

BULLET & BIGBANG



BULLET & BIG BANG

A Grit-Fueled, Chrome-Bleeding Grindhouse One-Shot

"In a world where style kills and bullets speak louder than reason... eight freelancers ride the edge of ruin chasing a car, a suitcase, and the truth no one wants to hear."

The Setup

It's the late 1970s. The roads are long, the suits are loud, and the body count's rising like gasoline fumes in July.

You are part of a crew of misfits, mercenaries, and maniacs — sometimes friends, sometimes enemies. Today? You work together. Kinda.

You've been contacted by a fixer. One job: retrieve **Bullet**, a one-of-a-kind, black-and-cherry '69 Mustang Mach 1, and deliver it with the suitcase locked in its trunk — codename: **BIG BANG**.

Nobody knows what's in it. Everybody wants it.

And every faction from here to the Keys is out to run you off the road.

Your Cast of Antiheroes (*You might be one of these — or someone worse.*)

- **The Driver** – Speed junkie with hands made of nitro and sins
 - **The Supershot** – Calm, cold, and death in three syllables
 - **The Muscle** – Fights like a riot in a steel mill
 - **The Katana Queen** – Afro, heels, and a sword with names
 - **The Shadow** – Silent. Surgical. Leaves no prints
 - **The Tech** – Explosives nerd with no off switch
 - **The Vet** – Haunted, armed, and patriotic as hell
 - **The Face** – Smiles through lies, kisses, and kills
-



The World

- The suitcase is worth more than all of you combined.
- The car? Maybe more.
- Trust no faction — mobsters, biker queens, government ghosts, or the cultist with a sawed-off and scripture.

You start at the **Pink Flamingo Motel**, and it all goes wrong from there.

The Tone

Grindhouse. Dirty. Over-the-top. Stylish. Hyperviolent. Cool as hell.

- Think *Tarantino meets Smokey and the Bandit meets The Warriors meets Mad Max* (the *original*).
 - Play to the camera. Hit your marks. Die dramatically.
-

You Hear This (Suggested Background Playlist)

- “Superfly” – Curtis Mayfield
 - “Radar Love” – Golden Earring
 - “Green Onions” – Booker T. & the MG’s
 - “Sympathy for the Devil” – The Rolling Stones
-

“They opened the case. They stole the car. And now hell rides shotgun.”

Player Instructions:

- Know your archetype.
 - Be ready to choose between survival and legacy.
 - You’ll bleed style and bullets. And you might be the last one standing at the end of the road.
-



THE ROAD ENDS HERE