

ADVENTURES OF A SWITCH-BLADE KNIFE

an original screenplay by

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ADVENTURES OF A SWITCH-BLADE KNIFE

FADE IN:

ACT ONE

1 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET -- AFTERNOON - DAY 1

Two teen boys, fourteen years old, are walking home from school. Dappled sunlight flickers over them as they jostle each other beneath overhanging maple trees that line the residential street. James is taller than Ralph, but slight of build compared to Ralph's stocky frame.

JAMES

Shit, man! What am I gonna do? Big Mike said he's gonna kick the shit out of me after school tomorrow-- just 'cause I whistled at his slutty girlfriend!

RALPH

That was stupid.

JAMES

Tell me about it. But that doesn't help, does it!

RALPH

Maybe this will.

Ralph slides a pearl handle switch-blade knife out of his pocket and drops it into James' hand.

JAMES

Holy fucking shit! Where'd you get this?

RALPH

My mom's boyfriend is an airline pilot. He flies to Italy and brings back all kinds of radical shit.

JAMES

Cool... but switch-blades are illegal here, aren't they?

RALPH

Yeah, so... call it your Italian Equalizer! But you didn't get it from me, and I want it back tomorrow night!

James hits the button that flicks the three inch blade open.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

JAMES

Holy fucking shit, man!

RALPH

No, man... holy fucking Italians!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

2 EXT. SCHOOL YARD -- AFTERNOON - DAY 2

Two boys are scuffling in the dirt. Dust billows up and...

YOUNG VOICES (O.S.)

Hit 'im... hit 'im, man! Yeah!

Yeah! Hit 'im again, yeah!

Blood splashes across the playground dirt as the pearl handle knife skitters across the ground. Blood slips along the blade. A kid's hand picks up the knife as the sounds of the school-yard excitement diminishes. The kid slips the knife into his pocket. For awhile we see nothing but blackness but we hear the quick footfalls and heavy breathing of a young person running; a car horn; a dog barks; an old man's voice warns to watch out; a woman's voice calls out asking where's her newspaper; a young girl's voice calling, Hey, Timmy, where you going?

Timmy slams the front door of his house behind him and runs to his room, slams that door closed and slides to sit on the floor, his back against the door. He pulls the pearl handle switch-blade knife from his pocket and flicks it open. The blade flicks a line of blood splatter across his face.

SFX: LOUD BANGING ON TIMMY'S BEDROOM DOOR

Timmy jumps up and out of the way as the door is kicked open. Timmy's stepfather crashes in. He's a large man, disheveled and drunk.

TIMMY'S STEPFATHER

Where you been? What's that? Gimme that. Gimme that!

Timmy's stepfather snatches the knife from Timmy's hand and threatens him with a back-hand. Timmy retreats into his room as his stepfather lurches off.

RESET TO:

3 INT. TIMMY'S LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Timmy's stepfather is slouched on the sofa. His head is well back resting on the sofa back. He's snoring loudly, his protruding larynx vibrating. A half-empty bottle of gin is in one hand and the pearl handle knife is in the other. The cleanly polished blade glints in the lamplight. Timmy sneaks behind, reaches down and picks up the knife. He stares at the blue vein throbbing along his stepfather's neck.

DISSOLVE TO:

4 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Timmy is running down the sidewalk and peels off into a neighborhood park. He runs across the green space and stops at a bushy area next to a jogging path. He throws the knife into the bushes, turns and runs away.

CLOSE IN ON THE KNIFE LYING ON THE GROUND AMIDST THE SHRUBBERY... THE BLADE IS GLISTENING WITH FRESH BLOOD.

DISSOLVE TO:

5 EXT. PARK BUSHY AREA -- LATER

A man crouches in the bushes beside a jogging path. He watches a pretty young woman jog towards him. He lunges at her and drags her into the bushes. She struggles. He tears at her jogging suit. She fights him. Her clothes rip. She screams but he clamps a fat, dirty hand over her mouth.

She sees the pearl handle switch-blade knife lying off to the side. She reaches for it as he tears at her clothes. She snatches up the knife and stabs him in the neck. He screams and rolls off her.

She jumps up and clutches the remnants of her jogging suit around herself. She looks down at the man in disgust as he desperately tries to stem the flow of blood as he lies bleeding to death on the ground.

She runs -- the knife still clutched in her fist. As she passes a park garbage can she throws the knife in and runs off.

DISSOLVE TO:

6 EXT. PARK GARBAGE CAN -- LATER

A homeless man, pushing a shopping cart filled to overflowing with plastic garbage bags full of empty pop cans, stops at the park garbage can beside the jogging path and reaches in to retrieve whatever valuables it might contain.

HOMELESS MAN
(Quickly pulling his
hand out)
Damnation!

He sees his finger is bleeding. He looks into the garbage can and reaches in more carefully. He pulls the pearl handle switch-blade knife out and wipes it off on his overcoat. He holds it up in the light and turns it round and round inspecting it closely.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

YOUNG PUNK #1 (O.S.)
Whatcha got there, old man?

The homeless man turns away (towards us) to hide the knife from the two punk kids. We can't see the two kids because the homeless man is between them and us, blocking our view.

YOUNG PUNK #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Come on, old man, show us what you found... come on!

YOUNG PUNK #2 (O.S.)
Ah, let's leave the old guy alone, come on.

YOUNG PUNK #1 (O.S.)
Hey, old fucker! I'm talking to you! Show me what you got! Give it the fuck here!

The young punk reaches up (behind the homeless man) and grabs his shoulder (we see his hand only), and pulls the homeless man around. As he turns (his back to us), he raises the knife and stabs down.

We pull back and around the homeless man to look down at the young punk on the ground with a pearl handle switch-blade knife stuck in his chest.

It's Ralph lying on the ground with his own knife STUCK in his chest.

James looks up at the homeless man, down at Ralph, then runs off.

RALPH
(rasping DEATH voice)
Fucking... Italians...

FADE OUT:

