

THE OLD MAN AND THE GUN

by David Lowery

Based upon the article by David Grann

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INT. CORNER CAFE - EARLY MORNING

A wispy pink sunrise.

We PULL BACK through the plate glass window of a corner cafe to find...

FORREST TUCKER, 60s, sits in a corner cafe, sipping a cup of coffee, Nighthawks At The Diner style.

Waitress (MARLA) comes by, fills up his coffee.

MARLA

You were here yesterday.

FORREST

Day before too.

MARLA

Glad to know our coffee's that good.

FORREST

Oh, it's good.

MARLA

Well, are you out late or up early?

FORREST

A little bit of both.

MARLA

How you mean?

FORREST

I was up all night, and I got a long drive ahead of me.

MARLA

Gotcha. Where to?

FORREST

Texas, eventually. But right now I'm here.

MARLA

Here's to that. What brings you to here?

FORREST

Well. You know that little bank across the way there?

He gestures out the window.

MARLA

Yeah.

FORREST

So I'm gonna walk across the street
in a little while and rob it.

Marla instantly laughs.

MARLA

Is that so?

FORREST

Yes ma'am.

MARLA

How come?

FORREST

It's just what I do. It's what I've
always done.

Marla chuckles again, clearly thinking this is a joke.

MARLA

Well, good for you. What are you
gonna do with the money?

FORREST

I don't know. What would you do?

MARLA

Plenty. I'd get my kids some new
clothes. Get me some clothes. Fix
my car. Pay off the house, since my
ex-husband sure as shit won't.

FORREST

Quit this job?

MARLA

Nah. I like my job.

FORREST

Cause maybe I'm looking for a
partner.

MARLA

Well...my shift's up at 10. Can you
wait until then?

FORREST

Afraid I can't.

MARLA

Darn. Well, maybe next time.

FORREST

Maybe so.

CAMERA LEADS Marla back behind the counter, where she puts the coffee pot back on. She gets a new pot going, humming along to the song on the radio. She doesn't notice Forrest getting up behind her, putting some cash on the table. She doesn't turn around until she hears the DING of the door as he exits.

She notices he's gone.

Taking her time, she heads back to his table to collect the money he left there. She does a double take when she sees the tip - it's a 100 DOLLAR BILL. She almost looks nervous to take it. But of course she does. She picks it up and puts it in her apron and wipes down the formica.

As she does so, she happens to look up...

...and sees Forrest EXITING THE BANK across the street, jamming a GUN into his pocket.

He pauses, just for a moment, and sees her looking at him.

He WINKS.

CUT TO BLACK

The following text fades up:

"This story, also, is mostly true."

HOLD ON BLACK

Silence.

And then, the POP of a needle touching wax. The CRACKLE of an OLD LP. And then a voice, THE VOICE, singing...

JOHNNY CASH (V.O.)

*San Quentin, you've been living
hell to me.*

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. SAN QUENTIN - DAY

The sound of the Man In Black's famous song continues as the curtains rise over:

SAN QUENTIN PRISON. AUGUST 1978.(ONE YEAR EARLIER)

A square fortress of a prison, positioned on the very edge of the San Francisco Bay. Almost 100 years old now. Like a crumbling castle, on the verge of collapsing right into the icy waters of the Pacific.

Each wing of the prison is four stories high; each narrow floor trailing off into a long row of cells. The cell-doors are barred, as per the older fashion.

TWO GUARDS walk down the row, manually unlocking each door.

INT. CELL - MORNING

AN OLD MAN lies on the bottom bunk of a bed of a prison bunk bed. Sound asleep. Perfectly still.

We hear another man climb down from the top bunk. A moment later, his hand enters frame as he shoves the sleeping man's shoulder and whispers:

FORREST

Hey bud. Wake up. It's time.

He shakes his friend again.

FORREST (CONT'D)

Hey Kerty, come on, it's -

It's at that exact moment he realizes...

...his friend is DEAD. Dead as a doornail.

A look of sad realization crosses Forrest's face, before...

KERCHACK. All of the doors unlock at once, automatically, with a cold metallic sound.

EXT. PRISON CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

THE SONG CONTINUES as Forrest walks down the hall, down the long corridor of cells. The same old morning routine.

INT. MESS HALL - DAY

THE SONG CONTINUES over breakfast. Forrest approaches another man at a table - TEDDY GREEN. Teddy is in his late 50s or early 60s. He's tall, with silver hair receding elegantly off the crown of his head. His lips are pursed into a frown. His sharp eyes are focused, alert.

Forrest stands at a table saw - his place in the assembly line that's putting together cheap furniture for institutional use. Raw lumber goes in one end, chairs and tables come out the other.

Forrest slides a board forward. The saw's whine turns into a BUZZ as it makes contact with a board. Sawdust scatters through the air.

As the final chords fade out, a WHISTLE BLOWS. Forrest looks up again, glancing through the sawdust at the clock hanging over the shop door. 12 PM.

The other prisoners shut off their power tools, put down their hammers and saws. TRUSTEE JIM struggles to raise himself from his armchair. The cat in his lap isn't keen on getting up.

TRUSTEE JIM
(to cat)
C'mon Clementine. Ooopsie-daisy.

Forrest keeps on cutting. Everyone seems aware of this. No one pays it any mind.

The split second he's alone, Forrest's demeanor changes. His shoulders straighten.

He pulls the board off the table. He leaves the saw running, leaving its whine to fill the air as he walks to the back of the shop and grabs the edges of a CANVAS TARP and lifts it like a magician pulling back a curtain.

EXT. MAIN YARD - CONTINUOUS

Forrest walks through the prison yard, pushing a large RUBBISH BIN full of who knows what. He passes a guard who's walking towards the mess hall.

HUNGRY GUARD
Lunchtime, Tucker...

FORREST
Yeah, just throwing this shit out.

The guard moves on.

In the guard's wake, TWO OTHER PRISONERS fall into line with Forrest. One is Teddy. The other is JOHN WALLER. Waller is a bit younger, in his 50s. Wide-eyed, a naive air to him. Eager to please, you might say.

TEDDY
Forrest, you know John Waller?

FORREST

I do now.

They walk towards the WAREHOUSES on the Southwest corner of the lot. A MINIMUM SECURITY area.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The warehouse is dark and musty. A single beam of light pierces down from a skylight, and it's in this one point of illumination that Forrest sets to work. He parks his rubbish bin and reaches in and pulls out...

1. Three PRISON UNIFORM SHIRTS, stiff with blue paint.
2. A bundle of bedsheets.
3. Bolt cutters.

FORREST

How long we got?

Teddy glances up at the CLOCK hanging over the door.

TEDDY

Twenty minutes, give or take.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Waller's got the lookout post outside. He casually shoves a push broom back and forth while watching the mostly-empty yard.

He turns his gaze down to the waterfront, which is only a few feet away...

EXT. SAN QUENTIN / MARIN COUNTY DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

...and past which is the Frisco Bay and, a little further along...

...the docks where the MARIN COUNTY YACHT CLUB makes its port. Here, just past the shadow of the prison walls, the well-to-do are prepping their craft for sailing. Dozens of folks are out. Boats of all sizes, from day-sailers to two-keelers. A BANNER hangs in the background, reading 'MARIN COUNTY WEEKEND REGATTA.'

Everyone is wearing matching blue cardigans with yellow caps. The colors of their club, which are also found in the logo emblazoned on the clothes and the ships themselves: a simple yellow pendant.

They are all preparing to set sail for this weekend regatta. Ropes are coiled, sails are hoisted...

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...while Forrest wraps the framework of whatever he's building in PLASTIC TARP.

TEDDY

You think that'll sail?

FORREST

Doesn't have to sail. Just has to not sink.

Forrest yanks out a length of DUCT TAPE, which comes loose from its roll with the violent ripping sound known to handymen the world over.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...and now it's 12:21, as CAMERA TILTS BACK DOWN to Forrest, dipping a brush in a can of BLUE PAINT.

TEDDY

Goddamn it, Forrest, we don't got time for that.

FORREST

We got time. There's always time to get a job done right.

He begins to paint whatever it is he's built, slathering on the blue paint in quick, broad strokes. A WHISTLE BLOWS...

EXT. DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

...as a CAPTAIN of the yacht club signals to the rest of the fleet to set sail.

SAILS UNFURL...

ANCHORS ARE LIFTED...

The ships set out towards the bay...

INT. / EXT. WAREHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Waller steps back into the warehouse.

WALLER

Fellas, we gotta get a move on!

FORREST

Okay.

He steps away from what he's been working on. We see it clearly for the first time.

It's a boat. A KAYAK - in theory, at least. 14 feet long. It's large, unwieldy, made largely of plastic tarp and duct tape. One half still wet with bright, brilliant blue paint. On that same half, at the ship's prow, Forrest is bequeathing to the vessel a name in yellow paint:

"RUB-A-DUB-DUB"

Waller looks at incredulously.

WALLER

Rub-a-dub-dub?

Forrest shrugs.

FORREST

Cause there's three of us.

EXT. WAREHOUSE / ROCKY BEACH - DAY

The three men in their curious maritime uniforms slip out the back door of the warehouse. Between them and the water is a stretch of PAVED ROAD, which they quickly cross...

...and a TALL FENCE, which they get to work on the bottom of with bolt cutters.

As he pries open a little space to crawl under, Forrest glances at the rickety watchtower peeking up from just around the bend. Just waiting for a shout that never comes...

INT. WATCHTOWER - THAT MOMENT

The WATCHTOWER GUARD sitting up there is preoccupied, watching the MARIN COUNTY REGATTA that's currently crossing the bay.

OVER HIS SHOULDER: three little figures can be seen scurrying under the fence and pulling something big and blue after them...

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Our boys scramble across a ROCKY BEACH, which tapers quickly into the water. Before they know it, rough waves are licking their feet, the ocean spray misting across their faces.

WALLER
Hot damn, that's cold.

FORREST
Gets your blood pumping! Makes you
feel alive!

His voice is lost in the waves.

They wade their boat out into the water until they're knee deep.

Then they hop aboard and, using PVC pipe oars, begin to paddle out into the water. Forrest takes the prow. Waller's at the rear.

Teddy works on RAISING THE SAIL - a wooden rod with a bedsheet cut in a triangle that immediately catches the wind. As it unfurls, the MARIN COUNTY YACHT CLUB logo catches the light, lovingly hand-painted on the linen.

INT. WATCHTOWER - CONTINUOUS

The WATCHTOWER GUARD is still keeping track of the boat race in the bay.

He looks through his binoculars.

LONG LENS POV: a series of ships slips past, their sails billowing in the wind. They look like little toys from this distance.

And then, in their wake, a final ship, struggling to keep up. A tiny little dinghy of a vessel. MORE LIKE A KAYAK. Manned by THREE MEN. Its little sail billowing out of control in the wind. The waves are lapping at the sides, washing up over the edges.

As the Guard watches, the ship suddenly CAPSIZES. The three men go overboard.

The Guard lowers his binocs. He lifts a megaphone.

WATCHTOWER GUARD
(through megaphone)
You fellas need help out there?

EXT. BAY - CONTINUOUS

Forrest, Teddy and Waller are neck-deep in the frigid water, clinging for dear life to the edges of their capsized ship. Forrest waves to the guard, who from their vantage point is a tiny silhouette atop an imposing tower.

Forrest cups one hand to his mouth and shouts:

FORREST
We just lost a couple oars, but I
think we're doing OK!

Teddy gets in on the act, raising his fist and calling out against the spray.

TEDDY
My Timex is still working!

They all smile and wave. From the watchtower, an amplified voice booms out:

WATCHTOWER GUARD
(over megaphone)
Good luck to ya!

INT. WATCHTOWER - CONTINUOUS

The Watchtower Guard chuckles and turns away, setting down his megaphone and grabbing around for a sandwich.

EXT. BAY - CONTINUOUS

The three sailors get back to the business at hand: paddling their way through the water. Kicking and swimming against the choppy surf. Waller's teeth are chattering.

Forrest, however, is still smiling.

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

The makeshift boat, now in tatters, strikes land. The three men clamber towards shore, shivering.

Forrest hesitates before he steps up onto dry land. Taking the time to savor the moment. The lap of the waves is hypnotic...

The two other men recede into the distance behind him, leaving him standing there, MOMENTARILY ALONE, looking at the surf and the RUB-A-DUB-DUB, bleeding BLUE PAINT onto the sand...

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. / INT. OLDSMOBILE - DAY

A car SCREECHES AROUND A CORNER, tires squealing. Doing 50, maybe 60 on a downtown street. It's a lovely OLDSMOBILE CUTLASS. A few years old, gently used. Up until now, at least.

Forrest Tucker is behind the wheel. A smile on his face and the whole world zipping by outside the window.

ONE YEAR LATER

In the 12 months since we've seen Forrest last, he's cleaned up. His beard is gone, and with it went quite a number of years. He looks young, happy, ebullient. He's traded his prison rags for a fine blue suit.

SCREEECHHH. He hightails it around another corner, and then glances over...

...at the PASSENGER in the car with him. A MAN, mid-40s, quite TERRIFIED, comb-over in a state of frantic disarray. He has the disposition of a man held hostage - which, it would seem, is precisely the case.

COMBOVER MAN

Please...

Forrest looks at him as if he's noticing him for the first time.

FORREST

Handles real nice once she gets going...

COMBOVER MAN

Could you...could you just...

FORREST

Say again?

COMBOVER MAN

...pull over?

FORREST

Hold your horses. We're just about through here.

He turns on the radio, kicking up a tune, turning up the volume. If the man's got any more protests, Forrest can't hear them.

Forrest swerves around another car. Up ahead is an intersection, and a TRAFFIC LIGHT...

...which has just changed to YELLOW.

He steps on the gas. The engine roars, deep and satisfying.

His terrified passenger tenses and grabs the arm rest for support.

The car rockets forward, through the intersection, just as the light changes to red.

Then another left turn, and Forrest fishtails the car into a parking lot of a USED CAR DEALERSHIP.

He hits the breaks. Kills the engine. The music dies.

The man lets out a deep gasp of relief. Forrest looks at him.

FORREST (CONT'D)
I'll take it.

He extends his hand.

The man - who is, indeed, a SALESMAN, as evidenced now by the name-tag on the jacket he's now straightening - nervously reaches out and shakes it.

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

The rattled salesman is drawing up some paperwork.

SALESMAN
And how will you be paying today?

FORREST
...Cash.

He pulls out an envelope, THICK WITH GREEN.

INT. FORREST'S HOUSE - DAY

A flustered LANDLADY is showing Forrest around a house. It's old, single-story. She's going on about the rent - "*one hundred and twenty per week, or four hundred a month*" - and other odds and ends. She keeps talking as Forrest looks around. The paint is peeling a bit, but it's got a cozy feel to it. There's somehow very little light coming through the windows. There's a television, a sofa. The bedroom has a big king bed and a bureau in the corner.

FORREST
This'll do. This'll do fine.

LANDLADY
And how long will you be staying?

FORREST
Few months maybe. We'll see how it goes.

LANDLADY

And what's your line of work if you don't mind my asking?

FORREST

You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

He winks at her and she blushes.

EXT. FORREST'S HOUSE - DAY

The FOR RENT sign is pulled out of the front yard. There's a ROCKING CHAIR on the front porch that Forrest gives a little nudge to.

INT. BEDROOM - FORREST'S HOUSE - DAY

1. Forrest opens the closet door.
2. The sound of WOOD CRACKING rings out as Forrest pries up the floorboards in the closet with a screwdriver.
3. He looks into the CRAWLSPACE below.
4. He opens the bureau drawer and places a .38 REVOLVER atop a stack of neatly folded shirts.

INT. FORREST'S HOUSE - LATER

It's late. The TV is on, playing the local news.

Forrest, stripped down to an undershirt and pants, sits at a table in the kitchen, under the hot light of a single lamp. He's working on a BEARCAT 100 - a portable radio, the size of a large walkie-talkie, with a dozen little buttons to program frequencies.

He's taken the back panel off and he's got two speaker wires pulled out and has stripped them.

Now he twists the copper around two other wires...

...that lead up to the HEARING AIDES.

He flips the radio on, and then lifts one of the aides to his ear, listening to the POLICE DISPATCHES that now come crackling through.

POLICE DISPATCH (V.O.)

Car 22, you get that call about the 456 on Dower?

POLICE RADIO (V.O.)
*Loud and clear, MaryAnne. We're
going to check it out.*

Forrest laughs, pleased at his handiwork. (double laugh beat)

Forrest laughs. He listens to the sounds of the radio,
listening to codes flying back and forth...

POLICE RADIO (V.O.)
*Dispatch, requesting backup on that
132...*

The sound of the dispatch continues as CAMERA PUSHES PAST
FORREST...

...to the TV in the living room, upon which RONALD REAGAN is
announcing his PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDACY:

RONALD REAGAN (V.O.)
*There are those in our land today,
however, who would have us believe
that the United States, like other
civilizations of the past, has
reached the zenith of our power.*

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The sound of the speech is heard over the rolling floodplains
of North Texas. A GUNSHOT rings out over the horizon. First
one, then another...

RONALD REAGAN (V.O.)
*They claim that we must learn to
live with less, and teach our
children that their lives will be
less full and prosperous than ours
have been.*

EXT. POLICE SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Standing at the line, unloading his gun at a target many
yards away, is SGT. JOHN HUNT. A handsome man, sporting a
hefty mustache that is just beginning to sport a little bit
of gray. He's in the beginning of his 40th decade. He's
steely, stern. Every atom of his being held tight.

The speech, coming now from a radio in the background,
finishes as he lowers his gun.

RONALD REAGAN (V.O.)
*That the America of the coming
 years will be a place where,
 because of our past excess, it will
 be impossible to dream and make
 those dreams come true. I don't
 believe that, and don't believe you
 do either.*

He lowers his gun. The target is pulled off the hay bail. All perfect shots, surrounding the center of the target.

The other cops nearby all nod in approval. An oddly positive chorus of "good job" and "nice work" come from the other cops nearby, who all seem to be watching.

John Hunt nods, part faux-humilty, part confirmation. He knows how good he is.

INT. DALLAS STREET - NIGHT

John Hunt RUNS now. Arms pumping. Long legs functioning perfectly.

He's chasing a SKINNY THIEF, who's running as fast as he can, wondering what the hell he got himself into...

John catches up, leaps into the air and TACKLES headlong into the ground in an impressive (if perhaps unnecessary) display of derring-do.

EXT. DALLAS STREET - MOMENTS LATER

FAST PUSH IN as John Hunt slams the thief against his UNARMED CAR and cuffs him.

INT. JOHN HUNT'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

John Hunt drives now.

Sitting next to him is his partner, LT. VERN KELLEY. A little younger, in his mid-30s.

JOHN HUNT
 A fucking donut shop.

In the backseat, hands cuffed behind his back, is a SKINNY THIEF who looks supremely annoyed that he's been apprehended.

EXT. SOUTH DALLAS POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Hunt is still berating him as he pulls the thief from the back seat.

JOHN HUNT

...they cost a dime. A dime! Add it up. What'd you think you were gonna get? And for what?

LT. KELLEY

Come on. Watch your head.

JOHN HUNT

You guys make us look bad. Try having some conviction, some imagination. Make us do a little work even.

INT. SOUTH DALLAS POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

They lead the perp down the hall, towards booking. The BOOKING OFFICER sees him.

BOOKING OFFICER

Back again already?

JOHN HUNT

Yes sir.

BOOKING OFFICER

Hey, isn't today -

JOHN HUNT

Don't say it.

INT. SOUTH DALLAS POLICE STATION - DAWN

The sun is rising on a rainy morning outside. That weird sort of Texas weather.

John Hunt sits at his desk like a king in his kingdom, next to a stack of paperwork, reports waiting to be filed. He's not exactly working - more like he's confidently surveying the work that needs to be done.

Kelley sits down beside him. Without a word, he unscrews the top of a flask and pours a shot into Hunt's coffee mug. Hunt raises his eyebrows, and then grabs for the mug.

EXT. JOHN HUNT'S POLICE CAR - MORNING

John switches on the windshield wipers as he steers his car home. Behind him, the underpass of I-35 gives way to the old historical neighborhoods of East Dallas.

INT. JOHN HUNT'S HOUSE - MORNING

A lock clicks, a doorknob turns. Hunt enters his modest two-story home to see...

...a hand-painted HAPPY BIRTHDAY DADDY sign hanging from the mantle.

It's accompanied with THUMPING FOOTSTEPS coming down the hall, which are themselves followed by a glimpse of ALEX, 9, and AILEEN, 6, John's two kids. They appear in the hallway for a moment and then vanish as they chase each other from room to room. Typical morning chaos.

MAUREEN HUNT, 30s, African-American, is sitting at the kitchen table, making edits to a manuscript. She's pretty, somewhat exhausted, 5 months pregnant.

MAUREEN

Good morning.

He kisses her quickly on the back of the neck. One sweet moment all to themselves, as the chaos reigns around them. She opens her mouth, about to say something, but...

JOHN HUNT

Don't say it.

MAUREEN

Say what? I wasn't gonna say anything.

JOHN HUNT

Okay.

MAUREEN

You're the one who forgot

JOHN HUNT

I said -

MAUREEN

I'm not mad. It was just dinner.

JOHN HUNT

You're mad.

MAUREEN

You been drinking?

JOHN HUNT

No.

MAUREEN

Good. Can you take the kids to school? I've been up three nighs in a row now...

JOHN HUNT

Me too...

MAUREEN

Yeah, but I was up all night with him.

Touching her belly...

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

Kicks a little harder than your guy, I'm guessing.

JOHN HUNT

I hope so.

MAUREEN

Also, do you have any cash? Alex has his field trip today.

JOHN HUNT

Yeah, probably...

MAUREEN

Okay. And also...

He puts his fingers to her lips to shush her up.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about yesterday.

JOHN HUNT

I'm sorry too. My fault.

MAUREEN

I love you.

JOHN HUNT

That you can say. Just keep saying that.

MAUREEN

And happy birthday.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

John Hunt sits on the commode, reading a self help book.

INT. / EXT. JOHN HUNT'S POLICE CAR - MORNING

John drives Alex to school. It's still raining. Alex knocks his galoshes together in time with the windshield wipers.

JOHN HUNT

But it's your choice, right?

ALEX

Yeah.

JOHN HUNT

So pick whatever you want. It's all about what you want to be. What about baseball, you still like that?

Alex shrugs.

JOHN HUNT (CONT'D)

Well, you've gotta pick something you like. It doesn't matter what it is, just that you like it.

ALEX

Do you like your job?

JOHN HUNT

I love my job.

They pull up outside their destination. A NEIGHBORHOOD BANK. I-35 hums in the background.

JOHN HUNT (CONT'D)

You want to come in with me or wait in the car?

ALEX

I'll wait.

JOHN HUNT

Okay. I'll be back in a second. And write yourself a note to your teacher, we're gonna be a little late.

He gets out, leaving the keys so Alex can listen to the radio. He unfolds an umbrella and runs towards the bank, ignoring the CHEVY STATION WAGON that is parked innocuously across the street...

INT. CHEVY STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

FORREST TUCKER sits alone in the front seat of that Chevy. He's got a hat on. He sports a neat, brand new mustache that upon closer inspection is most certainly glued on.

He is finishing up painting his fingertips with CLEAR NAIL POLISH. The wipers tick intermittently, letting the wash of rain water accumulate before beating it back and offering a momentarily clear perspective on...

...the BANK across the street, and JOHN HUNT hurrying into it.

Forrest puts the cap back on the polish and gives his hand a shake to dry his fingers. He doesn't seem to be in any particular rush.

Next, he presses a HEARING AIDE into his left ear. The wire slips down behind his hair, disappearing into his collar.

Then he reaches into the glove compartment and calmly, deliberately takes out a CAREFULLY POLISHED .45.

INT. 1ST NATIONS BANK - CONTINUOUS

John Hunt closes his umbrella as he enters the bank. He steps up towards the counter. There's only one teller working behind the glass, and a bit of a line. He takes his place.

Behind him, THE BANK DOORS OPEN AGAIN.

Forrest enters, a briefcase in hand.

He quickly sizes up the place. The line for the teller, the customers and the MANAGER, who is standing in the doorway of his office.

Forrest makes a beeline straight for the manager, a diminutive fellow whose name-tag reads ARTHUR OWENS.

FORREST

Excuse me, sir. I'm looking for the manager...

MR. OWENS

Well that'd be me. What can I do for you this morning?

FORREST

I wanted to ask about a loan. Small business.

MR. OWENS

Sure, I think we can help you with that. What sort of business are we talking about?

Forrest discreetly pulls aside the bottom of his suit jacket and flashes the gun tucked in his waistband.

He grins.

FORREST

This kind.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE / 1ST NATIONS BANK - CONTINUOUS

They step into the manager's office, which has a big window looking out into the rest of the bank. Forrest takes the liberty of closing the door behind them.

FORREST

Go ahead, sit down.

Mr. Owens does so, and then takes a seat behind his desk. Forrest sits down opposite him setting his briefcase down on the desk.

FORREST (CONT'D)

How're you feeling today?

MR. OWENS

Not so great, since you're asking.

FORREST

Well, day's still young.

Mr. Owens sighs and nods.

INT. 1ST NATIONS BANK - CONTINUOUS

Through the glass doors of the office, Forrest and Mr. Owens can be seen chatting. At one point, Forrest nods in the direction of the bank lobby, and Mr. Owens looks nervously in that direction.

A moment later, Mr. Owens leaves the office. Forrest follows him, and loiters outside his door.

Mr. Owens approaches the bank's SECURITY GUARD and gestures to him, muttering for him to follow him behind the counter.

Meanwhile, JOHN HUNT advances in line. He checks his watch.

INT. JOHN HUNT'S POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Alex sits in the car, shuffling through songs on the radio stations.

INT. 1ST NATIONS BANK - CONTINUOUS

Forrest watches behind the counter, where Mr. Owens is going from teller to teller, filling the briefcase...

ECU: Mr. Owens presses a SILENT ALARM BUTTON under the counter. He looks up at Forrest...

...who makes eye contact.

Almost as if in response, Forrest TOUCHES his hearing aide, pressing it

A moment later, Mr. Owens reappears from behind the counter, the briefcase hanging heavy from his hand.

ECU: the briefcase changes hands.

FORREST
Thank you kindly.

Forrest turns to go...

...and BUMPS INTO an oblivious John Hunt as he does so. Hunt drops his withdrawal slip, it goes fluttering through the air...

...and Forrest CATCHES IT.

JOHN HUNT
Oh - thanks.

He glances at Forrest and for a moment FREEZES. Forrest WINKS at him, and departs...

...leaving John, momentarily stunned. Did he RECOGNIZE that guy? He turns to look, but Forrest is already gone.

INT. JOHN HUNT'S POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

As Alex kicks back, nodding his head to the pop tune that's still playing, he notices the bank door opening in the rearview mirror. Is it his dad?

No sir. Just an old man, leaving the bank and heading to his car across the street...

He returns to the stereo, turning up the volume...

INT. 1ST NATIONS BANK - MOMENTS LATER

John Hunt, still a little sidetracked, finally makes it up to the window, only to be interrupted by -

BANK SECURITY GUARD
Ladies and gentlemen...

John turn. He looks over his shoulder, just in time to see the security guard LOCKING THE DOORS FROM THE INSIDE.

MR. OWENS
(calling out)
Excuse me ladies and gentlemen...please remain calm. It is my duty to inform you that this bank has just been robbed.

There's an IMMEDIATE UPROAR from the customers and other employees.

INT. CHEVY STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

Back in the car, which is now in motion, as Forrest PEELS AWAY from the bank. The rain still coming down hard. Forrest glances at the rearview mirror, making sure he's not being tailed. Then he reaches up to his lip with his free hand and PEELS THE MUSTACHE from his face.

He can hear SIRENS in the distance.

INT. 1ST NATIONS BANK - CONTINUOUS

Minor chaos. The manager is trying to keep everyone calm. John Hunt in particular.

JOHN HUNT
- but my son is out there and -

MR. OWENS
Sir, please, the police will be here momentarily -

JOHN HUNT
For Christ's sake! I'm with the police! I've been trying to tell you. I will help you out if you can just unlock that door -

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The Chevy pulls up in a parking lot.

The KEYS are thrown in a gutter.

EXT. 1ST NATIONS BANK - DAY

The front door has been unlocked, and John is rushing out through the crowd of police officers to his car. He knocks on the window. Alex looks up and unlocks the door.

An obstreperous police sergeant named SHELBY OFFERMAN notices John as he heads towards the building.

OFFERMAN

Wait - John? What are you doing here?

Hunt just shakes his head. Exasperated, embarrassed.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

A parking lot in a shopping mall. Forrest climbs out of the walks from the Chevy to the CUTLASS. He throws the suitcase in the trunk, and then casually climbs into the front seat, starts the engine and pulls away...

INT. 1ST NATIONS BANK - DAY

Alex is in the bank now, sitting on a chair outside the office while his father joins Offerman and Lt. Kelley and a few other detectives in interviewing the bank manager.

MR. OWENS

He was...older. Fifty, sixty -

OFFERMAN

White hair?

MR. OWENS

I don't know. He had a hat on and -

JOHN HUNT

(trying to be helpful)
He had a mustache, a brown...

Everyone looks at John, who understandably is feeling a bit awkward at the moment.

PUSH IN ON: sketch artist doing a COMPOSITE DRAWING. A pretty okay likeness of Forrest with a mustache.

MOMENTS LATER: John Hunt has broken off into a separate conversation with another detective (DET. COTTER). He seems preoccupied. We dip in and out of the respective conversations.

DETECTIVE COTTER

You know what's funny, I was talking to Gene Dentler in Fort Worth the other day and he said something real similar happened over there, just outside Burleson...

JOHN HUNT

Similar how?

DETECTIVE COTTER

Old guy, sticking up a bank...

Hunt processes this information, twisting it around a private thought already forming in his head.

Meanwhile, the other conversation has been continuing thusly:

OFFERMAN

How old exactly?

MR. OWENS

I'd say he was about fifty or sixty.

OFFERMAN

More like sixty?

MR. OWENS

Yeah.

OFFERMAN

Or fifty?

MR. OWENS

Yeah, fifty or sixty.

LT. KELLEY

What do you think, John? That sound about right?

John Hunt looks up from his conversation with Detective Cotter, takes a moment to catch up and then nods his head.

JOHN HUNT

...Yep.

They all chuckle. Hunt shakes his head...

...and while doing so, notices through the office window that MAUREEN has arrived to pick up Alex. She spots him and gives him one of those looks.

OFFERMAN

And he was armed?

MR. OWENS

Yes, he had a gun.

OFFERMAN

But he never pointed it at you?

MR. OWENS

No.

OFFERMAN

You just did what he said?

MR. OWENS

Well, yes. Because I knew he had the gun.

OFFERMAN

He showed it to you.

MR. OWENS

Yes. But also - I mean, he was - he was sort of a gentleman.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

That very gentleman is speeding down the highway, headed who knows where, high as a kite on the adrenaline that's pumping through his veins. A grin on his face, wind in his hair.

He ROLLS DOWN the dirty mud spattered window and lets the fresh air rush against his face.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

John Hunt bursts into his cubicle at the police station. He goes rooting through some files in his desk drawer. LOOKING FOR SOMETHING.

INT. FORREST'S HOUSE - DAY

CRRRRAAAAACCK. The floorboards in Forrest's closet come up, and his face, sporting a new mustache, appears in their wake. He begins to unload STACKS OF CASH into the space below. Another robbery on the books.

As he unloads his latest haul, we track through that crawl-space. It's been built out, sealed up. It's full of money. Stacks and stacks and stacks of it. There's a cigar box full of passports, other forms of fake ID and a random assortment of RARE COINS.

Once the new stash - about a dozen stacks of 100s, still wrapped in their bank papers - is deposited, the floorboards seal up again.

INT. JOHN HUNT'S OFFICE - DAY

John hunt is on the phone.

JOHN HUNT

Yeah, this is John Hunt with the Dallas PD. Cotter over here told me about this robber in Burleson -

DET. GENE DENTLER (V.O.)

Oh yeah, the old guy!

We INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FORT WORTH POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

DETECTIVE GENE DENTLER of the Fort Worth PD kicks back at his desk.

DET. GENE DENTLER

Yeah, same story. Small haul. No prints, no nothing.

JOHN HUNT

No leads either?

DET. GENE DENTLER

No. Mainly on account of no one giving a shit. It's just kind of a funny story.

JOHN HUNT

Yeah, armed robbery's pretty damn funny, isn't it.

DET. GENE DENTLER

But here's the other funny thing - my mom said she was reading the paper the other day and she read about something real similar.

JOHN HUNT

Yeah? Your wife's sister, huh. Where's she live?

INT. DANCE HALL - LATER

A CRAMPED DANCE HALL / SUPPER CLUB. Elks Lodge sorta place. Lots of stuff going on, a folding table with a pot of chili cooking in the corner. Wooden floors, lots of smoke.

FORREST SITS ALONE, watching, drinking a beer. Bodies pass to and fro in front of him.

A quite inebriated lady (GRETA, 40s) is sitting next to him. She's got one of those little four-corner folded-up fortune teller thingamajigs that kids play with at sleepovers.

GRETA

Here, look. I've got your fortune, wanna see?

FORREST

My fortune.

GRETA

Yep.

FORREST

Right there in that...

GRETA

Yeah, pick one.

He picks one square. She does her little back-and-forth-folding thing, and then stops on the correct one and unfolds it.

FORREST

There's nothing there.

GRETA

Oh - no, I messed up. Let me try again. Pick another one.

FORREST

I don't know if that's how it's supposed to work.

GRETA

No, just pick one.

He's flipped open one of the flaps. Greta cracks up. We don't see whatever she's laughing at.

FORREST

That's not my future.

GRETA

Get it?

FORREST

You got me all wrong.

GRETA
It's a joke. It's funny.

FORREST
You're funny. You want to dance?

GRETA
With you?

FORREST
Yeah.

She starts laughing, like she doesn't take him seriously. He laughs too, brushing it off, finding an opportunity to look away and ignore her.

INT. JOHN HUNT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

John Hunt is on the floor in the garage. He has a dozen boxes open, old tax receipts, newspapers, all sorts of things. Maureen approaches him.

MAUREEN
Redecorating?

JOHN HUNT
Just trying to find...

His voice trails out before he can finish his sentence. He's onto another train of thought.

MAUREEN
How much was it?

JOHN HUNT
That he took?

MAUREEN
Yeah.

JOHN HUNT
It's not the number that matters.
It's that he got away with it.

She squeezes his shoulders reassuringly.

MAUREEN
Well, don't worry. You'll catch
him.

John nods and pulls out a specific file and hands it to Maureen.

JOHN HUNT

...I think I already did.

She looks at it. There, sure enough, is FORREST TUCKER'S FACE, staring back at her. It's a NEWSPAPER CLIPPING.

He's younger, maybe by twenty years, but that wry expression twinkle in his eye is instantly recognizable, even under the bulbs of the police photographer. He's got his hands behind his back, handcuffed. He's being arrested. The headline of the paper reads: *OVER-THE-HILL GANG CAUGHT IN THE ACT.*

INT. DANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

That same guy makes his way through the crowd now, watching the musician on stage. The musician is OLD MAN, who looks to be at least 100, sitting on a stool, playing Flamenco-style CLASSICAL GUITAR. His ancient hands move like hummingbirds across the strings. You can't even see his hands move.

An OLDER WOMAN watches. Forrest sees her. He watches the guitarist looking at her. She must be the old guy's WIFE. They even look alike.

The guitarist beams, BLOWS HER A KISS, gets back to playing with even more gusto, strumming it with all the vigor of a young man, slapping the baseboard rhythmically.

MUSIC CONTINUES OVER:

ROBBERY MONTAGE

1. CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK ON A WIDE TABLEAU SHOT, outside a BANK in DRIPPING SPRINGS, ARKANSAS. A car pulls right up right outside.

2. The pull back continues, only now we're outside a bank in SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI. A different car is pulled up in the same place. FORREST gets out.

3. That move is completed, this time outside a bank in NORMAN, OKLAHOMA, with a third hot car outside. Forrest strolls back out, a bag of cash in hand. He climbs into his car and steps on the gas. A big cloud of dust flies up as the car screeches away.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY / NIGHT

A SECRETARY carries two packages to John Hunt - one a big manila envelope, postmarked California, the other a small file folder.

SECRETARY

Here you go - straight from California. And this one's the report on that robbery in Norman...

JOHN HUNT

You tell Gary I said hi?

SECRETARY

Tried. I can never get a word on edgewise with that guy.

JOHN HUNT

The trick is to -

SECRETARY

- never ask him how he's doing, I know. But don't ask him about his kids neither. Especially the funny looking one.

John Hunt opens the file folder first. He scans it. It's for a ROBBERY in NORMAN, OKLAHOMA. We catch phrases that are by now familiar. 'Old' and 'armed' and 'less than 10,000.'

He sets that down and moves on to the big envelope. HE tears it open with a notable RIPPPPPP and pulls out a HUGE FILE FOLDER jam packed with papers.

Right at the top is at a NEWSPAPER CLIPPING. It shows a photo of local law enforcement gathered around the RUB-A-DUB-DUB, along with the exclamatory headline: *PRISON BREAK!*

HITCHCOCKIAN PUSH-IN on the text of that article: *This escape is the latest in a long career of crime, punishment and escape for stick-up man Forrest "Woody" Tucker. Mr. Tucker was first arrested in 1936, at the age of fifteen, and since then has broken out of eighteen prisons, including Alcatraz.*

Hunt shakes his head as he reads the article. He can't help but admire this guy. From there he flips down through the file.

'TEDDY GREEN - AT LARGE.'

'JOHN WALLER - APPREHENDED.'

'FORREST TUCKER...'

That last one's the one he sticks on.

Dozens of arrest records, one MUG SHOT after another, chronicling Forrest Tucker all across his life.

It's almost like a flip book, watching him age in reverse from one photo to the next, all the way back to an image of a 15 YEAR OLD FORREST, looking like a tough little rascal with a Jimmy Cagney smirk.

Hunt stares at this picture.

CUT TO:

EXT. EASTERN HIGHWAY - DAY

A MEMORY. It only lasts a second, but we will return to it. Cop cars driving. Sirens blaring. Quick cuts. Excitement.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD: up in the distance, almost perfectly in line with the vanishing point of the highway, is a gray CHEVY CAPRICE.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Now John Hunt is looking over the same files with Lt. Kelley. They're spread all over a table in a conference room. It's late and the station seems dark and empty.

JOHN HUNT

That's the one.

He points to a specific arrest record. Kelley picks it up, looks it over.

LT. KELLEY

This is him?

JOHN HUNT

Yeah.

LT. KELLEY

How do you know?

JOHN HUNT

Back when I was in Arizona...we caught him in the act. He was with these three or four other guys. They had a little reputation, folks called 'em the Over-The-Hill Gang.

LT. KELLEY

Cause they were old.

JOHN HUNT

They tried to rob a bank by dressing up as the - armored car drivers and just walking in and out. Which is fucking insane but...they made it all the way into the vault and probably would have gotten all the way back out except that one of them...they all had disguises on and one of their mustaches started to peel off. And the bank manager saw it and next thing we know...we get the call and now I'm in a car chase.

EXT. PHOENIX PD / CITY STREETS - DAY

Cops pour out of the station, running to their cars.

Now those cars are moving, swerving around corners with exaggerated abandon.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Hunt continues his story.

JOHN HUNT

Now the other two perps - one of them got shot and the other one, I don't remember what happened to him, he got caught a few days later. But this guy - this guy's running. Gray Chevy Caprice...

INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

A young John Hunt, visible through a light-speckled windshield, wearing a policeman's uniform, rides shotgun in this chase. The words "gray Chevy Caprice" ring out on the radio.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Hunt continues.

JOHN HUNT

...driving like a bat out of hell. We're plowing through traffic, tires screeching, trying to head him off. And I am having the time of my life.

INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

Indeed, that young Hunt is laughing as the car speeds over bumps and potholes. The light flares exuberantly behind his head as they drive. Great big golden flashes.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Hunt continues.

JOHN HUNT

Here I am, two weeks out of the army...now I've got the windows down, adrenaline's going all...bum-bum-bum-bum-bum-bum-bum...and I'm thinking to myself: I don't want to be anywhere else but here, right now. Chasing after this dude. I was the best I'd ever been. I coulda gone on doing that forever.

LT. KELLEY

But you caught him.

JOHN HUNT

Oh yeah. He didn't get that far. We blew his tires right out there on the 10 and got him surrounded. I was down behind the door with my gun out.

EXT. ARIZONA HIGHWAY - DAY

Young John Hunt PEERS OVER THE DOOR of the cop car, just two eyes squinting. He sees...

A MAN behind the wheel of the Chevy Caprice, which is spun out on the road, its tires blown, its hood smoking. He's wearing the uniform of a Brinks Driver. We can't quite see his face but we know exactly who it is. There are shouts of "get out of the car" and "drop the weapon," but they're all muffled. The man, Forrest, moves to get out of the car. Just as the door opens, we cut back to:

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

John Hunt leans back in his chair.

JOHN HUNT

I see him get out of the car and he's just smiling like he's the happiest guy in the world. He looked as happy right then as I'd felt chasing him. I just laughed.

(MORE)

JOHN HUNT (CONT'D)
And then he pulls out a gun and we
take him down.

LT. KELLEY
You shot him.

JOHN HUNT
Everyone shot him. He got hit six
times. Somehow he survived. He's
laying on the ground and I happen
to be standing there and as he gets
put in the ambulance...

EXT. ARIZONA HIGHWAY - DAY

Young John Hunt walks past the flashing lights of the
ambulance, towards where Forrest is being put on a stretcher.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

JOHN HUNT
...I can't tell for sure but I
think he winks at me.
(beat)
At the trial he got a lesser
sentence because he says his gun
was never loaded. Which maybe it
wasn't, I don't know.

LT. KELLEY
And that's this guy.

He taps the mug shot.

JOHN HUNT
That's this guy. The smiling guy.
And here he is and he winked at me
again.

LT. KELLEY
So now what?

JOHN HUNT
Now what...
(beat)
Well, I'm gonna talk to Offerman
about going to California, see what
I can dig up on where this guy's
been.

LT. KELLEY
I've never been to California!

JOHN HUNT

Don't get your hopes up. I want you to poke around here, see if there've been any other stickups nearby that fit our dude's profile...

LT. KELLEY

Okay. And when you get back?

JOHN HUNT

...Well, I guess we're gonna catch him.

(beat)

This is the fun part.

HOLD on Hunt before...

INT. BARBERSHOP - CONTINUOUS

The predominant sound in the barbershop is the BUZZ of electric hair clippers.

Forrest is the only customer in the place. It's an old boy's type place. Centerfolds up on the walls, a permanent haze of cigarette and cigar smoke griming up the walls. Forrest is seated in the chair, smock draped over his shoulders, getting his hair cut by an older guy named EDDIE YURKOW. He's got jailhouse tattoos creeping out from under the sleeve of his barber's shirt.

FORREST

Easy, easy, easy...

YURKOW

Relax, relax. What'd you put in your coffee this morning?

FORREST

I'm just happy to be here, bud.

YURKOW

Well, count on me to turn that frown upside down. All I got are rainy days from here until who knows when.

Yurkow sets the razor down on the counter, where it rattles loudly on the Formica, creating a blanket of white noise.

YURKOW (CONT'D)

How long are you planning on sticking around here?

FORREST
Around town?

YURKOW
Yeah.

FORREST
Maybe a little while longer.

YURKOW
Reason I'm asking is two reasons.
First is, Teddy Green called me the
other day, looking for you.

FORREST
Teddy Green. I thought he was in
Boston.

YURKOW
Maybe he is. All I know's he wants
to talk to you.

FORREST
What about?

YURKOW
He wasn't one hundred percent clear
on that but...

FORREST
Tell Teddy Green to come talk to me
if he wants to talk to me.

YURKOW
I did. He's gonna. How do you feel
about gold?

FORREST
Gold...

YURKOW
He said he's got his eye on some
gold that, in his words, was in
dire need of recovery.

FORREST
What am I gonna do with gold?

YURKOW
I don't know - bury it in your
backyard with the rest of your
shit? You tell me, pal. But here's
the second thing. There was a cop
who came by asking questions.

FORREST
About what?

YURKOW
About any fellas of a particular
vintage I might have known back in
Huntsville who might be up to know
good.

FORREST
Huh.
(beat)
Well, good thing we met in Ennis.

YURKOW
Good thing indeed.

FORREST
What'd you tell 'em?

YURKOW
To keep looking.

FORREST
Good. Good.

Yurkow picks the razor back up.

EXT. FORREST'S CAR - DAY

Forrest drives down the interstate from Fort Worth to Dallas.

After a moment, he notices something. A CAR, keeping what
seems to be unusually close distance to him.

He purses his lips. Keeps his speed steady.

The car stays behind him. The sunlight hits the windshield
just so. He can't tell who's behind the wheel.

He switches lanes. It does likewise. Suspicious.

He notices something else now. A CAR ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD,
its hood open and belching steam. A WOMAN is standing over
it, waving the fumes away with her hand as she tries to get a
look at her engine.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Forrest's car STOPS, pulls over to the shoulder and REVERSES.

The car that appeared to be following him WHIZZES BY.

Forrest waits a moment, and then GETS OUT. He approaches the woman, who by now has noticed him.

FORREST
Need some help, miss?

She looks at him, suspicious at first.

Her name is JEWEL. She looks like she's in her early 60s, maybe, but she doesn't carry herself like it. She's got a loose blouse on, and jeans, and about a billion bangles on her right wrist. Judging by those and the car she's got some money, but still, she looks like nothing less than a late-blooming flower child.

JEWEL
...damn thing just started choking
up about a mile back. I was gonna
try to make it to the next exit
but...

FORREST
Can I take a look?

She gives him an 'all yours' gesture. He goes to the hood and looks inside.

FORREST (CONT'D)
Lemme see here...

He looks for a long time. Jewel glances at his car, and the two other men waiting there.

JEWEL
You know anything about cars?

FORREST
...Not really.

INT. FORREST'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

They're driving now, back in Forrest's car. Jewel is riding shotgun. Forrest keeps stealing glances at her.

FORREST
Mind if I ask your name?

JEWEL
(after a beat)
Jewel.

FORREST
Jewel's your name?

JEWEL

Yep.

FORREST

That's what I was gonna guess.

She laughs a little.

FORREST (CONT'D)

Where were you headed, Jewel?

JEWEL

Oh, I was just driving.

FORREST

Nice car.

JEWEL

Yeah? I thought so too. I stole it.

FORREST

Did you?

She lets him hang a beat before...

JEWEL

Nah. It was my husband's car.

FORREST

And where's he at?

JEWEL

Well. He died, so...that's where he's at.

FORREST

Ah. I'm sorry.

JEWEL

I'm not.

(beat)

What about you, what's your name?

FORREST

Bob. My name's Bob. Bob Callahan.
But folks call my Woody.

JEWEL

What do you do?

FORREST

I'm in sales.

JEWEL
What do you sell?

FORREST
This and that. What're you looking
for?

She just laughs. She can't believe this guy. She notices that he's wearing HEARING AIDES.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

THROUGH THE PLATE GLASS WINDOW OF A SERVICE STATION: Forrest pulls right up to the front door. He and Jewel walk inside and Forrest rings a bell at the counter. He rings it a bunch of times.

FORREST
Garf, you back there?

A guy in a mechanic's coveralls - GARF, 50s - hands covered in grease, calls from the back.

GARF
Gimme a sec...

FORREST
This young lady needs a tow truck.

He keeps RINGING THAT BELL, repeatedly, playfully, while Jewel can't help but blush. CAMERA ZOOMS IN on her face as that bell goes DING DING DING...

INT. RAILCAR RESTAURANT - EVENING

Forrest and Jewel are at a restaurant now. Waiting for her car to be finished. It's one of those places made to look like an old railway car on the front facade, and they're sitting right in the center of it.

FORREST
So he was a cowboy.

JEWEL
Not quite.

FORREST
You miss him?

JEWEL
No...I mean, it's been six years
and I still feel like I'm starting
over. With everything.

(MORE)

JEWEL (CONT'D)

And it's just...we weren't even together the last four or five years. He left his job, he left me, went off to California and never came back. I should have divorced him but...it was easier to just...let it slide. I just let it slide.

FORREST

Sure.

JEWEL

I don't know why I'm telling you all this.

FORREST

I can listen. I'm good at listening.

JEWEL

The thing about Roger is that...he lied. He lied about everything. He lied about being happy! You think you understand something like happiness and maybe you don't always love it like you thought you would but at least you have it - and then you realize that oh, maybe you never had it to begin with. You think you were happy and then you realize you don't even know what that means. And suddenly half a lifetime's gone by and...

FORREST

Here we are.

JEWEL

Here we are. So basically...do me a favor and tell me the truth, okay?

Forrest chuckles.

FORREST

Okay.

JEWEL

What did you ask me - what I do? Did I answer it?

FORREST

Sorta.

JEWEL

I guess the short answer is nothing, but...

FORREST

It doesn't sound like nothing. Sounds like what you said. You're starting over.

JEWEL

Just saying that...hearing you say that...it sounds so scary. I've gotta do that thing...start over. Start over. Start over. I have to turn them into just words so that they're not so terrifying. But I try to remember that it's important to say yes. Especially now. Every time I close a door I worry that that was the last time I'll have a chance to do whatever that thing was...and that's even more frightening than starting over. So I try to say yes, and so...here we are.

FORREST

Here we are.

The waitress comes with the check.

WAITRESS

Anything else?

FORREST

No...

JEWEL

No thank you.

WAITRESS

All right then. Whenever you're ready.

She leaves the check in its little folder on the table. Jewel reaches for it but Forrest grabs it first.

JEWEL

No, you - come on, you gave me a lift, you...

FORREST

Don't worry about it.

JEWEL
No, please. I insist.

A beat, and then Forrest slides the check back to her.

JEWEL (CONT'D)
Thank you.

FORREST
Thank you.

Forrest watches as she peels a few single bills from a thick clip of them in her purse. She lays them on the check.

FORREST (CONT'D)
You know what I do when I think about those doors closing?

JEWEL
What's that?

FORREST
I think about myself as a little boy. This tall. I think: would he be proud of me? And if the answer is no, well - then, well, I better walk on through. But if the answer is yes - that's when you're exactly where you're supposed to be.

JEWEL
Is he proud of you?

FORREST
He's getting closer every day.

A beat passes, just long enough for Jewel to have to reach slightly to find her way back into the conversation.

JEWEL
So you did you say you do? Sales?

FORREST
I did say that, didn't I?

JEWEL
Like door to door, or...

FORREST
...No, no.

JEWEL
No?

FORREST

No. I mean, I don't know the first thing about sales. That was just something I said and...it's not true. I'm sorry. I just wanted to say that.

JEWEL

What do you do then?

FORREST

Well...that's a secret.

JEWEL

Oh is it now?

FORREST

Yes.

JEWEL

And why is that?

FORREST

Because if I told you, you might not want to see me again.

JEWEL

Who said I was going to see you again?

FORREST

That's a good point.

She hesitates for a moment - sizing Forrest up once more time - and then grabs the bill the waitress left, tears off a piece of it, takes a pen out from her purse and writes something down. She slides it back to him.

His eyes dart from the paper to her and then back again.

Then he tears off a larger piece of paper off the same bill. He reaches across the table and takes her pen, and then quickly, deliberately writes something down on that piece of paper. We don't see what he writes.

He slides it across the table to her.

She takes it, looks at it, puts on her reading glasses and then bursts out laughing.

She looks back to him.

JEWEL

This isn't...you aren't serious are you?

He shrugs, like it's no big deal.

JEWEL (CONT'D)

This is a joke.

FORREST

No.

JEWEL

Come on.

FORREST

I'm serious.

JEWEL

Why would you even tell me then?

FORREST

Cause I trust you.

JEWEL

You just met me.

FORREST

Sometimes you just know.

JEWEL

With me? You know?

FORREST

Well, you're still sitting here.

JEWEL

Because I don't believe you. And if I did believe you...

FORREST

What would be worse? If I was lying about this, or telling the truth?

Long beat, and then...

JEWEL

I feel like you're putting me on.

FORREST

Try me.

JEWEL

So what, you just...you're a...

FORREST
Go ahead. You can say it.

JEWEL
A thief.

FORREST
What?

JEWEL
A thief.

FORREST
Say it again.

JEWEL
Why?

FORREST
Because it's just a word.

Beat.

JEWEL
Prove it.

FORREST
You want me to prove it?

JEWEL
Yeah.

FORREST
What'll you do if I can?

JEWEL
I won't walk out on you.

FORREST
You won't walk out on me.

Forrest looks around.

FORREST (CONT'D)
Prove it now.

JEWEL
Yes.

FORREST
Here.

JEWEL
Yes.

Beat.

FORREST

I'm not gonna do that.

JEWEL

See. I knew it.

FORREST

No. It's not my style. I've been doing this since I was fifteen years old. I've had a little bit of time to figure out the best way to do things.

JEWEL

Tell me what that is.

FORREST

Well, first of all - this place, this isn't my kind of joint. But if it were...say this were a little bank. You've got that counter up there, the girl behind it is the teller. Now, sometimes you feel impetuous, but if you're gonna do it right - what you do is, you case it. You find a spot nearby and you spend a few days, or a week maybe, just watching. You figure out the routine. You gotta know who works here, and when. You gotta know their names, and when the pick-ups and drop-offs get made and when the rush hours are. You don't let anyone see you. You just gotta blend in...

(beat)

Then, when the time feels right, you borrow a car and make your move. You leave your own car somewhere on the other side of town. Far, but not too far. You take that hot car, you come here, you leave it running right outside. Then you just...walk on in. Easiest thing in the world. There's the girl you picked out earlier. You walk right up and look her in the eye and say ma'am, this is a robbery. Don't panic. I've got a gun. And you show it, like this. You say, take a bag and fill it up.

(MORE)

FORREST (CONT'D)

And know this: I'm keeping my eye on you. Don't try anything funny. I like you. I like you a whole lot. I might just be falling for you. Don't go breaking my heart now.

(beat)

And she'd fill up a bag with money, and she'd give it to me, and you'd go out the way you came in and she'd...

He looks at Jewel.

FORREST (CONT'D)

Well, you tell me what she'd do.

HOLD ON Jewel, who doesn't realize she was holding her breath.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY - MORNING

A ROAR fills the air as a Southwest AIRPLANE touches down on the runway of a Northern California airport.

FADE TO:

INT. GAILE'S HOUSE - DAY

John Hunt sits at a kitchen table, across from a woman in her late 30s or early 40s. She looks prim and proper and completely worn out. Her name is GAILE.

There's a photograph of FORREST TUCKER on the table between them.

JOHN HUNT

You mind if I record this?

GAILE

No, go ahead.

He presses the red button on a tape recorder. The wheels begin turning.

JOHN HUNT

Okay. Sorry, keep going.

GAILE

He and my mom were only together for two years. I never saw him. By the time I was born he was in jail. My brother says he remembers him a little bit but...I don't know if he does or he just thinks he does.

(MORE)

GAILE (CONT'D)

Because sometimes I think I do too but...you hear a story and you see a picture and you put the two together and you've got yourself a memory, you know? Our mom told us he'd died in a car accident. Our father, I mean. But then when I was fifteen he was gonna get paroled, and she told us the truth, so we'd know in case he ever came looking for us.

(beat)

But, he never did. So...

JOHN HUNT

He never called or wrote or...?

GAILE

No. I don't think...I mean, maybe he doesn't remember. He might not even know about me, for all I know. Mama said, he'd always tell her, oh, he's a changed-man. But then he'd always get out and go do it all over again.

JOHN HUNT

Do what, exactly?

GAILE

Rob. Steal. Cheat. Get away with it.

(beat)

I wanna be real clear, Mr. Hunt. If you catch him - I don't want to see him or get to know him or even have to come in to pick him out of a lineup. I just saw the picture on TV and thought - that looks like my dad. I think he should be locked up for what he did. He left my ma high and dry, over and over and over again and even after all that - she loved him til the day she died.

INT. PRISON - DAY

Now John Hunt sits in front of the glass at a prison meeting room.

Opposite him is WALLER. The third guy from The Rub-A-Dub-Dub. Under this light, behind the glass, he looks like a ghost. A cheerful ghost.

WALLER

I didn't know him that well. He was sorta...he didn't talk much but you felt like he did, you know what I mean? He could make you feel like you'd been talking for hours and he'd probably only said five words. He always seemed like he was taller than he was, too. He was always smiling.

JOHN HUNT

Happy guy.

WALLER

Seemed like it. Everyone liked him. Even the guards. He'd tell 'em - I mean, he'd tell everyone, but he'd be talking right to the guards and say: one of these days you're gonna wake up and I'll be gone. And I think everyone was kinda hoping that he'd do it, just to see if he could pull it off again. The guards on our block, I know they had their wagers going. They said he could break out of anywhere. I heard he'd broken out fifty times before, so...

JOHN HUNT

I think it was more like seventeen.

WALLER

Well, still - I tried once and look what happened to me.

JOHN HUNT

How come he took you with him?

WALLER

That was Teddy Green. He and I, we were in the machine shop together, making shit. We always traded stories. He made me laugh. Did he ever tell you the story about the time he shit his pants on the work release truck?

JOHN HUNT

John, I've never met him.

WALLER

Oh. Oh, I see. Do you want to hear it?

JOHN HUNT

Maybe later. What happened after you broke out - you stuck with him?

WALLER

At first. We got us some clothes and a car, and then Forret is like "we gotta find a gun." I ask how come and he says "how're we gonna get anything done without one?" Right then I knew I was in over my head. I thought we were gonna lay low, but...

JOHN HUNT

You weren't worried about getting caught?

WALLER

I sure did. That's why I split. They had me as the getaway driver. I didn't even know what was happening. And it kept happening. Every day. Sometimes twice a day. See a place, stop the car, run in...he just wouldn't stop. He'd say we needed more money but...we didn't really. Not after a while. I mean, don't even think it was about the money for him. Right before I split from them I asked him about it. I said surely there's a better way for men in our position to make a living. And he said: brother, I'm not talking about making a living. I'm just talking about living.

INT. FORREST'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LOCK CLICKS. Forrest enters his house. He shuts the door. Practically humming.

And then he hears a CREAK that shouldn't be there. Something is amiss.

He reaches into his jacket and pulls out his gun.

He moves through the house until he sees...

FORREST

You sure?

TEDDY

Nothing we can't get through.

FORREST

Because you've seen it.

TEDDY

I got good word. You know
Wechsler's Air Conditioning Supply
& Repair in Oak Cliff?

FORREST

Nope.

TEDDY

Well, do yourself a favor - if you
ever want to put an air conditioner
in you call them.

FORREST

What about the roof?

Teddy lays down a smattering of 4x5 photos.

TEDDY

These photos...I took 'em last
week. You see right there? That's
our way out.

FORREST

I think you got it backwards.

TEDDY

How so?

FORREST

You ever pick up a gold brick
before? It'll yank your arm out.

TEDDY

These are one-ounce bars.

FORREST

Yeah, but how many of 'em?

TEDDY

I guess you got a point.

FORREST

Now, if you went in from the
top...and walked out...

TEDDY

Yeah? What're you thinking?

Long beat as Forrest stares at the plans.

FORREST

Nothing. I don't do vaults anymore.

TEDDY

Eddie said you'd say that. You used to be a real crackerjack.

FORREST

What am I gonna do with gold, anyway?

TEDDY

I don't know. Get some more furniture?

He can tell Forrest isn't buying it.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Listen. I've been doing fine on my own. If a job needs a crew, I pull one together. If I can do it on my lonseome, I do. But it's never been as good as when it was the two of us.

FORREST

You know, when you add it all up? We never really worked together all that much.

TEDDY

Yeah, I guess you're right. But it was pretty good when we did.

FORREST

It was okay.

TEDDY

So no?

FORREST

No.

Teddy finally stops pacing and sits down opposite Forrest. He sighs, wipes his head.

TEDDY

You know what I just found out the other week? I'm a grandfather. What do you think of that?

Forrest shrugs.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Yeah, doesn't really make sense to me either.

Forrest sits there, looking at Teddy sideways, a glint in his eye. He's done talking.

EXT. FORREST'S HOUSE - DAY

Forrest watches from his porch as Teddy gets in his car and drives away.

They'll never see each other again.

INT. FORREST'S HOUSE - LATER

Forrest is cleaning up. He notices that Teddy left those blueprints on his table, rolled up in their tube.

INT. FORREST'S HOUSE - DAY

In his garage, Forrest looks over those blueprints for the bank. Measuring, counting aloud, figuring out how many steps it is to the vault.

He pulls out a stopwatch and walks the same number of steps around the garage. Timing himself. The TICKING is FRIGHTENINGLY LOUD.

He reaches the end of the pacing and STOPS the watch.

Not fast enough. He repeats the process. Click, tick, STOP.

He's out of breath. Still not fast enough. One more time.

Click, tick, STOP.

INT. BANK OF AMERICA - DAY

Forrest strolls around the BANK OF AMERICA. Clocking everything. Compared to the little local branches he's been used to, this looks sleek and modern and strange. Marble floors, big columns, silver lining to everything, fluorescent lights hanging from high ceilings. He feels a out of place. Dwarfed by this massive financial institution.

He sees TWO SECURITY GUARDS standing in the corners. They glance his way, and he turns around.

He looks up and spots a SECURITY CAMERA in the upper corner.

There's another one on the other side.

POV SECURITY CAMERA: Forrest, grainy, black and white, standing there in the lobby. The most modern thing we've seen in this entire movie. A solitary figure, just standing there alone, pixelated and tiny.

Hold, hold, hold, and then QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Forrest drives, fast.

INT. CAR LOT - DAY

He walks through a parking lot at a shopping mall, looking for a car to jack. He spots a little Carmingia, tries the handle, it's unlocked.

ECU: wires twist. The car starts up.

INT. CARMINGIA - DAY

ECU: Forrest puts on his mustache.

ECU: He paints his fingertips with clear nail polish and gives his hand a shake to dry it.

INT. PILOT POINT BANK - DAY

Forrest walks into a bank. It's completely empty. He walks right up to the teller - a girl named JENNY. He shows her his gun.

No words are exchanged. She begins to fill up a bag with money. Everything's working like clockwork. This is more like it. This is how things are supposed to go.

Except that Jenny is starting to cry.

This gives Forrest pause - but only for a moment.

EXT. PILOT POINT BANK - DAY

Forrest strides out of the bank, bag of cash in his hand, hops in the car and drives away. Back in the saddle! High on life again.

EXT. FIELDS / HORSE RANCH - DAY

A cool, misty morning out in the country. From somewhere comes the sound of horses hooves.

CAMERA HOVERS overhead, LOOKING DOWN ON...

TWO HORSES. With riders astride them. They trot at a brisk pace along a path in an open expanse of pasture, one a fair bit ahead of the other. It's Jewel and Forrest. Out on a first date.

Jewel clearly knows how to ride, and is dressed for it. She slows down now and turns about to see Forrest, valiantly pretending he knows what he's doing.

He's wearing brown corduroy pants and a matching jacket - a fine outfit, if a little ill-suited for riding.

JEWEL

Can you keep up?

FORREST

Oh yeah. I'm just enjoying the scenery.

She trots down a gentle hill that extends down to a lake. When she gets to the bottom, she looks back up. What she sees is: Forrest, still at the top, astride his horse, backlit by the sun, looking just like a cowboy.

He looks thusly heroic for about a second - and then he begins to make his way down the hill. Awkwardly, haphazardly. But it makes her laugh.

EXT. STABLES / HORSE RANCH - DAY

Jewel and Forrest lead the horses through the long stables.

JEWEL

I've had Wiley here since he was born. And Autumn, we bought, and I fell in love with her right away...

Her horse leans over the edge of his corral to nuzzle her outstretched hand.

FORREST

This is all is yours, huh?

JEWEL

Yeah. For now at least. I keep thinking about selling it all...it's more than I can handle most of the time. On my own at least. But these guys keep me happy.

FORREST

That's something.

JEWEL

Yep.

Forrest bends down to scrape some mud off his shoe with a stick. Then he stands upright and looks over the horizon.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

John Hunt returns to the police station. The station which seems abuzz with activity - a steady murmur meets him as soon as he steps through the door, along with a SHOUT from Offerman, who's standing in his office door.

OFFERMAN

Looks like your rainy day robber is at it again, John!

INT. OFFERMAN'S OFFICE / POLICE STATION - DAY

Offerman throws one file after another down on his desk.

OFFERMAN

Albuquerque. El Paso. Sweetwater. Odessa. Abilene. And then over here you got Little Rock. Uncertain. Shreveport. They keep coming in...

JOHN HUNT

Jesus. Where from?

LT. KELLEY

I did some poking around, like you said. And once I did...

JOHN HUNT

How many?

INT. JOHN HUNT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A giant CORKBOARD is laid out on John Hunt's living room floor. Multiple state maps are pinned to it, representing a general layout of the Southwest.

Little Aileen Hunt is helping her daddy poke RED PUSHpins into various points on the map. John has a stack of police files that he's going through, pulling city names from each one.

JOHN HUNT
Seventy eight...seventy nine...

He points to another spot on the map. She sinks a pin into it.

JOHN HUNT (CONT'D)
Eighty. What's after eighty?

AILEEN
I dunno.

JOHN HUNT
Eighty-one.

AILEEN
Eighty-one.

JOHN HUNT
There we go. See, we're make a trail. It'll lead us right back to...

AILEEN
The bad guy?

JOHN HUNT
Yeah. The bad guy. And the bad guy came from...

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Now Offerman is looking at John's map, which he's brought to the office.

OFFERMAN
How the fuck does a guy as old as my dad who's spent his entire life being a crook break out of prison for the seventeenth time, rob almost 100 banks across six states and not get caught?

JOHN HUNT
What would you do if your dad robbed a bank?

Offerman chortles.

JOHN HUNT (CONT'D)

That's why.

Offerman and Kelley nod. Good point.

OFFERMAN

So what - you really think it's all
the same guy?

John Hunt just grins. He looks down, then up, then down
again. Just grinning.

INT. NEIMAN MARCUS - DAY

Forrest and Jewel drink coffee in the cafe at Neiman's in the
Northpark Mall. Mud and turf exchanged for fine china and
marble floors.

They make eye contact. Like an agreement has been reached. A
plan made.

INT. NEIMAN MARCUS / NORTH PARK MALL - LATER

Forrest and Jewel stand by a jewelry counter. The salesperson
behind the counter says:

SALESWOMAN

What were you looking for today?

She scans the glass display cases and their shimmering
contents.

JEWEL

May I see that one?

SALESWOMAN

Certainly.

The salesperson pulls out a GLITTERY NECKLACE.

Jewel takes it and tries it on.

SALESWOMAN (CONT'D)

It looks beautiful with that
jacket.

Jewel looks at herself in the little circular mirror on the
counter, and then turns to Forrest.

JEWEL

What do you think?

Forrest looks at it, pursing his lips as if forming an opinion. Then he notices that the saleswoman has turned away momentarily to help another customer...

FORREST

Here, step over here, let me see it
in the light...

Jewel takes two steps away from the counter...

...at which point Forrest takes her hand and PULLS HER AWAY. They BEGIN TO WALK.

And they keep walking. Around the corner, casually, Forrest setting the pace. Arm in arm. OUT OF Neiman Marcus, into the rest of the upscale shopping mall. The sounds of the fountain up ahead ring out. The other shoppers pay them no mind.

By this point, Jewel no longer looks aghast. She's gone from shocked to paranoid to excited...

...to happy. She laughs. Giggling to herself, biting her tongue, and then laughing again in spite of herself.

She skips forward suddenly, taking the lead, pumping full of adrenaline.

INT. / EXT. FORREST'S CAR - NIGHT

Forest and Jewel are driving now. Silently. That necklace glittering in the dark of the car, catching the passing lights and intermittently blazing up.

Jewel is watching Forrest. He glances her way and catches her. She doesn't look down.

Then he steps on the gas. His car shoots exuberantly down the North Texas highway.

EXT. JEWEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Forrest pulls up outside Jewel's house.

Any conversation or farewells or plans for future dates have already transpired. No more words necessary.

She gets out of the car and slowly, playfully walks up to the front door. She stops here and there en route, turning around, looking back at Forrest, just to see if he really is staying where he is. Almost like she's daring him to follow her.

Eventually, she makes it to her front door. She unlocks it, goes inside and slowly, gently closes it, keeping an eye on Forrest the whole time. The last thing Forrest sees before she closes that door is the sweetest smile, beaming out at him like a beacon.

INT. JEWEL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jewel shuts and locks the door. She leans against it for a moment, thinking about what's just transpired.

INT. FORREST'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Forrest is maybe having that same thought.

INT. JEWEL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jewel waits a moment more, and then she opens the door again...

...to find Forrest striding towards her.

He walks right up to her and kisses her, and she lets him. The light from the house and the streetlights outside blooms around them and then falls to darkness.

He pulls away, keeping his eye on her.

The door shuts for good.

Jewel walks deeper into the house. She turns on the TELEVISION in the living room. Looks at the news, then continues on to the kitchen.

She goes to the stove and picks up the tea kettle.

She goes to the sink and puts it under the faucet and turns it on.

She looks out the window, in the dark.

She's looking so long that she doesn't even notice that the water is OVERFLOWING.

INT. FORREST'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CLICK. The door opens. Forrest returns home. Practically humming, feeling pretty on top of the world.

He turns on the TV as he loosens his tie. The EVENING NEWS is on.

WEATHERMAN (V.O.)
...beautiful weather for the weekend, and that'll last until Monday, when we get one last cold front...

He walks into the kitchen, opens the refrigerator. Looks for a beer.

ANGLE ON: THE TV SCREEN. A news anchor introduces a story from behind his desk.

NEWS ANCHOR
And now for something unusual. Police from multiple states have traced a string of dozens of bank robberies to a single individual. A man named Forrest Tucker.

Forrest freezes at the sound of his name. He turns towards the TV, just in time to see one of his OLD MUG SHOTS appear on the screen.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)
Mr. Tucker is highly skilled, but there's something else that sets him apart: his age. Records put him between sixty and seventy years of age. DPD Detective John Hunt is spearheading the attempt to bring this Over The Hill Bandit to justice.

ECU ON TV: John Hunt is on the screen now, being interviewed outside the Dallas Police Station.

JOHN HUNT
What you see here is we brought in detectives from just about every county in the area and some from as far away as Albuquerque, Shreveport, El Paso...we're putting our heads together, comparing notes.

REPORTER
Now, with such a unique case - how come Forrest Tucker hasn't been caught yet?

JOHN HUNT
That's the question of the day, isn't it?

(MORE)

JOHN HUNT (CONT'D)

Well frankly, this guy has more experience robbing banks than we do catching him. But now we're onto him. I think it's only a matter of time before we catch him and force him into retirement.

REPORTER

Well, here's hoping time doesn't catch up with him first.

JOHN HUNT

Yeah. I'm pretty sure we'll be quicker.

CAMERA PUSHES IN on John Hunt's pixely image on that TV...

...and then a MATCHING PUSH-IN ON FORREST, who's staring back at this nemesis with a spark of fire in his eyes.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The CAMERAS go down. John Hunt is standing there, looking at the REPORTER who'd been interviewing him.

JOHN HUNT

How'd I do?

REPORTER

That was fine.

LT. KELLEY

You looked a little...

REPORTER

A little what?

LT. KELLEY

Nothing, you looked great.

INT. JOHN HUNT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

John Hunt comes through the door and is met by the maelstrom of his two kids, who are chasing each other and causing a ruckus as per usual.

JOHN HUNT

Did you see daddy? Did you see daddy on TV?

INT. PRINTING PRESS - NIGHT

NEWSPAPERS are being printed. Copies upon copies upon copies, proceeding through the churning machinery of the press...

ECU FRONT PAGE: there's a picture of JOHN HUNT and LT. KELLY, meeting with other detectives, and a headline: POLICE CLOSE IN ON OVER-THE-HILL BANDIT.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

John Hunt walks into the station. It seems particularly busy - lots of ringing telephones, people going to-and-fro. He winds his way through the commotion to his desk.

JOHN HUNT

What do we got?

His secretary looks up from her desk.

SECRETARY

...just this morning got another six ladies calling to report their husbands, two kids tattling on their grandpa...

JOHN HUNT

Gotta start somewhere, right?

SECRETARY

...and then a lady who said she -

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Seamless cut to the LANDLADY finishing that sentence herself.

LANDLADY

...rented him a house six months ago. He said his name was Bob. Bob...something or other, I can't remember. I got a lot of houses and a lot of tenants but him I remember.

JOHN HUNT

How come?

LANDLADY

Because he was nice. He was a real nice fella. And he told me...

She bites her tongue. Figuratively speaking.

JOHN HUNT

What'd he tell you?

LANDLADY

Well, he told me robbed banks.

Hunt is incredulous.

JOHN HUNT

He told you that?

LANDLADY

Yeah. But I didn't believe him.

JOHN HUNT

Is he at home right now?

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

LONG LENS ZOOM BACK as Lt. Kelly and John Hunt leave the police station in a hurry.

We don't necessarily notice it, but the POV is THROUGH ANOTHER CAR WINDOW.

EXT. FORREST'S HOUSE - DAY

POLICE CARS SWARM around Forrest's rented house, screeching to a halt.

John Hunt, wearing a bullet-proof vest, leads the charge towards the front door. He tries the handle. NOT LOCKED.

He pushes it open...

INT. FORREST'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He steps inside, gun drawn.

The house is empty.

The furniture remains. There's food in the fridge. Coffee in the pot. But there's not a single sign of life in the house.

Other cops swarm in behind him.

John is drawn towards the bedroom...

INT. BEDROOM / FORREST'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

John Hunt edges his way into the bedroom. The closet door is open. All of the suits that were inside are gone.

He turns towards the bureau. The drawers are open, emptied out. He catches his own reflection in the mirror and for a moment gets caught up looking at himself. Gazing at his reflection under the same light that Forrest looked at his.

Behind him, Lt. Kelley has entered the room. He walks towards the closet. Something's caught his eye.

He crouches down.

LT. KELLEY

Think you missed something, John.

John turns around. He missed something?

But sure enough, there on the floor of the closet, catching the light just so, is a 100 DOLLAR BILL.

He walks over. Puts on gloves and picks it up. He looks at it carefully...

Written on the margins in tiny script: *TO JOHN HUNT. BEST OF LUCK - THE OVER-THE-HILL BANDIT.*

John Hunt can't help but laugh.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Lt. Kelley and John Hunt are driving. Hunt is still laughing, adrenaline pumping...

JOHN HUNT

This is what you sign up for, you know? This is why you go to work every day. To get someone who works with you. You want someone who will help you do your job.

LT. KELLEY

What about me?

JOHN HUNT

You're great too.

INT. JOHN HUNT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

John Hunt returns home. It's late at night. The house is dark.

He flips a light switch in the kitchen. He sets his stuff down on the kitchen counter, opens the refrigerator, pulls out a beer. He turns on the little clock radio, puts on some tunes, grabs the mail from the kitchen table.

Maureen appears on the stairs.

MAUREEN

John?

JOHN HUNT

Yep.

MAUREEN

Where've you been?

JOHN HUNT

Just working.

MAUREEN

It's almost one in the morning.

JOHN HUNT

Time flies when you're having fun.

He cranks up the radio.

MAUREEN

The kids...

JOHN HUNT

Shhhh. Come dance with me.

MAUREEN

I'm about to burst.

JOHN HUNT

C'mon...

He pulls her towards him, dipping her down to the song on the radio. He's still got the mail in one hand.

EXT. JOHN HUNT'S HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

POV through the window as John and Maureen canoodle. An ominous SLOW ZOOM.

INT. JOHN HUNT'S HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

The song on the radio changes to something sweeter. They start slow dancing around the kitchen counter.

JOHN HUNT

Want to go out tomorrow night?

MAUREEN

For dinner?

JOHN HUNT

On a date?

MAUREEN

Are you serious?

JOHN HUNT

Yeah.

MAUREEN

You're not gonna bail on me again?

JOHN HUNT

Tell me where do you want to go.
Nicest place in town.

MAUREEN

What's the place at the top of the
tower?

JOHN HUNT

You want to go there?

MAUREEN

Can we afford it?

JOHN HUNT

No. But let's go anyway.

She smiles and leans close, leaning her head against his
shoulder.

MAUREEN

You stink.

JOHN HUNT

Sorry.

MAUREEN

Why don't you wash up and come to
bed?

JOHN HUNT

I'm not tired.

MAUREEN

Me neither.

She kisses him.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

So are you gonna catch this guy or
what?

JOHN HUNT

You know what'll happen if I don't?

MAUREEN

Mmmmmmm-hmmmm.

She takes her time in answering.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)
You'll pout a lot. And you'll probably put on ten pounds. But I'll still love you.

JOHN HUNT
You will?

MAUREEN
Mostly.

He smiles.

JOHN HUNT
Shit. I really gotta catch him then.

Maureen laughs and buries her head in his shoulder.

MAUREEN
Why do you care so much?

JOHN HUNT
It's my job.

MAUREEN
No, I mean about him.

John considers this as the song on the radio reaches its peak.

EXT. REUNION TOWER - NIGHT

That music on the radio continues as John Hunt and Maureen leave John's police car at the valet stand in front of Reunion Tower.

INT. REUNION TOWER ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

They ride the glass elevator to the top.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

ANTARES - the fancy restaurant at the top of Reunion Tower. White tablecloths, candles, beautiful view of the city revolving outside. It's jam packed with people. Everyone's dressed to the nines, as per Dallas style in the 80s.

LONG LENS: John Hunt and Maureen walk in. They approach the Maitre'D. Words are exchanged. The Maitre'D is explaining something. Snippets of their conversation are heard.

Apparently John's button-down shirt and slacks aren't up to dress code. He needs a jacket and tie. The Maitre'D then turns to a coat rack and fetches something...

INT. MEN'S ROOM - LATER

John Hunt is in the men's room, trying to straighten a loaner tie provided by the restaurant. He's having a bit of trouble getting it right.

FORREST

Lemme give you a hand with that.

John Hunt turns and looks to his right and sees...

...FORREST TUCKER, standing there in front of him. Dressed in one of his flawless suits. Cool as a cucumber.

Hunt freezes. He's too stupefied to say anything other than...

JOHN HUNT

...Sure.

Forrest has a twinkle in his eye as he reaches out, grabs the tie and makes quick work of it, undoing the bad knot already in place and quickly reworking it.

FORREST

Learned how to do this in Catholic school.

Forrest tightens the knot.

FORREST (CONT'D)

You got your lady with you?

JOHN HUNT

Yep.

FORREST

In my experience...looking sharp'll get you a long way. You'll look like you know exactly what you're doing...even when you don't.

He gives it one last little tug, and then straightens it.

FORREST (CONT'D)

There you go.

JOHN HUNT

Forrest Tucker.

FORREST

Yep.

JOHN HUNT

I could arrest you right now.

FORREST

Yeah, but you left your gun in the car. And beside, if you did you'd be missing out.

JOHN HUNT

On what?

FORREST

On whatever happens next. You're a cop, I'm a robber. This is the fun part.

Just then, someone else enters the restroom, and Forrest takes that opportunity to slap John on the shoulder...

FORREST (CONT'D)

Good seeing you, John.

...and leave.

John is so shocked that he doesn't actually follow him at first. It takes a moment to sink in what's just happened. But once it does, he RUSHES OUT...

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

...only to see Forrest disappearing around the corner, heading towards the exit.

John RUSHES after him. Losing sight of him amidst everyone, then seeing him head towards the elevator...

JOHN HUNT

Maureen!

He anxiously looks for Maureen, who's waiting by the bar.

JOHN HUNT (CONT'D)

Come on!

He grabs her hand -

MAUREEN

Wait, what?

He drags her to the elevator. She stumbles in her heels.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

Where are we -

JOHN HUNT

I saw him.

He presses the elevator button repeatedly until finally it DINGS...

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

As they ride down, John leans against the glass, trying to see if he can see below...

MAUREEN

Are you sure it was him?

JOHN HUNT

He tied my tie. He walked up to me and tied my goddamn tie...

EXT. REUNION TOWER - CONTINUOUS

They get to the bottom, rush to the valet stand...

JOHN HUNT

Did you see a guy just now? An older guy in a suit...

VALET

Yeah, he just left...

He points to two sets of TAIL LIGHTS diminishing in the distance, heading towards the looping on-ramp of I-35.

JOHN HUNT

Get my car! I need my car...wait, I'll go with you. What kinda car is it?

INT. JOHN HUNT'S CAR - NIGHT

Maureen sits opposite her husband as he roars onto the freeway, shouting into the radio...

JOHN HUNT

Yeah, this is Hunt. I need an APB on a tan Cutlass...

INT. FORREST TUCKER'S CAR - THAT MOMENT

CAMERA PANS UP from the BEARCAT RADIO...

JOHN HUNT (V.O.)
 ...maybe brown, maybe tan...left
 Reunion Tower five minutes ago...

Forrest is driving. Listening in on the radio conversation.

POLICE DISPATCH (V.O.)
 Copy that. Tan Cutlass. You got a
 description of the driver?

JOHN HUNT (V.O.)
 It's Forrest Tucker. I repeat, it's
 Forrest Tucker.

Forrest laughs.

INT. JOHN HUNT'S CAR - THAT MOMENT

John swerves through traffic on the highway.

JOHN HUNT
 There...

He pulls up on some tail lights. Wrong car.

MAUREEN
 John, please...

JOHN HUNT
 He's not gonna get away...

INT. FORREST TUCKER'S CAR - THAT MOMENT

The chase continues. Forrest keeps listening to the chatter on the police radio. He can hear John Hunt's harried voice. The calls and responses.

The sound of a CHOPPER fades in. Forrest looks up and sees a helicopter swooping over the highway, its spotlight shining down.

Forrest SPEEDS UP.

Suddenly he's right behind John Hunt. He can see him through the rear windshield, talking on the radio.

He watches him for a few more moments...

...and then pulls off the highway.

EXT. OVERPASS - NIGHT

Forrest drives down a dark street, turns a corner and then pulls up to the curb, halfway under an overpass.

INT. FORREST'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

He sits there, in the shadows, listening to the sound of John Hunt on the police radio. All that furor and bluster gets further and further away, receding into a mess of crackles that then becomes nothing but white noise.

Forrest listens to that snowy static for a little longer, and then SHUTS OFF the radio.

That's it for John Hunt.

As Forrest sits there, the bittersweet strains of Jackson C. Frank's BLUES RUN THE GAME kicks up on the soundtrack.

JACKSON C. FRANK
*Catch a boat to England, baby,
maybe to Spain.*

He kills the engine and gets out of his car....

EXT. OVERPASS - CONTINUOUS

...walks across the street...

JACKSON C. FRANK
*Wherever I have gone, wherever I've
been and gone. Wherever I have
gone, the blues are all the same...*

...and gets in ANOTHER CAR that's parked there. A beat up old VOLVO. Not quite his normal style.

INT. / EXT. JEWEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The song continues instrumentally as there comes a POUNDING on Jewel's front door.

JEWEL
Just a minute...

Jewel undoes the latch and opens the door to find Forrest standing there. He launches right in to what he has to say, speaking fiercely, with conviction, like he's rehearsed it.

FORREST
Listen, Jewel. I've gotta hit the road tomorrow morning. I don't know when I'll be back and...I just wanted...

He pauses. Like he wants to say something else. Everything he planned on saying is on the tip of his tongue.

But he doesn't say it.

FORREST (CONT'D)
I just wanted to tell you.

JEWEL
Where are you going?

FORREST
I don't know yet. I'll figure it out on the way.

JEWEL
Okay. So...

FORREST
So yeah.

JEWEL
I thought you were gonna ask me if I wanted to come with you.

For just a second, a single split second, it almost looks like Forrest's eyes are filling with tears. He hides it with a sad chuckle.

FORREST
I thought I was too.

Jewel looks around, like she's looking for a solution to this situation.

JEWEL
What if...what if you just stayed here instead?

FORREST
Here?

JEWEL
Here. With me. You could just...lay low...

In that moment, Forrest looks like he really, really wants to do that. But he sticks to his guns.

FORREST
I can't stay here. Have you seen the news?

JEWEL
Yeah.

FORREST

I got everyone all over looking for me. I gotta keep moving.

JEWEL

You don't think a girl like me could take care of a guy like you?

He ponders this for as long as he can. He clearly wants to say yes. Or maybe we just want him to say yes. But it's not going to happen.

FORREST

Maybe I'll call you sometime.

JEWEL

Okay.

He looks at her one last time, and then turns...

...walks back to his car...

...gets in...

...and DRIVES OFF.

Jewel stands there. Hair blowing in the wind. Watching as his car disappears in the distance. Before too long even the sound of it is gone.

She waits there a moment more. Realizing that this strange chapter of her life is over.

And then...

...suddenly...

...the distant hum of that car fades back in against the wind.

Jewel cranes her neck...

Forrest's car comes ROARING BACK.

He pulls right up to her driveway.

FORREST

I changed my mind. Let's go. But we gotta take your car.

A tremendous smile breaks across her face.

INT. JEWEL'S CAR - NIGHT

The Jackson C. Frank song is still playing. The lyrics return.

JACKSON C. FRANK

*Maybe tomorrow, honey,
Someplace down the line,
I'll wake up older,
So much older, mama,
Wake up older
And I'll just stop all my trying.*

They're driving. Fast. Recklessly. They've switched cars. Jewel is in the driver's seat, Forrest kicking back, enjoying the ride. The highway lights whipping by outside.

No words exchanged.

INT. JEWEL'S CAR - DAWN

Now the sun is rising. They've switched seats. Forrest is driving. Jewel is passed out in the passenger seat. Sleeping sweetly.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - MORNING

The car pull over into a shopping center. A strip mall somewhere in the middle of America.

JACKSON C. FRANK

*Catch a boat to England, baby,
Maybe to Spain,
Wherever I have gone,
Wherever I've been and gone,
Wherever I have gone
The blues are all the same.*

As the car comes to a stop, the song ends.

INT. JEWEL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Forrest kills the engine.

Jewel is still sound asleep.

He looks at her for a long time...

...and then looks out the window, at the stores in the strip mall.

INT. PAWN SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

A BELL CHIMES. There's a SWING OF DAY LIGHT as a door opens.

ECU ON: Forrest's REFLECTION in a glass case, in a pawn shop crammed to the brim with old junk. He's the only customer in there. Probably the first of the day.

He's looking at jewelry. Rings in particular.

He quickly begins to peruse the glass case near the front of the store, and the register. He catches a glimpse of his face in the glass, haggard and worn down and looking much older.

The PAWN SHOP OWNER, 50s, approaches from the depths of the shop.

PAWN SHOP OWNER
Something I can help you find?

FORREST
Are these all the rings you got?

PAWN SHOP OWNER
We got some more, some fancier ones. What do you want a ring for?

FORREST
Oh, for a girl.

PAWN SHOP OWNER
Well, I coulda guessed that much. What kind of girl do you want a ring for?

FORREST
The marrying kind, I hope.

PAWN SHOP OWNER
Oh. Diamond or gold?

FORREST
...Gold.

PAWN SHOP OWNER
Seeing a fella like yourself get hitched gives me hope.

FORREST
How so?

PAWN SHOP OWNER
Means I've still got time, right? I've got something real nice I think you'll like. Lemme show you...

He turns to the back of the shop. He opens a cabinet, behind which is a SAFE.

Click click click. The combination falls into place and the safe door opens.

Another click. Not from the safe. Cold and all too familiar.

FORREST
Hold still.

The Owner turns around just enough to see FORREST'S GUN, gently pointed at him.

FORREST (CONT'D)
Now take whatever it was you were going to show me and whatever else you've got in there and put 'em in a bag and hand it over.

The pawn shop owner hesitates.

FORREST (CONT'D)
Go on.

The pawn shop owner hesitates some more. His head hung, in disappointment or shame or something like that.

FORREST (CONT'D)
Go on now.

PAWN SHOP OWNER
What sort of bag?

FORREST
Any bag will do.

The Owner looks around him, not wanting to make eye contact with Forrest. He finds a brown paper bag and begins pulling things out of the safe. Forrest watches with an eagle eye.

FORREST (CONT'D)
The register too.

PAWN SHOP OWNER
Why are you doing this?

FORREST
It's just what I do.

We HOLD ON HIS FACE, for just a little too long. Just long enough to see him looking a little more worn down than usual.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. JOHN HUNT'S HOUSE - DAY

John Hunt is sitting at the kitchen table in his undershirt. Holding a NEWBORN BABY, patting her on the back, trying to get her to keep from CRYING.

John stands up, finally. The baby just won't stop crying.

JOHN HUNT

It's okay. It's okay. Come on. Mama
will be back soon.

He walks out of the room, patting her on the back, pacing, trying to get her to shush.

We HOLD on the kitchen.

Suddenly, the TELEPHONE RINGS.

It keeps ringing, and ringing. CAMERA PUSHES TOWARDS IT. The baby's still crying, and that crying grows louder...

...as John finally returns, baby in arm and grabs the phone from the receiver.

JOHN HUNT (CONT'D)

Hello?

Beat, as he listens, and then...

JOHN HUNT (CONT'D)

What?!?

Whoever's on the other end keeps talking. As John nods and listens, the door opens and Maureen returns home with the kids.

JOHN HUNT (CONT'D)

And that was it?

She hurries over to him and takes the crying baby from his arms, just as he's saying...

JOHN HUNT (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay thanks. I appreciate it.

He hangs up the phone and goes back to the table and sits down. Maureen is nursing the baby.

MAUREEN

How was she?

JOHN HUNT
She missed you.

He sits there for a while longer.

JOHN HUNT (CONT'D)
Forrest Tucker just got caught in
Boston.

MAUREEN
Really?

JOHN HUNT
Yeah. Just got pulled over.

MAUREEN
Oh. Wow.
(beat)
So now what?

JOHN HUNT
I guess he'll go to prison.

MAUREEN
Oh.
(beat)
That's too bad.

John nods.

JOHN HUNT
I really wanted to catch him.

The baby girl breaks away from Maureen and begins to cry again.

The baby girl breaks away from Maureen and begins to cry again. Maureen stares at her husband for a long time.

MAUREEN
I'm not so sure you did.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

A JUDGE'S GAVEL slams down. The court is adjourned. A clamor rises as every begins to get up.

John Hunt sits in the back of the court room. He stays seated, watching through the crowds of people, catching glimpses of FORREST, being handcuffed by the BAILIFF. Just glimpses and nothing more. There's a sea of people between them.

John scans that crowd. He catches a glimpse of GAILE, getting up, hurrying out before she has to confront anyone. In the front row he see's Jewel, but doesn't linger on her. He doesn't know who she is.

Now the crowd of people are moving down the aisle. Forrest is at the center of the storm, moving calmly, totally accepting his fate.

But as he walks past John, the crowd parts just so, at just the right moment.

The two men see each other...

...and Forrest WINKS at him.

And then he's gone.

John turns back to the front, to the empty court room.

FADE TO:

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

With a heavy sigh, Forrest Tucker lays down on the thin mattress of his jail bed and stares at the ceiling.

His breathing falls into a simple rhythm. In and out. In and out.

INT. JOHN HUNT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

John Hunt lays in bed next to Maureen. Same composition. Filling the frame in exactly the same. Breathing the same way too, matching that rhythm, staring into the same space.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

CAMERA BEGINS TO PULL BACK...away from Forrest. His breathing only gets louder. It carries over to...

FADE TO:

INT. PRISON TAILOR - DAY

Two WEATHERED HANDS work the buttons of the shirt on a cheap brown suit. The kind given to all prisoners upon their release.

We're still hearing Forrest's breathing. Maybe this is a dream. Maybe not. Either way, it's...

10 YEARS LATER

CAMERA FINDS FORREST'S FACE IN THE MIRROR. He is much older now. Time has caught up with him, and then some. That youthful spirit is gone, lost in the lines that run out from his eyes and collect at the corners of his mouth. His hair's gone white. The glasses are permanently fixed to his face.

EXT. PRISON - FRONT GATES

Forrest steps out the front gate of the prison. Officially - and, for the first time in his life, legitimately - a free man.

He walks forward. A slight limp, a shuffle to his walk now.

He squints. Not used to the light, or the wide-open world.

Then he finds something to focus on.

JEWEL stands there waiting for him.

She looks older too. Her hair has gone silver, and her face is more gaunt. Her eyes, though - her eyes light up when she sees him.

He makes his way up to her.

FORREST

Got me a new ticker since you saw
me last.

She puts her hand over his heart.

JEWEL

Still feels the same.

INT. JEWEL'S CAR - DAY

Jewel drives. Forrest sits beside her, looking at the world go by.

JEWEL

Do you want to drive?

FORREST

I think my license has expired.

EXT. JEWEL'S HOUSE - DAY

They pull up to Jewel's house, on the edge of the lake.

Forrest gets out.

FORREST
This is the same place?

JEWEL
Same as ever.

FORREST
Looks different.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM / JEWEL'S NEW HOUSE - DAY

He steps into the guest bedroom of Jewel's house. They're taking things slowly. He sets his suitcase down. He sees a big framed photo of Jewel's horses on the wall.

FORREST
What about those guys?

JEWEL
Sold 'em.

For some reason, that takes the wind out of his sails a bit. He sits down on the bed. Jewel sits down on the other side. In profile to him.

He leans forward, arms resting on his knees. She puts her hands on his shoulders and slowly, gently, pulls him back until he's reclining.

She lays next to him. They're face to face.

FORREST
I'm lucky.

JEWEL
Yep.

JEWEL (CONT'D)
Are you happy here?

FORREST
Yeah.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Forrest and Jewel eat dinner together in the dining room. The lake ripples through the window behind them.

JEWEL (V.O.)
Truly?

Forrest gets up. He goes to the radio and turns it on. Finds a song that sounds okay.

FORREST (V.O.)
I don't know how I could be any
happier.

Then he walks to Jewel and holds out a hand, as if to ask her to dance.

EXT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Forrest watches as Jewel counts out her MORNING PILLS.

INT. JEWEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A CHRISTMAS PARTY at Jewel's house. A lot of friends. Maybe some relatives. There are children there, belonging to who knows who.

Ever the raconteur, Forrest is telling a story to some guests. The lights of the Christmas tree sparkle behind him.

FORREST
...so I'm seventeen years old. All
I know's what I've seen in the
movies. I walk up to the first bank
I see. I march through the doors
and pull out this...this gun and
look at the teller behind that
glass. I make sure she sees I've
got the gun and I say: this is a
stick up...
(beat)
...give me all you've got

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

He's telling the same story somewhere else, around a fireplace in a country club, to rapturous response.

FORREST
Give me all you got.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

He's looking at himself in the mirror and he says it once more, to his own reflection.

FORREST
Give me all you got.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Forrest sits at a desk by a window. Outside BIRDS ARE CHIRPING and FLOWERS are blooming. He puts some paper into a TYPEWRITER, rolls it forward.

He types a few sentences.

My name is Forrest Tucker. I was the best bank robber there ever was. I was born in...

He stops and looks out the window. It's now SNOWING.

He looks at his hands as they hover over the keyboard. They TREMBLE.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

ECU: Forrest's hand, STILL TREMBLING.

DOCTOR

What you're looking at is standard osteoarthritis. Relatively mild, and perfectly normal at your age. It's just a sign of wear and tear, I'm afraid.

Forrest looks perturbed. This *shouldn't* be perfectly normal.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Forrest sits down on the bed with a PHONE BOOK. He licks his thumb and begins to page through it.

Then he picks up the telephone and dials a number.

INT. JOHN HUNT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Maureen answers the telephone as she helps a ten-year-old girl with her homework.

MAUREEN

Hello?

FORREST (V.O.)

Hello...is John Hunt in?

MAUREEN

He's still at work, have you tried him at the station?

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

FORREST
No. I will. Thank you.
(beat)
Goodnight.

He doesn't notice Jewel in the doorway behind him.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Forrest and Jewel take an early evening walk down the street. Autumn is setting in, and a wind blows the leaves about them.

They WALK for a while, to the end of the block, a long dolly shot, and then Forrest STOPS for a moment, staring out ahead of them like he sees something headed his way.

INT. JEWEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Jewel is asleep. Taking a nap. Forrest's hand touches hers.

FORREST
Jewel, honey. Wake up.

She stirs, and awakens to see him kneeling beside her.

FORREST (CONT'D)
I gotta run some errands. You need anything?

She smiles sleepily.

JEWEL
No. How long will you be gone?

FORREST
Not long.

He leans in and kisses her on the cheek.

JEWEL
What was that for?

FORREST
You just make me happy.

She touches his hand, gently, knowingly sending him off.

JEWEL
Go do what you've gotta do. I'll be here.

EXT. PAYPHONE - DAY

Forrest walks up to a payphone, beaten down and weathered by the open sun.

In goes his quarter. He dials a number.

INT. JOHN HUNT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

We find JOHN HUNT now.

A little bit older. A little bit grayer, and not just in his mustache. He looks weary, worn out. All the joie de vivre that Forrest brought into his life has faded. He's sitting at a new desk in his own office, having graduated from a cubicle. The walls behind him are marked with images of death and violence.

His PHONE RINGS.

JOHN HUNT

John Hunt here.

FORREST (V.O.)

Hey Mr. Hunt...

Hunt takes a moment to recognize the voice. A gleam appears in his eyes.

JOHN HUNT

Forrest Tucker. I heard you got out.

FORREST (V.O.)

You're not in robbery anymore.

JOHN HUNT

Nah. They put me in homicide.

FORREST

How you like it?

JOHN HUNT

I hate it.

He leans back in his chair. The tension in his shoulders slips away. A smile turns up the corners of his mouth.

JOHN HUNT (CONT'D)

It's good to hear from you. I think about you all the time.

(beat)

You staying clean?

FORREST

Well...

JOHN HUNT

You doing good?

A long, long pause.

JOHN HUNT (CONT'D)

Forrest? You doing good?

FORREST

I'm about to be.

With that, he HANGS UP THE PHONE.

EXT. PAYPHONE - CONTINUOUS

He reaches down and pulls his ascot up over his nose.

He walks away from the PAYPHONE and CROSSES THE STREET...

...heading straight towards a BANK.

Just as he walks through the front door, he reaches into his waistband and pulls out a COLT. 45.

CAMERA HOLDS ON THE BANK FOR A LONG TIME.

Gradually, we begin to push in.

There's the faintest sound of commotion on the inside.

We keep pushing, pushing...towards the front door.

And then, at the last second, the door opens, Forrest Tucker runs out and...

CUT TO BLACK