

FADE IN:

EXT. TOM RILEY'S CURB MORNING

A tall thin man, TOM RILEY (72) sports short spiked gray hair and a physique like Jacque La Lane.

He sprints down his driveway in his bath robe wheeling his overflowing trashcan toward the curb.

Just as he wheels up to the curb, the trash truck blazes right past him.

PEDRO SANCHEZ (33) is a heavy set Mexican man with jet black hair. His arm swims in tattoos. As he speeds past Tom, Pedro flashes a snide "shit eating" smile.

TOM  
(to self)  
That son of a bitch.

That was the last straw. He dashes toward the moving truck with hell bent rage plastered across his face.

EXT. NEXT DOOR NEIGHBORS CURB - CONTINUED

Pedro empties trash cans and laughs as Tom approaches.

The two are now face to face. Tom drills his finger into Pedro's chest.

TOM  
Hey you shit for brains immigrant  
didn't you see me running to the curb  
with my trashcan?

Pedro ignores him - keeps working.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I talking to you! Do you speak any  
English? Se habla English?

As if Tom doesn't exist. Pedro finishes with the can, then heads toward his truck.

Tom holds out his foot and trips him. Pedro stumbles and crashes head first into the ground.

PEDRO  
(getting up)  
Man. What's your deal? You never have  
your can at the curb when I come by.  
Maybe next week Holmes.

Tom squints like Dirty Hairy - stands toe to toe with Pedro. Pokes his demanding finger back toward his house.

TOM

I want you to take your brown ass back to my house and pick up my trash RIGHT NOW!!!

Pedro snickers at Tom, slides behind the steering wheel.

PEDRO

Man you're loco. You need a vacation or something.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUED

Tom darts in front of the truck and holds up his middle finger.

TOM

I'm not kidding fucker. Go pick up my trash.

(screams)  
NOW!!!

PEDRO

Get outta my way or I'll flatten you like a corn tortilla.

TOM

I won't move until you put it in reverse and pick up my trash.

Tom holds up the second middle finger, pushes them up and down like a piston.

PEDRO

Man, this tub of trash don't go in reverse. I can only go forward. Now get out of my way.

Tom puts his middle fingers away - turns and looks up the street at rows of trashcans. One house in the distance misses a can.

TOM

Make you a deal Poncho. That house up the street without a can...

(moves to the sidewalk)  
If I beat you to that house with my can will you empty it then?

PEDRO

You are crazy old man. You'll have a heart attack. How old are you anyway?

Dismisses his statement with a wave off.

TOM

Old enough to kick your ass if you don't agree to our bet.

PEDRO

Ahh you look older than Homer Simpson's dad. You'll have heat stroke. Go on home and take a chill pill.

TOM

Either race me or step outta your truck and let me kick your mexican ass. Your choiceÖ you got to the count of three to decide.

(counts with fingers)

ONEÖ TWOÖ

PEDRO

Okay okayÖ On three we'll do thisÖ Three!

Pedro slams the gas peddle to the floor, lurching forward.

Tom races back to his house, grabs his trashcan, and sprints toward the blue house. His velvet robe waves in the wind. At the right angle you might see a swinging particle of pink flesh.

EXT. NEXT NEIGHBORS CURB - CONTINUED

Pedro moves with lightning speed emptying a trash can.

Tom rushes past him wheeling his trashcan up the street. He pulls out an empty JACK DANIELS bottle - clubs Pedro as he lopez past.

PEDRO

Hey man! That's gonna leave a mark. Damn it Holmes.

TOM

Good!

Laughs and sprints toward his target.

INT. TRASH TRUCK - CONTINUED

Determined and pissed, Pedro slams the truck into gear massages his head.

PEDRO

Fucker.

Grabs his clipboard - Wheels the trash truck up on the curb and smacks Tom in the back of the head with the clipboard.

Tom falls.

PEDRO (CONT'D)  
How's that feel grandpa?

Screeches to a stop.

EXT. FRONT YARD CONTINUED

TOM  
(getting up)  
You little brown son of a bitch.

Both jump into boxing stances.

Neighbors begin to gather.

PEDRO  
Come here gramps.

TOM  
After I kick your ass I'm gonna empty  
my trashcan one piece at a time into  
your mouth poncho.

PEDRO  
Yeah!

TOM  
Yeah!

PEDRO  
Bring it on pindehoe!

Tom lunges at Pedro. Pedro ducks. Tom throws a punch into a cactus bush.

Pedro laughs while Tom nurses his hand and riles in pain.

Pulls needles out of his fist.

PEDRO (CONT'D)  
Feel good.

TOM  
Alright alright. Enough. Next week you  
pick up my can okay?

PEDRO  
Next week you have it waiting.

Both walk toward the truck.

Near the curb Tom wraps Pedro in a headlock and tumbles him to the ground.

Stuffs garbage into Pedro's mouth. He spits to get it out.

TOM

How's that feel? Feel good! Here  
swallow this you little worthless  
bitch. Swallow it! Um tasty. How bout  
some coffee grounds?

Pedro gags as Tom stuffs used coffee grounds into Pedro's already overflowing mouth.

Neighbors have formed a complete circle around the two.

TOM (CONT'D)

Bet you won't miss my house next week  
will you. Will you!

PEDRO

(strained spitting)  
Shit! Your service is cut off you crazy  
old fuck.

Pedro crawls toward his truck.

Tom kicks him several times in the gut.

Searches for a sharp object in the trash. A retrieves a jagged soup can lid.

Pushes Pedro's head into the dirt; pulls his arms behind him by the thumbs.

Now the neighbors scatter.

TOM

Maybe you're just stupid! So, I'll say  
it again, slower just for you.  
(slow on each word)  
Are you going to miss my house next  
week? Hmm.

PEDRO

Maybe.

Slices across Pedro's thumbs with the soup can lid. He is released from Tom's grip without two thumbs. The thumbs are in Tom's hand.

TOM

Hey pindehoe, seems I'm all thumbs  
today.

Pedro wiggles on the ground in severe pain holding his thumbless hands.

Tom selects an empty Corona bottle from the trash. He cracks it on the ground, breaking it into a jagged weapon.

EXT. TRASH TRUCK CONTINUED

Tom pushes a lever. The front barrel moves up. Pedro's head and thumbless hands hang out of the barrel. There is no movement. The barrel goes up and over, then dumps into the trash compactor.

A second lever is pushed and the compactor begins to move.

SPX Crunching and Sqwishing.

TOM  
(screaming to  
neighbors)  
Now that's taking out the trash.

INT. CUSTOMER SERVICE COUNTER - TRASH COMPANY - LATER

Tom walks to the counter wearing a long leather coat, a strap loaded with shotgun shells, aviator sun glasses, and smoking a fat cigar. His hand is wrapped in a white bandage.

A hot anorexic blonde, SUE PRESTON (24) stands behind the counter.

Looks Tom up and down and not sure what to think or do with him.

SUE  
MayÖ May I help you sir?

Takes a drag on the cigar and blows smoke in Sue's face. She brushes it away. He scoots the glass off of his face.

TOM  
Well I would fucking hope so. I'd like  
to make a complaint.

SUE  
OkayÖ andÖ and what is your complaint?

TOM  
Not what! Who!  
(thinking)  
And what I guess.

Sue coughs from the smoke and waves it out of her face.

SUE

Who did you have issues with sir? Oh yeah... what was your name?

TOM

Fuck my name! My complaint is Poncho. That fucker never picks up my trash can.

SUE

Poncho? I'm sorry sir

Displays a sawed off shot gun from under his coat - cocks it with one hand.

Sue jumps back whimpering and crying.

TOM

I don't want to hear another word outta you. Not even a fucking whisper. Got it!

SUE

Got it.

TOM

What?! I said not a word! You lose.

BAM! Gunshot rips Sue in half like a dry twig. She lies in a bloody heap.

Tom kicks her aside like trash and storms into the back office.

INT. BACK OFFICE - TRASH COMPANY - CONTINUED

Employees scamper for cover under desks, behind file cabinets, and green yard waste bins.

Tom cocks his shotgun.

TOM

Who's in charge here?

A tall, well groomed man, VINNY GARDINI (34) steps out of a side office in his designer suit with carnation in lapel.

VINNY

My name is Vinny. Vinny Gardini. And who might you be?

TOM

Fuck you Guido. My name is not important.

VINNY

Sir, where are your manners. I gave you my name you could at least do me the same courtesy and give me your name.

TOM

Tom.

Silently, other designer suits scamper into place with guns drawn. Tom notices out of the corner of his eye.

VINNY

Tom. You hurt Sue? Why did you do dat? She was a nice lady.

TOM

Hey! Shitty slicker I'll ask the questions.

Tom pops off a shot at a suit scampering behind a post.

VINNY

Do you mind if I axe you one question?

TOM

Make it snappy. As you can see I'm kinda trigger happy right now.

MARCO (24) dressed to the nines sneaks up behind Tom andÖ WHACK!

Tom's eyes roll up in his head. He drops like the flag at the beginning of a NASCAR race to the floor. He's out for the count.

VINNY

Tom you picked the wrong trash company to fuck with.

MARCO

Boss, you want I should take him out and dispose of him.

VINNY

No. Sue would want for us to torture him first.

MARCO

Yeah. Like step on his neck until he turns into a smurf.

VINNY

You mean turns blue like a smurf?

MARCO

Dats what I said.



VINNY

You're a simpleton. Maybe use should  
not talk.

Marco quick draws a silver colt 45 from his vest holster.

BAM! BAM! BAM BAM!!

Vinny dances to avoid flying bullets. He pats at his body hoping  
not to find holes.

MARCO

Maybe use should not provoke me  
Vincent.

VINNY

Fuck me! You're insane or dangerous.

MARCO

I'm dangerous.

Vinny takes a moment to gather himself. He runs a comb through  
his ruffled hair and slicks it back to perfection.

VINNY

Drag that fucker into the office.

Tom is dragged by the feet across the floor.

INT. VINNYS OFFICE MOMENTS LATER

Tom sits up prone and groggy in a simple wooden school chair.  
He is wrapped up in rope, like a mummy, to keep him still. Marco  
finishes the last knot and slaps Tom squarely across his  
contorted face.

Vinny reclines in his plush office chair.

VINNY

Tom is it?

TOM

Who wants to know?

A nod from Vinny and Marco slaps Tom again in the face.

VINNY

Tom, as you can see the feet are on the  
other shoe.

MARCO

(whispering)

Shoes are on the other foot.

Vinny smiles. Opens a desk drawer and motions for Marco to reach into the drawer and get something. Marco sticks his hand into the drawer.

WHAM! Vinny slams the drawer on Marco's hand.

VINNY

Don't use be telling me which shoes are on which feet.

MARCO

Oh shit! I think you broke it.

TOM

If you two imbeciles are done, I'd like to move on with my day.

VINNY

Tom, nobody walks into my business and starts shooting it up. If anybody is going to be shooting people in this building it will be me.

MARCO

Yeah!

He slaps Tom with his bad hand and screams out in pain.

Vinny pulls out a small derringer from his desk and shoots Marco right between the eyes.

VINNY

Dat bastard was annoying and dangerous.

Vinny paces around the room, stepping over the dead body that is leaking blood onto the wooden floors.

VINNY (CONT'D)

Tom, why are you here? What is it you want from the trash company?

TOM

It simple. I want you morons to pick up my trash every Friday without fail.

VINNY

Let me get this straight. You are here shooting and killing because you want your trash picked up every Friday?

TOM

Yes.

VINNY  
Why didn't use just call me?

TOM  
(sarcastic)  
I threw away the number.

VINNY  
How should I dispose of your complaint?

TOM  
It's easy Einstein. PICK UP MY TRASH  
EVERY FRIDAY!

Vinny paces in thought then dials the phone.

EXT. LOADING DOCK - TRASH COMPANY - MOMENTS LATER

Vinny brushes the wrinkles out of his designer suit jacket and straightens his carnation.

Tom has been placed into a large green trash can with wheels. Silver duct tape has been excessively wrapped around his mouth. He tries screaming and only muffled sounds are heard.

VINNY  
(to Tom)  
Weez are a respectable company and  
don't like complaints.

A monster sized goon in trash company coveralls appears. This is VITO GARDINI (36). His arms seem to drag past his knees and every inch of his coveralls bulge with muscles. In his hand is a large rubber hose and syringe.

VINNY (CONT'D)  
Tom, I want you to meet my brother Vito.  
Vito is a medical school drop out. I  
guess he just didn't have the smarts  
for the medical field. But my brother  
Vito is very good at one thing. He is  
an excellent exterminator.

Vito giggles like a child with a retarded condition.

VITO  
Vin, you want I should stick him now?

VINNY  
Vito where are your manners. Shake  
hands with Tom first. Then you can  
stick him.

Vito wrestles to get Tom's arm free and shakes it. The hand shake turns into a visual for a vein.

He secures the large medical rubber hose around Tom's bicep.

Tom tries to wiggle away and scream. It's no use.

VINNY (CONT'D)

Tom, I want you to know I am a man of my word. Vito and I are going to make sure your trash is picked up on time every Friday.

(to Vito)

Do we still have time for a trash pick up today?

Vito giggles and nods yes.

VITO

Now Vinny?

VINNY

Now Vito.

A syringe is poked into Tom's exposed vein.

VINNY (CONT'D)

That is a powerful drug Vito lifted from medical school and it help us resolve severe customer complaints.

The plunger is depressed and the syringe removed.

VINNY (CONT'D)

The drug is called Succinylcholine Chloride and it will paralyze your body. Doctors use it for surgery.

Vito lifts Tom's arm and drops it. It drops like it's dead. Tears form in Tom's eyes.

VINNY (CONT'D)

Good bye Tom.

VITO

Use want I should take out the trash now Vin?

VINNY

Not just yet. Go ahead and knock him out.

Vito lifts Tom out of the can with one arm and lands a Mike Tyson sized punch to the face. Tom's lights go out.

INT. TRASH CAN - LATER

Tom's eyes pop wide exposing only the whites of his eyes inside the darkness. Nothing moves inside the can.

Tom's POV. Marco stares at him with soulless eyes and dark hole between his eyes. A small streak of dry blood splits his face into two sections.

A feeble attempt at a scream. Nothing because of the paralysis.

Outside the trashcan a diesel engine is heard revving.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUED

Vito stands at the levers on the truck. He pushes a black ball handled lever up and the trash can begins to lift up and over the big bucket on the truck.

It dumps the contents out of the can and returns the can to the sidewalk.

Vito shifts the lever to the right.

SPX: Crunching, breaking, snapping, and cracking.

EXT. TRASH TRUCK CONTINUED

A river of red blood gushes from the tail gate of the truck and onto the asphalt like a raging river.

FADE OUT: