

DIABOLICAL FISHING

FBN/EDA #237.266

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FADE IN:

EXT. FUTHER ALONG THE RIVER BANK - DAY

The river runs placidly to the sea. Some fishermen along the riverbank are trying to catch some fish with their fishing rods.

A black man, in his 50s, arrives with a fishing rod. He sits close to a white fisherman, in his late 30s.

BLACK MAN

Hi, how's things?

WHITE FISHERMAN

Not too bad.

A gold ring with a D in relief gleams on one of the black fisherman's fingers.

They shake hands.

BLACK MAN

DON WHITE.

WHITE FISHERMAN

JAKE WATERS. Pretty ring you have, Don.

DON

Oh, thanks. It belonged to my father. He was Don too...
Look at that guy, Jake...

POV of Don shows an old man is fishing some yards away from them.

DON (CONT.)

He is the oldest fisherman around here. They call him GEORGE PARK. He never gives up fishing... He loves this shit so much.

JAKE

Yeah he is a fucking addict...
How long have you know him?

DON

(polishing his gold ring)
Maybe five years... He's here from dawn to dusk... Sometimes he stays all night...

(waving)

Hey, George, how are you doing?
Did you hook anything good?

George returns a blasé wave to them.

DON
(polishing his gold ring)
The old fisherman didn't hook
anything yet...

JAKE
Seems not...

DON
(feeling something bite on his
line)
But... I HOOKED!
(pulling the line hard)
I GOT IT, I GOT IT...

EXT. RIVERBANK - GEORGE'S SPOT - DAY

George is in his late 60s, sun-tanned. He observes Don's glee.

George takes a bottle of wine.

GEORGE
(taking a swig of wine)
Hell, I need to stop this shit!

POV of George shows Don pulling a big fish out of the water. Don shows it to George.

DON
(showing George the fish)
See George. It is a fucking big
one, isn't it?

GEORGE
(disappointed)
Yeah. It is.

George looks at the river, deep in thought.

EXT. RIVERBANK - GEORGE'S SPOT - DUSK

Now the sunlight is a mixture of violet and orange.

Nobody is fishing at the riverbank. Only George remains sitting there.

George focuses his attention far away along the river.

EXT. RIVERBANK - GEORGE'S SPOT - LATE

The lights twinkle in the buildings along the riverbank.

George is collecting his rod and the fishing box and putting them into his car.

He gets in and drives away.

The lights reflect on the ripples caused by the water softly hitting the rocks.

EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

George parks his car in front of his house. It's an old, uncared-for house. George takes out his fishing tackle and walks in.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens and George gets in carrying the fishing box and the rod. It hits the doorframe and gets stuck. The rod bends, bends some more then whiplashes violently.

GEORGE

Fuck!

George puts the fishing rods and the box aside.

Pictures hang on the wall of a young George, posing with his fishing rod holding showing off huge fish.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

George is sitting at the table. He's just finished eating and takes a long swig of wine from his mug. He stares at a picture of a woman, in her 20s, on the top of the refrigerator.

INSERT: A PICTURE OF A WOMAN TAKEN IN THE FIFTIES

George pours the last portion of wine from the bottle into his mug.

He gets up and heads towards an old radio nearby and switches it on, and turns it louder. A neighbor hits the wall claiming about noise. George gestures towards the wall.

GEORGE

Fuck you all!

EXT. RIVERBANK - GEORGE'S SPOT - EARLY MORNING

George parks his car at the same spot as the day before. He gets out. He takes all the fishing tackle out and starts to prepare the bait carefully.

He casts the line into the river.

He takes a thermos flask from the fishing box and pours some coffee into a mug. He sits and waits taking a sip of coffee. He spits it out.

GEORGE

Oh shit! It's cold!

George puts the coffee away and gets a bottle of wine from the fishing box.

He takes a swig of the wine. He notices Don arriving in his car some yards from him. Don waves and joins Jake.

George waves back.

EXT. RIVERBANK - GEORGE'S SPOT - AFTERNOON

George is snoring. Suddenly his rod makes a noise and moves. George opens one of his eyes.

POV of George shows the rod moving again and the line stretching.

George grins. He picks up the bottle but it is empty. George throws it away. He holds the rod. He pulls it towards him and starts reeling in the line.

EXT. RIVERBANK - JAKE AND DON'S SPOT - AFTERNOON

Jake and Don are preparing to leave when they notice George has hooked something.

DON

Look Don, George hooked a
fucking fish!

JAKE

Yeah! Lucky him.

They put their fishing tackle in Don's car.

DON

(waving)
Well done, George!
Look Jake, the old man is happy,
now.

They get into the car and drive away.

EXT. RIVERBANK - GEORGE'S SPOT - AFTERNOON

George continues reeling in the line. Whatever is hooked on the line seems to be very heavy. He pulls hard. The rod bends but nothing comes up.

George decides to go down to the rocks to see what's happening.

ON THE ROCKS

Carefully, George goes down onto the rocks holding the line.

He pulls hard but nothing comes out. He goes down into the water after the line. He sees that the line is caught on the rocks.

George goes into the water until...

GEORGE

What a hell is this?

He feels along the line with both hands. He makes a great effort to pull whatever is caught on the end of the line.

GEORGE

Shit! It isn't a fucking fish...

He pulls up a TRUNK!

He puts it onto the rocks. The trunk is very old and is worn by the time.

George rests for a second. He looks around to see whether the fishermen are still out there but there's nobody around.

GEORGE

(drying the sweat from his brow)
I hooked this trunk instead of a
fish! Great shit!

He starts to pull the trunk up the bank.

EXT. RIVERBANK - GEORGE'S SPOT - LATER

Finally, George arrives at the top. A lot of water leaks from the trunk.

GEORGE

(relieved)
That's enough for today.

He puts his fishing tackle into the car. He takes the old trunk and puts it too.

He drives away.

EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

George parks his car in front of his house.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The door opens and George enters. He is holding his fishing tackle and again the rod hits the doorframe. It bends and flips back violently.

GEORGE

Fuck!

George puts the fishing tackle inside the room and walks out.

He returns to the room pulling the trunk.

The trunk leaves a trail of water on the floor. He closes the doors behind him.

He dries the sweat and mud off his face.

He walks to the kitchen and returns with a wine bottle and a mug. He serves himself and takes a great swig.

He's tired. He sits and rests staring at the trunk.

POV of George shows that the trunk continues leaking water.

He gets up and walks towards the trunk. He squats down and observes it carefully.

The water has stopped leaking.

George starts to clean the mud covering the trunk.

A big and rusty padlock locks it. He tries to break it with his hands but he doesn't succeed.

He thinks for a while and walks towards the kitchen.

Seconds later he returns with a hammer.

He gets down on his knees. He breaks the padlock in one go.

He takes the padlock off and opens the trunk.

Outside, lightning strikes. The wind howls hitting the window violently.

George goes to close it and returns to the trunk.

He stares at it for a while. His face bright happiness.

George gets up and starts to walk around. He takes a long swig of the wine from the bottle.

GEORGE

Oh, fuck! This is great! What
great fucking luck!

George returns to the trunk, takes another long swig and stares at it.

EXT. RIVERBANK - JAKE AND DON'S SPOT - MORNING

Jake and Don cast their line into the water.

DON

(polishing his ring)
Look, George didn't come
today... What could have
happened to him?

POV of Don shows that George didn't come fishing today.

JAKE

Yeah. Maybe, he's ill or...

DON

Dead?

They look at each other.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - MORNING

George is lying down near the trunk. His eyes are closed. He is snoring when...

GEORGE

(waking abruptly)

Fuck! What happened?

George looks at the trunk.

GEORGE

Oh shit! It wasn't a dream...

(gets onto his knees)

IT WAS FUCKING TRUE! I'M A RICH
MAN!

He takes all things that are inside the trunk one by one: a necklace; an Arabian knife; a gold brooch; a cameo; letters; old clothes.

He becomes emotional. A tear runs down from his eye.

GEORGE

This deserves a special drink...

George walks to an old cupboard. He takes a wine bottle, a corkscrew and a glass out. The wine is old. He blows the dust off it and opens it.

GEORGE

(serving himself)

This is a special wine for a
special occasion.

(emotional)

You're rich, George old boy!

George walks towards the picture of his wife that we have seen before. He takes it and kisses it.

GEORGE

I'm sorry, STELLA...I wish you
were here with me...anyway...

(raising the glass)

This is for you, my dear.

George drinks the wine with pride.

GEORGE (CONT.)

I'll give up...

(beat)

He looks at the bottle and serves himself again...

GEORGE (CONT.)

... this shit fishing life up.

...and drinks.

GEORGE (CONT.)

I swear.

EXT. RIVERBANK - JAKE AND DON'S SPOT - LATER AFTERNOON

Don and Jake have finished putting their things into the car.

DON

(polishing his gold ring)
I'm worried about George...Do
you think he's had a heart
attack?

Jake looks worriedly at Don.

START OF DON'S DREAM

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - DAY

George sweats a lot. He takes a swig of wine drains it down.
He is staring at a big fish. He is petrified.

He is feeling something!

He puts his hand on the left side of his chest. He is having
a heart attack.

He falls dead and spills all the wine on the floor. He makes
a last movement to touch the fish then his hand falls and
finally he is completely dead.

END OF DON'S DREAM

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. RIVERBANK - JAKE AND DON'S SPOT - AFTERNOON

DON

No...It couldn't happen...He's a
really strong guy...

JAKE

Yeah, he is.

DON

Okay, let's go...

Jake and Don leave the riverbank as the night falls.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

George is still sitting staring at the trunk.

GEORGE

I need to sell all this...But
where? Maybe they'll think I've
stolen it...

Someone knocks on the door.

GEORGE

Oh shit! Who's this?

The knocking persists. George becomes confuse for a while,
then he decides to do something quickly. He pushes the trunk
into the bedroom.

GEORGE

I'm coming!

George comes from the bedroom. He moves towards the door.

He opens it slightly. Jake and Don are standing at the door.

DON

Oh great God!
(to Jake)
He is alive. Alive! We thought
you...It doesn't matter anymore.

George looks at them confused.

DON

(touching George on the
shoulder)
He's my old friend George!

George and Jake shake hands.

DON

Can we come in George?

GEORGE

(barring their entrance)
Look, guys I have to go out
now...How about a drink
somewhere?

DON

Yeah, good idea. Let's go.

George closes the door behind him.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - LATER

George returns drunk. George staggers to the bedroom and we

go with him.

BEDROOM

George enters and sits on his bed, looking at the trunk.

GEORGE

How can I to sell this stuff? I
can't sell it all at once.
No...let me see...I have to sell
one by one. That's it! One by
one...

George gets on his knees and opens the trunk.

At that moment lightning strikes, lighting George's bedroom
through the window. It is followed by a loud clap of thunder.

A torrential rainstorm starts outside.

Suddenly, a woman appears in front of the bedroom door.

George's face shows amazement when he sees the woman. He
falls back onto the floor.

The lightning strikes again, lighting up the woman. She is in
her 30's, dressing like an eighteenth century lady. Her dress
is stained with blood.

George stares at her, astonished.

The woman walks towards him as George backs away from her.

The woman kneels beside the trunk. There is a large deep cut
on her neck. She takes an ivory cameo from the trunk.

GEORGE

Hey, what a hell are you doing
in here? That's mine!

The woman looks at him with a small smile.

THE WOMAN

No sir. It belongs to me. It was
stolen from me...I had a long
journey to get this...

George tries to get up but he hasn't got enough strength and
falls down again. He is much too drunk.

The lady gets up with the ivory cameo. She leaves the bedroom
and disappears.

George remains sitting.

GEORGE

What the hell!...

He faints.

EXT. RIVERBANK - JAKE AND DON'S SPOT - MORNING

The sun shines in a blue sky. Jake and Don are fishing at the same spot.

DON

Hey Jake, look! Old George didn't appear again. Maybe he's got a huge hangover...

JAKE

George drank too much last night.

DON

Did you believe in that trunk story?

JAKE

Of course not! That was the alcohol talking.

DON

I never saw George that way before. He was so excited... And that lady with a cut on the neck... He said there was a fortune inside the trunk.

JAKE

Don't be stupid...He is just an old, drunk fisherman telling stories. Come on, get back your fishing.

DON

Maybe you're right.

The two guys continue fishing quietly.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - DAY

George wakes up holding his head in his hands. He is dizzy.

GEORGE

What the hell happened here last night?

George goes to look inside the trunk.

GEORGE

Hey, where is the ivory cameo? Fuck! It wasn't a dream... Was the lady real...I need to sell those things quickly!

When George tries to get up he hits against a man's leg. He

falls back onto the floor.

GEORGE

Fuck this!

The man standing in front of him is in his late 20's. He is wearing the gray uniform of a confederate army officer.

GEORGE

Who are you?

THE OFFICER

I'm Lieutenant John Morisson of the third division of the confederate army.

GEORGE

Are you kidding?

THE OFFICER

No sir. I'm here to get back my wife's necklace, that's all.
(bending down and picking up the necklace)
Excuse me sir but I have to leave with it now.

GEORGE

(holding his head desperately)
It's happening again! Hey, you...

George lifts his head gets up, but the officer has gone.

GEORGE

(hitting the floor)
Fuck, fuck, fuck!

George goes to the trunk and takes out the remainder of the valuables. He takes the gold brooch and the Arabian knife. Just leaving letters and clothes.

We follow George pulling the trunk till the bathroom.

BATHROOM

George enters with the trunk.

He takes the letters and the clothes and puts them inside the bath, emptying the trunk.

He walks out of the bathroom.

Seconds later he returns with a box of matches.

He takes a letter and lights it. He throws the letter into the bathtub.

The letter and clothes burst into flames.

George stares at the fire.

Are heard a lot of horrible screams. They seem to be coming from the bathtub.

George is afraid. He goes out of the bathroom, closing the door behind him.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - LATER

George finishes getting dressed. He takes the gold brooch and the Arabian knife and wraps them in a handkerchief. He walks towards the window.

POV of George shows that the street is empty.

He leaves his house, closing the door behind him.

EXT. A STREET - DUSK

George walks along the street. The street is almost deserted. He stops in front of a jewelry shop: Goldman's
It is closed.

GEORGE

Shit! I know why it's closed!
It's Saturday.

George walks back. As he walks he notices a man standing at the end of the street. We can't identify him.

George slows down his steps. The man approaches George. He is wearing an Arabian tunic. He stops George.

THE ARABIAN

(with strong Arab accent)
Hi, George.

GEORGE

Who are you?

THE ARABIAN

You look bad George?

GEORGE

You know me?

THE ARABIAN

Yes.

GEORGE

I don't know you. Let me pass...

THE ARABIAN

I'm afraid not...

GEORGE

All right. I have to hit you to

get past?

THE ARABIAN

Calm down George! What have you got there?

GEORGE

That's none of your business.

THE ARABIAN

You've got something of mine...An old knife...

George tries to pass but the Arabian is stronger than George and grabs him.

THE ARABIAN

Let me see...

GEORGE

It is just an old...

THE ARABIAN

Arabian knife, George...
(seriously)
Give it to me.

GEORGE

Err...okay.

George unwraps the Arabian knife and hands it to the Arabian.

THE ARABIAN

(taking the knife)
It's pretty, isn't it George?

GEORGE

Yeah, it is. Okay, now, I have to go, please...

George tries to take the knife but the Arabian pushes him down.

GEORGE

Son of a bitch, are you crazy?
(advancing towards the Arabian)
Come on, give me back the knife you fucker...

THE ARABIAN

Okay, George here it is!

The Arabian gives the knife, by sticking it into George's chest.

GEORGE

You've killed me! Why did you do that, you motherfucker?

THE ARABIAN

Because, George, this knife is mine. I had a long journey looking for it...This knife had belonged to me for a long time.

George looks at the Arabian astonished.

THE ARABIAN

Sorry George, I have to go now...Oh, I forgot...As a good Arabian I like to exchange things...I like to give you something in return...

As George slowly falls down slowly wounded, the Arabian puts a gold ring on his finger.

THE ARABIAN

Have a nice day.

George is now on his knees. He looks at his finger and notices that it is a ring with a D in relief. The Arabian walks away

GEORGE

(terrified)
Oh God! It's Don's ring!

The Arabian stops and returns, suddenly he is transformed into a teenage GIRL. She is dressed like a Victorian. She bends down and takes the brooch that is still lying on the ground.

George is in his death throes.

The girl smiles at George and walks away, becoming transformed into the woman that visited him the day before. She then becomes the confederate army officer and disappears like smoke. With these visions, George finally falls down, dead.

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

A car stops at the riverbank. A MAN and a WOMAN and a little boy get out and prepare their fishing gear.

The man casts his rod into the water. He is sitting on a little stool. He opens a newspaper.

INSERT THE HEADLINE: GOLD RING LEADS TO ROW AND DEATH OF TWO FISHERMEN.

The man is reading the news as the woman prepares some sandwiches. The boy walks down to the rocks. He skims stones across the river. The boy stops excited. He hurries down close the water.

THE CHILD

Mom. Dad! Look what I've found.
Come, quick!

They hear their son calling and run towards him.

The couple gets to where the boy is standing.

POV of them shows a trunk under the water. It's George's trunk.

EXT. RIVER BANK - JAKE'S SPOT - DAY

Jake is fishing. He observes their movements.

JAKE

Are you okay? Do you need some
help?

The man waves to him, signaling that everything is OK. Jake waves back.

A fish bites.

Jake smiles and pulls it out of the water.

He tries to free the fish from the fishhook but he has some difficulty getting it free, then he takes the ARABIAN KNIFE from his belt!

FADE OUT