. As they are getting down, Jon nervously looks between the three people and the parking lot. PAN AND ZOOM. He steps quickly behind the counter and opens the register and grabs the money.

JON

(pissed)

Son of a bitch – this ain't much...

MEDIUM SHOT OF THE THREE PEOPLE ON THE FLOOR. They look up nervously, anxious and sweating.

ZOOM OUT AND PAN UP. Jon comes from behind the counter.

JON

Hand over your money... Whatever else you got...

Frank and Bob give Jon their wallets. Jon looks through them. Jon takes Sue's backpack and throws out books and various girl shit. He gets to her pocketbook and pulls the money.

JON

This isn't much better...

Jon looks at them, his haul, and out the window.

JON

Whose car is the Mustang...

You can see Bob mouthing 'fuck'. Jon sees this...

JON

Hand over your keys, Mr. Day Job...

BOB

(disgusted)

shit...

Bob gives him the keys.

JON

You know the drill – don't make any sudden moves, stay down on the floor for five minutes, or I'll come back in an shoot all of ya ...

Jon, turns and starts to walk towards the door.

CLOSE UP OF FRANK. Frank turns to look around, trying to get another look to be able to describe Jon to the police. Frank's shoes click and make a sound.

CLOSE UP OF JON. Jon spins around.

B/W SECURITY CAMERA. Jon looks startled and shoots FRANK.

WIDE SHOT OF JON AND OTHERS Sue starts to scream and Bob starts to turn and run. Jon runs up to them. Jon shoots Sue.

BOB

Fuck, not again

Jon turns and shoots Bob in the back.

SLOW PAN OF THE BODIES ENDING ON JON.

JON  
(shaken)

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Jon turns to run out of the store.

#### **EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE – MID-AFTERNOON**

MEDIUM CLOSEUP WITH ZOOM OUT TO MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. Jon passes out of the door, looking around. PAN. He sees a police car parked on the side of the street. He looks around wildly. As he gets ready to run the other direction, he hears

POLICE OFFICER

Put your weapon down... and lay down on the ground...  
with your hands behind your head!

Jon hesitates and starts to raise his gun. The officer shoots.

JON

...shit!

Jon falls and hears sirens.

JON'S POV. Jon sees his legs, shoes, blood. He looks up to see a few policemen coming up and he dies. FADE TO WHITE.

#### **INT. JUDGEMENT HALL – TIME INDEDETERMINANT**

CLOSE UP OF JON. (NO SHADOWS IN HALL. CHANGE IN CONTRAST?)

Jon opens his eyes and looks around.

ZOOM OUT AND PAN. Jon is sitting on an antique Chinese chair with dragons for arms. Jon and the chair are in a space without distinct walls. It is mostly white with a hint of blue above.

Looking around Jon sees BOOKISH MAN sitting behind a non-descript desk. Bookish Man is a befuddled looking, Bookish Man looking through a manila file folder.

JON

...ahem... Uh...

CLOSE UP OF MAN. Bookish Man, looks up briefly.

BOOKISH MAN

(a little crossly, waving his hand towards Jon)

Yes, yes, yes... I'll be with you shortly...

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF BOTH JON AND BOOKISH MAN. Jon looks around and tries to figure out what is going on. Jon tries, momentarily, to stand up and leave, but can't stand up. Jon tries to struggle. Jon looks at his arms and legs for restraints and tries to look behind himself. Jon starts to look a bit panicky.

CLOSE UP OF BOOKISH MAN. After what seems to be a long time, the Bookish Man looks up.

BOOKISH MAN

(with a time-worn sigh)

Ah, yes...

Bookish Man closes one folder, puts it down and opens another folder on his desk.

BOOKISH MAN

... here it is, Jon, I believe, yes?

CLOSE UP OF JON. Jon looks at him with a troubled, angry look.

JON

...that's right, asshole... What's the deal? What hospital am I at? And look, I don't have any fucking insurance, okay...

CLOSE UP OF BOOKISH MAN. The Bookish Man looks at the folder and shakes his head with a slight, sad smile.

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF BOTH JON AND BOOKISH MAN.

JON

(getting a bit angry)  
...I said what's the deal... Where am I?

The Bookish Man looks up.

BOOKISH MAN  
It's surprising the number of people who ask me that exact question...

PAN AND ZOOM IN ON THE BOOKISH MAN. The Bookish Man closes the folder.

BOOKISH MAN  
...and unlike where you came from, insurance is not really and issue here...

PAN AND ZOOM OUT TO BOTH.

BOOKISH MAN  
You're dead, of course...

Jon lets out a half laugh and then catches himself because it dawns on Jon that he was shot and probably is dead.

JON  
(resigned)  
...So, where am I? ... I know I fucked up, so this is Hell?

The Bookish Man looks peeved and obviously tired of the expected question.

BOOKISH MAN  
Neither Hell nor Heaven... This is Judgment.

JON  
(puzzled)  
Judgment?

BOOKISH MAN  
Yes! Judgment. ...In the current vernacular, 'duh'.

Jon starts to open his mouth – pleading for mercy or something, but stops, knowing that pleading probably wouldn't do any good anyway.

JON  
Judgment... So what now? Are you the judge? Are you the one who looks at my fucked up life and decides on



heaven or hell? Can I defend myself? Do I have a ‘public defender’? How’s this all work?”

The Bookish Man slightly shakes his head. The Bookish Man gathers himself up – ready to give an often-repeated speech.

BOOKISH MAN

Jon, you have led a troubled life. You have made poor choices. Not always bad, but consistently poor. But up until this last set of disastrous choices, there was hope - choices that could have been made in other directions to take you away from this outcome. You had promise, up until this day.

Jon is looking troubled, but is quiet and pays attention.

BOOKISH MAN

You, um, again in the current vernacular ... ‘fucked up big time’.

JON

So get on with it, old man, do your thing...

BOOKISH MAN

Your judgment is not mine... your choices made it for you... but, in any case, it is made. You are going to this judgment and I hope that it serves you well.

Jon starts to speak but suddenly everything blinks out... FADE TO GRAY.

## **INT. CONVENIENCE STORE – MID-AFTERNOON**

MEDIUM CLOSE UP OF JON AS CLERK. Jon As Clerk is sitting behind a convenience store counter reading a gamer magazine.

SLOW ZOOM OUT. Jon As Clerk looks puzzled and starts to realize where he is.

MEDIUM SHOT FROM BEHIND JON AS CLERK. Bob comes up to the counter to buy chips and a 20oz of pop.

BOB

Hey...

JON AS CLERK

Hey...

MEDIUM SHOT FROM BEHIND JON AS CLERK. In the distance you can see Original Jon looking around the corner at the purchase. Jon As Clerk looks at the monitors and sees Frank behind the counter and Original Jon by the coolers.

BOB

I think this'll do it.

JON AS CLERK

Any lottery tickets?

Sue walks up to the counter with a package of SnoBalls and diet pop.

MEDIUM SHOT OF ORIGINAL JON. Original Jon looks carefully, and slowly, around the store.

MEDIUM SHOT FROM FRONT DOOR OF COUNTER.

BOB

(with a smirk)

Nah... they're a tax on stupidity...

JON AS CLERK

Uh-huh...

Original Jon walks around and up behind the two customers.

JON AS CLERK

That'll be three bucks and twenty nine cents...

Original Jon comes up behind Sue. Original Jon pulls out the gun, the motion looking more like he was going to scratch his back.

ORIGINAL JON

(in a loud, deliberate tone, while brandishing the gun)

Everybody stay calm...

PAN ACROSS FACES. Everyone looks freaked and nervous.

ORIGINAL JON

You, get out here... and no sudden moves...

MEDIUM SHOT FROM BEHIND ORIGINAL JON. The three people are on the outside of the counter.

ORIGINAL JON

Everybody down on the floor... Hands behind your head...

MEDIUM SIDE SHOT. As they are getting down, Original Jon nervously looks between the three people and the parking lot. PAN AND ZOOM. He steps quickly behind the counter and opens the register and grabs the money.

ORIGINAL JON

Son of a bitch – this ain't much...

MEDIUM SHOT OF THE THREE PEOPLE ON THE FLOOR. They look up nervously, anxious and sweating.

ZOOM OUT AND PAN UP. Original Jon comes from behind the counter.

ORIGINAL JON

Hand over your money... Whatever else you got...

Jon As Clerk and Bob give Original Jon their wallets. Original Jon looks through them. Original Jon takes Sue's backpack and throws out books and various girl shit. He gets to her pocketbook and pulls the money.

ORIGINAL JON

This isn't much better...

Original Jon looks at them, his haul, and out the window.

ORIGINAL JON

Whose car is the Mustang?

You can see Bob mouthing 'fuck'. Original Jon sees this...

ORIGINAL JON

Hand over your keys, Mr. Day Job...

BOB

(disgusted)

shit...

Bob gives him the keys.

ORIGINAL JON

You know the drill – don't make any sudden moves, stay down on the floor for five minutes, or I'll come back in an shoot all of ya ...

Original Jon turns and starts to walk towards the door.

CLOSE UP OF JON AS CLERK. Jon As Clerk turns to look around, trying to get another look to be able to describe Original Jon to the police. Jon As Clerk's shoes click and make a sound.

CLOSE UP OF ORIGINAL JON. Original Jon spins around.

B/W SECURITY CAMERA. Original Jon looks startled and shoots JON AS CLERK.

FADE TO WHITE

### **INT. JUDGEMENT HALL – TIME INDEDETERMINANT**

CLOSE UP OF JON.

Jon opens his eyes and looks around.

ZOOM OUT AND PAN. Jon is sitting on an antique Chinese chair with dragons for arms.

Looking around Jon sees Bookish Man sitting behind a non-descript desk. Bookish Man is looking through a manila file folder.

JON

Shit man... This is hell...

CLOSE UP OF BOOKISH MAN. Bookish Man, looks up briefly.

BOOKISH MAN

Well... you may feel that way, but you and your actions chose your judgment...

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF BOTH JON AND BOOKISH MAN. Jon looks around.

JON

So what now?...

The Bookish Man slightly shakes his head. The Bookish Man gathers himself up – ready to give an often-repeated speech.

BOOKISH MAN

Jon, you have led a troubled life. You have made poor choices. Not always bad, but consistently poor. But up

until this last set of disastrous choices, there was hope - choices that could have been made in other directions to take you away from this outcome. You had promise, up until this day.

Jon is looking angry.

JON

Hey old man, you told me that last time...

BOOKISH MAN

Your judgment is not mine... your choices made it for you... but, in any case, it is made. You are going to this judgment and I hope that it serves you well.

Jon starts to speak but suddenly everything blinks out... FADE TO GRAY.

#### **INT. CONVENIENCE STORE – MID-AFTERNOON**

MEDIUM SHOT FROM BEHIND FRANK. In the distance you can see Original Jon looking around the corner at the purchase. Frank looks at the monitors and sees Frank behind the counter and Original Jon by the coolers.

BOB

I think this'll do it.

FRANK

Any lottery tickets?

Jon As Sue walks up to the counter with a package of SnoBalls and diet pop. His eyes open wide as he realizes.

MEDIUM SHOT OF ORIGINAL JON. Original Jon looks carefully, and slowly, around the store.

MEDIUM SHOT FROM FRONT DOOR OF COUNTER.

BOB

(with a smirk)

Nah... they're a tax on stupidity...

FRANK

Uh-huh...

Original Jon walks around and up behind the two customers.

FRANK

That'll be three bucks and twenty nine cents...

Original Jon comes up behind Jon As Sue. Original Jon pulls out the gun, the motion looking more like he was going to scratch his back.

ORIGINAL JON

(in a loud, deliberate tone, while brandishing the gun)

Everybody stay calm...

PAN ACROSS FACES. Everyone looks freaked and nervous.

ORIGINAL JON

You, get out here... and no sudden moves...

MEDIUM SHOT FROM BEHIND ORIGINAL JON. The three people are on the outside of the counter.

ORIGINAL JON

Everybody down on the floor... Hands behind your head...

MEDIUM SIDE SHOT. As they are getting down, Original Jon nervously looks between the three people and the parking lot. PAN AND ZOOM. He steps quickly behind the counter and opens the register and grabs the money.

ORIGINAL JON

Son of a bitch – this ain't much...

MEDIUM SHOT OF THE THREE PEOPLE ON THE FLOOR. They look up nervously, anxious and sweating.

ZOOM OUT AND PAN UP. Original Jon comes from behind the counter.

ORIGINAL JON

Hand over your money... Whatever else you got...

Frank and Bob give Original Jon their wallets. Original Jon looks through them. Original Jon takes Jon As Sue's backpack and throws out books and various girl shit. He gets to her pocketbook and pulls the money.

ORIGINAL JON

This isn't much better...

Original Jon looks at them, his haul, and out the window.

ORIGINAL JON

Whose car is the Mustang?

You can see Bob mouthing 'fuck'. Original Jon sees this...

ORIGINAL JON

Hand over your keys, Mr. Day Job...

BOB

(disgusted)

shit...

Bob gives him the keys.

ORIGINAL JON

You know the drill – don't make any sudden moves, stay down on the floor for five minutes, or I'll come back in and shoot all of ya ...

Original Jon turns and starts to walk towards the door.

CLOSE UP OF FRANK. Frank turns to look around, trying to get another look to be able to describe Original Jon to the police. Frank's shoes click and make a sound.

CLOSE UP OF ORIGINAL JON. Original Jon spins around and looks startled.

B/W SECURITY CAMERA. Original Jon shoots Frank.

WIDE SHOT OF ORIGINAL JON AND OTHERS . Jon As Sue starts to scream and Bob starts to turn and run. Original Jon runs up to them. Original Jon shoots Jon As Sue.

FADE TO WHITE

**INT. JUDGEMENT HALL – TIME INDEDETERMINANT**

CLOSE UP OF JON.

Jon opens his eyes and looks around and is totally freaked out.

ZOOM OUT AND PAN. Jon is sitting on an antique Chinese chair with dragons for arms.

Looking around Jon sees Bookish Man sitting behind a non-descript desk. Bookish Man is looking through a manila file folder.

JON

Shit man... This is hell, I know it, I think I saw a Twilight Zone like this...

CLOSE UP OF BOOKISH MAN. Bookish Man, looks up briefly.

BOOKISH MAN

(smirking)

That was an excellent episode, but it was a Night Gallery... in any case you and your actions chose your judgment...

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF BOTH JON AND BOOKISH MAN. Jon looks around.

JON

Now, you gonna send me back and get killed again, aren't ya, ya afterlife prick...

The Bookish Man slightly shakes his head. The Bookish Man gathers himself up – ready to give an often-repeated speech.

BOOKISH MAN

Jon, you have led a troubled life. You have made poor choices. Not always bad, but consistently poor. But up until this last set of disastrous choices, there was hope - choices that could have been made in other directions to take you away from this outcome. You had promise, up until this day.

Jon is looking really angry.

JON

Hey old man, I don't want to...

BOOKISH MAN

(cutting off Jon's voice)

Your judgment is not mine... your choices made it for you... but, in any case, it is made. You are going to this judgment and I hope that it serves you well.

Jon tries to speak but suddenly everything blinks out... FADE TO GRAY.



**INT. CONVENIENCE STORE – MID-AFTERNOON**

Original Jon looks at the people, his haul, and out the window.

ORIGINAL JON  
Whose car is the Mustang?

You can see Jon As Bob mouthing ‘fuck’. Original Jon sees this...

ORIGINAL JON  
Hand over your keys, Mr. Day Job...

JON AS BOB  
(disgusted)  
shit...

Jon As Bob gives him the keys.

ORIGINAL JON  
You know the drill – don’t make any sudden moves, stay  
down on the floor for five minutes, or I’ll come back in an  
shoot all of ya ...

Original Jon turns and starts to walk towards the door.

CLOSE UP OF FRANK. Frank turns to look around, trying to get another look to be able to describe Original Jon to the police. Frank’s shoes click and make a sound.

CLOSE UP OF ORIGINAL JON. Original Jon spins around and looks startled.

B/W SECURITY CAMERA. Original Jon shoots Frank.

WIDE SHOT OF ORIGINAL JON AND OTHERS. Sue starts to scream and Jon As Bob starts to turn and run. Original Jon runs up to them. Original Jon shoots Sue.

JON AS BOB  
Fuck, not again

Original Jon turns and shoots Bob in the back.

FADE TO WHITE

**INT. JUDGEMENT HALL – TIME INDEDETERMINANT**

CLOSE UP OF JON.

Jon opens his eyes and looks around and is crying and shaking.

ZOOM OUT AND PAN. Jon is sitting on an antique Chinese chair with dragons for arms.

Looking around Jon sees Bookish Man sitting behind a non-descript desk. Bookish Man is looking through a manila file folder.

JON

Make it stop, make it stop...

CLOSE UP OF BOOKISH MAN. Bookish Man, looks up briefly.

BOOKISH MAN

(smirking)

You and your actions chose your judgment...

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF BOTH JON AND BOOKISH MAN. Jon looks around.

JON

This is my hell, being killed, again, and again, and again...

The Bookish Man slightly shakes his head. The Bookish Man gathers himself up – ready to give an often-repeated speech.

BOOKISH MAN

Jon, you have led a troubled life. You have made poor choices. Not always bad, but consistently poor. But up until this last set of disastrous choices, there was hope - choices that could have been made in other directions to take you away from this outcome. You had promise, up until this day.

Jon is looking really scared.

JON

For the love of god...

BOOKISH MAN

(cutting off Jon's voice)

Your judgment is not mine... your choices made it for you... but, in any case, it is made. You are going to this judgment and I hope that it serves you well.

Jon looks resigned and everything blinks out... FADE TO GRAY.

**INT. CONVENIENCE STORE – MID-AFTERNOON**

B/W SECURITY CAMERA. Jon is back by the coolers.

CLOSE UP. Jon looks towards the other three people. His eyes open wide and confused. He feels for his gun. He looks toward the door with a mixture of terror, confusion, and hope.

SLOW AUDIO FADE OUT OF BACKGROUND NOISE leaving Jon's breathing

VIDEO FADE OUT with breathing remaining through start of credits

THE END