



PUBLIC ENEMIES

Screenplay by

Ronan Bennett and Michael Mann & Ann Biderman

TITLE: SEPTEMBER 26, 1933.

A1 - B1 MOVED TO SC C1A, C1B

A1 - B1

C1 INT. INDIANA STATE PRISON, MICHIGAN CITY, INDIANA - LINE OF C1
CONVICTS

Men wear striped cotton uniforms. Each man is against the back of the man in front. They wait. It's freezing. The prison is on silence. Not a word may be spoken. Guards wear large overcoats. They bark a command. The line of striped convicts marches forward in mandated, perfect lock step: right, then left. Regimentation is designed to crush the spirit. These are hard men with shorn hair, broken noses, eyes frozen forward. "Eyeballing" gets you beaten, thrown in the hole. In some of the eyes we SEE a cold ferocity, spirits that are unsundered. Like Alcatraz, Leavenworth, and Sing Sing, this is the end of the line.

PRISON GUARDS

in visored black caps, black Sam Browne belts, and warm overcoats with three-foot long billy clubs watch the line, poised to unleash.

AMONG THE HARD MEN ARE...

HARRY "PETE" PIERPONT (32), 6 foot 1 with eerie blue eyes. Brilliant, violent, he hates all authority.

CHARLES MAKLEY (44), squat with an anvil jaw, facial scars and as calm as Pierpont is volatile.

HOMER VAN METER (27), an incorrigible clown and an unemotional killer. He would continue to ridicule guards even when it cost him months in the hole.

THESE THREE

with an older man, WALTER DIETRICH, are in the syncopated footfall of the 7am workline to the prison Shirt Factory...

C1A EXT. BRICK STREETS OF MICHIGAN CITY, INDIANA (LOCKPORT) C1A *
is parked at the curb. It waits.

C1B INT. NASH - "RED" HAMILTON (34) (LOCKPORT) C1B *
looks at his watch. With his meticulously parted red hair, he might be a bank president. It's 6:55 a.m.

HAMILTON

Time.

(CONTINUED)

C1B CONTINUED:

C1B

Thirty year old JOHN HERBERT DILLINGER is in the backseat. He nods. His arms are behind him. We don't know why. Red starts the car and drives forward.

CUT TO:

D1 INT. INDIANA STATE PRISON, SALLYPORT - TURNKEY (STATESVILLE) D1 *

watches in the observation window (room to the east of sallyport) the Nash pull into the parking area in front of the prison. Hamilton jerks a handcuffed Dillinger out of the backseat and pushes him forward towards the sallyport. Hamilton's wearing a star. Turnkey goes to sallyport itself and opens the gate with a button. *

TURNKEY
(opening up)
Morning.

Hamilton shoves Dillinger inside. Hamilton (greenscreen) SEES thru a barred window into the changing room. *

D1pt1 OVER HAMILTON - FIVE GUARDS (JOLIET) D1pt1 *

play poker. Beyond them is the barred entrance to the prison yard.

D1pt2 ON DILLINGER (STATESVILLE) D1pt2 *

As the exterior bars lock behind, this is the last place John Dillinger wants to have entered. Meanwhile...

E1 INT. INDIANA STATE PRISON - THE SHIRT FACTORY: STACKS OF BOXES (JOLIET) E1 *

and bolts of fabric wait for the line of convicts from Sc. C1. 7am. A KLAXON sounds. Door opens. Convicts enter. Walter Dietrich goes right to the stacks and selects a box with an "X" crayoned on the side. It's labeled "Thread." *

"THREAD" BOX

arrives with Dietrich at a busy work station with Pierpont, Makley and Van Meter. Under spools we REVEAL surreptitiously four Colt .45 automatics with loaded magazines.

GUARD DAINARD *

is approached by Pierpont, who suddenly shoves the .45 in his face.

(CONTINUED)

E1 CONTINUED:

E1

PIERPONT

Line up! Line up... I'll blow your damn
head off!

*
*

Dietrich, Van Meter and Makley control THREE MORE GUARDS. ED
SHOUSE, JIM LESLIE and EARL ADAMS - three other Cons - join
the escape armed with makeshift clubs and shivs. Meanwhile...

F1pt1INT. SALLYPORT - TURNKEY (JOLIET)

F1pt1

*

examines Dillinger a second time...

(CONTINUED)

Flpt1CONTINUED:

Flpt1

TURNKEY

You just got paroled out of here. (I
thought Warden Kunkle gave you his
lecture on "the road called straight.")
When was that?

*
*
*

DILLINGER

Eight weeks ago.

TURNKEY

Dillinger? John Dillinger?

DILLINGER

That's right. My friends call me "John".
But a sonuvabitch screw like you better
say "sir" to me. "Yessir, Mister
Dillinger."

*
*

Dillinger's insubordination surprises Turnkey. He turns to
"Sheriff" Hamilton as Dillinger's cuffs fall away behind his
back and he swings up and cracks the barrel of a Thompson
submachine gun across the back of Turnkey's head to get his
attention while Hamilton aims the sawn-off semi-auto shotgun
through the bar to the one Guard who came from the poker
table to open the door.

*
*
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*
*

RED/DILLINGER

Against the wall! Get your hands up!
Get'em up! Branky! Open the goddamn gate
or I'll blow you in half!

As Hamilton and Dillinger step through towards the stunned
poker players/guards, at the opposite end of the room...

*
*

THE YARD GATE

*

is keyed open by Guard Dainard with Pierpont's .45 in his
back. (B-CAM start on .45 in Dainard back. Then go to
Dainard's key in lock and open the door.) Convicts flood in
led by Pierpont and Makley and the others. Pierpont kicks
over the poker table. Shouse chases one guard to the holding
cell bars. Escapees throw the Guards against the wall with
pent-up rage.

*
*
*
*
*

MAKLEY/VAN METER

(to the Guards)

Undress! Get your damn clothes off!

The guards undress. Dillinger leaves changing room once re-
dress process has begun. Red follows.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

F1pt1CONTINUED: (2)

F1pt1

DILLINGER
(to Dietrich and Van Meter)
Walter, there's a black Nash out front...
(to Shouse, Adams, Leslie)
You guys hit the front gate? You guys are
on your own.

*
*
*
*
*
*

F1pt2REAR ON DILLINGER (STATESVILLE)

F1pt2

crossing back into the sally port to look out and check the
escape route to the Nash. It's clear.

*
*

Hamilton conceals his weapon and exits.

F1A EXT. SALLY PORT - HAMILTON (STATESVILLE)

F1A

Tense but calm, he crosses the front lawn. So far, so good.
See the Guard Tower loom above Red. Plus WIDE from OVER
Guards looking elsewhere while below Red is exposed and
vulnerable. Meanwhile...

*
*
*
*

F1B INT. CHANGING ROOM - CU: SHOUSE'S GUARD (JOLIET) F1B *

He takes his time undressing in front of Shouse who wants his pants, too. *

SHOUSE
Hurry up! C'mon!

This Guard gives Shouse an insolent look.

SHOUSE (CONT'D)
You eyeballing me, you son of a bitch?

Shouse hammers the Guard's head with a length of steel pipe in an explosion of rage. Guard goes down. Shouse goes wild and caves in his skull, again and again, releasing years of anger.

PIERPONT
Cut it out Shouse!

DILLINGER
(turns from open door)
Shouse!!

MEANWHILE - CLOSE DAINARD *

thinks that once the killing's begun, he will die... He grabs for Homer Van Meter's .45.

Van Meter SHOOTS Dainard. Dainard's knocked to the floor. Silence. Blood pools. A SIREN SCREAMS. Meanwhile... *

G1 EXT. FRONT YARD - RED (STATESVILLE) G1 *

looks up, spins. He checks the guard tower, but... *

RED'S POV: TOWER GUARDS are looking into the prison interior where the shots came from.

OPTIONAL: INT. GUARD TOWER - on guards looking down behind the walk. *

G1A EXT. FRONT YARD - DILLINGER G1A *

arrives, takes Red's position to cover his pals' escape. Red gets in the Nash... *

ESCAPEES

don't complete their disguises. Half-dressed in guards' uniforms, they crash outside...

H1 EXT. FRONT YARD - ESCAPEES

H1

sprint across the open yard in all directions.

*

J1 INT. TOWER - TOWER GUARDS #1 + #2 + #3 J1 *

turn, see, and immediately open up. CRACK CRACK CRACK! Jim
Leslie falls, the top of his head taken off. Earl Adams runs
on and gets away. Tower Guard FIRES towards Red and Nash and *

K1 EXT. FRONT YARD - WIDE REAR ON DILLINGER K1 *

STOPS AND DIRECTLY takes on the Tower Guard. Exposed, he aims
and coolly lays down rounds, FIRES at the tower, forcing the
Guards to cover. He changes magazines, backs to the Nash/CAM. *
It's a measure of Dillinger as a hard man, ready to go toe to
toe in lethal combat. Meanwhile, Hamilton's in the Nash,
starting it.

K1A INT. WEST TOWER - GUARD #1 K1A *

is hit. #2 cowers under Dillinger's FIRE as... *

K1B EXT. FRONT YARD - PIERPONT'S K1B

running with the older Dietrich FIRING his .45.

L1 INT. RED'S NASH - ON MAKLEY + SHOUSE L1 *

tumbling in. Dillinger and Van Meter FIRE at the West Tower. *
Dillinger's full auto fire suppresses the Tower Guards so
that...

M1 PIERPONT + DIETRICH M1

can get to the Nash.

N1 EXT. STREET - NASH N1

takes off. Dillinger's on the running board by the driver.
His Thompson ROARS, covering Pierpont, who's hauling Dietrich
into the backseat.

BANG!

Dietrich is hit in the neck by rifle FIRE from the East
Tower.

DILLINGER

Walter!

Dillinger and Pierpont grab Walter's arms. He's paralyzed. He
drags on the street. They try to pull him into the moving
car.

Dietrich's hopeful eyes look up at them. Then his eyes glaze
over. He's dead and they know it. They let him go.

P1 EXT. STREET - DIETRICH'S

P1

body remains in the center of the street. The Nash picks up speed.

Q1 INT. NASH - HAMILTON

Q1 *

drives like he has no nerves. Totally focused. Hamilton is the best getaway, or "git" driver in the country.

DILLINGER'S

Thompson's empty. He pulls his .45. He shoves it under Shouse's chin.

DILLINGER

Walter's dead 'cause of you, you dumb son of a bitch!

SHOUSE

Bastard wouldn't do what he was told, Johnny. ...Pete? Homer?

VAN METER

Let him have it.

PIERPONT

Up to you. Dietrich was your pal.

Dillinger sees abject fear in Shouse's eyes. Dillinger's mood swings. He lowers the .45... Then, he snaps the butt across Shouse's face. Breaks Shouse's cheekbone. Dillinger slams the heavy butt dead center, smashing Shouse's orbital socket. Dillinger opens the door and kicks Shouse out of the moving car.

T1 EXT. FARM ROAD - SHOUSE

T1

bounces and rolls across the road into a field. The Nash races away into the distance.

*

DILLINGER

How far's the farm?

HAMILTON

2.6 miles.

CUT TO:

1 EXT. PERU, INDIANA - CROSSROADS: IMPATIENT JOHN DILLINGER - 1
LATER

watches the roads for pursuit. Dust Bowl America. 1933. Lunar landscape. CAMERA MOVES ACROSS brown dunes that half cover a wind-blasted farm house.

2-3 OMITTED

2-3

4 INT. FARM HOUSE - PIERPONT, MAKLEY + VAN METER 4

hurriedly pull on double breasted suits and shovel down hot cereal at a kitchen table. A busted-out farmer, EDWIN NORRIS, pours coffee into a thermos. A WOMAN at a stove quickly makes fried eggs into sandwiches and wraps them in newspaper.

PIERPONT

Okay...? Let's go...

VAN METER

(re clothes)

Burn those...okay honey?

*
*
*

5 EXT. FARM - A TODDLER 5

in a torn smock approaches the Nash and a dust-covered Pontiac parked behind it.

*
*

THE WOMAN

brings out the sandwiches. She looks 40 but is 20. Edwin Norris is at the door.

DILLINGER

(takes two)

Thank you, ma'am.

Dillinger's lopsided smile is charming.

EDWIN NORRIS

She's Miss. That's my daughter, Viola.

That'll be eight dollars.

Viola pulls her toddler brother out of the Nash. Dillinger peels off a \$20.

*

EDWIN NORRIS (CONT'D)

Can't change that...

DILLINGER

Well, then, keep the change.

\$12 is a lot of money in 1933. Grateful, Norris goes inside, Dillinger, moving past Viola on the way to the Nash...

*

VIOLA

(low)

Take me with you, mister.

She puts a hand on his forearm. Pierpont, Homer and Makley run for the Pontiac.

*

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

DILLINGER
I'm sorry, honey.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

It bothers Dillinger to turn down the girl. Why, is apparent later.

6 INT. NASH - DILLINGER'S

6

*

in and the Nash pulls out. He looks back to see Viola wistfully watching them. The toddler reaches for Viola's hand. She pushes the child away. Dillinger hates seeing the kid rejected.

*

HAMILTON

Kid didn't fool with anything, did he?

Dillinger, looking back at the boy and the girl, hasn't heard.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

Johnny? All there?

Dillinger lifts the coats on the backseat: their weapons are as they were.

DILLINGER

All here.

(changes up)

Let's go to Chicago and make some money.

The speeding cars throw up tails of dust as they drive west to Chicago.

CUT TO:

7 OMITTED

7

8 EXT. THICK WOODS NEAR EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO - A MAN - DAY

8

moves quickly through woods. They run downhill. He wears expensive hunting clothes. He carries an 8mm Mauser sports rifle with a slim forestock and wrist and a turned-down bolt handle. It's the best rifle made in 1933.

HE IS MELVIN PURVIS (30)

cleancut and handsome. A square jaw. Chester Gould modelled Dick Tracy's profile after Purvis. He's not big, but he's tenacious. He's an incarnation of the social elite of his time: white, Southern patrician and a Christian gentleman.

With Purvis are Special Agents WARREN BARTON (31) and Purvis's friend CARTER BAUM (29).

(CONTINUED)

They have a harder time in the steep woods. They're chasing someone. They are guided by East Liverpool police chief, FULTZ.

BOTTOM OF THE HILL - PRETTY BOY FLOYD (29)

is a big-boned country boy. His blue suit is mud-streaked from his slide down the hill. He carries a Thompson submachine-gun with a drum magazine, and he is running for his life.

PURVIS, FULTZ, BAUM + BARTON

race after him.

MUDDY PATH - FLOYD

half runs, half slips in his dress shoes. Ahead is a cleared orchard. Floyd leaps the fence...

WOODS - PURVIS

jumping over fallen trees...

EXT. MIDDLE OF THE ORCHARD

of apple trees. Floyd's three hundred yards ahead. He zigzags for a deeper forest at the far end. If he can reach it, he has a chance.

PURVIS

breaks into the clear.

PURVIS

Floyd! Halt!

Purvis aims the Mauser. Perfect form. Floyd zigzags. Purvis FIRES, misses. Floyd opens up with the Thompson -- wildly at that range.

.45s splinter nearby branches. Fultz, Baum and Barton seek cover. Purvis works the bolt and chambers another round. Floyd is 10 yards from the sheltering forest.

*

Purvis kneels onto his right knee. On his upraised left knee he braces his left elbow. He inhales. Starts a smooth squeeze. Halfway through the exhale he FIRES. Floyd's right arm flies up. He's punched forward and crashes to the ground.

FLOYD

9 CONTINUED:

9

regains consciousness. Purvis is running in. Floyd's left hand pulls a .45.

BAUM
Look out, Melvin!

Purvis kicks the .45 out of his hand.

PURVIS
Pretty Boy Floyd... You're under arrest. *

Floyd sits up to see the massive exit wound. His right lung and liver are shot through. He falls back.

FLOYD
(rasps)
I'm Charles Floyd. Who are you? *

PURVIS
Melvin Purvis - Bureau of Investigation.
(beat)
Where's your friend Harry Campbell? *

FLOYD
Ain't gonna tell you shit.

Floyd looks at the sky.

FLOYD (CONT'D)
And I believe you have killed me. So you can go and rot in hell, you sonofabitch.

He lapses, goes cold and dies.

CUT TO:

10 INT. KITCHEN - CAROLE SLAYMAN - DAY (EAST CHICAGO, INDIANA) 10

CAROLE SLAYMAN is 33 with green eyes and peroxide blonde hair and bounces down the stairs in a black robe. She crosses through a white kitchen past TWO GIRLS in kimonos. A scarred, African-American bouncer of 50 named SPORT enters...

SPORT
He jus' pulled in.

11 EXT. REAR YARD - CAROLE 11

sees Dillinger's Pontiac stop in the backyard. It's secluded by a hedge from the street. It's followed by the Plymouth with Pierpont and Van Meter in suits and prison haircuts.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

CAROLE

Johnny!

Dillinger cradles the Thompson in his arm and crosses to her.

DILLINGER

(to Hamilton)

Hey, Red, call Oscar.

HAMILTON

Okay. And Berman? Wanna switch-out the
"shorts"?

DILLINGER

(adds)

Get a Chrysler and an Essex.

(to Carole)

Hi, doll...missed you like nobody's
business.

*

*

He half picks her up with one arm around her waist.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

(to Carole)

Get a hold of Marty?

*

CAROLE

Sure did...

(laughing)

Put me down!

*

VAN METER

Where those gals?!

As Homer and Pierpont head inside...

12 MOVED TO 14A

12

*

13 INT. REAR GARAGE - OSCAR LIEBOLDT - LATER

13

OSCAR's a 50 year old German gunsmith. Dillinger rapidly
field strips his Thompson.

DILLINGER

(re main spring)

...main spring's too tight. Jammed twice,
Oscar.

*

*

OSCAR

...I cut off one coil.

DILLINGER

And it rides up and to the right.

*

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

OSCAR
 (re Cutts compensator)
 I widen port...

CAROLE APPEARS ON REAR PORCH ACROSS THE YARD. SHE SIGNALS TO JOHNNY.

Dillinger rises as a 1933 Chrysler and an Essex Terraplane drive in. Out of the Essex steps HARRY BERMAN, a Cicero, Illinois auto dealer for the Syndicate. (Berman will switch-out the Dillinger Gang's work cars or "shorts.")

PIERPONT
 Hiya Harry...

DILLINGER

*

tosses Pierpont a rubber banded roll of bills, which he hands to Harry while...

*

*

14 INT. KITCHEN - DILLINGER

14

enters the kitchen. MARTIN ZARKOVICH is there. He looks up. He wears a police badge and a .38 in a shoulder holster. He is a corrupt detective in the East Chicago, Indiana Police Department.

*

*

ZARKOVICH
 Johnny! How are ya?

With him is ANNA SAGE, a 40 year old well-dressed madam. She kisses Johnny on the cheek.

DILLINGER
 Good and so are you. Christmas is coming early this year.
 (fat envelope of cash)
 Extra cake's in here for you and Anna.
 (beat)
 Still in Hammond, doll?

ANNA SAGE
 I'm in Chicago on North Halstead now.
 Come on by...

DILLINGER
 Marty, tell me that me and my boys are okay...

ZARKOVICH
 Long as you stay in East Chicago, you're in safe haven.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

Dillinger tosses Marty the envelope. This is Dillinger's support and resupply network.

14A INT. CAROLE'S BEDROOM - DILLINGER'S - LATER

14A

in an armchair with his shoes off and his feet on a hassock. Paul Whiteman's Big Band is on the console radio. Carole enters and slides onto his lap and snuggles into his shoulder. John glows with the affection.

CAROLE

Wanna go out for a few drinks and some laughs...?

DILLINGER

No. I want to sit here with you, baby, stay home and listen to the radio...

John Dillinger seems to want to be a middle-class husband with his little wife Betty. And it feels out of place...

CUT TO:

15 INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - J. EDGAR HOOVER - DAY

15

MCKELLAR

(to Hoover)

Why do we need this?

HOOVER

Because this government must wage a war on the wave of crime and lawlessness sweeping across this land.

J. EDGAR HOOVER is a physically short man but has a dynamic presence. He is a dapper patrician who believes in elites. He is completely free from self-doubt. He is youthful and 33 years old.

SUYDAM and TOLSON sit next to him.

MCKELLAR is Chairman of the Senate Appropriations Subcommittee. He's an avuncular man of 62.

(CONTINUED)

MCKELLAR

So you're looking for a budget increase to build up your department. But by my tally your Bureau of Investigation spends more taxpayer's dollars catching crooks than what the crooks you catch stole in the first place...

MCKELLAR (CONT'D)

Across this land, are people who've lost their life's savings and have no jobs and by my tally, Director Hoover, you want to spend more taxpayers dollars catching crooks than what the crooks you catch stole in the first place...

*

HOOVER (CONT'D)

That's ridiculous. The Bureau's apprehended kidnappers, bank robbers, who have stolen up to...

*

MCKELLAR

Really? How many criminals you apprehended?

HOOVER

We've arrested and arraigned 213 wanted felons...

MCKELLAR

No. I mean you. How many?

HOOVER

As Director I administer...

MCKELLAR

No. How many have you arrested? Personally.

HOOVER

I. I've never arrested anybody.

MCKELLAR

(incredulous)

You never arrested anybody?

HOOVER

I'm an administrator.

MCKELLAR

With no field experience.

For once Hoover is silent.

MCKELLAR (CONT'D)

(continuing)

You are shockingly unqualified, aren't you, sir?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

MCKELLAR (CONT'D)

You have never personally conducted a
criminal investigation in the field in
your life.

Others in the room stare at Hoover. McKellar leans back...

(CONTINUED)

MCKELLAR (CONT'D)

(continuing)

I think you are a front. I think your prowess as a lawman is a myth created from a hoopla of headlines by Mr. Suydam, your publicist, there...with crimebusters and G-men with you set up as Czar. And that is runnin' wild in my estimation...

*
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HOOVER

Crime is what runs wild! Criminals, who flee in fast automobiles across state lines thereby defeating jurisdiction because there is no federal police force to stop them. And...

MCKELLAR

And if the country required an expanded Bureau to be more effective, I would question whether you are the person fit to run it because...

MCKELLAR (CONT'D)

And if the country required such a Bureau, I would question you are the person fit to run it...

*

HOOVER (CONT'D)

I won't be judged by a kangaroo court of venal politicians...

*

MCKELLAR

(slams gavel)

Because you have allowed these outlaws to flourish unabated.

(slam)

Your appropriation request is denied.

The hearing's over.

16 INT. U.S. CONGRESS, CORRIDOR - J. EDGAR HOOVER -DAY

16

walks fast through the corridor of congressmen. He talks over his left shoulder to Suydam and Tolson who are pulling on coats. Hoover carries his. They struggle to hear him...

HOOVER

(to Suydam)

Does he use prostitutes? Was he soft on the Reds in 1919? Peppy stuff like that. Find out. Feed the following to Walter Winchell: "McKellar's a Neanderthal. He's on a personal vendetta to destroy me."

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

HOOVER (CONT'D)

We will not fight McKellar in his
committee room. We will fight him on the
front page.

(to Tolson)

Where is Dillinger?

TOLSON

Spotted in Hammond, Indiana.

(CONTINUED)

HOOVER

How long ago?

TOLSON

Yesterday. Another sighting has him on the Lincoln Highway in Ohio heading towards Cincinnati.

HOOVER

(decides)

He's in Hammond. Heading to Chicago...

SUYDAM

How do you know?

HOOVER

You can have fun in Chicago. What the hell's there to do in Cincinnati?

17 INT. HOOVER'S PRIVATE OFFICE - MELVIN PURVIS

17

waits. Hoover - in his overcoat - enters. Purvis is gestured to follow. Like an electric current switched on, sudden mood change by Hoover as he hangs up his coat...

HOOVER

(brilliant)

Agent Purvis, congratulations.

PURVIS

Thank you sir. May I ask why?

HOOVER

Pretty Boy Floyd, for which you have my commendation and personal gratitude. Second, you are, as of this moment, the Special Agent in Charge of the Chicago field office. Your task will be to get John Dillinger.

*

Purvis is imbued. Henry Suydam enters...

*

SUYDAM

(to Hoover)

They're ready for him.

HOOVER

(pensive)

This is Henry Suydam. He is our expert in press relations.

18 INT. BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION - HOOVER ESCORTS PURVIS THROUGH 18
THE OPEN PLAN OFFICE

Tolson + Suydam follow.

HOOVER
Are you up to this task, Mr. Purvis?

PURVIS
Absolutely, sir.

It's like the "Corporate Office of the Future" designed by Albrecht Speer. Agents are at grey metal desks dressed identically in dark suits, white shirts, dark ties. No personal effects. The individual is reduced to a component in a gleaming machine.

19 EXT. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - HOOVER, PURVIS, SUYDAM + TOLSON 19

enter from the interior. Suydam positions Hoover and Purvis at the top of the stairs in front of a gathering of photographers, newsmen and Movietone and Liberty Newsreel crews. They are anxious to get pictures and quotes from the hero of the hour, Melvin Purvis. Purvis' look indicates that he was unaware of any of these arrangements.

HOOVER
(nods; then:)
Today, with President Roosevelt's support, I am declaring the United States of America's first War on Crime.

Flashbulbs pop.

HOOVER (CONT'D)
And I'd like to introduce one of our finest "G-Men," Agent Melvin Purvis. I've just made Agent Purvis head of the Chicago office.

Hoover turns into profile and shines his best smile and shakes hands with Purvis. Flashbulbs pop. Hoover steps aside so that Purvis can answer the questions...

REPORTER #1
Mr. Purvis. How did you run down Pretty Boy Floyd?

PURVIS
(dry)
Well...through a cornfield.
(light laughter)

(CONTINUED)

Reporters laugh. They like his dry wit.

REPORTER #2

People say John Dillinger is a lot smarter and a lot tougher.

PURVIS

We'll get him.

REPORTER #3

What makes you so sure?

PURVIS

We have two things Dillinger does not.

REPORTER #2

What are they?

PURVIS

The Bureau's techniques of fighting crime scientifically. And the visionary leadership of our Director J. Edgar Hoover.

*
*

Hoover likes him. Ad lib interview continues. Aside...

TOLSON

(whispers)

Our own Clark Gable.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

HOOVER

Mr. Tolson, when he's done let him know
if he needs anything you will get it for
him.

(brilliant smile)

And tell him he may call me J.E.

Hoover leaves. Tolson waits in REAR SHOT watching the
controlled media event.

*
*

CUT TO:

20 INT. AMERICAN BANK AND TRUST COMPANY - REAR SHOT

20

*

Three men in long overcoats - Pierpont, Makley and Dillinger -
enter. To the casual observer they might appear as bank
examiners. Makley heads towards Tellers' cages. Pierpont
hangs near the entrance. They stall as Dillinger crosses to
rear safe, leaps a marble railing and grabs GROVER WEYLAND.
Grover almost falls over. Then Pierpont slams down a Guard at
a table. He and Makley pull Tommy guns from coats and
announce "It's a stick-up!"

*
*
*
*
*

Meanwhile Dillinger propels Weyland towards the vault.

DILLINGER

Let's play a game, Mr. President. It's
called spin the dial.

As he spins him around in front of him and shoves him
forward. Their tactics are shock and speed: to get people to
comply before they can think. Just then an alarm sounds.

*
*
*

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

(starts stopwatch, shouts to
crew)

Three minutes!

Dillinger's crew is non-plussed. As Dillinger and Weyland
cross to the vault, we SEE...

*
*

PIERPONT

is the Lobby Man.

PIERPONT

You! Sit down! You too. And you! ...don't
get in our way and you'll be okay.

His back is to the front door. He controls the customers on
the inside. Women are seated on the floor. Men stand. It's
well-ordered. Pete doesn't worry about his back because...

21 EXT. BANK + STREET - HOMER VAN METER

21

is the Lookout. His back is to the front door. His job is to control the people outside the bank on the street. His BAR is hidden by his coat. Crowds start to gather across the street because of the alarm. Homer backs to the wall as if he, too, is a curious pedestrian. Homer's focused. He is rock steady.

21A INT. BANK - MAKLEY - DAY

21A

is rifling the tellers' drawers. He shovels cash into a canvas bag. The Tellers stand aside.

*

21B INT. BANK - NEAR VAULT (BASEMENT) - DILLINGER'S 21B *

reached the vault with Weyland. Weyland - obstinate, *
believing he's clever - hesitates, pretending to search for *
the key.

WEYLAND

Perhaps it's one of these... *

Dillinger has the Thompson in his right hand, covering half *
the customers so Makley can work. His left draws one of the *
two .45s and cracks Grover Weyland across the forehead *
opening a gash. He aims the .45 between Weyland's eyes...

DILLINGER

(calm)

You can be a dead hero or a live coward. *
Open that goddamn vault! Now! *

He ain't kidding. Weyland gets the joke and OPENS THE VAULT. *
Dillinger checks his watch.

22 EXT. BANK - VAN METER 22

spots a police car racing up, TAPS the window with the barrel *
of his BAR. *

23 INT. BANK - PIERPONT 23

glances outside.

PIERPONT

(calmly)

Company!

NO ONE inside stops working. They know Van Meter will do his *
job.

24 EXT. BANK - VAN METER 24

keeps his eye on the THREE COPS. Two get behind the cover of *
parked cars across the street. ONE stays low and starts to *
run towards Homer in front of the bank.

PAST HOMER *

The crowd on the sidewalk is growing. How will they get *
out...? Homer is unresponsive to the chaos, disciplined, *
doing his job. Meanwhile... *

25 OMITTED 25 *

26 EXT. REAR ALLEY OF BANK - RED IN THE BUICK 26

Calm. Engine idles. Red sees people run past. Taped to his dash are two "gits" - step by step instructions to two getaway routes. He checks his watch. The minute hand moves into place. He drives evenly out of the alley.

27 EXT. BANK FRONT - VAN METER 27

is approached by the COP who thinks he's a pedestrian.

COP
(to Homer)
Move out of there!

VAN METER
Why? I wanna watch.
(cups ear as if can't hear)
What?

Cop approaches carrying a shotgun. Meanwhile...

28 INT. BANK - DILLINGER 28

tosses the last bag to Pierpont at the front door. On their way out Dillinger passes a FARMER near a table, his hands in the air. Cash on the counter.

DILLINGER
(on the move)
That your money, mister?

FARMER
Yessir. It is.

DILLINGER
Well, put it away. We're not here for your money. We're here for the bank's money.

Customers appreciate Dillinger. Dillinger loves their appreciation.

28A EXT. BANK - HOMER 28A

slams the approaching Cop in the gut with his BAR, spins him and uses him as a shield. He backs to the front door. Pedestrians flee. Cops draw down. They cannot shoot without Homer blowing off the Cop's head. Homer opens up on the cop car. Meanwhile...

28B INT. BANK

28B *

PIERPONT
(to three Tellers)
You three, let's go.

*
*
*

DILLINGER
Stay calm, folks, and stay low.

*

Pierpont grabs two; Dillinger takes Weyland and Anna Patzke, creating a human shield around Pierpont, Dillinger and Makley.

*
*

29 EXT. AMERICAN BANK AND TRUST - NOW CITY DETECTIVES

29 *

pull up at the corner to the left.

*

DILLINGER, PIERPONT, MAKLEY, VAN METER

*

with hostages cross to the Buick. A large crowd is across the street.

*

DILLINGER OPENS UP

and the corner and Detective's car gets hit. Two city detectives go for cover and stay there.

*

A DETECTIVE with a deer rifle aims.

VAN METER

FIRES past Angry Cop's head. Detective goes down. The Angry Cop's eardrum is blown. His ear bleeds. As...

*

DILLINGER SHOOTS UP...

Detective car, police car and another car to drive cops to cover. As...

*
*

29A INT. BUICK - MAKLEY + PIERPONT

29A

are in. Dillinger with Weyland and Anna Patzke loads them onto the running board. Pierpont holds ANNA PATZKE's arm.

PIERPONT
Hold on, honey.

(CONTINUED)

29A CONTINUED:

29A

Van Meter's on driver's side running board with Angry Cop and one of Pierpont's hostages. Buick's moving faster. Dillinger is on the passenger side running board with Weyland and Patzke. The Buick roars away.

30 INT. BUICK - RED

30

drives with total concentration. Makley coolly reads the git.

MAKLEY

.2 miles - turn left at the white barn.
Right there. Now. .6 miles to the new
bridge.

Pierpont breaks out the rear window. He throws two five gallon milk jars full of roofing nails out into the road. They scatter.

30A EXT. ROAD - TWO POLICE CARS

30A *

hit the nails, their tires blow. Van Meter and Dillinger fire from the running boards at pursuing cop cars. A flurry of fast hits dissuading them to pursue.

31 INT. BUICK - HAMILTON

31

approaches the bridge, slows.

DILLINGER

(to Angry Cop and Pierpont's
hostage)

Okay. Beat it!

They jump off.

Dillinger pulls Anna Patzke and Weyland inside with him.

*

31A INT. BUICK - DILLINGER

31A *

sees Anna Patzke's shivering from shock and the cold. He puts his coat on her. He plops his hat on her head, too.

DILLINGER

Something to remember me by.

She laughs, nervously, and a little thrilled at being where she is. She glances right and left...

VAN METER

(ominous)

Are we taking 'em to the hideout?

(CONTINUED)

31A CONTINUED:

31A

DILLINGER
(going along with it)
That depends.

(CONTINUED)

VAN METER

How 'bout it, honey? Can you cook?

ANNA PATZKE

(not disinterested)

Uh. Sure... After a fashion.

They start to hoot and laugh. They think this is hilarious.

ANNA PATZKE (CONT'D)

Well, it's true!

VAN METER

(confides)

When I'm not doing this, I'm a scout for the movies.

ANNA PATZKE

Really?

This makes them laugh even harder.

32 EXT. THICK WOODS

32

Pierpont has brought the hostages to a big tree.

PIERPONT

Face each other. Join hands.

Pierpont binds them loosely to the tree.

WEYLAND

We'll freeze.

DILLINGER

You'll worm your way out of that in about ten minutes.

Anna looks over at Dillinger.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

It's okay, doll. You're just gonna be a little late for dinner.

Dillinger reaches over, snatches his hat off Anna Patzke's head. He leaves her his coat.

33 THE BUICK WORK CAR

33

is abandoned.

TRACK RIGHT + SEE:

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

Dillinger's Essex and a Ford drive off past fields with snow on both sides. New cars. Flush with cash. Clean.

A34 EXT./INT. PURVIS' PIERCE ARROW - THRU DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - DAYA34

Buildings are new and gleaming. Only a few have boarded-up storefronts. Purvis pulls in front of Pittsfield Building and gets out with Barton. Barton carries an extra two briefcases into the lobby while...

BAUM (O.S.)
...manufactured by Shragge-Quality in St.
Louis.
(add details, e.g. retail
price, materials, etc.)

B34 INT. LOBBY/EXT. CHICAGO, LASALLE STREET - CONTINUOUS

B34

As they walk thru the lobby...

34 INT. CHICAGO: BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION OFFICES - PURVIS - DAY 34

looks at the gathered agents. New faces. College men.

BAUM

holds up the coat Dillinger left on Anna Patzke. This is moving day and simultaneously Purvis is launching his investigation. He wastes no time.

We note AGENTS COWLEY, RICE, MADALA, CLEGG, RORER and REINECKE. DORIS ROGERS (23) is Purvis' secretary. He brought her from his last post in Alabama along with Barton and Baum. We've entered mid-scene.

PURVIS
Agents in our offices across the country are identifying every store in the United States that sold this overcoat. Then, we will cross-reference every Dillinger family member and associate in locales where that coat was sold.

*

(beat)

He was in one of those locales when it got cold. He bought a coat. Unless he was travelling through, he was being harbored. If he returns, we will be there. It is by such methods the Bureau will get John Dillinger.

*

*

*

*

(beat)

Next. Doris...

Doris stops putting away files and supplies.

(CONTINUED)

PURVIS (CONT'D)

For those of you who haven't met her,
Miss Rogers is my secretary...

(to Doris)

Please contact the Chicago area telephone
exchange supervisors. There are six.
Request appointments for Carter Baum and
myself.

(OPTIONAL)

The prohibition against agents in our
bureau being armed has been lifted.
Shortly you will be provided Thompson
sub-machine guns, BARs and the .351
Winchester semi-automatic rifle.

(beat)

(MORE)

*

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

PURVIS (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, we are going to be working very long hours. [Optional: We are pursuing hardened killers.] It will be dangerous. Those of you who aren't prepared for that, should go. And if you're going to go, please go now.

(no one does)

Thank you.

*
*

CUT TO:

35 E/I. ARAGON BALLROOM, CHICAGO - ON DILLINGER - NIGHT

35

watching a sexy young woman on the dance floor. He loses sight of her...

He looks around behind him. They're expecting someone. Then, the girl appears again and Dillinger sees her again: jet black hair in a bob, brown eyes, high cheekbones from her Indian mother and a great smile. She lights up a room. She is BILLIE FRECHETTE (27).

She feels the stare and looks over. She studies him, then looks away.

Dillinger's with Pierpont, Makley and Hamilton at a table. It is loaded with steaks and frog legs. They have loaded up on the fruits of their risk and labors: new clothes and lots of food and liquor. Pierpont nudges Dillinger.

ALVIN KARPIS and Homer Van Meter approach and Alvin sits next to Johnny... Dillinger adjusts his chair to watch for the girl. He's shoulder to shoulder to Karpis.

DILLINGER

Alvin. You hungry? Frog legs? How's the Barkers?

[note: Alvin Karpis is cunning and careful. He will outlive everyone, including J. Edgar Hoover, and retire to Torremolinos, Spain, where he will die of heart failure in 1979.

Freddie and Dock Barker are the sons of Ma Barker. After the FBI gunned down the old woman, Hoover labeled her the "crime genius" of the family. According to Volney Davis, she couldn't organize breakfast.]

KARPIS

Everyone's good. Ma does needlepoint and listens to the radio.

(leans in; they talk quietly)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

KARPIS (CONT'D)

Me, Freddie and Dock are looking to
snatch a fella. St. Paul banker, Ed
Bremer. We need a few more hands.

DILLINGER

I don't like kidnapping.

(CONTINUED)

KARPIS

Yeah? Robbing banks is getting tougher. *

DILLINGER

Well, the public don't like kidnappers.

KARPIS

Who gives a damn what the public likes?

DILLINGER

I do. I hide out among them.

KARPIS

(shrugs)

I am strictly out to make cake...

DILLINGER

...yeah, then you, Ma and Dock go and hole up on a farm like hermits for six months. I grew up on a goddamn farm. I hate farms. Give me big cities, crowds and a good time... *

KARPIS

(smiles; leans in)

We also got a mail train we been lookin' at, too.

DILLINGER

(low)

By the way, if someone got pinched here, who knows their way around?

KARPIS

Lawyer named Piquett. Louis Piquett. We all use him.

(writes a phone number)

DILLINGER

What's it about this train?..

KARPIS

Needs two, three more right guys to take it down. It'll be ready to go in a couple of months. It's a six-hander.

DILLINGER

(smiles)

Sounds like Jesse James.

KARPIS

(low)

A million seven, a million eight.

(CONTINUED)

Dillinger looks at Karpis. In 2007, that would be 22 million dollars.

KARPIS (CONT'D)

Federal Reserve shipment. It runs only twice a month. This is the kind of score you go away on after.

DILLINGER

Where you going?

KARPIS

Brazil. Cuba, maybe. What about you?

DILLINGER

We're having too good a time today. We ain't worryin' about tomorrow...

KARPIS

You ought to. What we're doin', don't last forever.

They look at each other: two pros at the top of their game. Dillinger leans back...

DILLINGER

Keep me in mind on the train.

Karpis leaves. Dillinger can't see Billie anymore.

VAN METER

(agitated)

Why not do this snatch? The Bremer guy... *

(louder)

Know how much they made snatchin' that Hamm Brewery guy? \$100,000. And the beer. *

He's too loud. Dillinger looks at Pierpont.

DILLINGER

Quiet down, Homer.

PIERPONT

Shut your yap...

VAN METER (CONT'D)

Let's get out of here and go... *

Pierpont and Dillinger exchange a look. Then he, Homer and Makley leave. *

DILLINGER

Homer stayin' steady enough? *

(CONTINUED)

HAMILTON
 (reading his mind)
 He's okay.

As Hamilton leans across the table to wave over Anna who was searching for him, Billie reappears, dancing with a young man. Red sees who Dillinger's looking at. *

DILLINGER
 Three rules I learned from Walter Dietrich. One: never work when you're not ready. Two: never work with people who aren't the best. Three: never work with people who are desperate.

HAMILTON
 Well, I got rule four: stay away from women.

DILLINGER
 Without women, might as well have stayed in stir.

Anna Sage approaches with a young girl for Red.

HAMILTON
 That's why they invented whores.
 (getting up)

Dillinger ignores Anna's greeting and seating and keeps his eye on Billie. Music ends. Next cue is up tempo. Young man escorts Billie to her table. He tries to join her. She turns him down. *

Dillinger finishes his drink, approaches while the band prepares for the next number. He now sees how beautiful Billie is. She's 5 foot 5. With a straight erect build, she stands out in any crowd. She looks Dillinger straight in the eye. Clear skin, dark eyes with humor playing about the edges. He unexpectedly starts to feel nervous. He re-asserts himself. *

He gives her his smoothest grin. *

DILLINGER
 Hi, doll. I don't know why you gave that fella the "go-by," but I sure am glad you did. *

Billie looks him over: a well-made man in a good suit with a great smile. And, paradoxes: he easily talks to women but he's not a hustler. *

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (5)

35

He's young, but there's a world of experience in his face.
Open, but he's holding something back.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

What's your name?

(CONTINUED)

BILLIE
Billie Frechette.

DILLINGER
Buy you a drink?

Billie looks at her girlfriend, she nods, Billie rises...

As they walk across to the bar.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)
Is that French?

BILLIE
On my father's side. There's an "e" at
the end. Do you have a name?

DILLINGER
Jack Harris.

Music changes to "Bye Bye Blackbird."

BILLIE
You dance, Jack?

A hesitation...

DILLINGER
I don't know how.

She smiles a pretty smile at him.

BILLIE
C'mon, follow me. How come you don't know
how to dance?
(he stares at her feet)
Don't look at my feet. Look at my
shoulders.

She stays an inch or two distant in his arms. It's slow and languorous. He follows her with little difficulty. He can smell the perfume in her black hair.

TORCH SINGER
(sings)
"Pack-up all my cares and woe
Here I go, singing low
Bye, bye blackbird"

BILLIE
This is a two-step.

(CONTINUED)

DILLINGER

My, but you are pretty...

They look into each other's eyes. He pulls her closer, wants to kiss her long smooth neck. He almost can't resist... Their lips are an inch apart.

(CONTINUED)

And then she rests her cheek on his shoulder and the kiss that wasn't hangs in the air around them. He whispers...

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

Where you from, Billie?

She turns her right ear towards him. She's deaf in her left ear.

BILLIE

Flandreau.

DILLINGER

Where's Flandreau?

TORCH SINGER

(sings)

"Where somebody waits for me
Sugar's sweet, so is she
Bye, bye blackbird..."

BILLIE

South Dakota.

DILLINGER

Father's French, what's on the other side?

BILLIE

Italian.

DILLINGER

(skeptical)

Yeah? From South Dakota...Indian's more likely than Italian.

She looks at him. Challenging...

BILLIE

My momma's a Menominee Indian. Most men don't like to hear that. Okay?

DILLINGER

I'm not most men.

BILLIE

And I check coats at the Steuben Club.
And that's not very glamorous, either.
Okay?

(beat)

What do you do, Jack?

*

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (9)

35

DILLINGER
I'm catching up.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (7)

35

BILLIE

On what?

DILLINGER

The good life, by meeting someone like you.

(her hair)

Dark, beautiful, like the black bird in that song...

She laughs at the flattery covering the evasion and likes it at the same time. Holds his eyes a beat with an ironic look. A couple from another group looks at Dillinger. He's cool. He returns the look. They look away. *

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

Say, how'd you like some dinner?

BILLIE

Sure.

He nods courteously to her girlfriends, grabs her coat, puts a hand around Billie's waist and steers her out...

TORCH SINGER

(sings)

"So make my bed and light the light
Cause I'll be home late tonight
Bye, bye blackbird..."

36 OMITTED

36

37 EXT. ARAGON BALLROOM - DILLINGER + BILLIE - NIGHT

37

in their coats on the street. It's cold. Dillinger pulls her close.

He opens and wraps his overcoat around her. It's a protective gesture. Then he kisses her hard on the lips. She didn't expect that. Her eyes are wide. Their bodies close to each other.

She kisses him back, long and deep. And she didn't expect to do that, either.

At last they separate...and look at each other for a beat.

38 INT. GOLD COAST RESTAURANT - MAITRE D' - NIGHT

38

Dillinger slips him bills. He and Billie are shown to a table. The clientele is North Shore old money and businessmen.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

Some of the women are in elegant dresses even though it's mid-Depression. A few stare at Billie. She's out of her class.

(CONTINUED)

DILLINGER

What are you gonna have?

Billie stares at him, ignoring her menu.

BILLIE

What is it, exactly, you do for a living?

Dillinger looks over the top of his menu.

DILLINGER

Well...I rob banks.

Then he leans back in his chair and regards her.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

That's where all these people here put their money.

BILLIE

Why'd you tell me that? You could have made up a story...

DILLINGER

'Cause I can't lie to you.

She studies him carefully.

BILLIE

That's a pretty serious thing to say to a girl you just met.

*

DILLINGER

I feel like I know you.

BILLIE

Well I don't know you. I haven't been any of the places you've been. I don't even know what I don't know.

*

*

DILLINGER

Some of the places I been ain't so hot. Where I'm going is a lot better. Wanna come along?

BILLIE

Boy, you are in a hurry.

DILLINGER

If you were looking at what I am looking at, honey, you'd be in a hurry too.

(CONTINUED)

She laughs at his flattery, which she is also finding persuasive. She notices some unwelcoming looks...particularly an elegant blonde woman who stares at Billie, a Depression-era child in her dress.

BILLIE

(leans in)

Well, it's me they're looking at this time.

DILLINGER

That's 'cause you're beautiful.

She does not drop her voice.

BILLIE

That's nice. But they're looking at me because they're not used to having a Menominee Indian girl in their restaurant in a three dollar dress.

DILLINGER

(takes her hand)

Listen, doll, that's 'cause they're all about where people come from. Only thing important is where somebody's going.

BILLIE

Where are you going?

DILLINGER

To the top.

He's irresistible.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

Let's get out of here.

Beat. She nods. They get up, get their things.

On their way...a man intercepts Dillinger. He is GILBERT CATENA (42), solid with big hands. He's smiling.

CATENA

(whispered)

Hey Johnny...!

Dillinger reacts, changes down, says abruptly...

*

DILLINGER

(to Billie)

Go wait outside.

*

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (4)

38

Billie turns and walks out of the restaurant. We don't know who Catena is, but they have bad history. Careful, cold...

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

How you been, Gil?

CATENA

Real good. I work for Mr. Nitti, now, ever since I got out.

Catena indicates FRANK NITTI (47) in a group at a table. Sober and educated, Nitti glances in their direction but has no interest.

DILLINGER

Looks like a barber.

CATENA

Don't go by looks.

(beat)

He's real smart. We're connected-up to everybody all over the country now...

From Nitti's table a man gets up and walks straight towards Dillinger. Two heavy duty bodyguards, like sharks, are with him. He is PHIL D'ANDREA. Dillinger unbuttons his jacket. But...

D'ANDREA

(smiles, low)

Everytime I read about your bank jobs,
where you give customers back their
money, you crack me up...

*
*

(laughs)

You need anything, ask Gilbert. Gilbert knows how to find me.

D'Andrea continues to the men's room.

DILLINGER

See you Gilbert...

CATENA

Good luck, Johnny.

Catena doesn't like Dillinger.

39 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE RESTAURANT - DILLINGER - NIGHT

39

comes out onto the sidewalk. Billie isn't there. There are two other couples, the women in snug fur coats. He searches the street. She's gone.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

DILLINGER
(to doorman)
See where that girl went?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

DOORMAN

Nossir. Jumped in a cab and took off.

The night, suddenly cold and lonely, wraps around Johnny.

CUT TO:

40 INT. PHONE COMPANY EXCHANGE - PURVIS - DAY

40

An ENGINEER places headphones on Purvis' ears. Acetate disks on turntables mounted within giant carrying cases record phone calls. Cloth insulated wires are strung everywhere. Three stenographers sit with black bakelite headphones.

BAUM

That noise on the line? That's called "swing". Nothing we can do about it. Worn insulation. Some words get dropped. You're listening to a phone call with a car dealer from 27 minutes ago. Harry Berman.

Rice plays back a recording.

VOICE (V.O.)

When you drop it, leave the keys on the floorboard.

(muffled; then...)

BERMAN (V.O.)

I got a DeSoto. Bored it out. Rebuilt the car by myself.

*
*

VOICE (V.O.)

Okay.

BERMAN (V.O.)

Interior's no good.

VOICE (V.O.)

Don't matter. It's a work car.

BERMAN (V.O.)

When you want it?

VOICE (V.O.)

We'll call you.

(click)

BAUM

We think that's Dillinger's voice.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

PURVIS
How did we find Berman?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

BAUM

Off of Dillinger's coat that he left on
that girl. The coat was bought in Cicero,
Illinois at a store that's a few doors
down from Berman's dealership. Berman we
know. He's supplied cars to the syndicate
since Capone. When Dillinger bought that
coat he must have been at Berman's
switching cars.

*
*
*
*
*
*

PURVIS

I want men on duty around the clock. Soon
as they call to drop the DeSoto, we will
tail it. Right to Dillinger.

41-43 OMITTED

41-43

44 EXT. NORTH DEARBORN STREET - JOHN DILLINGER - NIGHT

44

gets out of his Buick...

45 INT. STEUBEN CLUB - DILLINGER - NIGHT

45

enters, sees Billie talking with another hostess, MAY
MINCZELES.

TWO MEN approach. Billie checks their hats and coats. To
Dillinger...

BILLIE

(without looking up)
May I check your coat, sir?

DILLINGER

No, honey. You go get your coat.

She looks up. So does May. May flashes Billie a look: if you
don't want him, I do.

MAY MINCZELES

Sounds good to me.

Dillinger has eyes only for Billie.

DILLINGER

You ran out on me.

A CUSTOMER comes up and puts his ticket on the counter.

BILLIE

You left me standing alone on the
sidewalk.

(CONTINUED)

DILLINGER

If you're going to be my girl, you have
to swear you'll never do that again.

CUSTOMER

Brown overcoat.

BILLIE

Hey! I'm not your girl!
(ignoring customer)
And I'm not going to say that.

*

*

DILLINGER

I'm waiting.

CUSTOMER

So am I.

DILLINGER

(to Billie)
"I am never going to run out on you
again." Say it.

*

BILLIE

No.

CUSTOMER

My coat?

DILLINGER

Well, I will never run out on you. And
that's a promise.

CUSTOMER

Well, I want to run out of here. So,
lady, go get me my coat...?

*

Dillinger lifts the man two feet off the floor and slams him
into the wall. Jailhouse rage. Lethal, cold eyes tells the
customer everything he needs to know. Dillinger swings him to
the counter, grabs the man's ticket, slams thru the half
door, finds the coat, tosses it at him...

DILLINGER

Keep the tip. Get the hell out of here.
(to Billie)
You ain't getting other people's hats and
coats no more either.

He takes her coat and holds it for her. She doesn't move.

(CONTINUED)

BILLIE

No one's ever done that for me before.

DILLINGER

You're with me now.

BILLIE

I don't know anything about you.

DILLINGER

I was raised on a farm in Mooresville, Indiana. My ma died when I was three. My daddy beat the hell out of me because he didn't know no better way to raise me. I used to do dumb things but I'm a lot smarter now. I like baseball, movies, good clothes, fast cars, whiskey and you. What else do you need to know?

*

She gets into her coat. Dillinger opens the door for her. They exit, watched by May.

46 INT. DILLINGER'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - BILLIE - NIGHT

46

enters. It's large, low-ceilinged, luxurious and modern - Billie is bowled over. He sits her down on a sofa.

He goes to get two Marshall Fields boxes and two drinks.

BILLIE

You been living here long?

DILLINGER

Sure. Since yesterday.

From a back bedroom Red enters the kitchen in a robe for a drink followed by FAY WRIGHT and a SECOND WOMAN in lingerie. Fay catches Billie's eye. Friendly smile. Billie nods.

DILLINGER (O.S)(CONT'D)

I got something for you.

Dillinger has two boxes and drinks. Red and his two women return to their bedroom. Door closes. Distant phonograph. Laughter.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

What's wrong? Open it up.

Billie lifts out a sleeveless dress in dusty pink. It is beautiful. She is very touched. The second box has a camel hair coat with a fur collar. She hesitates...

(CONTINUED)

BILLIE

I'm drinking in a man's apartment who wants to romance me. And not for the first time. I'm no Pollyanna. But there are things that you do, would bother a girl like me...

DILLINGER

I can make 500 dollars a year if I'm lucky enough to have a job, which a third of American working men do not. Or I can make ten thousand dollars in a morning. I'll take my chances on the bank. No apologies. We don't go in lookin' to hurt innocent people. But if anybody tries to get in our way that's going to be too bad. That what you want to know?

*
*

*
*

BILLIE

I'm trying to get to know you.

DILLINGER

You want to get to know me?

47 INT. APARTMENT, DILLINGER'S BEDROOM - DILLINGER'S EYES - 47
NIGHT

are held by hers. They help each other pull off clothes, both are impatient. The sheets are cold. She shivers and laughs. They're uninhibited lovers. Sensuality for her is like being stoned, her lips parted, her eyes half closed.

Later, he's on his back and she's on his chest, and they look up out the window through the upside down elm trees to the Chicago moon in the cold sky.

Then she gets up and wanders around the dark room. She's looking at his stuff. He thinks she's the most beautiful creature he's ever seen...

She sees suitcases that are neatly packed, ready to leave in a heartbeat. Everything's so neat. She touches his folded shirt...

BILLIE

...smooth

DILLINGER

I go for the finest. As much as I can get, as fast as we can get it.

*

(CONTINUED)

BILLIE
(suitcases)
Where you goin'?

DILLINGER
What do you mean?

BILLIE
You're all packed.

DILLINGER
Ready to get up and go in a
heartbeat...never hesitate.

*

She stands next to him now, regarding this man in the bed.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)
What are you trying to decide?
(no answer)
And what's wrong with your left ear?

BILLIE
My ex-husband...was too handy with his
fists.

*

He reaches for and pulls her down on top of him. She turns
her good ear towards him.

DILLINGER
Where's he now?

He covers her to stay warm.

BILLIE
Statesville. He got caught mugging a
mailman...

DILLINGER
...a criminal mastermind.

*

BILLIE
...my mistake. I married him. I didn't
know any better...

*

*

She turns over and puts her mouth next to his ear...

BILLIE (CONT'D)
When I was a little girl, we went to live
on the reservation in Flandreau 'cause my
daddy died. In Flandreau nothin' ever
happened.

*

*

*

(beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

BILLIE (CONT'D)

When I was 13, we went to live in
 Milwaukee with my Aunt Ines and my cousin
 Frances who had a lot of Indian friends
 and we went around to churches and put on
 plays like "Little Fireface." And nothing
 exciting ever happened there, either. So
 I haven't been anywhere or done anything
 except come to Chicago and try to make my
 way.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

DILLINGER

Well baby...I am taking you with me and
 you're going to start a whole new
 exciting kind of life from right now.

*
*

She pulls him towards her and they start making love again,
 she stops...

BILLIE

And what do you want?

DILLINGER

To please you.

That's not what she meant, but gently, he rolls her over on
 the bed.

A smile spreads slowly across her lips.

48 OMITTED

48

49 INT. PHONE COMPANY - BAUM/INT. PURVIS' APARTMENT - PURVIS - 49
 NIGHT - INTERCUT

Baum in his shirtsleeves in front of the recorders is talking
 to Purvis as he pulls on his coat.

BAUM

Rorer tailed it. Berman dropped the
 DeSoto at the Sherone Apartments 20
 minutes ago and Rorer talked to a
 neighbor. Men go in and out at night
 carrying heavy suitcases. One looks like
 Dillinger...

PURVIS

I'm leaving right now.

Purvis races out...

50 OMITTED

50

51 INT. PURVIS'S PIERCE-ARROW - PURVIS + BAUM

51

pull to the curb a discrete distance down the block from the Sherone Apartments. Cowley and Barton join them. It's an upscale yellow-brick apartment building with nice cars in front.

PURVIS

Where are your men?

COWLEY

My car's on Sheridan and Montrose and Rice and Madala are in the Ford V-8 on Broadway and Wilson.

*

PURVIS

Blocking vehicles? End of this street?
The alley?

Silence. They aren't "deployed." They're merely "here". Cowley gets it. Purvis exchanges a look with Baum, checks his gun.

PURVIS (CONT'D)

Carter, take the corner. Keep an eye on the DeSoto. Barton, you're with me.

52 INT. HALLWAY ON THIRD FLOOR - PURVIS + BARTON - NIGHT

52

enter from the elevator. Soundlessly, they approach Apt. 302. Two voices - a man and a woman's. Barton moves away from the door...

Purvis knocks. HELEN GILLIS (23) opens the door. From her reaction, she was expecting someone else. She's respectable and pretty.

PURVIS

I'm Special Agent Melvin Purvis. Are you alone?

HELEN GILLIS

No - my fiancé is here.

PURVIS

What's your fiancé's name?

HELEN GILLIS

Leonard...McHenry.

PURVIS

May we come in?

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

HELEN GILLIS

Sure. I'm perfectly safe... But come on in.

She holds the door open.

53 INT. APARTMENT 302, LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM - THEY ENTER 53

LEONARD is a thin short man at a table finishing dinner. He is fresh-faced, maybe a junior clerk at an insurance company. Not John Dillinger...

LEONARD

Something wrong?

PURVIS

You have identification?

LEONARD

Honey, would you get my driver's licence. It's in my coat pocket.

Leonard seems reluctant to get up. With his right hand, he takes a forkful of food. His left is under the table. Now, we see that he's hiding a Model 1911. Who is this man? *

LEONARD (CONT'D)

You're that...Melvin Purvis. I've seen your picture!

PURVIS

What do you do for a living, Leonard?

LEONARD

I travel in ladies shoes.

He smiles at his joke. Helen enters with his wallet. Barton sees the driver's license.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Show him, honey.

Helen Gillis puts a foot forward - a red shoe with a bow.

PURVIS

Do you carry around a lot of samples?

LEONARD

Sure. Big suitcases.

That makes Purvis seem to buy it.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

PURVIS
(handing back the license)
Enjoy the rest of your dinner, Mr.
McHenry.

LEONARD
Thanks.

54 INT. CARPETED HALLWAY ON THIRD FLOOR - PURVIS + BARTON 54

walk the length of the hall. Helen closes the door behind
them.

PURVIS
(low)
No one in or out. I'll get the others. *
(at door to stairs next to the
elevator door)
Stay here. You watch that door from right
here.

Purvis runs downstairs. A beat. Then, Barton hears movement
from Apt. 302. Objects being hurriedly shifted. He starts
back down the hallway. Halfway between it and the elevator...

PING!

Behind him, the elevator doors open. Barton turns his back on
Apt. 302. He's caught between 302 and the elevator...

TOMMY CARROLL (38)

a flat-nosed ex-con enters. He looks curiously at Barton.

BARTON
Bureau of Investigation. What's your
name?
(flashes badge)

CARROLL
You wanna know my name?

Barton sees Carroll's eyes flicker, slight smile. He spins...

AN INDIFFERENT "BABY FACE" NELSON

FIRES his .38 Super. BLAM! BLAM!

Barton's slammed forward. Nelson looks at Barton's prostrate,
convulsing body. He FIRES a third round.

55 EXT. STREET - PURVIS 55

PURVIS

Go get the men from Sheridan and Wilson.

*

Purvis - reacting to the sounds of gunshots - grabs the Thompson from Baum and runs back inside.

*

56 EXT. SHERONE APARTMENTS - BAUM 56

runs to the corner where he has a visual on the building's front and the DeSoto down the alley.

57 INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - PURVIS 57

enters, sees...

BARTON

in the final moments of life, Barton looks up into Purvis' eyes. Barton's expression says, "Save me, help me!"

And Purvis freezes. He does not know what to do. Then, Barton's eyes drift away...he's gone.

Purvis impels himself to act. He kicks in the door to Apt. 302.

58 INT. APT 302 - HELEN GILLIS 58

screams.

PURVIS

Where is he?!

Meanwhile...

59 EXT. SHERONE APARTMENTS - BAUM 59

sees...

BABY FACE NELSON + TOMMY CARROLL

cross the alley to the DeSoto. Nelson senses and unhesitatingly LAYS DOWN ROUNDS in short BLASTS of full auto. Tommy Carroll calmly, smoothly starts the DeSoto. Nelson's barrage punches into the wall, drives Baum to cover as...

60 INT. SHERONE APARTMENTS - PURVIS 60

slams open a window as the DeSoto accelerates out of the alley. Purvis FIRES. Baum FIRES his pistol. Both are useless at that range. The DeSoto turns left and is gone.

61 EXT. SHERONE APARTMENTS - PURVIS

61

runs in from the front entrance. Rice and Madala race up in the Bureau's armor-plated Ford V-8.

PURVIS

They headed north! Who's in the Broadway
and Wilson car?

*
*

RICE

That was us. We heard gunfire. So we...
(gets it)
...came here.

They're fucked.

MADALA

Who was it? Dillinger?

BAUM

No.

PURVIS

The man we let get away wasn't John
Dillinger. It was Baby Face Nelson.

CUT TO:

A62 INT. CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK, GREENCASTLE, INDIANA - JOHN A62
DILLINGER, HARRY PIERPONT + CHARLIE MAKLEY - DAY

make a rapid entry wearing overcoats and hats with guns
tucked inside, all walk into the bank shoulder to shoulder
and immediately split into three different directions.

BANK GUARD

leans on a counter talking to a TELLER.

PIERPONT

Excuse me, officer.

He turns and Pierpont slams him across the face with a sap
and backhands the sap across the back of his head. And...
swings from inside his coat barrel of a Tommy gun.

PIERPONT (CONT'D)

Put'em up! Put'em up! This is a stick-up.
And you folks sit down.

DILLINGER,

(CONTINUED)

A62 CONTINUED:

A62

meanwhile, takes three steps and vaults a five foot divider and pulls and trains two .45s from shoulder holsters on the ASSISTANT MANAGER and TWO TELLERS.

(CONTINUED)

A62 CONTINUED: (2)

A62

DILLINGER

You. Get over to the vault! All of you
back up! Go on! Back up!

He grabs the Manager by his coat, jerks him off balance, keeping him away from his gun hand and marches him towards the monumental vault door. Makley is shovelling cash into a large open duffel bag.

PIERPONT

Stay calm. Sit down folks.

B62 EXT. STREET - RED HAMILTON

B62

in a black Studebaker is double-parked with the engine running.

ECU: THE GIT,

the detailed map of their getaway route is clipped to the dash.

HOMER

on Lookout watches the street. Nothing. Dillinger and Pierpont carrying canvas bags full of money cross through the foreground as...

C62 INT. STUDEBAKER - RED

C62

throws it into gear and they drive away. Homer jumps on the running board. Dillinger looks over his shoulder. Awestruck pedestrians including two awestruck POLICEMEN stare. Dillinger FIRES into the air. Everyone ducks. From the other end of Main Street, no pursuit.

*

CUT TO:

62 MOVED TO SC A64

62

63 INT. BANKERS BUILDING - PURVIS - DAY (INTERCUT)

63

on his phone, hears. Baum is there. Cowley is in the doorway, just outside.

HOOVER (O.S.)

In Greencastle, Indiana, John Dillinger held-up a bank for \$74,000 while you were failing to capture Nelson in Chicago.

A64 INT. BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, WASHINGTON - HOOVER - DAY A64

PURVIS

Sir, I take full responsibility.

(a difficult moment:)

And I would like to make a request. I would like to request that we transfer men with "special qualifications" from Dallas...[**ADR:...here to Chicago.**]

*

An El train goes by and makes noise.

HOOVER

Excuse me?

PURVIS

There are some former Texas and Oklahoma law men currently with the Bureau in Dallas...

(CONTINUED)

HOOVER

Was I mistaken in my estimation of you? I thought you understood the vision of what I'm building, a modern force of professional, young men of the best sort.

*

PURVIS

Absolutely sir. However, the Bureau has used these men elsewhere.

HOOVER

Yes. And they are not our "type."

Purvis forces himself forward.

PURVIS

I am afraid our "type" can not get the job done...

(beat)

Without qualified help, I would have to resign this appointment. Otherwise, I am leading men to slaughter.

*

Hoover's back is against the wall. He does not like it.

HOOVER

(dead cold)

Mr. Tolson will call you, Agent Purvis.

(click)

Hoover hung up on him.

64 INT. UNION STATION (CHICAGO) - A TRAIN - DAY

64

has pulled into track 16. THREE MEN from Texas stand out among passengers. One's face is obscured by a wide brimmed hat. They are --

SPECIAL AGENTS CHARLES WINSTEAD, CLARENCE HURT + GERRY CAMPBELL

Stiff from the journey, they stretch, take in the crowd of urbanites. Winstead is in his mid 40s, 5 foot 8, body out of steel cable. Hurt is in his late 30s. These men are ex-Texas Rangers. Unlike flashier Western lawmen of the period, they do not wear Western wear unless they're on a horse. That's for drugstore cowboys out to impress Easterners. Other than their hats and boots, they wear dark suits and ties. They have "special qualifications."

WINSTEAD

What'd he say he looked like?

(CONTINUED)

HURT

Didn't say.

Their suitcases have been set on the platform. A PORTER approaches.

PORTER

Gentlemen need a hand?

CAMPBELL

Sure.

Winstead gestures at their bags and one case. The PORTER goes to lift the case. He can barely raise it. Campbell picks up the other end. They toss it on the cart.

PORTER

Hardware salesmen?

WINSTEAD

That's right.

His terse reply makes the garrulous porter stop talking.

65 INT. UNION STATION, GREAT HALL - DAY

65

The Neoclassical hall is enormous. Still no Purvis.

CAMPBELL

I'll call.

HURT

I'm going to the men's room.

Winstead spots a shoe-shine stand. Winstead sits, nods and the SHOE SHINE MAN begins to polish his Western boots. He's startled by the knife in a sheath built into the right boot.

WINSTEAD

Work around it.

From under the brim of his hat, Winstead glances at big city life. He's an ominous presence.

PURVIS (O.S.)

Agent Winstead?

WINSTEAD

(looks over)

That's right.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

PURVIS

Welcome to Chicago. We have a lot of work
to do.

But...

MEANWHILE:

66 EXT. HIALEAH RACE TRACK - PADDOCK: HORSES - DAY

66

*

are paraded by spectators by their owners and grooms.

*

FRANK NITTI

walks through the scattered crowd with Phil D'Andrea.

*

D'ANDREA

Who do you want out front?

NITTI

(business as usual)

Put Johnny Patton out front on the other
four tracks. Tell Adonis. He can have the
parking concessions, and maintenance.

D'ANDREA

(nods)

Annenberg wants to sell you the remaining
equity in Continental News.

NITTI

How's he doing on the wire service?

D'ANDREA

We're feeding 300 bookies. And he came up
with this gimmick called a scratch sheet.

NITTI

What's that?

D'ANDREA

A betting gimmick.

Another beat. Nitti stops for a beat --

NITTI

It's hot out, right?

PHIL D'ANDREA

Yes, Frank.

(CONTINUED)

6/27/08 (3rd yellow) MM revs. 50A.

66 CONTINUED:

66

NITTI

Ever since those pricks shot me I can't
get warm.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (2)

66

NITTI (CONT'D)
(notices Phil's attention)
What?

D'ANDREA
Some people from Chicago over there...

D'Andrea nods. John Dillinger among the pedestrians nods back. Nitti glances at them; glances away. Dillinger has on sunglasses. Billie is wearing a straw hat.

A67 EXT. HIALEAH STANDS - HORSES

A67

gallop by. With Dillinger + Billie is Pierpont, Homer and Makley and some girls. This is the good life for the privileged few in the middle of the Depression.

A horse wins; not theirs. Dillinger was holding his rabbit foot. It calms down...

PIERPONT
(to Dillinger; business)
What do you say we drive out separately?
I want to mark some jugs in Denver and
Phoenix.

Pt1

DILLINGER
Okay. Billie and I want to hit the Gulf Coast on the way out West, anyway. We'll meet you in Tucson on the 25th.

VAN METER
I heard one today. Indiana paper.
(low)
"Wanted. John Dillinger. Dead or dead."
(they crack up)
I think we wore out the Midwest for
awhile.

Billie doesn't laugh. Dillinger pulls her close and she resists his good spirits.

D'Andrea approaches...

Pt2

DILLINGER
(to D'Andrea)
Hey, Phil...

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

A67 CONTINUED:

A67

D'ANDREA

C'mon to the Colonial tonight. It's our
joint.

*

(writing on a card)

*

Be my guest...

DILLINGER

We'll be there. No pictures.

D'ANDREA

No pictures.

(to cocktail waitress)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

A67 CONTINUED: (2)

A67

D'ANDREA (CONT'D)

Whatever these boys want, it's on the house.

He leaves. Pierpont, Makley and Homer go off to place new bets. Billie looks at Dillinger. Looks away.

DILLINGER

What?

She is quiet for a moment.

BILLIE

(cold)

Thank you for taking me on this trip.

DILLINGER

You going somewhere, doll, am I?

BILLIE

Maybe another girl will catch your eye like the bimbo in the paddock. So I wanted to say "thank you" before that happened.

*
*
*
*

DILLINGER

You lookin' to leave?

BILLIE

No.

DILLINGER

Don't kid a kidder.

BILLIE

Then don't play me for a fool. We both know I end up back at the Steuben Club... one way or the other.

DILLINGER

What does that mean?

Dillinger puts his rabbit's foot next to him on the seat.

BILLIE

You dump me for someone else. Or, they catch you or kill you. And I don't want to be there when that happens.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

A67 CONTINUED: (3)

A67

DILLINGER

Who gave you a crystal ball?

BILLIE

I don't need one. Ask Homer.

DILLINGER

Homer what...?

BILLIE

...and his damn joke..."dead or dead."

Some tears come to her eyes.

DILLINGER

I'll put you over my knee right now.
You're not going anywhere.

(beat)

We're too good for them. They are not
tough enough, smart enough, or fast
enough. I can hit any bank anytime. They
got to be at every bank all the time.
That's why we're on top of the world. And
they can't put a glove on us.

(beat)

I'm going nowhere. And neither are you.
You and I are here for the long haul.
What do you have to say about that?

*
*

*
*

CLOSE ON BILLIE

This is the first time she allows herself to have any
prospect about a future with him.

She sits on his lap and smothers him with a kiss. Her hat
falls off. Patrons nearby glance and look away. Dillinger
doesn't give a damn.

A new group of horses race by. Dillinger's rabbit's foot is
forgotten and drops off the seat.

67-68 OMITTED

67-68

A69 EXT. CONGRESS HOTEL, TUCSON, ARIZONA - DOLLY PAST SAGUARO + A69
OCOTILLO CACTI - DAY (VFX - PLATE SHOT)

in harsh Arizona sunlight that breaks-up chromatically around
their shape.

69 INT. CONGRESS HOTEL, TUCSON, ARIZONA - ON THE CLERK - DAY 69

writing into a register. CLERK is a big man and Western friendly.

CLERK

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sullivan of Green Bay,
Wisconsin. How was your journey, sir?

DILLINGER

Long.

CLERK

I can send up some sandwiches and beer,
if you'd like.

DILLINGER

That would be swell. Some friends of mine
should be here already. J.C. Davies and
Mr. Long?

CLERK

Out shopping, I believe. I'll let them
know you're in when they come back.

Old BELLHOP takes Billie's bag to the elevator. Dillinger
carries his own case.

70 OMITTED 70

71 INT. ROOM 323 - DOOR OPENS 71

Dillinger tips the bellhop a dollar. Water runs. Dillinger
goes to the window - checks the street, checks for exits in
case of emergency. All is cool. *

72 INT. BATHROOM - BILLIE 72

in the tub. Dillinger enters -- *

Billie dangles a leg over the edge, strikes a pose from the
movies. Then another. Dillinger laughs. *

DILLINGER

Doll, you may need some company. Like me
and my pal, Johnson. *

BILLIE

(his answer)

Get in here. Both of you... *

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

She sinks down to wet her hair as...

*

73 INT. ROOM 323 - DILLINGER

73

*

with Billie on his mind crosses into the bedroom to take off his shirt, kick off his shoes...

*

*

CRASH!

THREE MEN burst in. One knocks Dillinger sideways with the butt of his shotgun. He is the Clerk.

*

*

Dillinger falls to his knees. Clerk hits him twice more in the back of his head. Billie rushes into the room and sees this from behind. She's naked. Two men haul Dillinger, bloody and semi-conscious, to his feet and cuff him. Eyman turns to her...

EYMAN

Put clothes on, miss.

74 INT. JAIL - DILLINGER

74

handcuffed is escorted through the outer cell block briskly. He reacts. In the opposite direction in handcuffs chained to shackles, being moved quickly are...

PIERPONT + MAKLEY

escorted by six guards are being moved out of the jail.

DILLINGER

What happened?

PIERPONT

A fire in the hotel. Firemen found our guns. Laid for us! Sorry, John.

*

DILLINGER

(shouts after them)

Where they taking you?

PIERPONT

(shouts back)

We're getting Shanghaied to Ohio!

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

DILLINGER
Where's Billie...?

Then they're gone. They now move Dillinger through.

COP EYMAN
Your girl has been put on a bus back to
Chicago. We ain't holding her.

*

75 INT. JAIL CELL - DILLINGER - NIGHT

75

is reading "Startling Crime" magazine. He HEARS holding cell
outer doors opened. He looks over.

MELVIN PURVIS

is there. Cowley and Baum are with him. Purvis is brought to
the cell. The COP who brought him goes back to his card game
with four or five Tucson Deputies. We SEE Special Agents
Winstead and Hurt in their suits and ties are there, too.
They lounge at ease. A Tucson Deputy gives them coffee. Eye
contact with Dillinger.

But Dillinger reacts to Purvis.

DILLINGER
(beat)
Well, the man who killed Pretty Boy
Floyd. Floyd might have been "Pretty,"
'cause he sure was not "Whiz Kid Floyd."

*

Deputies stifle laughter. Dillinger comes up close to Purvis.
They are eyeball to eyeball. Only the bars separate them.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)
(loud, for the cop's benefit)
These Arizona deputies, here?
(beat)
They pulled on us right away. Did not ask
Washington for permission. Made no
mistakes.

*

*

*

Arizona Deputies enjoy the flattery. Dillinger studies
Purvis...

DILLINGER (CONT'D)
That fellow Barton...one who got killed
at the Sherone Apartments.

Is he getting to Purvis?

(CONTINUED)

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

Newspaper said you found him alive. It's the eyes, right? They look at you right before they go. Then they drift into nothing. Keep you up nights.

*

PURVIS

What keeps you up, nights, Mr. Dillinger?
(a challenge)

*

*

DILLINGER

Coffee.

*

*

Now Dillinger reads him like an X-ray.

VERSION #1

*

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

You act like a confident man, Purvis. But I don't see it. You have a few qualities. And you're probably okay from a distance and there's a group of you. But right up close, toe to toe, do or die? I am used to that. Are you?

*

*

*

*

*

VERSION #2

*

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

You act like a confident man, Purvis. But I don't see it. You have a few qualities. But your group's only good from a distance when you got the guy outnumbered. But up close, toe to toe, do or die? Any way you got to? I am used to that. Are you?

*

*

*

*

*

Purvis has nothing to say. He stares at Dillinger. Then he turns to leave.

PURVIS

Goodbye, Mr. Dillinger.

DILLINGER

I'll see you down the road.

From ten feet away.

PURVIS

(quietly)

No you will not. The only way you will leave a jail cell is when we take you out to execute you.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

75

DILLINGER

We will see about that.

(beat)

Go get yourself another line of work,
Melvin.

Purvis gestures for the guards to let him out --

Dillinger lays back down on his cot. The Tucson Deputies
stare after Purvis, one laughs. After a moment...

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

75

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

(to Tucson Deputies)

I was joking about the "we'll see about that." I'll let you boys keep me in this jail awhile.

COP EYMAN

We'd like that, Johnny, but don't get too comfortable. They're moving you.

Tables turned.

*

DILLINGER

Where to?

COP EYMAN

Indiana.

DILLINGER

Why? I have absolutely nothing I want to do in Indiana.

CUT TO:

76 EXT. SKY OVER CHICAGO - AERIAL: FORD TRI-MOTOR LANDING GEAR -76 NIGHT

descends. It's 6:10pm on a snowy Tuesday evening, January 30th. Below are dim jeweled street lights in the dark white snow of the city.

77 EXT. MIDWAY AIRPORT RUNWAY - FORD TRI-MOTOR 77

An assembly of photographers, Chicago P.D. officers and a crowd have come to greet the biggest celebrity in America.

AS DILLINGER DESCENDS THE AIRPLANE STAIRS

FLASHBULBS POP. Lake County, Indiana PROSECUTOR ROBERT ESTILL puts Dillinger's jacket over him to guard against the cold. Two huge Chicago cops put Dillinger into the back of a car. With outrider motorcycles, the caravan takes off out of the airport into the snowy night.

78 EXT. SOUTHSIDE CHICAGO STREETS - CROWDS - NIGHT 78

crane to see the Dillinger convoy as they hear approaching sirens. It heads east towards the Indiana border and the town of Crowne Point.

79 INT. LAKE COUNTY COURT HOUSE + JAIL - (CROWN POINT, INDIANA) 79
- SHERIFF LILLIAN HOLLEY - NIGHT

at her desk when...

(CONTINUED)

DEPUTY

He's here.

A diminutive woman, SHERIFF HOLLEY goes to greet the massive cops who bring John Dillinger into her reception area and its crowd of 30 reporters. It's warm, crowded. Here, the large Chicago cops seem out of place, not Dillinger. Dillinger sizes up the new circumstances and seizes the opportunity. He nods hello to Sheriff Holley...

*
*
*
*

SHERIFF HOLLEY

(to reporters)

Back up over there.

Dillinger looks over the crowd, picking out the receptive reporters. Per the "Chicago Daily News": "His diction was amazing - better in many instances than that of his interviewers - his poise no less so... There was no hint of hardness about him, no evidence save in the alert presence of armed policemen that he had spent his formative years in a penitentiary. He had none of the sneer of the criminal... Looking at him for the first time...he rates as the most amazing specimen of his kind ever seen outside of wildly imaginative moving picture."

*
*

SHERIFF HOLLEY (CONT'D)

You can take the manacles off of him now.

REPORTER

Johnny, are you glad to see Indiana again?

Dillinger's ironic smile...

*

DILLINGER

I am about as glad to see Indiana as Indiana is to see me.

*

Everybody laughs.

REPORTER #2

Did you smuggle the guns into Indiana State Penitentiary for the big break of September 26th?

REPORTER

How'd you get them in?

DILLINGER

(smiles)

Right now, you're too inquisitive...

*

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2)

79

PHOTOGRAPHER

Hey Bob...

(to Prosecutor Robert Estill)

Put your arm around Dillinger.

(CONTINUED)

FLASHBULBS POP. They fluster Estill. Not Dillinger. He props his elbow on the prosecutor's shoulder and cracks a broad grin so that the body language in the image says it's all bonhomie and he's not Public Enemy #1 and the most dangerous man in America. The Prosecutor complies. They look like old pals.

*
*
*
*

REPORTER

When was the last time you were in Mooresville?

DILLINGER'S EYES

SEE him work the reporters. He plays them like a champ. *The New York Times* called this moment... "a modern version of the return of the prodigal son."

DILLINGER

Ten years ago. I was a wild boy and foolish. I held up a grocery store which I never should have done because Mr. Morgan was a good man. And they sentenced me to 10 years in the state penitentiary for a 50 dollar theft. In prison, I met a lot of good fellas. I helped fix up the break at Michigan City. Why not? I stick to my pals and my pals stick to me.

*
*
*
*

ANOTHER REPORTER

How long does it take you to go through a bank?

DILLINGER

One minute and 40 seconds flat.

Dillinger nods and turns away. The Lake County authorities have no option. He - not the Sheriff - ended the press conference.

*
*

80 INT. FBI OFFICE - NEWSPAPER PICTURE: PROSECUTOR ESTILL

80

with his buddy, John Dillinger resting an arm on his shoulder.

HOOVER (O.S.)

Why is this clown Estill fraternizing with the man he is scheduled to prosecute?!

REVEAL we are in Hoover's office.

81 INT. LAKE COUNTY JAIL, STAIRCASE - LOUIS PIQUETT - DAY 81

LOUIS PIQUETT - a former bartender and Chicago gangland's melodramatic mouthpiece - is escorted up the stairs into the cellblock common area by jailor LEWIS BAKER.

82 INT. CELL BLOCK - TABLE

82

Dillinger's waiting for him. Another convict, HERBERT YOUNGBLOOD, makes sure the rest of the cons stay away. Dillinger holds Piquett's business card. They shake hands.

DILLINGER

You come highly recommended by Alvin Karpis. What can you do for me? [ALT DIAL: At the arraignment they're going to try to transfer me to the State Pen.]

*
*
*

PIQUETT

What's on your mind?

DILLINGER

The electric chair.

*

There's none of Dillinger's cocky joie de vivre. That's for reporters.

83 INT. LAKE COUNTY COURT - JUDGE MURRAY - DAY

83

is on the bench rearranging his cushion. Dillinger is shackled to his chair.

The courtroom is packed, coming to order. Walls are lined with deputies holding rifles. Reporters scribble. The gavel quiets the crowd.

PIQUETT

(on his feet)

Your honor! Are we to have an arraignment in accord with the laws of this nation, or is the State to be permitted to incite an atmosphere of prejudice? The very air reeks with the bloody rancor of intolerant malice. The clanging of shackles brings to our minds the dungeons of the Czars, not the flag-bedecked liberty of an American courtroom. I request the court to direct that those shackles be removed forthwith!

ROBERT ESTILL

This is a very dangerous man, your Honor.

DEPUTY HOLLEY

(Lillian Holley's nephew)

And I'm responsible for the safeguarding of the prisoner.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

PIQUETT

Who are you?! Are you a lawyer? What
right have you to address this court?

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE MURRAY

Alright, remove the handcuffs from the prisoner.

ROBERT ESTILL

Your honor, we'd like to relocate the prisoner. Only Indiana State Penitentiary in Michigan City can guarantee Dillinger will not escape.

JUDGE MURRAY

Sheriff Holley?

SHERIFF HOLLEY

I concur, your honor.

PIQUETT

Sheriff Holley, I think it's a very nice jail you have right here. What makes you think there's anything wrong with it?

SHERIFF HOLLEY

There isn't anything wrong with my jail! It's the strongest jail in Indiana.

PIQUETT

That's what I thought. But of course, I don't want to embarrass Mrs. Holley. I appreciate that as a woman if she's afraid of an escape...

*

SHERIFF HOLLEY

I'm not afraid of an escape. I can take care of John Dillinger or any other prisoner.

JUDGE MURRAY

Okay, Dillinger will stay here.

Dillinger's staying in Crown Point. Dillinger's relieved.

PIQUETT

Thank you, your Honor. The Defense will need four months to prepare itself.

ROBERT ESTILL

It should take 10 days.

PIQUETT

To go on trial in 10 days would be a legal lynching of this lad! There's a law against lynching!

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT ESTILL

There's a law against murder!

PIQUETT

Then observe the law part. Or just stand
Dillinger against the wall and shoot him.
No need to throw away the State's money
on this mockery.

JUDGE MURRAY

(to both lawyers)

Calm down.

PIQUETT

I apologize to the court.

(indicating Estill)

Bob and I respect each other very much.

JUDGE MURRAY

(warns Estill)

Watch out or he, too, will be putting his
arm around you.

Laughter ripples.

JUDGE MURRAY (CONT'D)

The trial starts in one month on March
12th.

DILLINGER as he stands, handcuffs are reapplied. He leans to
Piquett, whispers...

DILLINGER

Atta boy, counselor.

84 E/I. LAKE COUNTY JAIL - MORNING

84

SAM CAHOON, a 64-year-old janitor, trots through the rain and
into the jail. See 12 men with overcoats and shotguns outside
the jail. Inside, Cahoon shakes the rain from his coat,
waves to a GUARD and passes up the stairs to the...

85 INT. CRIMINAL CELL BLOCK

85

GUARD BRYANT pulls lever opening cell doors.

*

GUARD BRYANT opens the gate to the common area in between
rows of cells after warning prisoners to stand aside. Closes
gate.

*

*

*

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

Cahoon and TWO TRUSTEES, carrying boxes of toilet paper, soap and Dutch cleanser, enter.

DILLINGER

Hey Cahoon...

Cahoon approaches. Dillinger jabs something under Cahoon's chin. Cahoon gets a glimpse: it's a small black gun.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

Come on, Sam, we're going places.

A hulking Herbert Youngblood, holding a length of pipe, materializes next to Dillinger and ushers the Trustees into an empty cell.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

Call Bryant.

*

CAHOON

Bryant!

Dillinger gets Cahoon to get Bryant to open the door. Dillinger hides. Then they rush the door. Dillinger spins Bryant and coerces him to the barred door to the staircase and raps on the solid door with his billy.

A86 INT. OUTER CELLBLOCK AREA (BETWEEN CELLBLOCK AND DOOR TO THE STAIRCASE) A86

DILLINGER

(to Bryant)

Open it up.

Bryant opens the barred door. They now face the solid door.

*

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

Call Max.

*

OVER/PAST DILLINGER to gun in Bryant's back. He prods Bryant.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

(low)

I'll kill you if I have to and don't think I won't!

BRYANT

Max. Open up.

*

Solid door giving them access to the stairwell is opened. Dillinger having tossed Max to Youngblood, kicks solid stairwell door open and walks him down the stairs to the first floor.

*

*

*

B86	INT. STAIRCASE	B86	
	Max comes hurtling down, Dillinger after him, grabs keys, opens a barred door to stairwell on the first floor. Youngblood follows with Bryant.		* * *
	The last door looms... Dillinger props Max at the peephole and raps on the door.		* *
86	OMITTED	86	
87	INT. LAKE COUNTY JAIL, BOOKING ROOM - BOOKING ROOM GUARD (SCOTT)	87	* *
	opens barred door, looking thru hole in solid door, sees Max, opens solid door.		* *
A88	INT. FIRST FLOOR STAIRWELL - DILLINGER	A88	*
	pulls Scott into stairwell and dashes for Warden's office. Youngblood clubs unconscious Bryant as Dillinger pulls Scott into stairwell and dashes for Warden's office and Youngblood beats down Scott.		* * * *
B88	INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE	B88	*
	WARDEN BAKER and DEPUTY BLUNK are there doing administrative work. Dillinger seizes the Warden, jams the gun under the Warden's chin.		*
	DILLINGER (to Blunk) I will plug the warden.		* *
C88	INT. BOOKING AREA - DILLINGER	C88	*
	pulls the Warden to the gunsafe.		*
	DILLINGER Open it.		* *
	Out of the gunsafe, Dillinger grabs a .45, a rifle, and a Tommy gun. Youngblood locks the Warden in the stairwell.		* *
	WARDEN BAKER That wasn't real. Was it?		
	They take Deputy Blunk with them.		
88	OMITTED (COMBINED WITH SC 87)	88	

A89 INT. TRANSITIONAL DOORS - DILLINGER, YOUNGBLOOD + DEPUTY BLUNK A89

leave the Booking Room through doors leading to...

89 INT. GARAGE - OVER DILLINGER 89

He enters. Two Deputies are there. A mechanic named EDWARD SAAGER is hunched over the engine of a 1927 Nash when he feels something shoved into his back. He turns to see...

YOUNGBLOOD

Put your hands up.

DILLINGER

Alright, which of these here cars is the fastest, and you're going with, so don't lie.

SAAGER

That would be the Ford in the corner. It's got the new V-8.

DILLINGER

We're taking that.

SAAGER

(hesitating)

That's Sheriff Lillian Holley's personal car.

That even more highly recommends it. Youngblood puts Deputies into a locker and crowbars the door. Dillinger starts ripping ignition wires out of the other cars. Dillinger, Youngblood, Deputy Sheriff Blunk, and Saager are herded into the Sheriff's Ford V-8.

90 EXT. CROWN POINT MAIN STREET - (CROWN POINT, INDIANA) - FORD V-8 - DAY 90

with Dillinger driving pulls out of some part of the garage and past the National Guard emplacement. One bored SOLDIER waves, thinking it's the Sheriff. Youngblood's in the backseat covering Saager + Deputy Sheriff Blunk. Dillinger tells Blunk to wave. He waves back. They cruise out of town.

91 EXT. STREET/INT. HOLLEY'S FORD V-8 (COLUMBUS, WI)- DILLINGER 91

drives down the main street repressing the urgency to speed away. He must look like normal traffic. National Guard troopers amble on the sidewalk coming out of a cafe. One looks at him. Ahead is a red light. Dillinger stops. Tension.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

The light takes forever to change. The building on the corner seems to hover over them, ominously.

Finally the light changes to green. Dillinger turns right around the corner. Relief.

A92 EXT. JAMES STREET - THE '34 FORD

A92

approaches.

B92 INT. '34 FORD

B92

DILLINGER

Mr. Youngblood? Are we clear?

Youngblood looks out the rear window, then the side window.

YOUNGBLOOD

We are.

Dillinger floors it. The '34 Ford V-8 rockets ahead.

(CONTINUED)

B92 CONTINUED:

B92

Dillinger checks his rearview, then the speedometer. He's impressed with the new flathead V-8's pick-up.

DILLINGER

Wow!

(addressing the two hostages)
I'm going to write to Henry Ford. "Dear Henry Ford, Your 1934 Ford is the best damned getaway car in America. Yours truly, John Dillinger."

(eyes tense hostages)
Relax folks...

Dillinger enjoys the speed. He starts to hum. Then...

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

Okay. Who knows "The Last Round-up?"

(singing)
"Get along little doggie, get along.."

C92 EXT. INTERVIEW SITE (WHATEVER'S AVAILABLE THAT MIGHT BE CROWN POINT GARAGE OR BRICK WALL) - SAAGER - DAY C92 *

92 INT. J. EDGAR'S OFFICE - NIGHT/RADIO INTERVIEW (INTERCUT) 92 *

Only Tolson and J. Edgar Hoover are there in deep shadows.

REPORTER

How did he act?

SAAGER

Well...he sang part of the way.

REPORTER

What did he sing?

SAAGER

You know "The Last Round-up."
(half-sings "The Last Round-up")
"Get along little doggie, get along..."

NARRATOR

(Lowell Thomas voice)
As John Dillinger escaped from the Crown Point jail...or as folks now call it, the "Clown Point Jail"...he appears immune to the forces of law. And commenting in his fireside address on March 5th, 1933...

FDR

The Federal government, you know, cannot be held up to mockery in this way...

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

Hoover is rocked. It's as if FDR is saying Hoover is the man responsible for the federal government being mocked...

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR

(pause; heraldic music)

Meanwhile, in Ethiopia the Emperor Haile
Selassie...

CUT TO:

A93 (MOVED FROM SC 99) INT. WALGREENS DRUG STORE, GARY, INDIANA A93
PHONEBOOTH: DILLINGER - NIGHT

It's later that same night. Dillinger watches cars, people,
then...

*

BILLIE

Hello.

DILLINGER

(into the phone)

Hey doll. It's me.

B93 (MOVED FROM SC 100)INT. BILLIE'S FURNISHED APARTMENT - NIGHTB93

It's basic, the furniture is worn. Billie clutches the phone
to her ear.

DILLINGER (PHONE)

Look, I can't talk long. You okay?

C93 (MOVED FROM SC 101)INT. TELEPHONE EXCHANGE - NIGHT C93

Baum is listening intently to John Dillinger. An acetate disc
turns. The stylus cuts. Agent Madala is calling Billie's
local exchange to see if the operator can trace the call.

BILLIE (O.S.)

Yeah. I heard it on the radio. How 'bout
you?

*

*

*

D93 (MOVED FROM SC 102) INT. BILLIE'S APARTMENT - BILLIE D93

DILLINGER

Yeah, I'm fine...I'm fine. And I'm on the
road to...

*

BILLIE

(interrupts)

Don't come to Chicago, Johnny.

E93 (MOVED FROM SC 103) INT. ROOM IN TELEPHONE EXCHANGE - BAUM E93

DILLINGER

What's that supposed to mean?

(beat)

I promised I'd look after you, didn't I?

F93 (MOVED FROM SC 104) INT. WALGREEN'S DRUG STORE - DILLINGER F93

Intercut Dillinger and Billie.

BILLIE

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

F93 CONTINUED:

F93

DILLINGER

Well, then I'm going to come over there,
I'm going to get you, and I'm going to
take care of you like always.

(beat)

You know that don't you? You believe
that?

BILLIE

Yes.

DILLINGER

Then say it. Say you know that.

BILLIE

Baby. Don't come to Chicago.

DILLINGER

Say it. Say it. Say that.

BILLIE

I know you will take care of me.

DILLINGER

Alright then. I gotta get off now.

(beat)

I love you. Bye.

Dillinger ends the call. Hamilton waits in a Hudson at the
curb. Billie hangs up. Another train goes by.

*

G93 (MOVED FROM SC 105) INT. TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

G93

Madala shakes his head to Baum - no trace.

*

H93 I/E. PURVIS'S PIERCE-ARROW - ACROSS FROM BILLIE'S APARTMENT H93
BUILDING - PURVIS - NIGHT

*

is revealed to be watching Billie. The B of I has cut into
Billie and has her under surveillance.

*

*

PURVIS

She knows we're watching and he knows
we're listening.

(ALT DIAL)

Sooner or later, she'll go to him. Or,
he's going to come for her.

*

*

*

CUT TO:

93 EXT. CAROLE SLAYMAN'S WHOREHOUSE, REAR YARD - DILLINGER - DAY93
OR NIGHT

drives the '34 Ford. Next to him, now, is Red Hamilton. The
'34 Ford drives into the backyard. Johnny's out and
approaching the rear door, his jacket over his right arm
partially hiding the Thompson. He's glad to be back...

DILLINGER
(big smile)
Hiya Sport.

(CONTINUED)

SPORT

How're ya doin' Mr. Johnny? You gotta
hold it right there...

*

DILLINGER

Where's Carole?

SPORT

They got moved to Newport, Kentucky.

(beat)

Can't stay here no more, Mr. Johnny.

Not a warm welcome... The smile falls off Dillinger's face.

*

DILLINGER

Says who?

94 INT. KITCHEN - MARTIN ZARKOVICH - DAY

94

makes himself visible in the doorway. Unseen are two big cops
with shotguns who stay hidden inside.

ZARKOVICH

(moves into doorway)

Sport's only following orders. So am I.

He demonstrates that his palms are empty. He's smart enough
not to be armed.

ZARKOVICH (CONT'D)

They thought you might come here.

Zarkovich is nervous. Dillinger reaches for his front pocket.

ZARKOVICH (CONT'D)

Your money is no good.

DILLINGER

I don't get it.

ZARKOVICH

Go talk to your pal, Gilbert.

DILLINGER

About what?

ZARKOVICH

Talk to Gilbert Catena.

Dillinger, not taking his eyes off windows and doors, backs
away. He knows there are more men. Zarkovich is nervous and
frozen because...

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

RED HAMILTON'S

front sight rests on Zarkovich's heart which he would blow out the back of his chest with the souped-up .351 Winchester.

Now, Dillinger pulls the '34 Ford out of the backyard with Red still on the running board. Zarkovich almost faints in relief.

CUT TO:

95 OMITTED

95

96 INT. KEDSIE AVENUE CIGAR STORE - GLASS DOOR - DAY

96

slams open. Dillinger and Red enter. Red throws two customers outside, closes the door, flips the sign to CLOSED. Dillinger confronts Gilbert Catena with a .45 pulled from a shoulder holster and dead centered on Gilbert's forehead.

DILLINGER

I went to East Chicago to lay low. The welcome mat was not out. I kept hearing your name.

(beat)

And at Oscar's, my gear is gone.

The deadly look in Dillinger's eyes leaves no mistake.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

I am going to ask you once.

(beat)

And I just did.

GILBERT

Let me make a call.

*

Dillinger nods.

GILBERT (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Gimme Phil...

(beat)

He's here.

(listens)

Okay.

He hangs up. He gestures to a doorway and stairs leading to the second floor. Johnny and Red throw Gilbert up the stairs first.

97 INT. SECOND FLOOR - GILBERT, DILLINGER + RED - DAY

97

enter. They see office remodeling in progress. FIVE TECHNICIANS run wires, installing phones. EIGHT CLERKS with shades on and ledgers man phones. Other men look over blueprints. They look up. They are Jake Guzik and his brother, Phil D'Andrea and five or six assorted Syndicate soldiers.

TWO HEAVYSET SOLDIERS

*

come forward to frisk Johnny + Red. They gesture for them to open their coats to allow the search.

D'ANDREA
(irritated; to Catena)
Anybody see him come in?

GILBERT
I don't think so.

SOLDIER ONE approaches... Dillinger spins the man around, slams a knee into his kidney, pulls him back with a .45 under his jaw, as he draws his second .45 and sweeps the group...

DILLINGER
Wanna know if we're armed? We're armed.

He dumps this guy on the floor, his heavy shoe an ounce from crushing his larynx. Red's two Thompsons concealed on shoulder straps are out from under his coat. Frozen time. Phil D'Andrea sits on the corner of a table. Relaxed.

D'ANDREA
Look around. What do you see?

DILLINGER
A lot of telephones.

D'ANDREA
You see money. Last month there were independent wire services letting bookies know who won the third race at Sportmen's Park. 300 of 'em nationwide. Now there's only one. Ours. General News. On October 20, you robbed the bank in Green Castle, Indiana. You got away with \$74,802. Split 5 ways, that's \$14,960.40. You thought that was a big score.

Dillinger stares at him. Where's this going?

(CONTINUED)

D'ANDREA (CONT'D)

(indicates the room)

These phones make that much every day. That is how money gets made. And it keeps getting made, day after day after day. A river of money. Flowing right to us. And it gets deeper and wider every week and every month.

(beat)

Unless the cops come through that door.

DILLINGER

Which you pay them not to.

*

D'ANDREA

Right. Unless you're around. Then they got to come through that door or any other door, no matter what.

*

*

(beat)

What does that tell you?

DILLINGER

I'm popular.

D'ANDREA

You're bad for business.

What this is, is called obsolescence. Here, the first soldier is pulled away and restrained by the second and dismissed by D'Andrea who keeps talking.

D'ANDREA (CONT'D)

So the Syndicate got a new policy.

(beat)

Guys like you? Karpis? Campbell? Verne Miller? Shotgun Ziegler? We ain't laundering your money or bonds no more. You ain't holing up in our whorehouses anymore. No armorers. No doctors. No nothing. You get it?

*

*

D'Andrea comes closer to him.

D'ANDREA (CONT'D)

And I am telling you this because I have to. I am a messenger. This is strictly business.

*

*

(quietly)

Personally, need something to tide you by? You short?

He reaches into a pocket for cash. Dillinger and Red's look says it. They don't need his fucking money. They start out.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (2)

97

D'ANDREA (CONT'D)

All right. But do me a personal favor. *

Dillinger hesitates.

D'ANDREA (CONT'D)

My son, Mark. You're his hero.

D'Andrea pulls out piece of paper and a pen. Dillinger looks at him like he's crazy. Then he signs the autograph.

D'ANDREA (CONT'D)

Good luck to you. You too, Red.

98 INT. CIGAR STORE - DILLINGER + HAMILTON

98

cross through.

HAMILTON

Why'd you sign that asshole's paper?

DILLINGER

I don't know.

99-106 MOVED TO SC. A93-G93

99-106

107 EXT. JUSTICE DEPT. BUILDING + STAIRCASE - PURVIS WAS KEPT 107
WAITING. HE NOW JOINS HOOVER + SUYDAM

who are briskly exiting the building. Reporters try to close in. Capitol police keep them away. Hoover's angry. His voice is clipped and rapid-fire.

HOOVER

...they call Crown Point, "Clown Point."
The Bureau of Investigation cannot catch
Public Enemy No. 1, but Arizona cowboys
can. The President of the United States
stated Dillinger is making a mockery of
the system of justice in this country.
That means I am allowing Dillinger to
make a mockery of the system of justice
in this country. It is a dark cloud.
There is a silver lining in that cloud.
By escaping Crown Point, John Dillinger
has given us a second chance to get John
Dillinger.

(beat)

Hamilton has a 34 year old sister in
Detroit. Arrest her. Pick up all known
Dillinger associates. Doctors. Family.
Pierpont's mother in Indianapolis.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

HOOVER (CONT'D)

Dillinger's family in Mooresville. We suspect them of harboring. Especially foreigners.

PURVIS

But Hamilton's family hasn't had word from Red in years...

HOOVER

Convince them to go get "word." Create informants, Agent Purvis. Suspects are to be interrogated "vigorously." "Grilled." Take direct, expedient action. As they say in Italy these days..."take off the white gloves."

*
*

By this point, they're down the Justice Department staircase.

HOOVER (CONT'D)

Do we understand each other, Agent Purvis?

He says nothing. Purvis is dismissed. Hoover steps in front of a...

108 MOVIE TONE NEWS CREW

108

where 18 boys, aged 12-15 have been waiting in a line on little boxes. High voltage enthusiasm suddenly imbues Hoover.

HOOVER

What's your name, son?

HARRIS

Harris.

The cameras roll.

HOOVER

(turning to camera)

G-Men all over the country have picked up the gauntlet flung down by the outlaws and wanton murderers. And these junior crime fighters, these junior G-men...

COLOR DESATURATES into BLACK + WHITE and the Movietone News theme music plays. We don't know why...

CUE #1: HOOVER

(CONTINUED)

HOOVER (CONT'D)

(continuing)

...every one...stopped a crime from
occurring and forestalled another entry
into the black book of criminal deeds.

(beat)

I am rewarding them with these medals
today. My friend, Harris here, is the
first...

Hoover pins the first medal on Harris. He doesn't have to
bend down because the boys stand on boxes.

We are in a newsreel and we HEAR OFFSCREEN...

*

DILLINGER (O.S.)

(low)

You can size up a score like nobody's
business, Tommy. You're a good egg, but I
don't like Nelson.

WHY IS JOHN DILLINGER'S VOICE HERE?

OVER CONTINUING BLACK + WHITE NEWSREEL FOOTAGE OF HOOVER

PULL BACK to reveal...JOHN DILLINGER. We are in...

109 INT. MOVIE THEATER - DILLINGER'S

109

listening to Tommy Carroll. Next to Dillinger in the row is
Red. Across the aisle a row back is Homer. Shouse is one row
in front on the aisle. We haven't seen Shouse since Johnny
threw him out of the car in Indiana.

CUE #2: VERNE MILLER, ETC.

Now a Movietone FANFARE and cut to photographs of...

VERNE MILLER, PRETTY BOY FLOYD, etc...

bullet-ridden corpses and crime photos.

TOMMY CARROLL

(whispers)

You got Lester wrong. He
thinks the world of you.
Whole country thinks you're a
hero.

MOVIE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(booming)

Verne Miller, Pretty Boy
Floyd, Eddie Green, Shotgun
George Ziegler. All thought
they could lead a life of
crime with impunity...

*

(CONTINUED)

DILLINGER
And what's he here for?

*
*

ON THE SCREEN: Mug shots of Machine Gun Kelly, Clark,
Pierpont and Makley.

*

SHOUSE
(whispered; eager)
I'm willing to let bygones by
bygones...

MOVIE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(booming)
...as did the imprisoned
Machine Gun Kelly, Harry
Pierpont and Charles Makley,
convicted of murder in Lima,
Ohio and sentenced to die in
the electric chair...

Shouse holds out his hand...

Nothing from Dillinger.

CARROLL
John, we gotta all be friends or this
ain't gonna work.

NOW ON SCREEN APPEARS: Alvin Karpis, the Barkers, Baby Face
Nelson, and a cascade of mug shots over...

DILLINGER
Red told you. After we take
the bank, we bust out
Pierpont and Makley.

/ CARROLL
That's going to take some
careful planning.

MOVIE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
And now Director J. Edgar
Hoover would like you, the
audience, to help us
apprehend bank robber Harvey
Bailey, members of the Barker-
Karpis gang wanted for the
kidnapping of Edward Bremer,
Lester Gillis known as Baby
Face Nelson...

CUE #3: DILLINGER PICTURE

NOW ON THE SCREEN: JOHN DILLINGER

*

SHOUSE
(against Dillinger
picture)
C'mon, they got the prison
surrounded by National
Guard...

MOVIE ANNOUNCER
...and Public Enemy Number 1,
John Dillinger.

*

The men are uneasy. A few audience members cheer. Dillinger
glances, glances away...

(CONTINUED)

MOVIE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And in a moment, please look around you,
ladies and gentlemen, as we raise the
lights. They may be sitting amongst you. ,
House lights!

*
*
*

LIGHTS come up! Shouse tries to rise. Red or Tommy slams him
back into his seat.

HAMILTON

Oh Jesus...

MOVIE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

They may be in your row. Turn to your
right and turn to your left... If you see
them, call the Bureau of Investigation or
your local police.

Audience turns right and left. Dillinger and Hamilton and
Tommy turn their heads, too, searching for desperadoes.

JOHN DILLINGER

The exposure is so outrageous it makes Dillinger laugh out
loud. That makes the people all around talk and joke.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (3)

109

INSERT: DILLINGER'S HAND

grips his .45. Shouse is grey with fear and doesn't turn to look. Houselights darken. Movietone newsreel ends.

CUE #4

*

Looney Tunes starts. Daffy Duck.

CARROLL

(low)

After the bank we'll figure out if we can bust out Pierpont and Makley. You got my word. Okay?

Hamilton looks at Dillinger, who nods assent...

DILLINGER

Okay.

HAMILTON

(whispers to Shouse)

And I got my eye on you. You step out of line one inch and I will kill you. Then I will kill your parents for having had you.

DILLINGER

Where's the bank?

CARROLL

Sioux Falls. Nelson says there's \$800,000 in there. He got us a great place to hole-up after 'til the heat blows over.

110 DILLINGER + RED

110

walk up the aisle to CAMERA. Cartoons continue behind them. Homer, rear guard, follows.

HAMILTON

"Don't work with people you don't know and don't work when you're desperate." Walter Dietrich. Remember that?

DILLINGER

Walter forgot...when you're desperate, that's when you got no choice.

CUT TO:

111 INT. LOBBY, SECURITY NATIONAL BANK & TRUST COMPANY (SIOUX FALLS, SOUTH DAKOTA) - ON NELSON - DAY 111

He leaps onto a table with his Tommy gun and FIRES a burst through the plate glass.

*

AA112EXT. BANK - THRU PLATE GLASS

AA112

Window shatters. Outside, a motorcycle cop, HALE KEITH - responding to a few people, curious about what they see through the window - goes down.

*

*

*

Now, the bank ALARM goes off.

*

BA112 OMITTED

BA112

*

CA112INT. BANK - NELSON

CA112

BABY FACE NELSON

I got one! I got that cop!

And he fires into the ceiling.

DA112 INT. BANK VAULT - DILLINGER

DA112 *

with concussed manager, disappointed at paltry cash he's
dumping into a half empty sack, turns at the sound of
gunshots.

*
*
*

A112 EXT. BANK - HOMER VAN METER

A112

outside, surprised, grabs a semi-pedestrian, ROGER POWERS, as
a hostage. Half the crowd has gathered behind cars around
corners from the bank. Ominous.

*
*

B112 INT. BANK - ON DILLINGER

B112

coming from the vault with a half-empty mailbag and Tommy
Carroll, can't believe this is fucking HAPPENING.

*
*

DILLINGER
(to Baby Face Nelson)
Where the hell's the money we came here
for?!

*

REVERSE - DILLINGER

*

Grabs hostages as does Red who was Lobby Man.

*

112 EXT. THE SECURITY NATIONAL BANK & TRUST COMPANY

112

Dillinger and Hamilton emerge with the Bank President, FOUR
TELLERS for a scrum of hostages. Carroll and Nelson have a
ragtag bunch. All are almost at the car, but Nelson turns to
the onlookers.

*

NELSON
What are you looking at?

Nelson FIRES over their heads. Hostages scream and try to
break loose. Nelson advances on the crowd...

Out of a JEWELRY STORE, HARRY BERG, emerges and fires at BABY
FACE NELSON, who is wearing a bullet-proof vest. Nelson
sprays the area. Berg dives back in his store, BYSTANDER,
JACOB SOLOMON, is hit in the stomach and crumples. Delay
allows...

113 EXT. SECOND STORY WINDOW ACROSS THE STREET - DEPUTY

113

*

with a 44-40 Winchester gets a bead on

DILLINGER

He squeezes off a ROUND. The shot hits Dillinger in the back
of the left shoulder and exits his upper arm.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

DILLINGER
Son of a bitch!

(CONTINUED)

BANG!

The second shot hits Carroll in the head, knocking off his hat. Dillinger fires up at the DEPUTY, he goes down, hit. Dillinger tries to lift Carroll, blood gushes from his head. He appears to be dead. Dillinger leaves him.

*
*
*

Meanwhile, sixteen year old, JOE PAWLOWSKI -- fueled by adrenaline, runs across the street and jumps onto Nelson's back. Nelson, screaming with rage, throws him through a plate glass window, FIRES two rounds. Gunshop Sniper in the staircase FIRES. Behind Car Sniper FIRES. Dillinger is furious. Dillinger, Red, and Van Meter OPEN UP. PURE CHAOS. Dillinger grabs Nelson and throws him into the Hudson.

*
*
*
*

THE HUDSON

surges forward. The car proceeds to an intersection and stops. (needs location, next intersection)

*

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

C'mon!

Shouse can't find his place on the git.

HAMILTON

Right! Goddamnit! Right!

As Shouse makes the turn...

114 INT. FORD, TRAVELLING - DILLINGER - DAY

114

*

grimaces with pain. Hamilton helps him off with his overcoat.

114A EXT. LITTLE BOHEMIA - FORD - TWILIGHT (LATER)

114A

pulls in. It's a tourist lodge -a two-story log cabin with a bar, kitchen and dance floor downstairs and bedrooms above.

EMIL WANATKA, comes out, trailed by his two collies and Nelson's wife HELEN GILLIS plus Tommy Carroll's girl, JEAN DELANEY.

DILLINGER

How'd you find this place?

Dillinger looks at Wanetka. He's uneasy. He trusts nothing about it.

NELSON

Couple of Chicago guys told Tommy. Don't worry, nobody's gonna find us. He thinks we're salesmen.

(CONTINUED)

114A CONTINUED:

114A

Also coming out is MARIE CONFORTI.

115 INT. DILLINGER'S ROOM - MONEY - NIGHT

115

being counted.

DILLINGER

How much?

Nobody wants to answer. Hamilton meanwhile uses Atropine sulphate to clean Dillinger's wound.

BABY FACE NELSON

\$46,120.

DILLINGER

That would be less than \$800,000, right?
Right!

VAN METER

Still more than \$8,000 a man.

DILLINGER

Leave me my money and get out.

Van Meter, Nelson and Shouse exit.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

We gotta cut loose from Nelson.

HAMILTON

You need to rest up awhile.

DILLINGER

No. We don't get out of here first thing
in the morning, we're going to wind up
dead.

*

HAMILTON

Only you got a chance to make it.

*

DILLINGER

Don't talk like that...

HAMILTON

Why? I'm feeling my time's up. When your
time's up, it's up.

Dillinger lies back in bed, looks around the room, angry and frustrated.

DILLINGER

Look, Red, I need two more guns. In the
morning we'll head to Reno and we'll be
okay.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

Hamilton gets up to leave...

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: 115

OVER we HEAR the SOUND OF SOMEONE SCREAMING and CALLING OUT --

116 OMITTED 116

117 INT. SIOUX FALLS HOSPITAL - TOMMY CARROLL - NIGHT 117

in the bed, his head swathed in bandages. He lapses in and out of consciousness, thrashes with pain, shouting out.

WE'RE ACUTELY AWARE OF PURVIS.

Uncomfortable, Purvis stands apart from the others. Agents Rorer and Rice are by the bedside. Rorer looks at Purvis, questioningly. *

PURVIS

This is our only opportunity.

CARROLL

Gimme the shot, Doc. Please. I'm begging you.

RORER

Not until you tell us!

As the pressure inside his skull becomes unbearable --

CARROLL

Oh, Mother! Help me! Please, God!

He begins to scream. It is harrowing. A DOCTOR hurries into the room, Purvis blocks him from the patient. He shoves him back out the door and follows him...

DOCTOR

(spits it out, fury)
The bullet entered the back of his head.
It is resting over his right eye. His
brain is swelling. He will be dead soon.
He is suffering and I need to sedate him.

PURVIS

Not yet. If you interfere, I'll arrest you.

From inside.

RORER

Where is he?!

CARROLL

Give me a shot!

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

RORER

Dillinger! Then you get the shot! Where
is he?

The Doctor looks at Purvis. Purvis remains steadfast. But we
see Purvis struggling with this. Maybe his soul has just gone
to hell.

Rorer hovers over Tommy Carroll. He blocks our view but his
hands press down onto Carroll's skull. More screaming.

The Doctor walks away. He will not be a witness to torture.

More screaming. Purvis sees Rorer looking at him. Rorer is
sweating. He seems lost...but he nods. He has an answer.

118 INT. SIOUX FALLS AIRPORT - NIGHT

118

Urgent activity, Rorer, searches the map. Baum waits. Purvis
is on the phone. Outside Winstead, Hurt, Campbell, Madala
Rice, and Clegg load cases onto a chartered Ford Trimotor.

*
*
*

PURVIS

Little Bohemia is in Manitowish,
Wisconsin.

(looks at Rorer)

RORER

Nearest airport to Manitowish is
Rhineland.

PURVIS

Rhineland, Wisconsin.

119 INT. BANKERS' BUILDING, OFFICE - COWLEY - NIGHT

119

listens. Agents Suran, Reinecke, Brown (Aaron Weiner) are
throwing on coats, grabbing weapons, steel vests, Tommy guns.

*
*

PURVIS (O.S.)

Our group will fly down in the plane to
Rhineland and get cars.

(to Cowley)

Sam, you drive up.

COWLEY

(recites)

Little Bohemia. Manitowish, Wisconsin.

120 INT. LITTLE BOHEMIA, DILLINGER'S ROOM - STATIC: DILLINGER - 120
NIGHT

Frozen in time. Unaware of the danger racing towards him,
looks at

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

THE COURTYARD

fifteen feet below, which is lit up. Dillinger positions a Winchester .351 autoloader next to the window. Moves stiffly across the room to the other window...

A DROP FIVE FEET ONTO A LOWER ROOF FROM THE NEXT DOOR.

Dillinger reloads a Thompson with a 100 round circular magazine from its case. He positions it on the window sill. Then he turns on the radio and tries to sleep.

121 EXT. PINE WOODS - TWO BUREAU HIRE CARS - NIGHT (SPLIT UNIT) 121

on the SAME road Dillinger drove in twilight, race forward, turn off the road, kill their lights and approach the lodge. They creep forward, see the lodge and stop. Baum drove. He, Purvis, Madala and Winstead from the first car are joined by Rorer (driver), Hurt, Clegg, Rice, and Campbell from the second car.

PURVIS

If you can get Dillinger alive, do it. If not, put him down. Madala, you and Clegg cut through the woods. Stay in the trees. Come up on it from the south...close enough to see if they're in the barroom there.

(beat)

Rice and Rorer come up on it from the north. Kitchen's there. See if they're in what's probably the dining room. Stay in the trees.

WINSTEAD

If he's in there...?

PURVIS

We go in.

WINSTEAD

And if he isn't?

PURVIS

(beat)

We go in anyway.

WINSTEAD

There is too much real estate out here. Too many ways for him to get out. And there's too few of us to block him in.

(beat)

We need blockaded roads behind us.

(MORE)

*

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

WINSTEAD (CONT'D)

We gotta wait for Cowley's group to
surround'em. This ain't how to do it.

*
*

PURVIS

(torn)

We must take direct and expedient action.
I will not risk their escaping the Bureau
again. You and Hurt take the northeast
corner where the road turns. Cover that
and the front.

*
*
*
*

(to Campbell)

You and Baum are with me...

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: (2)

121

Winstead has to accept this. He is not happy.

Purvis and Baum move off through the woods to the front.
Winstead and Hurt start off as ordered...

121A ON PURVIS

121A

leading Baum and Campbell in REAR SHOT, the lodge in front of them. Purvis settles behind a tree, as close as he can get to the front door.

SLIDE IN over Madala. Also - soundlessly - Winstead and Hurt.

RICE AND RORER

agitated, watch three women, Emil Wanatka, and an unseen second man in the dining room.

122 EXT. LITTLE BOHEMIA LODGE - PURVIS

122

*

now SEES three men. Could they be part of the Dillinger gang? They get into a Chevrolet and start the engine. Reveal they're CCC WORKERS, relieved to be away from Nelson. They reverse to turn it around. Turn on the radio. Loud. Collies begin to bark.

*

*

*

123 INT. BARROOM - NELSON

123

hears the dogs barking. He's curious, alert.

NELSON

(to customer)

I'm buying you another drink. Siddown there!

124 OMITTED

124

*

124A EXT. LITTLE BOHEMIA WOODS - PURVIS

124A

has to decide. Is part of the Dillinger Gang getting away? He can't see who they are. They look suspicious. He steps forward into light from behind cover. His mind races: stop them, let them go and maintain cover, go, don't go!! He's walking forward. Finally:

*

*

*

*

*

PURVIS

Stop that car!

125 INT. CHEVROLET - NIGHT

125

The three men inside cannot hear them. They're blasted. Their radio is BLARING. Driver mis-shifts.

126 EXT. LITTLE BOHEMIA WOODS - BAUM

126

BAUM
(shouts out)
Bureau of Investigation, Federal Agents.
Nobody move!

*
*

126A INT. CHEVROLET - DRUNK DRIVER

126A

pops the clutch. Laughs. Chevrolet lurches forward - as if
trying to escape - towards Purvis and the others --

*
*

PURVIS
Federal Agents! Stop!
(beat)
Fire!

*

Purvis and Baum from the center woods open up. Agents Madala,
and Clegg from the south and Rice and Rorer from the north
FIRE as well.

CLOSE ON CHEVROLET

takes hits from the Agents' tommy guns. Glass shatters, tires
explode. It stops, dead. Meanwhile...

WINSTEAD + HURT

in the northeast corner of the woods, cover the windows in
the second story where they guess gunfire will soon erupt. It
DOES as...

127 INT. BARROOM - NELSON

127

BLASTS out the window with a 1911 .45 or the Super .38 when Shouse is running down the stairs from the second floor with three long guns. Homer takes the BAR. Into the barroom, Shouse throws Baby Face Nelson a Thompson. He has the .351. Homer kills the lights.

*
*
*
*

Baby Face Nelson FIRES out the front windows as does Shouse. Homer FIRES out of the left side of the bay window. The pressure of FBI firepower is dominating. They FIRE back defensively, almost nihilistically against the rounds turning the bar into a sieve.

*
*
*
*

128 EXT. NORTH WOODS + AND OUT BLDGS - WINSTEAD + HURT

128

FIRE only on windows from which they see muzzle flashes from the second story.

128A INT. DILLINGER ROOM - BIG PIECES BLOW OUT

128A

of windows very near Dillinger from Winstead and Hurt fire.

*
*

129 INT. DILLINGER'S ROOM - DILLINGER + HAMILTON

129

desperately on the defensive, also fight back, exchanging furious fire with Purvis and Baum (Dillinger), and Rice and Rorer (Hamilton) on the northside of the lodge, forcing them back behind out buildings. Splinters fly. Glass shatters. Gunsmoke is thick. And FIRE coming in from the front from Purvis and Baum and Campbell and selectively Winstead and Hurt. The room is turning into a sieve. They fire back, duck for cover.

*
*
*

129A EXT. LITTLE BOHEMIA WOODS - THE GUNFIGHT

129A

on Purvis' group rages as muzzle flashes from their automatic fire light the trees. From BEHIND them SEE TRACERS slamming into Dillinger's and Nelson's windows.

*
*
*

129B EXT. LITTLE BOHEMIA LODGE - HITS

129B

SHOTS OF PIECES of FACADE taking hits from FBI rounds and tracers.

*
*

130 (MOVED TO 130B)

130

*

130A EXT. LITTLE BOHEMIA WOODS - PURVIS

130A

stays low under Dillinger's fire and runs to the Chevrolet, opens the door. The driver and one passenger are dead. A middle aged, unarmed man steps out. Bullets zing around him.

*

(CONTINUED)

130A CONTINUED:

130A

He promptly sits down on the ground, dead drunk. These are not Public Enemies.

Purvis is desperate to tactically be smart and contain the men inside, for none of them to get away. He gestures to Rice or Campbell who fire a tear gas grenade into the dining room. Purvis urgently scans the corners for anyone getting out.

PURVIS

(shouts to Baum)

Watch for'em making a run!

(beat)

Where the hell is Cowley?

130B INT. LITTLE BOHEMIA, BARROOM - NELSON, SHOUSE + VAN METER 130B

fire back, and duck under the blistering FBI barrage. Low, Nelson sees the bar behind him being destroyed. He raises up and FIRES his Thompson. He's searching, thinking...FIRES... crawls along floor past fireplace...

A131 OMITTED

A131

B131 OMITTED

B131

C131 EXT. LITTLE BOHEMIA - BAR DOOR - NELSON

C131

opens and FIRES out of it, immediately drawing a concentration of fire from Clegg, Madala and Baum.

C131A INT. LITTLE BOHEMIA BAR

C131A

Having distracted them, Nelson runs towards the bay window and crashes through it.

D131 EXT. LITTLE BOHEMIA SOUTH WOODS - NELSON

D131

crashes through the bay window on the southside FIRING a Tommy gun. Bullets strike the trees around Clegg and Madala.

CLEGG

Someone got out!

PURVIS

Dillinger?

CLEGG

Don't know!

PURVIS

(to Baum)

Drive 'round the woods and flank him!

(CONTINUED)

D131 CONTINUED:

D131

Purvis runs through the woods after the fleeing figure passing behind Clegg and Madala who take BAR FIRE from Van Meter. Carter Baum raced off in a car. Meanwhile...

E131 (MOVED TO 133AA) E131

131 (MOVED TO 133AB) 131

132 INT. LITTLE BOHEMIA, DILLINGER BEDROOM - BULLETS - DARK NIGHT 132

TEAR through the wooden walls. Dillinger and Hamilton lay down return fire and then crawl out and run past the destroyed bathroom into the northwest bedroom and jump out of Red's window onto a roof, clamber over the peak, and leap to the ground, heading north towards the shore.

132A EXT. NORTHEAST LITTLE BOHEMIA WOODS - WINSTEAD POV: TWO FIGURES 132A

leap off the roof and display as silhouettes against the lake. It's not clear who they are. Chaos.

132B RICE AND RORER 132B

see them too. They take off after them in pursuit.

133 EXT. LITTLE BOHEMIA - NORTH WOODS - THE TWO MEN 133

are Dillinger and Hamilton who push through dense trees. *

RED and DILLINGER - with difficulty - run PAST CAMERA into REAR SHOT and disappear into trees.

133AA INT. BAR - HOMER 133AA

lays down rounds and then crashes through the bay window and Shouse follows. *

133AB EXT. PINE WOODS - PURVIS 133AB

runs hard, glimpses the figure. He FIRES but misses, keeps running, desperate... Baby Face Nelson fires back, runs Thompson to empty and ditches it. Meanwhile... *

133A EXT. WOODS - DILLINGER + RED (MADISON LOCATION) 133A

appear through a screen of trees running but impeded by his shoulder wound. Hamilton helps him. They disappear down a rocky cliff edge to a bank.

ON DILLINGER + HAMILTON (AT CLOSER JD ENTRY #2)

enter and run along the path on the bank of the lake.

(CONTINUED)

133A CONTINUED:

133A

WINSTEAD + HURT (CLOSE ENTRY #3)

come down from above to the path having intercepted but behind Dillinger and Red. Winstead catches sight of their figures through the trees across the ravine.

WINSTEAD'S POV: DILLINGER + HAMILTON

distant,

WINSTEAD (at STUMP SPLIT)

gestures Hurt and they split up, Hurt going uphill. We don't know why.

DILLINGER + HAMILTON

move fast. Then Dillinger senses, reacting to...

HARD CHARGING WINSTEAD,

from 50 yards FIRES his (INSERT HAND MODEL) 10 gauge shotgun FOUR TIMES.

(CONTINUED)

DILLINGER + RED

lightning fast, cover behind heavier trees, which are cratered by the heavy shot. And Dillinger, never stopping, RESPONDS COMING OUT OTHER SIDE FIRING his Thompson at...

...WINSTEAD

rolls forward under the two 5-SHOT BURSTS from Dillinger and...

SLO-MO: WINSTEAD'S HANDS,

while rolling, feed three 10-gauge rounds into the loading port of his shotgun...and he rolls right up onto one knee, bringing the 10 gauge onto the FAST MOVING figures, loading a fourth and he's FIRING at...

FRAGMENTS

because Dillinger and Red are behind a second set of trees as Dillinger reloads rapidly while

*

(PAST DILLINGER) WINSTEAD

is charging right at him.

AND DILLINGER + RED

swing out or up [TO CAM] - exactly where Winstead should be and they do FIRE, but...

*

*

DILLINGER'S POV: NOTHING

Winstead's gone. FAST ARM DOWN revealing Winstead on ground as

DILLINGER + RED

*

SEE DILLINGER know they're being set-up. He shouts: "Go!"

*

ON HURT AND HURT FIRES

DILLINGER + RED from SIDE (see squib) and FRONT (don't see squib.)

Hamilton's legs give way. Dillinger hauls him up, still on the run...

DILLINGER

You hit, Red?

(CONTINUED)

133A CONTINUED: (3)

133A

HAMILTON

I don't think so.

(CONTINUED)

133A CONTINUED: (4)

133A

Dillinger looks at Red's shirt. A blood stain blooms just above his belt. It's bad.

DILLINGER

Come on, Red. We can make it.

As they start up to higher ground, Dillinger throws two quick glances: where Winstead was and branches move. And up to higher elevation. Winstead runs after in pursuit.

*

*

MEANWHILE...

*

134 EXT. DEEP IN THE WOODS - PURVIS - NIGHT

134

runs desperately after the shadowy figure. Now we SEE it's...

BABY FACE NELSON

turns and FIRES. Purvis drops behind a felled tree, FIRES back. Nelson FIRES his Thompson empty, ditches it. He sees car lights, ahead, through the trees and...

135 EXT. ROAD - NELSON

135

tumbles down the bank onto the road, flags down an approaching car. It's a Bureau car. It screeches to a stop. Did they think Nelson's an agent?

136 INT. BUREAU RENTED CAR - CARTER BAUM

136

at the wheel suddenly realizes it's Nelson. He freezes. Nelson, aiming his .38 Special.

NELSON

I know you bastards wear bulletproof vests, so I'll give it to you high and low...

Nelson FIRES. Baum's hit, manages to fall out of the passenger door and run and falls over railing.

137 EXT. PINE WOODS - PURVIS

137

hears the shooting, races for the road.

138 EXT. ROAD - BAUM

138

twists, turns, fires a handgun, misses. Nelson FIRES again. Three slugs tear into Baum's neck.

Baum topples over a white fence, lands on his face. Nelson shoots Baum again.

139 INT. BUREAU RENTED CAR - NELSON

139

pulls out Baum's Tommy gun on the seat next to him.

139A EXT. ROAD - PURVIS

139A

spills down through trees. He FIRES, ineffectually at the disappearing car. He rushes to Baum. A sick gurgling sound is coming from his throat.

PURVIS

Carter!

Baum's eyes flicker.

PURVIS (CONT'D)

Who was it? Was it Dillinger?

Baum shakes his head a fraction.

BAUM

(barely audible whisper)

Nelson.

Baum's eyes roll back in his head.

Madala comes down through the same trees Purvis did. Purvis runs after the car. They dive through the woods to cut it off at a turn in the road.

140 EXT. HOUSE - A CAR

140

is outside. A man stands on the porch looking, reacting to the sounds of gunshots. He doesn't see and is startled by...

DILLINGER

Gimme the keys to that car!

He tosses them. Dillinger already has Red inside, starts it and blasts away from the house.

Winstead running up out of the ravine SEES the car pulling away. It's gone. He and Hurt run for the shoreline to get back to...

141 OMITTED

141 *

*

142 OMITTED 142 *

142A (MOVED FROM 144) EXT. WOODS NEAR THE ROAD - PURVIS + MADALA 142A *

tumble onto the road out of the woods and see coming towards them...

142B (MOVED FROM 145) INT. B OF I CHEVY - COWLEY 142B

drives. Suran is next to him. Weiner and Another Agent are in back.

SURAN

Somebody's on the road!

Cowley slams on the brakes.

PURVIS + MADALA

jump in the Chevy.

PURVIS

Turn it around! ... You see a car?

Cowley u-turns and accelerates.

COWLEY

A Ford? It was going the other way...

PURVIS

(breathless)

Nelson. He killed Carter.

143 INT. STOLEN BUREAU CAR, MOVING - NELSON 143

speeding. Sees Two Men step into the road, raising weapons, trying to hijack him.

Nelson laughs. Flash of anger. Slams on the brakes.

NELSON

You dumb bastards.

OVER NELSON: VAN METER + ED SHOUSE

streaked with mud jump in.

NELSON (CONT'D)

(low key)

I killed one of the Feds on the road...

Homer thinks: how the hell did he get here?

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED: 143

(**Note:** Pick-up occurs between Turn 1 and Turn 2)

144 MOVED TO 142A 144

145 MOVED TO 142B 145

146-147 OMITTED 146-147

148 EXT. CHEVY - ON PURVIS/INT. CHEVY - COWLEY 148

blasts around **Turn 1**, tires screaming, trying to catch up to the Rented Bureau Car.

PURVIS
Faster, Sam!

They blast around **Turn 2** and Purvis' reaction tells us he sees the stolen Bureau car ahead.

149 INT. RENTED BUREAU CAR - NELSON 149

sees them, accelerates.

NELSON
They're behind us! Let them have it.

150 OMITTED 150

151 OMITTED 151

152 EXT. CHEVY - PURVIS 152

sees Homer Van Meter steady his BAR out the side window from the back seat. Nelson moves over to the left to dodge Purvis' fire and spoils Homer's aim.

152A INT. CHEVY - COWLEY 152A

sees Homer line up again and swerves left. Homer's shots miss (note: VFX or squib the side of the road - probably too time consuming) blowing up chunks of tarmac. Purvis and Madala FIRE when Nelson's car is turning right into **Turn 3**, presenting the right side of the hood.

152B EXT. STOLEN BUREAU CAR- BIG INSERT: RIGHT SIDE OF HOOD 152B

taking hits.

153 INT. STOLEN BUREAU CAR - NELSON 153

stomps on the gas. Engine splutters. He searches, sees the sideroad ahead off to his right.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

153

(note: We must see this side road from the road.) He spins the wheel to veer off the highway onto it...

154 EXT. DIRT ROAD - BUT NELSON'S CAR

154

hits a berm, bounces high and rolls over.

155 INT. STOLEN BUREAU CAR - NELSON

155

struggles to free himself. Shouse's neck's broken. He is dead. Van Meter is clear and running.

NELSON

Come back here, help me, you son of a bitch!

Homer doesn't. He's gone. The Chevy hurtles towards him, skids sideways!

PURVIS, COWLEY + MADALA

are out. Purvis FIRES.

VAN METER

is cut down right away, hit 14 times. While...

NELSON

opens up with the Tommy gun, ripping

COWLEY

across the chest. As

MADALA'S

12-gauge FIRES. Nelson, slammed in the chest, drops to his knees, fights on, as...

PURVIS'

Thompson and Madala's second round HIT at the same time. The .45s and double odd shot tear into Nelson's chest and slam him back.

Purvis rushes to Cowley...

PURVIS

(moving towards him)

Rest quiet and you will be alright, Sam.

156 INT. DILLINGER'S STOLEN CAR, PARKED IN A SMALL TOWN -
HAMILTON - NIGHT

156

is in agony. Dillinger gets in back beside him. He's bought medical supplies from a drug store and whisky. He helps Hamilton to a slug and some pills.

HAMILTON

Not like you ain't seen a man die before.

He puts his bloody hand in Dillinger's.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

(reading Dillinger's mind)

You gotta let...

(grimacing with pain)

You gotta let me go, John.

DILLINGER

Bullshit.

HAMILTON

And you gotta let go of Billie, too.

Flash of anger in Dillinger's eyes.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

I know... you... you never let no one down. But this... time... you gotta let go...you gotta let go.

Hamilton desperately searches Dillinger's eyes for a response.

Hamilton's heart stops. Hamilton squeezes Dillinger's hand. Dillinger looks away as Hamilton's grip relaxes.

157 - 158 OMITTED 157 - 158 *

159 INT. BLACK BUICK, CHICAGO - JOHN DILLINGER - NIGHT 159

drives west on Troy. The neighborhood streets are cold and empty. But ahead Dillinger sees...

1933 CHEVROLET 2-DOOR COUPE

parked under the El tracks. Two men are inside. Silhouettes against steamed windows. They're waiting, watching.

EXTREMELY CLOSE: DILLINGER'S FACE

Impassive. He knows exactly who they are. He cruises past, glancing only once, and continues west...

160 INT. 1933 CHEVROLET SURVEILLANCE CAR - NIGHT 160

The men inside are Agents Reinecke and Rorer. Reinecke wipes the condensation from the windshield. Across the street he sees Billie through her second story window. He makes a notation. Rorer is asleep.

A161 EXT. ALLEY - SECOND B OF I CAR A161

maintains surveillance.

B161 INT. SECOND B OF I CAR - POV: B161

REAR of Billie's apartment.

161 INT. FURNISHED APARTMENT - BILLIE - NIGHT 161

checks her watch, rises past her window to turn on the radio. Paul Whiteman's band signs off followed by a Geritol commercial telling Radioland to stay tuned for the Will Rogers commentary.

162 INT. FURNISHED APARTMENT, HALLWAY - BILLIE + NEIGHBOR, 162

also a dark haired woman. Billie slips her \$20. She made her a sandwich. Neighbor gives Billie a shopping bag of clothes and takes Billie's place in front of the window by the radio. Billie takes a man's coat out of the bag.

163 EXT. REAR ALLEY - SNOW FLURRIES: BILLIE 163

in a man's overcoat and hat, crosses the alley to the rear of the buildings opposite.

164 EXT. ALLEY - A SECOND FBI CAR + AGENTS 164

watch the rear of Billie's building. Agents ignore a man crossing the alley in the cold night.

165 INT. REINECKE'S CAR 165

RORER

What's she doing?

REINECKE

(looks)

Still listening to the radio...

166 EXT. WABANSIA AVENUE - BILLIE 166

emerges from the passageway between buildings in a man's coat, which she sheds, revealing the coat Johnny bought her, looks over her shoulder, and crosses into the street. Nothing moves under the skeletal elms in the white snow.

THEN: HEADLIGHTS

come on. They stab at her. She can't see in the glare.

167 BLACK BUICK PULLS THROUGH - DILLINGER 167

opens the door. She jumps in. He's already pulling away...

168 INT. AGENTS' OFFICE - NIGHT 168

Madala, Clegg, Winstead and the other agents are waiting for a briefing to begin. Purvis enters.

PURVIS

We have lost Agent Baum. Agent Cowley died at five-twenty this evening.

*
*
*

Grim reactions among the men...their lost colleagues and friends...

PURVIS (CONT'D)

And right now all of Dillinger's friends are dead. He is out there. And he is alone. There will not be a better chance to run him down.

*
*

RORER

He could be anywhere - California, Florida...

(CONTINUED)

PURVIS

He *could* be anywhere - but he is not
anywhere. What he wants is right here.
Billie Frechette.

168 CONTINUED: (2)

168

Purvis sees the men in the back of the room turn towards the door into the bullpen. Then more turn. Turning is a ripple that travels from back of crowd to the front and Purvis now looks to the rear, too. Reinecke stands there...a desolate look of failure. Purvis knows what's happened. They lost Billie.

*
*
*
*

169 OMITTED

169

170 INT. DILLINGER'S BLACK BUICK - BILLIE + JOHNNY - NIGHT

170

drive carefully, south on Clark St. Sidewalks are filled with revelers and crowds. He hears on the Motorola radio...

A171 INT. HOOVER'S OFFICE - HOOVER

A171

listens.

WILL ROGERS (O.S.)

Well, they said they were going to get Public Enemy #1. And they had John Dillinger surrounded... They was all ready to shoot him as soon as he came out. But a bunch of folks came out ahead, so they shot all them instead.

(radio audience laughs)

Hoover does not.

171 INT. FRANK NITTI'S FOYER (CICERO, ILLINOIS) - FRANK NITTI - 171 EVENING

dialing the phone. He and we hear Will Rogers in the background.

WILL ROGERS (O.S.)

But, Dillinger did aid law enforcement in one way today. He is cited as the reason Congress pushed through the first national Crime Bill making criminal enterprise across state lines a federal offense. Meanwhile, the Feds...

Nitti's on the telephone.

NITTI

(to D'Andrea)

Okie inbred cocksuckers...backwoods sonsabitches. They did this!

D'ANDREA

Did what?

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED:

171

NITTI

Syphilitic Nelson. Karpis. Dillinger.
We're building coast to coast... We want
it nice and quiet. And they bring this on
us...?

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED: (2)

171

D'ANDREA

Frank, calm down. They rob banks.

NITTI

Right. From state to state.
That's called interstate. And
we're coast to coast. Wake
up! Now they can use the laws
on us.

WILL ROGERS (O.S.)

...will get Dillinger
someday. Probably when he's
with a group of innocent
bystanders they're shooting
and he'll get killed by
accident...

(radio audience laughs)

Nitti crosses to his lounge chair in the living room, staring
at the amber radio dial with the trees outside moving in the
wind. Meanwhile...

*

*

172 MOVED TO SC A171

172

173 INT. BLACK BUICK - BILLIE + JOHNNY - NIGHT

173

head south out of downtown on Michigan Blvd. A blast of
horns. Saturday night revellers cross in front of them.

A POLICE VAN

with a siren screams by, going in the opposite direction. He
looks at her. It's a concerned look. She reads his mind.

BILLIE

(she's tense)

I'm fine, baby...

That says it all. They are both quiet.

174 OMITTED

174

174A INT. TELEPHONE COMPANY EXCHANGE - NIGHT

174A

There are six recorders, now. It's a rat's nest of cloth-
insulated wiring. Most of the listening stations are
abandoned.

AGENT MADALA

perseveres, alone in the room except for one stenographer.
Recorders are labeled. Madala listens to "PROBASCO." Next to
him is "AUSTIN STATE TAVERN." MOVE IN. WE'LL SEE THAT
AGAIN...

175 OMITTED

175

176 INT. PURVIS'S APARTMENT OFF MICHIGAN AVENUE - PURVIS - NIGHT 176

lets himself in. He's alone. Partying couples leaving a Gold Coast mansion with music from the glow inside are in the streets below. A party is in progress. The apartment is dark. He stands for a moment, letting the darkness wash over him. He allows himself one shot of Bourbon. He moves to the large window overlooking the street. He goes to the corner window, open to the cold air. He sees the sparkling lights, the traffic, the couples, the relaxed celebration. Horns blow. Laughter. He is alone. It is 1934 in Chicago. He downs the shot of bourbon.

177 EXT. ROAD THRU DUNES - DILLINGER + BILLIE - NIGHT 177

have parked in the dunes at the southern tip of Lake Michigan in Indiana. Dunes are lit by the silver moonlight. Her head is on his shoulder. She holds onto his arm. She drifted asleep. Now she wakes.

BILLIE
What time is it?

DILLINGER
Four a.m. Sunday morning.

She's angry...

DILLINGER (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

BILLIE
I didn't want to fall asleep.

DILLINGER
Why?

BILLIE
I want all the time there is.
(beat)
Johnny. I don't care how short or how long, I'd rather be on the run with you, than live any other way.

She holds his arm and presses against his shoulder. Dillinger takes it in. It's everything he hasn't experienced since he was three. Then...

(CONTINUED)

DILLINGER

What if we could get out of here,
altogether?

BILLIE

Where? Like the Bahamas? *

BILLIE

For the first time there's a tangible future.

DILLINGER

Off this job Alvin's got, maybe we can go
a lot further. They're watching ports and
airports, but I can drive us into Mexico
or hire a plane to Monterrey. Then a Pan
Am clipper to Rio. From there, anywhere.
Maybe Singapore. We're only more
foreigners to them. They have no idea who
we are. We can go dancing and have a
lotta laughs anytime we want... *

Billie glows to the prospect.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

Wanna take that ride with me? *

BILLIE

I want every moment with you I can get. *

178 EXT. DILLINGER FARM (MOORESVILLE, INDIANA) - SOMEHOW JOHN 178
DILLINGER - DAY *

sits in plain view on a chair. His Thompson rests against the
wall. His sister, Audrey, is giving him a haircut. His
father, John Wilson Dillinger, drinks coffee next to him. The
January sunlight is so direct, it's like Spring. *

BILLIE *

comes out the door. Dillinger's niece comes up with a Kodak
Brownie. *

NIECE *

Can we take a picture? *

DILLINGER *

(nods, to nephew) *

You got an eye on those federal men? *

NEPHEW *

Yes sir. They're over having breakfast at
Myra's Diner. *

(MORE) *

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED:

178

NEPHEW (CONT'D)

They've been hanging around, here, doing
nothing for so long, they just know this
is the last place you're going to show...

CLOSER: BILLIE

watches Johnny. He smiles. This is who he would be if he had
not had the troubles in this life, a charismatic young man.

179 EXT. FIELD - BILLIE + DILLINGER SR. - LATER

179

walk through winter wheat. Dillinger's in the b.g.

BILLIE

That how he was when he was a boy?
Carefree and laughing...?

JOHN SR.

After a while, yes.

She holds his arm. He looks back at the house.

JOHN SR. (CONT'D)

He grew up a motherless child... After
she was buried when he was three, he
never knew a woman's comfort. I loved him
but didn't know how to raise him. And
that's the truth.

(pause)

When he came out of that prison, he had
so many worries. Restless. Bitter. And a
desire to get even.

A covey of quail flush out of the wheat.

JOHN SR. (CONT'D)

Well, now he has gotten even. And he has
you. So, I am not surprised he is
carefree.

(beat)

What will you and Johnny do?

BILLIE

Try to live somewhere else.

JOHN SR.

(knows more)

Whatever happens, he is my boy. And I
have loved him in my heart, always. Right
or wrong, no matter what.

He is as straight and truthful as the land is flat. She takes
his hand and they walk through the fields.

180 INT. BLACK BUICK - TRAFFIC JAM - BRILLIANT DAYLIGHT 180 *

We SEE we're in Johnny's car working his way through downtown streets. We've entered mid-scene. *

BILLIE
Where's the apartment?

DILLINGER
Oakley and Potomac. Bartender's name is
Larry Streng. He'll give you the keys.

They drive north over the Clark Street Bridge. Dillinger gives her an envelope.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)
5,000 dollars. It buys us a month, but
we're not staying that long.

181 EXT. AUSTIN STATE TAVERN - 416 NORTH STATE STREET - 181
DILLINGER'S CAR - DAY

pulls to the curb on the east side of the street. Billie gets out, walks through the crowds, down the sidewalk and crosses the street to the bar. MOVE IN on the sign. This is the location we saw being tapped at the Telephone Exchange.

OVER DILLINGER'S SHOULDER

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

181

watching the distant front of the tavern into which Billie disappeared. Then...

FOUR BUREAU AGENTS, REINECKE + MADALA

run right past Dillinger's Buick. They join 12 more agents flooding into the Austin State Tavern from the other side.

182 INT. CAR - DILLINGER

182

is shocked. Frozen. Inside...

183 INT. AUSTIN STATE TAVERN - REINECKE

183

roughly handcuffs Billie.

REINECKE

(shouts)

Who brought you? How'd you get here?

BILLIE

...I took a taxi.

184 OMITTED

184

185 EXT. TAVERN - REINECKE + MADALA LEADING OUT BILLIE

185

There's 20 of them, now. She's totally surrounded.

186 INT. BUICK - DILLINGER

186

*

races around the block. Comes up on the same side of the street as the tavern behind the Federal cars.

THE THOMPSON

in his lap. He checks his .45.

HE SEES...HER

There she is. Where's an opening? His eyes dart.

MORE CHICAGO POLICE

arrive. It's now a sea of blue.

CLOSER: DILLINGER

20-30 men surround her.

BILLIE

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED:

186

...hauled towards a Bureau car by Reinecke. He tips her off balance. He bounces her off the door pillar on purpose. Dillinger sees this mistreatment.

DILLINGER

can do nothing. Tears of frustrated rage stream down his face. Later, he would say he "cried like a baby."

187 EXT. STATE STREET - DILLINGER + THE BUICK

187

are waved to go by, irritatedly, by uniformed Chicago police clearing traffic. Dillinger's Buick drives off into the distance.

188 INT. BANKER'S BUILDING - BILLIE - NIGHT

188

under a harsh light.

REINECKE

What's wrong with you? Tell us all about him, maybe you'll get a break. Maybe you end up doing a couple of months on a work farm, like a girls' home or something.

*

MADALA

Where is he? Where were you meeting?
Where were you hiding out?

REINECKE

...or we drop you in a black hole with the
shit and the rats.

*

*

Billie's eyelids fall. She drifts off. Reinecke kicks her awake.

REINECKE (CONT'D)

(shouts)

Where is he?!

Billie startles! CLOSER on her chair.

BILLIE

I have to...

He kicks the chair again. She's being denied a toilet. The humiliation is part of the pressure. Billie's embarrassed. Billie urinates on the chair now and the floor. Madala makes a face...

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED:

188

Reinecke has gone out to get water for himself.

*

189 INT. OUTER OFFICE - REINECKE

189

drinks from a water cooler. In the background are a dozen agents with Tommy guns in every corner as if Public Enemy Number 1 will assault at any moment.

190 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - REINECKE

190

re-enters.

REINECKE

Lady, you're stinking up my office. Where were you supposed to meet him!

He slaps her. Billie's shoulders collapse.

REINECKE (CONT'D)

I can't hear you.

BILLIE

(nods, very low...)

We were supposed to meet...at our apartment...

REINECKE

Where?

BILLIE

On Addison. 1148...

REINECKE

When?

BILLIE

Now.

191 INT. 1148 W. ADDISION, APARTMENT - WIDE ON DOOR - NIGHT 191

It's shot off its hinges. Reinecke, Madala, and a half dozen AGENTS invade. One gun goes off. Everybody is about to open up until they realize it's one of theirs.

REVERSE: THE APARTMENT INTERIOR

It is dead empty. Reinecke looks at the dust on the floor. No one's been here for a month.

CUT TO:

191A INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL - PURVIS, WINSTEAD + RORER - NIGHT 191A

walk past holding cell with assorted informants, hookers, family members, an older woman (Dillinger's relative?) As he passes one we HOLD ON...

191B INT. CELL - PROBASCO 191B

in a metal chair, hands at his side handcuffed to the floor. His face is a mess. He glares at Purvis.

191C OMITTED 191C

192 INT. B OF I OFFICE, INTERROGATION ROOM - REINECKE'S - NIGHT 192

furious. He walks up to Billie, handcuffed, and slaps her across the face, two, three times. Hard. Her ear, her nose bleeds. He almost knocks her out.

REINECKE

Where is he!

BILLIE

(low voice)

Well...

(rising strength)

...he's way the hell away from here by now, isn't he?

She looks up at him. And she drops the little girl act. She sent them on a wild goose chase to give her man time to get away.

BILLIE (CONT'D)

(calm)

You wanted to know where he is, you dumb flatfoot? You walked right past him on State Street. You were too scared to look around. He was at the curb in that black Hudson.

(beat)

You asked me "how I got there?" I told you I took a taxi. And you believed that?

(laughs)

He dropped me off and was waiting for me. And you walked right past him.

He's furious. Her Native American beauty doesn't soften Reinecke. He visualizes smashing the bones in her face with his fist.

*

193 EXT. OUTER OFFICE - PURVIS + WINSTEAD

193

arrive. Rorer follows, Doris rushes up.

*

DORIS

*

Mr. Purvis, you have to stop this. Those
men cannot abuse a woman in that way.

Purvis, with Winstead following, moves to the interrogation
room.

194 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - BILLIE

194

BILLIE

(to Reinecke)

...and when my Johnny finds out how you
slapped around his girl. You know what
happens to you, fatboy?

She looks Reinecke square in the eye. Reinecke swings...
Purvis gestures to Winstead.

WINSTEAD

grabs his wrist, turns him, Reinecke resists, Winstead nearly
breaks his wrist.

PURVIS

Uncuff her.

Reinecke tries to pull away. He can't. The smaller man is
steel cable.

Madala uncuffs Billie.

PURVIS (CONT'D)

Restroom's down the hall.

Billie tries to rise. Stumbles.

BILLIE

I can't stand up.

Purvis doesn't hesitate. He picks her up in his arms and
carries her through the office to the restroom in the
corridor. She puts her hand over her eyes in embarrassment.

PURVIS

Miss Rogers...

Doris Rogers accompanies them.

195 INT. JAMES PROBASCO'S HOUSE (2509 NORTH CRAWFORD) - PIQUETT 195
NIGHT

in the kitchen, waits. He's agitated. So is PROBASCO. What's he doing out of jail? Rear door slams open. Dillinger enters. Probasco jumps.

Dillinger throws him an envelope.

DILLINGER
\$5,000. You run her down.
(beat)
Lake County jail or Cook County? I want layouts, blueprints. You visit her. Tell her I'm coming for her. I'll get her out.

PROBASCO
Need a car? A place to stay? Wanna stay here?

DILLINGER
What happened to you?

PROBASCO
I walked into a door.

Is Probasco is trying to lure Dillinger into a trap?

DILLINGER
I'm fine. I got a place.

196 INT. BARREL OF FUN NIGHTCLUB - MARTY ZARKOVICH - DAY 196

walks in to dark out of brilliant daylight.

ANNA SAGE

in a woman's business suit, hat and sunglasses in the dark bar, reacts. Zarkovich sits next to her.

ZARKOVICH
What did they say?
(to Bartender)
Seagram and ginger ale.

ANNA SAGE
Send me back to Romania.

Zarkovich, the crooked cop, takes Anna's hand. The 40 year old madam is the true love of his life.

ZARKOVICH
You know what to do.

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED:

196

He turns her chin so that her eyes look right into his.

ZARKOVICH (CONT'D)
Plus there's a \$25,000 reward.

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED: (2)

196

ANNA SAGE

We split.

ZARKOVICH

O'Neill's got to be cut in, too. So it splits three ways.

ANNA SAGE

They fix the deportation? Can they do that with Immigration?

ZARKOVICH

These guys can fix anything.

CUT TO:

197 OMITTED

197 *

198 EXT. LAKEFRONT - PURVIS' CAR - NIGHT

198

is parked by "the rocks" where the lakeshore's been infilled.
It's totally deserted.

ANNA SAGE

I want guarantee.

PURVIS

If you aid us apprehending John Dillinger, I will do everything I can to influence Bureau of Immigration to let you stay in America.

ANNA SAGE

No good.

PURVIS

That's all there is.

ANNA SAGE

(suspects)

I think you did this.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

198 CONTINUED:

198

ANNA SAGE (CONT'D)

I think you tell Immigration to pick me up and to send me back to Romania.

PURVIS

How do you socialize with him?

ANNA SAGE

We go out, maybe tomorrow night. Maybe not. Maybe in a week. A month. Maybe never.

PURVIS

I will not guarantee what Immigration will do. What I can guarantee is what I will do. If you do not cooperate, you will be on a boat out of this country in 48 hours. Do not play games with me.

Anna hesitates, caves in to Purvis.

ANNA SAGE

Every Sunday night, we go.

PURVIS

Who's "we"?

ANNA SAGE

Me. Him. Polly Hamilton, one of my girls.

PURVIS

How will we know?

ANNA SAGE

I call you Sunday when I know.

199 INT. POOLHALL PAYPHONE - MARTY ZARKOVICH - NIGHT

199

enters. SEE his car at the curb with Anna, solemn in the passenger seat. He drops a nickel and dials. Listens. Then...

ZARKOVICH

Mr. Nitti. I'm Marty Zarkovich. I was told to call you.

(proud)

She gonna play ball.

*
*
*
*

NITTI

Be there. Make sure.

200 INT. NITTI'S HOUSE - FRANK NITTI

200

is the co-author of this betrayal. For a moment Nitti looks regretful.

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED:

200

ZARKOVICH

Uh, the Feds are plenty serious all on
their own.

*

(CONTINUED)

NITTI

They make speeches. Then they screw it up. You get your ass there and you make sure.

ZARKOVICH

Yes sir.

201 EXT. BLUFF OVERLOOKING TRAIN STATION (STEVENS POINT, WISCONSIN) - U.S. MAIL CAR - DAY

201

is attached three cars back from the locomotive.

PULLBACK: Dillinger and Karpis watch it. Dillinger's appearance is different. He's grown a moustache.

KARPIS

On Tuesday it will carry the payroll for seven factories around Rockford.

*

(points to two roads)

Two ways in. Route 14 and 11. Two ways out. Harry handles the door and the safe...

WIDEN to include: HARRY CAMPBELL - ruddy face, large bodied. Also here is Freddie and Dock Barker and Jimmy Probasco.

KARPIS (CONT'D)

Dock cuts the telephone lines five minutes before. ...train arrives, you and Harry and I go in strong. Dock comes down the telephone pole by then and becomes the Lookout Man. Jimmie and Freddie drive.

*

DILLINGER

(studying layout)

What do you figure?

KARPIS

\$1.5 to \$1.7 million. About \$300,000 each.

(that's \$4.5 million each adjusted for inflation)

Karpis is quiet. They are both feeling the ghosts of their friends...

KARPIS (CONT'D)

Sorry about Red.

DILLINGER

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

KARPIS

I liked Nelson for some reason.

DILLINGER

You were in a minority.

KARPIS

We had a talk once, at Czernaky's...

DILLINGER

Yeah?

KARPIS

Well I reminded him...

Louis Piquett arrives and distracts Dillinger, interrupting Karpis...

DILLINGER

(to Piquett)

You get into Milan Penitentiary? You see Billie?

*
*

PIQUETT

Yes, I did. She asked me to give this to you.

*
*

He hands Dillinger a letter. Dillinger opens it.

BILLIE (V.O.)

Don't try and break me out. I am too well guarded. Two years is not a long time, anyway. Go away someplace where you're safe like Mexico and wait for me. We will be together again. Your true love in life, Billie.

And the air goes out of him.

PIQUETT

She told me what was in it. It's good advice.

*
*

Dillinger's distracted...he looks at Karpis. He takes it as a signal to continue.

*
*

KARPIS

(continuing)

So like I said, I reminded him...

*

DILLINGER

Reminded who?

(CONTINUED)

KARPIS

Nelson, that he told me if he ever got
\$20,000 together, he'd up and quit
forever...

*

(beat)

Then, after he hit the Janesville bank I
said, "Yeah, so...?"

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED: (3)

201

KARPIS (CONT'D)

(beat)

He said, "Well, after I started, I
couldn't stop."

DILLINGER

Well, I can. We do this Tuesday, I'm gone
on Wednesday.

KARPIS

I been thinking Varadero Beach, outside
Havana. You ever been there?

*
*

DILLINGER

No. If I go, it better be a lot further
than Cuba.

*

And that's the answer. Dillinger plans to score the train. Go
to Mexico. Wait for Billie.

202 INT. ANNA SAGE APARTMENT - ANNA SAGE - SUNDAY

202

at the kitchen table, drinking coffee. She is nervous. She
hears a key in the lock. Spins. Door opens. John Dillinger
walks in...

ANNA SAGE

Hi Jimmy. Polly, Jimmy's back...

We understand that Dillinger's been harbored here all along.
And he goes under the name Jimmy Alexander.

DILLINGER

looks through the apartment like he always does, comes back
and goes to the sink and starts running cold water on his
wrists to cool down.

DILLINGER

Tell you what, doll. You and Polly and
me, we'll go out to a movie tonight and
get in the re-frigeration.

POLLY HAMILTON enters from a bedroom down the hall, dressed
to go out.

ANNA SAGE

Where you want to go?

(to Polly)

Jimmy take us to picture show.

DILLINGER

(to Anna)

Maybe the Marbro or the Biograph...

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED:

202

ANNA SAGE

I go to store later and make fried
chicken tonight.

Dillinger turns from the sink, sees Polly dressed to go...

DILLINGER

(to Polly)

Where you goin'?

POLLY

Streetcar. I gotta go downtown to get my
waitressing license.

DILLINGER

I'll take you. It's too hot in here.

We SLIDE onto Dillinger with his wrists under the water. He
turns off the tap and starts out...

203 INT. PURVIS' OFFICE - CLOCK: 3PM

203

PHONE RINGS. Purvis snatches it up.

ANNA SAGE (O.S.)

We go tonight. I don't know which
theater. Marbro or Biograph. I won't know
'til last minute.
(hangs up)

PURVIS

Miss Sage...

She hung up.

PURVIS (CONT'D)

It is tonight, Marbro. Or the Biograph...

CUT TO:

204 OMITTED

204

A205 INT. AUBURN - DILLINGER + POLLY - DAY

A205

pull to the curb and stop. Her hand is on his neck. Dillinger
is surprised. He looks out the window with an ironic
expression...

*

POLLY

Be right back...

REVEAL he is parked right in front of the Chicago Police
station on 11th and State.

(CONTINUED)

A205 CONTINUED:

A205

Sunlight cuts through the gaps between downtown's skyscrapers and illuminates Dillinger. He smiles his lopsided grin.

(CONTINUED)

A205 CONTINUED:

A205

DILLINGER
I'll go in with you.

B205 INT. 11TH AND STATE STREET STATION, LOBBY - DILLINGER - DAYB205

strolls into the police station like he owns the place. Polly chatters away. He doesn't hear her. We SEE what Johnny sees...

DILLINGER POV: REGISTRY

"Detective Bureau" is on the 6th Floor.

*

CU: DILLINGER

in the belly of the beast. The lopsided grin behind the dark glasses over the moustache...

DILLINGER
How long?

POLLY
It might take ten minutes.

DILLINGER
I'll meet you outside...

She boards an elevator. Her doors close. And Dillinger follows a group of police, bail bondsmen, and civilian workers into a second elevator.

C205 INT. SIXTH FLOOR, LOBBY - ON DILLINGER

C205

entering the "Detective Bureau" and we MOVE with him past desks and detectives in the open plan office. He walks with cocky assurance.

Now he turns down an aisle between desks because he's spotted on one of the glass dividers a sign that exerts a magnetic pull on him. It designates the elite...

"DILLINGER SQUAD"

JOHN DILLINGER

heads right for it.

ECU: DILLINGER'S HAND

brushes under his jacket his .45, checking...

(CONTINUED)

C205 CONTINUED:

C205

WIDE - JOHN

enters this section of desks. Shafts of light illuminate papers. A DETECTIVE we may have seen at Midway Airport right past him...

Wall charts, crime photos from Crown Point, the American Bank, other banks, Billie, mug shots of all his crew, are posted on walls. Photos of Dillinger are on desks. It's as if it was a shrine to him.

IN A CORNER SIX OR SEVEN DETECTIVES

listen to the ninth inning of a White Sox game. Three others work through reports in shirt sleeves. One glances his way. Johnny nods. Detective nods back.

JOHNNY

crosses through it all, strolls in the lion's den, walks in the belly of the beast - among the hunters. His audacity elevates him. It is triumph. With all their resources, modern technology and organization, they cannot lay a glove on him. He is better than they are.

His gratification is internal. He leaves behind, as he exits, a wake of absurdity. He passed through and they didn't even know. History was made. Like a ghost, he's gone.

D205 EXT. CHICAGO POLICE STATION - AUBURN - POLLY - DAY

D205

enters from the station and jumps in. As Dillinger drives off.

DILLINGER

You pass?

POLLY

(pouts)

I got to go back. They needed a blood test.

205 INT. PURVIS OFFICE - PURVIS' BRIEFING - SUNDAY LATE AFTERNOON 205

We SEE the Texans Winstead, Campbell and Hurt, the East Chicago cops, and twenty other agents in the small offices. 110 degrees outside.

ZARKOVICH

Anna Sage will be with him and will wear a white blouse over an orange skirt.

*

(CONTINUED)

PURVIS

That's how we'll know it's him. He may have changed his appearance. And we do not learn whether he will go to the Marbro or the Biograph.

*
*
*
*

RORER

Two theaters?

*

PURVIS

That's right. It's undecided to which he's taking them.

*
*
*

WINSTEAD

What's playin'?

PURVIS

Excuse me?

WINSTEAD

What's playin' at the Marbro? What's playin' at the Biograph?

It hadn't occurred to anybody to find that out.

MADALA

(from newspaper)

...a Shirley Temple movie called "Little Miss Marker" is at the Marbro. Biograph is playing a gangster picture starring Clark Gable. "Manhattan Melodrama."

*
*

WINSTEAD

John Dillinger ain't going to a Shirley Temple movie.

PURVIS

Sergeant Zarkovich and Agent Winstead will be at the Biograph. As will I and Special Agent Madala.

(beat)

Virgil Peterson will coordinate the Marbro. The rest of you will wait here until the theater is confirmed. Since we do not know with certainty which theater, we will have to take him on the way out, not the way in. I will be outside. The signal will be I light a cigar.

*
*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED: (2)

205

ALT/OPTIONAL:

PURVIS (CONT'D)

He will be armed and extremely dangerous.
Try to take him alive if possible. If
not, do what you need to protect
yourself. You will be armed with handguns
only to insure innocent bystanders are
not hit.

Looks between Zarkovich and Capt. O'Neill. They have to
INSURE Dillinger is killed, not captured.

206 - 207 OMITTED

206 - 207

208 EXT. MARBRO THEATER - BROWN - NIGHT

208 *

On a pay phone. Patrons buy tickets. He listens...

BROWN

*

Nothing yet.

209 EXT. BIOGRAPH - AGENT RORER

209 *

puts down the pay phone. Mouths "not yet" to...

210 INT. CAR: PURVIS

210

down the street in a parked car.

In the driver's seat is Reinecke. He's tense, trying to stay calm. On his upper lip sweat beads. Does he remember the words of Billie about what Dillinger would do to him?

CU: PURVIS

watches the crowds thin as showtime nears. He gets out of the car. Is Dillinger a no-show? Another failure? Another eviscerating memo from Hoover?

THREE FIGURES BRUSH PAST HIM. A woman's orange skirt. It's Anna Sage, Polly Hamilton, and John Dillinger. They sweep to the ticket booth, pay, and join latecomers rushing inside so that they don't miss the start of the movie.

PURVIS

is stunned. Dillinger passed three feet from him.

211 INT. THEATER - HH ON BACKS OF DILLINGER, POLLY + ANNA

211 *

It's packed. Johnny and Polly sit three rows from the screen. Anna Sage separates and sits eight rows back on the aisle. "Manhattan Melodrama," starring Clark Gable, William Powell, and Myrna Loy begins with their pictures.

*
*
*

212 EXT. BIOGRAPH - MEANWHILE...TICKETSELLER

212 *

is quizzed by Purvis...

TICKETSELLER LADY

The movie runs an hour and 34 minutes and it started about 3 minutes ago so that means it will all be over in an hour, 30...

Purvis turns away out of her view. Agent Rorer - at phone booth - whispers in his ear...

*
*

AGENT RORER

*

They're on their way over here from the Marbro.

ARM UP as Purvis starts across street and Rorer heads down sidewalk to Reinecke's car OR stays with Purvis.

*
*

213 INT. THEATER - DILLINGER + POLLY

213

absorbed in the movie.

213 CONTINUED:

ON SCREEN: *District Attorney (William Powell) listens to his secretary. She is against her boss inviting gangster Blackie Gallagher (Clark Gable), his childhood friend, to his wedding...*

SECRETARY

Remember what happened to that District Attorney in the Midwest. Just for having his picture taken with some gangster...?

The movie is referring to John Dillinger's Crown Point photo session with his arm around Prosecutor Robert Estill.

USE:

CLARK GABLE

But Blackie's my friend.

DILLINGER

laughs out loud. The irony is that the gangster who inspired this Hollywood moment is sitting right here watching this movie. It's a loop.

214 EXT. BIOGRAPH - 19 BUREAU AGENTS + 5 EAST CHICAGO COPS 214

arrived as Purvis hurries to deploy them. Except after Little Bohemia, he doesn't tell Winstead what to do...

PURVIS

Zarkovich, you, O'Neill and your men are at that hat store. Suran, Clegg and McCarthy take two agents into the rear alley.

(beat)

Rorer, you and Reinecke stay there in the car.

(they deploy)

I will be outside the theater. I will light a cigar when he comes out.

WINSTEAD

(low)

Clarence and I are going to be in that doorway. 30 feet south of the theater entrance. Gerry, you be in that tan car.

PURVIS

In case he walks north?

WINSTEAD

He's gonna walk south and cut through that alley back to her place.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

214 CONTINUED:

WINSTEAD (CONT'D)

Gerry, when you spot him through your
rearview...you come up on him from
behind.

The "cowboys" are the only men not deployed by Purvis. They
call their own shots.

215 EXT. REAR ALLEY - AGENT SURAN + TWO BUREAU AGENTS (CLEGG, 215
MCCARTHY)

*
*

take up positions near a rear exit. Another two go further
down.

CLOSER: A REAR DOOR

215 CONTINUED:

215

from the basement opens. A trash can is put out by a JANITOR. He sees the two groups of men in the alley and quickly closes the door. (They have to appear to be hiding.) *

216 INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - JANITOR

216

enters.

JANITOR

They're comin' to stick us up again.

He's talking to CHARLIE SHAPIRO, the Essaness theater manager.

CHARLIE

Where?

JANITOR

In the alley...

217 EXT. BIOGRAPH - CHARLIE SHAPIRO

217

approaches the ticket seller.

CHARLIE

(low)

Irene. Anything strange?

IRENE

(whispers)

There's a sweaty man that keeps asking when the movie's gonna end... Across the street, there's three, four men and there's two more around the corner...why are they wearing suitcoats on such a hot night?

CHARLIE

Pretend like nothing's going on...

He leaves the booth, taking the cash receipts.

218 INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE/ON PHONE IN TICKET BOOTH - CHARLIE SHAPIRO

218

DESK SERGEANT'S VOICE (O.S.)

District 37, Sheffield Avenue...

CHARLIE

Get some detectives over here, this is Charlie Shapiro at the Biograph. They're gonna stick us up again...

(CONTINUED)

218 CONTINUED:

218

DESK SERGEANT'S VOICE (O.S.)
How do you know, Charlie?

CHARLIE
I see them getting in position, like
they're waiting 'til the movie's over...

219 EXT. BIOGRAPH ALLEY - AGENT SURAN

219

The alley suddenly is illuminated by strong headlights from two directions. Before the car stops, a rear door opens and a CHICAGO P.D. DETECTIVE has stepped off the running board with his sawed-off shotgun in Agent Suran's face.

CHICAGO P.D. DETECTIVE
Hands up.

SURAN
Wait...! Hold it! Federal Agent!
Department of Justice. Bureau of
Investigation!

*
*

CHICAGO P.D. DETECTIVE
What do you think you're doing here?

SURAN
I'm on a Federal stakeout! And back those cars out of the alley. But stay close because we may need you.

CHICAGO P.D. DETECTIVE
"You may need us?" Fuck you, college boy.
Let's see your goddamn badge!

A ham-sized hand shoves Suran against the wall. Suran's looking down both barrels...

220 INT. BIOGRAPH - SCREEN: MYRNA LOY

220

MYRNA LOY
*I love you more than anything, Blackie,
you know...?*

She stops.

(CONTINUED)

220 CONTINUED:

DILLINGER'S

mesmerized by her eyes and soft skin. We SEE in his hyper reality the satin tones on the screen. Myrna Loy's insouciance, like Billie's, speaks to him. Meanwhile...

221 EXT. LINCOLN BOULEVARD - AGENT MCCARTHY + EAST CHICAGO COPS 221
SOPSIC + STRETCH

empty their pockets, trying to identify themselves to TWO HUGE CHICAGO P.D. DETECTIVES who've drawn down on them with a shotgun and .38 or .45 revolver and disarmed them. Zarkovich comes over from the hat store and starts arguing, not believing this is happening. More Chicago PD arrive. Meanwhile...

Note: INPUT Gallagher condemned.

*

222 INT. CAR - PURVIS

222

hurries across the street to straighten out the Chicago P.D. Sergeant.

PURVIS

I am Special Agent in Charge Melvin Purvis of the Bureau of Investigation. You cannot interfere with our operation here.

CHICAGO P.D. DETECTIVE

And I won't 'cause you're okay, Mr. Purvis. But his East Chicago, Indiana badge don't count. They wait until my Captain shows.

Purvis looks at his watch, at his men, well deployed and crosses back to the Biograph.

CUT TO:

223 INT. BIOGRAPH - SCREEN: BLACKIE GALLAGHER (CLARK GABLE) 223

walks the long walk through the cell block...

JOHN DILLINGER

the actual Public Enemy #1 watches the celluloid gangster walk to the electric chair...

PRISONER

So long, Blackie.

*

CLARK GABLE

(CONTINUED)

223 CONTINUED:

223

stops at the cell.

CLARK GABLE

Die the way you lived. All of a sudden.

ECU: DILLINGER'S EYES

startle, Is this a message?

GRAIN STRUCTURE OF THE FACE OF GABLE

*

speaking these important words...

(CONTINUED)

223 CONTINUED: (2)

223

CLARK GABLE (CONT'D)
Living like that doesn't mean a thing.

*
*

CU: DILLINGER

*

He sees inwards. The movie is talking to him...

*

CUT TO:

*

224 EXT. BIOGRAPH - PURVIS

224

glances at his watch. He rips a match from the matchbook,
(+ INSERT) ready to light the cigar.

*
*

The lobby is empty. The dim music of the finale leaks out.

225 EXT. DOORWAY - WINSTEAD + CLARENCE HURT

225

wait. Winstead coolly watches Purvis.

226 INT. CAR - REINECKE'S

226

right hand shakes. He can't control it. He grips the steering
wheel to make it stop.

227 EXT. BAKERY STEPS - ZARKOVICH

227

ignores the Chicago detectives arguing with O'Neill and Sopsic.

CUT TO:

228 INT. BIOGRAPH - DILLINGER

228

*

knows it won't happen. There's no Mexico with Billie. There's no freighter to Manila. He will die. This day, this month, next month. He knows that in this instant.

*

*

*

JOHN DILLINGER LOOKING UP AT THE SCREEN.

*

In this Hollywood version of life, the power of cause and effect operates on the end, as inescapably as gravity. It's a core truth. This is the only end for Blackie Gallagher. And it's as true for John Dillinger in his life as it is for Gallagher. Actions and historical forces have made his time be up.

*

*

*

*

*

*

Dillinger SLOWS the flickering images. His concentration slices time into component parts. Gable exchanges last good-byes. He warns his D.A. friend, Ronald Coleman, not to commute his sentence. The images play on Dillinger's face. They take him over...alone in the packed theater while 25 Federal Agents and five East Chicago cops wait outside.

*

*

*

*

*

*

BLACKIE GALLAGHER

*

leaves death row for the execution chamber.

*

ANNA SAGE

*

looks at the backs of heads in the rows in front of her. She doesn't want to miss Dillinger if he leaves.

A cellblock. The cellblock lights dim, a convict says...

CONVICT (O.S.)

There he goes. They're giving it to him now.

CU: JOHN DILLINGER

The grin. End title music. People stirring. The house lights come up. Johnny doesn't move. He seems liberated. Released somehow. People in front and behind him start to exit. He sits there, holding onto his thoughts for a moment. Relaxed in the here and now.

CUT TO:

229 EXT. BIOGRAPH - PURVIS (+ ONE SHOT FROM IN LOBBY VERY CLOSE)229 *
anxiously scans faces emerging from the theater.

230 OMITTED 230 *

231 EXT. BIOGRAPH LOBBY - POLLY, THEN DILLINGER + ANNA 231 *

NOTE: LAUNCH PT #1

file out. Polly takes his arm. Anna is behind him and off to the side. They're in a loose knot of people.

PURVIS

sees him. He lights his cigar. It's the signal to move in.

ACROSS THE STREET: STRETCH + ZARKOVICH

don't see the signal because the Chicago P.D. detective is now shouting at Zarkovich.

DILLINGER

is lost in his awareness of a thing that came intuitively: a knowingness that it is over. It already ended.

(CONTINUED)

231 CONTINUED: (2)

231

This one time he exits an interior without his careful surveying the exterior.

PURVIS

lights a second match. And as he lights his cigar, he looks up to see...

JOHN DILLINGER

look right at him. BUT Dillinger is distracted and does not recognize Purvis.

232 INT. CAR - REINECKE

232

NOTE: LAUNCH PT #2

*

saw the signal and Dillinger. He's out of his car.

*

DILLINGER, POLLY + ANNA

turn left at the sidewalk heading south, like Winstead said. They pass doorways. Reinecke approaches from 20 feet behind.

ACROSS THE STREET: ZARKOVICH

looks up...sees Dillinger walking away. If Dillinger's taken alive, he's dead. The Chicago cop puts a hand on Zarkovich's chest...

CHICAGO P.D. DETECTIVE

*

Where you think you're going?

*

233 REAR SHOT: POLLY, DILLINGER + ANNA SAGE

233

float down the sidewalk past shadowed doorways...

*

WINSTEAD + HURT

WINSTEAD

(cool)

That's Dillinger. Straw hat. Glasses.

Hurt crosses the sidewalk in front of Dillinger and walks north. He'll turn and position himself behind Dillinger on the right. These guys are pros.

234 EXT. BAKERY STEPS - ZARKOVICH

234

shoves the Chicago Sergeant out of his way and races across the street...

235 EXT. SIDEWALK - REINECKE

235

approaches Dillinger from the rear. He's 15 steps behind him. Purvis is ten steps behind Dillinger, on the left close to the storefronts. Now Purvis turns out and reaches for his gun.

*

(CONTINUED)

ECU: REINECKE

draws his weapon. Aims at the back of Dillinger's head. He walks closer. Sweat runs into Reinecke's eyes. This isn't the firing range with paper targets. This isn't theory. This is the beast. The beast is a gunfighter. The gunfighter is better than you. You beat-up his girl. Your shot will miss. You will fail and be helpless... He hyperventilates...

*

DILLINGER IN LARGE PROFILE

now passes Winstead in the doorway. Let him pass. HOLD on Winstead.

*

*

PURVIS

*

is raising his .45 auto, pushing aside three moviegoers.

REINECKE

*

stalls. He doesn't want to be first.

*

WINSTEAD

steps out of the doorway, now, pushes aside one couple, and falls in up the center of the sidewalk.

*

REINECKE'S EYES

*

are riveted on Dillinger...

AND JOHN DILLINGER

senses something.

REAR SHOT: DILLINGER'S NECK + HEAD IN SLO-MOTION

And now his brain processes what his peripheral vision took in that his intuitive defenses don't like about this landscape. He turns...

DILLINGER'S EYES

*

see Reinecke.

*

DILLINGER POV AND VERY TIGHT LL OVER DILLINGER ONTO REINECKE.

*

Reinecke's hand holding the gun is frozen in the air, paralyzed with fear. He lacks the power to pull the trigger. His face goes slack.

*

*

DILLINGER'S EYES

(CONTINUED)

235 CONTINUED: (2)

235

Here's the man who slammed Billie into that car. Dillinger's lethal intent focuses on this one target. In milliseconds...

INSERT: DILLINGER'S HAND

*

draws the Colt.

*

turning towards Reinecke. Reinecke arrested Dillinger's attention. Dillinger hasn't picked up the others...

AS PURVIS

*

raises his .45. A moviegoer turns into him!

*

PURVIS

Halt!

(CONTINUED)

FRONTAL (to SOUTH) DILLINGER

*

RIGHT NOW sees all of them. He pushes the .380 in SLOWED TIME towards Purvis...and bumps into a pedestrian named Ella Natasky.

ELLA NATASKY

starts to fall. Dillinger turns his attention to her for a millisecond. He's a gentleman. His impulse is to reach for her to steady her...

FRONTAL ON CHARLES WINSTEAD + SEPARATE OVER DILLINGER ONTO WINSTEAD.

*

*

Winstead pushes past the encumbered Purvis, leans forward...[and FIRES...]

*

*

He shoots John Dillinger in the back of the head. The heavy .45 round punches through Dillinger's brain stem and exits underneath his right eye.

*

John Dillinger stumbles into the alley opening and starts to fall. A second shot from Winstead and two more from Clarence Hurt hit him now. They don't matter...John Dillinger falls through the air ONTO...EXTREMELY CLOSE ACROSS THE COBBLESTONES: JOHN DILLINGER'S FACE (as continuous and separate set-up) crashes into the FRAME. One lens of his eyeglasses breaks. The brim of his straw hat snaps. The hat falls away. He struggles, but can't move. He breathes. He tries to speak...

*

*

*

*

OVER WINSTEAD + PURVIS

*

standing over Dillinger. Purvis snatches the .380 automatic out of Dillinger's hand. Purvis unloads Dillinger's gun. His gun-handling of Dillinger's gun is a lot better than his gun-handling of his own under stress.

*

*

*

*

CLOSE FROM EYE-HEIGHT...WINSTEAD

*

sees Dillinger's trying to say something.

JOHNNY'S LIPS (A-CAM)

*

form speech and Winstead's ear is next to his mouth. We and Winstead hear...

DILLINGER
...tell Billie...

ECU: Only Charles Winstead (ear) hears the rest.

*

(CONTINUED)

235 CONTINUED: (4)

235

PURVIS

What did he say?

WINSTEAD

I couldn't hear him.

PURVIS

You look after this. I need to call
Washington.

(beat)

Cover his face. Keep the damn
photographers away.

*
*
*

WIDER ANGLE: As Purvis exits he passes Zarkovich shouldering
through the gathering crowd of pedestrians into ECU.
Zarkovich POV - he sees the head wound, the glazing over of
Dillinger's eyes. He knows he's safe.

*
*
*

SUBJECTIVE: JOHN DILLINGER'S EYES FROM PAVEMENT (FRAZIER)

*

get dreamy, then they seem to focus far away. Then they seem
to focus not at all.

236 AERIAL: LINCOLN AVENUE

236

Purvis starts away and we SEE the Biograph marquee, the
trolley tracks in the cobblestone street, the alley, and the
hundreds of people moving towards the locus of the dead John
Dillinger.

CUT TO:

237 INT. CANAL STREET DRY CLEANERS (NEW ORLEANS) - HOOVER - 237
ANOTHER DAY

watches Tolson who is at the window. Tolson gets a sign.
Hoover straightens his collar. He brushes lint off his pants
leg. Tolson waits. Hoover waits.

238 EXT. CANAL STREET HOTEL - DOOR

238

opens. Alvin Karpis comes out. In the hot, humid New Orleans,
his suit coat is off... He crosses the street towards his
Lincoln Coupe. His eyes land on a man on a bench across the
street looking at him over a newspaper.

THE MAN IS CHARLES WINSTEAD

(CONTINUED)

The newspaper hides a sawn-off, 10 gauge Winchester lever action shotgun.

ALVIN LOOKS TO HIS LEFT: CLARENCE HURT

leans on a lamp post. His body hides a .351 Winchester rifle.

ALVIN KARPIS

NOW freezes. He makes them immediately. He doesn't hesitate. He opens his hands to demonstrate he is holding nothing and lets his jacket fall to the ground. He knows they intend to kill him. Snipers are on roofs. In this instant, Karpis knows he is done. One objective races into his mind: stay alive.

KARPIS'

stretches his arms, wide. Winstead has dropped the newspaper. The sawed-off 10 gauge is aimed squarely at Alvin's chest. Karpis is displaying he is unarmed. Winstead approaches warily. His weapon would cut Alvin in half. Clarence, the rifle at his shoulder, inches forward. The Texas gunfighters with real trigger-time have taken Alvin Karpis.

ALVIN KARPIS

I am unarmed.

WINSTEAD

Don't even breathe sudden.

WINSTEAD + CAMPBELL + HURT

are each 10 feet from him. Clarence pats him down. Karpis is clean.

HURT

Put your hands on the roof of that Lincoln.

(he does)

Other agents come running. Someone's yelling: "Bring him in." While they wait...

WINSTEAD

Where you from?

ALVIN KARPIS

Mostly Chicago.

(beat)

You?

(CONTINUED)

238 CONTINUED: (3)

WINSTEAD
Fort Worth. Clarence is from Tyler.
(pause)
Alvin. You sly dog. If you'd a even had
that jacket on...

*

The agents with their revolvers out, converge around Karpis.

HURT
(to Agent)
Any handcuffs around here?

SPECIAL AGENT
There's no handcuffs.

WINSTEAD
Give me your tie.

They had not planned on needing handcuffs. One agent is excited. His gun pointed at Karpis shakes. Karpis looks at it, then at Hurt.

HURT
(to Agent)
Put that down.

The agent drops his gun. Now...

239 EXT. STREET - HOOVER

239

in his white suit and Tolson rush in from the dry cleaners. Agents part. Suddenly Hoover and Tolson stand in front of Alvin Karpis. Hoover's .38 Chief Special is at his side.

TOLSON
(prompting)
"You are under..."

HOOVER
(prompted)
You are under arrest for the...Wahpeton,
South Dakota bank robbery.

Tolson waves to an agent across the street.

WIDE ON THE CORNER: REPORTERS + PHOTOGRAPHERS

are now released and rush towards us.

HOOVER

regains his composure.

(CONTINUED)

HOOVER (CONT'D)

I heard of your fishing prowess. I myself, always wanted to catch a marlin...

ALVIN KARPIS

You're thinking of my partner, Harry Campbell.

HOOVER

Are you relieved it's over? I'm sure you are.

(pause)

You know you will feel much better once you get everything off your chest.

(pause)

Why don't you tell me where Harry Campbell is?

After a moment...

ALVIN KARPIS

Who do you think you're talking to?

Hoover is silent.

REPORTERS + PHOTOGRAPHERS

*

Hoover separates from Karpis.

NEWSMEN

Mr. Hoover! Director!

HOOVER

Karpis said he'd never be taken alive, but I took him without firing a shot.

(beat)

That marks him as a yellow rat. He was scared to death when I arrested him.

(beat)

That's all I got to say.

Suydam and the special publicist, COURTNEY COOPER address them.

*

REPORTER #1

Mr. Hoover captured Karpis?

*

*

(CONTINUED)

SUYDAM

Mr. Hoover personally placed Alvin Karpis under arrest today. Karpis reached for a rifle, but the Director was too fast.

CUT TO:

240 INT. CLYDE TOLSON'S OUTER OFFICE - MELVIN PURVIS - DAY 240

waits. It looks like he's been waiting for awhile. People who pass act as if he is invisible. They look right through him.

TOLSON

The Director will see you now.

241 INT. HOOVER'S OFFICE - HOOVER - DAY 241

Purvis stands in front of the desk. On the right of the desk is a plaster death mask of John Dillinger.

HOOVER

(without looking up)
Agent Purvis.

PURVIS

Yes sir. I came to...

HOOVER

(sees Purvis staring at the
death mask)

A medical student in the morgue made that cast of Dillinger's face. Where are you now? In the fingerprinting section, correct? It's a reminder of the war we wage against the punks and hoodlums.

*
*
*
*
*
*

Purvis looks at Hoover. This was the golden boy who Hoover came to despise.

PURVIS

Sir, (I will tell you that) John Dillinger was an Outlaw and he was my Adversary. But he was no punk. And he was no hoodlum.

*
*

(beat)

I came here to say that I have no future in your Bureau. And I do not desire one. I quit.

*
*

Purvis tosses his badge on Hoover's desk and walks out. Hoover couldn't care less.

242 INT. MILAN WOMEN'S PRISON - GRANITE WALL - DAY 242

PAN LEFT and fall EXTREMELY CLOSELY onto the face of Charles Winstead. He waits.

WIDER - WINSTEAD

is in an interview cell.

243 INT. CELL BLOCK - TRACKING A WOMAN'S FEET 243

in prison issue shoes down the cellblock corridor. ARM UP. It is Billie Frechette. She walks with two guards behind her.

244 INT. INTERVIEW CELL - DOOR OPENS 244

Billie enters. She's surprised to see Winstead.

WINSTEAD

How are you doing, Billie? I'm Special Agent Winstead.

BILLIE

(sits)

If you come here to ask me more damned questions. "Where's this one or that one? Did I know Vern Miller? Who did what...?"

Winstead shakes his head no.

*

WINSTEAD

I didn't come here for you to tell me something. I came here to tell you something.

CLOSER: BILLIE

She sees in Winstead's face, the look of people she grew up Billie senses none of the cunning of the lawyer/special agents she's been dealing with. She leans forward, indicates a cigarette out of Winstead's pocket.

He hands her one and lights it.

BILLIE

Okay, Mr. Winstead. What do you got to tell me?

Winstead leans forward.

BILLIE (CONT'D)

(continuous)

They say you're the man who shot him?

(CONTINUED)

WINSTEAD

That's right. One of them.

BILLIE

So why are you coming here to see me? To see the damage you done?

WINSTEAD

Because he asked me to.

This gets Billie's attention and she looks more closely at Winstead.

WINSTEAD (CONT'D)

When he went down, he said something. And I put my ear next to his mouth and what I think he said was this. He said...

(beat)

"...tell Billie for me...Bye Bye Blackbird..."

Billie has to rise and turn away from Winstead so that he doesn't see her overcome with emotion. Winstead knows this. It is the measure of this man that he respected the privacy of John Dillinger's message and only told her.

THE END