

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - DAY

JOHNNY OVERALL, 25, stands under a big blue sky and scans the store parking lot with squinted eyes. Johnny sports a uniform polo, khaki shorts, and sensible sneakers.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

I've been on the outside for three years. I'm a master of my trade. I'm a pusher. I can maneuver a rig of 30 through a Saturday morning crowd like a jockey weaving through the field of the Melbourne cup.

Johnny spots his prey, a rogue shopping cart that sits in a green pasture adjacent the parking lot. He approaches the disobedient cart and manhandles it back into submission. As he drops the cart off at the corral he spots CRYSTAL, 22. Johnny's face is hijacked by a smile only reserved for the hopelessly smitten. Crystal wears a uniform top, black skirt with fishnets and combat boots. She takes a good hearty drag on a cigarette. She holds a paper coffee cup with a pink wad of bubblegum atop the lid like a cherry on a sundae.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

Her name is Crystal, or at least that's what it says on her name tag. She works on the inside. She's a checkout girl.

As tendrils of smoke escape from Crystal's mouth she wipes her nose with her sleeve. Johnny attempts to breathe in Crystal's exhaust like he's stealing a kiss she's just blown him.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

God she's beautiful.

Unbeknownst to Johnny, another pusher, WAYNE, has encroached upon this private moment. Wayne, 20, is a greasy bad boy type. He looks Crystal up and down causing blood to rise to Johnny's face. Frozen in time, Johnny and Wayne stare each other down.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

Wayne Reed...he's only been pushing for six months but he already thinks he owns the place. I've seen him looking at her.

Wayne breaks from the eternal stare as his eyes shift to a lone cart. Wayne sprints for the cart and it's clear it's on. He has challenged Johnny to a duel of sorts. Both parties demonstrate their prowess collecting cart after

cart. Wayne smashes into Johnny's carts and steals a few. In the end, Wayne smugly pulls up to the corral where Johnny waits and admires the length of his carts. It is revealed that Johnny has won the push-off. Wayne storms off.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

I can round em up faster than any  
other pusher on my beat. It's all in  
the wrists, the back, and the mind.

Johnny musters the courage to approach Crystal. He takes a moment to straighten his shirt and groom his hair. When Johnny looks back up an ample moustached MANAGER has intercepted. The manager takes a drag off Crystal's lipstick stained cigarette, his lips intimately touching the red lips on the filter. They disappear into the building holding hands. Disappointed, Johnny shoves the carts toward the coral.

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - DUSK

Johnny stands with his hands on his hips as he admires the beauty of an empty parking lot. Not a cart in sight. A tumbleweed like shopping bag blows past Johnny's sneakers.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

The only reason I haven't been  
promoted is because I'm too good at  
my job. I'm just a pusher, a  
drifter, a man without fear. In this  
world you can push or be pushed. I  
choose to push.

CUT TO BLACK