

TILL DEATH DO US PART

written by

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On a dusty roadside, a young couple proclaims their love
for each other.

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FADE IN:

EXT. ROAD - DUSK

A long wall of smooth river rock separates a dusty, dirt road from lush green farmland.

On the roadside, a young couple dressed in dark, pristine, 1930's attire, sits on the ground.

Backs against the wall, hands intertwined as they gaze into each other's eyes. They see nothing but each other.

The YOUNG WOMAN (23), a blonde, blue-eyed beauty, smiles as the handsome, fresh faced YOUNG MAN (22), lifts her hand to his lips and kisses it gently.

YOUNG MAN

I adore you. Do you know that?

She smiles and nuzzles closer, resting her head on his shoulder.

YOUNG WOMAN

I do.

The young man laughs.

YOUNG WOMAN

You're laughing at me?

YOUNG MAN

No. It just sounded funny. "I do". Like wedding vows.

YOUNG WOMAN

Oh.

(beat)

Well. . .do you?

He thinks for a moment then smiles contentedly.

YOUNG MAN

I do. Till death do us part.

He kisses her tenderly on the lips. A tear rolls from her eye.

YOUNG WOMAN

Why didn't we ever talk like this
before?

He wipes the tear from her cheek. Sadness fills his eyes.

YOUNG WOMAN

Sorry I didn't get to make the
breakfast I promised you.

YOUNG MAN

I'm sorry for a lot of things.

Suddenly, a bright FLASH of light startles them both.

The young man shields the young woman by pulling her face
into his chest. She cries.

YOUNG WOMAN

I'm scared Clyde. Don't leave me.

YOUNG MAN (CLYDE)

I'll never leave you Bonnie.

YOUNG WOMAN (BONNIE)

(muffled)

Till death do us part?

Clyde holds her tight. With fear and confusion he looks
around. From his POV he sees nothing, except Bonnie. No
road, no wall. Only darkness surrounds them.

Another FLASH. Clyde buries his head next to hers.

OUR POV - CONTINUOUS

A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER (50), moves from behind a Kodak
Brownie, topped with a large, smoking flash. He looks
toward his subject.

Propped against the stone wall are Bonnie and Clyde, dead.

Stiff and lifeless, covered in bullet holes and drying
blood, their bodies awkwardly pushed together in a morbid
lover's embrace. The scene appears posed.

The police photographer shakes his head in disgust, turns and nods at another photographer waiting in line behind him.

He grabs his camera and walks alongside a set of lines embedded in the dirt.

The tracks start at the heels of Bonnie and Clyde and trail back to a gray, 1930's V8 Ford a few feet away.

EXT. FORD - CONTINUOUS

The exterior, riddled with armor piercing, bullet holes. Windows shattered. Passenger side doors wide open.

Police Officers gather around the car like it's a trophy, showing off the bloody interior to a large crowd of Press Reporters and bystanders.

The atmosphere surrounding the grizzly scene is almost circus-like.

The POLICE CHIEF (55), smiles proudly as he pulls several guns from the back seat. He holds them up as the Press takes photographs and Reporters scribble on notepads.

An Officer grabs the guns from the Chief and piles them on top of an arsenal of weapons.

MALE REPORTER (O.S.)

Hey Chief! This seems to be a well planned ambush. Did you allow for a surrender before filling them with bullets?

The Chief glares toward the MALE REPORTER (30).

POLICE CHIEF

Are you questioning my procedure? We aren't the bad guys here. Did they give the nine police officers and five civilians they murdered a chance to surrender?

The Reporter puts his head down to avoid the Chief's icy stare.

POLICE CHIEF

Personally, I hope they burn in hell.

Reaching back into the car, the Chief pulls out another gun and a small basket with a checkered napkin inside.

He hands the gun over and studies the basket.

Egg yolk oozes through several bullet holes. He carefully lifts the napkin revealing two perfectly preserved eggs on top of yolk and shattered shells.

The Chief removes the two eggs and laughs with contempt.

POLICE CHIEF

Guess we ruined their breakfast.

The crowd laughs. The Chief angrily hurls the eggs across the road. They shatter against a large tree.

EXT. TREE - CONTINUOUS

The egg yolks slowly drip down the trunk.

Through the jagged bark, the yolk leaves a haphazard heart in its trail.

FADE OUT