

PUSHER

by

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INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

A bloody hand print on a dirty as shit wall.

We follow a trail of them toward the sound of what can only be someone in torment. Brutal fucking torment.

What gives that away:

MOANS. A BODY SLAMMING AGAINST SHIT. A SCREAM THAT IS CUT SHORT. AND THE PLEAS FOR IT ALL TO END.

Still following the trail of bloody hand prints:

MAN IN PAIN (O.S.)
Please. Stop. I'm sorry. Please.

PUSHER (V.O.)
*There's nothing like a man begging
for his own life. To hold the power
of life and death in your hands.
Makes you feel like... God.*

We reach the bleeding MAN IN PAIN, crawling on his hands and knees. His face is fucked up. Twisted and grotesque.

His front teeth are knocked out. Blood pours from his mouth. One eye is swollen shut. Puffy as if from a bee sting.

A golf club SLAMS into his back. Man In Pain crumbles to the ground. Bloody tears roll down the sides of his cheeks.

MAN IN PAIN
Please. I'll change. Just... stop!

We pan up to the man swinging. In mid swing, we FREEZE FRAME:

PUSHER (V.O.)
That's me. And I'm not a nice guy.

He is: PUSHER, Italian, 30's, blue collar, rough around the edges. Definitely... definitely not a man whom you fuck with.

BACK TO SCENE.

PUSHER (V.O.)
*But this fucking guy... he murders
hookers because of his limp dick.
Tortures them. I may be an asshole,
but I sure as hell ain't that kind
of asshole. Even with daddy issues.*

He stops swinging. Throws the golf club. It BANGS against the wall of bloody hand prints. ECHOES in the vacant room.

The man looks up as Pusher takes a gun from his waist. Aims.

MAN IN PAIN

Please...

and... BOOM!

Gunshot to the head and it's all over for this dude.

He looks over to his right. On an ugly puke-green sofa sits a box of hefty bags and a saw. The kind of saw that cuts people into little bitty hefty bag size pieces.

PUSHER (V.O.)

*If there's an easier way to dispose
of a body, please share.*

EXT. FOREST - WILDLIFE RESERVE - NIGHT

An old 70's LANDROVER four wheels between the trees.

Hefty bags lie in the back. An arm slips out of one and slides around, leaving streaks of blood.

Pusher pulls over and opens the back. Looks at the bloody mess the arm left. Throws it back into the bag.

PUSHER

Fuck you.

He grabs the Hefties and throws them onto the forest floor.

A sudden ROAR.

Pusher looks over and a TIGER stands a hundred feet from him on the other side of a thick fence. Her little CUBS play beside her.

PUSHER

There you are. Brought you dinner.

He throws the bags over the fence one by one. The tigers rip into them immediately.

PUSHER (V.O.)

*I used to take out the garbage. No
pun intended. So much so that they
nicknamed me the Garbage Collector.*

INT. AN ALLEY - NIGHT

Pusher pushes a MAN against a wall with obscene graffiti.

PUSHER

This is for Tony. He loves you, but
you shouldn't have fucked his girl.
Or stolen all his fucking money.

Pusher takes out a blade and sticks it in his belly. Twists.

PUSHER

You're his brother, so he said to
make it quick and easy. But I ain't
no Betty Crocker.

The Man grimaces from the pain, dying slow.

PUSHER (V.O.)

*I got paid... and paid well, to
take out other people's garbage.
And I was good at my job. The best.
When you saw me coming...*

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A different MAN runs through a kitchen, through CHEFS,
turning over pots and pans cooking steaming hot food.

Pusher chases him.

PUSHER (V.O.)

*...you knew to run. Except I always
caught up to you eventually.*

Pusher breaks off to the left. He runs right beside the Man,
separated by metal grate shelves, which hold plates, pots,
pans, and various other cookware.

Pusher rams into the shelf with all his strength. The Shelf
topples over, CRASHING over the Man, trapping him beneath.

A silencer equipped pistol comes out of Pusher's jacket. A
quick PFT PFT to the guys chest.

Pusher waits for blank eyes to stare up at him from under the
grate... One final blink. And one final PFT for good measure.

Satisfied, Pusher walks past the HEAD CHEF, mouth dropped.

PUSHER

Take care of that for me, will ya

Pusher leaves out the back door, swallowed by sunshine.

PUSHER (V.O.)

But that's only part of what I do.