

**SCENE 4: The Woods**

*Dusk. BONNIE lies on a blanket and writes in a small notebook as CLYDE sits on the hood of her car and drinks alcohol from a jar.*

**CLYDE**

—So, I figure the first thing is to hit some place with a payroll. Gas station., grocery store—can't do nothin' without cash. Once I get that, I hightail it to another state. Maybe in the Northeast. Cops can't cross state lines. And they ain't gonna be lookin' for me in Ohio or New York. After that, I'm a free man. I can do whatever I want. And you know what?

**BONNIE**

*(without looking up)*

What?

**CLYDE**

You're gonna come with me.

**BONNIE**

*(smiles)*

What makes you so sure?

**CLYDE**

The smile.

**BONNIE**

Just 'cause I'm smilin' doesn't mean—

**CLYDE**

I was talkin' about mine.

**BONNIE**

*(laughs)*

I should get home. And you want to see your folks—

**CLYDE**

That can wait. What are you writin'?

**BONNIE**

Poem.

**CLYDE**

What kinda poem?

**BONNIE**

Kind that's gonna be published.

CLYDE

Wow.

BONNIE

Yeah, you're gonna see my face in the movies and my poems in the magazines.

*(envisions)*

"Poetry by Bonnie Parker." And a beautiful picture of me to go 'long side it. Like this one.

*SHE pulls a photo from her bag and hands it to Clyde.*

That's what you call a glamour shot.

CLYDE

This is the best picture I've ever seen in my whole life!

BONNIE

It's a little old now but I'm gonna get a new one. In a nice hat. I look good in hats. I got a hat face.

CLYDE

Read me your poem.

BONNIE

You like poetry?

CLYDE

When it's comin' out of your mouth.

BONNIE

... Okay.

*(reads)*

"Billy rode on a pinto horse,  
Billy the Kid I mean ..."

CLYDE

I love Billy the Kid.

BONNIE

I know.

*(reads)*

"And he met Clyde Barrow riding in a little gray machine ..."

CLYDE

You're writin' about me?! You wrote a poem 'bout me?! ... Oh, you are so in love, sugar.

BONNIE

*(reads)*

"Billy said to the Barrow boy,  
'Is this the way you ride?"

CLYDE

In a Ford Sedan Delux Se—

BONNIE

You gonna interrupt me every line?

CLYDE

I'm sorry.

BONNIE

I can't read if you're gonna do that.

CLYDE

I won't say another—

BONNIE

There's a rhythm, a flow to these things.

CLYDE

I'm sorry.

BONNIE

I appreciate the enthusiasm but—

CLYDE

My lips are sealed.

*HE kisses her then lies back down on the blanket.*

BONNIE

*(reads)*

"Billy said to the Barrow boy,  
'Is this the way you ride?  
In a car that does its ninety per  
Machine guns at each side?"

CLYDE

Dang!

BONNIE

"I only had my pinto horse  
And my six-gun tried and true.  
I could shoot but they got me.  
And someday they will get you."

CLYDE

What are you writin' that for? That's a lousy thing to write!

BONNIE

It's dramatic.

CLYDE

It's stupid.

BONNIE

Don't you call my poetry stupid.

CLYDE

It is when you write stuff like that.

BONNIE

You don't know crap 'bout poetry. I am gonna be famous for my poetry and my acting career. Don't you ever call my poetry stupid just because your thick head can't appreciate it!

CLYDE

I know they ain't never gonna get me. I know I am gonna be so far gone from this miserable place, no one will ever find me. And then I'm gonna be in control of my own goddman life!

*Silence.*

CLYDE

Man, I want you right now.

BONNIE

Shoulda thought of that before you called my poetry stupid.

*CLYDE laughs.*

BONNIE

*(smacks him with notebook)*

Don't laugh at me!

CLYDE

I'm sorry, sugar.

BONNIE

Don't you ever laugh at me! I'm gonna be famous. I'm gonna be a poet and an actress and a singer.

CLYDE

Singer, huh? Let me hear somethin'.

BONNIE

I'm not in the mood.

## CLYDE

Aw, come on, sugar. I wanna hear you sing. Unless that's also gonna be about me gettin' shot up.

*BONNIE smiles.*

Come on. You're at a nightclub in that there Atlantic City. Me and Capone are sittin' ring side. The crowd's goin' crazy.

*(imitates cheering crowd)*

"Bonnie! Bonnie! Bonnie!"

*BONNIE becomes entranced.*

### #5 - How 'Bout A Dance?

## BONNIE

HOW 'BOUT A DANCE  
WHAT DO YOU SAY  
I GOT SOME MOVES THAT I'D LOVE TO SHOW YA

## CLYDE

Now, that's nice.

## BONNIE

LET'S FIND A SPOT AND DANCE THE NIGHT AWAY

## CLYDE

That is one of my favorites.

## BONNIE

HOW 'BOUT A DANCE  
IT'S ALWAYS FUN  
COME OVER HERE LET ME GET TO KNOW YA  
CAN'T BEAT A BAND TO LIFT YOUR SPIRITS HON  
YOU LOOK SO HANDSOME

*CLYDE shines the car headlights on Bonnie.*

HOW 'BOUT A DANCE  
LET'S MAKE A START  
MUSIC LIKE THIS CAN REALLY THROW YA  
YOU'LL LOSE THE BLUES AND YOU MAY LOSE YOUR HEART

TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR  
EVEN THE MOON LOOKS JUST RIGHT  
I'M SURE THE CROWD WILL MAKE ROOM ON THE FLOOR