

INT. BEDROOM. MOSS FARM. NIGHT.

BONNIE and CLYDE's bedroom, the middle of that night. Both are wide awake, lying on opposite sides of the double bed.

Both are staring into the night, disquiet.

CLYDE

(suddenly)

Bonnie? Bonnie, will you marry me?

There is a silent gasp from BONNIE, a barely perceptible stiffening. Then she talks in a voice falsely formal, still staring up at the ceiling.

BONNIE

How could I do that, Clyde? You know it's impossible. We'd have to go to a Justice of the Peace and the Justice of the Peace is a lawman. We couldn't even take out a license.

CLYDE

(with a chuckle)

Hey now, you sound like you been givin' it some thought on your own.

BONNIE

(with a grim irony,
her voice getting
more and more emotional)

Oh no, I never gave it thought. I haven't thought about it at least ten times a day, I haven't thought

about it every minute of my life
since I met you.

(suddenly her voice
cracks into tears)

She flings herself violently across the bed and
buries
herself into CLYDE's chest, her knees drawn up,
her head
tucked down into him, her body shaking with
sobs.

CLYDE

(a bit startled by
this, attempting to
hold her, awkwardly,
and placate her. He
puts his arm around her)
Bonnie...are you crying, honey?

BONNIE nods yes and slowly gets control over
her tears.

BONNIE

(her face still
buried in CLYDE's
chest, she whispers)
Clyde, why do you want to marry me?

CLYDE thinks a minute and then grins.

CLYDE
(in an attempt to be humorous)
To make an honest woman out of you.

BONNIE is silent.

BONNIE
(finally, in a voice
charged with
anticipation and dream)
Clyde...what would you do, what
would you do if some miracle
happened and we could walk out
tomorrow morning and start all over
again, clean, with no record, with
nobody after us?

CLYDE thinks about it a minute.

CLYDE
Well...I guess I'd do it all
different. First off, I wouldn't
live in the same state where we
pull our jobs. We'd live in one
state and stay clean there, and
when we wanted to take a bank, we'd
go to another state...and...

Suddenly he realizes that he has said the worst
thing he
could have, that it was not the answer BONNIE
wanted to hear.
He looks down at her, his voice anxious.

CLYDE
(continuing)

Bonnie?

She is silent.

CLYDE

Hey, Bonnie?

But she does not answer.

EXT. ROADSIDE. EARLY MORNING.

We see MALCOLM jacking up the back wheel of his pickup truck which is parked on the side of the road in a wooded area.