

UNION STATION

Written by  
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Adapted from the  
graphic novel  
by  
Ande Parks

*"Justice is incidental to law and order."*

- J. EDGAR HOOVER

BLACK.

A beam of light cuts through the darkness onto a movie screen. A Movietone Newsreel starts.

The first image to flicker on-screen is of a small bank in Anywhere, USA under the title: "1933 Crime Wave!"

NEWSREEL VOICE (V.O.)

Across the great plains they come,  
larcenous in intent and brazen in  
attitude...

Newsreel images of men with their subtitled names: A mug shot of "MACHINE GUN" KELLY. Footage of "PRETTY BOY" FLOYD leaving a courthouse. The movie star radiance of a smiling JOHN DILLINGER with his LAWYER.

NEWSREEL VOICE (V.O.)

With names like "Pretty Boy", "Baby Face" and "Machine Gun"... And others, the Underhill Brothers, Clyde Barrow, Adam Richetti... They've raided the coffers of banks across the heartland with the swashbuckling panache of Hollywood pirates!

More images of banks: The inside of an empty safe. A BANK TELLER showing an empty cash drawer to a COP. A Police Car crashed up against a streetlight and riddled with bullets.

Newsreel CUTS to a young WOMAN in front of a bank.

YOUNG WOMAN

He was real polite. Real nice smile. He said, "You're being robbed by John Dillinger and that's the best there is." After he got the money, he took the mortgage records and he set them on fire! People were clapping!

Newsreel cuts to a MOTHER holding her crying baby.

MOTHER

Banks ain't helpin' regular folks these days. Time they get a taste of what sufferin's like.

Newsreel cuts to images of young BOYS shooting at each other with "guns" forged out of tin cans and broom sticks.

NEWSREEL VOICE (V.O.)

And so they will continue to roam,  
guns at the ready, these modern day  
Robin Hoods, stealing from the rich  
to the glee of the poor. All the  
while, one can only ask: Where is  
the Sheriff of our amber waved  
Nottingham?

The newsreel credits roll, we PULL BACK to reveal a garbage strewn theatre, long past its glory. A few unshaven, disheveled MEN puff on cigarettes.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

A weathered farmhouse on an expanse of land. White curtains billow from the dark windows. A tractor lies dormant by bales of hay.

**TITLE: SOMEWHERE IN OKLAHOMA**

A line of police cars sit parked along the road leading to the farmhouse. Sitting around a small lantern are FIVE LOCAL COPS. Shotguns sit leaned up against squad cars as a bottle is passed around. It looks like summer camp with the way they're joking and talking.

Out of the darkness, two men dressed in dark suits and fedoras appear. The rake thin one is SPECIAL AGENT FRANK BOWLER (40's).

The other is SPECIAL AGENT DWIGHT AUGUST (30's). There is a coiled energy about him that belies his quiet demeanor and a complexity in his face that speaks volumes.

BOWLER

Gentlemen.

The Cops all turn. One of them tries to hide the bottle. The LEAD COP stands.

LEAD COP

What the hell are you doin' here?  
This is a police zone.

BOWLER

Bureau of Investigation.

LEAD COP  
Bureau of-- You ain't got no  
jurisdiction here.

Bowler ignores the statement and motions to the house.

BOWLER  
How many?

Another, YOUNG COP, standing away from the lantern emerges.

YOUNG COP  
Best count two. Hearing it might be  
the Brand Brothers outta Nebraska.

LEAD COP  
Shut up, Bill.

The Young Cop throws the others a look of disdain.

BOWLER  
They're out of Georgia. Three banks  
in two weeks. Killed two men.

August turns to Bowler who gives him a nod. August heads for the house. The Young Cop eagerly follows.

LEAD COP  
They got no hostages and they can't  
last long on what they got to eat!  
Just wait 'em out!

EXT. FARMHOUSE / DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

August leads the Young Cop to the cover of the tractor, sitting about thirty yards from the house.

YOUNG COP  
There's a door 'round back, 'cept  
they got the front covered too good  
to get to it.

August surveys the house and surrounding yard. A perfect fortress. No cover. August looks up at the sky.

AUGUST  
Give me your gun.

August pulls a pearl handled Colt and swaps it with the Young Cop's gun.

YOUNG COP  
What do you want me to do?

AUGUST

Talk.

August looks back up at the sky. Waits until cloud coverage blots out the moonlight. He then sprints for the house.

YOUNG COP

This is the police again! You are ordered to come out of that--

BANG! A rifle blast ricochet's off the tractor just inches from the Young Cop's head.

August, moving fast and quiet, makes it to the side of the house. We follow him as he moves to the back door. He tries the knob. Locked.

He glances up to see the blur of a MAN and a RIFLE, checking the back from the second story window.

INT. FARMHOUSE / DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

August jimmies open a window and slides inside the small dining room. He pauses, straining to get his bearings.

A radio plays softly somewhere upstairs. At the dinner table, flies buzz around half finished plates of food.

August slowly moves through the room towards a staircase.

INT. FARMHOUSE / UPSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

August rises to the top of the stairs, gun drawn. In a darkened room at the end of the hall, he sees a FIGURE pacing back and forth in front of windows with a rifle.

August slowly moves towards him, hugging the wall closely. He passes another bedroom door, half open. The SOUND OF SPLASHING WATER stops him.

INT. FARMHOUSE / BEDROOM- CONTINUOUS

August pushes open the door, revealing a hulking SHIRTLESS MAN, pissing in the corner.

August moves around the bed for a better angle and sees that the Man is pissing on a woman's body, tied to a radiator.

Enraged, August drops any pretense of stealth and rushes the Shirtless Man. The Man spins, surprised. August drives the butt of the gun into the Man's face. Teeth shatter. Blood erupts from his nose.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - SAME

The LOCAL COPS and Bowler all react as the Shirtless Man comes flying out the window in a shower of glass.

INT. FARMHOUSE / BEDROOM- SAME

August kneels down at the woman tied to the radiator. Checks her pulse, but she's already dead.

A CLICK-CLACK swings August around. The other MAN stands in the doorway, leveling a rifle.

August dives under the bed as the rifle shot rips into the wall where he was a second ago.

August aims and fires, blowing a hole in the Man's shin. The Man drops, howling with pain.

August moves out from under the bed and approaches the Man, writhing on the floor.

August raises the gun to the man's chest just as the Young Cop bounds up the stairs. The Young Cop eyes bug as August pulls the trigger.

August swaps guns with the Young Cop again. The Young Cop holds his gun, unsure if he wants it as August disappears down the stairs.

EXT. FARMHOUSE- NIGHT

August approaches the group of LOCAL COPS, eyes a blaze. He lunges for the LEAD COP. Bowler steps between and struggles to hold August back.

BOWLER

It's done! It's done!

The Young Cop approaches from the house, face ashen and still holding his gun like it were a dead fish.

YOUNG COP

There's a lady in there. Dead.

BOWLER

Congratulations, son. That makes you a bona fide hero. It's going to make a good story. And when those reporters ask how it is you managed to break this case, you let them know that the Bureau of Investigation was helpful.

(MORE)

BOWLER (cont'd)  
(to the other cops)  
You let them know that, so we don't  
have to let anyone know about this.  
Understand?

Bowler holds up the bottle of booze to get his point across.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Unpolished brass sconces and spotted linen on tables. August and Bowler are the only customers. Bowler cuts into a blood red steak. August just watches, vacantly, leaving his piece of meat untouched.

BOWLER  
They not cook it right?

August remains silent.

BOWLER  
It's the lady, isn't it? If those  
goddamn hick cops would have showed  
some initiative, we wouldn't have  
had to come on down here and do  
their jobs.

AUGUST  
Is that what we did?

BOWLER  
Hell yes. We administered some God-  
fearing justice. You don't think  
that lady is looking down from  
heaven up above with a smile a mile  
wide? Hell yes, she is!

August isn't amused by Bowler's theatrics.

BOWLER  
I know this kind of thing is hard  
for you. Considering what you and  
your's been through.

AUGUST  
I thought we agreed not to talk  
about that.

BOWLER  
I'm just saying that there was  
nothing more you could have done  
for that lady than you could have  
done for your wife, Dwight.

August levels a look at Bowler that ends the conversation. Bowler goes back to his steak, cutting off a bloody mouthful.

August turns his attention to the window. Through it, we see the ravages of the times on a small town... A long bread line. Grizzled faces gaunt as much from hopelessness as hunger. Children try hawking little trinkets. A man holds a sign that reads, "Accept a hand from Jesus".

The Great Depression.

A VOICE bleeds over as August watches... Strong. Assured. Hopeful. FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT.

ROOSEVELT (V.O.)  
*This is a day of national  
consecration...*

EXT. STREET- MORNING

Dark clouds hang low in the sky. A slow drizzle falls on an ocean of black umbrellas, protecting a crowd 100,000 strong lining the streets. MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN look up in silence... It could almost be a massive funeral.

TITLE: WASHINGTON DC, MARCH 4, 1933

ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE... In the shadow of the Capitol Building's great dome, a large platform is assembled. A MAN stands the lectern and bouquet of microphones. This is FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT. His voice cuts with strength and conviction.

ROOSEVELT  
*... And I am certain that my fellow  
Americans expect that on my  
induction into the Presidency I  
will address them with a candor and  
a decision which the present  
situation of our nation impels...*

EXT. BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION- SAME

A nondescript building on the deserted corner of Vermont and K Street. A MAN in a suit runs through the rain towards the building. Stenciled plainly on the front door:

**DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE  
Bureau of Investigation**

INT. HALLWAY- SAME

The same man pulls off his soaked hat as he hurries down the hall. This is VINCENT HUGHES (40).

INT. OUTER OFFICE- CONTINUOUS

Hughes enters. The SECRETARY eyes the soaking wet man in front of her. Hughes shakes off his wet coat before entering--

INT. HOOVER'S OFFICE- CONTINUOUS

A large, Spartan corner office. Moving boxes, some still only partially packed line the far wall. On a large RCA radio, we hear Roosevelt's speech continue.

Two men sit listening. On a well worn couch is CLYDE TOLSON (38). Neatly dressed in a dark suit, Tolson is the unofficial Assistant Director of the Bureau.

Sitting at an imposing desk is the Director, JOHN EDGAR HOOVER (38). He is greener here, in both age and experience, untarnished by history.

There is an exacting precision in everything Hoover does, from his appearance to the strategic placement of photographs on his desk. All things geared to portraying power. There is also a rigidity that comes from a man who brokers in secrets and perhaps has a few of his own.

Laid out neatly in front of Hoover are newspapers from all over the country. Headlines vary, but most contain now infamous names: John Dillinger. The Karpis Gang. "Machine Gun" Kelly. "Pretty Boy" Floyd.

TOLSON

It would have been nice to see the new building.

HOOVER

It is the Department of Justice.  
I'm sure it won't be hidden.

TOLSON

I meant from the inside.

Hughes bursts into the office.

HUGHES

Have you heard?

TOLSON

Calm down, Hughes. Heard about what?

HUGHES

You haven't-- Stone! Stone died  
this morning on the way in for the  
inauguration!

Tolson shoots up.

TOLSON

*What?*

HUGHES

On the train. Massive heart attack.

Tolson looks over at Hoover, who remains expressionless.

TOLSON

You don't look surprised.

HOOVER

Stone had a wife twenty years his  
junior. My understanding was that  
she was... Vigorous in her  
affections.

TOLSON

Have they named--

HUGHES

Cummings. Cummings is going to be  
the new Attorney General.

Tolson looks over at Hoover, mouth slightly agape.

TOLSON

You know Cummings.

Hoover nods slowly. He then reaches for the intercom.

SECRETARY

(O.S. From speaker)

Yes, sir?

HOOVER

Send condolences and flowers to  
Harold Stone's family.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Right away, sir.

ROOSEVELT  
(O.S. from radio)  
*Let me assert my firm belief that  
the only thing we have to fear, is  
fear itself...*

Hoover turns his gaze out the window.

EXT. MILLER HOUSE- NIGHT

TITLE: KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

A modest home on a Rockwellian suburban street. Over the drone of crickets, we HEAR VOICES and LAUGHTER...

EXT. MILLER HOUSE/BACKYARD- SAME

The tail-end of a barbecue. KIDS chase fireflies with baseball bats. ADULTS drink beer and talk at a picnic table.

Sitting at one end of the table is Verne MILLER (40). Handsome, soft spoken and unfailingly polite, Miller was also considered by many as one of the Underworld's most reliable hired killers.

Sitting in his lap is VI MATHIAS (32). Radiant with a whiplash smile that's both mischievous and seductive. She LAUGHS as one of their GUESTS finishes a bad joke.

A RINGING PHONE from inside. Miller stands, scooping up Mathias in the process.

MILLER  
I'll get it.

Vi plucks the cigarette from the corner of Miller's mouth and kisses him as he lets her down.

INT. MILLER HOUSE/KITCHEN- MOMENTS LATER

Miller grabs the incessantly ringing phone.

MILLER  
Hello?

We don't hear the VOICE on the line. Only the serious look that comes across Miller's face. He turns and looks out the window framing a picture perfect life-- Vi and their neighbors, LAUGHING.

MILLER  
Try not to worry. I'll handle it.

Miller hangs up. Turns to look out at the Rockwellian scene in the back yard. One of the KIDS hits a firefly with a baseball bat. Its iridescent glow SPLATTERS out in the dark, breaking the innocence of the tableau.

EXT. STREET- NIGHT

An unassuming, two story building in a commercial section of the city...

INT. SOUTH DEMOCRATIC HEADQUARTERS- SAME

A sparsely furnished office with a large oak desk, and a few well worn club chairs.

Sitting by the door JOHN LAZIA (30's). Italian-American. Every scrap of growing up poor seems etched into his face.

Behind the desk is TOM PENDERGAST (60), blessed with the stately, casual calm that comes from being wealthy and powerful.

He speaks with FRANK ANDERSON (40's), a bespectacled man who sits somewhat rigidly in his chair. He clenches his glass of whiskey without ever taking a sip.

PENDERGAST

Some people call me an idealist. Hell, maybe it's true, but I think we all have a duty to try and effect change. Not just a civic duty, but a duty to the greater good.

ANDERSON

I've tried to do my part.

PENDERGAST

And you have. Look what we've been able to do in Kansas City. Unemployment's one of the lowest in the country. The city's growing. You're a big part of that. The way I see it, the whole country's on a cusp. What comes next is going to define America for the next, who knows? We have to be a part of that.

Anderson nods politely.

PENDERGAST

You're the only man we've got.  
You'd be a shoo in, Frank. I can  
guarantee that.

ANDERSON

I appreciate that, Tom. I do. But  
I've talked it over with Millie.  
Her mother's sick. The kids are in  
school. It would be too disruptive.

Pendergast lets out the smallest of SIGHS.

PENDERGAST

Not even as a favor to an old  
friend?

ANDERSON

I'm sorry, Tom.

PENDERGAST

I guess sometimes the greater good  
takes a back seat to a man's  
immediate concerns.

Pendergast stands, prompting Anderson to stand as well.

PENDERGAST

No, no. Sit. I've got to get across  
town for dinner with the Governor.  
Wife's a horrible cook, but like I  
said... The greater good. Finish  
your drink.

Pendergast shakes hands with Anderson.

PENDERGAST

Just don't tell anyone where you  
got it.

ANDERSON

(overly earnest)  
You know I wouldn't do that, Tom.

PENDERGAST

It was a joke, Frank.

Pendergast grabs his hat from a coat rack as Lazia opens the  
door for him. A look passes between the two as he exits.

LAZIA

You've upset the man.

Anderson's civility leaves the room with Pendergast.

ANDERSON

I can't do it, John! Christ, I'm happy to help out here where I can. But what he wants from me-- You can't hide it on that level! What would my family do if I was at the heart of some scandal?

LAZIA

You mean if it got out that you're getting kick backs on the new municipal building? Or that you have a thing for fucking little colored girls at Goody's on Thursday nights? You mean that kind of scandal, Frank?

Anderson sits dead quiet. Ashen faced.

LAZIA

So I can let Mr. Pendergast know that you'd like to help?

Anderson nods, resigned.

LAZIA

Don't sulk, Frank. You're going to love Congress.

The PHONE RINGS. Lazia answers.

EXT. THE SAVOY HOTEL/LOBBY- LATER

An elegant art-deco lobby. Miller sits across from Lazia in deep leather club chairs.

LAZIA

Is this really necessary?

MILLER

He's a friend.

Lazia lights a cigarette. Offers one to Miller who declines.

LAZIA

How close a friend?

MILLER

I've done good work for you, John. Always. And I never come to you with an open hand.

LAZIA

So this isn't just a courtesy call.

MILLER

I need help. Two, maybe three men  
will spook them enough. They'll  
hand Nash over without firing a  
shot.

Lazia takes in a breath.

LAZIA

How soon?

MILLER

Tomorrow morning.

Lazia takes a deep drag on his cigarette and exhales.

EXT. THE KELLY HOME- MORNING

An iconic image of Americana-- A modest, two story home on a  
working class street where American flags hang on porches  
year-round.

INT. THE KELLY HOME- SAME

Standing at the sink drinking coffee while scanning the  
KANSAS CITY STAR newspaper is JOHN KELLY (early 30's). An  
average man, with little pretense. We get a sense from  
Kelly's fast moving eyes that it is only his own curiosity  
which complicates his life.

Kelly scans the front page headlines: "UNEMPLOYMENT ON RISE",  
"FDR PROPOSES SWEEPING CHANGES", "PACIFIC RAIL CLOSES LINE".

KELLY

Andy!

INT. KELLY'S CAR- MORNING

Kelly drives. Next to him is his son, ANDY KELLY (9) leafing  
through a "Detective Dan, Secret Op" comic book. On it, the  
fedora-wearing Dt. Dan, brandishes a gun in a heroic pose.

Kelly notes Andy's attention solely focused on the comic.

KELLY

Little early for comic books?

ANDY

You said I could read in the car.

KELLY

That's right. Read. Not look at cartoons. You know what I was reading at your age? Huckleberry Finn. Tom Sawyer. Those--

Andy dutifully closes the comic book.

ANDY

(heard this before)  
"Were real books."

Andy turns to look outside. Reflected in the window we see images of Kansas City streets: The small local businesses struggling to survive. The all-too-familiar sight of bread lines and soup kitchens.

Andy turns his attention back down to the comfort of his comic book.

EXT. UNION STATION/PARKING LOT- MORNING

A grand, classical, Beaux-Arts building. Towering columns of marble. Massive arched windows. A cathedral plunked down in the flat landscape.

Andy hops out of the parked car. From a child's perspective the building is nothing short of awe-inspiring.

Andy follows his father through the crowded parking lot. Passes a GROUP OF FOUR MEN standing by a parked car. He spots the flash of a shoulder holster and revolver inside a man's jacket and glint of sunlight off a shiny police badge.

We'll learn who these men are later. After most are dead.

KELLY

Come on, Andy.

Andy hustles to catch up, still enthralled by the men with badges and guns.

INT. UNION STATION/GRAND HALL- CONTINUOUS

Andy follows his father into the vast Grand Hall. They weave their way through the busy station, past the News & Bookstand, the Fred Harvey Restaurant, the Soda Fountain. Signs for "Apple Pie 20 cents" or "Hamburgers 25 cents"...

Andy looks up at the ornate rosettes and chandeliers hanging from the beautifully painted ceiling ninety feet up.

Kelly turns to notice his son lagging behind. He sees Andy gazing up, mystified by the architecture.

There is a wild eyed innocence to the look on his son's face that Kelly pauses for a moment to enjoy.

KELLY

I'm growing old over here, Andy.

Andy hustles to catch up. Kelly playfully ruffles his hair.

INT. UNION STATION/NORTH WAITING ROOM- CONTINUOUS

Lined with pews. The massive room filled with PEOPLE, chatting, smoking, reading, all waiting for the trains to take them away or bring someone back.

Lining each side of the room are doorways leading to the tracks. Andy follows Kelly into a track door.

INT. TRAIN PLATFORM #8- MOMENTS LATER

Andy stands rocking in place as a train slowly pulls in, impatient and restless as boys are. Kelly puts a steadying hand on his son's shoulder.

ANNOUNCER

(O.S. From loudspeaker)  
Number two-sixteen, from New York,  
now arriving track eight. Two-  
sixteen, arriving track eight.

CAROLINE KELLY steps off the train. Slight, pretty. Just enough swagger to let you know she wasn't always a mother and housewife. She smiles as she approaches.

CAROLINE

My handsome boys.

She leans over and gives Andy a hug. Kelly kisses her.

KELLY

And how was your mother? Sorry we  
couldn't go.

CAROLINE

I bet you are. She's fine. I think  
the luggage is back there.

They head for a train car where luggage is being unloaded.

ANNOUNCER  
(O.S. from speaker)  
Now arriving, number ten train from  
Arkansas. Track nine.

Andy looks over at platform nine. The SAME GROUP of FOUR MEN from the parking lot stand waiting on the platform as a train pulls in.

They're quickly met by FOUR OTHERS. They surround an older man in handcuffs-- FRANK "JELLY" NASH.

ANDY  
Dad? Can I go to the newsstand.

KELLY  
Okay. But wait for us there.

Andy races away for the stairs back into the Station.

INT. UNION STATION / GRAND HALL- CONTINUOUS

Andy pushes past the crowd, darting between legs and suitcases as he emerges into the vast room.

Up ahead, the GROUP OF MEN head towards the front doors, never breaking stride as they just barrel through the CROWD.

A few WOMEN YELP at the sight of the guns. Everyone cranes to see what's causing the commotion.

Andy bobs and weaves his way through, excitement building.

As the men exit the station, the crowd moves up against the front doors to try and catch a glimpse. Andy comes up against a solid, impenetrable wall of rubbernecks amidst the muttering of "What's going on?", "Did you see that?" "Had a gun", etc...

Andy spots a service door on the other side of the building. Sprints for it.

EXT. UNION STATION PARKING LOT- SAME

Andy follows the MEN'S HATS as they stop at a car parked towards the back of the parking lot. He finds a good stake-out spot behind a car.

Three of the men keep their eyes outward. Another helps the prisoner into the front of the car.

Andy watches fascinated, at this comic book come to life.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Up! Hands up!

THREE GUNMEN approach the group from out of nowhere. Each wears a hat, their faces covered by handkerchiefs. One carries a Tommy Gun. Another, double fisted with revolvers. The third, a shotgun.

The Gunmen have caught everyone by surprise.

Andy moves around for a better look, eyes wide.

A tense moment of silence. Then--

BOOM! A shot rings out. The windshield of the car shatters from the inside out.

GUNFIRE ERUPTS. Bullets rip into the car. Glass shatters. One man SCREAMS. Bullets riddle flesh.

One of the men by the car turns and sprints past Andy for the safety of Union Station. A few BULLETS rake past him...

INT. TRAIN PLATFORM #8 - SAME

People reacting to the distant SOUND of GUNFIRE, unsure of what it is. Kelly shares a confused look with his wife.

EXT. UNION STATION PARKING LOT- SAME

PEOPLE in the parking lot dive for cover. ONE WOMAN stands frozen in place, unable to comprehend what's happening.

The LEAD GUNMEN SIGNALS for the shooting to stop. As he approaches the car, we see that it's Verne MILLER.

Miller pulls Nash off the dash. Sees a part of his head blown clean off.

A CAR comes SCREECHING to a stop, driven by one of the other GUNMEN. In just a few seconds all three are gone.

A terrible silence immediately follows.

INT. UNION STATION/NORTH WAITING ROOM- CONTINUOUS

The silence permeates the station. A low MURMUR starts to sweep across the station. It builds quickly into a panic.

Kelly and Caroline push through the crowd.

CAROLINE  
John!

Caroline points over to the newsstand and the deserted comic book rack.

Kelly pushes Caroline into the relative safety of a doorway.

KELLY

Stay here!

EXT. UNION STATION PARKING LOT- MOMENTS LATER

Kelly rushes out into the parking lot. There is still a surreal quiet.

As he heads into the parking lot, he passes a YOUNG WOMAN, kneeling behind a parked car, her fancy blouse streaked with oil. She covers her mouth, stifling her SOBS.

Kelly passes others, hunched or crouched behind fenders, peering over hoods, still unsure if it's over.

Kelly approaches a small GROUP OF MEN gathered by the massacre scene. They stare in mute horror at the dead bodies.

The SILENCE starts to break. The wave of silence turns into a wave of COMMOTION as more people mill out of the Station. POLICE SIRENS WAIL in the distance.

Kelly frantically looks around.

KELLY

Andy? Andy! ANDREW KELLY!

Kelly searches through the parked cars. Stops when he sees Andy's unmoving foot peeking out from under a car.

Kelly runs over. Dives under the car. Lying underneath is Andy, shaking uncontrollably in fear.

EXT. DOCKS- DAY

Throngs of menially paid DOCK WORKERS waiting to pick up a morning shift. A LONE NEWSPAPER BOY waves a morning edition.

NEWSPAPER BOY

Gangsters slaughter cops! Bloody  
shoot-out in Kansas City!

Several WORKERS buy copies.

INT. CHICAGO DINER- DAY

A ROW of men sit at the counter, each leafing through the front section of the Chicago Tribune Headlines: "FIVE SLAIN IN KANSAS CITY!"

EXT. SUBWAY STATION NEWSSTAND- DAY

The deafening ROAR of a SUBWAY TRAIN. An endless parade of commuters walk past a news stand. A long line already formed as the pile the New York Times dwindles. Headlines: "Gangland Shooting Leaves Five Dead."

INT. HOOVER'S OFFICE- DAY

Neat rows of newspapers line Hoover's desk. Each carries big, bold headlines about the Union Station shooting.

Hoover makes handwritten notes on a piece of paper as Tolson and Hughes address him.

TOLSON

We're not ruling out the possibility that it was a hit. Frank Nash was well connected. He may have been willing to talk.

HUGHES

Though that seems unlikely, since one of the gunmen supposedly said, "Get 'em up."

HOOVER

What does that suggest?

HUGHES

Could be the shooters thought they could just take Nash. Maybe someone got overeager. Pulled a trigger.

HOOVER

You speak as if it were a social faux pas.

Tolson heads over and helps him with his jacket. Hoover turns to a mirror on the wall. Checks his appearance as his Secretary enters.

SECRETARY

Mr. Director...

Hoover checks his profile one last time before heading out.

INT. HALLWAY- MOMENTS LATER

Hoover leads Tolson and Hughes down the hall.

HOOVER  
Who is the Kansas City SAC?

TOLSON  
Vetterli. Reed Vetterli. His  
preliminary report is on top.

Tolson hands Hoover a file. Hoover scans a memorandum.  
Furrows a brow.

HOOVER  
He wrote this?

TOLSON  
You have to give him marks for  
honesty.

HOOVER  
Not that kind of honesty. Cowardice  
is not the image to convey. I'll do  
a press release. Make sure  
Vetterli's account does not reach  
the wires.

Hoover hands back the report.

TOLSON  
Should we replace him?

Hoover considers.

HOOVER  
A man with that kind of integrity  
can always be of use. Tell Agent  
Vetterli that I want a report on  
the every half hour. Make clear  
that he is not to undertake any  
investigative steps without  
communicating his intentions  
directly to me in either phone  
conversation or memorandum.

TOLSON  
Kansas City Police are going to  
want it. Two of their detectives  
were killed.

HUGHES  
Then there's Pendergast.

HOOVER

Pendergast's only distinction from a common criminal is the grade of his suit, Mr. Hughes.

HUGHES

Boss Tom has friends in Washington.

HOOVER

In Washington, a friend is just someone who doesn't know all your secrets yet.

TOLSON

Should I call Cummings?

HOOVER

No. He's about to call me.

Hoover throws open the doors.

EXT. DOJ BUILDING- CONTINUOUS

Hoover steps to the landing flanked by Hughes and Tolson. A throng of REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS awaits.

HOOVER

I will make a brief statement. Then I will address questions. At approximately seven fifteen this morning, four law enforcement agents, including four men of the Bureau of Investigation, were savagely and cowardly attacked in Kansas City, Missouri while escorting a captured fugitive, Frank Nash to Leavenworth Prison. The group was assaulted by three men wielding sub-machine guns in the parking lot of Union Station.

Hoover pauses for emphasis.

HOOVER

In this attack, Mr. Nash, three police officers and Bureau Agent Ray Caffrey were killed. Three other Agents, Reed Vetterli, Frank Smith and Joe Lackey were injured. The Bureau will be issuing an official time line of the events.

REPORTER#2

Will the Kansas City Police be running the investigation?

HOOVER

The Bureau of Investigation will be working in conjunction with local law enforcement agencies.

REPORTER#2

Does the Bureau of Investigation even have jurisdiction?

Tolson and Hughes share a quick sidelong glance.

HOOVER

Understand, this was no St. Valentine's Day Massacre. These were not gangsters fighting amongst themselves. This was the brutal, daylight murder of law enforcement authorities. This is nothing less than a challenge to law and order and civilization itself. The message is clear: This kind of brutality can happen any time, any where. No declaration of war has ever been spoken louder.

Hoover pauses for emphasis. The press seems more interested. This is the rhetoric of headlines and Hoover knows it.

HOOVER

The Unions Station Massacre killers must be exterminated and exterminated by us. To this, we are dedicating ourselves.

Now the flashbulbs POP-OFF and hands fly up. Hughes looks over at Tolson-- "Did he just say what I think he said?" Tolson's expression gives away nothing.

INT. THE SAVOY GRILL- NIGHT

Art-deco splendor. MEN and WOMEN in formal clothes dine on martini's and steaks. The Depression is something happening far away from here.

Lazia sits with Pendergast at a corner booth. Pendergast entertains a few other SUITS.

PENDERGAST

Look what Roosevelt's trying to do.  
Largest government intervention in  
history...

A WAITER approaches and discreetly whispers into Lazia's ear.  
Lazia slips out as he catches a look from Pendergast.

INT. SAVOY HOTEL / LOBBY- MOMENTS LATER

Lazia finds Verne Miller standing off to the side of the  
lobby. Lazia approaches, shaking his head.

LAZIA

Jesus, Verne.

MILLER

They don't know who was involved.

LAZIA

That's just a matter of time now.

MILLER

I need someplace to hide.

LAZIA

Where? Here?

MILLER

You have the police. Mr. Pender--

Lazia holds up a hand to stop him.

LAZIA

Don't even say his name.

MILLER

They don't have anything.

LAZIA

You assured me there would be no  
shooting.

MILLER

It wasn't our fault.

LAZIA

Be that as it may, you have to run.  
You have friends.

MILLER

I also have Vi.

LAZIA

Your present burdens aren't enough?

Lazia sees the cold look in Miller's eyes. Not an option.

LAZIA

(resigned)

What about New York? She was a good earner for Buchalter. I can make a call.

MILLER

(cold)

She doesn't do that anymore.

LAZIA

Be grateful she still can.

Miller holds his icy look on Lazia, but recognizing that it's the only way. With a nod, Miller turns and starts out.

LAZIA

I don't want to see you in Kansas City again.

Miller pauses, then continues out. As Lazia turns back he sees Pendergast standing in the hall.

PENDERGAST

This is going to be a problem?

LAZIA

It'll be fine.

INT. OFFICE OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL- NIGHT

Hoover sits in the outer office. The frosted glass door reads, "HOMER S. CUMMINGS, ATTORNEY GENERAL". Hoover self-consciously pats back his hair.

A SECRETARY emerges from the office and approaches.

SECRETARY

Mr. Cummings will see you now, Mr. Director.

INT. CUMMING'S OFFICE- CONTINUOUS

Hoover is lead into a neatly decorated room. Behind a desk is HOMER S. CUMMINGS, holds up a newspaper. The headline reads, "Hoover Declares 'War on Crime'- Promises bloody retribution."

CUMMINGS

Inflammatory stuff, Edgar. Big promise, if not an empty one.

HOOVER

A proportional response.

CUMMINGS

Bureau of Investigation doesn't have that kind of power. President would like you to dial back the rhetoric. Last thing we need is a full blown panic. I know you lost a man, but this is a local matter. Let them make the promises of retribution. Bloody or otherwise.

Cummings drops the paper on his desk, to prompt the end of the meeting.

HOOVER

It's a mistake.

Cummings shoots a look over at Hoover.

CUMMINGS

Edgar, you've done well cleaning up the DOJ, but let's not forget that the President was planning on disbanding the Bureau all together. And in case you haven't gotten out lately, the Depression isn't exactly going away by itself. White House wants us focused on the President's agenda.

HOOVER

That's exactly what I'm doing, sir. The President needs to impress upon the public that his government is in control. What better example than to have the government's hardworking, dedicated lawmen stopping the country's most famous, seasoned criminals?

CUMMINGS

Your own gang, Edgar?

HOOVER

A federalized police force with interstate jurisdiction utilizing modern policing techniques.

(MORE)

HOOVER (cont'd)  
An agency directed solely towards  
the banishment of criminal  
behavior.

CUMMINGS  
It still sounds like a local matter  
to me.

HOOVER  
Union Station was the first. Look  
at the papers. This could become a  
national pandemic of crime. People  
are scared. People need someone to  
lead. Give them a swift resolution.  
It will restore their faith in  
government and send the clear  
message that President Roosevelt's  
New Deal Policies gets results.

Cummings leans back in his chair, considering...

EXT. DOJ BUILDING- DAY

Tolson stands waiting at the door as Hoover's car pulls up.  
Hoover bounds out quickly and moves with a bulldog's  
determination.

HOOVER  
The President has authorized  
temporary powers for the Bureau.

TOLSON  
How temporary?

HOOVER  
I believe that will be up to us.  
Did you find someone?

Tolson hands Hoover a file.

TOLSON  
Recommended by Bowler. Apparently  
he's been very effective for us.

Hoover takes the files from Tolson. The typed header reads:  
AUGUST, DWIGHT.

INT. UNION STATION / GRAND HALL - DAY

Bustling with travelers again. Back to business as usual.

August emerges from one of the track gates, carrying a small,  
leather suitcase.

INT. KANSAS CITY HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The thin HOTEL MANAGER opens the door to a sparsely furnished room. A bed, dresser, bathroom... Not much else.

August follows the Manager, who carries his suitcase.

MANAGER

We'll have coffee on every morning.  
Need a place to eat, there's a  
diner cross the street. Something a  
little fancier, you can try  
Harvey's in the Station. 'Course,  
I'm assumin' that's why you're  
here. Not for Harvey's. Union  
Station.

August digs out some change for a tip.

AUGUST

There a phone?

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - LATER

August in a pay phone booth in the lobby. He dials the number written on a blank white card. August flips the card. Elank on that side as well. The PHONE RINGS twice before...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Yes?

AUGUST

(unsure of what to do)  
This is Special Agent Dwight  
August. I was instructed to--

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hold for the Director, please.

August reacts a little surprised. After a moment.

HOOVER (O.S.)

Agent August.

AUGUST

Yes, sir.

HOOVER (O.S.)

Agent Bowler informs me that you  
have talents that could be useful  
in the Union Station investigation.  
I trust you are familiar with the  
case.

AUGUST

I am.

HOOVER (O.S.)

Fine. Questions.

AUGUST

(hopeful)

Am I running the investigation?

HOOVER (O.S.)

No. The Kansas City SAC is heading the case. Your particular talents are better served in a quiet manner.

August looks a little deflated.

HOOVER (O.S.)

You will report directly to me. You are not to correspond through memorandum or telegraph.

AUGUST

Do I call you at this number?

HOOVER (O.S.)

No. I will initiate contact. These men must be found, Agent August.

AUGUST

Yes, sir.

The line goes abruptly dead.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY- NIGHT

The unmistakable skyline...

EXT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE- NIGHT

Cars line the street. Orange fireflies glow in the night. On closer inspection, we see that they're the cigarettes of SENTRIES, in coats and fedoras positioned along the street.

INT. BROWNSTONE/DINING ROOM- NIGHT

A grand dining room furnished in rich antiques. A large family sits gathered at the table covered with kosher food. At the head is LEPKE BUCHALTER (36).

Through the archway to the hall, Buchalter catches sight of one of his CAPTAINS standing by the doorway. Miller stands next to him.

EXT. STREET- MOMENTS LATER

Miller heads to a car parked on the street. He opens the door for Vi and helps her out.

VI  
How'd it go?

Miller just looks at her expressionless. She turns towards the brownstone. Sees Buchalter standing in the open doorway. The picture's getting clearer.

MILLER  
Just for a while. Until I get things organized and this settled.

VI  
I'm not going without you. Whatever you told him--

Miller grabs her by the shoulders.

MILLER  
You do what he says, Vi. You do what he says, when he says, how he says. Understand?

The street seems to shrink. Miller takes her by the arm and leads her back across the street to the brownstone. As they approach, Vi falls into an all too easy role with a mischievious smile.

VI  
Lepke, you get any more distinguished and I'm going to have start calling you, "sir".

BUCHALTER  
Hello Vi.

Vi discreetly squeezes Miller's hand one last time and she climbs the stairs to Buchalter.

BUCHALTER  
We'll take good care of her, Verne.

Miller and Vi share one last glance before Buchalter closes the door. Miller stands staring at the door before him. He resists the impulse to break it down and take her back.

As he turns back to the car, he hears one of the SENTRIES clear his throat. Miller stops and approaches.

MILLER  
You say something?

The Sentry doesn't respond. Miller steps closer until--

CLIK-CHACK! Miller turns to see another Sentry behind him, holding a shotgun to his head.

SENTRY#2  
Please get in your car, Mr. Miller.

Miller heads back to his car. Climbs in and looks up at the lights from Buchalter's brownstone, a false beacon of safety. Miller starts the car and drives off into the dark.

INT. KELLY'S HOUSE/ANDY'S ROOM- MORNING

Andy lies in his bed. Posters on the wall have been taken down. Kelly sits in front of his bed.

KELLY  
You think you should stay home again?

Andy nods silently.

KELLY  
Alright. But, you have to talk to me, okay?

Andy simply looks away from his father.

INT. KELLY HOUSE/HALLWAY- CONTINUOUS

Kelly gently shuts the door. Caroline waits outside, her face clouded with worry.

KELLY  
It's okay. Let him sleep.

INT. THE KANSAS CITY STAR OFFICE - DAY

A bullpen of desks. Typewriters clack away. Kelly sits at a desk, staring vacantly into space. A SECRETARY approaches.

**TITLE: THE KANSAS CITY STAR**

SECRETARY  
You doing the Station recap?

Kelly is still lost.

SECRETARY

John? Yoo-hoo? The re-cap?

KELLY

Oh. Yeah.

She hands him a neatly typed telegram.

SECRETARY

Just came over the news wire from  
the Department of Justice.

Kelly glances at the release. He slowly sits up in his chair.

SECRETARY

What?

KELLY

This... This doesn't seem right.

Kelly sifts through some papers and finds his note pad.

INT. KANSAS CITY FIELD OFFICE- NIGHT

Densely packed with extra chairs and tables.

**TITLE: KANSAS CITY BUREAU FIELD OFFICE**

A beehive of activity. BUREAU AGENTS working the phones as a few KC COPS mill around.

August enters and asks the nearest Agent a question. The Agents points him to an office towards the back of the room.

INT. VETTERLI'S OFFICE- SAME

SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE (SAC) REED VETTERLI. We've seen him before at the shooting. Here he looks young and clean cut in a way that speaks to his Mormon values. His arm rests in a sling.

He sits across from August, eyeing him with some trepidation.

AUGUST

I'm not here to take over the  
investigation. It'll be like I was  
never even here.

VETTERLI

Because you're one of those Agents that are never really anywhere, right? One of Hoover's secret agents?

August just stares blankly at Vetterli.

VETTERLI

The Director wants you here and I have to cooperate, then I will. But we are in the middle of the largest criminal investigation in the Bureau's history that I intend to break with all the power and authority afforded me by the law. Understand?

AUGUST

Of course.

VETTERLI

Good.

(re: his arm)

That being said, some of us also have a personal stake in this.

An Agent approaches from the bullpen.

AGENT

Agent Vetterli? We're ready.

Vetterli nods and grabs his coat. He pauses at the door and motions for August to follow.

EXT. BUREAU FIELD OFFICE- MOMENTS LATER

Bureau Agents and KC Cops pile into a small convoy of cars assembled outside. A few REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS also get ready. August follows Vetterli to the lead police car.

VETTERLI

Phone records came back from Frank Nash's wife. Several phone calls on the night before and the day of the shooting to a local house.

Vetterli hands August some papers as they climb into the car and leads the procession away, SIRENS WAILING.

INT. POLICE CAR- SAME

A YOUNG AGENT drives. Vetterli in shotgun. In the back, August flips through a few typed pages on letter head for the Southwestern Telephone Company.

VETTERLI

Address Nash's wife called is a rental. V.C. Moore is the tenant's name. We have word that it's an alias used by Vernon C. Miller. Heard of him?

Vetterli hands August a file. Inside, a mug shot of Miller.

AUGUST

Used to be a sheriff.

VETTERLI

And a war hero, if you believe Miller.

August flips over the envelope containing the phone records. Sees a POSTMARKED STAMP.

AUGUST

These were mailed.

VETTERLI

Yeah.

August registers Vetterli's ignorance.

EXT. MILLER HOUSE- NIGHT

The quiet suburban street is shattered as a dozen police cars and half a dozen unmarked cars arrive. It's a large procession and hardly subtle.

Vetterli turns to the group of AGENTS and KCPD OFFICERS.

VETTERLI

I want men covering the back and adjacent yards.

Vetterli then motions to the few REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS also waiting in the wings.

VETTERLI

You keep close. When we come out, I want pictures where we can see faces, understood?

Vetterli turns back to August.

VETTERLI  
(re: Reporters)  
The Director wants a press pool at  
the ready.  
(to everyone)  
Okay? Are we ready?

August eyes the whole operation with some disdain.

Vetterli pulls his gun and motions them towards the house like a general leading troops to battle. August follows, the only one without a weapon drawn.

INT. MILLER HOUSE- NIGHT

CRACK! The front door is rammed straight off the hinges as COPS flood the room. Vetterli motions for them to spread out. August pulls up the rear.

VETTERLI  
Check the basement and the attic.

Amid the bustling men, August calmly moves through the living room-- Decorative plates neatly displayed. A bookshelf with cookbooks and photographs of a young girl.

INT. BEDROOM- CONTINUOUS

August enters. Delicate lace drapes cover the windows. The bed, neatly made. In the corner, an ironing board with three crisply pressed shirts hanging off of it.

August moves to a bedside table. He picks up a porcelain statuette of two doves in flight.

From the other room he hears...

AGENT (O.S.)  
It's empty.

INT. BUREAU FIELD OFFICE- NIGHT

August sits at an empty desk. He glances over through a glass door at Vetterli on the phone, saying little but submissively nodding his head. A moment later he exits, face flush.

VETTERLI  
The Director would like a word.

August heads to the phone.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOOVER'S OFFICE- SAME

Hoover stands over his desk surveying the neat rows of newspapers on his desk. In each of the headlines, there is at least one mention of "the War on Crime".

Buried in the back is a small article entitled, "Bureau Report on Massacre Misses Mark".

AUGUST

This is August, sir.

HOOVER

Why was this lead slow to surface?

AUGUST

Agent Vetterli had the phone records mailed instead of picked up. It cost us days.

Hoover's silence is deafening.

HOOVER

Assessment.

AUGUST

The woman. Vivian Mathias.

HOOVER

We know about her. A prostitute. A daughter from a previous marriage.

AUGUST

She's the way to find Miller.

HOOVER

What would make you believe that Miller would hamper an expeditious escape with a woman and child? Especially a child that is not even his?

AUGUST

Just a feeling, sir.

HOOVER

I want attestation, Agent August. Not supposition.

Hoover runs a finger along the by-line of the article. We see the name: JOHN KELLY.

AUGUST

Sir, if we can establish Vi Mathias's whereabouts--

HOOVER

There is a reporter at the Kansas City Star I would like you to speak with him. My office will be in contact with the information.

The line goes abruptly dead on August again.

INT. HOOVER'S OFFICE- CONTINUOUS

Hoover hangs up the phone. Tolson enters with a report.

TOLSON

We can move three more Agents out of Colorado if need be.

HOOVER

Review the list of Vivian Mathias's contacts. I want wiretaps on the most promising leads.

Tolson nods.

INT. KANSAS CITY STAR- NIGHT

Kelly sits at his desk working the phone.

KELLY

No, I can see that, but what I don't understand is why there's a conflicting report...

A VOICE BOOMS across the room.

VALE (V.O.)

Kelly!

Kelly looks up to see MR. VALE (60's), the editor-in-chief, standing by his office at the end of the bullpen.

KELLY

(into phone)  
I'll call you back.

INT. KANSAS CITY STAR / HAL'S OFFICE- MOMENTS LATER

Vale leans against the window, twiddling a half-smoked cigar.  
Kelly stands before him.

VALE

I need you to lay off the Union  
Station stuff.

KELLY

Why?

VALE

Bureau of Investigation called.  
They're saying we got some things  
wrong.

KELLY

They're doing a good enough job on  
their own of that.

VALE

They're saying that if we continue  
to print the same kind of stories  
and if you're wrong--

KELLY

I'm not wrong--

VALE

John, you've contradicted every  
press release the Bureau's put out  
about the shooting.

KELLY

Because there are contradictions.

VALE

Says who? Your unnamed source?  
Maybe if you printed a name--

KELLY

We're being leaned on by the  
Department of Justice?

VALE

They're threatening litigation.  
Obstruction.

KELLY

It'll never hold up in court.

VALE

It doesn't have to. If they file a lawsuit, the first thing I'm going to have to do is suspend you. Without pay.

Vale motions out the windows. Kelly looks down at a line stretching a block long for a soup kitchen.

VALE

No one wants this kind of story, John. Country wants heroes.

KELLY

Who? Hoover?

VALE

Word is that Anderson's running for Congress. There's a story. Home town boy makes it big in politics. Write about that.

KELLY

Anderson's a Pendergast flunky. You want me to go after Boss Tom instead?

VALE

I want you to think about your family.

KELLY

This the first time you ever had to threaten someone, Hal?

VALE

Other than my kid?

They share a resigned smile, but both know something has been lost here.

EXT. KANSAS CITY STAR- NIGHT

Kelly exits the building. August sits on a bench waiting. He stands as Kelly passes.

AUGUST

Mr. Kelly.

Kelly turns. Sees August looking imposing under the light of a lamp post.

AUGUST

The Bureau hopes you understand the imposition your stories may have on our investigation.

KELLY

That what they're calling reporting in Washington these days?

AUGUST

Call it what ever you like, as long as you stop.

August takes an intimidating step closer.

CAROLINE (O.S.)

John?

August turns to see Caroline standing with Andy. Andy gazes at August with abject terror, visibly shaken by another threatening man.

KELLY

It's okay. I'm okay, Andy.  
(to August)

Tell your boss that I'll be back on obits next week.

Kelly backs up towards his wife and son.

KELLY

Just out of curiosity, did you even read the articles?

August doesn't answer. Kelly smirks with a shake of his head as he leads his family away.

Andy throws one last look at August that leaves him feeling very small.

INT. BUREAU FIELD OFFICE / FILE ROOM- DAY

Rows of file cabinets in the basement office. August stands talking to a CLERK.

CLERK

How far back you want to go?

AUGUST

Day of the shooting on.

The clerk moves over to a row of file cabinets. Starts pulling out copies of newspapers.

INT. BUREAU FIELD OFFICE- NIGHT

August sits at a desk, pouring over stacks of newspapers. He starts with the day of the shooting, June 17, 1933.

A copy of the Kansas City Star, evening edition. One of the headlines reads: "Pretty Boy Floyd and Adam Richetti Abduct Local Sheriff".

August leafs through the following days. Sees an article under the fold: "Questions on Shooting". August notes the by line: JOHN KELLY.

August starts to read...

EXT. THE KELLY HOME- NIGHT

Picture perfect slice of Americana. Modest two-story home in a suburban neighborhood where America Flags hang year-round.

August KNOCKS on the front door. Kelly opens the door.

AUGUST

I read your articles.

KELLY

Yeah, so you here to break my thumbs now?

AUGUST

You think the Bureau's release on the shooting was a mistake.

KELLY

Not a mistake. Calculated. I think it was exactly the picture the Bureau wanted to paint.

AUGUST

You wrote that someone said, "Up. Get them up" before the shooting started. How did you know that?

KELLY

Witnesses.

AUGUST

Your story says, "according to a witness". One. You have an eyewitness.

Kelly seems caught off guard.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

John.

Both Kelly and August turn to see Caroline Kelly standing at the door. August reflexively takes off his hat.

CAROLINE

Dinner's ready.

KELLY

Caroline. This is Agent--

CAROLINE

I remember. From the night he threatened you.

August can't meet her stare.

CAROLINE

It's getting cold, John.

Caroline disappears back inside. Kelly turns back to August, maybe recognizing something in him.

KELLY

I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

As Kelly heads inside, August catches a glimpse of Andy Kelly, peeking out from inside.

INT. THE KELLY HOME / LIVING ROOM- MOMENTS LATER

Kelly enters the house. Caroline is waiting, arms crossed.

KELLY

I didn't tell him anything.

CAROLINE

Bad enough you used him as a source. I don't want him involved in this any more.

KELLY

Invol-- Christ, Caroline. Don't you get it? We're all involved!

CAROLINE

He's scared, John! He's just a boy!

KELLY

Don't you think I know that? I'm his father and I have no idea how to make it better for him.

Caroline turns and heads towards the kitchen, leaving Kelly in the dark. He glances up the stairs and sees Andy listening and watching from above. Andy scurries away as soon as their eyes meet.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

August heads down the street towards the Bureau office. A Packard rolls up along side of him. Kelly behind the wheel.

KELLY

Get in.

August climbs inside.

EXT. WEST BOTTOMS - DAY

The industrial area located at the confluence of Missouri and Kansas Rivers. Towering over the convergence of multiple rail lines and numerous feed yards and sorting pens is the Kansas City Livestock Exchange.

Kelly's Packard sits on a road overlooking the Bottoms.

INT. PACKARD - SAME

Kelly and August sit watching the innumerable heads of cattle moving steadily along the herding gates into the Exchange.

KELLY

My father worked down there his whole life. He was there in '23 when they received over two and half million heads of cattle.

(breathing in)

Some people can't stand coming within a mile of the place. The smell. Reminds me of my father.

August gives Kelly a polite nod.

KELLY

Your father a cop too?

AUGUST

No. What does any of this has to do with the case?

KELLY

I've got a wife, a kid and a job that pays me just enough to keep us all off the bread lines. Then I've got you, knocking on my door asking the kinds of questions that in this town don't just get you fired, they get you killed. So before I start answering, I want to know that you've got something to lose, too.

AUGUST

I wish I could tell you I did.

Kelly sees that this is the simple truth.

KELLY

Why did you show up at my house yesterday?

AUGUST

I want to solve the Massacre case.

KELLY

It's going to get solved. One way or the other. You came to my house, even though you told me to stop writing the stories I was writing. You know something's wrong with this case.

AUGUST

Like what?

KELLY

Hoover is trying to start a war and to do that, you first need fear. To get fear, you need an enemy. Not something general like the government or something theoretical like the stock market. You need someone you can point a finger at and say, "that's the son of bitch who's keeping me out of work, who's keeping food off the table, who's ruining my life."

AUGUST

What about the truth?

KELLY

Look around. People want to believe in something, anything, more than they want the truth.

AUGUST

But not you.

KELLY

I don't know. But I don't have a gun or a badge. Maybe finding the truth is the only way I can feel like I'm protecting my family.

This seems to register with August.

KELLY

But like my editor said. No one wants this kind of story, do they?

Kelly looks at August for an answer that doesn't come.

AUGUST

I need to get back.

August opens the door and starts to get out.

KELLY

There's a man in town named Merle Gill. He developed a system of identifying bullets. Calls it "ballistics".

August shuts the door and watches as Kelly drives off.

INT. OPTOMETRIST OFFICE- NIGHT

Rows of glasses displayed on a shelves. Period eye examination equipment stands in the corner.

An OPTOMETRIST sits at the counter tending to a man with dark, slicked back hair.

OPTOMETRIST

Try these.

Optometrist hands the man a pair of glasses. We PAN around to reveal that it's Verne Miller, hair dyed dark with the early stages of a moustache coming in.

OPTOMETRIST

Good. Lemme just adjust the bridge.

He turns to a tool kit behind him to tighten the frames.

Miller sees a still folded newspaper resting on the counter next to the Optometrist. On the front page is a huge headline:

"HUNTED!" Under is a blown up picture of an old Miller mugshot.

OPTOMETRIST  
(pre-occupied)  
The Betram's are tricky. Tend to  
slip at the nose on some people.

The Optometrist looks up at Miller...

Miller discreetly pulls a gun and holds it at his side as the Optometrist studies Miller's face...

The newspaper seems to be screaming out...

Miller thumbs the hammer...

OPTOMETRIST  
You should be okay.

The Optometrist mercifully goes back to the glasses. A few more turns and he hands them to Miller. Miller puts them on and hurriedly drops some cash before heading out.

OPTOMETRIST  
Hey! You want a receipt?

EXT. WAREHOUSES- DAY

A length of industrial sprawl along the Missouri River...

INT. WAREHOUSE- DAY

August enters into the cavernous space. BOOM! A shotgun BLAST explodes. August pulls his gun and crouches for the cover of a metal desk.

BOOM! BOOM! More shots in rapid succession. August moves forward. A lone MAN stands with his back to August, holding a double barrel shot gun.

AUGUST  
Put the gun down!

No response as the MAN calmly reloads. August angles for position. Sees that the Man is shooting at a few mangled garment dummies in a haystack shooting range.

AUGUST  
(lowering his gun)  
HEY!

The Man finally turns. Pulls wads of molded candle wax from his ears. MERLE GILL (late 50's).

AUGUST  
Are you Gill?

GILL  
Yeah. And you're a cop. But not from around here. I'd guess Texas.

August gives Gill a look-- How did he know that?

GILL  
(motioning to his gun)  
Colt. You don't see them too much around here. Lawman's gun.

AUGUST  
August. Bureau of Investigation.

GILL  
Hoover already fired me. What's he want now? A refund?

AUGUST  
Why would they need you? The Bureau has it's own lab.

GILL  
It's not a lab. It's a magic shop. They make things disappear and pull rabbits out of black hats.

AUGUST  
Like your report. I looked for it. Couldn't find it.

GILL  
Then I guess it never happened. You're going to have to excuse me--

AUGUST  
John Kelly told me to come see you.

GILL  
And why would he do that, Special Agent August?

AUGUST

You could say that I'm a fan of his writing.

Gill gauges August for a moment.

EXT. UNION STATION PARKING LOT- FLASHBACK

That sunny morning... VETTERLI leads the group of armed men moving through the parking lot with a handcuffed FRANK NASH in the middle. They approach a Chevrolet parked about 100 feet from the Union Station building.

GILL (V.O.)

They moved fast through the station. Flashed a lot of metal. Met everyone in the eye. They wanted to get Nash to the car fast. When they get to the car, they put him in front, where they can watch him better.

AGENT LACKEY unlocks the passenger door. Nash starts to climb in the back, but is guided to the front. He slides all the way across to the driver's side so the back seat can be pushed forward.

INT. WAREHOUSE- SAME

Gill moves a garment dummy to a spot in front of August.

GILL

Nash gets in the passenger seat, then slides over behind the wheel so Smith, Lackey and Chief Reed can get into the back--

EXT. UNION STATION PARKING LOT- FLASHBACK

AGENT FRANK SMITH, AGENT JOSEPH LACKEY and POLICE CHIEF OTTO REED pile into the back seat. Lackey and Reed carry shotguns.

GILL (O.S.)

That leaves four men outside the car. Vetterli and the two Kansas City cops, Hermanson and Grooms by the passenger door.

KCPD DETECTIVES WILLIAM J. GROOMS and FRANK HERMANSON stand talking with VETTERLI.

GILL (O.S.)  
Agent Caffrey moves to the driver's side.

AGENT CAFFERTY starts around the front of the car towards the driver's side door.

INT. WAREHOUSE- SAME

Gill finishes arranging garment dummies in the exact positions of the lawmen and Frank Nash.

Gill hands August a shotgun. Positions him behind the "Nash" dummy. He moves next to him with his own shotgun.

GILL  
You're Reed. I'm Lackey.  
(pointing to dummies)  
Nash in front of us. Vetterli, the  
two KC cops outside to the right.  
Caffrey out by the driver's side on  
the left.  
(pointing straight ahead)  
Miller and the gunmen appear.

AUGUST'S POV: He looks past the head of "Nash" and we're--

BACK TO UNION STATION

LACKEY and REED'S POV: From the rear seat, past Frank Nash, through the windshield... THREE MASKED GUNMEN appear in front of the car.

Nash turns to CAMERA, face ashen in fear. The GUNMEN raise weapons-- The Thompson. The shotgun. The pistols.

GILL (O.S.)  
It's a perfect ambush. They've got  
them outgunned. But, they give a  
warning--

GUNMEN  
Up! Hands up!

BACK TO WAREHOUSE

Gill stands close to August in Reed's position.

GILL  
Then the first shot.

Suddenly, Gill swings his shotgun up and shoots. BOOM! August jumps, startled.

In front of him, the head of the "Nash" dummy explodes. Gill's shotgun blast also knocks over the "Caffrey" dummy positioned to the right.

BACK TO PARKING LOT

AGENT LACKEY and REEDS POV: Nash's head explodes outward. Blood and grey matter splatter the windshield. Outside, Caffrey drops.

GUNFIRE erupts.

OUTSIDE OF THE CAR Hermanson and Grooms are cut down. Vetterli's hit in the arm and crumbles.

INSIDE OF THE CAR blood splatters and glass explodes in the torrent of bullets.

It's over in seconds. The air inside the car hangs heavy with the red mist of blood.

BACK TO WAREHOUSE

Gill pops open the rifle. An empty shell falls to the ground.

AUGUST

Agent Lackey took the first shot.

GILL

(nodding)

Contrary to what the Bureau's report says, his first shot probably killed Nash and Caffrey. Not Vern Miller and the two others.

AUGUST

You have proof?

Gill moves over to the "Caffrey" dummy. Pulls a pocket knife and starts digging into the splintered wood head. He pulls a small buckshot and tosses it to August.

GILL

I pulled one out of the real Caffrey's skull. We also found the same kind of buckshot in a shell Chief Reed kept in his pocket. In Lackey's statement, he says he borrowed a rifle from Reed. A twelve gauge. That's a sixteen gauge shell right there.

Gill hands August a shotgun shell.

GILL

Now you know why I was fired.

August looks down at the splintered wood remains of the "Nash" and "Caffrey" dummies. Imagines the carnage if it were flesh and bone.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

August enters the front doors under a towering statue of St. John the Baptist...

INT. HOSPITAL / HALLWAY - LATER

A young KANSAS CITY COP flirts unsuccessfully with a pretty nurse. August approaches a closed door which prompts the Cop to jerk back to his post.

KC COP

Help you, sir?

August flashes a his Bureau credentials. The Young Cop nods and allows him in.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

August stands by the window talking with SPECIAL AGENT JOSEPH LACKEY. Lackey lies propped up in a bed in a hospital gown.

LACKEY

(boisterous)

I was in the back. Next to Grooms.  
First shot rang out. Boom. Nash...  
His head... Christ, it exploded  
like a grape.

AUGUST

You shot back.

LACKEY

Hell yes. Both barrels. Grooms too.  
I think I might have clipped one.

AUGUST

You and Grooms were both carrying  
shotguns.

(off Lackey's nod)

What kind?

LACKEY

(a beat)

What did the report say?

AUGUST  
Twelve gauge.

LACKEY  
Then that must've been it.

Lackey averts his eyes. August takes note.

AUGUST  
Your statement says that you didn't  
get a good look at any of the  
shooters.

LACKEY  
Not really. One thing I do know, is  
that they were there to kill us.  
That's for sure. I took three shots  
myself. Doctors say that if the  
second shot came half an inch to  
left, me and you wouldn't be having  
this conversation.

August nods, unimpressed. Lackey takes slight umbrage.

LACKEY  
You ever been shot before?

AUGUST  
Yes.

There is something jarring in the quality of August's deadpan  
delivery momentarily quells Lackey's braggart tone.

AUGUST  
Rest up, Joe.

August heads out.

INT. HOTEL PHILLIPS / SUITE - DAY

August sits in a richly appointed art-deco living room of the  
suite. He sits across from AGENT FRANK SMITH (50's). Smith is  
neatly dressed and sits with impeccable posture. Unlike,  
Lackey, there is no cavalier attitude, just the shell shocked  
look of a man fresh from combat.

They both hold delicate china coffee cups in an odd, tense  
silence.

SMITH  
It's nice here, huh? You want  
anything and you just call on that  
phone and they bring it up.

August nods. Sets his coffee cup down and proceeds gingerly.

AUGUST

I need to talk to you about the shooting, Frank.

Smith takes a small sip of coffee. He gives a reticent nod.

AUGUST

You didn't get a good look at either of the other two men.

SMITH

I was in the back. I wasn't even looking up when...

AUGUST

When the first shot went off.

Smith nods.

AUGUST

Do you know where the shot came from?

Smith looks at August with an almost pleading look. Some desire to confess? August nods reassuringly, urging him on.

His wife, LESLIE SMITH (50's), enters from the bedroom.

LESLIE SMITH

Honey. You really need to lie down. Remember what the doctor said.

The spell broken, Smith turns to his comforting wife with a smile and heads for the bedroom. He turns back to August.

SMITH

It's a hell of a thing... All that shooting... All that blood. And I don't even have a scratch.

Smith smiles meekly at August as he goes inside. Smith's wife closes the door. Her smile fades as she turns to August.

LESLIE SMITH

He's been through enough. He'll say whatever you people want him to. Just leave him alone.

She heads into the bedroom and shuts the door.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

August sits in his room tapping the spent shotgun shell on his leg as he examines photos of the Union Station crime scene... The car, riddled with bullets. Nash, dead in the driver's seat...

There's a KNOCK and a slip of paper is pushed under the door.

August retrieves the paper. A Western-Union telegram, blank except for a phone number.

INT. HOTEL / LOBBY - LATER

August stands in the phone booth and dials the number from the Western-Union. After one RING, it's picked up. Before he can say anything--

WOMAN'S VOICE  
(O.S. from phone)  
Hold please.

HOOVER (O.S.)  
Mr. Miller is scheduled to  
rendezvous with Ms. Mathias in  
Chicago, the day after next.  
Accompany Vetterli to Chicago.

The line goes abruptly dead again.

EXT. CHICAGO- DAY

The grandeur of 1930's Chicago to establish...

EXT. TRAIN STATION- MORNING

August follows Vetterli and a few other AGENTS off the train. He stops dead in his tracks when he sees AGENT BOWLER waiting on the ramp.

August cleaves off from the group and approaches.

BOWLER  
I'm hearing good things about you  
out of D.C.

AUGUST  
You here to baby sit?

BOWLER  
Delivery.

Bowler nods to a small wooden crate lying on the ground by his feet. With smile and a nod, he turns and disappears into the crowd.

August watches him go, suspicion washing over him. He then turns to the box. He pulls loose the cover. Inside, two disassembled THOMPSON MACHINE GUNS lie carefully packed in a velvet lined case.

EXT. SHERONE APARTMENTS- DAY

An upscale apartment building in the suburbs.

INT. APARTMENT 207- DAY

Vi Mathias kills another cigarette as she sits looking out the window.

EXT. SHERONE APARTMENTS- SAME

Behind the building, a small group of BUREAU AGENTS and CHICAGO POLICE OFFICERS has gathered.

**TITLE: CHICAGO**

August hangs towards the back as Vetterli addresses them.

VETTERLI

Mathias is in apartment 207.  
Chicago police will cover the street. Our intelligence says that Miller is expected sometime today. We will be stationed down the hall from apartment 207 in 211. Are we clear so far?

Nods all around.

VETTERLI

The most important thing: No one is to reveal themselves until we have positive identification of Miller.

Vetterli turns to a woman, DORIS ROGERS, next to him.

VETTERLI

Mrs. Rogers knows Miller. Once she makes a positive identification, we are to apprehend. But make no mistake. Vernon Miller is an experienced killer. Any attempt on his part beyond surrender and we are instructed to open fire.

A few exchanged glances. August seems the most disturbed.

VETTERLI  
Positions then.

As the group disperses, August follows Vetterli.

AUGUST  
If we wait until Miller's cornered,  
he's going to fight. Stop him in  
the open and maybe, maybe we can  
talk him down.

VETTERLI  
These are direct orders from  
Hoover.

August notices TWO AGENTS by the CAR pulling the pieces of  
the THOMPSONS out of the wooden crate.

EXT. STREET- LATER

An Auburn rounds the corner. Stops in front of the Sherone.  
Miller steps out, his hair darkened and a thin mustache  
veiling his lip.

INT. APARTMENT 207- LATER

Thick cigarette smoke hangs in the air. A few AGENTS stand by  
the door, shifting on their feet. One holds a Thompson.

Vetterli struggles to put together the wooden stock of the  
other Thompson. August lends a hand, crisply snapping the  
stock into place.

VETTERLI  
Thanks.

Vetterli motions to his arm as way of excuse.

VETTERLI  
Still not all there.

AUGUST  
Any idea who got you?

VETTERLI  
Hard to say. A lot of bullets to  
choose from.

AUGUST  
Which one started the shooting?

VETTERLI  
What did the report say?

AUGUST  
It didn't.

VETTERLI  
Things happened fast.

AUGUST  
Seemed like you had a good angle.

VETTERLI  
I remember hearing a shot and  
looking over to see Jelly Nash's  
head explode. Have you ever seen a  
man have his brains blown out,  
August? It tends to cloud your  
perception.

One of the AGENTS standing by the door turns and SNAPS his  
fingers at Vetterli and August.

AGENT#1  
(hushed, urgent)  
We got someone coming up the  
elevator.

Vetterli turns to Doris Rogers.

VETTERLI  
You're on, Doris.

Doris is guided to the slightly cracked door and peers out--

INT. SHERONE HALLWAY- SAME

DORIS' POV: Miller exits off the elevator and heads down the  
fifty feet towards apartment 211 at the end of the hall...

INT. APARTMENT 207- SAME

Doris watches, eyes wide. Vetterli presses up behind her,  
Thompson in hand.

VETTERLI  
Doris..?

DORIS  
I-- His hair's darker-- And the  
mustache--

VETTERLI  
You need to be sure!

DORIS  
I-- I--

INT. APARTMENT 211- SAME

Vi stands in front of a mirror. Checks her face. Smooths out her lingerie.

INT. SHERONE HALLWAY- SAME

Miller takes a deep breath. Up ahead, just a few yards away is his light at the end of the tunnel...

INT. APARTMENT 207- SAME

One of the Agents silently closes the door as Miller crosses. Doris is pushed right up to the peep hole. Other Agents are tense, coiled, ready to barrel out the door with more guns than they need.

AUGUST  
(to Vetterli)  
Let him go.

VETTERLI  
What?

AUGUST  
We control the building. We can wait him out.

VETTERLI  
And lose the surprise?

DORIS  
It's him! It's him! Jesus!

VETTERLI  
I need you to say, "That's Vernon Miller", Doris.

DORIS  
That's Vernon Miller! It's him!

Guns are cocked. August realizes that the train is set in motion.

EXT. SHERONE HALLWAY- SAME

Miller takes in a deep breath. Starts to relax. Up ahead, apartment 211 at the end of the hall. The door flies open.

Vi stands in the doorway. She beams. Miller's tense face loosens into a smile. Years drain away.

Then, he stiffens. Something instinctive stops him dead in his tracks. His face tightens as he turns around.

The door to apartment 207 opens. The Agent steps out, Thompson in hand.

Miller turns back towards Vi, just feet away. Her face falls as the knowledge of what's to come dawns on her.

Miller reaches into his jacket. Pulls a .45. He turns back to Vi. This is the last time they will see each other. Something in their shared look reflects that understanding.

Vi then motions slightly to a door off the Miller's side-- An emergency stairwell. Miller whirls with the .45 and--

BOOM! The shot punches a hole in the plaster inches from Agent#1's head.

Miller bolts through the emergency door. The Agents storm out of apartment 207 and stream after him.

Vi doesn't even bother shutting the door. She turns and sits down on the chair by the window, her face vacant.

EXT. SHERONE APARTMENTS- MOMENTS LATER

Miller exits the building. A professional, he walks briskly, but calmly back towards the Auburn.

Few CHICAGO COPS eye him suspiciously, but are unsure of who he is until they see Bureau Agents, including Vetterli and August, sprint from the building in pursuit.

The Cops react, drawing guns. Miller breaks out into a run for the Auburn, opening fire as much to cause panic and confusion as to stop the police.

NEIGHBORHOOD PEOPLE react to the gunfire; SCREAMING, DUCKING.

Vetterli shakily aims at the Auburn. He lets loose with a torrent of GUNFIRE. Bullets spray everywhere, shooting out a street lamp over a FAMILY, riddling parked cars.

August yanks the Thompson away from Vetterli. He uses parked cars for cover, getting closer to Miller.

As Miller hustles around to the driver side of the Auburn, August shoots up from behind a car, ten yards from Miller.

Miller and August lock eyes, both aware that a fraction more pressure on August's finger and it is over.

August slackens his grip on the Thompson. Miller jumps in the car and ROARS off.

INT. CHICAGO POLICE PRECINCT- NIGHT

REPORTERS are held back in the Lobby. August pushes through the crowd.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM- CONTINUOUS

August enters the room packed with CHICAGO'S FINEST, watching through the one way glass. On the other side is Vi Mathias, wearing a waistcoat over her negligee. Her long legs are barely covered.

UNIFORMED COP

Jesus, watching her kick this fed's  
ass is better than Burns and Allen.

Vetterli and two CHICAGO DETECTIVES question her. We hear their voices through a SPEAKER.

VETTERLI

You knew where to reach Miller. You  
obviously had a plan.

VI

Our plan was to meet. Which we  
didn't.

VETTERLI

Meet and do what?

Vi lets the front of her coat open up a bit revealing the low cut front of her negligee.

VI

Use your imagination.

A low WOLF WHISTLES from one of the men.

VETTERLI

What about in Kansas City? Who were  
the other gunmen?

VI

He didn't discuss business with me.

VETTERLI

Come on, Vi. You lived with the man. You were practically married. He was like a father to your daughter.

VI

What fucking bus did you just get off? You think we were playing family? Supper at six and church on Goddamn Sundays? Verne had money, he didn't hit and he wasn't a half bad fuck. That's it. Now do any one of you have a cigarette...

(pointing to mirror)

Or should I ask one of them?

The two Detectives roll their eyes behind Vetterli's back.

DETECTIVE #1

Take a break, Agent Vetterli?

Vetterli follows as they head for the door leading to the observation room, the spectators hastily file out.

August waits as Vetterli and the two Detectives enter.

DETECTIVE #1

Christ. I think I need a cigarette after that.

As they leave, Vetterli looks over at August in defeat.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM- MOMENTS LATER

Vi keeps her face placid as August enters and takes a seat across from her.

AUGUST

My name's Dwight August, Ms. Mathias. I'm with the Bureau of Investigation.

He pulls a pack of cigarettes and drops them on the table in front of her. She reaches for one.

VI

You the heavy, Dwight?

AUGUST

You're going to have to give us something.

VI

I've been arrested before.

As Vi reaches for the matches, August beats her to them and lights the cigarette for her.

AUGUST

How long do you think this story's going to last?

VI

What story would that be, Dwight?

AUGUST

That you were just Miller's whore.

VI

Got some kind of magic eye, Dwight?  
Let's you see into a woman's heart?

Mathias levels a sly smile over her cigarette.

AUGUST

I saw that house with the little white fence and the fresh cut grass. You folded socks and cooked meals and hung curtains and not because you were playing a part. You wanted to. For him. Just like what you're doing now is for him.

Vi loses some of her bravado and slips the coat back over her shoulders.

VI

You're not like the others, are you Dwight?

AUGUST

Maybe I'm just being polite.

VI

No. It's more than that. You're wounded. Who was she, Agent August?

AUGUST

This isn't some small town prostitution charge, Vi.

Mathias covers one eye and stares theatrically at August.

VI

What's my magic eye tell me? Let's see... A sweetheart? No. Something more. A wife? More to the point, who did she leave you for? Was he richer? Smarter? Were you too rough with her? Too soft? Or was it that when it came right down to it, she just didn't care enough?

Vi lowers her hand, knowing from August's face that she's gotten under his skin.

AUGUST

Someone's going to hang for Union Station, Vi.

Mathias leans into August.

VI

Listen to this very closely, Dwight. There is nothing-- Nothing-- you or anyone else can do that will make me turn on him, you understand?

August studies the resolute conviction on her face. Finds something commendable in it. TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS arrive with cuffs.

OFFICER

We gotta take her back to holding.

August stands to leave.

AUGUST

Verne's a lucky guy. I hope it's enough.

VI

And if it's not, it's still more than you had, isn't it?

August matches Vi's stare for a breath before heading out.

INT. HOOVER'S OFFICE- NIGHT

Hoover stands with the phone to his ear, nearly red with fury. Tolson watches from the couch.

HOOVER

Fifteen armed men to one. Fifteen to one! I thought my orders were explicitly clear, Agent Vetterli!

VETTERLI (O.S.)

Yes sir... It was... A miracle he got away.

HOOVER

A miracle? I have a security briefing with the President and the Attorney General in twenty minutes and I am to explain that divine intervention is the reason why we lost the most wanted man in the country's history.

Hoover holds up a file folder and lets the pages spill out onto the floor.

HOOVER

Do you hear that, Agent Vetterli? That is your life slipping from my hand to the ground. Every defining moment about you, Agent Vetterli, and do you know what moment lands on top?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE- SAME

A large desk and bookshelves crammed with legal texts and military memorabilia. Vetterli stands on the phone. The WARDEN, a few GUARDS and August are present, trying to politely ignore Hoover's verbal assault they all can hear.

Vetterli reacts to Hoover's last comment with a fearful look.

HOOVER

(O.S. from phone)

Am I making myself clear?

VETTERLI

Yes, sir.

Vetterli hangs up the phone. He leaves the room without looking up at the others.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

Vetterli sits at a table in the empty dining car, filling in reports by hand. August approaches and sits across from him.

AUGUST

Can't wait for a typewriter?

VETTERLI

Comes with being SAC.

AUGUST

You including Hoover's order in there?

Vetterli stops writing.

AUGUST

We weren't there to arrest Miller.  
We were there to kill him.

VETTERLI

You've heard the stories, right?

AUGUST

We've all heard them.

VETTERLI

Heard the latest? Everyone knew  
Hoover was this close to getting  
fired when Roosevelt was elected.

AUGUST

I'd heard rumors.

VETTERLI

Not rumors. Fact. Roosevelt  
appointed Harlan Stone as the new  
Attorney General. Stone knows  
Hoover back from his days chasing  
Reds. Hated him. Had it on the  
record that one of the first things  
he was going to do was fire Hoover  
and dismantle the Bureau. Stone, on  
his way to the Presidential  
inauguration, drops dead of a heart  
attack on the train. Funny thing  
about that-- He had a Bureau Agent  
as his protection detail.

AUGUST

You don't believe that, do you?

VETTERLI

It's like a ghost story, August.  
You only have to believe it a  
little to be scared.

A TRAIN WORKER calls out in the background--

TRAIN WORKER

Now arriving, Union Station, Kansas  
City.

Vetterli gathers his report.

INT. HOOVER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hoover sits scanning down a memorandum, addressed to him from  
SAC Vetterli. Title of the memo: Known Associates of Vernon  
C. Miller.

Hoover doesn't look impressed by the two dozen names. He  
turns to the ever present row of newspapers on his desk.  
Familiar names like Dillinger, Bonnie and Clyde, Karpis, etc,  
still grabbing headlines across the country.

INT. BUREAU FIELD OFFICE- MORNING

Vetterli leads a morning debriefing with SEVERAL AGENTS and  
POLICE OFFICERS. August stands in the back. Copies of a memo  
are being passed out.

VETTERLI

This is a list of suspects compiled  
by Washington.

August takes a copy with some question.

VETTERLI

In addition to our on-going search  
for Vernon Miller, the Director  
would like us to focus our energy  
on establishing any connections  
between the names on this list and  
either Miller or the Massacre.  
That's it.

As the meeting breaks, August approaches Vetterli.

AUGUST

When did this come in?

VETTERLI

Last night.

AUGUST

How did he come up with these names?

Vetterli purposefully doesn't answer the question.

AUGUST

Reed.

VETTERLI

If the Director says this is the list, then than I have to believe that he has cause.

Vetterli does a poor job of selling by not ever looking August in the eye.

EXT. KELLY HOUSE- NIGHT

August stands at the front door. He takes his hat off as Caroline answers, less than welcoming.

AUGUST

Hello, Mrs. Kelly.

Without a word, Caroline turns back into the house. A moment later, Kelly appears.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

A few MEN sit reading the paper at the counter. Kelly sits with August in a far back booth.

AUGUST

You heard about Chicago?

KELLY

(nodding)

Hoover's trying to spin it. Put it on Chicago Police for botching Miller's arrest.

AUGUST

It wasn't an arrest. It was a hit.

Kelly seems taken aback.

KELLY

Do you know what you're saying?  
Really, know what you're saying?

AUGUST

There are two kinds of agents Hoover keeps in the Bureau. The first are clean cut poster boys. Lawyers and accountants. The second are agents like me. Men he brings in to ensure... Results.

KELLY

And how would you do that?

AUGUST

How do you think?

Kelly can sense the remorse in August's confession. Perhaps senses even more, but his reporter's instincts tell him that to push now would be too much.

KELLY

Hoover's made promises. "Bloody retribution". It's not enough that you arrest Miller. Hoover needs to show that the Bureau can handle killers. Except, kill Miller and you lose the only living link to the other two shooters.

August unfolds a piece of paper for Kelly.

AUGUST

The list of suspects from Washington.

(reading)

Wilbur Underhill. The Barkers. Clyde Barrow. "Pretty Boy" Floyd. Richetti... None of these have basis.

KELLY

Floyd and Richetti were here the night before. Robbed a bank and kidnapped a Polk County Sheriff to avoid road blocks into Kansas City.

AUGUST

I read the stories in the paper. But now, if you were coming to help in a day time massacre, robbing a bank and kidnapping a Sheriff on the way in doesn't seem very smart.

KELLY

But it makes sense on Hoover's part. Two famous fugitives. The Bureau takes down any one of these and it's a headline. It's bullshit, but it's a headline.

AUGUST

Hoover's angry about Chicago. It was embarrassing. He's reaching. We have to find Miller first and alive. He's the only one who knows who the other two shooters were.

KELLY

Maybe not the only one.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Kelly's car sits parked on a downtown street.

INT. KELLY'S CAR- SAME

Kelly and August staked out. We see through the window that they're in front of Pendergast's South Democratic Headquarters.

KELLY

(re: office)

Most of the gambling and booze go through Boss Tom's network. A lot of money goes to keeping the police in line and local politicians in office. Pendergast even handpicked Governor Park in '32. They say on election days that you can count on two things: 100 percent voter turn-out and at least one gun fight. I've been trying to write a story about Pendergast for years, but I decided I enjoy breathing more.

The door to the Democratic Building opens. Lazia heads out, body guard in tow. August turns to Kelly...

KELLY

Johnny Lazia. Runs things for Pendergast. Protects his interests. Lazia's also sort of the custodian for the underworld in Kansas City. If Miller needed help, Lazia would be the one to see.

August watches as Lazia gets into a waiting car.

AUGUST

Were either one of them spoken to  
about the Massacre?

KELLY

They're too well protected. Police.  
The courts. Pendergast owns them  
all.

Lazia's car starts to pull away. August motions for Kelly to  
follow.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Lazia's car pulls up to a nondescript looking building on a  
commercial street. A candy store. A barber shop. A hat store.  
As innocuous as they come.

INT. KELLY'S CAR - SAME

Kelly and August pull into a spot across the street. They  
watch as Lazia and his men head around to the side of a  
building and disappear down a set of stairs.

KELLY

Blind Harry's. It's one of  
Pendergast's places. It's a  
whorehouse and numbers place.

August opens the door.

AUGUST

Come on.

KELLY

Where?

AUGUST

Blind Harry's.

EXT. STREET- CONTINUOUS

Kelly gets out of the car looking very uneasy. August  
approaches from the other side and pulls a .38 six-shooter  
out of a hip holster.

AUGUST

(holding out the gun)  
Here.

KELLY

What about you?

AUGUST

I have another. Put it right in the small part of your back.

KELLY

Won't they find it?

AUGUST

That's what we want.

Kelly gingerly takes the gun, as if it's the first he's held.

EXT. CELLAR STAIRS - NIGHT

August and Kelly approach a heavy metal door at the bottom of a stairwell. A man stands at the door.

Even through the door we can HEAR JAZZ music, up tempo and infectious, blaring from inside.

August is met by a BEEFY MAN in a suit sitting on a bar stool. Leaning against the wall is a shotgun, meant to be in plain sight.

BEEFY MAN

I don't recognize the faces, the faces don't get in.

August motions to his inner pocket, indicating he'd like to reach inside. The Beefy Man nods.

August pulls out his Bureau badge and his colt. Hands the Beefy Man both.

AUGUST

I'd like to speak with Mr. Lazia.

The Beefy Man looks down at the badge and gun, then back up to August, completely unsure of what to make of him. He turns to Kelly, looking very much out of place.

AUGUST

He's with me.

The Beefy Man motions for Kelly to step up for a frisk. He finds the .38.

The Beefy Man turns and BANGS on the metal door. A thin, WIRY MAN opens from the inside. Beefy Man mumbles to him and hands him August's "credentials".

The Wiry Man slams the door shut. A moment later, the Wiry Man opens the door wide and motions for August and Kelly to follow.

INT. BLIND HARRY'S - CONTINUOUS

Dark. Smoke hangs heavily in the air. There is no decor. No ambiance save the MEN swaying drunkenly to the music being played by an all black band.

August takes mental note of the vices present: A bar area with bootlegged booze. Men who have seen better days, spending their fleeting dollars on this pain relief.

August and Kelly follow the Wiry Man further in, past a room of bored, hot and overworked HOOKERS. A heavy-set KANSAS CITY COP stumbles out of a back room, belt still unbuckled.

KELLY

God...

Wiry Man leads him deeper still, through a room set up with makeshift card tables and a roulette wheel.

There is more a sense of desperation than entertainment or enjoyment in these rooms.

Wiry stops at a door. August leans into Kelly's ear.

AUGUST

Stay out here. They won't try anything with me if they know you're waiting.

Kelly nods as Wiry opens the door for August.

INT. LAZIA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A sparse room, neatly appointed with a desk, a few chairs and a file cabinet. Lazia is on the phone when August enters. On the desk in front of him are August's guns and Bureau ID.

Sitting in a dark corner is FRANZETTI, Lazia's bodyguard. Spread out in front of Franzetti are several shotgun shells, casings pried apart. He pulls some liquid out of a brown pharmaceutical bottle with an eyedropper, then carefully drips some over the exposed pellets of the shells. He eyes August carefully before returning to his work.

LAZIA

I can appreciate that... That's not our problem... Good.

Lazia hangs up. Sees August watching Franzetti.

LAZIA

Agent August.

(re: August's ID and gun)  
You have an interesting way of  
introducing yourself. I take this  
as a message that you mean us no  
harm.

AUGUST

Not here. And not in whatever other  
businesses you might have.

Lazia gives August a slight, measured nod but still guarded.

LAZIA

Then can I offer you a drink?

AUGUST

No thanks.

LAZIA

And in exchange for this?

AUGUST

I want Miller. And the two men who  
were with him.

LAZIA

You're talking about the Station  
shooting.

August doesn't play along with Lazia's coy innocence.

LAZIA

And what happens if I tell you that  
I can't help you in this respect?

AUGUST

That will depend on how much I  
believe you.

Lazia takes a cigarette from his desk. Carefully and  
deliberately takes his time in lighting it.

LAZIA

We really are a very small town  
here Mr. August. If you spend any  
significant period of time with us,  
you'll see that. People look out  
for one another. Neighbors help  
neighbors.

(MORE)

LAZIA (cont'd)

We don't look much for outsiders to solve our problems. Of course, when a tragedy occurs on the scale of Union Station, we try and cooperate with our government. We're all, patriotic, God fearing, Americans. But don't think for a moment that you are anything more than a guest here. Allowed to stay at the pleasure of a welcoming host.

Lazia's stare never wavers as smoke curls up and around him.

AUGUST

You're making things more complicated than they need to be.

LAZIA

They always are, Agent August.

Lazia pushes the guns and the ID back towards August. He then pushes a buzzer wired to his desk.

A moment later, the Wiry Man opens the door, waiting to escort August out.

LAZIA

(standing)

I'm sorry we can't help you, but please... Stay. Enjoy yourself. Perhaps you've changed your mind about that drink. Or if you'd like to taste a bit of the local flavor? On the house of course.

August gathers his belongings and heads out. He meets Franzetti's glare for a moment as he passes.

As August departs, we see concern wash over Lazia's face.

FRANZETTI

Should I follow him?

LAZIA

He doesn't know anything.

EXT. BLIND HARRY'S- SAME

August and Kelly walk back to the car.

KELLY

Were you really expecting him just to roll over and spill?

AUGUST

No. And if he did, it would have been a lie. Now I know he's involved.

KELLY

Hey, do me a favor. Don't tell Caroline we went in there.

AUGUST

I wouldn't do that to either one of us.

August and Kelly climb into the car.

INT. BUREAU CRIME LAB - DAY

Hoover leads a group of REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS into a room filled with charts, chemistry equipment, men in LAB COATS. Adorning one wall is a blown up photograph of a fingerprint with labeled identifying markers. There's a piece meal quality to it. Almost as if it were a stage set.

HOOVER

Some of you might recall the major break in the Lindberg kidnapping case when Bruno Hauptman was identified as the author of several ransom notes. That analysis was completed here.

Hoover sweeps an arm around the room.

HOOVER

We have ballistic testing, toxicology, metallography. Every modern forensics test known to man. I believe that in the very near future, technology will be the pre-eminent tool in law enforcement. With proper funding, the Bureau could lead the way.

REPORTER#1

(raising hand)

Mr. Director, it's been weeks since the Union Station Massacre. Three killers still at large. When can we expect results?

HOOVER

The Bureau is working non stop.  
This is a new kind of enemy we're  
fighting. Criminals with a vast  
underworld of support. But I  
promise you, we are making  
progress.

A PRESS SECRETARY cuts in.

PRESS SECRETARY

The Director will now be available  
for photographs.

Hoover stands by a lab table covered with equipment. The  
Press Secretary pulls a TALL LAB TECHNICIAN out of frame to  
give Hoover some height. As PHOTOGRAPHERS position  
themselves, Tolson appears in the doorway.

Hoover excuses himself as he heads over. Tolson leans into  
his ear and whispers. Hoover nods and walks back over to the  
phalanx of reporters and photographers.

HOOVER

Gentleman, I'm sorry but there's  
been an important break in the  
Union Station Massacre.

EXT. MALL, WASHINGTON D.C.- MOMENTS LATER

Cummings and Hoover walk across the Mall, Capital Building  
looming in the distance.

CUMMINGS

Papers are turning against you,  
Edgar. Chicago was a fiasco.

HOOVER

Chicago police were pitifully  
unprepared.

CUMMINGS

I spoke with Louise Howe.  
President's not going to announce  
any new crime legislation in the  
State of the Union.

HOOVER

We have Miller on the run and we  
have Vivian Mathias.

CUMMINGS

Yes. And I understand that information was obtained through wire taps. I don't recall seeing an authorization request for those.

HOOVER

There was no time.

CUMMINGS

You're overreaching. There are some in Congress who already think the President's trampling the Constitution. Let's not put civil liberties on the table too. People want justice. Let's remember that.

HOOVER

Justice? A man murders a woman in cold blood. He's brought to a room where a thousand volts of electricity are sent through him. To some, it's barbaric. To the woman's husband, her children, it's justice. Justice does not allow us to walk our streets free from the fear of molestation. Justice is subjective. What we need are results!

Hoover composes himself after the blow up.

CUMMINGS

I want you to tread very carefully over the ground you're walking on, Edgar.

Hoover heads off across the perfect green grass.

INT. BUREAU FIELD OFFICE/VETTERLI'S OFFICE- MORNING

Through the glass, we can see the bullpen alive with activity. August stands in the closed door as Vetterli quickly shuffles through papers on his desk as he talks on the phone.

VETTERLI

Yes, I was holding for the Sheriff... That's right. Vetterli. With a V... I understand. He can call me anytime. Thank you.

Vetterli SLAMS the phone down.

VETTERLI

A Floyd sighting in Nebraska that no one can verify.

AUGUST

How many does that make?

VETTERLI

Six. It puts him anywhere between Nebraska and Canada.

AUGUST

It's a dead end, Reed.

VETTERLI

You have a better suggestion?

AUGUST

Yes.

Vetterli looks up. August closes the door.

AUGUST

Nothing in Kansas City happens without Tom Pendergast knowing about it. And John Lazia is Pendergast's man down here. We get them to give up Miller and the other two shooters.

VETTERLI

And how do you propose we do that?

AUGUST

We show them how expensive that information is to keep.

Vetterli's curiosity is piqued.

EXT. CITY LOADING DOCK- NIGHT

Several MEN load wooden crates marked "Pharmaceuticals" into a row of trucks. Suddenly, a small convoy of POLICE CARS appear.

August leads a group of B.I. Agents and Police. Guns brandished, they halt activity.

August whacks at a crate with a crowbar. Liquid runs out. He pulls out a cracked bottle of bootleg whiskey.

## EXT. CITY STREET- NIGHT

The back door entrance to seedy whore house. A gaggle of MEN and PROSTITUTES are lined up along the sidewalk as B.I. AGENTS take names.

## EXT. WEST BOTTOMS AREA - EARLY MORNING

Endless lines of freight rail cars sit parked on the different tracks.

Armed B.I. Agents cover a line of WORKERS standing in front of an open railcar with their hands placed on their heads.

## INT. THE DIXON HOTEL - NIGHT

A lavish party being thrown in a closed off ball room. Men dressed in tuxedos. Women in ball gowns. Champagne flows off ice sculptures. Gambling tables are packed with players.

The doors suddenly burst open. August and Vetterli lead more B.I. Agents and cops.

VETTERLI

Bureau of Investigation! Everyone  
on their knees!

Bureau agents train guns at the high-priced crowd, forcing them into the embarrassing situation.

August moves past a large ice sculpture, searching the crowd. He spots Franzetti, dressed in a white tux, trying hard not to be noticed.

August pulls him to his feet.

## EXT. ALLEY- MOMENTS LATER

August pushes Franzetti out a back door and the garbage strewn alley. Vetterli, a couple of B.I. Agents and a few KC Policemen join.

FRANZETTI

The fuck are you? Bureau of my  
asshole.

August viciously punches Franzetti, doubling him over. As Franzetti crumbles, August puts a foot to his throat and leans hard.

AUGUST

You tell your boss that he can stop  
this at any time.

(MORE)

AUGUST (cont'd)

All he has to do is give me Miller  
and the names of the two others.  
You understand?

August presses harder until Franzetti gasps a response.

AUGUST

(to the others)

Let this one go.

FRANZETTI

You're dead. On my mother's fucking  
grave, you're dead.

August ignores Franzetti and heads back inside.

INT. SOUTH DEMOCRATIC HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Pendergast sits behind the desk. Across from him is a KANSAS  
CITY POLICE MAN named McMURTRY and Lazia.

Franzetti stands back by the door.

MCMURTRY

Goody's. The Dixon. They raided  
Kling and Allen's yesterday. It's  
getting embarrassing. They arrested  
Councilman Hargrove last night at  
the Argyle.

LAZIA

I don't understand. What are we  
paying you and your bosses for?

MCMURTRY

We're letting them go as soon as  
they're brought in, Mr. Lazia. It's  
just that it never stops. And we  
can't do anything. Bureau has  
temporary jurisdiction. This August  
guy has a real hard on for-- Sorry,  
Mr. Pendergast. He has a real--

Pendergast cuts him off with a hand. Lazia motions for him to  
leave.

MCMURTRY

(hustling out)

Thank you, Mr. Pendergast. Mr.  
Lazia.

Franzetti shuts the door behind McMurtry.

PENDERGAST

In our own town.

LAZIA

I don't know where Miller is, Tom.

PENDERGAST

Then look harder.

LAZIA

That the message we want to be sending? People come to us for protection. Breeds a lot of loyalty.

PENDERGAST

Loyalty only matters if you're worth more alive than dead. Every day Miller lives, costs us.

Lazia looks over at Franzetti and gives a small nod.

INT. BILLIARD HALL- NIGHT

August and a few Bureau agents burst into the large cellar to find it deserted. The bar is stripped, save for a few broken bottles and glasses.

August holsters his gun.

INT. KANSAS CITY STAR- NIGHT

The bullpen now empty, save for Kelly and August.

KELLY

I'm hearing it everywhere. Places closing. Lazia suspending business. You're leaving an impression.

AUGUST

We just need to hear something.

KELLY

How's it work? You get a phone call? A smoke signal? What?

AUGUST

Hopefully Miller. We'll get an anonymous tip about where he is and then...

Kelly stretches and checks his watch.

KELLY

Shoot. I should get going.

August nods and stands to leave.

KELLY

Hey, you... Want to come by for dinner?

AUGUST

Thanks. I'm fine, though.

KELLY

You going to eat at the diner again? I've been there. Trust me, it's not safe.

AUGUST

Not sure your wife is either.

KELLY

Don't worry about it. Come on.

INT. KELLY HOUSE/DINING ROOM - LATER

August sits with Kelly, Caroline and Andy at the dinner table, well into the meal. There is an awkward silence as they eat. Caroline is clearly not happy he's there.

August steals a glance over at Andy who watches him with a mix of distrust and curiosity. August surreptitiously shoots Andy a twisted face that gets him to smile.

Caroline notices.

CAROLINE

Andy, if you're done, then get back to your homework.

ANDY

I'm stuck on the math.

CAROLINE

Then I'll help you. Let's go.  
(politely cold)

Excuse us, please.

Caroline leads Andy out of the room and upstairs.

AUGUST

This is much better than the diner.

Kelly dismisses it all with a wave. He gets up and reaches far back into a cabinet and pulls a flask.

KELLY

I know it's a federal offense, but we should be celebrating.

AUGUST

Nothing offensive about that.

Kelly pours a drink for August.

KELLY

To the Bureau of Investigation.

They clink a toast and savor their drinks for a moment.

KELLY

She's usually not like this. With all that's happened around here lately. She gets uneasy when things feel out of her control.

AUGUST

My wife used to get the same way.

KELLY

I didn't know you were married.

AUGUST

Was. She passed away.

KELLY

Oh. Sorry. What happened?

August looks over at Kelly. A trustworthy face.

AUGUST

She died while in labor. The baby... He came too early. I was out on a call when it happened. Two men held up the Peterson Pharmacy. Killed the kid working the counter. There was a ten hour stand-off before we realized they escaped through a back window. By the time I got home, he had passed too.

KELLY

Jesus, August...

AUGUST

Things didn't make much sense after that. How was it that my family was gone, but men were out there robbing? Killing? After that, an arrest wasn't enough. Men like that... They didn't deserve to go on breathing. Took a while before they finally put me in jail. That's where a man named Bowler found me. Said the Bureau could use someone with my... Experience.

KELLY

Hoover had the charges dropped.  
(off August's nod)  
And that's why you're in Bureau.

AUGUST

You think you can protect them, but you can't. Not from everything.

Kelly nods. August shoots down the last of his drink.

AUGUST

I should go. I'll show myself out.  
And thanks.

Kelly tips his flask at August. We follow August to...

INT. KELLY HOUSE/FRONT DOOR- CONTINUOUS

August heads for the front door. He turns to see Caroline sitting on the staircase. It's clear that she's heard everything he's said. August looks slightly embarrassed.

CAROLINE

(softer)  
Good night, Mr. August.

August nods and heads out.

EXT. DETROIT STREET - MORNING

A once teeming business district, office buildings closed. A Salvation Army bread line as it stretches around the block.

**TITLE: DETROIT**

Somewhere in the middle, there is a break. People huddled around the opening of a back alley. A few LOW MURMURS of speculation and shock.

Through the crowd we see glimpses of a man's body. Dried blood caked along the flesh...

INT. THE KANSAS CITY STAR - DAY

Kelly walks through the lobby with a few co-workers. He sees August waiting for him.

EXT. KANSAS CITY STAR- MOMENTS LATER

August and Kelly sit on a bench in front of the building.

Kelly looks over black and white photographs of a crime scene. A man, naked, his hands bound behind his back with a cloth sack over his head and tied around his neck. Blood stains seep through in blotches.

Kelly comes to A CLOSE-UP of the man, the sack removed. Even bludgeoned, we can see that it's Verne Miller.

KELLY

Why the sack over his head?

AUGUST

They want us know who killed him.

KELLY

So who was it?

AUGUST

It doesn't matter. Only thing that matters is that it wasn't us.

EXT. DOJ BUILDING- DAY

Hoover in front of a throng of PRESS, trying to appear in control as he fends off the wave of hands and flashbulbs.

REPORTER#1

How does Miller's death affect the case?

HOOVER

It progresses it. It is one more savage murderer eliminated. I would also add that--

REPORTER#2

But Miller was the only one who knew for sure the identity of the other two killers. Isn't Miller's death a dead-end?

HOOVER

There are promising leads we are currently investigating. And I would also add that Mr. Miller's death came as a result of untold man hours of dogged pursuit.

REPORTER#2

How can you say that? We all saw the photos. It was clearly a gangland execution. Unless of course, the Bureau's adopting new policies.

A small CACKLE of LAUGHS.

HOOVER

(swimming now)

The perpetrators of Mr. Miller's death are still unknown--

REPORTER#3

What does it say if the Underworld is better at policing themselves than the government?

REPORTER#4

Do we even need the Bureau?

Hoover grows quiet under the barrage of questions.

INT. HOOVER'S OFFICE- LATER

Hoover sits alone at his desk, meticulously straightening a line of newspapers from across the country. Each of the headlines mention something about Miller's death and a "Stymied Bureau of Investigation".

Tolson stands in front of Hoover in a somber mood.

TOLSON

Cummings wants us to pull out some Agents out of Kansas City and integrate local authorities more.

HOOVER

Fine.

Hoover hits the intercom button.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Yes, sir?

HOOVER

May I please have the suspect list  
for the Massacre case, please.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Right away, sir.

TOLSON

We haven't been able to establish  
any connection with those names.

Tolson notes Hoover's unnerving passivity as he returns to  
meticulously straightening the newspapers.

EXT. KANSAS CITY STREET- NIGHT

A BLACK FORD moves along the street, coming to a stop in  
front of the Bureau Field office.

Three MEN in hats and long coats get out.

INT. KANSAS CITY FIELD OFFICE- MOMENTS LATER

A lone, YOUNG BUREAU AGENT on night duty sits with his feet  
up on the desk reading a paper. He shoots up straight as the  
THREE MEN enter.

YOUNG AGENT

Can I help you fellas?

The lead man steps forward into the light. We see that it's  
AGENT BOWLER.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MORNING

August passes the Hotel Manager on the way out.

HOTEL MANAGER

Mr. August? You have a Western-  
Union.

The Manager hands August the telegram.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

August picks up the handset and unfolds the telegram. August  
is surprised to see actual words reading:

"Participation in U.S. investigation terminated. Return to  
Oklahoma Field Office ASAP. Hoover."

August pushes open the door and rushes out.

INT. KC BUREAU FIELD OFFICE - MORNING

August rushes into the office. File cabinets have been cleaned out. A few AGENTS sit around looking unsure of what to do with themselves.

INT. VETTERLI'S OFFICE- MORNING

Vetterli sits lost in thought as August bursts in.

AUGUST

What happened?

VETTERLI

Hoover sent some men in. Took our reports and sent them back to Washington.

AUGUST

Which reports?

VETTERLI

Whi-- All of them.

August's mind races as he heads out the door.

INT. FBI CRIME LAB- DAY

Agents and Lab Technicians meticulously unpack and catalog hundreds of small items from boxes marked, "Miller, Vernon C./Kansas City".

Among the items of clothing, shoes, glassware, etc, are five dusty BEER BOTTLES.

INT. KANSAS CITY STAR- DAY

The bullpen. Crowded and busy. Kelly sits at his desk, working the phone.

KELLY

Yeah... I got that part too...

A CLERK drops a packet of papers on Kelly's desk.

KELLY

Hold on. I just got the wire report. Let me see if there's any--

Kelly flips through some pages, then suddenly sits up.

KELLY

I have to call you back, Phil.

Kelly hangs up the phone and grabs his jacket.

EXT. KANSAS CITY STAR- MOMENTS LATER

Kelly comes rushing out of the building. Almost runs into August heading in.

AUGUST  
Something's going on.

KELLY  
Just came in over the wire. The  
Bureau Crime Lab just made a  
fingerprint match off a beer bottle  
from Miller's house. Adam Richetti.

Kelly hands August a piece of paper.

KELLY  
I thought Miller's house was  
already covered for prints.

AUGUST  
It was.

KELLY  
Hoover's manufacturing evidence?

AUGUST  
He can't take credit for killing  
Miller. He's still looking for his  
headline arrest.

KELLY  
I'd say he's close to getting it.

AUGUST  
There has to be something.

KELLY  
If we could cast some doubt on  
this. Maybe with Merle Gill and his  
ballistics results.

AUGUST  
They could always say Gill's acting  
out of revenge for getting fired.  
We need a voice. Someone who was on  
the inside.

Kelly catches the look on August's face. Knows there's  
already a plan.

EXT. ALDERSON PRISON - NIGHT

A concrete bunker of a building, encased in a cage of steel fences and barbed wire.

TITLE: ALDERSON FEDERAL PRISON FOR WOMEN, MICHIGAN

INT. ALDERSON PRISON / INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

A small windowless room. August sits across from Vi Mathias. Her time spent inside has hardened her features.

She flips through a few photographs while smoking, her face a blank mask.

We see that the photos are of Verne Miller's dead body.

INT. ALDERSON PRISON / HALLWAY - LATER

Kelly leans against a wall as August emerges from a door.

KELLY

What did you say to her?

AUGUST

I told her that Hoover was going to make sure Miller ended up dead, one way or another. Fact it happened this way just means that Hoover was using a different kind of gun.

KELLY

She tell you who the two other shooters were?

AUGUST

She doesn't know, but she's sure it wasn't Floyd and Richetti.

KELLY

How do you know she's not lying?

AUGUST

What's the point? There's no one to protect. What she knows is all she has to bargain with now.

KELLY

She'll go on the record?

AUGUST

Anything to get back at Hoover.

Kelly looks over at August. Not sure if it's coming from Mathias or him.

EXT. ALLEY- DAY

Kelly's car parked along a row of overflowing garbage cans.

INT. KELLY'S CAR- DAY

Kelly sits behind the wheel. August in shotgun angled to speak with Vetterli in the back seat.

VETTERLI

And she's willing to testify to that?

AUGUST

If it comes to that. First we get the story out in John's paper.

Kelly looks at Vetterli in the rearview mirror.

KELLY

Mathias's side of it and Merle Gill's ballistics tests should turn some heads.

Vetterli doesn't seem to be buying it.

AUGUST

We're talking about falsifying evidence. Corruption... I can't stop Hoover, Reed. Not my way. John's the only one now. We put it in the paper. Show people what's happening.

VETTERLI

All you have is the word of a prostitute who's boyfriend was just executed and a disgruntled ex-employee with a chip on his shoulder. What you're asking me to do... I need more than that. Do you have anyone who can say for certainty that it wasn't Floyd and Richetti?

August seems at a loss. Kelly stares down at his feet. Finally breaks the silence.

KELLY

Yes.

INT. THE KELLY HOME- DAY

Vetterli stands awkwardly in the living room with August.  
Kelly stands in the doorway with Caroline and Andy.

August approaches with mugshots of CHARLES "PRETTY BOY" FLOYD  
and ADAM RICHETTI.

AUGUST

Were either one of these men at  
Union Station that day?

Andy looks to Kelly, frightened.

KELLY

It's okay. You can tell him.

Andy looks over at the photos and shakes his head "no". He  
turns to see Vetterli staring at him. Their eyes meet for the  
second time...

EXT. UNION STATION PARKING LOT- MORNING (FLASHBACK)

Vetterli lies face down on the asphalt, covering his head as  
GUNFIRE drowns out any other earthly sound except for the  
CRIES and HOLLERS of pain from the MEN dying around him.

VETTERLI'S POV: DT. HERMANSON crumbles to the ground not far  
from Vetterli, his head partially blown off.

Vetterli looks away, eyes wide in terror. From his ground  
level view, he sees Andy huddled beneath a car a few rows  
over. For a moment, their eyes meet, equal in the shock and  
horror of the moment.

Vetterli then stands and runs.

INT. THE KELLY HOME- RESUMING

Andy recognizes Vetterli and takes a half step back.

Caroline rushes forward, protectively guiding her son out of  
the room.

CAROLINE

That's enough.

The two disappear down the hall.

AUGUST

Reed?

VETTERLI

I have copies of my original reports in my office. They show that we printed all the beer bottles. None with Richetti's print.

Vetterli's eyes stay locked onto the spot where Andy stood.

EXT. PENDERGAST'S ESTATE- NIGHT

A stately mansion in the heart of suburban Kansas City. Expensive cars line the driveway.

INT. PENDERGAST'S HOUSE- SAME

A cocktail party in full swing. A banner strung over the massive fireplace mantle reads, "Anderson for Congress". We see Frank Anderson in black tie schmoozing the well-heeled-potential donors. Pendergast also works the crowd.

A BUTLER enters, scanning the crowd and finding Lazia, perched in the corner with a drink.

The Butler approaches Lazia, whispering in his ear and handing him a note. Lazia looks somewhat surprised as he unfolds it. Written neatly on it is "J.E. Hoover".

Lazia stands and catches Pendergast's eye.

INT. PENDERGAST'S HOUSE/DEN- LATER

Dark wood and leather. A massive fireplace casts a flickering light. Lazia sits as Pendergast talks on the phone.

PENDERGAST

(into phone)

Of course, sir... And with that, I have your word that there will no longer be federal intervention with our local matters here in Kansas City? Fine, sir. Yes... Thank you for your call.

Pendergast hangs up the phone and looks up at Lazia.

PENDERGAST

I need two men.

LAZIA

For what?

PENDERGAST

A solution.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

August rounds the corner of small side street. Up ahead is the Bureau Field Office. August sees all the lights out, except for the one in Vetterli's office.

He starts for the building when a man steps out from the shadows up ahead... AGENT BOWLER.

BOWLER

Hello, Dwight.

August is immediately on edge.

AUGUST

Frank.

BOWLER

Good to see you.

AUGUST

Can't say the same.

BOWLER

Didn't think you would. But I'm here as a friend. You believe that, right?

August casually loosens the button on his coat, feeling the reassuring weight of his gun in it's holster.

AUGUST

Not especially.

BOWLER

You should. What we've been through together. Things we've done. I understand what you're looking for. You want so much for things to be right. Be the way they should. But, son... That isn't the world.

AUGUST

It's not Hoover's world either.

BOWLER

Hoover... Hoover's a fucking bureaucrat. A politician. But he can get us what we both want, son.

August subtly checks around the area without taking his eyes off Bowler for too long.

AUGUST

And what's that?

BOWLER

To live in the light. Do what's right with the God fearing grace of the law on our side.

(off August's stare)

Don't start trying to pass judgement, Dwight. No one will be able to stomach it, especially once they know what you've done.

Bowler sees the resolute look on August's face.

BOWLER

I really did come as a friend.

The driver side door on a BLACK MAXWELL parked directly across the street from August flies open.

August dives behind a car as a THOMPSON MUZZLE ERUPTS from the Maxwell. Bullets rip into metal.

August pulls his colt. Takes aim as the side mirror explodes in with a SHOTGUN BLAST just inches from his head. He spins to see a large, THICK MAN approaching from behind him with a sawed off Remington.

Bowler takes cover in the doorway of a building.

GUNFIRE erupts all around August. He grabs a rusted metal garbage can and hurls it through the plate glass window of a storefront.

An ALARM BELL CLANGS at a deafening volume as August bolts through the broken window.

Bowler motions THICK to follow.

INT. GARMENT STORE - CONTINUOUS

Rows of cloth line the rack of the small store. Dozens of garment dummies stand eerily silhouetted by the light from the street.

August stays low, moving through the bolts of cloth.

THICK climbs through the window, straining to see in the dark. Something RUSTLES in the dark.

Thick raises his shotgun. BOOM! The head of a dummy explodes.

August suddenly rises from behind another dummy. BOOM!  
Catches Thick in the chest, the force of the .45 throwing him backwards.

Fragments of cloth drift in the air like snow.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The back door of the garment store flies open. August emerges, breathing hard, gun in hand.

He turns to see the BLACK MAXWELL SCREECHING to a stop at one end of the alley. More MUZZLES flashes as the air around August grows thick with bullets.

August answers with a futile volley of his own. He then turns and sprints down towards the other end.

EXT. WEST BOTTOMS - MOMENTS LATER

August runs though the street, heading towards the Livestock Exchange building looming in the near distance.

The Black Maxwell comes CAREENING around a corner in chase.

August scales the fence to the Live Stock Exchange.

INT. LIVE STOCK EXCHANGE - CONTINUOUS

A massive structure comprised of numerous holding pens. Light from overhead openings highlight the backs of cattle calmly shifting in a holding pen.

Bowler leads another AGENT in a LONG COAT along a walkway around the perimeter of the pen, sectioned off by a high metal fence.

BOWLER

(covering his nose)

Jesus Fuckin' Christmas...

Inside the dark pen, August carefully moves between the large beasts, using them as cover. As August quietly moves along the maze of tranquil cattle...

INT. LIVE STOCK EXCHANGE / WALKWAY - SAME

Bowler and Long Coat strain to see in pale light. One of the cows gives August away with a SNORT. Long Coat catches a flash of August in the pen.

## LONG COAT

There!

Long Coat wheels and fires. Bullets rip into a steer, sending blood flying everywhere and the large animal crumbling to the ground.

INT. LIVE STOCK EXCHANGE / PEN - SAME

The other cattle react, SCREAMING bloody murder in a deafening cacophony.

August leaps out of from between two cows, trying to avoid being crushed between or trampled under the herd.

Long Coat climbs on the fence, angling for a better shot. August gets the bead on him first. Fires off TWO SHOTS. Both rip into Long Coat's chest.

Bowler opens up with the Thompson with no regard. Bullets riddle more cows.

INT. LIVE STOCK EXCHANGE / PEN - SAME

A wounded cow crumbles next to August, trapping his leg under almost a ton of dead animal.

The cattle are now in a panic. Stamping hooves, crashing into each other and up against the metal fence in a near stampede.

August narrowly misses getting his head caved in by a flurry of hooves.

INT. LIVE STOCK EXCHANGE / WALKWAY - SAME

Bowler runs along the walkway, keeping a distance from the fence, which CREAKS and threatens to buckle from the cattle thrashing up against it.

INT. LIVE STOCK EXCHANGE / PEN - SAME

August manages to pull himself free. Quickly moves to the closet fence and scampers over, narrowly missing another volley from across the pen by Bowler.

INT. LIVE STOCK EXCHANGE / WALKWAY - SAME

August lands hard. Starts to run along the fence as the cattle thrash wildly against the fence.

Bowler pulls the spent drum off the Thompson. Attaches a new one as he sprints after August.

August reaches the main gate of the pen along the walkway. He pulls the release bolt and fires his remaining shots into the air. Cattle stream out in a mass panic--

Bowler turns the corner to find a stampede of cattle barreling at him. He's trampled under THUNDERING HOOVES.

After the cows disperse, August climbs off the fence and finds Bowler's trampled body. He fishes out the car keys.

EXT. LIVE STOCK EXCHANGE - NIGHT

August exits, covered in blood. He climbs into the Black Maxwell and speeds off under a massive painted mural of cattle that reads: "KANSAS CITY STEAKS! ONLY THE BEST!"

INT. ALDERSON PRISON / KITCHEN - NIGHT

A line of women PRISONERS on kitchen detail, scrubbing pots, cleaning trays, etc... Vi stands among them separating forks and spoons.

A GUARD approaches.

GUARD

Mathias.

Vi turns to see the Guard motioning her to follow.

INT. ALDERSON PRISON / HALLWAY - NIGHT

Vi stands by a desk now dressed in regular clothes. A Guard pushes a small box of personal items towards her.

Vi opens the box. Immediately puts on her engraved watch.

EXT. ALDERSON PRISON - NIGHT

Vi is silently escorted by a Guard along a fenced off corridor leading away from the prison.

They pass a final Guard tower before getting to a high, barbed wire gate. The Guard unceremoniously unlocks the gate and holds it open for Vi.

Outside, is nothing but a stretch of empty road and darkness. Vi looks out with some trepidation.

VI

What... What am I supposed to do?

The Guard doesn't respond. Just patiently holds the gate open for her.

Vi steps outside. The Guard then shuts the gate behind her with an echoing CLANK!

Vi stands outside on the empty stretch of road.

A moment later, a pair of headlights appears, growing closer. Vi shrinks back a bit against the gate as a Plymouth pulls to a stop in front of her.

The rear door opens and a MAN'S VOICE calls out.

VOICE

Ms. Mathias. Please get in.

Vi takes a step closer, peering into the dark car.

VI

Are you... Are you with Agent August?

A FLATNOSED BUREAU AGENT emerges from the car. Flashes his credentials.

FLATNOSED AGENT

We're with the Bureau.

Another AGENT gets out and circles around to Vi from the other side. As if there were anywhere to run.

FLATNOSED AGENT

We heard that you're a girl who likes a party, Vi. What do you say?

Vi glances back up at the prison guard tower. Sees the Guard with his back turned to the whole affair.

FLATNOSED AGENT

Get in.

Vi gets into the car.

INT. BUREAU FIELD OFFICE / VETTERLI'S OFFICE- NIGHT

Lights off except for Vetterli's office CLACKING away on his typewriter, almost frantically.

He stops and looks up at the wall clock, face stricken with worry. He starts CLACKING away again, almost with metronomic precision.

The rhythmic CLACKING is suddenly broken by a CLIC-CLACK.

Vetterli stops. Turns to see August pointing a gun at him. August looks like something that has crawled out of the belly of Hell. His clothes and face stained with cow's blood from the shoot out at the Live Stock Exchange.

Vetterli shoots up in fright.

VETTERLI

My God...

August lunges at Vetterli and shows him hard into the wall. August holsters the gun and hoists Vetterli up, pummeling him with a rapid succession of blows to the stomach then sends Vetterli flying through the glass window of his office.

INT. BUREAU FIELD OFFICE / BULLPEN- CONTINUOUS

Vetterli crawls across the floor as fast as he can. Behind him, August approaches, gun in hand, face still deadly, eerily, expressionless.

August stomps down hard on Vetterli's back and jams the muzzle of his gun hard into the back of his neck.

AUGUST

What else did you tell Hoover?

VETTERLI

Mathias! I told him about Mathias!

AUGUST

What about her?

VETTERLI

Hoover needs a witness! Someone to link Miller, Floyd and Richetti.

AUGUST

Where is she?

VETTERLI

How would I know that?

August realizes the pieces that have been put into play.

AUGUST

Why would you..?

VETTERLI

My name. It's on those reports too.  
If you bring Hoover down...

August shakes his head in disgust.

AUGUST  
Turn around.

Vetterli flops over to face August.

AUGUST  
I want you to tell me what you saw  
at Union Station.

VETTERLI  
I don't know--

BANG! August fires. The bullet buries itself half an inch  
from Vetterli's face.

VETTERLI  
I-- I didn't see anything! I RAN!  
Everyone was getting killed-- My  
men were getting killed-- And I RAN  
AWAY!

Vetterli trembles in a shame, fear, even remorse. August is  
slightly taken aback. Something close to pity crosses his  
face.

AUGUST  
What else did you tell him?

Vetterli remains silent, head bowed. August lowers the gun.

AUGUST  
Reed.

VETTERLI  
The reporter...

AUGUST  
Kelly?

VETTERLI  
Hoover will never let a story like  
this get out.

August is already moving for the door.

VETTERLI  
You were right before. When you  
said you can't stop him.

August looks at Vetterli; small, pathetic, broken. He then  
heads for the door.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A FORD parked on a quiet suburban street...

INT. FORD - NIGHT

Sitting inside is Franzetti and another of Lazia's men, MURPHY.

MURPHY

And how old?

FRANZETTI

I don't know. Nine? Ten? The fuck  
it matter now?

MURPHY

(shaking his head)

Just a goddamn shame is all.

Murphy checks the slide on a .45.

A CAR passes by outside...

INT. CAR - SAME

Behind the wheel is Kelly, oblivious to the men he's just passed.

A moment later and he's pulling into his driveway.

INT. THE KELLY HOME / KITCHEN - NIGHT

Caroline cooks dinner while listening to the radio as she cooks dinner.

ANNOUNCER

(O.S. from radio)

The Jack Benny Show with Mary  
Livingston, Phil Harris, Rochester,  
Dennis Day and yours truly, Don  
Wilson...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Franzetti and Murphy get out of the Ford and leisurely walk down the street...

INT. THE KELLY HOME / KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kelly enters through the back door. Finds Caroline peeling potatoes while LAUGHING. Kelly gives her a quick kiss.

After a moment, Jack Benny's got him LAUGHING too. Kelly's about to sit down at the table when Caroline stops him by pointing to a full garbage can.

Kelly dutifully picks it up and starts for the back door.

EXT. BACKYARD - SAME

Kelly moves to a couple of beat-up metal garbage cans positioned by the separate garage.

As he reaches for the lid, a HAND suddenly shoots out of the dark over his mouth and wrenches him back HARD.

Kelly's reflexive YELL is drowned out as his head is turned.

August puts a finger over his mouth. Kelly nods as August lets him go and speaks to him in a hushed tone.

AUGUST

They're coming for you. I saw one out front. There may be more.

KELLY

Who--

August shakes his head. Not important now.

AUGUST

Inside?

KELLY

Caroline.

AUGUST

Where?

KELLY

In the kitchen. Cooking.

AUGUST

Your boy?

KELLY

He has Boy's Club tonight.

August nods. Motions to the garage.

AUGUST

Wait in there. Do NOT come out under any circumstances until I get your wife.

KELLY

Then what?

AUGUST

Get Andy. Take them somewhere safe.  
Don't go to the police or the  
Bureau.

KELLY

What happened?

AUGUST

Vetterli.

August heads for the house.

INT. THE KELLY HOME / KITCHEN

Caroline drops peeled potatoes into a pot of boiling water,  
smiling along with the radio.

JACK BENNY

(O.S. from radio)

Oh, I can't eh? Well let me tell  
you something--

PHIL HARRIS (O.S.)

Hold it, hold it, hold it... Stop  
this bickering.

Caroline chuckles along with the canned LAUGHTER. She turns  
and grabs some chopped carrots and plops them in.

PHIL HARRIS (O.S.)

We've got to stick together...  
We're still in radio.

Caroline LAUGHS OUT LOUD at the punch line. Her LAUGHTER is  
cut short as she turns, startled to see August standing in  
the doorway.

August gingerly puts his finger to his mouth in a "shh".

Caroline is frightened. Her wide-eyes rest on the THOMPSON in  
August's hand.

August motions for Caroline to follow him. Caroline seems  
unclear what he wants. When it becomes clear, she suddenly  
turns towards the hallway and opens her mouth to yell--

August lunges out and grabs her, covering her mouth. She  
resists and August drags her out kicking and screaming.

EXT. BACKDOOR - CONTINUOUS

August shakes Caroline silent.

AUGUST

(low)

There are men here for your  
husband. Do you understand?

Caroline nods. August releases her mouth.

CAROLINE

(frantic but low)

Andy. Andy's inside!

AUGUST

I thought--

INT. THE KELLY HOME / ANDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Andy sits at his desk, struggling over some homework. He  
COUGHS into a handkerchief with a cold, oblivious to what's  
happening downstairs.

EXT. THE KELLY HOME - SAME

Murphy moves silently along the hedges, peering into the  
house. Inside is empty. A couch. Bookshelves. A baseball  
mitt. Rockwellian suburban house.

Murphy pushes on a half-open window and climbs in...

EXT. THE KELLY HOME - SAME

Franzetti moves to a small, cellar window along the side of  
the house. Lying flat on his stomach, he covers his fist with  
his coat sleeve and breaks the windows with a muffled  
CLINKING of GLASS.

Franzetti reaches in, unlocks the windows and crawls in like  
a lizard under a rock.

INT. THE KELLY HOME / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Long coat slowly enters the kitchen, gun in hand. JACK BENNY  
still blares on the RADIO, the canned AUDIENCE LAUGHTER  
offering a bizarre counterpoint to Murphy's intentions.

Realizing that the room is empty, he heads out.

INT. GARAGE - SAME

Kelly has Caroline in his arms as he keeps his eye on the house through a dirty window.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Murphy appears at the top of the stairs. Sees a sliver of light coming from a door left slightly ajar. Andy's room.

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Murphy kicks the door open, gun trained. His eyes go wide as he sees--

August sitting on Andy's bed. Thompson pointed right at him.

A mili-second of surprise gives way to the deafening ROAR of the Thompson as August nearly empties the drum into Murphy.

INT. GARAGE - SAME

Kelly and his wife react to the GUNFIRE.

CAROLINE

Andy!

Kelly stops her from rushing out.

KELLY

Stay here!

Kelly rushes towards the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Franzetti reacts as well and moves for the stairs, shotgun ready in the crook of his arm.

INT. ANDY'S ROOM- SAME

Smoke and the mist of blood hangs heavy in the air. August kneels and looks under the bed--

Andy lies in the fetal position, ears covered, shaking badly.

AUGUST

Come on, Andy. It's okay.

Andy doesn't budge.

AUGUST

MOVE BOY!

Andy slowly uncurls. August reaches in and pulls him free. August picks him up and starts for the door.

AUGUST  
Close your eyes.

Andy does as he's told, shutting them tight.

August takes a step out the door into--

INT. HALLWAY- SAME

-- when BOOM! A shotgun blast rips into the wall, inches from August's face.

Franzetti stands at the top of the stairs with his shotgun.

August immediately retreats back.

INT. ANDY'S ROOM- CONTINUOUS

August rushes to the window. Yanks it open.

AUGUST  
I want you to climb down, okay?

Andy crawls out the window onto a narrow, steep roof ledge.

INT. GARAGE - SAME

Kelly approaches the house. He looks up to see Andy crawling out on the roof ledge....

INT. ANDY'S ROOM- SAME

August moves to the door and FIRES the Thompson almost blind around the corner. The guns suddenly stops with a CLICK. August pulls the drum. Empty.

INT. HALLWAY- SAME

Franzetti peeks up over the stairwell. Levels two more BLASTS, splintering the door frame of Andy's room.

When the shots aren't answered, a small grin passes over Franzetti's face, suspecting that August is out.

He quietly starts to move towards Andy's room...

EXT. BACKYARD - SAME

Kelly runs underneath Andy, petrified on the roof ledge.

KELLY

Andy! It's okay! I'll catch you!

Andy looks down at Kelly, not sure.

KELLY

(calm, assured)

Andy...

Andy slides down the steep embankment and falls right into his father's arms.

INT. ANDY'S ROOM- SAME

August drops the Thompson. Trapped. He then looks over at Murphy's body lying in the room across from Andy's. The .45 lies on the floor by the bed.

August drops the Thompson and backs up a step. The three feet of hallway seem like an impossible chasm with Franzetti lying in wait.

With near suicidal urgency, August runs and leaps across--

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Franzetti unleashes shots as fast as he can--

August, a blur, leaps across into the next room as buckshot explodes all around him--

Franzetti rushes forward, shotgun at the ready.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

August lands, ungracefully slipping on the pooled blood. He crashes into the dresser at the far wall. Framed photos of the Kelly's tumble down.

He scrambles on the floor and finds the .45 just as Franzetti appears in the doorway. August spins and--

BOOM! The wall behind Franzetti's head explodes in a clump of red mass. Franzetti hovers for a moment before slumping backwards, eyes still fixed on August.

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Caroline rushes out. Helps her husband and son up. The Kelly's stand looking at their home, listening to the deafening silence.

INT. THE KELLY HOME / KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Kelly carefully enters, straining to hear. He moves to the radio and turns Jack Benny off. Nothing...

A moment later, August appears in the doorway.

AUGUST  
Did you get him?

Kelly nods, mouth slack.

AUGUST  
Good.

August then slumps to one knee, face ashen. Kelly rushes over and catches him.

KELLY  
CAROLINE!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kelly and Caroline drag August to the sofa. August struggles to stay conscious.

KELLY  
I can't see where he's hurt!

Caroline unbuttons August's shirt. Checking his skin.

CAROLINE  
I don't see--

Then, almost right over his heart, she finds the tiny round punctures of two shotgun bearings. They don't even really bleed.

CAROLINE  
Call for help!

Kelly disappears back into the kitchen.

CAROLINE  
It'll be okay.

August tenses, breath growing labored.

Caroline reaches out and takes August's hand.

CAROLINE  
(softly)  
Thank you.

August meets Caroline's eyes. He squeezes her hand back. He then closes his eyes. Peaceful. Content.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A fire burns in a tin drum. Vetterli stands feeding the fire with papers.

Glowing ashes drift out of the drum, dispersing into the night air.

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

Golden sunlight filters through dense tree branches. A lone dirt road leads to a small cabin nestled deep in the woods.

The Plymouth sits parked outside.

INT. CABIN - MORNING

Soft, diffused morning light streams in through the window, picking up a dense layer of smoke hanging in the air.

Vi Mathias sits at the table with a cigarette. There is a ratty blanket thrown over her shoulders. Underneath we can see that she is only in her underwear. She stares off into some fixed point, her face pale and swollen with lack of sleep and worse.

Flatnosed Agent is on the phone.

FLATNOSED AGENT

-- Yes, sir. She expressed some conditions regarding her daughter, but otherwise...

Vi's hand holding the cigarette shakes noticeably.

EXT. THE HOOVER RESIDENCE - DAY

A black limosine and BUREAU DRIVER wait outside...

INT. HOOVER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Hoover stands in front of a mirror, carefully configuring a Windsor knot on his tie. Tolson sits on a chair reading from a twenty page report.

TOLSON

"The four remained in the house during the entire day...

(MORE)

TOLSON (cont'd)  
 Sometime during the day Verne remarked that the he, Floyd and Richetti had used his Chevrolet in making the trip to and from Union Station."

(a beat)  
 She goes on with some specifics...  
 She even corroborates Richetti's print on the beer bottle.

Hoover gives a small nod, still affixed on his tie. Tolson notes Hoover's obsessive concern.

TOLSON  
 (standing)  
 I'll wait for you in the car.

Tolson lays a hand on Hoover's shoulder.

TOLSON  
 Congratulations.

Hoover pauses with his tie briefly as he catches Tolson's eyes in the mirror. If there is any hint of acknowledgement of what was done, it passes quickly.

As Tolson leaves, Hoover slowly pulls his tie taut.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Large trees sway gently in a breeze. We TRACK along the ground as the fallen yellow and brown leaves gradually become spotted with a dark red.

We come to rest on CHARLES "PRETTY BOY" FLOYD, lying slumped up against a tree, his clothes and the leaves beneath him soaked in blood. His breathing is shallow and rapid, a countdown to his last.

TITLE:

On October 24, 1934, Bureau Agents caught up to Charles "Pretty Boy" Floyd in Ohio.

FOUR LOCAL POLICEMEN and FOUR BUREAU AGENTS stand around him, guns at their sides. They look like school children watching a worm shrivel and die in the sun.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A packed court room. On the witness stand is Reed Vetterli. He nods at the PROSECTOR asking him questions.

Sitting on the Prosecution side are Agents Lackey and Smith.

TITLE:

On June 17, 1938, Adam Richetti was convicted of murder in connection with the Union Station massacre.

INT. PRISON / GAS CHAMBER - NIGHT

A hook nosed man with a high hairline is strapped to a chair in the chamber. ADAM RICHETTI.

TITLE:

Richetti became the seventh man to be executed in Missouri and denied his or Floyd's involvement in the shooting until the end.

There is a look of abject terror on his face as pellets of sodium cyanide are released into a pail of sulfuric acid positioned beneath him. The pellets cause a gas to gather and rise from the pail.

EXT. THE KELLY HOME- MORNING

Kelly tosses a baseball with Andy in the street. Caroline appears from inside and calls the two in for dinner.

TITLE:

In the wake of the Union Station Massacre, President Roosevelt signed nine major anti-crime bills into law, giving the United States it's first federal crime code and the Bureau sweeping powers to enforce it.

As the Kelly's file into the house, we're left with the simple, iconic image of this modest neighborhoods, flags waving in the breeze.

INT. HALLWAY- SAME

Hoover strides confidently down a lengthy hallway, silhouetted by the brilliant sunlight reflecting off the pristine marble floor.

TITLE:

J. Edgar Hoover retained his position as Director through seven Presidents until his death almost 40 years later.

Hoover approaches a door marked with gold lettering:

**DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE  
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION**

As he enters the building and disappears inside...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END