

OPEN 24 HOURS - FULL TRANSCRIPT

.
EXT. GAS 'N GO - NIGHT

. A quiet filling station. Muted lightning on the horizon. A BLUE CADILLAC careens into the parking lot. Pulls up alongside a gas pump. The headlights flicker, die. A man gets out, RUSSELL. He inhales, glides towards GAS 'N GO MINI MART, a fluorescent beacon in the night.

. **INT. GAS 'N GO - NIGHT**

. Russell pushes through the door. A chime clamors after him. He continues past DIXIE, the woman manning counter.

. RUSSELL Evening.

. Dixie looks up from her magazine.

. DIXIE Evenin'.

. Russell disappears into the hardware aisle.

. DIXIE (CONT'D) Help you find something?

. RUSSELL Oh, I don't think so. Thank you, ma'am.

. DIXIE How's it looking out there? Big storm on the way I hear. Lord I hope Great Pond doesn't flood agai-- oh.

. Dixie stops dead, seeing that Russell has materialized at the counter.

. She peers up at him. He grins. Charming.

. RUSSELL Could I get thirty dollars on
number three? And these.

. Russell places down a roll of DUCT TAPE and
a coil of ROPE.

Dixie stares at the items.

DIXIE Special night?

RUSSELL I'm sorry?

Dixie looks to Russell. Chortles.

RUSSELL (CONT'D) Oh. Nnnn. Yeah. Real
special.

DIXIE Say no more. You got an ExtraValue
Card?

RUSSELL No.

DIXIE Well you could save ten percent on
your purchase with an ExtraValue Card. Which
is roughly a dollar fifty...

Russell's eyes inch towards the lone
CADILLAC outside.

DIXIE (CONT'D) ...enough to buy a Hershey
bar... or a Mars Bar...

RUSSELL (distracted) I think I'm all set.

DIXIE You get all kinds of coupons. And
gifts...free gifts...

Russell's eyes dart back to Dixie. She's

STILL TALKING. He places his hand down on the counter, politely aggressive.

RUSSELL Ma'am. I'm in a bit of a rush tonight. So if you don't mind.

DIXIE Right. I'll just scan you on the store card.

RUSSELL Great. Wait, what?

Dixie fumbles with a massive KEY CHAIN behind the counter. She locates a tiny RED CARD.

DIXIE Here we go.

Dixie swipes it against a SCANNER. Beep. She looks back up at Russell expectantly.

DIXIE (CONT'D) Oh. I forgot to scan everything.

Dixie chuckles. Picks up each item and scans it.

DIXIE (CONT'D) One coil rope.

BEEP.

DIXIE (CONT'D) One coil duck tape. Never knew why they called it that.

BEEP.

DIXIE (CONT'D) Thirty for gas... And one ExtraValue Card.

BEEP-BEEP. The register begins to print a stream of COUPONS.

DIXIE (CONT'D) Look at all those ExtraValue savings. Two for one hand sanitizer. Two for one toilet paper. Three for one AquaFina Bottled Water--

Russell's eyes dart to the CADILLAC outside. It QUIVERS.

RUSSELL Can I just pay?

DIXIE Not until the coupons are done.

Russell glares at the receipt paper piling up behind the counter. Looks back to the car, the trunk now SHAKING.

DIXIE (CONT'D) You hit the jackpot tonight. You're gonna need an extra bag for all these savings.

The register sputters. The coupons stop.

Russell exhales sharply, padding sweat from his forehead.

DIXIE (CONT'D) Oh, poo. Out of paper.

RUSSELL *What?*

DIXIE Just a sec.

Dixie waddles into a back room. Russell keeps his eyes LOCKED on the car outside.

CRACK. The right tail light is KICKED OUT.

Russell GRABS the duck tape and rope.

The DOOR CHIME jingles.

Russell freezes as a new figure enters,
MURPH. Big, burly. Tan and green uniform.

Murph exhales obnoxiously, goes over to the
refrigerated section.

DIXIE (O.S.) Is that Officer Murph I hear?

MURPH You know it is! Just grabbing a frosty
brew and a snack.

DIXIE (O.S.) Oh, you big troublemaker.

Russell blanches. Sets the items back onto
the counter. Does his very best not to be
noticed.

MURPH Hoooo. Long day. Long. I took the new
Sea-Doo out for a spin. Three-ten
horsepower, black chrome. Bitchin' fast.
Nearly got stranded in the middle of Great
Pond. Damn thing ran outta fuel on me.

DIXIE (O.S.) Oh for heaven's sake. You know
you can't swim.

MURPH Well, I can sure as hell float.

Russell trembles, equal parts angry and
terrified.

Outside, a HAND reaches out of the HOLE
where the tail light used to be.

Behind him, a LONG SLOW exhale. Russell
tenses.

MURPH (CONT'D) Special night?

Russell turns to find MURPH directly behind him. Glazed donut perched just outside his mouth.

RUSSELL I'm sorry?

Murph chomps down on the donut bawdily. Russell opens his mouth to respond, but Dixie reappears at the counter.

DIXIE Thank you for waiting, sir.

She loads the receipt paper into the register. It sputters to life, prints a final coupon.

DIXIE (CONT'D) And would you look at that. *Fifteen percent* off of nail polish.

Outside, a MAN in a bathrobe emerges from the trunk and stumbles into the night.

RUSSELL Well, I'd better be off.

Russell snatches up the rope and duct tape.

MURPH Not so fast, cowboy.

Murph grabs Russell by the arm. Looks down at his supplies, then directly into his Russell's EYES.

MURPH (CONT'D) Next time, try usin' a necktie.

Russell stares, his arm still in a vice grip.

Murph holds onto him for a beat. Gives a knowing nod.

Russell nods back, pained.

MURPH (CONT'D) Alright. Go get 'em.

Murph release Russell's arm, gives him a pat on the behind. Russell runs out of the store, dry heaving.

DIXIE Murph, you salty dog!

MURPH Takes one to know one.

Dixie and Murph roar with laughter. They settle. Dixie has a thought.

DIXIE Did he pay?

MURPH Oh, son of a bitch--

Murph whips out his firearm. It goes off, shattering a FLUORESCENT LIGHT overhead. Dixie screams.

MURPH Don't worry. You're safe with me.

He rushes out.

EXT. GAS 'N GO - NIGHT

The MAN runs by, followed by RUSSELL, followed by MURPH.

INT. GAS 'N GO - NIGHT

Dixie sits at the counter, giddy at the activity.

She settles. Looks around the store. Pulls her handbag up onto the counter.

Her RIGHT hand reaches towards the pile of COUPONS. Her LEFT hand SLAPS it.

DIXIE Oh, no. No.

Her right hand starts to inch back towards the coupons.

DIXIE (CONT'D) Heh heh. You naughty thing.

Dixie grabs the coupons. Shovels them into her purse, grinning madly.

SFX: The CRACK of LIGHTNING.

CUT TO BLACK.