

The Canadian Carver

by

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FADE IN

1 INT. SCUZZY BAR - NIGHT

JOANNA creeps into a dank and scuzzy bar. She glances around the lounge and approaches a shadowy figure at a dark corner table.

JOANNA
Are you LOUIE?

LOUIE
What do you have for me?

JOANNA
There's someone I want you to kill.

JOANNA grasps a photo from her handbag and gingerly slides it face down across the table to LOUIE.

LOUIE
(predatory grin)
Have to admit, thought you'd get cold feet...

LOUIE casually picks up the photograph and studies it carefully.

LOUIE
Is this a joke? This picture is you...

JOANNA
I want it to be quick and painless. Most importantly--I don't want to see it coming.

LOUIE
Maybe you should up your meds--or call one of those help lines.

JOANNA
They say you're the best--

JOANNA slaps an envelope brimming with bills onto the bar table.

JOANNA

I'll go elsewhere if you don't have
the balls.

Louie snatches it up and greedily counts the greenbacks.

LOUIE

(amused)

I'll put my best triggerman on it.
When you come to your senses--talk
to your shrink or whatever--no
refunds. We clear?

JOANNA

Great.

JOANNA strides out of the bar--

LOUIE

This bitch is crazy--
(cackles)
--but happy to take her money.

BODYGUARD

You gonna call the Canadian
Cannibal for this one?

LOUIE

The CANADIAN CARVER--he's very
specific about his brand. I'll give
him 10-minutes...he's on a job.

2 EXT. SHADY ALLEY - NIGHT

TRISH saunters down the sidewalk of a disheveled industrial
park. She rants at her husband on her cellphone--

TRISH

Yeah Ziggy--I cheated. With Joey,
Tommy, Chet...don't even dream of
divorce--I'll take everything--
you'll have to carpool to the
country club with all your jabroni
boyfriends in a rusted out Ford
Taurus--and tip with food-stamps!

The CANADIAN CARVER glides into the street lights behind

her. She whirls around and leaps back in terror. CARVER wears a black tuxedo and predatory grin.

Her feet kick furiously as he shoves a chloroform rag over her mouth--

3 INT. CREEPY BASEMENT - NIGHT

TRISH slowly regains consciousness and groggily observes her surroundings. She's in a grime streaked basement with walls draped in plastic. Her body rests on a dissection table with her feet and hands tightly bound with ropes.

CARVER emerges out of the gloom and looms over her. She strains to see his face and is blinded by an overhead lamp--

TRISH
(groggily)
What's going on?

CARVER
Welcome back.

TRISH is fearful but defiant--

TRISH
You're kidding right?

CARVER
'Fraid not. Your hubby wanted my...assistance. He gladly paid my premium for a thorough job--

TRISH
You're sick and twisted...you get off on this don't you?

CARVER
Funny you say that. Actually, this is just a day job.
(excitedly)
My real dream is to be a life coach. Saw Tony Robbins live and wow...transformed my life.

CARVER picks up a dirty surgical tray with a scattered array of scalpels, bowie knife, and massive dildo.

CARVER grips the big dildo and TRISH's face is steel.

TRISH
(mockingly)
Wow...bet you can't even get it up.

CARVER
It's business TRISH...clients pay
trigger men more if they think
victims are--you know...

His bowie knife glints brightly as he cuts cuts her top
open.

CARVER
(contemplation)
In fact, you might call me a
feminist...guys get the same
treatment--

He gingerly lifts a scalpel and begins an incision, while
TRISH gasps in pain.

CARVER's phone jingles. He snatches it up and turns his back
to TRISH--

CARVER
This is CARVER--

LOUIE
I have another job for you...

TRISH wriggles lose of the ropes, slips behind the table and
scrambles for the basement door. CARVER pulls an UZI from
his tux coat and showers the room with booming gunfire.
TRISH is pelted with bullets and her body sprawls prone as
his magazine clicks dry.

CARVER
I don't like interruptions--it's
unprofessional for my victims.

LOUIE
Sure--don't mean to mess with your
CARVER brand.

CARVER

Can I take credit, if it's a simple shooting?

LOUIE

I'll be more considerate next time.

CARVER

Text me the contract--I need to fix this mess.

CARVER ends the call and stoops down by TRISH--

CARVER

TRISH--wish we got to know each other a little better. You seemed like a real nice girl.

CARVER rolls her body in thick plastic until she resembles a humungous Chinese spring roll.

4 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

SUPER: Three Days Earlier.

JOANNA and her husband DUB squabble angrily in a hospital waiting room.

JOANNA

This could be serious
Dub...probably caught the Korean
Cough--Kimmy-Li at work--

DUB

(patronizing)
Sweetie, Kimmy-Li is Chinese.

JOANNA

This is your fault...had to get
your sorry ass fired--now we're
stuck on hood-ratchet healthcare.

DUB

I completely understand--but calm
down--

JOANNA

Remember our deal to defer divorce?
You make money--I look gorgeous and
convince your friends you're not a
total loser.

DUB

Maybe we're both failing at our
commitments...

JOANNA

We could be with Kaiser--valet
parking, fresh ground coffee, and
scones in the lobby. Instead I'm at
the General with all the homeless
and Mexicans.

DUB

You're right--it's my fault you're
sick--on the bright side, none of
our friends will see you
like...this.

JOANNA

I hate how your face looks when you
think you're right.

DR. HUGO emerges into the waiting room wearing a stethoscope
and open lab coat.

DR. HUGO

Hi Jill.

JOANNA

JOANNA--

DR. HUGO

Right--early tests are in and...
(studies chart)
yikes--

JOANNA

What?

DR. HUGO

You should play the Super 8 this

(MORE)

DR. HUGO (cont'd)
weekend...you've hit the lotto of
lung cancer.

JOANNA
Lotto--what?

DR. HUGO
One-in-a-million with someone your
age...Is 5-packs a day your thing?

JOANNA
That's impossible--I don't smoke.

DUB
Jesus.

JOANNA
Peachy--I have a side of cancer to
go with my unemployed husband.

DUB
I'm a day trader. The 8-5 is for
chumps--I'm sticking it to the
man...being an entrepreneur.

JOANNA
Entrepreneur is another word for
unemployed.
(sweetly)
So DR. HUGO...how long to get all
this...handled?

DR. HUGO
A good start is get your affairs
handled.

JOANNA
So a few pills--then bingo, I'm
better, right?

DR. HUGO
Firstly, you'll lose weight--

JOANNA
That's great--you can never be too
skinny...

DR. HUGO
And your hair...

JOANNA
What?!

DR. HUGO
Great news...there's 20% survival
with heavy chemotherapy and
invasive surgery.

JOANNA
But...

DR. HUGO
This must be caused by radon gas--
it's pretty common in basement
foundations.

DUB
Think anyone else in the house
might be...affected?

DR. HUGO
We'll see...this'll is an exciting
case study for the residents--kudos
to you Jill--

JOANNA
Listen you quack--rhino cunt--lose
my hair and shrivel up like some
prune in a fruit dryer..I won't let
that happen!

JOANNA storms violently out of the doctors office--

DUB
It's not the cancer...she's always
like this...

DUB turns and hurries after JOANNA.

5 EXT. PARK - DAY

JOANNA and DUB stroll through a peaceful neighborhood park
and rest on a bench. They gaze at the the clouds in the deep
blue sky. JOANNA leans on DUB's shoulder and share a rare
moment of affection.

DUB

Well, that was a little rough...

JOANNA

Yeah. What happened to our marriage?

DUB

Good question...asking the wrong guy if you're looking for an answer.

DUB

We could've had a family.

JOANNA

Oh yeah?

DUB

You could be a good Mom.

JOANNA

How you think that'd go...

DUB

Great, whenever you weren't snozzled with vodka.

JOANNA

Haha...maybe you were a failed comedian in another life.

A beautiful woman in tight yoga pants walks by and DUB ogles as she passes. His leer is broken by a smack from JOANNA.

DUB

Could've been a lot of things in another life.

JOANNA

What did I ever see in you?

DUB is unimpressed, lounges on the bench and reads a book. A WOMAN stumbles on his feet and a milkshake launches onto JOANNA.

WOMAN

I'm so sorry about that.

JOANNA's shock turns to fury and she lunges forward. DUB struggles to hold her back--she wriggles to break his grasp and throttle the stranger.

JOANNA

Gonna teach you some manners!

WOMAN

Wow--you're rude.

JOANNA looks coolly at the woman with murderous eyes.

JOANNA

Careful...or your face will end up
on the back of a milk carton.

The WOMAN gasps and scurries away.

JOANNA wrenches apart from DUB and stalks off angrily.

6 INT. BUNGALOW - NEXT AFTERNOON

DUB sits by a glowing laptop in his kitchen and glowers. He cradles his troubled face in his hands--

DUB

Fuck.

His phone jangles and he picks it up. His STOCKBROKER is on the line--

DUB

Hey Jimmy, what's up.

(pause)

Just selling some stocks...

(pause)

Yeah, I'm good...wifey is still on
pussy strike...but she can't hold
off forever. I mean this is me
we're talkin' bout.

(chortles)

Yeah, we can definitely discuss my
investment account.

(pause)

What do you mean margin call?

(pause)

No, they can't freeze my account...

DUB's phone bleeps with another inbound call--

DUB

Shit...other line's buzzin'--give me a sec...

(clicks phone)

LOUIE--what's up my friend? Was just about to give you a jangle...

LOUIE (V.O.)

DUB, you're late on this week's loan payment.

DUB

Yeah--just some logistics to work out--was about to call ya...

CUT TO:

LOUIE peers through the pane glass of the apartment's patio divider. He sees DUB seated at the kitchen table--

LOUIE

I was just about to visit.

DUB

(stands)

Wonderful--except I'm not here--I mean there...

LOUIE

That's funny. Your car is parked in your usual spot.

DUB

Yeah, it broke. Just took an Uber--to the vet--had to go floss my cat.

LOUIE

So if I knock--you won't be here.

LOUIE strides towards the door and thumps loudly with his knuckles.

DUB

Nope, not there. But don't worry--
gonna paid you up real soon. Easy-
peasy--gotta go!

DUB hangs up the phone, creeps to the door and looks through the peephole. LOUIE saunters down the steps and DUB breathes a sigh of relief.

CUT TO:

LOUIE hops the railing onto the patio, glides open the glass door and tiptoes in. DUB whirls around in fright--

DUB

Hi.

LOUIE

Hello, princess.

DUB sprints for the stairs. LOUIE cuts him off grabs him by the jacket scruff, delivers multiple open hand bitch-slaps and hurls him through a pane glass window onto the patio. He drags DUB to the bathroom and doles out a classic swirly.

LOUIE

Time for a little heart-to-heart
chat.

Dub relaxes a little bit, expecting the torture to be over. He is about to say something when Louie dunks his head into the toiler again.

7 EXT. BUNGALOW - DAY LATER

LOUIE leaves the apartment, clambers into JOANNA on the sidewalk and troddles off.

JOANNA

Watch it--you trailer park troll.

CUT TO:

JOANNA strolls into the living-room. DUB is collapsed on the couch. His shirt is soaked, his face is speckled with glass cuts and an icepack rests on his forehead--

JOANNA

You look like you had a shower and bad shave...

DUB

Something like that.

JOANNA

I'll be watching TV.

8 INT. BUNGALOW - MORNING

Sunshine streams into the living-room. JOANNA clomps in and glares at DUB as he watches TV--.

JOANNA

I have yoga. Be useful today and followup with our insurance broker.

JOANNA heads briskly outside and slams the door--

DUB

Sure...

DUB mutes the TV, plucks her claim form off the coffee table and dials the AGENT--

DUB

Hey SUZY, it's Dub--yeah about the claim.

(pause)

Right, lung cancer--its very sad...

(pause)

Hey, that's what insurance is for right? It doesn't look great through...14% survival rate.

(pause)

Whah...time out--we have a lump cash policy--for the surviving spouse?

DUB hops on the coffee table and starts to boogie.

DUB

(he masks his excitement)

We'll pray it doesn't come to that--God willing. Gonna get those

(MORE)

(cont'd)
forms to you right away. Chat soon.
(drops phone)
Jackpooooot!

DUB flops onto couch with a blissful grin.

9 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

JOANNA and DUB are back at the doctors office. She fusses with her purse and he munches a carrot--

DR. HUGO
Hello Jill...

JOANNA
JOANNA.

DR. HUGO
Of course...sharpen your pencils--
the results are in...

DR. HUGO studies the clipboard notes with a furrowed brow.

JOANNA
What?

DR. HUGO
My, my...I remember now--a vanilla
case of lung cancer from radon...

JOANNA
Yeah, we know that--

DR. HUGO
Let's go over your treatment
options.

JOANNA
Sure...

DR. HUGO
Option one is to shave those
beautiful locks and start heavy
chemotherapy--

JOANNA

No--I...

JOANNA flounders for the lavatory in the adjacent room and retches loudly.

DR. HUGO

(to DUB)

We could start chemo...next week.

DUB

And the other option?

DR. HUGO

Option two is a trial remedy--

(cheerily)

they've done advanced chimp tests
in Mexico...no FDA stamp of
approval of course.

DUB

So that means JOANNA won't...
expire?

DR. HUGO

Bingo.

DUB

Sounds dangerous--

DR. HUGO

Well...1-in-1000 test patient had
issues.

DUB

Um...and blasphemous--we always let
the Lord take his course.

DR. HUGO

Ah...here's a pamphlet and samples.
Incase you...change your mind.

DUB stuffs the brochure and samples into his pocket--

DUB

We'll let you know.

JOANNA returns with an unhealthy pallor--

JOANNA

What'd I miss?

DUB

Thanks, DR. HUGO. We're late for another appointment. Bye!

DUB bustles JOANNA out and DR. HUGO wears a puzzled expression.

10 INT. BUNGALOW - DAY

JOANNA throws laundry into the washer and notices the pills and pamphlet in DUB's dirty jeans. She studies the brochure with suspicion and calls DR. HUGO for an explanation.

JOANNA

DR. HUGO...I noticed a brochure--

DR. HUGO

Oh wonderful--you changed your mind on the treatment?

JOANNA

Um...

DR. HUGO

DUB said it's against your religion...or something very admirable like that.

JOANNA

Did he.

Hurt by the thought that she must be such a bad person that even her crappy husband won't give her the chance to live, a plan begins to construct in her brain.

DR. HUGO

Well, if you've changed your mind--

JOANNA

Oh don't worry...I'll get back to you shortly.

11 EXT. PARKADE - EVENING

DUB sits in his car. A letter from the insurance company stating the money he would be eligible for sits open on the dashboard. He yammers on the phone--

DUB

That's what I said Jerry--90%
chance I'm a millionaire before
this year's out.

(pause)

Yup--catch ya later.

He is unaware that at that exact moment, Joanna is walking into a bar to meet Louie and hire the Carver to put an end to her life

He starts the car and begins to pull out of the parking spot.

DUB

(raps)

You got girl problems, I feel bad
for you son--got 99 problems but a
wife ain't one...

12 INT. BUNGALOW LIVING ROOM - EVENING

DUB glides into the bungalow, the insurance letter is in his jacket pocket. He is about to put his jacket away when he notices JOANNA.

She lounges on their sofa in exotic lingerie and candles illuminate the room--

JOANNA

Hey DUB.

DUB

Damn...you look sexy.

JOANNA

(sincerely)

I realized--I haven't taken care of
you lately...like I should...

He completely forgets about the jacket and walks towards the kitchen.

DUB
I'll grab us some drinks.

As he disappears, she catches a glimpse of the peculiar letter sticking out of his jacket. She takes it out and quickly reads it.

Her entire demeanor changes.

DUB
(from the kitchen)
You know I'm a sucker for that tight ass.

DUB re-enters and JOANNA brains him over the head with a porcelain vase. He crumbles to the floor in a messy heap.

13 INT. BUNGALOW BEDROOM - NIGHT

DUB regains his senses and realizes that he's bound to the bed-frame with fuzzy cuffs. Candles flicker in the darkened bedroom and JOANNA enters with an ominous determination.

DUB
Roleplaying is great baby--but fuck that hurt.

JOANNA throws the insurance letter onto the bedspread and straddles DUB--

JOANNA
You think I'm stupid DUB?

DUB
Let me explain--

She lifts a candle and pours scalding wax onto his exposed chest. He strains and bucks and the candle flies out of her hand into a wastebasket brimming with flammable cosmetics.

JOANNA
Don't make this harder than it needs to be--

The discarded cosmetics burst into flames and the blaze licks up the curtains beside the bed.

DUB

Oh shit...oh shit! Get the keys.

JOANNA

They weren't with the cuffs.

JOANNA beats at the flames with a towel and the fire grows larger.

DUB

You're making it bigger!

JOANNA

I'll get the extinguisher--

She roots through the other bedroom digging through boxes and clothes. Finally, she finds the extinguisher under the bathroom sink and bursts back into the bedroom. The room is engulfed in an inferno and the hall begins catching fire. JOANNA panics and leaps for the stairs dodging flames.

14 EXT. PARKADE - NIGHT

JOANNA decides it's best to leave the scene. She jumps into her vehicle, speeds out of the parkade and squeals recklessly onto the street. She frantically dials LOUIE's cellphone number as fire-sirens blare in the distance.

JOANNA

Common LOUIE you bastard--pickup!

15 EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

LOUIE creeps down the street with a bat in one hand and a phone in the other. He calls DUB---

LOUIE

DUB--send me straight to voicemail?
Almost to your place--better have
that money, plus 20 points.

His other line bleeps with JOANNA's call--

LOUIE

JOANNA--what a lovely surprise. Can
I call back? Just about to visit a
client...

JOANNA

I want you to call off the hit.

LOUIE

Having second thoughts?

JOANNA

Listen smart guy, just do it!

LOUIE

Done. But no refunds.

JOANNA

Fine, whatever--

LOUIE jaywalks onto the road directly in the path of JOANNA's speeding car. The body careens over the hood with a noisy fwap and blood turns the windshield to a gritty mess. The car tires whine and the vehicle jerks to a halt--

JOANNA peers out the door at a vague figure splayed on the asphalt. She hears the sirens and glances into the direction of her house before turning back to the body. He's clearly dead--

JOANNA

Got what you deserve--

JOANNA

(to phone)

Shit--Louie, Hello?

The sirens grow louder and JOANNA recklessly peels off into the darkness.

16 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

A few weeks later JOANNA strides down the street and laughs with her GIRL FRIEND.

GIRL FRIEND

So how are you handling everything?

JOANNA

Great! His life insurance came through and I gave my notice at work.

GIRL FRIEND

Damn and a new ride...

JOANNA gives the hood of her new sports car a loving caress--

JOANNA

You know how it is. Gotta get back into the dating game...named her Lisa.

GIRL FRIEND

It's only been 3-weeks--

JOANNA

I'm sure that DUB would understand. Gotta go sweetie--have a hot Tinder date tonight.

The two friends embrace and JOANNA hops in her new ride. She speeds off and her GIRL FRIEND looks on with envy.

17 EXT. PARK - NIGHT

JOANNA and her DATE admire the shimmering city lights on a secluded cliff. The night is peaceful and a gentle breeze ruffles her hair. The date has his back to the camera and wears a black tux.

JOANNA

Wow, this is beautiful. You must take all your dates here.

DATE

You're the first.

JOANNA

And you're classy--where have you hiding all this time?

DATE

Closer than you think.

JOANNA

I think we should celebrate tonight. Let's go back to my place for a drink.

DATE

Lead the way.

JOANNA walks towards the car and the audience reveal shows her DATE is CARVER. He swoops in from behind and her yells are muffled by a chloroform rag.

CARVER gently places her limp body into the drivers seat and caresses her hair. He hefts a crate of molotov cocktails onto the passenger seat. His lighter blazes to life and he ignites one of the deadly drinks.

CARVER leans cinderblock on the car accelerator and shifts the gear into drive.

JOANNA speeds down the hillside in her steely coffin. The sports car bursts into flames and is consumed by a blazing inferno.

The CARVER whistles a cheerful tune and disappears into the darkness.

END