

D I L L I N G E R !

by

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Property of:
AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL PICTURES
9033 Wilshire Boulevard
Beverly Hills, California

INDIANA

September 4, 1933

FADE IN:

1 INT. BANK - POV FROM TELLER'S WINDOW

A WOMAN, old and snotty, stood looking down at her fingers as she twiddled them. She was waiting for her money, and she probably had a lot of it. The hands of the young GIRL TELLER sorted the bills, laid them out in rows, counting as efficiently as she could. The Woman would look up occasionally with a sarcastic sneer.

GIRL TELLER (O.S.)

(nervous)

Two hundred and fifty -- five,
six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

A FARMER looked over as he walked by -- he hadn't seen so much green in quite awhile. Hard times.

She counted the five tens quickly.

WOMAN

Don't hurry like that. I don't want any mistakes made with my money. If you make mistakes with my money, I'll take it elsewhere. You wouldn't want that, dearie.

GIRL TELLER (O.S.)

No, ma'am.

The Woman gathered up her money and turned around, leaving it in her hand, so the others could see it. Behind her was a pleasant-looking MAN, about thirty-five, wearing a boater straw hat. He had a sardonic grin on his face.

WOMAN

What are you smiling like that for, young man? I don't believe I know you.

MAN

No, ma'am, I just smile like this whenever I see money.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

She turned her nose in the air and walked away.

MAN

(continuing)

You have a pretty smile -- I mean that -- you do.

(pause)

Let's see now, I want to withdraw my entire account.

GIRL TELLER (O.S.)

Your entire account?

MAN

That's right, the whole thing.

GIRL TELLER (O.S.)

Your name is...

MAN

Dillinger -- John Dillinger.

His smile actually grew warm for a moment, as he withdrew a Colt .45 Government Automatic. The Girl, needless to say, gasped.

DILLINGER

(continuing; yelling)

All right, everybody, hold it where you are! This is a robbery!

PULL BACK. Everyone "reached for the sky." Three more men entered, wearing boater hats -- they, however, were also sporting Thompson submachine guns. They were HARRY PIERPONT, blond -- looked right out of Scott Fitzgerald, CHARLEY MACKLEY, an old hood and HOMER VAN METER, a lanky kid -- all of them newly escaped from the Wisconsin State Pen. Cons!

DILLINGER

Charlie -- the cages. Harry -- center field.

Homer took a Thompson out of a tool box and snapped in a fifty-round drum. He also had a sawed-off pump shotgun in there. These were no amateurs. A Woman fainted.

DILLINGER

Now, don't nobody get nervous -- there's nothing to get nervous about.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

You got nothing to fear. You're being robbed by the John Dillinger Gang -- the best there is. These few dollars you lose today will buy you stories to tell your children and your grandchildren.

2 CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER

DILLINGER

This is gonna be one of the big moments in your life -- don't make it your last.

With that he vaulted cleanly over the six-foot high teller's partition, landed spryly with his hat in one hand, his gun in the other. Women gasped. Men talked to themselves in astonishment. It was dashing to say the least.

CUT TO:

TITLES

3 MONTAGE

Choice violence of the period -- machine gunnings, bank jobs, explosions, etc.

FADE OUT TO:

4 BLACK FRAME

VOICE

Dillinger -- I suppose no one can mention my name without mentioning his. History twists things around -- the famous and the infamous -- the good and the evil. Thirty or forty years pass, and people forget which was which -- glorify the vermin at the expense of the virtuous. It's not my concern any longer. Country's gone to hell anyway.

(pause)

Dillinger, well, we know where he went -- I sent him there.

CUT TO:

5 NEWSREEL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PERIOD

Only the SOUND of the PROJECTOR was HEARD. The images were rough and out of frame -- they moved too fast and gave a sort of comic festivity to the scene. Two cars were parked next to a large building. People crowded around the cars -- they were riddled with bullets -- their windshields were completely blown out and the doors were buckled from shotgun blasts. Occasionally people would look into the camera and some would accidentally stand in front of it, inspecting a headlight or counting the bullet holes in the radiator. A girl unscrewed the radiator cap while her boyfriend pried at the Chevrolet emblem with his penknife. They smiled at the camera -- he held up the emblem and posed, sort of. Blood had spattered on the ground and seeped out the autos, forming shiny black pools below the doors. People were always stepping in it.

VOICE

It started on June 17, 1933, in Kansas City. Five of my finest men were escorting convicted bank robber and murderer Frank Nash to the Federal Penitentiary.

6 STILL SHOTS OF THE FIVE MEN - A MUG SHOT OF NASH

VOICE

(continuing)

Upon leaving the train station and entering their car, they were struck down in a cowardly ambush by Tommy gun-wielding hoodlums.

7 AGAIN THE NEWSREEL

The bodies of the F.B.I. men, laid out on the pavement, the crowd pressing in. A woman takes a shoe.

VOICE

Frank Nash had his hat blown off -- his head still in.

8 A SHOT OF FRANK NASH - BODY

His head covered by a bloody towel.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

VOICE

He got what he justly deserved.
I have no complaint about that.
But the loss of my brave men.
Each one married -- a father
of children.

9 STILL SHOTS OF THE F.B.I. MEN

Formal family portrait in front of the car, on the lawn,
at the table. These were honest, forthright guardians
of the public, but human men like you and me.

VOICE (V.O.)

Caffrey, Reed, Grooms, Hermanson
-- shot down helplessly and in
full public view. I considered
it a personal affront.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. FIRING RANGE - FULL SHOT

F.B.I. Agents FIRE at CAMERA with Thompson submachine
guns. The guns are wild in recoil and hard to control.
Instructors yell over the DIN and the young Agents grit
their teeth and pull down on their targets..

11 MONTAGE TARGETS - CLOSE SHOTS

Targets ripped with holes -- silhouettes blasted with
shotguns, torn by machine gun fire -- again and again
the ten ring is blown to infinity.

VOICE (V.O.)

From the Kansas City massacre on,
it was war. My intention was
total extermination of this
depraved and vicious brotherhood
of varlets.

CUT TO:

12 MAP OF FOUR STATES

The states were Missouri, Indiana, Oklahoma and Kansas.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

VOICE (V.O.)

Missouri, Oklahoma, Indiana and Kansas. These four states have contributed more to the vile pestilence of American crime than all the others put together. This same festering ground brought forth the twisted animal mentality of Quantrell, the James', the Youngers, and the Daltons.

CUT TO:

13 CLOSE SHOT - PHOTOGRAPHS - HOODS

Photographs of the hoods -- PAN ACROSS as they are mentioned.

VOICE (V.O.)

It was to breed a new strain of criminal pus, a generation of vermin even more demented than their forebears. Wilbur Underhill, the Tri-State Terror; Machine Gun Kelly, Charles Arthur, "Pretty Boy" Floyd, Jack Klutas, Ma Barker and her Boys, Baby Face Nelson and --

A hand tacked up the last photograph. The hand belonged to a huge man dressed like a movie star, but with a hard, mean-looking face.

Melvin Purvis

Agent F.B.I.

Head Midwest Office

Public Enemy Squad

PURVIS

Dillinger --

He looked at the photograph. Next to him stood another man, well-dressed, conservative looking.

Samuel Cowley

Inspector - F.B.I.

PURVIS

(continuing)

Homer Van Meter.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

He put another picture up -- and another.

PURVIS

(continuing)

Harry Pierpont -- Charley Mackley,
the old man. That's the Dillinger
Gang. Of course, there are others,
but those five are the ones
who'll stay.

COWLEY

We can't touch Dillinger -- No
Federal offense -- he doesn't
deserve to be on that wall --
I don't want anybody on that wall
I can't legally shoot.

PURVIS

You shoot Dillinger and we'll
figure out a way to make it legal.

Purvis had taken out a pocketknife and was carving a
"v" in the end of a long cigar.

PURVIS

(continuing)

You like a cigar, Sam?

COWLEY

No, no thanks, not good for you.

PURVIS

These are -- Havana -- Monte Cristo
No. 1 -- the finest cigar in the
world -- I like a Monte Cristo.
-- Wonderful.

He lit it, burned the edges carefully and drew in,
tasting it like a gourmet.

PURVIS

I don't smoke these cigars all
the time, you know. They cost
a half dollar apiece.

COWLEY

Well, I hope not...

PURVIS

You know who gave me these cigars?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

PURVIS (CONT'D)

(pause)

Ray Caffrey gave 'em to me, just before he got his head blown off in Kansas City. They were for my birthday.

COWLEY

You saving them for something special?

PURVIS

Yes, I intend to smoke one over each of those men's dead bodies.

COWLEY

What're you smoking one now for?

PURVIS

To start the job.

COWLEY

Let me have one.

He passed the box, Cowley took one and looked it over carefully, never having seen a fifty-cent cigar up close.

PURVIS

I like a Monte Cristo.

With that he threw the penknife underhanded. It stuck in the wall next to Cowley, in Dillinger's face.

COWLEY

Where'd you learn how to do that?

PURVIS

Law school.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. KANSAS CITY STREET - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

It was raining. The neon lights of a bar flashed on and off across the puddles. On a corner was a newsstand where a truck stopped and dumped off the evening's papers. A crowd of people clustered around. They were bound up in wet blankets or pulled frayed jackets over their heads.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

Some of them just stood with their belongings and their families in the rain, their eyes drained of all emotion. They were people out of work, common to these times. They were confused and shamed by their fate. Bums. A little black kid untied the evening paper and set it in the stand. The crowd drew in close.

BUM

Dillinger Gang on Indiana Rampage.

WOMAN BUM

I ain't ever heard of them.

OTHER BUM

They's a new gang, broke outta State Penitentiary. That Dillinger boy has broke outta jail twice.

BUM

Three times.

OTHER BUM

Claims there is no jail that can hold him.

WOMAN BUM

You'll listen to any two-bit criminal boast. I do not feel this Dillinger has the grit of a Chuck Floyd.

OTHER BUM

(reading)

"Robbed the Central National Bank in Green Castle, Indiana, of over seventy thousand dollars in cash and negotiable bonds."

BUM

(boasting)

Robbed the Central National Bank in Green Castle, Indiana, of over seventy thousand dollars cash --

(pause)

and other things.

WOMAN BUM

Seventy thousand dollars --

The crowd was taken aback, there were gasps and disclamations of belief.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

BUM

This is no small-time hoodlum.

FARMER

What's the best Pretty Boy ever done?

WOMAN BUM

Frank Nash did close to a hundred.

BUM

Frank Nash is dead.

OTHER BUM

What about the Barker Gang?

FARMER

Them is kidnappers.

WOMAN BUM

Criminals is all the same.

FARMER

T'ain't neither -- takin' folks from their kin is vile and craven --

OTHER BUM

Don't matter to me one way or the other. I would go either way if I had the nerve. Money is all that matters to me. I have seen my fill of down and out.

WOMAN BUM

Ain't you got no human honor?

OTHER BUM

Ain't got no dollar bill either -- keep readin'.

TWO MEN watched from the door of the bar, they were little better off, but they at least had enough for a bottle of wine or a beer or two, and they had enough to buy newspapers to put over their heads and keep the rain off. One looked at the group who listened intently to the Man reading. They hung on every word. He turned to his friend.

MAN

Live like animals.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

They went off, the Depression wasn't over and they may have ended up much the same a year or so later. I don't know, my only concern was who was in that bar that night. ZOOM TO Bar.

CUT TO:

15 INT. BAR - DILLINGER & GIRL

Sitting on a stool, plain as you or I, was John Dillinger. He sported a Douglas Fairbanks moustache and somewhat dandified clothes. He was talking to a dark-haired GIRL who was very attractive in a worn sort of way. She looked like she'd been in that bar a long time, yet there was a strange innocence to her.

DILLINGER

What's your name?

GIRL

You don't know my name -- you've got me drunk and talked to me for two hours and you never asked me my name.

DILLINGER

I didn't feel I had to. I just sort of felt I knew you. Name won't make any difference.

GIRL

It's Billie -- Billie Frechette.

DILLINGER

You French or the like?

(pause)

You gotta French name and you're kind of dark an' exotic looking.

BILLIE

Well, maybe I am half French. I don't know, but I am half Indian.

DILLINGER

Indian?

BILLIE

Cherokee.

The BARTENDER looked over.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

DILLINGER

Don't give this dame any more
to drink. She's an Injun. You
let Injuns drink in here?

BARTENDER

Anybody with money.

He took her drink away.

BILLIE

Hey!

He drank it.

DILLINGER

Gone.

BILLIE

Hey you -- what's your name,
anyway?

DILLINGER

You don't know who I am?

BILLIE

Well, you're, you --

DILLINGER

Who do I look like?

BILLIE

Well, I don't know, you look like,
well, like, Douglas Fairbanks.

DILLINGER

You think so, eh?

BILLIE

Yeah -- you look just like him.

DILLINGER

It's the moustache.

BILLIE

No, it's more than -- I think
maybe it's the mouth -- and the
eyes.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

DILLINGER

You really don't know who I am,
do you?

(pause)

Douglas Fairbanks, eh?

BILLIE

Yeah, just like Douglas Fairbanks.

DILLINGER

I am Douglas Fairbanks.

She laughs.

DILLINGER

(continuing)

As sure as you're standing there.

BILLIE

No -- I believe you -- why not --
you look like him. Why shouldn't
you be Douglas Fairbanks?

DILLINGER

You really don't know who I am,
do you?

BILLIE

Sure I do -- you really are
Douglas Fairbanks.

Dillinger slammed his fist down on the bar. His mouth
contorted in rage.

DILLINGER

Wrong!

She jumped back startled. People looked over, their
mouths gaped open and for good reason -- he had a Colt
.45 Automatic in his hand.

DILLINGER

(continuing)

I'm John Dillinger!

BILLIE

Sure you are -- whatever you say.

DILLINGER

Shut up!

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

He backed around so that he faced down the bar. People turned toward him, some put up their hands, others just stared, confused. The Bartender started to edge behind the cash register.

DILLINGER
I wouldn't do that, son.

He brandished another big automatic in his left hand. The Bartender stopped.

DILLINGER
Get on the floor, face down.

He did what he was told. A Man broke for the door. Dillinger SPLINTERED the table where his hand was. He pulled that back and stopped, needless to say. There was an uncanny silence as the smoke drifted up from Dillinger's auto, then he smiled that sardonic smile and pointed the gun in a reprimanding fashion.

DILLINGER
No.

Then he turned on the others, they stood there terrified -- the glare was back in his eyes.

DILLINGER
(continuing)
Take your wallets outta your pockets.

BILLIE
What are...?

DILLINGER
You just shut up!

He tapped the bar.

DILLINGER
(continuing)
Right here -- on the top and then get on the floor.

They paused, staring blankly at him.

DILLINGER
(continuing)
I'm not used to waiting.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (4)

He stuck one of the guns in a man's face. They all put some money on the bar. The women put cheap jewelry or worthless watches, one girl took off her garter.

DILLINGER

That's fine, honey. Yeah, now,
get on the floor with the others.

Everybody was either on the floor or on their hands and knees. Dillinger gave a quick glance over at the Bartender.

DILLINGER

(continuing)

Mister, you come up with a heater and you'll wake up in hell.

Only Billie Frechette was standing.

BILLIE

You want me to get down?

DILLINGER

No, you just stay there and shut up -- Don't you ever listen?!

BILLIE

Sure, anything you say.

Dillinger walked down the bar, his arm sweeping the loot before him, until it was piled up at the end. He grabbed a handful and held it up. He smiled to himself.

DILLINGER

Now, look up here.

He FIRED into a mirror.

DILLINGER

(continuing)

All of you! Look at my face -- you sons-a-bitches. You remember this face. I'm John Dillinger, and you're gonna see this face when you read the newspaper in the morning. You're never gonna forget this face -- understand?!

He backed out toward the door.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (5)

DILLINGER
(continuing)
I'm John Dillinger!

He spit in the wad of bills and threw it so it scattered all over them. He kicked his way through to Billie, grabbed her arm.

DILLINGER
(continuing)
You come with me!

BILLIE
Whatever you say..

He pulled her across the room, pushed her behind him, and then backed out in characteristic bank robber fashion. It was silent for a second and then suddenly everyone scrambled over each other to get the money that was scattered about.

16 EXT. STREET - MED. SHOT - POOR FOLKS

The poor people gathered and stood in the rain listening to the fight in the bar.

FARMER
What's it about?

OTHER FARMER
Man held 'em up. Said he was
Dillinger and stole a girl. Crazy
dog -- crazy.

The others shook their heads.

CUT TO:

17 INT. APARTMENT ROOM - GANG

Dillinger busted through the door of a nice apartment, dragging Billie behind him. His gang sat around a table playing cards. As he came through, they all took out guns -- when they saw him they put the guns back down on the table and resumed their game. They were: Harry Pierpont, the nice looking Fitzgerald type... Homer Van Meter, a tall gangly kid, friendly sort, liked to joke a lot...

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

... ED SHOUSE, short, good-looking, slicked-down hair, the wheelman, used to drive dirt track race cars, a prima donna and punk... and Charlie Mackley, an old-time bank robber past his prime. Dillinger just busted on through and paid them no mention.

VAN METER

Nice looking broad.

MACKLEY

Two.

He was given two cards.

CUT TO:

18 INT. BEDROOM - DILLINGER & BILLIE

He slammed the door shut -- threw her on the bed and ripped his coat off -- was wearing double shoulder holsters.

DILLINGER

Douglas Fairbanks, eh?

She was too terrified to reply.

DILLINGER

(continuing)

Don't you move -- that clear?!

No answer.

DILLINGER

(continuing)

That clear!

BILLIE

Y -- yes...

He kicked open the bathroom door and turned the water on.

19 CLOSE SHOT - BILLIE

She couldn't see him or what he was doing -- she pulled herself together. She could hear the others playing cards and listening to the radio. She looked to the window -- it was a long way down.

20 ANOTHER ANGLE

Suddenly Dillinger came out of the bathroom, a straight razor in his hand. She gasped.

DILLINGER

Well?

He had shaved off his moustache and shaving cream was all over his face and a cut bled a little.

DILLINGER

(continuing)

It was the moustache, wasn't it?

BILLIE

Y -- you don't look like Douglas Fairbanks, if that's what you wanta know.

DILLINGER

What're you scared for? Shakin' like that -- I never hit a dame in my life.

He walked over to her. She stared at the straight razor. He looked down at it, closed it, and threw it behind him.

DILLINGER

(continuing)

I rob banks for a living, whata you do?

CUT TO:

21 NEXT ROOM - CARD GAME - GANG

Van Meter was dealing.

VAN METER

Nice legs.

PIERPONT

Don't trust 'em and I don't like it.

SHOUSE

I like 'em fine.

VAN METER

You got that Mary with you -- what's a man supposed to do?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

PIERPONT

Dillinger is a fool for broads --
I don't like a man who makes a
fool of himself over women.

MACKLEY

Two.

VAN METER

He's a fool for love... Three.

CUT TO:

22 INT. BEDROOM - DILLINGER & BILLIE

She sat looking down, tears in her eyes. He stood over
her.

DILLINGER

So, you do time as a hooker...

BILLIE

Don't say that.

DILLINGER

Nobody's gonna look down on you
for that. World needs good
hookers -- whoring is the oldest
profession in the world.

BILLIE

Don't say that.

DILLINGER

Really, it is -- the oldest
profession in the world. There
were whores before there were
banks or bank robbers.

She slaps him hard across the face.

BILLIE

Don't call me that!

DILLINGER

It's the truth, you just told me
so yourself -- ain't nothing to
shame about if the price is right.

She slapped him again, sort of enjoyed it.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

DILLINGER
Don't do that again.

BILLIE
Don't call me that then.

DILLINGER
What? Whore?

She slapped him again, he hit her back.

CUT TO:

23 CLOSE SHOT - CARD TABLE

VAN METER
I meet your twenty, Harry.

MACKLEY
I'm out.

PIERPONT
Johnny's too soft on dames -- he
treats 'em like they were goddesses
or movie stars.

CUT TO:

24 MED. SHOT - BEDROOM - DILLINGER & BILLIE

DILLINGER
Bitch!

He hit her full across the mouth, grabbed her by the
dress, which ripped -- she brought her knee up into
his crotch and scratched at his eyes and slugged him
about the face.

CUT TO:

25 CARD GAME

There was a CRASH from the other room.

PIERPONT
Got no discipline. He gets
carried away too easily. I don't
trust it. A broad's gonna let
him down someday -- a broad
always does --

CUT TO:

26 CLOSE SHOT - BEDROOM

Dillinger and Billie finished making love then they lay there gushing for air. Billie moaned and writhed around a bit. Dillinger propped himself up on one arm.

DILLINGER

(exhausted)

We're gonna do that again.

BILLIE

(exhausted)

Whatever you say.

He looked at her -- ran his hand over her thigh.

DILLINGER

You're gonna stay with me --
you and me from now on -- you'll
be my moll.

BILLIE

I'll stay with you but...

DILLINGER

But what?

Billie looked up at him.

BILLIE

Just one thing -- I don't
wanta see them get you -- I
don't wanta be there when that
happens.

DILLINGER

They won't ever get me.

BILLIE

I don't wanta see it -- that's
all, I just don't wanta see it,
Johnny.

DILLINGER

They won't get me -- I may not
live forever -- But I'd be a
fool not to try.

He smiled.

CUT TO:

September 26, 1933

Memphis, Tennessee

27 INT. ROOMING HOUSE STAIRWAY - CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS

Melvin Purvis stood at the foot of the stairs up to a dingy second floor. Behind him were Two Uniformed Police and Six F.B.I. Agents. Four carried Thompson submachine guns and two carried shotguns. Purvis motioned and the Police quietly took cover along the stairs. He started up them slowly -- they CREAKED a little. The other six started up, too, they CREAKED a lot. Purvis turned around and glared at them; they stopped and looked down sheepishly. Purvis continued alone.

CUT TO:

28 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS - DOOR

Purvis knelt beside a door -- VOICES could be HEARD inside.

MAN (O.S.)

You got G-heat smeared all over us. I was doin' fifty grand a year on tin can state banks.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Shut up, you dirty yellow drunk. I made you what you are -- if it wasn't for you, my mother wouldn't be up for life.

Purvis smiled, put a cigar in his mouth -- a hand lit it. He stood, held his hand out -- a machine gun was given to him. He drew in long on the cigar, stepped out from the door, BLASTED the lock off and kicked it in.

29 MED. SHOT - ROOM

He entered to find a man and Woman in nightclothes, sitting on a bare framed bed. There was little else in the room, save a machine gun on a chair. Purvis BLASTED it and ripped up around the bed. He SHOT the electric lamp out and put a BURST through the wall over their heads. The Woman, young, attractive, drew back, covering herself up. The man threw up his hands, cringing, and fell to his knees. He crawled toward Purvis.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

He was a big, slovenly man and identified as:

George "Machine Gun" Kelly

KELLY

Don't! Please don't -- don't
shoot, G-Men! Don't shoot me,
G-Men -- please don't!

Purvis looked down at him -- shoved the barrel in his
face.

PURVIS

You George Kelly?

KELLY

I'm Kelly -- please don't do
it, G-Men!

PURVIS

Purvis - F.B.I.!

He butt-stroked him and sent him crashing across the
room, then took the cigar out of his mouth and savored
the smoke. Mr. and Mrs. Machine Gun Kelly were hand-
cuffed and taken toward their just reward. Purvis held
out the machine gun as if it had been soiled on; an
Agent took it from him. Purvis contemplated the situation.

PURVIS

G-Men, eh.

He turned to the others..

COP

G-Men?

PURVIS

Government Man. I like it.
Mr. Hoover will like it -- G-Men.

He smiled.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. CAR - LONG SHOT - DAY

A car containing the crack Dillinger gang roared down
a dirt road in an endless lonely expanse of dusty Mid-
western prairie. A grain silo occasionally broke the
horizon; otherwise the land was unchanged since the days
of Quantrill.

DISSOLVE TO:

31 FULL SHOT - GAS STATION

The car pulled up next to a dusty, wind-beaten gas station. A couple of old black men squatted against the building in the shade and an attendant was inside seated in a rocking chair. None of them paid the gang any mention whatever. Everyone got out and stretched -- they looked ridiculous in their overcoats, boater hats and spats. They wandered around, looking off in the distance.

MACKLEY

This is where it was. I remember this gas station -- There was a factory -- They was breakin' ground for a textile mill.

PIERPONT

If this don't beat it all.

MACKLEY

You can see by those grain warehouses back down the road -- This place held the grain for sixteen counties.

PIERPONT

What about the banks -- I suppose there was twelve of them.

SHOUSE

I told you not to listen to him -- I thought this was a big time outfit.

DILLINGER

You don't like it, Eddy, you keep it to yourself.

MACKLEY

I ain't crazy, Johnny -- This place had a fat little bank here in '25 -- The whole county was rich.

SHOUSE

Well, it blew away in the goddamned dirt, you crummy old drunk.

MACKLEY

Don't you call me no drunk.

SHOUSE

Gimme that list 'a yours.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

He grabbed a paper out of Mackley's hand.

SHOUSE

(continuing)

Marysville, Kansas -- Rockford,
Wisconsin -- Grangers Trust --
Those places is two-bit, old
man -- an' half of 'em all
dried up.

MACKLEY

Give it back.

SHOUSE

Sure thing.

He spat in it and folded it up and handed it to him.
As he took it, Shouse shoved him so he stumbled and fell
on the ground. He laughed at this.

SHOUSE

(continuing)

Dirty son-of-a-bitch -- big
time, eh?

He turned around into Dillinger.

DILLINGER

Help him up.

SHOUSE

You gotta be crazy.

Dillinger kicked him in the groin and, when he bent over,
he viciously kneed him in the face. Shouse crumpled,
coughing and groaning. Dillinger helped Mackley up.

A few dirty people had materialized and stared silently
-- some crawled out from under old cars. They were men,
women and children but they didn't register as such --
they only were one thing in common -- poor.

DILLINGER

You get back in that car, Shouse
-- and as for the old man, Harry,
we ain't never gonna see the money
he's spent if we rob banks for five
years and live to be fifty. You'll
never be the bank robber he was.

HARRY

He's extra baggage to me -- I don't
care what he's seen. Where's Homer?

CUT TO:

32 EXT. GAS STATION - ATTENDANT & HOMER VAN METER

Homer walked up through the dust, looking absurd in his double-breasted suit and white shoes. A couple of little kids and a dog followed him. The ATTENDANT sat outside his station, sweating and looking off down the road.

HOMER
Hi there.

ATTENDANT
'Lo.

Homer walked up and smiled. The Attendant didn't do anything. There was a long pause.

HOMER
I said, hi there.

ATTENDANT
Heard you the first time.

HOMER
You did, eh? -- You work here?

ATTENDANT
I ain't in it for the pleasure.

HOMER

Nice fella.

No reply, needless to say.

HOMER
(continuing)

When the bank close down?

ATTENDANT
When they run outta money, whata you think.

HOMER
Everything just up and disappeared, eh?

The Attendant looked up, finally, at Homer.

ATTENDANT
Whata you wanta know for?

HOMER
Well -- these here friends of mine and I are on a three-state crime spree.

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED:

ATTENDANT

That so?

HOMER

Can't find no banks.

ATTENDANT

Breaks my heart.

HOMER

Worse yet, we're runnin' outta
gas looking for one.

The Attendant nodded.

HOMER

(continuing)

An' I'll be damned if I'm gonna
pay for more.He took out a nickel-plated Colt .380 automatic. The
Attendant nodded.

HOMER

(continuing)

You fill that car up now, you
understand?

ATTENDANT

Pump it yourself.

Homer made threatening gestures with the automatic. The
Attendant looked at it and spat on the ground.

HOMER

(to others)

Hey -- bring that car over here.

The car drove over with the others in it. Homer backed
up, looked at the Attendant who wasn't looking at him
anymore, and down at his gun. He backed up, opened the
door. The others didn't know what to make of it. Homer
looked at the Attendant again, confused. Took some bills
out of his pocket and threw them at the Attendant.

HOMER

(continuing)

I don't want none of your old
gas anyway.

He jumped in the car.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

HOMER
(continuing)

You son-of-a-bitch -- Step on it!

He FIRED his GUN at the windows, breaking two. The car ROARED off, leaving a lot of dust.

CUT TO:

33 INT. APARTMENT - CLOSE SHOT - SHOUSE

Shouse puffed on a cigar, trying to look tough; he was a small-time punk and knew it. He was only along because of his ability at the wheel. He puffed on the cigar and drank beer; next to him sat Pierpont.

Billie Frechette walked in with some food. They both looked up. She looked great -- really great. It was a hot night and the sweat made her tight dress stick to her. She wore little or nothing underneath and you could see that, too. She stood there, embarrassed, not knowing what to say.

PIERPONT

I thought you went out with Johnny.

BILLIE

Homer and him went to Chicago to look at a bank.

SHOUSE

He ain't takin' you to Chicago, that's when you gotta worry, Billie.

BILLIE

I ain't worried -- Mary thought you'd want something to eat.

SHOUSE

I never heard we were gonna do a bank in Chicago -- wonder what her name is.

PIERPONT

Don't listen to him, Billie -- he's just --

BILLIE

I don't.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

SHOUSE

Billie, that man of yours still
keeping you off the bottle?

BILLIE

Why?

SHOUSE

Well, I know why.

BILLIE

Well, what of it?

SHOUSE

(laughing)

What of it -- Discrimination
against you for bein' an Injun
-- I feel that's wrong, that's
what I do -- Injuns was here first.

PIERPONT

Haven't you got pride in what
you were?

BILLIE

I got plenty -- but liquor does
things to me.

SHOUSE

Does things to me, too -- makes
women beautiful. Billie, now
just get me something up there --
a little something off the top of
that bookcase there.

She went over to the bookcase and climbed up -- she
stretched but couldn't reach the top. Her dress pulled
tight across her tight buttocks.

34 CLOSE SHOT - SHOUSE & PIERPONT

Sweat beaded on Shouse's forehead.

SHOUSE

I'll give you a hand.

He got up and lifted her by the hips -- her dress pulled
up on her thighs.

SHOUSE

You see the bottle?

(CONTINUED).

34 CONTINUED:

BILLIE

I got it.

He lifted her down. They stared at each other a second.

PIERPONT

I'm gonna see what Mary's doin'.

He started to leave, smiling at Shouse.

SHOUSE

You think Johnny would mind if
you had a drink with me?

BILLIE

'Course he would.

SHOUSE

A little one.

He sat down and opened the bottle. Suddenly the door slammed open. Shouse whirled around to face John Dillinger. He tried to say something. Dillinger's eyes narrowed -- went from Shouse to Billie and back to Pierpont who stood in the door. Slowly, he moved across the room. Shouse backed up. Dillinger took the bottle up. in his hand, looked at it.

BILLIE

I didn't take any, Johnny.

Dillinger took a drink, swished it around his mouth, then spit it out. He looked directly at Shouse and poured the rest of it on the floor.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. HIGHWAY - CLOSE SHOT - POLICE CAR -- PURVIS

A police car sped down a tree-lined highway, followed by two others. Purvis sat in the front seat -- calm, despite the WAILING of the SIREN. The cars pulled off at a dirt road and bounced past several old farmhouses. Finally they came to a small rise with a house on top. The rise was surrounded by cars -- all several hundred yards away. People clustered in the trees and bushes. As they drew in close, they could see that uniformed police were everywhere -- behind cars, trees -- setting up scoped rifle positions. Despite the desperate and dangerous nature of the scene, crowds of farmers and poor folks crowded in close.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

Men hunkered down on their hams and put a hand over their eyes to shield the sun. They all stared intently at the farmhouse. Purvis' car pulled up near a crowd of NEWSPAPERMEN and POLICE.

NEWSMAN

That's Purvis. -- He got Machine Gun Kelly.

OTHER NEWSMAN

That ain't him.

NEWSMAN

Mr. Purvis, how did the Federal authorities find out about this hideout?

Purvis ignored him and pushed his way to the "front." A POLICEMAN leaned over to the Newsman.

POLICEMAN

Underhill got married last night.

NEWSMAN

Married!

POLICEMAN

Some moll of his -- a dancer -- she's still in there with him -- went to the Justice of the Peace -- like this.

He stuck his gun in the Newsman's side.

POLICEMAN

(continuing)

"We want to be married -- pronto."

The Newsman raised his hands.

POLICEMAN

(continuing; whispering)

Signed the marrying papers -- Wilbur Underhill -- the Tri-State Terror -- Bold as brass.

CUT TO:

36 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS

He stood next to a tree -- the closest place to the house with good cover.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

His aides, including Cowley, crouched behind him.

PURVIS

How long since you've seen him?

COWLEY

He shot two State cops about a half hour ago -- we fired for fifteen minutes straight -- must have been a couple of thousand rounds.

PURVIS

What about the girl?

COWLEY

She's gotta be dead, too -- no one could live in there.

PURVIS

Vest.

COWLEY

What?

PURVIS

Vest -- get me a vest.

CUT TO:

37 DIFFERENT ANGLES - PURVIS

Purvis took off his jacket and extended his arms. His aides pulled a bullet-proof vest over them and busily laced it tight across his back. Then he snapped his fingers and his coat was slipped over the vest -- it fit rather tightly but he did look like a sport. He opened his hand and a Thompson was held out -- he turned his hand over in disdain.

PURVIS

Automatic.

An automatic was placed in his right hand -- another in his left. He tried to reach into his pocket but couldn't because of the vest and the gun.

PURVIS

(continuing)

I can't get to my cigar.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

His attendants readied the cigar and placed it in his mouth, lit it, etc. Purvis drew in, savoring the smoke.

PURVIS
(continuing)

Hat.

His hat was handed up and fitted on his head at the correct angle. Purvis started out across the open ground to the front door.

38 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS

His eyes narrowed.

39 CLOSE SHOT - DOOR - PURVIS' POV

He moved in on it.

40 LONG SHOT - HOUSE

Purvis entered. Silence.

41 MONTAGE - FACES OF FARMERS, POLICEMEN, COWLEY

They all stared.

42 LONG SHOT - HOUSE

It was silent, shimmering in the heat. Suddenly, a woman SCREAMED -- there was a BLAST -- a section of roof flew out -- ANOTHER BLAST -- a RICOCHET. The woman still SCREAMED. MIXED GUNFIRE -- RAPID -- A MACHINE GUN BURST.

VOICE
Son-of-a-bitch!

FIVE SHOTS -- rapid -- steady -- silence.

43 MONTAGE - POLICE

They squinted through their scopes lined on their pistol sights, tightened the grip of the trigger finger.

44 FULL SHOT - HOUSE

A figure stumbled out the door, bent and spastic, making low guttural sounds. It was identified as:

Wilbur Underhill
Tri-State Terror

Wilbur looked around the yard at all the police -- his eyes didn't see them -- he was already dead. A gust of wind blew dust up as he fell to his hands and knees, twitched and crumpled in a heap in the dirt. Purvis walked through the door carrying a dead girl. People rushed up. Cowley was among the first to reach him. The girl was taken. He handed his pistols to others -- held out his arms so that his jacket and vest could be removed.

NEWSMAN

That was the most courageous thing
I've ever seen in my life.

OTHER NEWSMAN

Guts -- sheer guts.

COWLEY

How'd the broad get it?

PURVIS

He did it -- couldn't go without
her.

NEWSMAN

That makes another one for you,
Mr. Purvis. J. Edgar Hoover's
got another feather in his hat.

OTHER MAN

Another scalp.

PURVIS

Light my cigar.

It was lit.

CUT TO:

October 26, 1933

East Chicago

45 EXT. STREET - CLOSE SHOT - NEWSBOY - DAY

The evening's paper was out. A FAT MAN screamed out the headlines and lurid details.

NEWSMAN

Extra -- Crime Wave Continues!
State o' Indiana Under Siege!
Dillinger Robs Three Banks!

BUM

How many folks was killed?

NEWSMAN

I don't read 'em, I just sell
'em. Barrow Gang breaks out o'
law trap in Joplin -- three
State police killed.

BUM

What's it say about Dillinger?
-- I wanta hear about Dillinger.

NEWSMAN

Get a nickel, mister -- Costs a
nickel -- this ain't a charity --
Barker Gang and Klutas behind
Harum kidnapping! -- Pretty Boy
Floyd number one on Hoover's
list.

BUM

Hoover ain't President no more,
what's he got to do with it?

NEWSMAN

'Course he ain't -- spend a
nickel and you might learn
something.

A man pushed through the bums and down and out to the
Newsman. It was Harry Pierpont. He shoved a nickel at
him.

NEWSMAN

(continuing)

American Legion mobilized in
Indiana. Governor fears --

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

He looked into Pierpont's cold eyes.

BUM

Hey, buddy, can I trouble you
for --

Pierpont turned around and stared him down.

PIERPONT

I ain't your buddy.

He took the paper.

46 EXT. STREET - LONG SHOT - CAR - GANG

Pierpont walked back to where three cars were parked. He leaned against the first one. MARY KINDER, a lusty, kind-looking girl was at the wheel. Next to her was Billie who had her head down and her hands over her eyes.

PIERPONT

Well -- If things don't hold me
up, we'll be in Tucson in two
nights -- Make sure the rooms
are all in the same hotel and
on different floors. Have
Billie check in an hour or two
later and the others the next
day. If you all come in at once
it could -- What's wrong with her?

Billie was sobbing silently.

MARY

She isn't going -- she wants to
go back to her mother up on the
Injun reservation.

PIERPONT

What the hell's wrong with her!
That's all I need --

He reached in and pulled her hand away from her eyes
which were blackened.

PIERPONT

(continuing)

So you had a little fight -- Mary
and I have fights --

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

She covered herself back up.

MARY
She ain't coming.

PIERPONT
Johnny know that?

MARY
No.

PIERPONT
I ain't gonna tell him. Now
get outta here -- I gotta bank
to rob.

Mary leaned out of the car and held him and kissed him.

MARY
Be careful, Harry -- be careful.

He kissed her back.

PIERPONT
Get outta here -- just get
outta here.

CUT TO:

47 FULL SHOT - BANK - GANG

The First National Bank of East Chicago. Pierpont was already inside, pasting up a huge Red Cross poster over the window to block the view. Dillinger and Van Meter stood on the sidewalk, watching Shouse and Mackley back the cars in across the street. Shouse stayed in his car. Mackley got out and leaned against it. A new man, ED FULTON, about twenty-five, greasy, walked up to Dillinger -- he was wearing a large trenchcoat and carried a satchel. He handed the satchel to Dillinger. The three of them went in. People walked by -- everything seemed normal.

48 CLOSE SHOT - SHOUSE

He was nervous, edgy -- he kept looking at the bank and back down the street.

49 CLOSE SHOT - MACKLEY

He was confident and alert. His cool eyes stared at the bank and then to Shouse. A woman SCREAMED, a SHOT RANG OUT.

50 CLOSE SHOT - SHOUSE

He was breathing fast -- an ALARM went off -- he started the car -- ANOTHER SHOT and BREAKING GLASS.

51 FULL SHOT - BANK

The gang backed out. Mackley withdrew a B.A.R. (Browning Automatic Rifle, caliber .30, Government) and covered them. Shouse backed his car into Mackley's and gunned the engine. Dillinger was last out, laden down with Federal Reserve sacks and a Thompson submachine gun. The others also carried Thompsons. They ran across the street -- people SCREAMED. Dillinger stopped for a second and tipped his hat. Pierpont and Fulton jumped into Shouse's car. Before the doors were closed, he gunned out into the street and hit a fear-stricken woman and ran her over. Dillinger scrambled in next to the driver's seat. Van Meter dived in back. As Mackley pulled himself in, a uniformed bank guard FIRED with a shotgun from the bank door.

52 CLOSE SHOT - CAR

The WINDSHIELD SHATTERED, PELLETS ripped through the doors. Mackley sagged at the wheel, bleeding.

MACKLEY

Oh, God!

The Browning fell from his grip and CLATTERED on the street. Van Meter cut loose with his TOMMY GUN. People SCREAMED, GLASS SHATTERED. Dillinger pulled Mackley over, took the wheel and speed shifted out of there.

CUT TO:

53 INT. SHOUSE'S CAR

Shouse hurtled for the corner, turned it to find a full police roadblock -- the cops behind their cars with shotguns, rifles and Thompsons.

54 FULL SHOT - SHOUSE'S CAR - POLICE

Shouse, unable to stop, made a SCREECHING turn and CRASHED into a lamp post as the police BLASTED into the car. He and Pierpont dived out the far side and scrambled back up the sidewalk, FIRING as they went. Fulton, stunned by the crash, kicked open his door and faced the police with a .45 in either hand. He FIRED once and was hit with two or three SHOTGUN BLASTS, blowing him back into the car. He pulled the door closed as BULLETS ripped through it, then he slumped over it and blood ran out the holes.

55 FULL SHOT - DILLINGER'S CAR

Dillinger rounded the corner, slammed on his brakes and threw the car in reverse. Shouse and Pierpont were almost to him -- the police in hot pursuit. Pierpont managed to leap on the running boards as Dillinger negotiated the turn on two wheels -- backwards!

56 INT. CAR - DILLINGER

Dillinger looked in his mirror and back at Shouse who ran, trying to catch up on his side. He roared back down the street.

57 CLOSE SHOT - MIRROR

Cars and people rushed by.

58 CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER

His eyes on the mirror and then back to Shouse.

59 CLOSE SHOT - DIFFERENT ANGLE

Shouse was alongside now, his hands reaching, reaching. GUNFIRE ROARED and BULLETS spat past.

60 CLOSE SHOT - SHOUSE'S EYES

Pleading, terror-stricken.

61 CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER'S EYES

Cool, cold, vengeful.

62 CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER'S HAND

A .45 in it. He FIRED across the wheel three times.

63 CLOSE SHOT - SHOUSE

His eyes went wide -- a hole through his cheek. Blood ran out of his mouth.

64 FULL SHOT - CAR

Dillinger threw it around in a slide -- shifted gears and roared off down a side street. Shouse staggered on, his hands in the air, clawing at the sky. He lurched violently as a FUSILLADE OF BULLETS thudded into his back. He was blown forward and slid across the street, pushed on by successive BLASTS until he came to rest under a parked car.

CUT TO:

RED LAKE INDIAN RESERVATION

CLEARWATER, MINNESOTA

65 EXT. HOUSE - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

The WIND HOWLED and dead leaves fluttered by. The door to the low, shabby-looking cabin burst open and two figures emerged in the light. It was Dillinger and Billie -- he dragged her and she cried into the wind. A large old woman rushed out and struggled with them. Dillinger knocked her down screaming, and picked Billie up and carried her to his car which was parked in the darkness.

- DISSOLVE TO:

66 INT. CAR - DILLINGER, BILLIE & MACKLEY - NIGHT

Dillinger and Billie sat in the front seat -- Mackley slumped in the rear, unconscious. They roared through the black night.

BILLIE

(crying)

Y. -- you killed Eddy?

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

DILLINGER

That's right, I killed him --
I shot him in the face and he's
dead.

BILLIE

Why? -- why?

DILLINGER

For you.

BILLIE

Me?

DILLINGER

I love you, Billie -- that's why
I killed him -- I love you, I
need you -- I killed him for
you -- what more can a man do?

CUT TO:

67- EXT. PRAIRIE - FULL SHOT - CAR - NIGHT

The car hurtled on across the bleak and dark prairie.
There were no other lights -- no buildings -- no signs
of life.

CUT TO:

68 INT. CAR

Billie was asleep on Dillinger's shoulder. Mackley had
changed position in the back and was conscious but he
looked bad.

DILLINGER

All the slugs went right through
your guts -- coulda hit a bone
and then you'da been hurt.

MACKLEY

(deranged)

When you bury me, Johnny, put a
name with me. I don't just
wanta go under with no name...

DILLINGER

You ain't goin' nowhere -- I've
seen people ten times as worse.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

MACKLEY

I was well known, Johnny -- I don't wanta go out without my name -- Charley Mackley -- the bank robber -- I always wanted people to think of me as a bank robber -- Johnny -- I was never no hood.

JOHNNY

You weren't no punk, Charley -- I read about you when I was a kid, you an' Henry Star -- Frank Nash, Ray Terrell -- You were never no punk.

MACKLEY

I never was no part of a mob, Johnny -- they offered me once -- when I was on the lam -- Chicago -- Capone syndicate -- wanted me to operate a machine gun -- I told them to stick that chopper up their nose -- I don't put the heat on no guys just 'cause someone tells me to -- I was no murderer -- I was a thief -- I worked for my living, Johnny.

69 CLOSE SHOT - MACKLEY

He looked slowly out the window into the endless dark prairie.

MACKLEY

This was a great country once, Johnny -- biggest banks in the world -- people used to line up for two city blocks waiting to put their money in a bank that I'd rob -- They came from all the counties in ten states -- they brought their daughters and their sons and they parked their cars and wagons in fields of wheat that stretched to two oceans and they had herds of hogs like buffalos and flocks of chickens that'd make the sky turn black if they flew or the ground turn white when they were a'layin'.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

MACKLEY (CONT'D)

They were a tough people, too.
They'd spit right at a tornado
and they were a proud people --
why, when I'd stole their money,
they'd shake their heads and
say, that boy's got nerve --
that's all they'd say. An'
they'd just go out an' make
some more. -- God knows where
it all went. God knows. I
loved them people I robbed --

CUT TO:

70 EXT. DESERT - LONG SHOT - CAR - DAWN

The car was parked by the side of the road that stretched
from horizon to horizon unbroken. Off to the side about
half a mile were two lonely figures.

71 FULL SHOT - DILLINGER & BILLIE

Dillinger and Billie stood over a pile of rocks and a
small cross. Billie leaned against Johnny and the wind
whipped at them and blew her hair -- The sun was just
coming up over some distant red buttes.

72 CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER

He looked down and shuffled his feet. The cross on the
grave was simple and crude with a fresh twenty dollar
bill stuck on it..

DILLINGER

I put no name on this grave --
because Charlie Mackley was a
well-known man -- his name is
like that of Butch Cassidy, Sam
Bass, Cole Younger and Jesse
James. If I put a name on this
grave, some old coot'd find it
before long and then they'd just
dig up Charlie and sell his bones
to tourists -- That's why there's
no name on this grave -- Just an
old man whose time was up -- Amen.

He took off his hat.

CUT TO:

BELLWOOD, ILL.

73 INT. ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS

Purvis was seated in a plush rocking chair. He licked the outside of a Monte Cristo number one cigar -- cut the end of it expertly, put it in his mouth and drew on it to see if the air came through well.

CUT TO:

74 EXT. STREET - FULL SHOT - CAR

A car pulled up -- a heavyset man got out -- he looked down the street in both directions, reached back into the car and withdrew a heavy satchel. He was identified as:

HANDSOME JACK KLUTAS
KIDNAPPER, MURDERER

He went into a shabby apartment building.

75 INT. STAIRWAY - FULL SHOT

Klutas entered and looked up a long, narrow stairway. There was a door at the top.

CUT TO:

76 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS

He put on a pair of gray velvet gloves.

CUT TO:

77 MED. SHOT - KLUTAS

He started up the stairs.

CUT TO:

78 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS

His cigar was lit -- In his lap was a Thompson sub-machine gun.

CUT TO:

79 CLOSE SHOT - KLUTAS

He reached the top of the stairs, put the satchel down and fumbled with a key to unlock the door. He opened it to REVEAL Purvis sitting square in the middle of the doorway, rocking. Their eyes met.

PURVIS
F.B.I. --

Klutas reached into his coat. Purvis had the Tommy Gun across his crossed leg -- he squeezed it off -- TAT-TAT-TAT. Klutas flew backwards, down the stairs end over end -- his GUN WENT OFF in his hand, uncontrolled. He crashed into the wall at the foot of the stairs. Purvis put the muzzle under his crossed leg and loosed another BURST into the body. Then he smiled and drew in on the cigar.

CUT TO:

TUCSON, ARIZONA

80 EXT. STREET - MED. SHOT - GANG - DAY

Dillinger, Pierpont, Van Meter and the girls were all decked out in ridiculous dude cowboy garb -- behind them were horses. They posed for a picture. The photographer snapped it -- they relaxed.

81 EXT. RESTAURANT - MED. SHOT - THE GANG

The gang was eating at an outdoor Mexican cafe. All were present except Homer Van Meter. Pierpont read a paper -- the headlines boldly emblazoned that -- DILLINGER GANG HITS FLORIDA --

PIERPONT
"... From Florida to as far north as the Canadian border. Within sixty days, they have accounted for fifteen major bank robberies and a score of killings. Dillinger himself is responsible for at least five -- "

DILLINGER
I never killed no one. I don't know what they're talking about.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

PIERPONT

What about that bank guard in
East Chicago?

DILLINGER

He was shooting at me -- besides,
you shot him, too -- I don't
like being called a killer,
that's all.

A waiter came by -- Dillinger held up a plate of guacamole.

DILLINGER

(continuing)

Mas --

The waiter smiled -- Dillinger took a hat off a wall --
a large Mexican hat.

PIERPONT

Without Mackley and Fulton --
we're too short -- not to mention
Eddy.

DILLINGER

Not to mention Eddy.

He took the hat over to Billie.

DILLINGER

(continuing; to
Billie)

Put it on -- go ahead.

BILLIE

Oh, it's silly-looking.

DILLINGER

Go ahead.

She did.

DILLINGER

(continuing)

There ain't a bank I've been in
that the three of us couldn't
rob -- Looks good on you -- really
does -- Baby -- I wouldn't say it
if I didn't mean it --

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2)

PIERPONT

You're letting the stories get to you, Johnny -- you're beginning to believe 'em.

Dillinger turned and looked him hard in the eye.

DILLINGER

Don't you, Harry?

PIERPONT

No -- not now -- not ever.

Dillinger smiled.

DILLINGER

That's why we work so well together, Harry -- You keep my feet on the ground -- and I appreciate that.

PIERPONT

I'm sure you do -- so I'll see about Russel Clark or John Hamilton.

DILLINGER

They'd be fine.

The waiter came with the guacamole.

PIERPONT

I'll be going now, so I'll get it.

He reached for the check -- Dillinger put his hand up.

DILLINGER

It's on me, Harry.

He pulled out a bill and pressed it into the waiter's hand.

82 CLOSE SHOT - BILL

A hundred bucks -- no less!

DILLINGER (O.S.)

And you can keep the change.

CUT TO:

83 INT. RESTAURANT - CLOSE SHOT - BILL

Tucson Sheriff BIG JIM WOLLARD looked at the bill. It was fresh and crackled when he bent it. A COUPLE of tough-looking WESTERN LAWYERS stood behind him. The little Mexican waiter cowered in a corner.

JIM

It ain't matched up to them bills in the Chicago jobs or ones from the Hamm kidnapping, but it's hot.

DEPUTY SHERIFF

What makes you so sure?

JIM

The fact of that man giving a Mex waiter a hundred dollar bill and driving off in a new Buick with a flashy brunette wearing diamond rings means that man is your criminal.

The Deputy looked questioningly at him.

JIM

(continuing)

Decent folks just don't live that well! -- Put a tail on him but don't get too close.

CUT TO:

84 EXT. CAR - CLOSE SHOT - DAY

Dillinger and Billie drive up a dirt road to a spot overlooking miles of prairie and scattered settlements. The car is a new, shiny Buick and Billie wears a silk scarf and a new fox fur coat. Dillinger stops and the dust settles.

85 INT. CAR

DILLINGER

You see that out there?

BILLIE

Where? It's all desert to me.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

DILLINGER

Out there where that town is --
'bout to the horizon -- that --
that there is Mexico.

BILLIE

(to herself)

Mexico -- it's just waiting.

DILLINGER

I'm getting tired, Billie --
tired -- All I have to do is
drive back down that road --
I got seventy thousand dollars
in the trunk.

Billie looked at him.

BILLIE

It's up to you, Johnny --

DILLINGER

Just drive down that road to
Guadalajara -- live the rest of
my life like a Pharoah.

He looked for a long time -- then shook his head.

DILLINGER

(continuing)

No -- I couldn't do that --

BILLIE

I didn't think you could -- What
would your public say?

They laughed and drove off in the dusty sunset.

CUT TO:

86 EXT. FIESTA - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

It was a fiesta -- held in a vacant lot -- the lights
of the city behind. Cars were parked in the shadows
and in one of these was Big Jim and his deputies. Square
dancing was going on and a Mariachi BAND was PLAYING, too.

87 CLOSE SHOT - JIM

He looked over across the cars and saw Dillinger, Pier-
pont and their girls join Van Meter near Dillinger's car.

CUT TO:

88 CLOSE SHOT - THE GANG

Van Meter has a tall, voluptuous BLONDE on his arm.

VAN METER

Gentlemen, I'd like you to meet Pearl. She sings at the Yellow Sombrero.

DILLINGER

Show business -- you must have a glamorous life.

VAN METER

This is Art Long -- Pearl and Sam Philips -- I do business with them occasionally -- and their wives --

PEARL

You look like Dillinger, sort of, Mr. Long.

DILLINGER

Oh, my -- I hope nobody else thinks so -- My friends told me I looked like Douglas Fairbanks.

PEARL

I like Dillinger better.

CUT TO:

89 INT. CAR - CLOSE SHOT - SHERIFFS

A DEPUTY leaned in. Big Jim had a copy of Crime Wave Magazine.

JIM

You get a good look at him?

DEPUTY

Close as I am to you.

JIM

Him?

He opened Crime Wave Magazine to Alvin Karpis.

DEPUTY

Nope.

He flipped the pages, stopped at Pretty Boy Floyd.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

DEPUTY
(continuing)

Nope.

He turned the page -- a picture of Charles Mackley and Homer Van Meter.

DEPUTY
(continuing)

That's one of 'em! I swear it.

He turned the page again -- John Dillinger -- Nation's Number One Criminal.

DEPUTY
(continuing)

Oh, my God!

CUT TO:

90 CLOSE SHOT - DEPUTY

Dillinger, with Billie on his arm, drew up to a group that was dancing in the Old West style -- fiddles, accordions, etc. They were playing "Red River Valley."

DILLINGER
I like that song.

BILLIE
Well, don't look at me.

DILLINGER
Would you want to dance?

BILLIE
Do you know how?

DILLINGER
'Course I do -- sort of.

He took off his boater hat and threw it away -- offered his arm to Billie -- She looked up at him and beamed -- At that moment, Dillinger stiffened up -- Big Jim could be SEEN over his shoulder -- Two or three other Deputies came in close.

BIG JIM
It's a twelve-gauge, Mr. Dillinger.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

BIG JIM (CONT'D)
I'm Big Jim Wollard -- I've
killed thirty-five men in my
life -- I wouldn't care if you
were thirty-six -- Let's go.

91 DIFFERENT ANGLE - FULL SHOT

Dillinger and Billie were separated and both were walked
back towards the shadows. Van Meter and Pearl came out
of the crowd.

92 CLOSE SHOT - VAN METER

He saw Dillinger and the big man with the shotgun. He
backed up into the crowd. The other Deputies saw him.

PEARL
Where you going, honey? -- What's
wrong!

Van Meter slipped back into the crowd -- Pearl turned
around and saw men with guns coming at her -- She
screamed.

93 CLOSE SHOT - PIERPONT

He looked up -- Mary looked around in surprise, too.

MARY
It's heat. They've got Johnny --
Get out'a here quick.

Pierpont looked at her quickly, backed up and ran into
the shadows.

PIERPONT
St. Paul, baby -- St. Paul --

94 MONTAGE - NEWSPAPER HEADLINES

Various newspapers read: Dillinger Captured Alive In
Tucson -- Tucson Police Trap No. 1 Criminal -- Gang
Still at Large -- Midwest Gang Headed West to Free
Dillinger -- Harry Pierpont Vows Revenge -- Dillinger's
"moll" said "he was like a movie star." Sheriff "Big
Jim" Wollard says he welcomes the rest of "Gangsters,"
etc., etc.

CUT TO:

95 INT. JAIL CELL - MED. SHOT - POV

A parade of people passed by the cell. A tough-looking COWBOY stopped, looked in, cold.

COWBOY

You ain't so hard, Mister --
You ain't all that hard.

DILLINGER (O.S.)

Why don't you let me out and
we can see.

The people gasped and smiled in delight.

GUARD

Keep moving -- there's plenty
more have a right to see.

KID

My dad would whup you to a frazzle.

WOMAN

You like blondes or redheads?

DILLINGER (O.S.)

I don't care much about the hair.
I always look at the ass.

Again, shock and giggling, etc.

MAN

You're a blight on the name of
man and God and J. Edgar Hoover
will see you get yours -- You
will burn in the chair and then
in Hell everlasting.

DISSOLVE TO:

96 NEWSPAPER HEADLINES

Four States Vie For Dillinger -- Dillinger To Face Murder
Rap In Indiana -- Dillinger To Be Moved To Crown Point,
Indiana -- Gang Revenge Feared.

97 EXT. JAIL - FULL SHOT - MORNING

Dillinger was brought out, handcuffed, by ten or fifteen
policemen, all carrying Thompson submachine guns and
twelve-gauge shotguns. They put him in a car, then got
in with him, guns pointed at his heart. The car pulled
away, followed by five others, bristling with men and
machine guns.

98 EXT. PLAINS - CARAVAN - FULL SHOT

The caravan, or convoy as it were, moved across the great plains, headed for Indiana -- The cars now numbered seven or eight -- It was treatment reserved only for Presidents, generals, and the likes of John Dillinger.

CUT TO:

CROWN POINT, INDIANA

LAKE COUNTY JAIL

99 EXT. JAIL - FULL SHOT

Trenches had been dug and sandbagged. Along these were built-in Lewis Gun emplacements -- National Guardsmen brandished B.A.R.'s and Springfields -- Special Deputies stood closer to the jail with Thompsons and shotguns -- Next to the garage was a light tank! American Legion men -- old and in their ridiculous hats -- held the trenches along with the young Guardsmen -- The Lake County Jail was the best fortified position on the continent. Newsmen crowded around the door as two cars pulled up. Out of these cars, various-looking officials emerged with police escort -- They walked up into the jailhouse, surrounded by reporters and police. All around the defense cordon, crowds waited.

CUT TO:

100 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - FULL SHOT - CROWDS - DILLINGER

The room was packed -- Reporters pushed against each other, trying to get in close to Dillinger who stood with police in the f.g. Next to Dillinger was a dapper-looking man, JAMES ROBERT ESTILL -- Prosecuting Attorney. At his elbow was MRS. LILLIAN HOLLEY -- Lake County Sheriff. Reporters pushed in -- Flashbulbs popped constantly.

REPORTER 1

Why aren't you wearing a hat,
Johnny, are you going collegiate?

People laughed.

DILLINGER

They stole my hat.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

REPORTER 2

What'a you think of the President, Johnny?

DILLINGER

I'm for him -- I'm for the New Deal -- the N.R.A. Especially the help he's giving the banks!

More laughter.

REPORTER 3

Did you kill patrolman O'Malley?

DILLINGER

I never killed no one -- I just steal money.

REPORTER 3

You've been known to carry a gun and use it.

DILLINGER

It is dangerous work.

REPORTER 4

What'a you think of this jail?

DILLINGER

This is a nice place -- nice people, but -- there's no jail that can hold me -- This is an exercise in futility.

REPORTER 4

Say that again.

DILLINGER

An exercise in futility.

REPORTER 1

What'a you think of the D.A.?

Dillinger looked over at Estill who smiled.

DILLINGER

I like him -- I like Mrs. Holley, too. She seems to be a real fine lady -- I like Mr. Estill -- we oughta get along fine.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (2)

REPORTER

Put your arm around him, Mr.
Estill -- Sheriff Holley --

They didn't, but Dillinger did. He put his arm around Mrs. Holley and Mr. Estill -- They all smiled. Photographers snapped away -- FREEZE FRAME.

CUT TO:

101 EXT. STREET - CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS

The last picture of Dillinger was on the front page of the newspaper Purvis was reading. Purvis smiled. Cowley looked over his shoulder -- The headlines read: "No Jail Will Hold Him."

PURVIS

We got the second column again -- Federal Bureau of Investigation Midwest Bureau Chief Melvin Purvis claims he will have Pretty Boy Floyd within a month -- commends Texas Ranger on killing of Bonnie and Clyde -- Remind me to send that man a box of cigars.

COWLEY

You already did.

PURVIS

You know, this kind of thing isn't good -- Isn't good at all.

COWLEY

What kind of thing?

PURVIS

I mean this Dillinger punk gets the headline and we get second column -- That kinda thing's gonna have to change -- Make more personal appearances when you can -- Talk to people -- Let the public know who you are -- You know this whole thing isn't just catching these rats.

COWLEY

That's all I wanta do -- That's all the Director wants me to do.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

PURVIS

I don't mean to cast aspersions
on J. Edgar but he was never a
man to shun the public eye --

A little KID ran in front of him, shooting an imaginary
gun at another kid.

PURVIS

Hey -- kid -- kid -- you --
that's right -- What're you
playing?

102 CLOSE SHOT - KID

The Kid looked down.

KID

Cops and robbers.

103 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS

He leaned over the Kid.

PURVIS

What're you -- the cop or the
robber?

KID

Robber.

PURVIS

Ohhh -- crime doesn't pay -- I
bet your dad told you that.

KID

I ain't got no dad.

PURVIS

That's too bad -- I'm sorry to
hear that -- Every kid should
have a dad -- You know who I am?

The Kid looked up at him, scared.

KID

No.

PURVIS

You really don't know who I am?

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

KID

No.

PURVIS

I'm Melvin Purvis -- the G-man.

KID

You ain't him.

PURVIS

You wanta see my badge?

He took out his badge. The Kid started to blush and looked down.

PURVIS

How'd you like to see my gun?

KID

Yeah.

Purvis took out his nickel-plated, engraved .38 Super automatic -- took out the clip and the round in the chamber.

PURVIS

I gotta unload it -- not that I don't trust you -- but if something happened, I'd always think of you when I looked at my own little kid.

KID

You gotta little boy, too?

PURVIS

No -- I'm like you. I don't have anybody -- Here, hold it.

He handed the Kid the gun -- The Kid held it, shaking.

KID

Didn't you have a dad?

PURVIS

No -- How's it feel?

KID

Feels heavy.

Purvis took it back -- slammed the clip in and worked the slide -- put it back in his holster.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (2)

PURVIS

When you grow up, it won't feel heavy -- You could have one just like it -- have a badge, too.

KID

I wouldn't wanta be a G-man.

PURVIS

Why not?

KID

Have to go to school -- be a G-man.

PURVIS

Well, you gotta go to school.

KID

John Dillinger don't go to school.

The Kid ran off -- Purvis looked after him -- the Kid stopped at an alleyway.

PURVIS

(yells)

John Dillinger's in jail.

104 CLOSE SHOT - KID

He paused at the alleyway, looked back at Purvis longingly. He waved slowly and disappeared.

105 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS

He waved the same way.

106 INT. CELL - CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER

Dillinger sat in his cell, carving with a pocketknife on a potato. Various Police and Prison Officials stood over him.

OFFICIAL

Press wants to see you at four --

DILLINGER

No press today.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

OFFICIAL
Why not -- thought you loved
the press?

Too busy.

DILLINGER

He carved away.

DILLINGER
(continuing)
I want some wood. Can't I have
some wood?

POLICEMAN
They said no wood, but you can
have all the soap you want --
you can wash with it, too.

DILLINGER
I'd like to look good for the
hearing tomorrow. Can you have
my shoes polished?

POLICEMAN
I like that --

OFFICIAL
That is some gall.

OTHER OFFICIAL
Mister -- we are not here to see
to your comfort or convenience
-- We are here to see that you
stand trial and are duly disposed
of --

POLICEMAN
Tried and fried.

OFFICIAL
That is our duty, Mister -- If
you want your shoes polished,
son -- you will polish them.

107 CLOSE SHOT - SHOE POLISH

Dillinger's hands pried off the lid -- Below him, the
floor was covered with soap shavings. Dillinger looked
up and down the row of cells -- then he began to rub the
black polish on a soap "gun," an automatic, complete
with hole in the end.

DISSOLVE TO:

108 FULL SHOT - CELL BLOCK - GUARDS

TWO GUARDS strolled down the cell block, pushing a cart of food -- They pushed the trays under the cell doors. As the one man leaned down, Dillinger whistled. The Guard looked up into Dillinger's gun.

DILLINGER
Open the door, friend.

GUARD
That ain't real.

DILLINGER
You wanta lose the top of your head finding out? -- Open it!

He backed up -- The Second Guard had a shotgun.

DILLINGER
(continuing)
Put it on the tray or I'll give it to you in the throat!

He did -- the other one opened the cell --

DILLINGER
(continuing)
Now, back up.

They did -- Dillinger stepped out -- took the shotgun but still covered them with the "soap gun."

GUARD
Where'd you get that?

DILLINGER
My lawyer gave it to me -- Get in there! -- Whata you think lawyers are for --

As they passed, Dillinger relieved them of their revolvers.

DILLINGER
(continuing)
Either 'a you married?

FIRST GUARD
I am.

DILLINGER
All right, you stay --
(to the other)
You come with me.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

The other Guard came forward. Dillinger worked the slide of the shotgun and levelled it. He slammed the cell shut. The cells next to Dillinger's were empty -- But at the end of the row was a tall, lanky man who smiled at him.

MAN
Evening, Mr. Dillinger.

DILLINGER
What's your name?

MAN
Reed Youngblood.

DILLINGER
What're you in for, Reed?

REED
Murder.

DILLINGER
Who?

REED
Wife and a Bible salesman --
caught 'em en flagrante dilecto.

DILLINGER
Let him out.

CUT TO:

109 FULL SHOT - MAIN CELL BLOCK - WARDEN

WARDEN DIXON and three machine gun carrying Guards strode through the cell block, looking serious.

WARDEN DIXON
This better not be any joke --
I'm tired of this bird's jokes.

The Guards turned the keys and opened the steel door to the maximum security block. Suddenly, the Warden was pulled out of sight and the Guards put their hands up.

DISSOLVE TO:

110 FULL SHOT - CELL BLOCK - DILLINGER

Warden Dixon and the Guards walked with their hands on their heads, followed by Dillinger and Youngblood with Thompsons. The cell block awoke instantly -- Guards were all over with rifles and machine guns trained on the procession. The Cons rushed to the bars of their cells.

CON 1

He's doin' it -- The son-of-of-a-bitch is gonna make it..

CON 2

More power to you, Johnny!

CON 1

Take 'em with you, Dillinger!

The cell block broke into an enormous unanimous cheer. Dillinger smiled -- They pushed on through -- Youngblood trained his gun back at the Guards.

111 INT. HALLWAY - CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

The group pushed down a narrow hallway.

DILLINGER

The garage, Warden.

WARDEN DIXON

They won't shoot me to stop you in here, Johnny, but I can't control those National Guard boys.

DILLINGER

Don't worry about a thing, Warden. Secretly, they'd like to see me pull it off.

They turned a corner -- opened a door.

112 INT. GARAGE - FULL SHOT

The garage was empty save for a couple of beat-up cars. The group entered -- No one seemed to be around. Then they came to a car up on a jack -- A MAN's feet protruded from under it.

DILLINGER

Come out of there, Mister.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

MAN (O.S.)

Can't you see I'm busy -- Haven't
you got manners or sense enough
to know when a man is --

WARDEN DIXON

Better come out of there, Drager.

DRAGER, the mechanic, pulled himself out, ready for a
fight -- saw the group and just stared.

DRAGER

I've seen you in the newspapers
-- you're him!

DILLINGER

What's the fastest car here?

DRAGER

I'll be damned -- you're him!
-- Sheriff Holley's car is the
fastest but Mr. Greeve's Pontiac
is the strongest on hills --

DILLINGER

We'll take the Sheriff's car --
I know she won't mind.

DRAGER

She sure will.

DILLINGER

She's a friend of mine -- Now,
get behind the wheel before I
kill you.

DRAGER

Yes, sir.

He got into a Ford V8.

DILLINGER

(to Guard)

What's outside?

GUARD

The National Guard and the American
Legion -- They got a tank!

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: (2)

DILLINGER

You three go out there -- Open that garage door -- and in two minutes we're coming out -- I don't wanta see a movement -- not a turning of a head -- Those boys better be at attention or the Warden and this man'll be spaghetti -- You get that?

GUARD

Yes, sir.

DILLINGER

I'm gonna be lookin' back an' if I see someone following -- tat-tat-tat -- You give me a good headstart, boy -- It'll be more sporting.

GUARD

I understand, sir.

Dillinger motioned them out.

CUT TO:

113 MONTAGE - NATIONAL GUARDSMEN

They looked down their guns -- cocked the bolts.

COMMANDER (O.S.)

Now, I don't want nobody to even think of shooting. We'll get him. I guarantee you that. -- We'll save the cost of a trial and have some fun to boot.

The men in the tank started its engine and put on their football helmets.

114 FULL SHOT - JAIL

Dillinger drove out and passed the fortress as in review -- He sat in the back seat next to the Warden -- He waved his hat in salute -- Every gun tracked him. The car went on down the street and a long way off turned a corner. There was a moment of pause -- Then a rebel yell -- Men ran to their cars and trucks -- The TANK CLANKED out -- The hunt was on.

CUT TO:

115 INT. CAR - CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER

Dillinger looked back -- They were passing down the edge of the town. Dillinger looked around and his eye caught something. He lit up.

116 POV SHOT - SIGN ON BANK

The sign said: First Federal Bank of Crown Point, Indiana.

117 CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER

He laughed.

DILLINGER

Turn down this street -- that's right -- Pull in behind that bank.

DRAGER

I've never seen a man with such gall.

CUT TO:

118 INT. BANK - CLOSE - DILLINGER

Dillinger walked in with a machine gun under his arm.

DILLINGER

Hold it! -- Stop whatever you're doing, ladies and gentlemen -- This is a robbery -- I'm John Dillinger, most recently on display at your local prison -- Don't be nervous or try anything you'd regret -- This is going to be one of the big days in your life -- Don't make it your last.

CUT TO:

119 EXT. CAR - CLOSE SHOT

Youngblood leaned up behind Drager who was at the wheel -- Warden Dixon looked scared. They watched through some buildings as the procession of trucks and cars moved by, carrying gun-laden cops, special deputies, American Legion and National Guardsmen.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

YOUNGBLOOD
Ohhhhhh -- Ohhhhhh God --

WARDEN DIXON
You know what can happen to you
for this, Youngblood?

At that moment the TANK CLANKED by.

YOUNGBLOOD
I'm already a murderer. I might
as well be famous.

CUT TO:

120 FULL SHOT - CAR

Dillinger ran out of the bank, a Federal Reserve sack
under one arm and the Thompson under the other. He
stopped to tip his hat -- then leaped into that V8 and
roared out.

121 EXT. PRISON - LONG SHOT

They drove by the prison which was virtually vacated and
Dillinger waved again as they drove off down the road.

122 CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER

Dillinger looked back at the town of Crown Point, Indiana.
The car jolted horribly.

DILLINGER
Slow down -- You could get killed
driving that fast -- 30 or 40'll
do fine -- One thing I got is
time -- Time is one thing I got
plenty of.

CUT TO:

123 EXT. FIELD - FULL SHOT - CAR - TWILIGHT

The car was stopped in the middle of a lonely wheat field.
The men stood next to it.

124 MED. SHOT - GROUP

The three others stood watching while Dillinger poured the money out of the Federal Reserve sack. The sack scattered about in the dust -- there was several thousand dollars -- a couple of bills blew away in the wind -- Dillinger reached for them but then let it go. They drifted away.

DILLINGER

(to himself)

Depression -- never heard of it.

He quickly went about sorting the money into stacks -- five here -- two there -- one here, etc.

WARDEN DIXON

What're you doin' there?

DILLINGER

Dividing up -- This is where we part company.

WARDEN DIXON

What're you dividing it for?

DILLINGER

Well, I'm taking most -- I am the one with the experience -- and Reed here gets more 'cause he's a con but you two will each do better than three hundred dollars.

WARDEN DIXON

You gotta be crazy.

DRAGER

I never seen such gall.

He stood up and gave Reed his share and handed the others theirs.

WARDEN DIXON

You think I'd take that?

DILLINGER

I'd'a split it up more evenly if I wasn't in such a bind.

DRAGER

I ain't no fool.

He hungrily grabbed his share.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

WARDEN DIXON
You're not gonna keep that money.

DRAGER
I did the drivin'.

Dillinger still held out the other. Warden Dixon looked around the field and took it -- fanned the bills at his side.

WARDEN DIXON
Depression -- things are hard.

DILLINGER
Hard times.

They all nodded -- almost a toast. Dillinger got into the car.

DILLINGER
I can't take you with me, Reed --
You ain't a pro -- I'll make it
up to you -- I'll send you some
more by Christmas.

He roared off across the dusty field.

DRAGER
He'll never live to see Christmas.

WARDEN DIXON
I hope he does -- What about you?

Youngblood looked down and kicked the dirt.

WARDEN DIXON
(continuing)
You wanta come back with us --
get you off'a death row.

Youngblood shrugged and handed the Thompson to Warden Dixon -- He kept the money. They walked off together.

DISSOLVE TO:

125 EXT. HOUSE - FULL SHOT - DAY

A car pulled up down the street -- a figure got out. The door to the house in the f.g. opened. Billie looked out. She paused, looked hard at the figure to come from the distance -- she wasn't sure.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

Finally, he stopped and tipped his hat towards her. Billie burst out the door -- through the gate -- ran down the street and flew into his arms -- They swirled around together and went off in his car.

CUT TO:

126 . MED. SHOT - TELEPHONE BOOTH

It was at a lonely train station -- Dillinger put in some change -- talked to the operator. Billie strolled around outside. PULL IN.

DILLINGER

Yes -- yes -- I'd like Melvin Purvis' office, please -- Is Mr. Purvis in?

(pause)

John Dillinger -- yes -- I'll wait -- Hello -- Purvis -- yeah -- don't stutter, this is Johnny Dillinger -- I see by the paper that I drove a stolen car across a state line -- Federal offense -- Yeah, I know it's ridiculous -- we should've got together before -- I felt we oughta talk occasionally -- you liked the crash-out -- so did I -- great -- How many men you got on me? -- Just you -- You and J. Edgar Hoover -- Don't you think I deserve more? -- Yeah -- yeah, that's good -- I like a man with confidence -- It's been good talking to-you, Melvin -- 'Bye.

He hung up -- he was visibly disturbed.

BILLIE

What's he sound like?

DILLINGER

Who?

BILLIE

Melvin Purvis.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

DILLINGER
(yells)
Don't you ever mention his
name again!

DISSOLVE TO:

MARCH, 1934

Moorestown, Indiana

127 EXT. FARMHOUSE - FULL SHOT - DAY

An elderly man and a girl about 20 stood outside a typical Indiana farmhouse. It was newly painted -- two stories; a good barn and trees, green and lush, surrounded the property. It was an almost idyllic setting -- everything that was good about America. They looked up a slight hill where the dirt road went. A car was coming down. A dozen people came out of the farmhouse -- men -- women -- farmers -- merchants -- most of them middle-aged -- some of them young. They all stood silently as the car approached. It was a new Buick sedan -- shiny and expensive. It stopped and John Dillinger got out and walked around and opened the door for Billie. Dillinger was wearing an extravagant suit and tie -- white yachting shoes and the finest boater hat. Billie was draped in fox and diamonds. Dillinger walked slowly toward the older man. The girl suddenly ran forward and embraced him.

GIRL
Johnny, oh, Johnny.

She cried and Dillinger stroked her hair.

128 CLOSE SHOT - OLDER MAN

He looked at Dillinger coldly -- questioningly.

129 CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER

He looked up from the girl to meet the man's gaze.

DILLINGER
Hello, Dad -- How've you been?

130 CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER SR.

He nodded -- tried to speak and couldn't -- pulled himself together, cleared his throat.

DILLINGER SR.

Johnny -- I never thought well of what you've done -- I still don't think it's right to break the law -- but times being what they are -- and if all these people think so highly of you -- then --

A tear ran out of his eye.

DILLINGER SR.

(continuing)

You're welcome home, son.

131 MED. SHOT - THE GROUP

They shook hands and embraced. Dillinger had an arm around his father and the other around the girl who was his sister. They pulled apart -- choked up. Dillinger turned to Billie.

DILLINGER

Dad -- this is my girl, Billie.

DILLINGER SR.

It's a pleasure, Miss Billie.

DILLINGER

And this is my kid sister, Marie.

MARIE blushed.

DILLINGER

(continuing)

Don't get jealous now, Marie -- I brought you something.

The ten or twelve farmers and their wives and kids pressed in.

132 CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER - MARIE

He took out something wrapped up in a handkerchief. He unwrapped it -- it was the soap "gun." He handed it to her -- She gasped and took it like it was a diamond.

DILLINGER

Don't you ever give that away or sell it now -- you understand?

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

He turned to the others. They all stepped up and he started shaking hands.

DISSOLVE TO:

133 FULL SHOT - BARBECUE

They all sat around a barbecue. A young man played the guitar and sang "Red River Valley." His girl leaned against him -- Dillinger danced with Billie -- his father with Dillinger's sister.

134 SHOT - FORMAL PORTRAIT - SISTER MARIE

A formal old photograph.

MARIE (V.O.)

I made him coconut pie, fried chicken
-- everything that goes with it.

DISSOLVE TO:

135 FULL SHOT - FOREST

Dillinger and his sister walked hand in hand through the woods.

MARIE (V.O.)

(continuing)

We walked hand in hand for a long time -- a couple of miles along the lane. He told me he never killed anybody and I believe him. He said take what they say in the papers -- divide it by two and double it and that's about right.

DISSOLVE TO:

136 SHOT - FORMAL PORTRAIT - YOUNG MAN

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)

I hadn't seen Johnny since we used to play baseball together -- He asked me how I was doing.

DISSOLVE TO:

137 EXT. PORCH - CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER - YOUNG MAN

They look at a Thompson submachine gun. The Young Man's girl beams at Dillinger.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)

(continuing)

I told him I was a policeman now
-- He promised not to shoot me if
I didn't shoot him.

DISSOLVE TO:

138 SHOT - FORMAL PORTRAIT - DILLINGER SR.

DILLINGER SR. (V.O.)

He still didn't have the respect
he should for his parents and
family -- He always did things
his way and I couldn't stop him --

DISSOLVE TO:

139 MED. SHOT - CAR

Dillinger Sr: leans in to talk to Johnny who is now at
the wheel -- Billie is leaning out the other side, say-
ing goodbye.

DILLINGER SR. (V.O.)

I asked him if he was gonna
marry that girl -- It would've
been the honorable thing to do
-- He said he didn't know --
He was still no good.

They shake hands and Dillinger drives off.

DILLINGER SR. (V.O.)

(continuing)

I learned that boy well.

140 MONTAGE - NEWSPAPER HEADLINES

Headlines such as: All Out Federal War: Hoover
Says -- Shoot First; Dillinger Eludes 20,000 Armed
Men; Dillinger Rolls Same Bank Twice in Two Days;
Hoover Pledges Death to "Public Rats"; Dillinger
Rated Public Enemy Number 1; Hoover Assigns Ace G-Man
-- Melvin Purvis on Dillinger Trail.

DISSOLVE TO:

141 INT.. AUDITORIUM - FULL SHOT - BEAUTY PAGEANT - PURVIS

A banner proclaimed the Miss Mid-West Beauty Pageant -- the girls were lined up on the stage in swimsuits -- the band PLAYED "Beyond the Blue Horizon." The judges, as well as the audience, wore tuxedos. Champagne flowed freely.

M.C.

-- And, Ladies and Gentlemen, I want to call your attention to one of our famous judges -- Mr. Rudy Vallee --

Tremendous CLAPPING and CHEERING.

M.C.

(continuing)

And taking a night off from chasing John Dillinger -- Ace G-Man Melvin Purvis.

Purvis got up and bowed -- Tremendous APPLAUSE -- even more than for Rudy Vallee.

CUT TO:

142 MONTAGE - NEWSPAPER HEADLINES

Miss Wisconsin and G-Man -- Melvin Purvis woos Beauty Queen. Various pictures show Purvis and his beauty queen at fashionable restaurants -- dancing, drinking -- talking to important people. More headlines -- Purvis Plans Trip to Hollywood; Couple Plans To Wed; G-Man Will Take His Lady Fair to Hollywood for Movie Career Following Dillinger Capture. Hoover Disdains Publicity --

DISSOLVE TO:

APRIL, 1934

Little Bohemia, Wisconsin

143 EXT. LITTLE BOHEMIA LODGE - FULL SHOT - DAY

The lodge was a large building in the Germanic hunting lodge style surrounded by tall pine trees and with Lake Michigan at its back -- sparkling. Various cars are parked outside -- including a couple of CCC trucks and a lumber rig. It was still the off season but there was a lot of activity at the lodge.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

A new sedan pulled up and Dillinger, Billie, Homer Van Meter and his Girl got out. Harry Pierpont came out.

HARRY

I wondered what took you so long.

DILLINGER

Had to buy some more diamonds.

Billie nuzzled him.

DILLINGER

(continuing)

Everybody here?

HARRY

They're here.

They walked in.

CUT TO:

144 INT. ROOM - FULL SHOT - GROUP

Dillinger looked over two new gang members -- one a tall, handsome fellow with a good-natured smile and a large grin, and the other sitting down, a nervous, shorter man who looked ready to explode.

HARRY

You boys have never met, have you -- John Dillinger -- Lester Nelson.

Dillinger walked up to Nelson, the nervous one.

DILLINGER

(hard)

I've heard a lot about you, Nelson -- Baby Face Nelson.

NELSON

I don't like being called that -- You better get that straight.

DILLINGER

I'll try to remember.

HARRY

And this is --

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

The man stuck out his hand.

MAN

Chuck Floyd -- Pleased to meet you, Mr. Dillinger.

DILLINGER

(genuine)

No -- no -- the pleasure is mine -- I've been a great admirer of yours for a long time.

FLOYD

Well, you ain't no punk yourself.

DILLINGER

What ran you out of the Cookson Hills, Floyd?

FLOYD

Lot a things -- they was gettin' to my folks -- It was hard on 'em -- Then that damn Bonnie and Clyde run through there an' it weren't safe for no one -- Bunch a mad dogs, that's what they were -- I ain't sorry to see 'em go.

DILLINGER

It's what happens when small timers get in the way.

NELSON

Let's quit this mutual admiration session and get things clear --

They turned around and looked at him.

NELSON

(continuing)

One thing -- If we're gonna work together -- I want it understood that I don't take no -- orders.

FLOYD

Mr. Dillinger's the leader of the gang.

NELSON

He ain't my leader -- I got my own way a taking banks.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED: (2)

NELSON (CONT'D):

Come in the door shooting -- kill everyone in sight and grab the dough! It's simple an' it works.

DILLINGER

Maybe we ought to talk this over by ourselves.

The implications were clear -- everyone stood away.

NELSON

Anything you want, buster.

Dillinger turned his back on him and walked into an adjoining room. Nelson followed.

145 MED. SHOT - ROOM

Dillinger closed the door -- suddenly, in one quick movement, he grabbed Nelson as he was going for his gun -- mashed his arm down on the bed railing and then choked him with his hands.

DILLINGER

You gotta learn something, kid -- you gotta learn it well -- I can kill you -- I can kill your wife -- but you can't kill me.

146 CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER - NELSON

Dillinger pushed him down so that he was standing over him.

DILLINGER

I'm immortal, punk -- I can't get killed, understand? Understand! Other guys get it but I don't -- bullets can't kill me -- not yours, not anyone's -- I'm Dillinger! Understand!

Dillinger threw Nelson loose onto the floor. Nelson gagged for breath. Dillinger threw him his gun.

DILLINGER

(continuing)

Try it, punk -- go ahead.

147 CLOSE SHOT - NELSON

There was fear in his eyes.

148 CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER

His eyes narrowed -- he believed what he was saying.

DILLINGER

Pull the trigger -- it won't work
-- I'm Dillinger! You can't do it,
can you, punk! No one can do it --
not you -- not anybody -- not even
Purvis!

149 CLOSE SHOT - NELSON

He started shaking -- put the gun down and just sat there,
shaking. Dillinger grabbed him by the hair.

DILLINGER

Do we understand each other, Baby
Face?

Nelson nodded -- Dillinger let him go, then offered a
hand to help him up.

CUT TO:

150 NEWSPAPER HEADLINES

Super Gang Terrorizes Mid-West -- Dillinger and Pretty
Boy Floyd; Baby Face Nelson Joins Dillinger Floyd Gang.

DISSOLVE TO:

Mason City, Iowa

151 INT. BANK - FULL SHOT - GANG

The bank was being robbed, the gang was in position:
Dillinger, center-field -- Pierpont, Van Meter, cages --
Pretty Boy Floyd, vault -- Baby Face Nelson, doorway.
The best and most vicious gang of thieves this country
ever knew. The ALARM was GOING and a crowd of people
were gathered outside.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

DILLINGER

Be calm, Ma'am. Just stack up the packed bills -- don't bother with anything loose.

NELSON

Who set that alarm? I'm gonna kill whoever did it -- I don't care whether I kill you.

He pointed at a terrified woman.

NELSON

(continuing)

Or you!

He pointed his tommy gun at a Priest.

NELSON

(continuing)

Just as long as I get to kill somebody.

FLOYD

Hey, there's laws outside.

NELSON

Where!

He jumped up on a chair.

152 FULL SHOT - NELSON - WINDOW

Nelson looked out the window and saw a Cop in the crowd.

NELSON

There he is -- dirty copper!

He cut loose with the tommy gun through the glass into the crowd. Nelson was screaming and laughing hysterically -- then jumped up and down.

NELSON

(continuing)

I got him! I got him.

He also got about ten others.

153 CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER

He looked over at Nelson, then back at a terrified teller.
Tried to smile.

DILLINGER

Don't mind him -- he -- he --
gets this way.

CUT TO:

Sioux Falls, South Dakota

154 EXT. STREET - FULL SHOT - CAR

A car came wheeling down a side street -- the gang inside -- hostages holding on to the running boards. They were followed by the law! Three police cars. Nelson blazed away from the back window with his machine gun.

155 INT. CAR - CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER

Dillinger drove -- Floyd sat next to him, counting money. An elderly WOMAN on Dillinger's side leaned in.

DILLINGER

What?

WOMAN

I live right up here.

Dillinger pulled over, SCREECHING. The gang blasted away at the police.

DILLINGER

This close enough?

WOMAN

It will do.

She jumped off and ran for her life.

156 NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

Worst Crime Wave; Mid-West Braced Against Dillinger Hordes;
"JUSTICE WILL TRIUMPH" -- Purvis.

CUT TO:

157 EXT. LAKE - CLOSE SHOT - RAFT - BILLIE - DILLINGER

They slept on the raft, baking in the sun -- she looked great in her one-piece suit.

DILLINGER

What would you want if I got all the money in the world?

BILLIE

There's nothing I really want -- nothing much except maybe --

DILLINGER

Maybe what?

BILLIE

Maybe go dancing again with you -- yeah, that's what I'd want.

DILLINGER

Well, that's what you'll have -- You'll dance in Chicago, at the Flamingo Club -- with me.

BILLIE

You can't go to Chicago.

DILLINGER

If I can go there to rob banks, I can go there to dance with my girl.

CUT TO:

158 INT. FLAMINGO CLUB - CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS, OTHERS

A champagne cork POPPED -- the bottle was wrapped in linen and iced, it was the finest vintage Dom Perignon. Purvis watched as the WAITER poured a little in his glass and handed it to him. He tasted it and nodded -- the glass was filled -- Next to him sat Miss JANICE JARVIS, Miss Mid-West, Miss Texas Centennial and "The Most Photographed Girl in the World." Her glass was filled along with the other guests at the long table -- they were friends and relatives, among them Sam Cowley and Purvis' aides. J. Edgar Hoover had sent his regrets in that he could not attend due to important Justice matters. The restaurant was the finest in Chicago -- the Waiters were impeccably attired in special tuxedos and tails. Black tie was de rigueur.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

Dancing was offered on the floor before the band which PLAYED "Beyond The Blue Horizon" at Purvis' request. The glasses were filled and Cowley looked like he was about to make a toast. Purvis stood up.

PURVIS

I'd like to take this occasion to announce that Janice and I intend to be wed on the first of next month.

CLAPPING and drinking.

PURVIS

(continuing)

Thank you -- And I would also like to take the occasion to toast the most beautiful woman in the known world.

He dipped his glass at Janice -- she blushed -- they all drank --

159 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS

He tipped his glass high and hesitated. He saw, across the room -- being led to a table -- John Dillinger.

160 CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER

He was disguised with darkened eyebrows, a wig and a fashionable moustache. He looked exactly like Douglas Fairbanks. He was led to a table. His eyes covered the room and stopped.

161 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS

He sat down -- his eyes narrowed.

162 CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER

He sat down also -- his eyes locked on Purvis.

163 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS

He looked across the room -- dancers swayed by, blocking his view.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

JANICE

Is everything all right, honey?

Purvis turned slowly.

PURVIS

Everything's fine, dear --
Champagne makes me dizzy when
I drink it too fast -- It's the
bubbles.

Janice smiled and took his hand.

JANICE

I just wish you could know how
wonderful you are.

PURVIS

I waited a long time for you.

A Waiter passed.

PURVIS

(continuing)

Garcon?

The Waiter stopped.

PURVIS

(continuing)

Have you a pencil and paper,
please?

WAITER

Of course, sir.

JANICE

What're you doing?

PURVIS

Nothing, it's really nothing.

JANICE

You're going to surprise me.

Purvis wrote a note out on a piece of paper -- folded it
up and put it in the Waiter's hand with a five-dollar
bill.

164 CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER

Dillinger saw the whole thing. He was tense -- rigid.

DILLINGER

You know who that fella is?

BILLIE

What fella?

DILLINGER

The one at the long table -- the big shot.

BILLIE

No.

DILLINGER

He's Melvin Purvis.

Billie's jaw dropped -- the Waiter came over.

WAITER

Cocktails, perhaps, Monsieur?

DILLINGER

Not yet.

He nodded and left.

BILLIE

Let's get out of here, Johnny -- he'll recognize you.

DILLINGER

He already has.

CUT TO:

165 CLOSE SHOT - WINE STEWARD

The WINE STEWARD came over with a Waiter who pushed a cart. The Wine Steward was carrying an iced magnum of Dom Perignon. He stopped at Dillinger's table and iced the glasses.

DILLINGER

What's this for. -- I don't believe I --

WINE STEWARD

A friend sends his regards, Monsieur.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

He handed Dillinger the note -- started opening the bottle. Dillinger read the note, then handed it to Billie.

166 CLOSE SHOT - NOTE

It read: Enjoy this champagne and this evening. The next time we meet will be your last. Melvin Purvis, F.B.I.

167 CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER

The Steward poured the champagne -- Dillinger tasted it and nodded quickly -- he could barely swallow. Billie looked pale. The glasses were filled.

DISSOLVE TO:

168 FULL SHOT - DANCE FLOOR - PURVIS

The lights were dimmed and a tango was PLAYED. Purvis and his girl danced -- he was smooth, graceful and perfect in his style, despite his enormous size. He swept Janice around with a combination of force and gentility. No one else danced -- Purvis looked at Dillinger's table as he turned.

169 MED. SHOT - TABLE

It was empty.

170 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS

He tangoed on, oblivious.

DISSOLVE TO:

April 21
South Bend, Indiana

171 EXT. BANK - LONG SHOT - GANG

Two cars were parked outside the Merchants National Bank close together -- engines running. Van Meter in one.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED:

Several people stopped and looked at the bank and hurried on -- they knew what was happening. A man rushed around a corner and ran into another coming to the edge of his store with a hunting rifle.

172 FULL SHOT - ROOF

On the roof of the building across from the bank, two uniformed Police crept up with shotguns, along with several citizens armed with deer rifles.

173 FULL SHOT - BANK

The ALARM went off -- SHOTS were HEARD. The door slammed open. Pierpont ran out -- a Man FIRED from a store, hitting him a glancing blow in the bulletproof vest. Van Meter wheeled around as the cops and citizens opened up from the roof, SHATTERING his windshield. He crouched and FIRED with a B.A.R. -- bricks and masonry flew -- a man fell onto a car. From either end of the street, police cars suddenly materialized. Van Meter jammed in a new clip and BLASTED them. The Man with the hunting rifle stepped out from his store and was about to fire -- Pierpont cut him down with his tommygun. The Man went SCREAMING into the street and was hit by others as well. The rest of the gang came out of the bank. Dillinger ran and dived in the second car, FIRING his chopper as he went, spilling bills. Nelson stood out in full view and was having a field day -- he BLASTED the buildings and stores and when his chopper was empty -- he pulled a B.A.R. from the car and actually advanced toward the police roadblock. He was hit and knocked down by SHOTGUN BLASTS but got right up again, showing his vest and cutting into the cars.

NELSON

You can't touch me, coppers! --
Come on in closer, coppers! --
Nobody taxes Georgy Nelson!

174 MED. SHOT - BANK

The last out of the bank were Pretty Boy Floyd and a new man, Tommy Carrol. Both had grabbed hostages when the shooting started. Floyd had the BANK PRESIDENT -- a small, florid-faced little man who was squealing like a child.

FLOYD

They don't care much about you.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED:

BANK PRESIDENT

You've got your money -- what do you want? -- Let me go -- Let me go.

He struggled violently. Floyd had a tough time with him.

BANK PRESIDENT

(continuing)

You've got your money!

He pulled away -- Floyd grabbed him and pushed him to the ground.

FLOYD

Son of a bitch.

He SHOT the squirming man with one of his deadly pair of .45's. He turned as Tommy Carrol made his run from the door -- his hostage was hit in the throat and went down dying. Carrol hesitated and was BLASTED off his feet from inside the bank. Nelson turned and RAKED through the bank with a B.A.R. Van Meter's car was moving and Nelson jumped on the running board. Dillinger swerved in to get Pretty Boy Floyd but Floyd turned and saw Carrol raise his hand.

FLOYD

I'll get you, boy!

He ran the gauntlet, hit twice by buckshot pellets in the vest.

175 CLOSE SHOT - CARROL

He was shot-up bad. Floyd reached him and was knocked down again by another PISTOL SHOT.

FLOYD

Grab up 'round my neck, boy!

Carrol did. Floyd pulled both .45 automatics and, with Carrol hanging onto him, stumbled and BLASTED his way back to the car.

176 FULL SHOT - CAR

They fell in as Dillinger swept away, drove up on two wheels over the sidewalk, crashed a picket fence and plowed through rubble to the alley.

177 FULL SHOT - ALLEY

He wheeled down the alley between two buildings. A man with a shotgun stepped out and BLASTED..

178 CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER

He ducked as the windshield went and ran over the screaming man.

CUT TO:

179 EXT. LITTLE BOHEMIA - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

The two cars pulled up outside the back entrance to the lodge -- it was late at night. In the f.g. was a parked truck. Pierpont and Nelson ran in -- a door opened and the girls rushed out. They mumbled and gasped -- the cars were so badly shot up. Some of the other gang members carried Carrol inside, but it was too dark to see who was who. Only an occasional word could be made out.

BILLIE

Johnny -- Johnny --

DILLINGER

His guts are all shot out -- easy there.

FLOYD

You'll be all right, boy --
Doctor'll be up here -- morning.

PIERPONT

You got the other Federal sack,
George?

DILLINGER

Keep him flat and don't let him
sag down none.

They all went in the back entrance, leaving the bullet-riddled cars where they were. A man got up from inside the truck cab in the f.g.

180 CLOSE SHOT - MAN

He was a truck driver. He got out quietly and went over to the closest car. He looked around cautiously, then poked his finger in a bullet hole. He looked around cautiously again.

CUT TO:

181 INT. PURVIS' ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS & JANICE

Purvis was awakened by the PHONE RINGING. He pulled himself up. Janice came awake too and stared around.

JANICE

Does anybody know I'm here?

She pulled the covers over herself.

PURVIS

(into phone)

Yeah -- Purvis -- that's right.
-- What? -- Where are you now? --
Did he call you directly? -- Keep
in touch with him -- don't let him
call the police whatever you do.

JANICE

Police!

PURVIS

He's our boy -- all ours -- Meet
me at the airport.

He hung up and leapt out of bed.

JANICE

What is it?

PURVIS

Dillinger!

He left.

JANICE

You can't leave me here like
this, somebody'll find out --
Melvin -- Melvin!

He was gone.

CUT TO:

182 STOCK SHOT - DAY

Light private plane bores through clouds.

CUT TO:

183 FULL SHOT - HIGHWAY - DAY

Three carloads of Special Agents, F.B.I., roared through
the woods.

184 FULL SHOT - DIRT ROAD - DUSK

The cars roared down a dirt road through the pines.

185 CLOSE SHOT - CAR - PURVIS & COWLEY

Cowley looked at a map in the front seat -- an Agent drove. and Purvis rode in the back.

COWLEY

We're lost.

CUT TO:

186 MED. SHOT - STORE, CARS - NIGHT

The cars were parked outside a store and tavern. The Agents changed a tire -- Purvis rubbed his hands together to keep warm. Cowley came up to him.

COWLEY

This joker in here is no help --
we better get the local sheriff.

PURVIS

No! It's ours or no one's --
Those are Mr. Hoover's orders --
bring that man here.

Cowley motioned and a TOUGH OLD CODGER was brought forth.

PURVIS

(continuing)

You know where Little Bohemia
Lodge is?

MAN

I won't say nothin' to no one 'less
I'm paid.

Purvis grabbed him, slammed him against the car and pulled out a gun.

MAN

That'll be enough.

CUT TO:

187 INT. ROOM - FULL SHOT - DILLINGER & OTHERS

Dillinger, Floyd, Nelson and the girls stood over Tommy Carrol. He was mumbling incoherently and thrashing around.

DILLINGER

Wish he'd just pass out again.

NELSON

If he screams again, those boys downstairs are gonna call the heat.

DILLINGER

Whata you want me to do?

NELSON

Finish him -- I wouldn't ask any different.

BILLIE

Oh no -- you can't do that -- not like that.

FLOYD

Leave the boy be -- he deserves a chance -- a man deserves a chance.

CUT TO:

188 FULL SHOT - WOODS, CARS

The cars roared down a dark icy road -- only two now -- the extra Agents on the running boards.

DISSOLVE TO:

189 LONG SHOT - LITTLE BOHEMIA

The cars approached slowly -- cut their lights and coasted to a stop about a quarter mile from the lodge.

CUT TO:

190 CLOSE SHOT - AGENTS

Agents assembled machine guns -- loaded shotguns -- put on bulletproof vests and checked tear gas cannisters.

191 MED. SHOT - PURVIS GROUP

Purvis was dressed in a leather trenchcoat and the finest hat -- he carried a Thompson -- he looked out across to the lodge.

PURVIS

I'll take the main entrance with
you four -- Sam, take the far side
-- Ned, the rear -- move in slow.
You know who you're looking for.
-- get 'em!

They separated.

CUT TO:

192 INT. ROOM - MED. SHOT - DILLINGER GROUP

Nelson poured a drink and downed it -- the others paced around.

NELSON

Twenty grand - a stinkin' twenty
grand -- they acted like it was
Fort Knox! -- No -- no, they was
just doin' it for fun -- shoot the
bank robbers -- see them bleed --
Jesus! How's a man supposed to
make a decent living?

CUT TO:

193 EXT. LITTLE BOHEMIA - FULL SHOT - COWLEY'S GROUP

Cowley and his men moved in from the north -- cautious, guns held at the ready.

CUT TO:

194 MED. SHOT - SOUTHERN GROUP

The southern group moved up the same way. Suddenly, one tripped and became entangled in barbed wire. They swore as silently as they could. Small dogs raced out from the lodge, barking and biting them.

195 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS

Purvis advanced towards the front door, trying to stay impassive, his gun held at his waist, a cigar in his mouth.

CUT TO:

196 MED. SHOT - COWLEY'S GROUP

POV behind them. Cowley advanced.

AGENT

What the hell are those guys doing?

Suddenly, Cowley and two other Agents fell into an unseen ditch -- the others stopped precariously.

AGENT

You all right, sir?

COWLEY (O.S.)

Get us out! You damned fool.

CUT TO:

197 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS

By now the dogs were barking wildly. Purvis' men were swearing. Lights went on. Purvis motioned and his men fanned out amongst the cars. The door opened and several C.C.C. MEN came out, drunk.

MAN

What the hell's going on here?

OTHER MAN

Is there a bear out there? Maybe it's a bear.

MAN

Who's out there?

A THIRD MAN came out with a rifle. Purvis stepped out.

PURVIS

Hold it. -- Federal agents.

The Man froze, then turned and started inside.

PURVIS

(continuing)

Stop.

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED:

The others bolted back in, too. Purvis FIRED from the hip. The others did too. All three were knocked down in the doorway.

MAN

Oh, God, I am dead --

OTHER MAN

Don't shoot me anymore -- Ohhhh.

Purvis looked around the second story windows.

VOICE

Feds!

CUT TO:

198 INT. ROOM - MED. SHOT - NELSON & VAN METER

Nelson grabbed a B.A.P. from the closet. His wife handed him clips. Van Meter lined from the window with a .45.

199 CLOSE SHOT - VAN METER

POV looking out -- Van Meter lined on Cowley's men scrambling out of the ditch. He FIRED. A man went down. As he ducked back, the window was blown out by a SHOTGUN BLAST -- BULLETS THUDDed into the log walls.

CUT TO:

200 INT. ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER

Dillinger grabbed two loaded .45's and put one in his holster and one in his belt. Billie was running around screaming. He grabbed her and slapped her. Floyd burst into the room with a shotgun.

FLOYD

They're all around us.

DILLINGER

How 'bout the lake?

FLOYD

The hell with the lake, I can't swim.

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED:

He stuck out his hand.

FLOYD
(continuing)
Been a pleasure, Johnny Dillinger.

They shook hands. Floyd smiled and then let out a rebel yell and went to the window, kicked it out, began firing.

DILLINGER
What about the kid?

FLOYD
I'll take care of him.

Tommy Carrol had pulled himself up and was screaming hysterically. Dillinger grabbed Billie and went out the door.

201 MED. SHOT - STAIRS - DILLINGER

They ran down the stairs -- all the "innocent bystanders" in the bar were under tables. Nelson had them covered with a Tommygun and Pierpont was blasting out a window.

202 CLOSE SHOT - BILLIE

As Billie ran down the stairs, she was suddenly tripped and screamed. She fell against the railing. Dillinger grabbed her.

BILLIE
My foot -- they got my foot.

Dillinger looked down -- her toes were bloody.

DILLINGER
They shot one of your toes off.

BILLIE
I hope that's all.

DILLINGER
That a girl -- can you walk at all?

BILLIE
No -- This is it, Johnny.

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED:

DILLINGER

Come on, I'll carry you.

BILLIE

No -- just get going. It's better this way.

DILLINGER

I'll come back for you -- you know that.

BILLIE

Don't say that, you can't come back -- it's better this way -- I don't wanta see 'em get you, Johnny.

DILLINGER

They'll never get me --

He kissed her, then got up, pulled a gun.

DILLINGER

(continuing)

I'll be back -- you know that.

She just shook her head.

BILLIE

Whatever you say.

He smiled, she smiled, and then he turned to the others.

DILLINGER

Split up -- nobody go together -- I'm taking the lake --

NELSON

Fine with me. I like the front door!

203 EXT. LODGE - CLOSE SHOT - NELSON

He kicked open the door and dodged out, blasting.

NELSON

Eat it, G-Men -- you're wearing bulletproof vests so I'm gonna take you high and low!

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED:

He blasted two Agents through the window of a car -- ducked behind another and machine gunned a third as he came around. He jumped in his car as Van Meter and Pierpont fired, pinned down Purvis with B.A.R.'s.

204 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS

He ducked behind a truck as it was ripped to junk by the automatic rifles.

205 MED. SHOT - VAN METER, PIERPONT

Nelson's car was moving, Nelson blasting with a .45, driving with his free hand. Van Meter covered Pierpont as he ran for the car.

206 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS

Purvis leaned up and shot out Pierpont's legs, but Van Meter returned fire, forcing him down again.

207 FULL SHOT - CAR

Pierpont crawled to the car and pulled himself in. Van Meter ran and made a spectacular leap, landing on the running board as the car veered wildly and roared off into the night, BLAZING GUNFIRE.

CUT TO:

208 MED. SHOT - PIER - DILLINGER

He ran down the pier, carrying a B.A.R., and jumped into a boat. He poled away as F.B.I. men came down after him. A QUICK BURST kept them down until he had pushed off into the night.

209 CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER

He rowed like an Olympic crewman.

210 MED. SHOT - PIER - F.B.I.

The Agents jumped into another boat, which was simultaneously SHOT UP and started sinking by Dillinger's B.A.R.

(CONTINUED)

210 CONTINUED:

One man got out, the other floundered in the water, wounded.

CUT TO:

211 INT. ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - PRETTY BOY FLOYD

He crouched by the window, reloading his .45s. He looked over quickly at Tommy Carroll.

FLOYD

I'm sorry about this, boy.

He went over quickly and put a pillow over Carroll's face and fired three times into the pillow. Carroll kicked wildly and stiffened. Floyd went to the window, blasted with both guns and jumped out.

212 EXT. ROOF - FULL SHOT - FLOYD

He ran across the roof and dived off into the night.

CUT TO:

213 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS

Purvis got up. Suddenly there was no more gunfire. Agents moved in on the doorway. Purvis followed, his cigar bitten off. Purvis walked casually, despite the fact that the others crouched in readiness at the door. He knew his quarry had eluded him. He stopped at the bodies of the first three C.C.C. men -- turned one over with his foot. His men entered.

AGENT (O.S.)

Put your hands on your heads!

OTHER AGENT (O.S.)

Move again, mister, and you're dead!

Purvis spit out what was left of his cigar. An Agent brought Billie out -- she limped painfully.

AGENT

It's Dillinger's girl.

PURVIS

Can't you see the lady's foot is hurt?

(CONTINUED)

213 CONTINUED:

The Agent let go of her. She almost fell down. Purvis stepped in.

PURVIS

(continuing)

Put your arm here.

She looked up at him. He took her arm, put it around his shoulder and picked her up.

214 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS & BILLIE

Purvis looked her in the eyes.

BILLIE

You'll never get him.

PURVIS

(smiling)

Yes, I will.

He carried her towards the cars.

CUT TO:

215 FULL SHOT - TRACKS - DILLINGER - NIGHT

Dillinger waited by the side of a railroad track near the lake -- he was in tall grass -- well concealed. A train approached and RUMBLED past at moderate speed.

216 CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER

He looked over the cars.

217 MED. SHOT - TRAIN

An empty.

218 MED. SHOT - DILLINGER

He got up running -- the open car coming up fast -- he grabbed the door and pulled up inside.

219 INT. BOXCAR - MED. SHOT - DILLINGER

Dillinger crawled inside -- it was dark, save a fire that flickered in the draft at the far end of the car.

220 CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER

His eyes strained to adjust, his hand went into his coat.

221 MED. SHOT - PEOPLE - DILLINGER

At the end of the car were several families in rags and blankets -- black and white -- men and women, children, too -- they all looked at him silently. Dillinger backed up away from them -- the MEN talked among themselves, then several started over -- Dillinger was ready.

MAN

Ain't gonna hurt you, stranger --
you're welcome to ride with us.
We ain't got much vittles, but
you're welcome a share.

He advanced until he could see Dillinger -- he stared awhile and then went back and got something out of his tattered grip -- the women strained to see also. It was a newspaper. The Man put it back and told the others to be quiet -- they mumbled anyway. Finally he got up -- they all stared at Dillinger again, but in a different way. A woman pushed forward a metal plate and scooped some food onto it from a tin can in the fire. The Man took it and made his way towards Dillinger. He stopped about five feet away and offered it. Dillinger reached out with one hand and took it.

DISSOLVE TO:

222 DIFFERENT ANGLE - BOXCAR

Dillinger ate the food and licked the plate -- the entire group had moved around him and brought the fire, too. They just stared at him -- the men sitting on their haunches, the women standing and the children on hands and knees. They tipped and swayed with the CLACKETY RHYTHM of the train.

223 CLOSE SHOT - POV DILLINGER

A Man stepped forward, framed in the open door of the boxcar.

MAN

I'd like to shake your hand,
Mr. Dillinger -- I'd like my
son to shake it, too.

He reached out his hand.

CUT TO:

224 INT. OFFICE - CLOSE SHOT - TELEPHONE - COWLEY

Cowley talked on the phone.

COWLEY

I want roadblocks on all major highways and I want airports and train stations covered -- you can call in all the local law enforcement there is -- Press? -- tell them Purvis says we may have lost the battle but we will win the war.

DISSOLVE TO:

225 EXT. WOODS - FULL SHOT - FLOYD - DAY

Floyd ran through the woods like an animal. He saw a farmhouse ahead and slowed cautiously.

DISSOLVE TO:

226 INT. CAR - CLOSE SHOT - NELSON, OTHERS - DUSK

Nelson's car wound through the woods. Pierpont twisted in pain in the front seat. Van Meter leaned over the back seat with a B.A.R. ready.

PIERPONT

They're all shattered and broken,
I can feel the bones.

NELSON

Shut up!

PIERPONT

You gotta get me to a doctor.

NELSON

Here's your doctor now, punk!

227 MED. SHOT - CAR

In front of them was a police roadblock. Nelson threw the car into a slide. The police hesitated. Nelson backed up. They opened up. Nelson reached across and pushed Pierpont out the door. Van Meter fired over the car from the opposite running board. Pierpont struggled.

(CONTINUED)

227 CONTINUED:

PIERPONT
No -- No -- You dirty punk.

He pulled his gun.

228 CLOSE SHOT - NELSON

Nelson pulled his .45 and blasted Pierpont, laughing. Pierpont fell out the door. Police FIRE ripped into the car. Van Meter looked down and saw Pierpont go.

VAN METER
You bastard.

Nelson accelerated wildly. Van Meter held on for all he was worth.

NELSON
You want some too -- take it.

He blasted the window next to Van Meter -- TWO MORE SHOTS -- one ripped into Van Meter's arm. He dropped the heavy rifle. Nelson laughed wildly. Van Meter hung on, but Nelson swerved the car violently and Van Meter fell off.

229 FULL SHOT - ROAD - VAN METER

He crashed end-over-end through the brush and trees as Nelson's car roared off down the road. He piled up in f.g. against a tree and pulled himself together.

VAN METER
Things ain't workin' out for me.

The police roared by in hot pursuit of Nelson. Van Meter got up and ran into the woods.

CUT TO:

230 INT. OFFICE - CLOSE SHOT - COWLEY

Cowley was on the phone.

COWLEY
He ran a roadblock -- turned around -- Nelson was in the Ford -- Yeah -- Pierpont, eh --

(CONTINUED)

230 CONTINUED:

He hung up.

COWLEY

(continuing)

All right, let's close the trap.

Agents sprang to their feet, carrying shotguns and rifles.

CUT TO:

231 FULL SHOT - ROAD - CAR

A car barreled down the highway from the distance. PULL BACK. Behind trees are two F.B.I. cars -- two Agents apiece. The car swept past. The two F.B.I. cars came to life -- wheels licking up dirt, they took pursuit.

232 LONG SHOT - ROAD - CARS

They gained on their prey -- which seemed oblivious to them.

233 TRACKING SHOT - CARS

One F.B.I. car pulled up alongside the V8 Ford -- Agents looked out with guns poised.

234 CLOSE SHOT - CAR - POV F.B.I. CAR

Nelson stared ahead serenely as the car drew alongside, then he turned his head, smiling -- a B.A.R. across his arm -- he blasted.

235 FULL SHOT - CARS

One F.B.I. car drifted off the road and stopped -- an Agent fell out the door and crawled into the road. The other car pursued Nelson hotly.

236 CLOSE SHOT - F.B.I. CAR

Cowley leaned out with a Thompson and blasted Nelson's car thoroughly. Nelson shot back with a pistol. Cowley sprayed the tires and gas tank. Nelson's car began to stream white smoke, then it lit on fire.

(CONTINUED)

236 CONTINUED:

It veered sharply off the road in flames. Cowley's car plunged on and skidded to a stop near some highway workers who dived for cover in a ditch. Cowley and Agent Hollis got out and ran down the ditch towards Nelson's car.

237 FULL SHOT - NELSON'S CAR

It was covered with smoke. The Agents couldn't see into it. Suddenly, a SHOTGUN BLASTED out. Hollis doubled over. Cowley crouched. Nelson walked out of the smoke, a Thompson under his arm.

NELSON

Come on, you dirty Fed -- come on, G-Man.

They both fired simultaneously. Nelson was hit, but just kept coming in; he fired short deadly bursts. Cowley edged along the ditch, firing back. Nelson was hit again and again. Cowley's gun jammed. Nelson blasted him back into the ditch and riddled him. He laughed maniacally. The gun was empty. Blood seeped from under his bulletproof vest. He staggered out into the road and fell dead. The highway workers looked to the ditch at Hollis and Cowley and then at Nelson. One of them came up and prodded him with a hoe -- the other pulled his chopper away furtively. More gathered around.

CUT TO:

238 EXT. FARMHOUSE - FULL SHOT - FLOYD - DAY

Floyd ran up the dirt road to a farmhouse situated on a hillside meadow. He looked quickly behind him, then went to the door.

239 CLOSE SHOT - DOOR - FLOYD

He knocked, all the time looking back. The door opened and an elderly MAN and WOMAN -- farmers -- stood there.

FLOYD

How're you? -- I'm kinda lost --
can't find the main road.

They looked at him, scared.

(CONTINUED)

239 CONTINUED:

FLOYD

(continuing)

I'm hungry, too. I need food and that jalopy out back -- I can pay you for it.

WOMAN

You're one o' them, ain't you?

FLOYD

Yes, ma'am.

WOMAN

Been hearin' 'bout it on the radio. You can have food but you'll have to go.

FLOYD

What about the car, ma'am?

MAN

Hell, it ain't run since '29.

He took off his hat and entered.

DISSOLVE TO:

240 FULL SHOT - HOUSE

About six cars pulled up the dirt road -- they pulled around the house. Out of the car in the f.g. stepped Purvis. He indicated positions with his hands -- men with Thompsons jumped out and formed a long line.

241 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS

His eyes narrowed. He looked down the line of men -- guns held at their hips. He signaled -- slowly they advanced.

242 INT. HOUSE - CLOSE SHOT - FLOYD

Floyd looked out the window. The Woman looked at him.

WOMAN

You gonna give up, boy?

..(CONTINUED)

242 CONTINUED:

FLOYD

I never give up nothin'.

WOMAN

Then your time is at hand -- You need a Bible.

FLOYD

Too late for no Bible -- but I thank you just the same.

He drew his .45 and went out the back door.

243 FULL SHOT - HOUSE

Floyd ran up the impossibly long open hill -- twenty-five men traeked him.

244 CLOSE SHOT - FLOYD

He ran -- breathing heavily.

245 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS

He lit his cigar -- drew in.

PURVIS

Halt!

246 CLOSE SHOT - FLOYD

running -- stumbling.

247 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS

He held his hand up.

PURVIS

Fire!

248 MONTAGE - TWENTY THOMPSONS CUT LOOSE

249 FULL SHOT - FLOYD

The ground was torn up all around him.

(CONTINUED)

249 CONTINUED:

He pitched forward and then back -- held up by the blast, then went down, tumbling limply end-over-end. He rolled back down the hill -- all the way to Purvis' feet.

250 MED. SHOT - PURVIS

When Floyd came to rest at his feet, Purvis knelt down beside him, took the cigar out of his mouth and took Floyd by the hair -- held him up.

PURVIS

Are you Pretty Boy Floyd?

FLOYD

I am Charles Arthur Floyd.

PURVIS

This is for Kansas City, boy.

FLOYD

I wasn't in on it -- I swear.

PURVIS

Shouldn't lie when you're so close to your Maker.

He put the cigar in Floyd's lips. Floyd drew in.

FLOYD

You -- you must be Purvis.

Purvis nodded.

FLOYD

(continuing)

You got me this time -- I'm glad it was you, Purvis.

Then the Robin Hood of the Cookson Hills expired.

CUT TO:

251 EXT. WOODS - CLOSE SHOT - VAN METER - NIGHT

He crouched in some bushes, watching a car parked outside a house. The car would move, jiggle occasionally.

252 MED. SHOT - CAR

PULL IN. A girl's knee could be SEEN above the window line -- the car was a new roadster with a foxtail on the aerial. The girl's knee swayed and her other knee occasionally rubbed against it.

GIRL (O.S.)

Oh, Leroy -- Oh, don't do that --
not there -- Oh -- Ohhh -- this
is so wicked.

The car jiggled violently.

GIRL (O.S.)

No -- no, you mustn't. I've
never let anyone -- No -- no,
that's too far -- No, Leroy --
I mean it.

She got up, her hair was tousled, she pulled herself
together. LEROY got up too.

LEROY

One more kiss.

GIRL

No.

LEROY

What's a kiss?

The Girl got out.

GIRL

I'm going in -- I can't stand
it, Leroy -- this is wrong.

He jumped around and escorted her off towards a fairly
nice house. Van Meter slipped up to the car and crawled
into the back seat. Leroy soon came back, whistling to
himself, quite proud of his endeavors.

253 INT. CAR - CLOSE SHOT - LEROY

Leroy climbed in and smelled his fingers and smiled -- he
wore a raccoon coat. He pulled out a flask and started to
take a drink. Suddenly he stopped -- Van Meter's .45 was
in his neck.

VAN METER

Not a sound.

(CONTINUED)

253 CONTINUED:

Van Meter took the flask -- drank.

VAN METER

(continuing)

Let's see how fast she'll go.

He started it, looking terrified. They were both about the same age.

DISSOLVE TO:

254 DIFFERENT ANGLE - CAR

They sat side by side.

VAN METER

You play football?

LEROY

Sure -- Varsity.

VAN METER

What position?

LEROY

End -- left end.

VAN METER

I was a center.

LEROY

For who?

VAN METER

State Pen.

LEROY

You don't look big enough to be a center.

VAN METER

I was big enough -- don't you worry about it -- you just drive.

He waved the gun at him. The engine started to SPUTTER. Leroy looked worried.

VAN METER

(continuing)

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

254 CONTINUED:

LEROY

Gas -- I think it's gas.

255 FULL SHOT - CAR

It was stopped. Leroy was looking in the gas tank with a flashlight.

LEROY

Dry -- bone dry. I wonder why
it didn't register on the gauge
-- come here and look.

Van Meter was pacing about nervously. He came over.
Leroy pointed.

VAN METER

I can't see nothin'.

Leroy handed him the light. PULL IN.

LEROY

You need this.

Van Meter looked in and smelled.

VAN METER

Smells like gas.

He looked in again, turning the light. Suddenly, the car
started up. He jumped up as it pulled away.

VAN METER

(continuing)

Son of a bitch.

He fired with his .45 -- four shots, but to no avail --
the car sped away. Lights came on in houses. Men stepped
out of a distant bar.

VAN METER

(continuing)

Things ain't going well for me.

The men at the bar pointed and others joined them. Even
at this distance, Van Meter could see they had guns. He
started running down the road.

VAN METER

(continuing)

Just a bunch of farmers.

(CONTINUED)

255 CONTINUED:

He FIRED over their heads. Suddenly a SHOTGUN BLASTED and Van Meter jerked violently.

VAN METER

(continuing)

Oh, God -- things ain't going well for me.

ANOTHER BLAST. He screamed and fell on the ground.

256 LONG SHOT - STREET

The farmers and businessmen rushed up, wearing American Legion hats. They carried shotguns and hunting rifles. They gathered over him -- he thrashed about.

VAN METER

God, I'm shot in the lungs! --
Get a doctor -- please!

They raised their guns and BLASTED him off the road into a gutter and then they stood over that and BLASTED down at him.

DISSOLVE TO: .

257 CLOSE SHOT - CAR - DILLINGER - DAY

Dillinger drove along in a new sedan. The RADIO was on.

RADIO

Last night Homer Van Meter met his death at the hands of American Legion militia near Pleasant Lake, Michigan. That makes four of the notorious Dillinger Gang dead in three days. Ace Federal Agent Melvin Purvis has turned the debacle at Little Bohemia into a gang-smasher's turkey shoot: Baby Face Nelson -- Pretty Boy Floyd -- Harry Pierpont -- but where is the leader, Public Enemy Number One? John Dillinger is believed to be --

Dillinger turned it off. He turned onto a dirt road.

258 FULL SHOT - CAR

The car crested a hill and below was the Dillinger farm -- green and verdant. Dillinger stopped the car at the top of the hill and slowly got out. No one could be seen below. He looked for awhile and then took off his hat.

259 MED. SHOT - FARM

The door opened. Dillinger's sister Marie walked out with Dillinger, Sr. They looked up the hill. A lone figure stood silhouetted along with his car in the far distance.

260 CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER

He looked down and saw his sister and his father -- she started running up the long hill -- her voice faint on the wind.

MARIE

Johnny -- Johnny --

She ran and ran. But before she could get close, he put his hat back on, got in the car, paused another second, and drove away.

261 CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER, SR.

He watched the black car disappear over the hill, leaving only a wisp of dust.

DISSOLVE TO:

262 EXT. CHAPEL - FULL SHOT - WEDDING, GUESTS

The reception hall of a chapel was filled with Purvis' guests and friends of both parties. They were dressed elegantly. It was an important social occasion. But something was wrong -- they whispered to one another and milled about uneasily. Finally, Purvis came out in tails -- he looked sad and beaten -- his head was low. He put his hands up and pushed through to the head of the crowd. He held up his hands till there was silence. Reporters flashed pictures. PULL IN.

PURVIS

My friends and associates -- It --
it is with great -- difficulty that
I must announce to you that this
wedding has been postponed -- Miss --
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

262 CONTINUED:

PURVIS (CONT'D)

(pause)

Jarvis is not here at present ---
and I don't -- expect her to be
here at all today -- I am deeply
ashamed and sorry that I should
be forced to put you all through
this embarrassment and discomfort
-- I hope you will accept a humble
apology on behalf of Miss Jarvis
and myself -- Thank you.

DISSOLVE TO:

Chicago, July 21, 1934

263 INT. ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - WOMAN -- POV

ANNA SAGE was an attractive woman about 35 with blonde
hair. She looked nervously around; she was sweating
profusely. She spoke with a middle European accent.

PURVIS (O.S.)

Are you comfortable?

ANNA

Yes -- yes, this is fine. My name
is Anna Sage -- I'm a prostitute
-- a madam -- I run a house of
prostitution -- you probably
already know that, don't you?

PURVIS (O.S.)

It doesn't matter, Anna -- would
you care for a popsicle?

ANNA

No, thank you.

PURVIS (O.S.)

Awfully hot -- popsicle sure is
refreshing.

ANNA

No, thank you.

PURVIS (O.S.)

Go on.

(CONTINUED)

263 CONTINUED:

ANNA

I'm an alien -- and I have -- a
-- a criminal record -- I run a
good house -- many city officials
are my clients -- I could make it
hot for some of them if they try
and deport me.

PURVIS (O.S.)

No one wants to do that -- not
if you help me -- go on.

ANNA

About a month ago -- almost a
month -- maybe more, a man came
to board in my house -- I have to
take in boarders occasionally.
He said his name was John Lawrence
and that he worked for the Chicago
Board of Trade -- he said he was
hiding from his wife -- divorced
-- she was after him for alimony.
They all say that -- they just want
to get around my girls.

PURVIS (O.S.)

This was about a month ago?

ANNA

That's right. He took up with
Polly.

PURVIS (O.S.)

Polly?

She was very nervous and twitched.

ANNA

Polly Hamilton -- one of my new
girls -- he says she looks like
an Indian -- silly -- she's just
an -- an ordinary girl.

PURVIS (O.S.)

An Indian -- isn't that something.

ANNA

He takes us to movies -- both of
us -- that's when I found out he
was -- Dillinger -- I saw him in
the newsreel -- I knew it, despite
the hair -- the moustache -- I
asked him.

(CONTINUED)

263 CONTINUED: (2)

PULL BACK to REVEAL Purvis. He sat in a chair eating a popsicle.

PURVIS

Did he say he was Dillinger?

She nodded yes.

PURVIS

(continuing)

He likes to go to movies. Are you sure you don't want one of these popsicles?

ANNA

I'll take a red one -- so if I get a spot on my dress it won't show up too bad.

PURVIS

You look good in red -- goes well with your hair.

She smiled. Purvis handed her a popsicle.

PURVIS

(continuing)

They're awfully good.

CUT TO:

264 EXT. STREET - CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS - NIGHT

Purvis leaned against a car -- an Agent was inside -- other Agents were around him. Across the street and down the block was the Biograph Theatre.

PURVIS

I want Hoover in Washington directly. Tell him we have reason to believe Dillinger is in the Biograph Theatre at present and that I am taking appropriate action. We will try to take him in the theatre or outside, whichever presents least risk to bystanders. Tell him I'm going to get him.

Purvis turned away, the car left and the other Agents drew in close.

(CONTINUED)

264 CONTINUED:

PURVIS

(continuing)

All right -- now this is it --
Some of you were in law school
when I started chasing this one.
Let's do it and do it right -- I
want two men in that theatre to
see if we can spot him -- I'll go
in myself.

Another volunteered.

265 CLOSE SHOT - TICKET BOOTH

The MANAGER and TICKET TAKER looked across the street to
Purvis and his group.

MANAGER

No, I don't like it at all --
Those are hoods.

TICKET TAKER

But -- they don't dress like --

MANAGER

Take it from me, I know hoods --
I been running this place since
1925 and I know hoods. Call the
police.

TICKET TAKER

That big guy's coming over.

Purvis walked up and put down a quarter.

TICKET TAKER

(continuing)

Manhattan Melodrama is on now with
Clark Gable -- it's been running
approximately twenty-five minutes.

PURVIS

That'll be all right -- I just
wanta see the end -- two.

He gave one ticket to the other Agent and they went in.
The Manager dialed a phone feverishly.

CUT TO:

266 INT. THEATRE - FULL SHOT

Purvis sat down -- he looked around -- it was dark and everyone looked the same -- the place was packed. Clark Gable was robbing a bank.

267 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS

His eyes slowly scanned.

268 CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER

He had his arms around Anna Sage and Billie (Polly Hamilton) who fed him popcorn -- he wore a boater hat. He was enjoying the show.

269 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS

He got up and moved.

270 EXT. THEATRE - CLOSE SHOT - MANAGER, POLICEMAN

A PLAINCLOTHES COP and TWO UNIFORMED COPS stood with him.

DETECTIVE

Where is he now?

MANAGER

The one went inside -- the others are still over there.

The Cops eyed the F.B.I. Agents.

DETECTIVE

All right, we'll stay right here -- they won't try anything with us here.

CUT TO:

271 INT. THEATRE - MED. SHOT - DILLINGER

Purvis walked down the aisle behind him -- looked around, then went back up the aisle.

CUT TO:

272 EXT. THEATRE - CLOSE SHOT - F.B.I. AGENT

He looked across at the Cops -- the Cops stared back. Purvis came out with the other Agent and walked across the street. The Agents drew in.

PURVIS

All right, this is how we do it:
We can't touch him in there, too many people -- we'll get him when he comes out. I'll be at the edge of the doorway there. He'll be with a woman dressed in red. When I make positive identification, I'll light my cigar. I'll be behind him then -- woman in red -- lit cigar -- that's your man.

They all nodded nervously.

PURVIS

(continuing)

Remember, wait for my cigar.

They split up.

CUT TO:

273 CLOSE SHOT -- PURVIS

He put on his grey velvet gloves, looked around. The Detective stared at him. He took out a cigar, licked it and cut it.

CUT TO:

274 INT. THEATRE - CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER

He watched intently.

275 FULL SHOT - SCREEN

Clark Gable was at his end; he had been caught, tried and convicted -- in a final speech he said that if he couldn't live his way he'd rather die. The final scene was with him being led off to the electric chair -- Fade Out, the lights come on.

CUT TO:

276 EXT. THEATRE - CLOSE SHOT - COP

He looked at Purvis -- people began to come out.

277 MONTAGE - CLOSE SHOT - AGENTS

They were nervous -- sweat beaded on their foreheads.

278 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS

He watched carefully -- put the cigar in his mouth. A man came out with a woman in red. Purvis started to move -- the man turned -- he wasn't Dillinger.

279 CLOSE SHOT - DETECTIVE

He began to sweat.

280 CLOSE SHOT - MANAGER

He was really sweating.

281 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS

He went back to his position -- then, on the other side of the crowd, a man in a boater hat -- two women, one in red -- Dillinger! Purvis moved.

282 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS' EYES

They narrowed.

283 CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER

He walked through the crowd, bumped into the Detective, apologized quickly.

284 CLOSE SHOT - ANNA SAGE

She looked around nervously.

285 CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER

He moved out of the theatre entrance into the street.

286 CLOSE SHOT - SLOW MOTION - PURVIS

He moved forward -- his hand forgetting to light the cigar, going into his coat.

287 CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER - SLOW MOTION

He stopped, sensing something.

288 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS - REGULAR SPEED

He was close now.

PURVIS

Johnny!

Dillinger turned -- saw Purvis.

289 CLOSE SHOT - DILLINGER'S EYES

He knew.

290 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS & DILLINGER

They drew -- Purvis' gun EXPLODED first, then Dillinger's -- Purvis again.

291 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS' GUN

Nickel-plated -- engraved -- it BLASTED OUT.

292 MED. SHOT - DILLINGER

He flew backwards. Anna ran. Billie screamed. Dillinger stumbled, FIRING wildly. Other Agents stepped in, BLASTING.

293 CLOSE SHOT - COP

He drew his gun and BLASTED an Agent.

294 CLOSE SHOT - DETECTIVE

He drew his.

(CONTINUED)

294 CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE

Hold it!

He aimed, but an Agent got him. He twisted and slammed into the wall. People screamed and ran in panic.

295 MED. SHOT - PURVIS

People ran between him and Dillinger who stumbled towards an alley. Agents' SHOTS RANG OUT. Purvis couldn't see Dillinger. An Agent grabbed a Cop.

AGENT

F.B.I.! F.B.I.!

WOMAN

My fingers are gone!

MAN

They're killing everybody!

AGENT

F.B.I.!

The people scattered and when Purvis saw Dillinger again, he was face down in the alley -- two Agents standing over him, guns extended at his head. There was blood on the sidewalk. Several men were down and a woman screamed wildly.

296 CLOSE SHOT - PURVIS

He stood over the body -- people crowded around him -- the word was now being spoken -- Dillinger! Dillinger!

MAN

It's Dillinger! They've killed Dillinger!

WOMAN

God forbid!

WOMAN #2

He's beautiful -- oh, how beautiful.

WOMAN #3

Let me see him.

(CONTINUED)

296 CONTINUED:

Suddenly people poured around Purvis and descended on the body -- dipping their clothes in his blood -- stealing his shoes. Purvis was obscured by them.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

297 FULL SHOT - BIOGRAPH THEATRE - DAWN

The streets were empty, save an occasional drunk. On the alley wall, a MAN wrote in bold white letters:

Stranger, stop and wish me well
Just say a prayer for my soul in hell
I was a good fellow, most folks said
Betrayed by a woman all dressed in red.

When he finished, he turned around, nervous. He found Purvis looking at him.

MAN

They killed him, you know -- right here.

Purvis didn't answer. The Man fled. Purvis looked around. The sky was growing light in the East -- wind blew papers and trash around. He took out his cigar and struck a match; the wind blew it out. He struck another one -- the same thing. He looked around slowly and threw the cigar away. Then he turned, a lonely figure on a desolate street, and walked into the night.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

298 FORMAL PORTRAIT - ANNA SAGE

Anna Sage was deported to Rumania in 1935 and never returned to the U.S.

299 FORMAL PORTRAIT - BILLIE FRECHETTE

Billie Frechette still lives on an Indian reservation in Northern Wisconsin.

300 FORMAL PORTRAIT - MELVIN PURVIS

Melvin Purvis quit the F.B.I. after the Dillinger case and went into private business. He shot himself in 1961 with the same gun he used to kill Dillinger.

301 PICTURE - F.B.I. TARGET - JOHN DILLINGER

John Dillinger now adorns the silhouette targets used by the F.B.I. in Washington, D.C.

302 PICTURE - TRASH CANS

The Depression ended with World War II. It is considered today a colorful and rich part of American History.

303 FORMAL PORTRAIT - J. EDGAR HOOVER

J. Edgar Hoover continued to act as Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation until his death in 1972.

FADE OUT.

304 BLACK FRAME

VOICE

Dillinger was a rat that the country may consider itself fortunate to be rid of and I don't sanction any Hollywood glamorization of these vermin. This type of romantic mendacity can only lead young people further astray than they are already -- I want no part of it.

THE END