

CANADIAN GATORS

A Canadian couple hopes to rekindle their flame with some long-overdue bonding time, but their cozy retreat in the woods gets interrupted by an unexpected guest.

FADE IN:

INT. COZY CABIN - DAY

GORDON and NADINE (mid-40s, pleasant, progressive-looking Canadians) sit side by side, glassy-eyed, blood-soaked, underneath emergency blankets. Red and blue lights strobe across their faces in slow motion.

OFFICER GILES (O.S.)
Anybody in there? Hey, Gordon!

We see OFFICER GILES (30, baby-faced police detective) snap his fingers in front of Gordon and Nadine. Gordon comes to.

OFFICER GILES (CONT'D)
There you are. Can you tell me what
in the actual heck happened here?

Gordon cranks his bruised neck to survey the cabin. Early morning wind blows through a completely shattered floor-to-ceiling window. Bloody kitchen cutlery is scattered on the dining room table. Furniture is upside down and torn to shreds.

GORDON
Our therapist sent us on a couples
retreat.

INT. COZY CABIN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

An AirBnB HOST (30s, well-to-do) gives Gordon and Nadine a tour.

HOST
Here's our open-concept kitchen.
Peep the remodeled cabinetry, made
of local Cedar. Oh! And these.
Bought these knives off ETSY.
Apparently, they're the "sharpest
in the world." Cute, right?

HOURS LATER

Gordon and Nadine sit cross-legged just a few feet from each other on the living room floor. They're trying their hardest to "lovingly" stare into each other's eyes.

NADINE
I-what's the appropriate word?

GORDON
Let it come to you.

Hate this? NADINE

Gordon's "earnest" gaze shifts to a disappointed slump.

NADINE (CONT'D)
Be real. You hate it, too.

GORDON
(conceding)
No, I hate it.

NADINE
Don't you wish we could organically
come up with something to bond over
instead of Dr. Jacobsen telling us
to soul gaze for 20 minutes a day?

Gordon scoots over to a packed duffel nearby.

NADINE (CONT'D)
Why are we doing these contrived
activities when we're trying to be
more honest? Where are you going?

Gordon whips out a little red edible and squishes it between his fingers a few times to entice Nadine.

NADINE (CONT'D)
No! I don't wanna get high right
now. See, that's our problem. We
distract ourselves and never work
through-

CUT TO:

INT. COZY CABIN - DAY (PRESENT)

We see Nadine's dilated pupils.

GORDON (O.S.)
She ended up getting off her high
horse.

OFFICER GILES
Only to mount another, higher
horse?

NADINE
Yeah...Pretty much.

OFFICER GILES
Interesting. So what happened next?

INT. COZY CABIN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A freshly-stoned Gordon and Nadine gawk at the gorgeous Aurora Borealis night through the floor-to-ceiling window.

GORDON
Beautiful.

NADINE
It is. I'd much rather soul-gaze
with the sky, eh?

Gordon plays up a fake-hurt look, then giggles an incredibly contagious giggle. Nadine can't help it. She starts laughing as they inch ever so slowly toward each other. Their noses touch, their eyelashes kiss, and before their mouths meet, a bellowing growl coming from the outside ruins the moment.

NADINE (CONT'D)
(suddenly paranoid)
What was that?

Silence.

GORDON
Probably just a moose, babe. Where
were we?

CRASH! A dark green, reptilian blur blasts through the window. Glass shatters all over Gordon and Nadine.

GORDON (CONT'D)
OH MY GOD OH MY GOD!

Nadine lets out a blood-curdling scream as a 15-foot ALLIGATOR climbs up the leather couch and viciously snaps down on a pillow, shooting feathers everywhere.

INT. COZY CABIN - DAY (PRESENT)

Officer Giles is gobsmacked by their tale. Nadine sips water, looking at Giles like, "*Insane, right?*"

OFFICER GILES
Shoot! We're in Banff. Hell, we're
in Canada! There are no alligators.

GORDON
Apparently there are.

INT. COZY CABIN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Gordon has the Alligator in an MMA-style headlock.

GORDON
LET'S EFFING GO!

INT. COZY CABIN, CRIME SCENE - DAY (PRESENT)

OFFICER GILES
Well that didn't happen!

GORDON
No, yeah, that didn't happen.

INT. COZY CABIN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Gordon and Nadine rush into the dining room, screaming. The Alligator jumps off the couch, runs through a loveseat like a sledgehammer, and meets Gordon and Nadine head on. It snarls and methodically backs them into a kitchen corner.

NADINE
(hysterically crying)
Gordon, it's gonna eat us. The fish
dinosaur is gonna eat us. Gordon?

Gordon, also crying, brandishes the ETSY knife from the knife block on the countertop and waves it at the beast.

NADINE (CONT'D)
Wait, Gordon! Don't KILL IT!

GORDON
WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST I DO?

NADINE
NOTHING THAT WOULD GET US KICKED
OUT OF OUR PETA FACEBOOK GROUP, YOU
IDIOT!

GORDON
REALLY? I'm willing to hang up my
progressive leanings when DEATH is
on the line!!

The Alligator has had enough of their marital spat and bolts to Gordon, whose courage is dwindling. It gallops full speed toward his legs, opening wide. In the very last possible second, Gordon jukes the gator. CHOMP! It misses, but quickly parries, barreling Gordon into the cedar cabinetry.

The ETSY knife slides to Nadine's feet and the Gator places all of its weight upon Gordon's chest. Nadine cowers.

GORDON (CONT'D)
(labored breathing)
Nadine...get it off.

Gordon attempts to push its snout as far away from his face as possible, but the Alligator overpowers his meager hands and swipes at his chest. Gordon reels in agony.

Right as the Alligator goes in for its death bite, its body suddenly leans even more on Gordon.

NADINE (O.S.)
AHHHHHHHHHHH!

The knife blade pierces deep into the Alligator's skull, opening a flow of brain matter and blood that spews onto Gordon face and shoots up like a geyser onto Nadine's shirt.

From just beyond the shattered window, a POSTMATES GUY (17, scrawny) delivering Tim Horton's, watches the scene in horror as Nadine mounts the Alligator and goes nuclear, slicing the knife in and out, over and over. Postmates guy drops the food and fumbles around for his phone to dial 9-1-1.

NADINE (CONT'D)
DIE! YOU! DEEP! SEA! MON! STER!
DIE! DIE! DIE!

INT. COZY CABIN - DAY (PRESENT)

OFFICER GILES
Sorry, I just got to rewind a tad.
We are all talking about an
alligator, right?

NADINE
Until tonight, I thought alligators
were mythological. Like unicorns or
narwhals.

GORDON
Nadine's never been to a zoo.

OFFICER GILES
(taking notes)
Ah, that explains the
scientifically-incorrect names you
were giving the alleged-alligator.
Thank you. So where is it?
Shouldn't it be in the kitchen?

NADINE
(Floridian accent)
We cut'm and gut'm.

OFFICER GILES
You what?

GORDON
We butchered it. Properly.

NADINE
We cut'm and gut'm.

GORDON
Right. We supposed animal control
wouldn't know what to do and would
discard it. We don't eat meat—

NADINE
—We cut'm and gut'm—

GORDON
—But Nadine and I feel strongly
about sustainable living—

NADINE
So we cut'm and gut'm.

GORDON
Yes. With the help of an expert.

INT. COZY CABIN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Still wiping guts off their face, Gordon and Nadine's eyes are glued to a shot-on-iPhone style YouTube tutorial on Gordon's smartphone. A FLORIDA MAN (early 20s, trucker hat, white beater) gestures to a motionless alligator that's hanging from his garage ceiling.

VIDEO TITLE: "HOW TO BUTCHER GATOR FLORIDA STLYE WITH DOMESTIC CUTLERY 100% IDIOT PROOF"

FLORIDA MAN
Now that you've skinned and hung
your gator, you're probably
thinking, "where do I cut'm and
gut'm first?"

We see Gordon and Nadine's Alligator hanging from the dining room ceiling fan, freshly skinned. The fan's mounting sags.

NADINE
I was thinking that.

FLORIDA MAN

I have a DIY technique for all y'all who exercised your stand-your-ground rights and killed the gator that unlawfully entered your home. Look at that tail. Inside you'll find the "Jelly Roll." The filet mignon of the gator. To carve it, you're gonna go at it with your sharpest domestic knife once again. Like I said, it could be a chef-looking knife or a katana. Whatever you got laying around works. Remember, this is 100% idiot-proof.

Gordon hands Nadine the phone and steps up onto the dining room table to get close to the Alligator with their ETSY knife. Florida Man drones in the background.

NADINE

He's saying you need to insert the knife right on the backbone, where the "rump meets the tail."

GORDON

I'm nervous.

NADINE

You got this. Just start slicing, staying close to backbone all the way down to the tip.

Gordon exhales and starts to slice.

NADINE (CONT'D)

Babe?! You look amazing right now. You don't look like an idiot at all.

Gordon is taken aback by her kind words and stops cutting. He gives Nadine a look as tender as the gator meat.

GORDON

Thanks for saving my life.

NADINE

You're welcome.

GORDON

This feels pretty organic.

Gordon and Nadine are now soul-gazing, but for real.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. COZY CABIN - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Gordon and Nadine soul-gaze for an uncomfortable length of time in front of Officer Giles.

OFFICER GILES

This is nice, and I really don't want to interrupt, but can I see the cutlets? Just so I can finish up the report.

Gordon, Nadine, and Giles walk out of the living room past a few other cops and forensic analysts toward the refrigerator. Nadine opens up the fridge and freezer doors to reveal artisanally-wrapped cutlets. A warm light glows from the fridge and rests on their faces.

Officer Giles' phone rings. Caller ID reads: MOUNTIES. He picks up and puts it on speaker.

OFFICER GILES (CONT'D)

Officer Giles here.

SPEAKER PHONE

Hello, Officer Giles. Sorry to bother you early in the morning, but last night a John Doe snuck into the Calgary Zoo, at 10:44 pm, and stole two American alligators from the reptile exhibit. He put them in his sprinter van and then let them loose near Banff. We're still pursuing the John Doe, but just wanted to alert you in case any calls or reports come through regarding a Canadian alligator. Rest assured. The alligators are not Canadian, but indeed American.

OFFICER GILES

Did you say two alligators?

SPEAKER PHONE

Yes.

Giles looks to Gordon and Nadine, knives at the ready.

SPEAKER PHONE (CONT'D)

Giles?

FADE OUT.