Intersection

Ву

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EXT. DESERT - DAY

A small JACKRABBIT makes its way across a desolate dirt road.

Its ears twitch nervously as it scans for threatening noises.

Slowly, it hops towards the center of the road.

Suddenly, there's the ROAR of a huge vehicle.

The rabbit disappears underneath a large WORK TRUCK and a thick cloud of dust.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Three sweaty men sit silent in the front bench seat of a beat up work truck. CHRIS (20's) shifts uncomfortably between two older, saltier men. RENKLE, (51) is the behind the wheel, steering the truck with one hand. The other he uses to scratch absent mindedly at the peeling, sunburnt skin on his neck. DWAYNE (48) stares intently at the passenger side rear view mirror.

Tinny country music plays on the AM radio.

RENKLE

You boys packed plenty of water, right?

Dwayne grunts. Chris nods.

RENKLE

Good. You're gonna need it... Man can lose his goddamn mind in heat like this.

The trio sits silent as the truck roars down the road.

TITLE OVER AERIAL SHOTS.

We follow the work truck as it drives along a desolate dirt road that stretches like a scar over a vast, dry wasteland.

EXT. DIRT INTERSECTION - DAY

Three lone figures stand out on a dirt intersection amidst the nothingness of the desert floor; Dwayne, Chris, and a scraggly dead tree. Both men wear bright green vests and orange hard hats. CONTINUED: 2.

Dwayne stands diligently in the road, holding up a stop/slow sign. White crust from dried sweat lines his ruddy face. He lights up a cigarette but doesn't take a drag. Rather he lets it hang limp on his lip as the smoke curls up in his face. A man of few words, he seems to be deep in thought.

Chris sits on the side of the road on his safety helmet and shields his eyes from the piercing sun. He reaches for a can of chew from his front pocket and shoves a large dip into his bottom lip. He stares at the ground intently.

Below him a miniature battle ensues between a group of ants. Several ants are playing tug of war over the corpse of one of their own. Chris observes this drama as it unfolds, intermittently casting a shadow over the insects with his hand.

Dwayne stands almost perfectly still. He holds his stop sign in place and waits for non existent vehicles.

The ants continue their battle. Finally the corpse is ripped into two pieces and the two victors scurry away with their half of the body.

Chris leans over and spits a glob of chew spit onto one of the ants, ensnaring it in the tar-like goo.

CHRIS

Ants are dumb.

Dwayne shakes as if woken from a slumber.

DWAYNE

Huh?

CHRIS

This is Bullshit.

Dwayne says nothing.

CHRIS

What exactly are you waiting for?

DWAYNE

Cars.

CHRIS

What cars? We're in the middle of fucking nowhere.

DWAYNE

You never know.

CONTINUED: 3.

CHRIS

No. I do know. I know that no one is going to come down this road Dwayne. It's bullshit that Renkle dropped us off here and you know it.

DWAYNE

There's hot oil down there. That shit'll do a number on your tires, and you know it. Can't let no one through.

CHRIS

Fucking barricade could do this job right now.

DWAYNE

People drive around barricades.

Silence. Chris whistles as he scrapes the end of his stop sign pole on a large rock. He has fashioned the end of the pole into the beginnings of a spear. Dwayne throws his cigarette to the ground.

CHRIS

Well the least they could done would be to give us some guns.

DWAYNE

What?

CHRIS

GUNS. I've already seen three cougar shits out here.

DWAYNE

Could be coyote.

CHRIS

Look bigger than Coyote shit to me, HELL of a lot bigger.

DWAYNE

(lighting another ciggarette)
Most mountain lion got the fear of
humans in em'...but one of them
does decide to jump ya, you ain't
gonna know when, and there ain't
much you can do to stop it.
Specially with that little sign you
been fuckin' with for the past
hour.

CONTINUED: 4.

CHRIS

Yeah, well you can stand there all you want. One of them damn things tries to sneak up on me and I'm stabbin' the shit out of it.

Chris continues sharpening his sign, muttering to himself.

CHRIS

Sneaky bastards, cougars. Can't be trusted. Hate em'... Fuck cougars.

Silence. Dwayne stares down the dirt road. Chris stops sharpening his sign to watch several ants as they try in vain to crawl through the sticky chew spit in order to get to their fallen comrades corpses.

CHRIS

Man, ants are dumb.

(pause)

Dwayne.

DWAYNE

What?

CHRIS

You ever get tired?

DWAYNE

Tired?

CHRIS

Of waiting. In general I mean.

DWAYNE

Stop talking in code boy. Don't know what the hell yer sayin' when you talk like that...

CHRIS

Never mind.

Silence.

CHRIS

No one's coming.

DWAYNE

Maybe. Maybe not.

Chris lies down with his head on his helmet.

CONTINUED: 5.

CHRIS

No one...

EXT. DIRT INTERSECTION -DAY

It is quiet. Chris lays and watches the sky. A jetliner streaks above, leaving a white trail cutting through the sky. He squints and pretends to flick it.

Dwayne stands vigilantly, keeping his eyes down the road. He reaches into his cargo pocket and pulls out a badly smashed chocolate covered doughnut. He eats it greedily, then licks the chocolate frosting off of his dirty fingers.

CHRIS

Hey Dwayne.

DWAYNE

What.

CHRIS

You ever get the urge to dress cats up like people?

Pause

DWAYNE

Sometimes I s'pose.

CHRIS

Yeah. Me too.

Silence. Dwayne lights up another cigarette.

CHRIS

Hey Dwayne-

DWAYNE

You talk a lot you know that?

CHRIS

How you wanna die?

Dwayne ignores him.

CHRIS

Cause if I could choose my death, it'd be at the hands of Big Foot.

DWAYNE

Big Foot?

CONTINUED: 6.

CHRIS

Yep. I've put a lot of thought into this..had dreams about it even. These crazy realistic nightmares, ever since I was a little kid.. I've come to accept the fact that maybe it's God's will for me..

DWAYNE

To be killed by Sasquatch.

CHRIS

Big Foot.

Silence.

DWAYNE

That's fuckin' stupid Chris.

CHRIS

Fuck off man! It's not stupid! I mean this is some heavy, personal shit here. Christ, you're lucky I even told you in the first place. If that's so stupid, how do you wanna die?

Dwayne takes a drag of his cigarette and throws it to the ground and stomps it out.

DWAYNE

I don't.

Silence.

CHRIS

Yeah, well...you will. Bout' the only thing that's certain in life.

Chris lays his head back and hums softly. Dwayne remains diligent, standing still with his stop sign.

EXT. DIRT INTERSECTION -DAY

The gooey chew spit is now completely covered with ants. They struggle for their lives as they wade through the muck towards other ants corpses.

The sparse landscape around Dwayne and Chris is still and eerily silent. The sun beats down relentlessly without the relief of even a slight breeze.

Suddenly, an earsplitting CRASH smashes the silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 7.

Chris is flung through the air. He tumbles to the ground ten feet from where he was sleeping. A guttural scream escapes his lips. Everything is quickly engulfed in a thick cloud of dust.

Chris lies on the ground with his hands over his ears. Through the smoke and dust Dwayne appears like an apparition. He grabs Chris's hand and pulls him to his feet.

DWAYNE

You alright boy?

The dust begins to clear.

CHRIS

What the FUCK was that?!

DWAYNE

Don't know.

The dust begins to completely subside, revealing a deep crater several meters in diameter in the middle of the road.

CHRIS

Holy SHIT!

Cautiously, they approach the crater. Smoke seeps out of the hole.

CHRIS

What do ya suppose it is?

DWAYNE

Not sure.

They inspect the hole. Chris pokes into it with his stop sign.

DWAYNE

Careful now.

Dwayne steps back and inspects the scene. A small burn trail leads to the crater. Nothing else is in sight.

They cautiously circle the hole.

CHRIS

Well, what do you think it is?

DWAYNE

Told you three times already, I don't know what the hell it is.

CONTINUED: 8.

They continue to circle the hole. Finally Chris squats down and puts his gloves on.

DWAYNE

What're you doing?

CHRIS

I wanna see what's in there.

DWAYNE

The hell you gonna do that for?

CHRIS

This almost fucking *killed* me! I wanna see what the hell it is!

DWAYNE

Well it could be damn missile just waitin' to explode for all we know.

CHRIS

A missile? From where, Russia? C'mon man.

Before Dwayne can say anything, Chris puts his helmet on and lowers himself into the hole. It is about four feet deep.

CHRIS

Hm.

DWAYNE

What?

CHRIS

It's buried a little.

Dwayne kneels and peers down as Chris struggles to free the object. Clumps of dirt fly past his head.

DWAYNE

Watch it. Jesus.

The dirt stops flying.

CHRIS

Holy shit.

DWAYNE

What is it?

CHRIS

Hold on.

Chris grunts as he struggles to lift a dark object.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 9.

CHRIS

God-almighty this thing's HEAVY.

Slowly Chris stands and laboriously lifts what appears to be a large rock towards the lip of the crater. Sweat beads on his forehead as he struggles to roll it onto the edge of the hole. Finally after an immense struggle, he gets the object out onto the ground. Chris collapses against the side of the crater, exhausted.

CHRIS

God damn.

The object appears to be a rock, almost two feet in diameter. It is pitch black, smooth and lustrous. Smooth concave dimples cover its surface.

Chris climbs out of the hole and kneels next to the object. He dusts dirt off of it and then takes a glove off.

DWAYNE

I wouldn't be touchin' that.

CHRIS

Why?

DWAYNE

Could be contaminated or somethin'.

CHRIS

Nahh.

He hovers his hand over the rock.

DWAYNE

Easy with it boy.

CHRIS

Stop worrying. It just feels like it's still a little warm.

He puts his glove back on.

CHRIS

Here I'm gonna pick er' up again.

He wraps his arms around the rock and slowly lifts it up. He takes a couple of strained steps before dropping it onto the ground.

CHRIS

Wow.

CONTINUED: 10.

DWAYNE

Hm.

They stand staring at the object for a beat. Chris takes his helmet off and sits down. He puts his face close to the rock to inspect it. It's so shiny that his reflection can be made out. He puts his face within inches of the rock and sniffs.

CHRIS

Hm.

DWAYNE

What are you doing? Don't smell that damn thing.

CHRIS

Space smells a little funky.

DWAYNE

There could be radiated shit on it. Don't breath that.

Chris sits back. They both stare at it for a beat.

CHRIS

Space.

DWAYNE

What?

CHRIS

This just came out of fucking space and almost killed me.

DWAYNE

You're okay.

CHRIS

Yeah...BARELY. This, this THING just fell out of the Goddamn sky and out of the millions of places it could have hit, it hit five yards from my fucking HEAD!

DWAYNE

But it didn't.

CHRIS

Well it was close enough Dwayne! Jesus, this is so crazy. What exactly are the odds of something like this happening? CONTINUED: 11.

DWAYNE

Well. Wouldn't consider myself an expert or, uh, anything on this type of space...shit.

CHRIS

Me neither. I'm just saying that seeing one of these things is rare enough. This sonabitch almost landed ON us!

DWAYNE

Yeah... Wouldn't speculate that happenin' too much I suppose.

Silence.

CHRIS

You know what?

DWAYNE

Huh?

CHRIS

This thing could be worth money.

DWAYNE

What?

CHRIS

Money. I mean MONEY. Loads of fuckin' money.

DWAYNE

Really?

CHRIS

Hell yeah! I saw some stuff on the internet-

DWAYNE

You know I don't trust that internet shit.

CHRIS

No, seriously. I think what we have here is a bonafide meteorite.

Pause.

DWAYNE

Think so?

CONTINUED: 12.

CHRIS

Well it's a big rock that fell from the sky. I think the chances are pretty damn good that this thing is a meteorite.

DWAYNE

Maybe.

CHRIS

No maybe. I'm sure it's a meteorite. I saw this thing saying that some meteorites are worth more in weight than *gold*.

DWAYNE

No shit...

CHRIS

Yeah! And look how fucking big this is! Can you imagine how much this thing could be worth?

DWAYNE

Hm.

CHRIS

Thousands...no hundreds of thousands of dollars... God Damn, maybe even millions!

DWAYNE

Yeah?

Chris paces wildly, excitement building.

CHRIS

Hell yeah, it's huge! I lifted the bastard and I bet it's pushing a hundred pounds. We saw it land too. That makes it even more valuable...Holy shit Dwayne, this could totally change our lives. We could split the profits 60/40.

DWAYNE

60/40?

Chris continues pacing, not noticing Dwayne's tone.

CHRIS

Well yeah, since I'm the one that it chose to almost hit. You know (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 13.

CHRIS (cont'd)

there's no such thing as accidents now...

DWAYNE

The fuck you talkin' bout 60/40. What's that mean?

CHRIS

I get 60 percent of the profits, you get 40.

Silence.

DWAYNE

You better explain the sense in that boy, cause I ain't getting it.

CHRIS

What's not to get? The thing landed a yard from my godda--

He stops when he sees Dwayne's expression.

CHRIS

--What I mean to say is, the rock landed next to my head, there's no arguing that, now.

Silence. Dwayne's stare remains icy.

CHRIS

I was the one who climbed into that hole there, carried that big bastard out, and had the know-how to peg this as a genuine meteorite.

He pauses to check Dwayne's expression.

CHRIS

And up until now, I seem to be the only one with ideas on how to capitalize on this here gift from above...now the split can be negotiated, but right now the important thing is coming up with a solid plan to get this fucker outa here. Cause if I'm mistaken, this here ain't our property.

Pause, Dwayne doesn't seem to grasp.

CONTINUED: 14.

CHRIS

(cont.)

...which means technically this thing don't rightly belong to us.. Which means we need to find a way to get it to the nearest town without a single soul seeing us.

Dwayne's expression changes little as he takes this in. His temple pulses from his clenched jaw.

DWAYNE

So what you sayin' we do now then, boy?

CHRIS

Well, uh, first step would be to grab your radio and call in to Renkle. Tell 'im we found a ride in and don't need his ass to come get us later. Then...we decide how we're gonna carry this thing out. It ain't going to be easy, but we got two sets of hands.

Long beat. Chris is tense, waiting for Dwayne's response.

DWAYNE

Alright then.

CHRIS

Hell yeah! See man, I knew you'd come around! Now if you be kind enough to get that radio and call in to Renkle. I'll try to figure out a way to cover up this giant ass hole here.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - AFTERNOON

Dwayne walks back to his spot to grab the radio from the side of the road.

Chris watches intently as he does this. Quietly he grabs a large rock from the ground and palms it tightly.

Dwayne's back is to Chris. We hear the radio as it's turned on. Chris turns and continues talking. He kicks dirt into the hole from the lip of the crater.

CONTINUED: 15.

CHRIS

This thing traveled millions of miles over millions of years to land next to MY head.

Dwayne stands, staring at the radio in his hand. Static and crackling, barely audible radio chatter can be heard.

Chris continues talking.

CHRIS

(V.O.)

You know that God must've wanted me to be here at this very moment in time to receive this gift from Him. No other way to explain it.

Dwayne is still, holding the crackling radio. He looks up and scans the sparse surroundings. A raven circles up high in the sky above him. A small jackrabbit cowers in the shadow of a large bush near the side of the road. Its ears twitch as it scans for predatory noises. Dwayne watches it intently. We hear Chris chattering behind him.

CHRIS

(V.O)

--There's all sorts of stories about shit like this happening to people in the bible...floods, talkin' snakes. Crazy stuff...

Don't know why it's me he chose this time, but I guess that's not for me to decide, now is it?

Dwayne turns the radio volume up. The static almost drowns out Chris's voice.

CHRIS

(cont'd)

Gramma always said tryin' to figure out God's plans is like looking for a black cat in a dark cellar..never took much stock in that on account of her being bat-shit crazy--He's kinda mysterious and sneaky like that. He don't need reasons though. Reasons are for humans. He's fucking GOD... Dwayne, you call in to Renkle yet ma-

Chris turns to find that Dwayne is gone. The radio sits in the middle of the road crackling. Then;

THWACK.

CONTINUED: 16.

A metal pole shoots through the center of his chest.

He looks down at the pole in his chest, mouth agape. Nothing but a gurgling sound escapes his lips. The rock in his hand falls to the ground.

Behind him stands Dwayne, watching intently.

Slowly Chris struggles to his feet. He takes one step and stumbles to his knees. He stands again. He takes a step. Blood begins to form and drip out of his mouth. He coughs, gags and stumbles to his knee. He looks up in utter confusion. Finally he stumbles a few more feet and falls hard to the earth.

There are four figures that stand out on a desolate dirt road amidst the nothingness. A scraggly dead tree, a large rock, Dwayne, and Chris with a stop sign sticking perfectly straight up out of his bloody back.

Dwayne takes a moment to consider the scene. He walks over to the crackling radio and stomps on it, breaking it to pieces. He approaches Chris' body. He nudges his arm. Nothing happens. Carefully he grabs the stop sign and in one fluid motion, yanks it out of Chris' body. As he pulls it out, Chris emits a barely audible gurgled groan.

DWAYNE

Shit!

Dwayne jumps back, startled. Then slowly he re-approaches the body. He kicks Chris over with his foot. Nothing moves.

Carefully, he leans down and puts his head close to Chris' face. He puts his ear next to his mouth to listen for a breath. He picks up his limp hand to check for a pulse.

It is eerily silent. Then- a loud COUGH. Blood splatters onto the side of Dwayne's face. Chris's hand grips onto Dwayne's, hard.

CHRIS

AHHHHH!!

He screams into Dwayne's ear. Dwayne jumps straight backwards and lands on his back.

DWAYNE

JESUS!

CONTINUED: 17.

Chris howls and gurgles in extreme pain. Quickly, Dwayne grabs the stop sign and runs to Chris. He takes the pole and stabs wildly. His face becomes crazed, animalistic, as he lunges the pole at Chris. Finally after an agonizing few seconds, Chris is completely silent.

Dwayne Collapses to the ground, exhausted.

He stands, grabs his canteen and sits down on the rock. He sits for a beat and takes swigs. He grabs a smashed doughnut from his cargo pocket and eats it slowly.

He licks the frosting off of his bloody fingers and stares, unflinching at Chris's lifeless body.

DWAYNE

Alright.

He walks over to Chris's body and grabs his legs. He drags the body across to the opposite side of the road. He stops to survey his surroundings. He is absolutely alone. He picks up Chris's legs and starts to drag him into the desert.

EXT. DESERT - ROCK OUTCROPPING - DAY

Dwayne trudges exhausted and sweaty. His skin is muddy from dust and sweat, and burnt from the sun. The sun beats down, unrelenting.

He continues dragging Chris's body, taking one step at a time, devoid of emotion. Cold and calculated.

He approaches a grouping of large boulders. In a section of a the outcropping, between two large boulders, is a hole that goes straight down. Dwayne drops Chris and approaches it. He squats and inspects, peering inside. He picks up a small stone and throws it into the hole. A second goes by before he hears it hit bottom.

He takes a second to consider this. Something suddenly catches his attention. He picks up an object on the ground next to the entrance to the hole. It is a piece of animal feces. It is large and still fairly fresh. He holds it closer to inspect it. It is comprised mainly of digested animal fur.

Dust and several small pebbles bounce off of Dwayne's head. He looks up quickly to see a small stream of dust streaming down from high above the top of the tall boulder.

He turns quickly to Chris's body and picks it up by the legs, obviously alarmed.

CONTINUED: 18.

DWAYNE

This'll do.

He struggles to push the body into the hole. Once in, he crams it deeper with his feet. He finds a large rock and shoves it towards the hole, partially covering the entrance. He stands back and dusts himself off, satisfied. He takes a second to inspect the high ledges above him, then leaves.

OUTSIDE OUTCROPPING- MOMENTS LATER

Dwayne stares at the sun. It is high in the sky and as intense as ever. He retrieves his canteen out of his cargo pocket and takes a greedy swig. He pours the water into his mouth until it slows to a trickle. Violently, he shakes the last few drops onto his tongue.

DWAYNE

Shit.

He pulls part of a small dead shrub out of the ground. He begins walking backwards towards the road, sweeping away his footprints with the shrub branch as he goes.

Slowly he makes his way back towards the road. A small, lone figure.

EXT. DIRT INTERSECTION - DAY

Dwayne backs his way back towards the road, dusting away footprints as he goes.

He stands and surveys the scene.

He grabs the stop sign, which is dirty, stained with blood and bent.

He approaches the bloody pool, which by now is covered with flies.

Slowly he dips the toe of his boot into the blood. It sticks, still wet.

Dwayne doesn't move. He seems transfixed. He stares, unblinking, at the bloody soil.

Flies continue to buzz around the blood and the empty work helmet in the middle of the road.

Dwayne stands frozen. He doesn't breathe.

CONTINUED: 19.

He nudges a round object in the middle of the bloody pool with his foot; an empty chew can.

A dull rumbling can barely be heard.

Dwayne stands still.

The rumbling gets louder.

Slowly, Dwayne looks up.

In the distance the gleam off of a large vehicle can be seen. Behind it stretches a long dust trail.

Dwayne stays frozen in the middle of the road. He holds his bent, blood stained stop sign and stares down the road at the speeding vehicle, completely blank.

The vehicle, the old beat up work truck with Renkle behind the wheel, speeds towards him in the distance.

Suddenly Dwayne snaps to attention.

He digs into the bloody soil with the stop sign, runs to the side of the road, and tosses the soil into a bush.

He sprints back and does this again.

He tosses the stop sign into the bush and runs back to blood stained patch.

The truck speeds closer. It is within several miles of Dwayne.

Desperately, Dwayne kicks dirt over the blood stained patch in the road.

He throws Chris' helmet into the meteor impact hole.

He looks up to see the truck almost a mile from him. The dust trail behind it trails into the distance as far as the eye can see.

He runs to the meteorite and puts his gloves on. Slowly, he barely manages to lift it to his chest. His face turns dark red as he laboriously begins to run into the desert.

MONTAGE - Dwayne runs steadily with the rock clung to his chest through small canyons...

across hills...

through scraggly, human-like Joshua trees...

CONTINUED: 20.

Through each shot, his run decreases to a fast walk, then a walk.

He stops finally to survey his surroundings. He is utterly alone. He stands out amongst the charred martian landscape. His eyes are blood shot, skin peeling. He sways in place.

His eyes struggle to focus on a trail of large paw prints in the sand.

A bird calls. The tune sounds eerily similar to Chris's whistling. Dwayne's eyes widen as he struggles to focus on an almost human-like form in the distance.

A snapping twig and loud movement in a bush near a large boulder snaps him out of his daze. He clutches the rock tightly and slowly strains to jog on.

EXT. DESERT - DRY LAKE BED - LATE AFTERNOON

Dwayne trudges through the desert with the rock clung to his chest. His skin is blistered and red and his eyes are blank. Blood trickles down his forearms from the sharp edges of the rock cutting into his skin.

His steps begin to slow. He stops and with an exhausted groan, he drops the rock onto the ground. He collapses along side it.

Slowly he sits up and tries to spit but nothing comes out. His lips are dry and white with blisters. He examines his surroundings blankly. His footsteps show his journey, stretching out of sight into the desert.

Steadily he rises to his feet. He stares at the rock and after a beat removes his shirt. Carefully he wraps it around the edges of the rock and ties a knot. He bends with both hands grasping the knotted shirt and tugs hard. After a second the rock budges and he begins to drag it along the ground.

He only makes it several feet before the shirt rips into two pieces and he flies onto his back. He lays still, breathing heavily.

He sits up again, this time with renewed energy. Quickly he unbuckles his belt and removes his pants.

He positions his pants around the rock, one leg on either side, and pulls. The rock drags along the desert floor. Dwayne wheezes in a barely audible laugh.

CONTINUED: 21.

He makes it almost twenty feet before his pants rip in half. Again, he flies backwards onto his back. He wheezes hard, his eyes wide. This time, he doesn't get back up.

He tries to scream but only a gargled rasp makes it through his badly burnt lips.

Dwayne lies still on his back. His breathing slows and his eyes squint as he catches something of interest above him. He stares intently up into the sky.

Way up in the distance, the tiny shimmering reflection of an airplane can be seen. The jet trail cuts through the sky behind it.

Slowly and painfully, Dwayne rises to his feet. He wavers a bit and scans his surroundings. There is no sign of life anywhere.

The sun is beginning to dip towards the horizon, bathing everything in an orange glow.

Dwayne looks over at the shiny rock.

DWAYNE

Well. Shit.

There are two objects amidst the vast nothingness of the desert floor; A beautiful, shiny black meteorite, and Dwayne standing next to it wearing nothing but boots and dirty white briefs.

FADE OUT