

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

FOX SEARCHLIGHT  
OLD MAN & THE GUN  
DIGITAL MINI SCRIPT PLAIN BOOK  
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OLD Man  
& 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      \*



\*

24 OMITTED

24 \*

25 AGAINST BLACK

25

That sound of a POLICE RADIO crackles.

POLICE DISPATCH (V.O.)  
*Two-baker-four, that address again  
 is twenty-three Dyer Street. Fifty-  
 one-fifty male causing four fifteen  
 inside the residence. Suspect  
 sighted leaving on foot...*

POLICE RADIO (V.O.)  
*Roger that two bravo four, sending  
 backup...*

26 INT. JOHN HUNT'S CAR - NIGHT

26

We find a detective, sound asleep in his car.

His name is JOHN HUNT. He's handsome, on the drop edge of forty, a little bit of salt peppering his sideburns.

His head rests against the window. He looks very peaceful...

...until there's a knock on the glass, and then the passenger side door opens and his partner LT. KELLEY gets in with two cups of coffee.

LT. KELLEY  
 Were you sleeping?

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.

She laughs.

JEWEL

But - you're never exactly where  
you're supposed to be, right?  
Because if you are, you're  
finished. Done. And ten-year-old  
you might have hopes and dreams but  
he doesn't understand time...or the  
world...not the way you do. So  
you've just gotta keep  
pushing...trying new things...

Forrest considers this.

68      **INT. FORREST'S HOUSE - DAY**      68

Forrest is watching two FURNITURE DELIVERY MEN bring a brand new BED into his house. There is other furniture there now too. Quick shots of a new couch, a new table...

69      **INT. BEDROOM - FORREST'S HOUSE - NIGHT**      69

Forrest sits on his new bed. Feeling its softness. Nicest thing he's ever bought.

70      **INT. BAR - NIGHT**      70

Forrest sits at a bar next to Waller, who is regaling him with a TALL TALE of ill-doings.      \*

WALLER

My Dad left when I was a kid and so      \*  
when I was a teenager my Mom got      \*  
remarried to well a .....cop, Christ.      \*  
By then I was doing petty      \*  
crimes...and well, the first thing      \*  
he did was change all the locks and      \*  
he wrote a like 10 page "new      \*  
Manifesto" for our family..with      \*  
lots of rules to follow. So it was      \*  
Christmas and I had been out      \*  
stealing cigarettes out of parked      \*  
cars that type of thing...and came      \*  
home late to find the house locked      \*  
up like a federal prison.      \*

(MORE)

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.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
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\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

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?



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

Errrrr.....

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...



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.





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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