

CARNE

Written by

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"Pilot"

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Fluorescent light illuminates a sheet of brown butcher's paper, neatly framed by the brushed steel surface on which it lays.

The sound of latex snapping against skin.

A SLAB OF RED MEAT, held by careful gloved hands, enters the frame. It's turned over for inspection, then dropped onto the paper with a plop.

One hand pulls tight the glove of the other when -

THUMP. Distant but audible. The hands freeze. For a long moment, then -

Silence.

Hastily, the paper is folded over the meat. Taped.

INT. HALLWAY.

The sound of quick feet echo, growing louder, as we peer down a long and empty hallway of white sterility, save for the red exit sign and steel double doors at the end.

EXT. ASPHALT PARKING LOT. DAY.

CLICK-WHOOSH. Two steel doors swing open and the nervously cadenced legs hurry past us.

IGLOO COOLER ON PASSENGER SEAT

Opened. Fresh ice. The package is tossed in. Cooler shut.

THE GRILL OF A WHITE CHEVY VAN

SHAKES as the engine ROARS to life, along with some SOUTHERN GOTHIC ROCK MUSIC.

VARIOUS SHOTS. STREETS OF NEW ORLEANS. DAY.

The van has some sort of permitted license plate, which you may or may not notice, as it drives through the diverse and colorful neighborhoods that are Nola.

It pulls into an empty parking lot, in a seemingly empty industrial district. Empty, aside from a murdered-out Cadillac coupe in the corner, which it parks next to.

THE DRIVER (whose face we will never see) walks around the back of the van, package in hand, and up to the driver-side door of the Cadillac.

The tinted window lowers to reveal LEVI CHEVAL (30's), ethnically hard to place: maybe Slavic, maybe Mediterranean, maybe Semitic.

Less hard to place is his megalomania. His slouched posture, too-easy grin, and manicured 5 o'clock shadow suggest 'prick', before he even speaks.

LEVI
Guess how many times I jacked off today.

DRIVER (O.S.)
What?

LEVI
Guess.

DRIVER (O.S.)
I don't know man. One.

Levi's peers over the top of his sunglasses.

LEVI
How'd you know that.

DRIVER (O.S.)
I didn't. I really need to get back to work.

LEVI
Fiiine. Whadya' got.

DRIVER (O.S.)
Just flanks and tenderloin.

LEVI
No ribs?

DRIVER (O.S.)
Too skinny. You would've passed.

LEVI
We've gone over this. Allow me to pass.

DRIVER (O.S.)
Okay. You would've passed though.

Levi rolls his eyes then leans down to pop the trunk.

The package is dropped onto fresh ice, in an identical cooler. It snaps shut. The trunk is slammed shut.

The driver walks back to Levi, holding a thick envelope, wearing that shit-eating grin. The Driver takes it.

DRIVER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Thanks.

LEVI

No. Thank you.

(beat)

How is *he*?

DRIVER (O.S.)

Same as always.

Levi loses his smile and nods.

DRIVER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

So, I'll see ya later?

Levi's smile returns.

LEVI

Yes you will.

The driver walks away revealing the magnetic decal on the van, which reads, '**CHEVAL FUNERAL HOME.**'

Levi's gaze is fixed on the decal.

The tinted window motors up to conceal Levi with blackness.

MATCH CUT TO:

BLACK BACKGROUND

In slow-motion, a glimmering BUTCHER'S CLEAVER rises into frame, stalls, then swings back down into -

A raw slab of meat on a butcher's block.

BLACK CHEF'S COAT

A light mist sprays up. We see that the mist is red, as it hovers over the white embroidery on the chest - LEVI CHEVAL. CHEF DE CUISINE.

END TEASER