

**PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1**

**BY**

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**WGAw**

FADE IN:

START TITLES

EXT. LAKE WEIR HOUSE - REAR YARD - CLOSE ON HANDS - DAY

The hands belong to two men who sit on tubular metal chaise lounges. WIDEN. It's high 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 ALVIN KARPIS and FREDDY BARKER. Barker is stout, older, resembles W.C. Fields. He wears a white shirt and suspenders. Alvin Karpis 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-head. Sitting at the table is DOLORES DELANEY. Dolores is nineteen, has brunette Irish good-looks and is eight 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 Farmer Labor party, if the state didn'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

His skin is cracked and red and his nose thick with burst capillaries. His eyes are closed. 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, Alvin dozes, the straw boater tilted down over his eyes. There's the soft BUZZING of insects in the warm Sunday afternoon. Alvin wakes and lifts the brim of his boater and sees:

ALVIN'S P.O.V.

HARRY CAMPBELL, in his shirt sleeves, walking towards him from far away across the sward of green lawn through the refracting waves of summer heat. Harry Campbell is 6'2", 180 pounds, with a broad moustache and a thick Southwestern accent. Harry carries an English, split-bamboo fly rod and a string of sun fish. He smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - ON DOLORES - NIGHT

Dolores is on a bed lying flat on her back holding Alvin's hand. WIDEN. Everybody else is clustered around in a semi-circle.

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.

MA

(turning to everybody;

low)

It's gonna be a boy.

Yes it is.

Dolores smiles, looks up at Alvin. He winks at her. They're a young married couple starting a family.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKE WEIR HOUSE - FRONT AND ROAD - WIDE - NIGHT

The front windows are yellow rectangles in the large white bungalow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It looks expensive and has a broad porch. A dark green 1935 Buick is parked on the gravel drive.

Alvin and Dolores, Harry and Wynona say their goodbyes near the car, but they're too far away for us to hear. A soft breeze rustles the thick leaves and their SOUND blends with and over the muffled "goodbyes" and Harry's booming laugh and the CAR ENGINE STARTING.

Alvin helps Dolores into the back seat of the Buick. Harry + Wynona climb in. Alvin drives. He pulls away and waves as he goes. At the rear window Dolores is waving her hand at the Barkers through the glass. There's the heavy rustle of leaves.

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 armchair. She works on a piece of embroidery. Her feet don't reach the floor. We PAN AROUND the room: a console radio out of Buck Rogers, 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 immediately supersede all that has gone before and usher into existence. . .

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MONTEREY HOTEL ROOM - WIDE - NIGHT

It's an urbane downtown hotel. Comfortable furniture. A mirrored radio and bar. Alvin and Dolores lay under the sheets. Alvin strokes her forehead.

DOLORES  
He's kicking so much tonight.

ALVIN  
Let me feel.

His hand rests on her stomach.

DOLORES  
Funny. We were calling it a  
'her'. Until Ma said it would be  
a boy. You believe that coin  
trick?

ALVIN  
(shrugs)  
Want a glass of water?

DOLORES  
I'm fine.

Alvin, pulls her closer. His hand cups her breast,  
proprietaryly. She holds onto his hand.

DISSOLVE TO:

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

BETTIN -- a middle-aged man dressed as a duck 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 Addis Ababa is expected tomorrow according to Giornale d'Italia. Mussolini has defiantly...

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - CLOSE ON BETTIN

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 looks up. Did she hear something?

NEWS COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

(radio filter)

President Roosevelt...

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - ON BETTIN

The pause is intentionally short...

BETTIN

Men. Open fire!

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

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - ON FREDDY - NIGHT

Freddy's eyes slam open and the walls of the house are disintegrating...

WIDE

Ma looks up from the embroidery...

WIDER

The living room disintegrating around them and Ma and Freddy being shot to pieces as we....

CUT TO:

INT. MONTEREY HOTEL - DOLORES - NIGHT

stands in the window in her white slip watching the sweep of headlights on the upper stories of buildings as cars drive by underneath. She can't sleep. Then, from the corridor outside the room:

HARRY (O.S.)

(muffled)

Well, hi ya boys! Someone complainin' about the party, huh?

Dolores turns from the window. Her eyes wide with fear. She turns to her husband. Alvin rolls out of bed soundlessly...

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - WIDE

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

FIRST COP

(hushed)

Quiet!

HARRY

...cause we sent 'em all home an hour ago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIRST SERGEANT  
(whispered)  
We're after a guy...  
Get back in your room!

HARRY  
Oh, yeah? What guy?

ANGLE

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

CLOSE

One Cop with a Thompson FIRES wildly, spraying bullets in the general direction of Alvin and Harry. 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. Harry 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. A man lies on the floor further down the hallway, moaning.

TWO SHOT

Suddenly, momentarily quiet as Alvin and Harry run for their adjoining rooms to get their stuff.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S ROOM

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY  
Wynona! Let's go! Come on!

He turns around.

INT. BATHROOM - ON HARRY

reflected in the bathroom mirror, staring at the floor.

WYNONA

dead. Water fountains from the toilet bowl and the other porcelain fixtures blown apart by the Cops' fire which penetrated the walls.

CUT TO:

INT. ALVIN'S ROOM - ALVIN

DOLORES  
(calm; curious)  
Look, Alvin.

Dolores is in shock. Her hands are red. PAN DOWN to her thigh. There's a hole that fountains blood. She can't stop it.

WIDE

Alvin ties it off with a necktie-tourniquet. We HEAR SIRENS in the b.g. Alvin jams 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 - ALVIN'S P.O.V. - DAY

Twenty Cops dive for cover under vehicles as Alvin'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

Alvin, carrying Dolores, and Harry race down a fire escape. That ends in garbage cans at the rear of the building.

ALVIN

(to Dolores)

Don't move. Stay here. We'll swing around with the car and pick you up. Baby, You stay here in the stairwell.

(beat)

Do you understand me!?

DOLORES

(through shock)

Yes. Alvin?

(panicking)

Alvin?!

CUT TO:

## INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - ON THE REAR WINDOW - NIGHT

Alvin and Harry smash the window and climb into the garage, looking for a car. They try three or four 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 Alvin and Harry. He's scared to death. He runs up the ramp to the street.

ATTENDANT

I seem 'em! They're in there.

ANGLE

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

HARRY

(furious)

Sonofabitch!!

CUT TO:

**EXT. MONTEREY HOTEL GARAGE - THE RAMP - NIGHT**

There's 25 to 30 policemen with five vehicles and more arriving all the time. Five or six run towards the ramp as the Pontiac catapults up and out into the street and turns right. Harry FIRES. The police open FIRE. In seconds, the car looks like a sieve.

**ALVIN'S P.O.V.**

Ahead: the street is blocked. He slams on the brakes and skids broadside. Pontiac slamming broadside into a police car, knocking over two Cops.

**INT. CAR**

Alvin throws it in reverse and backs down the street, running the gauntlet of the police they just drove through. Harry grabs the Thompson and SHOOTs wildly out the front.

**WIDE - THE STREET**

Cops dodge. A few return FIRE.

**THE PONTIAC**

at the end of the street careens off of two parked cars and spins around, facing the other direction. Alvin throws it in first and makes it around the corner. Harry FIRES the Thompson over the roof.

CUT TO:

**INT. CAR**

Alvin looks for the alleyway entry to pick up Dolores. He sees it, goes for it, then swerves away. It's blocked by a moving van.

CUT TO:

## INT. CAR

They have to go around the block. Alvin's clutching his stomach. Harry looks down at the seat -- it's slick with Alvin's blood.

Alvin can't turn left at the end of the block because it's one way the wrong way. He looks up and in front of him are two oncoming police cars. Harry braces his feet on the dash to make a cradle to steady the barrel of the machine gun...

HARRY

Watch your eyes!

Harry BLASTS away through the windshield glass.

## EXT. STREET

The engine in the first police car EXPLODES steam. The second squad car takes hits from Harry's FIRE, skids, stops.

## EXT. STREET

The cops bail out of the second car and FIRE over the hood.

## ALVIN'S PONTIAC

takes more FIRE from the police cars, as Harry's hit in the arm, and Alvin throws it left around the corner and then accelerates down the street back to the Monterey.

CUT TO:

## EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE MONTEREY HOTEL

Alvin enters and skids to a stop behind the hotel where he had left Dolores

## INT. CAR - ALVIN

freezes, searches. His worst fears...

ALVIN'S P.O.V.:STAIRWELL

Dolores is gone.

SIRENS WAIL. Far away...coming closer.

CUT TO:

EXT. PASSAGEWAY - ALVIN

enters into the passageway that runs alongside the building leading to the street and the front of the hotel. He clutches his abdomen. The shotgun is in his right hand. He limps and slides past OS into REAR SHOT along the wall towards the distant commotion and voices.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONTEREY HOTEL - THE FRONT - NIGHT

TIGHTEN past the police and vehicle activity to the passageway entrance. HOLD. Then we see Alvin peering out from the corner.

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

Through the chaos of shot out windows, wounded men, vehicles and an arriving ambulance. Alvin SEES five uniformed cops guarding someone. As one turns away we and he SEE it is Dolores. Two men hold her, one under each armpit. They sit her down on the running board of a car.

CLOSER: DOLORES

dazed, shocked, vaguely struggling. She senses something, becomes still and looks over at us. She sees...

DOLORES POV: ALVIN

Their eyes have connected. He knows he's losing her and his unborn child.

DOLORES - LOCKED ONTO ALVIN'S EYE CONTACT

stares back at him through the OUT OF FOCUS chaos. She knows this is all. It's happened. Their life together and everything it was, everything it was going to be, is over. She fears for her child and looks away and then looks back. He holds her look and the image of her in his eyes as long as he can. Then...

A VEHICLE arrives, blocking the eyeline, ending his contact with her.

PASSAGEWAY

It's empty. Alvin's gone.

CUT TO:

INT. PONTIAC - ALVIN - NIGHT

racing madly through city streets. His shirt front is a bloody mess. The car jerks, crossing into opposing traffic to pass. The SCREAMING of the TIRES is a counterpoint to Alvin's and Harry's calm. Harry's arm bleeds freely. Alvin doesn't talk.

HARRY

You shoulda seen Wynona in the bathroom...

Alvin gestures forward with his head.

THEIR P.O.V.

Three police cars are formed into a roadblock ahead of them.

INT. CAR - ALVIN

floors it.

EXT. ROAD BLOCK - COPS

ready rifles and shotguns. They don't believe what they see. The Pontiac is neither evading nor slowing. It's going to ram them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EXT. STREET

Alvin smashes into the crux of the "V" formed by two of the squad cars.

LOW + WIDE FROM THE BACK

The squad cars rammed sideways and one flips over from the impact.

INT. CAR

Alvin and Harry thrown forward, back and whiplashed into the shattered wind shield...

ROADBLOCK FROM THE OTHER SIDE

The Pontiac loses half its fenders and hood. It swerves, but keeps going and accelerates through...

INT. CAR

Harry picks himself off the floor. He's still in one piece. He looks over at Alvin.

ALVIN'S

face pushed forward against what's left of the windshield. He keeps driving. His left hand clutches his stomach. He turns to Harry and we SEE that he's been shot in the face. The left side is a mask of blood. He collapses onto the steering wheel.

Harry grabs Alvin with one arm and holds onto the steering wheel with the other and keeps the Pontiac on 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 RINGS. It's pandemonium.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETTIN  
I have to question her.

OBSTETRICIAN  
Well you can't!

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

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

He crosses to the desk and INCLUDE NURSE.

NURSE  
Phone.

BETTIN  
Hello.  
(beat)  
Yessir. We got Mrs. Barker and  
Freddy Barker and the girl. She's had a  
child and the doctor won't let me  
talk to her because something's  
wrong.  
(hears; answers)  
Alvin Karpis slipped through...

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

CUT TO:

INT. HOOVER'S OFFICE - CLOSE - DAY

HOOVER -- the back of a dapper, broad-chested man with a hidden  
face in a light suit.

HOOVER  
Explain to me how that happened?

BETTIN (O.S.)  
(phone filter)  
Local police got word of the raid  
and tried to be the heroes. They jumped the  
gun. I've complained to...

Hoover hangs up on Bettin mid-sentence. WIDEN TO INCLUDE  
Hoover's aide, PATRICK MacLEAN, a small man with brown hair.  
They stare at each other. We don't know who Hoover is yet.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OCEAN - SKY - ON THE SUN - DAY

It's a gauzy disk of diffused white and pale yellow. We're WIDE. TILT DOWN to the surface of the water. The morning haze hasn't burned off yet. The water is liquid metal and undulates in broad swells.

In the distance a diesel ENGINE CHUGS and MIS-FIRES towards US. After a while its shape defines itself out of the haze. It's a rundown conch boat. The crew members are black and in rags. As it passes a few feet from CAMERA, we PAN LEFT and in the stern are Harry Campbell and a form that's bandaged and wrapped and tied into a bunk mattress.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VERADERO HOTEL ROOM - WIDE - DAY

The walls are stucco painted yellow. Everything is slightly seedy, Havana, 1930's Gulfstream deco.

A light fixture hangs from a cord from the center of the ceiling. On the bed under the white sheet with his head swathed in white bandages is Alvin Karpis. Next to him is period nursing equipment: amber tubing, steel, black rubber and bakelite. In an armchair in the other corner is Harry Campbell in an undershirt. He's asleep. There's a bandage on his left arm. He's unshaven and looks like he's been in the chair for a week.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME - TIME'S PASSED - WIDE - NIGHT

Harry enters, a highball in his hand. He checks Alvin out.

HARRY

(low)

How ya doin'...

(beat)

How ya doin', Al-vin?

He wipes some saliva from the corner of Alvin's mouth, tucks the sheets closer to his chin and exits the room.

CLOSE ON ALVIN

as Harry leaves. One of Alvin's eyes opens.

ALVIN'S P.O.V.: CEILING LIGHT

is blurred, out of focus. It's like Alvin's pain. As it starts to resolve into a sharper image...

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME - OVERHEAD - NIGHT

Alvin is in the bed. Harry's cleaned up. There are flowers. The bandages wrapping Alvin's head are gone, but a large patch is on the left side.

A small Cuban DOCTOR is leaning over, checking Alvin's stomach wound. Now, he starts to rebandage it. Massive black stitches of the period. Harry shouts at the Cuban Doctor as if volume will overcome the language barrier.

HARRY

(loud)

He gonna be okay? Right?!

DOCTOR

(draws back)

He all right.

HARRY

(loud)

He gonna be able to, uh, move a-round!

Run? Jump?

(doctor nods)

Any in-fection?

DOCTOR

No infection.

(beat)

Señor. I hear you fine.

Alvin appears disembodied, as if only his body is there and it's okay for people to refer to him in the third person.

HARRY

What 'bout his face?

DOCTOR

No on left side, the face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALVIN  
(mumbles)  
Food?

DOCTOR  
Well, you have a voice.

ALVIN  
(mumbles)  
What...

Alvin points to his stomach wound which the Doctor finishes bandaging.

DOCTOR  
You lose three feet big intestine.  
You eat baby food two months. You  
not take sex with the woman a year.  
Or...

He makes a ripping-apart gesture with his two hands.

DOCTOR  
(continuing)  
I pick out pieces. No tooth on  
the left. Much pain. You are  
lucky man to be a-living. To speak.

HARRY  
Tha's right!

CLOSE ON ALVIN

He doesn't agree or disagree. He simply looks away from the Doctor out the window at the sun. ZOOM IN to the sun. It's hot. It burns out the screen in its whiteness...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROOM - TIME'S PASSED - NIGHT

TIGHT on a Chinese checker board. The marbles refract yellow tungsten light in their inner swirls and opalescence. We HEAR a radio.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RADIO PREACHER (V.O.)  
 (radio filter)  
 ...and drink of Him, as ye drinketh of  
 the cool spring.

The Airwave Chorale breaks into the period spiritual "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere."

Meanwhile, we PAN off the massive glass spheres occupying recesses in the checker board to pieces of magazines and ads for 1936 model cars, a streamlined Electrolux vacuum cleaner, Alvin's picture in Time (January 1936), National Geographic on Brazil, and a mugshot in Liberty magazine. We read "Public enemy number one... words fill the SCREEN but the rest of the sentence falls out of FOCUS as we MOVE THROUGH the magazines and scattered papers. ACROSS an ashtray with a cigarette like a fallen tree trunk.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 (radio filter)  
 That was the Radio Reverend of the  
 Airwaves, Dr. Glenn Young from the  
 First Baptist Church of Powanee,  
 Florida. And now from  
 Washington...

We HEAR telegraph FX.

LOWELL THOMAS (V.O.)  
 (radio filter)  
 Good evening; good evening. This  
 is Lowell Thomas. From West  
 Virginia's Harlan County comes  
 accusations by the Carnegie Coal  
 Company of Red influence in the  
 United Mine Workers' rejection of  
 the latest offer to settle the  
 four month strike.

HARRY (O.S.)  
 ...'member that copper, gold color  
 gal in Cai-ro?

PULL BACK to INCLUDE Alvin. Alvin's not concentrating on the game or Harry. His bandages are smaller. He's listening to the radio.

HARRY (O.S.)  
 ...'member her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOWELL THOMAS (V.O.)  
 (radio filter)  
 ...Dolores Delaney has died from complications following the birth of a boy...

Harry gets quiet and listens, too. He looks up. The impact on Alvin occurs inside. His frame seems to rock forward and he looks at Harry.

LOWELL THOMAS (V.O.)  
 (louder)  
 ...the son of Public Enemy Number One, Alvin Karpis. Since the G-Men's savage shootout with the vicious Ma Barker gang, and the death of Nelson in Braidwood, Illinois, only Karpis, the last and most dangerous remains at large.

(beat)  
 And while his father, the law-abiding John Karpowicz has stated he wants nothing more than to raise his grandson in peace and quiet in Chicago, his hellion son Alvin, a blazing .45 in each hand, roams the wilds, leaving a swath of desolation and victims in his wake as he flees the Hounds of Justice hot in pursuit and the armies of Law and Order searching every corner of this land.

(beat)  
 Next in from Cincinnati...

Alvin motions. Harry turns it off.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BATHROOM - MACRO CLOSEUP ON HANDLE - DAY

It's zinc plated and enamel. The word "CALDE" is baked into it. It is bright white. It's so white with heat, that there's patches of pale yellow and pink. Alvin's left hand spasms, then grabs the faucet and turns it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSEUP - FAUCET

Water pours out. It's a loud cataract.

CLOSEUP - DRAIN

The swirl of clear water washes over the white porcelain. Into the clear water blends a stream of pink and then red.

ALVIN

holding onto the sink's edge. His face -- 6 inches away -- is OUT OF FOCUS. He's in pain. His hand holds on tightly. A wheelchair is in the b.g.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOAT DOCK - LATER - WIDE - DAY

Alvin's on a wooden pier, sitting in a tubular metal chair in the sun. The tubular chair is yellow. He sips a drink. He's alone. There are no boats.

PROFILE

Blue water laps against the dock. Blue sky hits the water and creates the horizon in a line of silver. It's high noon. It's perfectly still.

Alvin's in white pants and dark sunglasses and bare-chested.

WIDE DOWN THE PIER: ALVIN

gets out of the chair, slips on his shirt and walks towards CAMERA. The sky is behind him. The stitches on his abdomen are out. He limps a little. The patch on his face is gone. Alvin's almost healed.

CUT TO:

INT. VERADERO HOTEL ROOM - ON HARRY - DAY

HARRY

That's crazy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alvin's packing his suitcase.

ALVIN  
It's set.

HARRY  
There's too much heat. What's wrong  
with England? They got banks  
there!

ALVIN  
There's always been heat.  
And I don't know the score  
in England.

HARRY  
But there ain't nevah been  
heat like now!

ALVIN  
(quiet)  
Harry, I am going back. I want to  
do a job. Then take off. Probably  
for Uruguay, Montevideo. With  
plenty of dough.

HARRY  
What job?

ALVIN  
A train.

HARRY  
What?

ALVIN  
Me and Freddy were lookin' at it.

HARRY  
A train? When the hell's the last  
time anyone robbed a train?

ALVIN  
Thirty. Maybe forty years.

HARRY  
What are you gonna do, ride up on  
horseback?  
(Alvin keeps packing)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY  
(continuing)  
What's on the train?

ALVIN  
A million and a half in payroll  
from the Federal Reserve Bank in  
Cleveland for all the steel mills  
around Youngstown and Warren.

HARRY  
You ain't foolin'.

ALVIN  
I am a million and a half dollars  
worth of dead serious.  
(beat)  
You want to go with me, that's  
good, 'cause I sure want you to.  
So pack your bag and come on. You  
want to stay here; I am going  
anyway.

Harry doesn't know what to do.

ALVIN  
(continuing)  
You been a good friend, Harry. The  
best friend a man could have. You  
pulled me through, so thanks...

Alvin extends his hand. Harry doesn't know what to do.  
Finally...

HARRY  
They got some decent streams in  
Uruguay?

TIGHTEN ON ALVIN

CUT TO:

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - ON DAIS - DAY

Tennessee Senator KENNETH DOUGLAS McKELLAR 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 not attractive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A sign with his name on it states he's Chairman of the Senate Appropriations Sub-Committee.

There's an undercurrent of conversation and cloakroom jokes. McKellar is rustling through his papers. He's irritable.

ANGLE

At a table facing the dais sit four men: J. Edgar Hoover and MacLean and COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER: 6'2", Brooks Brothers. A second AIDE approaches from the rear and hands Cooper a note. Cooper reads it. Then leans to Hoover.

ECU: COOPER

to Hoover's ear.

COOPER  
(whispers)  
We're in trouble.

MCKELLAR (O.S.)  
Okay, okay. Let's have  
some decorum...

They're slow to comply with McKellar. Their attitude says disdain.

WIDE - THE HEARING ROOM

comes to order. McKellar begins:

MCKELLAR  
(continuing)  
I reviewed all this, here,  
material and I don't think the  
United States needs it.

Hoover's riveted; immobile.

MCKELLAR  
(continuing)  
Bureau of Investigation's jus'  
fine the size it is.  
(finds papers)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

McKELLAR

(continuing)

Consequently, the Senate Appropriations Sub-Committee ...is not going to approve the \$1.7 million for the Bureau's expansion.

(gets papers)

Further, this committee will conduct investigations into the Bureau's operations starting next week to see what the existing 1936 appropriation's bein' spent on and in so-doing will consider some budget cuts.

(BANGS gavel again)

That's it.

REVERSE ANGLE - THE ROOM

Some surprised reactions in the hearing room. Hoover contains his anger. He stands. Aides collect papers.

ON DAIS

McKellar has also risen. He starts out, using a cane. His eyes connect with Hoover's. They both stop: McKellar from the dais; Hoover with his briefcase in the aisle.

McKellar

(personal;  
over the noise)

Mr. Hoover. I am arrivin' at the conclusion your attempt to catapult a small investigating arm of the Justice Department into "Crime Busters," "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.

Others who are leaving stop in mid-stride and turn to watch:

HOOVER

Crime is what runs wild in this country, Mr. Chairman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOOVER  
(continuing)  
And your decision to cut our  
appropriations aids and abets it!

MCKELLAR  
(pointing his  
cane at Hoover)  
Case you didn't hear, we got  
somethin' called a "Depression"  
goin' on. You spend more  
taxpayer's money catchin'  
crooks than what the crooks you  
catch stole in the first place...

HOOVER  
That's ridiculous!

MCKELLAR  
No, it ain't! And I want you to  
know, Mr. Hoover, I am aware of  
your machinations among members on  
the floor of Congress. However...

HOOVER  
(interrupting)  
I object to...

MCKELLAR  
(shouts him down)  
How-ever! Sir! I will persist in  
my policies as they relate to the  
Bureau of Investigation! And I  
won't be inveigled upon!

McKellar walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI FILEROOM - 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  
modernist and Kafkaesque.

MacLEAN (O.S.)  
...there's the Friedman kidnapping  
in Denver.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 amid the file cabinets around a metal conference table. Cooper's TAPPING the pencil.

HOOVER  
(to Cooper)  
Stop tapping.

Cooper stops.

MacLEAN  
(reads a list)  
Luciano on a white slavery charge  
in New York. The stock fraud case  
in Chicago.

HOOVER  
No one cares about that.

COOPER  
(to MacLean)  
It has to be a Public Enemy No.1  
Front Page grabber. Like Dillinger was.  
Like Karpis would be. Only with the  
Director getting the credit this time  
instead of Melvin Purvis.

MacLEAN  
In fact, Karpis is back.

HOOVER  
How do we know?

MacLEAN  
He was spotted three days ago in  
Key West.

Cooper senses their reluctance to target Karpis.

COOPER  
What's wrong with him?

HOOVER  
(to MacLean)  
What else is there?

MacLEAN  
That was the top of the case load.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOOVER

The Front Page is where we're going to beat McKellar. Not in his committee room or Congress.

(pause)

Unfortunately only Karpis makes that big a splash. So it has to be him.

MacLean starts searching through his files for Alvin's. Meanwhile:

HOOVER

(continuing to Cooper)

In the meantime: Was McKellar for the World War? Mistresses? The Palmer Raids. Was he soft on the Reds in 1919? Peppy stuff like that. You know the drill...

MacLEAN

(from file)

A second source, Wiczer, spotted Karpis...

HOOVER

(interrupts; to Cooper)

...MacKellar's trying to destroy the Bureau. Trying to destroy me personally...

(nods to MacLean)

MacLEAN

...spotted Karpis on the Lincoln Highway in Central Ohio.

HOOVER

(rising)

Who's the Ohio S.A.C.?

MacLEAN

Stillman. Can I tell him to go ahead?

HOOVER

(leaving)

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COOPER

(low)

Why the reluctance to get Karpis?

MacLEAN

Cause Mr. Karpis has a little something to say about it.

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 redhead 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 coffee?

CAROLE (O.S.)

(from the parlor)

Sure, Sport.

Then CAROLE SLAYMAN enters.

She's a beautiful Cherokee Indian, about 28, 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 you straight in the eye. She looks like a young Keely Smith and wears a Japanese kimono with a mountain and cloud scene on white silk. She doesn't smile a lot. Sport hands her the coffee. Carole's originally from Paris, Texas and has a deep accent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

JANICE  
(to Carole)  
I'll go with ya...

SPORT  
(running on)  
...if the coffee don't have  
a good smell it ain't gonna  
have a good taste, see?

CAROLE  
Sport, the doctor.

Carole exits. So does Sport. The DOORBELL RINGS.

WIDE

Carole comes back through and answers it.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOORWAY - ON CAROLE

It opens.

WIDEN

to include Harry and Alvin. He give her a big smile. Carole  
throws her arms around him.

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - WIDE - DAY

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALVIN  
(looking around)  
It's fine.

CAROLE  
Sport's okay; watch what you say to  
the gals.  
(looks at Harry)  
Harry you're lookin' real good!

HARRY  
Thank you, ma'am.

CAROLE  
There's a girl the name of Irene.  
I'll fix ya up. She knows how to  
keep her mouth shut.

Harry throws the suitcases on the bed.

HARRY  
I'll get the other one in the car.

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

Harry leaves.

ALVIN  
(crossing to Carole)  
Where's that door lead?

CAROLE  
My bedroom.

ALVIN  
Private?

CAROLE  
Very. But not to you...  
(pause)  
I gotta make a run to the  
doctor now. I'll be back  
real soon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALVIN

Later on ...

They smile at each other.

CAROLE

Been a long time, Alvin.  
Long time.

She goes out.

CUT TO:

INT. CAROLE'S BEDROOM - WIDE - DAY

The bedroom is yellow wallpaper. It's plain and comfortable.  
Many travel pictures are on a dresser.

A table with a cloth has been set up. It's high afternoon.  
Alvin wears a suit vest, collarless striped shirt and trousers.  
Harry's eating barbecued chicken with his hands and drinks beer  
out of a glass. Alvin eats Gerber's Baby Food with a spoon and  
drinks from a bottle of milk. He's unshaven.

ALVIN

Don't enjoy that so goddamn  
much.

HARRY

(swallows)

So when's it gonna be, Alvin?

Next Alvin opens a bottle of Gerber's Applesauce. Harry waits.

ALVIN

We take it on April 12th.

HARRY

That's only eleven days?

ALVIN

We don't take it April 12th, we got  
to wait 'til May 10th. The money  
shipment is always the second  
Wednesday of each month and I don't  
wanna be around longer'n we have  
to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

Where we gonna get the cash to set  
up a job that big?

ALVIN

There's a three-man sugar score me  
and Freddy kept for a rainy day.

They're interrupted. The door opens.

WIDE

Carole's returned. She enters with IRENE, 22, good-looking,  
smart. She's a high yellow quadroon.

CAROLE

Harry, this here sweet li'l  
thing's Irene.

HARRY

(collecting  
food in a  
napkin)

Let's go upstairs to mah office in  
the attic, you gorgeous gal.

IRENE

Keep your shirt on Buster Brown.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME, LATER - TWO SHOT - NIGHT

Alvin and Carole are at the open window, looking out at the elm  
trees moving in the night wind. It's a cool, sensual wind. It's  
quiet and intimate...

CAROLE

(quiet)

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

ALVIN

(smiles)

You remember that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAROLE

Sure I do. You and Freddy fresh out of Lansing. Come knocking on mah door. You were proud, Alvin.

(laughs)

But you were like the Man from the Moon 'bout women. Didn't know how to ask or nothin'.

ALVIN

I thought I was pretty racy.

CAROLE

Yeah. Well...you learnt fast, I'll give you that. After awhile... a real whiz kid.

(pause)

You been in all the papers.

ALVIN

I read some of 'em.

(beat)

You read about Dolores?

CAROLE

Yes, I did.

ALVIN

They said she went in her sleep.

CAROLE

That's what I read.

ALVIN

Real fine life I give her.

(pause)

What do the Toledo papers say about my boy?

CAROLE

He's with your Ma and Pa in Chicago. Police are watchin' the house full-time in shifts. You can't get to see him, Alvin.

Pause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALVIN

Those suitcases of guns Freddy and I left in Texas. They still there? At your brother Claude's place?

CAROLE

Yeah. You gonna need 'em right away?

ALVIN

Soon.

Alvin pulls Carole to him, shoulder to shoulder.

CAROLE

When did you decide to have a family, Alvin?

ALVIN

We decided, after she got doctored the first time and got pregnant the second, to have the child.

CAROLE

On the run?

ALVIN

We all settled in. Freddy and Ma in Lake Weir. Us in Little River.

CAROLE

That the place with all the willows on the bank?

ALVIN

That's it.

CAROLE

Sounds like when it was good, it was real nice.

It sounds very appealing to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALVIN

One afternoon I went out for groceries and something came over me. I drove right by that store and kept going. 'Bout an hour down the road, I turned around and came back.

(beat)

Way things worked out, I should have kept on.

(beat)

We were playing at living like everyone else.

(pause)

... I need a guy for something.

CAROLE

There's a guy named Joe Rich who ain't much and he's a dope addict. But he's all that's around.

ALVIN

Highly recommends him. Does he stay off the nose candy long enough to do a simple job?

CAROLE

He uses the needle. He keeps it under control.

ALVIN

Get him for me in the morning.

(pause)

Doc said I gotta take it real easy...

CLOSER - LATER - THE TOPS OF TREES

thick with leaves RUSTLING back and forth in the wind as if shook by a giant hand.

CAROLE (O.S.)

It's okay?

ALVIN (O.S.)

Yes...

DISSOLVE TO:

## ON THE BED - ALVIN AND CAROLE

They're naked. Carole's waist is narrow and she has wide hips. Her skin is dark brown and chestnut against the white linen sheets. Alvin's lying on the bed. Carole's on top of him.

## CLOSE

Carole's jet black hair falls out of the barrette and cascades down next to Alvin like a black fall of water. Alvin puts his hand behind Carole's neck.

CAROLE

(laughs)

You feel so damn familiar, honey,  
like last time was only a week ago.

ALVIN

(smiles up at her)

So do you...

CAROLE

Am I getting old, Alvin, lookin' for  
things to be familiar?

ALVIN

(suave)

Carole, you are forever young.

Carole -- the 28 year old Cherokee Woman -- laughs and lies onto Alvin's chest, and he puts his arm around her and cradles her into his shoulder.

CUT TO:

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

It's 6 a.m. and the sun's just come up. The shadows are heavy and the light that shines through the window at an acute angle is a bright morning yellow. We dwell on the door with its chintzy curtains and the brass door knob. Nothing happens. MOVE CLOSER. Then the door CRASHES in on us:

## A HALF DOZEN MEN

in suits carrying Thompson sub-machine guns crash through. Two carry sledgehammers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INT. PARLOR - MEN

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.

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 have taken up positions on either side of the door jam, staying out in the corridor 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 up my place?! Who the hell you think you are, you sonofabitch?

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

STILLMAN

(arch)

Miss Slayman, we are men of the FBI. Where's Karpis?!

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

CAROLE

Don't give me that "Miss Slayman" crap. I got no idea where Karpis 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!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STILLMAN

We're gonna ask you some questions.

CAROLE

You got a warrant for my arrest,  
let's see it? A warrant to search  
this joint?

She starts to make a phone call.

STILLMAN

You better cooperate with us.  
Who're you calling?

CAROLE

The Chief of Police  
(beat)  
Cooperate with you? You go to  
hell, sonny.

CUT TO:

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

Alvin comes up behind him. Alvin's wearing overalls, a long tan  
raincoat and a snapbrim hat.

WIDE

There are three Armed Bank Guards in all. We SEE Harry enter.  
He also wears a long raincoat. A third man, JOE RICH, wearing a  
leather jacket and cap, stands at the door. Alvin comes up  
behind the Guard and whispers to him so as not to alert the rest  
of the men in the bank.

ALVIN

(whispered)

Say, I wonder if you could tell  
me what time it is...

The Guard, ROGER CARSON, turns around. Alvin opens his jacket  
and exposes two barrels of a sawed-off shotgun. He's cut a hole  
in the pocket of his coat and his hand grips the shotgun stock  
through it. Carson starts to put his hands up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALVIN

(continuing)

Put 'em down. Walk to your right. Don't reach for your gun. Don't try to alert anyone. Walk to the locker room. Now.

GUARD

You won't get away with it.

PAN ON THEM as they're walking.

ANGLE

The Guard and Alvin pass the two other Guards and substantial looking Clerks behind desks. It's a big bank servicing a rich agricultural area.

ALVIN

What's your name?

GUARD

Carson.

ALVIN

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.

ALVIN

(even)

Roger, you look like a tough number. But you're outgunned and I said the locker room...

Carson looks at Alvin: sees everything he needs to know and turns towards the door to the locker room.

CARSON

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALVIN  
 (soothing;  
 coddling the man)  
 I know that, Roger. In your  
 position I'd do exactly the same.  
 It's the professional thing to do.

Carson's ego intact -- he proceeds to the locker room.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM

ALVIN  
 (tone changes)  
 Stop. Turn left. Put your hands  
 on the wall in front of you at head  
 height. Lean forward. Touch your  
 forehead to the wall.

Alvin disarms him.

ALVIN  
 (continuing)  
 Straighten up. Turn around. Sit  
 on the toilet.

Caron hesitates.

ALVIN  
 (continuing)  
 Move!

Alvin handcuffs his wrists behind the pipe and stuffs a roll of  
 toilet paper in his mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK

Alvin comes out the locker room door and crosses to the manager's  
 glass cubicle, which is in the area that had been patrolled by  
 Carson. He knocks on the door. A sign says: "MR. ALVARRSON."

ALVARRSON (O.S.)  
 Come in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INT. ALVARRSON'S CUBICLE

The glass wall is about six feet high and has no ceiling.

ALVIN  
You're Mr. Alvarrson?

ALVARRSON  
That's right.

ALVIN  
John Alvarrson?

ALVARRSON  
That's right.

ALVIN  
This is a robbery, John. You could  
protect the lives of your friends  
and customers by getting people to  
cooperate. We want everything to  
go smoothly. So do you.  
(beat)  
It's your responsibility.

ALVARRSON  
I don't believe this!

Alvin produces a sawed-off shotgun.

ALVIN  
Believe it.

ALVARRSON  
Oh my God!

ALVIN  
Count something.

ALVARRSON  
What?

ALVIN  
Anything, so you look normal.

Alvarrson begins to count a pad of blank paper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

ALVARRSON  
(getting scared)  
28. 29. Coberly. Mr. Coberly.  
30. 31.

ALVIN  
First name.

ALVARRSON  
Lynn. 32. 33. And Gerald Pearl.

ALVIN  
You're doing good.

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

ALVIN  
(continuing)  
Keep counting, John. Call Coberly  
in here. Order Coberly to do  
exactly as we say because you're  
trying to save lives.

ALVARRSON  
Okay. 34. 35. 36.

ALVIN  
Do it now.

ALVARRSON  
(into intercom)  
Mary?

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

ALVARRSON  
37. 38.

MARY (V.O.)  
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

ALVIN'S P.O.V.

Coberly approaches and KNOCKS on the door.

ALVARRSON  
(continuing)  
Come in. 39. 40.

COBERLY  
What is it?

ALVARRSON  
Put your hands up. We don't  
want people hurt!! 41. 42.

COBERLY  
What?

ALVIN  
Hey there, Lynn...

COBERLY  
Huh?

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

ALVIN  
Lynn, on the floor.

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

INT. BANK - HARRY

He walks over to the third Guard, pulls out his Thompson, winds it up like a baseball bat and drops the guy flat. Harry turns and announces:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY  
Everybody freeze! This here  
is a hold-up!!

INT. TELLER'S AREA

Alvin wastepaper basket smashes through the glass. It scares the hell out of everybody. Alvin crosses through.

ALVIN  
We're here for the money. We're  
not here to hurt you. And it ain't  
your money. If you obey and do as  
we say, you will come out of this  
just fine.

Everybody's confused and none resist.

JOE RICH

JOE  
I got somebody coming.

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

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

PEARL  
(excited)  
Really?!

BETTY  
(scared)  
Ohmigod!

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALVARRSON

John Moseley.

ALVIN

Tell him to cooperate and open  
the vault.

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.

Alvin approaches Schlitz and swings a haymaker into his stomach.  
Schlitz loses his lunch. Alvin keeps him from falling, brings  
him back up, and punches him again in the nose. Schlitz' nose is  
gushing blood. Alvin sits Schlitz on a table in everyone's view.  
Blood is dripping down his white shirt.

ALVIN

Stay here and shut up.

(to crowd)

Nobody touches him.

(to Schlitz)

Don't use your handkerchief.

Let it bleed.

(beat)

Who's Moseley?

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

ALVIN

(to Alvarrison)

Can he open the vault?

ALVARRSON

Yes.

ALVIN

Open the vault. Everyone else  
get in the back.

(they move;

to Moseley)

Open the vault. Mr. Moseley, I am  
dead out of time!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Moseley looks at the humiliated Schlitz. The example changes Moseley's mind as it's intended to. He leans over and opens the lock.

ANGLE ON VAULT

The door opens.

ALVIN

Harry!

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

INT. BANK - WIDE

Alvin enters from the vault with the duffle bag full of money.

EXT. BANK - HARRY'S P.O.V.: THE STREET

It's empty.

ALVIN

joins Harry at the window. It's too empty. Something's wrong. Harry motions the waitresses to him. We don't know why. Harry brings Pearl and Betty forward. They've crouched down. They're scared.

HARRY

(comforting)

Nobody'll hurt you gals. We  
been through this here drill  
lotsa times. Gives ya somethin'  
tell your grandchildren 'bout...

Alvin takes Betty; Harry takes Pearl's hand like they're going out on a date. Pearl believes Harry. Betty's scared. Alvin crosses to the front door. The street looks normal. From behind the jamb Alvin seems to shout to nobody.

ALVIN

(to the outside)

We're coming out!! We got hostages!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

HARRY  
 This is business. Now you move it,  
 sugar-tit.

ALVIN  
 (shouts)  
 We're comin' out!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - FRONT OF BANK - CLOSE

Alvin and Harry with Pearl and Betty in front of them and guns at their heads walk out of the bank. Pearl is white with fear and falls down in a faint on the sidewalk and urinates. Harry 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.

ALVIN, HARRY AND THE GIRLS

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

ALVIN'S P.O.V.

Now Deputies, Vigilantes and an older sheriff appear from behind cover and fill the street. They had been in ambush. They aim directly at Alvin and the car. None fire because of the two women. A couple of men run into the bank.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - LEAVING

Harry lets out the clutch.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - ON SHERIFF

frustrated as hell.

SHERIFF  
 (half to himself)  
 Goddammit. Bill and Jeff go get  
 the cars!

Just then, young Mr. Schlitz with his blood-spattered white shirt 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...

SHERIFF  
 (crossing;  
 to Schlitz)  
 You sonofabitch! That's Pearl  
 up there, Hank!

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

Schlitz' second SHOT goes wild because the Sheriff grabs the rifle away and knocks Schlitz sideways. Schlitz goes flying. But another younger man SHOOTS. Then the young clerk. Then another... Meanwhile, men are piling into cars.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

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

HARRY  
 They crazy?!  
 (to Pearl)  
 You'll be alright!

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

ALVIN  
 (to Rich)  
 Put up the shield!

In the back seat, 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

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

## ANGLE - ON BRIDGE

It EXPLODES and half the bridge falls into the river.

DISSOLVE TO:

## EXT. FIELD - WIDE - DAY

The Buick has pulled off the road behind a copse of trees. We're in a sea of golden wheat. Alvin has Betty on the ground -- looking at her leg. She's in shock.

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

Alvin tightens a tourniquet and then loosens it again.

ALVIN  
(continuing)  
You will be okay. You got a broken  
femur. I got something to take  
care of the pain.

Alvin waits. Finally Joe brings the medical bag.

ALVIN  
(continuing; to Joe)  
Plug up the holes in the gas tank.  
A bag of corks is in the back seat.  
(Joe leaves)

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

HARRY  
(to Alvin)  
Other one's shot in the head.

Alvin's attention is on the bag. He can't find something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETTY  
Pearl?  
(there's  
no answer)  
What did you do?

HARRY  
It's the sons a bitches in your  
town, lady.

Betty's coming out of shock and getting hysterical with pain:

BETTY  
You gangsters killed Pearl!

She starts SHRIEKING...

HARRY  
We ain't gangsters. We take from  
bankers what got stole from workin'  
people and farmers and...

ALVIN  
(cutting him off)  
Harry! Where the hell's the  
morphine kit?

HARRY  
I put it in the bag!

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

OTHER SIDE OF CAR - JOE

bent over. He has the morphine kit by the car hood and loads a  
quarter grain phial of morphine into the syringe. Betty SCREAMS.

ALVIN (O.S.)  
The hell you doing?

JOE  
(spins)  
Gimme a minute...

Joe turns and tries to shove the hypodermic into his arm. Alvin  
spins him around and smashes him in the head and knocks him into  
the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The kit goes flying. Alvin winds up and hits him in the stomach. Joe caves in like a paper bag and drops. Alvin picks up the syringe off the ground.

ANGLE

Alvin crosses to Betty - 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.

HARRY

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

HARRY  
Real sugar score...

ALVIN  
(wry)  
Yeah...

HARRY  
Since when'd they start  
shootin' hostages?

Harry's opened the duffle bag and now looks through the bank money.

HARRY  
(continuing)  
...forty, fifty thousand here, but  
look at this...

ALVIN

flips through one packet of bills Harry hasn't looked at yet. 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.

ALVIN  
Brand new.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY  
Recorded?

ALVIN  
Count on it.

HARRY  
This shows at a bank, they gonna  
know where we are or just been...

Harry stuffs it back in the duffle bag.

ALVIN  
(quiet)  
We stop in Chicago. George'll  
change it over. Let's go...

WIDE - ALVIN AND HARRY

Harry carries the can of gas and Alvin the duffle bag past Pearl  
to the Buick.

ALVIN  
(continuing;  
to Harry)  
I want to drop her at a doctor in  
the first town over the state line.

BETTY  
(shrieks to Alvin)  
You're killing me!

Joe is on all fours by the hubcap, retching. It's chaotic. Alvin  
slams the duffle bag into the back seat with a flash of anger.  
He surveys the scene: modern times.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY (CHICAGO)

They're stopped at a light on North Clark Street. Harry's  
reading a newspaper. The light changes to green. Alvin shifts  
the big Auburn straight 8 into first and they pull away. A  
street car passes.

HARRY  
We only on page three today.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alvin and Harry on page three of the Chicago Tribune of March 11, 1936.

ALVIN  
You disappointed?

From the back seat we SEE the army duffle bag containing the score from the Wahpeton Bank. Harry throws the paper into the back seat. Alvin turns left.

HARRY  
Joe Rich got himself picked up in Milwaukee. How much longer?

ALVIN  
Right here.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - AUBURN - DAY

pulls in and Alvin and Harry get out and climb the iron stairs of a three story brownstone. Alvin uses the heavy door knocker.

CLOSE ON DOOR

A worn-looking woman answers. She is MRS. ZIEGLER.

ALVIN  
We're looking for George Ziegler.

MRS. ZIEGLER  
I'm Mrs. Ziegler.

ALVIN  
Is George home?

MRS. ZIEGLER  
He ain't home. He's dead.

Harry looks away down the street.

ALVIN  
(impatient)  
I'm very sorry. Was it an accident?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. ZIEGLER

Yeah. He accidentally got in the way of a shot gun just as it was going off. What do you want?

ALVIN

I'm a furniture dealer. And George talked about selling some oak dining room sets...

The bored look on Mrs. Ziegler's face says she buys it.

ALVIN

(continuing)

But, I won't bother you no more, ma'am.

CUT TO:

INT. SILVER SLIPPER NIGHT CLUB, MANAGER'S OFFICE - TIGHT ON EDDIE SKORZENY - DAY

The office is a small, cluttered shit house.

EDDIE

Why couldn't you come to me and ask "Eddie, what the hell's going on?" You get yourself into something you don't know nothing about.

WIDEN TO INCLUDE ALVIN

ALVIN

Don't give me your crap, Eddie! Get on the phone. Call Cicero.

Eddie picks up the phone.

EDDIE

Gimme Capitol 2-1533.

(pause)

Lemme talk to Jake.

(pause)

Jake, this is Eddie. Someone wants to come out to see you.

(pause)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE  
 (continuing)  
 It's Alvin.  
 (beat)  
 Okay.

Eddie hangs up.

EDDIE  
 (continuing)  
 4:30 this afternoon.

ALVIN  
 Now, tell me what happened to  
 George.

EDDIE  
 I don't know. He was doing lots of  
 work for the Fischettis and Jake.  
 One day out of the blue... Ba-  
 boom. They been cleaning house.

Alvin and Harry exchange a look. Outside the office the noise  
 from the kitchen is deafening.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE DINING ROOM - WIDE - DAY

Everyone sits on bridge chairs in an oak panelled dining room.  
 The floor is parquet. The panelling is Edwardian with a high  
 wainscot. There is no other furniture in the room Harry stands  
 at the door, watching. The other men are JAKE GUZICK, TONY and  
 SAM FISCHETTI and PHIL D'ANDREA.

ALVIN  
 I went to George to launder money  
 in the old way, but he's dead. So  
 I came here direct.

JAKE  
 We got new policies, Alvin. Things  
 have changed.

ALVIN  
 What's that mean, Jake?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

We had a national convention at the Waldorf Astoria in New York last fall. Lucky and Meyer. Mo Dalitz from Cleveland? Licavoli.

Alvin nods.

JAKE

(continuing)

Your pal, Blumenthal from St. Paul. We organized into a national syndicate. Like Standard Oil of New Jersey. New rules. One policy is that independents like you are bad for business. Too much noise; too much front page attention. So the policy is no more safe houses, no more doctors, no more gunsmiths, no more nothin'. We aren't gonna change over your money for you, Alvin.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

Alvin doesn't say anything. After a few moments his silence starts to make Sam Fischetti nervous.

ALVIN

What happened to George?

SAM FISCHETTI

George had a big mouth.

ALVIN

That's a lot of crap.

TONY

(rising)

Hey!

ALVIN

(dead cold)

"Hey"...what?

Tony looks at Jake, at Alvin, and sits back down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALVIN  
(continuing;  
to Jake)

I have known George Ziegler a long  
time. He never shot off his mouth.  
What happened?

JAKE  
Sometimes we take out insurance  
against things happening. That's  
the way it is now.

Jake pulls out his wallet and takes out seven \$1,000 bills.

JAKE  
(continuing)  
This is from me; not the syndicate.  
So, it's personal.  
(beat)  
...for old time's sake.

ALVIN  
(standing)  
Thanks anyway.

Jake puts the money back in his wallet. Alvin and Harry leave the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. CICERO HOUSE

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

HARRY  
The hell we 'sposed to  
do now?

A young Phil D'Andrea comes out of the house.

D'ANDREA  
Wait a minute! Wait a minute!

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

D'ANDREA  
(continuing)  
Do me a favor. For my son, Mark.

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

D'ANDREA  
(continuing)  
Hey come on!  
(pleading)  
It's for a kid.

Alvin crosses back and signs the autograph.

D'ANDREA  
(continuing)  
Gee, thanks!

ANGLE

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

HARRY (O.S.)  
Why'd you sign that asshole's paper  
for?

ALVIN (O.S.)  
Never forget your public, Harry.

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  
All right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

HOOVER  
What's your name, son?

HARRIS  
Harris.

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 Men 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 and every one stopped some crime from occurring and forestalled another entry in the black book of criminal deeds. These young citizens of our modern age know all that glitters is not gold and that you can't get something for nothing. 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

Their bullet-ridden bodies are on a slab. It's a still photograph.

MOVIE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(loud; booming)

And to prove Mr. Hoover's point here are the bodies of America's 'former' top gangsters: Freddy Barker and Ma Barker.

(photo of Dillinger)

The infamous John Dillinger! Another of the robbers and murderers who thought he could get something for nothing.

ALVIN (O.S.)

(whispered)

You guarantee it moves outside the United States?

KISSELL (O.S.)

(whispered)

I guarantee it.

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

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 on the runway at Washington. Dillinger's picture is replaced by a mugshot of Baby Face Nelson with seventeen bullet holes in a ditch.

ALVIN (O.S.)

(whispered)

What business are you in?

KISSELL (O.S.)

(whispered)

Labor unions. My friends and I took over the projectionist's union.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOVIE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(booming; loud)

And another! George "Baby Face"  
Nelson. Dead of gangrene infection  
from 17 gunshot wounds. He met his  
end in the same gutter that spawned  
him.

REAR SHOT: HARRY, KISSELL AND ALVIN

silhouetted in one row. We SEE the screen beyond and above them.

HARRY

(whispered)

'Cording to Eddie, you're new at this.

KISSELL

(whispered)

First time for everything.  
So what?

MOVIE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(continuing,  
booming, loud)

In cooperation with the FBI, and its  
Director, J. Edgar Hoover. Movietone  
News for the first time will enlist  
you, the audience...

ALVIN

(whispered)

"So what" is: this ain't the Ted  
Mack Amateur Hour.

MOVIE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(loud; booming)

...into the ranks of Crimebusters.  
We now present the Most Wanted List.

KISSELL

(whispered)

It's going to Mexico City and  
Caracas! Okay? You wanna do the  
deal or not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

(whispered)

You pass this money in the U.S.? I will find you and I will kill you. I will kill your pet dog. I will kill your parents for havin' had you.

Kissell believes him.

MOVIE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(loud; booming)

Currently at large in the midwest...

ALVIN (O.S.)

(whispered)

You saw ours at Eddie's...

There's a RUSTLE as packages are exchanged. Then onto the screen FLASHES a huge mug shot of Alvin.

KISSELL

Here's the satchel... Oh my God!...

MOVIE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(booming; loud)

... is Public Enemy Number One. Alvin Karpis. This man, Harry Campbell, is believed travelling with him.

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

HARRY

Jesus!

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

KISSELL

Let's...

ALVIN

(whispered)

Shut up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOVIE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(melodramatic)

Alvin Karpis is 32, five foot eight and slim build. He has scars on his fingertips, earlobes and face. He has been a wanted fugitive since 1929. Harry Campbell is 28, six feet two, large build and usually wears a mustache. Both men are heavily armed and extremely dangerous. The FBI has a \$5,000 reward for information leading to the capture -- dead or alive -- of Karpis.

Different pictures of Karpis and Campbell 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.

Kissell tries to rise. Alvin slams him back in his seat. 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

MOVE IN to the middle of one row in the center of the theater. Halfway through, we SEE Alvin Karpis and Harry Campbell, immobile, and a fear-struck KISSELL.

KISSELL

(whispered)

Lemme out!

Harry's arm holds him steady and flashes a big smile. Kissell freezes. The people on either side giggle and talk. CLOSER. Harry's .45 is shoved low in Kissell's side. No one has recognized them. The lights DIM. We hear a Betty Boop cartoon. The theater goes totally BLACK.

CUT TO:

## INT. ELECTRIC STREET CAR - ON WINDOW - DAY

Sudden BRIGHT LIGHT. PULL BACK into an electric streetcar. Alvin rides in a back seat. The seats are hard woven yellow straw. Sparks ZAP and SPIT and the bell RINGS.

## ANGLE ON FRONT

Passengers get on and present transfers or money 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 moustache and a shopping bag gets on alone and takes a seat halfway down the aisle. The Conductor pulls the cord at the ceiling. The BELL RINGS. The street car lurches off. Alvin moves up and sits next to the old man. He is UNCLE ZIVILE.

ALVIN  
Can I sit here, Uncle?

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

ALVIN  
(continuing)  
Kaip vaikutis? (How is the baby?)

UNCLE  
(smiles)  
Grazus! Cia yra (Beautiful! Here are  
nvotraukos, Alvin. the pictures, Alvin.)

He reaches into his shopping bag and gives Alvin a small framed portrait of his son. They both look at it. Alvin smiles and swells.

ALVIN  
Grazus! Grazus (Beautiful! Beautiful  
berniukas! boy!)

UNCLE  
Drotas! (Husky!)

ALVIN  
Aciu, Uncle Zivile, (Thank you, Uncle Zevile.  
Duokite situs pinigus Give this money to my  
mano tevelivi. father.)

Alvin hands a yellow envelope of money to his Uncle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UNCLE  
Ir Dievo palaimos, Alvin. (Go with God, Alvin.)

ALVIN  
Aciu. Aciu. (Thank you. Thank you.)

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - ON REAR STREETCAR - DAY

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

CUT TO:

INT. CAR, TRAVELING - TWO SHOT - DAY

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

CUT TO:

INT. CAR, TRAVELLING - TWO SHOT - DAY

Harry drives. He puts the .45, which he had on the seat, back into his waistband.

HARRY  
Lemme see.

ALVIN  
(hands over picture)  
That's my baby boy.

Harry examines it while he drives.

HARRY  
...good-looker, he's gonna be...

The glow drops off Alvin's face. Alvin will probably never get to see his son, much less father him. Alvin looks out the passenger window.

CUT TO:

## INT. DINER, LAFAYETTE, INDIANA - ON ALVIN - NIGHT

Light reflects around Alvin off the quilted aluminum of a railroad car diner. It's streamlined. It's closed. The venetian blinds are drawn. Alvin, Harry 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 owns the diner and he's also the grillman. He wears white. All three men sit in a booth. Alvin stares at names written on a paper napkin. He has yellow envelopes of money in front of him -- like the one he handed Uncle Zivile. Names are written on the fronts. Harry drinks a beer.

ALVIN  
(re: napkin)  
Not a bad crew.

DEAN  
(shrugs)  
Tough to pull together. No  
spring chickens in dat bunch. But  
none of dem young jitterbuggers either.

ALVIN  
(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 the  
travel money.

Alvin passes second envelope:

ALVIN  
Near Port Clinton, Ohio. Rural  
route number's in there and  
instructions. They gotta arrive in  
three days, so get on the phone to  
them after we leave. We'll be  
staying somewhere else. Their  
house will be unlocked.

Alvin passes a third envelope.

ALVIN  
Buy a Ford with that new V-8  
engine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALVIN

(continuing)

It's gotta have the V-8 for pick-up. Deliver it to Zetzer in Port Clinton. He'll know what to do with it.

DEAN

Wanna hamburger or something for the road?

HARRY

And take a chance on death?

DEAN

Live dangerous.

HARRY

Burnt onna outside and a slice a raw.

DEAN

Alvin?

ALVIN

Jello...

Dean flips a patty on the grill. It SIZZLES.

CUT TO:

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

Harry laughs though we don't HEAR IT and tosses a paper bag out the window. We HOLD a WIDE REAR SHOT of the Auburn driving through the rolling farm land. Occasionally Alvin has to brake and there's the red glow of the brake light. Then the Auburn disappears over the top of a hill. To the left of the road are silhouetted trees. On the right are black furrows. Down the center: the blue-gray ribbon of highway. When the Auburn reappears on the uphill side, its yellow beams splay across the earth.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT, KANSAS CITY - ON TREASURY AGENT - NIGHT

The AGENT sits at a table with earphones on his head. There's a hotplate and a coffee machine in the room and a wire recorder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The wire recorder is hooked up to a bunch of telephone lines. The lines are connected to the rear of a megaphone from a phonograph. Sticking into the megaphone is a stand-up telephone receiver of the period. The whole apparatus is the original wiretap. The Agent comes alert as a red light flashes ON and he flicks a switch starting the recorder. PAN RIGHT to a collapsible Army cot. A SECOND AGENT sits up. They both look like they've been sleeping in their clothes for days. We HEAR a phone RING. Then:

COUNT RITTER (V.O.)  
(phone filter)

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN MOLARIS (V.O.)  
(phone filter)  
Connie. It's Dean from Indiana.  
It's on wid Alvin.

CUT TO:

INT. HOOVER'S OFFICE - HOOVER - NIGHT

Hoover's reading a transcription. Quietly:

HOOVER  
"...on with Alvin."  
(looking up)  
How'd we select this Ritter to  
listen in on?

WIDEN TO INCLUDE MacLEAN

He crosses to Hoover's desk.

MacLEAN  
We didn't. Postal authorities had  
him staked out in St. Louis on the  
Omaha mail robbery and followed him  
to K.C. Then this man, Dean somebody  
from Indiana called him out of the  
blue. They gave it to us.

HOOVER  
Pick him up.

MacLEAN  
The Postal Detectives gave us the  
transcript because we agreed they  
would have first crack...

HOOVER  
Well, un-agree. Is there a  
Nebraska warrant on Ritter?

MacLEAN  
There is.

HOOVER  
Does he have a family?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MacLEAN

Yes.

HOOVER

Arrest his wife for harboring a fugitive. Make sure she's denied bail. Allow Ritter to visit. Then pick up Ritter and lean all over him.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - WIDE - DAY

CONNIE RITTER is a tall, middle-aged man with almost no hair. He looks like he's been grilled by the Two Agents above him for the last two days straight. He's unshaven. He's slouched. He sweats. He's in an undershirt. Ritter looks up and is surprised. J. Edgar Hoover stands there in his pristine white suit. Hoover's so clean, Ritter feels shamed.

HOOVER

Do you know who I am?

RITTER

... Hoover, Mr. Hoover.

HOOVER

That's right. Once you're with us, you're part of a Big Family, son. You will have a lot of people you can count on for help. In fact, you can call on me personally.

Hoover's hand goes to Connie's shoulder. Ritter visibly relaxes, nods acquiescence.

INT. INTERROGATION ANTE-ROOM

Hoover exits the Interrogation Room, wiping his hands on a handkerchief and while crossing through with MacLean...

HOOVER

(to agent)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT

Yessir.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLAUDE'S RANCH - CLOSE ON CLAUDE IN BED - DAY

CLAUDE is asleep in bed outside and he SNORES. The bedding is a wreck, torn and tangled.

ALVIN (O.S.)

Claude. Hey, Claude!

Claude's eyes open. He looks around. His face is pockmarked and his matted hair is down to his shoulders. There's ugly scars on his forehead. Claude's simple-minded.

WIDER

Claude slowly rises. He's a 6'6" Cherokee Indian. Not only the bed's outside, but also a dresser, a kitchen table, chairs, a stove, and an old rocking chair. They're arranged as in a room setting in the farm yard. The small house isn't lived in.

CLAUDE

Ah-vin? Hey, Ah-vin!

Claude grabs Alvin in a hug and lifts him off his feet. Harry comes over from the Auburn where he was standing. Claude puts Alvin down.

ALVIN

How you feeling, Claude?

CLAUDE

Claude's okay.

Claude pushes back his hair. Above his right ear there's a large indentation and a purplish scar. Claude lets his hair fall.

ALVIN

Why'd you move outside?

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAUDE

Don't remember.

He waves his arms all around him while Alvin crosses to the stove and pours coffee. The landscape is a flat plain and there's nothing but Big Sky.

ALVIN

This is my friend, Harry.

Harry shakes hands with Claude and they sit around the kitchen table. It's like they're playing house in the front yard.

ALVIN

Good coffee, Claude.

CLAUDE

You doin' job. I'm goin'.

ALVIN

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

CLAUDE

This one.

ALVIN

Next one.

(beat)

I'll make you a deal... Been to Maybelle's lately?

Alvin sips his coffee.

CLAUDE

Okay. You gotta deal, boss!

Claude LAUGHS and slaps Alvin on the back like he tricked him. He preferred Maybelle's all along. Claude slaps the table a couple of times. Harry doesn't know what's going on.

CUT TO:

EXT. STAND OF COTTON WOODS - WIDE ON ALVIN + HARRY - DAY

100 yards from Claude's barn. While Harry digs with a spade:

ALVIN

Got shot in the head in Concordia,  
Kansas with Freddy and me in '33.  
I got him out. Carole nursed him  
back. She's a half-sister.  
Couldn't get by without her.

HARRY

(shovel strikes  
something)  
Got it...

ANGLE

Harry's unearthed two heavy suitcases.

ANGLE FROM TOP

He strains and pulls the first one out.

HARRY

(turning red)  
Jesus...

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

ANGLE

Now we can see what they came down here for. Inside is a treasure in form-fitted, lined cases: six Thompson actions and barrels. Each one is neatly wrapped in oil skin. Alvin lifts off the tray containing the actions and barrels and underneath are stocks and drums of ammunition and cleaning tools, each in its recess. It's packaged and photographed like the Holy Grail.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAYBELLE'S PARKING LOT - WIDE - NIGHT

A couple of old trucks are in front. Maybelle's is a half cabin, half shack, set back from the road. It's lit up by two naked

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

light bulbs in reflectors. Alvin's Auburn PULLS INTO FRAME. He and Harry and Claude get out, scattering some chickens. Claude's in the lead.

ALVIN  
You take it easy in there. No stunts.

CLAUDE  
Okay.

Claude starts away. Alvin grabs his arm.

ALVIN  
I'm not kidding!

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

A large old black man named LEO follows out the door with a hickory billy club. Leo's ready for trouble.

LUCY  
Who that?  
(alarmed)  
What you want?

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

LUCY  
(pause)  
Alvin?

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

CUT TO:

INT. MAYBELLE'S HALLWAY - ON DOOR - NIGHT

Alvin and Harry approach. Lucy KNOCKS on door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

LUCY  
 Gettin' on Alvin...

MAYBELLE (O.S.)  
 I hears you and I sees you.  
 Come on 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 are the 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.

ALVIN  
 It's Alvin, Mama Maybelle.

MAYBELLE  
 Come close, Al-bin.

She leans forward and we see her. She's a haggard old black woman with ash grey 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. Harry looks around the strange room.

HARRY'S P.O.V. - CLOSE

A sideboard is covered with lace lit by 16 or 17 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 vivacious black woman from the teens and 20's in sequined gowns, on horseback, in a roadster. The resemblance tells us it was Maybelle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYBELLE  
(continuing)  
How you been, Al-bin?

ALVIN  
Up and down.

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

ALVIN  
Yes, ma'am.

Maybelle's hand moves the arm of the wind-up phonograph set up at her side. The record is a scratched recording of Lonnie Johnson singing "Standin' On the Corner". It's a wine-rich voice. The MUSIC plays OVER the scene.

"If'n you can't gimme a dollar,  
gimme a lousy dime..."

(et al.)

Maybelle reaches behind her and brings out an old Ball jar filled with debris.

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

Maybelle's irises disappear into her head and her eyes go white. The MUSIC plays. It's part of her meditation.

CLOSE ON ALVIN

His eyes are closed.

ON MAMA MAYBELLE

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

## MACRO CLOSEUP - THE CONTENTS

are felt by 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 baby rattle, sinister twisted pieces of dark wood, a two-inch high black man doll, a two-inch high white man doll, a Mojo.

WIDEN.

MAYBELLE

It gonna be okay, Al-bin. It gonna work. You ain't gonna die. But, you gonna be alone.

WIDER

MAYBELLE

(continuing, after  
a pause)

And you gonna fly like a bird, Al-bin. Yeah. You gonna fly like a bird.

Alvin laughs. Maybelle's irises reappear. She smiles.

HARRY

Hear that?

MAYBELLE

You believe that, Al-bin?

ALVIN

Yes, ma'am.

Alvin starts taking a bill from his wallet. WIDEN.

MAYBELLE

You keep it, son.

ALVIN

Keep the fires going.

MAYBELLE

Uh-uh. You keep it. My gift. Cause we ain't gonna be seein' each other again.

ALVIN

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYBELLE

Cause tha's the way it goes.

She laughs. She nods as they leave.

INT. FRONT PARLOR

Leo sits with an old dog and his billy club next to an oil stove. Two blacks are shooting craps in the corner with muffled pleadings to the dice. Three girls in stockings with dusky, sensual eyes look up as Alvin and Harry enter from the front hall. Leo's smoking a "muggle" -- a marijuana cigarette. Alvin and Harry are easy in the glow of Mama Maybelle's prophecy.

ALVIN

Where's Claude, Leo?

LEO

(motions to window)

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

HARRY

Why?

LEO

He don't like bein' closed up. He say he want 'em undah the starlight.

(beat)

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

ALVIN

(smiles)

I'll pop for it.

LEO

Wanna muggle smoke?

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

Alvin exhales blue smoke. MOVE IN PAST the men to the blue night

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

sky and the outline of tall pines and some silhouetted vision of Claude'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. TOLEDO HOUSE, SECOND FLOOR - CONNIE RITTER - DAY

smokes a cigarette on the second floor landing and looks out the window. He watches an Auburn approach down the highway.

HUNTER (O.S.)  
 Connie. Wanta sandwich? Whaddaya  
 doin' up there?

Connie stubs out his cigarette and leaves.

Out the window in the approaching Auburn is Alvin and Harry.

CUT TO:

INT. TOLEDO HOUSE, ATTIC - TOY TRAIN ENGINE - DAY

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

ALVIN (O.S.)  
 (continuing)  
 ...armored mail car is toward  
 the middle. It stops right at  
 the station, here. First thing  
 happens...  
 (and the  
 train stops)  
 ...Ben takes the engineer.

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

ALVIN (O.S.)  
 (continuing)  
 Connie and Brock are at this end of  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALVIN (O.S.)  
 (continuing)  
 the platform.  
 (moves soldiers)  
 You're pinning this flank in case  
 of trouble and controlling any  
 people on the platform.  
 (beat)  
 Sam, you're gonna be up this here  
 pole. Like you did with me and  
 Freddy Barker in Minneapolis in '31.

WIDEN AND TILT UP to reveal we're in an attic with Alvin, Harry  
 and four men. We haven't seen them before: LARRY HUNTER (35,  
 blonde hair); SAM COKER (55 with psoriasis); BEN GRAYSON (40, a  
 large man); and BROCK (fat, short, 38). Connie Ritter is calm  
 and natural.

CLOSE ON SAM

He nods.

SAM  
 Is there iron on the pole?

ALVIN  
 No. Use spikes.

CLOSE ON STATION

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

ALVIN (O.S.)  
 (continuing)  
 Harry and I take the mail car. If  
 the door doesn't open, we will  
 dynamite off the side.

WIDE

CONNIE  
 What do I do if there's people left  
 on the platforms?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALVIN  
Move 'em into the station  
restrooms, here.

CONNIE  
When's it gonna happen?

ALVIN  
Wednesday.

BEN  
How do we get out?

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

LARRY  
What are we carryin'?

ALVIN  
I got six Thompsons, two Winchester  
Model 93 12-gauge shotguns, a .303  
Savage, a .30 06 Springfield with a  
sniper scope for Sam. And .45 side-  
arms.  
(pauses; sniffs)  
There's webbing and clips for carrying  
under your coats.  
(beat)  
It happens at 3:17 in the afternoon.

ON ALVIN

ALVIN  
(continuing)  
Each of you pick your soldier off  
the board and move your own man  
through the timetable. It's 3:10.  
Seven minutes before the train hits  
Port Clinton. Let's go...

Alvin backs up the electric train. We PAN RIGHT and dwell on  
Connie Ritter.

CUT TO:

INT. LAKE HAMILTON COTTAGE NEAR TOLEDO, PARLOR - WIDE - NIGHT

Alvin and Carole are on the porch eating ham sandwiches and drinking beer from tall glasses. Lake Hamilton begins at the steps. There's a jetty and a yellow light. The water is black, like a mirror. Crickets BUZZ. Occasionally, a fish breaks the surface.

CAROLE  
Ma ever get her garden?

ALVIN  
Yeah. And Freddy was goin' to seed in it.

CAROLE  
What was it like when you all were at Lake Weir?

ALVIN  
What do you wanna know for?

CAROLE  
I don't know. I'm curious.

ALVIN  
Some nights we'd sit around with the little dog we had -- and listen to the radio and play Chinese checkers. Go to sleep early. Get up in the morning and have toast. Coffee. Jam. A round of golf. Fish Little River.

CAROLE  
Freddy ever take that up, like he promised Harry he would?

ALVIN  
What Freddy took up was sleepin'. Got expert at it. At movies. On his front lawn.

They both laugh. She starts to say something. Stops. Starts again....

CAROLE  
When it's done... I would like to go with you, Alvin.

Pause

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALVIN

Sometimes I feel not much point in leaving, if it's going alone. But I don't know how to do what I got to and make it work out other than solo.

CAROLE

We're one of a kind though. That's why it'll be okay. I thought this through.  
(pause)  
I'm askin' you to take me with you.

It is Carole's plea. Alvin doesn't answer.

CAROLE

(continuing)  
It don't work out, I can always make cake standin' onna corner.

CLOSE ON ALVIN

He wants to say "yes" to this woman.

ALVIN

I can't tell you now. Can't think about it now. Every step gets complicated with that expectation. Do you understand?

(pause)

But I will call you after the job. When we're on the downhill side of it. When we're clear. If we get clear.

He touches her cheek. Carole's brown eyes stare at him a long moment. Then she turns from his hand and turns from his eyes.

CAROLE

You'll decide "no."

Alvin turns her face back to his so their eyes meet.

ALVIN

I am telling you to wait for me to call you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She wants to believe in him. She nods her head "yes." She'll have faith and wait.

CUT TO:

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - ON MCKELLAR - DAY

We've entered mid-hearing.

HOOVER (O.S.)

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

McKellar's leaning forward. He looks like a German Short Hair terrier on-point.

MCKELLAR

...don't tell your story. Answer the question. What were you before bein' made Acting Director?

HOOVER

A law clerk at the Justice Department in New York. What does this have to do with...

MCKELLAR

How many people has the Bureau apprehended since you became Director?

HOOVER

We've arrested 213 wanted felons for Federal...

MCKELLAR

How about you? How many have you arrested?

HOOVER

As director of the Bureau, I've apprehended...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCKELLAR

That's not what I asked. Asked about you. How many have you, personally, arrested?

HOOVER

I've not arrested anybody.

MCKELLAR

Never arrested a criminal?

HOOVER

I'm an administrator...

MCKELLAR

(dismissing him)

With no field experience.

For once Hoover is silent.

MCKELLAR

(continuing)

In fact, are you not shockingly unqualified, sir? In fact, you have never conducted one criminal investigation in the field in your whole life. You have no practical experience.

Others in the room stare at Hoover. He's frozen.

MCKELLAR

(continuing)

You, sir, are a front. Your prowess as a lawman is a myth created by a hoopla of headlines and press releases gener-ated by that Cooper, fella, there...

HOOVER

(rises; explodes)

This is a rotten Kangaroo Court of Venal politicians and misfits!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCKELLAR

(slams gavel, shouts  
back)

....who gets Movietone newsreel to  
photograph you pinning medals on  
Junior G-Men in knickers while  
national crime syndicates,  
hijacking and narcotics flourish  
unabated!

Hoover's shocked by the attack.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN, PULLMAN COMPARTMENT, TRAVELLING - SILENCE - NIGHT

Hoover and MacLean are in opposite seats. No one talks. Then  
Hoover leaves his inner thoughts...

HOOVER

Tell me about Ritter.

MacLEAN

He's in contact with Bettin's  
office. No one knows where Karpis  
stays, but the gang meets every  
morning at this house. Karpis'  
approach is down Highway 406.  
We'll take him on that road.

HOOVER

(interrupts)

What's wrong with Port Clinton  
Train Station?

MacLEAN

On Highway 406 Karpis will be  
alone. No crowds, no people,  
complete control.

HOOVER

(interrupts)

In two days I will bust the biggest  
gangster in the U.S. You think I'm  
going to pass up the train robbery,  
itself, as a setting? Tell Ritter  
it's changed. We'll do it at the  
station. Have Cooper issue a release  
we're closing in on Karpis and got  
him trapped like a rat...in Miami.  
I want Karpis to feel secure. And  
it'll build publicity for Wednesday.

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.

RITTER  
Operator. Give me Evergreen  
235 in Cleveland.

GIRL VOICE (V.O.)  
(phone filter; sexy, low)  
Hello ...?

RITTER  
Hey, sugar, your skillet good and  
greasy?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLEVELAND FBI OFFICE - ON GIRL - NIGHT

The "GIRL" is 50 and overweight. A MAN hovers behind her. We glimpse Bettin in the b.g. We remember him from the assault on the Barkers.

GIRL'S VOICE  
(sexy, low, nauseous)  
It's all set.

INT. PORT CLINTON - RITTER

thinks it's funny as hell talking dirty to an FBI secretary.

RITTER  
Good. See ya 'tween the sheets...

GIRL'S VOICE (V.O.)  
(phone filter,  
sugar sweet)  
One thing, lover, let's meet  
at the train station.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RITTER

Huh?...uh.

(the smile falls off)

Lemme talk to your brother.

Pause.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(phone filter;

very cheerful)

Hi, it's Bob! How you doin'?

RITTER

(low; mad)

We had an arrangement. It was  
the road.

Long pause.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(phone filter)

It's been changed. Now it's the  
station.

RITTER

With the whole gang there?

(low)

It'll turn into a bloodbath.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

They'll watch out for you.

RITTER

That's not what happens!

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(phone filter)

You'll be okay. Don't worry...

RITTER

Yeah. Sure. Right.

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

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:

A huge EXPLOSION. Connie SCREAMS. He stares at his right hand in his lap in amazement. He's blown off at the 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

UP the staircase we see two men in tan raincoats and wet shoes. We HOLD on them. It's Alvin and Harry. Harry shakes the rain from his hat.

INT. CONNIE'S ROOM - ALVIN - NIGHT

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

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

Bloodied rags and jars of water on the floor.

ALVIN  
...takes you out, Connie. Sorry.  
(beat; nice)  
Looks like you could use a quarter  
grain of morphine to ease up the  
pain...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALVIN  
 (continuing)  
 (beat)  
 I better clean the wound. Harry,  
 where the hell'd you hide the  
 medical bag?

HARRY  
 (pats Connie's  
 shoulder)  
 You'll be alright...  
 (to Alvin)  
 It's out here.

He follows Alvin out.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - ALVIN + HARRY

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.

HARRY  
 You buy that?

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

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

ALVIN  
 Yes.

HARRY  
 We gonna pass?

ALVIN  
 (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, Harry pulls a baseball bat out of the back seat. The ground is muddy.

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - WIDE - NIGHT

All the men except Ritter are around the train table.

ALVIN

They're gonna unload the money to Ferris Armed Guards at Garrettsville when the train pulls in there at 2:43. That's two stations ahead of Port Clinton. Then they planned to ambush us as we tried to take the train at Port Clinton at 3:17.

(beat)

What we will do is hold up the train and take the payroll at Garrettsville instead.

(pause)

What's going for us is the stations were built the same time. Their layouts are the same. What's against us is we are one man short.

LARRY

There'll be Feds on that train and Postal Cops and they'll be armed to the teeth.

ALVIN

That's right.

HARRY

And we will pull it off right in front of 'em.

BROCK

That's crazy!

ALVIN

There's the door.

BROCK

I ain't out. I'm just sayin'...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALVIN  
Anybody else?

The level of risk in the robbery has now gone through the roof. The anxiety is palpable. Man by man, each agrees to stick with it.

ALVIN  
(continuing)  
Okay. Let's go to work...

CUT TO:

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

Alvin is in bed. He turns over and suddenly wakes up. He looks around the room. Carole's gone. The bed's empty. He gets up.

ALVIN'S HAND

checks the magazine in his .45 and slams it back in the butt. WIDEN. Alvin 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...

CAROLE

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

CAROLE  
Brought you your coffee, Alvin.  
Is there time?

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

ALVIN  
Yeah. Yes, there is.

He sits down at the table by the window. The trees RUSTLE outside. It's like the house in Toledo. Alvin's hand rests on her thigh.

ANGLE FAVORING CAROLE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alvin eats the toast and drinks his coffee. The saucer and cup CLICK. Carole stares at Alvin throughout. She holds his hand on her thigh in both of hers. She doesn't drink her coffee.

ALVIN

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

CAROLE  
See you, Alvin.

ALVIN  
I'll call you after.

Carole looks lonely. She doesn't believe it.

CAROLE  
Sure.

He leaves.

CUT TO:

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

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

TELEPHONE POLE NEAR TRACKS

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

BEN GRAYSON

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

EXT. PLATFORM - WIDE

Larry and Brock, as civilians, wait on the platform as if they're  
expecting a friend.

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.

INT. WAITING ROOM - TWO SHOT

Alvin and Harry are in Ferris Guards' uniforms. Waiting.

CUT TO:

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

Water swirls across the brushed stainless steel 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. He's just been sick and washed  
it down. The noise stopped because he took his foot off the  
flush pedal. He wipes his face with a towel. He has a .38  
Detective's Special holstered in his belt. He is HARVEY PARISH:  
mid-twenties, medium brown hair cut high around the ears.

CUT TO:

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

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

ANGLE

We dwell on four men who are different. They're in their fifties, they're larger, and their faces are scarred and worn. They sit opposite each other and don't fraternize with the younger agents. There's a cheap suitcase between them. They're ex-Texas Rangers. They're there for serious work. Three wear cowboy boots. One wears a three piece suit, hightop lace-up shoes and drinks a Kayo.

CLOSE ON AGENT 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 + DOWN THE PLATFORM - DAY

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

ON WAITING ROOM ENTRANCE

Alvin -- in the Ferris Guard uniform -- is 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 towards the cab, looks over his shoulder at Alvin, who nods. Grayson drops his tan raincoat on the ground, revealing for an instant his sawed-off shotgun, and disappears into the cab.

**ALVIN**

He looks the other way.

**ALVIN'S P.O.V.: DOWN THE PLATFORM**

Brock stands, Larry lounges -- seemingly relaxed -- against a baggage cart towards the rear of the short train. They watch the passengers disembark. Brock's fighting, nervous. Five people flow into the waiting room.

**ALVIN**

He looks at their faces as pass.

CUT TO:

**INT. WAITING ROOM - HARRY**

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 - HARRY**

comes out and joins Alvin. In their uniforms they start for the armored mail car with its ominous gun ports.

CUT TO:

**INT. 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 crewcut. Scars on his scalp can be seen through the short hair. PORTER ONE looks out the small window.

PORTER'S P.O.V.: HARRY + ALVIN

in the Guards' uniforms approach.

PORTER  
Here they is.

He slides open the door. Harry has a big smile on his face and walks forward. Behind Harry is Alvin -- looking right and left. He nods down the track while:

HARRY  
Hi y'all!

CUT TO:

EXT. TRACK - CLOSE ON SAM

on top of the telegraph pole. He got Alvin's nod and cuts the wires. Then, he pulls the .30-06 Springfield with the scope out of his equipment bag and hides it at his side. He scans the horizon with binoculars.

CUT TO:

INT. ENGINE CAB - BEN GRAYSON

WIDEN TO INCLUDE engineer and two firemen -- fixed by the mouth of the shotgun barrel. Ben checks his watch. Then:

GRAYSON  
Okay. Start stokin' up a big head of steam.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLATFORM, ON MAIL CAR - ALVIN + HARRY

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

ALVIN  
(to Porter One)  
Need a hand unloading?

Before he can answer, Alvin's climbed up into the mail car and offers his hand to FBI Agent Frigas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALVIN  
(big smile)  
Hi, fellas.

Frigas shakes hands with Alvin.

FRIGAS  
Nice to meetya. The name's Frigas.

PORTER ONE  
Say, where's Ike?

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

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

ANGLE

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

ANGLE

Alvin covers Frigas and smashes Hertz' leg out from under him and drops him to the floor. Harry picks up the shotgun Hertz had behind him on a ledge.

CUT TO:

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

sits at a 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.

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)

Oh no.

MacLEAN

(quiet; to Bettin)

Get some men in there. Including a radio car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETTIN  
 Are they taking it...at  
 Garrettsville?  
 (into phone)  
 This is Agent Bettin. Get me the  
 Garrettsville Sheriff fast!

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED MAIL CAR - CLOSE ON MEN - DAY

ALVIN  
 (to Porter One)  
 Open the box. I mean now.

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

Harry wheels around and slams Hertz. Porter One is already  
 fumbling with the combination lock.

CUT TO:

INT. CLEVELAND STATION MASTER'S OFFICE - WIDE

Hoover is keeping it all inside. Bettin is frantic.

MacLEAN  
 (into another phone)  
 Sheriff Berowski?  
 (beat)  
 I'm MacLean. Federal Bureau of  
 Investigation. We're in Cleveland.  
 (pause)  
 They're robbing the payroll off the  
 train at Garrettsville, not Port  
 Clinton. You got a radio car?  
 (beat)  
 We need observation. Don't try to  
 stop them. Get the escape route,  
 how many men...

INT. PASSENGER CAR - ON HARVEY PARISH

Harvey Parish is staring out the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARISH  
What's takin' them so long?

LEY  
Milk train...

PAN OFF Harvey to the other Agents in the car. They're each a little nervous, anticipating a shoot-out at 3:17 in Port Clinton. One packs up the Thompson he was cleaning.

HARVEY PARISH

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!

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

BROCK  
What's taking 'em so damn long?

CUT TO:

INT. MAIL CAR - HARRY

checks the tag on a mailbag. One bag's already outside on the platform.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALVIN  
(reading from receipt book)  
76528116JY. Y for Youngstown.

HARRY  
This is number two...

The two porters and two agents are handcuffed to a pipe that runs near in the ceiling.

PORTER  
Gonna be a lot of angry factory  
workers in the morning.

HARRY  
They'll get theirs! It's the  
company gonna come up short.

ALVIN  
Let's go...

Alvin jumps onto the platform and shoulders one sack. He looks both ways and then signals with his arm towards the engine.

BEN GRAYSON

leans out of the cab. He caught the signal from Alvin and waves.

CUT TO:

INT. ENGINEER'S CAB - BEN

swinging into the cab:

BEN  
(hollers over  
the noise)  
Let her out!

ENGINEER (O.S.)  
Mister! It'll blow!

BEN  
(levelling his  
shotgun; beat)  
Do it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The train lurches. Ben jumps clear. The skidding wheels grab at steel rail, shooting sparks as they grind and catch, grind and catch, and the train starts accelerating, belching steam.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARRETTSVILLE STATION, PLATFORM - WIDE

Train pulls out. Alvin and Harry, Brock and Larry and Ben are spread out and the only five people left on the platform.

CUT TO:

INT. PASSENGER CAR - HARVEY PARISH

looks out the window at them. He's disinterested. Then -- through the glass -- he recognizes Alvin Karpis with the mail bag on his shoulder watching the car full of FBI Agents pull out of the station. Then, Alvin turns to go...

ANGLE - ON HARVEY

turning to Agent Ley across from him and calmly saying:

HARVEY  
That's Alvin Karpis.

Ley and three or four others come alert, fast.

HARVEY  
(continuing; shouts)  
I saw Alvin Karpis standing right  
out there on that platform.

Agents struggle for a glimpse of the retreating platform as the train rockets away, lurching side to side.

CUT TO:

EXT. TELEPHONE POLE - SAM COKER

climbs down. Then stops. Something caught his eye. He sees a Sheriff's car -- a black Mercury four-door with a white star on the door and a round ring on the roof. Sam 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

Where they supposed to be?

BEROWSKI

(shrugs)

Don't know that they're even here,  
L.C.....

CUT TO:

EXT. TELEPHONE POLE - SAM

FIRES.

INT. CAR

L.C. Rogers is blown back half over the seat into the rear.  
Glass exploded all over and Berowski's face is cut. He skids to  
a stop, in the entry to the station parking lot, pulls a rifle  
out of the back, and falls out the driver's door, taking cover  
behind the engine block.

CUT TO:

EXT. STATION PARKING LOT - ON THE FORD

Alvin and the others were at the Ford, throwing the money into  
the back seat, when they heard Sam's SHOT. They now see the  
Sheriff's car is 100 yards away, blocking their exit.

TELEPHONE POLE - SAM

starts back down.

EXT. ROAD, SHERIFF'S CAR - BEROWSKI

FIRES. He works the bolt and FIRES again.

EXT. TELEPHONE POLE - SAM'S

shot in the hip and SCREAMS. A third shot EXPLODES in the small of his back. Sam falls from the pole, but his lineman's leather strap catches, holding him upside down. He's dead.

EXT. STATION PARKING LOT - FORD

The supercharged, unmuffled V-8 ROARS in a big arc, heading for the exit. Harry is FIRING at the Sheriff's Mercury, but the Thompson's ineffective at 100 yards.

HARRY  
(shouts)  
Closer!!

INT. FORD

is closing its arc. One of Berowski's shots rips through the windshield. Alvin ducks. The car skids sideways onto a soft shoulder. Alvin guns it, but the wheels dig in.

BROCK

panics. He struggles out of the stuck car. The wheels kick dirt everywhere. The V-8 ROARS. Shots are coming in.

ALVIN  
(low)  
Come on...come on...

HARRY  
(yelling after Brock)  
Brock! For Chrissakes!

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

BROCK

runs back towards the car. Alvin holds it for him.

OVER SHERIFF'S SHOULDER

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

INT. CAR

Alvin lets the clutch out. The Ford ROARS forward.

HARRY'S

out the passenger door, sighting under it, millimeters above the pavement streaking by. Harry's armored door takes hits from the Sheriff.

HARRY'S P.O.V.

The Sheriff's feet and legs are visible under the car. Harry's Thompson FIRES and blows the Sheriff's feet away from under him.

SHERIFF

falls down the side of his car. His face is surprised. He tries to support himself with the door handle, but it merely turns on its axis and opens the door. It's insane. He pulls himself into the floor of the car and grabs at the microphone.

LOW + WIDE - FORD V-8

thunders at us with railroad tie bumpers. It rams the Mercury. out of the way and roars off down the highway.

MERCURY

flips twice and lands half in the gully, right side up. The Ford roars off down the highway.

INT. FORD, TRAVELING

Harry's looking out the rear window. The Sheriff's pulled himself into the driver's seat. Ben watches, too. Alvin winds the Ford V-8 through its gears down the two-lane blacktop. THROUGHOUT: the supercharged unmuffled ENGINE is LOUD. Everyone shouts over it.

ALVIN  
Give me first point!

Harry grabs a clipboard. Larry and Ben in the back rip apart the mail bags and divide the money into four cheap suitcases.

## HARRY'S CLIPBOARD

has typed columns of distances from landmark to landmark. It's their escape route.

HARRY

(shouts)

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

ALVIN

(cool)

Got it.

Alvin double clutches and downshifts the V-8 into second.

BEN

(shouts)

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

HARRY

(shouts)

A radio? The sonofabitch have a radio, Alvin?

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

HARRY

(continuing; shouts)

Farm on the right in three-tenths. 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 went off the air. Don't know what kind of car or how many men.

(beat)

He's been shot...

WIDE

HOOVER  
(interrupting)  
Where's he going?

BETTIN  
Nowhere. Every main road is  
blocked! Every one.

MacLEAN  
(quiet anger)  
He's already off the main roads.  
He knew...we...were...here. He  
took it any-way. Wake up. He has  
it planned. What else is around?

BETTIN  
(shouting)  
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.

MacLEAN  
What's that?

BETTIN  
I don't know.

STATION MASTER comes up.

STATION MASTER  
Plymouth Meadows.

MacLean looks at Hoover. Hoover looks at MacLean. A feeling of  
desperation.

MacLEAN  
That's it.

BETTIN  
Our roadblocks should stay intact.  
I mean we don't know yet, that he  
even took the train.

Hoover nods to MacLean.

MacLEAN  
(already on phone)  
Get the men at Port Clinton Station  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MacLEAN

(continuing)

to intercept them at Plymouth Meadows on Highway 17. The teams on the train should off load at Bennington and do the same.

(beat)

Six miles...

(shouts for the first time in the picture)

Yes, I said "six miles!"... So haul your ass, goddamn it!

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 a picture-book white clouds. His hill is bisected by a white picket fence. We HEAR the ROAR of a throaty engine.

LOW - ON FENCE

Alvin'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. Alvin shifts and heads for a yellow dirt road ahead. He scatters a half-dozen Hereford in the way. There's another white fence. He doesn't even slow down for it.

EXT. FIELD

The Ford approaches right TO CAMERA, crashes the wood fence, and sweeps left as Alvin throws it into a right turn. There's a cloud of dust, as Alvin makes the road and accelerates down it. We HOLD on the car disappearing into the yellow haze.

INT. FORD

Engine ROAR.

HARRY  
(shouts)  
500 yards, the right turn.

Everybody holds on as Alvin throws the car off the road to the right into 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. Alvin ROARS in. The Ford skids through a 180 turn.

WIDE AND LOW

Larry and Ben jump out with cardboard boxes full of money. Alvin revs the V-8, like he can't hold it back.

HARRY  
(shouts out the  
passenger window)  
See ya!

Larry races for one of the cars.

LARRY  
We did it, huh, Alvin? See ya,  
Harry!

ALVIN  
Ben, you boys take it easy!

HARRY  
(shouts at Ben)  
Ole man! Don't burn down Newark!

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

CUT TO:

EXT. PORT CLINTON - WIDE - DAY

Three Chrysler Airflows -- Bureau of Investigation Agents -- race down the highway. They're preceded by two motorcycles with sidecars driven by state troopers in lace up leather boots. Each sidecar has a B.A.R. 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. ALVIN'S FORD - FAST TRAVELING

Alvin 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.

ALVIN'S P.O.V.: THE WASHTENAW BRIDGE

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. Alvin doesn't slow down at all.

HARRY

Oh, Jesus.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADBLOCK - OHIO MOTOR PATROL COPS - DAY

They get set to fire. Alvin's Ford is shooting down the embankment right at them.

COP #1

(as the strange  
vehicle approaches)

What the hell...?

COP #2

This is it!

OPENS UP with a rifle.

## THE FORD

charges right at them. Harry's ducked down - Alvin's barely seen over the wheel.

## THE ROADBLOCK - COP #1

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

## WIDE - BRIDGE AND RIVER

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

## FROM OVERHEAD (IN THE GIRDERS)

Married together the cars ricochet and scrape against the steel sides of the metal bridge, shooting gouts of SPARKS everywhere. Metallic ripping NOISE.

## 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. Alvin fights the Ford straight, blasts through the encasing girders and scatters dirt as he races up the other side.

CUT TO:

## INT. FORD - HARRY

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

ALVIN

How far?

HARRY

(beat)  
...up on the left.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLYMOUTH MEADOWS - KNOLL - DAY

Nothing. We wait. Then, what's left of Alvin's car shoots up out of the gully and bounces onto the runway. It's overheating and spewing smoke. WIDEN as it ROARS TO CAMERA and PAN RIGHT as it whips past and heads for a runway at the far end. We now realize what MacLean saw in the map: Plymouth Meadows is an airfield.

REVERSE ANGLE (FROM A HANGAR)

Alvin's Ford is a dot racing toward us. A radial engine Stinson airplane taxis out to meet it.

INT. FORD - PAST ALVIN + HARRY

racing up the runway a quarter mile from the Stinson. The wind sock CRACKS in the wind. The sparseness of the field attests to the pioneer state of aviation. They're almost there.

HARRY  
(warning)  
Alvin.

Dots on the opposite approach road -- the FBI vehicles and state troopers on their motorcycles and side cars racing to intercept them.

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

THE RUNWAY - WIDE

Alvin drives around the Stinson, and SKIDS sideways into the opposite approach road. Alvin and Harry jump out with their Thompsons, shotguns, and two cardboard boxes of money. Harry runs for the plane. Alvin -- with five sticks of dynamite taped together -- rolls under the Ford. And without skipping a beat, rolls out the other side and starts running for the plane, too.

INT. PLANE - ZETZER

-- a round faced man -- behind the controls.

ZETZER  
Come on!! Come on!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

THE RUNWAY - HARRY

at the airplane, whipped by propeller wash. Alvin's way behind him, running from the Ford.

INT. PLANE

Harry climbs in, spins.

HARRY'S P.O.V.: ALVIN

running. Behind Alvin: FBI vehicles are almost at the runway. Then the Ford EXPLODES 30 feet into the air and comes down in a cloud of black SMOKE and FLAMING PIECES. FBI vehicles spin out, evade it.

CLOSE: ALVIN'S HAND

reaches the fuselage.

CLOSE: ZETZER'S BOOT

comes off the wheel brakes.

HARRY

pulls Alvin aboard. The plane catapults forward.

ZETZER

pulls back on the stick.

EXT. RUNWAY - WIDE: THE SILVER STINSON

takes off in a smooth arc up into the sky.

## REVERSE - FBI

have gotten out of their cars and run past the burning Ford. Now they're FIRING their service revolvers and the odd rifle in stiff, trained positions at the airplane a half mile away.

## ANOTHER CARLOAD

of agents arrives on the runway. Among these are Harvey Parish and the four Texas Rangers off the train. The most grizzled of the Texans walks forward through the younger agents and shades his eyes to see the distant airplane. Then he looks at the younger agents still shooting ineffective revolvers.

## YOUNGER AGENTS

feeling the stare of the older Texas Ranger, get embarrassed, put down their weapons.

## WIDE

The silver speck lifting into the China blue sky.

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 PAN LEFT through the room onto MacLean. He looks disgusted. Hoover stares at the map. He's withdrawn, turned inward. After a long pause, he rises.

CUT TO:

## INT. PLANE - CLOSE - DAY

Alvin and Harry with goggles.

ALVIN

(shouts)

What do you got to say?

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

HARRY

(shouts)

Going everywhere, Alvin!

(pause)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY  
(continuing)  
Like Maybelle said. Flyin' like a  
bird.

CUT TO:

EXT. AERIAL SHOTS

This moment of freedom in the sky is really Alvin's victory.

During the flight we see:

- a. Stacked cumulus and fly through them as if they were white Grand Canyons;
- b. The silver body of the plane with its 16-cylinder deHavilland radial engine;
- c. Alvin, straining to see the top of the clouds;
- d. The plane surmounting the clouds;
- e. Harry, deeply thrilled by the air, wind, views of farms way below;
- f. The Stinson. We hang back off it as the plane disappears up into the cumulus and is dissolved by the white disk of the sun.

CUT TO:

INT. CAROLE'S HOUSE, TOLEDO, OHIO - RADIO - NIGHT

LOWELL THOMAS (V.O.)  
(warm radio filter)  
...though supposedly in Miami surrounded by FBI Agents, sources are telling this reporter it was gangster Alvin Karpis and his outlaw bunch who raided the payroll from an Illinois Central train at Garrettsville, Ohio in a daring daytime robbery last Wednesday...

Reveal Carole in an upholstered armchair listening and drinking tea. Wind lashes low branches against her windows.

CAROLE

looks over at...

INT. FOYER - CU TELEPHONE

made of Bakelite in its cradle on a table. Carole in her chair is in the b.g. in the living room. She turns back to the radio.

RADIO

LOWELL THOMAS (V.O.)  
 (warm radio filter)  
 ...rumor has it Postal Inspectors  
 have complained bitterly to the  
 Attorney General over their  
 exclusion. Meanwhile, G-Man boss,  
 J. Edgar Hoover, has other  
 problems: Senator McKellar's  
 Appropriations Committee...  
 (voice fades away)

CAROLE

waiting for the telephone to ring. Her eyes stare into some distant nowhere. Then, she rises and leaves...

INT. FOYER - CU TELEPHONE

It does not ring. Moonlight through the window throws a silver trapezoid over the living room. Against the glass, wind drives the dark leaves of the elm trees.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION, WEST PLAINS, ARKANSAS - ECU FLIES - DAY

silver thread; iridescent bits of feather.

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

HARRY + ALVIN

in front of a display case inside a gas station. Outside a new yellow 1935 Auburn roadster is at the gas pumps being filled.

HARRY

(selling it)

You cast that line out and the lead falls over -- light as a feather -- floats down through a ripple. Little breeze. Warm sun on the water. Miles of empty Uruguay.

(beat)

Easin' in the line...boom. You got a hit!

ALVIN

(smiles)

I'm gettin' the coffee while you haul in your fish. And I gotta make a telephone call.

(re: flies)

...buy 'em.

(leaves)

In the half reflection of the glass case Harry sees the .45 stuck in his waistband is exposed. He slips it into the side pocket of his sport jacket. Turns around...

HARRY

Ma'am? You like to sell me some of these flies?

Through the window we SEE Alvin cross the street to a cafe.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - ALVIN - DAY

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

ALVIN

Thank you operator.

(pause; rings; it's answered)

How'd you like to take a trip to Montevideo?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CAROLE'S KITCHEN - CAROLE - DAY

on the phone in her kimono.

CAROLE

Where's that?

ALVIN

Uruguay.

CAROLE

(slow smile)

I'm surprised you called me Alvin.

ALVIN

Like I said...on the downhill side of it. Whaddya say?

CAROLE

I say I'll be right there, honey.

ALVIN

We're on the Arkadelphia Highway. Take the train to Mobile. Arrive Thursday night. Go to a motel called the Silver Stream.

THE WAITRESS

arrives with his Thermos of coffee. She has black hair pulled tight. Alvin hangs up. She gives Alvin a big smile. Through the cafe window behind Alvin we SEE Harry coming out of the general store.

CUT TO:

INT. AUBURN - ALVIN + HARRY - LATE AFTERNOON

It's a pleasant town and they're pulling out of it. Somebody waves at them. Harry also bought an English reel. Its liquid action on its excellent ball bearings is thrilling.

ALVIN

At Mobile you head out for New Orleans ahead of me and set up Buccione's boat...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

Sure.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARKANSAS ROAD - WIDE - TWILIGHT

The Auburn down the two-lane blacktop. We carry it into the distance. The sky is reddening.

CUT TO:

INT. DEAN MOLARIS' BEDROOM, LAFAYETTE, INDIANA - MOLARIS + WIFE - NIGHT

in bed.

DOOR CRASHES in.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLAUDE'S RANCH - TRUCKS - NIGHT

have smashed aside the dresser, kitchen table, and bed outside of Claude's house.

TEXANS

in boots and FBI Agents in suits halfway down the hill are lit by the truck headlights. The struggle to subdue Claude is a massive effort.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAYBELLE'S FRONT YARD - WIDE - NIGHT

Three Texas Department of Public Safety cars, Buicks bearing FBI Agents and girls, and a stakebed truck with Mama Maybelle and Leo start to pull out.

WIDER ANGLE: FARM HOUSE + OUT BUILDINGS

ablaze with gouts of red flame.

CUT TO:

EXT. SILVER STREAM MOTEL, MOBILE - WIDE - NIGHT

The motel is a row of streamline cabins lit by red neon. A couple of cars are parked in the forecourt. One of them is a grey-green 1934 Ford V-8 Coupe. We're shooting from across the road.

INT. FORD

Inside is Carole. She taps her red nails to "Ramona" coming from the amber glow of the radio.

ALVIN (O.S.)  
Hey there, baby...

Carole spins and sees Alvin: her big warm smile. He's in a new, midnight blue Lincoln Coupe.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT, BALCONY - ALVIN + CAROLE - NIGHT

sit at a table at the end over the water. The surf softly pounds the sand beneath them.

ALVIN  
Red snapper stuffed with crab's the big item.

CAROLE  
I'll have that.  
(beat)  
They're lookin' all over for you.

ALVIN  
Let 'em. It's a big country. And we're leaving by boat from New Orleans in four days.

CAROLE  
I heard 'bout Sam on the radio.

ALVIN  
They also got Ben and Larry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAROLE

How?

ALVIN

Papers said Ben spotted cops tailing him. When they caught up, he killed himself.

(beat)

Cops were street-car conductors on their way home. Tried to stop him to tell him he had a tail light out.

(beat)

Larry got sold out in a Newport, Kentucky whore house. I knew the place. It used to be safe.

(pause)

Carole, you look tired as hell.

CAROLE

Hard trip down.

(smiles)

Times have gotten tougher, Alvin.

ALVIN

(light)

Time's damn near closed me down.

CAROLE

(brightening)

Order us some champagne, honey?

CUT TO:

INT. CAR, TRAVELLING - ALVIN + CAROLE - DAY

On the Gulfstream Highway paralleling the shore. It's early morning. They both wear sunglasses. Wind whips their hair from the open side vents of Alvin's broadskirted and streamlined Lincoln Coupe. Alvin says something and she laughs. The sun catches on her glasses.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - WIDE - DAY

Carole and Alvin eat hamburgers on a plaid blanket at the edge of the water. She leans against his shoulder. He puts his arm around her. The Lincoln Coupe's parked on the shoulder of the road. The water's grey-green. A high pressure zone is building and it backed up over the ocean, a mountain range of grey clouds and peach light.

ALVIN

You cold?

CAROLE

No.

He pulls her tighter anyway.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW ORLEANS STREET - CAROLE - DAY

stepping off a trolley, crossing through heavy traffic to a crowded sidewalk. She wears dark glasses and looks great in a pale green dress. She's been shopping.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - CAROLE - DAY

enters. Alvin's there in a pale yellow shirt and white linen slacks.

ALVIN

Harry called. Buccione's boat leaves day after tomorrow.

CAROLE

Got you some strawberries...

Alvin takes them. Carole looks away. He senses something...crosses to the window.

ALVIN'S P.O.V. - ON THE STREET

Three stories below is the scene Carole just crossed through. But, we NOTICE the Texan who was on the train, sitting on a bench, reading a paper. A street repair crew is down the block. One man wears shiny brown dress shoes.

ALVIN

turns from the window to Carole.

ALVIN

Nice dress ya got, Carole.

CAROLE

When the hell did you ever notice a lady's dress...?

ALVIN

You sold me out.

There's a long pause.

CAROLE

(quiet)

Yeah. I did.

(pause)

They arrested Claude. They got him in a hole in a straightjacket. They knew it'd torture him. So they took me to see it. They hurt the innocent people next to you. To get you to do what they want. That's the way they do it now.

(pause)

A week ago...

ALVIN

A week ago I'd have killed you.

CAROLE

A week ago I'd have gone with you.

ALVIN

When?

CAROLE

They said they'd tell me, but they were lying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALVIN  
(dry)  
...they do that.

CAROLE  
They're gonna try to arrest you in  
the street.

ALVIN  
No. They will try to gun me down  
in this apartment.

CAROLE  
I had to choose for Claude.  
(pause)  
So I lose. You die. And they win.

ALVIN  
No they don't.

ALVIN

crosses to Carole. She takes his hand. Her head drops to his  
shoulder. He says something, but we don't hear the words.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - TEN FBI AGENTS

armed with Thompsons, shotguns and rifles -- stand poised at a  
doorway leading down to the third floor.

FIVE AGENTS

are at the edge near the window cleaning trolley. Three are in  
armored vests and cast iron, full-face helmets with narrow slits  
for eyes.

AGENT COLEMAN

separates from those near the door and crosses to the edge. He  
looks down to a Dry Cleaners Shop directly across Canal Street.

CUT TO:

## INT. BASEMENT DRY CLEANERS SHOP - HOOVER AND MacLEAN - DAY

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

MacLEAN

We're ready. You'll be careful.

HOOVER

I got no intention of ending my career in a tenement in New Orleans.

(pause)

Get Cooper on the phone.

MacLean phones a call and waits.

CUT TO:

## INT. NARROW CANDY STORE - COOPER'S - DAY

on the phone. Behind him are stuffed 20 newsmen and photographers. He holds them back.

COOPER

(into phone)

I can't hear.

(to Newsmen)

Hey! Quiet!

(into phone)

Yeah! Okay...

CUT TO:

## EXT. STREET - THE TEXAN

on the bench reads the newspaper.

## EXT. ROOF - WIDE: AGENTS

wait for the signal.

INT. DRY CLEANERS - WIDE

MacLean checks his watch.

MacLEAN  
It's time...

Hoover nods.

HOOVER  
Go ahead.

MacLean signals to the roof across the street.

CUT TO:

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

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

INT. APARTMENT - OUT THE WINDOW: BLUE SKY

Then the window is filled by the Three Agents in iron helmets with 12 gauge shotguns on the window washing trolley.

WIDE

on the LEFT are the Agents positioned in the doorway. On the RIGHT are the armored Agents outside the window. In the MIDDLE sits Carole -- alone in a kitchen chair. Alvin's gone.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ALVIN

walks out the door with his suit coat off and his arms raised -- displaying for the world to see that he's unarmed. He walks directly towards the middle of the street and the Traffic Cop.

ALVIN'S

eyes dart around. The Traffic Cop looks at Alvin.

ALVIN  
(low; to Cop)  
Arrest me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAFFIC COP  
For what? Get back on the  
sidewalk.

INT. DRY CLEANERS - ON HOOVER - DAY

HOOVER  
What the hell's he doin'?  
What the hell's goin' on?!

MacLean's on the phone.

INT. CANDY STORE

COOPER  
(into phone)  
Hello?  
Hello?  
Hello?

EXT. STREET

The street repair men drop their shovels and look on as the man with his arms up approaches the Cop. They pull their guns. They don't seem to know what to do.

THE TEXAN WITH THE BOOTS

His newspaper has fallen away revealing a sawed-off model 87 Winchester 10-gauge shotgun.

ALVIN

ALVIN  
I said arrest me. My name's Alvin  
Karpis. Take out your gun and  
arrest me.

The cop draws his gun.

INT. DRY CLEANERS - OVER HOOVER'S SHOULDER: ALVIN'S  
arrested by the Traffic Cop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOOVER  
 (to MacLean)  
 Why doesn't somebody do something!!!

EXT. STREET - ALVIN + COP

See armed men approach. The Cop's confused. His gun droops.

ALVIN  
 (to Cop)  
 Pay attention!

The Cop snaps up his gun.

WIDE FROM THE FRONT

On the left is the Texan with the boots from the bench. His 10-gauge lever-action shotgun is aimed at Alvin's back.

WIDE FROM THE SIDE

In front of Alvin is a second Texan with a Krag .30-04 semi-automatic rifle. The both look like they're about to fire, but they don't.

LOW ANGLE: THE THIRD FLOOR APARTMENT

The men in the iron masks and on the roof look down and see Karpis in the street below. Other Agents, including Coleman, rush to the window and look out. It's a scene of confusion.

HAND-HELD: ALVIN + CONVERGING AGENTS

The bewildered Traffic Cop gets lost in the sea of people. No one knows what to do next. An Agent, NORMAN H. McCABE, takes charge. He moves Alvin to the Lincoln. Someone's yelling, "We got him!"

McCABE  
 Put your hands on the roof of  
 the car.

Two Agents pat Alvin down. They come up empty-handed. One Agent is Harvey Parish. He's nervous. His gun shakes violently.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARISH  
I -- I saw you on the platform  
at Garrettsville.

ALVIN  
(to McCabe)  
Mind asking that young man to  
put his safety on.

MCCABE  
(carefully)  
All right, Parish. Relax.

EXT. STREET - WIDE

From the end of the block Hoover and MacLean are approaching  
fast. Hoover wears his white suit.

HOOVER  
What happened?

ON ALVIN

The old Texas Ranger with the three piece suit has approached.  
He puts his head next to Alvin's and whispers:

TEXAN  
(wry smile)  
'Sposed to shoot you down.

ALVIN  
Where you from?

TEXAN  
(low)  
Fort Worth.  
(winks)  
Good luck, son.

He walks off. It says he and Alvin have more in common in the  
broad sweep of time and history than they have differences.

HOOVER

approaches. The Agents part for him and MacLean. He stands in front of Alvin and doesn't say anything. He's frozen in the presence of Alvin Karpis. His .38 Chiefs Special hangs at his side.

MacLEAN  
You're under arrest...

HOOVER  
(coming to)  
You're under arrest for the  
Wahpeton, South Dakota bank  
robbery.

MacLean waves to an Agent across the street.

EXT. STREET

The Agent signals to another Agent down at the corner.

WIDE ON THE CORNER

That Agent opens a doorway and steps aside. A rush of reporters and press photographers run out onto the street. They head for Hoover and the cluster of Agents around Alvin. Meanwhile...

HOOVER + KARPIS

Hoover is more at ease, now.

HOOVER  
(pleasant)  
I heard of your fishing prowess.  
I always wanted to catch a Marlin.

ALVIN  
You're thinking of my friend.

HOOVER  
I bet you're glad it's over.  
You know your conscience will  
feel much better if you get  
everything off your chest. So  
why not tell me all about it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

After a moment:

ALVIN  
(low and real slow)  
Who the hell... you think...  
you're talking to?

Hoover stiffens. In the glare of this moment we and Hoover know he's talking to the real thing. He evades.

HOOVER  
You filthy hoodlum...

PRESS

including radio newsmen with large microphones and Movietone cameramen, converge. Karpis is ten feet back.

NEWSMEN  
Mr. Hoover! Mr. Hoover!  
Director!

A microphone is pushed under his face. After a pause:

HOOVER  
Karpis said he'd never be taken  
alive, but we took him without  
firing a shot.  
(beat)  
That marks him as a dirty yellow  
rat. He was scared to death.  
(sweet)  
That's all I got to say, boys.

Hoover walks off. Courtney Ryley Cooper enters and addresses the Pressmen.

COOPER  
I'll answer any other questions.

REPORTER #1  
Did Hoover capture Karpis  
personally?

COOPER  
Yes. Mr. Hoover's gun was on Alvin  
Karpis and Mr. Hoover personally  
placed him under arrest. Karpis  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COOPER  
(continuing)  
reached for a rifle but the Director  
was too fast.

PAN to where Alvin waits with MacLean.

MacLEAN  
(to Alvin; re Hoover)  
....could have been more  
complimentary. You made his career  
just now.

The crowd moves forward and Alvin and MacLean emerge from the  
garage.

REPORTERS  
Karpis, Mr. Karpis! Have you seen  
your son? Was there a lady in red  
Alvin?

ALVIN  
There was no lady in red.

REPORTER #2  
You're looking at doing hard time.  
What have you got to say?

ALVIN  
(stops)  
I say they ain't invented the hard  
time I can't handle.

Then Alvin walks away with MacLean and other Agents.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

An image starts to form in SLOW MOTION. It's the close-cropped  
grey hair and face of a tough old guy reading a newspaper. He  
turns the page.

SUPER: MONEY FROM THE GARRETTSVILLE TRAIN ROBBERY WAS NEVER RECOVERED.

ALVIN KARPIS SPENT THIRTY-THREE YEARS IN ALCATRAZ AND MCNEIL PENITENTIARIES.

IN 1969 KARPIS WAS PAROLED AND EXTRADITED TO CANADA.

We realize it's Alvin Karpis. He's 62. There's another man with him. They're sitting on an ancient stone, harbor wall. Sea front cafes are behind them. We're in Spain. Alvin's trousers are rolled.

REMARRIED IN 1970, ALVIN KARPIS AND HIS NEW WIFE DIVIDED THEIR TIME BETWEEN HOMES IN TORONTO AND MAJORCA.

Alvin gestures towards a Spanish waiter with a folded napkin on his forearm.

ALVIN  
Harry, wanta refill?

Harry Campbell nods yes, casts his line into the water and reaches back to empty his highball glass. Behind them two women in summer clothes in deck chairs.

IN 1972 J. EDGAR HOOVER DIED IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

Harry reels in and casts again. Alvin turns the page.

ALVIN KARPIS ENDED HIS LIFE IN 1979 AFTER HE BECAME STRICKEN WITH CANCER. HE WAS 71.

THE END