

4-WAY STOP

A short script by

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FADE IN:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - 4 WAY INTERSECTION - EARLY MORNING

The opening credits roll over a series of shots-

MONTAGE STYLE

White fluffy clouds float through an idyllic blue sky.
Birds SING in the distance.

Sunlight sweeps slowly through the empty intersection.

CLOSE ON a 4 WAY STOP signal.

A long view of each of the empty intersection streets.

A panoramic view of 4-way intersection with a few cars in motion.

EXT/INT. SCOTT'S CAR (MOVING) - MORNING

Super : 7. 45 AM

SCOTT MITCHELL, black, bald, 30ish drives. BRIAN LENNSTORM, 30ish, white, gelled spiky hair tunes the radio through different channels as he sips his coffee.

SCOTT
(southern accent)
What ya' lookin' for? C'mon CPR
pick a station.

BRIAN
(smiles)
Oh Wo! Easy man. What crawled up
your ass?
(giving up)
Music's shit anyway.

Scott glances at his watch.

SCOTT
(sighs)
God help me. If I'm late again
today... It's all your fault.

BRIAN
Dude, chill, we're not late! Relax,
we got plenty of time...
(glancing at watch)
You're gonna' right on time...

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)
And that's another thing, could you
stop calling me CPR?

Scott dismisses his friend's request.

SCOTT
Amanda's up my ass again. For her
on time is 15 minutes before punch
in time, which I ain't gettin' paid
for. I just don't want her yellin'
at my ass again... Shit gets old...
And CPR... Man, c'mon, you
volunteered for this bullshit CPR
training yourself. Don't blame me.

Brian shrugs a dismissive, but slightly annoyed shrug.

BRIAN
Everybody should know basic CPR.
You'll thank me when you're chokin'
on a chicken bone in the
cafeteria... FYI, your boss is a
volunteer too this month.

Scott shoots Brian a look, knowing Brian confused the
Heimlich maneuver for CPR.

SCOTT
Yeah, I know and Amanda told
everybody how ya' suck at it. Big
surprise there.

BRIAN
She's such a bitch.

SCOTT
Oh now she's a bitch?... And how
this's a nice thing?... It's all
bullshit, The CPR I mean. In the
past two years I ain't seen a
single incident. Have ya'? Yet,
still have six trained volunteers
every month. I fail to understand,
how they have the budget for it.

BRIAN
(rolling his eyes)
Let's see how you feel when you
need CPR. That's all I gotta' say.

A BEAT.

SCOTT
Damn this 4 Way stop. Amanda will
kill me.

WINDSHIELD POV - The car slowly stops at a 4-WAY STOP signal.

BRIAN (O.S.)
Why don't you go tell HR? Sometimes
I think she singles you out.
There's probably some law against
it, right? I mean, you're black,
you got like, "special" rights or
somethin' like that.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - 4 WAY INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

All four streets- CARS move in a first-in-first-out sequence.

SCOTT (O.S.)
I don't want to deal with the
hassle... And paperwork. Besides,
Amanda's tight with the HR
department. I got no chance there.

EXT/INT. SCOTT'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

WINDSHIELD POV - Scott's car slowly moves. A LEXUS, SUV cuts
Scott's car off.

Scott HITS the breaks. Brian's coffee spills.

SCOTT
I can't believe it! The same guy.
He cut me off again! It was my
turn... Ya' saw that, right?

BRIAN
Man, can you honk before slamming
on the brakes. Geez?

Brian pulls the tissue out in disgust and cleans his shirt.

SCOTT
(looking to Brian's shirt)
Sorry.

Scott sighs and ponders as if something bigger than the
current situation bothers him. He glances at his watch and
hits the gas pedal.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - 4 WAY INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

Scott's car passes by a BMW with an open roof. The BMW stops at the signal.

EXT/INT. BMW - CONTINUOUS

An OLD COUPLE (60ish) - BOB HISRICH, drives, with JENNIFER HISRICH passenger. Left indicator of the BMW blinks. Bob gently presses the gas pedal.

JENNIFER

Wait, Bob! What are you doing?

Bob's foot off the gas pedal - A gentle jerk.

BOB

(impatient)

What am I supposed to do? She's texting... Look. You see that.

Both look at the CAR waiting on the street to their left.

TINA, 17, white, blonde hair with red flick, thick mascara, tattoos, is busy texting.

JENNIFER

Bob stop it... She has the right of way.

Bob huffs with defeat. His wife sees this.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Fine.

Jennifer leans over and swiftly presses the horn. Tina looks up, stares at Bob and presses the gas pedal.

BOB

(loud)

Wake up, you zombie...

Tina's eyes pierce into Bob's. She peels away fast. Bob's car moves gently.

BOB (CONT'D)

These kids! The government should do something about texting while driving. First offense... A day in jail. That would take care of it. Yeah

JENNIFER
I think there are bigger problems
than teen texting Bob...

Jennifer looks out her window.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
I really want to change our yoga
instructor today.

BOB
Sure, yeah Sarah is very rude to
us. I think she's on too much
granola... What's that other girl's
name?

JENNIFER
Ginger?

BOB
Yeah... Ginger. I like her.

Bob's eyes glaze over as he thinks about Ginger. Jennifer
dismisses her husband's crudeness.

JENNIFER
Of course, there's that new guy...
You know the really fit guy that
started last week. Peter, I think.

Bob snaps out of his daydream and focuses back on his driving
and mundane marriage.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - 4 WAY INTERSECTION - DAY/NIGHT

IN A FLASH - CARS STOP AND GO. The day turns quickly into
night - into morning.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - 4 WAY INTERSECTION - MORNING

Feels like the same morning, the same street.

EXT/INT. MIKE'S CAR (MOVING) - MORNING

MIKE SHERRY, 30, well suited. Radio plays the morning news.

MIKE
(into his cellphone)
You're my lawyer, but you're asking
me to drop the case? ...I know my
neighbor's black and?
(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

...This is bullshit. What am I supposed to tell my wife? She's in so much distress, she can't take it any more. It's out of hand ...You mean we're racial? ...I don't care what the world thinks, listen, we are the victims here.

INTERCUT with 4 WAY INTERSECTION

Mike's car halts at the 4-WAY STOP signal. No vehicle moves. Mike glances at Tina busy texting in the car on the right street. He gets impatient.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You gotta' be shitting me. C'mon...

He abruptly presses the gas pedal.

MIKE'S CAR - WINDSHIELD POV - Suddenly Bob's BMW appears. Mike yanks the wheel and his car comes to a SCREECHING halt. Accident saved.

Bob and Jennifer look horrified.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(into his cell)

I'll have to call you back.

(to Bob)

You okay?

Bob nods yes. Mike peels away fast. Bob looks at Tina who smiles cunningly and gestures him to go over first. Bob glances at Jennifer who's still in shock.

BOB

(whispers to Jennifer)

Eric... The instructor, his name is Eric. I remember now.

Jennifer doesn't say a word and stares into nothingness.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - 4 WAY INTERSECTION - DAY/NIGHT

IN A FLASH - CARS STOP AND GO. The day turns quickly into the night. Headlights pierce darkness. A long HONK.

EXT/INT. SCOTT'S CAR (MOVING) - MORNING

Super : A few days later.

Brian tunes the radio. Scott glances at Brian and shakes his head sideways in disbelief.

BRIAN

Dude slow down. This is a residential area. You're doing 50 in a 35.

SCOTT

I know. Amanda's monthly presentation to Sales is today and I'm responsible for the setup. Thanks to your coffee stop, we're late again.

BRIAN

Forget that bitch. Listen to this.

Brian increases the volume of radio.

NEWS READER (V.O.)

So what you gonna' do with this much money?

JACKPOT WINNER (V.O.)

(southern accent)

First I'm gonna' buy myself a beeg fancy trailer and then go on a long fishin' trip. Maybe Alaska. Get me a beeg ass fish.

NEWS READER (V.O.)

You think this jackpot will change your life forever? What was your initial reaction when you first heard that you won sixty million dollars?

JACKPOT WINNER (V.O.)

Well hell yeah! My life is gonna' change. The second ahee found out ahee kicked Marco and ahee said to him - I don't need you no more, Marco. Go fuck yourself. Nicole and me will buy a new one.

NEWS READER (V.O.)

Marco?

JACKPOT WINNER (V.O.)

My shitty old trailer.

Both Brian and Scott laugh hilariously. Radio voices fades.

BRIAN

Oh my God! Sixty million and the first thing he wants is a new trailer. That's priceless.

SCOTT

For him that's a dream dude.

BRIAN

Dream? Your people gotta' have bigger aspirations than that.

SCOTT

(insulted)

Excuse me?

BRIAN

(pointing to the radio)

Black Dude.

SCOTT

That's absurd, how do you know he's black?

BRIAN

It shows up in his accent.

SCOTT

He could be anyone.

BRIAN

I'm sorry but he sounded like you.

SCOTT

You're an asshole. Black folks don't say "I wanna' go fishin' in cold ass Alaska." Dude's a redneck. It's obvious man.

BRIAN

I dunno man... You buy lottery tickets every week too. So many similarities--

SCOTT

Yeah well, the difference is, I still gotta' go to a job I hate, for a boss that hates my ass.

BRIAN

OK. So what would you do if you won the lotto?

SCOTT
People like me never win the
lottery. Besides I rarely play.

Brian opens the glove compartment and takes out a bunch of
tightly tied lottery tickets.

BRIAN
I see.

SCOTT
(little irritated)
Hey, put those back man. Don't you
touch them.

Brian laughs, puts the tickets back.

BRIAN
Seriously dude, tell me.

SCOTT
(smiles)
Quit the job and tell Amanda to
fuck off... what ya' wud do?

BRIAN
(laughs)
The same.

SCOTT
Now you are a black man. Huh!
Similarities, no?

Both laugh.

A loud SCREECHING SOUND and a BANG in distance.

BRIAN
What the fuck was that?

SCOTT
Oh shit... look!

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - 4 WAY INTERSECTION - MORNING

ACCIDENT SCENE

Smoke, dust, water, scattered broken glass in the middle of
the intersection.

INTERCUT with BRIAN'S CAR (MOVING)

Scott and Brian watch as Bob and Jennifer run towards Tina's car. SCREAMS. Tina's torn apart car in the middle of the intersection. Her head bleeds and rests on her steering wheel.

BRIAN (O.S.)
Look, there's another car. Over there.

SCOTT'S CAR'S WINDSHIELD POV - The car turns quickly to find another car across the street, upside down.

SCOTT (O.S.)
Call 911 now!

Scott's car stops immediately besides the toppled car. Brian dials on his cell while Scott steps out and runs. Scott reaches the driver's side and finds Mike trapped in his seat belt, inverted, unconscious, bleeding.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Ya' alright?

No response. Scott taps him on the face a few times. Still no response.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Brian, need your help.

Brian runs over. Scott attempts to pry Mike out of the car.

BRIAN
Wait!!!

SCOTT
What?

BRIAN
(out of breath)
They're coming. Less than 5 minutes. We shouldn't move him. Yeah, I remember that from class. Not supposed to move someone hurt like that.

SCOTT
Dude, he ain't fuckin' breathing. Help me!!

BRIAN
Okay.... Okay.

Both take Mike out slowly. He's not breathing. Scott is horrified. His eyes pierce deep into Brian's.

SCOTT
What ya' waitin' for?

Brian is horrified.

BRIAN
Are you sure? I mean...

SCOTT
Brian!

Brian immediately starts the CPR. Time slows. Sound fades. Focus on the CPR. Mike comes to life.

Scott taps Brian on the back. Brian's expressionless face slowly turns serene; his eyes are teary. Brian glances at Tina, Bob and Jennifer.

Tina sits in the middle of the intersection, CRYING heavily. Jennifer brushes her back gently, consoling her. Brian taps Scott and rushes towards Tina.

BRIAN
We called 911. They'll be here any minute.

BOB
Thanks. I did that too.

TINA
(sobs)
Can someone call my mom please?

BOB
Here, tell me the number.

Brian glances at Scott who dials his cell too.

CLOSE ON Scott.

SCOTT
Hi! Amanda. Sorry I missed your call. I'm in a situation and can't come to the presentation--

AMANDA (V.O.)
(filtered, screams)
-- What? My presentation is about to start in 20 and nothing is setup here. Are you out of your mind?

SCOTT
 Hey listen. I've been involved in
 an accident, 5 minutes from the
 office --

AMANDA (V.O.)
 Accident? What happened?

SCOTT
 Not my accident. I'm OK. I'm
 helpin' people.

AMANDA
 Nice excuse. We'll talk about it
 later. Get your ass here.

SCOTT
 Sorry I can't. This man really
 needs my help. Paramedics haven't
 arrived yet. I can't leave him.

AMANDA (V.O.)
 Scott! I've heard more than enough.
 If you don't bring your ass here in
 the next 5 minutes, just don't come
 at all. You are fired. And I mean
 it.

The line goes dead. Scott glances at Mike who groans in pain.

SCOTT
 Hey we got you. Don't worry.
 Paramedics will be here any moment.
 You alright?

Mike nods yes. His face looks terrible.

BRIAN (O.S.)
 Is he alright?

SCOTT
 He'll live.

Brian walks over to Mike.

BRIAN
 (to Mike)
 You're my first CPR save.

Mike gestures thanks. He barely moves his lips.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
 (whispers to Scott)
 You just called his family?

SCOTT
That was Amanda. She just fired me.

BRIAN
What?

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - 4 WAY INTERSECTION - LATER

COPS. FLASHING LIGHTS. PARAMEDICS.

CROWD on the pathways watching. Cops clearing traffic.

Both Tina and Mike are covered up on stretchers receiving first aid.

PARAMEDIC
(to mike)
Sir, the police contacted your wife. She'll be here any minute.

A car stops across the street corner. SARAH, 40ish runs to the scene. She reaches Tina. Tina's eyes light up seeing her.

TINA
Mom?

SARAH
(teary eyes)
Don't worry I'm here. You're going to be ok Baby..

TINA
I know.

Tina signals towards Bob and Jennifer, standing just nearby.

TINA (CONT'D)
They called your Mom. They were the first one's to help me. They're so nice.

Tina's mom turns around swiftly to find Bob and Jennifer. She keeps staring them for a moment.

JENNIFER
(smiles)
Your daughter is so strong. She's going to be perfectly fine, Sarah.

SARAH
Thank you so much... Jen, Bob.

She holds Jennifer's hands for a moment. An eye exchange full of emotion between them. Bob nods his head.

Another car stops behind Sarah's car and AMANDA, 30ish, well suited, executive look rushes towards the accident scene. She reaches Mike in panic.

MIKE
(whispers)
It's OK. It's OK. I'm OK.

Tears spill down her cheeks.

A paramedic approaches.

PARAMEDIC
Ma'am please excuse us. We'll take him to hospital now. By the way, he got the CPR in time. Thanks to those two gentleman over there.

Amanda looks to see the back of two men with a cop. She approaches.

AMANDA
Excuse me officer. I'm Mike's wife. Could I've a word with these two gentleman?

Both Scott and Brian turn around.

SCOTT
Amanda?

AMANDA
Scott?!!

Amanda eyes are filled with tears. She has apology written all over face. She is on the verge of emotional release.

SCOTT
Don't say a word. It's all right.

And she bursts. Scott gives her a hand and she cries leaning on his shoulders.

AMANDA
I'm so sorry.

SCOTT
It's OK. Mike is fine. And you know who gave the CPR?

She glances at Brian and then look back at Scott. Scott acknowledges with a smile.

AMANDA
(to Brian)
Thanks so much.

Both exchange a warm expression and hug each other.

BLACK OUT:

SUPER: Two weeks later.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - 4 WAY INTERSECTION - MORNING

CLOSE ON 4 WAY SIGNAL.

Four streets, four cars - Mike's, Scott's, Tina's and Bob's - wait. Some silent conversation takes place among all amidst smiles and laughs.

A couple of HONKS from other cars but no one is moving. Smiles turn into laughters.

EXT/INT. SCOTT'S CAR - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON a front glove compartment. It suddenly opens.

INSERT - A lottery ticket.

A BEAT.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - 4 WAY INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

PULL BACK UP to see an increasing pile of cars in all streets
A few HONKS.

FADE OUT.

THE END