

**INTERSECTION**

written by

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**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - EVENING**

Weather is cloudy, dark. Fields of wheat alongside the road.  
A **CAR** travels alongside the road.

**INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS**

We see **HANDS** on the steering wheel.  
The side mirror gives glimpses to the cloudy sky.

**POV: DEXTER SEES A TRUCK AT HALT IN THE DISTANCE.**

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS**

**CAR** speeding along the road.  
In the distance, a **MAN** enters a **TRUCK** parked in a driveway.  
The truck starts and curves along the road.  
The car and the truck pass by each other.  
The car pulls up the driveway.  
The car door opens.  
**DEXTER** (mid 30s) walks out the car.  
Looking into the direction of the truck leaving.  
Dexter opens the car trunk.  
He pulls out a toolkit and heads to the house.

**EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Dexter walks to the door, rings the door bell – no answer.  
He rings the bell again – Nothing.  
A beat.  
He knocks on the door – the door creaks open.  
Dexter alert, pulls out a knife from the toolkit, cautiously entering the house.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The house looks empty, carpet wrinkled but clean.

Dexter crouches briefly, eyes scanning the empty room.

The knife stays in his grip.

A beat.

Something clicks in his mind.

He rushes to the living room. Looking for something.

Dexter's eyes land on the candelabrum – streaks of fresh blood smear its base.

He pauses, studies it, then moves on.

**EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Dexter walks out the house.

Glances in the same direction truck has gone.

He takes out a pack of cigarette and pulls out a lighter.

Just as he lights it up, the sky rumbles, a thunderous echo.

The lightning casting a baleful shadow on his face.

**CLOSE UP: SMALL DROPLETS OF RAIN BEGIN TO POUR ON THE WINDSHEILD OF THE CAR.**

**CUT TO BLACK.**

**TITLE: INTERSECTION**

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT**

Rain pelts the road. Puddle splashes under the passing tires.

The truck cruising down the road at a slow pace.

Soft music drifting through the closed windows.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS**

Rain drums against the windshield as wipers squeak back and forth.

**PAPA JONES** (mid 50s), hunched over his steering wheel, focused on the road.

Headlights turned on.

The headlight illuminating the road and -

Upfront is a **MAN** beside a car drenched in rain, waving his hand.

Papa Jones turns the music off.

He hesitates a bit then slows down the truck stopping at the Man's feet.

Jones rolls down the window. Looks at the **MAN**.

It is Dexter.

**DEXTER**

Can i get a lift to a nearby gas station?

A beat.

**PAPA JONES**

Get in.

Dexter rushes to his car, takes out the toolkit with him and climbs into the truck, eyes fixed on Jones.

He doesn't speak, doesn't flinch.

Jones starts driving the truck.

Dexter looks around the truck. It smells of rust and meat.

**DEXTER**

(to Jones)

Thank you for stopping.

Jones grunts.

The truck drives down the road.

**FADE TO:**

**EXT. TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER**

Truck barrels down the road, illuminating the front portion leaving the rest concealed in misty drizzle.

**INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS**

Dexter runs his hand through his wet hair.

He reaches into his pocket, takes out a crumpled packet of cigarettes.

Takes one cigarette out.

It is damp.

Dexter rolls down the window and throws the damp box out.

Papa Jones glances at him.

**DEXTER**

Never liked the rain. Too messy.

**DEXTER (CONT'D)**

(To Jones)

You wouldn't happen to have any?

**PAPA JONES**

No.

Ominous silence.

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - MOMENTS LATER**

The truck paces through the monotonous drizzle.

Suddenly -

The tire drops into a puddle of water.

The truck rattles.

**INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS**

**CLINK** - The toolkit lying by Dexter's feet rattles.

Papa Jones glances at him.

Dexter smiles at him.

**DEXTER**

I was on my way back because the customer was not present. Then my car broke and it started raining.

**DEXTER (CONT'D)**

You would understand that as our line of work is somewhat similar.

Papa Jones glances at him again.

Dexter smiles, twirling the ring on his finger.

Jones looks at the ring.

Then -- something comes in Jones mind.

**EXT/INT. TRUCK - EVENING - FLASHBACK**

Papa Jones throws a body wrapped in cutain into the back of the truck.

Jones walks to the drivers seat. Glances at the distant approaching car.

He climbs into the truck. Starts the truck and accelerates.

The car is approaching fast.

Papa Jones catches a fleeting glance at the approaching car -  
- driver wearing a ring same as Dexter's.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. TRUCK - NIGHT**

A sinking recognition crosses his face.

Papa Jones looks away from Dexter.

Chances a sneaky look at the rusty **Old Butchers Knife** tucked right next to his seat.

**DEXTER**

What's in the back.

**PAPA JONES**

None of your damn business.

Dexter smiles again.

**DEXTER**

How long till we arrive at gas station.

**PAPA JONES**

Long enough.

He reaches for the music player, twisting the knife discreetly.

**DEXTER**

(Mumbles)

Does this thing work?

The music blares.

Papa Jones spots his chance and reaches for his own knife.

Dexter twists his knife, flashing a glint.

**CUT TO BLACK.**