

CHUM

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FADE IN:

EXT. LAKE - DUSK

The glass surface of the lake is still, silent. The last trace of sunlight lingers on the water before the sun sinks behind the hills and darkness settles in.

INT. HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A WOMAN, 30s, GASPS awake from a suffocating nightmare.

INT. OFFICE - DAY - FALL

E.C.U. of the WOMAN'S HANDS. A WORN GOLD WATCH on the WRIST. THE FINGERS pick at the CUFF of her SWEATER SLEEVE.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The Woman, SAMANTHA, wearing an OVERSIZED SWEATER, exits an office and walks down the hallway, leaving the door AJAR behind her. A few moments later, DAVID, 30s, wearing pleated khakis and golf polo with a corporate logo on the breast, exits the office and CLOSES the door behind him.

INSERT DOOR PLACARD: DR. ANNE MOROVITS, MARRIAGE COUNSELLOR

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

David walks through the sparse lot to a RUNNING CAR.

OLDER MAN (PRELAP)

A year and half. Pretty impressive, David. When you first told me you were gunning for this account, I laughed. Not a lot of go-getters in industrial sales. Usually just the average college grad stuck with a mortgage and student loans.

David tries the PASSENGER DOOR HANDLE. LOCKED. Samantha spins her head, startled by the intrusion to her thoughts. She sees David looking the window at her. Her gaze returns forward. She releases her white-knuckle grasp of the steering wheel and presses the UNLOCK BUTTON.

DAVID (PRELAP)

Thank you , Mr. Rodriguez.

He climbs into the passenger seat and closes the door. She puts the car into gear and drives.

INT. MR. RODRIGUEZ'S OFFICE - DAY

MR. RODRIGUEZ, 50's, heavy-set but polished considering the environment, sits at his desk. Behind him, the wood-paneled wall is decorated with FRAMED SERVICE AND SALES AWARDS. Filing cabinets line the base of the walls, with PRODUCT SAMPLES of SAFETY GOGGLES and ADHESIVES and GLOVES littered on top.

MR. RODRIGUEZ

No, thank you. I'm just happy to have it off my slate. It's so far out of my territory I thought the drive was gonna kill me. Either that or my wife would!

He laughs at his own joke and hands a file folder over his desk to DAVID. David takes the folder, laughing along with his boss.

DAVID

Well, my wife will be thrilled, sir. I appreciate the opportunity. This account will have my undivided attention.

INT. DAVID'S CAR - DAY

David drives while wearing a BLUETOOTH HEADSET. His car is cluttered with FOOD WRAPPERS and PRODUCT SAMPLES like the one's in Mr. Rodriguez's office. This is David's office.

DAVID

(into headset)

Hi, this is David Jansen from Connelly Supply calling for Rick Masterson in your purchasing department.

(listening)

Of course.

David takes a deep breath.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(into headset)

Hey! Rick, my name is David Jansen. I'm your new rep from Connelly. Hope I'm not catching you at a bad time.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 (listening)  
 Great. I'm in the area and was wondering if you had a second for me to stop by and introduce myself.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

The house is cold, austere, very little life. David ENTERS the front door holding the file folder. He turns to see the Woman from the car, in the same sweater. She sits on the couch, tightly coiled, an untouched glass of wine on the coffee table in front of her. Her eyes are locked on the television.

DAVID  
 (holds up the file)  
 They gave me the account, Sam.  
 (beat)  
 Samantha?

Her eyes flicker toward him for an instant. An acknowledgement. Pained, David continues down the hall.

INT. WAREHOUSE - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY - WINTER

David enters the front door with a BOX OF DONUTS. A RECEPTIONIST, 40s, sits behind a desk near the entrance. The desk is DECORATED for CHRISTMAS.

DAVID  
 (to Receptionist)  
 Happy Holidays, Karen.

KAREN  
 Same to you, David!

DAVID  
 Is he in?

KAREN  
 Yup. Head on back. I'm sure he'll be excited to see you--and the donuts.

DAVID  
 (laughs)  
 Don't worry, there's one in here with your name on it.

He opens the box and holds out the assortment for her to pick from. She reaches for one.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Not that one!

Karen startles.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Sorry. It's just... That one is for Rick. It's his favorite.

YOUNG MAN (O.C.)  
What'd I tell you, Karen. Guy's mind is like a steel trap.

They look over to see RICK, late 20's, almost too handsome to work in a warehouse.

RICK (CONT'D)  
How's the road treating you?

DAVID  
Let's just say I'd rather be spending the holidays on the lake like everyone else I know.

RICK  
I know exactly how you feel. Come on back.  
(to Karen with a wink)  
Thanks, sugar britches.

David eagerly follows Rick. Their conversation can be overheard as they walk away.

RICK (CONT'D)  
You got a boat?

DAVID  
Had one. The wife made me sell it.

RICK  
Shit. That blows. I got a fun little two-seat fishing boat. I'll have to take you out for a few beers on the lake some time.

DAVID  
That sounds incredible.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

David enters the front door. He hears RUNNING WATER upstairs.

INT. HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

David carefully approaches the bathroom. The water is no longer running. He puts his ear to the door and lifts his hand to knock, then decides otherwise. He steps away, helpless, and moves down the hall.

INT. HOME - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The tub is filled to the brim, the glassy surface of the water is still.

Samantha explodes up through surface, GASPING for air.

INT. DAVID'S CAR - DAY - SPRING

David drives with his bluetooth headset in his ear.

DAVID

(into headset)

Hey, Rick! I know it's last minute, but I scored the company's box for Lakers Game One tonight. Just you and me with the whole box to ourselves.

(listening)

Perfection.

(laughs)

Can't wait. See you tonight.

He presses the button on his headset to hang up, pleased.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Rick and David ENTER wearing LAKER GEAR. The place is mostly empty except for a few patrons on bar stools and TWO YOUNG WOMEN, 20s, dancing by the pool table, clearly drunk.

The two men sit down at the bar.

DAVID

I don't know how I let you talk me into this. My wife is gonna kill me.

RICK

Whatever. Just tell her the game went into triple OT or something. She won't even know what it means.

DAVID  
You're probably right.  
(then)  
I had a really great time tonight.

Rick notices the women dancing.

RICK  
It's about to get a whole lot  
better.  
(to the bartender)  
Hey, two shots of whiskey and two  
of whatever they're drinking.

David looks down the bar and sees the girls.

DAVID  
(realizing)  
Oh, no. Rick, I can't.

RICK  
Come on, man! Live a little.

The BARTENDER pours two whiskeys then puts down two shots of  
JAGERMEISTER.

BARTENDER  
Two whiskeys and two shots of  
jager.

RICK  
Ha! This should be easy.

Rick grabs the TWO SHOTS OF JAGER.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Grab the whiskeys and let's go.

David looks at the women, then back at Rick. He looks  
genuinely torn over the decision.

DAVID  
I'm sorry.

Rick studies him, relenting.

RICK  
It's cool. Say hi to the wife for  
me.

Rick begins to walk toward the women. David notices the  
whiskey shots.

DAVID  
What about these?

RICK  
(over his shoulder)  
Liquid courage for you. I sure as  
shit don't need 'em!

David watches Rick approach the two ladies. They gratefully accept the free shots, drinking them immediately. Rick puts his arm around them and turns back to wink at David.

David looks crushed. He turns and EXITS the bar.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT - LATER

Rick spills out onto the street with one of the women from inside. She is so drunk that he is practically carrying her.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

David sits in his car, parked down the road, intensely watching Rick and the woman. She stops and VOMITS on the sidewalk.

INT. HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING - SPRING

SOUND INSERT: GASP

David stands in the kitchen wearing BOARD SHORTS and a TANK TOP. He carefully loads BEER CANS into a small cooler.

HONK HONK

David closes the cooler, and turns for the door. Samantha is standing in the doorway to the kitchen. He is startled, frozen. He waits for her to speak.

SAMANTHA  
I love you.

David is stunned. Finally, he gives her a NOD of acknowledgement. He grabs the cooler and towel and EXITS.

Samantha hears the FRONT DOOR CLOSE and notices his PHONE on the counter. She picks it up.

INSERT: SAMANTHA'S HAND AND WRIST WITH WATCH HOLDING DAVID'S PHONE

She studies it.

EXT. LAKE - FISHING BOAT - DUSK

Rick and David sit opposite each other on the aluminum benches of the simple tin boat. Rick is tipsy from drinking in the sun all day. He rummages around for food but finds only an empty bag of chips.

David surveys the entire lake. The gentle ripples from their boat reverberate outward, disturbing an otherwise still surface.

DAVID  
Looks like we're the last ones out.

RICK  
I'm starving. Let's head in.

David looks in the COOLER behind him and sees TWO BEERS.

DAVID  
Come on. Only two more beers. Live a little.

RICK  
(sighs)  
You just get me.

David turns and reaches into the cooler. He OPENS them and spins back. He moves across to sit on the bench beside Rick. He hands him a beer.

DAVID  
Cheers.

They clink cans. David watches Rick take a LONG SWIG.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Thanks for bringing me up here. I almost feel like a man again.

RICK  
I'm never getting married.

Rick takes another long swig of his beer. He blinks a few times. He suddenly has to concentrate to form words.

RICK (CONT'D)  
I get mine... and... I don't have to answer to anybody.

David looks around the lake, then edges closer.

DAVID  
 Sometimes it's good to have someone  
 waiting for you at home. Drink up.

Rick brings the can to his mouth again. His eyelids start to sag.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 I've thought about this moment  
 everyday for the last three years.

David leans in.

RICK  
 What?

David, inches from Rick's face, looks directly into his eyes.

DAVID  
 Will I miss you tomorrow?

David reaches down and PULLS the DRAIN PLUG out of the bottom of the boat. WATER begins to SEEP in.

Rick sees this but is suddenly powerless. He has a hard time holding his head up. He has been drugged.

RICK  
 (slurring)  
 What the...fuck?

He struggles to focus on David. David grabs FISHING LINE and begins to TIE him to the BENCH.

RICK (CONT'D)  
 (heavily slurred)  
 David!

RICK'S P.O.V.

David returns to the bench opposite Rick. The boat continues to fill with water. His intensity is terrifying. Rick's eyelids lose the fight to stay open. A scene replaces the blacks of the back of his lids.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

UNKNOWN P.O.V.

Rick sits on the opposite bar stool in the same bar as before, staring back.

A hand wearing SAMANTHA'S WORN GOLD WATCH reaches for a drink, instead grabbing for the bar to steady. The vision is heavy, distorted. She looks back at Rick, who is smiling.

SAMANTHA (O.C.)  
(slurring)  
I feel sick. Where's my friend?

The eyelids begin to droop.

RICK  
I'll take care of you.

The eyelids lose the struggle to stay open.

RICK (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Drink up.

FADE TO:

INT. HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The house is silent. The lights in the house bounce off the glass patio doors, the empty home reflecting back.

A motion light comes on outside, killing the reflection on the doors to reveal Samantha sitting on a bench in the backyard.

She looks up to see the source of the motion. David steps into view and stops, his board shorts and tank top soaked.

DAVID (V.O.)  
(over phone)  
Hey, Karen! It's David from  
Connelly. Is Rick in yet?

David walks toward Samantha. His movements are exhausted. He kneels at Samantha's feet. She puts her hand on his cheek.

DAVID (V.O.)  
(over phone)  
Oh... Yeah. I just need to verify  
an order before I send it out.

David puts his head in her lap. She places her hand on the back of his head and runs her fingers through his hair.

DAVID (V.O.)  
(over phone)  
Thanks, Karen. You, too.

FADE OUT.