

THE HIGHWAYMEN

By

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WHITE

We hear the sound of an approaching V-8 ENGINE, then TILT DOWN from a cloudy sky to a 1934 FORD... speeding past us.

EXT. A DUSTY ROAD -- DAYBREAK

As the hot-waxed Ford roars along a fallen fence, past the forlorn shacks and migrant work camps, POOR FACES watching the sedan gun by, tailing dust.

TITLE CARD:

TEXAS -- 1934

EXT. EASTHAM PRISON FARM -- DAY

As the '34 Ford cruises past the SIGN announcing the prison, continues through the canebrakes. It now slows to a crawl.

The GLARE off the front windscreen prevents us from seeing more than the silhouette of someone in a FEDORA behind the wheel; a small figure in a beret riding shotgun.

CUT TO: CHAINED FEET CLANKING ALONG

In a trot line as PRISONERS emerge from the mist. They stumble along in two squads, escorted by ARMED GUARDS. Beyond them, SIX MOUNTED GUARDS survey from horseback.

Convict RAY HAMILTON stops his march so his leg irons can be removed for work detail. He stares into the thick creek fog.

Now he drifts over into the second squad, moves up beside a big, raw-boned boy with a pitted face and scar down the back of his head -- HENRY METHVIN.

Ray and Henry join inmates at the woodpile, start stacking. Ray furtively crouches near a culvert and reaches in. He removes a black tire tube wrapped around something. Opens it to reveal three army issue .45's.

INT. '34 FORD -- DAY

As a LEATHER GLOVED PAIR OF HANDS load a Browning Automatic Machine gun, slam a modified clip in.

CLYDE (O.S.)
Ready, Sugar?

Beside him, TINY HANDS IN WHITE GLOVES set aside a copy of "True Detective" to reveal her own machine gun...

BONNIE (O.S.)
One Mississippi...

EXT. EASTHAM PRISON FARM

A mounted High Rider keeps vigil. GUARD CROWSON, 24 years old the "long-arm", rifle resting on his shoulder.

INMATE
How are my Reds doing, Joe?

CROWSON
St. Louis won again. Dizzy Dean struck 'em all out.

INMATE
They in first place, St. Louis?

CROWSON
Yeah. Brooklyn moving up.

As the inmate is shoved along in the trot line, Crowson watches him go.

EXT. '34 FORD -- DAWN

Driver's door opens: an expensive dress shoe steps down onto the wet dirt, leaves a small print. He's a little man.

BONNIE (O.S.)
Two Mississippi...

EXT. EASTHAM PRISON FARM -- DAY

Guard Crowson hears a disturbance in the trot line.

GUARD BOZEMAN (O.S.)
Crowson! Squad One! Bad count!

Crowson turns his horse to see--

GUARD BOZEMAN
Hamilton jumped squad.

BOZEMAN is a hard-faced foot guard with a shotgun turned on Ray Hamilton and Henry Methvin who are bunched tight with a third convict now, JOE PALMER.

GUARD BOZEMAN
Keep your gun on them. Come here
Raymond...

CROWSON
I'll escort him back to squad.

GUARD BOZEMAN
Try that again, Ray, you get some
chain, Son. And a day in the box.
Hear?

Ray nods, untucks his white denim, reaches for something in
his pants. Joe Palmer does the same, turns and pulls out the
Colt .45. He shoves it up into young Crowson's midsection.

PALMER
Drop them rifles!

Guard Bozeman swings his shotgun around, but finds Ray with a
.45 of his own, sticking into his temple. Bozeman and Crowson
both drop their weapons into the mud.

INT. '34 FORD -- SAME

As the woman's hands cock the machine gun...

BONNIE (O.S.)
Three Mississippi...

EXT. EASTHAM PRISON FARM -- SAME

PALMER, itchy and anxious, his .45 pushing into Crowson's
belly, stares up at the young guard in saddle.

CROWSON
Joe, please--

INT. '34 FORD -- SAME

As the woman puts the gun to the open window...

BONNIE (O.S.)
Four--

EXT. EASTHAM PRISON FARM -- SAME

BOOM! -- Palmer fires.

BOOM! Ray fires into Guard Bozeman.

DOWN BENEATH THE FERRY ROAD BRIDGE -- NEAR FORD V-8

The BROWNING MACHINE GUN is hefted upward...

BONNIE (O.S.)
Now, Baby...

THE MACHINE GUN EXPLODES IN A VIOLENT FUSILLADE, cuts through the fog, makes the EARS RING.

EXT. UP IN THE PRISON FIELDS

Palmer, Hamilton and Henry Methvin are running toward the SOUND OF A CAR HORN in the fog. Someone is leaning on the horn.

MOUNTED GUARDS with Squad Two start for the scene, rifles aimed, at a gallop. They BEGIN TO FIRE.

Through the fog, we make out the silhouette of the car down below, a small figure hanging out the window holding a MACHINE GUN...

FIRING, cutting into the mounted Guards. A horse lets out a scream as it buckles in the mud. Branches blown from the trees rain down onto the guards.

EXT. ON THE FERRY ROAD -- MOMENTS LATER

As the three escapees jump into the car... two climbing in back, one sitting in the turtle trunk, his .45 held ready.

FROM THE PASSENGER WINDOW

The white-gloved hands hold a large machine gun, squeezing the trigger as we now--

CUT TO: FLASH BULBS POPPING

On the front steps of THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION as REPORTERS converge on MA FERGUSEN. Wearing a long raincoat, the first woman governor makes her way through them, undaunted. Her hair is curled at one side, but short and man-like.

REPORTER #1
Care to comment on the escape,
Governor?

MA FERGUSEN
Mornin', boys.

The Reporters clear a path for the governor, but they crowd her just the same as she walks with purpose toward the grand front doors.

REPORTER #2
Ma, no one's ever broken out of
your prison. Bonnie and Clyde break
in. Are they that unstoppable?

REPORTER #3

They've been on the loose for two years now, Ma--

MA FERGUSEN

(her famous line)

Never say die, boys. Say damn, but never say die. Now if you move aside and let me--

REPORTER #2

Some folks are saying that Parker and Barrow are heroes. Like they say about Dillinger. They're striking back at the banks and big business, the legal system. Calling them Robin Hoods. *Are they Robin Hoods, Ma?*

Ma Fergusen stops in her tracks on the top step and spins to gaze down over the throng of reporters and their box cameras.

MA FERGUSEN

Did Robin Hood ever shoot a gas station attendant point-blank in the head for four dollars and a full tank?

Cameras pop and flash, Reporters scribble.

MA FERGUSEN

We *will* capture Clyde Barrow and his paramour. Write that down and underline it twice.

A FINAL FLASH and we go to--

INT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION -- PARLOR -- DAY

A long table is hemmed by TEN STATE OFFICIALS in plain suits.

A COPY OF THE AUSTIN AMERICAN is slapped down at the head of the table. Ma Fergusen hands her rain coat to an AIDE as she looks at the assembled faces, pushes the paper across the table.

MA FERGUSEN

If today was a fish...I'd throw the sonuvabitch back, hear?

(then)

How'd it happen, Warden?

LEE SIMMONS, the 50ish Head of Texas Prisons sits halfway down the long table, files and a coffee in front of him. Simmons looks more like an overworked accountant than the image of a Texas prison warden.

SIMMONS

Clyde did a nickel at Eastham, he knew the system. Planted guns. Ran it like a military operation.

MA FERGUSEN

(to an Official)

Where are we on this?

STATE OFFICIAL

Hoover and the Feds are proceeding--

MA FERGUSEN

Where are WE on this?

STATE OFFICIAL

Dallas detectives, Highway Patrol, your Ferguson agents--

SIMMONS

--same as we had six months ago with no end in sight.

STATE OFFICIAL

They busted into your damned facility, Lee.

SIMMONS

You're right. They did. Wounded several of my Guards. Killed one of 'em, Joe Crowson, was 24. He died in my arms apologizing for letting me down.

(after a beat)

I'd like a say in how we take care of this. I think I deserve that.

Silence in the room. Ma considers, then...

MA FERGUSON

Fine, Lee. Let's hear it.

The pressure now rolls down the table toward Lee Simmons. He sits in the silence, feeling the eyes on him. Mostly the young men of Ma's administration.

SIMMONS

This is Texas. Was a time when we'd put a pair of mankillers on the trail and let them do their job.

(after a beat)
Rangers.

Obviously a sore subject for Ma.

STATE OFFICIAL
Was a time and that time's passed.

MA FERGUSEN

This is 1934, Lee. Gangsters. V-8 motor vehicles on hard top. Submachine guns. You want to put cowboys on Bonnie and Clyde, is this what you're selling?

SIMMONS
Frank Hamer.
(after a beat)
That's what I'm selling.

A pause, the silence broken by --

MA FERGUSEN
Well, sure. And why don't we just go dig up Wyatt Earp, too?

Laughter rounds the table as Lee reddens.

STATE OFFICIAL
Wild Bill Hickcock?

Ma sees Lee isn't amused.

MA FERGUSON
Legislature disbanded the Rangers, Lee.

SIMMONS
And right proud of it, aren't you Governor?

Now Ma's pissed. She walks around the table toward Lee as she talks...

MA FERGUSON
Damn right I am! They took orders from no one and left me to answer for the blood!

Lee holds up the newspaper, shows her the front page.

SIMMONS
Seems as though you're answerin'
for it again.

Checkmate. The room goes silent once again. The Governor turns, looks out the window...

MA FERGUSON
Well,... where is he?

EXT. COLORADO RIVER - DAY

From behind we see A MAN squatting by the edge of the river. Completely still. He throws a pebble in the water, watches the ripples. And again. Probably in the middle of nowhere. A hundred miles from anything.

REVERSE

As The Man stares at the water, lost in the simplicity of it. He tosses another pebble. Then SOUNDS creep in and he lifts the brim of his hat. We see his face, his eyes as they fix on --

HIS POV

Across the river - the bustling downtown of Austin.

THE MAN

Takes it in without emotion. More sounds - HONKING. He looks to his left to see --

CONGRESS AVE. BRIDGE

Packed with 1934 rush hour traffic - not bad by today's standards but --

THE MAN

-- by his eyes we can tell, an anathema to him. And then his eyes close for a moment of solitude. His name's FRANK HAMER.

EXT. 1007 RIVERSIDE DRIVE -- AUSTIN -- DAY

Quiet. A nice home off a dirt road, old truck in the drive. A nice neighborhood.

A long '34 Pontiac pulls in. LUTHER, a black prison Trusty is at the wheel. He turns off the engine, looks at the house.

LUTHER

This sure don't look like no famous gunfighter's house.

SIMMONS

Most gunfighters end up living in a pine box.

Luther steps out and opens the back door for Lee Simmons. As they walk across the lawn.

SIMMONS

Hamer married well and has done just fine in private security for the oil companies.

LUTHER

Doesn't sound like he needs the job, sir.

SIMMONS

No, Luther, I suppose he doesn't.

Simmons knocks on the door. Gets no answer.

SIMMONS

Maybe he's around back--

Something attacks from the side of the house. It charges, grunting and slobbering. It's a Javelina. An enormous one.

LUTHER

What in the good holy hell?!

Luther jumps to the far end of the porch. Simmons shields himself with the screen door. We hear a WHISTLE and the pig stops. Simmons and his driver turn to where...

Frank stands. He takes in the two men cowering.

SIMMONS

Hello, Frank.

FRANK

Lee.

SIMMONS

Been a long time.

Frank pats his leg and the pig falls in beside him.

SIMMONS
One heck of a watch dog you have
there, Cap.

Frank looks down at the pig a moment.

FRANK
A gift. Widow in Alpine. Too tough
to eat and he wouldn't run off.
Gladys hates him, but he's my
friend, not hers.

SIMMONS
Speaking of... how's Gault?

FRANK
Speaking of what?

SIMMONS
Friends.

FRANK
Don't know. No idea where he is.

SIMMONS
Lubbock. Manny's in Lubbock.

Frank takes this in. After a beat...

FRANK
What brings you, Lee?

SIMMONS
Just came from a meeting. Over at
the Governor's mansion.
(off Frank's look)
You may've heard, we had a jail
break in Huntsville.

FRANK
Ma Fergusen pardons a hundred
convicts a month. They could've
just signed her a check, saved
themselves a lot of trouble.

SIMMONS
It was the Barrow Gang done it.
Bonnie and Clyde.

Lee waits for a reaction to this notorious name, but Frank
just stares.

SIMMONS

No one can get the net over him.
Not even Hoover. Near a thousand
men in the field right now.

FRANK

He must be good.

SIMMONS

Good enough to get the drop on
seven peace officers so far.

Frank looks over at Lee now.

FRANK

What can I do for you?

SIMMONS

I need you to take them off the
road, Frank.

Frank looks at him. He can't be serious. He smiles, walks to
the porch.

FRANK

Don't mention that idea inside the
Governor's mansion. Not unless you
like to be laughed at.

SIMMONS

I did. And they did. But she'll
back me on this one.

FRANK

She gonna bring back the Rangers?

SIMMONS

Never.

FRANK

In what capacity then?

SIMMONS

Highway patrol.

FRANK

(chuckles)

Highwayman? What's that pay these
days, hundred fifty a month?

SIMMONS

Hundred and thirty.

SIMMONS

Don't matter what badge you carry,
Frank. I just need you to put 'em
out of business.

(off Frank's look)

I thought maybe you and Manny...

Frank changes the subject:

FRANK

He's killed seven law? You know
you're gonna have to put this man
down.

SIMMONS

The governor has given you full
authority to do whatever's
necessary. Her words.

FRANK

Words a someone, never killed
anyone themself.

SIMMONS

Frank--

FRANK

I'm sorry, Lee. But I made a
promise.

SIMMONS

What promise? To who?

We hear THE SOUND OF AN ENGINE and Simmons follows Frank's
gaze, looks off as...

A waxed, black Ford V-8 pulls into the drive, sounds the DUAL
HORNS in fun. GLADYS HAMER, gets out in an ankle-length sun
dress, straw hat and sunglasses.

GLADYS

Lee Simmons. Live in the same town
and never see you.

SIMMONS

Hello, Gladys.

She gives him a light hug, then pulls out two bags of
groceries. Frank takes them from her, walks into the house.

SIMMONS

Feeding an army?

GLADYS

Ladies Auxiliary. Look at my new
Henry Ford, Lee. 85 horses. Ain't
she fun?

SIMMONS

Yes, ma'am. She's somethin'.

GLADYS

What brings you out?

SIMMONS

Just come, say hello.

Gladys eyes his nervous tension. Her eyes go to Frank, now back on the porch.

FRANK

The lady governor's offerin' me a
hundred-thirty a month, Gladys.

GLADYS

To do what?

FRANK

Hunt down Bonnie and Clyde.

And now all the light in Gladys dissipates. She turns her look back on Simmons.

SIMMONS

I best get back to my office.

GLADYS

I think you best, Lee.

Lee tips his brim to the lady and leaves. Gladys looks at her husband on the porch.

FRANK

Something you wanna say?

GLADYS

I'm gonna repaint the kitchen.

FRANK

That's what's on your mind, huh?

GLADYS

M-hm. Yellow, I think.

She kisses him, then heads for the house. Frank watches the warden's car disappear in a cloud of dust, that ENGINE SOUND returns, that ominous twister drone...

EXT. TEXAS BACKROADS -- NIGHT

A black Ford motors through the night.

INT. BARROW CAR -- NIGHT

Dark. The glow of lit cigarettes in the front seat. In the backseat, three larger figures in the shadows, a veritable armory crammed around them, boxes of ammo, stolen license plates. Clyde looks back, his face hidden in the dark...

CLYDE'S VOICE
We gonna need another car.

EXT. CROSSROADS -- NIGHT

As the Barrow car approaches, turns the lights off. Quiet for a moment. A window goes down. A cigarette is lit.

Finally ANOTHER CAR approaches from the side direction. Stops at the crossroads. A PICK-UP.

INT. BARROW CAR -- SAME

As the men in back start to get out.

CLYDE'S VOICE
Nope.

They sit back. Watch the truck drive past. Another moment. HEADLIGHTS from the opposite direction now. It stops at the crossroads.

CLYDE
That a Ford?

EXT. CROSSROADS -- SAME

The car starts across the crossroads when suddenly the lights come on in the Barrow Car. It pulls right up to the grille of the other car.

Two men in front. Blinded by the glare. Hanging from their rearview mirror is a Little Orphan Annie figure.

DRIVER
Hey, what do you think you're--

He stops as two large men with machine guns get out of the back of the Barrow car and approach.

DRIVER
Dear Lord.

Then as we hear a GUNSHOT, we HEAR CANNED LAUGHTER and...

CUT TO: A PHILCO RADIO

As we hear GEORGE BURNS and GRACIE ALLEN entertaining a forlorn nation on the radio inside.

PHILCO RADIO
(George)
And that's why we choose Maxwell
House -- good to the last drop.
(Gracie, shrill)
Say, I think I know how Army can
beat Notre Dame in the big game
this weekend, Dear...

PULL BACK SLOWLY

To reveal Gladys "watching" the radio as she knits. The rain is coming down hard.

PHILCO RADIO
(George)
Keep them away from their Maxwell
House?
(Gracie)
No. Draft the entire Notre Dame
team before the game--

CANNED LAUGHTER. And then the radio cuts out with a high frequency tone: a National Alert signal.

PHILCO RADIO
(CBS News)
--we interrupt this broadcast to
bring you a CBS News report.

GLADYS
Told you it looked like tornado
weather.... Frank?...

EXT. PORCH -- SAME

Frank sits in a chair, staring out at the rain.

PHILCO RADIO
(CBS News)
Police in Joplin, Missouri, believe
that gangsters Clyde Barrow and his
companion Bonnie Parker have killed
two more citizens...

Just staring.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Gladys, no longer knitting. Also staring. Thinking.

PHILCO RADIO (OVER)
...and, shortly after, a county
constable east of Joplin...

INT. HAMER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lights off. Gladys sleeps but the space beside her is empty.

INT. HAMER HOME -- ATTIC -- NIGHT

Lantern light catches dust as a door opens. Frank enters, walks to the middle of the room, pushes aside a bucket catching water, sets down the lantern and stares at --

A trunk near the wall. He studies it for a moment then slowly opens it. It creaks with neglect.

In the trunk are a few pairs of old boots, some saved ledger books, a folded Mexican poncho. Some PHOTOS of Frank in younger days with ANOTHER RANGER -- MANNY GAULT-- both in suits, holding weapons. He sets the photo aside and lifts out...

Something wrapped in oily rags. He slowly unwraps the rags, stares at --

A .45 Single-action Colt revolver, C-engraved.

INT. HAMER BEDROOM - MORNING

Gladys awakes, sees the empty space next to her.

EXT. ROAD -- OUTSIDE OF AUSTIN - DAY

An old truck moves down the dirt road and comes to a stop near THREE BOYS mending fence - two Anglo, one Mexican. They look up and see Frank exit the truck, walk over.

FRANK
You boys work for Ol' Salazar?

ANGLO BOY
Yessir. Mend fence, cut Johnson
grass. Seen you before.

FRANK
He sent me out here to give you
boys a break.

Frank nods, opens his trunk, pulls out an old leather saddle bag and tosses it down at the Mexican Boy's feet. It lands with a hollow rattle and a few beer cans and pop bottles roll out. The Boy just looks at them, confused.

Frank tucks his coat back behind the revolver, stuck in his waistband.

The other boys exchange glances.

FRANK
Just for the heck of it, how 'bout
every one I hit, you get a nickel?

The Mexican Boy stares at Frank for a moment then smiles, revealing some lost teeth. He opens the saddle bag and gathers an armful of cans and bottles.

Stepping out a dozen yards into the open range, the Boy gets a grip on one of the bottles in his right hand. He looks at Frank for his cue.

Frank nods.

The Boy hurls the bottle skyward. Frank watches it gain altitude against the sun...he counts to himself...then draws with confidence and ease. FIRES.

Misses.

The Boy shields his eyes against the light. Frank gestures with his pistol then sticks it back in his waistband. He opens and closes his right hand a few times. Maybe he's just a little stiff.

The Boy tosses another. Frank quick-draws. FIRES. Misses.

The three boys exchange glances, awe fading.

Frank stops, stands there a moment, shakes his head, muttering:

FRANK
...Goddamn old man...

He turns his back to them, takes a deep breath and turns back...

FRANK

Alright then.

The Boy tosses another bottle and BLAM! Frank shatters it in the sky. Frank takes off the glasses and looks at them, then stares sadly out across the range land for a moment.

He looks at the boys, opens his coat and removes a wallet. He locates three dollar bills and offers one down to each Boy.

The Boys approach tentatively. They get close but do not take the dollars.

FRANK

Take it, Boys. It's for keeping
your mouths shut.

They all take their money and smile at each other, pleased.

FRANK

You best get back to work.

Frank picks up his saddle bag and walks back to the truck.

The Boys confer in a tight clutch and watch the man go. One of them moves out of the clutch and takes a few steps after Frank.

ANGLO BOY

Hey, Mister?

Frank stops, turns him slightly to look back at the kid.

ANGLO BOY

Were you really Frank Hamer?

INT. HAMER HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Frank stands at the window, staring out at --

THROUGH THE WINDOW

The Austin Ladies Auxiliary is holding a function - 40 women in colorful dresses sip lemonade and chat on the lawn leading down to the river. Gladys mingles, playing the hostess. Her eyes find Frank in the window.

INSIDE THE KITCHEN

Gladys enters with an empty pitcher. She goes to fill it with more lemonade.

FRANK

Nice turn out. Where's Porky?

GLADYS

Locked in the spare bedroom. Don't suppose there's any chance of you taking him with you?

He sees her look, holds it. She pulls the AUSTIN AMERICAN from the top of the refrigerator, hands it over.

GLADYS

Don't pretend you didn't hide it from me.

INSERT -- NEWSPAPER

A headline and article about the murders in Joplin.

FRANK

folds the paper, sets it down.

GLADYS

Suppose you'll wanna take my new Ford.

He almost smiles.

GLADYS

I could tell you that you're too old for this. That it's not your affair. Or that you haven't held a gun in quite a while, but I know it's a waste a time, so I won't.

FRANK

And I appreciate you... not tellin' me any a that.

(after a beat)
I'm sorry, Gladys.

GLADYS

Don't be. I knew what you were when I married you.

She kisses him, holds him, then releases, grabs the pitcher of lemonade and heads for the door.

GLADYS
I packed sandwiches. They're in
the refrigerator.

She stops at the door, turns to him. Serious.

GLADYS
Come back.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Frank leans against Gladys's car. Simmons' car pulls up and Luther and Simmons get out.

SIMMONS
Too good to come to my office?

FRANK
All the same I'd rather keep this
low key.

Simmons nods, hands over a stack of files.

SIMMONS
Files. Your jurisdiction
technically ends at the state line.

FRANK
Technically.

SIMMONS
You keep me posted - call from the
road.

FRANK
I'll call you when.

Frank gets in the Ford, sets the files on the seat beside him. Simmons leans in --

SIMMONS
Where to first? Texarkana? Waco?
Dallas?...

Frank just smiles and drives away.

EXT. TEXAS HIGHWAY -- DAY

A FIREBALL OF TEXAS SUN, and emerging from it on the water
marks of pavement, a 1934 Ford V-8, waxed and slick. It owns
the road.

INT. HAMER FORD -- DRIVING -- DAY

Frank at the wheel. As he drives he glances at a map of Texas. His finger follows a road and moves west.

Frank sets down the map and takes in the view of endless Texas highway, telephone lines, stretching on forever. PAST barbed wire fencing, rusted and neglected.

PAST A BILLBOARD: FILLER UP! VACATION TIME IS HERE. MOBIL GAS AND OIL AHEAD.

PAST A WOODEN WATER TANK -- where someone has painted graffiti way up there. It reads: GO BONNIE AND CLYDE.

FRANK

Looks up at this hero worship, somewhat incredulous. Perhaps disturbed by it.

And then a FAST 30's CAR passes, startling him. He spins the wheel and brakes a bit, sending the manhunt files flying. The passing car is full of young women in trimmed turbans, singing and laughing. They speed far ahead of him.

Frank looks over at the spilled files - crime scene photos spread everywhere - bloody, horrific.

EXT. ROAD - WIDE - NIGHT

Frank's car is off the road. The interior light is on.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT

Frank munches on a sandwich and analyzes the contents of the file Simmons gave him. Again, we see the disgusting crime scene photos as well as smiling photos of the Officers killed in the line of duty.

Frank tosses the rest of the sandwich out the window and turns off the light.

CUT TO: A DARK ROOM -- MORNING

As B.M. "MANNY" GAULT, hung over and weary, sits up in his makeshift bed in the living room. Out of breath, sweat runs down his face. He sits up on the edge of the bed and accidentally kicks a whisky bottle. It rolls across the floor.

NATE
You all right, Pop-pop?

Manny looks up to see his 7 year old grandson in the doorway.

MANNY

Yeah.

NATE

Mama says you should get up even if you don't have a job. For breakfast.

MANNY

Yeah...

INT. KITCHEN -- LATER - MORNING

Manny's daughter, JEAN GAULT -- twenties, dressed for work, a J.C. PENNY nametag pinned to her blouse -- hurriedly rinses her cup in the sink while Manny and Nate sit at the table eating. A car HORN honks outside.

JEAN

I've got to take Dan over to see a man about some work before I go myself. Will you make sure Nate gets off to school on time?

Manny nods, chews on a piece of bacon.

MANNY

They're thinking about adding another bay down at the garage. Pete said to call him in a few weeks.

JEAN

We're okay, Daddy. Really.

MANNY

I'll pull my weight, thank you.

The car HORN honks again.

JEAN

Coming Dan!

Jean grabs her handbag, kisses Nate's head, races out. Manny and Nate share a look. Nate wipes up the last of his egg with a piece of toast. Manny's plate is pretty much untouched. He slides it across the table to the boy.

EXT. GAULT HOMESTEAD -- LATER - DAY

Pretty desperate - nothing green unless you count weeds growing around the hand-painted "FOR SALE" sign out front.

Manny and Nate, carrying a sack lunch and a book or two, walk down to the road.

NATE

You fix cars, so you could fix
Daddy's?

MANNY

Could if he'd let me near it.

NATE

But you used to be famous, right?

MANNY

Where'd you hear that?

NATE

Timmy Hess. He said you shot lots
of folks.

MANNY

And what else did Timmy have to
say?

NATE

Nuthin. Just that you might go to
hell for it.

They're at the road. Nate waits for an answer. Manny waves one arm at him to "get going".

EXT. DOWN THE ROAD - SAME

From a distance behind we observe Manny standing, watching Nate walk away.

WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Frank, sitting in the Ford, eyeing the proceedings. He sighs, starts the car, U-turns and drives away.

INT. GUN SHOP -- DAY

The bell over the door sounds as Frank walks in. The OWNER, in the middle of some paperwork, has his back to him...

OWNER

Afternoon. Can I...

He turns around as Frank moves to the counter, pulls a folded up magazine page from his pocket

OWNER
...help you?

He stares at Frank. Something intimidating... until Frank studies an article from a gun magazine. He then starts pointing at various weaponry...

FRANK
I'd like to have a look at that Thompson sub-machine gun and the Colt Monitor machine rifle, one up top there with the custom grip. The .32 automatic and the 1917 Smith over there. The BAR thirty ought six and that ought 3 Springfield with the glass... two a those Winchester 12-gauge pumps and one a them sawed-off riot guns, the twenty inch, not the eighteen.

The owner lays the guns out on the counter in front of him.

OWNER
Would you be wantin' the stick or the drum with the Tommy?

FRANK
How many in the stick?

OWNER
30 rounds.

FRANK
I'll take a dozen, and a handful a them half-moon clips for the Smith.

Frank hefts the .32, cocks it...

FRANK
Have you got this one in black
stead a nickel? Too damn shiny...

OWNER
I believe I do, sir.

FRANK
Then that'll do it.

The Owner looks at him.

OWNER
Which... will do it?

FRANK
All of 'em?

OWNER
All of 'em...?

FRANK
Yes, sir, along with four cases of .45 lead and, say, an even hundred each a the others.

OWNER
What all are you goin' after that you need so much firepower? If you don't mind my askin'...

FRANK
No, sir, I don't mind at all.

But he still doesn't answer. The man stares at Frank as he now takes out his wallet...

EXT. GUN SHOP -- DAY

As Frank walks out of the shop, both hands full with the firearms (all now in cases). He crosses the street, and pauses a moment, then continues to...

...his car where we see Manny sitting on the running board of the Ford. Frank hesitates, says nothing, opens the trunk of the Ford, sets the weaponry inside. Then shuts it.

FRANK
You spotted me?

MANNY
Between the suit and the car I thought you were the bank till I saw how poorly you drove.

Frank looks at Manny for the first time in years.

MANNY
This about that jack-ass and his girlfriend?
(after a beat)
It as bad as the headlines?

FRANK
Yeah.

Manny takes this in, nods.

MANNY

So what was it changed your mind,
Pancho? When you came to the
house?

FRANK

I don't know, maybe it was seein'
you move like you're eighty-five.

MANNY

Well, that's honest. You could've
at least asked me, let me decide
for myself. That woulda been the
polite thing to do.

FRANK

Like you said, I changed my mind.
Besides what would your daughter
say if you ran off?

MANNY

That a weight's been lifted.

Not the answer Frank wanted.

FRANK

You know the way it goes... I gotta
live the way they do, Gault. This
case, that means sleepin' in the
car, drivin' a thousand miles a
day.

MANNY

I don't sleep much anyway. And when
I do, I most always dream of dead
Mexicans.

Manny looks for a reaction to this. Frank moves on --

FRANK

Maybe I'll go look up Ledbetter--

MANNY

He's dead.

FRANK

Or Cuthbert.

MANNY

He's dead, too. So is Alvarez and
if you go any further down the
roster I'm gonna be gravely
offended.

(MORE)

MANNY (cont'd)
Dammit, Pancho, I'm above ground
and ready to go.
(after a beat)
Unless you think I'm useless.

The last word hangs in the air. Frank considers his old partner and friend, then opens the car door.

FRANK
Alright...
(opens the car door)
but no singin'.

INT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION -- DAY

MA FERGUSEN sits back in her chair behind her desk, eyeing JOHN QUINN, one of her new breed lawmen. He wears a canted fedora, suit and tie, spit-shined shoes.

QUINN
Hamer and Gault? The Rangers? Are you serious?

There is some quiet laughter from the phalanx of FIVE FERGUSEN MEN standing behind Quinn, all dressed like him. Quinn turns around and faces them.

MA FERGUSON
Dead. Serious.

The room goes quiet.

MA FERGUSEN
I only agreed to it to show we're doing all we can. I raised taxes to build my new law enforcement program, Mr. Quinn. The last thing this administration needs is for these two to make that program appear anything less than stellar during this economic crisis. You with me?

QUINN
We'll get your gangsters, Ma.

MA FERGUSEN
You *don't*, John, you'll be on guard duty at Eastham Prison Farm because I won't be able to afford you. Get Barrow off the damned road. Now.

INT. HAMER FORD -- DRIVING -- DAY

Manny rides shotgun, singing:

MANNY

*Gather round kids and listen to my
tale, here's the story of the Old
Chisholm Trail...*

Frank shakes his head. Manny's got a voice that would run off stray dogs. Manny, while looking through the file, has a map of the U.S. in his lap and a pencil in his hand. Frank holds a sheet from the file, reading as he drives...

FRANK

Mount Ayr, Iowa...

MANNY

If you ever want me to drive...

FRANK

I drive.

MANNY

Just saying.

Manny places dots and draws lines on --

THE MAP - has three ovals drawn on it. One marked as 1932 spreads as far as Dallas to Minnesota, The second marked 1933 from Dallas to Fort Dodge. Manny is working on the third circle - like a kid's "connect the dots" puzzle.

MANNY

You think they're the ones who
robbed the National Armory up
there?

FRANK

Day before, they stole a car in Illinois. Shot their way out of a roadblock. They've been following the same loops now for three years - north to Kansas or Iowa, east to Illinois or Indiana, south to Arkansas, back to Texas and start over again.

MANNY

Well, we got no jurisdiction north of the Red River. Maybe Hoover'll take 'em up there.

Frank ignores the comment and ...

FRANK
Carthage, Missouri...

Manny marks it down, eyes a PHOTO OF BONNIE. It weighs on him...

Frank looks at Manny, sees that he's troubled. Manny just shifts in his seat, looks out the window...

MANNY
You know, I don't remember a saddle
being as hard on a man's ass as
these car seats are.
(after a beat)
I ain't never shot a girl, Pancho.

FRANK
If we can take Clyde long range
she'll surrender.

MANNY
We're gonna shoot a man without
fair warning?

FRANK
Lord knows he does.

MANNY
Lord knows that's what separates us
from him.

Frank gives Manny a firm look - obviously a sore subject - a hinge point in their relationship, then --

FRANK
Clarksdale, Mississippi...

Manny marks it down, connects the dots. Frank lowers the sheet. Manny eyes him...

MANNY
Where next?...

FRANK
Home.

EXT. WEST DALLAS -- SUPER: WEST DALLAS - DAY

Different shots of the West Dallas slum. Moving through it.

FRANK (V.O.)
West Dallas viaduct.

INT. HAMER FORD -- DRIVING -- DAY

Manny looks out the window at the half-rural slum of tent camps, shotgun shacks, junked cars and feral dogs.

FRANK (V.O.)
The Devil's Porch...

SLOW MOVING POV: THE WEST DALLAS SLUMS

Past POOR CHILDREN mingling in the streets, playing stickball. A FEW MOTHERS on porches look right at the stranger's car as it rolls through the tight-knit hood. The looks are not warm. Any unrecognized car is suspicious.

MANNY
And I thought my circumstances were bad.

AS FRANK DRIVES SLOWLY, he examines some paperwork on his steering wheel, checks some addresses, matches them. We see the name PARKER and an address at the top of a profile sheet.

FRANK
That's her ma's house. He grew up not too far...

POV: THE PARKER HOUSE

A low rent home painted green. Sweeping the porch is a woman in her 60's. This is EMMA PARKER, Bonnie's mother. She looks up at the passing car, looks right at Frank Hamer.

FRANK meets her gaze as he TURNS A CORNER AT SOME BUSHES

And then it happens:

TWO FIGURES explode from the bushes aiming rifles.

Frank slams on the brakes and he and Manny instinctively reach for their guns as --

Two Children. With sticks like Tommy guns. They yell out "rat-a-tat-tat" sounds as they pretend to ambush the vehicle.

Frank and Manny both quickly recover, share a look.

FRANK
Lord--

MANNY

--Jesus. I almost pulled on them
kids.

FRANK

Really? I saw 'em come out--

MANNY

Well... I did, too. I just... They
just gave me a spook is all.

Frank has broken a sweat. Manny looks out the rear window at
children in the streets playing Dillinger, Pretty Boy Floyd,
the Barrow Gang. Their heroes.

EXT. SIDE STREET -- WEST DALLAS -- LATE DAY

Hamer's Ford is parked down a less inhabited street, but with
a view of the houses through some fallen fence.

INT. HAMER'S FORD -- DAY

Frank and Manny watch the comings and goings on a certain
block of ramshackle homes. Each time it gets quiet, Frank
returns to his study of materials.

FRANK

Says here the two families talked
on the telephone once a day until
about a week ago.

MANNY

How the hell they know that?

FRANK

Federal wire taps.
(off Manny's blank)
G-Men can hook up to the party
lines and record conversation.

MANNY

Well I'll be goddamned.

Frank goes back to the file but A MOTOR GROWL draws Manny's
gaze to--

A waxed, black Pontiac is coming down the road. Too fancy a
car for these parts. The driver appears to be wearing a slick
hat.

Manny observes, intrigued.

ON THE STREET, the passenger of the new car tosses something out the window into a vacant lot. The car speeds away.

MANNY
Pancho...

Manny points and they watch as --

In seconds, a TEEN-AGED KID in knickers and cap walks through the lot, picks up the empty Coca-Cola bottle and starts walking east. There appears to be a note inside the bottle.

MANNY
Western Union.

The kid hustles across the street, tosses the bottle over a fence into the Parker back yard. The kid keeps moving.

A few seconds later the bottle flies back over the fence and a SECOND TEEN-AGED KID appears, picks up the bottle and starts down the street.

Frank and Manny share a look and each exit the Ford.

EXT. WEST DALLAS SIDE STREETS -- DAY

The KID is hurrying along with the Cola bottle, whistling, when he senses someone behind him.

Frank comes into view, following at a casual distance.

The Kid barely scouts over his shoulder, sees Frank. Kid turns left...then breaks into a sprint.

Frank speeds his steps, pursues.

DOWN ANOTHER STREET

The Kid runs on quick feet with the message in the Cola bottle. Frank comes around the corner, running hard. Determined to catch his prey, he turns on a burst of speed.

The Kid is headed toward a dead-end wood fence. He doesn't slow a beat, running and leaping onto the fence and mousing over.

Frank makes the jump onto the fence, tries to climb...but forget it. Age and old wounds finally bring him back down, breathing hard. Hands on his knees, he sucks wind and marvels over the kid's speed.

MAN (O.S.)
Need a ride, Captain?

Frank looks up to see John Quinn, Ma Fergusen's detective, standing at the open door of his Hudson. He wears a Chicago Fedora and has the kind of smirk that begs a right-cross.

But Frank doesn't have the wind for that. He gathers his breath and straightens up as Quinn approaches, showing his wallet badge.

A G-MAN, dressed with as much city flair as Dillinger, gets out of a SECOND CAR and approaches on Quinn's flank. Behind those men, a mix of G-MEN and FERGUSEN DICKS gather at the vehicles on alert.

QUINN

You chasing someone?

FRANK

Yeah, Jim Thorpe. Who are you?

QUINN

John Quinn, State Detective. This is Kendale, U.S. Bureau of Investigation. We heard you were on special assignment, Sir.

AGENT KENDALE

Director Hoover sends his regards. He also sends a tip by way of his contacts down south.

Kendale, a tall young G-Man, hands the old ranger a folded note. And now Manny arrives, just as winded as Frank. They confer privately:

FRANK

I thought you had my back? I would've been dead by now.

MANNY

You ran one more goddamn block we'd both be dead.

KENDALE

Our information tells us that Barrow could be hiding down in Brownsville, along the border.

QUINN

As you know, this is a highly-coordinated operation between five states and the multi-state jurisdiction of the Bureau.
(MORE)

QUINN (cont'd)
So we'd like to ask for your help.
Down in Brownsville.

The G-man and Dallas detective study Frank's reaction.

FRANK
You ever hunt wild horses, Quinn?

KENDALE
Say what?

FRANK
They run a big range. But they
always come home.

Quinn and Kendale exchange looks.

KENDALE
A thousand man dragnet in full
operation, Sir. Roadblocks, air
surveillance -- don't think the
Barrow Gang will be coming back to
the neighborhood any time soon.

FRANK
Outlaws and mustangs always go
home.

QUINN
Well, maybe you gentlemen should,
too. This isn't Llano country.
(then)
Be a shame either a you got hurt in
retirement.

MANNY
Be a shame anybody got hurt.

Manny's eyes are cold. Kendale steps in.

KENDALE
What Detective Quinn means is that
the Barrow Gang hit an armory.
They're armed to kill.

A RADIO crackles in with a dispatch from one of the federal
cars. Agent Kendale goes to the open driver's door and
snatches up his radio. He communicates in a brief exchange.

Manny has moved in slowly, intrigued.

KENDALE

That's called a double-band system.
Didn't have one in your saddlebags,
I imagine.

Manny studies the radio.

KENDALE

It's essential in a dragnet. If you
don't have it, you might as well be
in Timbuktu.

MANNY

Or down in Brownsville. Following
your bullshit tip.

Frank walks away, Manny catches up...

MANNY

I've felt more welcome.

FRANK

Maybe we oughta make some new
friends.

INT. DALLAS SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT -- DAY

Frank and Manny sit at an empty desk, waiting. Two young Officers, HINTON and ALCORN eye them. Hinton leans on a soda machine, working a toothpick.

SMOOT SCHMID, Dallas Sheriff, enters and offers a hand.

SMOOT

Smoot Schmid, gentlemen. No need
to introduce yourselves but I'd be
honored to shake your hands anyway.

They shake.

SMOOT

That's Deputy Bob Alcorn there, and
Deputy Ted Hinton holding up the
Coca-Cola machine.

Nods between the men.

SMOOT

(Smoot sits)

Damn. Hamer and Gault. You know
how many times I've told my
grandson the Candelaria story.

(MORE)

SMOOT (cont'd)
All he wants to hear before he goes
to bed. Every night.

MANNY
(wants to know)
How's he sleep?

Frank cuts to the quick.

FRANK
Sheriff, we're involved in the
manhunt... in a very private way.

SMOOT
Not that private. Word gets
around.

FRANK
Yes it does. We heard that Barrow
put a price on your head.

SMOOT
And I keep my door unlocked in case
the sonuvabitch ever wants to stop
by.

FRANK
We're gonna take him down. But we
need your help.

SMOOT
I'd be honored.

MANNY
We're looking for a confidence in
the neighborhood. Someone who knows
Barrow and is willing to talk.

Smoot nods, stares poker-faced at Manny.

SMOOT
How about a boy who grew up with
them, worked at the United Glass
Company with Clyde? Known Bonnie
since she was a girl? Boy who can
make positive identification on
them at first sight. He's got the
mental range of a windshield wiper,
but he's reliable.

MANNY
Where do we find him?

SMOOT
Holding up the Coca-Cola machine.

Manny looks over at slick Deputy Hinton leaning on the soda machine, toothpick bobbing in his mouth. He winks in the manner of the smooth cat he believes himself to be.

INT. DALLAS POLICE DEPT. - DAY

Frank, Manny and Ted Hinton walk and talk through the main corridor toward the front entrance...

DEPUTY HINTON
Tough place to grow up. Clyde's family are good folk. Henry and Cumie fine people. Henry owns the neighborhood gas station and they live in the back. Clyde was always mischief. Me and him used to play cops and robbers.

MANNY
And let me guess. You was the cop.

DEPUTY HINTON
All I ever wanted to be. That, or short stop for the Cleveland Indians.

FRANK
And Bonnie? You know Miss Parker?

DEPUTY HINTON
She grew up on the backside of the Porch. Cement City. No daddy.

FRANK
Must be one hard lady.

DEPUTY HINTON
To the contrary, Sir. Little bitty thing, can't weigh but ninety pounds. Smartest girl in school.

Frank digests this. Not what he and Manny hoped to hear.

DEPUTY HINTON
She was in all the plays. Won the spelling bees. Wrote poetry. Attractive girl. Taffy-colored hair.

MANNY

Sounds like the short stop was
maybe a little sweet on her?

DEPUTY HINTON

Hell, any boy she ever waited on at
the Courthouse Cafe was sweet on
her.

FRANK

How'd she fall in with an outlaw
like Barrow?

DEPUTY HINTON

Bored to tears. Along come Clyde in
a fine car. By the time she found
out the car was stolen she was
already in love.

MANNY

Ain't that romantic. I met *my* wife
milking a prize Devon at the
Oklahoma State Fair. I don't
imagine anyone writing a ballad
about that encounter.

EXT. DALLAS POLICE DEPT. - DAY

The walk and talk continues...

FRANK

They ran two of your roadblocks.

The deputy meets Frank's gaze.

DEPUTY HINTON

They busted through roadblocks in
Oklahoma, too. Kansas, New Mexico.

FRANK

You had a clear shot at them.

Hinton avoids the issue...

DEPUTY HINTON

They say Clyde is some kind of Fu-
Manchu. Can't be touched. Time
Magazine called him Superhuman,
y'all see that?

MANNY

Maybe you weren't able to pull on
her, Ted.

DEPUTY HINTON
Sir?

They stop at the parked Hamer Ford.

MANNY
Pull the trigger on a nice girl who
used to serve you pecan pie. Maybe
you're not able to do it.

DEPUTY HINTON
I won't have to. I'm stationed
right here in West Dallas. Be a
cold day in Hell before they come
back to Bernal Street.

FRANK
They're on their way.
(after a beat)
According to the wire taps Mrs.
Parker is cooking red beans and
cabbage on Easter Sunday.

DEPUTY HINTON
Sir, I don't understand what you
mean.

MANNY
You don't know what wire taps are?

DEPUTY HINTON
Of course I know what wire taps
are. I just don't understand what
red beans and cabbage have to do
with--

FRANK
-- whenever Bonnie's mama says
she's got red beans and cabbage on
the stove, the dates match to
sightings or shoot-outs in the
general Dallas area. Red beans and
cabbage. That's code. Means the
kids are coming.

The deputy stares at Hamer, intrigued.

DEPUTY HINTON
So do I just ride with you boys?

FRANK
No. We'll see you on Easter Sunday.
Meet us at dawn on Eagle Ford Road.
(MORE)

FRANK (cont'd)
I'll need you to make the I.D. on
Barrow and Parker.

Ted nods, a bit troubled and walks away.

FRANK
They're afraid to shoot the girl.
That gives Clyde the one second he
needs to get the drop.
(looks at Ted)
And he knows it.

EXT. TRINITY RIVER ROAD -- DAY

Down a lonesome dirt road, Hamer's Ford crawls.

MANNY (V.O.)
(reading)
...You've heard the story of Jesse
James, and how he lived and died...

INT. HAMER FORD -- SLOW DRIVING -- DAY

Manny reads the Dallas paper, more GLAMOUR SHOTS OF BONNIE.

MANNY
but if you're still in need of
something to read, here's the story
of Bonnie...and Clyde.
(looks up)
Used to be you had to have talent
to get published. Now you just have
to shoot people.

Frank sees something in his side mirror, pulls off the road
and into a clearing.

MANNY
Why are we stopping?

EXT. TRINITY RIVER ROAD CLEARING -- DAY

Frank gets out, Manny follows, a bit confused.

FRANK
They were sighted a month or two
ago camping somewhere out here.

The two men look around. Manny kicks the rocks around an old
campfire. Frank's eyes find --

A NO TRESPASSING SIGN on a barbed wire fence about fifty feet
away. There is a perfect bullet hole through the "O" in NO.

FRANK
Somebody's a damn good eye.

MANNY
Or they walked right up to it.

Frank jumps as Manny draws his gun and fires six quick shots at the sign.

When the smoke clears, there is still just one hole in the center. After a beat...

MANNY
How 'bout that? I put every damn shot right through the hole.

Frank looks at Manny a moment, watches him holster his gun.

FRANK
When's the last time you fired that thing?

MANNY
Damn sun's in my eyes...

Frank shakes his head, walks around to the back of the car.

FRANK
Our boy Clyde prefers the Browning Automatic machine rifle, thirty caliber. Fires a 20-round volley at 3,000 feet per second. He likes to use a specially welded clip that fires fifty-three rounds.

MANNY
(indicates Frank's gun)
Well, he ain't met Old Lucky.

Frank opens the trunk.

FRANK
Shit. I ain't that lucky.

Frank produces the Colt Monitor Machine Rifle with special pistol grip stock. Manny draws back an uneasy step. Hamer hefts it to a shoulder, squints an eye and unloads a 20-round EAR-DEAFENING BARRAGE.

He shreds the sign. Shreds it into perforated metal. Manny nods, then:

MANNY
You got one a those for me?

EXT. PARKER HOUSE -- WEST DALLAS -- NIGHT

POOR KIDS play out in the street even at this hour. EMMA PARKER comes out on the porch with her broom. She goes through the motions of sweeping, but her eyes search the next street over between homes.

AT THE STAR SERVICE STATION

OLD MAN BARROW, Clyde's aging father, is locking up the pumps. He looks across the way and sees Bonnie's mother on the porch. He turns a light off. Turns it on again. He does this three times.

AT THE PARKER HOME

Emma notes this as she pretends to sweep. She looks up and down the street to make sure she's not being watched. She goes back inside.

EXT. TRINITY RIVER CAMPSITE -- NIGHT

Parked off the road. Frank sits on the hood. Manny takes a leak in the trees, singing "The Cowboy's Lament," aka "Streets of Laredo."

MANNY
*Oh, beat the drum slowly and play
the fife lowly...play the death
march as you...play the death march
as you--*

FRANK
Don't matter if you can't shoot.
You can always kill 'em with your
singing.

Manny comes over now.

MANNY
I can't remember the words to
Laredo, you believe that?

He sits down on the other side of the hood.

MANNY
Brings back memories, don't it?
(no response)
(MORE)

MANNY (cont'd)

What does it say about us, that we're out here? You ever think about that?

FRANK

No, but I'mbettin' you have.

MANNY

Is it the nature of man or just our nature? Do we do it 'cause it's right or because it's what we're good at? And if it's the latter, well, like I said, what does that say about us?

FRANK

You gonna get all purple on me, I'm gonna wanna talk about somethin' else.

MANNY

We're gonna kill these two kids, Pancho... just like we killed all them others.

FRANK

These two ain't "kids" and the others all needed killin'.

MANNY

I suppose.

FRANK

I could do without your soul searching, Gault. I mean, I don't exactly remember begging you to come alone.

MANNY

Just saying.

Manny looks at Frank, let's it go.

MANNY

What's it like, to marry money?

FRANK

You earn every damn nickel.

They both chuckle at that one, then...

MANNY

You ever gonna let me drive?

FRANK
Not a chance in hell.

EXT. FARMHOUSE -- GRAPEVINE -- MORNING

As an OLD FARMER carries a bucket of milk from a barn, stops. He hears LAUGHING OS and looks to the road where a NEW FORD is parked a short distance down the road from his house.

Someone tosses A WHISKEY BOTTLE from the window. The Old Farmer watches a moment, listens to the laughing coming from inside the car when from up the road now come TWO HIGHWAY PATROLMEN on motorcycles.

The officers stop their motorcycles and walk over to the car. Through the early morning, we faintly hear at this distance:

OFFICER'S VOICE
You folks stalled?

Suddenly the Old Farmer jumps, drops the bucket of milk, as two guns stick out of the car windows and blow the officers off their feet.

The front door opens and...

The Old Farmer drops down out of sight onto his belly in the puddle of milk, and crawls to the fence for a better look...

HIS POV -- THROUGH THE BUSHES -- FROM A DISTANCE

We just see a small girl get out of the car carrying a sawed off shotgun. Two others get out on the other side of the car, but we can't see them.

She walks over to one of the dying officers, stands looking down at him, puts the shotgun to his head.

INT. HAMER FORD -- TRINITY RIVER CAMPSITE - MORNING

Manny, asleep in the backseat, is violently awakened by a TRAIN WHISTLE. He is sweating. He pulls his felt hat off to fix it; his hair is matted with night sweat.

A gorgeous Texas sun is about to break over the Trinity River. Frank checks his pocket watch. And his gun.

FRANK
Happy Easter.

MANNY
Same. I gotta take a piss...

FRANK

Might be something left after the forty times you were up all night.

MANNY

Well, there's a place in Heaven for Gladys, the way you saw wood. When did you start that?

FRANK

Hurry it up.

Frank flips the starter switch as Manny gets out.

EXT. WEST DALLAS -- MORNING

The Hamer Ford drives to the stakeout spot to shadow the Star Service Station. What Frank sees is hard to rationalize. He and Manny both get out and stare at --

POV: the neighborhood is crawling with COPS. Uniformed cops and CITY DETECTIVES and G-MEN. Police cars drive slowly up and down while an AIRPLANE buzzes low overhead.

The one that really gets him is the robot walking up the sidewalk opposite. Its a G-Man actually, but he is wearing the early armor-plate bullet-proofing which fits over the body to the knees and has a tiny slit to look out through. The robot carries a Thompson subgun. High-tech gear for the time.

Frank shakes his head, weary. Manny surveys the chaos. Hinton and Alcorn walk up.

DEPUTY HINTON

They didn't show.

MANNY

Well, ain't that a surprise, Ted. You'd think Clyde wouldn't notice a little metal man walkin' through the old neighborhood.

Hinton and Alcorn say nothing. Because they see Quinn coming down the walk, carrying a machine rifle. He approaches Hamer's window.

QUINN

I hear that there's red beans and cabbage over at the Parker house. If you're hungry, Captain Hamer. Maybe they rode in on mustangs and rode back out again.

Laughter from the Feds behind Quinn. Hamer ignores it, looks past them at--

THE STAR SERVICE STATION

Henry Barrow leans on a car at the pumps. The white bearded senior is gathered with NEIGHBORHOOD FOLKS, all watching the law invasion like it's entertainment. CHILDREN grin and call out to the cops.

A G-MAN appears on the scene, hurried, Thompson sub in hand. He reports to Quinn, but everyone hears the news.

G-MAN
Shooting over near Grapevine...

Frank turns away from the service station.

G-MAN
...there's a man down.

They hurry off, Frank turns to Hinton...

FRANK
Get in, Ted.

EXT. GRAPEVINE, TEXAS -- THE DIRT ROAD -- LATER

A sunny Easter afternoon. HIGHWAY PATROL CARS are parked, lights turning, and a HIGHWAY COP is on his knees shielding himself with the open driver's door as he vomits.

Superimpose: GRAPEVINE, TEXAS -- EASTER SUNDAY

Frank's car pulls in behind the Sheriff Department roadster and patrol vehicles. When he steps out to see a CROWD OF PATROL COPS, he gets a better understanding of why the cop is puking.

Showing his wallet badge, Frank steps into the circle around a patrol motorcycle and looks down at the young cop laying dead in the dirt.

One hand clutches unspent shotgun shells.

FRANK
Whattaya make a that?

Manny looks thoughtfully at the cop's motorcycle.

Not far away, the second cop looks like he swallowed a grenade, his body a part of the roadside dirt.

Frank walks over to where another clutch of cops stands around THE OLD FARMER.

OLD FARMER

...car been parked there all mornin'. The two officers pull up and out come the guns. Then the doors open and I seen a girl and two boys, a big one and a smaller one, come out from the car with machine guns--

DOWN THE ROAD A PACE

FIVE G-MEN are gathered around Agent Kendale who is on a knee. With gloved hands he has opened a stainless steel kit and is methodically setting up a tire tread test, unfolding and spreading yellow carbon-like paper over which he rolls a small instrument.

Another G-Man is using a tape ruler while a third bags an empty whiskey pint. BOX CAMERAS FLASH. Manny is looking on, watching the high-tech forensics.

G-MAN

Get that to Field Office Two, run a Bertillon test.

Kendale looks up from his scientific study and sees Manny standing there, observing.

KENDALE

Careful where you step. This is a restricted crime scene.

MANNY

Kiss my ass.

NEARBY -- HAMER

Is tracking, reading the dirt and grass. He studies--

A TINY WOMAN'S SHOE PRINT

Set into the reddish dirt. HAMER steps his own Oxford shoe beside it and leaves behind a large print. The juxtaposition is almost eerie.

MANNY

a few feet away lowers himself to his haunches near some grass and picks up a leaf of bitten lettuce. A white-faced Ted Hinton appears behind them.

DEPUTY HINTON
You were right, they came back.
Came right back to Dallas...

FRANK
(points to tracks)
She drags her left leg. She gimped?

DEPUTY ALCORN
Family says she took a round when
they ran the last roadblock.

MANNY
She's got a pet rabbit with her.

DEPUTY HINTON
Maybe a present. For Bonnie's mama.
Or Billie Mace. She's generous like
that.

FRANK
She can light up a rainy day, can't
she, Ted? Little bitty of a thing,
ain't but ninety pounds. But she
could shoot a patrolman in the
head, point blank, while he was
down.

DEPUTY HINTON
You can tell that from her tracks?

FRANK
See that heel scrape? He was on
his side. She turned him over with
her foot so he could see what was
about to happen.

Ted takes this in, sickened.

MANNY
You all right, Son?

Young Hinton seems startled by the question. Frank rises to look Hinton in the eye, makes sure this registers with the young deputy. Frank doesn't seem to have the sympathy for Hinton that Manny might have.

FRANK
Those kids you grew up with aren't
human any more. Remember that at
the next road block.

Manny pats the young deputy's shoulder. Deputy Alcorn arrives on the scene now. He ignores Frank and Manny, but hands a report to the shaken Ted.

DEPUTY ALCORN

The third gun who fired, we think its either Joe Palmer or Raymond Hamilton. The Bureau will run ballistics.

FRANK

Tracks are too small for Palmer -- he's six-foot and change.

(walking away)

Would have to be Raymond who shot the B.A.R. Clyde used a 10 gauge scatter gun. The little girl used a sawn-off 20.

Agent Kendale looks up from his forensic work as he hears this, the brim of his Bogart Felt almost concealing the fact that he's impressed.

KENDALE

(to Quinn)

Get the word out state-wide -- All Points -- Ray Hamilton might be the third man.

NEAR THE HAMER FORD

Frank and Manny pass by that trembling Old Farmer and hear him repeating his eye witness report:

OLD FARMER

She got outa the car and walked up to the officer on the ground, put the shotgun to him and... she blew his head off. Then she laughed. I heard that little girl laugh...

EXT. TEXAS PANHANDLE -- WIDE OPEN -- DAY

Frank Hamer's '34 Ford rumbles over rough dirt road in the middle of nowhere, under a huge Texas sky.

INT. HAMER FORD -- DAY

Frank stares straight ahead, driving like a man obsessed. But steady and methodically, like a storm chaser.

POV: the green sign reads OKLAHOMA STATE LINE.

MANNY
State line.

Frank keeps driving.

MANNY
Just thought I'd point that out.

FRANK
Thank you.

Frank not only ignores the law, he FLOORS IT. He crosses the line into the state of Oklahoma. Manny looks over his shoulder at the pall of dust behind them.

MANNY
It's open range now.

MA FERGUSON (V.O.)
Well, where the hell are they?!

INT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION - NIGHT

Lee stands before the Governor at her desk.

SIMMONS
I'm not sure, Governor.

MA FERGUSON
Why not? Aren't they working for you?

SIMMONS
They were in Dallas three days ago.
That's as much as I know.

MA FERGUSON
I only agreed to this because you promised to keep Hamer on a short leash. They make a fool of me and they'll be hell to pay. We understand each other?

SIMMONS
Yes ma'am.

EXT. GAS STATION -- OKLAHOMA HIGHWAY -- DAY

Frank stands outside his car while a HUGE PUMP JOCKEY fills his tank (cranking a lever back and forth), breaking a sweat. The guy is young, big enough to throw a hog over a fence, with a tattoo of a bull on his massive arm.

PUMP JOCKEY
...never seen it.

Frank pays the man, looks into his eyes as he does.

FRANK
Hasn't been another filling station
for a hundred and sixty miles. You
never saw a gray sedan with yellow
tires, two men and a woman,
northbound?

PUMP JOCKEY
If it's Bonnie and Clyde you're
looking for, I didn't see them. And
if I did, all the luck to 'em. They
only taking from the banks that
take from the poor folk. Like me.

Frank hesitates, fuming, but finally gets in the car.

INT. HAMER FORD

Frank gets behind the wheel. Manny studies a map. Frank ruminates for a second, then gets back out. Manny looks up. Sees something familiar in Frank's walk as the old Ranger once more approaches the huge Pump Jockey.

MANNY
Oh Lord...

EXT. GAS STATION

Frank walks right up to the Pump Jockey who looks him in the eye, shakes his head.

PUMP JOCKEY
Now what? I done told you all I--

Frank jabs the young man hard and quick in the throat. The big man clutches his neck, choking as he falls back against the car.

The Pump Jockey tries to push himself off, come back at Frank when Hamer hits him again, this time a short jab to the jaw which makes the man crumple right in front of him.

And now Frank kicks him and pulls his gun.

INT. HAMER FORD

Manny sighs, opens the door...

EXT. GAS STATION

Manny steps out of the car as Frank shoves Old Lucky up under the Pump Jockey's chin.

MANNY
Pancho.

The Pump Jockey looks at Frank... the eyes are dead.

FRANK
There's a peace Officer died in a
puddle of himself back in Dallas.
He was on his first day at the job.
He didn't have his shotgun loaded
because he was afraid if he took a
spill on his motorcycle, he might
shoot an innocent person. He was
trying to get the shells out of his
pocket when his head was blown off.
Easter Sunday morning. His
family'll be on the breadline next
week.

Frank is spitting mad as he gets close, cocks the pistol...

FRANK
*Good luck to 'em? Is that really
all you have to say, Son?*

Frank finally releases him and the giant pump jockey rolls to his side, quailing. He finally gathers himself.

PUMP JOKEY
Came through yesterday. They
wanted to know where the nearest
tourist camp was and I told them at
the fork but the road is washed out
so I put them on the bypass at
Stroud and showed them on the state
map -- yellow tires, gray sedan,
woman had a white bunny rabbit.

Frank collects himself, sticks his revolver in his waistband, then gets back behind the wheel. Manny heads to the passenger side as ANOTHER CAR pulls in, the DRIVER taking in the downed and bloodied Pump Jockey.

MANNY
(to the driver)
Gas prices these days, get
everybody a little riled.

He gets in the car. They lay rubber. Out of there.

INT. HAMER FORD -- DRIVING OKLAHOMA -- DAY

Frank drives at speed, a loaded silence. Finally:

MANNY

Tell the truth... I wasn't there,
would that big boy still be alive?

Frank doesn't answer.

MANNY

You get that look... well, I thank
God you never put that look on me.

FRANK

I might yet, you keep yammerin'
nonsense.

EXT. MIGRANT CAMP -- OKLAHOMA BACK COUNTRY -- DAY

Some 50 HOMELESS CITIZENS live out of parked cars, trucks, or tents. A few temp homes have been constructed from scrap sheet metal.

Manny and Frank drive past grouty-faced CHILDREN, DOGS and sullen PARENTS. Many are sharecroppers on the move.

Mrs. Hamer's Ford no longer looks waxed. It's dust-covered and the windshield has cow-caught so many dead grasshoppers, it's hard to see out of it.

INT. HAMER FORD

Frank and Manny scan the weathered faces of migrants. Frank looks at Manny.

MANNY

What?

FRANK

You're the more *sociable* type.

MANNY

(getting out)

You mean, I'm more fulla shit.

EXT. TOURIST CAMP -- DAY

MIGRANTS crowd in around the car, make a study of it.

MIGRANT WORKER
You men hiring?

MANNY
Was going to ask you the same. Me
and my partner been on the road for
a long while.

The Migrants press a little closer, looking at the car, the Texas plate.

MANNY
Business went under in Fort Worth.
Foreclosed. Damn banks.

The migrant worker smiles a bitter grin and nods, walks away.
A few Okies remain.

OKIE
Even say so in the bible. The banks
is the Devil. The Lender. Own a
man's soul.

MANNY
My daughter and her boyfriend been
moving from camp to camp, looking
for work. They would've come
through in a new Ford sedan. Yellow
tires. Wouldn't have happen to see
them, would ya? Two boys and a red-
haired girl. Tiny thing.

Manny watches the migrants, can see them try not to look at
each other.

OKIE
They didn't come through here.

Manny digs inside his jacket and pulls out a pouch of Bull
Durham. He tosses it to the Hobo. Then he hands over some
rolling papers.

MANNY
We'll trade you for some pump
water.

OKIE
Much obliged, Mister. Good luck to
you.

The Folks clear out, all drawn to the tobacco. Manny takes a
jug to the pump.

A CHILD is there stomping bare feet in the spill-off. She's a girl of about 5, shirtless and boyish, her curly taffy locks, unwashed.

MANNY

I had a little girl like you. She's all grown up now. Got a baby of her own. A boy...

Manny caps his water jug, smiles at the child. He casually removes a photograph from his jacket and shows it to her.

MANNY

You ever see these two people come around here? Dressed up real nice.

The girl stares at it, curious. Manny shows her two more, mug shots of both Barrow and Parker. Manny makes certain that he's alone with the child. He whispers.

MANNY

These are bad folks. They hurt other people. If we don't find them, they're going to hurt more people. Have you seen them here?

She has no reaction. Something appears to be wrong with her. Deaf-mute maybe. She sticks her tongue out at Manny and runs away, hopping in the spill-off and mud. Manny watches her go.

INT. HAMER FORD -- DAY

Manny gets back in the car.

FRANK

Masterful.

MANNY

Well, why don't you just get out and beat the hell out of everybody?

MANNY reacts as someone appears at his window, point blank, blocks his view.

It's the little mudlark again. She is showing the nice old man a doll. A filthy and broken Little Orphan Annie toy, the kind designed to hang from a rearview mirror. We've seen it before in a victim's car.

LITTLE GIRL

The lady give it to me.

Slowly she points toward a muddy road that bends near a river.

DOWN THE MUDDY ROAD -- ALONG THE RIVER -- MOMENTS LATER

Frank and Manny walk down the road to the muddy river.

Frank sees something out of place in the weeds - A discarded Texas license plate. A throaty sound draws his gaze--

OVERHEAD, AN AIRPLANE

Circles, a single-engine federal surveillance plane.

MANNY shields his eyes from the sun and looks up at it. He waves.

MANNY

How's the view from up there, Mr.
Hoover? You high-flyin' sissy.

The sound of CROWS draws Frank's attention back upriver a ways. A half dozen of the scavengers are picking through something near the water.

Frank walks to the abandoned camp, squats low to study tracks. He knows the shoes, the gaits. The body weights. The Camel butts with red lipstick...

He examines a dead campfire, feels the rocks.

MANNY

Still warm?

Manny kneels twenty feet away. Frank nods.

MANNY

Butts back here, spread out - looks like Durham.

FRANK

(holding up a butt)

Clyde smokes Redbird. Always has that third man fifty feet from the car, on watch...

(looking up, troubled)

But which one is it?

MANNY

Three broke out, only one with 'em now. Hamilton maybe, like you said.

FRANK

Maybe I was wrong.

Manny walks over, cups a hand to his ear...

MANNY

I'm sorry, I didn't catch that. You were what?

FRANK

(ignoring him)

Hamilton's a leader. This man is a scout. A follower. You track a wolf and you track a dog you know the difference. Our third man is Clyde's watch dog. A follower.

Manny spots something on the ground, bends for it as Frank picks up the butts, an empty rubbers pack, bags them. He finds a well-worn copy of True Detective and an empty liquor bottle...

FRANK

Clyde may not drink but she sure does.

MANNY

The girl's in serious pain.

Manny holds up an empty prescription vial, tosses it to Frank.

MANNY

Amobarbital.

Frank looks at Manny. He knows. Hamer thinks on this for a moment, pockets the vial.

He hears a GUN COCK BEHIND HIM. The hard click of a double-barrelled shotgun aimed at his back.

Frank remains frozen on his haunches, but he and Manny slowly turn their heads to see--

A MIGRANT FARMER holding a shotgun on him. MORE MEN come out from the bushes, armed with sticks and rocks.

MIGRANT FARMER

Ya'll are government sumbitches,
ain't ya?

Frank slowly rises, and as he does, he pulls his jacket back to reveal Old Lucky in his waistband.

The way that he's standing, with his hand in ready to draw position, makes them stop short.

Manny now does the same, very slowly.

MANNY
Tell me, did they give you money?
Did they give to the poor?

No response. They'd still like to lynch the lawmen.

MANNY
Didn't think so.
(off the silence)
But y'all fed them and hid them,
and let them run another day to
maybe kill another cop. Cause
they're the good guys, ain't they?
Robin Hoods, right?

The shotgunner wants to take a pull. His anger at life reads cold in his gaunt face. Frank stares him down.

MIGRANT FARMER
Oughta kill you both--

MANNY
No, what you oughta do is look into
my partner's eyes a moment, and ask
yourself, does he really look like
the kinda man you wanna shoot at?

The Migrant with the shotgun looks at Frank, sees something there that makes him shift his feet.

MANNY
Now, I was you, I'd lower that
shotgun real slow.

The shotgunner shifts his gaze nervously to Manny then back at Frank who has not moved an inch, his hand still in draw position.

MANNY
And stop starin' at him, you'll
only make him anxious. Just set
that gun down, set it right down on
the grass...

Between Hamer's stare-down and Manny's instruction, the Shotgunner breaks a sweat. He slowly lowers the shotgun and places it gingerly in the grass.

MANNY
That's it.

The other men don't like the look of Hamer's gun hand nor his eyes. This isn't a city cop or a country constable.

MIGRANT WORKER
Who are you fellas?

Frank has to think about this question for a moment.

FRANK
I suppose we're the bad guys.

Frank takes his hand away from his gun and walks past the group toward his car. Manny winks at the Migrant farmer as he passes.

MANNY
All the luck to you folks.

SAXOPHONE MUSIC over...

EXT. OKLAHOMA SIDE-ROAD -- NIGHT

Texas-Oklahoma Panhandle country. Tornado alley. A dark blue Ford sedan is pulled off the road.

There are three people in the car, two up front, a bigger one in the backseat. The windshield is opaque with dead grasshoppers and dust, and we can't see in.

A SAXOPHONE is being played from behind the wheel. An odd attempt at 30's jazz. Its ineptitude is haunting.

EXT. OPEN AIR ROADSIDE MARKET -- OKLAHOMA HIGHWAY -- DAY

A hand painted sign advertises sandwiches, beer and smokes. The PROPRIETOR, down on his luck, talks to Frank and Manny.

PROPRIETOR
The boy I seen couldn't be Clyde.
Clyde's six feet tall and looks
like Clark Gable they say. The girl
with him, she wasn't no prize. Tiny
little thing and dirty drunk. And
the fella in the backseat, well,
you'd about swear he'd been whipped
with an ugly stick. And I used to
promote Jacko, the alligator faced
Chinaman.

MANNY
I'm sorry I missed that one.

FRANK
When was this?

PROPRIETOR
Maybe two, three hours ago--

Frank is already hurrying behind the wheel.

EXT. OKLAHOMA SIDE ROAD -- DAY

A Highway Patrol vehicle bounces down the dirt road. It approaches the stolen Barrow car, parked roadside.

The Highway Patrol car does not drive on by, but instead pulls to the side of the road, facing the parked sedan.

The driver and passenger doors open and two Highway Cops step out. The driver is CHIEF BOYD. The passenger is CONSTABLE CAL CAMPBELL, portly with a waxed white handlebar mustache.

CAL
Stuck looks like.

BOYD
You got the chains, Cal?

CAL
Yeah. Lets see if we can muscle
them out first.

The two cops start walking toward the Pontiac.

BOYD
You folks need some help?

A second of dead air. We HEAR CAR DOORS OPEN.

Constable Campbell draws--

HEAVY MACHINE GUNFIRE BLASTS Constable Campbell's chest out. Percy Boyd FIRES HIS GUN, smashes the windshield, but he is hit, too, goes down wounded.

As he curls on the ground he hears footsteps approaching him. A woman's strappy red high-heels. Tiny and doll-like. With a slight limp. The wounded cop must be able to scent the fresh red toenail polish, the girl's feet are so close.

And now a 20-gauge sawn-off touches his head. He looks up, squints, can't see her face against the sun.

BONNIE
(Southern Belle-like)
Hi there.

BOYD
Oh, Lord help me...

EXT. DIRT ROAD -- DAY

Frank's Ford leaves a tail of dust and gravel on a winding ribbon of farm road.

Frank stops the car, gets out, looks at the long muddy road ahead to where it offers a northern pass and one that veers east. Manny gets out, stands beside him.

MANNY
(eyeing the two roads)
Missouri or Kansas?

Frank lays out his highway department map, the one that he has drawn concentric circles on.

FRANK
Check the file, see if any of the escapees have family nearby.

Manny sits in the car, opens the file, spreads out a few pages, notices something.

MANNY
You know you got a radio in this thing? That's not factory. How much did that set you back?

FRANK
You'd have to ask Gladys. Just an intrusion on a man's peace and quiet. Not that I've had any since Lubbock.

Manny starts the car and turns on the radio. Music BLARES. Frank sighs and keeps looking at the map.

Manny finds a song he likes, smiles as it ends.

MANNY
That's a goodun.

The ANNOUNCER interrupts...

RADIO

Well, the Barrow Gang appears to be back in the news, Folks...

Frank looks up. Manny adjusts the volume.

RADIO

Police are not yet releasing details but have stated that Bonnie and Clyde may have struck again on US Highway 71 north of Tulsa.

MANNY

How far is that? --

FRANK

(checks map)

Ten, fifteen miles tops.

EXT. OKLAHOMA SIDE ROAD -- DAY

Scene of the crime. Police and Highway Patrol Cars parked roadside. BLOODHOUNDS are BAYING and running on leash with LOCAL DEER HUNTERS who lead a host of COPS into the dead fields.

A muddy black Ford comes up the dirt lane, approaches the roadblock. The Hamer car.

INT. HAMER FORD -- LATE DAY

Stopped by a shaken HIGHWAY COP, Frank shows his wallet badge.

FRANK

What do we have?

COP

Officer dead. County constable.

MANNY

Jesus. Another cop...

COP

Police Chief is missing. Sir, this badge is good in Texas, but--

(studying badge)

Wait a sec.

The trembling cop goes over to the gathering of lawmen.

MANNY

Uh-oh--

FRANK
This ain't good.

POV: the cop is showing the badge to TWO G-MEN who look out of place in the countryside. They examine the badge, look up at the vehicle, and then start toward it.

FIRST G-MAN
How are we today?

FRANK
Never good when a peace officer goes down in the line. We need to get through, Sir. Now.

A SECOND G-MAN is at Manny's window, trying to see into the backseat. He's holding a Thompson subgun.

FIRST G-MAN
Only the Bureau has multi-state jurisdiction--

MANNY
--Son, we need to stay the trail--

FIRST G-MAN
--So unless you're government agents or Oklahoma police officers, I'm going to have to turn you back, Men.

FRANK
And did that order come from Director Hoover? Or the Governor of Texas?

FIRST G-MAN
Its the law. Turn this vehicle around. Now.

Frank watches the G-Man walk away, take out a cigarette, indicate the Hamer Ford. The men laugh.

Frank rubs his eyes, weary. Reverses, watching the G-Men in his side mirror. When he has the ass end of the Ford facing the roadblock...

FRANK
How lucky you feeling?

MANNY
Like always. Fifty percent.

FRANK

I got the other fifty.

Frank floors it and startled COPS and AGENTS scramble out of the way as the '34 FORD--

BUSTS THROUGH THE NOTCH BETWEEN TWO PARKED POLICE CARS

In reverse-- and then fish tails back around, racing over the rough road, making an escape.

IN THE ROAD

The First G-Man claws at the dust for his hat as if he's powerless without it. When he gets it, he runs to the main phalanx.

FIRST G-MAN

Call in that tag on those cowboys...all points...

INT. HAMER FORD -- DRIVING -- DAY

Frank looks in his rearview at the dust as he hits 80.

MANNY

I think we just became public enemies.

FRANK

They need drugs for the girl.
What's the closest large town north of here?

MANNY

You know what, Pancho? Maybe I should drive--

FRANK

What town?!

Manny shakes his head, unwrinkles the map on the dash.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- SUPER: COFFEYVILLE, KANSAS -- DAY

A small Midwestern town. One of those towns that are still there today and resemble a false front of brick shops and public offices. A DRUG STORE sits on the end of the block.

INT. CAFE -- ACROSS THE STREET -- SAME

Manny sits in a booth, finishing a piece of pie, watching the drug store.

Manny watches as Frank exits the facilities and slides into the booth, wincing.

MANNY

How many bullets you got in you?
Really?

FRANK

I don't know, sixteen, I think.

MANNY

You think? You mean, you don't know?

Frank thinks a moment, then nods...

FRANK

Sixteen.

MANNY

I told my grandboy twenty-six. But I thought it was more like thirteen to be true. Who were you with when you took the other three?

FRANK

Gonzalvas.

MANNY

Figures. That Brownsville?

FRANK

Sweetwater.

MANNY

Where was I?

FRANK

I don't know. In a cantina maybe.
Dancing with whores.

Manny considers his old friend a moment.

MANNY

You know, a man can't pass bullets like he can pass kidney stones or something. Might be good to have a doctor look at you some time.

FRANK

Might be good to have a doctor look at you some time.

MANNY

I don't have any bullets in me.

FRANK

Because I was covering you.

Manny takes this in, finishes his coffee.

MANNY

Clyde was ahead of us on the road.
How long we gonna sit here?

FRANK

You got a better idea?

MANNY

Don't know if it's better.
(off Frank's look)
File says there was one convict
tried to make the escape but was
too late.

FRANK

Wade McNabb, why?

MANNY

If he were a free man wouldn't he
try and meet up with his friends?
Mcnabb's only in for firearms, he's
not a killer. Lee Simmons could
get him furloughed.

FRANK

(dismissing the subject)
Ferguson wouldn't go for it.

MANNY

Just saying.

FRANK

Manny...

Frank spots something. Manny turns, looks out at...

THE STREET

Coming down the sidewalk is a tiny red-haired girl, hair
stuffed up under a fashionable beret, tight curvy skirt, and
high heels. Swivel-hipped, she's headed right for the Drug
Store.

FRANK AND MANNY

Both start to slide out of the booth, then freeze...

THEIR POV -- THE DRUGSTORE

As the girl approaches the Drug Store, TWO MORE GIRLS come out, one with a bag of candy sticks and the other with a magazine. They, too, are wearing the Bonnie look. Giggling and sharing candy, they shimmy down the Avenue in their hip skirts.

FRANK sits back, dispirited.

MANNY

Bonnie Parker. Seen ten of them today.

FRANK

It's the fashion.

Manny looks at Frank, puts some coins on the table...

EXT. MAIN STREET -- DAY

Frank and Manny make their way to the car. Frank gets in, starts the car. Manny walks toward an alley.

FRANK

Where you goin'?

Manny looks back at him, shrugs.

FRANK

Again? Why didn't you go in the cafe?

EXT. STREET -- SAME

As Manny walks to an alley, turns up it.

INT. ALLEY -- SAME

Manny steps into the alley, moves behind some trash bins and starts to take a leak. He hears the rumble of an ENGINE and looks to the OTHER END of the alley, sees the snout of a dark blue Ford sedan ease past the opposite mouth.

Manny freezes, watches as A FIGURE in a felt hat and long overcoat gets out from the backseat, hurries to a BACK DOOR.

The man, a big scar on his neck -- HENRY METHVYN from the opening breakout -- pauses when he sees Manny a moment, but then keeps on moving... dismissing him as no threat.

Manny stands there a moment, blinks himself out of it, and slowly moves towards the other end of the alley, towards that dark blue, Ford...

MANNY'S POV -- THROUGH THE DUSTY REAR WINDOW

Behind the wheel, a small man with a fedora worn at a rakish angle; a tiny woman's head, hair up under a dark beret. We can't see their faces.

MANNY
Lord God...

Manny reaches slowly for his weapon inside his coat...

INT. HAMER FORD -- SAME

Frank spots --

The figure in a long overcoat moving around inside the drugstore, but he can't see his face from here. Frank leans forward, tries to see up the alley where Manny had gone to...

EXT. ALLEY -- SAME

As Manny steps into shadowed doorway along the alley, now watches as the girl in the passenger seat tosses a matchstick out her window.

Their faces are obscured by the glare off the glass. The driver in the fedora turns to look at the street, speaks to some admirers who are gathering.

Manny raises his pistol, takes aim...

MANNY'S POV -- BONNIE

Suddenly slides over to be near the driver. She kisses his cheek, whispers in his ear.

Manny -- ready to pull. She's awful close to him. Manny tenses. Agonizes...

POV: Bonnie turns because PEDESTRIANS are noticing her and reacting. Reacting like she is Claudette Colbert. YOUNG GIRLS are jostling each other, grinning awe-struck.

INT. HAMER FORD

As Frank opens the door, slowly gets out of the car...

EXT. ALLEY -- SAME

As Manny steadies his shooting hand --

SCHOOL KIDS run into view, crowding the car. Manny lowers the gun.

Henry Methvyn hurries out the BACK DOOR of the drugstore and gets back in the rear seat, holding a drug store bag, and the vehicle pulls away quickly.

PEDESTRIANS tail the car a short distance, smiling in awe and excitement. A YOUNG GIRL picks up a blue handkerchief from the street and OTHER KIDS gang around it, grinning.

Manny takes off running back up the alley...

EXT. HAMER FORD -- SAME

As Manny comes running back to the car...

MANNY
Go! The alley!

FRANK gets back in, starts the car, slams the gas.

INT. HAMER FORD -- SAME

As Frank guns it into the alley...

MANNY
They parked in the back. One of 'em
got out, went into the store--
wasn't Ray Hamilton either. Was
Henry Methvin. Third man in the
jailbreak.

FRANK
You let him go?!

MANNY
I went for Clyde--

FRANK
Clyde--

He glances at Manny, sees that he's holding his gun...

FRANK
You had a shot?!

Manny doesn't answer. They come to the crowd at the mouth of the alley which has now doubled, block their path. Frank LEANS ON THE HORN. It doesn't matter.

FRANK
Son of a bitch...

Frank drops into reverse, guns it backward in the alley. A COCA-COLA TRUCK is now blocking the entrance they just drove in from.

Hamer has no choice. He FLOORS IT and races right at the CROWD in the streets. He LEANS ON THE HORN making people run from his path, yank children out of the way. But PEOPLE ARE BLOCKING HIM intentionally, fighting him.

INT. HAMER FORD -- DRIVING -- DAY

Frank stares into the harsh light on the highway. He spots the car 300 yards ahead, a blue heat mark on the hard top.

FRANK
Why didn't you take him?!

MANNY
(quietly)
Too many people.

EXT. TEXAS HIGHWAY -- DAY

The Barrow car races along, gaining speed while the Hamer car pursues.

Both have powerful V-8 engines, bullet-proof metal (as Fords were at the time). Barrow slams the brake and jags sideways off the highway...onto a gravel road.

Hamer tries for an angle and cuts the wheel, leaving the highway and plowing the grille of his wife's Ford through alfalfa fields.

THE BARROW CAR

Gains speed, the front grille ventilators flipping open like metal fins once he hits 80. Hamer's car comes up from behind, has the angle and now--

FRANK HAS HIS COLT MONITOR UP

And ready as he bears down. But--

THE BARROW CAR

Pulls a dangerous "sling shot" and guns back for the highway.

THE HAMER CAR

Does the same, fish-tailing, lost for a moment in road dust. Manny holds on.

INT. HAMER CAR -- DAY

Frank downshifts, GRINDS GEARS and this two second error allows Barrow to create some separation.

The SOUND OF A TRAIN WHISTLE over the roar of the V-8.

A FREIGHT TRAIN is highballing from an eastward direction and is going to cross the highway in seven seconds. No crossing gate ahead, but there is a post with a BELL and that thing is CLANKING a steady tempo.

Frank sees the train. He sees that Barrow is about to play the old game of chicken. He gets the speed clock up to 83 m.p.h. gets his left hand out the window, aiming Old Lucky.

Manny looks at his gun, takes a breath, then hangs out the passenger window with it, trying to line up. But--

BUCKSHOT EXPLODES THE WINDSHIELD, Manny drops. Might be hit.

FRANK

MANNY!

Frank grabs for his partner. Manny rolls over, stunned, shakes off glass. He takes inventory of his thin body. He is almost amazed that he's not carrying shrapnel. So is Hamer.

MANNY

I'm alright--

EXT. TRAIN CROSSING -- TEXAS HIGHWAY -- DAY

The Barrow car races toward the tracks. The train is getting closer...

The Hamer car is right beside the Barrow car. Both cars race straight at the tracks. Frank has his sidearm out the window just as they hit the crossing...

The Barrow car smacks sideways into the Hamer car, knocking it aside so that while the Barrow car makes it across...

The Hamer car is no longer lined up with the crossing and HITS THE RAILS, the car's front wheels bouncing over the iron.

INT. HAMER FORD -- DAY

As Manny and Frank jerk to a stop. Manny turns, watches the train bearing down on them...

MANNY

Hey, Pancho?

Frank turns, sees the train, puts the car in reverse...

EXT. RAIL CROSSING -- TEXAS HIGHWAY -- DAY

As Frank spins the back wheels trying to get the front wheels back up and over the rails... he goes forward and back but the front tires won't go over... He tries again..

We hear the train's AIR BRAKES SCREECHING as the Ford finally bounces back over the rail but not before...

THE TRAIN KNOCKS THE FRONT BUMPER OFF THE CAR, spinning the Ford momentarily onto two wheels before it drops back down.

The train starts to slow as Manny and Frank get out of the car, breathing hard, watching stupidly as the train passes carrying the bumper down the tracks.

Manny looks at the battered car.

MANNY

Gladys still got that shotgun you bought her last Christmas?

EXT. WEST DALLAS -- DAYS LATER - DAY

The Devil's Back Porch on a warm day. Shotgun shacks and run-down homes. KIDS play marbles in the street.

CAR RADIO

...with full knowledge of the records of pretty Boy Floyd and John Dillinger... we are prepared to pay immediately the sum of One Thousand Dollars...

Frank's beat up Ford pulls into this side road, slowly. He pulls over at his spot where he gets a good view of the Parker home and the Filling station. He and Manny look as rough as the Ford.

CAR RADIO

...yes One Thousand Dollars to
Pretty Boy Floyd, Dillinger, or
those daring love birds, Bonnie and
Clyde, as, and when they appear in
person at either our Dallas, Fort
Worth or San Antonio stores and
find a single flaw in any of our
Certified perfect Diamonds.

Frank turns off the radio, observes the CHILDREN on the porch of the staked-out home. He starts to chuckle in frustration.

Manny looks up at the house, takes Frank's view.

THEIR POV: THE PARKER HOUSE

In the small, dirty front yard Emma Parker stands over a gathering of children. She is holding a white rabbit. The kids all crowd in to pet it.

FRANK

They got through a thousand man
dragnet, delivered a bunny to mama.

MANNY

What now?
(off Frank's look)
I just had the one idea.

AT THE SERVICE STATION

Henry Barrow finishes filling someone's car, takes their money and walks back into his garage.

FRANK

Bites his lip, gets out of the car.

EXT. STAR SERVICE STATION -- WEST DALLAS -- DAY

Frank crosses the street and walks right up to the station.

Frank pauses at the newspaper rack in front of the small garage and picks up The Star.

Front Page headline: CLYDE SENDS LETTER TO HENRY FORD: "SIR, YOU MAKE A DANDY CAR."

Frank reacts...then digs a coin from his pants pocket.

INT. STAR SERVICE STATION GARAGE -- DAY

Frank goes to a greasy counter to pay. No sign of life. Just a Philco radio playing quiet music. He drops the coin on the counter.

OLD MAN BARROW (O.S.)
Thank you, Sir.

Frank turns to see the old man tinkering with car parts.

OLD MAN BARROW
Seen you around. They tell me
you're with the highway department.

FRANK
That's right.

OLD MAN BARROW
But I know what you really are.

Frank looks at him.

OLD MAN BARROW
I know a killer when I see one.

FRANK
I'm sure you would, Mr. Barrow.

Old Barrow cleans his hands with a rag, looks at Frank with weary eyes.

OLD MAN BARROW
Look, Mister, I know that ya'll are gonna have to kill my boy. It ain't your fault. He's gone past the point a redemption. But I just want you to know something...

Henry has crossed to the soda cooler and, from the wall above he removes a small sepia photograph, creased and yellowed. He hands it to Frank.

OLD MAN BARROW
He wasn't born that way. He wasn't born no dark soul.

INSERT PHOTO: Clyde at 12, jug-eared and grinning. Freckles.

OLD MAN BARROW
He was my little Huck Finn. It's what me and Cumie called him.

Frank looks up from the photo to see the aged green eyes of Henry Barrow.

OLD MAN BARROW
Loved bicycles. But what he really wanted to be was a musician. Sure, he liked to dress fine and get the girls, but he wasn't a bad boy. I had high hopes.

Old Barrow opens the soda cooler and gets some ice. It's warm and he needs some for the back of his neck.

OLD MAN BARROW
One turn on the trail can change a young man's life. He stole a chicken. Stole a doggoned chicken. The Law took him for a bad seed from that day and dogged that boy.

Frank nods, considers the picture a moment, then returns it to Mr. Barrow...

FRANK
Maybe so, but something inside made him steal that chicken in the first place.

Mr. Barrow looks at Frank now.

FRANK
People don't always know who they really are until it's too late.
(then)
All I ever wanted to be was a preacher.

Frank turns and meets the old man's curious gaze.

FRANK
Was saving up for the seminary school. Working for a sharecropper down in San Saba. McSwain. Word got out that I was handy with a pistol and he offered me two-hundred dollars to make a kill. Thought he meant a coyote or pole cat. But it was his business partner he wanted dead.

Old Man Barrow seems disquieted and engaged at the same time.

HENRY BARROW
What'd you do?

FRANK
Well...I preached.
(then)
"Thou shall not kill, Mr. McSwain.
Thou shall not kill." I stepped off
the porch and he pulled a bird gun
and shot me in the head. Shot me in
the back. The legs...

Henry Barrow stands, listening.

FRANK
I was sixteen years-old and he left
me to die in an irrigation ditch.
But I crawled home and my Mama
doctored me for a summer and a
fall. And when it was time to go to
seminary school, I saddle-bagged my
money and rode off. Right to the
general store. Bought me a Colt
revolver and a Winchester. Box of
shells. Rode over to Mr. McSwain's
and rang the yard bell. He come
out.

The rest is hard for Frank. He turns his back to Henry and finds himself looking at that pinned up photo of 12 year-old Clyde. Frank stares at that photo for a time, then finally turns, and now it's him with sadness in his eyes.

FRANK
I shot the sonuvabitch dead on that
same porch.
(then)
And there went my calling. McSwain
turned out to have been a wanted
killer himself... and I became the
law.

OLD MAN BARROW
One turn on the trail.

Frank looks at Old Man Barrow, the sadness gone as he says.

FRANK
Your boy may not've been born with
a dark soul, but he's sure got one
now.

The old man says nothing.

FRANK

I just hope, that by some grace of
the Lord, he surrenders and lets
the girl live. Maybe the next time
you or Bonnie's Ma see 'em, you can
make that suggestion.

Frank touches his brim, then turns and starts out of the station. Old Man Barrow takes a step after him, then:

OLD MAN BARROW

He won't surrender.

Frank pauses, turns back.

OLD MAN BARROW

He's gonna get hung anyhow, he'd
rather die on the run. That's the
way it's gonna be.

FRANK

And until then, how many more folks
he gonna kill?

Henry Barrow sighs, takes several steps closer, cleaning his hand on the rag.

OLD MAN BARROW

Mister, you ain't hearin' me. I'm
tryin' to say somethin' ain't easy
for me to say.

Frank waits. The man takes a breath, then...

OLD MAN BARROW

I'm tryin' to say that I know
there's only one way this thing is
ever gonna end. So I'm askin' you
to please end it now, damn it.

(tears in his eyes)

End it now. For my family.

And before the old man falls apart, he turns and walks back into the dark of the service station, the Philco radio still playing quietly.

Frank stands there another moment, then turns and sees...

MANNY

Just outside, leaning against the pump. Having heard the whole exchange. Frank walks by him.

FRANK

I'm gonna call Lee Simmons.
(walking off)
Get him to furlough Wade McNabb.

MANNY

What a fine idea.

JAZZ MUSIC COMES UP into--

EXT. UNDERWORLD DANCE HALL (THE BRICK HOUSE) -- NIGHT

A smoke-filled den, packed to the walls and surging to the JAZZ BAND. Fancy Prince of Wales suits and felt lids, tight long skirts and high heeled sandals. Depression-era kids taking their cues from gangster movies and musicals.

One of them, a kid barely 20, sits at the bar decked in Glen plaid and a pork pie hat. He's got girls around him as he drinks bourbon and smokes a Lucky Strike like a guy who hasn't had the luxury in a while. This is WADE McNABB.

GARBO GIRL

(but Texas style)

I couldn't believe it when Billie
Mace said they was lettin' you out.

MCNABB

Sixty days. If I get a job and do
good behavior in that time, could
be full parole. But it ain't good
behavior I got on my mind tonight,
Sweets.

The Girls giggle and tease with the painfully skinny and young convict.

GARBO GIRL

Is it true you really know Clyde
Barrow?

MCNABB

Yeah, and I knew his brother Buck,
too, before they shot him dead.

The two ex-Texas Rangers make their way through the crowd. They attract some odd looks, but most everyone is drinking and not caring.

A YOUNG WOMAN looks up from where she poses with a hand on a chair back. She wears a beret, make-up, curvy dress, and strapped heels. She blows a smoke ring as she looks the older men up and down.

Manny looks back at her as they wade through the young and modern crowd.

MANNY
How are you, darlin'?

Frank keeps him moving along.

AT THE END OF THE BAR

Wade McNabb sits, smoking, drinking his whiskey.

VOICE
Two beers.

McNabb turns as Frank leans on the bar beside him.

FRANK
Don't look at me.

McNabb studies him in the bar mirror.

FRANK
Good to be off the farm, Wade?

MCNABB
They wouldn't tell me your name.

FRANK
Don't need it.

MCNABB
I dig.

Manny puts his beer bottle down on the bar. Empty. He needed that.

MANNY
Where's the washroom?

The kid jerks his head toward a hall.

FRANK
That's his favorite room. He's
doing a survey cross country.

Manny starts down the hall of the bustling club.

MCNABB
What ya'll need me to do?

McNabb is trying to light a smoke, but his hand is shaking.
Frank lights it for him.

INT. MEN'S ROOM -- UNDERWORLD DANCE HALL -- NIGHT

Manny stands at a toilet, the kind with a long chain flusher. He stoops over a moment. He finally gets control, shakes his head, starts to take a leak... he sees someone in the wall mirror enter.

A FANCY DAN in a flannel suit with wide lapels, rakish hat. TWO MORE DANS come in behind him, strutting. It is a walk that they have adopted from Edward G. Robinson the same way kids today try to emulate the attitude of a hip-hop star.

While one of the Dans washes his hands in the sink, the other two loiter behind Manny, exchanging smirks with their friend.

FANCY DAN
Say...you bringing the cattle to
market, Dad?

The young men chuckle at this and it encourages the Dan at the sink as he dries his hands. Manny maintains his compromised position at the urinal.

INT. UNDERWORLD DANCE HALL -- AT THE BAR

Frank sips his beer as he watches McNabb in the mirror.

MCNABB
I swear, Big Man. They plannin' to
skin out for Mexico. That's the
word. *What do ya know, Joe?*

FRANK
Son, s'pose you cut the junior
gangster act and get serious.

Frank grabs the boy's wrist and holds onto it as Wade tries to pull away, but can't.

FRANK
Otherwise, there's nothin' you can
do for me, I'll have Lee Simmons
give you a ride back to the farm.

INT. UNDERWORLD DANCE HALL -- MEN'S ROOM

Manny is still at the urinal. Takes some work.

FANCY DAN
Let me tell you somethin', Mister.
You come to the wrong place to dog
Wade Boy.
(MORE)

FANCY DAN (cont'd)
Wade Boy runs with Clyde, and
around here, Clyde is king. You
dig?

In the mirror, Manny can see one of the Dans latch the chain lock on the door. The Fancy Dan from the sink now flicks open a switch blade and holds it at Manny's back.

FANCY DAN
You just stay where you are, Old
Wheat. Need to have a look at your
badge--

Manny turns from the john with his hands still down at his belongings. But he has in his grip a .45 Colt Peacemaker and he brings it upward with such force that he breaks the jaw of the Fancy Dan before grabbing a handful of his flannel lapel and driving him headfirst into the toilet.

The other two Dans make sudden moves, but the old Ranger has the .45 up on them.

MANNY
It's a real mess, you get it point-blank, but I'm happy to do it, son.

They consider the pistol. Take a step back.

MANNY
A lotta nerve you got tryin' to rob a fella while he's havin' himself a pleasant relief.

The Fancy Dan is trying to get his face out of the toilet, but we can now see that Manny has a boot placed squarely on him and he's pushing him down in there.

MANNY
Get yourselves in that stall, go on.

Manny waves his gun toward the stall and the two make no effort to resist. They enter the stall, scared.

MANNY
You stay in there until I come back and tell you different. I want you to think about your manners.

As for the Fancy Dan head first in the bowl, Manny puts all of his weight on him and drives his face into the brackish water. He heels the guy down into the toilet, pulls the chain and flushes.

MANNY

Clyde might be king. But I'm a
Texas Ranger...you little shit.

Manny sticks his heater in his waistband, walks out.

INT. UNDERWORLD DANCE HALL -- NIGHT

McNabb looks around the bar, then leans close to Frank.

MCNABB

Me'n Clyde, we're like brothers,
y'know? I looked out for him at
Eastham. He said he'd do the same,
I got out.

FRANK

Just tell me when's he comin' and
where?

MCNABB

His sister-in-law Blanche fixes
Bonnie's hair.

FRANK

When?

MCNABB

Dinner time. Tomorrow. Might look
like two girls. Clyde sometimes
wears a lady's wig.

McNabb shows his neglected teeth in an amused smile.

MCNABB

He done got ya'll chasing your own
tails, don't he?

FRANK

Son, if you're being truthful you
finish out your term in a nice,
civilized federal pen.

McNabb draws on his smoke, nods slightly to the mirror.

FRANK

But you do wrong by me, you'll be
back on the farm, breakin' rocks,
and gettin' your teeth stove in.

Frank leaves a coin on the bar. Manny sidles up, and the two start for the door.

FRANK
What took you so long?

MANNY
There's a fella in the toilet.

EXT. WEST DALLAS -- DAY

Frank leans on a fence, looking through cracks into the backyard of an impoverished house. We hear AN ENGINE and he looks up as A CAR drives by two streets over. But then keeps going.

INT. HAMER FORD

Where Manny watches the Parker house. He watches A WOMAN walk up to the house carrying a make-up case. Manny looks at the file in his lap, then up at the woman as she's greeted by Bonnie's mother...

MANNY
Hello, Blanche...

He hears LAUGHTER and looks to where a group of kids are playing in the dirt with the celebrity white rabbit.

MANNY
Half a mind to shoot that damned
bunny.

The SOUND OF A MOTOR draws his gaze back to--

EXT. VACANT LOT -- WEST DALLAS -- DAY

A CAR motors by, slows for a moment, then speeds away. An empty Cola bottle is thrown out into a dooryard.

And here he comes. That Jim Thorpe speedster in cap and knickers. He hurries into the lot, grabs the bottle, and struts quickly east.

Manny gets out of the car and the Kid spots him.

KID
Hey, Granddad! Want to race?

The Kid grins, wrinkling his freckled nose, and he breaks into a sprint.

DOWN THE SIDEWALK HE RUNS

Looking over his shoulder, and then -- a foot comes out from nowhere and trips him at the ankle. The kid goes flying, the bottle shatters on the walk.

Frank walks over calmly and fishes the folded note from shards of glass. The Kid looks up at him from the ground, scared.

MANNY

Didn't your mama ever teach you to tie your shoes?

Frank scans the note, sighs, hands it to Manny.

MANNY

"Headed for greener pastures. See you next time around."

FRANK

Sonofabitch. McNabb.

EXT. MCNABB'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Its raining. Hamer's Ford comes down the rutted dirt road, bucking puddles and pot holes.

They park and get out. Manny checks the address.

MANNY

This is it.

Up the steps they go. Door is locked.

FRANK

McNabb! Open the damn door!

Frank kicks it in.

INT. MCNABB'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

The two ex-Rangers enter the small home and see the crimson wall paint right away, McNabb sprawled over a tipped chair in the corner.

Frank sees an empty whiskey bottle on a table, three glasses. He picks up a glass, looks at the lipstick on the rim.

Frank looks at the floor, lowers himself onto his haunches. There is a baseball bat on the floor, and beside it a muddy shoe print.

FRANK

Goddamned animals.

He turns but Manny's no longer in the house.

EXT. PORCH -- SAME

Manny stands alone with his thoughts until Frank steps out.

MANNY

Did I get that boy killed?

FRANK

No.

MANNY

He'd have been out in nine months
on his own. That fella didn't need
to die.

FRANK

That fella made his own choices.

Manny watches Frank head for the car, then follows.

MANNY

See, Frank, that's the difference
right there between you and me.
You could always hide what you done
behind some notion of Right and
Wrong. Me, I never particularly
liked the weight of decidin' who
gets to live and who doesn't.

Frank stops, wheels on Manny.

FRANK

Counting McNabb they've killed
thirteen and people call them
heroes, idolize 'em and it has to
stop! It's never easy and it's
never pretty and there's always
blood at the end of the road and
you know that same as me!

MANNY

I seen a lot a blood, but it ain't
theirs. Or ours.

They stand there in the rain considering each other.

FRANK

Jesus, Manny, why in the hell did
you come?

Manny watches Frank get into the car.

INT. HAMER FORD -- NIGHT

Manny gets in after. They're both soaked. Finally...

MANNY
I had to come.
(after a beat)
Though I don't exactly know why
that is.

Frank considers this, nods.

FRANK
We do what we do so they can sleep,
Manny. Everybody else.

Frank considers his old friend and partner a moment, then starts the car.

INT. LEE SIMMONS OFFICE - DAY

Lee, on the phone.

SIMMONS
It's my name on that furlough,
Frank. It's gonna look like we set
McNabb up to be killed. When Ma
finds out she won't be happy. And
I'm not sure I can protect
myself... or you. Come back to
Austin and let's see if we can sort
this out.

INT. DALLAS POLICE DEPT. - SAME - DAY

Frank, on a pay phone...

FRANK
Yeah.

He hangs up, walks over to a bench where Manny sits with the file. They both look like shit.

MANNY
Lemme guess, Lee's giving us a
raise.

Frank smiles.

FRANK
If you're ready to go home I'll
drive you.

MANNY
Take me to greener pastures.

Manny reaches in his coat, holds up the note.

MANNY
I'll just buy a bottle and wait
there for Clyde to show up.

Frank sits, ponders.

FRANK
Does that mean anything, you think?
(off Manny's look)
Is he headed for a state he hasn't
hit yet?

MANNY
Could be. Or maybe it's just an
old saying.

FRANK
What states have warrants for him?

Manny goes to the file.

FRANK
Better still, what states don't?

MANNY
New Mexico.... Colorado...
Louisiana.

FRANK
Outlaws always go home. Maybe
we've just been looking at the
wrong home. Methvin, where's he
from?

Manny finds the page, reads.

MANNY
Kansas.

FRANK
He still have family there?

Manny finds the info.

MANNY
No.
(looks at Frank, smiles)
(MORE)

MANNY (cont'd)
Father lives in Bienville parish.
East of Shreveport.

INT. DALLAS POLICE DEPT. - HALLWAY

Frank and Manny hustle out, files in hand. Hinton approaches opposite them.

DEPUTY HINTON
You were right. Lady across the street from McNabb identified Barrow's Ford parked out front yesterday afternoon.

As they pass Hinton...

FRANK
Stay by the phone, Ted.

They leave him standing, watching their exit.

EXT. LOUISIANA BACK ROAD -- DAY

A swamp mist so thick we could be in a rain forest. Spanish moss hangs from cypress trees. Out of this humid fog, the Hamer Ford appears, bug-coated and filthy. Cruising slowly.

TITLE CARD:

BIENVILLE PARISH, LOUISIANA

The Ford rolls past a Depression-era camp. OYSTER FARMERS, HOBOS, and just PLAIN FOLK forced to live in tents and resourceful shelters made from canvas and corrugated metal.

INT. HAMER FORD -- DRIVING -- DAY

Frank hasn't slept in a while. But he maintains the wheel while Manny, equally haggard, checks an address from the files.

MANNY
Henry's daddy owns a piece of this camp. Cuts wood for a living.

FRANK
Which one is he?

Frank is careful not to go too slowly past the property.

MANNY
Looks like him there.

An old man in coveralls -- IVY METHVIN -- carries a saw blade to a truck, throws it in the back, then gets in the cab.

MANNY
Ivy Methvin.

EXT. ROAD -- LATER

As Ivy turns the truck off the road, heads down a rutted drive. A moment later, the Hamer Ford passes, pulls over. Manny grabs the field glasses off the dash...

HIS POV -- A HOUSE

Two stories. Tucked back in the woods. Freshly painted.

MANNY
Awful nice spread for a woodcutter.

FRANK
You see another car?

MANNY
Nope. But he's got a closed in garage.

He passes the glasses to Frank.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OLD MAN METHVYN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As lights go off and the house goes dark.

INT. HAMER FORD - SAME - NIGHT

Frank and Manny watch...

MANNY
That look like just one person going to bed?

FRANK
If they're in there we'll take them in the morning, before they wake up.

INT. HAMER FORD - DAWN

Manny tries to sleep, Frank's on watch. He taps Manny's arm.

FRANK
It's time.

Their eyes go to --

EXT. OLD MAN METHVYN'S HOUSE - DAWN

Ivy Methvyn exits the door, gets in his truck and drives away from the house.

A moment later Frank and Manny emerge from beyond the trees.

Frank gives Manny a nod. Manny heads around back while Frank makes his way to the front porch. Frank peers through a window, nothing, goes to the door, locked. He jimmies it and slowly opens the door.

INT. HOUSE -- SAME

Frank looks around - no one. He moves quietly through the kitchen, also empty.

INT. REAR OF THE HOUSE - SAME

Manny slowly opens the door, looks around, gun in hand. He passes an empty bathroom, peers around a corner into a small bedroom and sees an unmade bed. Ivy's dirty work clothes are strewn about.

IN THE HALLWAY

Frank enters and sees Manny at the opposite end. They share a look - need to check upstairs. They slowly, carefully pick their way up the creaky stairs.

UPSTAIRS LANDING

A nice sitting table with chairs and a love seat. A cut flower sits in a bud vase. Manny touches it, shares a look with Frank - a woman's touch.

Frank checks the bathroom - empty, but again, a woman's been here. Lipstick, perfume, nail files.

Frank and Manny move toward the bedroom door and try to listen. Nothing. Frank slowly turns the knob - unlocked. They share a look, take a breath and rush inside to find --

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - DAY

No one there. Neat. The bed is made.

Frank moves to the closet, opens it up to reveal a rack of clothes. Frank pulls out a dress, holds it up.

FRANK

They're playin' house.

Frank reaches for a gangster suit, eyes it, tosses it on the bed. Manny sets the clothes side by side, as if Bonnie and Clyde are lying before them.

MANNY

She's a bitty thing.

FRANK

So's he.

They stand there considering the clothes a moment, then...

Manny sees A HAIRBRUSH beside the bed, picks it up, sees some of Bonnie's hair in it, feels himself folding up, sits down on the bed.

FRANK

Gault.

Manny turns to him.

FRANK

You all right?

MANNY

Yeah.

EXT. ROAD -- HAMER FORD -- SAME

Frank and Manny walk back to their car.

MANNY

We can't take 'em without the local sheriff.

FRANK

What if he's on the hand? A corrupt sheriff down this way ain't exactly remarkable.

MANNY

One way to find out.

INT. BIENVILLE PARISH SHERIFF'S OFFICE -- DAY

AN ALLIGATOR HEAD, jaws open and rows of sharp teeth.

Manny Gault touches it where it sits on the desk of SHERIFF HENDERSON JORDAN, a tall man in shirt and tie and white hat. Jordan is clearly proud of the trophy head.

SHERIFF JORDAN

(Cajun)

Alligata. My boy take him on a hunt, only eleven year old.

MANNY

Hunt doves myself.

Standing in the corner is Deputy PRENTIS OAKLEY, young, dark and taciturn, watching the old man with suspicion.

SHERIFF JORDAN

So, where you see Clyde? On the north highway?

MANNY

Seen him several places in your Parish, Sheriff *Jordan*. Down near the fishing camps.

Jordan makes a note of this. Oakley just stares at Manny.

SHERIFF JORDAN

How you know it him?

MANNY

My name's Flavius Cole. I am the Barrow family parson.

It gets real quiet in the small room. No one flinches. Manny's face holds a convincing and immutable gloom.

MANNY

Nobody knows I'm here. You never saw me. The family is grateful to you because...the kids, they're good kids, just got in over their heads. Word is there might be some heat on them down here. Now I know you never saw them, and never heard they was in your parish, and we'd like to keep it that way...

Manny reaches inside his jacket and removes an envelope. He sets it on the desk near the alligator head.

MANNY

Clyde has tried to show his appreciation to you, but the family would like to show theirs. Call it a contribution to the parish church. And I won't take any more of your time.

Manny rises, tips his brim to each man...then stops to take one last look at that alligator head.

MANNY

Your boy use a shotgun on that gator or...

The next thing Manny knows is his chin is being pushed toward the desk top and his arm is twisted behind him. Deputy Oakley has him there, and now Sheriff Jordan has picked up a gator gaff, a nasty three-pronged hook, and he holds it ready.

SHERIFF JORDAN

He use a gaff, like 'dis.

Deputy Oakley pulls Manny up. Jordan gets right in his face.

SHERIFF JORDAN

Listen to me, *Papere*: I see these dogs in Bienville, I shoot them dead. You take your bribe and go home, or I shoot you ass, too. We are not crooks down here.

MANNY

Then you're the man we're looking for.

Manny opens his hand so that they can now see his BADGE.

EXT. PARISH TENT CAMP -- DAY

A BLACK MIGRANT WORKER walks through the camp. He approaches Ivy Methvin, sitting in the heat, drinking something muddy and strong.

MIGRANT WORKER

Hey, Ivy. Some men up there lookin' for somebody to cut wood.

The Migrant points his chin indifferently toward the upper camp.

MIGRANT WORKER (CONT'D)

Told them you got your own truck.
Say they'll pay fair.

Ivy looks that way, spits. He pulls his rubber boots on.

MIGRANT WORKER (CONT'D)

You need more hands, me and my boy needs the work.

EXT. RINGGOLD ROAD -- BIENVILLE PARISH, LA -- DAY

Old Man Methvin drives his huge rattle-trap of a Model A logging truck behind Hamer's V-8 Ford. The car leads him down a long gravel highway bordered on both sides by pine thicket. Way out in the middle of nowhere.

Finally, the Ford pulls over.

INT. OLD MAN METHVIN'S TRUCK -- DAY

The Old Man pulls over behind the car. At the same time, he sees a police vehicle pulling in behind him.

EXT. RINGGOLD ROAD -- DAY

Old Man Methvin steps down from the truck, suspicious. Frank and Manny get out of the Ford and approach him, casually.

From the Police Vehicle, Sheriff Jordan and Deputy Oakley step out.

OLD MAN METHVIN
What in hell is this?

SHERIFF JORDAN
I'm Sheriff Jordan. This is my
deputy, Mr. Oakley.

OLD MAN METHVIN
(to Frank)
Who are you fellas?

FRANK
Doesn't concern you.

Jordan and Oakley appear to be as on edge as Methvin.

FRANK
All you need to know is that Bonnie
and Clyde are going down hard, Mr.
Methvin. If not by the gun, then by
the chair. Your boy Henry is going
with them.

OLD MAN METHVIN
My boy didn't kill no one.

MANNY
Killed a highway patrolman near
Grapevine, Texas. Have a witness,
ballistics, the whole book.
(MORE)

MANNY (cont'd)
(throws in)
Wire taps.

Old Man Methvin dips some snuff. Tucks it in his cheek.

FRANK

We know sooner or later they'll be coming to see you. We're going to give your son a chance to live.

OLD MAN METHVIN

How?

FRANK

He's going to have to put them on the spot. He does...we'll put him on the ground, instead of in it.

OLD MAN METHVIN

You mean let him go.

FRANK

Next time Barrow and his girl come lay low, you get your boy alone and you tell him that when they get back on the road, he gets separated first chance he gets. They'll come right back looking for him.

OLD MAN METHVIN

And you'll be waitin'.

Frank lets Methvin answer that himself. The old man spits snuff in the dirt.

OLD MAN METHVIN
Clyde won't be taken alive.

MANNY

Neither will your boy, Sir. If he doesn't take his one chance now.

Old Man Methvin thinks for a moment, then...

OLD MAN METHVIN
I like my house.

FRANK

S'cuse me?

OLD MAN METHVIN
Clyde bought me that house. I don't want y'all to shoot it up. There's a place, Clyde gets his mail.

MANNY
His mail?

OLD MAN METHVIN
Messages'n such. Checks it often.
I'll tell you where it is, once my
boy's clear. And y'all can kill 'em
there.

EXT. INN MOTEL -- SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA -- NIGHT

The drone of blowflies and cicadas outside a two dollar a night flea-bagger. Frank's battered Ford is parked before a lit room.

Sitting alone on the porch is Frank. He has shaved and cleaned up, wears his black suit and hat. He sits in a cane-bottomed rocker, smoking a rolled Durham, tense.

INT. INN MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Smoke-filled. Five men sit around a table, playing poker in taut silence.

Manny, Sheriff Jordan, Deputy Oakley, and our two friends from Dallas, Alcorn and Hinton. All of the men are wearing business suits tonight (Hinton and Alcorn wear their sleek 30's windbreakers over dress shirts and ties).

DEPUTY OAKLEY
Look like we outnumbered by Texans,
Henderson.

MANNY
These Dallas boys the only ones who
can make a positive identification.

Deputy Hinton looks down at his hand. He's nervous. Manny sees this.

DEPUTY ALCORN
Old Ivy said that their car is
loaded with fire power. Machine
guns, hand grenades, thousand round
of shells. Said its like an armory
on four wheels.

MANNY
Guess we'll find out.

SHERIFF
Gonna have us a hunt.

DEPUTY OAKLEY
Gonna skin us some deer.

They all laugh a nervous laugh, except for Ted.

DEPUTY HINTON
Dang if I don't have an Arkansas
straight...

Ted Hinton folds his hand.

SHERIFF JORDAN
Maybe we should put six bills in
the pot, *Homme*, make it more
interestin'.

MANNY
Cap don't allow for no money in a
game, nor drinking on Sundays.

DEPUTY OAKLEY
Can't be much fun.

MANNY
There is a place for me in Heaven,
I tell you that.

Manny shuffles and deals.

DEPUTY ALCORN
Where is he?

MANNY
Likes to be alone sometimes.

DEPUTY HINTON
Sheriff Smoot said you and Hamer
killed more'n fifty men between
you.

The others look at the old man. It's hard to believe.

MANNY
Killed a lot more'n that. Killed
more'n fifty in one evenin'.

They stare at him. Manny sits there a moment, fiddles with
the cards.

DEPUTY HINTON
I didn't mean to pry.

MANNY

It's all right, Ted. I was young, younger'n you. South Texas, place called Candelaria, Ranger Company C. We had about sixty bandits pinned down in a dry wash. Bandits I say...

(shakes his head)

These fellas burned half a dozen ranches, some of the folks still inside. They'd killed a few dozen, raped just about as many.

Manny starts to lay the cards out...

MANNY

Anyway, every time we rode in to take 'em, we'd yell *manos arribas*, You know, hands up. But they'd fire on us and we'd lose a man. Went on like this for days. So they send down young Captain Hamer... my friend, Pancho.

Manny looks out the door at Frank sitting out there.

MANNY

Cap says "what all is going on down here?" and we say, "Well, every time we call out *manos arribas* like Ranger Law tells us to, these bandits open up on us." Cap says "Well, we're going down in there at nightfall... and this time don't no-damn-body yell *manos arribas*." Just shoot 'em.

The other men listen quietly, the sheriff smiling.

MANNY

That night them bandits were celebrating. Drunk, half of them asleep by the fire. We went in. Some of the boys refused to go. Refused to just start shooting men.

(then)

But I went with Frank. He gave me the nod and we let 'em have it. We shot that arroyo to hell before most of them fellas even woke up. I was jittery. A mule come out from behind a cactus and I shot the man half a dozen times.

(MORE)

MANNY (cont'd)
(looks at them all)
Turned out to be a thirteen-year-old boy trying to run away. I can still see his face.

And now everybody's eyes drop to the table.

MANNY
Whole thing was over in ten minutes. We counted fifty-four dead. And when we were done counting, Cap sat on a rock, holstered his gun and says, "manos arribas, you sons a bitches."

Manny looks at the men around the table, holds on Ted.

MANNY
We came back, the Governor gave us all medals.

EXT. MOTEL -- FRONT PORCH -- NIGHT

Frank sits in the antique rocker, creaking slowly. He checks his pocket watch, snaps it shut.

Headlights slant across the porch now as a Model A truck pulls in, crunching gravel. Old Man Methvin gets out. In his rubber swamp boots and filthy clothes, he walks up the porch steps, looks at the silent Frank Hamer.

OLD MAN METHVIN
My boy got free.

Hamer stops rocking.

EXT. RINGGOLD ROAD -- BIENVILLE PARISH, LA -- SUNRISE

The only road in and out of this swampy forest of southern pine and big oaks. Smothering humidity.

OLD MAN METHVIN (V.O.)
Clyde's post office is on Old Ringgold road.

BEHIND A ROADSIDE BLIND

constructed from vines and brush, the heavily-armed officers wait. From left to right: Alcorn and Hinton, Sheriff Jordan, Deputy Oakley, Manny Gault, and Frank Hamer in the southernmost position.

OLD MAN METHVIN (V.O.)
There's a rise in the road, so
Bonnie can see who's comin'...

Hinton smacks an insect off his leg. Mosquitoes and chiggers eat at the men in suits as they wait in tense ambush.

OLD MAN METHVIN (V.O.)
Clyde pulls up right there, walks
to a stump where folks leave him
messages.

EXT. MOTEL -- FRONT PORCH -- NIGHT

Frank thinks a moment, then...

FRANK
You gonna have to be there, too.

EXT. RINGGOLD ROAD -- SUNRISE

Old Man Methvin's truck is parked facing northeast. A tire has been removed and set in the road. The old man himself waits there as decoy, crow bar in hand.

Frank sticks a piece of paper in the stump then casts his eyes up the road toward the hill.

ACROSS THE ROAD

Sheriff Jordan and Oakley chop brush, making a blind while Alcorn and Hinton carry armloads of weapons to the hiding spot.

MANNY
Ted....

Manny waves Ted over for a private chat.

MANNY
Ted, we need you to identify these two, but nobody said nuthin' about you pulling a trigger. Which means you don't have to.
(off Ted's look)
'Cause once you do....

Ted takes this in, considering, then...

DEPUTY HINTON
I'll be alright.

Manny nods, sees Frank approaching from across the road.

FRANK

Whey they get here y'all stay in
the blind. I'll present myself.
You fire on my command.

MANNY

We stay in the blind?

FRANK

That's an order, Gault.

MANNY

And you walk out there?

FRANK

They get their fair warning.

Manny takes this in, nods. Not like Candelaria.

EXT. BLIND - LATER - DAY

Deerflies fill the silence, incessant buzzing about the men's hats. They've been out here a while, lined up in a row behind the bushes.

Frank looks over at Manny who wipes sweat from his brow, but seems calm.

FRANK

Manny.

Manny turns to him.

FRANK

For the record... you only move
like you're seventy-five.

(off Manny's smile)

The reason I passed by your house
was because I wanted to spare you
this.

(after a beat)

That said, I'm real glad you're
here.

MANNY

Me, too, Pancho. Me, too.

Frank's expression changes.

FRANK

(quiet)

They're coming.

No one can hear anything, they look down the road - nothing. But when they see Manny prepare his machine rifle they do the same.

The sound rises distant. What at first sounds like a deer fly downshifts into the distinctive hum of an engine revving to high speed. Like a twister coming out of the swamps.

MANNY
Ford V-8.

Frank slips the safety on his Colt to the "fire" position.

ON THE ROAD

Old Man Methvin stands by his supposedly disabled truck, looking up the road. The sound of an approaching engine hums at 85 horsepower, a powerful V-8 at high speed.

Old Man Methvin looks up toward the blind where Frank waits, calm and patient.

FRANK
Ted.

At the far right of the blind, Deputy Hinton lifts field glasses to his eyes and makes a study of the distance as the still unseen auto gets within a thousand yards, and then becomes visible at a crest in the road.

DEPUTY HINTON
It's him. It's Clyde.
(then)
Bonnie's beside him. In red.

FRANK'S POV -- THROUGH VINES AND COVER:

A Cordoba Gray 1934 Ford Model 730 Deluxe...slowing its approach and entering into the opposite lane to pull alongside Old Man Methvin's logging truck. It idles.

CLYDE (O.S.)
Hey, Ivy. Where's--

The Old Man freezes. His eyes widen toward--

FRANK COMING OUT OF THE BLIND

into the middle of the gravel road, Colt Monitor raised in position. Only several yards from the gangster car, he can see them through the windshield.

For the first time Frank sees them point-blank:

CLYDE BARROW, Fedora canted low. Greasy hair, jug-eared. Bad teeth.

23 year-old BONNIE PARKER in red dress and stylish red hat, eating a sandwich. Her eyes are painted heavy in Maybelline and her reddish brow over-plucked, giving her the garish pallor of a vampire waif dressed like a silent screen star. Her nails are painted. She, too, has cleaned up, prettied herself for this day. She turns her head and looks right at Frank Hamer.

BONNIE PARKER'S POV: A man, almost mythic in preacher black, rifle in hand. Hat brim low.

FRANK
(actual words)
Stick 'em up!

TIME SLOWS and most sound drops. Just a hushed wind in the cane brakes.

FRANK'S SILENT POV:

Clyde looks right at him. IN SLOW MOTION, two seconds seem an infinite nightmare. Bonnie lets go of her sandwich...it falls...

CLYDE'S SILENT POV:

Frank Hamer staring back at him, then meeting Bonnie's eyes.

Bonnie almost smiles then, then produces a .20 Gauge sawed-off like a magic trick, it almost seems to come from under her dress as...

FRANK watches her, his finger on the trigger. His eye blinks and --

MANNY

Charges out of the blind, defying orders, and --

RESUME SPEED

FIRE --

CLYDE raises his machine gun and --

FRANK blasts away.

GUNSHOTS -- IMplode the windshield just as Bonnie "screams like a panther." Clyde's head snaps back as his Chicago Fedora is blown off his head.

Somehow, through it all, Clyde keeps driving in low gear. Right at Frank.

FROM THE BLIND - Oakley, Jordan, Alcorn, and Ted Hinton all OPEN FIRE, steel-jacketed bullets punching through the immaculate gray Ford. ONE ROAR OF SOUND.

IN THE ROAD -- FRANK UNLOADS HIS 20 ROUND CLIP into the oncoming car, but it drives on, unsteadily, tires digging into gravel. Perhaps it is true: they are simply unstoppable.

MANNY empties his clip, drops the weapon, raises another, fires again, again --

FROM THE BLIND -- Ted Hinton has emptied his Browning machine gun and now he stares, awed. Even hopeful maybe.

DEPUTY HINTON
Gettin' away...they gettin' away...

Frank FIRES another round, but it is obvious now that the car has no direction; Clyde's foot must have released the clutch when shot. The Ford rolls to a stop in a ditch, stalls.

Frank starts toward the punctured vehicle, lowering his heavy rifle and now unholstering Old Lucky. He walks steadily over broken glass toward the motionless car. Manny right behind him.

The other lawmen spill down into the road, ears ringing.

Frank keeps walking, right up to the vehicle. But all is still as death.

And then -- from the passenger seat -- Bonnie's head lurches forward suddenly. Manny FIRES into the window. Two shots, three, four -- emptying his pistol into the car.

He stands there, spent, realizes Frank is staring at him.

The other lawmen surround the destroyed vehicle, cautiously. As they move in, it is clear that the young killers are dead.

Frank lets a breath escape as his gun hand lowers. Manny looks at the destroyed car.

MANNY
Manos arribas.

EXT. MAIN STREET -- ARCADIA, LOUISIANA -- DAY

The population of Bienville Parish has tripled to 6,000 PEOPLE as they crowd the street in morbid awe and fascination to see a closed chapter in American history.

A tow truck pulls the bullet-riddled Ford through the crowd, followed by a procession of police cars and citizen's vehicles.

IN FRONT OF CONGER'S FURNITURE STORE

The tow truck comes to rest and the CROWD SURGES at the death car as FLASHBULBS pop in percussive frenzy.

SCHOOL CHILDREN climb onto the running boards to gawk in at Bonnie Parker's body. A WOMAN in a summer dress and pretty straw hat fights her way in to see. Her hands reach into the death car and try to daub at Bonnie and Clyde's blood with a handkerchief. Someone snags the gas cap.

A MAN is trying to cut off Clyde's trigger finger, but when COPS thwart the effort, he tries to slice off one of the corpse's ears. Someone grabs his smashed sunglasses.

The THRONG intensifies as POLICE try to control them.

Ted Hinton, shaken, watches with Alcorn, shakes his head.

DEPUTY HINTON

Look at that. We made 'em more famous than ever.

CONGERS STORE WINDOW

We see REFLECTIONS of the mob frenzy and then see Manny and Frank standing behind the window, watching.

INSIDE THE STORE

Frank and Manny look out at the sick display, their faces revealing exactly how revolting this is to them. We stay on them for an extended beat, then Frank's eyes find the ground.

A LOCAL REPORTER walks over.

LOCAL REPORTER

Mr. Hamer, there's a fella on the phone from the Associated Press in New York. Says he'll give you a thousand dollars for a phone interview.

Frank and Manny share a look, then slowly rise to leave.

LOCAL REPORTER
Mr. Hamer?...

EXT. MAIN STREET -- ARCADIA, LOUISIANA -- DAY

Hinton, Oakley and Alcorn all pose for pictures as Frank and Manny exit the store and walk away from the crowd, unnoticed. We stay with them until they are alone, the mob scene continuing behind them.

EXT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION -- DAY

REPORTERS with box cameras flashing. A CROWD presses at the grand steps. All are cramming in on a conflicted Ma Fergusen who has to speak above the CROWD NOISE.

MA FERGUSEN
I knew Hamer and Gault would get
the job done.

Just behind her is Agent Quinn, looking exhausted, but well-dressed in a Cagney coat and fedora.

MA FERGUSEN
That's why I chose 'em. Bottom
line.

EXT. MAIN STREET -- ARCADIA, LOUISIANA -- DAY

Frank and Manny drive out of town as we now...

DISSOLVE TO: THE BARROW CAR

Folks crowded around the Ford, jumping and jockeying for position. Everyone trying to get a peek at the two dead bandits.

RADIO (V.O.)
The Nation has been freed from the
worst killing rampage in its
history...

INT. HAMER FORD -- DRIVING -- LATE DAY

Frank and Manny sit there, tired, unable to speak.

CAR RADIO (V.O.)
Retribution has been served and J.
Edgar Hoover has issued a formal--

Manny shuts it off. The two just ride in silence. Frank pulls the car to the side of the road. Manny gives him a puzzled look.

EXT. HAMER FORD -- ROAD HOME -- LATE DAY

The Ford sits on the shoulder. Frank and Manny get out of the car and exchange places. Manny gets behind the wheel and a moment later the car lays rubber down the road, finally disappearing into the dusty horizon.

EXT. MANNY'S HOMESTEAD -- DAY

As the Hamer Ford turns down the drive, stops at the "For Sale" sign. Manny gets out of the driver's seat. Frank sleeps soundly in the passenger seat.

Manny opens the trunk, takes out his bag. Frank, now awake, steps out.

MANNY

You wanna come in, say hello?

FRANK

No, I've got a long drive, but...
thank you.

Frank offers a hand, Manny takes it, looks him in the eye.

FRANK

Just saying.

Manny looks at the house as now his daughter and son-in-law come out along with a few neighbors.

His Grandson, Nate runs up and hugs him around the waist. As Manny and Nate walk toward the house, the boy takes his hand. Manny takes a few more steps, then stops, turns to --

MANNY

Frank...

Frank, now behind the wheel, looking back.

The two men exchange brief but knowing nods before Frank then backs the car out of the drive. Manny stands there a moment, watching him go, then finally walks with Nate and greets the rest of the family.

EXT. HAMER HOME -- DAY

Frank pulls up to the house, remains in the battered car a moment. No one's about.

He finally gets out, slowly walks to the house. He looks back at the car, covered with dirt, dents everywhere, and takes a deep breath before going into the house.

INT. HAMER HOME -- SAME

Frank sets his bag down.

FRANK

Gladys?

No answer. He moves through the house to the kitchen in the rear.

THE KITCHEN

He walks in, looks at the radio, now silent. Walks to the window and smiles, staring out at --

IN THE BACK YARD

Gladys stands near the water's edge, back to us, Frank's javelina Porky rubbing against her leg. She reaches down with one hand and scruffs his head lovingly.

FRANK

Watches for a moment more, then smiles and --

THROUGH THE WINDOW

Frank walks through the back yard, down to Gladys. Just as she turns --

FADE TO BLACK.