

**A CHANCE ENCOUNTER**

by

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**FADE IN**

**EXT. TEXACO STATION - DAY**

The gas station is located on a crossroads. The roads are gravel and the horizon flat. No cars or traffic anywhere. The only sound is the rhythmic squeak of the Aermotor windmill next to the station.

A dust devil kicks up a tumbleweed and blows an old newspaper around the hand-crank visible gas pumps.

**INT. TEXACO STATION - DAY**

The station is stark with a rack of oil cans, a Coca-Cola cooler, a magazine rack, and fan belts of all sizes that encircle a wall calendar that shows JUNE 1930.

Behind the counter sits a beautiful GIRL (19) in a cotton summer dress. She reads a VOGUE magazine and twirls her shoulder length blonde hair with one finger.

From outside, the faint sound of a car is heard. The engine sound gets louder and louder as it nears the station.

She cocks her head with curiosity, stands, and leans across the counter for a better view. A Model-A coupe pulls into the station and skids to a stop in front of a pump.

She scowls and grabs something unseen from under the counter. She walks to the doorway with her hands behind her back to watch.

**EXT. TEXACO STATION - DAY**

The DRIVER (male, 20, linen suit and fedora) exits the car and hurries to the pump. His frantic cranks causes the nozzle to dislodge and spill gas on the hood.

The girl, unnoticed by the driver, stands in the doorway and holds her left hand to her mouth to stifle her laughter.

The driver spews some profanity, adjusts the nozzle, and pats his hands on his pant legs. He cranks again but at a more moderate rate.

After what could be only a couple gallons, he runs back to the driver's side and opens the door. He gets one leg in-

GIRL

Hey! Where in the hell do you think  
you're going?

The driver freezes for a moment to think. He slowly turns to face the girl with palms out and a wide grin. A toothpick twitches in his teeth. Damn, he is one handsome devil.

Caught off guard by his good looks and swagger, she swoons. She clutches the doorframe with her left hand to steady

herself and catch her breath.

DRIVER

Why, I was just getting my money  
from the glove box, my dear.

She clears her throat and regains her composure.

GIRL

Uh-huh. I seen this before. You  
give yourself up when you come  
screamin' into the pumps.

DRIVER

Now, now. Don't get your pretty  
little panties in a bunch.

(turns to the car)

Let me just get in so-

The girl brings her right hand around from her back to  
reveal a revolver. She fires a shot in the air.

**BANG!**

The driver doesn't move as she walks towards the car.

GIRL

You ain't from around here, are  
you. You're in Texas, Mister.  
What's your hurry, anyway?

He turns, with an even bigger smile, and puts his arms out  
wide. His jacket opens enough to reveal a .45 automatic  
pistol in a shoulder holster.

Her eyes go wide and she stops in her tracks.

DRIVER

My, my. You sure do got a lot of  
spunk for such a pretty thing.  
Shame on you...pulling a gun on me  
and all...

He takes a step towards her and she backs up a step. She  
holds the gun on him.

DRIVER

...I got the nerve to give you one  
helluva spanking!

He takes out the toothpick and flicks it at her feet.

GIRL

Now, you just stop right there.

Her gun hand begins to shake.

DRIVER

Why? You ain't gonna shoot, are ya?

He steps closer. His smile never wavers.

GIRL

I'm warning you!

He steps quickly and stops just inches from her face. Her eyes are clenched and a tear rolls down her cheek.

He leans forward and plants a firm, yet delicate, kiss on her lips. She tenses at first, then visibly relaxes until the revolver drops from her hand.

Her eyes suddenly open wide. She steps back and slaps him.

DRIVER

Well! If THAT'S not a fine how do you do. You certainly have spirit!

Sirens are heard in the distance. They get louder.

They both turn and look down the road towards the sirens. A billowing dust cloud that's getting larger.

DRIVER

I'd love to stay a while but there's someplace I gotta be. And it ain't here. Now, follow me.

He takes her hand and turns once more for the car. The girl, still in either shock or ecstasy, follows.

He reaches into the back seat, grabs a carpet bag, and opens it up. It's full of banded cash. He holds it out to her.

DRIVER

Here. Hold on to this for me.

GIRL

What? I can't-

DRIVER

I see it this way. If I keep it, it'll be hard to explain why I have it when those boys catch up to me. If'n you keep it, you're damn near guaranteed to see me again.

She swoons for a moment and her legs shift. She smiles.

GIRL

Uh, okay.

DRIVER

Atta girl.

He hands the bag to her, gives her a peck on the cheek, and gets in the car.

As he starts to pull away, she yells to him-

GIRL

I don't even know your name!

DRIVER

Clyde. Clyde Barrow. And you are...?

GIRL

Bonnie Parker.

CLYDE

Pleased to meet you, Miss Parker.

Clyde tips his hat and kicks up a dust cloud as he speeds away. Moments later, two Dallas Police cars drive past in hot pursuit.

Bonnie holds the bag to her chest with both arms and turns on one heel.

BONNIE

Clyde Barrow. I got a good feelin' about this.

Bonnie skips back to the office.

FADE TO BLACK