

CHALKED UP

Written by

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Based on the story by
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Over BLACK, we hear...

Music and chatter. The SOUNDS of a fairly crowded lounge.

INT. GEISHA A GO-GO, SCOTTSDALE -- NIGHT

AN IPHONE 7 SCREEN FILLS THE FRAME. The iMessaging app is open as a set of MASCULINE FINGERS type a text to a person named, SAMANTHA.

OUTGOING BLUE MESSAGE

I miss home.

The hands wait. Suddenly, THREE DOTS appear in the lower left hand corner. Someone on the other end is typing.

INCOMING GREY MESSAGE

Home misses you, too. The kids say
"HI." How's the trip?

The hands holding the phone type a message and hit send...

OUTGOING BLUE MESSAGE

Exhausting. It's 9 o'clock here
and I just walked into another
meeting. Can you believe it?

Three dots appear in the lower left corner...

INCOMING GREY MESSAGE

(An open mouth "WOW" emoji.)

Again, three dots appear in the lower left corner...

INCOMING GREY MESSAGE (CONT'D)

The kids say they love and miss
you.

(more dots)

About to put them to bed here soon.
We appreciate all the hard work you
do for us.

(more dots)

(A "heart" emoji.) Can't wait for
you to come home.

The hands holding the phone don't immediately reply. A beat as the message is taken in by the unseen person. Eventually a reply is typed...

OUTGOING BLUE MESSAGE

We're about to get started. Will
message when done. (A "heart"
emoji.)

The sleep button at the top of the phone is pressed and the phone is tucked away inside the person's blazer.

SLOW PULL OUT to reveal the atmospheric, high-design Sushi lounge we are at. The lighting is set low. The mood is relaxed. The view is every man's wet dream.

REVERSE on ERICK ENGEL(32), the handsome, finely dressed man seated at the bar, living in his own lie.

Erick's eyes find the BARTENDER, an attractive young woman, standing by the computer with her back to us. His eyes slide down her body to the perfectly shaped ass she carries.

Suddenly, she turns. Erick's eyes rise up. He smiles flirtatiously and she drinks up every bit with a smile of her own.

ERICK

An Old Fashioned, please.

The bartender nods impressed with Erick's taste. She throws him a look, turns, then begins mixing his drink.

Erick takes this moment to take in the lounge. He folds his arms across his chest and looks over his shoulder at a GROUP OF WOMEN sitting together at a table in the corner. The women take in Erick. Erick returns a million dollar smile when the women suddenly react in awe to something unseen.

REVERSE with Erick as he wheels around in his chair to see a LADY IN A TIGHT FORM FITTING RED DRESS gliding into the lounge. All eyes are on this woman for good reason as she is absolutely stunning.

Erick's eyes stay on the lady as she takes a seat at the bar. Erick feels his finger and suddenly remembers he is wearing his wedding band. Sly-like, Erick lowers his hands down to his lap, takes off the ring and slides it into his pocket.

The bartender comes over with Erick's drink as he raises his hands back above the bar. The bartender smiles as she sets down his drink.

BARTENDER

Here you are.

Erick doesn't hide his interest in the Lady In Red at all.

ERICK

You see the woman in the red dress sitting across the bar?

The bartender glances over her shoulder at the lady applying a fresh coat of Devil's red lipstick to her lips.

BARTENDER

I do.

ERICK

Do me a favor. Find out what she's drinking and add it to my tab.

BARTENDER

Sure thing.

The bartender smiles and walks over to the lady.

Erick watches as the lady in red leans forward to take in the bartender's delivered message. The lady in red nods her head as she listens intently. The lady in red turns her head and throws a suggestive look across the bar to Erick.

The lady smiles and sensually mouths the words, "Thank you."

Erick nods and raises his glass.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- LATER NIGHT

The INTENSE SOUNDS of rutting passion.

SLOW TRACK across a dark, hard wood floor strewn with clothes: a female's panties and bra, a man's underwear and socks, a condom wrapper.

In time, we come to a bed, moving violently from above. Tilt up to Erick and the Lady In Red fucking like wild animals. The lady in red lies naked on her back, her legs spread open for Erick who works in between.

The lady looks up into Erick's eyes. A strange smile crosses her lips that Erick initially picks up on but quickly releases from his thought. The lady drops her head back and her moans grow louder. Erick's face bends further out of shape. The lady cries out in orgasm. A final thrust for Erick who finishes hard and collapses overtop her. All sound dies away until all that's left is the shallow gasping they share, as we...

FADE TO BLACK.

A LADY'S CALM VOICE (V.O.)

Yes. That is correct.

FADE IN:

INT. SAME HOTEL ROOM -- AN HOUR LATER

CLOSE ON a lit cigarette held between a set of luscious lips wearing red lipstick. The cigarette is inhaled and is gently removed and held to the side by a hand wearing a latex glove.

SLOW PULL OUT to the Lady In Red, lying on her back in her tight form fitting red dress, holding a phone to her ear.

LADY IN RED
(into phone)
My name?

The lady thinks on this for some moments, takes another deep drag of the cigarette. She blows out smoke and says:

LADY IN RED (CONT'D)
Samantha. Samantha Engel.

The lady ends the call, rolls out of bed and leaves the phone.

On the sound of the hotel room door opening and then closing, the CAMERA SLOWLY DRIFTS to the right to reveal Erick splayed out on the wooden floor, dead as a doornail, OUTLINED IN WHITE CHALK.

FADE TO:

INT. IDLING CAR -- NEW MEXICO, NIGHT (SEVERAL DAYS LATER)

CLOSE ON a car dispatch system with a touch screen, GPS and mic. Fuzzy chatter pours out from the radio speakers.

FEMALE DISPATCH
Maurice Johnson and Lawrence Jackson. Both husbands and fathers of three. Both recently finished a 3-day foreign trade conference and are scheduled to fly out first thing tomorrow morning. We've received word that their personal assistant reserved the partners a table at the Crown Room. Any available units?

A elegant hand with red fingernail polish quickly reaches for the mic.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
This is 1340, I'm five minutes away, heading over now.

TILT UP to the rearview mirror to see a thick coat of RED LIPSTICK carefully applied to a set of luscious lips.

THE LIPS SPEAKING

You ready?

PULL BACK as the WOMAN, dressed in a tight form fitting red dress turns to her right at her PARTNER seated in the passenger seat, applying the same color red lipstick to her lips.

She responds with a devious smile.

INT. CROWN ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

DUELING IPHONE 7 SCREEN'S FILL THE FRAME. The iMessaging app is open on both phones as two sets of HANDS type dishonest messages to their wives.

The sleep button at the top of both phone's are pressed at the same time and the phone's are pocketed simultaneously.

SLOW PULL OUT to reveal a similar atmospheric, trendy lounge. The lighting is set low. The mood is relaxed. The view is every man's wet dream.

REVERSE on MAURICE JOHNSON and LAWRENCE JACKSON, both in their 40's, both handsome and successful black men taking in a young HOSTESS, leading THE TWO WOMEN IN TIGHT FORM FITTING RED DRESSES to their table.

The women take their seats and the hostess walks off. Maurice and Lawrence share a look with the women.

And as the men raise their glasses to the women in red, we...

FADE OUT.

THE END