

F O R Y O U R C O N S I D E R A T I O N

the OLD Man & the GUN

WRITTEN BY
DAVID LOWERY

BASED ON THE NEW YORKER ARTICLE BY
DAVID GRANN

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OLD MAN & THE GUN
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& the GUN**

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OLD MAN AND THE GUN

Adapted by David Lowery

From the story by David Grann

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AGAINST BLACK

This story, also, is mostly true.

1 **EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

1

High noon.

A handsome, well-loved, well-used car is broken down on the side of the interstate, just outside of downtown Dallas.

A woman named JEWEL, late 50s / early 60s, stands beside it, KICKING IT in frustration. She's got a loose blouse on, and worn jeans, and about a billion bangles on her right wrist.

She touches the hood, but it's a little too hot. A second try and she gets it open and is met with a cloud of white steam.

She looks around, somewhat helplessly. There aren't that many cars on the road. Those that are out zoom pass without seeming to notice her.

But one car passes and SWERVES over to the shoulder about fifty feet in front of her. It's an old CHEVY CUTLASS.

The door opens, and a man gets out.

His name is FORREST TUCKER. He's wearing a BLUE SUIT and as he gets out of the car he puts a matching hat atop his head. He looks quite striking and dapper, there on the side of the road.

He walks towards her. She watches him, a bit suspicious at first. When he's close enough, he shouts...

FORREST
Need some help?

JEWEL
Maybe.

They both look at the steam coming from under the hood. Clearly bit more than a maybe situation.

FORREST
Lemme take a look...

She gives him an 'all yours' gesture. He walks up to the engine and peers in, waving away the vapors.

JEWEL
...damn thing just started choking
up about a mile back.
(MORE)

JEWEL (CONT'D)

I was gonna try to make it to the next exit but...

He looks for a long time. Long enough for a burst of radiator steam to escape the engine. Jewel finally asks:

JEWEL (CONT'D)

So what, you think it's the radiator?

FORREST

Could be.

JEWEL

Is it shot?

FORREST

Wouldn't be surprised.

JEWEL

Do you know anything about cars?

FORREST

Eh, not really.

Another belch of steam as we cut to...

2

INT./EXT. FORREST'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

2

They're driving now, in Forrest's car. Jewel sits in the passenger seat. Forrest keeps stealing glances at her.

FORREST

Where were you headed?

JEWEL

Nowhere, really.

FORREST

Just driving.

JEWEL

Just driving.

She glances into his back seat. Sees a briefcase there, inconspicuously tucked into the corner.

FORREST

That was a nice truck.

*

JEWEL

Yeah, you think so?

FORREST
Yep.

JEWEL
Me too.
(beat)
I stole it.

FORREST
Did you?

She lets him hang a beat before...

JEWEL
No. It was my husband's car.

FORREST
Ah.
(beat)
Where's he at?

JEWEL
Well. He's dead, so...that's where
he's at.

FORREST
Gotcha.

Another long beat. An unexpectedly comfortable silence.

FORREST (CONT'D)
Can I ask your name?

JEWEL
(after a beat)
Jewel.

FORREST
Your name's Jewel?

JEWEL
Yep.

FORREST
That's really your name? Jewel?

JEWEL
You don't believe me?

FORREST
No, I believe you. It just suits
you is all.

JEWEL

What about you - what's your name?
Handsome-In-A-Blue-Suit?

FORREST

(laughing)

My name's Bob. Bob Callahan.

JEWEL

And where are you headed, Bob
Callahan?

FORREST

Home. I've been on the road for a
while.

JEWEL

Doing what?

FORREST

I'm in sales.

JEWEL

Selling what?

FORREST

Oh, this and that. What're you
looking for?

He shoots her a killer grin that stops the line of
questioning dead.

She notices that he's wearing HEARING AIDES.

3

EXT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

3

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.

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

MECHANIC

Yeah, yeah, I can hear you. What
can I do for you?

FORREST

This young lady needs a tow truck.

He keeps RINGING THAT BELL, repeatedly, playfully, like a little kid annoying their parent. Jewel can't help but blush. CAMERA ZOOMS IN on her face as that bell goes DING DING DING.

4

INT. BLUE JAY CAFE - DAY

4

Now they're seated at a little restaurant nearby, waiting for her car to get towed. Cups of coffee between them and mostly-finished slices of pumpkin pie.

Awkward silence. Broken by...

FORREST

You like horses.

JEWEL

What?

He points to a pin on her blouse. A little silver horse.

JEWEL (CONT'D)

Oh yeah. Yeah, I do.

FORREST

So - you're a cowgirl and you like to steal cars. What else am I missing?

She laughs.

JEWEL

That's pretty much it. I've got three horses -

FORREST

Three horses.

JEWEL

- and I ride every day, and -

FORREST

What are their names?

JEWEL

The horses?

FORREST

Yeah.

JEWEL

Wiley, Clementine and Dorothy Jean.

FORREST
Dorothy Jean. Dorothy Jean sounds
like my kinda gal.

JEWEL
Do you ride?

FORREST
Me? No. I never have. It's on my
list.

JEWEL
What list is that?

FORREST
The list of things I wanna do.

JEWEL
Well, you better hurry up.

FORREST
How come?

Beat. She shrugs off that question. 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, it's the last I can do -

FORREST
Don't worry about it.

JEWEL
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.

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

JEWEL
So what did you say you do? Sales?

FORREST
...Yeah.

JEWEL
Like door to door, or...

FORREST
...No, no.

JEWEL (CONT'D)
...bible salesman?

FORREST
Definitely not.

JEWEL
I'm kidding.

FORREST
Can I be honest with you? I don't know the first thing about sales.

JEWEL
Oh.

FORREST
I made that up.

JEWEL
So...what do you do then?

FORREST
It'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

Would you?

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. A PHONE NUMBER. 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
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 looks around.

*

FORREST
Here.

JEWEL
Yes.

FORREST
Right now.

JEWEL
Yes.

Beat.

FORREST

I'm not gonna do that.

JEWEL

See. I knew it.

FORREST

Not because I can't. It just isn't my style.

JEWEL

Not your style.

FORREST

No.

JEWEL

You've got a style.

FORREST

Yes.

JEWEL

Tell me what that is then.

FORREST

Well, first of all - this place. This place isn't my style. But say this were a bank. You've got that counter up there, the girl behind it. You find a good spot, like the one we've got here, and you wait. You wait and you watch and you get into the swing of things and when the time feels right - maybe it's a couple hours, maybe it's a couple days but when it feels right you make your move. You stroll right in. Easiest thing in the world. There's the girl. You walk right up and look her in the eye and say ma'am, this is a robbery. I've got a gun. You show it, like this. You say: take a bag and fill it up. 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.

CUT TO BLACK

5 INT. PRISON CELL - DAWN

5

Forrest Tucker awakens.

He's laying on a bunk, alone in a prison cell.

It is

TWO YEARS EARLIER

*

He looks at the barred door of his cell.

Today's gonna be the day.

6 INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - MORNING

6

Forrest walks down the hall, down the long corridor of cells.

Following all the other prisoners.

The usual morning routine.

7 INT. PRISON MESS HALL - MORNING

7

Forrest drinks his coffee. Another prisoner sits down opposite him.: TEDDY GREEN, tall, lanky, with silver hair receding on his head.

*
*
*

TEDDY GREEN

How you feeling today?

*
*

FORREST

Good as ever.

*
*

TEDDY GREEN

Got something for you.

*
*

He slides a little origami boat across the table.

*

8 EXT. SAN QUENTIN YARD - MORNING

8

San Quentin: 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.

Forrest crosses the prison yard from one of the wings to the PRISON WORKSHOP. He's walking with other prisoners, escorted by a guard. He walks with a slight shuffle, his head hung a little low.

9 INT. PRISON WORKSHOP - DAY

9

Forrest stands at a heavy duty POWER DRILL in the prison shop - 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. *

WALLER is working on another machine. TEDDY on yet another. *

A PRISON TRUSTEE named JIM supervises the shop from the comfort of a recliner. He's petting one of the many CATS that run amongst the piles of lumber.

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 Downers. Ooopsie-daisy.

The split second he's alone, Forrest's demeanor changes. His shoulders straighten. He lifts his head.

He pulls the board off the table. He leaves the drill running, leaving its whine to fill the air as he walks to the back of the shop and grabs something from behind a STACK OF WOOD. *

10 EXT. MAIN YARD - CONTINUOUS

10

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
I know. Jim just told us to throw
this shit out.

*

HUNGRY GUARD
Better hurry up.

*

*

They keep walking.

*

TEDDY GREEN
You think this thing'll float?

*

*

FORREST
Doesn't have to float. Just has to
not sink.

*

*

*

11 INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

11

Warehouse scene. One shot. Magic.

12 OMITTED

12

13 OMITTED

13

*

14 OMITTED

14 *

15 OMITTED

15 *

16 OMITTED

16 *

17 OMITTED

17 *

*

18 OMITTED

18 *

19 OMITTED

19 *

20 OMITTED

20 *

JOHN HUNT
No.

LT. KELLEY
Seriously were you asleep?

JOHN HUNT
No. I was just thinking.

LT. KELLEY
You were fucking sleeping.

JOHN HUNT
I look like I'm sleeping when I'm thinking.

LT. KELLEY
You tell that to Maureen?

JOHN HUNT
All the time.

LT. KELLEY
Does she believe you?

JOHN HUNT
Nope.

28

INT. DONUT SHOP - NIGHT

28

Kelley and Hunt investigate a crime scene - a robbery at a donut shop. There is broken glass and SQUASHED DONUTS all over the floors. A mess of powdered sugar and jelly. Behind the counter the register has been torn open.

Lt. Kelley talks to the owner, who looks mighty shaken up. John Hunt doesn't seem too interested.

LT. KELLEY
And that's when he threw your wares
and such down on the floor here?

*
*
*

DONUT SHOP OWNER
Yes, he just started knocking all
the trays on the floor and causing
a ruckus. His hands were shaking.
That's what I kept noticing, his
hands were shaking all over the
place and if he pulled the trigger -
I mean, I don't think he even could
have pulled the trigger, he was so
jacked up, but -

*
*
*
*
*

LT. KELLEY

No, no. You did the right thing.
You okay?

DONUT SHOP OWNER

Yeah, I am now. *

JOHN HUNT *

How much was in the register? *

DONUT SHOP OWNER *

Nothing, we weren't even open yet. *

LT. KELLEY *

So he didn't actually take
anything? *

DONUT SHOP OWNER *

No, he just threw my product all
over the floor. *

DONUT SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)
You think you're gonna catch him?

JOHN HUNT
Ehhhhh...

27

INT. JOHN HUNT'S POLICE CAR - DAWN

27

John Hunt drives in his car with Lt. Kelley. Police radio crackling as they go.

LT. KELLEY
Do you know where you're going?

*
*

*

*
*

29 INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DALLAS POLICE STATION - DAWN 29

Briefing room. The CAPTAIN is giving a talk to everyone. We move from one face to the next...

CAPTAIN CALDER

Some of you - you know who you are - you're acting like a bunch of spoiled little kids. I don't have time for that. Your partners don't have time for that. If you don't grow up, carry your weight, do your job, I'm gonna bump you down to bicycle detail.

John Hunt listens in from the adjacent LOCKER ROOM, leaning in just enough to get an earful.

30 INT. BULLPEN - DALLAS POLICE STATION - DAWN 30 *

Now John Hunt sits at his desk, buried behind a mountain of paperwork.

Lt. Kelly approaches with their secretary, MARTHA.

LT. KELLEY

Hey, ah...don't want to make a big deal out of it or anything, but we all pitched in to get a little something for you.

He sets a cupcake down in front of him with a single candle. He lights it.

MARTHA

All downhill from here.

John Hunt pinches the flame and takes the candle out and shoves the entire cupcake in his mouth.

31 INT. LIVING ROOM - JOHN HUNT'S HOUSE - MORNING 31

A lock clicks, a doorknob turns. John Hunt comes home. It's raining outside.

He sets his badge down on the table by the door.

He can hear children's voices in the kitchen.

Then A LITTLE BOY runs from the kitchen to the bedroom. He stops for a moment, sees John Hunt, looks at him like he's been caught in the act, and then continues on into the kitchen.

John Hunt sighs, and then heads to the kitchen. He makes it around the corner...

32

INT. KITCHEN - JOHN HUNT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

32

...where that little boy, his son TYLER (7), and daughter ABILENE (10) are waiting for him along with his wife MAUREEN. There's a coffee cake on the table. *

EVERYONE
Happy birthday! *

He turns around, sleepily feigning shock, and then back again. *

JOHN HUNT
Awww.....what is this? *

ABILENE
A surprise. *

JOHN HUNT
You should have told me. *

ABILENE
Then it wouldn't have been a surprise. *

JOHN HUNT
Thank you guys. Who put you up to this? *

MAUREEN
It was their idea. *

He walks up behind Maureen and puts his arms around her and kisses the back of her neck. *

MAUREEN (CONT'D)
I tried to tell them. Dad's gonna be cranky and he's not gonna want anyone to remind him how old he is...but they said they didn't care. *

JOHN HUNT
What about you? *

MAUREEN
It's your birthday. I'm not gonna say a damn thing. I gotta get to class. *

She turns around and touches his sideburns, finds the little bit of gray there. *

MAUREEN (CONT'D)
This wasn't there yesterday.

CUT TO:

Abilene is reciting something she's memorized for school. As she speaks, Tyler looks up at his dad, who sits down at the table.

TYLER
Happy birthday.

JOHN HUNT
Thank you.

TYLER
How old are you?

JOHN HUNT
How old are you?

TYLER
Six.

JOHN HUNT
That's a lie and you know it.

33

INT. JOHN HUNT'S POLICE CAR - MORNING

33

John Hunt's car is stopped at a railroad crossing. He and both kids are all in the front seat. It's RAINING and Tyler knocks his galoshes together in time with the windshield wipers. Abilene is still reading aloud. *

JOHN HUNT *

You guys - you gotta be quiet for a second, okay? Just for a second. I got a headache and I'm tired and I ate too much cake and I'm just... *

The police radio squawks. And then squawks again. The sound of the railroad crossing clanging, the radio, the kids, the rain - it's too much. Hunt grabs it and hands it to Abilene. *

JOHN HUNT (CONT'D)

Here. Hold this button and say 10-4. *

Abilene hesitates.

JOHN HUNT (CONT'D)

Go on, press the button and say...

ABILENE

10-4.

JOHN HUNT

10-4, Good Buddy.

ABILENE

10-4 Good Buddy.

TYLER

I wanna do it...

JOHN HUNT

Okay. Here. Say: dispatch, this is Robbery 7 checking in, I gotta go 10-2 real bad.

TYLER

I gotta go 10-2 real bad. Wait, what's 10-2?

34

EXT. THREE DAY BANK - MOMENTS LATER

34

They pull up outside their intermediate destination. A THREE DAY BANK.

JOHN HUNT

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

TYLER

Come in.

ABILENE

Wait.

JOHN HUNT

Okay. Lock the doors. We'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 Abbie 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...

35

INT./EXT. NEW HOT CAR - CONTINUOUS

35

FORREST, TEDDY and WALLER sit in that chevy. Waller is in the
front seat of that car, alongside Teddy. Forrest is in the
back seat.

Forrest applies a layer of CLEAR NAIL POLISH to his
fingertips. He's got a new fake mustache on. Waller is *
wearing one too. He's whispering a little prayer to himself, *
and makes the sign of the cross. *

Forrest looks at his watch.

36

INT. THREE DAY BANK - CONTINUOUS

36

Inside the bank, there is only one teller (HELEN) working *
behind the glass, and a bit of a line, due to the older woman
counting out pennies at the counter.

HELEN THE TELLER

Yep, don't worry, I'm keeping
track...

John Hunt stands at the little table with DEPOSIT SLIPS and *
begins to fill out a WITHDRAWAL FORM.

JOHN HUNT

But it's your choice, right? You
have to choose?

TYLER

Yeah.

JOHN HUNT

So pick whatever you want. You
liked baseball, right?

Yeah. TYLER

JOHN HUNT

So pick baseball if you want to.
Pick whatever you want - you just
have to make sure you actually like
it.

(beat)

Why are you looking at me like
that?

TYLER

Do you like your job?

JOHN HUNT

Of course I do. I love it.

As he's talking, THE BANK DOORS OPEN AGAIN.

Forrest and Waller enter. Forrest is carrying a briefcase.
Waller goes straight to the deposit slip island. Forrest
makes a beeline straight for the MANAGER.

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 business
loan.

MR. OWENS

Well sure, I bet we can help you
with that. What sort of business
are we talking about?

FORREST

This kind.

He flashes his GUN. Just enough for the manager to see it.

37

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE / THREE DAY BANK - CONTINUOUS

37

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.

38 **INT. THREE DAY BANK - CONTINUOUS** 38

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.

Meanwhile, John Hunt and Tyler are still in line for the teller. He checks his watch.

JOHN HUNT
Why don't you go up to the front
there and ask what's taking so
long...

TYLER
No!

*

39 **INT./EXT. JOHN HUNT'S POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS** 39

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

40 **INT. THREE DAY BANK - CONTINUOUS** 40

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

Mr. Owens heads behind the counter.

Waller watches, where Mr. Owens is filling the briefcase...

ECU: Mr. Owens presses a SILENT ALARM BUTTON under the counter.

Almost as if in response, Forrest TOUCHES his hearing aide. He looks out the window, and then back at the counter...

...as Mr. Owens reappears, the briefcase hanging heavy from his hand.

ECU: the briefcase changes hands.

FORREST
Thank you kindly.

41 INT./EXT. JOHN HUNT'S POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS 41

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

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

42 INT. THREE DAY BANK - MOMENTS LATER 42

John Hunt finally makes it up to the window, only to be interrupted by -

MR. OWENS
Ladies and gentlemen...

John turns. He looks over his shoulder, just in time to see the Mr. Owens LOCKING THE DOORS FROM THE INSIDE. He raises his arms and calls out.

MR. OWENS (CONT'D)
(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.

43 INT./EXT. HOT CAR - CONTINUOUS 43

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

TEDDY GREEN
You were pushin' it... *

FORREST
Nah, we got plenty of time. *

He can hear SIRENS in the distance. *

44 INT. THREE DAY BANK - CONTINUOUS

44

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

JOHN HUNT

- but my daughter is out there and -

MR. OWENS

Sir, please, the police will be here momentarily -

JOHN HUNT

For Christ's sake! Have you not heard a single goddamn word I've said? I am the police! I will help you out if you can just unlock that door -

45 EXT. THREE DAY BANK - DAY

45

The front door has been unlocked, and John is rushing out through the crowd of approaching PATROL OFFICERS to his car. He knocks on the window. Abbie looks up and unlocks the door.

Another detective, OFFERMAN, recognizes him.

OFFERMAN

John? What the hell are you doing here?

Hunt just shakes his head. Exasperated, embarrassed.

46 EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

46

The hot car pulls into a half-full parking lot on the edge of town. Each of the three men quickly climbs out. Waller throws the keys in the gutter.

They all walk to their own cars.

Forrest throws the suitcase in the trunk, and then casually climbs into the front seat, starts the engine. His car BACKFIRES as he departs.

47 INT. THREE DAY BANK - DAY

47

Tyler and Abilene are in the bank now, sitting on chairs outside the offices while his father joins Offerman and Lt. Kelley in interviewing the bank manager.

Behind them, uniformed PATROL OFFICERS interview the bank witnesses one at a time.

CAMERA HOLDS ON THEM as they watch the proceedings...

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. *

JOHN HUNT *
I think he had on a - *

OFFERMAN *
Oh, I'm sorry sir. Is this your *
case? I thought you were a witness. *

The other cops chuckle. Hunt shakes his head... *

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

OFFERMAN (CONT'D)
And he was armed?

MR. OWENS
Yes, he had a gun.

OFFERMAN
You saw it.

MR. OWENS
Yes. I mean -

OFFERMAN
He pointed it at you?

MR. OWENS

No. But he said he had one and I just -

OFFERMAN

You did what he said?

MR. OWENS

Yes.

OFFERMAN

Because he said he had a gun.

MR. OWENS

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

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON a police artist drawing a composite sketch of Forrest...

48 **INT. CUTLASS / EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY** 48

...who at this very moment 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.

49 **EXT. FORREST'S HOUSE - DAY** 49

Forrest pulls into the driveway of HIS HOUSE - a modest little rental in East Dallas, across the street from a cemetery. *

50 **INT. FORREST'S HOUSE - DAY** 50

Teddy is dividing the loot. Waller is in the kitchen making pancakes. *

WALLER

You know how to make a perfect pancake?

TEDDY GREEN

How's that?

WALLER

I'm asking you.

Moments later, Forrest is sitting at his table, bent over a BEARCAT 100 police radio - a portable police scanner about the size of a big walkie talkie. Wires creep out of the back of the radio, and run up to the pair of HEARING AIDES that Forrest has been wearing. He's working on this right now. Twisting the exposed copper, making sure it's all firmly connected.

WALLER (CONT'D)

It works out okay. She doesn't speak a lick of English and I don't know more than two words of Spanish, both of which I employ liberally, and we seem to get along just fine.

TEDDY GREEN

Ella ya es demasiado bueno para ti.

WALLER

What do I say to that, si?

TEDDY GREEN

Si. Absolutamente.

WALLER

I know you're makin' fun of me but you know what? I'm okay with that because I got a sense of humor about myself.

TEDDY GREEN

I got a sense of humor about you too.

WALLER

She wants me to go to Buenos Aires with her. You ever been there?

TEDDY GREEN

Nope.

WALLER

They got good poetry out of there.

TEDDY GREEN

You're thinking of Chile.

WALLER

Same difference. What about St. Louis. You ever been to St. Louis?

TEDDY GREEN

Sure. I got arrested outside of McGurk's there in 1962.

WALLER

Well, McGurk and I both think it's time you make your triumphant return.

Forrest looks up now.

*

FORREST

What's this got to do with you eloping?

*

WALLER

Nothing. This has to do with us. I was talking to Yurkow the other day and then I did a little digging and I think I got a line on a pretty good score.

*

*

*

*

*

FORREST

What is it?

WALLER

Gold.

TEDDY GREEN

Gold?

WALLER

Gold. A whole mess of it, just sitting there in a safety deposit box in St. Louis.

*

*

*

FORREST

What are we gonna do with gold?

WALLER

I don't know. Bury it in your backyard? You tell me, bud. Why don't you buy yourself a few beaded curtains for this dump.

Forrest laughs.

(CONT'D)

As he talks, CAMERA PUSHES IN on the TV, where the news is on... *

51 **INT. JOHN HUNT'S HOUSE - EVENING** 51

Some miles away, John Hunt is watching the same news and eating leftover birthday cake.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)
In local news today - bees! The Waxahachie Honey Festival is in full swing. We were there and we may have gotten a little sticky...

Maureen sits down beside him.

MAUREEN
Is it on the news?

JOHN HUNT
Nah. It's not big enough. No one cares.

MAUREEN
How big's it have to be?

JOHN HUNT
For folks to care? Bigger'n fifteen hundred bucks.
(MORE)

JOHN HUNT (CONT'D)

MAUREEN

Well, you care.

(beat)

Don't you?

JOHN HUNT

Only because they made as much in
ten minutes as I make in a month
and had a whole lot more fun doing
it. I'm in the wrong line of work.
I think I'm gonna quit.

MAUREEN

And do what?

JOHN HUNT

I don't know. I'll figure something
out. Go build houses with my dad.
Do something useful.

Maureen all but rolls her eyes. She's heard this before.

MAUREEN

Okay. You can quit.

(beat)

Or...you can try and catch 'em.

He looks up at her, considering this.

52

INT. FORREST'S HOUSE - EVENING

52

Forrest follows the guys to the door. Teddy bids Forrest
farewell, and heads down to his car.

Waller stops short of leaving.

WALLER

I've been meaning to ask you. You
pick a house across from a cemetery
on purpose?

FORREST

No.

WALLER

You really didn't think about it?

FORREST

Nope.

Okay. WALLER

FORREST

Why?

WALLER

Just wondering. I'll see you next week.

*

He takes off. Forrest stands in the doorway, watching as his compatriots depart.

53 INT. BEDROOM / FORREST'S HOUSE - EVENING 53

CRAAACCKKKK. Forrest pull up the floorboards and begins to deposit his latest haul in the crawlspace beneath.

CAMERA PULLS BACK beneath the floorboards, revealing a significant stash of cash from previous plunderings, along with various documents, fake IDs and a box of old Indian Head coins.

54 INT. BLUE JAY CAFE - NIGHT 54

Forrest sits in that same little restaurant. Having another slice of pie and drawing in his notebook.

The door chimes again. Someone enters. We don't see who. Neither does Forrest, until she's standing right in front of his booth.

JEWEL

I didn't think you'd ever actually call.

FORREST

I didn't think you'd pick up. So we're even.

She sits down.

FORREST (CONT'D)

How's your truck?

JEWEL

All fixed up. How about you? Been on the road I guess?

FORREST

Oh yeah.

JEWEL

Selling a lot of bibles?

FORREST
A whole lot. Top five salesman in
the region, right here.

JEWEL
Yeah?

FORREST
Yeah.

JEWEL
I don't believe a word you say.

FORREST
Probably a good idea.

She looks more closely at him.

JEWEL
You're not wearing your hearing
aide. *

FORREST
What?

JEWEL
Your -

FORREST
I can't hear you.

She laughs, catching on to the joke.

The sound of POLICE RADIO kicks in, overtaking the audio as
he slides her his notebook, showing the picture he was
drawing.

It's a drawing of a HORSE.

The sound of the radio CONTINUES OVER...

CUT TO:

55

ROBBERY MONTAGE

55

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 and Teddy get out.

3. Same shot, this time outside a bank in NORMAN, OKLAHOMA, with a third hot car outside. Forrest and Waller stroll out, a bag of cash in Forrest's hands. He climbs into his car and steps on the gas. A big cloud of dust flies up as the car screeches away.

56

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

56

A FILE slams down on John Hunt's desk. Offerman loudly proclaims:

OFFERMAN

Looks like John's rainy day robber
is at it again!

There's a gentle chorus of laughter as Hunt picks up the file.

JOHN HUNT

Yeah yeah yeah. Laugh it up. What
is this?

He examines the folder. Scans down, sees some text: OCTOBER 2. NORMAN, OK. ARMED CAUCASIAN MALES. ELDERLY.

OFFERMAN

Gene Dentler sent it over, said it
made him think of you.

JOHN HUNT

Hilarious.

Hunt flips to the composite sketch of the suspect...which looks remarkably similar to the one from his fateful encounter.

OFFERMAN

But hey, don't sweat it. I already
got the AARP on the case.

More laughter. But John looks closer at the file...

*

57

INT. JOHN HUNT'S OFFICE / NORMAN SHERIFF'S DEPT. - DAY

57

John Hunt is on the phone now.

JOHN HUNT

Yeah, Gene, this is John Hunt. So
what about this robbery?

On the other end of the line, SHERIFF GENE DENTLER of the Norman PD kicks back at his desk.

DET. GENE DENTLER (V.O.)
Oh yeah, the old guy! Yeah, same story. Small haul. No prints, no MO, no nothing.

JOHN HUNT
So no leads?

DET. GENE DENTLER
Nope. 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.

DET. GENE DENTLER
I know. Oh, and speaking of funny - here's where it gets interesting. I told my wife about the whole deal, and I guess she tells her sister because the next day her sister called me and told me about this thing she read in the paper that sounded real similar. Old fella with a gun...

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

58

INT. FILE ROOM - DAY

58

John sits at a microfiche machine. MARTHA brings him a stack of old slides.

MARTHA
This enough for you?

JOHN HUNT
Keep 'em coming...

John leans into the microfiche screen. The screen LIGHTS UP his face. He begins scanning over various newspaper headlines. ELDERLY BANDIT ROB CREDIT UNION. OLD MAN ROBBER PUZZLES POLICE. SENIOR STICKS UP GROCERY STORE. The text reflects on his face.

He jots down DATES and LOCATIONS.

59 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

59

John Hunt is on the phone again. Behind him, from one cut to the next, Lt. Kelley is getting more interested in the case.

JOHN HUNT

Hey Marge, I'm calling about this robbery you guys had on June 8th - is that case still open?

AND AGAIN.

JOHN HUNT (CONT'D)

Yes ma'am, could you fax over the report on that?

AND AGAIN.

JOHN HUNT (CONT'D)

What exactly do you mean when you say more than one?

60 INT. LIVING ROOM - JOHN HUNT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

60

John Hunt BURSTS THROUGH the front door, narrowly dodging his kids, setting a BIG FILING BOX down on the kitchen table.

He runs back out, and returns with a second box that he sets down atop the first and begins to open it. Maureen, sitting at that table going over a textbook, eyes this stuff with bemusement. *
*

61 INT. LIVING ROOM - JOHN HUNT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

61

John Hunt leans over a giant CORKBOARD laid out on his living room floor. Multiple state maps are pinned to it, representing a general layout of the Southwest. *

Abilene and Tyler Hunt are helping their 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.

ABILENE

Seventy eight...seventy nine...eighty.

John Hunt takes a sip from a beer bottle as Abbie sinks a pin into the spot on the map.

JOHN HUNT
(to Tyler)
Eighty. What's after eighty?

TYLER
I dunno.

JOHN HUNT
Yeah you do.

ABILENE
Eighty-one.

TYLER
Eighty-one.

JOHN HUNT
Eight-one. Barstow, Arizona.
Barstow. Barstowwwwwwww.

*
*
*

Tyler sinks the pin in.

*

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

ABILENE
The bad guy.

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

CAMERA zeroes in on CALIFORNIA...

62

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - POLICE STATION - DAY

62

Hunt and Lt. Kelley are presenting their case to the CAPTAIN. Offerman is in the office too. They are attempting to dramatically flip a blackboard around, but it gets stuck. He and Kelly finally manage to get it turned around. Offerman rolls his eyes.

LT. KELLY
There. Five states, 93 robberies,
two years.

*

CAPTAIN CALDER
And you think it's all the same
guys?

JOHN HUNT
Yes we do.

OFFERMAN

So how do the same three guys. Get
away. With all that?

*

JOHN HUNT
Good question. Gonna bring your mom
in later, figure maybe she can tell
us.

OFFERMAN
My mom's dead, dumbass.

JOHN HUNT
Since when?

OFFERMAN
Since last year.

LT. KELLEY
Shoot. Guess it's up to us then.

JOHN HUNT
You wanna know how they get away
with it? You remember my dad?

CAPTAIN CALDER
Yeah.

JOHN HUNT
Imagine him robbing a bank.

The Captain laughs.

JOHN HUNT (CONT'D)
That's how they get away with it.

CAPTAIN CALDER
So what do you want to do?

JOHN HUNT
What do we want to do?

CAPTAIN CALDER
Yeah.

JOHN HUNT
Well, we're gonna catch him.

LT. KELLEY
We're gonna catch him.

Forrest is driving.

He pulls off a country road and drives up a long driveway.

Up ahead, at the end of the driveway, is a big COUNTRY HOUSE presiding over a magnificent plot of land. Adjacent to the house are stables and a small barn.

64

EXT. JEWEL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

64

He gets out of the car and walks up to the house. A DOG named INDY runs out to greet him.

Followed by Jewel.

FORREST

I thought I took a wrong turn.

JEWEL
Nope. This is me.

*

65 INT. JEWEL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

65

Jewel shows him her house. It's big, cozy, full of projects in-progress. The wall by the staircase is mostly stripped of wallpaper, and on the plaster is a big cursive signature in pencil.

JEWEL
It looks terrible right now because I started stripping the paper off thinking I would change it - and then I found this on the plaster and now I'm afraid to cover it back up. This is the man who built this house. I looked it up and that was his name. He signed his name almost 100 years ago and it's still there.

*

*

*

*

They get to the kitchen, where there's a big table with a bunch of soap-making stuff on it.

JEWEL (CONT'D)
That's where I'm making soap.

FORREST
You make soap?

66 INT./EXT. STABLES - DAY

66

*

Jewel and Forrest are in the stables with her three horses - Clementine, Wiley and Dorothy Jean. Forrest is focusing on Dorothy Jean. She keeps nudging Forrest's hand. She likes the attention.

JEWEL
I've had Wiley here since he was born. And Clementine we bought from our neighbors, and I fell in love with her right away...

Forrest bends down to scrape some mud off his shoe with a stick, and then stands upright and looks over the horizon. Jewel's land stretches out as far as the eye can see.

FORREST
This all belongs to you, huh?

JEWEL

Yeah. My kids keep telling me to
sell it but...I love it. They say
it's too expensive or that...I
can't handle it on my own. I say
come out and give me a hand, then.
I'm not going anywhere.

*
*
*
*
*

She looks at him for a moment, pausing before voicing a concern:

JEWEL (CONT'D)

You're not married are you?

FORREST

No. I was once. But we were real
young.

JEWEL

Did you have any kids?

FORREST

I hope not.

67

EXT. JEWEL'S HOUSE - DAY

67

Forrest and Jewel are sitting on the front porch. Drinking whiskey and watching the wind blow through the trees. Indy sits at Jewel's feet.

FORREST

Do you miss him?

*
*

JEWEL

Sure. But...we were married when we
were nineteen. And then the kids
came and...you lose track of
yourself sometimes. Or at least I
do. And it's so easy to just assume
everything is fine, that this is
fine, this is the way things are
supposed to be.

*

(MORE)

JEWEL (CONT'D)

You spend so much time thinking you're happy and then you wake up one morning and realize that, oh, maybe you aren't. Maybe you never were in the first place. Maybe you don't even know what that means. And then something happens, like you lose someone, or even just your kids grow and move out, and then it's what do you have left, you know? So yes, I miss him and there's a part of me that always will but...I think..now it's okay for me to be selfish. Because you think about - like ten years from now, where will you be, what'll you be doing, you know? There was a time where ten years, it was a lot, but now...now whenever I close a door I wonder: was that the last time I'll have a chance to do whatever that thing was?

Another long silence.

FORREST

You know what I do when those doors close?

JEWEL

What's that?

FORREST

I climb out the window.

She laughs.

FORREST (CONT'D)

And if I ever get worried and where I'm going, I think of 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? That little boy?

FORREST

He's getting closer every day.

WALLER (CONT'D)

I was a little drunk so I had to
come thru a high window and the
Christmas tree was blocking my
entrance..so I am squeezing thru
the window and balancing my self
using the tree as a crutch and the
decorations are clanging and
falling and then I hear FREEZE!
FREEZE! ...and I look thru the
tinsel and there is my stepfather
in full uniform, in combat
position, both hands on his service
revolver, ready to squeeze one off
and well it was not a great way to
begin and things only got worse
from there...and so that is why I
hate Christmas.

TEDDY GREEN

You want to get away with something
big, though...you wait until the
holidays. Everyone's a little more
forgiving, a little more
generous...a little more ready to
look the other way.

FORREST

Tell me something.

WALLER

What's that?

FORREST

Tell me more about St. Louis.

Waller chuckles and downs his shot.

WALLER

Buy me another drink and I'll tell
you all about it.

71 INT. FORREST'S CAR / HIGHWAY - DAWN 71

Now Forrest is asleep in his car. Blanket pulled up over his shoulders, hat pulled over the brim of his eyes.

An EIGHTEEN WHEELER roars by out his window.

He sits up.

Pulls out a watch. The source of that ticking. Looks at it.

It's cold an quiet and lonely, but somehow cozy at the same time.

He climbs into the front seat. Starts the engine. Steps on the gas.

The engine BACKFIRES.

72 INT. MISSOURI DINER - MORNING 72

The sun has come up now. Forrest sits in a booth at some downtown breakfast joint. A waitress named MARLA with a ray-of-sunshine face fills his cup of coffee. *

MARLA THE WAITRESS

Late night or early morning?

FORREST

Little bit of both.

She winks at him. *

Forrest holds the coffee, letting it warm his hands.

The door chimes. Teddy and Waller enter. They sit down opposite Forrest. *

WALLER

(to waitress)

Ma'am? Ma'am. Two more coffees please. *

FORREST
How was the drive?

TEDDY GREEN
They keep getting longer. *

WALLER
He didn't like my book on tape.

73 EXT. DOWNTOWN ST. LOUIS - MORNING 73

LONG LENS ON: Forrest stands, alone, cut out against the sky. He's on a rooftop, looking down at the street below.

LONG ZOOM OUT, until Forrest is just a tiny dot on the horizontal edge of a rooftop, backed up against the morning sky.

74 EXT. ROOFTOP / DOWNTOWN ST. LOUIS - CONTINUOUS 74

Now we're with Forrest, and we see what he's looking at. It's a BANK. A big one, big downtown branch in an old stone building that looks like it could withstand an army. *

Teddy is up there. So is Waller. *

FORREST
It's big. *

TEDDY GREEN
Real big. *

Teddy has a camera with a long lens. He snaps a few pictures.

Forrest sees an ARMORED TRUCK pull up in front of the bank.

He looks at his watch, takes note of the time, and then jots it down in his little notebook.

He watches as TWO GUARDS get out of the back of the truck and head into the bank with an empty hand truck. Something about that strikes his interest. Waller and Teddy see it too.

75 INT. ST. LOUIS BANK - DAY 75

Forrest and Teddy are casing the bank on the inside now. Waller is there too. It's big and imposing, with high ceilings and marble columns. Footsteps echo everywhere. It feels more like Grand Central Station than a bank. *

Forrest stands at the deposit slip island, pretending to fill out a slip, writing notes instead.

His gaze passes to Teddy...

...then to Waller...and then to the SECURITY CAMERAS.

Then he walks up to the counter, quietly COUNTING HIS STEPS as he goes. One...two...three..four...

A teller named ANGELA is waiting. He gives her a personal check.

FORREST

Can I cash this check here?

ANGELA THE TELLER

Certainly. Will that be all?

FORREST

Yes ma'am. Thank you.

She turns to her register.

To his left, Forrest can see the VAULT...

...just as the BRINKS GUARDS walk out. He pays close attention to them. To their uniforms, to the way they walk, to the path they take, to the HAND TRUCK laden with black bags of cash and the way they nod to the SECURITY GUARD on site as they PASS THROUGH...

Then, as he follows them, his gaze falls upon a YOUNG COUPLE, talking to a bank employee in a little cubicle. It looks like they're buying a house.

He can't help but look at them. He watches them for a long time. CAMERA ZOOMS IN. Before too long we can hear their conversation.

They're talking about THEIR FUTURE.

ANGELA THE TELLER

Sir? Sir? Here's your cash.

He turns back to Angela as she passes him his cash and receipt.

76

INT. FORREST'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

76

They circle the bank in Forrest's car. *

FORREST *

What do you think? *

TEDDY GREEN *

I'm not sure yet. *

(MORE) *

TEDDY GREEN (CONT'D)

They drive past the Brinks truck.

WALLER

What I wanna know is how much they
got in those trucks.

Forrest looks at the truck.

77

INT. TEDDY'S SHITTY MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

77

The three guys sit back in the motel room, drinking beers and looking over Forrest's handdrawn map of the bank and downtown and BLUEPRINTS of the bank itself. The TV is on in the corner. There's some old movie playing, some late-night Western.

TEDDY GREEN

You really think we can do it?

WALLER

We could probably do it.

TEDDY GREEN

We could probably do anything we
set our minds to. I'm just saying:
it sounds like we're showing off.

WALLER

Okay! Hell! Let's show off then.
We been doing the same score, over
and over and over. My bones are
starting to hurt, man. I'm sixty
seven years old. I gotta start
thinking about my future.

TEDDY GREEN

What do you think, Forrest? You
think we can pull it off?

*
*

FORREST

Probably.

He gets up.

TEDDY GREEN

Probably. Probably. You forget all
about Paterson? Probably didn't get
you too far then.

FORREST

Difference between now and then is
now - now I know what I'm doing.

TEDDY GREEN

I know too. But I also know what
I'm capable of. And these days...
those are two different things. *

FORREST

Maybe we'll lay low after this. *

TEDDY GREEN

You. Laying low. That's funny.

WALLER

Yeah, that's why everyone's
laughing.

Forrest does laugh.

FORREST

I'll think about it. *

He steps out of the room.

78 **EXT. SHITTY MOTEL - CONTINUOUS**

78

He shuts the door behind him and walks down the second story
walkway to his own room. It's all the way down on the other
side of the building, making for a long, leisurely walk.

Down in the parking lot he sees man and woman arguing near a
truck. They look like they just came from a heavy metal show.

He unlocks the door to his room.

79 **INT. FORREST'S SHITTY MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

79

He enters the room. He switches on the TV. That same movie is
on. He switches through channels until he lands on the NEWS.
Weather report.

He takes off his jacket and hangs it in the closet.

Something on the NEWS catches his attention.

NEWS ANCHOR

We go now to Dallas, Texas, where police from multiple states have traced a string of dozens of bank robberies across multiple states to a band of highly skilled robbers. Making this crime spree even more unprecedented? These suspects a little bit older than your average criminal.

Forrest moves to the edge of the bed so as to see the TV better...

ECU on TV: John Hunt and Lt. Kelley are being interviewed.

JOHN HUNT

*Yeah, we've got them figured
somewhere between sixty and seventy
years old. We call 'em the Over-The-
Hill Gang.*

REPORTER

Good name.

JOHN HUNT

Thanks. I came up with it.

*

The camera shows a group of detectives all gathered together in a conference room, reviewing case files. A COMPOSITE SKETCH is shown on screen - a strikingly accurate representation of Forrest Tucker.

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 and Little
Rock. We've got some gentlemen from
the FBI here too. We're all just
putting our heads together,
comparing notes, stacking up
clues...seeing if we can't work
together to nab these guys.*

LT. KELLEY

*We all grew up playing cops and
robbers. Now we come into the
office, go out on the streets,
sometimes it feels like we're doing
the same thing. It's all fun and
games until they stick a gun in
someone's face and then you
remember - we've got a job to do.*

REPORTER

*Now, old men, robbing banks - it
seems like they would be fairly
conspicuous. Any idea on how have
they gotten away with it for so
long?*

JOHN HUNT

*Well frankly - these guys have way
more experience robbing banks than
we do catching them. But I think
we're getting up to speed.*

REPORTER

*Think you'll be the one to catch
them?*

JOHN HUNT

*I'm sure any one of these folks
here would be happy to do the job,
but sure - I won't lie. I'd love to
finish the job and slap the cuffs
on them myself. I hope that
happens. I hope I have that chance.*

REPORTER

*Here's hoping time doesn't catch up
with them before you do.*

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Thank you, Detectives.

JOHN HUNT

Thank you.

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 Hunt with fire in his eyes.

He sits there for a while.

Then he rises.

He grabs his jacket and puts it back on.

He walks out of his room.

80 **EXT. MOTEL / INT. TEDDY'S SHITTY MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS** 80

He walks back down the long walkway.

The couple he noticed earlier have made up and are making out against the back bumper of the truck.

He makes it to Teddy's room and knocks.

The door opens. It's Teddy.

TEDDY GREEN

Back already? *

FORREST

Yep. I thought about it. *

TEDDY GREEN *

And? *

On the TV, a bunch of cowboys UNLOAD THEIR PISTOLS. *

81 **OMITTED** 81 *82 **EXT. ST. LOUIS STREET / HOT CAR - EARLY MORNING** 82

It's early morning.

Chilly MIST billowing through the air, obscuring everything.

Waller walks down the street. *

He's looking for a new car. *

He tries the handle on one, but it's locked. *

He finds another. Looks good. Isn't locked. *

He gets in the car. Shuts the door. The sounds of the outside world fall away. The car windows are misted over. *

Waller pries open the steering column with a screwdriver.

Quickly, delicately, he HOTWIRES the car, striking the ignition wires together. As the car starts up, the STEREO KICKS ON, blaring something loud and jarring. He quickly turns it off. Now the only sound is the car, purring smooth and strong.

83 INT. JOHN HUNT'S HOUSE - MORNING

83

John Hunt and Maureen are in bed, giggling, making out. Early morning.

The BEEPER on the bedside table goes off.

John grabs it, looks at it, and then sets it aside.

A moment later, the PHONE by the bed rings.

They both groan. He answers it.

JOHN HUNT

Hello?

(beat)

Hey, what's up...

Suddenly he bolts upright.

JOHN HUNT (CONT'D)

You've gotta be kidding me.

84 EXT. / INT. ST. LOUIS BANK - DAY

84

That big bank is a crime scene now. Lots of people talking, taking pictures. John Hunt walks from the outside in, following a ST. LOUIS DETECTIVE (DET. WAINWRIGHT).

DET. WAINWRIGHT
You can see it on the tapes. They
just sweep right in, lock step
behind the guards, just escorting
them to the vaults. Half the people
here didn't even know it was
happening until...well...

There is broken glass on the floor, a trail of MONEY, which
distracts Hunt.

Detective Wainwright pauses, notices he's distracted...

DET. WAINWRIGHT (CONT'D)
Detective Hunt?

JOHN HUNT
Yeah.

DET. WAINWRIGHT
This way.

Another cop says:

OFFICER TIM
Who's this - is this John Hunt?

DET. WAINWRIGHT
Yeah.

OFFICER TIM
You're the talk of the town this
morning, Detective.

They pass a SECURITY GUARD (CLAYTON) who is being interviewed
by a police officer (OFFICER WALSH)...

OFFICER WALSH
I'm sorry to make you go over this
so many times, but - first you
followed them into the street -

SECURITY GUARD CLAYTON
Yes.

OFFICER WALSH
- and that's when you fired?

SECURITY GUARD CLAYTON
Yeah. Like I said. Two times...

*

OFFICER WALSH
And they fired back?

SECURITY GUARD CLAYTON
No sir, no they did not. They just
drove away as fast as they could.

*

*

85 INT. TEDDY'S SHITTY MOTEL ROOM - DAY

85

*

Teddy, Waller and Forrest are all crammed in the bathroom. Teddy's shirt is hiked up above his waist. There's a BLOODY HOLE in his side, which Waller is in the process of stitching up. Forrest is holding a little bottle of whiskey over the wound.

FORREST
Ready? Ready?

Forrest pours alcohol over the wound and then Waller presses gauze to improvised sutures.

Teddy breathes through the pain.

TEDDY GREEN
Took off one of my love handles.

WALLER
Eh, you still got plenty to work
with.

86 INT. ST. LOUIS BANK - CONTINUOUS

86

John Hunt makes it to the VAULT. It's clearly been plundered.

JOHN HUNT
Gold.

*

*

DET. WAINWRIGHT
Gold.

*

*

JOHN HUNT
What are they gonna do with gold?

*

*

DET. WAINWRIGHT
You tell me. They'd have gotten
away with it, too, if one of 'em
hadn't stopped to leave this.

*

*

*

The detective points to: a plastic evidence baggie.

*

In it is a 100 DOLLAR BILL.

Hunt looks at it.

Written at the top of the bill in small print are the words:

TO DETECTIVE JOHN HUNT: GOOD LUCK. SINCERELY, THE OVER-THE-HILL GANG.

*

87 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 87

Forrest Tucker's CUTLASS cuts across a long beautiful stretch of country road.

88 INT. FORREST'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 88

Forrest listens to the NEWS on the radio as he drives.

RADIO NEWS

...the three men entered the vault dressed as armored truck drivers. Reports put the amount stolen in excess of three hundred thousand dollars. One of the perpetrators is believed to have been injured when a security guard fired on -

He shuts it off and looks to the back seat...

...where TEDDY is laying, hand on his side.

FORREST

How you holding up?

TEDDY GREEN

I'm all right.

(beat)

We almost did it, didn't we?

FORREST

We did do it.

CAMERA TRACKS INTO THE TRUNK, where a HUGE DUFFLE BAG sits alongside Forrest's classic briefcase...

89 INT. FORREST'S HOUSE - DAY 89

Forrest, Waller and Forrest sit in Forrest's house. They're looking at the contents of that bag. A warm glow reflects on their faces.

WALLER

Well.

TEDDY GREEN

That's that, isn't it? *

FORREST *

That's that. *

90 INT. FORREST'S HOUSE - DAY

90

Waller helps Teddy to his car. Teddy looks back to Forrest
one last time before he shuts the door. *

FORREST *

Teddy... *

Teddy looks up. *

FORREST (CONT'D) *

I'm sorry. *

TEDDY GREEN *

I'll see you on the next one. *

Teddy and Waller get in their car. *

Forrest watches them drive off. *

91 INT. WALLER'S CAR - DAY

91

Waller drives. Teddy sits in the passenger seat, sitting
back, resting.

Waller glances at him, and then turns his eyes back to the
road.

CAMERA follows his gaze and turns to the road too. Stretching
on in front of them.

92 OMITTED

92 *

93 EXT. FIELDS - DAY

93

A beautiful day in the country. Green hills, gentle wind.

Forest stands at a fence on the edge of Jewel's property,
wind rustling his hair as he leans against the slats, looking
out to the land.

Jewel is riding out and back again. A silhouette on the horizon, coming into focus. She's a natural rider, knows what she's doing.

Finally she returns to the fence, sidling up to Forrest and looking down at him from above. Her cheeks are flushed and she's smiling broadly. In her element.

JEWEL

You sure you don't want to try?

FORREST

Maybe later.

JEWEL

Are you scared? I thought this was on your list.

FORREST

Oh, still is.

She laughs, and heads out again. Hooves thundering, then diminishing. He watches her go. Admiring her. A little bit enchanted.

94

INT. DINING ROOM - JEWEL'S HOUSE - DAY

94

Jewel is outside the house, taking her muddy boots off - Forrest can see her through the windows.

He steals a peek at her open mail on the kitchen table.

He sees a bill from the bank. He can't make heads or tails of it - has never seen a mortgage payment in his life - but he takes note of the bank name: TEXAS LOAN & COMMERCE.

And below that stack of mail he sees the morning's NEWSPAPER with the headline: COPS CLOSE IN ON OVER-THE-HILL GANG.

He picks it up to get a closer look.

There's a picture of John Hunt there, posing with Lt. Kelley and other detectives.

Jewel returns. Forrest fold the paper over and sets it down.

JEWEL

What'd you find?

FORREST

Just catching up on the news.

He's not sure if she's seen that article or not.

JEWEL

What's going on with the world?

FORREST

Still turning.

She doesn't mention the article. He doesn't mention it any further, but he does look down and see John Hunt's picture one more time...

FADE TO:

95

INT. RANDOM OFFICE - POLICE STATION - DAY

95

John Hunt sits in an office, opposite three FBI Agents - AGENT MORTON and AGENT RICK.

AGENT MORTON

You know the bureau was actually put together to catch guys like these?

AGENT RICK

One man war. There was Dillinger - who else?

AGENT MORTON

Dillinger and a bunch of other guys like 'em.

AGENT RICK

The point is: you've done your part, John. You did a good job.

JOHN HUNT

Thank you.

AGENT RICK

Hard part's over. Now it's the part where we bring this home.

JOHN HUNT

Or this is the part where I remember one little clue - one little piece that makes the whole thing click into place and you say, thank you John. You cracked the case. You caught the bad guy. That's good work.

AGENT MORTON

You remember something?

JOHN HUNT

No.

- 95A OMITTED 95A
- 96 EXT. TEXAS LOAN & COMMERCE BANK - DAY 96
- Forrest walks towards a bank. Striding right up to it, eye on the prize. The usual routine it seems.
- 97 INT. TEXAS LOAN & COMMERCE BANK - CONTINUOUS 97
- Forrest enters the bank. He looks around.
- He finds the manager (MRS. PHILIPS). Still his usual routine.
- FORREST
Excuse me. Are you the manager?
- MRS. PHILIPS
Yes, that's me.
- 98 INT. TEXAS LOAN & COMMERCE BANK - MOMENTS LATER 98
- Now they sit in a cubicle on the office floor. Turns out it's not the same routine after all. Forrest actually seems nervous. He keeps shifting in his seat.
- MRS. PHILIPS
You want to take over the mortgage?
- FORREST
I just want to pay for it all up front.
- MRS. PHILIPS
Well, that could certainly be done, but she would need to come in and sign over the -
- FORREST
No, I want to do it like a surprise.
- MRS. PHILIPS
I see.

FORREST

I just want to give you some money
and she'd never know.

MRS. PHILIPS

Well, that's a heck of a Christmas
present. So you have a few options.
One is you could make a gift to
her. The other is she could sign
the property over to you and -

FORREST

No, no. I don't want to do that. I
just want to pay for it all. I
don't want to trouble her with it
or for her to know or...

MRS. PHILIPS

Well, she'll know one way or
another.

FORREST

What if I have the money here right
now?

MRS. PHILIPS

Right now?

FORREST

Yes.

MRS. PHILIPS

You have it?

FORREST

No. But what if I did?

MRS. PHILIPS

She'd still need to come in and
sign off on the paperwork.

FORREST

Okay.

MRS. PHILIPS

It would be very easy. Just a bit
of quick paperwork.

FORREST

But I can't do it right now.

MRS. PHILIPS

No.

FORREST

Okay. Thank you.

He gets up. As he leaves, the bank continues with its day to day activities. We HOLD ON IT for an unreasonable amount of time.

99 **EXT. TEXAS LOAN & COMMERCE BANK - DAY** 99

Forrest walks back out of the bank. First time in his life he's just walked out of a bank with nothing.

99A **INT. JEWELRY STORE / MALL - LATER** 99A

Forrest and Jewel stand by a jewelry counter at a department store.

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 BRACELET.

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 the store...

They make it the exit of the department store...

...into the rest of the mall. It's busy. 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.

But then she STOPS. She looks at all the people passing.

Forrest stops with her. She looks at him, and then wordlessly turns back towards the jewelry store.

The two of them walk back the way they came. Jewel's pace is more decisive, less anxious. She glances up at Forrest and he meets her gaze. He's got a pretty good idea what she's thinking.

They make it all the way back to the counter at the store. Jewel gets the attention of the sales clerk as she unfastens the bracelet.

JEWEL

Excuse me, ma'am? I'm sorry...I wasn't thinking, I just walked off without...

SALESWOMAN

Oh!

JEWEL

I'll take it, though.

Another glance at Forrest. He chuckles, and pulls out his wallet.

FORREST

How much?

Jewel beams.

100

INT. FORREST'S HOUSE - DAY

100

Forrest just entering the house when the TELEPHONE rings.

*

FORREST

Hello?

Waller's voice comes through on the other end.

WALLER (O.S.)

Hey. It's me.

100

INT. FORREST'S HOUSE - DAY

100

Forrest just entering the house when the TELEPHONE rings.

*

FORREST

Hello?

Waller's voice comes through on the other end.

WALLER (O.S.)

Hey. It's me.

FORREST
You can't call here.

WALLER (O.S.)
I know. *

FORREST
Where are you?

WALLER (O.S.)
In Baja. *

FORREST
How is it?

WALLER (O.S.)
I hate it. There's too much fucking
sunshine. *

(beat)
Listen, have you heard from Teddy?

FORREST
No.

WALLER (O.S.)
...Okay. *

FORREST
Should I have?

WALLER (O.S.)
Probably nothing. I dropped him in
San Antone. He got himself a car
and was gonna meet me here on
Monday. Now it's Friday and he
hasn't shown up. *

(beat)
So you haven't heard from him.

FORREST
No.

WALLER (O.S.)
Okay. If you do tell him...I don't
know, tell him I'm going to San
Miguel. And if he doesn't find me
there, he's on his own. *

(beat)
Okay?

FORREST
Okay.

WALLER (O.S.)
Don't worry, bud. I won't call
again.

FORREST
Enjoy the sunshine.

WALLER (O.S.)
I'll try.

He hangs up. So does Forrest.

101

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - POLICE STATION - DAY

101

In the CAPTAIN'S OFFICE, John Hunt is being dressed down.

JOHN HUNT
You're moving me to homicide?

CAPTAIN CALDER
Congratulations.

JOHN HUNT
Yeah, but...

CAPTAIN CALDER
No buts. Got too many buts already
today. Nothin' but buts. Think of
it as a step up.

JOHN HUNT
To what?

102

INT. BULLPEN - POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

102

John Hunt is packing up his desk. Lt. Kelly watches from the
other side of the desk

LT. KELLEY
Don't look so sad, man. I'll be
right down the hall if you need me.
Except when I'm out having fun.
Having car chases. Wearing
disguises. All our usual stuff. But
I'll come visit you all the time.
I'll send you letters. Christmas
Cards. Valentines...

John Hunt grabs a stack of mail. There's a YELLOW ENVELOPE
amongst it, the kind you'd send a birthday card in. His name
is written neatly across the front.

He slits the envelope open and slides a letter out.

But with it comes a PHOTOGRAPH, which flutters to the floor.

He bends to pick it up and freezes.

The photograph is of FORREST TUCKER.

Younger, smiling, posing for the camera with a woman and a baby, but unmistakably him. The same guy he saw in the bank.

John Hunt is electrified.

He looks around to see if anyone else has seen this. Lt. Kelly isn't really paying attention.

LT. KELLEY (CONT'D)
What's that?

JOHN HUNT
...nothing...

He leans over in his chair. Looking CLOSER at that picture.

The sound of an AIRPLANE fades in...

103 **EXT. AIRPORT - MORNING** 103

An AIRPLANE touches down at the San Francisco International Airport.

104 **INT. TAXI CAB - MORNING** 104

John Hunt sits in the back of a cab, watching a new city drift by. The envelope is in his hand. *

105A **EXT. DOROTHY'S HOUSE - DAY** 105A

The cab pulls up to a tall blue house. John Hunt gets out.

He goes to the door and knocks. *

A WOMAN answers. In her 30s. Her name is... *

JOHN HUNT
Dorothy? *

105 **INT. DOROTHY'S HOUSE - DAY** 105

That picture of Forrest now sits on a KITCHEN TABLE.

On one side of the table is John Hunt. On the other is a Dorothy. *

There is a little boy (ROBBIE, 4) playing in the background. *

JOHN HUNT
You mind if I record this?

DOROTHY

No, go ahead.

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

JOHN HUNT

Okay. Sorry, keep going.

DOROTHY

He and my mom were only together for two years. I never met him, that I can recall. By the time I was born he was in prison. My brother says he remembers him a little bit but...I don't know if he does or he just thinks he does. You hear a story and you see a picture and you put the two together and...
(beat)

She told us all sorts of stories about him and they never really added up, but we were kids so...if he was sailing the high seas one year and off to war the next it really didn't make any difference. That was just dad. He was off doing stuff and someday he'd come back to see us. But then when I was fifteen, I guess he was gonna get paroled so she sat us down and told us the truth, just in case he ever came looking for us. Which he never did. So...

She shrugs.

JOHN HUNT

Never called or wrote?

DOROTHY

Nope. I mean, he might not even know I exist, for all I know.

JOHN HUNT

And he's a grandpa.

DOROTHY

Yep. Guess he is.

JOHN HUNT

What's his name?

*

DOROTHY

That's Robbie. You want to come say hi Robbie?

JOHN HUNT

I got a little boy about his age.

DOROTHY

So are you gonna catch him?

JOHN HUNT

I'm working on it.

DOROTHY

If you do - I don't want to see him
or have to come in to pick him out
of a lineup. Is that okay?

JOHN HUNT

Yeah.

DOROTHY

I didn't expect you to come all the
way here or anything. I just saw
the drawing in the paper and
thought: well, that looks like my
dad. And I think he should be
locked up. Mama said, he'd always
tell her, oh, I'm a changed-man.
But then he'd always get out and go
do it all over again. And again.
And again. And even after all that
- she loved him til the day she
died.

(beat)

But he just looked the other way.
You know?

HOLD ON Dorothy's face.

106

INT. MARIN COUNTY DA'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

106

An ASSISTANT DA (STEPHEN BECKLEY, JR. ESQUIRE III) leads John
through an office, mostly closed for the afternoon. He's
carrying a BIG CARDBOARD BOX.

BECKLEY

I've hung onto all this ever since
I represented him. Figured I might
write a book about it someday...or
just tell my grandkids. He makes
for a good story any way you tell
it.

*
*
*
*
*
*

107

INT. MARIN COUNTY DA'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

107

That cardboard box SLAMS DOWN on a desk. A label on top of it
reads TUCKER, FORREST.

He opens the box, pulls out a file and sets it down in front of John.

John Hunt opens the file. Staring back at him, is Forrest Tucker's face, in mug-shot form.

BECKLEY
That the man you're looking for?

*

JOHN HUNT
I believe it is.

*

He shuffles through the files, making his way backwards.

*

JOHN HUNT (CONT'D)
Bicycle theft. Age 13. He got an
early start.

*

*

BECKLEY
Yeah. Spent his whole life locked
up. Except for the times he broke
out.

*

*

Back to the present, as John Hunt finds a picture of local
law enforcement gathered around the Rub-A-Dub-Dub.

BECKLEY (CONT'D)
Sixteen successful escapes and a
whole bunch more that were less
didn't work out quite so well.
He'll tell you all about 'em you
ever meet him. He'll tell you every
detail of every adventure he's ever
had, and probably some he didn't.

*

*

*

108 **EXT. HIGHWAY - FLASHBACK**

108

The ROAR of the open road.

Yellow stripes zooming down the middle of the road. The same
image we glimpsed before.

A gray 1955 CHEVY races down the blacktop. Open fields on all
sides.

109 **INT. MARIN COUNTY DA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

109

Back to the present.

JOHN HUNT
Sounds like he wasted a lot of
opportunity.

BECKLEY
Well, find something that makes you
happy...

Hunt keeps going. One mug-shot after another, each one a bit younger. It's like he's time traveling backwards through Forrest's life...

BECKLEY (CONT'D)

I got put on his case after he got caught in Montana. There was a robbery, which was to be expected, and a chase, which I learned was also not unusual. And he got caught, because he always got caught. Now, the cops said that when they got to the showdown - he opened fire on them. He claimed he didn't even have a gun, that it was his car backfiring. Which I believe was maybe half-true. He always had a gun on him but if you told me he'd never fired it in his life, I'd believe you. I remember, I sat down with him once and said, Forrest: surely there's a better way for a man in your position to make a living. And he said: brother, I'm not talking about making a living. I'm just talking about living.

*

Against some of this dialogue we see the following:

110

INT. 1955 CHEVY - FLASHBACK

110

Forrest is driving, looking happy as can be.

He looks into the rearview mirror and sees...

POLICE CARS. An entire PHALANX of them, probably ten or twenty. Their lights flashing through the dust on the road. They look a little like UFOs.

He wipes the sweat off his brow and squints against the harsh sunlight, and then he LAUGHS.

111

EXT. HIGHWAY / FIELDS - FLASHBACK CONTINUOUS

111

He veers off the highway, onto a little DIRT FARM ROAD cutting through a field. The car bumps wildly. It hits a ditch and in the tremendous JOLT, the TRUNK FLIES OPEN.

Cold hard cash flies from out of the trunk. It flutters in the air like confetti - a cloud of green exhaust.

112

INT. 1955 CHEVY - FLASHBACK CONTINUOUS

112

Forrest looks at this in dismay - that's a mighty stash lost to the wind back there. But he keeps going..

113 **EXT. FIELD / ROAD - FLASHBACK CONTINUOUS** 113

Forrest also turns, off the dirt road and back onto pavement on the opposite side of the field. He steps on the gas...

114 **INT. 1955 CHEVY - FLASHBACK CONTINUOUS** 114

...but that's when he sees the STATE TROOPER CARS on the highway in front of him. Pulling into formation, forming a BLOCKADE. They've got a spiked chain in the road and everything.

He slams on the brakes, gives the wheel an epic spin...

115 **EXT. ROAD - FLASHBACK CONTINUOUS** 115

...only to see the other cop cars pouring out of the field, off that same dirt road, a few stray hundreds trailing after them.

116 **INT. / EXT. 1955 CHEVY - FLASHBACK CONTINUOUS** 116

It's the end of the line for old Forrest. Which is exactly what the SHERIFF shouts into a megaphone from 50 feet away.

SHERIFF

End of the line, Forrest Tucker.

Forrest agrees. He throws his car in park.

And then he gets out.

117 **EXT. ROAD - FLASHBACK CONTINUOUS** 117

Every cop instantly pulls their gun. The sound of a thousand guns being pulled. A million kerchacks.

Forrest grins.

He gets out of the car...

...lifting his hands high...

...but then he forms a gun with his fingers...

...points it...

..and pulls the invisible trigger.

118

INT. JOHN HUNT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

118

Back to the present.

John Hunt unlocks the door and returns home.

He peeks into the kids room. They're asleep.

He goes into the kitchen and opens the fridge and takes out a beer.

There's a clock radio on the counter and he hits it, shuffling past the news until he finds some music.

He sits there in the dark having a drink and listening to music, and then Maureen emerges from the bedroom. *

MAUREEN

You find him?

JOHN HUNT

Sorta.

MAUREEN

What's that mean?

JOHN HUNT

I found out who he is.

MAUREEN

And?

JOHN HUNT

He's a guy. Who's old. But used to be young. And he really likes robbing banks.

MAUREEN

That's it?

JOHN HUNT

That's it.

MAUREEN

Just like you're a guy who's a cop who's gonna catch him?

John Hunt grins and sets his beer down and cranks up the radio.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

It's late.

JOHN HUNT
Not that late.

MAUREEN
The kids are asleep.

JOHN HUNT
They're fine. Let's go out. *

MAUREEN
What? *

JOHN HUNT
Can we get a babysitter? *

MAUREEN
It's one in the morning... *

JOHN HUNT
So? *

He takes her in his arms and starts to dance with her, right
there in the kitchen. *

MAUREEN
What's up with you?

JOHN HUNT
I'm just feeling like...I don't
know what I'm feeling. I'm just
feeling something. *

MAUREEN
Don't you need to call someone?

JOHN HUNT
For what?

MAUREEN
To tell 'em you know who he is?

JOHN HUNT
Tomorrow. I'll tell them tomorrow.
Tonight he's all mine.

She laughs and they keep dancing.

FADE TO BLACK.

HOLD ON BLACK.

119

INT. BLUE JAY CAFE - NIGHT

119

The door chimes. John Hunt and Maureen walk into a very familiar-looking diner. *

They head to the counter, passing the waitress at the checkout stand. *

WAITRESS
Give me a second and we'll find a table for you... *

JOHN HUNT
Can we just sit at the counter there? *

WAITRESS
Absolutely. *

They sit down. *

JOHN HUNT
Is this where we sat? *

MAUREEN
I think it was that one. *

JOHN HUNT
Close enough. *

CAMERA ZOOMS PAST THEM.... *

...to find Forrest and Jewel sitting in their usual booth. He sees John Hunt and is momentarily distracted. *

JEWEL
Hey... *

FORREST
Hmmm?

JEWEL
You look like you'd drifted off to space.

Forrest nods.

FORREST
You wanna get out of here?

JEWEL
We just ordered.

FORREST
No, I mean, like really get out of here. Take a trip somewhere.

JEWEL
Like what, a vacation?

FORREST
Yeah.

Jewel isn't sure how to take this.

JEWEL
Oh...I don't know. I've got the animals to take care of and -

FORREST
But say that's not a problem. Would you want to?

JEWEL
(with a smile)
Maybe.

FORREST
Okay. And don't worry - we can get out of here too.

A short while later, John and Maureen are drinking milkshakes like two teenagers out on a first date at a soda counter.

MAUREEN
I had this idea in my head that when you walked through the doors, everyone was gonna stand up and give you a round of applause.
(MORE)

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

And you'd walk down the aisles all proud, sorta like - when I was little I would be writing a book report -

JOHN HUNT

Why's it always come back to you and book reports? How many book reports did you write in school?

MAUREEN

- and I'd imagine that there would be a little stage for me to stand on and the whole class would clap at the end. But no one cared. There was no stage and I just got up and read it and sat down and I did a good job and the day went on.

JOHN HUNT

Well, that's sad. And I got news
for you. Everyone clapped. For me.
Everyone clapped for me.

MAUREEN

Well good for you.

JOHN HUNT

Yep. How's this taste?

MAUREEN

Good.

JOHN HUNT

Lemme try, I don't like mine.

He uses his straw to take a sip of Maureen's milkshake. When
he pulls it out gets ice cream all over his shirt and tie.
She laughs.

*

120

INT. VESTIBULE / BLUE JAY CAFE - NIGHT

120

John Hunt is in the vestibule just outside of the men's room,
looking at the mirror on the wall, trying to straighten his
tie, which he's just washed.

FORREST

Hey, didn't I see you on TV?

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.

John Hunt looks like he's seen a ghost. He recognizes Forrest...

...but Forrest doesn't realize this.

JOHN HUNT
Maybe.

FORREST
I thought so. With the - what do you call them - the gang, the Over The Hill Gang.

JOHN HUNT
Yep.

FORREST
You catch 'em?

JOHN HUNT
Not yet.

FORREST
You close?

JOHN HUNT
Getting there.

FORREST
Can I help you with that?

It takes John a moment to realize that Forrest is talking about his tie.

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, completely unaware that John Hunt knows exactly who he is.

FORREST (CONT'D)
Learned how to do this in Catholic school.

Forrest tightens the knot.

FORREST (CONT'D)
There you go. Looking sharp. You got a gal with you?

JOHN HUNT
Yeah. Yeah, I do. My wife.

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 pats John on the shoulder and heads into the men's room.
Just before the door shuts... *

JOHN HUNT *

Forrest Tucker. *

Forrest turns. *

JOHN HUNT (CONT'D) *

I know who you are. *

Forrest regards him for a moment, and then shuts the door. *

John Hunt stands there for a moment...

...and then snaps out of his momentary daze and leaves.

121

INT. BLUE JAY CAFE - CONTINUOUS

121

John Hunt walks out of the vestibule just in time to see the
front door closing, with its little bell chime. Forrest and
Jewel are nowhere to be seen.

He sits down at the counter for a second. Puts his head in
his hand and scrunches up his face like he has brainfreeze.

MAUREEN

What is it?

JOHN HUNT

Errrr.....

MAUREEN

What?

John sits up, practically bleary-eyed, and looks towards the
restroom door.

Forrest still hasn't emerged.

John Hunt steels up some deeply rooted sense of
righteousness, gets up from the table with fists balled up.
He HEADS BACK...

- 121A **INT. VESTIBULE / BLUE JAY CAFE - CONTINUOUS** 121A
- INTO the vestibule, where he
OPENS the Men's Room Door, only to find...
It's empty.
Forrest has flown the coop.
John looks to his left. Past the women's room to...
THE BACK EXIT.
He hurries out, pushing the door open and stepping into...
- 121B **EXT. BACK PARKING LOT / BLUE JAY CAFE - CONTINUOUS** 121B
- He stands there in the back, under the solitary street light.
He's completely alone.
No sign of Forrest anywhere.
- 122 **INT. / EXT. FORREST'S CAR - NIGHT** 122
- Forest and Jewel are driving now. Silently.

Jewel is watching Forrest. Wondering. 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.

123 **EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT** 123

Forrest fills up the gas tank.

He goes to the little convenience store to pay.

While she waits, Jewel glances at the glove compartment.

She opens it and sees the GUN in there.

She stares at it. Her face tightens a bit. *

She shuts the glove compartment again before he returns. *

124 **EXT. JEWEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT** 124

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 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.

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.

125 **INT. JEWEL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS** 125

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

126 **INT. FORREST'S CAR - CONTINUOUS** 126

Forrest is maybe having a similar thought. *

127 **INT. JEWEL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS** 127

Jewel waits a moment more. She can hear his engine idling outside. She opens the door again... *

...to find Forrest striding towards her.

He walks right up to her and they kiss. The light from the house and the barn across the drive casts them in silhouette. A romantic moment, cloaked in mystery.

Still, no words are exchanged.

He pulls away. His face comes into the light. He's confident, assured.

She is not. But if he recognizes this, he doesn't acknowledge it. Instead, ever the gentleman, he tips his hat and strides away.

The engine starts up, the car pulls away. Red taillights on her face.

The door shuts for good.

128 **INT. JEWEL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS** 128

Jewel walks deeper into the house.

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's so lost in thought that she doesn't even notice that the water is OVERFLOWING.

She sets it down on the burner and then walks over to her table. She sits down there and looks out the window.

129 **INT. FORREST'S CAR - NIGHT** 129

Forrest drives home.

He rolls down the window. Letting the breeze ripple through his hair once more.

130 **EXT. FORREST'S HOUSE - NIGHT** 130

Forrest pulls up to his house. As he's getting out of the car, he looks up at the house.

Something is not right.

TEDDY is sitting on the front porch. He stands as Forrest notices him.

*
*

Forrest is confused. He smiles a little bit and is about to open his mouth to say something.

And then a LIGHT TURNS ON BEHIND HIM.

FBI AGENT SUMMERS
Forrest Tucker, you are under
arrest. Get out of the car!

*

The house is surrounded by FBI AGENTS. They're emerging from the shadows, getting out of unmarked cars, coming from around the side of the house.

FBI AGENT SUMMERS (CONT'D) *
Get out of the car with your hands *
up now! *

Teddy is aghast. There are agents rushing up to the porch, slapping handcuffs on him... *

Forrest ducks back INTO THE CAR and KEYS THE IGNITION. *

FBI AGENT SUMMERS (CONT'D) *
Stop! Don't - *

His engine BACKFIRES.

131 **EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS** 131

A block away.

GUNFIRE ERUPTS in the distance.

Then the sound of a SCREECHING CAR.

A moment later and Forrest's car, perforated with bullet holes on one side, ZOOMS PAST US.

132 **INT. FORREST'S CAR - CONTINUOUS** 132

Forrest drives as fast as he can. Swerving around corners. He can hear sirens behind him. Somehow he manages to evade them.

He looks down. There's BLOOD coming from somewhere. He's been hit in the arm.

His front windshield is splintered from the gunfire. He can't see. The view out the window is a kaleidoscope of light and shadow.

133 **EXT. FORREST'S CAR - CONTINUOUS** 133

He pulls onto a busy road and quickly swerves over to the shoulder.

He doesn't waste a beat. He grabs his GUN from the glove compartment and gets out of the car.

134

EXT. FORREST'S CAR / BUSY STREET - CONTINUOUS

134

He steps into oncoming traffic and waves down the first car he sees. The headlights flood around him.

It's a shitty old HONDA. A woman (SANDY) is behind the wheel and her 8-year old son buckled into the backseat. She sees the blood on him. *

SANDY *

Oh my god, are you - what on earth happened? Are you hurt?

Forrest thinks fast. Even as she's trying to process the sight of this old man, Forrest is walking towards her, around to the passenger side...

FORREST

I need a ride, please, ma'am. I need to get to a hospital.

He opens the door and shuts the passenger seat and pulls the door shut.

SANDY *

Oh - okay...do you...oh my god...

She sees HIS GUN now. She steps on the gas. *

135

INT. / EXT. HONDA - CONTINUOUS

135

As they speed off down the road, Sandy notices the sirens ringing all around her. *

She looks to Forrest, who's crouching down extremely low in her seat. Too low for anyone else to see. She begins to realize exactly what's going on.

Her eyes fill with tears.

SANDY *

Please...my boy...

It takes Forrest a moment to process these words. Then it occurs to him to look into the backseat. For the first time, he sees the LITTLE BOY back there. Scrunched nervously in the corner, a few toy cars spread out on the seat beside him.

The boy meets his gaze dead on.

After a moment, Forrest turns back to the front, facing the open road ahead.

FORREST

Okay. Pull over here.

- 136 **EXT. STORE - NIGHT** 136
- The Honda drives away, leaving Sandy and her son in front of a well-lit grocery store. *
- The tail lights recede on their faces.
- 137 **INT. HONDA - NIGHT** 137
- The Honda is parked somewhere now. Somewhere like a parking lot, on the side of a building.
- Forrest takes his tie and wraps his arm with it, pulling it tight. Wincing as he does so.
- 138 **INT. HONDA - LATER** 138
- Forrest drives.
- The sound of Jackson C. Frank's *Blues Run The Game* come on.
- JACKSON C. FRANK
*Take a boat to England, baby,
 Take a boat to Spain
 Where I have been and gone
 Wherever I've been and gone
 Wherever I have been the blues
 remain the same*
- The song continues as he drives...
- 139 **EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT** 139
- Down the country road. Headlights cutting through the distance.
- The sky is starting to turn blue with the coming dawn.
- 140 **EXT. JEWEL'S HOUSE - DAWN** 140
- He pulls up to Jewel's house.

Gets out, goes to the front door. Tries the handle. It's locked.

He raises his hand to knock...

...and then freezes.

His hand drops.

He stands there on the porch for a moment. Looking around, trying to decide what to do next.

141

INT. STABLES - CONTINUOUS

141

He enters the stables and walks up to one of the horses. Dorothy Jean.

He strokes her nose, whispering to her. She tosses her head and neighs at him.

142

EXT. STABLES - MOMENTS LATER

142

He rides her out of the stables, out into the pasture.

He has a blanket pulled from the stables wrapped around his back.

The sun is just beginning to come up.

That Jackson C. Frank song is still going as he rides Dorothy Jean across the rolling fields of Jewel's land.

It seems to stretch out forever. Eventually he gets to a section of the wire fence that's TORN DOWN and rides through it.

He rides down the center of a dried up river bed. Following its bend.

Then he climbs out of it and rides to the top of a hill.

From here he can look out and see the land around him.

It seems like he's been riding much longer than he has. Feels like he shouldn't be able to see where he came from.

But no, he can still see Jewel's house, like a tiny miniature, way down in the distance.

And he can see the road...

...and the line of POLICE CARS driving down it. Six or seven of them, lights flashing, heading towards Jewel's house.

He stops riding and watches them come.

The song comes to an end.

FADE TO BLACK.

143

INT. BEDROOM - JOHN HUNT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

143

Maureen is in bed.

She can hear John Hunt in the kitchen, talking on the phone.

JOHN HUNT (O.C.)

Is he okay?

(beat)

Yes. Yeah, I understand. Thanks for letting me know. Goodnight.

She hears the phone click.

Hunt climbs in beside her, as quietly as he can.

MAUREEN

(sleepily)

What happened?

Her voice has the sing-song quality of someone who's not quite awake.

JOHN HUNT

Well. They caught him.

MAUREEN

They did?

JOHN HUNT

Yeah.

MAUREEN

How?

JOHN HUNT

They found one guy, and that guy lead them to the next guy, and the next guy lead them right to his front door.

MAUREEN

Now what?

JOHN HUNT

Well. I guess he's gonna go to
prison.

MAUREEN

Hmmmm. That's too bad.

Not what Hunt was expecting to hear. He leans back. Pondering
this.

JOHN HUNT
Yeah, I guess so.

MAUREEN
I'm sorry you didn't catch him.

JOHN HUNT
Don't be.

144 **INT. HOSPITAL - DAY**

144

Forrest lies in a hospital bed, in a room watched by a police officer.

He looks rough. All bandaged up, with a tube in his nose. Some machine beeping away in the background.

He's just conscious enough to see John Hunt enter.

There's no need for words. It's pretty clear Forrest isn't in any shape to hold a conversation anyway.

Instead, John Hunt opens his wallet, pulls out a 100 DOLLAR BILL and sets it on Forrest's bedside table.

CAMERA PUSHES IN on the bill.

FADE TO:

145 **INT. PRISON MEETING AREA - DAY**

145

Now Jewel sits in a prison meeting area. A little table, lit in equal parts by fluorescents and sunlight. Brick walls, a candy machine.

Forrest sits opposite her. Looking old and disheveled. Slumped in a wheelchair. His prison garb hangs loosely from his body. He appears very small.

JEWEL
So you lied to me about your name.

He nods his head.

JEWEL (CONT'D)
But I guess you told me the truth
about everything else, so...I
shouldn't be so angry.

FORREST
I figured you knew.

*
*
*
*
*

JEWEL

The detectives asked me that. If I knew. Or if I'd had even the faintest a clue.

FORREST

What'd you say?

JEWEL

I said of course not.

FORREST

I'm sorry.

JEWEL

Me too.

A long beat.

JEWEL (CONT'D)

You had so much money. They said they pulled almost half a million dollars out of your floorboards? What were you going to do with it? Why on earth would you keep on...

Her voice trails off.

He shrugs, and then pulls something out of his pocket and gives it to her. It's a few pages of lined notebook paper, folded up like a letter.

FORREST

I wrote this up for you.

She takes it and unfolds it. It's a list.

JEWEL

What is it?

FORREST

These are all the times I've broken out before.

Jewel puts on her glasses and begins to read this catalog of great escapes. Each one is numbered, with a year and a location. An impressive record of a life spent absconding.

Jewel puts on her glasses and begins to read...

Eventually, she reaches the end of the list, but there's one more page.

She turns it.

There's a number 17.

And it's space is blank.

JEWEL
What's this?

FORREST
I'm saving the best for last.

He winks.

She sets the list down.

JEWEL
Maybe...maybe you should just stay
put.

She puts her hand on his.

FADE TO BLACK.

145A INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY 145A *

Surprise mystery scene with Captain and John Hunt! *

146 INT. PRISON TAILOR - DAY 146

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

SOME YEARS LATER

CAMERA FINDS Forrest's face in the mirror.

Time has caught up with him, and then some.

147 EXT. PRISON - FRONT GATES 147

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. He's got a cane now to help support himself.

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.

148

INT. JEWEL'S CAR - DAY

148

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

149 **EXT. JEWEL'S HOUSE - DAY**

149

They pull up to Jewel's house.

Forrest gets out.

FORREST
This the same place?

JEWEL
Same as ever.

FORREST
It looks different.

Jewel's dog trots out to them. The same dog, older, unable to run the way he used to.

150 **INT. JEWEL'S HOUSE - DAY**

150

He enters the 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
They're gone. Just me and Indy now. *

For some reason, that takes the wind out of his sails a bit.

151 **INT. GUEST BEDROOM - JEWEL'S HOUSE - DAY**

151

Forest sits down on the bed. Jewel sits down on the other side. In profile to him.

JEWEL
My bedroom's right across the hall.
If you need anything.

FORREST
Thank you.

JEWEL
You can stay as long as you want.

He leans forward, arms resting on his knees.

She sits down next to him.

JEWEL (CONT'D)
I'm glad you called me.

FORREST
I'm glad you picked up.

151A **INT. JEWEL'S HOUSE - DAY** 151A

Forrest stands on the staircase. The wall that was completely stripped last time he was here has been re-wallpapered...

...all except for one square, where the HOMEBUILDER'S NAME is still exposed. A few scratches of pencil, 100 years old. Proof of a job well done.

152 **INT. JEWEL'S HOUSE - DAY** 152

Forrest tries to pick out a melody on the piano. Indy lays next to him, trying to rest with eyes open in that way old dogs do.

153 **INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY** 153 *

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.

This is the story of the greatest bank robber 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.

154 **INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY** 154

ECU: Forrest's hand, STILL TREMBLING. Doctor GERRY BISCHOFF, MD takes his hands and gently applies pressure to each finger, each joint.

DOCTOR GERRY
Do you feel anything there?

FORREST
No.

DOCTOR GERRY
No pain or discomfort?

FORREST
I don't think so. It's just...

*
*

DOCTOR GERRY
We can do some x-rays, but I think
what you're looking at is typical
osteoarthritis. This is relatively
normal at your age. It's just a
sign of wear and tear.

*
*
*
*

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

155

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

155

Forrest and Jewel sit together in a MOVIE THEATER. Beam of
light shooting over their heads.

Forrest sinks into his chair a little bit, the screen
twinkling in his eyes.

For a moment he's a LITTLE KID again, watching GANGSTER
MOVIES in the theater. Watching Jimmy Cagney drive a fancy
car, seeing Laurence Tierney pack two pistols.

He turns and catches Jewel looking at him, eyes shining in the dark. *

156 **EXT. MOVIE THEATER - AFTERNOON** 156

Forrest and Jewel leave the movie theater.

They've only walked a little ways down the street when Forrest spots an ARMORED TRUCK pulling away from a nearby bank.

157 **INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT** 157

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.

158 **INT. JOHN HUNT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS** 158

Maureen answers the telephone as a TEENAGED TYLER rummages through the kitchen in the background.

MAUREEN

Hello?

FORREST (V.O.)

Hello...is John Hunt in?

MAUREEN

He's still at the office, can I ask
give him a message? *

FORREST (V.O.)

He's at the station? *

MAUREEN

No, no, he hasn't - he's at the
DA's office now. Can I ask who's
calling? *

159 **INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS** 159

FORREST

I'll try him at the office. Thank
you. *

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

160

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

160

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.

161 INT. JEWEL'S HOUSE - DAY

161

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

FORREST

Jewel. Wake up.

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

FORREST (CONT'D)

I'm gonna go out for a bit . You need anything?

She smiles sleepily.

JEWEL

No. How long will you be gone?

FORREST

Not long.

*

162 INT. JOHN HUNT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

162

We find JOHN HUNT now.

A little bit older. A little bit grayer. He sits in a glass-walled office high above the city.

*

*

His PHONE RINGS.

JOHN HUNT

John Hunt here.

FORREST (V.O.)

Hey John.

JOHN HUNT

Yep. Who's this?

A long pause.

A gleam appears in John Hunt's eyes.

JOHN HUNT (CONT'D)
Forrest Tucker, is that you?
(beat)
I heard you got out.

FORREST
I'm out all right.

JOHN HUNT
I kept waiting to hear that you'd
flown the coop but nothing. What
happened, you get tired of climbing
fences and digging tunnels?

FORREST
I thought I was, but...

His voice trails out.

JOHN HUNT
Well, I'm glad you're out. You
doing good?

A long, long pause.

JOHN HUNT (CONT'D)
Forrest? You okay?

FORREST
I'm about to be.

With that, he HANGS UP THE PHONE.

163

EXT. PAYPHONE - CONTINUOUS

163

He puts on his hat and walks away from the PAYPHONE and
CROSSES THE STREET...

...heading straight towards a BANK.

He disappears through the doors.

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

THE END

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