



PUBLIC ENEMIES

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TITLE: SEPTEMBER 26, 1933.

EXT. BRICK STREETS OF MICHIGAN CITY, INDIANA - A BROWN PONTIAC

is parked at the curb. It waits.

INT. PONTIAC - "RED" HAMILTON (34)

looks at his watch. With his meticulously parted red hair, he might be a bank president. It's 6:55 a.m.

HAMILTON

Time.

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

CUT TO:

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

It's cold. Convicts' uniforms are broadly striped and frayed. This is a line of hard men branded by prison: shorn hair, broken noses, eyes with a cold ferocity. And their aggression has a nihilistic edge; their spirits never surrender. There's nothing beaten down about these men. Like Alcatraz, Leavenworth, and Sing Sing, this is the end of the line.

PRISON GUARDS

in visored black caps, black shirts, black patent leather Sam Browne belts with three-foot long billy clubs watch the line, poised to unleash violence.

AMONG THE HARD MEN ARE...

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

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

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

THESE THREE

with an older man, WALTER DIETRICH, wait for the 7am work call to the prison Shirt Factory...

INT. INDIANA STATE PRISON, GATEHOUSE - TURNKEY

watches through a window as a Pontiac pulls into the parking area in front of the prison across from the streetcar tracks. Hamilton jerks a handcuffed Dillinger out of the backseat. Dillinger is shoved forward. Hamilton's wearing a star.

TURNKEY
(opening up)
Afternoon.

Hamilton flashes the badge. He shoves Dillinger inside. In an adjacent room FIVE GUARDS play poker. Next to them is a barred entrance to the prison yard. As the cage door locks behind him, this is the last place Dillinger wants to have entered. Meanwhile...

INT. INDIANA STATE PRISON - THE SHIRT FACTORY: STACKS OF BOXES

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

(Dietrich was mentored by Herbert K. Lamm, an ex-Prussian soldier who invented professional bank robbery by applying military tactics and who rode with Butch & Sundance's Hole in the Wall Gang in Utah in 1901. In prison Dietrich passed on Lamm's techniques. His brightest student in 1933 is John Herbert Dillinger.)

DIETRICH + "THREAD" BOX

arrive at a busy work station with Pierpont, Makley and Van Meter. Under spools are four Colt .45 automatics with loaded magazines.

GUARD DAINARD

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

PIERPONT
Line up! Line up...

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

INT. GATEHOUSE - TURNKEY

examines Dillinger a second time...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TURNKEY

Didn't you get paroled out of here a few months ago?

DILLINGER

Yes, sir. Three months ago.

TURNKEY

...John...Johnnie Dillinger?

DILLINGER

That's right. But my friends call me "Johnnie". You gotta address me as "Mister" Dillinger.

Dillinger's insubordination puzzles Turnkey so he doesn't see Hamilton bat a Thompson submachine gun across the back of his head and swing it onto the Two Guards...

RED/DILLINGER

Against the wall! Hands up! Get up!

Dillinger's cuffs fell away. Now his Thompson covers the stunned poker players. Hamilton and Dillinger are as tight as they come. They share their food, money, liquor, ammunition and women. And right now...

YARD GATE

is keyed open by Dainard followed by Pierpont and Makley and the others. Pierpont kicks over the poker table. Escapees throw all the Guards against the wall.

MAKLEY/VAN METER

(to the Guards)

Undress. Get undressed!

DILLINGER

at the window checks the escape route to the Pontiac. It's clear.

Hamilton conceals his weapon and starts out. Smooth. He crosses the front lawn, the street car tracks. So far, so good...

INT. GATE HOUSE - GUARDS

undress. One takes his time.

SHOUSE

Hurry up! C'mon!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

This Guard gives Shouse an insolent look. Shouse slams the Guard's head with a length of steel pipe. Guard goes down. Shouse goes wild and continues to hammer his skull again and again, caving it in.

PIERPONT
Cut it out Shouse!

DILLINGER
(turns from open door)
Shouse!!

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

Van Meter SHOOTs Dainard. Dainard's knocked to the floor. Blood pools. A SIREN SCREAMS.

EXT. FRONT YARD - RED

caught in the open, turns. He scans the guard towers on the East and West corners. He backs towards his Pontiac.

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

DILLINGER

arrives, takes Red's position. Red goes for the Pontiac...

ESCAPEES

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

EXT. FRONT YARD - ESCAPEES

sprint for the street in all directions.

INT. WEST TOWER - TOWER GUARDS #1 + #2

CRACK CRACK CRACK! Jim Leslie falls, the top of his head taken off.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DILLINGER

FIRES at the tower, forcing the Guards to cover. Hamilton's in the Pontiac, starting it.

PIERPONT'S

running with the older Dietrich across the grass FIRING his .45.

INT. RED'S PONTIAC - MAKLEY + SHOUSE

tumble in. Dillinger and Van Meter - outside - FIRE at the West Tower.

PIERPONT + DIETRICH

arrive.

EXT. STREET - PONTIAC

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

BANG!

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

DILLINGER

Walter!

Dillinger falls away. Dillinger and Pierpont grab Walter's arms. He's paralyzed now. They try to pull him onto the running board of the moving car.

Dietrich's hopeful eyes look up at them. Then his eyes glaze over. His feet drag down the street. He's dead and they know it. They let go.

EXT. STREET - DIETRICH'S

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

INT. PONTIAC - HAMILTON

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

DILLINGER'S

Thompson empty, he grabs Red's shotgun. He shoves it into Shouse's chest in the backseat.

DILLINGER

Walter's dead 'cause you screwed it up,
you son of a bitch!

SHOUSE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VAN METER

Let him have it.

PIERPONT

Dietrich was your pal, up to you.

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

EXT. FARM ROAD - SHOUSE

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

CUT TO:

EXT. PERU, INDIANA - CROSSROADS - LATER

It's Dust Bowl America. 1933. Lunar landscape. CAMERA MOVES ACROSS brown dunes that half cover farm machinery and a wind-blasted house. And LANDS ON...

JOHN DILLINGER in shirt sleeves and a vest watching the roads for pursuit.

INT. FARM HOUSE - PIERPONT, MAKLEY + VAN METER

change into double breasted suits and shovel down hot cereal at a kitchen table. They're in a rush. There is no furniture. A busted-out farmer, EDWIN NORRIS, hurriedly pours coffee from a kettle into tin mugs and a thermos. A WOMAN at a stove fries eggs.

PIERPONT

(ready to go)

Okay...?

EXT. FARM - A TODDLER

wearing a torn smock approaches the Pontiac and a second car, a dust-covered Plymouth parked behind it.

HAMILTON

(from the house)

Johnny...? Ready.

THE WOMAN

brings out the dozen fried egg sandwiches wrapped in newspaper. She looks 40 but is 20. Edwin Norris is at the door.

DILLINGER
(takes two)
Thank you, ma'am.

Dillinger's lopsided smile is charming.

EDWIN NORRIS
It's Miss. She's my daughter, Viola.
That'll be eight dollars.

Viola retrieves her toddler brother who's crawled into the Pontiac. Dillinger peels off a \$20 bill.

EDWIN NORRIS (CONT'D)
Can't change that...

DILLINGER
Well, then you keep the change.

\$12 is a lot of money in 1933. Grateful, Norris goes inside, Dillinger passes Viola and the struggling toddler on the way to the Pontiac.

VIOLA
(low)
Take me with you, mister.

She puts a hand on his forearm.

DILLINGER
I'm sorry, honey.

Pierpont, Homer and Makley head towards the Plymouth.

INT. PONTIAC - DILLINGER,

as the Pontiac pulls away, looks back to see Viola wistfully watching them leave. The toddler reaches for Viola's hand. She pushes the child away. Dillinger hates seeing the kid rejected.

HAMILTON
Kid didn't fool with anything, did he?
Dillinger, looking back at the boy, hasn't heard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMILTON (CONT'D)
 Johnnie? All there?

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

DILLINGER
 It's all here.
 (upbeat)
 Let's go make some money.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

HE IS MELVIN PURVIS (30)

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

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

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

BOTTOM OF THE HILL - PRETTY BOY FLOYD (29)

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

PURVIS, FULTZ, BAUM + BARTON

race after him.

MUDDY PATH - FLOYD

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOODS - PURVIS

jumping over fallen trees...

EXT. MIDDLE OF THE ORCHARD

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

PURVIS

breaks into the clear.

PURVIS
Floyd! Halt!

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

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

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

FLOYD

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

BAUM
Look out, Melvin!

Purvis kicks the .45 out of his hand.

PURVIS
You are under arrest.

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

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

PURVIS
Melvin Purvis - Department of
Investigation.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PURVIS (CONT'D)

(beat)

Where's your friend Harry Campbell,
Floyd?

FLOYD

Ain't gonna tell you shit.

Floyd looks at the sky.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

And I believe you have killed me. So you
can go and rot in hell, you sonofabitch.

He lapses, goes cold and dies.

CUT TO:

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

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

SPORT

He jus' pulled in.

EXT. REAR YARD - CAROLE

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

CAROLE

Johnny!

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

DILLINGER

(to Hamilton)

Hey, Red, call Oscar.

HAMILTON

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

DILLINGER

(adds)

Get a Chrysler and an Essex.

(to Carole)

Hey, doll...

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DILLINGER (CONT'D)
 (to Carole)
 You get a hold of Zarkovich...?

CAROLE
 I sure did...
 (laughing)
 Put me down!

VAN METER
 Where those gals?!

As Homer and Pierpont head inside...

INT. REAR GARAGE - OSCAR LIEBOLDT - LATER

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

DILLINGER
 (re main spring)
 Jammed twice, Oscar...main spring's too tight.

OSCAR
 I cut off one coil.

DILLINGER
 And it rides up and to the right on full auto.

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

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

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

PIERPONT
 Hiya Harry...

PIERPONT

tosses Berman a rubber banded roll of bills while...

INT. KITCHEN - DILLINGER

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

ZARKOVICH
Johnny! How are ya?

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

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

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

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

ZARKOVICH
Long as you stay in my town, you're in safe haven.

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

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

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

CAROLE
Wanna go out later, sugar?

DILLINGER
I want to sit here with you and listen to the radio, baby.
(beat)
I have missed you like nobody's business...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John Dillinger seems like a romantic husband with his little wife Betty. And it feels a little out of place...

CUT TO:

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

MCKELLAR
(to Hoover)
Why do we need this?

HOOVER
Because of the new breed of mobile outlaws who flee jurisdiction by crossing state lines over highways and against whom this government must wage a war on crime.

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

SUYDAM and TOLSON sit next to him.

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

MCKELLAR
And so in the middle of a Great Depression you're looking for a budget increase to build up your Department? But by my tally your Department of Investigation spends more taxpayer's dollars catching crooks than what the crooks you catch stole in the first place...

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

MCKELLAR
(looking at document)
How many criminals you apprehended?

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

MCKELLAR
No. I mean you. How many?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOOVER

As Director I've administered...

MCKELLAR

No. How many have you arrested?
Personally.

HOOVER

I. I've never arrested anybody.

MCKELLAR

(incredulous)
You never arrested anybody?

HOOVER

I'm an administrator.

MCKELLAR

With no field experience.

For once Hoover is silent.

MCKELLAR (CONT'D)

(continuing)

In fact you are shockingly unqualified,
aren't you, sir? You have never
personally conducted a criminal
investigation in the field in your life.

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

MCKELLAR (CONT'D)

(continuing)

I think you are a front. I think your
prowess as a lawman is a myth created
from a hoopla of headlines by Mr. Suydam,
your publicist there. You are trying to
make a federal police force with you set
up as its Czar. That is runnin' wild in
my estimation...

HOOVER

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

MCKELLAR

And if the country required an expanded
Bureau, I question you are the person
most fit to run it while...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOOVER
(explodes)
I won't be judged by a kangaroo court of
venal politicians...

MCKELLAR
(slams gavel!)
While outlaws like Dillinger, Clyde
Barrow, the Barkers, and Nelson flourish
unabated.
(slam)
Your appropriation request is denied.

The hearing's over.

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

walks fast through the corridor of congressmen. He talks over
his left shoulder to Suydam and Tolson. They struggle to hear
him...

HOOVER
(to Suydam)
Find out: was he soft on the Reds in
1919? Does he use prostitutes? Peppy
stuff like that. And feed this to Walter
Winchell: "McKellar's a Neanderthal. He's
on a personal vendetta to destroy me."
Like that.
(beat)
We'll fight him on the front page. Not in
his damn committee room...
(to Tolson)
Where's Dillinger?

TOLSON
Spotted in Hammond, Indiana.

HOOVER
How long ago?

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

HOOVER
(decides)
He's in Hammond. Heading to Chicago...

SUYDAM
How do you know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

INT. HOOVER'S PRIVATE OFFICE - HOOVER

enters. Melvin Purvis has been waiting. He's gestured to
follow.

HOOVER
(suddenly brilliant)
Agent Purvis, congratulations.

PURVIS
Thank you sir. May I ask why?

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

PURVIS
Absolutely, sir.

Purvis is imbued. Henry Suydam enters...

SUYDAM
(to Hoover)
They're ready for him.

HOOVER
(pensive)
This is Henry Suydam. He is our expert in
congressional and press relations.

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

Tolson + Suydam follow.

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

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

hurry down the staircase.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOOVER

(low)

Why are you sure you're up to this task,
Mr. Purvis?

PURVIS

We have two weapons that cannot be
defeated.

HOOVER

What are they?

PURVIS

The Bureau's modern techniques of
investigation and your visionary
leadership.

HOOVER

You let Mr. Tolson, here, know if you
need anything, Melvin, anything at all,

PURVIS

Thank you.

HOOVER

(brilliant smile)
Call me J.E.

They shake hands. There's a mob of photographers and newsmen
and microphones to interview him.

EXTREMELY CLOSE: MELVIN PURVIS

is awed. He's imbued with purpose. He's been anointed
Hoover's Crimebuster. He claimed he was up to the task.

"Is he?" he asks himself right now. And he didn't expect to
be overcome by doubt. He struggles with anxiety. Then, he
pushes that aside and forces himself to take the step forward
into the lights and flashbulbs.

SUYDAM

(quietly to Tolson)
Our own Clark Gable...

CUT TO:

INT. AMERICAN BANK AND TRUST COMPANY - JOHN DILLINGER

in a long overcoat and a hat with a Tommy gun crosses a bank
interior to a thin man behind a large desk, GROVER WEYLAND.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grover stands and flattens against the back wall, as if trying to permeate the masonry and disappear into the back alley.

Dillinger peels him off the wall and steers him towards the vault.

DILLINGER

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

(starts stopwatch, shouts to crew)

Seven minutes!

Dillinger is the Vault Man. And alarm sounds.

WIDE: A BANK ROBBERY IN PROGRESS - PIERPONT

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

EXT. BANK + STREET - HOMER VAN METER

is the Lookout. His back is to the front door. His job is to control the people outside the bank. His .351 Winchester rifle is hidden by his coat. Crowds gather across the street because of the alarm. Homer's focused. He is rock steady.

MAKLEY

is at the tellers' drawers. His job is to shovel cash into a canvas bag. The Tellers stand aside.

DILLINGER'S

at the vault with Weyland. Weyland hesitates. Dillinger's right hand with the Thompson covers Tellers so Makley can work. His left hand draws one of the two .45s he keeps in twin shoulder holsters and he cracks Grover Weyland across the forehead. He aims the .45 between Weyland's eyes...

DILLINGER

(calm)

You can be a dead hero or a live coward.

Grover Weyland OPENS THE VAULT. Dillinger checks his watch.

EXT. BANK - VAN METER

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

INT. BANK - PIERPONT

glances outside.

PIERPONT
(calmly)
Company!

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

EXT. BANK - OFFICER CHESTER BOYARD

is out of the car and into the bank door, passing right by --

VAN METER

-- who let him go. Van Meter keeps his eye on the other THREE COPS. Two get behind the cover of parked cars across the street. ONE stays low and runs towards Homer.

INT. BANK - BOYARD

marches into the lobby, gun in hand.

BOYARD
(confidently)
Hold it! Hands up!

PIERPONT, behind him, slams the butt of the Thompson into the back of his head, knocking him flat, and disarms him. He rouses. Pete doesn't like authority. Pete hits him again. Blood pools onto the floor.

A WOMAN faints, collapsing. Pete's dead calm. He looks over the half-painted windows. The growing crowd on the sidewalk is getting too large...

HE FIRES

at the glass. People scramble for cover as it CRASHES onto Main Street. Meanwhile...

EXT. BANK - REAR ALLEY: RED IN THE BUICK

engine idling, sees people running past. Taped to his dash are two "gits" - step by step instructions to two getaway routes. He checks his watch. The minute hand moves into place. He drives evenly out of the alley.

EXT. BANK FRONT - VAN METER

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COP
(to Homer)
Hey, you. Move out of there!

VAN METER
Why should I? I wanna watch.

Angry Cop rushes him. Homer slams him in the gut with his rifle, disarms him and uses him as a shield. He backs to the front door. Pedestrians flee. Cops draw down. They cannot shoot without Homer blowing off the Cop's head. Meanwhile...

INT. BANK - DILLINGER

tosses the last bag to Pierpont at the front door. On the way out he passes a FARMER near a teller's cage, his hands in the air. Cash on the counter.

DILLINGER
That your money there, mister?

FARMER
Yessir. It is.

DILLINGER
Well, go ahead and put it away. We're here for the bank's money. Not your money.

Customers appreciate Dillinger. Dillinger loves their appreciation...

PIERPONT
You three! Let's go!

...to three pretty TELLERS hiding under a desk.

DILLINGER
Folks, stay calm and stay low.

Pierpont grabs two; Dillinger takes one, creating a human shield around them

EXT. AMERICAN BANK AND TRUST - VAN METER,

his gun against the side of the cop's head, moves to the Buick. A large crowd is across the street.

CITY DETECTIVES

pull up in front of Wylie's Hat shop. Dillinger's crew is crossing fast to Red's Buick, as...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DILLINGER OPENS UP

and the Wylie Hat Shop windows blow out.

A DETECTIVE with a deer rifle aims.

VAN METER

FIRES past his hostage's head. Detective goes down. The Hostage's eardrum is blown. His ear bleeds.

DILLINGER SHOOTS UP...

City Detectives' car, police car and a few others.

INT. BUICK - MAKLEY + PIERPONT

are in. Dillinger and hostages load onto the running board. Pierpont grabs ANNA PATZKE's arm.

PIERPONT

C'mere, honey.

Buick's moving faster. Dillinger pulls her onto the running board next to Boyard. The Buick roars away.

INT. BUICK - RED

drives with total concentration. Makley cooly reads the git.

MAKLEY

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

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

TWO POLICE CARS

hit the nails, their tires blow. ROUNDS from the Buick finish dissuading them to pursue.

INT. BUICK - HAMILTON

approaches the bridge, slows.

DILLINGER

(to Boyard and two of the
hostages)
Okay. Beat it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Three hostages jump off. Dillinger pulls Anna Patzke and Weyland inside.

DILLINGER

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

DILLINGER (CONT'D)
Something to remember me by.

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

VAN METER
(ominous)
Are we taking 'em to the hideout?

DILLINGER
(going along with it)
That depends.

VAN METER
How 'bout it, honey? Can you cook?

ANNA PATZKE
(not disinterested)
Uh. Sure... After a fashion.

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

ANNA PATZKE (CONT'D)
Well, it's true!

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

ANNA PATZKE
Really?

This makes them laugh even harder.

EXT. THICK WOODS

Pierpont has brought the hostages to a big tree.

PIERPONT
Face each other. Join hands.

Pierpont binds them loosely to the tree.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEYLAND

We'll freeze.

DILLINGER

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

Anna looks over at Dillinger.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

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

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

THE BUICK WORK CAR

is abandoned.

TRACK RIGHT + SEE:

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

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO: BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION OFFICES - PURVIS - DAY
(BANKER'S BUILDING)

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

WARREN BARTON

holds up the coat Dillinger left on Anna Patzke.

BAUM

...manufactured by Freeman & Freeman in St. Louis. We are identifying all stores that sold this coat.

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

PURVIS

Then we will cross-reference every Dillinger family member and known associate in each locale.

(beat)

He was there. It got cold. He bought a coat. Therefore, he may have been harbored or have a safe house nearby.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PURVIS (CONT'D)

By such techniques we will get Dillinger.

(beat)

Doris...

(stops)

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

(to Doris)

Please contact the Chicago telephone
exchange supervisors. Request
appointments for Carter Baum or myself.

(beat)

We are going to be working long hours. It
will be dangerous. Those of you who
aren't prepared for that, can go. And if
you're going to go, go now.

(no one does)

Thank you, gentlemen.

CUT TO:

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

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

He's expecting someone. Then, Dillinger sees her again: jet
black hair in a bob, brown eyes, high cheekbones from her
Indian mother and a great smile. She lights up a room. She is
BILLIE FRECHETTE (27).

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

Dillinger's with Pierpont, Makley and Hamilton at a table. It
is loaded with steaks, oysters, and frog legs.

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

DILLINGER

Hiya, Alvin. You hungry? How's Freddie
and Dock?

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KARPIS

Everyone's good.

(leans in; they talk quietly)

We been looking to snatch two fellas.
One's a St. Paul banker, Ed Bremer. Need
a few more hands.

DILLINGER

Don't like kidnapping.

KARPIS

Robbing banks is getting tougher.

DILLINGER

The public don't like kidnapers.

KARPIS

Who gives a damn what the public likes?

DILLINGER

I do. I hide out among them.

KARPIS

(shrugs)

I am strictly out to make cake...

DILLINGER

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

KARPIS

(smiles)

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

DILLINGER

Say, by the way, if someone got pinched
here, who can get'em out real fast?

KARPIS

Lawyer named Piquett. We all use him.
(writes a phone number)

DILLINGER

What about this train?..

KARPIS

Needs two, three more months to set up. I
need seven or eight real right guys to
take it down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DILLINGER
(smiles)
Sounds like Jesse James.

KARPIS
(low)
A million seven, a million eight.

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

KARPIS (CONT'D)
Federal Reserve shipment. It runs only twice a month. This is the kind of score you go away on after.

DILLINGER
Where you gonna go?

KARPIS
Brazil. Cuba, maybe. What about you?

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

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

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

DILLINGER
Keep me in mind on the train.

Karpis leaves. Dillinger can't see Billie anymore.

VAN METER
(agitated)
Let's snatch Bremer...
(louder)
Know how much they made snatchin' that Hamm Brewery guy? \$250,000.

Dillinger looks at Pierpont.

PIERPONT
Shut your yap, Homer.

MAKLEY
Let's get our of here.

Pierpont, Homer and Makley leave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DILLINGER
Homer stayin' steady?

HAMILTON
(reading his mind)
He's okay.

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

Billie reappears, dancing with a young man.

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

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

Anna Sage approaches with a young girl for Red.

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

Hamilton leaves, arms around the women. Dillinger keeps his
eye on Billie. Music ends. Young man escorts her to her
table. He tries to join her. She turns him down.

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

He gives her his best grin.

DILLINGER
I don't know what you said to your
friend, but I sure am glad you did.

Billie looks him over: a well-made man in a good suit with a
great smile. And, paradoxes: he easily talks to women but
he's not a hustler. He's young, but there's a world of
experience in his face. Open, but he's holding something
back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DILLINGER (CONT'D)
What's your name?

BILLIE
Billie Frechette.

DILLINGER
Buy you a drink?

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

As they cross to the bar.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)
Is that French?

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

DILLINGER
Jack Harris.

Music changes to "Bye Bye Blackbird."

BILLIE
Do you dance, Jack?

DILLINGER
I don't know how.

She smiles a pretty smile at him.

BILLIE
How come you don't know how to dance?
It's easy. Follow me. This is a two-step.
(he stares at her feet)
Don't look at my feet. Look at my
shoulders.

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

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

DILLINGER
My, but you are pretty...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

They look into each other's eyes. He pulls her closer, wants to kiss her long smooth neck. He almost can't resist... Their lips are an inch apart. And then she rests her cheek on his shoulder and the kiss that wasn't hangs in the air around them. He whispers...

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

Where you from, Billie?

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

BILLIE

Flandreau.

DILLINGER

Where's Flandreau?

TORCH SINGER

(sings)

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

BILLIE

South Dakota.

DILLINGER

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

BILLIE

Italian.

DILLINGER

From South Dakota, Indian's likelier than Italian.

She looks at him.

BILLIE

My momma's a Menominee Indian. But most men don't like that...

DILLINGER

I'm not most men.

BILLIE

And I check coats at the Steuben Club.
What do you do, Jack?

DILLINGER

I'm catching up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

BILLIE
Catching up on what?

DILLINGER
On life, meeting someone like you.
(her hair)
Dark, beautiful, like the black bird in
that song...

She laughs at the flattery. Holds his eyes a beat with an ironic look. A couple from another group looks at Dillinger. He's cool. He returns the look. They look away.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)
Say, how'd you like some dinner?

BILLIE
Sure.

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

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

EXT. ARAGON BALLROOM - DILLINGER + BILLIE - NIGHT

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

Then he turns and he kisses her hard on the lips. She didn't expect that. Her eyes are wide. He opens and wraps her in his overcoat, their bodies close to each other.

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

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

INT. GOLD COAST RESTAURANT - MAITRE D' - NIGHT

Dillinger slips him bills. He and Billie are shown to a table. The clientele is North Shore old money and businessmen. Some of the women are in dazzling dresses even though it's mid-Depression. A few stare at Billie. She's out of her class.

DILLINGER
What are you gonna have?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Billie stares at him, ignoring her menu.

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

Dillinger looks over the top of his menu.

DILLINGER
Well...I rob banks.

Then he leans back in his chair and regards her.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)
That's where all these people here put
their money.

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

DILLINGER
'Cause I can't lie to you.

She studies him carefully.

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

DILLINGER
I feel like I know you.

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

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

BILLIE
Boy, you are in a hurry.

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

She laughs at his flattery, which she is also finding
persuasive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BILLIE
 (leans in)
 Well, it's me they're looking at this
 time.

DILLINGER
 That's 'cause you're beautiful.

A blonde woman, elegant and ice cold, stares at Billie, a
 Depression-era child in her dress.

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

DILLINGER
 (takes her hand)
 Listen, doll, that's 'cause they're all
 about where people come from. Only thing
 important is where somebody's going.

BILLIE
 Where are you going?

DILLINGER
 To the top.

He's irresistible.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)
 Let's get out of here.

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

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

CATENA
 (whispered)
 Hey Johnny...!

Dillinger reacts, changes down, says coldly...

DILLINGER
 (to Billie)
 Go wait outside. I'll be right there.

Billie turns and walks out of the restaurant.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)
 How you been, Gil?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CATENA

Real good. I work for Mr. Nitti now. Been with him since I got out of Michigan...

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

DILLINGER

Looks like a barber.

CATENA

Don't go by looks.

(beat)

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

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

D'ANDREA

(smiles, low)

Everytime I read about one of your jobs, where you give people back their money, you crack me up...

(laughs)

You need anything, Gilbert knows how to find me.

D'Andrea continues to the men's room.

DILLINGER

See you Gilbert...

CATENA

Good luck Johnnie.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE RESTAURANT - DILLINGER - NIGHT

comes out onto the sidewalk. Billie isn't there. He searches the street. She's gone. The night, suddenly cold and lonely, wraps around Johnny.

CUT TO:

INT. PHONE COMPANY EXCHANGE - PURVIS - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAUM

That noise on the line? That's called "swing". Nothing we can do about it. Some words get dropped. We're listening in on a car dealer. Harry Berman.

Rice plays back a recording.

VOICE (V.O.)

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

(muffled; then...)

BERMAN (V.O.)

I got a DeSoto.

VOICE (V.O.)

Okay.

BERMAN (V.O.)

The interior's no good.

VOICE (V.O.)

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

BAUM

We think that's Dillinger's voice.

PURVIS

How did we find Berman?

BAUM

Dillinger's coat was bought in Cicero, Illinois, a few doors from Berman's dealership. Berman supplies cars to the syndicate. Since Capone. Dillinger must have been at Berman's switching cars when he bought that coat.

(beat)

Soon as they call to switch out the next car, we will tail them. Right to Dillinger.

EXT. NORTH DEARBORN STREET - JOHN DILLINGER - NIGHT

gets out of his Buick...

INT. STEUBEN CLUB - DILLINGER - NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

DILLINGER
No, honey. You go get your coat.

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

MAY MINCZELES
Sounds good to me.

Dillinger has eyes only for Billie.

DILLINGER
You ran out on me.

BILLIE
You left me standing alone on the sidewalk.

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

BILLIE
I'm not your girl!

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

CUSTOMER
Brown overcoat.

BILLIE
(ignoring customer)
I am not your girl and I'm not going to say that.

DILLINGER
I'm waiting.

CUSTOMER
So am I.

DILLINGER
(to Billie)
"I am not ever going to run out on you again." Say it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BILLIE

No.

DILLINGER

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

CUSTOMER

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

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

DILLINGER

Keep the tip.

(to Billie)

You ain't getting other people's hats and coats no more either.

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

BILLIE

No one's ever done that for me before.

DILLINGER

You're with me now.

BILLIE

I don't know anything about you.

DILLINGER

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He goes into a closet to get two Marshall Fields boxes and two drinks.

BILLIE
You been living here long?

DILLINGER
Yeah. Since yesterday.

From a back bedroom (Red's) a phonograph is louder as a door opens and Red enters the kitchen in a robe for a drink. He returns. Laughter. Dillinger has the boxes and drinks.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)
I got something for you.
(beat)
What's wrong? Open it up.

Billie opens the boxes. She lifts out a sleeveless dress in dusty pink. It is beautiful. She is very touched. The second has a coat with a fur collar. But still...

BILLIE
I'm drinking in a man's apartment who wants to romance me. Okay. I'm no Pollyanna, but there are things that you do, would bother a girl like me...

DILLINGER
We rob banks 'cause banks is where they keep the money. I can make 500 dollars in a year or I can make ten thousand dollars in a morning. I'll take my chances on the bank. No apologies. We don't go lookin' to hurt anybody. But if somebody gets in our way, that's gotta be their problem. That what you want to know?

BILLIE
I'm trying to get to know you.

DILLINGER
You want to get to know me?

INT. APARTMENT, DILLINGER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dillinger is an uninhibited and enthusiastic lover. They pause.

He falls over onto his back and pulls her onto his chest and they look up out the window through the upside down elm trees to the Chicago moon in the cold sky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

BILLIE
...smooth

DILLINGER
Egyptian cotton. Since we been out I go for the finest stuff. As much as I can get, as fast we can get it.

BILLIE
(suitcases)
Where you goin'?

DILLINGER
Nowhere. What do you mean?

BILLIE
You're all packed.

DILLINGER
Always are. Ready to get up and go in a heartbeat...

She stands next to him in the bed now. He pulls her down next to him. She turns her good ear towards him.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)
What's wrong with the other ear?

BILLIE
I was married once. He was too handy with his fists.

She stares at Dillinger. Will this put him off.

DILLINGER
Where's he now?

BILLIE
In prison. I divorced him. Only mistake I made was marrying him in the first place. He got caught mugging a mailman...

DILLINGER
A criminal mastermind...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She turns over and puts her mouth next to his ear. It gets amorous through...

BILLIE

After my daddy died, we went to live on the reservation in Flandreau. In Flandreau nothin' ever happened.

(beat)

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

DILLINGER

Well baby...you're going to start a new and exciting kind of life from right now.

And as they're pulled to each other and start making love again, she stops...

BILLIE

What do you want?

DILLINGER

To please you.

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

A smile spreads slowly across her lips.

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

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

BAUM

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

PURVIS

Let's go. Right now.

They race out.

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

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

PURVIS
Where are your men?

COWLEY
My car's on Sheridan and Montrose and Rice in the Ford is on Sheridan and Wilson.

PURVIS
Blocking vehicles? End of this street? Alley?

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

PURVIS (CONT'D)
Carter, take the back. Barton, you're with me.

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

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

Purvis knocks. VI SCOTT (27) opens the door. From her reaction, she was expecting someone else. She's respectable and pretty.

PURVIS
I'm Special Agent Melvin Purvis, Miss Scott. Are you alone?

VI SCOTT
No - my fiancé is here.

PURVIS
What's your fiancé's name?

VI SCOTT
Leonard...McHenry.

PURVIS
May we come in?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VI SCOTT

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

She holds the door open.

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

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

LEONARD

Something wrong?

PURVIS

You have identification?

LEONARD

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

Leonard seems reluctant to get up. With his right hand, he takes a forkful of food. His left is under the table. Now, we see that he's holding...

A COLT .45 AUTOMATIC

Who is this man?

LEONARD (CONT'D)

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

PURVIS

What do you do for a living, Leonard?

LEONARD

I travel in ladies shoes.

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

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Show him, honey.

Vi Scott puts a foot forward - a red shoe with a bow.

PURVIS

Do you carry around samples?

LEONARD

Sure. Big suitcases.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

LEONARD
 Thanks.

INT. CARPETED HALLWAY ON THIRD FLOOR - PURVIS + BARTON

walk the length of the hall. Vi closed the door behind them.

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

Purvis leaves. Barton wants to do it right. Then, he hears
 movement from Apt. 302. Objects being hurriedly shifted. He
 starts back down the hallway. Halfway between it and the
 elevator...

PING!

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

TOMMY CARROLL (38)

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

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

CARROLL
 You wanna know my name?

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

AN INDIFFERENT "BABY FACE" NELSON

FIRES his .45. BLAM! BLAM!

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

EXT. STREET - PURVIS

PURVIS
Pull the men from Sheridan and Wilson.

Purvis -reacting- grabs the Thompson from Madala and runs back inside.

EXT. SHERONE APARTMENTS - BAUM

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

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - PURVIS

enters, sees...

BARTON

in the final moments of his life. Barton looks up into Purvis' eyes: Help me!

Purvis does not know what to do. Then Barton's eyes drift away...

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

INT. APT 302 - VI SCOTT

screams.

PURVIS
Where is he?!

EXT. SHERONE APARTMENTS - BAUM

sees...

BABY FACE NELSON + TOMMY CARROLL

quickly cross the alley from the back stairs to the DeSoto. And Nelson immediately lays down rounds in careful short BLASTS of full auto. Tommy Carroll calmly, smoothly starts the DeSoto. Nelson's barrage punches into the wall, drives Baum to cover.

INT. SHERONE APARTMENTS - PURVIS

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

EXT. SHERONE APARTMENTS - PURVIS

paces in from the front door. Rice and Madala drive up in the Bureau's armor-plated Ford V-8.

PURVIS

They headed north! The Sheridan Road car?

RICE

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

They're fucked.

MADALA

Was it Dillinger?

BAUM

No. It was Lester Gillis.

Purvis sinks.

PURVIS

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



CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK, GREENCASTLE, INDIANA - DILLINGER,
PIERPONT + MAKLEY - DAY

wearing overcoats and hats with guns tucked inside, all walk into the bank. Six CUSTOMERS.

TELLER

PIERPONT

Change a twenty?

Teller looks up at Pierpont but is staring into the .45 cal. barrel of a Tommy gun while...

DILLINGER

vaults the five foot divider railing and trains two .45s on the TELLERS.

DILLINGER

Get over to the vault! Everybody! Go on!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He herds the tellers over. Pierpont makes customers sit in chairs. The vault door is already open...

EXT. STREET - RED HAMILTON

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

ECU: THE GIT,

the detailed map of their getaway route.

HOMER

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

INT. STUDEBAKER - RED

throws it into gear and they drive away. Homer jumps on the running board. Dillinger looks over his shoulder. Awestruck pedestrians. From the other end of Main Street, no pursuit.

CUT TO:

INT. BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, WASHINGTON - HOOVER - DAY

HOOVER
(into phone)

That was a miserable piece of work.

INT. BANKERS BUILDING - PURVIS - DAY (INTERCUT)

PURVIS
(into phone)

Yes, it was. I take full responsibility, sir.

Hoover calms for a moment.

PURVIS (CONT'D)
And I'd like to request we hire part time agents with "special qualifications"... from outside the Bureau.

HOOVER
I thought you understood what I am doing...building a department of professional investigators. Young college men with law or accounting degrees from good families. No, you may not go outside the Bureau, Purvis.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PURVIS

The Bureau has used these men before.

HOOVER

They are not our "type."

PURVIS

Our "type" cannot get the job done...

(beat)

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

Hoover is backed against the wall. He does not like it.

HOOVER

(dead cold)

Mr. Tolson will call you, Agent Purvis.

PURVIS

Thank you...

(click)

Hoover hung up on him.

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

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

CHARLES WINSTEAD, CLARENCE HURT + GERRY CAMPBELL

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

WINSTEAD

What'd he say he looked like?

HURT

Didn't say.

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

PORTER

Gentlemen need a hand?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

PORTER (CONT'D)
Hardware salesmen?

WINSTEAD
That's right.

His terse reply makes the garrulous porter stop talking.

INT. UNION STATION, GREAT HALL - DAY

The Neoclassical hall is enormous. Still no Purvis.

CAMPBELL
I'll call.

HURT
I'm going to the men's room.

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

WINSTEAD
Work around it.

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

HEAR the excited roar of a CROWD and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. THE KENNEL CLUB (MIAMI) - MECHANICAL RABBIT - DAY

zips along an inside railing under the flawless Miami sky...

SLEEK GREY HOUNDS

race in a pack after it under cumulous clouds and palm trees. Streamline deco stands are almost filled.

FRANK NITTI

by the railing, watches the race with Phil D'Andrea. As they begin to walk...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NITTI

(business as usual)

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

PHIL D'ANDREA

(nods)

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

NITTI

How's he doing on the wire service?

PHIL D'ANDREA

Feeding to 300 bookies now. And he came up with this gimmick called a scratch sheet.

Another beat. Nitti stops for a beat --

NITTI

It's hot out, right?

PHIL D'ANDREA

Yeah, Frank.

NITTI

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

(notices Phil's attention)

What?

PHIL D'ANDREA

Some friends from Chicago in the stands...

D'Andrea nods. John Dillinger nods back. Nitti glances at them; glances away.

Dillinger has on sunglasses. Billie is wearing a straw hat. They are shouting to the greyhounds along with Pierpont, Homer and Makley and some girls. They have tall drinks. This is the good life for the privileged few in the middle of the Depression.

A dog wins; not theirs. It calms down...

DILLINGER

(to Pierpont; business)

We'll drive out separately.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

Billie and I want to hit the Gulf Coast on the way to Arizona.

PIERPONT

I want to take 66 and check banks in Denver and Phoenix. We'll meet you in Tucson on the 25th.

VAN METER

I think we wore out the Midwest for awhile.

(beat)

I heard one today. Indiana paper.

(low)

"Wanted. John Dillinger. Dead or...dead."
(they crack up)

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

D'Andrea's approached...

PHIL D'ANDREA

How d'ya like the track? C'mon to the Colonial for steaks tonight.

(writing on a card)

You be our guests...

DILLINGER

We'll be there.

PHIL D'ANDREA

(to cocktail waitress)

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

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

DILLINGER

What?

She is quiet for a moment.

BILLIE

Thank you, thank you for these last few weeks. I never thought I'd see Florida.

DILLINGER

You going somewhere, doll, am I?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BILLIE

It's been, three, four weeks. You'll look for a change. Or you'll get tired of me. And then I'll be sad and angry. So I wanted to say thank you before then...

Dillinger is surprised that her expectations are so low. She didn't think his interest in her to be more than passing.

DILLINGER

You want to leave?

BILLIE

No. But I'm no fool. I'll be back checking coats at the Steuben Club.

DILLINGER

Well, I don't want you to leave. So it won't be that way.

BILLIE

Then it will be another way that's worse.
(beat)
You rob banks and you run rings around them, but you're likely to get killed or get shot and...

DILLINGER

Who the hell gave you a crystal ball?!

BILLIE

Well, goddamn it, you don't need a crystal ball...! Ask Homer.

DILLINGER

Homer what...?

BILLIE

Homer and his damn joke... I don't want to be around to see any of that. Okay?!

That's what it's about... Dillinger gets it.

DILLINGER

I am not going anywhere! I am going to die in your arms as an old man when that time comes. So what do you say about that?

CLOSE ON BILLIE

Now is the first time she allows herself to have any prospect about a future with him. It's a shock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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

A new pack of dogs are about to take flight.

EXT. PHILLIPS GAS STATION - BILLIE WITH A CAMERA - DAY
(ARIZONA)

A fresh and tanned Dillinger and Billie are in a strikingly modern gas station on Route 66. Billie helps out a family by taking their picture with a Kodak Brownie in front of a Saguaro cactus. Snow-capped Rincon mountains are behind them.

She leans down to play with the round baby. She looks over at Johnnie and smiles. It breaks his heart.

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

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

CLERK

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

DILLINGER

Long.

CLERK

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

DILLINGER

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

CLERK

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

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

INT. ROOM 323 - DOOR OPENS

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

DILLINGER

You want company?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLIE (O.S.)
After.

INT. BATHROOM - BILLIE

in the tub. Dillinger enters --

DILLINGER
First time you ever put me off. You
getting tired of me?

BILLIE
(his answer)
Get in here.

She stretches out and wets her hair. She sits up to reach for the shampoo. Dillinger's got it and rubs it into her hair.

Dillinger hears something in the street. He goes to the window and sees a car parked irregularly. TWO MEN get out.

DILLINGER
Get dressed. Right now.

He turns and runs into...

INT. ROOM 323

He's pulling a Tommy Gun out of his case when

CRASH!

THREE MEN burst in. One is the Clerk. He cracks Dillinger across the head with the stock of his shotgun.

Dillinger falls to his knees. Clerk hits him twice more. Billie rushes into the room. She's naked. The two men from the street haul Dillinger, bloody and semi-conscious, to his feet and throw him against the wall and cuff him.

CLERK/EYMAN
Put clothes on, miss.

INT. JAIL - DILLINGER

handcuffed is escorted through the outer cell block. He reacts. In the opposite direction in shackles

PIERPONT + MAKLEY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DILLINGER
What happened?

PIERPONT
Fire in the hotel. Firemen found our
guns. Laid for us! Sorry, John.

DILLINGER
(shouts after them)
Where they taking you?

PIERPONT
(shouts back)
We're getting Shanghaied to Ohio!

DILLINGER
Where's Billie...?

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

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

INT. JAIL CELL - DILLINGER - NIGHT

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

MELVIN PURVIS

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

But Dillinger reacts to Purvis.

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

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

DILLINGER (CONT'D)
(loud, for the cop's benefit)
Now these Arizona boys, here?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

(beat)

They pulled on us right out. Didn't ask Washington for permission. Didn't make mistakes.

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

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

Sorry about that fellow Barton...one who got killed at the Sherone Apartments.

Is he getting to Purvis?

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

Newspaper said you found him alive. It's the eyes, ain't it? They look at you right before they go. Then they drift into nothing. Keep you up nights.

PURVIS

What keeps you up, nights, Mr. Dillinger?

Now Dillinger reads him like an X-ray.

DILLINGER

(doesn't answer)

You act like a confident man, Purvis. But I don't see it. You know a few things. You're probably okay when there's a group of you got the other guy outnumbered. But death and mayhem up close? I am used to that and you are not, are you? When it's toe to toe, "One of us will die right here, right now," I don't think you got the get up and go.

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

PURVIS

Goodbye, Mr. Dillinger.

DILLINGER

I'll see you down the road.

From ten feet away.

PURVIS

(quietly)

No you won't. The only way you'll leave a jail cell is when we take you out to execute you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DILLINGER
 Oh, yeah? We will see about that.
 (beat)
 Go get yourself another line of work,
 Melvin.

Purvis gestures for the guards to let him out --

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

DILLINGER (CONT'D)
 (to Tucson Deputies)
 I was joking about the "we'll see about that." I'll let you boys keep me in this jail awhile.

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

DILLINGER
 Where to?

COP EYMAN
 Indiana.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY OVER CHICAGO - AERIAL: LOCKHEED LODESTAR LANDING GEAR - NIGHT

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

EXT. MIDWAY AIRPORT RUNWAY - LOCKHEED

An assembly of photographers, 85 Chicago P.D. officers and a crowd have come to greet the biggest celebrity in America.

AS DILLINGER DESCENDS THE AIRPLANE STAIRS

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

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - CROWDS - NIGHT

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

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

at her desk when...

DEPUTY

He's here.

A diminutive woman, SHERIFF HOLLEY goes to greet the massive cops who bring John Dillinger into her reception area and its crowd of 30 reporters.

SHERIFF HOLLEY

(to reporters)

Back up over there.

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

SHERIFF HOLLEY (CONT'D)

You can take the manacles off of him now.

REPORTER

Johnny, are you glad to see Indiana again?

Dillinger's slow charismatic smile...

DILLINGER

About as glad as Indiana is to see me.

Everybody laughs.

REPORTER #2

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

REPORTER

How'd you get them in?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DILLINGER
(smiles)
Right there, you're too inquistive...

PHOTOGRAPHER
Hey Bob...
(to Prosecutor Robert Estill)
Put your arm around Dillinger.

FLASHBULBS POP. They fluster Estill. Dillinger props his elbow on the prosecutor's shoulder and cracks a broad grin. The Prosecutor complies. They look like old pals.

REPORTER
When was the last time you were in
Mooreville?

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

DILLINGER'S EYES

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

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

DILLINGER
One minute and 40 seconds flat.

Dillinger nods and turns away. He - not the Sheriff - ends the press conference.

INT. FBI OFFICE - NEWSPAPER PICTURE: PROSECUTOR ESTILL

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOOVER (O.S.)
 Why is this clown Estill fraternizing
 with the man he is scheduled to
 prosecute?!

REVEAL we are in Hoover's office.

INT. LAKE COUNTY CRIMINAL COURT BUILDING - LOUIS PIQUETT -
 DAY

LOUIS PIQUETT - a former bartender and Chicago gangland's
 melodramatic mouthpiece - is escorted to the cellblock by
 jailor LEWIS BAKER.

INT. UNOCCUPIED OPEN CELL

Dillinger's waiting for him. Dillinger holds Piquett's
 business card. They shake hands.

DILLINGER
 You come highly recommended by Alvin
 Karpis. What can you do for me?

PIQUETT
 What's on your mind?

DILLINGER
 The electric chair.

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

INT. LAKE COUNTY COURT - JUDGE MURRAY - DAY

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBERT ESTILL

This is a very dangerous man, your Honor.

DEPUTY HOLLEY

(Lillian Holley's nephew)

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

PIQUETT

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

JUDGE MURRAY

Alright, remove the handcuffs from the prisoner.

ROBERT ESTILL

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

JUDGE MURRAY

Sheriff Holley?

SHERIFF HOLLEY

I concur, your honor.

PIQUETT

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

SHERIFF HOLLEY

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

PIQUETT

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

SHERIFF HOLLEY

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

JUDGE MURRAY

Okay, Dillinger will stay here.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PIQUETT

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

ROBERT ESTILL

It should take 10 days.

PIQUETT

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

ROBERT ESTILL

There's a law against murder!

PIQUETT

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

JUDGE MURRAY

(to both lawyers)

Calm down.

PIQUETT

I apologize to the court.

(indicating Estill)

Bob and I respect each other very much.

JUDGE MURRAY

(warns Estill)

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

Laughter ripples.

JUDGE MURRAY (CONT'D)

The trial starts in one month on March 12th.

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

DILLINGER

Atta boy, counsel.

E/I. LAKE COUNTY JAIL - MORNING

SAM CAHOON, a 64-year-old janitor, trots through the rain and into the jail. He shakes the rain from his coat, waves to a GUARD and passes through to the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORRIDOR

It runs the length of the jail. At the far end is the barred door to the criminal cell block.

INT. CRIMINAL CELL BLOCK

Cahoon gathers his mops.

CAHOON

Bryant!

GUARD BRYANT pulls a lever, opening the cells in the cell block.

Dillinger and 14 PRISONERS step out of their cells, free to roam the corridor behind the barred cell-block door. Cahoon and TWO TRUSTEES, carrying boxes of toilet paper, soap and Dutch cleanser, enter.

Dillinger jabs something in Cahoon's belly. Cahoon gets a glimpse: it's a small black gun.

DILLINGER

Come on, Sam, we're going places.

A hulking black prisoner, HERBERT YOUNGBLOOD, holding a length of pipe, materializes next to Dillinger and ushers Bryant and the Trustees into an empty cell. Youngblood pulls the lever, locking the cells.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

Boys, get in there.

Dillinger, Youngblood and Cahoon set off down the corridor.

INT. LAKE COUNTY JAIL, CORRIDOR - DILLINGER

DILLINGER

Call the warden.

CAHOON

Warden! Warden? Come on back!

Warden LEW BAKER emerges from the office. Dillinger raises the gun.

WARDEN BAKER

That ain't real.

DILLINGER

Anything you say.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dillinger grabs him by the shirt, spins him round and jams it under his chin.

INT. LAKE COUNTY JAIL, WARDEN'S OFFICE - FOUR GUARDS

look up, startled.

DILLINGER

No one move or I'll plug the warden.

Dillinger grabs two Tommy guns. Youngblood starts tying up their prisoners. Baker stares at Dillinger's pistol.

WARDEN BAKER

I was right, wasn't I? It's not real.

INT. GARAGE

at the rear of the jail. A mechanic named EDWARD SAAGER is hunched over the engine of a 1927 Nash when he feels something shoved into his back. He turns to see

DILLINGER

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

SAAGER

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

DILLINGER

We're taking that.

SAAGER

(hesitating)
That's Sheriff Lillian Holley's personal car.

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

EXT. CROWN POINT MAIN STREET - FORD V-8 - DAY

with Dillinger driving. Youngblood's in the backseat covering Saager + Deputy Sheriff Blunk. They cruise out of town.

INT. HOLLEY'S FORD V-8 - YOUNGBLOOD

YOUNGBLOOD

We got a car following...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Youngblood shoves the Thompson out the window and fires some rounds. Meanwhile, Dillinger floors it. The V-8 roars, rockets them ahead.

DILLINGER
(re acceleration)
Wow. Mr. Youngblood, are we clear now?

YOUNGBLOOD
We are.

DILLINGER
Okay, folks.

Dillinger checks his rearview mirror, then the speedometer. He's impressed.

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

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

DILLINGER (CONT'D)
Okay. Who knows "The Last Round-up?"
(singing)
"Get along little doggie, get along.."

INT. J. EDGAR'S OFFICE - RADIO

Only Tolson and J. Edgar Hoover are there.

REPORTER
How did he act?

DEPUTY SHERIFF BLUNK
Well...he sang part of the way.

REPORTER
What did he sing?

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NARRATOR

(Lowell Thomas voice)

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

FDR

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

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

NARRATOR

(pause; heraldic music)

Meanwhile, the Emperor Haile Selassie...

CUT TO:

INT. WALGREENS DRUG STORE, GARY, INDIANA - PHONEBOOTH:
DILLINGER

watches cars, people, then...

DILLINGER

(into the phone)

It's me, Baby.

INT. BILLIE'S FURNISHED APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

DILLINGER (PHONE)

I can't talk long. Are you okay?

INT. TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

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

INT. BILLIE'S APARTMENT - BILLIE

BILLIE

Don't come to Chicago.

INT. ROOM IN TELEPHONE EXCHANGE - BAUM

DILLINGER (O.S.)

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

INT. WALGREEN'S DRUG STORE - DILLINGER

Intercut Dillinger and Billie.

BILLIE

Yes.

DILLINGER

And you believe me, don't you? You know I will look after you.

BILLIE

Yes.

DILLINGER

Say it. Say you know it.

BILLIE

Don't come to Chicago, Johnnie.

DILLINGER

Say it.

BILLIE

I know you will look after me.

DILLINGER

I love you, Baby.

Dillinger ends the call. Hamilton waits in a Hudson at the curb.

INT. TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

Madala shakes his head - no trace.

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

With Baum.

PURVIS

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

CUT TO:

EXT. CAROLE SLAYMAN'S WHOREHOUSE, REAR YARD - DILLINGER

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DILLINGER
(big smile)
Hiya Sport.

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

Where's the warm welcome...?

DILLINGER
Where's Carole?

SPORT
They got moved to Newport, Kentucky.
(beat)
Can't stay here no more, Mr. Johnny.

The smile falls off Dillinger's face.

DILLINGER
Says who?

INT. KITCHEN - MARTIN ZARKOVICH

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

ZARKOVICH
(moves into doorway)
Sport's only following orders. So am I.

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

ZARKOVICH (CONT'D)
They thought you might come here.

Zarkovich is nervous. Dillinger reaches for his front pocket.

ZARKOVICH (CONT'D)
Your money is no good.

DILLINGER
I don't get it.

ZARKOVICH
You go talk to your pal, Gilbert.

DILLINGER
About what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZARKOVICH
Talk to Gilbert Catena.

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

RED HAMILTON'S

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. BRICK STREET IN KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS - THE '34 FORD - DAY

pulls to the curb. Weeds. Vestiges of prairie. An old house sits at the back of a lot. A workshop is near the road. A sign says "Lieboldt Repair."

FRONT DOOR - DILLINGER

on the bell. A worn-looking woman answers. She is HARRIET LIEBOLDT.

DILLINGER
We're looking for Oscar...is he home?

MRS. LIEBOLDT
I'm Mrs. Lieboldt. And he ain't home.
He's dead.

Johnny glances at Red.

DILLINGER
I sure am sorry, ma'am. Was it an accident?

MRS. LIEBOLDT
He accidentally got in the way of a shotgun when it was going off. What do you want?

DILLINGER
Oscar had "tools" of mine, he was repairing them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. LIEBOLDT
 Everything that was here? Those people
 took it all away. It ain't here no more.

CUT TO:

INT. KEDSIE AVENUE CIGAR STORE - GLASS DOOR

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

DILLINGER
 I went to East Chicago to lay low. The
 welcome mat was not out. And I kept
 hearing your name.
 (beat)
 Then at Oscar's, my gear is gone.

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

DILLINGER (CONT'D)
 I am going to ask you once.
 (beat)
 And I just did.

GILBERT
 Let me make a telephone call.

Dillinger nods.

GILBERT (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Gimme Phil...
 (beat)
 He's downstairs.

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

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

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

FOUR HEAVYSET SOLDIERS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

GILBERT
I don't think so.

SOLDIER ONE. Dillinger turns the man, slams a knee into his kidney, pulls him back off balance, holds him up with one .45 under his jaw, as he draws the second .45 and sweeps the group...

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

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

D'ANDREA
Look around, Johnny. What do you see?

DILLINGER
A lot of telephones.

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

Dillinger stares at him. Where's this going?

D'ANDREA (CONT'D)
(indicates the room)
This room makes that much every day. That is how money gets made. And it keeps getting made, day after day after day. It is a river of money. Flowing right to us. And it gets deeper and it gets wider.
(beat)
Unless the cops come through that door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DILLINGER

But they won't.

D'ANDREA

That's right. We pay them not to. Unless they know you're here. Then they come through the door, no matter what.

(beat)

What does that tell you?

DILLINGER

I'm popular.

D'ANDREA

You're bad for business.

What this is, is called obsolescence.

D'ANDREA (CONT'D)

So the Syndicate got a new policy, Johnny.

(beat)

Guys like you? We ain't laundering your money or bonds no more. You ain't holing up in our warehouses anymore. No armorers. No doctors. No nothing.

(beat)

That's the way it is.

D'Andrea comes closer to him.

D'ANDREA (CONT'D)

And I am a messenger. This is business.

(quietly)

Between us...

He reaches into a pocket for cash.

D'ANDREA (CONT'D)

You need something to tide you by in case you're short?

Dillinger and Red's looks say it all. They start out.

D'ANDREA (CONT'D)

Okay...but can you do me a personal favor?

Dillinger hesitates.

D'ANDREA (CONT'D)

For my son, Mark. You're his hero.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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

D'ANDREA (CONT'D)

Good luck to you. You too, Red.

INT. CIGAR STORE - DILLINGER + HAMILTON

cross through.

HAMILTON

Why'd you sign that asshole's paper?

DILLINGER

I don't know.

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

who are briskly exiting the building. Hoover's angry. His voice is clipped and rapid-fire.

HOOVER

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

(beat)

Hamilton has a 17 year old sister in Detroit. Arrest her. Dump her in the tank. Pick up all known Dillinger associates. Doctors. Question family members. Pierpont's mother in Indianapolis. Dillinger's family in Mooresville. Foreigners. We suspect all of them of harboring...

PURVIS

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

HOOVER

That's the point. Motivate them to get "word." Create informants, Agent Purvis.

(MORE)

{ CONTINUED }

CONTINUED:

HOOVER (CONT'D)

I want suspects interrogated
"vigorously." "Grilled." No misplaced
sentimentality. As they say in Italy and
elsewhere these days..."take off the
white gloves."

By this point, they're down the Justice Department staircase.
Purvis is dismissed. Hoover steps in front of a...

MOVIETONE NEWS CREW

where 35 boys, aged 12-15 have been waiting in a line. High
voltage enthusiasm suddenly imbues Hoover.

HOOVER

What's your name, son?

HARRIS

Harris.

The cameras roll.

HOOVER

(turning to camera)

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

COLOR DESATURATES into BLACK + WHITE. We don't know why...

HOOVER (CONT'D)

(continuing)

...every one of them, stopped some crime
from occurring and forestalled an entry
into the black book of criminal deeds. I
am rewarding them with these medals
today. My friend, Harris here, is the
first...

Hoover pins the first medal on Harris.

And OVER that we HEAR OFFSCREEN...

DILLINGER (O.S.)

(low)

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

WHY IS JOHN DILLINGER'S VOICE HERE?

BLACK + WHITE OF HOOVER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

cuts to photograph of...

BLACK + WHITE PRETTY BOY FLOYD,

bullet-ridden on a slab in a morgue. And we HEAR...

MOVIE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(booming)

Pretty Boy Floyd. He thought he could
lead a life of crime with impunity...

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

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DILLINGER'S

listening to Tommy Carroll. Next to Dillinger in the row is
Red.

TOMMY CARROLL

(whispers)

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

Beyond them on the screen Pretty Boy Floyd's face is replaced
by Harry Pierpont's mug shot.

Now, SHOUSE enters and sits next to Tommy. We haven't seen
him since Johnny threw him out of the car in Indiana. He
holds out his hand...

SHOUSE

(whispered)

Johnny, willing to let bygones by
bygones...

Nothing from Dillinger. On the screen now is Pierpont's
image.

MOVIE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(booming)

Recently convicted of murder in Lima,
Ohio and sentenced to die in the electric
chair is John Pierpont...

CARROLL

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

DILLINGER

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHOUSE

They got the prison surrounded by
National Guard...

MOVIE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And Director J. Edgar Hoover would like
you in the audience to help us
apprehend...Public Enemy #1.

NOW ON THE SCREEN: JOHN DILLINGER

The men freeze.

MOVIE ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...Dillinger is thought to be in Indiana
or Illinois and has been known to travel
with this man. Look around you, ladies
and gentlemen...

Red Hamilton's photo. Shouse tries to rise. TOMMY slams him
back into his seat.

HAMILTON

Oh Jesus...

Now the LIGHTS come up!

MOVIE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

They may be sitting right next to you!
Turn to your right and turn to your
left...

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

JOHN DILLINGER

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

DILLINGER'S HAND

grips his .45. Shouse is grey with fear. Houselights darken.

Finally, Looney Tunes starts. Daffy Duck.

CARROLL

(low)

After the bank we'll figure out if we can
bust out Pierpont and Makley...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HAMILTON

Shouse, you step out of line one inch and and I will kill you. Then I will kill your parents for having had you. Then I will kill their pet dog.

DILLINGER

Where's the bank?

CARROLL

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

DILLINGER + RED

walk up the aisle to CAMERA. Cartoons continue behind them.

HAMILTON

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

DILLINGER

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

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

throws open his overcoat, draws his Tommy gun and FIRES a burst into the ceiling, bringing down plaster and light fittings. EMPLOYEES AND CUSTOMERS panic.

BABY FACE NELSON

Everyone on the floor! This is a hold-up.

DILLINGER

(passing Nelson)
You're turning it into a circus! What the hell are you doing?

Meanwhile, a terrified CLERK presses a button and the alarm rings loudly outside.

BABY FACE NELSON

(rants)
I'd like to know who set that alarm off. Who the hell did it? Who?

Dillinger and Red get to the BANK PRESIDENT and shove him towards the vault. Nelson is working himself into a frenzy. He points his gun at one terrified Customer after another.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BABY FACE NELSON (CONT'D)
 If you want to get killed, make a move.
 What about you? How about you?

VAULT

It's a lot less than \$800,000.

DILLINGER
 Where in the hell's all the big money?

OUTSIDE THE BANK

A traffic cop, ROGER POWERS, runs up. Van Meter surprises and disarms him in classical fashion, but...

LOBBY

Through the window Carroll sees a motorcycle cop, HALE KEITH, arrive outside. Nelson scrambles onto a desk and FIRES a burst through the plate glass.

BABY FACE NELSON
 I got one, I got one! I got a cop!

VAULT - ON DILLINGER

can't believe this is fucking HAPPENING.

EXT. THE SECURITY NATIONAL BANK & TRUST COMPANY

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

NELSON
 What are you looking at?

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

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

EXT. ROOFTOPS ACROSS THE STREET - DEPUTY

with a 44-40 Winchester gets a bead on

DILLINGER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

DILLINGER
Son of a bitch!

BANG!

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

Sixteen year old, JOE PAWLOWSKI -- fueled by adrenaline, runs across the street and jumps onto Nelson's back. Nelson, screaming with rage, throws him through a plate glass window, FIRES two rounds and runs to join the others -- PURE CHAOS. Dillinger throws Nelson in the car.

THE HUDSON

surges forward. The car proceeds to an intersection and stops.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)
Comon!

Shouse can't find his place on the git.

HAMILTON
Right! Goddamnit! Right!

As Shouse makes the turn...

INT. FORD, TRAVELLING - DILLINGER

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

EXT. LITTLE BOHEMIA - FORD - TWILIGHT (LATER)

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

EMIL WANATKA, comes out, trailed by his two collies and Nelson's girlfriend, Vi Scott.

DILLINGER
How'd you find this place?

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELSON

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

INT. DILLINGER'S ROOM - MONEY - NIGHT

being counted.

DILLINGER

How much?

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

BABY FACE NELSON

\$46,120.

DILLINGER

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

VAN METER

Still more than \$8,000 a man.

DILLINGER

Leave my money and get out.

Van Meter, Nelson and Shouse exit.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

We gotta cut loose from Nelson.

HAMILTON

You need to rest up awhile.

DILLINGER

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

HAMILTON

We could head to Reno...

Dillinger lies back in bed, looks around the room, angry and frustrated. Hamilton gets up to leave...

DILLINGER

I need two more guns, Red.

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

INT. SIOUX FALLS HOSPITAL - TOMMY CARROLL - NIGHT

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

WE'RE ACUTELY AWARE OF PURVIS.

Uncomfortable, Purvis stands apart from the others. Agents Rorer and Clegg are by the bedside.

CARROLL

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

RORER

Not until you tell us!

As the pressure inside his skull becomes unbearable --

CARROLL

Oh, Mother! Help me! Please, God!

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

DOCTOR

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

PURVIS

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

From inside.

RORER

Where is he?!

CARROLL

Give me a shot!

RORER

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

More screaming.

CLOSE ON PURVIS: looks up to see Rorer looking at him. Rorer is sweating. He nods. He has an answer.

INT. SIOUX FALLS AIRPORT - NIGHT

Urgent activity, Purvis, Baum and Winstead are racing. In the background, Rorer is on the phone. Hurt is checking weapons and ammo. A charter Ford Trimotor's engines rev.

RORER
(into phone)
...place is called Little Bohemia in
Manitowish, Wisconsin.

PURVIS
What's the nearest airport to Manitowish?

RORER
Rhineland.

INT. BANKERS' BUILDING, OFFICE - COWLEY - NIGHT

listens. Agents are throwing on coats, grabbing grenades, steel vests, Tommy guns.

PURVIS (O.S.)
Our group will fly down in the plane.
(to Cowley)
Sam, you drive up.

COWLEY
(recites)
Little Bohemia. Manitowish, Wisconsin.

INT. LITTLE BOHEMIA, DILLINGER'S ROOM - DILLINGER - NIGHT

looks at

THE COURTYARD

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

A DROP FIVE FEET ONTO A LOWER ROOF -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dillinger positions a Thompson on the window sill. Then he turns on the radio and tries to sleep.

EXT. PINE WOODS - TWO BUREAU HIRE CARS - NIGHT

approach the lodge and stop 300 yards away. No lights. Purvis, Baum, Winstead, Hurt and Agents Rice and Rorer get out and whisper:

PURVIS

If you can get Dillinger alive, do it. If not, then you put him down. Rice, Rorer - take the back. Carter, you cut through the woods and come up on the front from the northwest. Get up close enough to see if they're in the barroom.

WINSTEAD

If he is?

PURVIS

We know where he is. We go in.

WINSTEAD

If he isn't?

PURVIS

We go in anyway.

WINSTEAD

Too much real estate out here. Too many ways for 'em to get out. And too few of us to blockade 'em in.

(beat)

We need road-blocks. An assault plan. This ain't how to do it. We gotta wait for Cowley's group...

Purvis hesitates. Then.

PURVIS

I will not risk them escaping and humiliating us. Take the southwest corner. Cover that and the front.

(to Hurt)

Block the road we came up --

Winstead has to accept this. He is not happy.

Baum moves off through the woods. As Winstead and Hurt start to move off...

EXT. LITTLE BOHEMIA LODGE - THREE LOCAL MEN, CCC WORKERS

enter from the barroom. They seem relieved to be away from the garrulous Nelson. They get into the Chevrolet and start the engine. Turn on the radio. Loud. Collies begin to bark.

INT. BARROOM - NELSON

hears the dogs barking.

EXT. LITTLE BOHEMIA LODGE - CHEVROLET

engages first gear.

PURVIS
Stop that car! Federal Agents!

INT. CHEVROLET - NIGHT

The three men inside cannot hear them. They're loaded. Their radio is BLARING.

EXT. LITTLE BOHEMIA LODGE - NELSON

appears in the front doorway, gun in hand.

CARTER BAUM

in the woods sees the armed man framed in the doorway.

BAUM
(shouts out)
Bureau of Investigation, nobody move!

Chevrolet slowly starts towards Purvis and the others --

PURVIS
Police! Stop!
(beat)
Fire!

Purvis and from the woods Baum open up. Agents Madala, and Clegg FIRE as well.

CLOSE ON CHEVROLET

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

WINSTEAD + HURT

deeper in the woods, cover the side windows from where they know gunfire will soon erupt. It DOES as...

INT. BARROOM - NELSON

and the others inside are FIRING out windows, killing lights.

EXT. WOODS - WINSTEAD + HURT

FIRE only on windows from which they see muzzle flashes.

INT. DILLINGER'S ROOM - DILLINGER + HAMILTON

at Dillinger's window, exchange furious fire with Rice and Rorer at the side of the lodge, forcing them back behind out buildings. Splinters fly. Glass shatters. Gunsmoke is thick.

EXT. LITTLE BOHEMIA, BARROOM - NELSON, SHOUSE + VAN METER

fire back, forcing Purvis to cover.

PURVIS

Where the hell is Cowley?

Purvis - low - runs to the Chevrolet, opens the door. The driver and one passenger are dead. A middle aged, unarmed man steps out. Bullets zing around him. He promptly sits down on the ground, dead drunk. These are not Public Enemies.

THE TEXANS

UNLOAD only on real targets. Bullets CUT through the trees.

SHADOWY FIGURE

dart from a side door and leaps over the porch FIRING a Tommy gun. Bullets strike the trees around Purvis.

BAUM

Someone got out!

PURVIS

Is it Dillinger?

BAUM

I think so.

PURVIS

See if you can head him off. Go!

Purvis runs into the woods after the fleeing figure. Carter Baum races off in a car.

EXT. PINE WOODS - PURVIS

runs hard, glimpses the figure. He FIRES but misses, keeps running, desperate...

INT. LITTLE BOHEMIA, SECOND STORY - ROOF - DARK NIGHT

Bullets TEAR into the wooden walls. Two Men jump out of a back window, not clear who they are... It's chaos.

EXT. LITTLE BOHEMIA - THE TWO MEN

sprint down wooden steps to the beach, turn LEFT and run along the lake behind the lodge, trading SHOTS with Rorer and Rice. Rice is hit in the leg and cartwheels forward. Rorer stays with him.

NOW WE SEE THIS IS DILLINGER

running but impeded by his shoulder wound. Hamilton helps him. In the background, we SEE Van Meter and Shouse have also bailed out of the house for the beach but disappear into woods to the RIGHT.

DILLINGER + HAMILTON

run along the line of the lake, but in woods now.

WINSTEAD

runs through trees parallel to them but further away from the water. He catches sight of two figures through the trees playing against the water from 100 yards away.

DILLINGER + HAMILTON

move fast. Not much brush to slow them. Dillinger senses, reacts...

HARD CHARGING WINSTEAD,

from 50 yards FIRES his pump-action 10 gauge shotgun FOUR TIMES.

DILLINGER + RED

in a burst of speed, cover behind heavier trees, which are cratered by the heavy shot. And Dillinger, never stopping, out the other side, is FIRING his Thompson at Winstead as...

WINSTEAD

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

SLO-MO: WINSTEAD'S HANDS,

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

GHOSTS

because Dillinger and Red are beneath the brow of the bank, moving fast, now, and Dillinger reloads as...

WINSTEAD

signals above and behind him to...

HURT

who crossed at a higher point on the contoured landscape, giving the Texans cross fire possibilities, and...

DILLINGER

FIRES - when the bank's cut by a ravine - exactly where Winstead should be...

DILLINGER'S POV: NOTHING

Winstead's gone. And Dillinger knows the level of play has been raised by the addition of whoever these men are. As he and Red race across the ravine for the high ground advantage...

HURT FIRES

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

DILLINGER

You hit, Red?

HAMILTON

I don't think so.

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

DILLINGER

Come on, Red. We can make it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

On the high ground, past rock outcroppings towards a house...
Meanwhile...

EXT. WOODS - PURVIS - NIGHT

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

BABY FACE NELSON

who turns and FIRES at Purvis, who drops behind a felled tree. Ahead, Nelson sees car lights through the trees and...

EXT. ROAD - NELSON

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

INT. BUREAU CAR - CARTER BAUM

is at the wheel. He realizes it's Nelson. Nelson, aiming his Tommy gun...

NELSON

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

Nelson OPENS UP. Baum, hit, manages to fall out of the passenger door and run.

EXT. PINE WOODS - PURVIS

hears distant shooting. He races for the road.

EXT. ROAD - BAUM

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

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

INT. CAR - NELSON'S

in, pulls out.

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

PURVIS

Carter!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Baum's eyes flicker.

PURVIS (CONT'D)
Who was it? Was it Dillinger?

Baum shakes his head a fraction.

BAUM
(barely audible whisper)
Nelson.

Baum's eyes roll back in his head.

Purvis runs after the car. He dives through the woods to cut it off at a turn in the road.

EXT. HOUSE - A CAR

is outside. A man's on the porch, having reacted to gunshots.

DILLINGER
Gimme the keys to that car!

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

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

EXT. LITTLE BOHEMIA LODGE - WIDE - NIGHT

Tear gas billows out the windows.

WINSTEAD
(arriving)
Cease fire! Stop shooting!

The shooting stops. There is no return fire from the lodge. Winstead puts a handkerchief over his nose and mouth and enters

E/I. LITTLE BOHEMIA LODGE - WANETKA + NAN

coughing their lungs out and cowering behind the furniture. No one else is there. Meanwhile...

INT. STOLEN BUREAU CAR, MOVING - NELSON

speeding, sees Two Men step into the road, raised weapons. He slams on the brakes. The two men run up, shouting "Get out of the car!"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nelson bursts out laughing.

NELSON
You dumb bastards.

HOMER VAN METER + ED SHOUSE

streaked with mud jump in. Nelson takes off.

EXT. WOODS NEAR THE ROAD - PURVIS

tumbles out of the woods onto the road just in time to see Nelson in the stolen Bureau car disappear around the next corner. He keeps running, desperately, futilely...

INT. PACKARD - COWLEY

drives. Madala is next to him, reading a map. Clegg and Smith are in back. They see an oncoming car.

COWLEY
Who's that?

Cowley slows. The other car doesn't. Ahead Cowley slams on the breaks.

MADALA
Somebody's on the road!

PURVIS

running towards them, jumps in the Packard.

PURVIS
Turn it around! ...the car...

COWLEY
Who was in it?

PURVIS
(breathless)
Baby Face Nelson. He killed Carter.

Cowley u-turns and accelerates.

INT. STOLEN BUREAU CAR- NELSON

sees the Packard gaining on them.

NELSON
Who are these birds?

He pulls the wheel to the right.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The Stolen Bureau Car is on the shoulder past a blind curve.

INT. PACKARD - COWLEY

blasts around the curve, tires screaming, passes the Stolen Bureau Car. Now Nelson pulls out behind them!

COWLEY

Look out...!

INT. STOLEN BUREAU CAR - NELSON

accelerates, closing in on the Packard. He assaults the FBI.

NELSON

Let'em have it.

INT. PACKARD - PURVIS

PURVIS

Faster, Sam!

EXT. ROAD SPLITS...

becomes two lanes of blacktop separated by a median with trees. Trees are between them.

INT. PACKARD - PURVIS

sees Homer Van Meter steady his Thompson. Madala ducks. Cowley hits the brakes, locks the wheels. Nelson's car surges past, spoiling Van Meter's aim, Purvis FIRES. Madala FIRES.

INT. STOLEN BUREAU CAR - LOSING SPEED!

Packard's coming up on them. Nelson stomps on the gas.

NELSON

Hit the engine!

Nelson spins the wheel to veer off the highway onto a...

EXT. DIRT ROAD - BUT NELSON'S CAR

hits a berm, bounces high and rolls over.

INT. STOLEN BUREAU CAR - NELSON

struggles to free himself from under Shouse. Shouse's neck has been broken. He is dead. Van Meter is clear and running.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELSON

Come back here, help me, you son of a bitch!

Homer doesn't. He's gone. The Packard hurtles towards him, screeches, skids sideways, stops!

PURVIS, COWLEY + MADALA

are out. Purvis FIRES.

VAN METER

is cut down right away, hit 14 times. While...

NELSON

opens up with the Tommy gun, ripping

COWLEY

across the chest. As

MADALA'S

12-gauge FIRES. Nelson, slammed in the chest, drops to his knees, fights on, as...

PURVIS'

Thompson and Madala's second round HIT at the same time. The .45s and double odd shot tear into Nelson's chest and slam him back.

Purvis rushes to Cowley...

PURVIS

(moving towards him)

Rest quiet and you will be alright, Sam.

COWLEY

Call my wife and tell her...

INT. DILLINGER'S STOLEN CAR, PARKED IN A SMALL TOWN - HAMILTON - DAY

is in agony. Dillinger gets in back beside him. He's bought medical supplies from a drug store and whisky. He helps Hamilton to a slug and some pills.

HAMILTON

Not like you ain't seen a man die before.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He puts his bloody hand in Dillinger's.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)
 (reading Dillinger's mind)
 You gotta let...
 (grimacing with pain)
 You gotta let me go, John.

DILLINGER
 Bullshit.

HAMILTON
 And you gotta let Billie go too.

Flash of anger in Dillinger's eyes.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)
 I know... you... never let no one down
 you care about. But this... time... you
 gotta let go...

Hamilton desperately searches Dillinger's eyes for a response.

Hamilton squeezes Dillinger's hand and grimaces in pain. He lets out a gasp. His grip relaxes. Dillinger looks away...

A car pulls in next to his. As the DRIVER gets out, he happens to glance at Dillinger's car.

DRIVER'S POV: TWO MEN

in the back of a car. One lying motionless, covered in blood, the other looking dishevelled and distraught.

The Driver turns, restarts his car and pulls quickly away.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Bleak and desolate. Dillinger is digging. Even a shallow grave takes time.

He drags Hamilton's body to the grave. Streaks of dawn light the sky.

DILLINGER
 I'm sorry to do this to you, Red.

Dillinger empties boxes of lye bought from the pharmacy on Red's face and starts shovelling earth on his friend's body.

EXT. FIELD - DAWN

Dillinger sitting on a rock by the grave, whisky bottle in hand, sweaty and cold at the same time. His stomach is empty and his spirits are rock bottom.

He gets up, throws away the empty bottle, takes a last look at the grave and walks to his car.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK HUDSON, CHICAGO - JOHN DILLINGER - NIGHT

drives west on Troy. The neighborhood streets are cold and empty. But ahead Dillinger sees...

1933 CHEVROLET 2-DOOR COUPE

parked at the curb. Two men are inside. Silhouettes against steamed windows. They're waiting, watching.

EXTREMELY CLOSE: DILLINGER'S FACE

Impassive. He knows exactly who they are. He cruises past without glancing and continues west...

INT. 1933 CHEVROLET SURVEILLANCE CAR - NIGHT

The men inside are Agents Reinecke and Rorer. Reinecke wipes the condensation from the windshield. Across the street he sees Billie through her second story window. He makes a notation. Rorer is asleep.

INT. ASHLAND AVE. FURNISHED APARTMENT - BILLIE - NIGHT

checks her watch, rises past her window to turn on the radio. Paul Whiteman's band signs off followed by a Geritol commercial telling Radioland to stay tuned for the Will Rogers commentary.

INT. ASHLAND APARTMENT, FOYER - BILLIE + NEIGHBOR,

also a dark haired woman. Billie slips her \$20. She made her a sandwich. Neighbor takes Billie's place in front of the window by the radio. Meanwhile...

EXT. REAR ALLEY - SNOW FLURRIES: BILLIE

in a man's overcoat and hat, crosses the alley to the rear of the buildings opposite.

EXT. ALLEY - A SECOND FBI CAR + AGENTS

watch the rear of Billie's building. Agents ignore a man crossing the alley in the cold night.

INT. REINECKE'S CAR

RORER
What's she doing?

REINECKE
(looks)
Listening to the radio...

EXT. WABANSIA AVENUE - BILLIE

emerges from the passageway between buildings in men's clothes, looks over her shoulder, and crosses into the street. She just stands there. Nothing moves under the skeletal elms in the white snow.

THEN: LIGHTS

come on. They stab at her. She can't see in the glare.

BLACK HUDSON PULLS THROUGH - JOHN DILLINGER

opens the door. She jumps in. He's already pulling away...

INT. AGENTS' OFFICE - DAY

Madala, Clegg and the other agents are waiting for a briefing to begin. Purvis enters.

PURVIS
Agent Cowley died this morning at 5:17am.

Grim reactions among the men...their lost colleagues and friends...

PURVIS (CONT'D)
Right now all of Dillinger's friends are dead. He's out there alone. There won't be a better chance to run him down.

RORER
He could be anywhere - California, Florida...

PURVIS
He *could* be anywhere - but he is not. What he wants is right here. Billie Frechette.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Purvis looks up and sees the open door. Reinecke stands there...a desolate look of failure. Purvis knows what's happened. They lost Billie.

CUT TO:

INT. NBC RADIO STUDIO (LOS ANGELES, CA)- WILL ROGERS - DAY
smokes a cigarette in front of a ribbon microphone. The smoke curls into the air. His commentary is intimate and folksy.

WILL ROGERS
(into ribbon microphone)
Well, they said they were going to get Public Enemy #1. And they had John Dillinger surrounded... They was all ready to shoot him as soon as he came out. But a bunch of folks came out ahead, so they shot all them instead.
(radio audience laughter)

INT. DILLINGER'S BLACK HUDSON - BILLIE + JOHNNY - NEW YEAR'S EVE

drive carefully, south on Clark St. Sidewalks are filled with revelers and crowds.

WILL ROGERS (O.S.)
They will get Dillinger someday. Probably when he's with a group of innocent bystanders they're shooting down, and he'll get killed by accident...
(pause)
Meanwhile, President Roosevelt got Congress to pass a second Crime Bill...

INT. FRANK NITTI'S LIVING ROOM (CICERO, ILLINOIS) - FRANK NITTI - EVENING

listening to Will Rogers. He's sober.

WILL ROGERS (O.S.)
...which the example of Public Enemy Number One has helped push through Congress. It will make all criminal enterprise across state lines a federal crime...

Nitti's hand picks up a telephone and dials. He puts the earpiece next to his ear. And he blows up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NITTI

(to D'Andrea)
Okie inbred sonsabitches...backwoods
cocksuckers. They did this.

D'ANDREA

Did what?

NITTI

Karpis. That syphilitic idiot Babyface
Nelson. Dillinger. All of them. Another
interstate crime bill?!

D'ANDREA

What do we care? We don't rob banks.

NITTI

Everything is interstate. Wake up. That's
the point of being nationwide. Fix it.

INT. FBI - HOOVER'S OFFICE - HOOVER - NIGHT

listens.

WILL ROGERS (O.S.)

...so after they missed all the Public
Enemies at Little Bohemia, the Bureau
arrested their girlfriends. The FBI may
not get their man, but they always get
his woman.

(radio audience laughs)

J. Edgar Hoover does not.

INT. BLACK HUDSON - BILLIE + JOHNNY - NEW YEAR'S EVE

head south out of downtown on Michigan Blvd. A blast of horns
declares the death of 1933 and the birth of 1934.

INT. TELEPHONE COMPANY EXCHANGE - PURVIS - NEW YEAR'S EVE -

enters. They've got 15 recorders, now. It's a rat's nest of
cloth-insulated wiring. Most of the listening stations are
abandoned.

PURVIS SEES: AGENT MADALA

with headphones noting a conversation on a steno pad. Two
stenographers are still around. Each machine is labeled.
Madala listens to "PROBASCO." Next to him is "AUSTIN STATE
TAVERN." MOVE IN. WE'LL SEE THAT AGAIN...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PURVIS
Agent Madala...
(can't hear)
Agent Madala!

MADALA
(headphones come off)
Yessir!

PURVIS
It's New Year's Eve, Roger. Go home to
your family.

MADALA
Thank you sir.

Purvis leaves.

INT. PURVIS'S APARTMENT OFF MICHIGAN AVENUE - PURVIS - NIGHT

lets himself in. He's alone. "Auld Lang Syne" is heard in the streets below. The apartment is dark. He stands for a moment, letting the darkness wash over him. He allows himself one shot of Bourbon. He moves to the large window overlooking the city. He goes out onto the balcony in the cold air. He sees the sparkling lights, the traffic, the couples, the revelers, the relaxed celebration. Horns blow. Cheering can be heard across the city. He is alone. It is 1934 in Chicago. He downs the shot of bourbon.

EXT. ROAD THRU DUNES - DILLINGER + BILLIE - NIGHT

drive across the southern tip of Lake Michigan in the Indiana dunes. Dunes are lit by the silver moonlight. Her head is on his shoulder. She loosely holds his arm. She drifted asleep. Now she wakes. She realizes it is New Year's Day.

DILLINGER
Happy New Year, doll.

BILLIE
Happy New Year, baby.

He looks at her. It's a concerned look. She reads his mind.

BILLIE (CONT'D)
Johnny. I'd rather live on the run with
you, than live any other way.

That says it all. They are both quiet for a long beat.

DILLINGER
For how long?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLIE

However long.

DILLINGER

Next week? Next year? Alvin said this wasn't gonna last. He was right. The world has turned. Everything's different.

(beat)

And there's a sweet score. Enough money to go away and stay away for a long time.

(beat)

So whattya say we lit out of here? Lit out of here, altogether.

BILLIE

glows to the prospect. For the first time there's a tangible future.

BILLIE

Cuba?

DILLINGER

Too close. How about we fly to Caracas and then to Rio on Pan Am. Then an oceanliner to Manila or Singapore. We are foreign-looking to them. So they will have no idea who the hell we are. We can go out dancing all night and have a lotta laughs anytime we want...

BILLIE

I think that's a great idea!

They drive on into the pre-dawn of the year 1934.

EXT. DILLINGER FARM (MOORESVILLE, INDIANA) - SOMEHOW JOHN DILLINGER - DAY

sits in plain view on a chair. His Thompson rests against the wall. His sister, Audrey, is giving him a haircut. His father, John Wilson Dillinger, drinks coffee next to him. The January sunlight is so direct, it's like Spring.

DILLINGER

Not too short on the sides.

BILLIE

comes out the door. Dillinger's niece comes up with a Kodak Brownie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NIECE

Can we take a picture?

DILLINGER

Of course.

(to nephew, approaching)

You got an eye on those federal boys?

NEPHEW

Yes sir. They're over having breakfast at Myra's Diner. They've been hanging around, here, doing nothing for so long, they just know this is the last place you're going to show...

CLOSER: BILLIE

watches Johnny. This is who he would be if he had not had the troubles in this life, a charismatic young man.

EXT. FIELD - BILLIE + DILLINGER SR. - LATER

walk through winter wheat.

BILLIE

That how he was when he was a boy?
Carefree and laughing...?

JOHN SR.

Not right when his mother died. But after
awhile, yes.

BILLIE

You love him, don't you?

She touches his arm. He looks back at the house.

JOHN SR.

He grew up a motherless child... After he was there he never had a woman's comfort. So I loved him but didn't know how to raise him. And that's the truth.

(pause)

When he come out of that prison, he had so many worries. Restless. Bitter. He had a desire to get even.

A covey of quail flush out of the wheat.

JOHN SR. (CONT'D)

Well, now he has gotten even. And he has seen the country. And he has you. So, he is carefree.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN SR. (CONT'D)

(beat)

But what is next for you and Johnnie?

BILLIE

To try to live somewhere else.

JOHN SR.

(knows more)

Well, if it goes okay, good. Whatever happens, he has been my boy. And I have loved him in my heart, always. Right or wrong, no matter what.

He is as straight and truthful as the land is flat. She takes his hand and they walk through the fields.

EXT. CHICAGO'S CROWDED DOWNTOWN STREETS - DILLINGER +
BILLIE - DAY

in the black Hudson. We've entered mid-scene.

DILLINGER

Bartender's name is Larry Streng.

BILLIE

Where's the apartment?

DILLINGER

Oakley and Potomac. He'll give you the keys.

They drive north over the Clark Street Bridge. Dillinger gives her an envelope.

DILLINGER (CONT'D)

5,000 dollars. It buys us a month, but we're not staying that long.

EXT. AUSTIN STATE TAVERN - 416 NORTH STATE STREET -
DILLINGER'S CAR - DAY

pulls to the curb on the east side of the street. Billie gets out, walks through the crowds, down the sidewalk and crosses the street to the bar. MOVE IN on the sign. This is the location we saw being tapped at the Telephone Exchange.

OVER DILLINGER'S SHOULDER

watching the distant front of the tavern into which Billie disappeared. Then...

FOUR BUREAU AGENTS, REINECKE + MADALA

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

run right past Dillinger's Hudson. They join 12 more agents flooding into the Austin State Tavern from the other side.

INT. CAR - DILLINGER

is shocked. Frozen. Inside...

INT. AUSTIN STATE TAVERN - REINECKE

roughly handcuffs Billie.

REINECKE

(shouts)

Who brought you? How'd you get here?

BILLIE

...I took a taxi.

EXT. TAVERN - REINECKE + MADALA LEADING OUT BILLIE

There's 20 of them, now. She's totally surrounded.

INT. HUDSON - DILLINGER

races around the block. Comes up on the same side of the street as the tavern behind the Federal cars.

THE THOMPSON

in his lap. He checks his .45.

HE SEES...HER

There she is. Where's an opening? His eyes dart.

MORE CHICAGO POLICE

arrive. It's now a sea of blue.

CLOSER: DILLINGER

20-30 men surround her.

BILLIE

...hauled towards a Bureau car by Reinecke. He tips her off balance. He bounces her off the door pillar on purpose. Dillinger sees all this.

DILLINGER

can do nothing. Tears of frustrated rage stream down his face. Later, he would say he "cried like a baby."

EXT. STATE STREET - DILLINGER + THE HUDSON

are waved away, irritatedly, by uniformed Chicago police trying to clear traffic. Dillinger's Hudson drives off into the distance.

INT. BANKER'S BUILDING - BILLIE - NIGHT

under a bare lightbulb.

REINECKE

If you tell us all about him, maybe you'll get a break. Maybe you end up doing a couple of months on a work farm, like a girls' home or something.

ANOTHER AGENT

Where is he? Where were you meeting?
Where were you hiding out?

REINECKE

...or we drop you in a black hole. And you get to shit and piss on the floor and then lie in it all night in the dark with the bugs and the rats.

Billie's eyelids fall. She drifts off. Reinecke kicks her awake.

REINECKE (CONT'D)

(shouts)
Where is he?!

Billie startles! CLOSER on her chair.

BILLIE

I have to..

He kicks the chair again. She's being denied a toilet. The humiliation is part of the pressure. Billie's embarrassed. Billie urinates on the chair now and the floor. Another Agent makes a face...

OTHER AGENT

What was that movie, "Squaw Girl"...?

Reinecke has gone out to get water for himself.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - REINECKE

drinks from a water cooler. In the background are a dozen agents with Tommy guns in every corner as if Public Enemy Number 1 will assault at any moment.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - REINECKE

re-enters.

REINECKE
Lady, you're stinking up my office. Where
were you supposed to meet him!

He slaps her. Billie's shoulders collapse.

REINECKE (CONT'D)
I can't hear you.

BILLIE
(nods, very low...)
We were supposed to meet...at our
apartment...

REINECKE
Where?

BILLIE
On Addison. 1148...

REINECKE
When?

BILLIE
Now.

INT. 1148 W. ADDISION, APARTMENT - WIDE ON DOOR - DAWN

It's shot off its hinges. A half-dozen AGENTS invade. One gun
goes off. Everybody is about to open up until they realize
it's one of theirs.

REVERSE: THE APARTMENT INTERIOR

It is dead empty. Reinecke looks at the dust on the floor. No
one's been here for a month.

CUT TO:

INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL - PURVIS

walks past holding cell with assorted informants, hookers,
family members. As he passes one we HOLD ON...

INT. CELL - PROBASCO

in a metal chair, hands at his side handcuffed to the floor.
He shouts. A large man slams him across the abdomen with a
lead-filled sap. Another agent waits indifferently.

INT. WOMEN'S SECTION - DRUNK TANK - PURVIS

enters and crosses through...he can't help but SEE...

PURVIS POV: LIANE HAMILTON

Hamilton's sister, 17, stares vacantly from the corner. Bruised, filthy, dress ripped, she's among a sordid group of 30 older women: tough hookers, drunks, a couple of tough dykes in men's lace-up boots. Liane catches Purvis' eyes.

He walks on...

INT. B OF I OFFICE, INTERROGATION ROOM - REINECKE'S

furiously. He walks up to Billie, handcuffed, and slaps her across the face, two, three times. Hard. Her ear, her nose bleeds. He almost knocks her out.

REINECKE

Where is he!

BILLIE

(low voice)

Well...

(rising strength)

...he's way the hell away from here by now, isn't he?

She looks up at him. And she drops the little girl act. She sent them on a wild goose chase to give her man time to get away.

BILLIE (CONT'D)

(calm)

You wanted to know where he is, you dumb flatfoot? You were too scared to look around. You walked right past him on State Street. He was at the curb in that black Hudson.

(beat)

You asked me "how I got there?" I told you I took a taxi. And you believed me?

(laughs)

He dropped me off and was waiting for me. And you walked right past him.

He's furious. Her Native American beauty doesn't soften Reinecke. He visualizes smashing the bones in her face with his fist.

EXT. OUTER OFFICE - PURVIS + WINSTEAD

arrive. Dolores rushes up.

DOLORES

Mr. Purvis, you have to stop this. Those men cannot abuse a woman in that way.

Purvis, with Winstead following, moves to the interrogation room.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - BILLIE

BILLIE

(to Reinecke)

...and when my Johnny finds out how you slapped around his girl? You know what will happen to you, fatboy?

She looks Reinecke square in the eye. Reinecke swings...

WINSTEAD

grabs his wrist, turns him, Reinecke resists, Winstead nearly breaks his wrist.

WINSTEAD

Bad idea.

PURVIS

Uncuff her.

Reinecke tries to pull away. He can't. The smaller man is built of steel cable.

Rorer uncuffs Billie.

PURVIS (CONT'D)

Restroom's down the hall.

Billie tries to rise. Stumbles.

BILLIE

I can't stand up.

Purvis doesn't hesitate. He picks her up in his arms and carries her through the office to the restroom in the corridor. She puts her hand over her eyes in embarrassment.

PURVIS

Miss Rogers...

Doris Rogers follows them.

INT. JAMES PROBASCO'S HOUSE (2509 NORTH CRAWFORD) - PIQUETT - DAY

in the kitchen, waits. He's agitated. So is PROBASCO. Rear door opens. Probasco jumps. In comes Dillinger...

Dillinger throws him an envelope.

DILLINGER
\$5,000. You run her down.
(beat)
Lake County jail or Cook County? I want layouts, blueprints. You visit her. Tell her I'm coming for her. I'll get her out.

PROBASCO
You need a car? A place to stay? Wanna stay here?

Is Probasco is trying to lure Dillinger here?

DILLINGER
I'm fine. I got a place.

INT. BARREL OF FUN NIGHTCLUB - MARTY ZARKOVICH - NIGHT

walks in.

ANNA SAGE

in a woman's business suit, hat and sunglasses in the dark bar, reacts. Zarkovich sits next to her.

ANNA SAGE
Immigration say they send me back to Romania.

Zarkovich, the crooked cop, takes Anna's hand. The 40 year old madam is the true love of his life.

ZARKOVICH
You know what to do.

He turns her chin so that her eyes look right into his.

ZARKOVICH (CONT'D)
Plus there's a \$25,000 reward.

ANNA SAGE
We split.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZARKOVICH
O'Neill's got to be cut in, too. So it
splits three ways.

ANNA SAGE
Can they fix the deportation?

ZARKOVICH
These guys can fix anything.

CUT TO:

EXT. 707 WEST FULLERTON STREET - NIGHT

In car #1 is Marty Zarkovich and Melvin Purvis. In car #2 is
Cowley and O'Neill. They wait.

LOW THICK BRANCHES

cast a deep pool of dark shadow concealing Anna Sage.

ANNA SAGE

hesitates. Then she approaches and enters Purvis' car. It
pulls out.

EXT. LAKEFRONT - PURVIS' CAR - NIGHT

is parked by "the rocks" where the lakeshore's been infilled.
It's totally deserted.

ANNA SAGE
I want guarantee.

PURVIS
If you aid us apprehending John
Dillinger, I will do everything I can to
influence Bureau of Immigration to let
you stay in America.

ANNA SAGE
No good.

PURVIS
That's all there is.

ANNA SAGE
(suspects)
I think you do this. I think you tell
Immigration to pick me up and to send me
back to Romania.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PURVIS

How do you socialize with him?

ANNA SAGE

We go out. Maybe tomorrow night. Maybe not. Maybe in a week. A month. Maybe never.

PURVIS

I will not guarantee what Immigration will do. What I can guarantee is what I will do. If you do not cooperate, you will be on a boat out of this country in 48 hours. Do not play games with me.

Anna hesitates, caves in to Purvis.

ANNA SAGE

Every Sunday night, we go out.

PURVIS

Who's "we"?

ANNA SAGE

Me. Him. One of my girls, Polly Hamilton.

PURVIS

How will we know?

ANNA SAGE

I call you Sunday when I know.

INT. POOLHALL PAYPHONE - MARTY ZARKOVICH - NIGHT

enters. SEE his car at the curb with Anna, solemn in the passenger seat. He drops a nickel and dials. Listens. Then...

ZARKOVICH

She's playin' ball.

NITTI

Be there. Make sure.

INT. NITTI'S OFFICE - FRANK NITTI

is the co-author of this betrayal. For a moment Nitti looks regretful.

ZARKOVICH

They are plenty serious all on their own.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NITTI

They're serious when they make speeches.
Then they screw it up. You make sure.

ZARKOVICH

Yes sir.

EXT. BLUFF OVERLOOKING TRAIN STATION (STEVENS POINT,
WISCONSIN) - U.S. MAIL CAR - DAY

is attached three cars back from the locomotive.

PULLBACK: Dillinger and Karpis watch it. Dillinger's
appearance is different. He's grown a moustache.

KARPIS

The mail will carry the full whack this
Tuesday.

DILLINGER

Why Tuesday?

KARPIS

That's the day they ship two weeks of
payroll for seven large factories around
Rockford.

(points to roads)

Route 14 and Route 11. Two ways in; two
ways out. Harry handles the door and the
safe...

WIDEN to include: HARRY CAMPBELL - ruddy face, large bodied.
Also here is Freddie and Dock Barker and Jimmy Prohasco.

KARPIS (CONT'D)

Dock cuts the telephone lines five
minutes before we go. You and Harry and I
go in strong. Dock comes down the pole
and becomes the lookout. Jimmie and
Freddie drive.

DILLINGER

(studying layout)

What do you figure?

KARPIS

\$1.5 to \$1.7 million. About \$300,000
each.

(that's \$4.5 million each
adjusted for inflation)

Karpis is quiet. They are both feeling the ghosts of their
friends...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KARPIS (CONT'D)
Sorry about Red.

DILLINGER
Thanks.

KARPIS
Nelson was a hot-head. I liked him for some reason.

DILLINGER
You were in a minority.

KARPIS
Had a talk with him once, at Czernaky's...

DILLINGER
Yeah?

Louis Piquett arrives and Dillinger interrupts...

DILLINGER (CONT'D)
You see her? She okay?

PIQUETT
Yes.

He hands Dillinger a letter. Dillinger opens it.

BILLIE (V.O.)
Don't try and break me out. I am too well guarded. Milan Prison is too tough. Two years is not a long time, anyway. Go away someplace where you're safe like Mexico and wait for me. We will be together again. Your true love in life, Billie.

And the air goes out of him.

PIQUETT
She told me what was in it.

Dillinger's distracted...Karpis continues.

KARPIS
I reminded him...

DILLINGER
Reminded who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KARPIS

Nelson. ...that he told me if he ever got \$20,000 together, he'd up and quit forever...

(beat)

After he hit the Janesville bank I said, "Yeah, so...?"

(beat)

He said, "After I started, I couldn't stop."

DILLINGER

Well, I can. We do this Tuesday, I'm gone on Wednesday.

KARPIS

I thought about heading to Varadero Beach in Cuba, outside Havana. You been there?

DILLINGER

For me, it's maybe Mexico.

And that's the answer. Dillinger plans to score the train. Go to Mexico. Wait for Billie.

INT. ANNA SAGE APARTMENT - ANNA SAGE - SUNDAY

She is nervous. She hears a key in the lock. Spins. Door opens. John Dillinger walks in...

ANNA SAGE

Hi Jimmy, you're back...

We understand that Dillinger's been harbored here all along. And he goes under the name Jimmy Alexander.

DILLINGER

looks through the apartment like he always does. He goes to the sink and starts running cold water on his wrists to cool down.

DILLINGER

Tell you what, doll. You and Polly and me, we'll go out to a movie tonight and get in the refrigeration.

POLLY HAMILTON enters from a bedroom down the hall, dressed to go out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNA SAGE
Where you want to go?
(to Polly)
Jimmy take us to the picture show.

DILLINGER
(to Anna)
Marbro or the Biograph...
(to Polly)
Where you goin'?

POLLY
Take the street car downtown to get my
waitressing license.

DILLINGER
I'll take you. It's too hot in here.

ANNA SAGE
I get us some butter and make fried
chicken for dinner.

We SLIDE onto Dillinger with his wrists under the water. He
turns off the tap and starts out...

INT. PURVIS' OFFICE - CLOCK: 3PM

PHONE RINGS. Purvis snatches it up.

ANNA SAGE (O.S.)
We go tonight. I don't know if to Marbro
or to Biograph.
(hangs up)

PURVIS
Miss Sage...

She hung up.

PURVIS (CONT'D)
It is tonight, Marbro. Or the Biograph...

AGENT MADALA
Biograph's on Lincoln north of
Fullerton...

They're split...

INT. AUBURN - DILLINGER + POLLY - DAY

pull to the curb and stop. Surprised, Dillinger looks out the
window with an ironic expression...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POLLY
Be right back...

REVEAL he is parked right in front of the Chicago Police station on 11th and State. Sunlight cuts through the gaps between downtown's skyscrapers and illuminates Dillinger. He smiles...

DILLINGER
I'll go in with you.

INT. 11TH AND STATE STREET STATION, LOBBY - DILLINGER

strolls into the police station like he owns the place. Polly chatters away. He doesn't hear her. We SEE what Johnny sees...

DILLINGER POV: REGISTRY

"Licenses Examination" is on the 8th Floor. "Detective Bureau" is on the 6th.

CU: DILLINGER

Here, in the belly of the beast. The lopsided grin behind the dark glasses over the moustache...

DILLINGER
How long will you be?

POLLY
It might take ten minutes.

DILLINGER
I'll meet you back here...

He waits as she boards an elevator. As her doors close, Dillinger follows a group of police, bail bondsmen, and civilian workers into a second elevator.

INT. SIXTH FLOOR, LOBBY - ON DILLINGER

entering the "Detective Bureau" and we MOVE with him past desks and detectives in the open plan office. He walks with cocky assurance.

Now he turns down an aisle between desks because he's spotted on one of the glass dividers a sign that exerts a magnetic pull on him. It designates the elite...

"DILLINGER SQUAD"

JOHN DILLINGER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

heads right for it.

ECU: DILLINGER'S HAND

brushes under his jacket his .45, checking...

WIDE - JOHNNY

enters this section of desks. Shafts of light illuminate papers. A DETECTIVE we may have seen at Midway Airport right past him...

Wall charts, crime photos from Crown Point, the American Bank, other banks, Billie, mug shots of all his crew, are posted on walls. Photos of Dillinger are on desks. It's as if it was a shrine to him.

IN A CORNER SIX OR SEVEN DETECTIVES

listen to the ninth inning of a White Sox game. Three others work through reports in shirt sleeves. One glances his way. Johnny nods. Detective nods back.

JOHNNY

crosses through it all, strolls in the lion's den, walks in the belly of the beast - among the hunters. His audacity elevates him. It is triumph. With all their resources, modern technology and organization, they cannot lay a glove on him. He is better than they are.

His gratification is internal. He leaves behind, as he exits, a wake of absurdity. He passed through and they didn't even know. History was made. Like a ghost, he's gone.

EXT. CHICAGO POLICE STATION - AUBURN - POLLY - DAY

enters from the station and jumps in. As Dillinger drives off.

DILLINGER

You pass?

POLLY

I have to go back. They needed a blood test.

INT. PURVIS OFFICE - WIDE: BRIEFING - SUNDAY LATE AFTERNOON

We SEE the East Chicago cops and the ex-Texas Rangers Winstead, Campbell and Hurt. Twenty other agents are in the small office. 110 degrees outside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PURVIS

Is it the Marbro or the Biograph? We will be deployed at both. Whichever one he shows at, I will be outside that theater when Dillinger exits. I will give the signal to move in by lighting a cigar.

ZARKOVICH

Anna Sage will wear a white blouse over an orange skirt. That's how we're gonna know it's him.

WINSTEAD

What's playin'?

PURVIS

Excuse me?

WINSTEAD

What's playin' at the Marbro? What's playin' at the Biograph?

It hadn't occurred to anybody to find that out.

MANDALA

(from newspaper)

Marbro...a Shirley Temple movie called "Moptop." Biograph is playing a gangster picture starring Clark Gable. "Manhattan Melodrama."

WINSTEAD

John Dillinger ain't going to a Shirley Temple movie.

PURVIS

Sergeant Zarkovich and Special Agent Winstead will be at the Biograph. As will I and Special Agent Madala.

(beat)

Virgil Peterson, coordinate the Marbro. The rest of you will wait here until it's determined which theater.

Looks between Zarkovich and Capt. O'Neill. They have to INSURE Dillinger is killed, not captured.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNA SAGE APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DILLINGER - EVENING

shaves. His watch is open in front of him. In the inside of the case is a picture of Billie. He washes the soap from his face. He looks at her...

INT. BEDROOM - A LOCKED CASE

Opens. From it Dillinger pockets a Colt .380 automatic and loads \$3,000 into a moneybelt from rubber-banded bundles and puts it around his waist.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARBRO THEATER - SOPSIC - NIGHT

On a pay phone. Patrons buy tickets. He listens...

SOPSYIC

Not yet.

EXT. BIOGRAPH - AGENT BROWN

puts down the pay phone. Mouths "not yet" to...

INT. CAR: PURVIS

down the street in a parked car.

In the driver's seat is Reinecke. He's tense, trying to stay calm. On his upper lip sweat beads. Does he remember the words of Billie about what Dillinger would do to him?

CU: PURVIS

watches the crowds thin as showtime nears. He gets out of the car. Is Dillinger a no-show? Another failure? Another eviscerating memo from Hoover?

THREE FIGURES BRUSH PAST HIM. A woman's orange skirt. It's Anna Sage, Polly Hamilton, and John Dillinger. They sweep to the ticket booth, pay, and join latecomers rushing inside so that they don't miss the start of the movie.

PURVIS

is stunned. Dillinger passed three feet from him.

INT. THEATER

It's packed. Anna Sage had to sit separately on the aisle some rows back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Johnny and Polly sit three rows from the screen. "Manhattan Melodrama," starring Clark Gable, William Powell, and Myrna Loy begins.

EXT. BIOGRAPH - TICKETSELLER

is quizzed by Purvis...

TICKETSELLER LADY

The movie runs an hour and 34 minutes and it started about 3 minutes ago so that means it will all be over in an hour, 30...

Purvis turns away. Agent Brown whispers in his ear...

AGENT BROWN

They're on their way over here from the Marbro.

INT. THEATER - DILLINGER + POLLY

absorbed in the movie.

ON SCREEN: *District Attorney (William Powell) listens to his secretary. She is against her boss inviting gangster Blackie Gallagher (Clark Gable), his childhood friend, to his wedding...*

SECRETARY

Remember what happened to that District Attorney in the Midwest. Just for having his picture taken with some gangster...?

The movie is referring to John Dillinger's Crown Point photo session with his arm around Prosecutor Robert Estill.

DILLINGER

laughs out loud. The irony is that the gangster who inspired this Hollywood moment is sitting right here watching this movie.

EXT. BIOGRAPH - 19 BUREAU AGENTS + 5 EAST CHICAGO COPS

arrive and Purvis deploys them out. Except after Little Bohemia, he doesn't tell Winstead what to do...

WINSTEAD

(low)
Clarence and I are going to be in that doorway.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINSTEAD (CONT'D)

30 feet south of the theater entrance.
Gerry, you get in that car at the curb
about 75 feet north...

PURVIS

In case he walks north?

WINSTEAD

He ain't gonna head north. He's gonna
walk south and cut through that alley
back to her place. Gerry, when you spot
him through your rearview...you come up
on him from behind.

The "cowboys" are the only men not deployed by Purvis. They
call their own shots.

EXT. REAR ALLEY - THREE BUREAU AGENTS

take up positions near a rear exit. Another two go further
down.

CLOSER: A REAR DOOR

from the basement opens. A trash can is put out by a JANITOR.
He sees the two groups of men in the alley and quickly closes
the door.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - JANITOR

enters.

JANITOR

They're comin' to stick us up again.

He's talking to CHARLIE SHAPIRO, the Essaness theater
manager.

CHARLIE

Where?

JANITOR

In the alley...

EXT. BIOGRAPH - CHARLIE SHAPIRO

approaches the ticket seller.

CHARLIE

(low)

Irene. Anything strange?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IRENE

(whispers)

There's a sweaty little man that keeps asking when the movie's gonna end... across the street, there's three, four men and there's two more around the corner...why are they wearing suitcoats on such a hot night?

CHARLIE

Pretend like nothing's going on...

He leaves the booth, taking the cash receipts.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - CHARLIE SHAPIRO

on the phone.

DESK SERGEANT'S VOICE (O.S.)

District 37, Sheffield Avenue...

CHARLIE

Get some detectives over here, this is Charlie Shapiro at the Biograph. They're gonna stick us up again...

DESK SERGEANT'S VOICE (O.S.)

How do you know, Charlie?

CHARLIE

I see them getting in position, like they're waiting 'til the movie's over...

EXT. BIOGRAPH ALLEY - AGENT SURAN

The alley suddenly is illuminated by headlights from two directions. A rear door opens and before the car stops, a CHICAGO P.D. DETECTIVE has stepped off the running board with his sawed-off shotgun in Agent Suran's face.

SURAN

Wait, wait...! Hold it! Federal Agent!

CHICAGO P.D. DRIVER/SGT.

Before you shoot him, get his I.D.

CHICAGO P.D. DETECTIVE

Who the hell are you?

SURAN

Department of Justice. Bureau of Investigation!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHICAGO P.D. DETECTIVE
What do you think you're doing here?

SURAN
We're on a federal stakeout! Put that gun down and back those cars out of the alley. But stay close because we may need you.

CHICAGO P.D. DETECTIVE
"You may need us?" Fuck you, college boy. Let's see your goddamn badge!

Suran's looking down both barrels.

INT. BIOGRAPH - SCREEN: MYRNA LOY

MYRNA LOY
I love you more than anything, Blackie, you know...?

She stops.

DILLINGER'S

mesmerized by her eyes and soft skin. We SEE in his hyper reality the satin tones on the screen. Myrna Loy's insouciance, like Billie's, speaks to him. Meanwhile...

EXT. LINCOLN BOULEVARD - AGENT MCCARTHY + EAST CHICAGO COPS
SOPSIC + STRETCH

empty their pockets, trying to identify themselves to TWO HUGE CHICAGO P.D. DETECTIVE who've drawn down on them. Zarkovich starts arguing, not believing this is happening. More Chicago PD arrive. Meanwhile...

INT. CAR - PURVIS

starts across the street to straighten out the Chicago P.D. Sergeant. While...

CUT TO:

INT. BIOGRAPH - SCREEN: BLACKIE GALLAGHER (CLARK GABLE)

walks the long walk through the cell block...

JOHN DILLINGER

the actual Public Enemy #1 watches the celluloid gangster walk to the electric chair...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRISONER
See ya, Blackie.

CLARK GABLE

stops at the cell.

CLARK GABLE
Die the way you lived. All of a sudden.

ECU: DILLINGER'S EYES

startle, Is this a message?

CLARK GABLE

CLARK GABLE (CONT'D)
Don't drag it out.

GRAIN STRUCTURE OF THE FACE OF GABLE

speaking these important words...

CLARK GABLE (CONT'D)
...that doesn't count for anything.
There's no more point to it.

CU: DILLINGER

He sees inwards. And he knows it won't happen. There's no Mexico with Billie. There's no freighter to Manila. He will die. This day, this month, next month. He knows that in this instant.

JOHN DILLINGER LOOKING UP AT THE SCREEN.

In this Hollywood version of life, the power of cause and effect operates on the end, as inescapably as gravity. It's a core truth. This is the only end for Blackie Gallagher. And it's as true for John Dillinger in his life as it is for Gallagher. Actions and historical forces have made his time be up.

Dillinger SLOWS the flickering images. His concentration slices time into component parts. Gable exchanges last good-byes. He warns his D.A. friend, Ronald Coleman, not to commute his sentence. The images play on Dillinger's face. They take him over...alone in the packed theater while 25 Federal Agents and five East Chicago cops wait outside.

BLACKIE GALLAGHER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

enters the execution chamber.

CUT TO:

EXT. BIOGRAPH - PURVIS

glances at his watch. He rips a match from the matchbook, ready to light the cigar.

The lobby is empty. The dim music of the finale leaks out.

EXT. DOORWAY - WINSTEAD + CLARENCE HURT

wait. Winstead coolly watches Purvis.

INT. CAR - REINECKE'S

right hand shakes. He can't control it. He grips the steering wheel to make it stop.

EXT. BAKERY STEPS - ZARKOVICH

ignores the Chicago detectives.

CUT TO:

INT. BIOGRAPH - ANNA SAGE

looks at the backs of heads in the rows in front of her. She doesn't want to miss Dillinger if he leaves.

A cellblock. The cellblock lights dim, a convict says...

*CONVICT (O.S.)
There he goes. They're giving it to him
now.*

CU: JOHN DILLINGER

The grin. End title music. People stirring. The house lights come up. Johnny doesn't move. He seems liberated. Released somehow. People in front and behind him start to exit. He sits there, holding onto his thoughts for a moment.

CUT TO:

EXT. BIOGRAPH - PURVIS

anxiously scans faces emerging from the theater.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BIOGRAPH - SPECIAL AGENTS

are alert in case Dillinger exits a rear door.

EXT. BIOGRAPH LOBBY - POLLY, THEN DILLINGER + ANNA

file out. Polly takes his arm. Anna is behind him and off to the side. They're in a loose knot of people.

PURVIS

sees him. He lights his cigar. It's the signal to move in.

ACROSS THE STREET: RICHMOND + ZARKOVICH

don't see the signal because the Chicago P.D. detective is now shouting at Zarkovich.

PURVIS

lights a second match. And as he lights his cigar, he looks up to see...

JOHN DILLINGER

look right at him. BUT Dillinger does not recognize Purvis.

INT. CAR - REINECKE

saw the signal. He's out of his car.

DILLINGER, POLLY + ANNA

turn left at the sidewalk heading south, like Winstead said. They pass doorways. Reinecke approaches from 20 feet behind.

ACROSS THE STREET: ZARKOVICH

looks up...sees Dillinger walking away. If Dillinger's taken alive, he's dead. The Chicago cop puts a hand on Zarkovich's chest...

REAR SHOT: POLLY, DILLINGER + ANNA SAGE

down the sidewalk past shadowed doorways...

WINSTEAD + HURT

WINSTEAD

(cool)

That's Dillinger. Straw hat. Glasses.

Hurt crosses the sidewalk in front of Dillinger and walks north. He'll turn and position himself behind Dillinger on the right. These guys are pros.

EXT. BAKERY STEPS - ZARKOVICH

shoves the Chicago Sergeant out of his way and races across the street...

EXT. SIDEWALK - REINECKE

approaches Dillinger from the rear. He's 15 steps behind him. Purvis is ten steps behind Dillinger, on the left close to the wall. Now Purvis reaches for his gun.

ECU: REINECKE

draws his weapon. He stares at the back of Dillinger's head. He's getting closer. Sweat runs into Reinecke's eyes. This isn't the firing range with a paper target. This isn't theory. This is the beast. The beast is a gunfighter. The beast is better than you. You beat-up his girl. Your shot will miss...

DILLINGER IN LARGE PROFILE

now passes Winstead in the doorway. Purvis is raising his 9mm Browning. Reinecke stalls. He doesn't want to be first.

WINSTEAD

steps out of the doorway, now, and falls in up the center of the sidewalk. Reinecke's eyes are riveted on Dillinger...

AND JOHN DILLINGER

senses something.

REAR SHOT: DILLINGER'S NECK + HEAD IN SLO-MOTION

Subconsciously his brain processes what his peripheral vision took in that his intuitive defenses don't like about this landscape. He turns...

DILLINGER SEES REINECKE

Reinecke's hand holding the gun is frozen in the air. He's paralyzed. He lacks the power to pull the trigger.

DILLINGER'S EYES

There's the man who slammed Billie into that car. Dillinger's lethal intent focuses on this one target. In milliseconds...

DILLINGER DRAWS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

turning towards Reinecke. Reinecke has hijacked his attention. Dillinger hasn't picked up the others.

PURVIS

pulls the trigger. Nothing. He left the safety on. He fumbles with it.

PURVIS

H-halt!

DILLINGER

sees all of them RIGHT NOW. He pushes the .380 in SLOWED TIME towards Purvis...and bumps into a pedestrian named Ella Natasky.

ELLA NATASKY

starts to fall. Dillinger turns his attention to her for a millisecond. He's a gentleman. His impulse is to reach for her to steady her...

CHARLES WINSTEAD

shoves aside the paralyzed Reinecke, pushes past Purvis, leans forward and shoots John Dillinger in the back of the head. The heavy .45 round punches through Dillinger's brain stem and exits underneath his right eye.

John Dillinger stumbles into the alley opening and starts to fall. A second shot from Winstead and two more from Clarence Hurt hit him now. They don't matter.

JOHN DILLINGER

falls through the air.

EXTREMELY CLOSE ACROSS THE COBBLESTONES: JOHN DILLINGER'S FACE

crashes into the FRAME. One lens of his eyeglasses breaks. The brim of his straw hat snaps. The hat falls away. He struggles, but can't move. He breathes. He tries to speak...

WINSTEAD

stands over him. Purvis snatches the .380 automatic out of Dillinger's hand.

...WINSTEAD

sees Dillinger's trying to say something.

{CONTINUED}

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHNNY'S LIPS

try to form speech and Winstead's ear is next to his mouth.
We and Winstead hear...

DILLINGER
...tell Billie...

Only Charles Winstead hears the rest.

PURVIS

unloads Dillinger's gun. His gun-handling of Dillinger's gun is a lot better than his gun-handling of his own under stress.

PURVIS
What did he say?

WINSTEAD
I couldn't hear him.

PURVIS
You look after this. I need to call
Washington.

Zarkovich shoulders through the gathering crowd of pedestrians and newsmen, sees the head wound, the glazing over of Dillinger's eyes. He knows he's safe.

JOHN DILLINGER'S EYES

get dreamy, then they seem to focus far away. Then they seem to focus not at all.

PURVIS (CONT'D)
Cover his face and keep the damn
photographers away.

AERIAL: LINCOLN AVENUE

Purvis starts away and we SEE the Biograph marquee, the trolley tracks in the cobblestone street, the alley, and the hundreds of people moving towards the locus of the dead John Dillinger.

CUT TO:

INT. CANAL STREET DRY CLEANERS (NEW ORLEANS) - HOOVER -
ANOTHER DAY

watches Tolson who is at the window. Tolson gets a sign. Hoover straightens his collar. He brushes lint off his pants leg. Tolson waits. Hoover waits.

EXT. CANAL STREET HOTEL - DOOR

opens. Alvin Karpis comes out. In the hot, humid New Orleans air, his suit coat is off...he carries it under his arm. He crosses the street towards his Lincoln Coupe. His eyes land on a man on a bench across the street looking at him over a newspaper. And while crossing the street, Alvin slows down.

THE MAN IS CHARLES WINSTEAD

The newspaper hides a sawn-off, 10 gauge Winchester lever action shotgun.

ALVIN LOOKS TO HIS LEFT: CLARENCE HURT

leans on a lamp post. His body hides a .351 Winchester rifle.

NOW ALVIN KARPIS

freezes. He doesn't hesitate. He opens his hands to demonstrate he is holding nothing and lets his jacket fall to the ground. He knows instantly who they are and that they intend to kill him. Karpis' eyes dart to the rooftops. Snipers on both. In this instant, Karpis knows he is done. One objective races into his mind: stay alive.

KARPIS'

stretches out his arms, wide. Winstead has dropped the newspaper. The sawed-off 10 gauge is aimed squarely at Alvin's chest. Karpis is displaying he is unarmed. Winstead approaches warily step-by-step. His weapon would cut Alvin in half. Clarence, the rifle at his shoulder, inches forward. The ex-Texas Ranger gunfighters with real trigger-time have taken Alvin Karpis.

ALVIN KARPIS

I am unarmed.

WINSTEAD

Don't even breathe sudden.

WINSTEAD + CAMPBELL + HURT

are 10 feet from him. Clarence pats him down. Karpis is clean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Texans cover Alvin and move him to the sidewalk near his car.

HURT
Put your hands on the roof of that
Lincoln.
(he does)

Other agents come running in. Someone's yelling: "We got him!
We got him. Bring him in." While they wait...

WINSTEAD
Where you from?

ALVIN KARPIS
Canada, but mostly Chicago.
(to both)
You?

WINSTEAD
Fort Worth, thereabouts. Clarence is from
Tyler.
(pause)
Well, Alvin. You're a sly old dog. If
you'd a even had that jacket on...

A ring of agents with their revolvers out, now converge
around Karpis.

HURT
(to Agent)
Any handcuffs around here?

They don't have any. They had not planned on needing them.
One agent is excited. His gun pointed at Karpis shakes.

ALVIN KARPIS
Mind asking that man to...

HURT
(to Agent)
Put that down.

The agent drops his gun.

EXT. STREET - HOOVER

in his white suit and Tolson rush in from the dry cleaners
where they were stashed. The agents part. They suddenly stand
in front of Alvin Karpis. Hoover's .38 Chief Special is at
his side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOLSON
(prompting)
"You are under..."

HOOVER
You are under arrest for the...Wahpeton,
South Dakota bank robbery.

Tolson waves to an agent across the street.

WIDE ON THE CORNER: REPORTERS + PHOTOGRAPHERS

are now released and rush towards us.

HOOVER

regains his composure.

HOOVER (CONT'D)
I heard of your fishing prowess. I
myself, always wanted to catch a
marlin...

ALVIN KARPIS
You're thinking of my partner, Harry
Campbell.

HOOVER
Are you relieved it's over? I'm sure you
are.

(pause)
You know you will feel much better once
you get everything off your chest.

(pause)
Why don't you tell me where Harry
Campbell is?

After a moment...

ALVIN KARPIS
Who do you think you're talking to?

Hoover is silent.

SPECIAL AGENT
(to Winstead)
There's no handcuffs.

WINSTEAD
Give me your tie.

REPORTERS + PHOTOGRAPHERS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Hoover separates from Karpis.

NEWSMEN

Mr. Hoover! Director!

HOOVER

Karpis said he'd never be taken alive,
but I took him without firing a shot.

(beat)

That marks him as a yellow rat. He was
scared to death when I arrested him.

(beat)

That's all I got to say.

Suydam and the special publicist, COURTNEY COOPER address the reporters.

SUYDAM

I'll answer any questions.

REPORTER #1

Mr. Hoover captured Karpis?

SUYDAM

Mr. Hoover personally placed Alvin Karpis
under arrest today. Karpis reached for a
rifle, but the Director was too fast.

CUT TO:

INT. CLYDE TOLSON'S OUTER OFFICE - MELVIN PURVIS - DAY

waits. It looks like he's been waiting for awhile. People who
pass act as if he is invisible. They look right through him.

TOLSON

The Director will see you now.

INT. HOOVER'S OFFICE - HOOVER - DAY

Purvis stands in front of the desk. On the right of the desk
is a plaster death mask of John Dillinger.

HOOVER

(without looking up)
Agent Purvis.

PURVIS

Yes sir.

HOOVER

(sees Purvis stare at death
mask)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOOVER (CONT'D)

A medical student in the morgue made that cast of Dillinger's face. It's a reminder of the war we continue to wage against the punks and hoodlums...

Purvis looks at Hoover. This was the golden boy who Hoover came to despise.

PURVIS

One thing I learned was that John Dillinger was an Outlaw and my Adversary. But he was no punk. And he was no hoodlum.

(beat)

Another is that I have no future in your Bureau. And I don't desire one. I quit.

Purvis tosses his badge on Hoover's desk and walks out. Hoover couldn't care less.

INT. MILAN WOMEN'S PRISON - GRANITE WALL - DAY

PAN LEFT and fall EXTREMELY CLOSELY onto the face of Charles Winstead. He waits.

WIDER - WINSTEAD

is in an interview cell.

INT. CELL BLOCK - TRACKING A WOMAN'S FEET

in prison issue shoes down the cellblock corridor. ARM UP. It is Billie Frechette. She walks with two guards behind her.

INT. INTERVIEW CELL - DOOR OPENS

Billie enters. She's surprised to see Winstead.

WINSTEAD

How are you doing, Billie?

BILLIE

(sits)

If you come here to ask me more damned questions. "Where's this one or that one? Did I know Vern Miller? Who did what...?"

Winstead shakes his head no.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINSTEAD

I didn't come here for you to tell me something. I came here to tell you something.

CLOSER: BILLIE

She sees in Winstead's face, the look of people she grew up with. Billie senses none of the cunning of the lawyer/special agents she's been dealing with. She leans forward, indicates a cigarette out of Winstead's pocket.

He hands her one and lights it.

BILLIE

Okay, Mr. Winstead. What do you got to tell me?

Winstead leans forward.

BILLIE (CONT'D)

(continuous)

They say you're the man who shot him?

WINSTEAD

That's right. One of them.

BILLIE

So why are you coming here to see me? To see the damage you done?

WINSTEAD

Because he asked me to.

This gets Billie's attention and she looks more closely at Winstead.

WINSTEAD (CONT'D)

When he went down, he said something. And I put my ear next to his mouth and what I think he said was this. He said...

(beat)

"...tell Billie for me...Bye Bye Blackbird..."

Billie has to rise and turn away from Winstead so that he doesn't see her overcome with emotion. Winstead knows this. It is the measure of this man that he respected the privacy of John Dillinger's message and only told her.

THE END

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