

Florida Crime Fan Fiction

Gabriel's Last Ride by Allan Maule

Inspired by:

[Man arrested after trying to order Taco Bell drive-thru on his bicycle](#)

[New Smyrna Beach, FL](#)

Intro sounds: Noir soundtrack. The rapid pumping of bike pedals, hard breathing. A car horn blares and we hear the ting-ting of a bike bell answering in response.

Gabriel: HONEST!

My Schwinn glided across the rain-soaked asphalt like a pelican eying a grouper. But my quarry was no fish. The promise of a nacho-cheese chalupa echoed in my brain like the wubbs of a dubstep mix. My teeth would crack the deep-fried shell, releasing a cascade of uncongealed yellow nectar and ground beef mixed with the suggestion of tomato. Thischewed glory would slide down my gullet to join the four shots of cinnamon whiskey I'd slammed before I gave that party the finger, mounted my ride, and cycled toward late-night salvation.

Perhaps a vocal chord of angelic harmony as he sees the Taco Bell sign. We hear the click-click-click of bike spokes as he coasts to the drive-thru, and the faint hum of a neon sign.

Gabriel: DEVOUT, HONORED

The purple neon glimmer of the Taco Bell sign shone ahead like the mantle of heaven. I ascended the lot, a long-suffering soul approaching his divine reward. Perhaps I'd follow the chalupa with two Doritos cool ranch locos tacos, their sublimely-spiced shells sanctifying my taste buds with an anointing of sour cream and chicken. The beginnings of drool became a fountain. I spat on the pavement as I entered the drive-thru lane, slowing to a stop behind a rusted Pontiac. The driver pondered the glowing menu without speaking.

Sounds of furious bell ringing from Gabriel's bike.

Gabriel: IMPATIENT, Consonants, snappy ting it along!

Surely the tinging resonance of my bell would inspire speed. Who comes to Taco Bell at 3am and doesn't know what he wants? "**NOWWWWW!**" I bellowed in anguish as I ran my hands through my hair. They came away blue. Blue? The shock erased my hunger before I recalled the Kool Aid hair dying I'd done at the party (before the shots of cinnamon whiskey but after the glass of Goldschläger). In the humidity of the night I saw a telltale plume of weed smoke wafting from the Pontiac. I would never be able to wait long enough for his reefer-addled tongue to speak his order.

The hum of the neon sign stops. Dead quiet.

Gabriel: URGENCY. HORROR MOMENT

Suddenly, the purple glow of the sign winked out. I raised my head in horror. They were about to close for the night.

Forlorn, spiraling music begins (like the [theme from Requiem for a Dream](#))

Gabriel: MAKE CELLMATE UNDERSTAND, be impressed

Taco Bell went dark. God was dead. There was no more right and wrong, only hunger. *I felt for the swiss army knife on my belt loop.* Murder was my only recourse. I would *stab* the driver, *seize* his place in line, and enjoy the *sweet* crunch of satisfaction before I fled on my bicycle. I imagined a life on the lam, growing out the beard I couldn't keep in the Florida heat. I'd cycle to [Portland](#), taking a paid-in-cash job as a courier for cold-brewed coffee. There, no one would question my blue-blond hair or murky past. I would be another escapee from this damnable state with its hapless NFL franchises and burst real estate bubbles. My fingers closed around the red folding knife. I rolled my bike forward. It was time.

Sound of a car releasing a creaky brake and moving. Music stops.

Gabriel: HOPEFUL MOMENT The lift... before the crash

Then the Pontiac lurched ahead. I pedaled to the speaker, my murder-dream forgotten with the hope of tacos. My head spun as I neared the speaker, and I leaned on it for support. No...not now. *I had come too far only to pass out at the gates of paradise.* "Lis...listen," I gasped, "I need a nacho cheese chalupa, two Doritos cool ranch locos tacos with chicken, and..." What else, WHAT ELSE? I stammered a final demand: "AND A CODE RED MOUNTAIN DEW. NOW!"

"You're on a bike?" the speaker garbled.

"...Yeahhh," I answered.

"This is a drive-through," he replied.

"So???"

"Well, we can't safely serve you if you're not in a car."

My stomach twisted, *its only contents a miasma of alcohol and acid. I dry-heaved onto the speaker and became a blue-haired tornado of hangry rage.*

Sound of a bike falling to the pavement.

Gabriel:

Dropping my bike, I searched for the first weapon to come to hand. I spied the glint of a bottle near a trash can. “ROAST IN HELL!” I screamed as I threw the bottle at the speaker. *bottle sound* It bounced off like a useless plastic bottle, which it was.

“Sir? Could you stop that?” the speaker inquired.

There would be no negotiation.

Sounds of anguished kicking and hapless rage.

Gabriel: BOXING MATCH PLAY BY PLAY

In anguish I dropkicked the menu board, stinging my feet and bruising my shoulder as I landed. Seconds blurred into minutes as I defied the purple God for scorning my supplications for crispy sustenance. *I would die here*, but I would take **all the Taco Bell property I could with me.**

The bloop bloop of a police car alerting a suspect to their presence.

Gabriel: YOU KNOW HOW THIS GOES, THE COPS MAN

Blue lights pierced the once-purple darkness. I spun to see a portly pair of officers approaching. Taco Bell had betrayed me to the New Smyrna Beach police. I vomited cinnamon bile over my handlebars, fighting to think of an escape plan.

“Blue-haired hippie’s drunk off his ass,” chortled one officer as they neared me.

I spat gold-flecked stomach acid on the ground. “My name... is GABRIEL!” I replied.

“Now Gabriel, just calm down,” the other cop prattled, “Think you could just hand over that foldin’ knife and tell us what seems to be the trouble?”

I knew my rights. “I want a lawyer. I’m going to tie up this Taco Bell so hard in lawsuits that it’ll DRIP BAJA SAUCE INTO THE GUTTER!” Spinning back to the speaker, I bellowed, “UNLESS THEY GIVE ME MY DOS LOCOS TACOS AND A FREE MEXICAN PIZZA!”

A hand grabbed my knife. I sank my nails into the officer’s meaty wrist, which yanked backward and pulled me over my fallen bike. Chubby arms threw me to the ground. I raised my head to curse again, then wept as I saw my Schwinn lying mangled next to my face. I felt the cuffs go on. Tears mingled with snot as I pleaded for mercy and just one bite of chalupa.