

PUBLIC ENEMY

BY

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PUBLIC ENEMY

FADE IN

START TITLES

EXT. LAKE WEIR HOUSE, REAR YARD - TWO MEN - DAY

Sit on tubular metal chaise lounges. WIDEN. It's late afternoon, high summer, and the air looks warm, thick and soft. There's a diffused haze. It's a pastoral scene. The two men are HARRY CAMPBELL and FREDDY BARKER. Barker is stout, older, and resembles W.C. Fields. He wears a white shirt and suspenders. Harry Campbell is slim and cool and understated. He wears a straw boater. We won't know who these people are until later. Right now they seem ordinary and middle-class. Nice people. Prosperous. Freddy swats at a fly BUZZING near his head.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - WIDE - DAY

Two women are at the counter, rolling dough for a pie crust. They are MA BARKER -- 50's, short, dumpy, country -- and WYNONA BURNETT -- A TALL, RED-HEADED LOOKER. Sitting at the table is DOLORES DELANEY. Dolores is nineteen, has brunette Irish good looks and is nine months pregnant. The radio on the kitchen table drones low:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(radio filter)

...and the radical jobless left
Trenton angrily threatening their own
Representatives through a new Farm
Labor party, if the state doesn't
disburse the relief money originally
promised...

WYNONA

Is it fresh rhubarb?

MA

Uh-huh.

DOLORES

What are you embroidering?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAWN - EXTREME CLOSEUP ON FREDDY - LATER

He's asleep now. His skin is red and his nose thick with burst capillaries. He smiles at some dreamt thought, and he looks like an altogether pleasant man. WIDEN. He's curled up in the chaise lounge. He snores lightly. Next to him on a green lounge, Harry dozes, the straw boater tilted down over his eyes. There's the soft BUZZING of insects in the thick, warm Sunday afternoon air. Harry wakes and lifts the brim of his boater and sees:

HARRY'S P.O.V.

EDDIE DAY, in his shirt sleeves, walking towards him from far away across the sward of green lawn through the refracting waves of summer heat. Eddie Day is 6'2", 180 pounds, with a broad mustache and a thick South-western accent. Eddie carries an English, split bamboo fly rod and a string of sun fish. He smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - WIDE - NIGHT

Dolores in on a bed lying flat on her back. Everybody else is clustered around.

Ma stands over Dolores with a coin hanging from a string. The coin is suspended directly over Dolores' stomach. There's a hushed silence. Slowly, the coin starts to move. It moves in circles. Then the circles become ellipses. They're vertical.

ON MA

MA
(turning to
everybody; low)
It's going to be a boy.

She smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKE WEIR HOUSE - WIDE - NIGHT

Front windows are warm yellow rectangles in the large white bungalow.

At the dark green 1935 Buick parked on the gravel drive Harry and Dolores, Eddie and Wynona say their good-byes. They're too far away for us to hear. A soft breeze rustles the thick

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

leaves and camouflages most of the ad-libs and a little laugh and Eddie's booming voice heard once and the CAR ENGINE STARTING.

Eddie, Wynona and Dolores are in the Buick. Harry drives away. He waves as he goes. At the rear window Dolores is waving her hand at the Barkers through the glass.

ANGLE

Ma and Freddy cross the front yard to the wide porch and white house.

FREDDY (V.O.)
I'm tired.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PARLOR - ON MA

Ma is listening to the RADIO while Freddy sleeps in an overstuffed armchair. She works on a piece of embroidery. Her feet don't reach the floor. Freddy SNORES. WE PAN around the room: a streamline modern, radio cushions embroidered with scenes of airplanes and zeppelins, antimacassars on the sofa, heavy cut glass vases, etc.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(radio filter)
The New Era of streamlining has arrived with the Chrysler Airflow Car of 1935. Walter P. Chrysler and his associates have designed the Airflow to inspire public admiration to such a pitch that it will usher into existence a new motoring vogue and immediately supersede all...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MONTEREY HOTEL, ROOM - WIDE - NIGHT

It's sparse. A couple of armchairs with suitcases littered around. Harry and Dolores slip under the sheets. Harry's immediately asleep; Dolores isn't.

DOLORES
He's kicking so much tonight...

HARRY
(absently)
That's right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His hand cups her breast: proprietorially, familiarly.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKE WEIR - SWAMP - CLOSE ON ROGER BETTIN - NIGHT

BETTIN - a middle-aged man dressed as a hunter -- carefully walks through the vines, bushes and low trees. He's careful not to make noise. He looks to his left.

BETTIN'S P.O.V. - TWO OTHER MEN

dressed as Bettin. They look at Bettin and nod. They, too, move forward.

WIDE

They and other silhouettes which may be more men approach the white house at Lake Weir. They're about 300 yards away.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE PARLOR - ON MA - NIGHT

She's examining her embroidery. It's a cottage with a picket fence underneath the blue sky with puffy white clouds. Freddy is still asleep, curled up, now, in the big armchair.

NEWS COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

(radio filter)

The march of Italy's New Roman Legions into Adis Ababa is expected tomorrow according to Giornale d'Italia. Mussolini has defiantly warned Britain that in case of war, superior Italian legions would attack from every angle...

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - CLOSE ON BETTIN - NIGHT

He's now a hundred yards away from the house. He produces a Rudy Vallee megaphone with a handle and his voice booms out of it:

BETTIN

Come out with your hands up! This is your only warning or we'll open fire!

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE

Ma turns down the radio.

NEWS COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
(radio filter)
President Roosevelt...

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - ON BETTIN

The pause is intentionally too fast...

BETTIN
Men! Open fire!

Now we SEE thirty five more Men. They open up with Thompson submachine guns and B.A.R.'s FIRING tracers.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - ON FREDDY - NIGHT

The walls of the house start disintegrating and Freddy's starting out of the door. And...

MA

Has dropped her embroidery...

WIDER

The interior of the house blowing apart and catching fire around them. As Ma and Freddy start to be shot to pieces...

CUT TO:

INT. MONTEREY HOTEL - ON DOLORES - NIGHT

Awake. Looks out the window at the sweep of headlights on the upper stories of buildings as cars arrive underneath. Harry's asleep. Then from the corridor outside the room we hear:

EDDIE (O.S.)
Well, hi ya, boys! Sorry about the
loud party! It's all over...
Everyone left. So you can git on back
to the station...

Harry rolls out of bed, soundlessly.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - WIDE

Eddie Day -- in his striped undershorts -- talks to five plainclothes POLICEMEN who are backed up by another dozen uniformed COPS.

FIRST COP

(hushed)

Quiet! We're after a guy...

EDDIE

...Jus' plain ole good time we was havin'...

FIRST SERGEANT

(whispered)

Get back in your room!

EDDIE

(curious; quiet)

Guy? What guy?

ANGLE

Harry explodes out the door of his room half-dressed with a Thompson submachine gun with a hundred-shot drum in one hand and a sawed-off shotgun in the other. Harry fires and the Thompson is a sewing machine stitching a row of craters across the hallway and down the staircase. He tosses the sawed-off to Eddie. The Cops start FIRING. Eddie's FIRING the 12-gauge as fast as he can pump the slide and pull the trigger. Two cops are hit and knocked down. The police are returning FIRE.

CLOSE

One Cop with a thompson FIRES wildly, spraying bullets in the general direction of Harry and Eddie. His machine gun takes over control of him and he can't stop its arc, which continues to the right and up into the ceiling. Eddie knocks the man over with a BLAST from the 12-gauge.

WIDE

Suddenly the police are falling over each other trying to get the hell out of the stairwell as fast as they can. A man lies on the floor further down the hallway, moaning.

TWO SHOT

Suddenly it's quiet. Harry and Eddie run for their adjoining rooms to get their stuff and get out.

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE'S ROOM

Eddie rushes in, throws off his bathrobe, pulls on his pants. SHOTS are FIRED through his windows and GLASS BREAKS against the walls and floors.

EDDIE
Wynona! Let's go! Come on! Christ!

He turns around.

EDDIE
(continuing)
Oh my God...

INT. BATHROOM - ON EDDIE

reflected in the bathroom mirror, staring at the floor. WE PAN to his P.O.V. and SEE:

Wynona dead on the floor with head and neck wounds. Water fountains from the toilet bowl and the other white fixtures blown apart by the Cops' submachine gunfire which penetrated the wall. The water mixes with blood on the octagon tiled floor.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S ROOM - CLOSE ON HARRY

He looks at Dolores.

HARRY'S P.O.V.

DOLORES
(calm; curious)
Look, Harry.

Dolores is in shock. Her hands are red. PAN DOWN to her thigh. There's a hole that pumps blood.

WIDE

Harry ties it off with a necktie-tourniquet. WE HEAR SIRENS in the b.g. Harry puts a fresh drum on the Thompson and throws away the old one. He goes to the window and FIRES a full drum at the police below.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREET - HARRY'S P.O.V. - DAY

Twenty Cops dive for cover under vehicles as Harry's FIRE rakes the street and chunks of concrete, brick, glass, windows, showcases and cars explode into the air in a shower of debris.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE MONTEREY HOTEL - NIGHT

Eddie and Harry, carrying the pregnant Dolores, stumble down the fire escape to the alley. Wounded, Dolores is more like a child in shock than a woman.

HARRY

(to Dolores)

Don't move. Stay here. I'll swing back around with the car and pick you up. Stay in the stairwell.

(beat)

You understand me?

DOLORES

Yes.

He touches her hair, face, kisses her; runs away with Eddie.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - ON THE REAR WINDOW - NIGHT

Harry and Eddie smash the window and charge into the garage, frantically looking for a car. They try three and find a Pontiac with the keys in the ignition.

WIDE

An old garage ATTENDANT in a black vest suddenly runs out into the open space and SEES Harry and Eddie. He's scared to death. He runs up the ramp to the street. Eddie sees he'll alert the police.

ANGLE

The Pontiac: exploding TOWARDS US. Harry drives; Eddie leans out the window, loading the shotgun. He levels it at US.

EDDIE

(furious)

Sonofabitch!!

CUT TO:

EXT. MONTEREY HOTEL GARAGE - THE RAMP - NIGHT

There's twenty-five to thirty policemen with five vehicles and more arriving all the time. Their attention and guns are riveted on the hotel window Harry fired out of. The Pontiac CATAPULTS up the ramp and out into the street and they have enough wits to FIRE on it. Eddie FIRES back three times. They pass the fleeing garage Attendant. The police FIRE knocks down the Attendant. Then Harry's gone left around the corner. The car looks like a sieve.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR TRAVELING - NIGHT

Harry's clutching his abdomen. Eddie looks down at the seat. It's slick with Harry's blood. He's hit in the gut. It doesn't slow down his determination to get Dolores.

Harry looks for the alleyway to turn left into to pick up Dolores. He throws the Pontiac around the corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE MONTEREY HOTEL - NIGHT

Harry skids to a stop behind the hotel where he left her.

He doesn't move. The non-action is strange after what we've just seen. SIRENS WAIL far away...coming closer.

HARRY'S P.O.V.: STAIRWELL

Dolores is gone.

HAND-HELD ON HARRY

Eddie tries to restrain him. He can't. Harry's out of the car, limping toward the passageway that runs alongside the building leading to the street. The shotgun is in his right hand. He skips and slides along the passageway. He breathes hard.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONTEREY HOTEL - WIDE ON THE FRONT - NIGHT

Then TIGHTEN past the police and vehicles in the f.g. ONTO Harry. He appears at the edge of the passageway.

CUT TO:

HARRY'S P.O.V.: THE STREET

The place looks like the First World War rolled through. Windows are shot out. Men are under cover. Fire engines and ambulances -- their SIRENS WAILING -- approach. Other men are on the ground, wounded.

FIVE UNIFORMED COPS group around someone behind a car. They look around: scared, wary. Dolores is in the center. Two men hold her, one under each arm.

CLOSER: DOLORES

scared, confused; shock is wearing off. She senses something. She looks over at the hotel through the car's shattered side windows.

DOLORES P.O.V.: HARRY

staring at her. He's helpless.

DOLORES

alone in the hands of the police, looks back...

HARRY

in the moment of losing his wife and unborn child. Eddie, panicked, is at his side, urging...

DOLORES

can't communicate anything overtly or she'll reveal his position. She starts to lose it. She sags. The policemen sit her on the running board of a car. She looks up.

HARRY

standing there.

DOLORES

frozen. Then....

HARRY

is gone. The passageway is empty.

CUT TO:

INT. PONTIAC - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Eddie drives. He looks over at Harry.

CLOSE ON HARRY

His left hand still clutches his abdomen. Like going to sleep or turning off a light, he closes his eyes and collapses onto the dashboard.

The car swerves as Eddie grabs Harry with one arm and holds onto the steering wheel with the other. He straightens out the car and heads it down the road.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL, OBSTETRICAL WARD CORRIDOR - ON BETTIN - DAY

Bettin's frantically pleading with an OBSTETRICIAN in a bloodstained gown. We HEAR BABIES CRYING. A phone is RINGING. It's pandemonium.

BETTIN
I gotta talk to her!

OBSTETRICIAN
Well you can't!

He pushes past and re-attaches his gauze mask. More NOISE.

NURSE (O.S.)
Mister! Is your name Bettin?

He crosses to the desk and INCLUDE NURSE.

NURSE
(busy)
Phone.

BETTIN
Hello.
(beat)
Yessir. We got the Barkers and Campbell' girl. Ma and Freddy Barker are dead. There was a large amount of money in the house. But most of it burned up in the fire. Campbell' girl friend has had a baby and the doctor won't let me talk to her because something's wrong.
(beat)
Harry Campbell slipped through...

This is the first time we've heard who these people are.

CUT TO:

INT. HOOVER'S OFFICE - CLOSE - DAY

HOOVER -- a dapper, broad-chested man with a dark face and white suit.

HOOVER

And how did he manage that?

BETTIN (O.S.)

(phone filter)

The local police got word of the raid and tried to be heroes to steal the headlines and got there before we did and I've complained bitterly to...

Hoover hangs up on Bettin. WIDEN TO INCLUDE Hoover's aide, PATRICK MACLEAN, a small man with brown hair. They stare at each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MISSISSIPPI RIVER - ON THE SUN - DAY

SUPER FRONT CREDITS OVER WATER AND TRAVELING SHOTS

The sun is a gauzy disc of diffused yellow haze. TILT DOWN to the surface of the water. It undulates in grey swells in the mist.

We hear a worn-out diesel ENGINE CHUG and MISFIRE towards US. Then its shape becomes distinct. It defines into a run-down tow boat -- the kind that pushes barges of coal up the Mississippi. The few crew members we SEE are black and in rags. As it passes a few feet from CAMERA, we PAN RIGHT with it. On the REAR deck Eddie Day is holding onto Harry -- bandaged and wrapped in blankets and tied into a bunk mattress. It moves off into REAR SHOT. We HOLD ON IT.

END FRONT CREDITS:

As the tow boat disappears back into the mist we hear a RADIO. We don't know where it's coming from:

RADIO PREACHER (V.O.)

(radio filter;

quiet)

...drink of Him, as ye drinketh of the cool spring. Bathe yore-sell-eff in the Blood of the Lamb of the Lord Jesus.

The Airwave Chorale breaks into a chorus of "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." As the mist folds in on itself and erases the passing of the boat:

CUT TO:

INT. CORN SILO - ON DOC BORGER - DAY

"Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" still PLAYS OVER. We hear the CLATTER of forceps dropped into a porcelain pan. Others follow. Harry is on a kitchen table. DOCTOR BORGER -- a 50-year old German Veterinarian -- sews stitches in Harry's abdomen with black cat gut. His sleeves are rolled up.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(radio filter)
That was the First Baptist Church in
Powanee, Arkansas. And now...

We HEAR a half dozen steel retractors CLICK against each other from muscular contractions. Eddie looks at Borger.

BORGER
...ja, ja. Shutten sie.

Eddie spills another drop of ether on a paper cone over Harry's face. Borger sews and ties off another stitch. Another forceps CLATTERS into the pan.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME - ON EDDIE - LATER

Time's passed. Eddie hasn't shaved in a week. He's doubled up in a chair. The inside of the silo is like an upside down brick test-tube. It's painted white. Harry is drugged and semi-conscious. Eddie takes another hit off the bottle. Eddie checks his watch and tries to tune in a radio. Static.

DISSOLVE TO:

PAN THROUGH CHINESE CHECKER BOARD MARBLES - DAY

and ACROSS pieces of magazines and SEE ads for 1936 model cars. Harry's picture in Time (January 1936), National Geographic on Uruguay, J. Edgar Hoover's picture in Liberty Magazine. We're so CLOSE whole words fill the screen and sentences fall out of FOCUS. We CROSS a spilled pack of Lucky Strikes like felled trees and END on a radio: orange numbers glow and tower behind the glass. PULL BACK and reveal the speaker within its mirrored, art deco cabinet. Out of it has been coming in March of Time melodramatic delivery:

LOWELL THOMAS (V.O.)
(radio filter)
Good evening, good evening! This is
Lowell Thomas. From the Justice
Department we have learned...
(suddenly soft)
Dolores Delaney...

HARRY'S EYES FOCUS

He hears:

LOWELL THOMAS (V.O.)
 (radio filter)
 ...died in a Miami hospital from
 complications following the birth of
 a baby boy.
 (loud)
 The son of Public Enemy Number One,
 Harry Campbell. With a \$5,000 price
 on his head, only the lives of the
 late Dillinger and Nelson were worth
 such rewards to our G-Men.

Harry absorbs it. His eyes close. His body trembles. Eddie
 doesn't know Harry's awake.

EDDIE
 (mumbles to
 himself)
 ...'member that copper color, gold
 color gal in Cairo...?

Harry opens his eyes...

HARRY'S P.O.V.: LIGHT

hanging down an eighty foot cord from the ceiling of the
 white silo. It's white glare focuses into a bulb.

LOWELL THOMAS (V.O.)
 (radio filter)
 Campbell -- in his seven year crime
 spree -- with a blazing .45 in each
 hand roamed the wilds leaving a swathe
 of desolated banks in his wake.
 (beat)
 But now -- craven, cowering and on the
 run from the Hounds of Justice and J.
 Edgar Hoover -- it's only days until
 the Mighty Angel Gabriel writes
 "finis" on his Career of Crime.
 (pause)
 And I...I am Lowell Thomas. Good
 Evening.

As the light gets hotter and whiter.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ENDLESS FIELD - WIDE ON HARRY - DAY

FROM THE FRONT he sits in a chair in a sea of green. The alfalfa rolls in the breeze like Atlantic swells. It's high noon. It's perfectly still. Insects BUZZ. It's hot.

EDDIE (O.S.)
(far away)
Harry... Harry...

Harry wears no shirt and dark glasses. He looks around and gets up.

CUT TO:

SAME - TWO SHOT - LATER

Eddie wears a suit vest like he's been traveling. Through the alfalfa Harry walks with Eddie back towards Borger's farmhouse in the distance.

EDDIE
It's all fixed up. One of Buccione's shrimp boats from New Orleans to Havana. And then south to Montevideo.

HARRY
Ain't going yet, Eddie.

EDDIE
What? Why the hell not? What's holding us back?

HARRY
I ain't done.

EDDIE
Harry, they're ripping this country up from one end to the other looking for us!

HARRY
Anyway, after what got lost at Ma and Freddy's, all we got is pocket change. I'm pulling one more big job. Then it's Uruguay and Montevideo, but with enough money to last.
(beat)

You wanna go with me, come on. You wanna sail off to Cuba, good luck.

We know Harry's determination is less about cash and more about he's not getting kicked out of America by Lowell Thomas and J. Edgar Hoover. Meanwhile Eddie doesn't know what to do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY
(continuing)
You've been a friend Eddie. The best
friend I ever had. So thank you.

Harry holds out his hand. Eddie looks sadly at Harry's
offered hand.

EDDIE
Nothin' I can say will convince you
to go?

HARRY
Nope.

EDDIE
Well, what the hell...

HARRY
Eddie, you want to take off, you
should take off. Don't stay on my
account.

EDDIE
I ain't.

They walk off together in rear shot. Harry puts his hand on
Eddie's shoulder. He still walks stiffly.

EDDIE
I'm stayin' for that look in your
eye...
(beat)
What do ya got in mind?

HARRY
A train.

EDDIE
A train? When the hell's the last
time anybody robbed a train?

HARRY
'Bout thirty, forty years.

EDDIE
What's on the train?

HARRY
'Bout \$860,000.

EDDIE
We're 'bout tapped out. How we gonna
set it up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRY
 Freddy and me left aside this little
 three-barreled sugar score...

As they cross the sea of green.

CUT TO:

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - ON DAIS - DAY

Tennessee Senator KENNETH DOUGLAS MC KELLAR sits in the center. He's an avuncular bald man of 62 with a large purple birthmark on his right cheek and jaw. He's unattractive.

WITNESS TABLE

Facing the dais. At it sits four men: J. Edgar Hoover, MacLean, COURTNEY RYLEY, 6'2 Brooks Brothers, and an Aide. A second Aide approaches from the rear and hands MacLean a note. MacLean reads it. Then leans to Hoover.

ECU - MAC LEAN AND HOOVER

MacLean's lips into Hoover's ear.

MAC LEAN
 (whispered)
 He's been spotted. Campbell has been spotted.

HOOVER
 (whispered)
 How reliable is the report?

MAC LEAN
 Wiczer in Hot Springs...

WIDE

MC KELLAR
 I've reviewed this here material.
 Bureau of Investigation's fine the way
 and size it is.
 (soft-spoken)
 Your attempt to catapult an
 investigating arm of the Justice
 Department into the Big League Crime
 Bustin' Business, "G-Men", and all --
 with you set up as the Czar -- is
 running wild in my estimation. And
 I intend to put a stop to it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

McKellar is Chairman of the Senate Appropriation Sub-Committee. Hoover reacts as if he'd been punched.

HOOVER

Crime is what runs wild in this country, Mr. Chairman. And these committee hearings to cut our appropriations aid and abet it!

MC KELLAR

(florid)

You got a lot of people dancing to that 'Crime Is Running Wild' song. Meanwhile we penetrated the image of yore prowess as a lawman and found nothin' there. You are shockingly unqualified.

Others in the room look at Hoover.

HOOVER

Have you lost your senses? Our statistics tell my story. What in the world are you talking about?

MC KELLAR

You have never conducted one criminal investigation in the field. You have no practical knowledge or experience. Your reputation is a myth created by irrelevant statistics and a hoopla of headlines and press releases generated by that Cooper fella there. Meanwhile organized crime, narcotics and hijacking flourish unabated.

HOOVER

That's ridiculous!

SENATOR HAWKINS

No, it ain't!

FLASHBULBS pop; reporters scribble rapid notes. Hawkins is restrained by McKellar's hand, but is equally as rapidly anti-Hoover as McKellar.

MC KELLAR

(continuing)

In my function as Chairman of the Senate Appropriations Sub-committee ...and on behalf of that Sub-committee...I'm going to cut \$225,000 off the 1937 appropriation recommended by the House.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MC KELLAR (Cont'd)
 (BANGS gavel;
 brushes aside
 papers)
 Starting next week this Senate
 Committee's investigations will start
 lookin' at yore directorship of this
 Bureau.
 (BANGS gavel
 again)
 That's it.

REVERSE ANGLE - THE ROOM

SHOUTED QUESTIONS break out in the hearing room. Hoover is
 grim, white. He stands, Aides collect papers. Hoover's
 frozen to the spot.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI FILE ROOM - VERY WIDE DOLLY PAST ROWS OF FILES - DAY

It's very QUIET. Row after row of grey metal file cabinets
 sweep by -- all in neat, straight lines. The visual effect
 is Kafkaesque and dehumanized.

HOOVER (O.S.)
 Where is the big splash I'm supposed
 to have right now on Page One?

A pencil goes TAP TAP. TAP-TAP-TAP. Then the DOLLY carries
 us into a cleared area. Hoover, MacLean, Cooper and two
 other Aides sit among the file cabinets around a metal
 conference table. Cooper's TAPPING his pencil as he leans
 back contemplating the director. We've cut in
 mid-conference.

HOOVER
 (continuing,
 irritated; to
 Cooper)
 Stop that.

Cooper stops as if electric shocked.

HOOVER
 (continuing)
 I pick up a paper and I'm not reading
 about Hoover and the men of the FBI
 capturing Public Enemy Number One.
 That's what I was supposed to read
 this week.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOOVER (Cont'd)

(beat)

Instead I read about McKellar. That was not the plan, gentlemen. I do not intend to fight McKellar in his committee room. I plan to beat him in the newspapers. You all know the plan. Now get peppy. Get it done!

MacLean opens his files...

MAC LEAN

(to Hoover)

Investigations you asked for show McKellar, unfortunately, was for the World War. No mistresses. Neither pro nor con on the Palmer Raids, so we don't know if he was soft on the Reds in 1919 or not. We're still diggin'.

HOOVER

Find out if he's queer. And check the other committee members.

MAC LEAN

Wieczer's informant spotted Campbell...

HOOVER

(not listening;
an afterthought)

...McKellar's trying to destroy the bureau. Trying to destroy me personally...

(nods to MacLean)

MAC LEAN

...on the Lincoln Highway to Central Ohio.

HOOVER

(to Cooper)

Let's turn up the gas. Campbell is no longer Public Enemy Number One. He's Public Rat Number One. He heads the shrewdest, most cold-blooded gang in America. He threatened me. Stuff like that.

(leans back)

Who's the Special Agent in Charge for Cleveland?

MAC LEAN

Stillman. Can I give him an all out green light?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOOVER
 (rising, leaves)
 Yes, you may.
 (pauses)
 I want Campbell. I want him right
 away!

He leaves.

MAC LEAN
 Unfortunately, Campbell has something
 to say about it...

COOPER
 (didn't hear)
 What?

MAC LEAN
 Nothing.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAROLE SLAYMAN'S HOUSE, TOLEDO, OHIO - REAR - DAY

It's a wooden Victorian Gothic house painted white. We dwell
 on the rear doorway which leads into the kitchen. We HEAR
 OVER: "Avalon". We see no one.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - WIDE - DAY

"Avalon" is louder. It's coming out of a 1936 white plastic
 radio. The Philips refrigerator and all the other hardware
 in the kitchen is period. Two girls -- one a redhead and the
 other Oriental -- wear taffeta robes with stockings rolled
 down to their ankles and smoke cigarettes and drink coffee at
 an enamel kitchen table with decals of Dutch windmills at the
 corners. The red-head is JANICE. A heavy black man of 50,
 SPORT, enters from the parlor. Sport crosses past the girls
 to the stove.

SPORT
 (hollers back over
 his shoulder)
 Y'all want some of my coffee?

CAROLE (O.S.)
 (from the Parlor)
 Sure, Sport.

Then CAROLE SLAYMAN enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAROLE

Call the doctor. Tell him I'm
bringin' Beulah by his office.

She's Cherokee Indian, about 35, with black eyes, even white teeth and shiny black hair that drops over her shoulders. She's 5'8 and with her straight, erect build, she stands out in any crowd. She looks at you straight in the eye. She resembles Keely Smith in her prime and wears a Japanese kimono with a mountain, crane and cloud scene on white silk. Sport hands her the coffee. Carole's originally from Paris, Texas and has a deep accent.

JANICE

(to Carole)
She moanin' again?

CAROLE

(to Janice)
This time it's for real. Appendix.

SPORT

(running on)
You know...if the coffee don't have a good smell it ain't gonna have a good taste, see? The you might as well start a new batch.

CAROLE

Sport, the doctor.
(a beat)

Carole exits. So does Sport. The DOORBELL RINGS.

WIDE

Carole comes back through and answers it.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOORWAY - ON CAROLE

It opens and she's surprised.

CAROLE

My God!
(pause)
I don't believe you're standing right
here in front of me!

WIDEN

to include Harry and Eddie. Carole throws her arms around Harry. He gives her a big smile.

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - WIDE - DAY

Harry, Carole and Eddie enter. Eddie carries two suitcases. The attic is sparse with a couple of beds. Eddie dumps the suitcase on one.

CAROLE
You mind it up here? It's safer. No
one'll see you come and go.

HARRY
It's fine.

EDDIE
(turning)
I'll get the other suitcase...

CAROLE
Go in the kitchen and show Sport.
He'll fetch it up for ya. Don't go
outside in this neighborhood.

Eddie leaves. Carole points to a rear door.

CAROLE
That's the back stairs.

HARRY
(crossing to
Carole)
Where to?

CAROLE
My bedroom.

HARRY
Private?

CAROLE
Absolutely, 'cept for you...
(pause)
I gotta take Beulah to the doctor
now. But I'll be back real soon...

HARRY
Later on...

They smile at each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAROLE

Been a long time, Harry. Long time.

She goes out.

CUT TO:

INT. CAROLE'S BEDROOM - WIDE - DAY

The bedroom is yellow. There's yellow-roses-climbing-trellises wallpaper. It's neither opulent nor sparse. It's plain and comfortable.

A table with a cloth has been set up. Eddie and Harry drink and eat. It's high afternoon. Harry wears a suit vest, collarless striped shirt and trousers. Eddie's eating barbequed chicken with his hands and drinks beer out of a quart bottle. Harry eats Gerber's baby food with a spoon.

HARRY

Don't enjoy that so goddamn much.

EDDIE

Sport makes the best barbequed chicken I ever tasted.

The door opens.

WIDE

Carole returns. She enters with IRENE, 22, good-looking, smart. She's a "high yellow" black woman.

CAROLE

Eddie, this sweet li'l thing is Irene.
(to Harry)
Knows how to keep her mouth shut.

EDDIE

(collecting food
in a napkin)
Lemme gather up these wings. Then
we'll upstairs to mah office in the
attic, you gorgeous gal, you!

IRENE

Keep your shirt on Buster Brown.

EDDIE

You ain't gonna keep yours on,
Toots...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Irene laughs on the way out of the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME, LATER - TWO SHOT - NIGHT

Quiet and intimate. Harry and Carole are at the open window, looking out at the thrashing elm trees in the night wind. It's cool, sensual. After a moment:

CAROLE

(quiet)

1929. Paris, Texas. Way back then
-- way back then. You remember?

HARRY

(smiles)

You remember that?

CAROLE

Sure I do. You and Freddy fresh out
out of Lansing. Come knockin' on mah
door. You were cocky, Harry. But you
were like a Man from the Moon 'bout
women!

HARRY

'Women?' You were a child.

CAROLE

Well...you still didn't know how to
ask or much of anything else,
either...

(laughs)

HARRY

(smiles)

I thought I learnt pretty fast?

CAROLE

(winks)

...you did okay.

(beat)

I bet you think you were a whiz kid...

Harry laughs.

CAROLE

You been in all the papers.

HARRY

You read about Dolores?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAROLE

Yes, I did, Harry. And I am sorry.

HARRY

They said she died painless, in her sleep.

(beat)

Real carefree, full life I give her.

There's a pause.

HARRY

What do the Ohio papers say about my boy?

CAROLE

Your boy's with your Ma and Dad in Chicago. Lionel told me there was full-time cops watchin' the house. Maybe G-men. You can't go to see him, Harry.

HARRY

(pause; changes
the subject)

Those suitcases of guns Freddy and I left in Arkansas? They still there? At your brother Cloud's place?

CAROLE

Yeah. You gonna need 'em now?

HARRY

Later on. Now, I need a guy for something three-handed.

CAROLE

Ain't no one around here if it's big time, Harry.

HARRY

It ain't. This a little sugar score. Big time's around the corner.

CAROLE

How soon?

HARRY

Right away.

CAROLE

(shrugs)

Joe Rich. He ain't much and he's a dope fiend.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAROLE (Cont'd)

(beat)

He's also all there is.

HARRY

That highly recommends him. He stay
off the candy long enough to do a job?

CAROLE

He uses a needle. He keeps it under
control.

HARRY

Get him for me.

Harry looks out the window, wistfully. Carole stares at him.
After a moment:

HARRY

(continuing)

You hear the name Dolores gave my boy?
Raymond Harry. It's mine turned
around. Not Harry Raymond, but
Raymond Harry Campbell...

Carole looks away. We sense her deep feelings for Harry.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE BED - PANNING PAST HARRY AND CAROLE

naked. Carole's waist is narrow and she has wide round hips.
Her skin is dark brown and chestnut against the white line
sheets. Harry's lying on the bed. She mounts him.

HARRY

Doc said I gotta take it real easy...

CAROLE

(whispered;
meaning it)

Gonna treat you like a little baby,
Harry...

CLOSE

She looks across into Harry's eyes and her lips part slowly
into a smile. So do Harry's. She moves in undulating, slow
rhythms.

CAROLE

(whispered)

Okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY
(whispered)
All right...

Harry undoes her barrette and Carole's jet black hair cascades across her shoulders and onto the bed and Harry caresses her skin with it. Harry puts his hand on Carole's thighs and guides her.

HARRY
(continuing)
Carole, you always made the bad times fall away.

CAROLE
And you're like something from once upon a time...that keeps comin' back into my life...

Carole leans forward and her head touches Harry's breast. There's a deep emotional relief for both of these people in their being together...

OUT THE WINDOW

is the night sky and the tops of the trees. The thick leaves RUSTLE back and forth in the wind as if shook by a great hand.

CUT TO:

INT. CAROLE'S HOUSE, FOYER - CLOSE ON DOOR - DAY

It's 6 a.m. and the sun's just come up. The light that shines though the window is a bright morning yellow. We dwell on the door with its white muslin curtains. HOLD. MOVE CLOSER. Then the door CRASHES in on us.

ANGLE

a half dozen MEN in suits carrying Thompson machine guns crash through. Two carry sledgehammers.

CUT TO:

INT. PARLOR

They roll through the parlor and are met by more men who have broken in through the back door. In the kitchen we glimpse Sport: dazed, bloody, on the floor. The men race upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. CAROLE'S BEDROOM - WIDE

The doors come crashing in. The first man in the room is also the first who came through the front door: AGENT STILLMAN. Two other agents take positions on either side of the door jamb, to cover Stillman.

STILLMAN

FBI!

ANGLE

Carole's in bed alone.

CAROLE

What the hell do you think you're doin' comin' in here, busting this place up? Who the hell you think you are, you sonofabitch.

Three more Agents pour into the room and flatten against the wall. They've all received quasi-military training at Quantico and go through moves as if they're a gymnastics squad. It looks overly articulated and faintly ridiculous.

STILLMAN

(arch)

Miss Slayman, ma'am, we are the men of the FBI. Where is Harry Campbell?

By this point other Agents have checked the closet, under the bed, behind the curtains, and out the window. There's no Campbell.

CAROLE

Don't give me that "Miss Slayman Ma'am" crap. I got no idea where Campbell is, and if I did, I wouldn't tell you anyway. So you can take your weenie-waggers here and get the hell outta mah whore house!

STILLMAN

We're gonna ask you some questions.

CAROLE

The hell you are! You got a warrant for my arrest, let's see it, or a warrant to search this joint?

STILLMAN

You better cooperate with us.

CAROLE

Cooperate with you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She starts to make a phone call.

STILLMAN
Who're you calling?

CAROLE
My best customer, the Chief of Police,
you little prick. You're on private
property.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST FARMERS BANK, WAHPETON, NORTH DAKOTA - CLOSE
ON GUARD - DAY

Harry -- wearing overalls, a long tan raincoat and a snap-
brim hat comes right up behind him.

WIDE

There's three Armed Bank Guards in all. We SEE Eddie enter.
He also wears overalls. A third man, JOE RICH, wearing a
leather jacket and cap, stands at the door.

HARRY
(whispered)
Say, I wonder if you could tell me
what time it is...

The Guard, ROGER CARSON, turns around. Harry opens his
jacket and exposes two barrels of a sawed-off shotgun. The
right arm in his rain coat with a glove on the end is phony.
Carson starts to put his hands up. Harry doesn't want to
alert the other guards.

HARRY
(continuing)
Keep 'em down. Walk to your right.
Don't reach for your gun. Don't try
to alert anyone. Go to the locker
room.

GUARD
What are you doing?

PAN ON THEM as they're walking.

HARRY
Keep it quiet.

ANGLE

The Guard and Harry pass the two other Guards and large Clerks behind desks. It's a big bank servicing a rich agricultural area. It's the county seat. They pass opaque glass cages of the executives and head towards a number of doors in the wall at the bank.

HARRY
What's your name?

GUARD
Carson.

HARRY
Christian name?

GUARD
Roger.

Carson has been edging closer to the big window so his path will bring him near another Guard, COBERLY, who stands by a flag talking to a lady.

HARRY
(even)
Roger, you look like a tough number.
But there's four of us and you'll get
the lady killed. I said the locker
room...

Carson sees in Harry's face everything he needs to know and turns away from Coberly and the flag towards the door to the locker room in the rear.

CARSON
I wouldn't risk hurting a lady.
Otherwise...

HARRY
(soothing;
coddling the man)
I know that. If she got in the way
I'd have to shoot her down. And I'd
do exactly what you're doing if I were
in your position. That makes you a
sensible man, Roger.

Carson's ego intact -- he proceeds to the employee's locker room. Carson hesitates at the door. He thinks maybe he can reach his gun. Harry looks at Carson's hand wavering between the door knob and the gun in his holster.

HARRY
(continuing)
Roger, you wanna be alive to tell it
to the papers?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARSON
You bet your sweet life! The coppers,
too!

Carson reaches for the door knob, throws it open and walks into the locker room.

INT. LOCKER ROOM

HARRY
Stop. Turn left. Put your hands on
the wall in front of you at head
height. Lean forward. Touch your
forehead to the wall.

Harry disarms him. His tone changes. He doesn't have to
coddle this man with soothing patter anymore.

HARRY
(continuing)
Straighten up. Turn around. Go sit
on the toilet.

Carson hesitates.

HARRY
(continuing)
Move!

Carson goes into the stall. Harry handcuffs his wrists
behind the pipe and stuffs a roll of toilet paper in his
mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK

Harry comes out the locker room and crosses to the manager's
glass cubicle. He knocks on the door. A sign says: "MR.
ALVARRSON".

ALVARRSON (O.S.)
Come in.

INT. ALVARRSON'S CUBICLE

The glass wall is about six feet high and has no ceiling. If
someone stood on the desk he could see over into the rest of
the bank. One glass wall -- to the interior -- is
transparent. The other three are opaque. Through the
transparent wall, personnel in the bank can be seen working
behind the counter and at their desks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY
You're Mr. Alvarrison?

ALVARRSON
That's right.

HARRY
John Alvarrison?

ALVARRSON
That's right. Who are you?

HARRY
This is a robbery, John. We're here for money. Not to hurt people. You could help us save the lives of your friends by getting them to cooperate. We want everything to go smoothly. So do you. It's your responsibility.

ALVARRSON
I don't believe this!

Harry produces the sawed-off shotgun.

HARRY
Believe it.

ALVARRSON
Oh my God!

HARRY
Count something.

ALVARRSON
Count what?

HARRY
Anything. Just look normal.

Alvarrison begins to count a pad of blank paper.

HARRY
(continuing)
Mr. Carson is in the locker room. There's two other guards. What are their names. Keep counting.

ALVARRSON
(getting scared)
78. 79. Coberly. Mr. Coberly. 80.
81.

HARRY
First name.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALVARRSON
Lynn. 82. 83.

HARRY
The other guy?

ALVARRSON
Pearl. Gerald. Gerry.

HARRY
You're doing good.

Alvarrson is relieved to be told he's doing well.

HARRY
(continuing)
Keep counting, John. When I tell you,
call Coberly in here. Order Coberly
to do exactly as we say because you
don't want any of your friends dead.
You're trying to save lives.

ALVARRSON
Okay. 84. 85. 86.

ALVARRSON
Do it now.

ALVARRSON
(into intercom)
Mary?

MARY (V.O.)
Yes, Mr. Alvarrson?

ALVARRSON
Mary, ask Mr. Coberly to come in here
a minute.

HARRY'S E.O.V.

Coberly approaches and KNOCKS on the door.

ALVARRSON
(continuing)
Come in. 87. 88.

COBERLY
What is it?

ALVARRSON
Put your hands up. We don't want
people hurt!! 89. 90.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COBERLY
What?

HARRY
(from behind;
even)
Hey there, Lynn...

COBERLY
Huh?

Coberly is lulled by his first name and turns. Harry puts the sawed-off shotgun up under his chin. With his other hand he disarms him.

HARRY
Lynn, on the floor.

Coberly is neither foolhardy with bravado like Carson, nor scared like Alvarrrson. He doesn't move. Harry nudges him. He goes. Harry takes a pre-cut piece of rope and hog ties him.

INT. BANK - WIDE

Harry looks out. There's only the one Guard left. Eddie is looking at Harry. Harry nods.

EDDIE

walks over to the third guard, pulls out his Thompson, winds it up like a baseball bat, and drops the guy flat.

HARRY

throws Alvarrrson's waste paper basket through the glass. The CRASH scares the shit out of everybody.

HARRY
Everybody freeze! This is a hold-up!

Harry crosses through.

HARRY
We're here for the money. Not to hurt anybody. It ain't your money. If you obey and do as we say, you'll come out okay.

Everybody's confused and none resist.

ON JOE RICH

watching the doors and windows.

JOE
I got somebody coming.

Two waitresses on their way to work, PEARL and BETTY, walk in. Betty is a Barbie-doll brunette. Pearl's a good-looking blonde.

EDDIE
(with a flourish)
Ladies. This is a hold-up! We're robbing the bank.

BETTY
(excited)
Really?

PEARL
(scared)
Ohmigod!

They move back to the other customers. Eddie looks after Betty and winks. She smiles back.

ON HARRY

The people are docile. He looks around.

HARRY
(to Alvarrison)
Who's the Head Teller?

ALVARRSON
John Moseley.

HARRY
Tell him to cooperate and open the box.

ALVARRSON
I -- I want everyone to cooperate with these men. John...

One clerk off to the side -- Schlitz -- is openly disgusted with Alvarrison.

SCHLITZ
You'll get no cooperation from me.

Harry approaches Schlitz and swings a haymaker into his stomach. Schlitz loses his lunch. Harry keeps him from falling, brings him back up, and punches him again in the nose. Schlitz' nose is gushing blood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LADY TELLER
My God! Stop that!

HARRY
(low)
Quiet.

Harry brings Schlitz to a table in everyone's view and motions him to sit on top of it. Blood is dripping down his white shirt.

HARRY
Stay here and shut up.
(to crowd)
Nobody touches him.
(to Teller)
Don't use your handkerchief. Let it bleed.
(beat)
Who's Moseley?

JOHN MOSELEY walks forward: heavy, middle-aged man.

HARRY
(to Alvarrison)
Can he open the box?

ALVARRSON
Yes.

HARRY
Open it. Everyone else get in the back.
(to Teller)
You stay here.

The rest of the people move to the back of the bank and watch.

HARRY
(continuing to Moseley)
Open the box.

Moseley shakes his head "no". He looks over at Schlitz. By now he has a grotesque splash pattern of blood all over his white shirt. Vomit stains his pants. Schlitz looks at himself, humiliated.

HARRY
(continuing;
barks)
I'm running out of time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The example of Schlitz changes Moseley's mind as it's intended to. He leans over and opens it.

MOSELEY

Okay.

ANGLE ON VAULT

Moseley stands back. The door opens.

HARRY

Eddie!

Eddie throws over an army duffel bag. Harry tosses it to Moseley. Moseley fills it with packets of bills.

INT. BANK - WIDE

Harry comes out of the vault with the duffel bag full of money. He crosses to the door and looks out.

HARRY'S P.O.V.

The street's almost empty. It looks absolutely normal.

INT. BANK

Harry looks at Eddie. Eddie understands the look. It's shorthand for: "something's wrong". Eddie motions the waitresses to him. We don't know why. Eddie waits. Then Harry nods again. Eddie brings Pearl and Betty forward. They've crouched down. They're scared.

EDDIE

(comforting)

Nobody'll hurt you, gals. We been through this here drill lotsa times. Gives ya somthin' tell your grand children 'bout.

HARRY takes Pearl; Eddie takes Betty's hand like they're going out on a date. Betty believes Eddie. Pearl's scared. Harry crosses to the front door. The street still looks normal. From behind the jamb Harry shouts seemingly to nobody in particular.

HARRY

(to the outside)

We're coming out!! With hostages!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETTY
(changes her mind)
Oh, please, please, please. Don't
make me go out there!

EDDIE
This is business. Now you move it,
sugar-tit, or I'm gonna blow yore ass
off!

HARRY
(shouts)
We're comin' out! We've got hostages.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - FRONT OF BANK - CLOSE

Harry and Eddie with Pearl and Betty in front of them with
guns at their heads walk out of the bank. Betty is white
with fear and falls down in a faint on the sidewalk and
urinates. Eddie grabs her under her breasts and holds her
up. He has a .45 held under her chin. The hammer's cocked
back. Still, no one has appeared on the street.

HARRY, EDDIE AND THE GIRLS

get into the green 1935 Buick 4-door at the curb. Joe Rich
follows. Harry gets in on one side and Eddie gets in the
other, but they leave both girls on the running boards on
opposite sides of the car and ties their wrists together
around the door posts. Harry looks out the window and Eddie
starts the car.

HARRY'S P.O.V.

Now Deputies, Cops, Vigilantes and others appear from behind
cover and fill the street from one end to the other. They
had been in ambush. Most of the men are aiming directly at
Harry and the car. But none fire because of the two women. A
couple run into the bank.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - LEAVING

Eddie lets out the clutch.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - ON SHERIFF

frustrated.

SHERIFF
(half to himself)
Goddammit.

Just then, Schlitz runs out of the bank and grabs one Deputy's .30-06 Springfield with a scope and lifts it to his shoulder. He FIRES, works the bolt, FIRES again, works the bolt...

SHERIFF
(crossing; to Schlitz)
You sonofabitch! That's Betty up there!

MERCHANT
(to Sheriff)
That's our money leaving town, Ted!

Schlitz' third SHOT goes wild because the Sheriff grabs the rifle away and knocks Schlitz sideways. Schlitz goes flying. But another man SHOOTS.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

Harry whips around. He can't believe they're SHOOTING. Pearl's leg is smashed. She and Betty SHRIEK wildly.

HARRY
What the hell! They crazy?!

EDDIE
(can't believe it either; to Betty)
You'll be all right! You'll be all right!

The car's taking hits. They're 50 yards from the left turn.

HARRY
(to Rich)
Throw up the shield!

In the backseat, Joe Rich pushes a heavy piece of metal up against the back window, which has already been shot out.

CUT TO:

TRAVELING SHOT - ON CAR

The car makes it around the corner into the escape route and accelerates over a bridge. It stops on the other side. Harry leans out the door and lights a fuse on the ground and Eddie pulls away.

ANGLE - ON BRIDGE

It EXPLODES and half the bridge falls into the river, cutting off the town and pursuit.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIELD - WIDE - DAY

The Buick is off the road behind bushes in field of wheat stubble. Harry has Pearl (the blonde who was scared) on the ground -- looking at her leg. She's dumb with shock.

HARRY
(carrying her)
Joe, get my medical bag from under the seat.

Harry tightens a tourniquet and then loosens it again.

HARRY
(continuing)
You'll be okay. I'll give you something to take care of the pain.

Harry waits. Finally Joe brings the medical bag.

HARRY
(continuing; to Joe)
There's a bag of corks in the back seat. Plug up the holes they shot in the gas tank before it all runs out.
(Joe leaves)

Harry searches through the medical bag for the morphine kit. Eddie enters -- grim.

EDDIE
(to Harry)
The other one's head shot.

Eddie looks at Harry. Harry's attention is in the bag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEARL
 Betty?
 (there's no
 answer)
 My God!
 (shrieking to
 Harry)
 What did you do to her?

EDDIE
 The people in town shot her lady. Not
 us!

Pearl's getting hysterical with pain:

PEARL
 Outlaw bastards! Betty! You killed
 her!

EDDIE
 We steal from bankers what they stole
 from workin' people...we never hurt
 workin' people or stole a family's
 farm!

HARRY
 (cutting him off)
 Eddie! Where the hell's the morphine
 kit?

EDDIE
 I put it in the bag!

The pain suddenly clenches Betty's whole nervous system and
 she's writhing -- out of control.

OTHER SIDE OF CAR - REAR SHOT OF JOE

He's bent over doing something. Joe has the morphine kit by
 the car hood and loads a quarter grain phial of morphine into
 the syringe. Pearl SCREAMS over:

HARRY (O.S.)
 What the hell you doing?

JOE
 (spins)
 I got to fix up. Right now.

INCLUDE HARRY

Rich turns and tries to shove the hypodermic into his arm. Harry spins him around and smashes him in the head and knocks him into the car. The kit goes flying. Harry winds up and hits him in the stomach and Joe caves in like a paper bag and drops. Harry picks up the syringe off the ground.

HARRY

crosses to Pearl -- still SCREAMING -- and cleans her and the needle with alcohol and shoves the quarter grain of morphine into her leg. She writhes, looks away and MOANS low.

ON BUSHES - CLOSE TWO SHOT

Eddie has pulled a pre-buried cache out from under the bushes. Inside an oil-skin are two five-gallon cans of gasoline. Harry enters. They exchange a disgusted look.

EDDIE
(sarcastic)
A real sugar score...

HARRY
(wry)
Yeah...

EDDIE
Since when'd they start shootin'
hostages?

While filling gas Eddie has reached into the duffel bag and rifled the bank money.

EDDIE
(continuing)
You better see somethin'...You
couldn't buy carfare with this stuff,
let alone line up a score!

TIGHTEN - HARRY

flips through one packet of bills. He looks through another. He licks his thumb like a cashier and leafs through the notes as fast as any bank teller. It's new currency. The serial numbers are in sequence. He throws it down and examines a third. He throws it down as well.

HARRY
(quiet)
Brand new.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE
It's all recorded. What do we do?

Eddie stuffs it back in the duffel bag.

HARRY
(quiet)
No problem. Unload it in Chicago.

HARRY AND EDDIE

carry the cans of gas and the duffel bag past Pearl to the Buick.

HARRY
(continuing; to
Eddie)
Pick her up and put her in the car.
We'll drop her off at a doctor in the
first town.

Joe is on all fours by the hubcap, retching. It's chaotic.
Harry tosses the duffel bag in the backseat and surveys the
scene...

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE DINING ROOM - WIDE - DAY

Except for the men on the bridge chairs, the room's empty.
It's oak paneled. The floor is parquet. There is a high
wainscot. Crumbled papers litter one corner. Harry sits;
Eddie stands at the door watching. The other men in chairs
are ISADORE GUZICK, TONY and SAM FISCHETTI and PHIL D'ANDREA.
They wear 1930's leisure wear; golfing knickers, an argyle, a
yachting blazer, etc.

IZ
I don't think we can help you this
time.

HARRY
Why not, Iz?

IZ
There was a convention at the Waldorf
in New York last fall. Meyer and
Luciano. Costello. Felix from here.
You know Mo from Cleveland?

Harry nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IZ

(continuing)

He was there. Blumenthal from St. Paul. It's organized into a national syndicate. It's with rules, policies, now. Like Standard Oil, Harry.

(beat)

One decision is that independents like you are bad for business. Too much noise. Too much shooting. Too many headlines. So the new rule is no more open doors. No more safe houses. No more doctors. No more nothin' that helps you guys. Harry, we ain't gonna launder your money.

Harry doesn't say anything. His silence makes the men uneasy. Harry stands. Iz pulls his wallet out and takes out seven \$1,000 bills.

IZ

(continuing,
condescending)

This is from me. Not the syndicate. So it's personal; not policy. Tide you over... for old time's sake, pal.

HARRY

(leaving)

Forget it.

TONY FISCHETTI

(rises; pissed at
the rebuff)

Hey, you...!

HARRY

(even)

What?

Tony sits back down. Iz puts the money back in his wallet. Harry and Eddie leave the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. CICERO HOUSE

Harry and Eddie come out the front door and they cross to the Auburn.

EDDIE

What the hell we 'sposed to do now?

Phil D'Andrea comes out of the house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

D'ANDREA
Wait a minute! Wait a minute!

Harry and Eddie stop in the middle of the lawn. D'Andrea rushes up.

D'ANDREA
(continuing)
You think you can do this favor for me? For my son, Markee. It would really be a pistol if he had your autograph.

D'Andrea has a piece of paper and pen in his hand. Harry and Eddie look at each other and walk away.

D'ANDREA
(continuing)
Hey, come on!
(pleading)
You gonna make a little boy real unhappy! Why do that to a kid, huh?

ANGLE

Harry gets in the Auburn and it pulls away from the curb.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT STAIRCASE - WIDE - DAY

A grey granite "Public" building. A crowd is gathered. A film crew for Movietone News is there along with 35 boys, 12 to 15, all wearing knickers. Hoover enters, followed by Cooper and MacLean. The Producer gestures a make-up man forward. The Man brushes powder on Hoover.

PRODUCER
Ready when you are, Mr. Hoover.

HOOVER
Okay.

Hoover crosses to the first Boy. An Aide has a box with medals in it.

HOOVER
What's your name, son?

HARRIS
Harris.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRODUCER

Roll 'em. Anytime, Mr. Hoover.

Hoover turns to the CAMERA.

HOOVER

"G-Men" all over the country -- and we much prefer to be called 'The Men of the FBI' -- have picked up the gauntlet flung down by the outlaws, highwaymen and wanton murderers. As Director of the FBI a part of my task is to help prevent crime, not just treat the disease. And these Junior Crime Fighters of America...

The IMAGE DE-SATURATES MID SHOT into BLACK AND WHITE. We don't know why.

HOOVER

(continuing)

...have each other and every one stopped some crime from occurring and prevented another entry in the black book of criminal deeds. As Director of the FBI, I am rewarding them with these medals today. My good friend, Harris, here, is the first.

Hoover takes a medal from the tray and pins it in Harris' breast. Polite applause.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE - ON MA AND FREDDY BARKER - BLACK AND WHITE - DAY

The bullet-ridden bodies are on a slab. It's a still photograph and in BLACK AND WHITE.

MOVIE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(loud; booming)

And to prove Mr. Hoover's phrase "all that glitters is not gold", here are bodies of America's 'former' top gangsters: Freddy Barker and the blood-thirsty Ma Barker. Now: the infamous John Dillinger!

(new photo)

Another of the highwaymen and murderers who thought he could get something for nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY (O.S.)
(whispered)
You guarantee this money moves outside
the United States?

We don't know what Harry's voice is doing in the newsreel.

KISSELL (O.S.)
I guarantee it! Don't worry about it.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL we're really:

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - ON SCREEN - NIGHT

We've been looking at the rest of the newsreel that Hoover started filming in Washington. Dillinger's picture is replaced by a mugshot of Baby Face Nelson then a crime scene photo of Nelson with seventeen bullet holes in a ditch.

HARRY (O.S.)
(whispered)
What business are you in?

KISSELL (O.S.)
(whispered)
Labor unions. My business is labor unions.

MOVIE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(booming; loud)
And another! Baby Face Nelson! Dead of gangrene infection from 17 gun shot wounds. He met his end in the same gutter from which he was spawned.

EDDIE (O.S.)
(whispered)
'Cording to Dean, you're new at this.

KISSELL (O.S.)
(whispered)
There's a first time for everything.
So what?

HARRY (O.S.)
(whispered)
'So what' is this ain't the Amateur Hour! And you're a two-bit wise-guy hustler.

EDDIE (O.S.)
(low)
You're a boy. You're dealing with serious people and don't know it.
(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOVIE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(continuing,
booming, loud)
In cooperation with the FBI, and its
Director, J. Edgar Hoover we now
present the FBI's Most Wanted List.

HARRY (O.S.)
(whispered)
This money gets passed in the States,
we will come back and kill you.

KISSELL (O.S.)
(whispered)
Mexico City and Caracas!

MOVIE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(loud; booming)
Currently at large in the midwest...

Onto the screen FLASHES a huge mug shot of Harry.

KISSELL (O.S.)
Oh my God!...

MOVIE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(booming; loud)
...is U.S. Public Enemy Number One.
Harry Campbell. This man, Eddie Day,
is believed traveling with him.

Harry's picture is replaced with a mug shot of Eddie Day,
profile and frontal.

EDDIE (O.S.)
Jesus!

The screen is divided in half with Harry's picture on the
right and Eddie's on the left.

KISSELL (O.S.)
Let's get out...

HARRY (O.S.)
(tense; whispered)
Shut up!

MOVIE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(melodramatic)
Harry Campbell is 32, five foot eight
and slim build. He has scars on his
fingertips, earlobes and face. Eddie
Day is 28, six feet two, large build
and usually wears a mustache. Both
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MOVIE ANNOUNCER (Cont'd)
men are heavily armed and extremely
dangerous. The FBI has a \$5,000
reward for information leading to the
capture -- dead or alive -- of
Campbell.

Different pictures of Campbell and Day appear on the screen.

MOVIE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(continuing)
In a moment we will raise the lights.
These men may be sitting right next
to you, ladies and gentlemen. You may
pass them on the street. Stare
closely at their pictures and then
look around you.

Images on the screen fade into paleness as the HOUSE LIGHTS
COME UP and everybody turns around in their seats and
giggles.

ANGLE FROM THE FRONT ROW

ZOOM IN to the middle of one row in the center of the
theatre. Halfway through the ZOOM, we SEE Harry Campbell and
Eddie Day and a nervous, sharp-looking man, KISSELL.

MIDDLE ROW: HARRY, KISSELL + EDDIE

KISSELL
(whispered)
My God! We got to get out!

Eddie throws one arm around Kissell and holds him steady and
flashes a big smile. Kissell suddenly freezes. We don't
know why. The people on either side talk. CLOSER we SEE
Eddie has jabbed his .45 into Kissell's ribs. No one
recognizes them. The lights DIM. We hear a Betty Boop
cartoon begin.

HARRY
(low)
We don't wanna deal with you, but
we're gonna deal with you.

The RUSTLE of suitcases being exchanged.

EDDIE
(as they leave)
Stay a while. Enjoy the cartons...

CUT TO:

INT. ELECTRIC STREET CAR - ON WINDOW - DAY

Sudden BRIGHT LIGHT. PULL BACK into an electric streetcar. Harry rides in a backseat. The seats are hard-woven yellow straw. Sparks ZAP and SPIT. The bell RINGS.

ANGLE ON FRONT

Passengers get on and present transfers or coins to the CONDUCTOR. They're mostly Slavic workers with lunch boxes and foreign newspapers. The streetcar goes to the next stop. An old man with white hair and a white mustache and a shopping bag, a heavy set woman with black hair get on and take a seat halfway down the aisle. The woman sits across the aisle from him. The Conductor pulls the cord at the ceiling. The BELL RINGS. The street car lurches. Harry moves up next to the old man. He is UNCLE ZIVILE.

HARRY
Can I sit here, Uncle?

Harry looks at the man. After a moment the man nods. Then Harry says in Lithuanian:

HARRY
(continuing)
How is the baby?

UNCLE
(smiles)
Beautiful, Harry.

He looks around, suspiciously, then reaches into his shopping bag.

HARRY'S P.O.V. INTO THE BAG: HIS SON
swaddled in thick blankets and knit baby clothes.

HARRY'S FACE
as his son wakes up.

HARRY
(swells)
Beautiful! Beautiful boy!

UNCLE
Husky!

Harry holds up his baby and laughs. He looks into Raymond's eyes. Raymond holds onto his finger and goes back to sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME - LATER - TWILIGHT

Harry still holds his son, who's awake now and reaches for Harry's face. Harry's been riding with him from daylight into twilight. Uncle Zivile has dozed off.

HARRY

(low)

...and while you're growing, your Uncle Zivile and Aunt Sophia will take good care of you. Your momma loves you from heaven.

(beat)

Your daddy loves you. Someday Raymond, I'll come get you and tell you about all of it, how beautiful your mamma was, what we planned... what happened...

He kisses the baby's hand. Uncle Zivile is awake and watching him. He gives Harry a small framed portrait of his son and takes the baby.

HARRY

Thank you, Uncle Zivile. Give this money to my father.

Harry hands a yellow envelope of money to his Uncle. His Aunt Sophia won't look at him.

UNCLE

Go with God Harry.

HARRY

Thank you. Thank you.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - ON REAR STREETCAR - NIGHT

While the streetcar still moves, Harry stands on the back wooden running board and jumps off. Harry's Auburn -- that we now see has been tailing the streetcar -- momentarily slows. Harry climbs in.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR, TRAVELING - TWO SHOT - NIGHT

Eddie drives. He puts the .45, which he had on the seat, back into his waistband. After a moment Harry smiles and hands the baby picture to Eddie.

HARRY

Take a look at that...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Harry proudly shows Eddie the picture of his son.

Eddie examines it while he drives.

EDDIE

You're a lucky man. You're gonna have
a great time with this li'l feller.

(beat, running on)

His Uncle Eddie'll have to teach him
to fly fish. Huh?

The glow drops off Harry's face as Eddie turns the corner.
Harry looks out the passenger window at the departing street
car.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - LAFAYETTE, INDIANA - ON HARRY - NIGHT

Light reflects around Harry off the quilted aluminum
everything of a converted railroad car diner. It's
streamlined. It's closed. Harry, Eddie and DEAN MOLARIS are
the only people inside. Dean is a middle-aged man, totally
bald with giant forearms and tattoos. His nose is flattened
all over his face. He wears white. All three men sit in a
booth. Harry stares at names written on a paper napkin. He
has more yellow envelopes he's stuffing money into in front
of him. Names are written on them. Eddie drinks a beer.

HARRY

(re: napkin)

Not a bad crew.

DEAN

(shrugs)

It were tough to pull together. No
spring chickens in dat bunch. But
none of dem young jitterbuggers
either.

HARRY

(reading)

Connie Ritter, Larry Hunter, Sam Coker
was with me in Lincoln, Nebraska in
'32.

(beat)

You did real good, Dean. Here's your
cake.

(passes first

yellow envelope)

Make the calls. Here's their travel
money. They'll hear what the score
is when they arrive.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY (Cont'd)
(passes second
envelope)
Now this...

Harry holds up third envelope and passes it.

HARRY
(continuing)
\$20,000. The work house outside
Toledo and the shopping list. Plus
buy one of those Ford motor cars with
that new V-8 engine and drop it at
Teddy's machine shop. He knows what
to do.

Fourth envelope.

HARRY
(continuing)
Some dope fiend we just used on a job
got picked up in Milwaukee. Can you
courier his share to his old lady in
Canton?

DEAN
Yeah.

Harry tosses over the fourth envelope. Dean crosses behind
the counter.

DEAN
Wanna hamburger or something for the
road?

EDDIE
Burnt onna outside and a slice a raw.

DEAN
Harry?

HARRY
Jell-O...

Dean flips a patty on the grill. It SIZZLES.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDIANA COUNTRYSIDE - PANNING WITH HARRY'S AUBURN -
NIGHT

Eddie laughs. We don't HEAR IT. He tosses a paper bag out
the window. We pan into a WIDE REAR SHOT of the Auburn

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

driving through open farm land. On the right are black furrows of earth. The Auburn's yellow beams splay onto the blue ribbon of highway and then disappear over the top of a hill.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLOUD'S RANCH, STAND OF COTTON WOODS - HARRY + EDDIE - DAY

100 yards from dilapidated farm buildings. While Eddie digs with a spade:

EDDIE
(shovel strikes
something)
Got it...

ANGLE

Eddie's unearthed two heavy traveling cases.

ANGLE FROM TOP

He strains and pulls the first one out.

EDDIE
(turning red)
Jesus...

Harry undoes the straps on the first case and opens it.

HARRY'S P.O.V.; TRAVELING CASES

Inside is a treasure: six Thompson actions and barrels. Each one is neatly wrapped in oil skin. Harry lifts off the tray containing the actions and barrels and underneath are stocks and drums of ammunition and cleaning tools, each in its recess. Suddenly...

HARRY

is grabbed and swung into the air by a 6'6" Cherokee Indian. Eddie reacts.

CLOUD
Harry. Harry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cloud's face is pockmarked and his matted hair is down to his shoulders. There's ugly scars on his forehead. He laughs and hugs Harry.

HARRY
Cloud! How you feelin'?

Cloud puts Harry down. Harry brushes back Cloud's long hair and looks at the side of his head. Cloud bats Harry's arm away.

CLOUD
Cloud okay!

HARRY
Lemme see.

Cloud leans down and pushes back his own hair. Above his right ear there's a large indentation and a purplish scar. Cloud lets his hair fall.

HARRY
That's good. This is my friend Eddie.

They shake hands.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLOUD'S RANCH, BUILDINGS - WIDER - DAY

Not only the bed, but a dresser, a kitchen table, chairs, a stove and an old rocking chair are outside. They're arranged into a room setting in the farm yard. The small house isn't lived in.

A couple dozen chickens are perched all over. They jump on top of the dresser; on top of a chair. One sits on the headboard of the bed.

HARRY + EDDIE

are at the kitchen table. All the Thompson actions are stripped and the parts neatly arranged. Harry and Eddie clean and oil everything. Cloud watches.

HARRY
Why'd you move outside?

CLOUD
Dunno. S-s-see sky.

He waves his arms all around him. The landscape is a flat plain and there's nothing but Big Sky. Harry sips coffee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOUD
Cloud wanna go. You doin' big time
job. Cloud okay.

Cloud brushes back his hair to show Harry the scar again.
Eddie turns away.

HARRY
This is for small guys. We gotta
tunnel inside a place. You're too big
a fella. Maybe the next one.

CLOUD
This one.

HARRY
Next one.
(beat)
I'll make you a trade...

Harry pauses. Cloud waits.

CLOUD
C'mon, c'mon!

HARRY
Been to Maybelle's?

CLOUD
Forget job. You gotta trade!

Cloud LAUGHS and slaps Harry on the back like he tricked him.
Harry LAUGHS. Cloud slaps the table a couple of times,
shaking up everything. Eddie doesn't know what's going on.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAYBELLE'S PARKING LOT - WIDE - NIGHT

A couple of old trucks are in front. Maybelle's is half
cabin, half shack, set back from the road. It's lit up by
two naked light bulbs in reflectors. Harry's Auburn PULLS
INTO FRAME. He and Eddie and Cloud get out, scattering some
chickens. Cloud's in the lead.

HARRY
Cloud!
(Cloud turns)
You take it easy in there. No stunts.

CLOUD
Cloud easy.

Cloud starts away. Harry grabs his arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY
I'm not kidding!

CLOUD
Okay, okay

Cloud is already up the stairs and on the porch. He goes in.
LUCY comes out. She's a 300-pound black woman.

LUCY
Who's that?
(alarmed)
What you want?

HARRY
(to Lucy, low)
Did you forget me, Lucy? How's it
goin', Leo?

LUCY
(pause)
My God! Harry!

She gives Harry a big hug. Eddie follows onto the porch.
They start to enter.

CUT TO:

INT. MAYBELLE'S HALLWAY - ON DOOR - NIGHT

Harry and Eddie approach. Lucy KNOCKS on door.

HARRY
(to Lucy; suddenly
serious)
How is she?

LUCY
Gettin' on Harry...

MAYBELLE (O.S.)
I hears you. Ya'll come in.

Lucy motions them in.

CUT TO:

INT. MAYBELLE'S ROOM - WIDE - NIGHT

It's a museum of memorabilia of Maybelle's life. Most of it is the trash and trappings and pictures of an old woman. At the far end in a deep, winged chair sits MAMA MAYBELLE. Her face is hidden in the shadows. She speaks in a thick slur.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY
It's Harry, Mama Maybelle.

MAYBELLE
Come on closer, Harry.

She leans forward and we see her. She's a haggard old black woman with ash gray hair lit by four yellow oil lamps. She's almost sightless. She nods in and out of a morphine stupor. The yellow lamps frame her like a religious deity, an oracle. Eddie looks around the strange room.

EDDIE'S P.O.V. - CLOSE

A sideboard is covered with lace lit by sixteen or seventeen small yellow candles. On it is a variety of kits, hypodermics, vials, and engraved silver containers for an assortment of narcotics. Elsewhere are pictures of a young black blues singer from the early '20's in sequined gowns. After a moment the resemblance tells us it was Maybelle.

MAYBELLE
(continuing)
How you been, Harry?

HARRY (O.S.)
Up and down.

WIDE

MAYBELLE
Lucy read me the paper about you.
What you comin' to Mama's jukin' joint
for, Harry? Want Mama to Toss your
Fall? Want me to tell you what I see,
Harry?

HARRY
Yes, ma'am.

Maybelle's hand moves the arm of a wind-up phonograph set up at her side. The record is a scratched recording of Lonnie Johnson. It's a wine-rich voice and deep and gravely. The MUSIC plays OVER the scene. Maybelle reaches behind her and brings out an old Ball jar filled with debris.

MAYBELLE
You think what you want to know,
Harry, and Mama Maybelle gonna gib you
the answer.

The MUSIC plays. It's part of her meditation. She nods slightly.

CLOSE ON HARRY

His eyes are closed.

ON MAMA MAYBELLE

She spills the jar in front of her onto a low table.

MACRO CLOSEUP - THE CONTENTS

She feels the contents with her hands: pieces of bone, a thimble, the skull of a field mouse, the skull of a snake, a John the Conqueror, one die, a few dominoes, some thread rolling into a ball, a baby rattle, sinister twisted pieces of dark wood, a two-inch high black man doll, a two-inch high white man doll, and a Mojo.

WIDEN

MAYBELLE

It gonna be okay, Harry. You ain't gonna die for awhile. But, you gonna be alone. Don't be afraid of bein' alone, Harry.

ON MAYBELLE

MAYBELLE

(continuing, after
a pause)

And you gonna fly like a bird. You gonna fly like a bird.

Harry laughs. Maybelle smiles.

EDDIE

Hear that? We're golden and glowin'.

ON HARRY

MAYBELLE (O.S.)

You believe that, Harry?

HARRY

Yes.

Harry starts taking a bill from his wallet. WIDEN

MAYBELLE

You keep it, son.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

It's to keep the fires going.

MAYBELLE

Uh-huh. You keep it. Cause we ain't gonna be seeing each other ever again.

HARRY

Why not?

MAYBELLE

'Cause tha's the way it goes.

She laughs. She nods as they leave.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT PARLOR

Leo sits with an old dog and his baseball bat next to an oil stove. Two large and one thin black men are shooting craps in the corner with muffled pleadings to the dice. Three girls in stockings with dusky, sensual eyes look up as Harry and Eddie enter from the front hall. Leo's smoking a "muggle" -- a joint. Harry and Eddie are easy in the glow of Mama Maybelle's endorsement.

HARRY

Where's Cloud, Leo?

LEO

(motions to window)

Well...see...he took Charlotte and Jeanne and that wild Ruth outside.

EDDIE

All three?

LEO

That's right. He say he want to be outside! Undah the sky.

Just then Cloud laughs somewhere O.S.

LEO

(continuing)

And he say you pay double, dey catch cold runnin' 'round bareass.

(pause)

HARRY

(laughs)

I'll pop for it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEO
Wanna muggle smoke?

Eddie takes a joint from Leo and lights it and smokes it like a cigarette and passes it to Harry. Leo takes a big hit off a pint and passes it to Eddie who wipes the neck and drinks. Eddie looks over at the girls in the b.g. and smiles. One comes up beside him.

Harry exhales blue smoke. MOVE IN PAST the men to the blue night sky and the outline of tall pines and some silhouetted vision of Cloud's menage a quatre rolling and tumbling around on the ground. One laughs and runs off. Then she comes back. Another howls with delight.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ANTE-ROOM - HOOVER + MAC LEAN - NIGHT
cross through to an inner door.

HOOVER
(looking up)
How'd we find him?

MAC LEAN
We didn't. Postal authorities had him observed in St. Louis on an Omaha mail robbery and followed him to Kansas City where they were using a secret listening device on his telephone. They alerted us.

HOOVER
Well he's ours now.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - HOOVER + MAC LEAN - NIGHT
enter. Hoover stands there in his pristine white suit.

REVERSE - CONNIE RITTER'S

been grilled for the last two days straight. He's balding, tall and precise. Now he's unshaven. He sweats. He's in a stained undershirt. His arms and face are bruised. His suspenders are at his waist.

HOOVER (O.S.)
Do you know who I am?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ritter looks up. WIDEN to include Hoover. Hoover's so clean, Ritter's embarrassed. He slouches.

RITTER

Yessir.

HOOVER

Good. Let's hear the device.

MAC LEAN

First time a recording device such as this was used in a criminal case.

THEIR P.O.V.: WIRE RECORDER

connected to the megaphone of a period phonograph. It scratchily plays back:

CONNIE (V.O.)

(filter)

Yeah? Hello?

DEAN MOLARIS (V.O.)

Connie. It's Dean from Indiana. It's on.

It cuts out.

HOOVER

What you're doing is the right thing. Once you work with us, you're part of a Big Family, son. Suddenly you have a lot of people you can call on who can really help you. You can call me, personally.

Hoover's hand goes to Connie's shoulder. There's distaste nowhere in Hoover's open aspect. Ritter relaxes. He buys it. Hoover leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ANTE-ROOM

Hoover crosses through the Interrogation Room and while washing and drying his hands at a sink and before leaving...

HOOVER

(to Agent)

Clean him up. Ship him out. Fish him in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT

Yessir.

CUT TO:

INT. TOLEDO HOUSE, SECOND FLOOR - CONNIE RITTER - DAY

exhales blue cigarette smoke on the second floor landing and looks out the window. He watches the Auburn approach up the highway.

HUNTER (O.S.)

Connie. Wanta sandwich? Whaddaya doin' up there?

Connie stubs out his cigarette and leaves.

ZOOM IN out the window to the car pulling into the front yard. It's Harry and Eddie.

CUT TO:

INT. TOLEDO HOUSE, ATTIC - DAY

We HEAR the attic door being unlocked. It opens admitting a shaft of light that illuminates motes of dust. The silhouetted forms of Harry and the others enter.

REVERSE - A LARGE TABLE

covered with a bed sheet is in the center of the room. Harry stands at the head of the table. Eddie and the five other men array themselves around the edges. They settle...

HARRY

Boys, it's one helluva stunt.

The four men we haven't seen before are: LARRY HUNTER (35, blonde hair); SAM COKER (55 with psoriasis); BEN GRAYSON (40, a large man); and BROCK (fat, short, 39). Connie Ritter is calm and natural.

HUNTER

What is it?

HARRY

We're gonna hold up a train.

HUNTER

A train?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEN

(laughs)

What the hell we gonna do, ride up on horseback? C'mon Harry, what's the job?

Harry drinks his milk and opens a bottle of Gerber's Applesauce Baby Food.

HARRY

That's the job, boys. And I ain't foolin'.

SAM COKER

What's on this train, Harry?

HARRY

The payroll from the Federal Reserve Bank in Cleveland for all the steel mills around Youngstown and Warren.

Harry billows the sheet off the table. Underneath is a big model train set.

BEN

You ain't foolin'...

HARRY

\$860,000. Second Wednesday of each month. We take it April 12th.

Slow smiles dawn. 860,000 1937 dollars is a major score and the iconoclastic object of it -- a train -- makes it especially appealing to these men.

CLOSE ON TRAIN ENGINE IN MODEL PHOTOGRAPHY

It pulls FORWARD into a station. DWELL on the model and follow the movements per Harry's description of events on the level of the board.

HARRY (O.S.)

(continuing)

... Armored mail car is toward the middle. Its stops right at the station, here. First thing happens...

(and the train stops)

...Ben takes the engineer.

Harry's hand moves Ben Grayson's soldier to the American Flier Engine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY (O.S.)
 (continuing)
 Connie and Brock are at this end of
 the platform.
 (moves soldiers)
 You're pinning this flank in case of
 trouble. Take care of anything that
 comes this way.
 (beat)
 Sam, you're gonna be up this here
 pole. Like you did with me and Freddy
 Barker in Minneapolis in '31.

CLOSE ON SAM

He nods.

SAM
 Is there iron on the pole?

HARRY
 No, you'll use spikes.

CLOSE ON STATION

Harry takes the roof off the station, revealing the interior
 and picks up Larry's soldier.

HARRY (O.S.)
 (continuing)
 Eddie and I will come out and take the
 mail car. If the door doesn't open,
 we dynamite the side of the car.

WIDE

CONNIE
 What do I do if there's people left
 on the platforms when you blow the
 car?

HARRY
 Move them out of the way.

CONNIE
 When's it gonna happen?

HARRY
 Wednesday.

BEN
 How do we get out?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

We split the take in the work car on the way to the rendezvous. After... you split up any way you want. It's better nobody knows anybody else's plan.

LARRY

What are we carryin'?

HARRY

I got six Thompsons, two Winchester model 93 twelve gauge shotguns, a .303 Savage, a .30 06 Springfield with a sniper scope for Sam. And .45 sidearms.

(pause; sniffs)

There's webbing and clips for carrying under your coats.

(beat)

It happens at 3:17 in the afternoon.

ON HARRY

HARRY

(continuing)

Each of you pick your soldier off the board and move your own man through the moves. It's 3:10. It's seven minutes before the train hits Port Clinton. Let's see it...

Harry backs up the electric train.

CUT TO:

INT. LAKE HAMILTON COTTAGE NEAR TOLEDO - WIDE - NIGHT

Harry and Carole are on the jetty, leaning against the rail and eating ham sandwiches and drinking beer from a bottle. At the end of the jetty there's a yellow light. The water is black, like a mirror. On the opposite shore are tall pines. Crickets BUZZ. Occasional fish SPLASH near the shore.

CAROLE

What was it like with Dolores?

Harry doesn't answer for a minute. Then:

HARRY

About the closest thing to living what I guess is a normal life I ever come to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAROLE
Like how?

HARRY
What do you wanna know for?

CAROLE
Curious.

HARRY
Ask me something else.

CAROLE
(pause)
Freddy and Ma?

HARRY
They were settled in over in Lake
Weir. We were in Little River. We
were trying to step into a new life,
you see?

CAROLE
Ma finally get her garden?

HARRY
(smiles)
Yep. And Freddy was goin' to seed and
lovin' every minute. Manhattans...
(they both laugh)
Made 'em in a milkshake machine.
(pause)
Dolores was making clothes...
(pause)
Got so quiet, one time I went down to
the drugstore for a pack of cigarettes
and didn't come back. Fifty miles
down the road I changed my mind and
turned around. Way things worked out
for everybody, I'd a done them a favor
to keep goin...

CAROLE
When it's done, when ya leave... Will
you take me away with you, Harry?
There's nothin' here, anymore. It's
all coming to an end.

Harry's surprised and says nothing.

CAROLE
I'm not young like Dolores. I'm not
trying to replace her in your
affection.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAROLE (Cont'd)

(pause)

Do you understand?

HARRY

Yes.

CAROLE

And you and me don't have that True Romance type love, you know? But I'm your best friend in the whole world, and I think you're mine. And when we come together it's like we're meant to be that way.

Harry doesn't answer.

CAROLE

(continuing)

And that's a sign. Now I ain't gonna be a burden. If it don't work out, I can always make my way...

CLOSE ON HARRY

He wants to say "yes" to this woman.

HARRY

(stiff)

Carole, I never found a name for the sentiment between us. It's like you said. But I been down that road, so I was plannin' on goin' alone. Just me and Eddie.

(beat)

But can I think it over?

Carole touches his cheek. Her brown eyes stare at him a long moment. Then she turns from his hand and turns from his eyes and settles her back into his chest and their hands link in front of her. They stay that way on the jetty projected over the black water with the yellow light at the end.

CUT TO:

INT. CADILLAC, CLEVELAND - TRAVELING - DAY

It's QUIET. Hoover is irritated. It makes him electric. He and MacLean are in the backseat.

HOOVER

Tell me about Ritter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAC LEAN

He made the contact. They've got some kind've code worked out. No one knows where Campbell stays, but we know they meet every morning and his approach to the house Ritter's in -- is down Highway 406. We'll take him on that road.

HOOVER

(interrupts)

What's wrong with Port Clinton Station?

MAC LEAN

We agreed with Ritter that it's best to do it on Highway 406 alone. No crowds, no people...

HOOVER

(interrupting;
irritated)

The man is pulling off the biggest modern day train robbery in history. You think I'm going to pass up a canvas like that to make my arrest in front of?

The car pulls up in front of the FBI office in Cleveland, Ohio. Agents are on hand to open the Director's door. They start to. He smiles briefly at them and closes it again. He wants to talk in private. His smile falls off.

HOOVER

(continuing)

Tell Ritter it's changed. We'll do it at the station. Have Cooper issue releases we're closing in on Campbell and got him trapped like a rat...in Miami. I want him to feel secure here in Ohio. But the publicity's got to build big for Wednesday.

MAC LEAN

Okay.

Hoover starts to open his own door. He smiles. The agents jump-to.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING, ATTIC - WIDE - NIGHT

These are upper storage rooms. They've been turned into barracks. Thirty agents talk and kid around. They sit on Army cots but no one looks informal. Some have taken off their suit coats, but no one loosens his tie. The BUZZING STOPS as Hoover walks in. Everybody jumps up. Men in shirt-sleeves put on their jackets.

HOOVER

(fast)

Thought I'd come and review the troops. I will oversee this operation personally. You boys are gonna go out there on Wednesday and end Harry Campbell and end an Era. Bettin, how's the family?

We recognize Bettin from the shooting of the Barkers at Lake Weir. Standing next to Hoover is HARVEY PARISH -- precise, mid-twenties, medium brown hair cut high around his ears. We'll see him later. Hoover examines the geographical survey map of Port Clinton. We PULL BACK FURTHER TO REVEAL the outside of the building. A KID runs by it with a bundle of papers in his hands drinking a bottle of Kayo.

CUT TO:

INT. PORT CLINTON, UPSTAIRS HALL - TIGHT ON RITTER - NIGHT

He's on the phone. He tries to talk low and conceal the conversation. He's nervous throughout.

RITTER

Operator. Give me Evergreen 235 in Cleveland.

GIRL VOICE (V.O.)

(phone filter;

sexy, low)

Hello...?

RITTER

Hi, John.

GIRL'S VOICE (V.O.)

(phone filter;

sexy, low)

Hello, lover.

RITTER

Your skillet good and greasy, sweetmeat?

(laughs)

CUT TO:

INT. CLEVELAND FBI OFFICE - ON GIRL - NIGHT

The "GIRL" is 45, and about as sexy as dried fruit. With effort, she smiles. A MAN hovers behind her. We glimpse Bettin in the b.g. Then:

GIRL'S VOICE
(sexy, low,
nauseous)
You bet...

CUT TO:

INT. PORT CLINTON - RITTER - NIGHT

Ritter laughs his ass off. He thinks it's funny as hell talking dirty to an FBI secretary.

RITTER
See ya between the sheets...

GIRLS VOICE (V.O.)
(phone filter,
sugar sweet)
One thing, lover. We'll meet at the
station.

RITTER
Huh?...uh.
(the smile falls
off)
Hey! Lemme talk to your brother!

Pause.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
(phone filter;
very cheerful)
This is Bob! Hi! How are you?

RITTER
(low; mad)
We had an arrangement. It was the
road. Why the change?

Long pause.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
(phone filter)
A decision's been made. It's the
station now.

RITTER
(hisses; low)
The station's too uncontrollable of
a place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
We'll watch out for you.

RITTER
That's not what happens!

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
(phone filter)
It'll be okay! You'll be all right there. Don't worry...you won't get caught in the rain.

RITTER
...all right.

He hangs up and leans back against the wall...

RITTER
(bitter)
Yeah, "sure" they'll look out for me.

CUT TO:

INT. CONNIE'S BEDROOM - WIDE - NIGHT

Connie Ritter is at a small table. In front of him are gun cleaning tools: a wire brush, powder solvent, patches.

CLOSER

Connie looks tense. Sweat beads his forehead. TILT DOWN. There's a .45 automatic in his left hand in his lap. His right hand -- palm up -- is in front of the barrel. The hammer's cocked back. He starts to pull the trigger. He flinches, backs down, and pulls his right hand away. It's quiet in the room.

He tries again. He seems calm a second, then:

An EXPLOSION. Connie SCREAMS. He stares at his right hand in his lap in amazement. He's blown off part of his thumb. Blood pours out. We HEAR men run up the stairs.

CONNIE
Ohmygod. Ohmygodohmygod.

CUT TO:

INT. PORT CLINTON HOUSE AND STAIRWELL - OVERHEAD SHOT - NIGHT

DOWN on the staircase we see two men in tan raincoats and wet shoes climbing up steps. We HOLD on them. It's Harry and Eddie. Eddie shakes the rain from his hat.

INT. HALLWAY - WIDE AND LOW

In wet rain coats Harry and Eddie walk to camera.

CUT TO:

INT. CONNIE'S ROOM - ON HARRY - NIGHT

Coming through the door. WIDEN. Everyone else is in the room as well. Connie's white and faint, but lies like a champ. Eddie and Harry are soaked.

CONNIE

I was gettin' set to clean the .45...

Bloodied rags and jars of water are on the floor.

HARRY

...takes you out, Connie. Sorry.

(beat; nice)

Looks like you could use a quarter grain of morphine to ease up the pain...

(beat)

I better clean the wound. Eddie, where the hell'd you hide the medical bag?

EDDIE

(pats Connie's shoulder)

You'll be all right...

(to Harry)

It's out here.

He follows Harry out.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - HARRY AND EDDIE - NIGHT

They both pause, sitting on the running board, in the pouring rain, looking at the ground between their knees, not saying anything for a long moment. They both smoke cigarettes in cupped hands.

EDDIE

You buy that?

HARRY

Connie? Careless? Not for a second. I wanta know who fished him in...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE
(after a pause)
...take him in the basement?

HARRY
Yes.

EDDIE
We gonna give the train a pass?

HARRY
(reluctant)
Let's see what he knows first.
(deep breath)
Let's go.

They get up. Neither one is looking forward to what's coming. Instead of the medical kit, Eddie pulls a baseball bat out of the backseat. The ground is muddy.

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - WIDE - NIGHT

All the men are around the train table.

LARRY
What's so hard about gettin' another guy?

BROCK
"Another guy?" The fuckin' train's loaded with cops!

SAM
So we do it in two weeks!

HARRY
(quiet)
...hey.

BROCK
You wanta hang around that long?
Whaddya, lookin' to take a fall?

HARRY
(shouts)
Hey!
(everybody shuts up)
Here's what happens. They think we're taking it at Port Clinton. They plan to unload the money at Garrettsville,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY (Cont'd)
two stations ahead of Port Clinton.
The train pulls in there at 2:43. So
we'll be the Ferris Security Guards
and we'll take it at Garrettsville,
instead. What's going for us is the
layout: the stations are identical.
What's against us is we're one man
short.

LARRY
But there'll be Feds or Postal Cops
or both on the train...

HARRY
(cold)
That's right.

BROCK
That's crazy!

Harry look at Brock.

EDDIE
You want out? There's the door.

Brock knows the last man who walked through that door was
Connie Ritter.

BROCK
I ain't out!

HARRY
Then let's go to work...

He turns on the train set transformer.

CUT TO:

INT. LAKE HAMILTON COTTAGE, BEDROOM - WIDE - PRE-DAWN

Harry is in bed. He turns over and suddenly wakes up. He
looks around the room. Obviously, Carole's gone. The bed's
empty. He gets up and starts to get dressed.

HARRY'S HAND - LATER

checks the clip from his .45 and slams it back into the butt.
WIDEN. Harry is now dressed. He slips the gun into his
waistband. He finishes buttoning his shirt. O.S. he HEARS
the door open. He turns fast.

ANGLE

Carole comes in wearing her kimono. There's two cups on a tray and a pot of coffee and some toast.

CAROLE

Brought you coffee, Harry. Is there time?

Harry looks at her: Carole's always there. He looks at his watch.

HARRY

Thanks.

He sits down at the table by the window. The trees RUSTLE outside. It's like the house in Toledo.

ANGLE FAVORING CAROLE

Harry eats the toast and drinks his coffee. The plate and cup and creamer CLICK. Carole stares at Harry throughout. She doesn't drink her coffee.

HARRY

finishes. He gets up and crosses to the door and turns to Carole.

HARRY

I've been thinking.

Carole waits for the answer.

HARRY

(continuing)

New Orleans.

(beat)

I'll call Dean when it's the right time for you to come down.

(beat)

In the meantime leave your house so they won't find you if they come looking.

CAROLE

I'll be calling Dean. And I'll be there, Harry.

He leaves. Carole breathes in deeply the promise of escape into a new life with her man. She sobs once and wipes something from her eye.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARRETTSVILLE TRAIN STATION, PARKING LOT - WIDE ON THE FAR END - DAY

A 1936 Ford V-8 work car with a railroad tie for a bumper is parked with no one in it. It's been prepared with no glass in the windows, welded pipes which constitute a primitive roll-cage, and it sits on heavy-duty springs.

ANGLE ON TELEPHONE POLE NEAR TRUCKS

Sam Coker's up the pole with tools and his golf bag hanging from his belt.

ANGLE ON BEN GRAYSON

in a long tan raincoat at the track, waiting for the train.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLATFORM - WIDE

Larry and Brock wait down the platform as if they're expecting a friend.

CUT TO:

INT. STATION, MEN'S ROOM - WIDE -- DAY

Two Clerks, the Station Manager, and three Guards in underwear are on the floor -- tied ankles to wrists to neck.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM - TWO SHOT

Harry and Eddie are in Ferris Guards' uniforms. They wait.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN, PASSENGER CAR MEN'S ROOM - TIGHT ON SINK - DAY

Water swirls around the brushed stainless sink like a whirlpool. The SOUND is deafening. Then it stops. The image shakes. We HEAR TRAIN SOUNDS.

WIDEN

A man's face is above the sink. His name is PARISH. He's just been sick and washed it down. The noise stopped because

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

he took his foot off the flush pedal. We're on a moving train. He wipes his face with a towel. He has a .38 Detective's Special holstered at his belt.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN, PASSENGER CAR - WIDE - DAY

All the other men in this car are FBI Agents. They're armed with Thompsons with walnut stocks and 20-shot clips. None of the Thompsons have drum magazines. Each man carries his own service revolver.

TIGHTER

We dwell on four men who are different. They're in their fifties, they're bigger men and their faces are scarred and worn. They don't fraternize with the young agents. There's a cheap suitcase between them. They're four ex-Texas Rangers. They're there for the serious work. They wear cowboy boots. One wears ornately carved Mexican silver toe and heel pieces.

CLOSE ON PARISH

He regains his seat. He looks at the man sitting next to him: EDWARD LEY.

LEY

You okay?

Parish nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. STATION - WIDE ON TRACK AND PLATFORM - DAY

The train approaches. Brock stands up. Nervous. Larry's cool.

ON WAITING ROOM ENTRANCE

Harry -- in the Ferris Guard uniform -- stands in the open and waits. The train pulls in and stops. The Conductor steps down with his metal stairs.

REVERSE ON THE ENGINE

Ben Grayson walks up to the cab, looks at Harry. Harry nods. Grayson drops his tan raincoat on the ground, revealing for an instant his sawed-off shotgun, and climbs up into the cab.

ON HARRY

He looks the other way.

HARRY'S P.O.V.

Brock stands, Larry lounges -- seemingly relaxed -- against a baggage cart towards the end of the short train. They watch passengers disembark.. The five people flow into the waiting room.

CLOSE ON HARRY

Harry looks at their faces as they troop past.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM - HARRY'S P.O.V.: EDDIE

in his Ferris Guard uniform -- addresses the five passengers with a finger over his lips and in silence. They follow his directions and pack into a storage closet.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLATFORM

Eddie comes out and joins Harry. They start for the armored mail car with its ominous gun ports.

INT. ARMORED MAIL CAR

In the back is a heavy wire mesh cage with a combination lock. There are Two Porters and Two FBI Agents: DANIEL HERTZ and AL FRIGAS. Frigas has a crew cut. Scars on his scalp can be seen through the short hair.

PORTER ONE looks out the small window.

PORTER'S P.O.V.

He sees Eddie and Harry in the Guards' uniforms approach.

PORTER
Here they is.

He slides open the door. Eddie has a big smile on his face and walks forward. Harry's behind Eddie -- looking right and left. He nods down the track while:

EDDIE
Hi y'all, boys!

CUT TO:

EXT. TRACK - CLOSE ON SAM

on top of the telegraph pole. He got Harry's nod and cuts the wires. Then, he pulls the .30-06 Springfield with the scope out of his bag and holds it down at his side. He starts scanning the horizon with his binoculars.

CUT TO:

INT. ENGINE CAB - ON BEN GRAYSON

WIDEN TO INCLUDE engineer and two firemen -- fixed by the mouth of the shotgun barrel. After a moment:

GRAYSON
Start stokin' up a big head of steam.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLATFORM, ON MAIL CAR - HARRY AND EDDIE

They wait on the platform for the sacks to be handed to them. But Porter One eyes them suspiciously. He isn't hurrying to open the inner cage that holds the money.

HARRY
(to Porter One)
Need a hand unloading?

Harry climbs up into the mail car and offers his hand to FBI Agent Frigas.

HARRY
(big smile)
Hi.

Frigas shakes hands with Harry. Eddie climbs in, too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRIGAS

Nice to meetya. The name's Frigas.

PORTER ONE

Say, where's Ike?

The Feds come alert. While Harry holds onto Frigas' hand, Eddie raises his Thompson and Harry draws his .45 left-handed.

HARRY

Stay easy. We're taking the payroll. Keep your hands in view or you're dead men. Stand back. Now.

ANGLE

Harry drops Frigas' right hand. Frigas starts to look at Hertz -- to make some signal...

ANGLE

Harry covers Frigas and kicks Hertz in the balls and he sinks to the floor. Eddie picks up the shotgun Hertz had behind him on a ledge. Hertz retches on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. CLEVELAND STATION MASTER'S OFFICE - HOOVER - DAY

Hoover sits at desk.

WIDEN

The office is the headquarters for the operation. Bettin and MacLean are there. No one says a word. They wait. There's six telephones and two telegraphers at a bank of keys and other railroad personnel.

ANGLE

On ONE of the TELEGRAPHERS. He taps his key. It doesn't respond. He taps it again. It still doesn't respond. He looks at the bottom of the key. It's okay. He checks the battery terminal. It's okay.

TELEGRAPHER

I got a problem here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The others look over. Some rise and approach. On another key he taps out a message and gets a response. There's a pause. Everybody waits. Then there's another response.

BETTIN
What is it?

TELEGRAPHER
The wire's out.

BETTIN
Where?

TELEGRAPHER
Garrettsville.

He stares up at the board showing the stations on the line:
Garrettsville - 2:43; Bennington - 3:10; Port Clinton - 3:17.

CLOSE

Bettin looks at Hoover. Hoover looks at Bettin. The Telegrapher is already trying the phone.

TELEGRAPHER
(surprised)
No answer...

HOOVER
(quiet)
Goddammit.

BETTIN
Oh my God.
(hysterical; into
phone)
This is Bettin! They're taking the
train at Garrettsville! At
Garrettsville!
(pause)
Yeah!

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED MAIL CAR - CLOSE ON MEN - DAY

HARRY
(shouts; to Porter
One)
Open the box! And I mean now!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT HERTZ
(from the floor)
Don't do it.

Eddie wheels around and kicks Hertz.

EDDIE
Shut to hell up.

ANGLE

Porter One backs away from Harry shaking his head "no".
Harry whips his Thompson around and sets the action on single
shot and trains it on the Porter's knee.

HARRY
(quietly)
I don't want to hurt you. But there's
no time. Don't make it tough on
yourself. Do it...or I'm gonna blow
away your knees.

The Porter stiffens. Harry sees it. This man won't be moved
by threats. Harry switches his approach.

HARRY
(continuing)
There's a train coming down that line.
That train is gonna run right into
this one. Unless you open that box.
'Cause we ain't movin'. That money
more important than people's lives?

Porter pauses. Checks watch. Gives in.

PORTER
...Okay.

CUT TO:

INT. CLEVELAND STATION MASTER'S OFFICE - WIDE

Hoover is keeping it all inside. Bettin is frantic. MacLean
takes the phone from him.

MAC LEAN
(into another
phone)
Is this Sheriff Berowski?
(beat)
I'm MacLean. Federal Bureau of
Investigation. We're in Cleveland.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAC LEAN (Cont'd)

(pause)

They're taking the payroll off the train at Garrettsville, not Port Clinton. We need some help. You got a radio car?

(beat)

Can you get me observation; the escape route, how many men, all that?

Abruptly...

CUT TO:

INT. PASSENGER CAR - ON HARVEY PARISH

Harvey Parish is staring out the window.

PARISH

Takes a darn long time, doesn't it?

LEY

Milk train...

PAN OFF Harvey to the other Agents in the car. They're each a little nervous and preparing for what may be a shoot-out at 3:17 in Port Clinton. They're all dressed in FBI grey suits and ties. One reassembles the Thompson he had field-stripped.

ON HARVEY PARISH

He exhales breath on the window. With his forefinger he traces the letter "H" on the condensation. He looks through it at:

BROCK AND LARRY

leaning on the luggage cart. Larry nods hello. Brock's nervous as hell.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLATFORM - CLOSE ON BROCK

BROCK

(whispered to
Larry)

That sonofabitch made me!! He made me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY
(derisive)
Right. That's why nothing's
happening. Take it easy!!

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED MAIL CAR - CLOSE ON FISK'S

hands handcuffed above his head over a pipe that runs near the ceiling. WIDEN. The other two porters are handcuffed the same way. One mail sack is on the floor by the edge of the door. The other one is outside on the ground where Eddie's just dumped it. Eddie checks the tag on the one at the door.

HARRY
(reading from
receipt book)
76528116J. Y for Youngstown.

EDDIE
Check.

PORTER
There's gonna be a lot of angry
factory workers in the morning.

EDDIE
Bullshit! They get theirs or they'll
pull the mill down. It's the company
gonna come up short.

HARRY
Let's go...

Harry jumps out of the car onto the platform and throws one of the sacks over his shoulder. Harry looks both ways -- up and down the length of the train -- and then signals with his arm toward the engine.

ANGLE ON GRAYSON

leaning out of cab. Ben caught the signal from Harry and waves. He swings back into the engineer's cab.

CUT TO:

INT. ENGINEER'S CAB - WIDE

BEN
(hollers over the
noise)
Let her out!

ENGINEER (O.S.)
Mister! It's too dangerous! It'll
blow! And it takes miles to slow her
down!

BEN
(leveling his
shotgun; beat)
Do it.

The train lurches off. Ben jumps clear. The skidding wheels grab at steel rail shooting sparks as they grind and catch, grind and catch.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARRETTSVILLE STATION, PLATFORM - WIDE

Train pulls out. Harry and Eddie and Brock and Larry and Ben are the only five people on the platform. They back away a foot.

CUT TO:

INT. PASSENGER CAR - ON HARVEY PARISH

Harvey looks out the window at the men on the platform. Harvey's disinterested. Then -- through the window -- we SEE Harry Campbell watching the departing train and car full of Agents.

ANGLE - ON HARVEY

He turns to Agent Ley across from him and says calmly:

HARVEY
Harry Campbell is standing right
there.

Ley kind of wakes up. Three or four other men's heads turn.

HARVEY
(continuing;
shouts)
Hey!!! Harry Campbell is standing
right out there on that platform!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All the men stand and react as the train lurches forward picking up speed and they're thrown into seats and on the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. TELEPHONE POLE - ON SAM

He starts to climb down. He stops. Something catches his eye. He sees the Sheriff's car -- a black Mercury four-door with a white star on the door and a round ring on the roof. Sam stops descending the pole and instead raises the .30-06 with the scope.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - TWO SHOT - DAY

SHERIFF BEROWSKI is a fat man with no hair in his late 50's. Next to him is his Deputy, L.C. ROGERS.

ROGERS
Tom, we're gettin' too close.

BEROWSKI
We're gonna stop 'em, L.C....

CUT TO:

EXT. TELEPHONE POLE - SAM

FIRES.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

L.C. Rogers is blown back half over the seat, and hangs into the rear of the car. Glass exploded all over the front seat and Berowski's face is cut. Berowski pulls a rifle out of the back, and falls out the driver's door.

CUT TO:

EXT. STATION PARKING LOT - ON THE FORD

Harry and the others are half in the Ford. The money's in the backseat. They froze on Sam's SHOT. They're trying to see from which direction danger's coming.

ON TELEPHONE POLE

Sam starts to climb down.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD, SHERIFF'S CAR

Behind the cover of the car Berowski takes aim and FIRES. He works the bolt and FIRES again.

CUT TO:

EXT. TELEPHONE POLE - SAM'S

shot in the hip and SCREAMS. The second shot EXPLODES in the small of his back and Sam falls from the pole. His lineman's leather strap twists and holds and Sam hangs upside down caught around the waist. He's dead.

CUT TO:

EXT. STATION PARKING LOT - FORD

Harry guns the engine of the Ford, which is a loud ROAR. Eddie FIRES back with a Thompson, but it's ineffective at that range.

EDDIE
(shouts)
Get me closer!

INT. FORD

Harry takes off heading directly for the Sheriff's car which is sideways, blocking their access to the highway.

CUT TO:

INT. FORD V-6

One of Berowski's shots rips thorough the open windshield and Harry ducks and the car skids sideways into a soft shoulder. Harry races the engine but the wheels are stuck.

CLOSE ON BROCK

He panics. He struggles out the car door. Meanwhile, the wheels kick dirt everywhere and the V-8 ROARS as Harry tries to rock it out of its rut. Shots are coming in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY
(low)
Come on...Come on...

EDDIE
(yelling after
Brock)
Brock! For Chrissakes!

Brock has run 15 feet into the field. He comes to his senses and looks around. Larry has the door open and is waving Brock back. The wheels hit solid ground and the car starts forward.

BROCK

starting back towards the car. Harry holds it for him.

ANGLE OVER SHERIFF'S SHOULDER

He shoots Brock in the chest. Brock is knocked back.

INT. CAR - HARRY

lets the clutch out. The Ford shoots forward.

EDDIE

squints over the sites of the Thompson, which he steadies in the corner of the window.

EDDIE'S P.O.V.

The Sheriff exposed himself when he shot Brock. His feet and legs are visible under the car. Eddie FIRES and blows the Sheriff's feet away from under him.

ON SHERIFF

He falls down the side of his car. His face is surprise. He reaches to support himself with the door handle but it merely turns on its axle and opens the car door for him.

PAN LEFT -- the Ford V-8 with railroad tie bumpers rams the Sheriff's Mercury out of the way and roars off down the highway.

INT. FORD - TRAVELING

Eddie's looking out the rear window. He sees the Sheriff's pulled himself into the driver's seat. Ben watches, too. Eddie climbs into the front as Harry throws the Ford V-8 through the gears down the two lane blacktop. **THROUGHOUT:** the supercharged unmuffled **ENGINE** is so **LOUD** everyone has to shout over it.

HARRY
(hollers)
First point!

Eddie grabs a clipboard. We SEE the interior for the first time. The rear seat's been removed. Crude armor plating has been attached to the rear door panels. The occupants now are Harry, Eddie, Larry and Ben. Larry and Ben -- in the back, rip apart the mail bags and divide the money into four cardboard boxes.

FRONT SEAT

Eddie has a clipboard on his lap. It holds a typed log with columns of distances from landmark to landmark. It's their escape route.

EDDIE
Two-tenths of a mile to three poplars
on your right. Then 300 yards to the
dirt road, left turn-off.

HARRY
(cool)
Got it.

Harry's foot double clutches and he downshifts the V-8 into second.

BEN
What was that round thing on the roof
of his car!

EDDIE
Think it was a radio? The sonofabitch
have a radio Harry?

Harry doesn't answer. He throws the car to the left and they all brace as it kicks up dust behind it and to the side.

EDDIE
(continuing)
Farm on the right in three-tenths.
Through the farm yard and left turn
onto the second tractor road.

CUT TO:

INT. CLEVELAND STATION MASTER'S OFFICE - CLOSE ON BETTIN

Bettin hangs up the phone.

BETTIN
 Sheriff saw them head north and turn
 off onto some dirt road. Then he went
 off the radio. I don't know what kind
 of car Campbell is in or how many
 men...

WIDE

HOOVER
 (interrupting)
 Where's he going?

BETTIN
 Nowhere. We got every main road
 sealed! Nowhere.

MAC LEAN
 (quiet, to Bettin)
 He's already off the main roads. I
 mean: he knew we're here. He robbed
 the train anyway. He knows what he's
 doing! So he's goin'... somewhere!

BETTIN
 (shouting)
 He can't go anywhere, I'm telling you!
 It's sealed!

MacLean studies the map. He points to Port Clinton and a
 symbol just outside town in the country.

MAC LEAN
 What's that.

Bettin shrugs.

STATION MASTER comes up.

STATION MASTER
 Plymouth Meadows Field.

MacLean looks at Hoover. Hoover looks at MacLean.

HOOVER
 Sonofabitch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAC LEAN
 (already on phone)
 Roger. Fire men at Port Clinton
 Station out to Plymouth Field and
 back-up with the teams off the train.
 (beat)
 Six miles...

BETTIN
 (looks at map;
 excited)
 Here, we got him here. There's a road
 block. Washtenaw Bridge.

MAC LEAN
 (into phone;
 shouts for the
 first time in
 movie)
 ...then you better haul ass!

He slams down the phone. Everyone looks at each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - A BEAUTIFUL GREEN HILL - DAY

underneath a China blue sky dotted with picture-book white
 clouds. This hill is bisected by a white picket fence. We
 HEAR the ROAR of a throaty engine.

LOW - ON FENCE

Harry's Ford with the railroad tie bumpers crests the hill
 and crashes through the fence. In SLOW MOTION white
 fragments somersault to earth.

CUT TO:

INT. FORD - WIDE

Everybody holds on. The Ford comes screaming down the green
 hill into a shallow valley of pasture land. Harry shifts and
 heads for a yellow dirt road ahead. He scatters a half-dozen
 Herefords in the way. There's another white fence. He
 doesn't even slow down for it.

EXT. FIELD

The Ford approaches right TO CAMERA, smashes thorough the wood fence, and sweeps left as Harry throws it into a right turn. There's a cloud of dust, as Harry makes the road and accelerates down it. We HOLD on the car DISAPPEARING INTO THE YELLOW HAZE.

CUT TO:

INT. FORD

Sudden engine ROAR:

EDDIE
(shouts)
500 yards, the right turn.

Everybody holds on as Harry throws the car off the road to the right and through a hedge of bushes.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARING - WIDE

The bushes go flying. They were uprooted and stacked there to camouflage the clearing. Harry ROARS in and guns the engine. The Ford skids through a 180 degree turn.

WIDE AND LOW

Larry and Ben jump out. There are two other cars. Larry and Ben carry cardboard boxes full of money. Larry throws his gun into the back of the Ford. Harry revs the engine of the V-8 and starts out in short jerks -- like he can't hold it back.

HARRY
(shouts out the
passenger window)
See ya!

Larry races for one of the cars.

EDDIE
(shouts at Ben)
Ole man! Don't burn down Newark!
Them Cupie dolls gives ya pimples!
(laughs and
whoops)

Cars describe circles as they head for the dusty road and crossroads ahead.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORT CLINTON - WIDE - DAY

Three Chrysler Airstreams, with circular radio antennae, full of men -- presumably FBI Agents -- race down the highway. They're preceded by two motorcycles with sidecars. They're driven by state troopers in leather boots that lace up to the knees. Each sidecar has a B.A.R. machine gun mounted on it.

CUT TO:

INT. LEAD CAR - WIDE

The men in the front seat are grim. Through the windshield we and they SEE a staggered series of Burmashave signs.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S FORD - FAST TRAVELING

Harry crests a hill and speed-shifts into second. It's like a slalom down into a river valley to a silver steel girder bridge. The speedometer is climbing.

EXT. WASHTENAW BRIDGE - HARRY'S P.O.V.: ROADBLOCK - DAY

They're advancing upon the roadblock. It's right in front of the bridge. It's an Ohio Motor Patrol car parked cross-ways at the bridge entrance. We're approaching fast. Harry doesn't slow down at all.

EDDIE

Oh, Jesus.

WIDE

GABE

(as the strange
vehicle
approaches)

What the hell...?

GABE is one of Four Motor Patrol Cops. They suddenly get set to fire. Harry's Ford is shooting down the slalom right at them.

GABE

This is it!

OPENS UP with a rifle.

THE FORD - CLOSER

comes on like gangbusters. Eddie's ducked down - Harry's barely seen over the wheel.

THE ROADBLOCK - CLOSER

Gabe moves, hesitates, and then they all LEAP, JUMP and FALL clear as...

WIDE - BRIDGE AND RIVER

Harry SMASHES right into the car which wraps around the front and and top of the FORD.

FROM OVERHEAD (IN THE GIRDERS)

Married together like two frogs the cars ricochet off of and scrape against the steel sides of the metal bridge, shooting gouts of SPARKS everywhere. The metallic ripping NOISE is terrible.

FRONTAL - THROUGH THE BRIDGE FROM THE OTHER SIDE

The Patrol car finally catches on a girder, rips loose and falls over the back of the Ford, upside down. Harry fights the Ford straight, blasts through the encasing girders and scatters dirt as he races up the road on the other side.

CUT TO:

INT. FORD - ON EDDIE

picking himself out of the passenger floor space. We PAN OVER: Harry's just cool. His forehead's cut. The Ford lost its fenders, hood, radiator, and bumpers. It starts to blow smoke.

HARRY

How far?

EDDIE

(beat)

...around the next bend is the gully and the entrance.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLYMOUTH FIELD - ON RUNWAY - DAY

There's a fence. Nothing else. We wait. Then what's left of Harry's car shoots up out of the gully and bounces onto concrete. It's overheating and spewing smoke. WIDEN as it ROARS TO CAMERA and PAN RIGHT as it whips past and heads for the hangar at the far end. We now realized what MacLean saw in the map. Plymouth Field is an airport.

REVERSE ANGLE (FROM THE HANGAR)

Harry's Ford ROARS toward us down the runway. Harry BLOWS his HORN three times. From inside the hangar we HEAR a second muffled ROAR. Suddenly, the hangar doors are thrown open and the ROAR gets LOUDER. After a moment ZETZER -- a round-faced man -- taxis out in a single engine Stinson Airplane. He taxis to the beginning of the runway.

CUT TO:

INT. FORD - REAR SHOT ON HARRY AND EDDIE

approaching the hangar and the Stinson. The wind sock CRACKS in the wind. The pioneer sparseness of the field attests to the romance of aviation in the '30's. They're almost there.

EDDIE
(low; warning)
Onna right...

We ZOOM IN and see -- as dots in the distance -- the approaching FBI vehicles and state troopers on their motorcycles and side cars with B.A.R.S.

HARRY (O.S.)
Light me a cigar.

THE RUNWAY - WIDE

Harry slams on the brakes. The Ford SKIPS -- stops a hundred yards from the plane. Harry and Eddie jump out with their Thompsons, shotguns, and two cardboard boxes of money. Eddie runs for the plane. Harry -- with five sticks of dynamite taped together -- rolls under the Ford. And without skipping a beat, rolls out the other side and starts running.

INT. PLANE - ON ZETZER

behind the controls.

ZETZER
Come on!! Come on!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He sees the FBI cars closing in. The engine revs SHRIEK higher.

THE RUNWAY - ON EDDIE

Eddie's almost at the airplane. Harry's running from the Ford to catch up.

ON PLANE

Eddie climbs in and stows his stuff. Eddie spins around.

EDDIE'S P.O.V.: HARRY

running. Behind him: the FBI vehicles are already entering the airfield. Suddenly the Ford V-8 EXPLODES thirty feet into the air and comes apart in a FLAMING cloud of black smoke, flames. FBI vehicles dodge away.

CLOSE

Harry barely reaches the fuselage.

CLOSE

Zetzer's boot comes off the wheel brake.

CLOSE

Eddie pulls Harry inside as the plane shoots forward.

CLOSE

Zetzer pulls back on the stick. He's too anxious: the plane lifts off the runway and then settles back.

THE RUNWAY - ZETZER

builds up speed. This time the plane takes off in a smooth arc up into the blue sky.

THE RUNWAY - WIDE

FBI Agents have gotten out of their cars and run forward to the burning Ford and now FIRE their service revolvers and the odd rifle in a variety of stiff, trained positions at the airplane a quarter mile away.

WIDE

A second carload skids to a halt on the runway. Among these are agents off the train, Harvey Parish, and the four Texas Rangers. The most grizzled of the Texans walks forward through the younger agents and shades his eyes to see the plane. Then, he looks at the younger agents, still shooting futilely.

ON YOUNGER AGENTS

feeling the stares of the older pros, they get embarrassed and put down their weapons.

WIDE ON

the silver airplane swooping up into the China blue sky.

CUT TO:

INT. PLANE - CLOSE - DAY

Harry and Eddie.

HARRY

How do you like flyin'? What do you got to say?

Eddie doesn't answer for a few moments. He just shakes his head.

EDDIE

Goddamn Harry...the most beautiful thing I ever done. Most beautiful.

(beat)

We're going everywhere, Harry! We're gonna fly like a bird!

(pause)

Like Maybelle said. Golden and glowin' and flyin' like a bird.

CUT TO:

EXT. AERIAL SHOTS

This moment of freedom in the sky is Harry's victory. He enjoys Eddie's appreciations. He luxuriates in the harmony and symmetry of his production of this armed robbery.

During this flight we see:

- A) cumulus clouds and fly between them as if they were ephemeral Grand Canyons;
- B) the silver fuselage of the plane and its 16-cylinder deHavilland radial engine;
- C) Zetzer flying it stiffly, as if he were the only wizard, privy to the arcane mysteries of flight;
- D) the plane surmounting the clouds. It's Wagnerian;
- E) the rudder, and we hang back off it and the plane disappears up into the sky until it's burned away by the white heat of the sun.

CUT TO:

INT. CLEVELAND STATION MASTER'S OFFICE - WIDE - DAY

Bettin's suit coat is off. He looks dehydrated. He stares at a blank wall. We TIGHTEN on him and PAN LEFT through the room onto MacLean. He looks disgusted. No one says anything. Three or four other men in the office lean back on desks. The room has the stink of failure. Hoover stares at the map. The man seems turned inward. After a long moment:

HOOVER
Pack it up. We're going home.
(beat)
This is McKellar's fault, all
McKellar's fault.

Hoover's changed. He's electric with purpose. On his movement:

CUT TO:

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - MC KELLAR + COMMITTEE - DAY

Senator ROY HAWKINS from Utah is on McKellar's right. We've cut in mid-fight:

HOOVER
Criminal elements take encouragement
from you. They think perhaps we won't
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOOVER (Cont'd)

be here tomorrow! This committee's actions are responsible for loss of property and human life. We were obstructed by a local sheriff hunting for glory, who jumped off the gun and bungled everything for us at the train station in Garrettsville.

(beat)

They pushed us aside because the force of federal authority is evaded by you and your committee.

MC KELLAR

Your accusations ain't gonna divert this committee...

MacLean leans in to whisper. An Aide has arrived with news MacLean now passes on...

MAC LEAN

(low)

We got it, Hawkins. Illegitimate daughter. Black prostitute. 1928. He'll swing the vote...

MC KELLAR

MC KELLAR

(continuing)

...from conducting its investigation. We are subpoenaing payment records for the whole External Affairs Division, including the Press Services Offices your personal publicist gets paid out of...

HOOVER

You're a fellow traveler!

MC KELLAR

What?!

HOOVER

You're a fellow traveler to hoodlums because your backward social ideas impede strong federal law enforcement.

MC KELLAR

(rises; coughs)

You're sounding like the lunatics I hear on the radio from Italy and Germany!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOOVER
(rises; explodes)
And you're turning this Senate
Committee into a kangaroo court!
You're a venal politician and a social
misfit!

MC KELLAR
If I was a younger man,
I'd come off this podium
and whip yore...
(apoplectic)
And you're an ambitious
Johnny-come...
(coughing attack)

HAWKINS
(shouts down
McKellar)
Mr. Hoover! Mr. Hoover.
I want to apologize for
the personalized nature
of some of the remarks
directed to you by our
chairman...

McKellar recovers and is stunned by Hawkins' defection.

HAWKINS
(continuing)
...so I and some other committee
members would like to put the issue
to a vote right now.

CUT TO:

INT. CONGRESSIONAL CORRIDOR - TRACKING ON HOOVER, MAC LEAN,
COOPER + AIDE - DAY

COOPER
Congratulations, sir.

HOOVER
Now arrest all Campbell'
'accomplices.' Charge them with
committing crimes.

MAC LEAN
Who are his 'accomplices'? No one's
left.

HOOVER
His 'accomplices' are anyone he knows.
Relatives. Every one of them.
(pause)
They can't fool me. One of them knows
where he is.
(beat)
And if they won't talk, lock up their
'accomplices' until they do talk.

MAC LEAN
That's hostage-taking...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOOVER
 (cuts him off)
 These people are low-lives. Nobody
 cares what we do to them.
 (to Cooper)
 Can you handle the newspapers?

COOPER
 Yes, sir.

HOOVER
 Do it. McKellar's out of the way.
 I will capture Campbell.
 (gets an idea)
 In fact, I'll do it personally...

They all look at Hoover who's stopped. They see in his plan
 the totality of a public relations as well as congressional
 victory.

EXT. GAS STATION, WEST PLAINS, ARKANSAS - EXTREMELY CLOSE
 ON LURES AND FLIES - DAY

intricately tied with bright bits of feather and shiny silver
 thread.

EDDIE (O.S.)
 ...Some of the prettiest hand-tied
 flies I ever seen!

ON EDDIE

EDDIE
 (continuing)
 They got streams down there in
 Uruguay?

HARRY
 Sure.

EDDIE
 (visualizing it)
 Hear them insects buzz? Hear the
 wind? No one for miles. And we're
 casting that line out there and
 lettin' it float down through some
 ripple. You know?
 (beat)
 Pull it in...cast again. Quiet.
 ...then BANG, a hit.
 (beat)
 Goddamn.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE (Cont'd)
(beat)
Whaddya say to that?!!

WIDE - HARRY + EDDIE

are in front of a display case inside a gas station. Outside their yellow 1935 Auburn roadster is at the gas pump being filled by hand, slowly...

HARRY
(smiles)
I say: 'I'm getting us some coffee'.
Get that gas attendant movin'.

Harry leaves and crosses the street to a cafe. Eddie looks at the flies.

ANGLE DOWN THE COUNTER

The rest of the station's a general store. The CLERK is a middle-aged lady. A few old-timers sit in chairs towards the back.

EDDIE
Ma'am! You wanna sell me some of these flies?

ON CLERK

at the back of the store. She crosses to Eddie, but we HOLD on one of the old timers. He stares at Eddie. Looks away, then he stares at Eddie again. He's an old man in a black shirt with a face wrinkled like a road map. His skin is parchment white. So's his hair. He wears cowboy boots. As he turns, we SEE there's a star on his chest. He's an old WESTERN SHERIFF. He starts to rise.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - ON HARRY - DAY

Harry waits at the cash register. He picks up a Rosicrucian fold-out with a metaphysical illustration on the cover. Past him through the window and across the street we SEE the gas station.

HARRY
Hey, let's go...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEEN through the window behind Harry: Eddie, across the street, throws open the store door and backs out. Harry doesn't notice.

THE WAITRESS

arrives. She has black hair pulled back tight, and blood-red lipstick. She gives Harry a big smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - WIDE

The old Sheriff comes out, his right hand hovers over a clumsy .44 revolver holstered in a reverse draw high on his left side. His hair is even whiter in the sunlight.

EDDIE

tugs at the .45 automatic in his pocket. It's caught in his clothes. It won't come free. PULL BACK. We're shooting from inside the cafe. Harry's oblivious to the street. People start coming in through the cafe doorway, blocking it.

EXT. STREET

Sheriff draws. His gun EXPLODES twice. Then FOUR times more.

INT. CAFE

Harry explodes out of the cafe -- knocking over the people in the doorway.

EXT. STREET

Eddie was blown head over heels. He lies crumbled in a ball on the ground with holes torn out of the back of his suit coat, his pant legs and arms. His body falls away from his hand. His hand holds the .45 automatic he tried to get out. Eddie FIRES the entire clip into the Sheriff. Meanwhile, Harry's running across the street -- his .45 in his hand. He gets to and covers Eddie.

EDDIE

Harry, I'm burnin' like hell inside...

WIDE

Harry pulls Eddie back to the yellow Auburn. People come out the shops and doorways. Without saying a word, Harry waves them back with his gun. He gets Eddie into the Auburn and pulls away.

ANGLE FROM DOWN THE STREET

on Harry driving out. The body of the old Sheriff lies in the dusty street.

CUT TO:

INT. AUBURN TRAVELING

Eddie is slumped over in the corner. He's been shot five times. He's unconscious. There's a tourniquet around his arm which Harry loosens with his right hands while he drives. Harry's patched him up from the medical kit as best as he could. The sky is reddening. It's later. Eddie's feet are in a pool of blood. His eyes flutter open.

EDDIE

I was dreamin', Harry.

HARRY

Of what, Eddie?

EDDIE

Where are we?

HARRY

Still in Arkansas... I'm getting you to Doc Borger's. You'll be fine.

EDDIE

Clear water. Like it ain't water. Like another kind of air or made of crystal or something. And the rocks are like precious stones 'cause they're wet. And this rainbow dart of silver and blue.

HARRY

Hold on, Eddie. We're almost there...

The Auburn turns off the two-lane blacktop onto a road. We PAN RIGHT with it and carry it into the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FARM HOUSE AND PORCH - WIDE - TWILIGHT

The Auburn races up the road, leaving dust billows behind. A FARMER comes out into the f.g. as the Auburn slides to a stop:

FARMER
(shouts)
What y'all want?

REVERSE ANGLE

Harry's out of the car.

HARRY
Where's Doc Borger?!

The Farmer's Wife starts to come out the door.

FARMER
(low)
Get back, Selma.
(shouts to Harry)
They come and took Borger away, fella.

HARRY
Who?

FARMER
Po-lice.

ON HARRY

angry, frantic. He checks Eddie. Then he slowly rises from out of the Auburn. The slowness means Eddie is dead.

CLOSE ON FARMER

watching Harry. He understands.

FARMER
(soft)
There's a grove out back.
(pause)
You want a hand, fella?

ON HARRY

looking at Eddie. Harry nods and sits down on the running board.

EXT. GROVE - ON HARRY - TWILIGHT TURNING TO NIGHT

Harry stands on the black mound of earth alone, a long-handled spade in his hand. The farmer with his shovel walks back to the house. HARRY stays at the mound, silhouetted against the bands of red and deep violet on the horizon.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - ON HARRY - DAY

coming out of the gas station. It's serviced by an OLD ATTENDANT who hand pumps gasoline into Harry's streamlined black Lincoln coupe.

OLD ATTENDANT
(to Harry;
Southern accent)
Want me to check under the hood?

HARRY
Nope.

Harry walks across the street to a drugstore to buy a paper.

CUT TO:

INT. DRUG STORE, LUNCH COUNTER - HARRY - NIGHT

drinks a cup of coffee. The SODA JERK behind the fountain wears a starched cap and has an esprit d'corps befitting the doorman at the Ritz. Harry wears sunglasses and is reading the paper.

SODA JERK
Can I get you anything else, sir?

HARRY
Uh-uh.

Harry reads the New Orleans Examiner. In the third column from the left is a small picture of Harry. The caption reads:

"CAMPBELL SOUGHT IN MIAMI"

WIDE

He finishes the coffee, disregards the paper, drops a dollar on the counter, and walks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET AND DRUG STORE

Harry comes out of the drug store. He looks up and down the main drag of the small farm town: next door is the Embassy Theatre. On the shabby marquee:

"NEXT WEEK ON STAGE IN PERSON!
JOHN DILLINGER, SR. and other
members of the Dillinger Family
Recount Incidents from the times
and life of John Dillinger, Jr."

HARRY

stares at the sign. The sidewalk behind him and the street around him is deserted. Harry is alone. He walks back to his car.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WHOLESALE FISH MARKET - NEW ORLEANS - CLOSE ON
OYSTERS - LATE AFTERNOON

Two dark hands and fingers like cables open oysters -- lightening fast -- with a blade. There's a snake tattooed around one wrist. NOISE is overpowering. It's shouted English and Cajun French and cases SMASHED into each other and truck HORNS blaring.

OTHER HANDS

break up crab legs. Others sort shrimp. We TILT UP to the CRAB MAN. He has rotten teeth and smiles.

TELEPHOTO - PAN

Through milling heads. Porters are black, white and mixed. They wear rags, undershirts, caps. Many are tattooed. Through the mass of people we PULL FOCUS to a rear loading door and we SEE in the distance, Carole. She pays off a taxi-cab. Then she enters carrying a large suitcase. She walks through the fish market; through the people. She PASSES through the FRAME. We HOLD. After moments we see Harry. He's following her -- checking for a tail. She doesn't know he's there.

CUT TO:

INT. VEGETABLE MARKET - ON CAROLE - TWILIGHT

PAN with her and her suitcase through more chaos of SHOUTING and BARGAINING and frantic pushers. Past piles of potatoes and onions, bins of okra and peppers. People mill around and ignore her. She seems out of place in her fine clothes. Nobody notices. She walks towards a side door. We TILT UP over people's heads into the rafters and see Harry walking along a gangway surveilling Carole. He wears a white linen suit and eats strawberries from a box.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANAL STREET - ON HARRY - DUSK

He waits in a doorway. PULL FOCUS past him: way down the street walks Carole. She checks a piece of paper and carries the heavy suitcase up the exterior stairs into an apartment building. Harry makes no move to help her. She goes in. PULL FOCUS back to Harry. He checks out the street. Further down a martinet TRAFFIC COP pulls a Model A Ford truck to the curb and whips out his ticket book. There's nothing unusual. He starts across the street.

TRAFFIC COP
(officiously)
Hey, bub, cross at the corner!

Harry freezes, pauses and then goes to cross at the corner.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - WIDE - DUSK

Carole sits like a shy girl in a straight chair. The suitcase is next to her. She looks tired and lonely.

ANGLE

Carole looks around the expensively furnished apartment. She's curious. Maybe bored. The DOOR OPENS. Carole turns. Harry's there. He closes the door and they look at each other. Harry looks good: he wears a pale yellow shirt under his white linen suit.

HARRY
(smiles)
We're sailing away.

CAROLE
(smiles back)
Where?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY
Montevideo. Then we'll take a look
at Melbourne. Maybe London.

CAROLE
That's fine.

Carole's hollow eyes give Harry pause.

HARRY
You don't look good, Carole...

CAROLE
...long, hard trip down.

Harry senses something's wrong. He crosses to the window.

CAROLE
(to his back)
I read 'bout Eddie.

HARRY
And Larry got arrested in Newport and
Sam got shot in Des Moines...

ON CAROLE

We see her get tense; frantic.

CAROLE
(touch of
hysteria;
accusing)
You gonna go out for a pack of
cigarettes in Montevideo and nevah
come back? Like you talked about
almost doing?

PROFILE ON HARRY

at the window. He doesn't react.

HARRY
Only if I had to...
(flicker of a
smile)

CAROLE
Some other guy and you take a bank in
Melbourne...You gonna take me away
with ya after?

CLOSE TWO SHOT

Harry turns to Carole.

HARRY
(weak smile)
Nice dress ya got on, Carole.

CAROLE
(a weak smile)
When the hell did you ever notice a
lady's dress...

HARRY
You sold me out.

They stare at each other. Harry glances over his shoulder.

HARRY'S P.O.V. - THE STREET

Now we SEE the Texan that was on the train with the silver-tipped boots. He sits on a bench. Sunlight reflects off the silver. Two more Texans lounge against the lamp pole. The rest of the street is normal. The Traffic Cop has finished writing his ticket and hands it to the truck driver.

HARRY
(continuing)
You're trying to make it sound okay
to yourself.

CAROLE
They grabbed Cloud...

HARRY
How they gonna take me?

CAROLE
The G-men got him locked down in a
hole! No window. Nothin'! And
harnesses and straps. And they took
me, too, to see him. I couldn't let
Cloud be like that, Harry...

She's weeping. Harry glances out the window. Then Carole pulls herself together.

CAROLE
(continuing)
Baby, they gonna gun you down. Shoot
you down like a dog.

CUT TO:

CLOSE - HARRY

crosses to Carole. His hand touches the side of her face. It's as if he understands. She grabs his hand. He says something, but we don't hear the words because we PULL BACK and REVEAL we're shooting through the third story window from ACROSS the street. We SLOWLY TILT UP past Harry's window to the roof. It's alive with FBI Agents armed to the hilt and a window washer's trolley.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - WIDE - NIGHT

More Agents -- armed with Thompsons, shotguns and rifles -- stand quietly around a doorway down to the third floor.

WINDOW CLEANING TROLLEY

Three agents are helped into clumsy armored vests and cast iron full-face helmets that bomb squads wear. They have narrow slits for eyes.

AGENT COLEMAN

goes to the roof edge and looks over...

CUT TO:

INT. DRY CLEANERS SHOP - HOOVER AND MAC LEAN - NIGHT

MacLean at the window gets a sign from Coleman and turns. Hoover stands next to a potted palm and a mirror. The usual dry cleaner's poster of a woman in a red peaked cap and skirt leading a dog on a leash is on a wall. Hoover straightens his collar in a mirror and brushes lint off his pants leg.

MAC LEAN

You'll be careful.

HOOVER

I have no intention of my career ending in a seedy hallway in New Orleans.

(pause)

Get Cooper on the phone.

MacLean phones a call and waits.

CUT TO:

INT. NARROW CANDY STORE - ON COOPER - NIGHT

Behind him are stuffed 20 noisy newsmen and photographers.

COOPER
 (to Newsmen)
 Hey! Shut up!
 (into phone)
 Yeah! Okay....

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - THE TEXAN - NIGHT

on the bench reads the newspaper.

EXT. ROOF - CLOSE - NIGHT

The Agents wait for a signal.

INT. DRY CLEANERS - WIDE - NIGHT

MacLean checks his watch.

Then:

MAC LEAN
 It's time...

Hoover NODS.

HOOVER
 Go ahead.

MacLean crosses towards the window and looks up to signal to the roof of Harry's building across the street.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR - WIDE - NIGHT

It's empty. It's quiet. Suddenly Agents flood down the hall from both sides and flatten by the door as TWO CRUISERS with sledge hammers swing and in a dual blow SMASH the door in. The Agents fold over and position in the doorway.

INT. APARTMENT - OUT THE WINDOW - NIGHT

Blue sky with puffy clouds, then the GLASS EXPLODES in from a big steel plate swung down from above. The window washer

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

trolley with the Five prone Agents lowers into place -- their iron helmets behind 12-gauge shotguns.

WIDE - THE APARTMENT

on the LEFT Agents are positioned in the doorway -- a sea anemone of gun barrels aims into the interior. On the RIGHT are the armored Agents outside the window. In the MIDDLE of the FRAME sits Carole -- alone in the straight back chair. Harry's not there.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, COAL CELLAR - HARRY - NIGHT

advances towards a basement window from the defunct dumbwaiter he came down.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - TRAFFIC COP

is dumbfounded by the FBI activity. A light catches his eye. He advances and gestures to himself as if to say "me?"

REVERSE - HARRY

leaning out the window, nods "Yes, you."

TRAFFIC COP

He approaches basement window.

CUT TO:

INT. DRY CLEANERS - ON HOOVER - NIGHT

HOOVER
What the hell's he doin'? What the
hell's going on?!

MacLean's on the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. CANDY STORE

COOPER
(into phone)
Hello? Hello? Hello?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - TEXAN

His newspaper falls away revealing a sawed-off shotgun.

REAR SHOT - COP + HARRY

emerge from building basement. Harry's boater's on. Harry's arms are raised.

COP
This is Harry Campbell and he has
surrendered himself into mah custody
so he would not be shot down. This
is Harry Campbell! He is my prisoner!

CUT TO:

INT. DRY CLEANERS - OVER HOOVER'S SHOULDER: LONG SHOT OF
HARRY + TRAFFIC COP

Cop's glasses reflect the streetlight. The FBI men are running towards the duo.

HOOVER
(to MacLean)
Goddammit? Why doesn't somebody do
something!!! He's screwing it up.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - ON COP - NIGHT

jabs Harry in the back.

COP
Pay attention!

LONG SHOT FROM THE FRONT

One Texan's 10-gauge lever-action shotgun is aimed at Harry's back.

LONG SHOT FROM THE SIDE

A second Texan's Krag .30-04 semi-automatic rifle has a bead on Harry. They both look like they're about to fire, but they don't.

HIGH WIDE ANGLE - CRANE-UP

as 50 other Agents are converging on the scene in the pool of light below. It's a mass of confusion.

ANGLE UP ON THIRD FLOOR APARTMENT

The men in the iron masks stare at Campbell on the street. Other Agents rush to the windows to look out.

REAR SHOT: HAND-HELD CLOSE ON HARRY + COP

Harry is slammed to the ground by Agent NORMAN H. MC CABE. Someone's yelling, "We got him!" The Cop is separated from his catch and shoved aside. A forest of guns is at Harry's back. Two Agents pat Harry down. They come up empty-handed. One Agent is Harvey Parish. He's nervous.

WIDE DOWN THE STREET

Hoover, in his white suit, and MacLean hurry towards the group.

AGENTS

part like the Red Sea for Hoover and MacLean. Hoover approaches -- confused at the thwarted scenario. His .38 Chiefs Special hangs at his side. MacLean looks at Hoover. Nothing. Then...

MAC LEAN
You're under arrest...

HOOVER
(coming to; loud)
Harry Campbell: you are under arrest
for the First Farmers Bank robbery in
Minneapolis and...

Hoover raises his gun and covers Harry. Now he gets tense and a little electric. MacLean waves to Cooper down the street.

WIDE ON THE CORNER CANDY STORE

Cooper steps aside. A rush of Newsmen and Press Photographers run out into the street. They head for the cluster of AGENTS around Harry.

HOOVER

rises to the public relations occasion.

HOOVER
Stand him up!

They do. Harry's back is in the f.g. We SEE Hoover past him. Harry's now handcuffed. He moans.

HOOVER
(repeats for
press)
You're under arrest for...
(curious)
Why's that rag in his mouth? I want
to talk to him.

CLOSE: TEXAS RANGER

whispers something to MacLean.

MAC LEAN

leans toward Hoover, urgent, low...

MAC LEAN
(tense whisper)
Sir! Excuse me!

CLOSE: HOOVER + MAC LEAN

HOOVER
What?

MAC LEAN
That isn't Campbell...

HOOVER
What the hell do you mean?

MacLean tries to wave Cooper off.

COOPER

stops most of the press in time.

CLOSE: HOOVER + MAC LEAN

MAC LEAN

(low)

This man is not Harry Campbell.

HOOVER

That's impossible!

MAC LEAN

It isn't him.

HOOVER

shocked.

FRONTAL - "HARRY"

is the Traffic Cop with a gag inside his mouth. He's nodding his head up and down and trying to make noises.

CUT TO:

EXT. FISHING BOAT - HARRY - DAWN

He's at the bow in shirt-sleeves. He's alone. Wind rips at his clothes. Waves crash against the wooden hull.

HARRY'S P.O.V.: A PELICAN

swoops down like an eagle and grabs a fish out of the water and wheels lazily up into the dawning red sky. The diesel chugs. A CREWMAN approaches from the small blue and yellow painted wooden cabin.

CREWMAN

(Spanish)

Senor? Cafe? Beer?

HARRY

(Spanish)

How long?

CREWMAN

Five hours to Havana.
Cubano?

Cafe

HARRY

Si.

Harry holds onto the guy wire to the short mast with the naked light bulb. The filament burns white-blue against the red sky. Harry's future's before him.

THE END