

INTERSECTION

Written by

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**FADE IN.**

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT**

A silver Lexus drives along a country road. Forests and a pond to the north of the road. Fields to the South. The only light is the moon.

BROCK drives the Lexus. He is a white man in his late 40s. He's dressed in a suit, but no tie. Collar loose. His hair was black, but the temples are graying. A Department of Defense employee badge hangs from the rearview mirror, his last name is BLODGETT.

In the passenger seat is his wife, SHANNON. She has big blonde hair. She's wearing a casual blouse and slacks, but expensive ones. She's in her late 20s.

BROCK

Why do you always have to act this way?

Shannon twists the wedding wring on her finger.

BROCK (CONT'D)

You know I hate it when you get like this.

Brock puts out a cigarette in the ash tray. The windows are cracked to let the smoke out.

SHANNON

Maybe we should talk about our IQ tests again?

Brock opens his mouth. He closes it. He frowns.

They drive in silence for a while.

BROCK

I don't even remember what the hell we were fighting about.

Brock pulls the Lexus to a stop behind three other cars. It's a four-way stop. Single cars sit at the intersection's other three stops.

He angles his head to look toward the intersection.

BROCK (CONT'D)

What is this? SOMEbody go.

He smashes his hand on the horn. Nothing happens.

The car stalls.

THUMP!

The car shakes as if something--something large--sideswipes it.

Brock looks towards Shannon's side of the car.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
What the hell was that?

Shannon looks out the window, her eyes darting around.

SHANNON  
It felt like a big dog. Or something.

Brock chuckles.

BROCK  
Only if it was the biggest dog ever.

The headlights from all the cars are out. All the engines are stalled.

Brock tries to restart the car.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
Shit! What the hell is wrong with this car.

He tries again. It's completely dead.

SHANNON  
Maybe you ran down the battery?

Brock flashes anger.

BROCK  
What the hell are you talking about? I mean, think about it logically for a second. How the hell could I...

Shannon looks away from him.

SHANNON  
Whatever, it's not my fault we're stuck at a stop sign in the middle of nowhere. In the dark.

Brock looks from car to car at the intersection.

BROCK  
They're ALL dead.

Fog rolls in from across the fields to the South.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
Where the hell did all this fog  
come from?

Shannon looks toward the fog.

SHANNON  
It wasn't there a minute ago.

Brock looks at her. No shit.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
You can still see the other cars.

BROCK  
Big fucking help that is.

Shannon leans forward to see the cars ahead of them.

SHANNON  
Two cars forward is a cop car.

Brock cranes to see.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
Maybe you get out and ask him  
what's up?

Brock almost says something. He reaches for the door handle instead.

Two cars forward, the uniformed cop, OFFICER PHILLIPS, steps out of his vehicle. He is a Black man in his 30s, overweight. He moves slowly and deliberately. He yells, but they can barely hear him.

OFFICER PHILLIPS  
Okay everybody, I'm not quite sure  
what's going on here, but stay  
calm. It's probably just some kind  
of electrical storm or something.

BROCK  
An electrical storm without the  
storm?

Shannon shushes him.

A white DRIVER leans out the window from the car closest to the fog. He's in his 20s, brown hair, mustache, average. As he starts to talk, the fog obscures him from Brock and Shannon's sight.

DRIVER

What are you gonna do to help us  
out of this situat--

He's cut off by an animalistic sound.

SHANNON

(trembling)  
Was that a growl?

BROCK

How do you come up with this shit?  
A growl from your giant dog?

SHANNON

Jerk.

Officer Phillips steps back towards his car and pulls out a Maglite.

He tries to turn it on.

Nothing.

He bangs his hand against it a couple of times and tries it again.

Nothing.

OFFICER PHILLIPS

Okay people, everybody should just  
stay in their cars. I'm not sure--

**INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER**

*This scene, and other scenes from the Interrogation Room are in BLACK AND WHITE.*

Shannon sits across from two plain clothes detectives. The first is a Black woman in her 40s with long, braided hair, MITCHELL. Sitting next to her is ALVAREZ, a Puerto Rican man in his 30s. They are dressed in similar man-tailored suits, no ties.

MITCHELL

Again.

Shannon's make-up is smeared. She's been crying. A lot.

SHANNON  
I already told you.

ALVAREZ  
You can see how we're having  
some...

MITCHELL  
...trouble...

ALVAREZ  
...trouble... with your story.

Shannon takes a sip from a cup of coffee.

SHANNON  
I told you. I didn't really see  
anything. It was all kind of a  
blur.

Alvarez underlines something on a yellow legal pad before  
him.

MITCHELL  
But?

SHANNON  
But...

She takes a second to compose herself.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
I saw the blood. It landed on the  
windshield, right in front of my  
face. A long streak of blood. The  
cop's blood.

MITCHELL  
And then?

Shannon takes another sip of coffee, holding on to it with  
both hands.

SHANNON  
Then I started screaming.

**EXT. THE INTERSECTION - NIGHT**

Cars sit silently in the fog, some more visible than others.  
Everything is quiet, except for the screaming from Shannon.  
The CAMERA swoops into the car and to a close-up of her face  
behind the blood spatter on the windshield.

BROCK  
 Shut up, shut up, SHUT UP!  
 Whoever's out there is going to  
 come after us next because of your  
 infernal racket.

Shannon calms down to a quiet sob.

SHANNON  
 (under her breath)  
 Who says 'infernal'?

Brock cranes his head to see anything, pretending he doesn't hear her.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
 (louder)  
 Don't you mean whatever?

BROCK  
 (annoyed)  
 What? What?

He briefly glances towards her before looking outside again.

SHANNON  
 You said whoever. Didn't you mean  
 whatever?

BROCK  
 Oh jeez, you're not back to this  
 growling thing again? Clearly  
 somebody is out there taking out  
 these guys...

He mimes a gun towards his head.

SHANNON  
 Did you hear a gunshot?

BROCK  
 I mean what the fuck kind--

SHANNON  
 I asked you a fucking question.

He turns and looks at her.

BROCK  
 What?

SHANNON  
 Did you hear a FUCKING gunshot?

He's wounded by her words.

BROCK  
No... but... that doesn't...

SHANNON  
There wasn't a gunshot. There's no gun. No gun could've done that.

She points towards the blood on the windshield.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
There is someTHING out there.

BROCK  
(dripping with sarcasm)  
Honey, why don't you have another valium and quit thinking about it too much.

He pats her arm. She swats his hand away.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
This is just like that time when...

THUMP!

This time, the car is smashed into on Brock's side. He jerks as far away from the door as the seatbelt lets him.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
Honey?

The sarcasm is replaced by fear.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
Why don't you roll up your window?

SHANNON  
Electric windows.

She swats the car keys hanging uselessly from the ignition.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
Moron.

BROCK  
(more afraid)  
Then lock your fucking door and open the glove compartment.

She opens the glove compartment and pulls out a small handgun.



SHANNON

When did you get this? You know how I feel about guns. What if one of the kids...?

Brock takes the gun.

BROCK

Well, it's coming in pretty handy now. Whenever that lunatic comes back around, I've got something for him.

SHANNON

It.

Brock laughs, but there's no humor in it.

BROCK

Yeah, whenever it--the spooky lion from the spooky fog--comes back around, I'm going to be ready.

Shannon's laughter DOES have humor in it.

SHANNON

Okay, big man... you get ready.

THUMP!

This time from the front of the car.

**INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER**

*In BLACK AND WHITE.*

Shannon sits with her arms crossed. She's been crying.

ALVAREZ

What was it?

Shannon shakes her head.

SHANNON

I never saw it.

MITCHELL

How do you know it wasn't a person? Like...

She looks at her notes.

SHANNON  
(with contempt)  
Brock.

Mitchell looks up.

MITCHELL  
What?

SHANNON  
It was too big.

ALVAREZ  
How?

Mitchell rests her hand on his. He leans back in his chair.

SHANNON  
The whole car sunk down. To the  
ground. And it had claws. SHARP  
claws. They scratched the front of  
the Lexus. You can see if you want.

She gestures towards the front of the building.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
I remember it because it sounded  
like fingernails on a chalkboard.  
It sent literal shivers down my  
spine.

The detectives exchange a look of fear.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
I always thought that was just a  
saying.

The CAMERA zooms in on her face.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
It isn't.

She starts to cry again.

**INT. BROCK'S LEXUS - EARLIER**

Brock and Shannon cringe away from the front of the car,  
which is weighed down by something unseen in the fog. The fog  
fully surrounds the car now.

Brock points the gun at the windshield.

SHANNON

Don't just sit there, do something!

Brock waves the gun recklessly.

BROCK

I'm not shooting out the front  
windshield of the Lexus. What are  
you, fucking nuts?

Scraping and scratching sounds come through the fog as the  
creature moves closer.

The car shakes with each step it takes.

The car lurches as the creature leaps to the roof. The roof  
sags inward with the weight. The bottom of the car scrapes  
the ground.

**INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER**

*In BLACK AND WHITE.*

Alvarez walks into the room and hands Shannon a Styrofoam cup  
of coffee.

She takes a sip.

SHANNON

I was so blinded by fear. I barely  
remember the rest.

MITCHELL

Just tell us what you DO remember.

Shannon takes a big gulp of coffee.

SHANNON

I remember there was a sound. A  
sniffing sound.

Mitchell and Alvarez exchange a look.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

It was... smelling us.

**INT. BROCK'S LEXUS - EARLIER**

Brock and Shannon crouch down as far as they can.

And as suddenly as it leapt on the car, the creature leaps away. The car scrapes the ground as the weight lifts. The roof indentation remains.

Neither of them say anything for a while.

A long while.

BROCK  
I can't do this.

SHANNON  
D-do what?

BROCK  
I can't sit here and wait.

He pulls the clip from the gun and checks it.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
I've got a full clip. I'm sure I  
can handle the bear or panther or  
whatever that is out there.

Shannon says nothing.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
I mean, we can't just sit here  
until it comes back, can we? We're  
like sitting ducks.

Brock looks at Shannon.

Nothing.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
Okay, well, here I go.

Brock opens the car and steps out, leaving the door open. He walks towards the fog-obscured intersection.

SHANNON  
Asshole.

She reaches over and pulls the door shut.

**INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER**

*In BLACK AND WHITE.*

Shannon leans forward and looks into Mitchell's eyes.

SHANNON

When sitting in a car in the fog in the dark, you lose all sense of time.

Shannon shrugs.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

It might've been an hour. It might've been a few minutes.

Beat.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

This time, I KNOW I heard a growl.

Beat.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

And three gunshots. Exactly three gunshots.

Shannon leans back in the chair.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

And that was it.

MITCHELL

No scream? Nothing?

Shannon shakes her head.

SHANNON

Nothing until the fog lifted.

**INT. SHANNON'S LEXUS - EARLIER**

The fog is mostly gone. Shannon scoots over to the driver's seat. She grabs the steering wheel and grips it tightly.

The lights in the other cars come back on.

She looks up.

She turns the key.

The car starts.

She sighs.

She looks around at the other cars. She doesn't see anyone.

The police car and another sit with their driver's side doors open. They're empty.

Other cars have smashed windows or windshields, each splashed or covered in blood.

Every other car is empty.

**INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER**

*In BLACK AND WHITE.*

Mitchell scratches her head.

MITCHELL

But you never heard any glass  
smashing or anyone screaming?

Shannon shakes her head.

SHANNON

Nothing.

She rubs her finger. The one that used to have a wedding ring.

**EXT. SHANNON'S LEXUS - EARLIER**

Shannon backs up and does a three-point turn.

She stops and looks back at the cars.

She sees some greenish fluid mixed with the blood.

Beat.

She drives away.

She drives along the country road.

She turns onto a larger highway.

She drives it into town.

Shannon stops and considers going into the police station.

She decides against it and drives away.

**EXT. SHANNON'S HOUSE - LATER**

Shannon pulls into the parking lot of a sizable two-story home worth millions. The name on the mailbox is Blodgett.

She turns the car off and takes the keys from the ignition. She looks at the house.

She puts the keys back in the ignition, starts the car and drives away.

**FADE OUT.**