

BAG MAN

Written by

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EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A gang huddles around Lucky BOB, who is kneeling on the ground, head-down. His hands are tied behind his back. The GANG LEADER stands before him as MELODY, a woman with flashy jewelry who is too finely dressed, holds onto his arm possessively.

THUG 1 scans the area to ensure they're not being observed.

The Gang Leader brushes Melody from him and steps closer to Bob. He kneels and grabs Bob's chin, forcing him to look up.

GANG LEADER

Lucky Bob. Not so lucky today, are you?

The Gang Leader shakes his head in disappointment and stands again. He sighs and then waves his hand. DREW places a large bag over Bob's head. He and Thug 1 drag Bob away.

Melody gives a bye-bye wave and laughs.

INT. SHED - DAY

The gang huddles around a table as the Gang Leader flips through ledger books. Melody tries to cling to him from behind. Again, he brushes her away. She withdraws.

THUG 1

Think we'll ever find the stuff  
Lucky Bob swiped?

DREW

Depends on if he really stole it.

Everyone looks at Drew, a bit surprised.

DREW (CONT'D)

Never really proved it was him.  
Could have been any of us.

The gang suspiciously eyes each other.

DREW (CONT'D)

Just sayin'.

GANG LEADER

Well, he's beyond askin'.

Melody eases back to the Gang Leader who again, rejects her.

GANG LEADER (CONT'D)  
 Enough, Melody.

She withdraws and then gasps. Lucky Bob stands in the doorway, holding the bag that was over his head. His shirt is bloody. The bag is tied at the top.

GANG LEADER (TO DREW) (CONT'D)  
 You said you took care of him.

Bob tosses the bag in the center of the table. It moves. Something stirs inside.

GANG LEADER (CONT'D)  
 What the Hell is this?

LUCKY BOB  
 Death.

GANG LEADER  
 Bag of snakes? Some sick animal?  
 You tryin' to give us rabies.

LUCKY BOB  
 Not an animal. It's Death himself.

THUG 1  
 Can't figure if you're more lucky  
 or crazy.

GANG LEADER  
 Crazy. Lucky. Doesn't matter.  
 How are you still alive?

Bob taps his bloody shirt.

LUCKY BOB  
 Bullet hurt so bad that I jolted  
 enough to break the rope around my  
 hands. If Drew had bothered to look  
 back, he'd seen me push myself up.

GANG LEADER (TO DREW)  
 You didn't check.

Drew shrugs, indicating that he didn't.

LUCKY BOB  
 I pulled the bag off my face just  
 before **HE** came.

Bob nods to the bag.

LUCKY BOB (CONT'D)

Death. (PAUSE) But he was a bit early. When he reached for me, I grabbed him instead. Now, I've brought him to you.

The Gang Leader rises. He glares at the moving bag.

DREW

Didn't look back, huh? Well look back on this.

Drew sneers and pulls a pistol from his coat. He shoots Lucky Bob. Bob flinches but continues to stand.

LUCKY BOB

I told you. Death can't come for me. He's already tied up in that bag. He has to take someone or he can't return. Only mystery is who in this room will he choose.

GANG LEADER

I don't believe any of it.

Bob snatches up the bag and tosses it to the Gang Leader who instinctively catches it.

LUCKY BOB

Open it and prove me wrong.

TO BE CONTINUED