

GASH BANDITS

by

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EXT. EMPTY HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A Mustang roars by, headlights ablaze, hustling down the highway like a hot bullet in the night.

INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT

SAVANNAH stares down the dark road ahead, the engine throbbing and her hands clasped around the wheel. Beside her, GINGER sits concerned.

GINGER

You're pushin' too hard.

SAVANNAH

Baby, you run fast enough for long enough, people have to stop chasin'.

GINGER

Yeah, and if you run too fast or push too hard, you crash and burn. You're burnin' us up.

SAVANNAH

(long beat)

Bingo.

Savannah nods to a lonely old gas station ahead, complete with small store and a rusting hut workshop.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The Mustang growls down gears, turns in, and crunches across the dirt. The Girls get out.

BOBBY saunters out the workshop yawning. He pauses and stares a moment too long at Savannah.

BOBBY

What can I do you for?

HISSS. Steam erupts from the car. That answers his question. He takes a knee and inspects the grille.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

What did you drive through to get here? A gunfight?

SAVANNAH

Can you patch it up?

BOBBY

I can order you a new radiator, have it here in the mornin'.

SAVANNAH

We got cash flow problems.

He looks back unimpressed. She approaches him, reaching for a Glock 9mm tucked into the back of her dusty jeans.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

And we're kinda desperate.

She draws in close and stares him in the eye.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Ya hear that? Desperate.

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Savannah and Bobby crash into the workshop kissing, a single light over a part assembled hot rod, music crackling from an old radio.

She sweeps her hair back. He stares passionately. Her quivering lips pout, her breath short. He kisses her neck. She gropes his waist and unbuttons his shirt.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Decaying single story accommodation baking in the sun.

MAN (O.S.)

PLEASE! I TOLD YOU! I DON'T KNOW
ANYTHING! OH GOD! NO! NO! NO!

BANG! COLT and JESSIE saunter out the door, suited and booted with a casual swagger as they make their way toward a gleaming black Chrysler.

COLT

Now that was an overreaction.

JESSIE

No, that was a waste of time. Now
what? I'm getting impatient.

They stare down the long endless road to the horizon.

COLT

You find some patience.

The Chrysler's doors slam shut. It peels out.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Flies buzz in the dust. The Mustang parked out of sight.

INT. GAS STATION STORE - DAY

Country music croons. Slumped behind the counter, Bobby sits with a phone to his ear. He looks toward a backroom.

INT. GAS STATION BACKROOM - DAY

Savannah and Ginger pace around angrily, keeping their voices below a level Bobby can hear.

GINGER

You're getting reckless, this aint like you.

SAVANNAH

This? After all we done, THIS is reckless? It's just sex, Ginger.

GINGER

Is it?

Savannah tries to shirk off the accusation but her sudden lack of eye contact says it all.

GINGER (CONT'D)

You're destroyin' yourself, Savannah. Sorry for givin' a crap, but it affects those around you, you know? The people you love. The people who love you.

Ginger leaves the room frustrated. Savannah rolls her eyes.

INT. GAS STATION STORE - DAY

Ginger crosses to a magazine rack and consumes herself with browsing. Bobby gets off the phone.

BOBBY

Parts truck should be here soon.

She forces a smile. PING! Customers enter and sweep behind her, those suits, that swagger, it's Colt and Jessie.

COLT

Jessie? Grab me some beef Jerky, will ya? And try to pick a pack that aint made entirelyly of anus this time.

Jessie ignores him and crosses to the counter. Savannah peers shocked from the backroom door.

JESSIE

(to Bobby)

Howdy.

Savannah tiptoes to the other side of the shelves by Ginger and stares through a gap. Ginger looks back confused.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Don't s'pose you've had a couple of girls roll in here driving a Mustang at all? Acting suspicious?

Ginger's eyes bulge. Savannah gestures for her to get out.

BOBBY

Why'd you ask?

JESSIE

Well, if I told ya, I'd just have to kill ya.

Bobby senses some truth to her words. Colt looks Ginger up and down, checking out her butt as she shuffles away.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Dangerous is what they are. You heard of the Gash Bandits?

Bobby shakes his head and glances at Savannah. She looks back shamefaced.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Well, be glad you ain't.

Ginger reaches the end of the aisle, nearly creeping out of sight. Colt spots her face reflected in a fridge unit.

COLT

Hey, just wait there, sugartits.

Click. She freezes and looks round to find Colt's M1911 pistol staring right back. She carefully reaches for a Beretta secluded under her top and clutches it.

COLT (CONT'D)

Well ain't that just darn tootin'.

Savannah reaches for the Glock tucked into her jeans and draws it out. Bobby watches her concerned. His hand slides toward a Mossberg shotgun hidden under the counter.

JESSIE

(to Ginger)

Okay, where's your redneck sister?

Savannah sweeps round the shelves, Glock drawn on Colt. Jessie whips out a revolver and aims for Savannah. It's a Smith & Western 500 Magnum, it's huge.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Honey, don't try to fuck the person with the biggest dick in the room, okay?

BOBBY

I think I bestow that accolade.

Bobby pulls the Mossberg on Jessie, point blank.

SAVANNAH

(to Bobby)

Don't get involved, this ain't your fight.

BOBBY

No, I wanna get involved.

He shoots her a sincere look. She's a little taken.

SAVANNAH

(to Colt)

Looks like we got you outnumbered.

COLT

Granted. But, you see, thing is...

Colt and Jessie slowly draw out secondary guns from shoulder holsters and aim for Savannah and Bobby.

COLT (CONT'D)

Looks like we got you outgunned.

GINGER

Savannah, I know what you thinkin', don't do it. Please.

SAVANNAH

This is why I always say you should never stop runnin', baby.

(to Colt and Jessie)

I guess you think this is checkmate. Thing is, we ain't playin' chess. No, we're gamblin' everythin' we got. You see, she only got to dodge one bullet, but you guys, you got to dodge two. Now, I don't know about you, but I like those odds, so let's roll the dice, motherfuckers.

Colt stares back shocked.

BANG! Savannah fires and hits Colt in the gut. BANG! Colt fires back and misses. Ginger slips round the aisle and draws her pistol. BANG! Jessie fires and hits Savannah in the leg, putting her on the ground.

BOOM! Bobby fires and blows Jessie away, showering Colt in her blood, before ducking behind the counter.

Colt screams enraged. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! He fires into the counter, tearing it to shreds until his clip expires. CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

Colt slumps to the floor, blood pouring from his gut. He swaps to his secondary firearm and winces at Jessie's bloody corpse lying beside him.

COLT

Fuck! Country chicks, man! What the hell is wrong with, you girls?

Ginger goes to move. BANG! Colt fires through the shelves. Products by her head explode. She squeals cornered.

Savannah clutches her weeping thigh and shuffles behind the counter. She finds Bobby lying in a pool of his own blood. She desperately struggles over to him.

SAVANNAH

You had nothin' to do with this. I wish we'd never stopped here.

BOBBY

This may sound crazy, but I'm sure as hell glad you did.

Through the pain, Bobby smiles at Savannah lovingly. She smiles back, his feelings very much shared. She pulls herself close and puts her arm around him. They hold each other tight, sharing a special connection.

He whispers something in her ear and gazes into her eyes as he slowly passes away.

Savannah weeps as she cradles him. She knew this was inevitable. Her tears turn to anger and then fury.

BANG! More products around Ginger explode. She winces, pinned in at Colt's mercy. Savannah looks round the counter at her, Ginger looks back hopelessly.

Savannah drags herself across the floor toward Ginger, leaving a bloody streak behind her. Ginger shakes her head, urging her not to but--

Savannah continues determined, scarcely able to move and exposed in Colt's line of sight. He aims, barely conscious. BANG! He fires, just misses, Savannah flinches. She aims carefully. BANG! She hits him in the chest. He gasps.

Ginger crosses to Savannah and helps her up.

GINGER

We need to get you to a hospital.

SAVANNAH

You can patch me up.

Ginger limps Savannah to the door, taking Jessie's weapons as they go. They pause by Colt and take his guns.

He lies wheezing, looking up at them with contempt. Ginger fishes through his pockets and takes out his car keys. Savannah looms over him and looks him right in the eye.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Tell me, cowboy, you believe in
love at first sight?

A little surprised at the question, he thinks and nods.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Then this you'll understand.

With vengeance in her eyes, Savannah points Jessie's Magnum right in his face and cocks the hammer--

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

BANG! Ginger and Savannah hobble out the door and get in the Chrysler. The engine fires up. Kicking up dust, it peels out onto the highway and into the distance.

THE END