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Bonnie and Clyde

By David Newman

FADE IN.

INT. BEDROOM. CLOSE-UP OF BONNIE PARKER. DAY

Blonde, somewhat fragile, intelligent in expression. She is putting on make-up with intense concentration and appreciation, applying lipstick and eye make-up. As the camera slowly pulls back from the closeup we see that we have been looking into a mirror. She is standing before the full-length mirror in her bedroom doing her make-up. She overdoes it in the style of the time: rosebud mouth and so forth. As the film progresses her make-up will be refined until, at the end, there is none.

The camera pulls back and continues to move very slowly throughout the first part of this scene. As the camera continues to move away, we see, by degrees, that BONNIE is naked. Her nudity is never blatantly revealed to the audience, but implied. That is, she should be "covered" in various ways from the camera's P.O.V., but the audience must be aware of her exposure to CLYDE later in the scene. This is the only time in the film that she will ever be this exposed, in all senses of the word, to the audience. Her attitude and appraisal of herself here are touched with narcissism.

The bedroom itself is a second-story bedroom in a lower-class frame house in West Dallas, Texas. The neighborhood is low income. Though the room reveals its shabby surroundings, it also reveals an attempt by BONNIE to fix it up. Small and corny objets d'art are all over the tops of the bureaus, vanity tables, etc. (Little glass figurines and porcelain statuettes and the like.)

BONNIE finishes admiring herself. She walks from the mirror and moves slowly across the room, the camera moving with her, until she reaches the screened window on the opposite wall. The shade is up. There are no curtains. She looks out the window, looking down, and the camera looks down with her.

EXT. BEDROOM. BONNIE'S P.O.V. DAY.

Over her shoulder, we see the driveway leading to the garage connected to the house. There is an old car parked in the driveway, its windows open. We see a man walking up the driveway, somewhat furtively. He is a rather dapper fellow, dressed in a dark suit with a vest, a white collar, and a straw boater. It is CLYDE BARROW. Obviously, he is about to steal the car. He looks it over, checking around him to make sure no passers-by are coming. He peers inside the

front window to see if the keys are in the ignition. He studies the dashboard. BONNIE continues watching, silently. Finally she calls out.

2.

BONNIE :

Hey, boy! What you doin' with my
mama's car?

EXT. DRIVEWAY. DAY.

CLYDE, startled, jumps and looks to see who has caught him. Obviously frightened, he looks up and his face freezes at what he sees.

EXT. WINDOW. CLYDE'S P.O.V. DAY.

We now see what he is looking at: at the open window, revealed from the waist up, is the naked BONNIE. She looks down, an impudent half-smile on her face. She doesn't move or make any attempt to cover herself.

EXT. CLOSE-UP OF CLYDE -DAY

--whose face changes from astonishment to an answering smile of impudence. (Seeing what he has, he realizes that this girl is clearly not going to scream for the police. Already they are in a little game instigated by BONNIE, sizing each other up, competing in a kind of playful arrogance. Before they speak, they have become coconspirators.)

Close-up of BONNIE, still smiling. Finally she speaks.

BONNIE :

Wait there!

INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

Running from the window, she flings open a closet and grabs a dress, and shoes. She slips on the shoes, and flings the dress on, running out the door as she does. The camera tracks with her, moving as fast. As she runs down the stairs she buttons up the dress.

EXT. DRIVEWAY. DAY.

She flies out the door, slamming it behind her, runs off the porch (all this has been one continuous movement since she left the window, in great haste) and continues quickly into the driveway. Four feet away from CLYDE, she stops on a dime. They stand there, looking at each other, smiling the same challenge. For a few seconds, no one speaks, then:

BONNIE:

(putting her on)
Ain't you ashamed? Tryin' to steal
an old lady's automobile.

3.

CLYDE :

(with the same put-on)
I been thinkin' about buyin' me one.

BONNIE :

Bull. You ain't got money for
dinner, let alone buy no car.

CLYDE :

(still the battle of
wits going on)
Now I got enough money for cokes,
and since it don't look like you're
gonna invite me inside-

BONNIE :

You'd steal the dining room table
if I did.

CLYDE:

(he moves from his spot)
Come to town with me, then. How'd
that be?

BONNIE:

(starting to walk
onto the sidewalk)
Goin' to work anyway.

EXT. STREET. MOVING SHOT. DAY.

The camera tracks. It is a hot Texas afternoon, all white
light and glare. As they walk the block to town in this
scene, their manner of mutual impudence is still pervading.

CLYDE :

Goin' to work, huh? What do you do?

BONNIE :

None of your business.

CLYDE:

(pretending to give
it serious thought)

I bet you're a...movie star!

(thinks)

No...A lady mechanic?...No...A
maid?-

BONNIE:

(really offended by that)

What do you think I am?

4.

CLYDE:

(right on the nose)

A waitress.

BONNIE :

(slightly startled by
his accuracy, anxious
to get back now that
he is temporarily
one-up)

What line of work are you in? When
you're not stealin' cars?

CLYDE:

(mysteriously)

I tell you, I'm lookin' for suitable
employment right at the moment.

BONNIE :

What did you do before?

CLYDE :

(coolly, knowing its effect)

I was in State Prison.

BONNIE :

State Prison?

(she shows her surprise)

CLYDE :

Yeah.

BONNIE:

(herself again)

Guess some little old lady wasn't
so nice.

CLYDE :

(tough)

It was armed robbery.

BONNIE:

(sarcastically)

My, my, the things that turn up in
the driveway these days.

They reach the corner and turn. They are on:

EXT. MAIN STREET. DAY.

--a small-town street of barber shops, cafes, groceries, etc.

At the moment, it is deserted. They continue walking down
the empty street. CLYDE looks the place over. Tracking.

5.

CLYDE :

What do y'all do for a good time
around here, listen to the grass
grow?

BONNIE :

Guess you had a lot more fun up at
State Prison, huh?

CLYDE laughs, enjoying her repartee. They continue walking.

At a hydrant, CLYDE stops.

CLYDE :

(showing off, but seriously)

See this foot?

(pointing at his
right foot)

I chopped two toes off of it. With
an axe.

BONNIE :

(shocked)

What? Why?

CLYDE :

To get off the damn work detail,
that's why.
(stopping)
Want to see?

BONNIE :

(a lady of some sensitivity)
No!...
(turning a cute)
I surely don't intend to stand here
and look at your dirty feet in the
middle of Main Street.
They continue walking in silence past a few stores, each
planning what next to say.

BONNIE :

Boy, did you really do that?

CLYDE :

Yeah.

BONNIE :

You must be crazy.

DISSOLVE TO:

6.
EXT. GAS STATION. DAY.
Gas station up the block. BONNIE and CLYDE are seen leaning
against the soft drink chest, their profiles silhouetted by
the bright sun. They are drinking cokes. As they begin to
talk, the camera moves in closer to them. CLYDE takes off
his hat and rubs the cold coke bottle across his forehead.
BONNIE watches him.

BONNIE :

What's it like?

CLYDE :

Prison?

BONNIE :

(very interested)
No, armed robbery.

CLYDE:

(he thinks it a silly question)
It's...I don't know...it isn't like anything.

BONNIE :

(thinking she's heard
proof that he's a liar)
Hah! I knew you never robbed bo
place, you faker.

CLYDE :

(challenged)
Oh, yeah?
(studies her, then
makes up his mind to
show her)
Close-up. Gun. Day. He reaches in his jacket and pulls
out a gun. The camera moves to a closeup of the gun,
glinting in the sunlight.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

The camera pulls back to show BONNIE looking at it with
fascination. The weapon has an immediate effect on her.
She touches it in a manner almost sexual, full of repressed
excitement.

BONNIE:

(goading him on)
Yeah, well you got one all right, I
guess...but you wouldn't have the
gumption to use it.
7.

CLYDE:

(picking up the
challenge, proving himself)
You just keep your eyes open.
EXT. LITTLE GROCERY STORE ACROSS THE STREET. DAY.
The camera remains just behind BONNIE's shoulder so that
throughout the following scene we have BONNIE in the picture,
looking at what we look at.
CLYDE goes into the little store. We remain outside with
BONNIE watching. For a minute nothing happens. We can

barely see what is going on in the store. Then CLYDE comes out, walking slowly. In one hand he holds the gun, in the other a fistful of money. He gets halfway, to BONNIE and smiles broadly at her, a smile of charm and personality. She smiles back. The moment is intense, as if a spark has jumped from one to the other. Their relationship, which began the minute BONNIE spotted him in the driveway, has now really begun. CLYDE has shown his stuff and BONNIE is "turned on."

Suddenly the old man who runs the grocery store comes running out into the street, completely dumbfounded. He stands there and says nothing, yet his mouth moves in silent protest. CLYDE points the gun above him and fires. It is the first loud noise in the film thus far and it should be a shock. The old man, terrified, runs back into the store as fast as he can, CLYDE quickly grabs BONNIE's hand. The camera swings with them as they turn and begin to run down the street. A few yards and the stores disappear entirely. The landscape turns into that arid, flat and unrelieved western plain that begins where the town ends.

EXT. STORE. AT THE EDGE OF TOWN. DAY.

A car is parked at the back of the store. As soon as they reach it, CLYDE motions and BONNIE gets in. CLYDE runs to the front, lifts up the hood and crosses the wires to make it start. As he stands back, BONNIE calls to him:

BONNIE :

Hey, what's your name, anyway?

CLYDE:

(he slams the hood)

Clyde Barrow.

He runs over to the door, opens it, shoves her over, and starts up the engine. The entire sequence is played at an incredible rapid pace.

8.

BONNIE :

(loud, to make herself heard over the gunning motor)

Hi, I'm Bonnie Parker. Please to meet you.

EXT. ROAD. DAY.

VROOM! The car zooms off down the road, doing 90. The fast country breakdown music starts up on the sound track, going just as fast as the car.

EXT. CAR. DAY.

The car, still speeding, further down the road. We zoom down and look in the rear window. CLYDE is driving, we see from behind. BONNIE is all over him, biting his ear, ruffling his hair, running her hands all over him--in short, making passionate love to him while he drives. The thrill of the robbery and the escape has turned her on sexually.

EXT. CAR. ANOTHER ANGLE. DAY.

The camera pulls back and above the car. The car starts to go crazy in a comical fashion, manifesting to the audience just what is happening to the driver controlling it. The car swerves all over the road. The car comes to a sudden halt. The car starts again. It swerves this time almost right off the road before it straightens out. It jumps and jerks. Another car comes down the road the other way and CLYDE's car swerves so much as to make the other guy drive right off the road into the dirt. It is almost Mack Sennett stuff, but not quite that much.

INT. CAR. BONNIE AND CLYDE. DAY.

BONNIE grabs the wheel and turns it sharply.

EXT. CAR. DAY.

It hairpins off the road onto a shoulder beneath some trees.

INT. CAR. BONNIE AND CLYDE. DAY.

--still settling to a stop. BONNIE and CLYDE appear to be necking heavily now, punctuated by BONNIE's squeals of passion as she squirms and hops about like a flea, trying to get to CLYDE. The floor gear-shift is keeping their bodies apart, however. In exasperation, BONNIE takes the gear shift and shoves it forward out of their way. She plunges onto CLYDE, burying him from view.

9.

BONNIE:

(kissing, biting)

...You ready?...

CLYDE:

(muffled, laughing)

...Hey, wait...

BONNIE:

(giggling herself)

Aren't you ready? Well, get ready!

BONNIE has obviously touched him. With savage coquetry she tears into her clothes and his.

BONNIE:

(muffled)

C'mon, honey, c'mon, boy...let's go...let's...

CLYDE:

(muffled)

Hey...hey, wait a minute...quit that now, cut it out.

(sharply)

I said, cut it out!

He shoves her rudely away, slamming her into the far car door. Suddenly it looks as if they've been fighting. Both unbuttoned and unglued, they stare silently at one another, breathing heavily. CLYDE gets out of the car, clearly shaken. Despite the fact that he may have encountered this situation many times before, it's one that no twenty-one-year-old boy in 1932 is sophisticated enough to dismiss easily with bravado.

BONNIE remains seated in the car. She seems terribly vulnerable. She fumbles about for a cigarette, too confused to figure out what didn't happen. CLYDE turns back and reaches through the car window from the driver's side, lighting it for her. BONNIE casts CLYDE a fishy stare, then accepts the light.

CLYDE :

(trying to be casual,
even insouciant)

Look, I don't do that. It's not that I can't-

(his voice cracks,
the match burns his

fingers, and he bangs
his head onto roof of

car, and he goes
right on)

--it's just that I don't see no
percentage in it.

(MORE)

10.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

I mean there's nothin' wrong with me, I don't like boys.

BONNIE doesn't know what she thinks, and CLYDE is trying to gauge her reaction--whether she feels rejected or repelled. In fact, it's both--along with a little latent fascination.

BONNIE :

(finally, spitting out smoke)

Boy...boy...boy...

CLYDE :

(a little annoyed)

Boy, what?

BONNIE :

Your advertising is dandy. Folks'd just never guess you don't have a thing to sell.

(a little afraid)

You better take me home, now.

CLYDE :

(getting back into car)

Wait!

BONNIE :

Don't touch me!

She gets out of car, leaving CLYDE draped across the front seat, reaching after her.

CLYDE:

(almost shouting)

If all you want's stud service, then get on back to West Dallas and stay there the rest of your life!

This stops her. Now CLYDE pours it on, with an almost maniacal exuberance that becomes more controlled as he gets control of BONNIE.

CLYDE :

But you're worth more'n that, a lot more, and you know it, and that's why you come along with me. You could find a lover boy on every corner in town and it doesn't make a damn to them whether you're waiting on tables or picking cotton, so long as you cooperate. But it does make a damn to me!
11.

BONNIE :

(turning, intrigued)
Why?

CLYDE :

Why? Because you're different!
You're like me and you want different things.
BONNIE is hooked now.

CLYDE:

(continuing)
You and me travelin' together, we could cut clean acrost this state, and Kansas, too, and maybe dip into Oklahoma, and Missouri or whatnot, and catch ourselves highpockets and a highheeled ol' time. We can be somethin' we could never be alone. I'll show you...when we walk into the Adolphus Hotel in San Antone', you wearin' a silk dress, they'll be waitin' on you and believe me, sugar, they're gonna know your last name.

He stops, having begun to woo her to something more intense than a casual, physical coupling.

BONNIE :

When'd you figure that all out?

CLYDE:

First time I saw you.

BONNIE :

How come?

CLYDE:

(intensely, with real honesty)

'Cause you may be the best damn
girl in Texas.

Close-up. BONNIE.

BONNIE :

Who are you, anyway?

CUT TO:

12.

INT. ROADSIDE CAFE. BONNIE AND CLYDE. DAY.

BONNIE and CLYDE seated in booth, now C.U. CLYDE. The sound
track bridges the scene: the question that BONNIE has just
asked is now suddenly rebutted by CLYDE, as he points a
finger at her.

CLYDE :

(not answering her,
preferring to lead
the conversation)

I'll tell you about you.

He loves doing this and he does it well. The more he
envisions BONNIE's life, the more instinctively accurate he
becomes. She grows more and more fascinated, like a child
watching a mind reader.

CLYDE :

Lessee...You were born somewheres
around East Texas...got a big old
family, right?...You went to
school, of course, but you didn't
take to it much 'cause you was a
lot smarter than everybody else
anyway. So you just quit. Now...

(thinking, playing it
for all it's worth)

...When you were sixteen...no,
seventeen, there was a guy who
worked in...uh...

Pull back taking in BONNIE, favoring CLYDE.

BONNIE :

(fascinated)
Cement plant-

CLYDE :

Right. Cement plant. And you liked him 'cause he thought you was just as nice as you could be. You almost married that guy, but then...you thought, no, you didn't think you would. So you got your job in the cafe...

(getting closer to home now, hitting them right in there)

And every morning you wake up and you hate it. You just hate it. And you get down there and you put on your white uniform-
13.

BONNIE :

(enthralled)
Pink.

CLYDE :

And the truck drivers come in to eat greasy burgers and they kid you and you kid them back, but they're stupid and dumb, boys with big tattoos all over 'em, and you don't like it...And they ask you for dates and sometimes you go...but you mostly don't, and all they ever try is to get into your pants whether you want to or not...and you go home and sit in your room and think, when and how will I ever get away from this?...And now you know.

BONNIE is half-mesmerized by his talk. A waitress comes with their food. A cheap, gaudy dame, she has spit curls on

each temple in the style of the times. CLYDE looks at her and at BONNIE, who also wears spit curls. As soon as the

waitress leaves:

CLYDE :

(pointing at her hair)

Change that. I don't like it.

Without a word of protest, BONNIE immediately reaches in her bag and takes out a mirror. She holds it up and with the other hand, brushes back her spit curls into her hair. She never again wears them. When she has pushed them back she looks at CLYDE for his approval. He nods his okay. She smiles, puts back her mirror and begins to eat her food. She's ravenously hungry and eats with total concentration on her plate. CLYDE doesn't touch his food, just watches BONNIE eat for a minute.

CLYDE :

God, you're a knockout.

EXT. ROADSIDE CAFE. DAY FOR DUSK.

CLYDE and BONNIE emerge from the cafe into the early evening. They move toward the car they have stolen. Just beyond sits a newer model car. BONNIE is surprised to see CLYDE head toward the newer car.

BONNIE :

Hey, that ain't ours.

14.

CLYDE :

Sure it is.

BONNIE :

But we came in this one.

CLYDE :

Don't mean we have to go home in it.

She walks amazed around the new car and gets in beside him.

He turns the key and they pull away from the cafe.

INT. ABANDONED FARM HOUSE. A WIDE SHOT OF THE PARLOR LIVING ROOM. DAY.

The room is bare. In the middle BONNIE is waking, having slept on a couple of car seats covered with an old piece of

tattered blanket. There are windows behind her. She looks about bewildered.

BONNIE :

Clyde...

She starts to panic and runs to the window.

BONNIE :

(continuing)

Clyde...

At another window CLYDE appears.

CLYDE :

Hey, lady.

BONNIE :

(chagrined at her fear)

Where you been keeping yourself?

CLYDE :

Slept out by the car.

BONNIE :

Oh...These accommodations ain't particularly deluxe.

CLYDE :

No...If they're after us, I want the first shot. Come on, you got some work to do.

BONNIE moves to the door and out of the house.

15.

EXT. FARM HOUSE. FRONT YARD. DAY.

On the door is a sign which reads:

INSERT:

PROPERTY OF MIDLOTHIAN CITIZENS BANK --TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED.

Wide angle. Across fence. Day. On the dilapidated picket fence six old bottles have been placed. As BONNIE joins CLYDE he turns and fires six quick shots. The bottles disappear.

BONNIE :

You're good.

CLYDE :

The best.

BONNIE :

And modest...

CLYDE :

Come on. Got you all set up over here.

Wider angle. They move around to the side of the building where CLYDE points to a tire hanging by a rope from a tree. He means that to be BONNIE's target. He hands her a gun.

CLYDE :

Set her spinnin'.

BONNIE fires. She misses.

CLYDE :

Again. Come down slow with it...

BONNIE fires again and hits the tire. She smiles and blows the smoke from the barrel in pride and self-mockery.

CLYDE :

Ain't you something? I tell you I'm going to get you a Smith and Wesson, it'll be easier in your hand. Now try it again once...

BONNIE sights. As she is about to fire, a man appears around the corner of the building. A FARMER. She fires and hits the tire.

FARMER :

Heighdo.

16.

CLYDE whirls at the sound. He grabs gun from BONNIE because his is empty. He aims at FARMER.

FARMER :

(frightened)

No sir...no sir. You all go right ahead.

CLYDE watches him warily.

FARMER :

(continuing)

Used to be my place. Not any more.

Bank took it.

CLYDE and BONNIE start to move toward the farmer. All three move around to the front of the building. At a distance we see an Okie car loaded with belongings. A WOMAN with a BABY in arms sits in front. A smaller BOY stands outside the car.

FARMER :

Yessir, moved us off. Now it belongs to them.

(He points at the foreclosure sign.)

BONNIE :

Well, that's a pitiful shame.

CLYDE shakes his head sympathetically. He loads the empty gun.

FARMER :

(bitterly)

You're damned right, ma'm.

He looks up to see an OLD NEGRO who has come from a distance shack and now stands near CLYDE's car.

FARMER :

(nodding toward Negro)

Me and him put in the years here.

Yessir. So you all go right ahead.

We just come by for a last look.

He stands a moment looking at the house and then turns around toward his family in the car. CLYDE and BONNIE look after him. CLYDE spins and fires three fast shots into the fore-closure sign. The FARMER stops and turns, looking at CLYDE. CLYDE offers the gun to the farmer. He looks at it, then accepts it. He slowly takes aim at the sign and fires. It pleases him. He looks at CLYDE and BONNIE who smile.

17.

FARMER :

You all mind?

BONNIE and CLYDE are puzzled.

FARMER :

Hey, Davis! Come on over here.

The NEGRO moves toward them. Now BONNIE understands. She takes the second gun from CLYDE and hands it to DAVIS. DAVIS looks from BONNIE to the FARMER and toward the house. The FARMER fires again. This time at a window. He nods to DAVIS. DAVIS slowly raises the gun and fires at another window. It shatters and they can't keep from laughing. The FARMER returns the gun as does DAVIS.

FARMER :

(continuing)

Much obliged.

He extends his hand. CLYDE shakes it.

FARMER :

Otis Harrison. And this here's Davis. We worked this place.

CLYDE:

(formally)

Miss Bonnie Parker. And I'm Clyde Barrow.

Across farmer's car. Wide shot. Day. The FARMER turns and moves toward his people. DAVIS moves toward his shack.

CLYDE and BONNIE in the b.g.

Close angle. BONNIE and CLYDE.

CLYDE :

(continuing)

We rob banks.

BONNIE turns quickly to look at CLYDE. He smiles and nods.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

EXT. A LONG, COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.

A car is driving down it. It is the next day. BONNIE is driving, CLYDE beside her.

18.

INT. CAR. DAY.

CLYDE :

You just stay in the car and watch and be ready.

(he is playing it cool, knowing she is scared. He thinks he's James Cagney)
Okay now?

(he hands her a gun from the glove compartment)
You just be ready if I need you.

BONNIE's hands are tense on the wheel. Her face shows how nervous she is now that the time has come.

CLYDE :

Scared?

BONNIE :

No.

They drive in silence.

CLYDE :

What are you thinkin' about?

BONNIE :

Nothin'.

EXT. BUSINESS STREET OF A LITTLE TOWN. DAY.

We are still in the car. BONNIE pulls over and stops by the bank. CLYDE is frozen in his seat. We can see that, for all his talk, he is scared, too.

BONNIE:

What are you waitin' for?

That gets him. CLYDE throws the door open and jumps, practically dives out the door. The camera follows his motion right inside the bank, tracking very fast.

INT. BANK #1. DAY.

Something is very screwy here. The bank is dark, the TELLER is half asleep over his books. CLYDE approaches, thrusts the gun at him.

19.

CLYDE:

(with a swagger)

This is a stickup. Just take it easy and nothin' will happen to you.
Gimme the money.

TELLER :

(looking up with no
fear, his voice calm
and conversational)
Heighdy.

CLYDE :

(nonplussed at this)
Gimme the money!

TELLER :

What money? There ain't no money
here, mister.

CLYDE:

(totally befuddled at
the turn of events)
What do you mean there ain't no
money? This here is a bank, ain't
it?

The camera pans around the bank. We see that it is empty,
dusty and shuttered.

TELLER :

This was a bank. We failed three
weeks ago.

CLYDE:

(furious)

What? What??

In a rage, he goes behind the partition, grabs the teller
and pushes him ahead with the gun. CLYDE is fuming. He
forces the teller out the front door.

EXT. BANK #1. DAY.

--showing BONNIE in the car. She is terrified as she sees
CLYDE and the TELLER coming at her. She doesn't understand
what is happening.

CLYDE:

(shoving the teller forward)

Tell her! Tell her!

20.

TELLER :

(acting like a man
who has had his sleep
interrupted by lunatics)
As I was tellin' this gentleman,
our bank failed last month and
ain't no money in it. I sure am
sorry.

BONNIE's reaction is one of hysterical relief and
appreciation of what's funny in the situation. She laughs
uproariously, she can't stop laughing. This makes CLYDE
madder than ever. He shoves the teller to the ground.

INT. CAR. DAY.

Completely humiliated, CLYDE gets in the car, shoving BONNIE
over. She is still laughing. BONNIE starts the car. CLYDE
points his gun out the window.

Close shot. Bank window--whereon is lettered: ASSETS-\$70,000.

INT. CAR. CLYDE AND BONNIE. DAY.

Angle to include bank window. CLYDE aims and puts a bullet
through each of the zeros. We see each zero shot through.
Then the entire window hangs there for a second and suddenly
crashes. On the soundtrack, BONNIE's laughter.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR. DAY.

--still driving. BONNIE has still not fully recovered from
her mirth, but is quieting down because she sees that CLYDE
is really mad and can't be pushed too far.

CLYDE:

(steaming)
We got \$1.98 and you're laughin'.
She tries to stop.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

The car pulls down another street of shops in another little
hick town. A grocery store ahead.

INT. CAR.

CLYDE :

Keep it running.
21.

INT. GROCERY STORE. DAY.

There is an old CLERK behind the counter, and standing in
the b.g., almost out of our vision, is a BUTCHER--an enormous

giant of a man. CLYDE steps up to the counter.

CLYDE :

Give me a loaf of bread, a dozen
eggs and a quart of milk.

The CLERK gets the order and puts it in a bag. He rings
open the cash register preparatory to asking CLYDE for the
money. CLYDE pulls his gun.

CLYDE :

This is a stickup. I'll take all
the money in that drawer now.

He reaches over the counter into the cash drawer and grabs
the bills. He smiles. Suddenly looming beside CLYDE is the
BUTCHER, brandishing a meat cleaver. Camera looks up at
this formidable sight as the cleaver comes crashing down,
missing CLYDE and sticking in the wooden counter. He grabs
CLYDE around the chest in a bear hug and actually lifts him
off the ground. The struggle is in silence. CLYDE is
terrified, fighting wildly to get free. The gun in CLYDE's
hand is pinned, because the man has CLYDE's arm pinned to
his thigh. CLYDE tries to raise the barrel at an upward
angle to shoot, finally he is able to do so. He fires. The
bullet enters the BUTCHER's stomach. The BUTCHER screams,
but reacts like a wounded animal, more furious than ever.
He still holds CLYDE in a fierce hug, staggering around the
store, knocking into shelves and spilling cans. CLYDE is
hysterical with fear. He shoots the BUTCHER again. The
BUTCHER falls to his knees, but still he doesn't release
CLYDE. In a panic, CLYDE drags the man to the door, trying
to get out.

EXT. GROCERY STORE. DAY.

BONNIE sees CLYDE and the BUTCHER holding his legs. She is
terrified. CLYDE drags him out on the street. The BUTCHER
won't let go. CLYDE, in real panic, aims the gun at his
head and fires. Click. Out of bullets. In blind fury, he
pistol-whips the BUTCHER's head with two terrific swipes.
Finally the BUTCHER lets go. Hysterical, CLYDE jumps away
and leaps into the car on the other side. BONNIE still at
the wheel.

CLYDE :

Get the hell out of here!

They drive-off at top speed.

22.

INT. CAR. DAY.

CLYDE is shaken. He speaks haltingly, panting; trying to get control of himself.

CLYDE :

Damn him, that big son of a bitch...

He tried to kill me... I ain't got eyes in back of my head... I didn't want to hurt him. It wasn't a real robbery... Some food and a little bit of dough. I'm not against him.

Damn!

EXT. SPEEDING CAR. DAY.

The car is speeding down an open road. Suddenly it begins to buck and cough. There is something wrong with the motor.

CLOSE SHOT. C.W. MOSS. EXT. FILLING STATION.

His cherubic cheeks are puffed up as he blows into the fuel lines of CLYDE's car. There is a distinctly flat sound.

Reaction:

BONNIE remains seated in the car. CLYDE is covered with sweat and grease--clearly he has gotten in his licks on the engine without success. Neither he nor BONNIE seems impressed by the noise C.W. is making.

Another angle. C.W.--as he screws back the fuel line and moves between BONNIE and CLYDE to the ignition, turning the engine over. It purrs beautifully. CLYDE is astonished.

CLYDE :

What was wrong, anyway?

C.W.

(moving back to screw on gas cap)

Air bubble--clogged the fuel line.

C.W. now stands between BONNIE and CLYDE.

C.W.

(continuing)

I just blewed her away.

CLYDE still can't get over it.

CLYDE :

You just blewed it away.

C.W. belches. He is embarrassed before BONNIE.

23.

C.W.

'Scuse me, ma'm... Anythin' else I
can do for you?

CLYDE nods vigorously, looking across C.W.'s back to BONNIE.
BONNIE gets the message.

BONNIE :

Well...I'm not sure...

(she looks around)

Say, them little red things there
stickin' up? Are they gas pumps?

C.W.

(he's not too bright)

Sure.

BONNIE :

Isn't that interesting? How does
that there gasoline get in my
little old car?

C.W.

(trying to be helpful)

Well, y'see, there's this tank
underground, and the gas comes up
this tube into the pump and into
your car, M'am.

BONNIE :

My, you're a smart fellow. You
sure know a lot about automobiles,
don't you?

C.W.

(he has no idea he's
being toyed with)

Yeah, I do.

BONNIE :

Well, would you know what kind of a
car this is?

C.W.

(touching it)

Yeah, it's a Chevrolet 8-cylinder
coupe.

BONNIE :

No, no.

C.W.

Sure it is.

24.

BONNIE :

No, this is a stolen Chevrolet 8cylinder
coupe.

C.W. jerks his hand off it as if he touched a hot stove.

CLYDE :

(getting in the conversation)

You ain't scared, are you?

(to Bonnie)

I believe he is. What a pity. We
sure coulda used a smart boy who
knows such a great deal about
automobiles.

(suddenly businesslike,
to C.W.)

You a good driver, boy?

C.W.

(getting quite confused)

I guess so.

CLYDE :

(pretending to cool
on him)

No, I don't think so. He's better
off here...

BONNIE :

What's your name, boy?

C.W.

C.W. Moss.

BONNIE :

What's the C.W. for?

C.W.

(reluctantly)

Clarence Wallace.

BONNIE :

I'm Miss Bonnie Parker and this is
Mr. Clyde Barrow. We... rob...
banks.

(C.W. reacts with
wide eyes)

CLYDE:

(swiftly, testing his mettle)
Ain't nothing wrong with that, is
there, boy?

25.

C.W.

(nervously)

Uh, nope-

BONNIE:

(with a put-on sigh)
No, he ain't the one.

CLYDE :

Unless, Boy, you think you got
enough guts for our line of work?

C.W.

(affronted in his
dumb way)

What do you mean? I served a year
in the reform school.

BONNIE :

Oh, a man with a record!

CLYDE:

(laughs)

Now look here, I know you got the
nerve to short-change old ladies
who come in for gas, but what I'm
askin' you is have you got what it
takes to pull bank jobs with us?

BONNIE :

Mr. C.W. Moss?

C.W.

(anxious to prove himself)

Sure, I could. Sure I could. I

ain't scared, if that's what you think.

CLYDE :

Prove it.

C.W. walks away from the car. Camera remains where it was. We see him walk inside the gas station office, open the cash drawer, close it and come out. He emerges with a fistful of money. He walks over to BONNIE's window, sticks his hand inside and drops the money on her lap. We see the bills flutter down. Not a word is spoken. BONNIE moves over into the middle. C.W. opens the door and gets in behind the wheel. For a moment we see them all sitting there, each smiling their little smile. CLYDE starts to hum a hillbilly tune quietly. The sound track picks it up (banjo and violin, etc.) and as the music swells, they drive off down the road.

26.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY.

A small room with a bed. On it, covered by a sheet which humps like a mountain over his enormous stomach, is the BUTCHER. His head is propped up on a pillow and he sips a liquid through a bent glass straw. Camera is on the left side of the head of the bed, seeing the BUTCHER in a three-quarter profile. On the opposite side of the bed stands a uniformed patrolman who is in the act of flashing mug-shot photos for the BUTCHER to identify his assailant. The lawman holds a stack of them in front of them, swiftly changing the cards like a grade-school teacher with her flash cards. At each picture, the BUTCHER grunts negatively and goes on sipping from his glass straw. One picture, two, three go by. The fourth picture is a mug shot of CLYDE. Again the BUTCHER grunts 'no,' without hesitation. As the next picture comes into view, we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOTEL. NIGHT.

--on a painted wooden sign, lit by one attached light, which

reads:

INT. ROOM IN MOTOR COURT. NIGHT.

--in darkness. Camera is close on BONNIE. She is awake and restless. O.S. comes the measured snoring that we will think comes from CLYDE. BONNIE raises up and kneels over

Clyde. She needs him. Clyde seems to snore on. Camera drops between them and we see that the snoring actually comes from C.W. BONNIE drops back on her pillow. We cut close on CLYDE. He is awake.

INT. CAFE. DAY.

BONNIE, CLYDE and C.W. seated in a booth in a cafe. The Waitress brings the food and serves everybody. We see C.W. With great concentration, as he does everything by relating to the immediate action he happens to be involved with, he takes the sugar shaker and begins methodically sprinkling sugar over all his food. He sugars the meat, the beans, and the beets. BONNIE and CLYDE watch this performance with first, amazement and second, disgust. They can't believe what they see.

BONNIE:

(incredulously)

C.W., what are you doing? Why do you do that?

27.

C.W.

(beginning to eat it)

Why not?

BONNIE :

It's just disgusting, that's why.

C.W.

(chewing)

Not to me it ain't.

BONNIE :

But...but it makes everything sweet!

C.W.

Yeah, I know.

With a resigned expression, BONNIE turns away and begins to eat. Suddenly a look of consternation crosses C.W.'s face.

C.W.

Damn! No mayonnaise!

He gets up and goes down to the counter on the other end of the restaurant, out of our vision, apparently planning to put mayonnaise over the sugar. The minute he is out of earshot, BONNIE gets CLYDE's attention.

BONNIE :

Clyde, why does he have to stay in
the same room as us?

CLYDE seems not to have heard the question. He takes up the
sugar shaker and spreads a thin field of sugar on the dark
table surface. He will sketch his plan in the sugar.

CLYDE:

Lemme show you about tomorrow.

BONNIE :

Why?

CLYDE :

Now C.W.'ll be waitin' right
outside in the car. Here is the
teller's cage. Four of them and
over here the desks and what have
you...

BONNIE :

Why, Clyde...

CLYDE :

Hmmm??

28.

BONNIE :

In the same room with us?

CLYDE :

Hell, where else? Ain't gonna
spread out all over the state...

The harshness of his tone concerns him and he recovers with
a smile.

CLYDE:

(continuing)

Not yet, anyway. Now, the door to
the bank is here now. You cover me
from there.

BONNIE :

(takes his hand to
her face)

Just that I love you so much.

CLYDE :

You're the best damn girl in Texas.

C.W. comes back with the mayonnaise; looks at the table.

C.W.

Hey, you spilled the sugar.

Three shot.

CLYDE:

(eating)

The layout for tomorrow up in Mineola.

C.W.

Mineola? Gosh, that's four, five hundred miles from here!

CLYDE :

So what? We take U.S. 85 to Willis Point, don't you know, and cut over on State Highway 28 at Kaufman, keep on goin' till we hit the farm-to-market road that connects to 105 and that's right up by Mineola. On a Saturday afternoon...

EXT. SMALL KANSAS TOWN.

The car driving into a small Kansas town. It is Saturday afternoon, sunny. The streets are filled with people, cars, wagons. C.W.

29.

is driving, BONNIE is in front with him, CLYDE is in the back. C.W. looks scared to death at the idea of robbing a bank. The car pulls up in front of the bank, double-parked. BONNIE and CLYDE get out.

EXT. CAR. DAY.

CLYDE :

Keep it running.

BONNIE and CLYDE enter bank.

INT. BANK #2. DAY.

Cut to the interior of the bank. BONNIE and CLYDE come in, assume the class positions--she at the door where she can cover the bank, CLYDE at the first teller's cage.

CLYDE:

(in a very quiet voice)

This is a stickup.

TELLER :

What?

CLYDE :

This is a stickup.

This time everyone in the bank hears it. The people gasp and pull back. CLYDE slowly edges toward the door and prods BONNIE forward. She carries a paper sack. CLYDE motions her to go from cage to cage and get all of the money. BONNIE begins doing so, while CLYDE keeps his gun trained on everybody. We see BONNIE get the money from the first teller, the second teller, then...

EXT. SMALL TOWN STREET. DAY.

A car parked in a tight spot has just pulled out.

Close-up C.W. Day--who suddenly looks delighted to see a parking space.

EXT. CAR -STREET. DAY.

Immediately he methodically begins to back in. It's a tight spot and he has to cut the wheel, pull forward, cut some more, pull back and so on. The scene, for the audience, should be nervous and funny.

CUT TO:

30.

INT. BANK #2. DAY.

Inside the bank, BONNIE and CLYDE have filled the sack. They run out the door, the camera tracks with them.

EXT. SMALL TOWN STREET. DAY.

They run for where the car was, but it isn't there. Then they see C.W. has parked it.

INT. CAR. DAY.

CLYDE :

Let's go! Let's go!

C.W. suddenly realizes what a stupid thing he's done.

EXT. CAR. STREET. DAY.

C.W. tries to shoot out of the parking spot, but he can't. He has to go through the business of backing up, cutting the wheel and all of it. The scene is one of pure pandemonium and chaos.

INT. CAR.

CLYDE :

Come on! Get it out!

EXT. CAR. DAY.

A policeman arrives and begins firing at car. C.W. gets the car halfway out of the spot, scraping fenders in the process, and the car is almost out when suddenly a face looms up at the window--a dignified, white-haired, celluloid-collared man, obviously a bank official who has leaped onto the running board. His screaming can barely be distinguished from all the noise.

MAN :

Stop!

CLYDE fires through the window.

Close-up (special effects). The face of the man explodes in blood. Then he drops out of sight.

EXT. CAR. DAY.

The car shoots off down the road, doing ninety. Police are firing at the escaping car; BONNIE and CLYDE are shooting out the back window; C.W. is almost having a nervous breakdown at the wheel.

31.

EXT. STREET. A MOVIE HOUSE. DAY.

A police car that had been chasing CLYDE and BONNIE's car comes down the street. It is obvious that the cops have lost them. They are searching the street for a sign of CLYDE's car. They pass a movie house whose marquee reads: "GOLDDIGGERS OF 1933." They slow for a moment, decide that is not a probable place to look. They drive off.

INT. MOVIE HOUSE. WIDE ACROSS AUDIENCE AT SCREEN.

The opening musical sequence of "Golddiggers" is on the screen. Ginger Rogers sings "We're In The Money." Among the audience we cannot make out our three people. It is a small audience and thinly dispersed.

Tight shot at audience. Camera pans the audience while on the track we hear the music of the song. First of our group who becomes visible is C.W. He is staring at the screen and eating bites from a candy bar in each hand. Camera pans further and we see that CLYDE is in the row behind C.W. and a few seats to one side. CLYDE is nervous and keeps watching the entrance doors. He is in a rage. He shifts in his seat.

CLYDE:

Boy, you gotta be poor in the head.
You...! Count of you I killed a
man. Murder...you too.
Shot from behind CLYDE. Shooting toward screen.

CLYDE :

(continuing)
Dumb ass stupid.
C.W. turns to CLYDE and nods agreement. This infuriates
CLYDE even more. He slaps the back of C.W.'s head.

CLYDE :

Ever do a dumb thing like that
again, I'll kill you boy!
Angle at BONNIE. She has been watching the movie; is now
disturbed by the noise. She turns back to CLYDE from her
seat on the aisle.

BONNIE :

Ssshh! If you boys want to talk
why don't you go outside?
She smiles at her joke and turns back to the screen to the
movie which she is obviously enjoying enormously.

32.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL BATHROOM. CLOSE-UP BONNIE. DAY.

On the right of the screen, f.g., BONNIE stands at the sink
fixing her make-up in the mirror. The make-up has become
more conservative. On the left, further back, is a bathtub
and in it sits C.W. His head and knees peek over the gray,
soapy water. He is engaged with his usual single-minded
concentration, in washing himself, carefully scrubbing his
arms, not a thought in his head. BONNIE finishes her makeup
and regards herself quizzically, tilting her head to look
at herself at different angles. She is smoking a cigarette,
and really, studying herself.

BONNIE :

What do you think of me, C.W.?
C.W.
Uh...well, you're just fine, I
guess. Uh, well, course you're a
real good shot...and...uh...well,
sometimes you look pretty as a

painting.

Camera stays with BONNIE during all this, watching her look at herself as she listens to C.W.'s evaluation. She has a narcissistic concern at the moment and as she hears him enumerate her values, she thinks about each in turn and decides yes, that's true.

C.W.

Hey, uh, Bonnie...could you get me that washrag there?

Responding automatically, BONNIE turns and walks to a towel rack, pulls the washcloth off and starts toward C.W. when suddenly she stops with a smile on her face and a sudden motion. Teasingly, she holds the washcloth out at arm's length.

BONNIE :

(coyly)

Why'nt you come get it?

C.W.

(not even realizing what's on her mind)

Huh?

BONNIE:

(wiggling the washcloth like a bull-fighter's cape)

Whyn't you come get it, C.W.?

33.

Suddenly C.W. looks mortally embarrassed as he realizes what that would entail.

C.W.

Aw, Bonnie, come on, gimme it.

BONNIE tries another tack. She begins sauntering over slowly, teasingly, still holding out the treasured washcloth.

BONNIE:

(pertly)

All right, I'll bring it myself.

As she moves closer to the tub, C.W. realizes that she will be able to peer down into the tub and see him and he frantically reaches up with one hand and yanks the washcloth into the tub, causing a great splash. BONNIE, somewhat the victim of the splash, jumps back and away. Recovering her

composure, she looks at C.W. who is slunk down in the tub like a gross September Morn. She has tried him and he has failed; she realizes now that he was no choice for her; no real man, even if he might perform sexually. He is a lump. This irritates her; his very presence is demeaning to herself and CLYDE.

BONNIE:

(irritated with herself for even thinking of such a thing)
You simpleton, what would you do if we just pulled out some night while you was asleep?

C.W.

(trying to give the right answer, but obviously faking it)
Oh, I wouldn't know what to do.
But you wouldn't do that. You couldn't now.

BONNIE realizes, with some weariness, the inevitable truth of what he's said; thus resigned, she says patronizingly:

BONNIE :

That's right, C.W. We'll always be around to take care of you.
Pointedly, she throws her cigarette in his bath-water, "Sssssssssss." She turns and leaves the bathroom, slamming the door behind her.

34.

INT. BEDROOM.

Camera goes with her into the connecting bedroom. CLYDE is sitting on the edge of the bed cleaning the guns and oiling them. He is quiet and preoccupied and takes no note of BONNIE's present condition. The moment she enters, he looks up.

CLYDE:

(quietly)
Bonnie, I want to talk to you. Sit down.

BONNIE sits, a little taken off balance by his serious manner. But she listens quietly.

CLYDE:

(continuing)

This afternoon we killed a man and we were seen. Now nobody knows who you are yet, but they're going to be after me and anybody who's runnin' with me. Now that's murder now and it's gonna get rough.

(BONNIE nods. CLYDE

continues speaking

carefully and gently.)

Look, I can't get out, but right now you still can. You say the word and I'll put you on the bus to go back to your Mother. 'Cause you mean a lot to me, honey, and I ain't going to make you run with me. So if you want, you say the word.

BONNIE, moved by his offer, has tears in her eyes.

CLYDE:

(as he pauses)

Why? We ain't gonna have a minute's peace.

BONNIE doesn't like him in this mood. She tries to josh him out of it.

BONNIE :

Oh, pshaw.

CLYDE :

(trying to make her see the seriousness of it)

Bonnie, we could get killed.

35.

BONNIE :

(death has no reality for her)

Who'd wanna kill a sweet young thing like me?

CLYDE :

(amused in spite of himself)
I ain't no sweet young thing.

BONNIE :

Oh, Clyde, I can't picture you with
a halo, and if you went to the
other place you'd rob the Devil
blind, so he'd kick you right back
to me.

Close-up. CLYDE--touched deeply, realizes that this was a
lovely thing to say to him.

INT. MOTEL BEDROOM.

They kiss. They are near the bed on which are some guns
that CLYDE has been cleaning. The kiss moves toward real
love making. They are on the bed and push the guns aside.
Some fall to the floor. CLYDE breaks the embrace after it
has reached a high pitch. He moves away from the bed toward
the window. BONNIE follows him and embraces him from the
rear. They are miserable. BONNIE frees him and returns to
the bed. She falls on it face down. A gun presses into her
face. CLYDE sits in the window, the light silhouettes him.
He turns his face toward the glass and rests his head on the
window pane. BONNIE turns to him from bed. She smiles a
comforting smile at him. She rolls over onto her back. The
gun is now under her head and moves it. She sits up and
gestures to CLYDE. He remains at the window. She stares at
him. She looks toward the bathroom. She looks back at
CLYDE. She is moved and pained for him. She touches her
cheek with the gun and waits for him to be able to look at
her. Finally he does. Her look eases him and he almost
smiles.

INT. BUCK'S CAR. DAY.

Shot of little fuzzy doll tied by a white shoestring to the
rear-view mirror of a car. The car is moving; the doll is
bouncing up and down. In the front seat are BUCK and
BLANCHE BARROW. BUCK is a jovial, simple, big-hearted man.
A little chubby, given to raucous jokes, knee-slapping and
broad reactions. He is, in many ways, the emotional opposite
of his brother. It doesn't take much to make him happy.
BLANCHE, his wife, is the direct opposite of BONNIE.

36.

She is a housefrau, no more and no less, not terribly
bright, not very ambitious, cuddly, simpering, madly in love

with BUCK and desirous of keeping their lives on the straight and narrow. As the scene begins we hear and then see BUCK, driving, singing "The Great Speckled Bird." BLANCHE is sitting next to him looking at a movie magazine, appearing fairly miserable.

BUCK:

(singing)

"What a beautiful thought I am thinking
Concernin' that great speckled bird,
Remember his name is recorded
on the pages of God's Holy word..."

BLANCHE :

All right, now you did foolish things as a young man, honey-love, but you went and paid your debt to society and that was right. But now you just gettin' back in with the criminal element.

BUCK :

Criminal element! This is my brother, darlin'. Shoot, he ain't no more criminal than you are, Blanche.

BLANCHE:

Well, that ain't what I heard.

BUCK :

Now word of mouth just don't go, darlin', you gotta have the facts. Shoot. Why he and me grewed up together, slept and worked side by side.

(laughing)

God, what a boy he was!

BLANCHE :

He's a crook.

BUCK:

(chidingly)

Now you stop bad-mouthin' him,
Blanche. We're just gonna have us
a little family visit for a few
weeks and then we'll go back to
Dallas and I'll get me a job
somewheres.

(MORE)

37.

BUCK (CONT'D)

I just ain't gonna work in your
Daddy's church--That's final.

(laughing it off, singing)

"What a beautiful thought I am
thinking
Concernin' that great speckled
bird..."

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN. THE FRONT OF THE MOTEL. DAY.

BUCK's car drives up to the cabin, honking the horn wildly.
The door of the cabin opens and CLYDE comes running out. He
is overjoyed to see his brother. BUCK jumps out of the car,
equally delighted. They hug each other.

CLYDE :

(hugging him)

Buck!

BUCK :

Clyde! You son of a bitch!

They laugh happily and begin sparring with each other,
faking punches and blocking punches--an old childhood ritual.
There is a great feeling of warmth between the two brothers.
CLYDE is more outgoing than we have ever seen him before.

CLYDE :

How's ma? How's sister?

BUCK :

Just fine, just fine. Send their
best to you.

CLYDE:

(patting Buck's stomach)

Hey, you're fillin' out there.

Must be that prison food.

BUCK :

Hell no!

(laughing)

It's married life. You know what they say, it's the face powder that gets a man interested, but it's the baking powder that keeps him at home.

(MORE)

38.

BUCK (CONT'D)

(he explodes with laughter and so does Clyde, who loves Buck's jokes)

Hey! you gotta meet my wife. Hey, honey, c'mon out here now and meet my baby brother.

Camera swings to car. We see BLANCHE still sitting there, her face obscured by the glint of sun on the windshield. Slowly, she gets out of the car, still carrying the movie magazine.

BLANCHE :

(suspiciously, quite the grand lady)

Howdy-do.

CLYDE:

(shaking her hand)

Howdy-do. It's real nice to know you.

BUCK beams with pleasure, thinking they must like each other. BONNIE comes out of the cabin, standing on the steps. The screen door slams behind her.

Close-up. BONNIE. Day--expressionless, looking it all over.

EXT. CABIN.

BUCK and CLYDE notice nothing of this. BUCK bounds over to BONNIE, all jollity.

BUCK:

(grabbing her)

Well! You must be Bonnie! Now I hear you been takin' good care of the baby in the family. Well sis, I'm real glad to meet you!

(he hugs her; BONNIE

just lets herself be hugged)

Say...

(breaking the hug)

I'd like you to meet my wife, Blanche.

BONNIE :

(stiffly)

Hello.

39.

BLANCHE :

(stiffly)

Hello.

There is an awkward pause. Suddenly the screen door opens and C.W. comes out, dressed in his long underwear. BLANCHE can hardly stand it.

CLYDE :

Everybody, this is C.W. Moss.

C.W., my brother Buck and his wife, Blanche.

C.W.

(friendly)

Heighdy, y'all.

He pumps BUCK's hand vigorously and then goes to BLANCHE. With his characteristic one-track intensity, he decides to act just as friendly as he can with BLANCHE, ignoring the fact that he's standing there in his underwear. BLANCHE, however, is not ignoring it.

C.W.

Well how do, Mrs. Barrow. Or can I call you Blanch? I sure am pleased to meet you.

(shaking her hand;

Blanche is slowly

going crazy with mortification)
Did you have a hard time findin' us
here in this neck of the woods?
Well, you sure picked a good day
for it. Say, you got a Screenland
there! Any new photos of Myrna Loy?
She's my favorite picture star.

BLANCHE is starting to edge over to BUCK in sheer panic at
this strange, young man in his BVD's but C.W. takes no
notice of it.

BLANCHE finally grabs BUCK's arm. BONNIE watches it all,
smirking.

BUCK :

Hey, lemme get the Kodak!

BUCK goes to his car and gets a folding Brownie camera.

CLYDE:

(lighting up a cigar)

Hey, C.W., go put your pants on.

We're gonna take some pictures.

40.

BUCK :

Y'all hear about the guy who
thought Western Union was a cowboy's
underwear?

BUCK and CLYDE and C.W. laugh heartily. C.W. goes into the
cabin. BUCK pushes BLANCHE and CLYDE together, posing them
for a picture.

BONNIE :

Lemme get one of my bride and my
brother.

BLANCHE :

(getting kittenish,
and overdoing it)

Buck! Don't take my picture now.

I'm just a mess from driving all day.

BUCK :

Oh honey, now you look real fine.

BONNIE watches BLANCHE's behavior with hardly-veiled disgust.

BUCK snaps the picture as BLANCHE is just about to move out of it.

BLANCHE :

(with unbecoming
girlish outrage)

Did you take my picture? Oh Buck!

I declare-

BUCK laughs and goes to BONNIE, takes her by the arm and moves her next to CLYDE and BLANCHE. He lines them up, steps back and takes their picture. CLYDE is the only one smiling.

CLYDE :

(pulling out his gun
and posing like a
movie tough)

Hey, Buck, get one of this.

BUCK does.

BUCK:

(giving Clyde the camera)

Clyde, you do one of me and my
missus.

He puts his arm around BLANCHE. CLYDE takes the picture.

41.

CLYDE :

(throwing her a challenge)

Let me take on of Bonnie.

BONNIE grins at him and responds with amused arrogance.

BONNIE:

(she yanks the cigar
from Clyde's mouth,
smokes it and poses)

Okay.

CLYDE snaps the picture. Everyone but BLANCHE laughs. C.W.
comes out dressed.

BUCK:

(drawing Clyde aside)

Hey, brother, let's you and me do a
little talkin'.

CLYDE:

(handing C.W. the camera)

Here, C.W., take the girls' picture.

INT. CABIN. DAY.

They walk into the cabin. Camera goes with them. Bedroom is dark, shades pulled down. There is an aura of boys' clubhouse secret camaraderie in the following scene:

BUCK:

(as soon as the door is shut; conspiratorially)

It was you or him, wasn't it?

CLYDE :

Huh?

BUCK:

That guy you killed. You had to, didn't ya?

CLYDE :

(they are protecting each other)

Yeah, he put me in a spot, so I had to. He didn't have a Chinaman's chance.

BUCK :

But you had to-

CLYDE :

Yeah. I had to.
42.

BUCK :

(like two kids keeping a secret from Mom)
Don't say nothin' to Blanche about it.

CLYDE :

Hey, that time you broke out of jail, she talk you into goin' back?

BUCK :

(it is obvious he had
hoped Clyde hadn't
known about it)
Yeah, you hear about that?

CLYDE:

I won't say nothin' to Bonnie about
it.

BUCK :

I appreciate it.

CLYDE :

Yeah...say, what d'ya think of
Bonnie?

BUCK :

She's a real peach.
There is now a long pause--a lull in the conversation, as if
they asked each other all the questions and are now out of
things to say. It is too much for BUCK, the natural enemy
of silence, who suddenly claps his hands together and bursts

out animatedly:

BUCK :

Boy, are we gonna have us a good
time!

CLYDE :

(matching his merriment)
We surely are!

BUCK :

Yessir!

(a pause, then:

What are we gonna do?

CLYDE :

Well, how's this--I thought we'd
all go to Missouri. They ain't

lookin' for me there. We'll hole up someplace and have us a regular vacation. All right?

43.

BUCK :

No trouble, now?

CLYDE :

No trouble. I ain't lookin' to go back to prison.

BUCK :

Hey, what's this I hear about you cuttin' up your toes, boy?

CLYDE:

(ironically)

That ain't but half of it. I did it so I could get off work detail-breakin' those damned rocks with a hammer day and night. Sure enough, next week I got paroled. I walked out of that god-forsaken jail on crutches.

BUCK :

Shoot-

CLYDE :

Ain't life grand?

EXT. ROAD. DAY.

We see the two cars, one behind the other, driving down a main road.

INT. FIRST CAR. DAY.

CLYDE is driving. BUCK sits next to him. No one else is in the car.

BUCK:

And the doc, he takes him aside, says, "Son, your old mama just gettin' weak and sickly layin' there. I want you to persuade her to take a little Brandy, y'know, to

pick her spirits up." "Why, doc," he says, "you know my mamma is a teetotaler. She wouldn't touch a drop." "Well, I tell you what," the doc says, "why don't you bring her a fresh quart of milk every day from your farm, 'cept you fix it up so half of it's Brandy and don't let on!" So he does that, doctors it up with Brandy, and his mamma drinks some of it.

(MORE)

44.

BUCK (CONT'D)

And the next day he brings it again and she drinks some more--and she keeps it up every day. Finally, one week later, he brings her the milk and don't you know she just shallows it all down, and looks at her bag and says, "Son, whatever you do, don't sell that cow!"

CLYDE and BUCK explode in laughter.

INT. SECOND CAR. DAY.

At the top of the laugh, cut to the int. of the second car, riding right in back of them. The atmosphere is completely unlike the cozy and jolly scene preceding. We have dead silence. BONNIE is driving, smoking a cigarette, grim. BLANCHE--seated as far away as she can get from BONNIE without falling out of the car--makes a face at the cigarette smoke, rolls down the window for air. C.W.'s in the back seat, just staring.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARAGE APARTMENT. DAY.

A residential street in Joplin, Missouri, showing a garage apartment above a double garage. Camera sees BUCK talking to a dapper gent with keys in his hand. BUCK pays him. The man tips his hat and walks off. BUCK gestures and Clyde drives a car into the driveway. C.W. follows, driving BUCK's car with BLANCHE. CLYDE stops beside BUCK. BUCK leans into CLYDE's car and says:

BUCK :

I give him a month's rent in advance. We're all set. Let's get inside.

CLYDE calls back to C.W. in the following car.

CLYDE:

Pull up and unload the stuff.

BUCK :

(on the running board of moving car)

Honey-love, I'm taking you into our first home.

BLANCHE giggles. The two cars pull up before the garage and the people start to descend.

45.

INT. GARAGE APARTMENT. DAY.

A winded BUCK enters and puts down BLANCHE. As others behind him carry in their things and disperse throughout apartment.

BLANCHE :

Oh look, it's so clean, Buck. And a Frigidaire...not an icebox!

BUCK :

He give me the grocery number.
He goes to the phone.

BUCK:

(continuing)

Lemme see, eh 4337...Operator... please ma'm, may I have 4337...if you please?

BLANCHE:

Oh...they got linoleum on the counter. Ain't that clever!

BUCK :

Hello, Smitty's grocery...I'd like to order a mess of groceries. Oh yeah...eh 143 Hillsdale Street. Lessee, about 8 pounds of porkchops,

4 pounds of red beans...a can of Chase and Sandborn...uh.

BLANCHE :

Oh, isn't this something, Daddy!

BUCK :

Sshh. Uh...quart of milk...uh 8 bottles of Dr. Pepper and that's it, I guess. No...no. Uh...a box of Rice Krispies...Bye now.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Open on BONNIE and CLYDE. He is cleaning guns. She is watching something off screen. We hear a clicking sound.

BLANCHE (O.S.)

My, you need a haircut, Daddy. You look like a hillbilly boy.

46.

A look of disgust crosses BONNIE's face. CLYDE, who has been watching her, smiles. The clicking sound increases suddenly.

BUCK (O.S.)

Gotcha!

BLANCHE whoops. Camera cuts to see that BUCK and C.W. are playing checkers and BUCK has just beaten him.

C.W.

Again.

BUCK :

Boy, you ain't never gonna beat me but you keep tryin' now. He starts to set up the game again.

BLANCHE :

Jest like an ol' man. Plays checkers all the time and doesn't pay any attention to his poor lonely wife.

She ruffles his hair again.

BUCK :

Cut it out now, honey. I'm gonna

teach this boy a lesson he'll never forget.

Camera cuts to BONNIE, watching with disgust. Then slowly, a wicked little smile edges across her face. She watches for a moment more, then she rises and with the most ingenuous look she can muster up, beckons to CLYDE to follow her into the bedroom. A little puzzled, CLYDE follows.

INT. BEDROOM.

BONNIE closes the door and immediately begins fussing with CLYDE's hair, doing a scathing imitation of BLANCHE. Though her miming expresses her irritation at being closeted with the Barrow menage, it is also a peach doing an imitation of a lemon--and it is disarmingly sensual... Indeed the mimicry allows BONNIE to be physically freer with CLYDE, and allows CLYDE to respond without anxiety, without self-consciousness. We should have the distinct--if momentary--feeling that CLYDE could suddenly make it with BONNIE.

47.

BONNIE:

(doing an unmerciful imitation)

Oh, Daddy, you shore need a haircut.

You look just like a little old hillbilly boy, I do declare.

(she has her other hand toying with the buttons on his shirt, her hand slipping under, fluttering across his bare chest)

Oh mercy me, oh my stars!

CLYDE laughs, and BONNIE tugs at the shirt--she kneels on the bed over CLYDE, who quite easily drapes across it.

BONNIE :

(a little louder)

Oh, Daddy! Yore such a slowpoke!

She's letting her hair fall loose, its golden ends brushing up and down CLYDE's body.

CLYDE:

(amused, but cautionary)

Hush up a little. They're in the next room.

BONNIE :

(a mock-pout, but
with an edge to it)
Shoot, there's always somebody in
this room, the next room and ever'
other kind of room.

CLYDE has his arm around BONNIE, and she's almost draped
across him--but in the direction of the length of the bed,
so their bodies almost form a crooked cross. She digs an
elbow into his stomach.

CLYDE :

Oof!...now that ain't no nice way
to talk about my brother.

BONNIE :

(imitating Blanche
again with baby talk)
I ain't talking about your brother.
Suddenly BONNIE straightens up to a kneeling position again,
and cocks her head. When she speaks now it is with a simple
plaintiveness.

48.

BONNIE:

Honey, do you ever just want to be
alone with Me?

(sensing Clyde's
sensitivity to the
sexual implication)

I don't just mean like that...I
mean do you ever have the notion of
us bein' out together and alone,
like at some fancy ball, or, I
don't know, where we walk in all
dressed and they announce us and
it's fancy and in public, but we're
alone somehow. We're separate from
everybody else, and they know it.

CLYDE looks up to BONNIE, affectionately. He runs his hand
carelessly down her body.

CLYDE :

I always feel like we're separate
from everybody else.

BONNIE :

(it's terribly
important to her)

Do you, baby?

Suddenly there is a ring at the door. BONNIE and CLYDE
freeze.

INT. LIVING ROOM.

BONNIE and CLYDE run out into the living room, camera going
with them.

BONNIE:

(to all)

Quiet! I'll get it.

BONNIE goes down the stairs and reaches the front door.

BONNIE :

Who is it?

VOICE :

Groceries, M'am.

EXT. GARAGE APARTMENT.

She opens the door. A young man is there with the two big
sacks of groceries.

49.

BONNIE :

How much?

YOUNG MAN :

Six dollars and forty-three cents.

BONNIE pays him and goes to take the bags from him.

YOUNG MAN :

Here, M'am, them bags is heavy.

Let me carry 'em up for you.

BONNIE :

(curtly)

No thanks, I'll take 'em.

She takes the heavy bags and hefts them up and turns and
walks up the stairs. They are obviously very heavy for her.

Closeup the delivery boy's face, looking puzzled at this behavior. BONNIE reaches the top steps, and voices are heard.

BUCK'S VOICE

What was it?

CLYDE'S VOICE

Quiet. Open the door.

BONNIE :

C'mon, c'mon...

Close-up. The DELIVERY BOY. A look of suspicion comes across his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GARAGE APARTMENT.

Close-up of BONNIE--seated in the living room.

BONNIE :

(reading from a pad;

in a recital voice)

It's called "The Ballad of Suicide
Sal."

(she pauses for
effect; then begins:)

"We each of us have a good alibi
For being down here in the 'joint';
But few of them really are justified
If you get right down to the point.
You've heard of a woman's glory
Being spent on a downright cur'."

50.

BUCK'S VOICE (O.S.)

You write that all by yourself?

BONNIE :

You want to hear this or not?

As she reads, the camera pans around the room picking out everyone's reaction. CLYDE is looking and listening seriously. BUCK is grinning. C.W. is blank. BLANCHE is in the kitchen cooking.

BONNIE :

"Still you can't always judge the
story

As true, being told by her.

Now 'Sal' was a gal of rare beauty,
Though her features were coarse and
tough--"

BUCK :

Yeah, I knew her. She was cockeyed
and had a hare-lip and no teeth!

BONNIE flashes him a look that could kill. He shuts up fast.

She continues:

BONNIE :

"Now 'Sal' was a gal of rare
beauty,
Though her features were coarse and
tough;

She never once faltered from duty
To play on the 'up and up'."

Still listening, CLYDE gets up from his chair and walks
slowly past the living room windows. The camera angled
slightly above him, sees down the street. We see two police
cars quietly pulling up. One of them parks sideways in the
driveway to block escape from the garage, the other stays on
the street. CLYDE turns and looks out the window.

BONNIE:

(o.s. as we see out
the window)

"Sal told me this tale on the
evening

Before she was turned out free,
And I'll do my best to relate it
Just as she told it to me--"

CLYDE:

(seeing it)

It's the law.

51.

As soon as CLYDE calls out, BLANCHE drops the frying pan on
the floor and begins screaming. Camera cuts back to the
living room. Everyone else leaps into action. Guns begin
blazing from everywhere; we rarely see who is shooting at
whom.

EXT. GARAGE APARTMENT. DAY.

The police, down the stairs into the garage--we follow them with a hand-held camera tracking rapidly.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

BLANCHE, however, in utter panic, just runs right out the front door, and begins running down the quiet residential street, going nowhere, anywhere.

EXT. GARAGE APARTMENT. DAY.

BUCK, crouching, shooting with one hand, gets the garage door open. A policeman fires. BUCK fires back and the cop falls dead in the street. BUCK, firing, dashes to the police car blocking their escape and releases the hand brake. CLYDE, BONNIE and C.W. leap into their car, gun the motor, still shooting madly. Two more police fall dead or wounded. One policeman is hurled through a fence by the blast of a sawed-off shotgun. BUCK jumps into the car with the others. They now begin to bump the police car with their car. The police car picks up speed as they push it and it tears into the street right at the group of firing police. The gang's car turns into the street toward the running BLANCHE. BONNIE and CLYDE are in front; BUCK and C.W. in the back seat firing back at police. The car pulls alongside the wildly running BLANCHE; the back door is flung open and in almost the style of a cartoon, two hands reach out and lift her off her feet and pull her into the car. They speed away.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR. DAY.

The inside of the car, still speeding. BLANCHE is hysterical. C.W. is still firing out the window. The pursuing police car's driver is shot and the car crashes into a tree. The gang is not being pursued now, but CLYDE is driving at 90. BLANCHE is moaning and crying. BONNIE, in front, turns around furiously.

BONNIE :

Dammit, you almost got us killed!
52.

BLANCHE:

(crying)
What did I do wrong? I s'pose
you'd be happier if I got shot.

BONNIE:

(at her bitchiest)

Yeah, it would of saved us all a lot of trouble.

BLANCHE :

Buck, don't let that woman talk to me like that!

BUCK :

(caught in the middle of a bad situation, knowing Blanche is wrong, but trying to soothe her)

You shouldn't have done it, Blanche.

(quietly, cont.)

It was a dumb thing to do.

BLANCHE:

(switching tactics)

Please, Buck, I didn't marry you to see you shot up! Please, let's go!

Let's get out of here and leave.

Make him stop the car and let us out!

BUCK:

(still quietly)

Can't. I killed a man. We're in this now.

BLANCHE :

(loud and shrill)

Please! Please!

BONNIE:

(exploding)

Shut up! Just shut up your big mouth! At least do that, will ya, just shut up.

CLYDE :

Cut it out, Bonnie.

BONNIE is affronted. BLANCHE continues sobbing.

BONNIE :

(curtly)

Stop the car. I want to talk to you.

53.

Without a word, CLYDE stops the car.

EXT. ROADSIDE. DAY.

BONNIE and CLYDE get out and walk fifteen feet away from the car. Both are irritated and touchy. Camera follows them.

CLYDE:

(coldly)

What is it?

BONNIE :

Get rid of her.

CLYDE :

Can't do that. She's Buck's wife.

BONNIE :

(snapping her words)

Get rid of both of them then.

CLYDE :

Why? What's the matter with you anyway?

BONNIE :

She's what's the matter with me, a damn stupid back country hick without a brain in her head.

(contemptuously)

She ain't nothin' but prunes and proverbs.

CLYDE:

(really pissed-off at Bonnie)

What makes you any better? What makes you so damn special? You're just a West Dallas waitress who spent half your time pickin' up truck drivers!

This hits home with BONNIE. He has said the unforgivable.

BONNIE:

(raising her voice)

You talk to me like that! Big Clyde Barrow, just the same as your brother, an ignorant uneducated hillbilly.

(with deadly archness)

Only special thing about you is your peculiar ideas about lovmakin'--which is no love makin' at all.

54.

CLYDE stiffens. The two of them stand silent and tense, almost quivering with anger. They have stripped each other raw. CLYDE turns and looks back at the car. Everyone is waiting, watching them. He breathes a deep sigh, like a man counting to 10 to hold his temper.

CLYDE :

Look, Bonnie-

He can't finish.

Close. BONNIE. She drops her head into her hand for a moment, comes up a little more relaxed. She looks at CLYDE and her eyes reflect the realization of the pain she has inflicted on him. She softens.

BONNIE :

Clyde...honey...I didn't mean all that, honey. Blame it on all that shootin', I just felt so bad...sure enough...Clyde?

CLYDE :

Okay...Okay, hon...let's get movin'...

He turns and begins walking back to the car. BONNIE walks alongside him. On the few steps back, she regains all her dignity and acts aloof from the others waiting for her. She reaches the car. CLYDE opens her door for her and she gets in like a great lady. He walks around to his side, gets in, and they drive off.

WIDE SHOT. EXT. CAR. DAY.

A very wide shot. We see CLYDE's car driving along a wooded road. For a moment that is all we see, then we should

become aware that far in the distance another car is following CLYDE's.

Close. Rural mail box. On the opposite side of the road, CLYDE's car swings across the road and CLYDE, who is driving, snatches a newspaper which protrudes from the box and hands it into the car. They drive out of the shot. Camera holds and soon the following car enters the shot. The man driving is a Texas ranger. He drives slowly. He drives out of the shot.

INT. CLYDE'S CAR.

BUCK is reading from the paper.

55.

BUCK:

(jubilantly)

Hey, y'all, listen to this here:

Law enforcement officers throughout the Southwest are frankly amazed at the way in which will-of-the-wisp bandit Clyde Barrow and his yellow-haired companion, Bonnie Parker, continue to elude their would-be captors. Since engaging the police in a gun battle on the streets of Joplin Missouri and slaying three of their number...

BLANCHE :

Oh, Lord...

We notice CLYDE is wincing.

BUCK:

...the Barrow gang has been reported as far West as White City, New Mexico, and as far north as Chicago. They have been credited with robbing the Mesquite Bank in the aforementioned White City, the J.J. Landry Oil Refinery in Arp, Texas, the Sanger City National Bank in Denton, Texas on three different occasions. In addition to these robberies, the fast travelling Barrows have been rumored to have

had a hand in the robbing of two Piggly Wiggly stores in Texas, and one A&P store in Missouri, though Chief Percy Hammond, who first identified Clyde Barrow's brother, Buck, as a member of the gang, expressed some doubt that these last robberies were committed by the Barrow Gang alone.

BONNIE :

Go on.

C.W.

(finally)

Clyde, we ain't goin' to see a restroom for another thirty miles.

Why don't you just stop here?

CLYDE looks relieved.

56.

EXT. WOODED AREA. DAY.

He pulls the car to a stop, gets out and goes off into the woods. We watch him vanish behind the trees.

INT. CAR.

BUCK still scanning the newspaper.

BUCK:

(with a laugh)

Hey now, here's something! Listen

here:

In Hunt For Barrow. Police Officer Howard Anderson's heart turned faster than his motorcycle when he forced to the side of the road a roaring black V-8 sedan in which were three men and a blondheaded woman yesterday afternoon.

Everybody laughs. As BUCK continues to read, his voice remaining on the soundtrack.

EXT. CAR.

The camera goes outside the car and pulls back, way back, to reveal a police car quietly driving up behind the car. The car stops a good distance away and one man gets out, the only occupant of the car. He is tall, dressed in the

uniform of the Texas Ranger. He draws his gun and slowly approaches the car from the rear. On the soundtrack BUCK's voice continues; as we see all this taking place.

BUCK :

When he saw several machine guns in the car he was certain he'd caught Clyde Barrow, Bonnie Parker, and maybe Buck Barrow and the third unidentified member of the gang. It took a lot of telephoning and explaining to convince the motorcycle cop that his captives were two highway patrolmen and a blonde-haired stenographer from the Highway Patrol--. Haw! Haw!

(everybody busts up with laughter)

In the meantime, on screen, the lawman is slowly approaching the back of the car. Suddenly, cut to shot of CLYDE coming out of the woods, behind the lawman. His gun is tucked in his pants. In a second, he sees what is happening.

57.

BUCK's voice is continuing:

BUCK :

Anderson was held up as an example for every other Texas peace officer today. "That was a mighty brave thing," explained Highway Patrol Chief L.C. Winston.

CLYDE whips out his gun. The following scene is played exactly like a classic fast-draw in an heroic Western.

CLYDE :

Sheriff!

BRYCE spins around. Both men fire instantaneously, but CLYDE has the draw on him, and the aim. The gun goes flying from the SHERIFF's hand. A really razzle-dazzle display of grandstand marksmanship from Clyde.

Immediately the gang leaps from the car and surrounds the man, guns drawn.

C.W.

Boy! What a shot, Clyde!

BUCK :

Sweet Jesus, I never seen shootin'
like that!

The gang grabs the man and takes his handcuffs from his belt. CLYDE makes him lean on the car's hood, arms extended, legs spread, while he frisks him. In general, everyone is excited over the capture. BONNIE takes the sheriff's gun and delicately places it on the radiator grill like an object d'art.

CLYDE :

(examining the man's
wallet, really surprised)

Well, now, getta load of this. I
want y'all to know we are in the
custody of Cap'n Frank Bryce, and
Frank here is a Texas Ranger.

Rev. angle across hood--so BRYCE's face, not visible to CLYDE or anyone else behind him, is in foreground. His gnarled, powerful hands tremble slightly on the hood, as tho they might crinkle the metal like so much tissue paper. His eyes stare toward camera relentlessly, unblinking, but without passion. They are shark's eyes. They have witnessed much carnage, devoured it, and are still wide open for more.
58.

C.W.

Sure 'nough, Clyde?

BUCK :

Say there, peacemaker. I believe
you got your spurs all tangled up.
You're in Missouri, you know that?

CLYDE has been going thru the man's credentials. Not so

pleasantly:

CLYDE :

You didn't know you was in Missouri?

C.W.

He's lost, this here Texas Ranger.

CLYDE claps BRYCE's hands behind his back, handcuffs him, spins him around.

CLYDE:

(a little pissed)

--he ain't lost...them banks are offerin' extra reward money fer us, and Frank figured on easy pickin's, didn't you?

(he suddenly knocks

Bryce's hat off)

Didn't you?

BRYCE flinches involuntarily. BUCK suddenly grows wary at CLYDE's mood. CLYDE leans into BRYCE, looking up.

CLYDE :

--Now you ain't hardly doin' your job, Texas Ranger. You oughta be home lookin' after the rights of poor folks, not out chasin' after us. He suddenly hefts BRYCE's huge bulk onto the fender.

BUCK:

(trying to be casual)

Easy there, Clyde. Why take is so personal.

CLYDE :

(to Bryce)

Reg'lar laws is one thing. But this here bounty hunting, we got to discourage that.

BLANCHE looks very uncomfortable. She starts to say something, but BUCK intervenes.

59.

BUCK :

Like how, Clyde?-

A tense moment. CLYDE can't think of anything right away.

C.W.

(trying to be helpful)

Shoot him.

BONNIE shoots C.W. an angry glance--it's just what the gang doesn't want.

C.W.

(trying again)

...hang him?...

Reaction--BONNIE carefully gauging the moment to intervene.

BONNIE :

(suddenly)

--uh-uh. Take his picture.

CLYDE's not sure he's heard right. Neither is C.W.

C.W.

Take his picture?

BONNIE:

(pointedly ignoring

C.W., brightly)

Then we'll let the newspapers have

it--so's everyone can see Captain

Frank Bryce of the Texas Rangers

with the Barrow gang-

(moving demurely to Bryce)

--and all bein' just as friendly as

pie.

BUCK:

(grasping

possibilities immediately)

...yeah, yeah...

BONNIE:

(continuing right on,

coyly picking up

Bryce's gun from grill)

--why we 'bout the friendliest

folks in the world. Texas Ranger

waves his big ol' gun at us, and we

just welcome him like he's one of

our own.

60.

CLYDE:

(grinning widely)

Buck, get the Kodak!

BUCK:

(relieved and excited)

Hot dog!

CLYDE:

(to Bryce)

We're mighty proud to have a Texas Ranger in the family.

BRYCE is obviously not pleased with this turn of events. Following dialogue is overlapped, ad-libbed, etc. A sense of mounting glee at the kind of vengeance they are going to exact.

New angle. BUCK is fiddling with the camera, setting up the shot with CLYDE. BUCK's following speech should be heard, b.g., to CLYDE's speech below it.

BUCK :

...keep him set on the hood,
there...more to the sun, like
that...yeah...when all his ranger
friends see this...I bet he's gonna
wish he was dead!

CLYDE:

(to Bryce)

...see what come o' your
mischief?...not doin' your job?
Down in Duncanville last year poor
farmers keeps the laws away from us
with shot guns...you're s'posed to
be protectin' them from us, and
they're protectin' us from you.
(giggling)
--don't make sense, do it?

BUCK :

C'mon, now, Clyde, you and Bonnie
first. Move into him, right close,
right friendly.

CLYDE:

All righty
(to Bryce, whose
hands are tied,
hemmed in by them both)
Don't move, now, hear?
61.

CLYDE grandly puts an arm on BRYCE's shoulder, BONNIE,

looking up admiringly from the other side. BUCK takes the picture. BONNIE immediately hops onto the hood, next to BRYCE.

BONNIE :

How's this? "Captain Bryce and new found friend."

She coyly loosens his tie, tousles his hair, and plants a big kiss on him while still ogling camera.

CLYDE :

...yeah, yeah...quick, Buck, get it...

BUCK :

...I'm gettin' it, I'm gettin' it.

Quite suddenly BRYCE, whose simmering intensity we should be more sensitive to than the gang is, spits on Bonnie. BONNIE half-screams in disgust, but CLYDE is on top of BRYCE in a flash, half-strangling on his own fury. He pulls BRYCE off the fender by the handcuffs, spinning him around crazily like a lasso. BRYCE is literally ricocheted off the car by the force, and, with CLYDE hanging on by the cuffs, plummets down the embankment to the sandy beach below, both men falling, spinning. BRYCE rises shakily. He tries to walk away. CLYDE grabs him again by the handcuffs and hurls him out into the water. BRYCE smacks into a tree stump poking out of the shallows and goes down. CLYDE is on top of him. Meanwhile, BUCK has rushed down into the water, tries to pull CLYDE off BRYCE.

BUCK:

(frantic)

I got the picture. I got the picture...

CLYDE :

(oblivious)

Lemme be, lemme be...

BRYCE reaches the surface and CLYDE tries to throw him into deeper water. He hitches BRYCE over a moldy skiff, knocking aside one of the oars. BUCK upends BRYCE into the skiff and kicks it spinning. CLYDE picks up an oar and hurls it like a boomerang, ass over end at the skiff. It kicks up a spray.

BUCK :

(holding tightly to
Clyde, yelling)
I got the PICTURE!

62.

Reaction. CLYDE waist deep, breathing heavily.

CLYDE:

...All right, all right...

(to Bryce, yelling)

WE GOT YOU...HEAR?... REMEMBER...

YOU... YOUR FACE...WE GOT IT...WE

GOT YOU...WE GOT YOU...WE GOT YOU...

BRYCE, battered and handcuffed, stares back with mindless malice from the lazily spinning skiff to the hysterical spectre of CLYDE, screaming his madness across the water.

DISSOLVE:

INT. BANK.

Inside the bank. In contrast to the previous inept bank robbery scene, this one goes admirably well, the gang performing slickly and without a hitch. As they enter, dripping wet, CLYDE makes a general announcement to everyone to the bank.

CLYDE:

This is the Barrow gang.

(the people turn and freeze)

Everybody just take it easy and
nobody will get hurt.

CLYDE covers the door. BONNIE and BUCK go to the tellers' cages and get money. BUCK goes inside, emptying out the cash drawers. Cut to BONNIE filling the sack.

Cut to a close-up of a burglar alarm button. Slowly a hand crawls up the wall and a finger slowly moves to push the button. When the finger is about one inch away, suddenly a gun appears in the frame and gently taps the hand away. The camera pulls back to reveal BUCK smiling at a lady teller.

BUCK :

Don't do nothin' silly now.

Cut to CLYDE standing near the door, training his guns on the entire bank. A farmer stands a few feet away, some

bills clutched in his hand.

CLYDE :

That your money or the bank's?

FARMER :

Mine.

CLYDE :

Keep it, then.

63.

Across the floor, the bank guard in the corner takes advantage of CLYDE's distraction to go for his gun. CLYDE spots it and fires a shot that just knocks the bank guard's hat off without harming him.

CLYDE:

(to the guard, who has practically frozen in fear)

Next time I'll aim a little lower.

They finish robbing the bank. They start to exit. Near the door stands a guard with his hands raised. He wears sun glasses of the period. As they leave BUCK snatches the sun glasses from the guard's head.

BUCK :

Get a good look at us! We're the Barrow boys.

EXT. BANK. DAY.

The gang runs wildly into the street where the car waits, motor running. As they leap into car, BUCK throws the sun glasses into BLANCHE's lap.

BUCK :

Happy birthday.

They zoom off. Shots are heard. BONNIE, BUCK and CLYDE begin firing at the bank guards who are pursuing them. The guards fire back.

Close-up. BLANCHE sitting in the back seat with her fingers stuck tightly in her ears, eyes shut, trying to overcome her panic. A funny image, but one that also awakens pity. The next sequence is carried out in cross-cutting.

CUT TO:

The street in front of the bank. Police car pulls up and the excited crowd gestures in the direction of the departed gang. The siren starts.

CUT TO:

INT. GANG CAR. DAY.

The siren heard now in the far distance.

BUCK:

(to C.W. at the wheel)

Kick it in the pants, C.W.

64.

CLYDE :

We got to make that state line!

C.W.

(driving like a wild

man, but adlibing loudly)

Can't get more'n this out of a Plymouth!

CUT TO:

INT. BANK.

The gang has left a legacy of celebrity behind. We see the bank guard whose hat was shot off being interviewed by a reporter. He is seated in a chair, his shirt open at the collar and a woman teller is fanning him.

BANK GUARD:

(enjoying the limelight)

Then he saw me goin' for my gun.

Clyde Barrow himself, I mean. And

suddenly I was starin' into the face of death!

WOMAN TELLER :

Tsk, tsk.

A photographer steps in.

PHOTOGRAPHER:

Just look this way, Mr. Hawkins.

The bank guard hurriedly buttons up his collar and smiles as the flashbulb goes off.

CUT TO:

EXT. GANG CAR.

Still speeding along, the siren more distant.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK.

The bank president and a policeman are posing for that classic picture where both stand flanking a bullet hole in the wall and point proudly at it. The flashbulb goes off.

CUT TO:

65.

INT. POLICE CAR.

Two men in police uniforms following BONNIE and CLYDE.

FIRST POLICEMAN

Step on it, Randolph. We gotta catch 'em 'fore they reach the state line!

CUT TO:

INT. BANK.

FARMER is describing BONNIE and CLYDE to passersby who dote on him as though he'd just had contact with a portion of the true cross. FARMER is aware of his position.

FARMER :

Clyde?...he looked like, well he looked real...clean...and Bonnie, she's too much a lady ever to be caught with a cigar in her mouth...I don't care what you heard before. I saw 'em right here, not twenty minutes ago...

(gravely)

--and all's I can say is, they did right by me, and I'm bringin' me a mess of flowers to their funeral.

CUT TO:

INT. GANG'S CAR.

Car slows up perceptibly as CLYDE says:

CLYDE :

Okay, relax. We're in Oklahoma now.
Slow down.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR.

FIRST POLICEMAN

Turn around. Don't waste no more
gas.

SECOND POLICEMAN

(a young eager beaver type)
Ain't we gone to catch 'em?
66.

FIRST POLICEMAN

Hell, they're over the State line.
That's out of our jurisdiction.

SECOND POLICEMAN

Why don't we get 'em anyway?

FIRST POLICEMAN

I ain't gone to risk my life in
Oklahoma. That's their problem.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR.

Now the gang's car is seen traveling down a long, narrow
country road surrounded by cornfields.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE BY WOODS. DAY.

They get out, taking the various bags of money with them,
and dump the lot on the hood. There is not an impressive
amount of money.

CLYDE :

(disappointed)

Hell. That ain't much, is it?

BUCK :

(commiseratingly)

Times is hard,

CLYDE :

Well, let's get to it.

He begins dealing and splitting the money out on the hood of
the car, as they gather around.

CLYDE :

This is Clyde Barrow.

(lays down a bill)

Buck Barrow...

(lays down a bill)

Bonnie Parker...C.W.

(goes back to the
first again and lays
out another round)

Clyde, Buck...Bonnie...C.W. Clyde,

Clyde again...Buck...Bonnie...C.W.

BUCK and BLANCHE stand watching. BLANCHE looks fretful.

She nudges BUCK and whispers to him.

67.

BUCK whispers something back to her. Meanwhile, CLYDE's
counting still goes on.

CLYDE :

Bonnie...C.S....Clyde...

BUCK :

(very ill at ease in
this position he has
been forced into)

Um...eh...Clyde?

CLYDE :

Hah?

BUCK is clearly embarrassed.

BUCK :

Uh, Clyde...well...what about
Blanche?

Everyone reacts with stunned amazement at BLANCHE's nerve in
wanting to get her cut.

BONNIE :

(incredulous)

WHAT?

BLANCHE sees she has to rise to her own defense, and she
rises to the occasion with spirit and verve.

BLANCHE :

Well, why not? Say I earned my share! Same as everybody. I coulda got killed same as everybody, and I'm wanted by the law same as everybody. Besides I coulda got snake bit sleepin' in them woods every night!

(building it up)

I'm just a nervous wreck and that's the truth. And I have to listen to sass from Miss Bonnie Parker all the time. I deserve mine!

Close. BUCK. Day--looking at CLYDE, his face full of weak smiles and embarrassment at his wife.

CLYDE:

(with a sigh)

Okay...okay...hold your horses, Blanche. You'll get your share.

68.

BONNIE is livid but says nothing. CLYDE, the leader has decided. C.W. looks indignant, like a hog who's just been given a bath. CLYDE begins counting all over again in near silence.

BUCK :

Married a preacher's daughter and she still thinks she's takin' the collection.

Everyone now laughs, but BLANCHE. CLYDE continues counting.

BUCK:

(to Blanche)

Well, don't spend it all in one place now, hear?

BONNIE :

She'll be doin' right well to spend it at all.

BONNIE turns and ambles away from the car. After a moment CLYDE stops counting and moves after her. He's prepared for a fight, stands behind BONNIE's arched back trying to gauge the degree of hostility there.

CLYDE :

Bonnie?

No answer.

CLYDE:

(a little defensive)

Look, Bonnie, I've said it and I guess I'll keep sayin' it before we're thru--Blanche is Buck's wife and Buck is family.

He waits expectantly.

BONNIE :

(finally, utterly without malice)

--she's such a silly-Billy...

BONNIE looks plaintively to CLYDE.

BONNIE :

My family could use some of that money.

69.

CLYDE :

Them laws have been hangin' round your mamas house 'til all hours, Bonnie. It's just too risky to go there.

BONNIE:

(exploding)

Well, where can we go? We rob the damn banks, what else do we do?

CLYDE cannot really answer. Suddenly C.W. starts yelling:
C.W.

CLYDE! CLYDE! CLYDE!

CLYDE flinches at the sound. C.W. comes bounding over, as rude an assault on their sensibilities as he can be.

CLYDE :

(wincing as they are nose to nose)

I hear you, C.W.

C.W.

This ol' heap's gushin' oil! We got to swipe us another set of wheels right away, or we won't get anywhere. Look here.

He reaches down under the pan of the car and scoops a gooey handful of slick black oil which he holds before their faces.

C.W.

See?

CLYDE nods slowly. He looks back to BONNIE. He sees.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET.

A residential neighborhood on a suburban street. A rather well-to-do neighborhood. The camera is up on a porch of a white frame house, looking toward the street. On the porch, sitting in the swing in the left f.g. are a MAN and a WOMAN. She is about twenty-nine, he is about thirty-six. He is sitting with his back to us, embracing the WOMAN. They are spooning, making low, loving murmurs.

WOMAN :

Oh, now...now, dear...

70.

MAN :

Mmmm...sweet thing...

We see in the distance two cars parked in front of the house. His and hers. Suddenly we see another car drive up (BONNIE and CLYDE) and somebody gets out. Then the whole gang gets out, ditches the one car and gets in one of the parked cars. All the while the couple on the porch is busy spooning. The car begins to roll slowly into the street. The WOMAN notices.

WOMAN :

Say, isn't that your car, Eugene?

MAN:

(still nuzzling her)

Mmmmmmm...huh?

(he looks, leaps from the swing)

That's my car! Hey!

The MAN and WOMAN run down the front steps and front walk to the second car. They jump in and take off, giving chase.

INT. CAR. DAY.

The WOMAN is driving (it's her car). The MAN is furious.

EUGENE :

I'll tear 'em apart! Those punks!
Steal a man's car right out from
under him! Wait till I get my
hands on those kids, Velma, I'll
show 'em!

They continue driving, furious, the man cursing and muttering.
We see through their windshield the other car way in the
distance.

VELMA :

What if they have guns, Eugene?

EUGENE :

(realizing the
possibility, he
suddenly stops being
mad and turns chicken)
We'd better get the police and let
them handle this.

VELMA :

Right.
71.

EUGENE:

Turn around and let's get back to
town. We'll go get the sheriff.
They are by now on a narrow dirt road and the WOMAN has to
execute a U-turn. It takes her about seven cuts to turn the
car around in the narrow space. They start back to town.

CUT TO:

INT. BONNIE AND CLYDE'S CAR.
BUCK looks out the rear window.

BUCK :

They stopped chasin' us. They
turned around.
Close-up. CLYDE grinning mischievously.

CLYDE :

Let's take 'em.

BUCK and C.W. laugh appreciatively at the reversal. CLYDE turns the car around. He performs the U-turn in the same narrow space in one, swift, smooth, beautiful turn.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OTHER CAR.

VELMA looks in the rear view mirror and sees that now she is being chased.

VELMA :

Oh, my Lord, they're comin' after us.

EUGENE:

(in a panic)

Step on it, Velma, step on it!

Close-up. Accelerator. VELMA jams it down to the floor.

The car speeds.

EXT. ROAD. THE CHASE. DAY.

BONNIE and CLYDE's car gaining on them, gaining on them, gaining on them and finally overtaking them, coming up and ahead, forcing them to the side of the road.

Med. shot. The MAN and WOMAN's car. Terrified, they roll up their windows, lock their doors and huddle together.

72.

EXT. ROAD.

The Barrow gang piles out of their car and walks over, having a merry time. They surround the car and press their faces against the window, flattening their features, making menacing gestures at the shaking pair inside. We see this from the point of view of the MAN and WOMAN inside the car. CLYDE pulls out a gun, makes as if to shoot, but he is kidding. They all laugh uproariously, especially BUCK who is delighted with CLYDE's prank. All of this we see in pantomime from inside the trapped car.

EXT. CAR.

CLYDE :

C'mon, get out! Get out of there,
I said.

They come out, hands held high, shaking with fear. They have practically turned to jelly.

CLYDE:

(ordering them into
the other car)

Get in here.

INT. OTHER CAR. DAY.

They get in and the gang gets in. Seven people are now jammed inside. CLYDE drives, BONNIE next to him, C.W. next to her. In back, BLANCHE, then EUGENE with VELMA (of necessity) sitting on his lap, and then BUCK. As will be seen, the reason the Barrows have kidnapped the couple is simply that they wanted company. Living as they do, seeing only each other day after day, they long for diversion and new faces. So the atmosphere in the car will shortly change to one of friendliness and jollity, and it will get progressively more so in the series of cuts which advance the time. As the car starts up at the beginning, however, the MAN and WOMAN are terrified.

BUCK :

What's your name?

EUGENE:

(hesitantly)

I'm Eugene Grizzard.

VELMA :

I'm Velma Davis.

73.

BUCK :

(just as friendly as
he can be)

Well, howdy! We're the Barrow gang.

That there is Clyde drivin' and I'm
Buck.

The MAN and WOMAN almost faint from fear; clutch at each other. The gang all laugh at this. VELMA and EUGENE begin to realize that they are not going to get hurt and that the Barrows are friendly to them.

BONNIE :

Look, don't be scared, folks. It
ain't like you was the law. You're
just folks like us.

EUGENE :

(agreeing over-enthusiastically)

Yeah, yeah, that's the truth.

CLYDE :

I expect you been readin' about us.

The MAN and the WOMAN answer simultaneously with what they think is the right thing to say under the circumstances.

EUGENE :

Yes.

VELMA :

No.

They glare at each other.

EUGENE :

(meaningfully)

Yes, Velma, we have too.

BONNIE :

(laughing at the contretemps)

Well, you two must be in love, I bet.

EUGENE and VELMA blush, get shy for a second. BONNIE smiles.

BUCK :

(gleefully, clapping
his hands)

Well, when you gonna marry the
girl, boy?

Everyone chuckles heartily.

CUT TO:

74.

INT. CAR. LATER.

--still driving, same positions, but some time has elapsed.
The atmosphere is now completely convivial and the captives
are enjoying their new friends. As the scene starts, BUCK
is finishing his joke.

BONNIE :

So then she drinks her milk down
again, every drop. And she looks

over at her son and says, "Son,
whatever you do, don't sell that
cow!"

The couple laughs with great amusement, but everyone else in
the car doesn't laugh--this is the tenth time they've heard
the joke.

CUT TO:

INT. OF CAR.

--getting on toward evening. All are thoroughly relaxes and
chatting.

BONNIE:

(to Velma)

How old are you, honey?

VELMA :

Thirty-three.

A sudden look of surprise registers on EUGENE's face.

INT. OF CAR. NIGHT.

It is now night. Everyone inside the car is eating.

Apparently they stopped somewhere along the way for food.

In the crowded interior, it is like a party--food is being
passed back and forth, laughter and gaiety, increasing
warmth between the couple and the Barrows. The car has
become a little society on wheels, dashing through the black
night down the highway. Inside there is a small world of
happiness and fun.

BUCK is unpacking the food and passing sandwiches and drinks
around the car.

VELMA:

Now I ordered some French fries,
didn't I?

75.

BUCK :

(passing her some)

Yeah, here you go.

CLYDE :

Take it easy on those French fries,
Velma. Ain't that right, Eugene?

EUGENE:

(studying his hamburger)

This isn't mine. I ordered mine
well done. Who's got the other
hamburger?

Close-up. C.W. who has already taken a bite of the other one.

C.W.

Oh, is this supposed to be yours?

He extends the bitten burger out to EUGENE.

Full shot.

EUGENE :

That's okay, forget it.

CLYDE laughs at this.

BUCK :

(chewing)

Haw! I sure am havin' a good time!

How 'bout you folks? Ain't you
glad we picked you up?

CLYDE:

(laughing)

Hey, maybe y'all ought to join up
with us.

That idea strikes everyone as being very amusing.

EUGENE:

(laughing)

Ha! Wouldn't they be surprised
back home to hear that?

VELMA:

Yeah. What would Martha and Bill
say if they heard that?

(she roars with laughter)

(MORE)

76.

VELMA (CONT'D)

EUGENE:

Lordy! They'd throw a fit!

(roars with laughter)

BONNIE :

(laughing)

What do you do, anyway?

EUGENE:

(as his laugh begins

to fade)

I'm an undertaker.

Suddenly everyone freezes. A shudder, as if the cold hand of death had suddenly touched the occupants of the car. The atmosphere changes to cold, deadly, fearful silence in exactly one second. It is a premonition of death for the Barrows, and they react accordingly, BONNIE especially.

Close-up. BONNIE.

BONNIE:

(tautly, in a flat voice)

Get them out of here.

EXT. ROAD. NIGHT.

The car brakes to a sudden stop. The rear door is opened, the MAN and WOMAN flung out into the darkness. The car drives off into the lonely night.

From this point on, the audience should realize that death is inevitable for the Barrow gang, that it follows them always, that it waits anywhere. It is no longer a question of whether death will come, but when it will.

EXT. WOODS. MORNING.

Moving with CLYDE he tears through the brush, snagging his clothes, calling BONNIE's name. CLYDE's search is so desperate here that for a moment we might think he is fleeing from something rather than looking for something.

In a moment he emerges onto the road. The car, with C.W. driving, and BUCK and BLANCHE beside him, is patrolling slowly up ahead of him.

CLYDE spots it and runs toward it. Hold on this angle until he catches up with it and leaps onto the running board.

77.

Moving shot. Car. Morning. CLYDE, now on the running board, his head poked into the car, his face apple red and sweating.

CLYDE :

(breathing heavily)

...see anythin', Buck?

BUCK is shocked at his brother's desperation, but makes no overt comment on it.

BUCK :

--not yet, boy.

CLYDE :

(with an edge of
paranoia, as if the
three of them might
be withholding
something from him)
--and nobody saw her leave, or
heard anythin'
(almost a threat)
...C.W....?

EXT. CAR. MOVING SHOT. DAY.

CLYDE gets the point. For the very first time we see CLYDE,
the leader, helpless as he hangs onto the running board.

CLYDE:

(lamely)
...Well, where do you think she
could've gone?...Buck?...Buck?

BUCK:

(amazed and a little frightened)
Jesus, I don't know...
CLYDE looks helplessly at his brother, then drops off the
running board and continues on foot, running along, scanning
the fields--the car keeping up beside him as he runs and we
truck before both car and CLYDE.
Angle on car through windshield. Reaction shot. Day. BUCK
turning to BLANCHE, shrugging his shoulders, speechless.
Reverse angle through the windshield. Day--at CLYDE, who
has suddenly seen something begins gesticulating wildly,
almost--from car's POV, a little comically.

CLYDE :

There! There! There!

78.

He starts running off into a cornfield.
Another angle--picking up CLYDE as he kicks his way into the
cornfield, knees pumping high, knocking down the stalks. He

stops and picks up the stocking he had spotted, takes it and moves on.

Still another angle as CLYDE has picked up a freshly beaten trail through the cornfield. He picks up one of BONNIE's scarves, now. As he runs on, he clears a knoll and BONNIE, her yellow hair unmistakable even at this distance, comes into view. She's far off in the cornfield, stalking off, looking neither to right nor left, carrying a brown paper sack that has split, from which she has occasionally lost clothing. CLYDE screams, "BONNIE." She apparently doesn't hear.

Angle on cornfield. Day. As CLYDE gets closer. BONNIE herself suddenly breaks into flight, the paper bag splitting completely, the remaining clothes spilling out. There is a real chase where they each try to get the advantage. CLYDE is so exhausted from his run that he has real trouble cornering her as they maneuver up and down the rows of corn. Finally CLYDE catches up.

Extreme close-up. BONNIE & CLYDE. Day. As they tumble into the stalks of corn, mowing them down.

BONNIE :

Leave me alone! Leave me alone!

CLYDE:

(holding her, kissing
her frantically)
Hey...hey, hey, baby, hey, Bonnie,
hey baby...

(calming her down)
...Hey, hey now...just where did
you think you were goin'?...

BONNIE doesn't answer.

Up angle. POV CLYDE. As he's momentarily distracted by BUCK's laughter as he's in the cornfield picking up BONNIE's clothing. CLYDE waves an impatient it's all-right-wave. He turns back to BONNIE who he still holds tightly.

CLYDE :

(still frantic)
--Huh. Bonnie? Where? Where?
79.

BONNIE :

I don't know! You're hurting me, I was just scared is all...and my mama's been on my mind, and she's gettin' so old...

BONNIE hesitates, beginning to feel a little foolish now.

CLYDE :

Boy, don't ever leave without sayin' somethin'. You really scared me, Bonnie.

BONNIE :

But I mean it, though. I want to see my mama. Please, Clyde.
Two shot. BONNIE and CLYDE. Day.

CLYDE :

(enormously relieved,
kissing her)
Okay, sweetheart.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SIDE OF A ROAD. VERY LONG SHOT. DAY.

--of three or four cars parked on the side of a road in Texas. A light rain is falling. There are a lot of people gathered around, but the sound is an indistinct mixture of talk, laughter, etc.

There follows a quick montage of cuts which isolate specific moments in the family reunion, thereby implying the entire tone of the proceedings. The sense of family pervades.

Montage. BONNIE and MOTHER. BONNIE's mother, an old woman, grabs her and hugs her and cries.

Montage. BONNIE, CLYDE, MAN. A man, an uncle perhaps, stands with BONNIE and CLYDE, arms around them both, hugging them to his sides tightly.

Montage. BONNIE and sister. BONNIE's sister hands them a scrapbook of clippings.

SISTER :

Here you are, we been cuttin' and pastin' everything we could find about you in the papers.

80.

CLYDE, BONNIE, BUCK and BLANCHE all look at the scrapbook.

We see a page of it, showing newspaper articles with the photographs the gang took back at the motel.

BUCK :

Hey look, here's that one I took of you, Clyde. That came out just fine!

Montage. BONNIE, CLYDE, MAN. BONNIE and CLYDE are posing for a comic snapshot. A silly looking male relative is posing, pointing a gun at them. They have their hands in the air and are grinning broadly. (The effect should be funny and simultaneously frightening.)

Montage BUCK, SMALL BOY. BUCK is sitting with a little four-year-old on his knee, bouncing him up and down and singing. Both are having a fine time.

BUCK:

(singing)

Oh, Horsey! keep your tail up, keep yer tail up, keep yer tail up, Oh, Horsey! keep yer tail up, Why don't you make it rise.

Montage--C.W. A hand off camera thrusts a sandwich at C.W. He opens the bread to see what's inside it, then eats it.

Montage--BONNIE & SISTER. BONNIE sits stock-still while her sister gives her a permanent in the back seat of a car. He sister pauses, setting down the curling iron. She strokes BONNIE's yellow head with her hand, as though she were a wild animal that had paused long enough to be petted.

BONNIE turns to see her sister's expression. They embrace.

Montage--Family picnic--Favoring CLYDE, MOTHER & BONNIE. CLYDE, in his best theatrical manner has been playing host in the sand pile, perhaps using some sort of towel across the arm or around the middle. The party is beginning to break up now as used paper plates and crumpled napkins are blowing across the sand and the group is finishing up on Eskimo pie.

BONNIE'S UNCLE

(rising)

Where y'all headed from here?

CLYDE:

(right back)

I don't know, what y'all got in mind? At this point we ain't

headin' to anywhere, we're just
runnin' from.

81.

CLYDE laughs, in fine spirits.
Reaction--BONNIE. She doesn't.

BONNIE'S SISTER'S VOICE

C'mon, down, Little Tom! We're
goin' home. Little Tom? Mathew,
fetch Little Tom.

BONNIE :

Don't go yet, Mama.

UNCLE'S VOICE

(cutting in)

C'mere, c'mere you little corn
roller.

Wide angle. As Uncle sweeps up the laughing little Tom.

Reaction--BONNIE. BONNIE turns with increased urgency to
her MOTHER, who, having been hefted to her feet by BONNIE's
sister, has turned to CLYDE, who gives her a big, boyish hug.

MOTHER :

...you know, Clyde, I read about
y'all in the papers and I'm jes'
scared.

BONNIE :

(to Clyde)

Sugar, make mama stay a while yet.

CLYDE :

(ignoring Bonnie, as

does Mother,

ebulliently, even joshing)

Now Mrs. Parker, don't y'all

believe what you read in the papers!

That's the law talking there. They

want us to look big so's they'll

look big when they catch us.

He knows he's stumbled onto the wrong thing, but he bounces
right along--it's his style.

CLYDE :

--and they can't do that. Why, I'm

even better at runnin' than robbin'
banks--aw shoot, if we done half
the stuff they said we did, we'd be
millionaires, wouldn't we, old
sugar.

(MORE)

82.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

(he turns to Bonnie
who continues to
stare at her Mother)

And I wouldn't risk Bonnie here
just to make money, uncertain as
times are. Why one time I knowed
of a job where we could of make
\$2000 easy, but I saw the law
outside and I said to myself, why
Bonnie could get hurt here. So I
just drove right on and let that
money lay.

He waits for a response, as does BONNIE. BONNIE's MOTHER
smiles, a little abstractedly.

MOTHER :

...Maybe you know the way with her,
then. I'm just an old woman and I
don't know nothin...

She trails off, looking nowhere in particular. CLYDE takes
her reaction to mean that he's overwhelming her with his
confidence, and continues to pour it on.

CLYDE :

We'll be quittin' this just as soon
as the hard times is over, Mother
Parker, I can tell you that. Why
me and Bonnie were just talkin' the
other day and we talked about when
we'd settle down and get us a home,
and Bonnie said, "I couldn't bear
to live morn'n three miles from my
precious mother." Now how'd you
like that, Mother Parker?

BONNIE's MOTHER has undergone a funny sort of transformation
during CLYDE's speech--as if something had suddenly come

into focus before the old woman's eyes.

MOTHER :

Don't believe I would. I surely
don't.

(to Bonnie)

You try to live three miles from me
and you won't live long, honey.

(to Clyde)

You'd best keep runnin' and you
know it, Clyde Barrow.

(matter of fact)

Bye, baby.

83.

She hugs BONNIE who can barely respond. We move in for a
closeup of BONNIE as her various relatives, young and old
come by to squeeze, kiss and hug her with a chirpy little
chorus of Bye, Bonnie! Bye, Bonnie, bye, bye, bye.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. PLATTE CITY MOTEL. PLATTE CITY, IOWA. DAY.

Hold on the outside long enough to see the unusual

structures:

identical garages, an entirely symmetrical structure.

INT. PLATTE CITY MOTEL BEDROOM. WITH BONNIE. DAY.

--as she tries, against heavy odds, to file and trim her
nails in a corner of the room. The odds are; CLYDE on a
uke, b.g., BUCK, and BLANCHE--gathered around C.W. who sits
in the only stuffed chair in the room. Their o.s.

raucousness is clearly shattering to BONNIE who, at a key
moment in the scene, ends up spearing her cuticle with a
file, spurning a little board and a lot of temper.

Other angle. CLYDE--BUCK--BLANCHE--C.W. Day. A naked
lightbulb (the lampshade has been removed) glares down on
C.W.'s chest--where a pair of bluebirds have been tattooed
with a rocco flourish. BUCK and BLANCHE are vastly amused--rather
BLANCHE takes delight in BUCK's delight.

BUCK :

How long have ya had it?

C.W.

(like some docile
animal submitting to inspection)

--just got it.

BUCK:

(to Blanche, who
stares fascinated as
one of C.W.'s pectoral
muscles contracts and
the wings flutter)

Touch it, honey! Go on!

BLANCHE squeals with amusement. BUCK takes BLANCHE's hand
and places it on the bluebirds.

BLANCHE:

(titillated with delight)

Oh, no, Daddy! No!

Reaction BONNIE. Day--as the file digs into her cuticle on
BLANCHE's squeal. With barely controlled rage:

84.

BONNIE :

What are you all doin'?

INT. MOTEL BEDROOM. GROUP SHOT. FAV. BONNIE. DAY.

C.W.

(insensitive to
Bonnie's stare)

Playin' with my tattoo, Bonnie.

BONNIE :

Well, why don't you all go play
with it somewhere else?

New angle. Motel bedroom. Day.

BLANCHE :

What's bothering her?

CLYDE :

(sees something coming)

Not now, Blanche.

BUCK :

(who doesn't want to
be victimized by
Bonnie's temperament)

What's bothering her, Clyde?

BONNIE :

(exploding)

I said go somewhere else!

She picks up the first three objects she can find on the dresser and hurls them--an ashtray, a Gideon Bible, and a flower pot--at the little group. The pot goes shattering into the wall. Everyone ducks.

CLYDE :

(straightening up,
matter-of-fact)

Bonnie's hungry, C.W. I saw a
chicken place a few miles back.

Who all wants to go get some food?

INT. MOTEL BEDROOM. GROUP SHOT. DAY.

BLANCHE :

(rising from her
chair, a little
shaken at Bonnie's outburst)

I sure do. I'm plenty tired of
sittin' around here anyway.

85.

BUCK :

(not making a move to
get up)

You can't drive, honeylove.

C.W.

(reluctantly)

I'll go.

CLYDE makes a face to BONNIE pretending there's something going on between C.W. and BLANCHE. BONNIE tries to keep from being amused. C.W. moves out with BLANCHE. BUCK rises to go next door.

C.W.

What's everybody want?

CLYDE :

Just five chicken dinners, and get
somethin' for dessert.

BUCK:

See if they got peach ice cream.

(he grins and pats
his stomach)

All finally exit, leaving BONNIE and CLYDE alone.

EXT. CAR AND STREET. DUSK.

C.W. and BLANCHE go out. We go with them. They get in the car and drive off. BUCK enters his cabin.

INT. MOTEL BEDROOM. BONNIE AND CLYDE. DUSK.

CLYDE reaches her, and for a moment both stare with fanatic intensity at each other, BONNIE trying desperately to keep a straight face. They are nose to nose, unblinking. CLYDE gives her a big raspberry, wagging his fingers in his ears like a kid. She laughs.

BONNIE :

I hate you all.

CLYDE :

I hate y'all, too.

BONNIE :

no, I really hate you.

She turns away from him, wilts onto the bed.

86.

BONNIE:

(eyes brimming)

Oh, baby, I've got the blues so
bad...

CLYDE moves behind her, begins to massage her back. There is something very delicate about the way he touches her; it suggests CLYDE's sensitivity to her mood rather than any degree of physical intimacy.

CLYDE :

Bonnie?...is it your mama, what
your mama said?

BONNIE :

What mama?...she's just an old
woman now...I have no mama...

BONNIE rolls over on her back, stares up at CLYDE, tears splaying across her face from the move.

BONNIE:

(quietly)

...so funny...I thought when we first went out, we were really goin' somewhere...but this is it-we're just goin', huh?

She has addressed this last directly to CLYDE, but there is nothing rhetorical about it--it is a real question. CLYDE doesn't answer for a moment. Then:

CLYDE :

Do you care about where we're goin'?
BONNIE clearly finds this hard to say:

BONNIE :

Not as long as you care about me.

CLYDE :

(quite simply)

Why I love you, sugar.

It's the first time he's said it to her, and BONNIE is overwhelmed. She wraps her arms around CLYDE's middle, and snuggles into him, like a child. Neither we nor CLYDE can see BONNIE's face now, and her voice is muffled by his chest.

BONNIE'S VOICE

--enough to die with me, baby?...

'cause I think that's where we're goin'...I surely do.

87.

CLYDE is both touched and amused by the plea. He strokes her head lightly. Really meaning it.

CLYDE :

--wherever.

DISSOLVE:

INT. CAR.

BLANCHE, her tense and agitated self growing increasingly more so lately, lights a fresh cigarette off the butt of the one she has been smoking.

C.W.

(conversationally)

You sure smokin' all the time lately.

BLANCHE :

(quick to take
offense, snaps)

So what?

C.W.

Nothin'.

BLANCHE, sick of it all, drops her head in her hand with a
sigh.

BLANCHE :

Oh, God...

C.W. looks at her, finally decides to say something that
occurs to him.

C.W.

Whyn't you go back home to your papa?

BLANCHE:

(it's been her dream)

Oh, if I could! If I could just do
that one thing! Oh, there's no
tellin' why this all happened. I
was a preacher's daughter.

C.W.

When church is your pa affiliated
with?

88.

BLANCHE :

(much more interested
in talking about herself)

Baptist...oh, and he thought the
world of Buck, my daddy did, even
knowing that Buck was serving time
in jail. He forgave him for that
'cause he paid his debt to society.

C.W.

We were Disciples of Christ.

INT. FRIED CHICKEN CAFE.

The camera remains stationary in this scene, in this position.
A lunch counter sweeps down the center of the screen. We
are at one end of the counter. In the f.g., a DEPUTY sits
drinking coffee, absorbed in his cup. In the b.g., at the
other end of the counter, by the Exit door, BLANCHE and C.W.
are being handed their order by the counterman.

BLANCHE :

Hey, C.W., I ain't got my money.

Give me some, will you?

The DEPUTY turns his head and looks over there. C.W. opens his jacket to reach in his pocket for money. As he opens his coat, his gun is clearly seen tucked in his pants.

Camera zooms in to tight close-up of gun.

Close shot. DEPUTY--his face tense. Sound of door closing shut, as C.W. and BLANCHE leave.

DEPUTY:

(to counterman)

Get Sheriff Smoot on the phone.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PLATTE CITY MOTEL ROOM -NIGHT.

On C.W.'s moonlit chest and face, tattooed bluebirds heaving and occasionally snoring in the night. Behind him the room is dimly lit by flickering candles that are placed out of sight on the floor. The shapes in the room--the bed is gutted and only the box mattress remains--dresser, lamp shades, etc., are grotesque in the flickering light. O.s. sounds of BONNIE and CLYDE, BONNIE giggling and CLYDE whispering something we can't quite hear.

Move across the room toward the gutted bed. Move giggling from the floor beneath the box mattress--for a moment it should appear as if something perversely sexual may be going on between BONNIE and CLYDE.

89.

BONNIE'S VOICE

Ready?

CLYDE'S VOICE

(a little embarrassed)

Aw Bonnie-

BONNIE'S VOICE

(coaxing)

C'mon!

CLYDE's arm wielding a Tommy gun, clears the bed. With the muzzle, CLYDE knocks the swivel mirror on the dresser overhead, bringing BONNIE and CLYDE into view.

Closer angle mirror--BONNIE and CLYDE. Night. BONNIE lies stiff as a statue on the white mattress, impeccably dressed for her funeral. Candelabras made of empty beer bottles lie

at her head and feet. BONNIE's hands and face are powdered and painted a waxen white. She wears a garish silk bow in her hair which it, for this occasion, curled like a little girl's.

CLYDE sits up, beer bottle in one hand, Tommy gun in the other, derby hat cocked--and just a little unsure of the whole thing. He takes a swig--BONNIE stops him, trying terribly hard not to change her position.

BONNIE :

Lie down now, honey.

CLYDE :

I've done enough!

Angle on mirror--BONNIE and CLYDE. Night.

BONNIE:

(with patience, to a child)

You have to lie down...it's the only way we can tell what we'll look like together.

She giggles again, more than a little gassed herself. CLYDE clamps a big cigar between his teeth and abruptly lies down beside her. CLYDE is both amused and annoyed.

CLYDE :

(staring up at himself talking with cigar clenched between his teeth)
Whatta you think?
90.

BONNIE :

(it suddenly strikes her)
That's not the right tie!

CLYDE :

What?

BONNIE:

(rising, weaving a little)
You can't wear polka-dots on an occasion like this.

CLYDE :

Well what-

BONNIE :

Stripes. Don't go away now.

She weaves her way over to the dresser, takes a swig from a bottle there herself, checks her makeup, and returns with the tie. Holding against his chest to try it out she almost falls into him. CLYDE steadies her.

BONNIE :

Perfect.

She tries to tie it for him, and clearly has trouble with the knot.

CLYDE :

OK, o.k. If we're gonna do this, at least I can tie it myself. Lie down before you fall down.

INT. MOTEL BEDROOM--BONNIE AND CLYDE. NIGHT.

She does, with some play-acting, exaggerated obeisance to CLYDE's command--reaching up at the last moment like a zombie and snatching an artificial flower from BLANCHE's hat which still lies on the dresser. CLYDE lies down now. They look into the mirror again.

CLYDE:

(grudgingly)

Better?

BONNIE :

Much.

This tickles CLYDE despite himself and he laughs--BONNIE begins to sing to him--performing for both CLYDE and her own image in the mirror--like some hoydenish vaudevillian.

91.

During the course of the song she will rise and take CLYDE with her who finally joins in when they tip-toe over and begin to serenade C.W.

BONNIE & CLYDE

(to the lugubrious

strains of the Death March)

"Did you ever think when a hearse

went by,
That somebody you or I may die?
They'll wrap you up in a big white
sheet
and bury you down just about six
feet,
The worms crawl in, the worms crawl
out,
The worms play penuckle on your
snout.
Your eyes fall in, your teeth fall
out,
Your face turns green and the pus
runs out.
During this last they have been hovering over C.W.'s
twitching face, like a couple of tipsy ghouls, whisper-
singing into his ears. C.W. finally blinks, doesn't even
bother to look at them.
C.W.
I'm gonna die if I don't get some
sleep. Quit singing that.
Reaction--BONNIE and CLYDE. Night. They smile, go back and
lie down. Looking at their images:

BONNIE :

All right, shut your eyes now.

CLYDE:

(playing along with her)

No, you first.

BONNIE :

One for the money.

CLYDE :

Two for the show.

BONNIE :

Three to get ready-

CLYDE & BONNIE

Four to Go.

92.

As they approach four we should feel that somehow when they
shut their eyes, they really will die. They shut them on

GO, and screen goes black.

EXT. PLATTE CITY MOTEL. NIGHT.

Ranged across the lawn are six police cars, loaded with peace officers. Four men come out and, guns drawn, walk cautiously over to the room on the right--BUCK and BLANCHE's.

INT. PLATTE CITY MOTEL. BUCK'S CABIN. NIGHT.

There is a knock on the door. They sit bolt upright in bed. Before BUCK can say anything, BLANCHE puts her hand over his mouth to shut him up.

BLANCHE:

(calling out)

The men are on the other side.

EXT. PLATTE CITY MOTEL. NIGHT.

The four lawmen, among them the DEPUTY from the cafe, edge their way across the lawn, past the first garage, past the second. Before they reach the door of BONNIE and CLYDE's cabin, the window smashes and there are blasts of gunfire. One cop is hit and falls, the others run back to the cars for cover. BONNIE and C.W. are at the window, firing steadily.

CLYDE--running into the garage to get the car. They must escape. All they can do is escape, and all they have is that one car in the closed garage.

Outside. Two of the lawmen fall to the ground, shot. As the remaining two run back for cover, we see a blinding light rolling up in a space between the six cars. It is an armored truck, with mounted guns and and spotlight, advancing toward the cabin.

Inside the armored truck. Two men in the seat. Sounds of gunshots coming from everywhere, piercing light. From inside the truck, we suddenly see the windshield shattered from bullets fired by BONNIE and C.W. The driver is hit, and he slumps over the wheel. His body hits the horn, which starts blasting and continues throughout the battle. The other man, quickly, ducks under the dashboard for protection.

Inside the garage. CLYDE standing by the car. He holds the Browning Automatic. The garage door is shaking from the impact of bullets, shattering. His gun already firing (automatic clip) before he gets there. CLYDE in a crouch runs to the garage door, flings it up, and runs back inside the car. Now the door is open and he can get the car out.

93.

One hand on the wheel, one hand shooting, he rolls the car

out onto the driveway. The battle is raging from all sides.
EXT. STREET.

The car stops. CLYDE keeps shooting. The door of the cabin flies open and BONNIE and C.W. come charging out, guns blazing away. C.W. fires the Thompson sub-machine gun, BONNIE fires two pistols with automatic clips. They run in a crouch, trying to get inside the car in front of their door. They make it.

Camera pans across the motel to the other door. It opens, BUCK and BLANCHE come out, holding a double bed mattress in front of them for protection. This makes their running awkward--the mattress is heavy. BLANCHE carries the front end, BUCK the back with one hand, the other firing his gun. They get halfway to the car and then BUCK is hit, shot in the head. He falls to the ground; BLANCHE and the mattress fall too since she has lost balance. Both are under the mattress.

CLYDE dashes out of the car and drags BUCK into the back seat. BLANCHE follows, hysterical. All guns on all sides are still firing. They fling themselves into the car and from a standing start, the car starts out at 60 mph down the driveway. One of the lawmen stands blocking the way with a double-barrele rifle, but the car keeps coming, about to run him down. He jumps out of the way and fires at the side. The glass cracks and we see BLANCHE fling a hand to her face, which is bloody. A piece of glass has lodged in her eye. We hear her scream. The horn is still blasting.

INT. THE CAR SWERVING MADLY.

CLYDE manages to keep it on the road. They drive away.

EXT. STREET.

The police run back to their cars to give chase, calling out to each other, unable to believe that the gang could possibly have gotten away.

INT. CAR. NIGHT.

as it is speeding down the highway. Crazy, mad hillbilly music on the soundtrack. Packed inside this car right now is more sheer human misery and horror than could be believed. It is hell in there, hell and suffering and pain. The car is a complete mess. C.W. is sobbing. Everyone is hysterical. BLANCHE is shrieking with pain and concern for BUCK. BUCK is alternating between groaning and passing out completely. BONNIE is yelling at everybody to shut up.

94.

Only CLYDE, driving with both hands clenched on the wheel,

is silent. The car is doing 90.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET. NIGHT.

The car from the outside, a half hour later. They have eluded the police. They are barreling down the road at top speed on a nice suburban street with proper homes. It is the middle of the night, utter silence. CLYDE stops the car, points to a car in a driveway--it is a beautiful, shiny new and expensive automobile. C.W. runs out, runs up the driveway, peers inside, gets in, quietly backs it down the driveway and pulls behind the gang's bullet-riddled getaway car. Suddenly they both zoom off down the road together.

INT. OF THE NEW CAR. NIGHT.

C.W. driving alone. He is crying, mumbling, wiping his eyes and nose with one hand while he controls the wheel with the other.

EXT. RING OF FIRS. NIGHT.

A wide field in the country. This is Dexter, Iowa. It is quiet. We see, in a long shot that takes in everything, that this is a meadow surrounded by a ring of trees, a dense forest that circles them. The meadow, however, is large. The two cars drive into the middle of the field, headlights on. They stop and the Barrow gang gets out. They are in horrible shape--we can finally have a look at them. Half-dressed in their pajamas, bloody, dirty, in tatters. Those that can stagger out do so, others are carried. A far shot of all this.

Closer shot. Moving closer to them, we see CLYDE and C.W. lay BUCK down on the ground. CLYDE begins to administer to his wounds as best he can, mostly just wiping him off. BUCK is semi-conscious. All are in a semi-daze. BLANCHE falls to her knees, still clutching her eyes. She is totally hysterical.

BLANCHE :

Oh, God, please help us! Dear
Father in Heaven, get us out of
this and Buck will never do another
bad thing in his life!

(she continues

moaning, praying, sobbing)

BONNIE walks over to the group, looking at BUCK, C.W. goes over to her. Two shot--BONNIE and C.W.

95.

C.W.

He ain't got a chance. Half his
head blown off.

Camera pulls back to take in BLANCHE.

BLANCHE :

My eyes!

(she SCREAMS)

God, I think I'm blind.

(in the headlights)

...light hurts so bad...

BONNIE walks over to the car and comes back with the
sunglasses BUCK had given BLANCHE. Moving her out of the
glare, she helps BLANCHE put them on. BONNIE now has an arm
around BLANCHE, and BLANCHE shivers into BONNIE gracefully.
BONNIE is a little repelled by BLANCHE, but comforts her out
of genuine feeling for her.

BLANCHE:

(clinging)

Please, please get us to a doctor!

Tell Clyde to get us to a doctor.

We'll die here.

BONNIE :

(helping with glasses)

--here, hon'.

BONNIE looks silently up to CLYDE. CLYDE is looking dumbly
down at his mangled brother.

BLANCHE:

(going on)

Clyde, Clyde, please get us to a
doctor.

Though BLANCHE cannot see it, CLYDE has knelt down to the
side of BUCK, taking BUCK's hand and with his other hand has
begun smoothing BUCK's hair back, away from the wound.

BLANCHE :

He's your brother!

BONNIE :

(gently, knowing

CLYDE will not and

cannot answer BLANCHE)

Buck can't be moved, now, hon'.

BLANCHE's answer to this is hysterical sobbing, burying herself into BONNIE, mumbling half-coherent, muffled prayers between the sobs.

96.

With BUCK and CLYDE.

BUCK :

(weakly)

Clyde?...Clyde?...

CLYDE :

Right here, boy.

BUCK :

I believe I lost my shoes...maybe
the dog hid 'em...

(he lapses into
unconsciousness again)

CLYDE has begun to cry a little, continues to smooth back
BUCK's hair with ritualistic regularity.

Wide angle. Night. Camera pulls away, way back to wide
shot of the entire field, showing the group in the center of
the darkness, lit by the headlights.

Match dissolve into early dawn, camera still on the wide
shot. The field is lighter, though the trees still loom
blackly around it. The two cars, one almost a shattered
wreck, the other bright and shiny and new, are parked in the
center. The sky is light, but the trees cast a dark shadow
on the field. The gang is just sitting around. BLANCHE
weeping next to BUCK, C.W. sitting on the running board of a
car, staring. BONNIE standing and smoking. CLYDE still
with BUCK.

All is quiet.

EXT. WOODS. DAY.

From the edge of the woods, a man in a white shirt emerges
from behind a tree. The camera swings abruptly to get him.
He calls out to the gang.

MAN :

Surrender!

It is a total surprise. BONNIE, CLYDE and C.W. all grab
their guns and fire several shots; they are not firing the

big guns now, but the pistols. The man lingers there for a moment--he looks strange, white, luminous, like an apparition--and then he vanishes into the woods. Silence, long enough to make you think it was perhaps an illusion. Then there is a volley of gunfire--a noise so large as to be almost an impossible sound--coming from the woods, all around, everywhere.

97.

A ring of little white puffs of smoke emerge from the woods; from every tree a puff of smoke. The camera pans in a circle. Behind every tree is a man with a gun. There are at least 150 people out there--peace officers, farmers with hunting rifles, kids with squirrel guns, everyone who wanted to come along and catch BONNIE and CLYDE. Their number is so large because this time they want no possibility of the gang making what seemed by them supernatural escapes. From this point on, the sound of guns is unnaturally muffled on the sound track. We hardly hear them at all..it is like a dream.

Without a word, all of the gang including the half-dead BUCK making his final effort, scramble for the nearest car. They run, throughout this battle, crouched, like animals--their only thought, to get away, to escape. To fight it out would be ludicrous.

From the moment the Barrows start in motion, there is shooting again from the edge of the woods. We see them scrambling towards the car, in an extreme long shot, surrounded by the ring of smoke.

CUT TO:

INT. OF THE CAR.

All of them inside. CLYDE is at the wheel.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR.

Med. Long shot of the car moving. The sound track goes to complete silence. We see the car looking for an avenue of escape. It veers towards a tree, a man steps out from behind the tree and fires, the car jerks and veers toward another tree, again a man steps out and fires and so on. The car performs its eccentric dance, all in utter silence (no sound of the motor, nothing). The film should have the feeling of slow motion, as the car swerves and loops along the edge of the woods. Not once do any of the Barrows fire

back. Another man steps out and aims.

INT. CAR.

Close-up. CLYDE. At the wheel-shot in the arm. He grabs his arm in pain, loses control of the wheel.

CUT TO:

98.

EXT. CAR.

--out of control (still silent). It smashes into a tree stump. The picture stops, freezes for three beats. We hold the image of the moment of crash, with pieces of metal crumpling and flying into the air, suspended there by the stop-film.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR.

Sound partly up again, but never at its realistic volume. From inside the smashed car, we peer out the window across the field and see the other car. The thought strikes the audience at the same time it strikes the gang--they must get to that car.

Med. shot of the second car, sitting in the field, shining in the sun. The lawmen also realize what must be done--cut off this escape. Though BONNIE, CLYDE and the others are heading toward it, they suddenly train all their fire on the car rather than the gang.

The car fills the frame of the screen. Bullets begin to hit it. It starts to quiver under the impact. For the next minute, we see the car die in front of our eyes. We see the beautiful machine fall to pieces--windows smash, tires torn apart, body riddled. The death of the car is as painful to watch as the willful death of a human being. The execution is paced deliberately to show the ritualistic tempo of the destruction.

EXT. WOODS.

The camera pulls back, way back and slightly above everything to reveal the entire field. On the left of the screen, BONNIE, CLYDE and C.W. are scrambling toward the edge of the woods. In the center BUCK and BLANCHE have taken cover behind a fallen log. In the foreground, police begin to emerge from the woods. The camera zooms rapidly in with them toward BUCK. BLANCHE is screaming.

BLANCHE :

Don't kill him! Don't kill him!

He's dying!

BUCK is making a last feeble attempt. The zoom continues past BUCK until it comes tight on his hand, a lawman's foot steps on his hand. BUCK falls over. He dies. BLANCHE screams.

BLANCHE :

Don't die, Daddy. Don't die!

99.

She goes berserk. Five men, one hardly a teen-ager, grab her and hold her as she writhes and cries. She is still wearing the sunglasses.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS AND STREAM. BONNIE, CLYDE, AND C.W. DAY.

They have reached the edge of the woods. Camera tracks with them as they run. From all around come the sounds of the posse. The three get in through the pines and come finally to a deep stream. They jump in and start across, running awkwardly in chest-deep water. They are half way across when the police appear on the bank behind them, shooting. Close-up. BONNIE. Day--as she is struggling through the water. A bullet hits her in the shoulder. We must see this bullet clearly, we must see it go in her flesh so that we can feel it.

Tight close-up of BONNIE's face as she screams. It is the first time she has been hurt, and the scream is pure animal pain. She cries out.

EXT. STREAM AND CORNFIELD. DAY.

CLYDE, who has almost reached the other side, comes back and gets her. He drags her out of the water and into a cornfield that starts growing on the opposite bank, C.W. helping. He half-carries half-runs with her into the cornfield, as the field gets deeper and thicker.

They stop for a second.

CLYDE:

(panting, to Bonnie)

Saw...saw a farm...up ahead...gotta get...a car...

He starts to give over the wounded BONNIE to C.W.

BONNIE :

Baby, no...

But CLYDE has not heard this last. Working on pure adrenaline now, he struggles onward. Camera tilts up slightly so we can see CLYDE as he essays his way toward a farmhouse with a car in the distance. After a few moments he disappears and we can hear only the cracking of the stalks as that sound too diminishes,
Full shot. Cornfield. Day. Silence.

100.

Close. C.W. and BONNIE. Obviously some time later. They both lie prostrate in the field, listening. C.W. licks his lips.

C.W.

Maybe-BONNIE

Shhh!

They wait for another long moment, picking up only the tiniest sounds.

BONNIE:

(finally)

Oh, no.

C.W.

(nervously)

What? What?

BONNIE :

(as though it were
the most logical
thing in the world)

I can't die without Clyde. I just
can't.

C.W. looks at her as if she's gone crazy. After another moment the corn begins to tremble, and we hear the o.s. sound of an approaching car.

With C.W. Day--tentatively lifting his head up to clear the corn stalks. With him we see the car looming larger, bearing down on us, splitting the corn stalks. The car finally comes to a stop a few feet in front of C.W. BONNIE is on her feet, and CLYDE tumbles out of the car, practically before it's stopped, sweeping BONNIE into him. For a moment both are in their knees a few feet from the running board of the car, simply holding onto each other and not moving.

C.W.

(tugging at both of

them frantically)
C'mon! C'mon! C'mon!

ABRUPT CUT:

INT. CAR. ABOUT A HALF HOUR LATER. DAY.

They have gotten away, but are still escaping. C.W. is driving. He is bare-chested. CLYDE is beside him in front, his arm bleeding. He falls in and out of consciousness. BONNIE is stretched out in back.

101.

Her shoulder has been bandaged with C.W.'s shirt. She is unconscious.

INT. CAR. LATE DAY.

CLYDE comes half-awake and looks over at C.W.

CLYDE :

Head out, C.W.

C.W.

(determinedly)

I'm goin' home to my daddy's farm.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD WITH CAMPSITE. THE SAME EVENING.

C.W. is driving down the road, hell for leather. Nearing a campsite, where there are about six Okie cars and pick-up trucks all loaded down, with a number of poor families seated around a campfire, cooking. C.W. jams on the brakes. He gets out, looking totally exhausted.

Reaction shot. The faces of the Okies, looking at this sudden presence in their midst.

Back to C.W.

C.W.

(about to drop)

Can y'all spare me a little water?

EXT. CAMPSITE. FULL SHOT.

One man, the leader of the group, dips a cup of water and approaches C.W. suspiciously. He comes close enough to make C.W. reach out for the water, but withholds it from him.

MAN :

Who are you, boy?

C.W.

Name's Moss.

This seems to be enough for the man, who gives him the water.

As C.W. gulps it down, the man begins to circle the car, peering into it suspiciously. Suddenly he starts and his eyes open wide.

MAN:

(in really hushed and reverent tones)

It's Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow.

102.

He stands there struck dumb, staring. Those of the others who have heard him begin to come over. Without a word they move quietly to the car and stare in.

INT. CAR.

BONNIE is out in the back seat; CLYDE is semi-conscious in the front seat. He looks up through half-closed eyes.

EXT. CAR.

We see a woman pour a bowl of soup at the campfire and bring it to C.W. He accepts it.

A man rolls a cigarette and lights it. Then, very gingerly, as if afraid to really touch him, he reaches through the window and places it in CLYDE's lips. It hangs there, CLYDE unable to drag on it or remove it.

Children peer through the back window.

C.W. finishes his cup of soup. He hands it and the cup of water back to a woman in the crowd.

Quietly, moving together, the Okies step back. C.W. walks to the driver's seat, gets in and shuts the door. He starts up the car.

The people push a bit closer for a last look. CLYDE, unable to do more, nods his head in a barely perceptive gesture by way of saying "thank you" to the people. The cigarette is still dangling from his lips.

The car moves off. A YOUNG BOY pulls on his FATHER's shirt.

BOY :

Who was they, Pa?

MAN :

That was Bonnie and Clyde, the bank robbers.

A woman, nearby, smiles sweetly.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOSS FARM. MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.

The car pulls up outside the slightly ramshackle farm of MALCOLM MOSS, C.W.'s father, in Arcadia, Louisiana. It sits, for a moment, in the dark. Then C.W. honks the horn. A few seconds pass, and the porch light comes on. OLD MAN MOSS comes out in his pajamas and peers into the darkness. He is a fat man with gray hair.

103.

MALCOLM :

Who's there?

C.W.

(calling back)

Daddy?

MALCOLM :

Who's there? Who is it?

C.W.

It's C.W. It's Clarence.

MALCOLM :

Clarence!

He runs down the steps, down the path to his son. They greet each other, hugging for a second, looking each other over.

MALCOLM :

God, it's good to see you, boy!

He holds C.W. at arm's length to study him, and suddenly he scowls at something he sees by the light of the porch.

MALCOLM :

What's that on your chest?

C.W.

(puzzled)

Huh?

(realizing what he means)

It's a tattoo...I'm in trouble.

I'll tell you about it later. My friends are hurt. Help me get 'em in.

MALCOLM goes to car and looks inside for a moment. He walks back to C.W.

MALCOLM :

Jesus, what happened to them? You
in trouble, son?

C.W.

Yeah. That's Clyde Barrow and
Bonnie Parker.

(reaction from Malcolm)

We been shot. Help me get 'em
inside. We gotta help 'em.

They go to the car and drag the unconscious BONNIE out and
begin carrying her up to the house.

104.

MALCOLM :

Why'd you get yourself marked up?

A tattoo! What in hell made you do
a damn fool thing like that?

They reach the house.

C.W.

C'mon, Pa, open the door.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN DEXTER. DAY.

Although the scene begins with a full-screen close-up of a
newspaper clipping with a photo, it is just a blurry-gray,
crowded scene of BLANCHE's capture. Really impossible to
make anybody out in the crowd. Camera stays on photo as we
hear voice over of two men talking: a sheriff and his deputy.

BILLY :

I was in the bunch that took 'er.

See here? Can you make me out?

Here I am, see here, right behind

Joe Boyd here.

PETE :

Sure enough, Billy, is that your
head there?

Camera pulls away, BILLY, a young deputy--cold, intense,
humorless and square, carefully folds up the clipping and
puts it in his wallet.

BILLY :

Still can't figure how we let them
other two get away.

PETE :

(an older, more
genial type)
Yeah, seems as how nobody can get
'em somehow.

BILLY:

(sullen)
Yeah...well, maybe this boy'll be
the one to do it, this Hamer guy.
Boy if he can't do it, Sheriff,
ain't nobody but the whole U.S.
Army can do it.
105.

PETE :

(with a new note of
enthusiasm, gets up
and walks to the
window--turning to Billy)
You hear he quit the Rangers on
account of Texas got that woman
governor. Said he wouldn't work
under no woman.

BILLY:

(respectfully)
Yeah, that's somethin' all right.
Say, how many they say he shot
anyway in his day?

PETE :

Sixty-five they say.

BILLY :

Son of a sea-cook!
The door opens. We see, full shot and then fast close-up
FRANK HAMER. It should be a complete shock to the audience-this
is the man kidnapped by the gang earlier and partially
destroyed by BONNIE.
HAMER is dressed in his Ranger outfit and hat, and again he
has that quality of sinister frenzy beneath his calm manner.
His attitude toward these lawmen is sheer condescension,
friendly only out of convention, really superior and
contemptuous of lesser workers in his field.

HAMER :

(with politeness
arising from condescension)
Excuse me, am I in the right place?
Is this Sheriff Smoot?

PETE and BILLY jump up from the chairs and walk over to
HAMER, hands extended. They are quite impressed by meeting
in the flesh.

PETE:

(mispronouncing his name)
Frank Hammer. I sure am pleased to
meet you!
(shakes his hand)

HAMER :

Hamer.
106.

EXT. MOSS FARM. CLOSE SHOT NEWSPAPER. DAY.

A coil of rope snaps into and through the paper, splitting
it and revealing C.W.'s startled face. CLYDE strides the
porch angrily, snapping the rope.

BONNIE and MALCOLM are seated along with C.W. Through
BONNIE has her arm supported by a sling and CLYDE has his
shoulder bandagedm it is evident by CLYDE's heady indignation
and BONNIE's attentiveness that both are well on the way to
recovery.

CLYDE:

(still snapping rope)
FLED? What do they mean, fled?
How in the nama God could I leave
my brother to die when he was
already dead when I left him?
(livid)

He was shot in too many pieces to
pick off the ground! Fled...what
do they know, the papers or the
police?...

Suddenly he moves upon MALCOLM with enormous intent, as if
by pounding the point home to the one relative stranger
among them, he will justify it all. MALCOLM momentarily
flinches, then listens with intense deference.

CLYDE :

Why, while we were all lyin' around here, near dead, they had us holdin' up the Grand Prairie National Bank! They hung that one on us just for luck, I guess.

CLYDE shakes his head, still thinking this over. Abruptly, to BONNIE, with deadly seriousness:

CLYDE :

Tell you what. Soon's we get well, we're gonna take that bank!

He breaks into a wicked grin, but then reels, catching himself on the porch railing. He's obviously dizzy from exertion and anger. BONNIE starts--then sees CLYDE is in control.

CLYDE :

(remarking on his own dizziness)

Whooooooo, boy...

(kneeling, to Bonnie)

They don't know nothin'--do they, sugar?

107.

BONNIE:

(assuring him)

You did all you could, hon'.

Nobody coulda done more.

C.W. has been studying hard on the torn paper, b.g. Suddenly:

C.W.

Hey. How come I'm always called the "Un-identified sus-spect?"

Group shot. Porch. C.W. has trouble with this last phrase.

BONNIE laughs. This picks up CLYDE's spirits once more.

CLYDE :

(to C.W.)

You can just thank your lucky stars that's all you are. So long's they don't have your last name, you're home safe.

MALCOLM:

(toadying to Clyde,
talking to Clarence)
Mr. Barrow's lookin' out for your
interests, boy.
C.W.
(impressed)
Oh...Hey, Pa, how you like havin' a
coupla big deals stayin' with you?

MALCOLM:

(friendly as can be)
Ain't that somethin' for me?

CLYDE:

(back in good mood, expansive)
Well now, you been real nice to us,
and I tell you what, let us pay you
forty dollars for your hospitality,
what do you say?

MALCOLM:

(protesting vehemently)
No, no, no. I don't want your
money. I'm just pleased to have
your company. Any friend of my
boy's...
C.W.
(abruptly)
Hey, Pa, let's have supper. I'm
hungry.
108.

MALCOLM :

(smiling)
Yeah...okay, Clarence...
(to Clyde)
You're welcome here, now you know
that.

INT. MOSS HOUSE.

They go into the house. Camera goes with them. As soon as
they are out of earshot from BONNIE and CLYDE, MALCOLM turns
on C.W. displaying an entirely different demeanor from the
one he presented outside.

MALCOLM :

(indicating tattoo
which flutters
through C.W.'s open shirt)
You look like trash, boy, marked up
like that. Cheap trash.

C.W.

(protesting)

Bonnie says it looks good.

MALCOLM :

Bonnie, what does she know. She's
just cheap trash herself. Look
what they do to you, and you don't
even get your name in the paper-just
pictures put on your skin, by
"Bonnie and Clyde"-

(more to himself)

--why they're a coupla kids.

C.W.

But, Daddy-MALCOLM

I'm just glad your ma ain't alive
to see that thing.

C.W. peeks at it, peering down at his chest, trying to bring
the bluebirds into focus, puzzled.

C.W.

I don't see what's so bad about it...

INT. HOSPITAL. MED. SHOT OF THE ROOM.

Seated in a soft chair, looking directly at us, is BLANCHE
BARROW. Her eyes are completely covered with a white
bandage. She wears a hospital gown. The room is white and
bright.

109.

Med. shot. HAMER in the doorway. The nurse leaves. He
reaches in his pocket and pulls out a white handkerchief.
He puts it over his mouth to disguise his voice, afraid she
will remember it from the kidnap. Quietly, almost on
tiptoes, HAMER walks over to BLANCHE. He gets inches away
from her face. She still doesn't know he is there.

HAMER :

(quietly, but
suddenly, his voice

muffled by the handkerchief)

Blanche Barrow.

She starts to her feet, then adjusts to his presence. She is a bit panicked. BLANCHE is now a defeated human being. Her voice and manner bespeak great weariness, sorrow and still a touch of her old high-strung hysteria. But most of that is gone now, like everything else that was really vital in her life.

BLANCHE :

What? What? Who is it?

HAMER:

(in a monotone, a
relentless questioner)
You know your husband's dead.

BLANCHE:

(her voice flat and expressionless)
I know.

HAMER :

You're going to prison.

BLANCHE :

I know it.

HAMER :

Where's the rest of 'em?

BLANCHE :

I don't know.

HAMER:

Where's the rest of 'em?

BLANCHE :

I just don't know. I don't know.

HAMER :

How'd you get in with them?

110.

BLANCHE :

(starting slow, but
warming up to the
subject, she begins
to talk and talk for
the sake of airing
her troubles)

I didn't mean to. I didn't. Buck
said we was just goin' to visit, we
wouldn't be doin' no robbin' and
stealin', and then we went to
Joplin and all of a sudden they
started shootin'.

(hysteria begins to
creep into her voice
as she relives it all)

And we run off, God, I was scared.
And then it was run all the time,
and I wanted to go, I begged to go,
but Clyde and Bonnie and C.W.-

HAMER :

(seizing on it)
C.W. C.W. who?

BLANCHE:

C.W. Moss.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. CAR ON THE MOSS FARM. A DIRT PATH NEAR THE BARN. DAY.

It is pouring rain, middle of the afternoon, BONNIE and
CLYDE are inside the car, sitting. They have lived so much
in cars that they tend to still spend much of their time in
it rather than in a room. There they are themselves.

INT. CAR.

BONNIE is in the back seat, her legs wrapped in a plaid
blanket, writing poetry. She looks like Elizabeth Barrett
Browning. With one essential difference--her arm is in a
sling and she is wearing bandages on the shoulder. CLYDE is
in the front seat, reading a newspaper. He is also partially
bandaged. On the dashboard is a box of ginger-snaps which
he eats while he reads. They look domestic.

CLYDE :

Want a ginger-snap, Bonnie?

l11.

BONNIE:

(busy, absorbed)

No, hum-umm.

(then she realizes

his nice gesture and

smiles warmly at him)

But thanks anyway, Clyde.

(she takes it all in,

her situation, and

looks content and cozy)

It's real nice here, just the two

of us like this.

CLYDE :

(more interested in

his paper)

Uh-huh.

(something in the

paper catches his interest)

Look here, honey, remember this?

He holds up the paper; there is one of the photos from the

motel, the one showing BONNIE smoking. She looks up at it

with mild interest.

BONNIE :

Yeah, at the motel.

CLYDE :

(studying the picture)

You sure don't resemble that no more.

Close-up BONNIE. She doesn't. She has become totally

fragile, the essence of herself. She is writing on a pad.

CLYDE and BONNIE.

CLYDE :

What you writin' this time?

BONNIE :

(intensely)

I'm writing a poem about us. I'm

writing our story.

CLYDE:

(this appeals to his ego)
Oh, are you? Let's hear it. If
it's good, I'll mail it in to the
Law and it'll be printed in all the
papers again.

BONNIE :

Just let me finish this line.
112.
She does so. CLYDE munches a cookie.

BONNIE :

(continuing)
Okay, here it is.
Close-up. BONNIE--as she reads intently. At the beginning
of this montage, the camera remains on her face. Behind her
we see the rain on the window.

BONNIE :

(reading)
"The Story of Bonnie and Clyde"
You've heard the story of Jesse
James-Of
how he lived and died:
If you're still in need
Of something to read
Here's the story of Bonnie and
Clyde.
Now Bonnie and Clyde are the Barrow
Gang
I'm sure you all have read
How they rob and steal
And those who squeal
Are usually found dying or dead.
They call them cold-hearted killers;
They say they are heartless and
mean;
But I say this with pride,
That I once knew Clyde
When he was honest and upright and
clean.

But the laws fooled around,
Kept taking him down
And locking him in a cell,
Till he said to me,
"I'll never be free
So I'll meet a few of them in
hell."
The road was so dimly lighted;
There were no highway signs to
guide;
But they made up their minds
If all roads were blind,
They wouldn't give up till they died.

CUT TO:

113.

INT. POLICE STATION. DAY.

The manuscript is lying on the police blotter. HAMER picks it up and continues reading it. He reads it in a halting

way:

HAMER :

The road gets dimmer and dimmer;
Sometimes you can hardly see;
But it's fight man to man,
And do all you can,
For they know they can never be
free.

From heartbreak some people have
suffered;

From weariness some people have
died;

But take it all in all,
Our troubles are small,
Till we get like Bonnie and Clyde.

Close-up of a newspaper page. The poem is printed all the way down the length of one column. On the sound track, BONNIE'S voice picks up the recitation:

BONNIE'S VOICE (O.S.)

If a policeman is killed in Dallas,
And they have no clue or guide;
If they can't find a fiend,
They just wipe their slate clean

And hang it on Bonnie and Clyde.

INT. CAR. CLOSE-UP OF BONNIE. DAY.

The day is sunny and we see it through the car window. She continues reading, but now she reads it directly from the

newspaper:

BONNIE :

If they try to act like citizens
And rent them a nice little flat
About the third night
They're invited to fight
By a sub-gun's rat-tat-tat.
Some day they'll go down together;
They'll bury them side by side;
To few it'll be grief-To
the law a relief-But
it's death for Bonnie and Clyde.
114.

BONNIE finishes the poem, as camera pulls back slightly to show that it is a different day, different clothes and the bandages are gone. As she stops, she has an expectant and somewhat self-satisfied look.

Close-up of CLYDE. His eyes are wide, his mouth open, his face shows surprise and delight and he is on the verge of a giant laugh.

CLYDE:

(in gleeful wonder)

Damn! That's me!

A great laugh comes bursting from him. Camera widens to take in BONNIE. She is both startled and delighted by his response.

CLYDE :

(continuing)

In that poem!

BONNIE giggles.

CLYDE :

(continuing; it is
all starting to come
out now--his
realization that he

has made it, that he
is the stuff of
legend, that he is an
important figure)

A sub-gun's rat-tat-tat!

(he begins to laugh loudly)

Right in the paper!

Close-up BONNIE. Now laughing too, with a great feeling of
joy.

Two shot. BONNIE and CLYDE.

CLYDE :

Jesse James! You hear 'bout old
Jesse, now you goin' to hear 'bout
Clyde!

He puffs up with air and explodes like a steam valve.

CLYDE :

(continuing)

Pshhhhhh!

He grabs BONNIE and chuckles delightedly.

115.

CLYDE:

(continuing)

Damn, Bonnie! You musta been one
hell of a waitress!

Close-up. BONNIE--laughing, her eyes filled with tears.

CLYDE's hand wipes them away.

Two shot.

CLYDE :

(shaking his head
back and forth like a
puppy, just so much
glee in him that he
can't hold it)

Oooooh, that Clyde! That's my boy,
that Clyde!

He looks at her with love and delight, hugs her tightly.

CLYDE :

Bonnie...

(she hugs him back)

The Poem of Bonnie and Clyde!

BONNIE :

(laughing at the
mistake, happy)
The Story.

CLYDE :

The Story of Bonnie and Clyde! Oh,
child, you really did tell that
story!

He pulls her to him, his face inches away from hers, about
to kiss her. She is waiting, expecting... Suddenly, he lets
out one wild laugh almost into her mouth.

He kisses her. She kisses back. They are chuckling,
giggling. They grow more ardent; they pull back and laugh
again. They begin to make love.

EXT. ARCADIA STREET. ICE CREAM PARLOR. DAY.

Bright afternoon. Camera across the street from an ice
cream parlor. Sign about it: "EVA'S HAND-PACKED ICE CREAM."
A large plate glass window fronts the store, and through it
we can see the people inside seated at tables and booths.
Prominent in our vision is MALCOLM MOSS, seated, facing
camera. He is seated across from another man, but we see
him from the back.

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MALCOLM is obviously doing a lot of talking and then some
hard listening; gesticulating and looking disturbed. After
a bit of this, he rises from the table and begins walking
toward the door. The other man rises and turns. We now see
that it is FRANK HAMER.

MALCOLM and HAMER come out onto the sidewalk, squinting in
the sunlight. MALCOLM mimes some social pleasantries by way
of saying "goodbye," but HAMER's face shows no emotion of
recognition of the gesture. He turns and walks away,
walking out of the frame.

MALCOLM stands where he is, in front of the ice cream parlor.
By the expression on his face, we can see that he is rather
disturbed by what he has heard and that he is still grappling
with the problem.

DISSOLVE TO:

BONNIE and CLYDE. They lie where they were with one
difference--they are now wrapped in the blanket. CLYDE's

pants are wadded up and tangled with his shoes at the base of the blanket.

CLYDE:

(chuckling, apparently quite pleased)

Damn!...damn...damn!

He casts a sidelong glance to BONNIE, wanting some sort of overt reaction from her. She's just smiling slightly.

CLYDE's underlying anxiety begins to surface.

CLYDE:

(not looking at her)

Hey, listen, Bonnie, how do you feel?

BONNIE:

(watching him steadily, her slight smile growing)

Fine.

CLYDE :

I mean you feel like you're s'posed to feel after you've uh...

BONNIE :

Just.

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CLYDE :

(doesn't know what the fuck to say, desperately wants her approval)
Well, that's good, ain't it.
Reason I ask is, I uh... Well, I figger it's a good idea to ask. I mean how else do I tell if I did it the way...

BONNIE :

(stopping him, with great warmth)

Hey. You done just perfect.

CLYDE looks at her for the first time, tremendously relieved.

He can see she means it. Now his buoyancy, utterly, unchained breaks through:

CLYDE :

I did, didn't I? I mean I did, I really did. I did it, I did, I mean this was my first time and it was just like rollin' off a log when it comes right down to it, it was easy, I mean I didn't even have to try...

Lovingly, laughing, altogether overwhelmed with himself, CLYDE pulls BONNIE into him. He kisses her, wants to make love again, but then pulls back and keeps chattering at sixty miles a minute. He's waited twenty-three years to talk about this, and he's got the perfect audience.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN. MOSS FARM. TWILIGHT.

After dinner. There are four empty plates, but only C.W. and MALCOLM in the kitchen. C.W. is scraping the bottom of a wilted "EVA'S HAND-PACKED ICE CREAM" carton. MALCOLM studies his son's quiet intensity in this direction for a moment, then moves very close, whispers when he speaks.

MALCOLM:

(whispering)

Boy, they expect you to go downtown with 'em tomorrow?

C.W.

(out loud, licking his ice cream)

Who?

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MALCOLM:

(raising his own voice, infuriated by his son's obtuseness)

Bonnie and Clyde!...

(he slaps the carton out of C.W.'s hands;

whispering again)

Bonnie and Clyde.

C.W.

Sure, I always go with them.

MALCOLM thinks hard about this.

MALCOLM :

...better go then, you better go,
better go...

(forcing C.W. to sit
at table)

--but when they get back in the car
to come on home, don't get in with
them.

C.W.

(genuinely puzzled)

Why, Daddy?

MALCOLM :

You just listen to your Pa fer once!
Cain't you do that? I'm yore
Daddy, I'm your kin, not Clyde.

C.W.

(still confused)

Well, what should I tell 'em? "I
can't get back in the car with you?"

MALCOLM is ready to kill--his son's obtuseness and his fear
of CLYDE is whipping him into a quiet frenzy.

MALCOLM :

(squeezing C.W.'s arm)

No, you tell them nothin', hear?

(hesitates, then)

I made a deal and got you off with
a coupla years!

C.W.

(a piercing treble)

Made a deal with who, Daddy?

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MALCOLM hauls off and whacks C.W. across the top of his head
with the flat of his hand, then momentarily holds his hand
over C.W's mouth.

MALCOLM:

(we can see his own fear)

...the law. Just don't get back in

that car.

(eyeball to eyeball)

And whatever you do, don't let onto them, hear?

C.W. suddenly smiles, as if he knew something.

C.W.

(expletive)

Whew!... You think them laws are gonna catch Bonnie and Clyde in town?

C.W. returns to the ice cream carton--MALCOLM lets him, figuring he better find out what he can.

MALCOLM :

What do you think, Clarence?

C.W.

(matter of fact)

They ain't gonna catch 'em. Don't matter whether I let on or not.

MALCOLM:

(playing along)

Mebbe. Just you be off'n the streets of that town when they go to get in their car.

C.W.

(looking directly at Malcolm)

Nobody catches Clyde. Clyde's got a sense, don't you know that, Daddy?

Nobody catches Clyde.

MALCOLM knows better, but for just a moment he stares at his son, fearing that maybe C.W., for all his limitations, has a sense about CLYDE's sense. C.W. has finished with the carton and crumples it, licking the last remnants of cream off his fingers.

INT. BEDROOM. MOSS FARM. NIGHT.

BONNIE and CLYDE's bedroom, the middle of that night. Both are wide awake, lying on opposite sides of the double bed. Both are staring into the night, disquiet.

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CLYDE :

(suddenly)

Bonnie? Bonnie, will you marry me?

There is a silent gasp from BONNIE, a barely perceptible

stiffening. Then she talks in a voice falsely formal, still staring up at the ceiling.

BONNIE :

How could I do that, Clyde? You know it's impossible. We'd have to go to a Justice of the Peace and the Justice of the Peace is a lawman. We couldn't even take out a license.

CLYDE:

(with a chuckle)
Hey now, you sound like you been givin' it some thought on your own.

BONNIE :

(with a grim irony,
her voice getting
more and more emotional)
Oh no, I never gave it thought. I haven't thought about it at least ten times a day, I haven't thought about it every minute of my life since I met you.

(suddenly her voice
cracks into tears)

She flings herself violently across the bed and buries herself into CLYDE's chest, her knees drawn up, her head tucked down into him, her body shaking with sobs.

CLYDE :

(a bit startled by
this, attempting to
hold her, awkwardly,
and placate her. He
puts his arm around her)
Bonnie...are you crying, honey?
BONNIE nods yes and slowly gets control over her tears.

BONNIE :

(her face still
buried in CLYDE's
chest, she whispers)

Clyde, why do you want to marry me?

121.

CLYDE thinks a minute and then grins.

CLYDE :

(in an attempt to be humorous)

To make an honest woman out of you.

BONNIE is silent.

BONNIE :

(finally, in a voice

charged with

anticipation and dream)

Clyde...what would you do, what

would you do it some miracle

happened and we could walk out

tomorrow morning and start all over

again, clean, with no record, with

nobody after us?

CLYDE thinks about it a minute.

CLYDE :

Well...I guess I'd do it all

different. First off, I wouldn't

live in the same state where we

pull our jobs. We'd live in one

state and stay clean there, and

when we wanted to take a bank, we'd

go to another state...and...

Suddenly he realizes that he has said the worst thing he

could have, that it was not the answer BONNIE wanted to hear.

He looks down at her, his voice anxious.

CLYDE :

(continuing)

Bonnie?

She is silent.

CLYDE :

Hey, Bonnie?

But she does not answer.

EXT. ROADSIDE. EARLY MORNING.

We see MALCOLM jacking up the back wheel of his pickup truck which is parked on the side of the road in a wooded area.

CUT TO:

122.

EXT. ARCADIA STREET. MID-MORNING.

A street in Arcadia. The car is parked. BONNIE and CLYDE walks toward the car carrying big bags of groceries and supplies and put them inside.

CLYDE :

(looking around)

What happened to C.W.?

BONNIE :

He stopped off in that hardware store to get light bulbs for his daddy.

CLYDE opens the door of the driver's seat and sits down.

INT. CAR. ARCADIA STREET. DAY.

CLYDE :

Boy, my feet are sweatin'.

He takes off his shoes.

BONNIE:

(kidding around)

You plannin' to drive with your shoes off?

CLYDE :

Sure, why not?

He reaches in his shirt pocket and takes out his sunglasses.

As he goes to put them on, one of the lenses falls out.

CLYDE:

Damn!

He puts them on.

BONNIE:

(laughing)

You gonna wear 'em?

CLYDE :

Sure, drive with one eye shut.

BONNIE gets in the car, rummages around in one of the bags

and pulls out something wrapped in tissue paper. She unwraps it and puts it up on the dashboard, displaying it. It is a little porcelain shepherdess holding a crook in her hand, worth about thirty cents.
123.

BONNIE:

(admiring it)
Isn't that the prettiest thing, hon?
Just look here, you can see every little fingernail on her hands.
She shows him.

CLYDE :

It is a pretty thing, honey.
CLYDE turns on the radio and gets some hillbilly music. They are singing "Little Church in the Valley." He beats time on the steering wheel, getting a little impatient. BONNIE puts her shepherdess away and begins looking in the grocery sack.

BONNIE :

We got any peaches? I sure could go for a peach right now.
She burrows in the bag and comes out with a peach. She takes a big bite. The juice drips down the side of her mouth. She looks beautiful.

CLYDE :

(he stops drumming his fingers, suddenly has an idea)
Whyn't we do it tomorrow?

BONNIE :

Do what?

CLYDE :

Tomorrow's Sunday, ain't it? We could drive all night and be on that golf course tomorrow morning!

BONNIE :

You sure you feel up to it?

CLYDE :

(enthused)

Yeah, why not?

(now feeling anxious
and excited, he is
impatient to move)

Where is that boy? He's gone too
long.

124.

BONNIE :

(humming to the radio)

He'll be here.

(holding the peach to him)

You take a bite, hon.

CLYDE:

(getting worried)

No, it's takin' too long. What if
something happened?

BONNIE :

Nothin' happened.

CLYDE:

(more urgently)

Go take a look, see what's keepin'
him.

Not too delighted with the chore, BONNIE goes off. We
remain with CLYDE, getting anxious. The music plays on.
BONNIE comes back, hurriedly, now anxious herself.

BONNIE :

He ain't there.

CLYDE jumps into action, slams his door.

CLYDE :

C'mon, let's go.

BONNIE gets in. They drive off.

INT. STORE. CLOSE-UP C.W. DAY.

--hiding inside a store, peering out through a curtained
window at them driving away. His expression is disturbed;
his face half in shadow.

EXT. ROAD. DAY.

BONNIE and CLYDE's car coming down the road. Camera sees from CLYDE's P.O.V. MALCOLM standing in the road, waving him down. The pickup truck, its back jacked up, is parked beside him on a shoulder of the road.

INT. CAR. DAY.

BONNIE :

What's wrong?

CLYDE :

I don't know.

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EXT. ROAD.

CLYDE reaches the spot, pulls off the road and stops the car. He gets out. Camera pulls back. CLYDE talks to the old man, BONNIE stays in the car. Cut to a shut down the trench of the law, tense.

Suddenly, a truck loaded with chickens comes riding down the road from the opposite direction. HAMER sees it from a long way away and realizes that he cannot afford to let anything pass between him and his quarry. He decides the time is now. He leaps up from the trench and yells at CLYDE.

HAMER :

Barrow!

The OLD MAN dives under his truck to hide. The shooting starts.

We see the chicken truck. Two men in the front seat. They see ahead of them an incredible shooting match and, in terror, they jam on the brakes and leap out of the truck. They run as fast as they can into the meadow, away from the trouble.

The gun fight takes just seconds during which law fires eight-seven shots at BONNIE and CLYDE, giving them absolutely no chance. The sound is rapid, deafening.

At no point in the gun fight do we see BONNIE and CLYDE in motion. We see, instead, two still photographs cut into the

sequence:

dead aim with his gun, just as he did in the teaching scene: one of BONNIE, in terror, a pack of cigarettes in her hand clutched tight, looking as fragile and beautiful as she can be.

The noise stops at once. Utter silence. It has been a massacre. BONNIE and CLYDE never had a chance to return the gunfire. We see the car, a complete shambles. We never see BONNIE and CLYDE dead, though for a moment we discern their bodies slumped in the car.

The camera pulls above the car until it is on a level with the opposite side of the road. Then, slowly, the six lawmen stand up in the trench. On the faces of the five deputies, horror and shock at what they have just done. HAMER, however, registers no emotion. His face is a blank. He lights a cigarette. Slowly, slowly, the five men begin to edge closer to the car to see the result. Music, the wild country breakdown music, begins on the sound track.

126.

Before they reach the car, the camera swings away from them, past them, and zooms out and above into the meadow where the two truck drivers are standing--tiny, distant figures.

The truck drivers begin to walk toward the camera, coming back to the road to see what happened. They get closer and closer to the camera until they have reached a middle distance and, as they continue to walk at us, it is-

THE END:

CUT TO BLACK.