

BONNIE AND CLYDE

(2 separate scenes put together)

CLYDE

Hey! Hey! Slow down! Slow down! Take it easy, you've got my hand trapped. Cut it out! Cut it out! Enough! All right now. Lookee here. I might as well tell you right off – I ain't much of a lover boy. That don't nothin' personal about you. I never saw no percentage in it. Ain't nothin' wrong with me. I don't like boys.

BONNIE

Boy! Boy! Boy!

CLYDE

Huh? Boy what?

BONNIE

Your advertising is just dandy. Folks would never guess you don't have a thing to sell. You'd better take me home now.

CLYDE

Now wait a minute.

BONNIE

Now don't you touch me.

CLYDE

All right! All right...if all you want is a stud service, then you just get on back to Dallas and you stay there the rest of your life. You're worth more than that, a lot more than that and you know it, and that's why you're comin along with me. You could find a lover boy on ever damn corner in town. It don't make a damn to them if you're waiting on tables or picking cotton...but it does make a damn to me,

BONNIE

Why?

CLYDE

Why? What do you mean why? Because you're different, that's why. You know, you're like me. You want different things. You've got something better than being a waitress. You and me, traveling together, we could cut a path clean across this state. Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, and everybody would know about it. You listen to me, Miss Bonnie Parker, you listen to me. How would you like to go walking into the dining room of the Adolphus Hotel in Dallas wearing a nice silk dress and have everybody waiting on you? Would you like that? That seem a lot to ask? That ain't enough for you. You've got a right to that.

BONNIE

Hey! When you figure all that up?

CLYDE

The minute I saw you.

BONNIE

Why?

CLYDE

Because you may be the best damn girl in Texas. You were born somewhere around East Texas, right?

BONNIE

Yeah.

CLYDE

Come from a big ol' family?

BONNIE

Yeah.

CLYDE

You went to school, of course, but you didn't take to it much because you was a lot smarter than everybody else and you just up and quit one day. Now, when you were 16...17, there was a boy who worked in a...

BONNIE

Cement plant.

CLYDE

Right, cement plant. And, you liked him, because he thought you were just as nice as you could be, and you almost married that guy, but then you thought, no, you didn't think you would. So then you got your job in a café. And now you wake up every morning and you hate it. You just hate it. You get on down there and you put on your white uniform...

BONNIE

It's pink.

CLYDE

And then truck drivers come in there to eat your greasy burgers and they kid you and you kid them back but they're stupid and dumb bous with their bog ol' tattoos on them, and you don't like it. They ask you for dates and sometimes you go, but mostly you don't because all they're ever trying to do is get in your pants, whether you want them to or not. So you go on home and sit in your room and you think, now when, and how, am I ever gonna get away from this? And now you know. (pause) Change that. I don't like it. (pause) You're a knock out.