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)
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: (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

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

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 Temperence 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)
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 other's 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, testaments 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:

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:

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?! Tough guy, eh? Cocksucker.

MICKEY DUFFY (to Jimmy)

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)
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.

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:

\[\begin{align*}
\text{JIMMY} \\
&\text{I'm not the same kid who left here, Nucky. I've seen things, done things.}
\end{align*}\]

\[\begin{align*}
\text{NUCKY} \\
&(\text{mocking}) \\
&\text{Well how we gonna keep you down on the farm?}
\end{align*}\]

\[\begin{align*}
\text{JIMMY} \\
&\text{I can help you. I'm serious.}
\end{align*}\]

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

\[\begin{align*}
\text{NUCKY} \\
&\text{That's a thousand bucks. Go buy a decent suit of clothes.}
\end{align*}\]

\[\begin{align*}
\text{JIMMY} \\
&\text{I don't want your money!}
\end{align*}\]

\[\begin{align*}
\text{NUCKY} \\
&\text{Fella hands you a grand, you tell him to go fuck himself? You're a pip, kid, I gotta say.}
\end{align*}\]

\[\begin{align*}
\text{JIMMY} \\
&\text{All I want is an opportunity.}
\end{align*}\]

\[\begin{align*}
\text{NUCKY} \\
&\text{It's America, ain't it? Who the fuck's stopping you?}
\end{align*}\]

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.

\[\begin{align*}
\text{MARGARET} \\
&\text{Come girls, sit. Quit your lollygagging.}
\end{align*}\]

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

\[\begin{align*}
\text{HANS SCHROEDER} \\
&\text{The automobile. Tell me again how you came to find yourself gettin' chauffeured around town.}
\end{align*}\]
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-totaler. 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
(to 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?

JIMMY
Jimmy?

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


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?
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.


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:

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?

Beg pardon?

SHERIFF JOHNSON
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.


NUCKY
I think my problem goes beyond world finance.

THE COMMODORE
Does it?
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:

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)
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