BLACK GARBAGE BAG

Written by

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EXT. COUNTRY ROAD—EVENING

A lone car drives down the rural road. Woods are seen around the area while an old abandoned church and cemetery are close by.

The vehicle slows down and pulls over as it nears a black garbage bag lying on the side of the road. Buzzards circle it up above.

INT. CAR—EVENING

Two friends, VINCE and COLIN, sit in the car. Colin stops the car as Vince takes a hit from a pipe. Colin looks through the windshield and sees the garbage bag up ahead.

COLIN
Think this is it.

Vince coughs as he puts the pipe back in the glove compartment.

VINCE
Alright cool.

He notices how big the bag is.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Shit how much'd you buy?

Colin smiles while he steps out.

COLIN
I don’t know. Didn’t think it’d be that much.

VINCE
Damn.

Colin walks outside. Vince watches him from within the vehicle.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD—EVENING

The wind blows on Colin as he makes his way toward the bag. After looking around the secluded area one last time, he gazes back at the bag and leans in toward it. He brushes away some buzzing flies while struggling to open it.

COLIN
Shit.
He finally opens it and peers inside. He quickly backs away in terror. Inside is a naked dead baby.

COLIN (CONT’D)

Fuck!

Vince steps outside.

VINCE

Hey what’s wrong?

Colin tries to wave him off as he steps back on the side of the road, a spot covered in high grass and weeds.

COLIN

Got the wrong fucking bag man...

Suddenly a loud NOISE is heard. Colin screams and falls to the ground, his leg just caught in a vicious bear trap that was set up amidst the tall grass.

He looks toward the wound where he sees plentiful amounts of blood gushing out. Vince rushes over toward him.

COLIN (CONT’D)

Fuck!

VINCE

Shit man what the fuck happened?

He leans down and notices the trapped leg.

VINCE (CONT’D)

Shit!

He looks over and sees the baby in the black garbage bag.

VINCE (CONT’D)

Fuck man is that a...

COLIN

(interrupting)

Get over here and fucking help me man!

Vince tries to pull the trap open but to no avail.

VINCE

Goddammit! Who the fuck puts this shit...

He stops as he sees several more bear traps lying amongst the high grass.
Dude what the fuck...

He points Colin toward the uneasy sight.

Fuck this man!

Colin starts to get up.

Let's just fucking go...

He tries to stand up but his damaged leg holds him down.

Shit!

Bro...

An old, weathered van is seen driving up the road, toward them.

You'll be okay. Just gotta get you to a...

He stops as he sees the van.

Someone's coming.

Go stop them!

Vince quickly stands up and waves his arms while going toward the road. The van starts to slow.

Hey! Pull over!

Vince...help me man. Please.

The van stops in front of Vince.

We need help please! My friend's hurt real...

SANCHEZ, the leader, steps out of the passenger's side and immediately shoots Vince in the head, killing him.
Colin screams as his friend's corpse falls onto the side of the road, his dead eyes looking right toward him.

**COLIN**

Vince! No...fuck man...what the fuck...

The DRIVER gets out carrying a pistol while two more cartel members, CARLOS, who holds a blood-stained machete, and MAN WITH SHOTGUN get out the back. Sanchez walks toward Colin. The trapped young man tries to crawl back toward his car.

**SANCHEZ**

Looks like you made it to the wrong place homes.

He kicks Colin.

**SANCHEZ (CONT’D)**

What you doing near my shit amigo?

Colin gasps, struggling to talk. Sanchez kicks him again.

**SANCHEZ (CONT’D)**

Huh? Motherfucker!

The Driver goes toward the black garbage bag.

**COLIN**

Please this is all a big misunderstanding! I had no fucking idea...

Sanchez laughs.

**SANCHEZ**

A big misunderstanding? You think I’m a dumbass or something?

The Driver picks up the dead baby. The corpse's chest has been sewed up. Colin views this grisly and strange sight in terror.

**COLIN**

Oh fuck...shit...no...no...

**SANCHEZ**

You see you're fucking with the wrong guy amigo!

Sanchez kicks him again. The Driver puts his pistol in his pocket and takes out a switchblade.
SANCHEZ (CONT’D)
Nobody fucks with Sanchez!

COLIN
I thought it was weed man! You gotta understand...

Sanchez laughs.

SANCHEZ
Naw homes. I can't let you out of this one.

He nods his head toward the group.

SANCHEZ (CONT’D)
That wouldn’t look too good in front of my friends you know.

COLIN
I promise you man! I'm not trying to fuck with you! Honest!

SANCHEZ
Afraid I’m gonna have to make you an example amigo.

The Driver slices open the baby's chest. Blood pours from it as he reaches inside with his hand.

COLIN
Shit man...what the fuck?

Sanchez looks at the Driver.

SANCHEZ
Is it still there?

The Driver nods his head as he pulls out several Ziploc bags full of cocaine.

DRIVER
Si.

COLIN
Please I won't tell anyone! I promise! I had no fucking idea! You gotta believe me!

Sanchez smiles at him.

SANCHEZ
Hey Carlos.
Carlos looks at his boss.

    CARLOS
    Yeah boss.

    SANCHEZ
    Got a mess for you to clean up.

Carlos smiles as he wields his machete and makes his way toward the frightened Colin.

    CARLOS
    No problem boss!

    COLIN
    No! Please! Just listen to me please!

Sanchez laughs.

    SANCHEZ
    Don't worry amigo. We'll get you out of that trap alright. Thing costs almost as much as the coke. Fuckers are expensive you know.

Carlos raises his machete as he stops near Colin.

    COLIN
    No please!

Further on up the road, a plastic grocery bag lies on the side. Inside are the several Ziploc bags of marijuana originally sought by Vince and Colin.

SUPERIMPOSE: THREE DAYS LATER

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD—EVENING

The same rural road. The area is lonely and desolate, illuminated by the faded light of the evening sun.

Now on the side of the road lies another black garbage bag, this one larger than the one encountered previously by Vince and Colin.

Buzzards loom up above it and it is partially open, not tied very well. Inside lies the hacked and stabbed corpse of Colin. His chest has been roughly sewed up.