

BOARDWALK EMPIRE

"Pilot"

Written by
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FIRST DRAFT
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HBO

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

With a buoy softly clanging in the distance, a 90-foot fishing schooner, the *Tomoka*, rocks lazily on the open ocean, waves gently lapping at its hull.

ON DECK

BILL MCCOY, pensive, 40, checks his pocket watch, then spits tobacco juice as he peers into the darkness. In the distance, WE SEE flickering lights, then HEAR the rumble of motorboats approaching, twenty in all. Their engines idle as the first pulls up and moors alongside.

BILL MCCOY

(calling down)

Sittin' goddamn duck out here.

DANNY MURDOCH, tough, 30s, looks up from the motorboat, where he's accompanied by a YOUNG HOOD, 18.

MURDOCH

So move it then, c'mon.

ON DECK

McCoy yanks a canvas tarp off a mountainous stack of netted cargo -- hundreds of crates marked "Canadian Club Whiskey". With workmanlike precision, he and three CREWMAN hoist the first load of two dozen crates up and over the side, lowering it down on a pulley. As the net reaches the motorboat:

MURDOCH (CONT'D)

(to the Young Hood)

Liquid gold, boyo.

They finish setting the load in place, then Murdoch guns the motorboat and heads off. Another boat putters in to take his slot as the next cargo net is lowered.

TRACK WITH MURDOCH'S MOTORBOAT

as it heads inland through the darkness over the water. Slowly, a

KINGDOM OF LIGHTS

appears on the horizon, with grand hotels, massive neon signs, carnival rides and giant lighted piers lining its shore. As we draw closer, WE HEAR faint music which grows louder and LOUDER -- circus calliope mixed with raucous Dixieland jazz. On screen appears...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY

January, 1920

EXT. MARGATE DOCKS - NIGHT

Late. Thompson sub-machine gun at the ready, Murdoch stands guard as four HOODS load the last crates of whiskey into a large truck marked "Frazin's Laundry."

MURDOCH

(checks watch)

We're straight through to New York, so anybody needs a piss, make it snappy.

No takers. The Hoods split up -- one to drive the truck and the others in Model-T escort cars, front and back. From the lead car passenger seat, Murdoch gives the signal and the convoy heads off.

EXT. DESERTED WOODED ROAD - (LATER) NIGHT

With the eyes of deer reflecting out from the woods, the truck rumbles along, headlamps jerking, the light playing eerily on the trees. From the lead Model-T, Murdoch spots something:

MURDOCH

Son of a bitch. Slow down.

The Model-T comes to a stop, as does the convoy behind it. Up ahead, blocking the road,

A 1920 CONVERTIBLE CORD SPEEDSTER

lays on its side, windscreen smashed. Its driver, a COLLEGE KID, is unconscious and bleeding from a nasty head wound. Murdoch and the Young Hood approach warily.

YOUNG HOOD

(kneels down)

He's still breathin'.

As the other Hoods emerge from their car and approach, Murdoch looks around. Finally:

MURDOCH

Fuck him, get him off the road.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Hoods do as instructed, one dragging the College Kid to the side as the others tip the Speedster back on its tires. And suddenly, as they roll the car off:

GUNMAN #1 (O.S.)

Get 'em up! Up!

Murdoch and Co. turn to see they're surrounded by

TWO MASKED GUNMEN

who emerge from the nearby woods, armed with Tommy Guns.

GUNMAN #1 (CONT'D)

Drop the heaters! Now!

MURDOCH

Cocksuckers.

As Murdoch and the Hoods comply, the "unconscious" COLLEGE KID comes alive, scooping up their guns while Gunman #2 pulls the Driver from the laundry truck.

MURDOCH (CONT'D)

You boys know whose load this is?

GUNMAN #2

Pretty fuckin' obvious now, ain't it?

CRACK!! Gunman #2 slams Murdoch in the face with the butt of his Tommy Gun.

MRS. MCGARRY (V.O.)

Coward, monster, vicious brute/
Friend to thief and prostitute.

On screen we see:

THREE NIGHTS EARLIER

INT. WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE LEAGUE MEETING HALL - NIGHT

Two dozen WOMEN, mostly spinsters in high collars and long skirts, listen intently as MRS. MCGARRY, 50s, addresses them from a podium.

MRS. MCGARRY

Heartless, Godless, hell's
delight/ Crude by day and lewd by
night/ Conscience dulled by demon
rum/ Liquor, thy name's delirium!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the Women applaud, the camera finds

NUCKY JOHNSON,

40s, nattily-dressed and handsome, seated off to the side. He glances up at a sign -- "Lips That Touch Liquor Shall Never Touch Mine". He scans the Crowd to see what he's missing, inadvertently making eye contact with MARGARET SCHROEDER, pretty, obviously pregnant, about 30. Nucky smiles politely; she looks away, self-conscious.

MRS. MCGARRY (CONT'D)

Tomorrow we awaken to a new dawn -- an era of clear thinking and clean living! And on the eve of this momentous occasion, it is my pleasure to introduce Atlantic City's esteemed treasurer, the honorable Enoch Johnson!

The women applaud as Nucky takes the podium.

NUCKY

Ladies, Mrs. McGarry. Thank you for that stirring poem. Will you send me a copy?

Mrs. McGarry smiles proudly, nods. Nucky looks out at the Crowd. Several beats, then:

NUCKY (CONT'D)

Years ago there was a young boy who lived in this very city. He, his mother, young sister and a brother, in a room by the Ventnor docks. The father, a stevedore, took to drink and what little money he earned went straight into the saloon keeper's till.

EXT. WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE LEAGUE MEETING HALL - CONTINUOUS

A 1920 Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost touring car sits parked outside. Leaning on its hood smoking is JIMMY DARMODY, 22, intense and handsome. From inside the hall, we hear:

NUCKY (O.S.)

The winter of '88, some of you remember, a blizzard of biblical proportions.

INT. WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE LEAGUE MEETING HALL - CONTINUOUS

The Women sit rapt as Nucky continues:

NUCKY

The family was snowbound, freezing without food or heat, the father vanished, laid to waste by alcohol. So it was left to this boy, this little man of nine tender years, to fend for himself and his family. Off in the cold he went, worn shoes wrapped in rags, newspaper lining his thin wool coat as he trudged chest deep in snow to the railyard, foraging on hands and bloody knees for scraps of coal. He filled his pockets with what little he could find, then set out for the docks, hoping for some potatoes spilled from a ruptured sack. Finding none, he took a broom handle and in desperation killed his family's dinner -- three wharf rats hiding in the hold of a ship.

Horrified gasps; Margaret Schroeder dabs away a tear.

NUCKY (CONT'D)

Terrible yes, but the family survived. And the little boy?

He pauses for effect, shakes his head somberly.

NUCKY (CONT'D)

Well the little boy speaks to you tonight from this very podium.

EXT. WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE LEAGUE MEETING HALL - CONTINUOUS

Thunderous applause emanates from inside. Jimmy Darmody checks his watch, then tosses the cig.

INT. WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE LEAGUE MEETING HALL - CONTINUOUS

The applause continues. Modest, Nucky raises a hand for quiet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NUCKY

Later this evening, as midnight
rings throughout our great nation,
we will mourn the passing of
intoxicating liquor -- and what
a swift mourning it will be!

More applause. Jimmy enters, stands in the back.

NUCKY (CONT'D)

Prohibition means progress!
Prosperity! An end to the slums
and a shining new beginning!
Never again will families be
robbed of their fathers, held
hostage by alcohol!

(a few beats; then)

How proud I am to live in a nation
whose leaders have the courage of
their convictions!

Nucky nods to a campaign poster -- "Warren G. Harding:
A Return to Normalcy."

NUCKY (CONT'D)

A nation of morals, a forward-
thinking nation which has finally
seen fit to give its women the
right to vote!

More applause. Jimmy limps slightly as he approaches the
podium, whispers in Nucky's ear. Nucky nods resignedly
as he listens, then quiets the Crowd:

NUCKY (CONT'D)

Ladies, I regret to inform you
I've been called away on urgent
county business and therefore
will be unable to stay for the
pot-luck.

Murmurs of disappointment; Mrs. McGarry hushes them.

NUCKY (CONT'D)

In closing, however, let me say
this. Without the continued
support of the people of Atlantic
City -- of good, decent women
like you -- men like me would be
nowhere. Thank you and God bless.

Nucky smiles sincerely; they practically swoon. And
through their applause, he heads out with Jimmy.

EXT. WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE LEAGUE MEETING HALL - NIGHT

As they exit the hall, Nucky lights a cigarette. As Jimmy opens the back door to the Rolls:

JIMMY

At the front once we ate dog meat.
Rats, though...

Jimmy makes a face. Nucky smiles, removes a silver flask from his jacket pocket.

NUCKY

First rule of politics, kiddo.
Never let the truth get in the
way of a good story.

With that, Nucky takes a swig and gets inside the car. And as Jimmy gets behind the wheel and pulls off...

BARKER (V.O.)

Step right up, friends, watcha
waitin' for? Lovely ladies,
bathing beauties, direct from
Par-ee!

EXT. ATLANTIC CITY BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Magical, massive, Times Square on the ocean, an adult playground with lush hotels, theaters, arcades, side shows, restaurants and neon signs as far as the eye can see. Now in fedora and topcoat over a tuxedo,

NUCKY

steps from the Rolls, which is parked at the curb on Pennsylvania Avenue. Jimmy limps along as they head off down the Boardwalk, Nucky glad-handing his way through the CROWD, many of whom swig liquor straight from bottles on this last night of legal drinking. Up ahead, we see a

FUNERAL PROCESSION,

a JAZZ QUARTET playing a dirge as they accompany a black-draped coffin. Nucky doffs his hat in mock sadness as it passes -- then WE SEE the coffin is filled with liquor, champagne and beer, a sign reading:

"JOHN BARLEYCORN -- WE'LL MISS YOU, PAL".

They come to Babette's Supper Club, where the tuxedoed BOUNCER opens the door. Nucky slips him ten bucks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NUCKY

Thanks, Ace.

INT. BABETTE'S SUPPER CLUB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Opulent, grand, packed tables throughout. From the bandstand, the orchestra plays "The St. Louis Blues", the dance floor crowded with SWELLS in evening clothes. Nucky enters, gives his hat and coat to the MAITRE'D.

NUCKY

My brother here?

MAITRE'D

(nods)

They all are.

Nucky slips him a ten, heads to the back with Jimmy.

INT. BABETTE'S SUPPER CLUB - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Thick with cigar smoke, a dozen MEN are seated around a huge banquet table. Guests include Atlantic City MAYOR EDWARD BADER, 40s; Nucky's brother SHERIFF ELI JOHNSON, 30s, (in uniform); various WARD BOSSES, 30s; and assistant clerk PADDY DOYLE, 27. Nucky enters with Jimmy; the room comes to attention. He takes his place at the head of the table, pours himself a whiskey.

NUCKY

Mr. Mayor, friends, fellow members of the city council. As you well know, in less than two hours liquor will be declared illegal by decree of the distinguished gentlemen of our nation's congress.

Nucky raises his glass:

NUCKY (CONT'D)

To those beautiful, ignorant bastards!

Laughter, a few "Hear-Hear's".

NUCKY (CONT'D)

Rest assured that dry though the country may be, I am in the midst of arrangements to keep Atlantic City wet as a mermaid's twat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYOR BADER

Jesus, Nucky! You're fuckin' mermaids now?!

NUCKY

Every vote counts, Mr. Mayor.

They all laugh. Nucky paces the room as he speaks:

NUCKY (CONT'D)

The opportunity that is the Volstead Act has not merely knocked, my friends, it has kicked our fucking doors in! The product we'll have access to by virtue of that ocean? Cuban rum, Canadian whiskey, West Indian... whatever the fuck it is they make...

SHERIFF JOHNSON

Not to mention the hooch we'll cook up local.

NUCKY

It'll be like Prohibition never happened, but for one thing -- prices will increase twenty-fold.

General disbelief throughout the Crowd.

WARD BOSS #1

What kinda sucker'll pay three clams for a drink worth fifteen cents?

WARD BOSS #2

You been to Moggie's. They'll pay twelve clams for a piece of cooze ain't worth nothing!

SHERIFF JOHNSON

Now you're on the trolley!

Laughter; general agreement all around.

NUCKY

Number one, we got a product a fella's gotta have. Even better's we got a product he ain't allowed to have!

WARD BOSS #3

They might as well outlaw smoking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAYOR BADER

Man's on holiday, believe me he wants a drink, he'll pay the price.

WARD BOSS #2

How about the law?

SHERIFF JOHNSON

I am the law, Frank, or are you so fuckin' soused you thought I'm Bill Hickok?

Over the laughter:

WARD BOSS #2

The Feds, the fuckin' Pro-hees.

Nucky waves his hand in dismissal.

NUCKY

Dog catchers with badges -- with all due deference to dog catchers. Now as ward bosses, you'll each be responsible for taking the orders from your constituents -- hotels, restaurants, what have you.

Nucky motions to Sheriff Johnson.

NUCKY (CONT'D)

Those orders will be processed by my brother and his men for delivery, which brings me to a few personnel changes. You all remember Jimmy Darmody?

Nucky motions to Jimmy, seated nearby.

MAYOR BADER

Welcome back, kid.

WARD BOSS #1

Gave them Huns hell I heard.

JIMMY

I'll say I did.

NUCKY

Now that he's made the world safe for democracy, Jimmy's back to lend us a hand, too.

(re: Ward Boss #3)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NUCKY (CONT'D)

In three weeks when Georgie-boy
retires, Paddy Doyle's taking over
as chief clerk of the fifth ward.
Jimmy here'll be Pat's man Friday.

As the Men congratulate Paddy Doyle, the camera PUSHES IN
on Jimmy, clearly unhappy.

BANDLEADER (V.O.)

Ten! Nine! Eight! Seven!...

INT. BABETTE'S SUPPER CLUB - FRONT ROOM - LATER

CLOSE ON a clock - 11:59 p.m. The club is packed, all of
the Men from the back room now up front cavorting with
TARTS. The BANDLEADER counts down with the Crowd:

BANDLEADER/CROWD

Six! Five! Four! Three! Two!
One! Prohibition!

Black balloons and confetti rain down from the ceiling as
the band kicks in; the Crowd goes nuts, dancing, spraying
each other with champagne, some actually crying. With
LUCY, a blonde flapper about 25 hanging on him, Nucky
surveys the insanity, then spots Jimmy standing alone.

NUCKY

(loud; over music)
What's eatin' you?

JIMMY

Nothing. I dunno. My stomach.

NUCKY

Well go have a Brioski.

Nucky heads to the dance floor with his girl. Jimmy
stands there, watching the Crowd.

INT. JIMMY DARMODY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

A small, simply furnished flat, bathtub in the kitchen.
Jimmy sits at the table reading the paper while at the
stove, his wife ANGELA, 20, Italian-American, makes
"eggs in purgatory". In a chair propped up with phone
books is their 3-year-old son, TOMMY, who eats oatmeal.

JIMMY

(re: paper)
Will you look at this shit?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

James.

Jimmy looks at Tommy, who stares at him.

JIMMY

Get to work on that mush.

(then; to Angela)

Dempsey.

(reads paper)

"Champ Was No Draft Dodger.
Explains Status During War."

Jimmy keeps reading. A few beats, then:

ANGELA

What'd he say?

JIMMY

He supported his mother, I don't
know. Bunch of baloney.

ANGELA

They couldn't write it if it
wasn't true.

JIMMY

Wise up, Ange, it's a bill of
goods. You think a fella'd give
up that kinda opportunity to go
fight for his country?

(off her look)

Princeton wasn't exactly the
heavyweight championship.

She turns back to the stove, cooks in silence, then:

ANGELA

Have you given it any more
thought?

JIMMY

I'd be 25 time I graduated.
Almost 26.

ANGELA

I could go to work.

JIMMY

(nods to Tommy)
What about Skeezix here?

She nods, resigned. A long time, then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGELA
(rationalizing)
You could learn a lot working for
Paddy, maybe.

JIMMY
(slightly annoyed)
The eggs ready yet?

ANGELA
Hold your horses.

Jimmy smiles at Tommy, tousles his hair.

JIMMY
Your mom's screwy she thinks
I'm taking orders from a sap
like Doyle.

As she plates the eggs and serves:

ANGELA
Then what are you gonna do?

JIMMY
I'll talk to Nucky, I dunno.
(a few beats; then)
Two years killing Jerries doesn't
exactly prepare you for a whole
lot else.

EXT. TREASURY DEPARTMENT HEADQUARTERS - DAY

CLOSE ON -- a paper target of a MAN being ripped apart
by a spray of Thompson sub machine gun fire. PULL BACK
to REVEAL a group of YOUNG FEDS taking target practice as
an INSTRUCTOR looks on.

SUPERVISOR ELLIOT (V.O.)
As Prohibition Agents, you
represent the finest America
has to offer.

The CAMERA PANS the yard, where several other groups of
YOUNG FEDS are drilled in various exercises; one group
does jiu-jitsu maneuvers; nearby another does deep-knee
bends; still a third group tosses medicine balls.

SUPERVISOR ELLIOT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The first line of defense in the
war against illegal liquor.

INT. TREASURY DEPARTMENT HEADQUARTERS - AUDITORIUM - DAY

Three hundred YOUNG FEDS, most in their 20s and all in business suits, stand at attention as their FAMILIES look on proudly from the cheap seats. Flanked by SENIOR AGENTS seated nearby on the stage, Internal Revenue SUPERVISOR FREDERICK ELLIOT, 50s, speaks from a podium.

SUPERVISOR ELLIOT

Stout-hearted men, centurions for
the modern age, unswerving in duty
and incorruptible in character!
Raise your right hands.

They do. From his seat on stage, SENIOR PROHIBITION AGENT NELSON VAN ALDEN, 30s, surveys the new recruits.

SUPERVISOR ELLIOT (CONT'D)

I, state your name.

YOUNG FEDS

I, John Smith, etc...

SUPERVISOR ELLIOT

Do so solemnly swear to uphold the
laws of the Constitution of the
United States...

INT. RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL - NUCKY'S SUITE - BEDROOM - DAY

Huge, lavish, decorated with modernist furniture. We PAN ACROSS an old photo of a WOMAN we'll come to know as MABEL JEFFRIES, 20s, finally finding Nucky asleep next to Lucy. After a few beats, EDDIE KESSEL, stocky, 40, approaches softly.

EDDIE KESSEL

(whispering)

Nuck. Nucky.

Nucky stirs, turns over.

NUCKY

Time is it?

EDDIE KESSEL

Two thirty.

NUCKY

(sits up)

Fuck's the matter?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE KESSEL

Broad lookin' to see you, she's
been waitin' over an hour, says
it's urgent. She's pregnant.

Nucky shoots a quick glance at Lucy, still asleep.

NUCKY

(hushed)

What?!

EDDIE KESSEL

You met her last night, she saw
you talk or somethin', the
Temprence League.

NUCKY

Well why didn't you say so?

EDDIE KESSEL

(at a loss)

I just did.

As Nucky lights a cigarette, Kessel pulls back the
curtains. Nucky squints from the light, heads to the
bathroom:

NUCKY

Pregnant woman here to see you.
Give me a fuckin' nosebleed.

On Kessel, confused.

INT. BRIGHTON HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Elegant, grand. At the front desk, well-dressed
gangsters BIG JIM COLOSIMO and JOHNNY TORRIO, both 40s,
finish checking in as their driver AL, a stocky kid about
20, waits nearby. As they start to follow a BELLHOP who
wheels their luggage on a cart,

TWO OTHER MEN

enter from outside. They are dapper New York gambling
czar ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN, 40s, and his young associate,
CHARLES "LUCKY" LUCIANO, 22. As the group greets each
other cordially, we PAN ACROSS the lobby, where

PROHIBITION AGENT VAN ALDEN

observes the scene with great interest from behind the
gift shop's magazine rack.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL - NUCKY'S ANTEROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON -- a copy of "Smart Set" magazine. PULL BACK to REVEAL Margaret Schroeder, the pretty, pregnant woman from the Temperance League, who sits on a chair looking at an ad for fashionable women's dresses.

After a few beats, WE HEAR footsteps from behind the door. Margaret quickly puts the magazine down on the coffee table. Eddie Kessel pokes his head out.

EDDIE KESSEL

This way, please.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL - NUCKY'S OFFICE - DAY

Now impeccably dressed with a red carnation in his boutonniere, Nucky sits at his massive desk in the well-appointed office. He finishes his coffee as Kessel shows Margaret in.

EDDIE KESSEL

Mrs. Schroeder to see you.

Nucky smiles, crosses around to greet her.

NUCKY

Of course. Please. Have a seat.

Margaret looks around nervously as she takes a seat on the couch in front of the fireplace. Nucky sits nearby.

NUCKY (CONT'D)

May I offer you tea?

MARGARET

(slight Irish lilt)
Thank you, I'm fine.

NUCKY

It's no trouble. Have you eaten lunch?

MARGARET

Thank you, no. I mean I have, yes. I've eaten, but...

NUCKY

Relax, please.

Margaret nods, smiles, tries to compose herself. Nucky nods to Kessel, who exits. A few beats, then playfully:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NUCKY (CONT'D)

(affecting a brogue)

Is that a bit of the old country
I hear in your voice?

MARGARET

(smiles)

My husband says I sound like an
immigrant.

NUCKY

Ah, but we're all immigrants, are
we not?

She nods, smiles. Nucky notices a bruise under her left
eye, poorly concealed by make-up. A few beats, then:

NUCKY (CONT'D)

Tell me how I can help you.

MARGARET

First of all, sir, I would
never... but when I heard you
speak, I...

Her eyes well up.

NUCKY

There-there now.

MARGARET

My apologies...
(a long time, then:)
It's my husband. He's a weakness
for the dice games... he's a
drinker as well on occasion.

Nucky nods. A few beats, then:

NUCKY

Is this your first child?

MARGARET

Our third. We've two girls.
Do you have children of your own,
Mr. Johnson?
(off his look)
I'm sorry, that was quite forward.

NUCKY

Not at all.
(several beats, then)
I do not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Nucky motions toward a picture of Mabel on the desk.

NUCKY (CONT'D)

I lost my wife to consumption.

MARGARET

I'm sorry. She was very pretty.

NUCKY

She was.

An awkward silence, then:

NUCKY (CONT'D)

Does your husband work?

MARGARET

He's a baker's helper, but till tourist season... And with winter and the girls without boots, I... Your story moved me so... If you could see your way to give him a job, sir, I...

Margaret trails off. A few beats, then:

NUCKY

As you say, until tourist season jobs are scarce.

Nucky reaches into his pocket, pulls out a wad of cash.

NUCKY (CONT'D)

However, this should see you through the winter.

He goes to press three hundred dollars into her hand.

MARGARET

I couldn't, no. I'm not here looking for charity.

NUCKY

I insist.

She looks at the money in disbelief, grasps his hand.

MARGARET

I... I don't know what to say, how to thank you.

NUCKY

There's no need.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARGARET

I'd be honored to name my child after you.

NUCKY

Enoch? You couldn't possibly be so cruel.

Margaret laughs; they look into each others' eyes.
Finally:

NUCKY (CONT'D)

I'll see you out.

EXT. RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL - ATLANTIC CITY BOARDWALK - DAY

Now wearing his topcoat and hat, Nucky escorts Margaret from the Ritz-Carlton's rear lobby. Outside, parked in the rotunda, Jimmy leans on the Rolls.

NUCKY

See that Mrs. Schroeder gets home.

Jimmy opens the car door for Margaret. She hesitates.

NUCKY (CONT'D)

You're in no condition to walk.

MARGARET

Thank you, Mr. Johnson.

Nucky nods, helps her in, closes the door. Jimmy turns to Nucky.

JIMMY

Your friend from Chicago checked in, the New York eggs too.

NUCKY

We're set for tonight?

JIMMY

Eight o'clock, the Breakers.

(then)

Say Nuck, I was hoping to bend your ear a little.

NUCKY

Later.

(checks his watch)

Drop her off, then meet me at Young's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jimmy nods, gets in the Rolls and pulls away. Nucky heads off down

THE BOARDWALK,

where in the background WE SEE massive neon signs, testimonials to 1920s commerce -- Elgin Watches; Gillette Safety Razors; Egyptienne Cigarettes. As he walks, he passes various shops, including a building whose sign reads "Incubated Babies Exhibit". In the window, WE SEE

A DOZEN PREMATURE INFANTS

under heat lamps inside their incubators. Nucky stops, briefly looks at the babies, then crosses to the Boardwalk's railing. He lights a cigarette, stares out at the vast ocean. We PUSH IN on

NUCKY'S EYES,

where for the first time we detect his loneliness. After a while, he heads off down the Boardwalk.

EXT. SEWELL AVENUE - DAY

Tenement buildings, unpaved streets. As Jimmy pulls the Rolls around the corner, a few KIDS abandon their game of sandlot football to chase the car.

INT. NUCKY'S ROLLS-ROYCE - CONTINUOUS

MARGARET

It's best you leave me on the corner here.

Jimmy pulls over.

JIMMY

You sure? Can I help you inside?

MARGARET

I'm fine. Thank you.

Jimmy nods, watches as Margaret gets out of the car and heads off down the street. And as she reaches the steps of her tenement, her stocky, ruddy-faced husband

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANS SCHROEDER, 30s,

emerges. Jimmy watches from the Rolls as they have a tense discussion, then Margaret heads inside. Hans shoots Jimmy a look, then heads inside himself as we:

CUT TO:

SPLAT! -- a huge fishing net dumps tons of cod, haddock and mackerel onto a dock as we PULL BACK to reveal...

EXT. ATLANTIC CITY BOARDWALK - MILLION DOLLAR PIER - DAY

Two dozen TOURISTS look on in awe at the "deep sea net haul", a twice-daily spectacle on John Young's "Million Dollar Pier". In the crowd the camera finds

NUCKY,

watching as the FISHERMEN sort their catch. After a few beats, Bill McCoy (the schooner captain from the opening) approaches.

BILL MCCOY

Nucky.

NUCKY

Bill McCoy, as I live and breathe.

They shake hands, launch into a well-rehearsed vaudeville joke:

BILL MCCOY

Nothin' like the smell of a fresh catch, eh?

NUCKY

Well you've obviously never met my sister.

They share a laugh, head back toward the Boardwalk, passing "Number 1 Atlantic Ocean", millionaire John Young's ornate Venetian palace built right on the pier.

NUCKY (CONT'D)

So how goes it, how's tricks?

BILL MCCOY

Jake with me.

NUCKY

Up north lately?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL MCCOY

Funny you should ask. I happen to set sail tonight, little souvenir shopping.

NUCKY

There are things you just can't get back home anymore.

They come to a stop before John Young's sculpture garden:

BILL MCCOY

Canadian Club, straight from the distillery. Five hundred crates at a hundred clams per.

NUCKY

(sarcastic)

That's a nice even number.

BILL MCCOY

Keeps the arithmetic easy. I am a simple fisherman, after all.

NUCKY

Not anymore you're not.

BILL MCCOY

(smiles)

And he took the loaves and fishes, looked at his disciples and said "Fuck it. We're goin' into the whiskey business."

Nucky chuckles. A few beats, then:

NUCKY

How much for the whole kaboodle?

McCoy lets out a low whistle.

NUCKY (CONT'D)

It's a big city, Billy boy.

McCoy nods, thinks it over. In the background, we see Jimmy pull up in the Rolls.

BILL MCCOY

Forty grand.

NUCKY

Thirty-five and we'll do it once a week.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BILL MCCOY

What's that come to a crate?

NUCKY

Fuck of a lot more than you're
paying for it, that's for sure.
We have a deal or no?

McCoy looks at him, finally smiles.

BILL MCCOY

Dirty chiseler.

They shake hands.

NUCKY

You'll hear from my brother with
the particulars.

McCoy nods. Nucky starts to head toward the Rolls.

BILL MCCOY

I thought we were havin' a drink.

Nucky turns and smiles.

NUCKY

I already got what I wanted. What
the fuck would we talk about?

EXT. BYRNES' FUNERAL HOME - DUSK - TO ESTABLISH

A Victorian funeral home in a wooded area off Absecon
Road. Jimmy pulls the Rolls into the dirt lot, where he
parks among the other cars.

INT. BYRNES' FUNERAL HOME - DAY

CLOSE ON the corpse of a MAN, 50s, who lies in an open
casket, heavy rouge and thick pancake makeup covering
his taut skin. PULL BACK to reveal a wake in progress,
a dozen MOURNERS seated in chairs. As Nucky enters with
Jimmy, WE HEAR surprised whispers: "Nucky Johnson's
here", etc. The WIDOW, 50s, rises to greet him.

WIDOW

Mr. Johnson... why I'm honored.

NUCKY

He was a good man, your husband.
My deepest condolences.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WIDOW

Why I hadn't even realized you
knew him.

From across the room, the FUNERAL DIRECTOR, 40s, catches
Nucky's eye, gives him a subtle nod.

NUCKY

(distracted)

Of course, fine fellow. Just last
month we spoke.

The Widow looks confused. As Nucky crosses off, she
turns to another Mourner.

WIDOW

(confused)

But the laryngectomy.

INT. BYRNES' FUNERAL HOME - CELLAR - DAY

MICKEY DUFFY (nee Cusick), blond, 30s, wearing a derby,
sips coffee, peering over a MORTICIAN's shoulder as he
embalms a female CADAVER. After a beat, the elevator
descends behind them; Nucky emerges with Jimmy. The
Funeral Director stays aboard, heads back upstairs.

MICKEY DUFFY

(re: cadaver)

Fellas, meet the missus. She
ain't much on personality, but
she don't talk back none neither.

Only Mickey laughs at his own stupid joke. Jimmy says
nothing, just crosses away out of respect for the dead.

MICKEY DUFFY (CONT'D)

What's the matter kid, never seen
a stiff before?

JIMMY

Yeah, I've seen a couple.

NUCKY

I'm short on time, Mickey. What'd
you want to show me?

MICKEY DUFFY

So much for the niceties.

They follow Mickey as he crosses toward a doorway, then
pulls back a curtain leading to

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A MINI-DISTILLERY

where six MOONSHINERS are at work making bootleg whiskey. All around WE SEE mixing vats, casks, barrels and bottles of all shapes and sizes. On a table there is a selection of counterfeit revenue stamps and a vast array of phony labels: Jim Beam, Old Crow, Gordon's Gin, etc.

MICKEY DUFFY (CONT'D)

My factory, gentlemen.

NUCKY

(looking around)

Quite a layout.

MICKEY DUFFY

(re: Moonshiners)

Six shiners, two shifts, twenty four hours a day. Gotta figure we'll be puttin' out close to three thousand crates a week. And that's just for starters.

Jimmy watches a Moonshiner fill bottles with bootleg rye.

JIMMY

None of this stuff is legit?

MICKEY DUFFY

Not when they get through with it.

Mickey crosses with them to a large vat, into which a MOONSHINER empties several bottles of genuine Old Crow.

MICKEY DUFFY (CONT'D)

One part real, eight parts water. You heat it, let it cool, then add your alcohol to bring up your proof.

NUCKY

Where do you get the alcohol?

MICKEY DUFFY

Potatoes, you let 'em ferment. Smell's rough, but compared to a stiff, it's fuckin' lilacs. Once you add the alcohol, you throw in some caramel coloring, then oil of rye or bourbon dependin' what you want.

JIMMY

You can make scotch, too?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICKEY DUFFY

Naturally, you just gotta add some carbonyl though for the bead.

JIMMY

What's that?

NUCKY

The bubbles.

MICKEY DUFFY

Higher the proof, more bead it's supposed to have.

Mickey pours Jimmy a shot of bootleg scotch. As he holds it up to the light, WE SEE some bubbles on top.

MICKEY DUFFY (CONT'D)

Go on, bottoms up.

Jimmy downs the shot, then immediately starts coughing violently. Mickey laughs.

JIMMY

Fuck's in this shit?

MICKEY DUFFY

Carbonyl, like I said.
(smiles)
Formaldehyde.

Jimmy grabs Mickey by the throat, knocking the derby off his head. In a flash, Mickey draws a revolver, which Nucky grabs as he separates them.

NUCKY

Whoa, whoa! Easy!

As Nucky pushes them apart:

NUCKY (CONT'D)

(to Jimmy)

Hell's wrong with you?!

MICKEY DUFFY

(to Jimmy)

Tough guy, eh? Cocksucker.

NUCKY (CONT'D)

(to Jimmy)

Beat it. Now. Outside.

Jimmy gives Mickey one last look, then heads out. Nucky picks up Mickey's derby, hands it to him.

NUCKY (CONT'D)

Stupid fuckin' bohunk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MICKEY DUFFY

It was a gag, okay?

NUCKY

Sure, you're a real pistol.

MICKEY DUFFY

And enough with the bohunk cracks.
Name's Duffy now.

NUCKY

What?

MICKEY DUFFY

I changed it. I ain't Mickey
Cusick no more.

NUCKY

Who's after you?

MICKEY DUFFY

Nobody.

NUCKY

Then why Duffy?

MICKEY DUFFY

Sounds better is all.

NUCKY

A rose by any other name.

MICKEY DUFFY

What's that supposed to mean?

Nucky gives him a look.

NUCKY

Read a fuckin' book.

EXT. BYRNES' FUNERAL HOME - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jimmy smokes, still red-faced with anger. Nucky emerges
from the funeral home and approaches.

NUCKY

What are you off your nut?

JIMMY

You didn't drink that piss,
I did.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NUCKY

You're still breathing, aren't you?

JIMMY

So's he, that's the problem.

NUCKY

He's a major part of my operation, kid.

JIMMY

(waving him off)

You don't need him.

NUCKY

(in his face)

Oh yeah? What do you know about it?

A few beats, then Jimmy backs down. Nucky looks at him.

NUCKY (CONT'D)

What's with you? And don't tell me it's your goddamn stomach.

JIMMY

Honestly?

(several beats; then)

Paddy Doyle. You really expect me to go work for that Mick?

NUCKY

You'd rather be my driver?

JIMMY

Of course not, it's just-- You make Doyle clerk? I could run rings around that chump.

Nucky can't believe Jimmy's arrogance.

NUCKY

Well listen to Bonnie Prince Charlie.

JIMMY

C'mon, Nuck, you were assistant sheriff at my age.

NUCKY

And for eight years prior I spent night and day kissing the Commodore's ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIMMY

I've been kissing yours since
I'm twelve.

NUCKY

And the last three years?

JIMMY

I was drafted, Nucky.

NUCKY

I recall offering to fix that
problem.

JIMMY

I know you did. I wanted to serve
my country.

NUCKY

And nearly get yourself killed.
Did it ever occur how your wife
might feel about that? Your
little boy?

JIMMY

If that was my fate, so be it.

Nucky laughs derisively.

NUCKY

And he wants to be in politics!
You know who dies for their
country, kid? Fucking rubes,
that's who.

JIMMY

Well I'm home now, so how about
that?

NUCKY

Had you stayed where you belonged
it'd be you in that job, not
Doyle.

JIMMY

So you're punishing me, is that
it?

NUCKY

I'm telling you to slow down, get
the lay of the land. You been
home out of the hospital what, a
month now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Jimmy sighs. A few beats, then:

JIMMY

I'm not the same kid who left here, Nucky. I've seen things, done things.

NUCKY

(mocking)

Well how we gonna keep you down on the farm?

JIMMY

I can help you. I'm serious.

Nucky shakes his head. Pulls out a wad of cash.

NUCKY

That's a thousand bucks. Go buy a decent suit of clothes.

JIMMY

I don't want your money!

NUCKY

Fella hands you a grand, you tell him to go fuck himself? You're a pip, kid, I gotta say.

JIMMY

All I want is an opportunity.

NUCKY

It's America, ain't it? Who the fuck's stopping you?

INT. TENEMENT - MARGARET SCHROEDER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Threadbare, sparsely furnished. Margaret Schroeder sets the table as her two GIRLS, ages 5 and 3, play nearby.

MARGARET

Come girls, sit. Quit your lollygagging.

Margaret's husband Hans enters the room, stands in the doorway for a few beats. Finally:

HANS SCHROEDER

The automobile. Tell me again how you came to find yourself gettin' chauffeured around town.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARGARET

I told you. I was walking past the church and I felt faint. Mr. Johnson saw me and was kind enough to have his driver see me home.

He nods, crosses to her. Strokes her hair.

HANS SCHROEDER

You're better now, though, are you?

MARGARET

I am.

Hans nods, tightens his grip on her hair. She stiffens.

HANS SCHROEDER

And this?

He holds up the cash that Nucky gave her.

HANS SCHROEDER (CONT'D)

How'd this find its way beneath the mattress?

MARGARET

That money belongs to the girls.

HANS SCHROEDER

Like fuck it does.

MARGARET

It's for food and clothing.

HANS SCHROEDER

Where'd you get it?!

MARGARET

Never you mind where I got it!

Hans SLAPS her across the face, then shoves her into the wall by her hair. The Girls start crying.

HANS SCHROEDER

Whoring yourself out?!

Margaret comes at him, tries to grab the cash.

MARGARET

You give me that money!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HANS SCHROEDER
(pushing her back)
Sit down or you'll get the belt!

Margaret backs off. Hans grabs his jacket off a hook and exits. As Margaret sits at the table crying, the girls look on.

EXT. BREAKERS HOTEL - ATLANTIC CITY BOARDWALK - NIGHT

The Boardwalk is lit up in neon magnificence, dozens of COUPLES out for an evening stroll or being pushed in rolling chairs. As the Chicago contingent (Big Jim Colosimo and Johnny Torrio) emerge from a 1919 Packard with driver Al, Jimmy pulls up in the Rolls with Nucky.

INT. BREAKERS HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Nucky enters with Johnny Torrio, who is wearing a camel hair overcoat. Following is Big Jim Colosimo, who is very large, mustached, and wears a black Homburg. Across the lobby, the camera finds

PROHIBITION AGENT VAN ALDEN

standing in a telephone booth, in mid-surveillance. He speaks to a young Fed, AGENT SEBSO, 20s, who is across the lobby in a different booth.

AGENT VAN ALDEN
Got 'em?

WE SEE the above-mentioned group.

AGENT SEBSO
I see 'em.

Agent Sebso writes in a note pad as Van Alden speaks.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

AGENT VAN ALDEN
January 17th, 8:03 p.m. Johnny
Torrio meeting with Nucky Johnson.

AGENT SEBSO
(as he writes)
Which one's Torrio?

AGENT VAN ALDEN
Camel hair coat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Now Arnold Rothstein, medium height and build, enters wearing a red tie. Lucky Luciano brings up the rear.

AGENT VAN ALDEN (CONT'D)

I got a bead on Rothstein, just came in with Luciano. The first fella's Big Jim Colosimo.

AGENT SEBSO

Come again?

AGENT VAN ALDEN

In the Homburg.

Colosimo takes off his Homburg.

AGENT VAN ALDEN (CONT'D)

Wait, no, he took it off.

AGENT SEBSO

So the red tie, that's Big Jim?

WE SEE he's talking about Rothstein, who's about 5'8".

AGENT VAN ALDEN

(slightly annoyed)

Does he look big to you?

AGENT SEBSO

How's that?

AGENT VAN ALDEN

It's Arnold Rothstein.

AGENT SEBSO

So it's not Colosimo.

AGENT VAN ALDEN

Arnold Rothstein.

AGENT SEBSO

(as he writes)

And Nucky Luciano.

AGENT VAN ALDEN

Lucky.

AGENT SEBSO

Come again?

AGENT VAN ALDEN

Lucky Luciano. Nucky Johnson.

Agent Sebso looks at his note pad, at a loss. Finally:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AGENT SEBSO

So who's Colosimo?

INT. BREAKERS HOTEL - PRIVATE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A lavish dinner in progress; rack of lamb, pheasant, etc. Nucky eats with Torrio, Colosimo, Rothstein and Luciano. Recorded classical music plays in the background.

NUCKY

Fella goes to divorce court, judge says "I've decided to give your wife \$25 dollars a week". Fella says "That's awfully swell of you, judge. I'll try to send her a few clams myself now and again."

They all laugh. A WAITER starts to pour Rothstein some wine.

ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN

None for me.

NUCKY

Law-abiding citizen, eh?

ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN

Tee-totaller. Never touch it.

BIG JIM COLOSIMO

He's a lightweight.

ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN

I like to stay sharp at the tables.

LUCKY LUCIANO

(smiles)

The way you cheat? Who needs to be sharp?

Rothstein chuckles. Colosimo turns to Nucky.

BIG JIM COLOSIMO

(re: Rothstein)

Cleared two million off our World Series alone last year.

JOHNNY TORRIO

(re: Luciano)

And they call this one Lucky.

More laughter. Colosimo calls to a Waiter:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIG JIM COLOSIMO
(re: music)
Have you any Caruso records?

The Waiter nods, crosses off. A few beats, then:

NUCKY
How's the chow, fellas?

ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN
Fine. Delicious.

BIG JIM COLOSIMO
You should come to my joint
sometime, I'll treat you right.

NUCKY
Fine town, Chicago.

LUCKY LUCIANO
It ain't New York, that's for
sure.

JOHNNY TORRIO
New York ain't New York now with
Prohibition.

ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN
It will be if I have something to
say about it.

JOHNNY TORRIO
(smiles)
Which sounds to me like it brings
us to the business portion of our
meeting.

General agreement all around. "Sure", "Why not?", etc.
In the background the music changes to opera - Enrico
Caruso singing "Una Furtiva Lagrima". Torrio addresses
Nucky, Rothstein and Luciano.

JOHNNY TORRIO (CONT'D)
As you know, in light of recent
developments, I thought it might
be of mutual benefit for you boys
to meet.

ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN
All the way from Chi-town out of
the goodness of his heart.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHNNY TORRIO

(smiles)

When I said mutual benefit I meant my own too. I'll certainly be expecting a match-making fee.

(to Nucky; mock formality)

In addition to their other enterprises, Messrs. Rothstein and Luciano have significant interests in the cabaret business back in New York. And a man such as yourself, with both political influence as well as a passing acquaintance with the seafaring types of the Atlantic Ocean--

LUCKY LUCIANO

Cut the crap.

(to Nucky)

Can you fix us up or not? We'll take all we can get up to a thousand crates a month.

Nucky smiles.

NUCKY

You young fellas. No appreciation for the art of conversation.

Luciano gives him a look.

LUCKY LUCIANO

I gotta piss.

Luciano leaves the room. Rothstein turns to Nucky.

ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN

I apologize. Ambition can be read as impatience sometimes.

NUCKY

Arrogance, too.

Rothstein nods, conceding. A few beats, then:

ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN

I have a friend, a judge. His daughter's wedding is in a week, I'd like to be able to accommodate him and their 700 guests.

NUCKY

You haven't stockpiled?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN

All sold already. I'm coming up short.

Nucky nods, thinks it over.

NUCKY

I've got a load coming Monday night. 500 crates of Canadian Club. Originally I'd planned to keep it, but seeing how I'd like to start our relationship off on the right foot, how about I let you have it?

ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN

How much?

NUCKY

Sixty grand for the entire haul, but you use your own men for the pickup.

Rothstein nods, does some quick math.

ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN

Send me over the details, we'll settle up in cash tomorrow.

And as they shake hands...

EXT. BREAKERS HOTEL - ATLANTIC CITY BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Still bustling with TOURISTS. Jimmy and Al sit outside smoking.

JIMMY

I was in Chicago once. Good steaks.

AL

It's all right. Little cold, then so's Brooklyn. I'll get used to it, I guess.

JIMMY

Summer of '17. Passed through on my way from Parris Island.

AL

Doughboy, eh?

Jimmy nods. Al points to his leg.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AL (CONT'D)

I figured maybe with the gimpy leg, but I didn't wanna say nothin'.

JIMMY

Shrapnel from a Jerry's grenade. Eight months in the hospital.

AL

Jesus.

They sit in silence. A few beats, then:

JIMMY

Say, let me ask you something. Fella like Rothstein, what do you think he's worth?

AL

Him? Twenty million at least.

JIMMY

On the level?

AL

He's big as they come. Christ, Luciano's sittin' on a mil, I know that for a fact. Got a spread on Park Avenue.

JIMMY

That much from running card games?

AL

Cards, hijackin', he's a fuckin' dope peddler, too. Did six months for pushin' heroin a couple years back.

JIMMY

Only six months?

AL

He bought his way out.

JIMMY

(astonished)

A million dollars, imagine that. What's he like, our age?

AL

(shrugs)

Twenty two. Twenty three maybe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A few beats, then:

JIMMY

You guys getting in the liquor
business too?

AL

Colosimo says no. Too much heat
from the law.

(makes a face)

Says there's enough money in our
whore houses.

JIMMY

You don't agree?

AL

I'm Johnny's muscle, who gives a
fuck what I think?

In the background we see Nucky emerging with the group.
As they come down the stairs, Nucky hands Rothstein a
business card.

NUCKY

Ask for Lolly, he'll be expecting
you. I'd say good luck, but it
doesn't sound like you need it.

Rothstein smiles, heads off with Luciano. As Torrio and
Colosimo head to the Packard, Jimmy turns to Al.

JIMMY

Nice talking to you, eh?

AL

You too.

Jimmy sticks out his hand.

JIMMY

Jimmy Darmody.

AL

(as they shake)

Al Capone.

And as Jimmy opens the door to the Rolls for Nucky,
WE SEE that they're being watched by

PROHIBITION AGENT VAN ALDEN

from inside the lobby.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

CLOSE ON the movie screen, where FATTY ARBUCKLE stages a comic burial for an empty liquor bottle in "The Hayseed". PULL BACK to REVEAL Jimmy, laughing in the audience with Angela, Tommy sitting beside them.

EXT. ATLANTIC CITY BOARDWALK - DAY

Jimmy walks along the Boardwalk with Angela and Tommy, who eats Cracker Jacks from a box. In the background we may notice a 1918 Packard following at a distance.

JIMMY

(to Tommy)

Slow down, champ. You'll get a belly ache.

(to Angela)

Fatty Arbuckle Junior.

Angela chuckles. They keep walking.

ANGELA

Remind me to settle our account at the green grocers'.

Jimmy nods. Prohibition Agent Van Alden approaches.

AGENT VAN ALDEN

James Darmody?

JIMMY

That's right.

AGENT VAN ALDEN

(flashing a badge)

Special Agent Van Alden with the Internal Revenue Department.

JIMMY

Can I help you?

AGENT VAN ALDEN

Perhaps. Will you come with me?

ANGELA

Jimmy?

JIMMY

It's all right, dear. Go on home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA
What's this about?

JIMMY
I'll see you at home.

Jimmy gives Angela a kiss, then heads off with Van Alden and gets in the Packard. Angela watches with Tommy as they pull away...

INT. DEPARTMENT OF PROHIBITION OFFICE - DAY .

Small, cramped, government issue furniture. Jimmy sits in a chair across from Prohibition Supervisor Elliot, who reads from a file. Agent Van Alden stands nearby.

SUPERVISOR ELLIOT
(reading from file)
Distinguished service cross,
Battle of Saint... how do you
say this?

JIMMY
Mihiel.

SUPERVISOR ELLIOT
(closes file)
Seems to me you're a man on the
come.

JIMMY
I do all right.

AGENT VAN ALDEN
(to Elliot)
College man too. Princeton.

JIMMY
For a while.

A few beats, then Jimmy turns to Elliot.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Am I in trouble or something?

AGENT VAN ALDEN
Not yet.

SUPERVISOR ELLIOT
You mind telling me what a
go-getter like you is doing
working for a crook like Johnson?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

It's not like that. Mr. Johnson
is a pillar of--

AGENT VAN ALDEN

(waving him off)

Tell it to Sweeney, we know all
about him and his little fiefdom.

SUPERVISOR ELLIOT

None of which we're interested in.

JIMMY

What are you interested in?

SUPERVISOR ELLIOT

Liquor. Its illegal importation
and manufacture.

AGENT VAN ALDEN

How'd you like to come work for
the Prohibition Department?

Jimmy looks at him. A long time, then:

JIMMY

I have a bum leg.

SUPERVISOR ELLIOT

Suppose I say you don't.

AGENT VAN ALDEN

Wife, young son at home. It's
an honorable profession, James.
Plenty of room for advancement.

SUPERVISOR ELLIOT

Your country needs you, son.

Jimmy looks at them.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL - NUCKY'S SUITE - BEDROOM - DAY

Lucy sits naked astride Nucky, breasts undulating as they
fuck. And as things heat up, rising to a crescendo...
there is a KNOCK at the door.

EDDIE KESSEL

(through door)

Nucky?

NUCKY

What?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE KESSEL
 (through door)
 Can I come in?

NUCKY
 No. What do you want?

EDDIE KESSEL
 (through door)
 Steinman's on the wire.

NUCKY
 Goddammit.

EDDIE KESSEL
 (through door)
 What?

NUCKY
 All right!

Still naked, Lucy gets up and crosses to the bathroom. Nucky leans over and picks up the old-fashioned candlestick phone.

NUCKY (CONT'D)
 Hello?

INT. LOLLY STEINMAN'S CASINO - DAY

Roulette wheels, gaming tables, a few BETTORS playing. Casino host LOLLY STEINMAN, rotund, 40s, talks on the phone, dark circles under his eyes. In the background WE SEE Arnold Rothstein and Lucky Luciano at a poker table.

LOLLY STEINMAN
 It's Lolly. Your friend from New York, the bankroll? He just took us for ninety grand.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

NUCKY
 What?

LOLLY STEINMAN
 Sixteen hours and he wants to keep goin'. We ain't that flush right now, Nuck.

NUCKY
 (a beat; then)
 I'll be right over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nucky hangs up, pissed.

NUCKY (CONT'D)

Eddie!

Eddie Kessel opens the door.

NUCKY (CONT'D)

Have Jimmy bring the car round.

EDDIE KESSEL

Jimmy called in sick.

NUCKY

Son of a bitch.

EXT. BALTIC AVENUE - ATLANTIC CITY - DAY

A yellow taxi pulls up in front of a nondescript building. Nucky emerges from the cab, heads inside.

INT. LOLLY STEINMAN'S CASINO - DAY

Nucky enters. Lolly intercepts him, pulls him aside.

NUCKY

Where is he?

LOLLY STEINMAN

Eatin' with the Italian fella. I didn't wanna say nothin', but this Rothstein's a cheater, fuckin' bottom-dealer. Honestly if he wasn't who he is, they'da found him in the alley.

NUCKY

Well he is who he is, that's the problem.

LOLLY STEINMAN

That's why I called.

Nucky crosses the room to where Arnold Rothstein eats lunch with Lucky Luciano. Lolly follows.

NUCKY

(smiles)

You fellas ever hear of sleep?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN

Who can sleep with all this excitement?

NUCKY

Heard you had a lucky streak.

LUCKY LUCIANO

(smiles)

Luck got nothin' to do with it.

ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN

I'm a skilled player's what he means.

NUCKY

That's what I hear.

ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN

(sips coffee; then)

So what's all this about cuttin' me off?

NUCKY

It's not that, it's a small house. We're not prepared for your kind of action right now.

ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN

(smiles)

Your credit's good with me.

Nucky looks at him. A few beats, then:

NUCKY

Why don't we get to know each other better?

LUCKY LUCIANO

I don't think I like what I'm hearin'.

NUCKY

I wasn't talking to you, kid.

Luciano starts to stand.

LUCKY LUCIANO

How's that?

ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN

Charlie. Sit down.

Luciano sits. Rothstein turns to Nucky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN (CONT'D)

As of now you owe me ninety
three grand. Less sixty for
tonight's load knocks it to
thirty-three.

LUCKY LUCIANO

So you can keep playin', then.

Rothstein gives Luciano a look.

ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN

I don't gamble where I don't feel
welcome.

NUCKY

I'm sorry you feel that way.
(then to Lolly)
Cash him out.

Nucky seethes as he watches Rothstein and Luciano follow
Lolly to the cashier's cage. As he starts to head out,
he passes a craps table, where Margaret's husband

HANS SCHROEDER

is drunk as he lays bets, peeling cash from a thick wad.
He notices Nucky as he passes by.

HANS SCHROEDER

Johnson, right?

Nucky stops, looks at him.

HANS SCHROEDER (CONT'D)

(loud; slurring)
Heard you're familiar with my
wife.

A few of the other BETTORS look over.

NUCKY

Pardon me?

HANS SCHROEDER

My wife. Margaret. You drove her
home?

Nucky realizes who he's talking to, notices the cash in
Schroeder's hand.

NUCKY

Where'd you get that money?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HANS SCHROEDER
Business is that of yours?

NUCKY
That money belongs to your wife.

HANS SCHROEDER
So it was you give it to her.
Here, you prick, I'm winnin'
anyway.

Schroeder peels off several bills, throws them in Nucky's face. In a flash Nucky charges, grabs Schroeder by the collar, then smashes his face repeatedly into the craps table. Schroeder collapses to the floor, face bloodied, cash and chips everywhere. A BOUNCER stands nearby.

NUCKY
(to a Bouncer)
Toss him the fuck out.

Nucky turns and exits. And as the Bouncer hustles off Schroeder, the other Bettors start scrounging on the floor for the fallen chips.

INT. BOXING ARENA - DAY

Over the DING of the bell signaling the start of a round, Jimmy enters the arena, where a boxing match is in progress. As he scans the CROWD looking for someone, WE SEE that the contenders are

TWO MIDGETS

in trunks and boxing gloves, slugging it out in the center of the ring as a REFEREE looks on. In the audience, Jimmy spots who he's looking for.

AL CAPONE

sits alone smoking a cigar, laughing as he watches the fight. Jimmy comes up behind him, takes a seat.

JIMMY
I was you, I'd bet the little guy.

Al turns, smiles.

AL
What are you doin' here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

Fight fan, what else? Plus I'm looking for you.

AL

What gives?

JIMMY

How much you know about this haul comin' in tonight for Rothstein?

EXT. ATLANTIC CITY BOARDWALK - THEATER ROW - NIGHT

TOURISTS everywhere, out for a night on the town; the Boardwalk is lit up as far as the eye can see.

EDDIE CANTOR (V.O.)

I tell you, for a fella good-lookin' as me, I sure do get the homely girls.

INT. IMPERIAL THEATER - NIGHT

Singer-comedian EDDIE CANTOR, 30, performs his vaudeville routine on stage.

EDDIE CANTOR

Why I just cancelled a girl of mine, oh boy was she homely!

The AUDIENCE laughs. In the third row the CAMERA FINDS Nucky sitting with Lucy.

EDDIE CANTOR (CONT'D)

You've heard of crocodile shoes? Well she had a pair, with a complexion to match!

EXT. TREASURY DEPARTMENT HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Prohibition Agent Van Alden looks on as a group of eight armed FEDS board a convoy of three government Packards. Van Alden gets in the lead car and they pull out...

EDDIE CANTOR (V.O.)

Oh she was homely all right! When I took her to visit the zoo, why the zookeeper thanked me for bringing her back!

EXT. DESERTED WOODED ROAD - NIGHT

Along with the "College Kid" from the opening, the three masked Gunmen push the 1920 Cord Speedster on its side, setting the stage for the ambush.

EDDIE CANTOR (V.O.)

Very nice family, though. Her poor father, nice man, died of throat trouble -- they hung him.

EXT. MARGATE DOCKS - NIGHT

Danny Murdoch stands guard as the Hoods load the last of the whiskey into the stolen "Frazin Laundry" truck.

EDDIE CANTOR (V.O.)

And her poor brother, lovely chap but he's gone too...

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Agent Van Alden and the other Feds take positions in the woods, shotguns and Thompson sub-machine guns ready.

EDDIE CANTOR (V.O.)

With good behavior he should be back in about ten years.

EXT. DESERTED WOODED ROAD - NIGHT

The laundry truck is stopped. Murdoch and the Young Hood approach the overturned Cord Speedster blocking its way.

EDDIE CANTOR (V.O.)

He used to work in a bank, but no matter how much the boss likes you...

INT. IMPERIAL THEATER - NIGHT

Eddie Canter performs on stage.

EDDIE CANTOR

You can't work in a bank and take home samples, oh no!

And over the uproarious LAUGHTER of the audience...

EXT. DESERTED WOODED ROAD - NIGHT

CRACK!! Masked Gunman #2 slams Murdoch in the face with the butt of his Tommy Gun and the scene picks up from the opening...

GUNMAN #1
Search 'em. Come on.

As the College Kid pats down Murdoch and the other Hoods, relieving them of any remaining weapons:

MURDOCH
You're good as dead, all of youse.

GUNMAN #2
Shut your yap!

Gunman #2 again cracks Murdoch with the butt of his gun.

GUNMAN #1
Easy. Simmer down.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Agent Van Alden signals the other Feds, who start moving through the brush...

EXT. DESERTED WOODED ROAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The pat-down continues. Behind Murdoch, something rustles the trees. Gunman #2, clearly spooked, looks out into the woods.

GUNMAN #2
What's that?

GUNMAN #1
It's the wind. Relax.

CLOSE ON -- Gunman #2's hands, which are trembling. We play the tension, then after a few beats, we hear a LOUD CLATTER of rustling branches.

GUNMAN #2

turns, suddenly BLASTING away with his machine gun. A clusterfuck ensues as

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A FAMILY OF DEER

scurry out from the trees, Gunman #1 firing now also. Gunman #2's machine gun spray nearly cuts Murdoch in half, blood spurting the trees as he and the rest of the Hoods fall dead.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The Feds charge out from the trees and WE SEE they're not at the ambush, but instead are converging on

BYRNES' FUNERAL HOME,

location of Mickey Duffy's distillery. And as they charge inside...

EXT. DESERTED WOODED ROAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The aftermath. Gunman #1 rips off his mask -- WE SEE it's Jimmy. Gunman #2 takes his off also -- it's Capone.

JIMMY

The fuck is wrong with you?!

AL

The fuckin' deer!

JIMMY

Shit! Goddammit!

Jimmy looks around at the massacre, pacing. He takes a few quick breaths to get in control, then:

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(to College Kid)

The car, go on. Scram!

The College Kid nods, jumps in the Speedster and takes off. Jimmy turns to Capone.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Let's go, let's beat it.

As they get in the laundry truck and pull away, the CAMERA DRIFTS over the bloody bodies of Murdoch and the Young Hoods. WE HEAR a WOMAN'S SCREAMS and...

EXT. MARGARET SCHROEDER'S TENEMENT APARTMENT - NIGHT

From a WIDE ANGLE on the street, WE HEAR the sounds of a horrific beating in progress, and SEE shadows of a MAN beating a WOMAN cast on the wall of a second floor apartment. The beating and screaming continues, then finally stops. A door SLAMS, we hear footsteps, then

HANS SCHROEDER

emerges from the building. As he storms off down the street, the CAMERA PUSHES in and up to the kitchen window. There, writhing in agony as she clutches her pregnant belly, is the bruised and bloodied Margaret Schroeder.

INT. BABETTE'S SUPPER CLUB - NIGHT

With the orchestra playing in the background, Nucky sits at a table with another COUPLE. The Maitre'd approaches, whispers in his ear. A few beats, then:

NUCKY
(to the others)
Pardon me.

Nucky gets up, crosses to the back.

INT. BABETTE'S SUPPER CLUB - OFFICE - LATER

Wood-panelled; richly decorated. Nucky crosses to a desk, picks up the telephone.

NUCKY
Hello?

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Nucky's brother, Sheriff Eli Johnson, stands at a pay phone. In the background, WE SEE several BODIES being wheeled in on gurneys...

SHERIFF JOHNSON
It's me. We got a problem.

EXT. CORONER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Eddie Kessel sits parked behind the wheel of Nucky's Rolls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nearby, a SHERIFF'S DEPUTY stands at the entrance to the Coroner's Office, holding a group of REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS at bay.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Smoking a cigarette, Nucky stands in hushed conversation with Sheriff Johnson.

SHERIFF JOHNSON
Five bodies, blood everywhere, it was like a fuckin' firing squad.

NUCKY
And no sign of the truck.

Sheriff Johnson gives him a look. Nucky sighs.

NUCKY (CONT'D)
Feds on to this yet?

SHERIFF JOHNSON
(shakes his head)
Hands still full with the funeral home.

NUCKY
Cusick's probably havin' a stroke. You know the idiot changed his name to Duffy?
(off his look)
I don't know.

A few beats, then:

SHERIFF JOHNSON
You know the peculiar thing's that at the same time the Feds are raidin' Mickey, this shit's happenin' three miles away.

NUCKY
Ain't that a coincidence.

SHERIFF JOHNSON
So do you want to say it or should I?

NUCKY
It could be Rothstein himself for all we know.

SHERIFF JOHNSON
And if you had to lay odds?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nucky looks at him. Several beats, then:

SHERIFF JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Who knew about the load?

NUCKY

Me obviously. Torrio.

SHERIFF JOHNSON

Who on the inside?

(several beats; then)

Jimmy? Who's mysteriously gone missing all of a sudden?

Nucky looks at him, says nothing. Finally:

NUCKY

Bring him in.

EXT. JIMMY DARMODY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A Sheriff's CAR sits parked in the street outside the small brownstone building.

ANGELA (V.O.)

I haven't seen him in hours.
I thought he went to work.

EXT. JIMMY DARMODY'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jimmy's wife Angela, obviously having been awakened, stands in the doorway in her bathrobe. Sheriff Johnson stands in the hall.

SHERIFF JOHNSON

Sorry to disturb you. When he comes home, tell him Nucky's looking for him.

ANGELA

Well now I'm getting concerned.

SHERIFF JOHNSON

Probably ran into a friend, war buddy maybe.

ANGELA

Could it have something to do with the men who picked him up?

SHERIFF JOHNSON

Beg pardon?

EXT. ATLANTIC CITY BOARDWALK - MORNING

The sun is shining, the Boardwalk empty but for a few Tourists out for an early morning stroll.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL - NUCKY'S OFFICE - DAY

Still awake, Nucky sits at his desk smoking, Sheriff Johnson on the couch nearby. Eddie Kessel talks on the phone.

EDDIE KESSEL

(into phone)

No comment, now quit fuckin' callin'!

(hangs up; then)

Goddamn reporter again.

NUCKY

We should tell 'em to call the mayor's office.

SHERIFF JOHNSON

Even reporters ain't that stupid.

NUCKY

We're gonna have to tell them something eventually.

SHERIFF JOHNSON

I'll make a statement later.

A few beats, then:

NUCKY

I can't get over it. It doesn't make sense.

SHERIFF JOHNSON

Doesn't it?

NUCKY

C'mon, Eli. Jimmy?

In the background the telephone RINGS. Kessel answers.

SHERIFF JOHNSON

He gives the Feds the funeral home, it throws 'em off the scent. Meantime he's out pulling this job.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NUCKY

Not how. Why.

Kessel signals for Nucky's attention, holds his hand over the telephone's mouthpiece.

EDDIE KESSEL

(whispers)

Rothstein.

Nucky shakes his head. Kessel nods.

EDDIE KESSEL (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I'm sorry, he's not in...

Kessel hangs up. Off Nucky's look:

EDDIE KESSEL (CONT'D)

Wants you to call him.

Nucky sighs, rubs his temples. After a few beats, he gets up, grabs his jacket.

SHERIFF JOHNSON

Where you goin'?

NUCKY

Get some air.

EXT. RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL - ATLANTIC CITY BOARDWALK - DAY

Now wearing his topcoat, Nucky exits the Ritz into the rotunda, signalling the DOORMAN to call him a taxi.

MRS. MCGARRY (O.S.)

Mr. Johnson.

Nucky turns to see

MRS. MCGARRY,

the woman from the Temperance League meeting, who approaches carrying a package wrapped in brown paper.

MRS. MCGARRY (CONT'D)

I was just coming to see you.

NUCKY

I'm sorry, I'm just on my way to a meeting.

She hands him the package.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. MCGARRY

I really just wanted to drop this off, I'm on the way to the hospital.

NUCKY

Nothing serious I hope.

MRS. MCGARRY

Actually one of our members, Mrs. Schroeder. She... suffered an injury. Lost her child.

Nucky is stunned.

NUCKY

What was the manner of injury?

Mrs. McGarry looks at him...

MRS. MCGARRY

I'm really not at liberty to say.

Nucky nods. Mrs. McGarry crosses off. He watches her go, then opens the package. WE SEE that it's a

FRAMED COPY OF THE POEM

she read at the Temperance League meeting. The taxi pulls up. Nucky stuffs the framed poem into a trash can and gets in the cab. And as it pulls away...

INT. COMMODORE KUENHLE'S HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY

Richly decorated with heavy drapes, Persian rugs and Edwardian-era furniture. In a leather club chair, reading the newspaper sits LOUIS "THE COMMODORE" KUENHLE, still a commanding presence at 75. His African-American maid LOUANNE, 40s, enters.

LOUANNE

Commodore? Mr. Nucky here to see you.

The Commodore looks up, nods. Nucky enters.

THE COMMODORE

(smiles; re paper)
Quite a shit-storm on your hands.

NUCKY

Good morning to you too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE COMMODORE

(re: paper)

Who the fuck is Mickey Duffy?

NUCKY

Cusick.

(off his look)

Don't ask.

Nucky takes a seat in a club chair next to him. The Commodore points to a different article.

THE COMMODORE

And these bodies in the woods?
I'm assuming they belong to your
friend in New York?

NUCKY

(nods)

Rothstein's men.

THE COMMODORE

(shakes his head)

I don't know why you got involved.

NUCKY

Yes you do, it was a favor to
Chicago. That plus the numbers
were right.

THE COMMODORE

Sure. Till he buggered you in the
ass.

(chuckles)

Rothstein. What can you expect?

NUCKY

How do you mean?

The Commodore reaches over, takes a book off a table.
Hands it to him.

THE COMMODORE

By Henry Ford. Advance copy.

WE SEE the book's title: "The International Jew: The
World's Foremost Problem". Nucky flips through it.

NUCKY

I think my problem goes beyond
world finance.

THE COMMODORE

Does it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NUCKY

Unless he's sending a banker to
blow my brains out.

The Commodore looks at him, smiles.

THE COMMODORE

Where do things stand with the
Feds?

NUCKY

(nods to paper)

They got Mickey's joint, so
they're happy for the moment
with that.

THE COMMODORE

That'll change once Washington
gets involved. Then the heat
goes up.

NUCKY

Can't have bodies lying around on
the road. Bad for business.

THE COMMODORE

So give 'em someone, let 'em make
an arrest.

Nucky gives him a look.

NUCKY

It's Jimmy.

THE COMMODORE

Get the fuck.
(re: paper)
This?

NUCKY

Left me holding the bag. Ninety
nine percent sure.

The Commodore laughs.

THE COMMODORE

Well the little fuckin' prick.
I never knew he had it in him.

EXT. ATLANTIC CITY BOARDWALK - DAY

Nucky walks alone, heading toward the Ritz-Carlton up
ahead on the near-empty Boardwalk. After a few beats...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY (O.C.)

Nucky.

Nucky stops, turns around. Jimmy is behind him.

NUCKY

I'll assume this isn't about the clerk's job.

Jimmy forces a smile. A few beats, then:

JIMMY

Last night. It wasn't supposed to happen like that.

NUCKY

Make sure you mention that to Rothstein as he's cutting your nuts off.

JIMMY

That'll get straightened out, I promise.

Nucky chuckles.

NUCKY

Do you have no idea how in over your head you are?

JIMMY

Look, I know it's--

NUCKY

Did I not tell you to slow down?! I tried to give you money, I--

JIMMY

It's not about that!

Nucky stops, looks at him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I tried to tell you, it's... I'm not a kid any more.

NUCKY

And killing, fucking larceny? That makes you a man?

JIMMY

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NUCKY

You had a future, kid. You've got brains.

JIMMY

I still have a future. We both do.

(off his look)

The war, Nucky, the shit I did over there. You live in a trench months on end, the killing, the smell of death... I'm nothing but a murderer.

(a few beats; then)

You know how many times I went over the top? They called me a hero but the truth was I didn't fucking care anymore.

Nucky looks at him.

NUCKY

I get it, I understand, but you're home now. You got a family.

JIMMY

I'm going to hell, Nucky. I am.

NUCKY

Knock it off, you are not.

JIMMY

I'm twenty-two years old, I see fellas like this Luciano with his fancy suits and diamonds--

NUCKY

Is that what you want?

JIMMY

It's what you want, too! It's what we all want! Least I have the balls to take it.

Nucky gives him a look.

NUCKY

You'd be very foolish to underestimate me, James.

Jimmy looks at him. A long time, then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JIMMY

You can't be half a gangster,
Nucky. Not anymore. That much
I know.

Jimmy reaches into his pocket, removes a thick envelope.
He tosses it to Nucky.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Your share of last night.

Nucky looks at the envelope, then at Jimmy.

NUCKY

I didn't ask for this.

JIMMY

You didn't have to.

NUCKY

What am I gonna do with you?

Jimmy shrugs, then turns and disappears up a side street.
After a few beats, Nucky walks away himself. Up ahead,
he spots a neon sign in a window -

PALMISTRY.

He slows as he passes -- another sign reads "Advice in
Business and Love. What Does the Future Hold For You?"
Nucky peers in the window. Seated at a table, reading
the palm of a YOUNG WOMAN is

LADY JEAN,

Haitian, light-skinned, about 30, a silk kerchief around
her head. Nucky watches through the window as she does
the reading. Sensing his eyes upon her, Lady Jean looks
up at him, then returns her attention to the Woman's
palm. Lost in thought, Nucky continues on his way down
the Boardwalk...

EXT. SOUTH WABASH AVENUE - CHICAGO - DAY

CLOSE ON a neon sign - "Colosimo's". PULL BACK to
REVEAL a 1920 Studebaker, which pulls up and parks
out front. On screen we see...

CHICAGO

Big Jim Colosimo emerges from the car, crosses to the
restaurant and unlocks the door.

INT. COLOSIMO'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Chairs on tables, not yet open. Colosimo enters, flips on the lights, closes the door behind him.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY

WE TRACK with the "Frazin's Laundry" truck from the hijacking. Slowly the CAMERA drifts to the front, where WE SEE that the driver is Al Capone.

EXT. SEWELL AVENUE - ATLANTIC CITY - DAY

Hans Schroeder walks down the street. A Sheriff's car pulls over. Sheriff Johnson and a Deputy get out, put Schroeder in cuffs, lead him to the car.

INT. COLOSIMO'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Big Jim Colosimo stops at the cash register, deposits some loose change in the till. As he heads deeper inside, WE SEE the walls are decorated with

SIGNED PHOTOS

of opera stars, Enrico Caruso in particular. Colosimo crosses to a Victrola, selects a record: Caruso's "Pagliacci No! Pagliacci non son". He places the needle on the record; the music begins. He stands there listening...

EXT. MARGATE DOCKS - DAY

Empty; deserted. The opera music continues as Sheriff Johnson and the Deputy hustle Hans Schroeder (still in handcuffs) on to a waiting fishing boat. And as soon as they board, the boat takes off, heading out to sea.

INT. COLOSIMO'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Colosimo stands listening to the music. As he closes his eyes, savoring it, we RACK FOCUS to the

COAT CHECK ROOM

behind him, where FRANKIE YALE, 27, lays in wait.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CHICAGO - DAY

The music continues as Al Capone pulls the stolen laundry truck into the warehouse. As a THUG closes the gates behind him, WE SEE Johnny Torrio cross toward the truck. Capone gets out; they hug.

INT. FISHING BOAT - HOLD

With Hans Schroeder tied to a chair, the Deputy beats him to a pulp with brass knuckles as Sheriff Johnson looks on. The music continues.

INT. COLOSIMO'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Colosimo stands listening, eyes still closed. On the wall before him, WE SEE a photo of

ENRICO CARUSO

dressed as Pagliacci in a clown suit, arm raised wielding a large, felt-tipped baton over a bass drum. And as Caruso hits a high note, Frankie Yale creeps up behind Colosimo, raises the pistol...

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

Sheriff Johnson and the Deputy toss Hans Schroeder's body overboard into the ocean and...

INT. COLOSIMO'S RESTAURANT - DAY

BLAM!! Frankie Yale blasts a bullet into the back Colosimo's head. Colosimo collapses forward on to the Victrola, knocking the needle off the record, stopping the music with a SCRATCH. Above him, on the wall, the Caruso photo is splattered with blood.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL - NUCKY'S SUITE - BATHROOM - DAY

Over the following, a SERIES OF SHOTS: Nucky shaves with a straight razor, cigarette dangling from his lips; Nucky combs his hair, splashes himself with after-shave; Nucky dresses in suit and tie.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Special to the New York Times.
Stop.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REPORTER (CONT'D)

The Atlantic City Sheriff's Department has confirmed that a body found caught in a fisherman's net this afternoon is that of Hans Schroeder, a local man sought in connection with last week's roadside massacre. Stop.

EXT. ATLANTIC CITY BOARDWALK - MILLION DOLLAR PIER - DAY

SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES cordon off the pier, holding back Tourists who gawk at the deep-sea net haul, whose catch includes the bloated, beaten body of

HANS SCHROEDER,

tangled in seaweed. Across the way, speaking into a pay phone, is a REPORTER:

REPORTER

Schroeder, who worked occasionally as a baker's helper, had been unemployed since October. Stop.

EXT. RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL - ATLANTIC CITY BOARDWALK - DAY

As Nucky exits the hotel, fully dressed and looking dapper as ever, WE HEAR a song...

SINGER

Jonesy used to roam/Stayed away from home/ He'd go out with the boys and leave his wifey all alone/But when the town went dry/Jones began to cry/With no cafes or caberets, I know I'm going to die!...

INT. JIMMY DARMODY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jimmy lays on the floor play-wrestling with Tommy as Angela looks on laughing.

SINGER

For weeks it had him worried, but now he's feeling gay/I heard him tell a friend of his while on the street today...

EXT. ATLANTIC CITY BOARDWALK - FLORIST SHOP - DAY

Nucky exits carrying a large bouquet of flowers.

SINGER

*I never knew I had a wonderful
wife until the town went dry/The
way I spent my money on women was
a crime...*

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Nucky walks down the hallway carrying the flowers.

SINGER

*I found that with my wife I could
have had a better time/ I'd send
her to the country and I'd always
yell hooray...*

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Nucky enters the room, where Margaret Schroeder sits up in bed. He looks at her, smiles.

SINGER

*But I saw her picture in a bathing
suit the other day...I never knew
I had a wonderful wife until the
town went dry.*

Margaret smiles back. He crosses to her with the flowers and we:

FADE OUT.

THE END