

# TB



Revised Pilot #179

Written by

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# TB

"SON'S OF ANARCHY"

PILOT

Revision History

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## "PILOT"

### CAST

JAX TELLER .....	Charlie Hunnam
CLAY TELLER .....	Ron Perlman
GEMMA TELLER .....	Katey Sagal
TARA KNOWLES .....	Maggie Siff
BOBBY MUNSON .....	Mark Boone Junior
OPIE WINSTON .....	Ryan Hurst
CHIBS TELFORD .....	Tommy Flanagan
HALF-SACK EPPS .....	Johnny Lewis
TIG TRAGER .....	Kim Coates
JUICE ORTIZ.....	Theo Rossi
PINEY WINSTON .....	William Lucking
WENDY CASE .....	Drea De Matteo
HAPPY .....	David Labrava
ERNEST DARBY .....	Mitch Pileggi
DONNA WINSTON.....	Sprague Grayden
CHIEF WAYNE UNSER .....	TBD
MARCUS ALVAREZ .....	Emilio Rivera
SHERIFF VIC TRAMMEL .....	Glenn Plummer
SKEETER .....	TBD
LAROY .....	Tory Kittles
LUANN DELANEY .....	Dendrie Taylor
LONG JOHN (HANG-AROUND) .....	TBD
TRUCK DRIVER .....	TBD
MUSCLE DRIVER .....	TBD
ASIAN ELVIS .....	Jon Jon Briones
LOUISE HOFFMAN .....	Cameron Goodman
WHISTLER .....	TBD
SIMON .....	TBD
MAYAN 1 .....	TBD
MAYAN 2 .....	TBD
MAN .....	TBD

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## "PILOT"

### INTERIORS

SAMCRO CLUBHOUSE  
BARROOM  
CHAPEL  
APARTMENT  
HALLWAY  
PIANO ROOM  
BLUEBIRD SUPPLY WAREHOUSE  
UTILITY HATCH  
SAMCRO COMPOUND  
T/M GARAGE  
ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL  
HALLWAY  
BATHROOM  
ICU  
NICU  
NEONATAL SURGICAL ROOM  
SURGICAL AREA  
WAITING AREA  
PRIVATE ROOM  
BARBER SHOP  
CRACKER BARREL REST.  
HOFFMAN'S PHARMACY  
HAIRY DOG BAR  
BLACK CADILLAC  
OPIE'S HOUSE  
GARAGE  
CASINO (TAHOE)  
STAGE  
DRESSING AREA  
LOUNGE  
WENDY'S HOUSE  
KITCHEN  
LIVING ROOM  
BLACK CARGO VAN  
STORAGE WAREHOUSE  
MORROW HOUSE  
BEDROOM  
MASTER BATH

### EXTERIORS

SAMCRO COMPOUND  
BACK LOT  
DECK  
FRONT DRIVE  
STORAGE WAREHOUSE  
YARD  
STREET (OAKLAND)  
WENDY'S HOUSE  
WOODED AREA  
STORAGE LOCKER  
BLUEBIRD WAREHOUSE  
COUNTRY ROAD (CHARMING)  
FOREST  
ROAD  
HAIRY DOG BAR  
HIGHWAY  
INDUSTRIAL ROAD  
LOCAL HIGHWAY  
LOCAL STREETS  
ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL  
PARKING LOT  
OPIE'S HOUSE  
PLAYGROUND

Sons of Anarchy  
"Pilot"  
#179

SMASH UP ON:

1 EXT. COUNTY ROAD (CHARMING) - NIGHT 1

BRIGHT MOONLIGHT illumines the radiant black feathers of TWO CROWS as they PECK the intact CARCASS of a MOURNING DOVE.

In an instant, the ROAR of a Harley and the FLARE of its headlight JOLT US. CROWS FLY as the WHEELS of the big bike BLOW PAST the white CARRION and CAMERA. Just MISSING both.

SMASH TO:

THE BACK OF THE RIDER -- the SONS OF ANARCHY CUT. The Reaper taunting all those who dare to follow. Fuck you.

SMASH TO:

THE FACE OF THE RIDER -- JAX TELLER. Handsome, in a broken cowboy kind of way. It's late, fuck the helmet. A LUCKY in his mouth, fuck the Surgeon General. Wind whips through him as he takes in the peaceful landscape. His coolness can't mask his feeling of satisfaction. Confidence and contentment of a prince. We wanna ride with this fucking guy.

Jax GUNS the throttle, picks up speed. He loves fast --

SMASH TO:

LONG SHOT. See the rebel without a care (for now) disappear over a hilltop. In the distance, Charming. Mayberry.

Then, ONCOMING HEADLIGHTS flood the lens. Whiteout. The CAMERA PULLS BACK, receding the flare. We are now at --

2 EXT. BLUEBIRD WAREHOUSE - (OUTSIDE CHARMING) NIGHT 2

A clearing in the middle of a FOREST. Different HEADLIGHTS cut through the dark. See a YOUNG BUCK on a dirt road. The BUCK BOLTS as the truck pulls up to a one-story WAREHOUSE.

A large SIGN over the front door reads: BLUEBIRD SUPPLY COMPANY. A BEATER PICKUP TRUCK pulls in front.

3 INT. BLUEBIRD WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 3

FLASHLIGHTS zigzag through a crowded space, illuminating BAGS OF BIRD SEED, CAGES, BIRD SUPPLIES. It's a fucking aviary.

MOONLIGHT, through windows, catches the backs of four MEN. They all wear outlaw motorcycle cuts: MAYANS, NORTHERN CALI and snakeskin COWBOY BOOTS.

(CONTINUED)

The men move into the BACK HALF of the warehouse, no windows. They now see WOODEN CASES of GUNS. GLOCK 9MM's, COMBAT SHOTGUNS. Along the walls, large BOXES OF AMMUNITION are stacked floor to ceiling. It's a fucking arsenal.

WORK TABLES are covered in GUN PARTS: stocks, barrels, sound suppressors, laser pointers, iron sights, night vision, telescopic sights, optical scopes, bipods, grenade launchers, hand grips, etc. See GUNS IN VARIOUS STATES OF ASSEMBLY.

One of the tables has a row of ASSEMBLED M4 ASSAULT RIFLES. Mayan in charge, MARCUS ALVAREZ, 30's, hard-looking, picks up an M4 from the table. Admires it --

ALVAREZ

Niners ad a custom order. Full auto, laser scopes --

MAYAN 1

Niggers still couldn't hit shit.

The men LAUGH.

ALVAREZ

Load the M4's and Glocks in the truck.

4 INT. BLUEBIRD WAREHOUSE - UTILITY HATCH - INTERCUT 4

From inside a BELOWGROUND CRAWL SPACE, two terrified MEXICAN WOMEN watch the activity through a cracked open HATCH DOOR.

5 EXT. BLUEBIRD WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 5

Alvarez loads a clip into an M4 as the MAYANS load the cases of assault rifles into the pickup. A MAN in a GRAY HOODIE sits behind the wheel. He smokes, uninvolved with the task.

MAYAN 1

What about the other guns and shit?

Alvarez grabs a large GAS CAN from the back of the truck. Heaves it to the Mayan.

ALVAREZ

Bye bye, Bluebird.

Then, Alvarez BLASTS apart the BLUEBIRD SIGN over the door with the assault rifle. Powerful fucking weapon.

6 INT. HOFFMAN'S PHARMACY - NIGHT 6

Mom & Pop drug store, everything from BEAUTY SUPPLIES to TOYS. AMERICAN ROCK & ROLL plays over the store speakers.

As Jax walks toward the register with a box of CONDOMS (extra large), he spots a display of BABY BOOKS.

He stops, takes in the selection. Picks up THE WHEELS GO ROUND AND ROUND. On the cover a BABY BOY sits on the ground surrounded by toy cars, motorcycles and trucks. Jax thumbs through the pages. Curious, amused.

LOUISE HOFFMAN, 21, blond, blue eyes, the girl next door, behind the counter, watches Jax. Curious, amused.

Jax puts the book back, walks to the counter with the rubbers.

JAX

Hey, Louise.

She loves that fact that he knows her name. Shy, flirty --

LOUISE

(re: condoms)

You know you can order these by the case. Be a lot cheaper.

JAX

(flirts back)

Box at a time, keeps me humble.

As Jax hunts for ROLLING PAPERS on the rack next to the counter, Louise pulls out a BOOK from a SHIPPING BOX, copies of THE WHEELS GO ROUND AND ROUND. Unseen by Jax, she covertly drops one in his bag. Jax returns, shows her the ROLLING PAPERS --

JAX

Couple packs of smokes, too, Darling.

As Jax tosses the ROLLING PAPERS in the paper bag, he notices the BOOK, pulls it out, looks at Louise. She places two packs of OLD TIMES cigarettes on the counter, returns the smile --

LOUISE

It was my favorite.

Before Jax can respond -- they see, through the large FRONT WINDOW, the DISTANT SKY LIGHT UP ORANGE.

LOUISE

What the hell is that?

Jax walks toward the window. Numbly --

JAX

Oh, shit.

Jax heads out.

As the Rock & Roll turns to SCORE, we see the OLD TIMES, CONDOMS and THE WHEELS GO ROUND AND ROUND on the counter. Abandoned.

7 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT (**EXISTING SCENE**)

7

Multiple EXPLOSIONS continue like FIREWORKS. The YOUNG BUCK flees as DEBRIS RAINS DOWN. Cinder, wood, tin and a POLYMER GUN STOCK. The STOCK, ON FIRE, burns like a broken torch.



8 EXT. LOCAL HIGHWAY - DAY 8

Backs of FOUR RIDERS. Vests: SONS OF ANARCHY, CALIFORNIA.

Jax and three MEN cruise down a two-lane road. As the Harleys head out of town, they approach a wind-beaten WOODEN SIGN that reads: THANK YOU FOR VISITING CHARMING, PLEASE COME AGAIN.

We move further down the highway and see the bikes approach. They RUSH BY THE CAMERA with the FEROCITY OF WILD HORSES. We are now facing the OTHER SIDE of the wooden sign. It reads: WELCOME TO CHARMING. OUR NAME SAYS IT ALL. POPULATION 14,679.

The camera PUSHES TIGHTER on the sign, we see under the lettering, HAND CARVED deep into the old wood, two words: SAM CROW. Below that, a sun-worn sticker reads: SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL SONS OF ANARCHY MOTORCYCLE CLUB. REDWOOD ORIGINAL.

9 EXT. FOREST ROAD - DAY 9

The same men navigate a desolate rural road. They reach a clearing in the forest. See the Bluebird warehouse. Roof blown, half-burnt to the ground. A FIRE CREW finishes up, gears up to leave. San Joaquin County SHERIFFS mill about.

10 EXT. BLUEBIRD WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 10

As the Harleys come to a stop, we meet the other riders. CLAY MORROW, 59. Tall, thick, TATTOOS on his neck and forearms. Old school. He unconsciously MASSAGES HIS HANDS as he turns off his bike. With him, BOBBY MUNSON, 50, a gold Jewish CHAI around his neck. TIG TRAGER, 50, huge, a killer.

All the men wear GRAY WORK SHIRTS, their NAME on one pocket, TELLER-MORROW on the other.

Jax, Clay, Bobby and Tig dismount. Walking toward them, in uniform, SHERIFF VIC TRAMMEL, 40's. Black. Urban. Clay's rage slow boils as he pursues the facts --

CLAY  
What the hell was it?

TRAMMEL  
Looks like the propane tanks caught fire. Ammo inside, place just blew.

CLAY  
Shit.

TRAMMEL  
Fire dick says it was definitely arson. Found a bunch of boot prints.

The men see the SHOT-UP BLUEBIRD SIGN, share a look --

BOBBY  
Cowboy boots?

(CONTINUED)

TRAMMEL  
Yeah. Think so.

TIG  
Shit-eatin' Mayans.

JAX  
Where the hell was Rodrigo?

TRAMMEL  
No sign of your watchman.

11 INT. BLUEBIRD WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 11

The men walk through the wreckage. Bullets and bird seed.

CLAY  
What's the exposure?

TRAMMEL  
Officially, just me and county FD.  
Fire Captain can be convinced to  
rethink his report.

JAX  
Unofficially?

TRAMMEL  
The blast was seen in two counties.  
This location's dead.

CLAY  
Jesus Christ --

Clay looks around at the wreckage, realizes --

CLAY  
The M4's?

TRAMMEL  
Gone. Most of the Glocks too.

JAX  
(knows what's coming)  
Shit.

Clay snaps, TRASHES what's left of a work table. They give him room.

Jax pulls out some CASH, hands it to Trammel --

JAX  
Get the fireman on board. Don't want  
this shit hitting ATF's radar.

Jax puts a hand on Clay's shoulder --

JAX  
Let's get out of here.

Clay nods. As they start to walk away --

TRAMMEL  
Gotta see something else.

CLAY  
Do we really?

Trammel checks to see if anyone is watching, then moves some CAREFULLY-PLACED DEBRIS, opens the UTILITY HATCH. Inside, the two Mexican Women. Charred. Dead. The men take it in stride. Except Jax, it hits him hard.

CLAY  
Goddamn. Fried and refried.

TIG  
Illegals. Part of our assembly crew.

TRAMMEL  
Found them before FD went through.

BOBBY  
Poor bitches must've crawled in here to hide.

JAX  
Jesus. They were baked alive.

CLAY  
This shit just keeps getting better.  
(to Trammel)  
Smoke clears, get rid of the bodies.

Jax hands Trammel more CASH. He and the Sheriff share an uncomfortable glance.

As the men walk away, Trammel realizes --

TRAMMEL  
What do I tell our friends in Oaktown?  
Supposed to deliver five cases to  
Laroy and his crew tomorrow night.

CLAY  
Call 'im on the "gangsta" hotline, set  
a meeting.

As Sam Crow exits the warehouse, Clay, frustrated by the bullshit, hands his 9MM to Jax --

12 EXT. BLUEBIRD WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

12

CLAY  
Two in the back of the head. Quick  
and painless.

The guys LAUGH.

(CONTINUED)

JAX  
It ain't easy being king.

CLAY  
Remember that.

Jax and Clay powwow away from Bobby and Tig.

JAX  
Just tell me the move here.

Clay appreciates his desire to make it right.

CLAY  
I gotta try and buy some time with Laroy. You should head back to the garage, need you in Charming in case anything blows back home.

JAX  
(concerned)  
Take Tig and Bobby with you. Watch your back. I don't trust Laroy.

CLAY  
Sound like your mother.

Clay embraces Jax. The men hop on their Harleys, head out.

13 EXT. SAMCRO COMPOUND - FRONT DRIVE - DAY

13

As Jax enters the FRONT GATE, the CAMERA DISCOVERS the Sam Crow COMPOUND. Sons of Anarchy CLUBHOUSE is a simple one-story building. The REAPER hangs prominent on the industrial looking fortress. Off the back of the Clubhouse, a CEMENT DECK with an AWNING. On it, PICNIC TABLES and a BOXING RING.

Across the lot, TELLER-MORROW AUTOMOTIVE, a full-service car and motorcycle facility. OFFICE and three-bay GARAGE.

See a BLACK CARGO VAN parked next to a row of Harleys.

Entire compound surrounded by STAY-THE-FUCK-OUT BARBED WIRE.

Near the garage, the TELLER-MORROW TOW TRUCK pulls in the BACK GATE, BMW hooked to the rig. A DEER ASS sticks out of the shattered windshield of the sedan. The front half lies across the seat. It's the YOUNG BUCK from the forest.

CHIBS TELFORD, 42, and HALF-SACK EPPS, 23, hop out of the truck. Both wear T-M WORK SHIRTS and their SAMCRO colors. Half-Sack only has a bottom rocker; it reads: PROSPECT.

14 EXT. SAMCRO COMPOUND - BACK LOT - CONTINUOUS 14

Jax pulls up next to the tow truck, as he climbs off --

JAX

Some days you're the Beamer, some days  
you're the goddamn deer.

Jax jumps in, helps Tig lower the car from the rig, clearly a  
guy who knows his way around a tow truck. They continue --

CHIBS

Yuppie creamed it out by the streams.

JAX

He run into it or hit a tree while it  
was giving him head?

HALF-SACK

How the hell do I get it out of there?

Jax shares a smile with Chibs. Opens a TOOL BIN on the tow  
truck, pulls out a CHAINSAW. Hands it to Half-Sack.

HALF-SACK

Oh, Christ...

JAX

Just pretend it's "carve your own  
steak night" at Sizzler.

HALF-SACK

I don't eat meat, man.

JAX

Figure it out, grunt.

As Jax and Chibs finish unhooking the BMW --

JAX

Don't know if your prospect's gonna  
make it.

CHIBS

Got a lot of heart, just a little  
light on the gray matter.

Half-Sack hops in the Tow Truck, pulls it away from the BMW.  
Clear of ears, Chibs shifts the tenor of the conversation --

CHIBS

What the hell happened?

JAX

Mayans torched the warehouse. Stole  
the Niners M4's.

CHIBS

Holy shit.

(CONTINUED)

JAX  
Clay's gonna sit down with Laroy. Try  
to buy us some time.

CHIBS  
Niners already paid for that hardware.

Half-Sack heads back with the chainsaw as Jax's CELL RINGS.

JAX  
That's the tricky part.

Jax checks the ID, takes the call.

JAX  
Hey, Ma.

15 INT. BLACK CADILLAC - DRIVING - INTERCUT (**EXISTING SCENE**) 15

GEMMA TELLER, 51. Sexy. Muscular. A faded TATTOO peeks out  
of her cleavage. She lives somewhere between Rodeo Drive and  
Go-Fuck-Yourself Blvd. Speeding, smoking, as she chats --

GEMMA  
Did you go to storage?

JAX  
Not yet.

GEMMA  
Hope there's something you can use.  
Haven't looked through that baby stuff  
in years.

Jax follows Chibs as he walks back to Half-Sack.

JAX  
Anything'll help.

GEMMA  
Still coming to dinner tomorrow? I'm  
picking up steaks from the German.

JAX  
I'll be there.

GEMMA  
Should bring Chibs and the new kid.

Jax and Chibs watch Half-Sack inside the BMW, CARVING AWAY AT  
THE DEER'S HEAD. Fur and venison SPLATTER. Half-Sack GAGS.

JAX  
New kid doesn't eat meat.

GEMMA  
Christ. Don't patch him in. Can't  
trust anyone doesn't eat meat.

The chainsaw BUZZES loudly --

GEMMA (O.S.) (WILD LINE)  
 What the hell's that?

JAX  
 Don't ask. You heard from my crazy ex-wife at all? Never answers her goddamn phone.

GEMMA  
 That's 'cause she knows it's you.

JAX  
 She's supposed to be sending me the doctor bills. Haven't seen one in weeks.

GEMMA  
 I'll stop by on my way home, check in on her.

JAX  
 Thanks... Grandma.

GEMMA  
 Asshole.

Gemma hangs up, smiles. Checks herself in the mirror.

Half-Sack exits the BMW, holding the BLOODY HEAD OF THE DEER by the antlers. He DRY HEAVES. Jax and Chibs LAUGH.

16 INT. WENDY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (**EXISTING SCENE**)

16

WENDY CASE, 34, pretty in a hard way, frantically SEARCHES for something. She tosses garbage off a table, digs through drawers, then she remembers -- opens the FREEZER, a SPOON sticks out of a quart of ice cream. She yanks it, licks it clean, slams the door shut. The CAMERA STAYS on the fridge. See PHOTOS. Wendy with Jax and Sam Crow. Recovery slogans.

CAMERA MOVES back to Wendy. She holds the SPOON over a low STOVE FLAME. In it, CRYSTALLINE ROCKS melt in a splash of water. She DRAWS the cooked mixture into a 1 ML SYRINGE.

Wendy sits at a table. She searches her hand for a place to pop. She hesitates as she places the same hand on her belly. For the first time we see that she is SEVEN MONTHS PREGNANT.

17 EXT. STREET (OAKLAND) - DAY

17

Clay, Bobby and Tig roll up to an URBAN PARK. Dangerous neighborhood. In front, a SEDAN and a WHITE SUV. Sheriff Trammel exits the sedan. LAROY, black, 30's, exits the SUV. With him, three ONE-NINERS. Trammel approaches Clay --

(CONTINUED)

CLAY  
Laroy know anything?

TRAMMEL  
I don't think so.

CLAY  
Let's keep it that way. Don't want the  
OG finding out his competition is armed  
to the teeth with guns he's paid for.

18 EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

18

Clay and Laroy walk to a BENCH. Sit next to each other.  
Bobby and Tig keep an eye on Clay. The Niners watch Laroy.

Clay and Laroy watch BLACK KIDS play for a moment. Then --

LAROY  
Must be real important, easy rider  
meeting me face to face.

CLAY  
Our assembly warehouse burned down.  
All the guns, including your M4's,  
blown to shit.

LAROY  
Burned down, how?

CLAY  
I don't know. Lightning maybe.  
Whatever it was, it's a total loss.

Laroy tries to gauge the truth. Then --

LAROY  
There's zero balance due on that  
hardware. Means you got about twenty  
four hours to find me five more cases.

CLAY  
That's why I'm here. Shipment's gonna  
be a little late.

The tenor shifts. Original Gangster vs. Original Biker --

LAROY  
That can't happen. Got a shipment of  
my own coming in. Very important  
cargo. Mayans might be on to it. I'm  
gonna need those gats, make sure  
nothin' goes sideways.

CLAY  
If you need protection, I can loan you  
some of my guys --



LAROY

Don't want no cracker-ass bikers, want my goddamn guns!

Clay remains cool. The diplomat --

CLAY

Been doing business with the One-Niners a long time. Always respected our arrangement, never sold gun-one to the Mexicans. Now you can show me a little respect, give me a few days to deliver.

LAROY

Don't give a shit about history or respect. This is about business, old man.

Now Clay turns cold. The warrior --

CLAY

And I'm telling you, brother, giving me some more time is real smart business.

Beat. Laroy knows Clay is not to be taken lightly.

LAROY

You got to Sunday. I don't get those M4's by then, there's gonna be some new black faces cruising the streets of Charming. And a burned warehouse gonna be the least of your problems.

Laroy walks away. Clay stays seated. Exhausting fucking day. He watches the KIDS PLAYING with WATER PISTOLS.

19 EXT./INT. STORAGE LOCKER - DAY (EXISTING SCENE)

19

Jax enters the cramped space. Picks up a TEDDY BEAR from the floor. The unit is filled with OLD BABY FURNITURE, BOXES, MEMORY-CHARGED JUNK.

Jax lights up when he sees a DAISY BB RIFLE. Turns boy. Pumps it, takes aim and FIRES at some BOXES.

As he makes his way through the baby stuff, he sees a box on top of a CHANGING TABLE. It's labeled: JOHN MISC. Jax opens the box. Inside -- dirty BINDERS filled with HARLEY REPAIR MANUALS, SPOOLS of SUPER 8 FILM, VHS TAPES, NOTE PADS and PHOTOS: John in Vietnam, Gemma and John's wedding. History.

As Jax pulls out one of the HARLEY BINDERS, a thick MANILA ENVELOPE slides out. Labeled: ORIGINAL. 3/15/1993.

Jax picks it up. BREAKS THE SEAL and slides out a MANUSCRIPT. Typewritten. The title page reads:

(CONTINUED)

**THE LIFE AND DEATH OF SAM CROW.  
HOW THE SONS OF ANARCHY LOST THEIR WAY.  
BY JOHN THOMAS TELLER.**

Jax turns the page, reads the DEDICATION. He hears his father's voice in his head --

JOHN TELLER (V.O.)  
For my sons. Thomas, who is already  
at peace. And Jackson, may he never  
know this life of chaos.

Jax drops into a BABY ROCKING CHAIR, stares at the page.

20 EXT. WENDY'S HOUSE - DAY (**EXISTING SCENE**) 20

Part of town they call Sam Crow's Corner. Middle-class. Americana. Gemma sees the neglected lawn, NEWSPAPERS and MAIL stacked on the porch. Concerned, she BANGS on the door --

GEMMA  
Wendy!

Nothing. She goes around back, passes a WINDOW. Sees inside --

21 INT. WENDY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - INTERCUT (**EXISTING SCENE**) 21

Wendy is LYING IN A HEAP on the kitchen floor. BLOOD pools under her pelvis. USED SYRINGE near her head.

GEMMA (O.S.)  
Stupid junkie bitch.

22 EXT. SAMCRO COMPOUND - BACK LOT - DAY 22

Half-Sack and a Hang-Around, LONG JOHN, 30's, carry a large CARDBOARD BOX from the Back Lot to the BACK DOOR of the Clubhouse.

23 INT. SAMCRO CLUBHOUSE - PIANO ROOM - CONTINUOUS 23

As Half-Sack and Long John enter, Bobby warms up on his guitar and JUICE ORTIZ, 32, edgy, brains, assembles a HARD DRIVE at a desk.

On all the walls, MEMBERS' PHOTOS and SOA MEMORABILIA.

They carry the box into --

24 INT. SAMCRO CLUBHOUSE - BARROOM - CONTINUOUS 24

BOBBY

Half-Sack. Piney clogged the toilet again.

HALF-SACK

Jesus Christ. That guy shits like a Grizzly. It ain't human.

Long John LAUGHS as Half-Sack deals with the task.

HALF-SACK

Put under here for now --

They slide the box under the pool table.

LONG JOHN

Where'd you get that name, Half-Sack?

Proudly, without hesitation, Half-Sack drops his pants --

HALF-SACK

Had my left nut blown off by an aper frag in Iraq. We were coming up over --

Clay, Chibs and Tig enter the FRONT DOOR, see Half-Sack --

CLAY

Jesus Christ, put that deformed nut bag away.

HALF-SACK

Sorry, man.

Tig instructs the prospect and friend --

TIG

Disappear.

Half-Sack and Long John take off out the back.

CLAY

Find Jax.

CHIBS

Jax!

Chibs heads to the Hallway --

25 INT. SAMCRO CLUBHOUSE - APARTMENT - DAY (EXISTING) 25

We see Jax's colors draped over a chair. This is where he's been living. His father's box, SPILLED on his bed, Sam Crow MEMORABILIA and PHOTOS. Several pictures of a TEENAGE JAX with a pretty, TEENAGE GIRL.

Jax sits on the edge of his bed. Reading the MANUSCRIPT. A few pages in. Then, A KNOCK on the door startles him --

TB

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14A

26 INT. SAMCRO CLUBHOUSE - HALLWAY - INTERCUT

26

CHIBS

Jax. We're at the table.

JAX

Okay.

Jax HIDES the manuscript inside a desk drawer. A secret.

27 INT. SAMCRO CLUBHOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 27

Jax exits the Apartment, LOCKS the door. On the wall across from his door, RUNGS lead up to a ROOF HATCH. As he walks down the hall, we see more SOA MEMORABILIA. At the end of the hallway, an OUTCOVE cut into the wall, in it a 1949 HARLEY PANHEAD FL HYDRA GLIDE. Plaque below reads: JT's "WIN SOME". Jax PATS the seat as he passes (ritual) and enters --

28 INT. SAMCRO CLUBHOUSE - BARROOM - CONTINUOUS 28

He passes the WALL OF MUGSHOTS. We see JOHN TELLER, Jax, Clay and others. Camera HANGS for a moment, studies Sam Crow's felonious history.

29 INT. SAMCRO CLUBHOUSE - CHAPEL - DAY 29

Jax, Clay, Bobby, Tig, Chibs and Juice sit at the redwood table. The guys toss CELL PHONES into a CIGAR BOX. Chibs picks up the box --

CHIBS  
Swept this morning. We're cool.

Chibs exits, tosses the box on the pool table. Clay fills them in. Intense.

CLAY  
Got one more day out of Laroy, that's it. Niners got a huge heroin shipment coming in, carbines are for protection.

BOBBY  
And what happens if the Mayans crash the dope party with the Laroy's M4's?

JAX  
We lose all the Niner business. Buy ourselves a huge black beef.

Clay changes the downward spiral, SLAMS his fist --

CLAY  
That's not gonna happen. These Mexi assholes came into our territory, stole from us, shit on our livelihood.  
(beat)  
I don't care who we have to grease or kill. I want those goddamn guns back.

Jax takes Clay's lead --

JAX  
Me and Chibs'll pull together all our current intel on the Mayans. Juice, start hacking crime databases, get addresses on any Mayans in the system.

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29

JUICE

Not a problem.

CLAY

Wherever we find those guns --  
(at Bobby)

(more)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

CLAY (cont'd)

I want to Fat Man and Little Boy every goddamn inch of that place.

JAX

Bobby's got Tahoe this weekend.

BOBBY

I'll cancel that shit --

Everyone joins in with an animated, collective "No".

CLAY

You got two ex-wives who already spent that casino check. Last thing we need are PIs and lawyers camping out front.

BOBBY

If I don't do it, who's gonna handle the pyro?

CLAY

Nobody blows up shit better than Opie.

JAX

Op's leaning right these days.

CLAY

He'll lean any way we need him to. Get him on board.

Clay stands, heads for the door. Meeting over. Men follow --

30 INT. SAMCRO CLUBHOUSE - BARROOM - CONTINUOUS

30

Clay and Bobby at the bar. Sidebar --

BOBBY

Sure you want me stepping away from this?

CLAY

Yeah. Take the prospect with you. I'm gonna need the rest of the crew.

BOBBY

Okay. I'll get him half-laid.

CLAY

What's that smell?

Before he can investigate, he sees, on the SECURITY MONITORS, a black CADILLAC SCREECH up outside. Gemma jumps out --

31 EXT. SAMCRO COMPOUND - DAY

31

Jax and Clay exit. Gemma, panicked --

(CONTINUED)

GEMMA  
Tried calling you.

JAX  
What is it?

32 INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY 32

Jax, Gemma, Clay, power down a long hallway. The trilogy. Bobby and Chibs right behind. Jax is focused on the dread behind the double doors. Gemma opens her bag, pulls out a pack of MATCHES. Hands it to Clay --

GEMMA  
Found these matches next to a bunch of her empty thumb bags. Hairy Dog.

CLAY  
Shit. Gotta be the Nords. Dealing out of the Dog again.

BOBBY  
Darby got out of Chino two weeks ago.

CLAY  
Call that Nazi prick. Set a meeting.

They push through doors into --

33 INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - ICU - CONTINUOUS 33

Waiting outside an ICU unit is DR. TARA KNOWLES, 29. Bright eyes. Pediatric Resident.

Inside an ICU CUBICLE we see Wendy, hooked up to monitors, Sedated. NO LONGER PREGNANT. Jax sees Wendy --

JAX  
What the hell happened?

TARA  
When was the last time you saw her?

JAX  
Couple weeks.

TARA  
Her hands and feet were full of tracks. Toxicology reports aren't back yet. Most likely, crank.

Jax is gut-punched by the information. Speechless. Awe, remorse. Then he realizes --

JAX  
The baby.



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33 CONTINUED:

33

TARA

We had to do an emergency c-section.  
He's ten weeks premature.

(CONTINUED)

JAX

Holy shit.

TARA

C'mon, let's sit down --

JAX

Just tell me.

TARA

He's got a congenital heart defect and gastroschisis -- tear in his abdomen. The gastro and early birth are from the drugs, but the CHD is probably --

GEMMA

The family flaw.

TARA

Yes, it's genetic. Either one would be serious, but not life-threatening. However, the two of them together... Dr. Namid gives him a twenty percent chance. And I'm afraid that's being optimistic.

An historical dagger in Gemma's heart --

GEMMA

Oh, my god.

JAX

She never wanted to talk to me. I didn't know --

TARA

Her OB said she missed her last three appointments. No one knew.

(beat)

Dr. Namid wants to fix his belly first, then when he stabilizes, he'll go in and repair his heart. I'm sorry, Jax. I can take you to see him now.

Tara heads to a DOOR: NEONATAL INTENSIVE CARE UNIT (NICU).  
Jax puts a hand on her shoulder, stops her. Private moment --

JAX

You don't have to do this, Tara. Sure you got other patients you can be --

TARA

I asked Dr. Namid if I could assist. I want to help your son.

Beat. History between these two. Gemma clocks the spark.

JAX

His name is Abel.

TARA

That's a good name.

As Tara heads into the NICU hallway. Jax freezes, unable to cross the threshold. He turns, walks in the other direction.

TARA

Jax.

Jax walks past Clay and Gemma --

GEMMA

Jackson.

JAX

Go with Tara.  
(to Clay)  
I got something to do.

Jax walks away. Clay leans into Bobby and Chibs, quietly --

CLAY

Watch his back.

Jax heads down the long hallway, needing an exit. His face, a mix of fear, rage, determination. His family fades into the background, as he PUSHES OPEN the hospital door --

34 INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - NICU INCUBATION CHAMBER - DAY 34

We PUSH IN on an INCUBATION UNIT. Meet ABEL TELLER, 53 minutes old, 2 lbs, 13 ozs. Size of a Nerf football. Tubes, wires everywhere. His tiny pink face, all determination --

35 EXT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - DAY 35

Jax FIRES UP his Harley. As he TEARS OUT, car ALARMS go off.

36 INT. HAIRY DOG BAR - DAY (**EXISTING SCENE**) 36

Jax walks into the bar. Bobby and Chibs follow. Local joint. Day drinkers and barflies. In the back, three large WHITE GUYS eat, drink, shoot pool. INK on their arms: NORDS. Jax SPOTS the guy he wants. Grabs a CUE STICK from a rack.

Lining up a shot, IZZY, 30's, prison-buff. Before the Nords can react to Sam Crow, Jax CRACKS Izzy across the bridge of the nose with the thick end of the stick. The stick SPLITS, so does Izzy's nose. Blood. Izzy drops to his knees.

JAX

Sell crank to my pregnant ex-wife.  
Stupid peckerwood shithead.

Bobby and Chibs pull 9MM's, hold off the other Nords --

BOBBY

Easy, boys.

The Nords stay put, as Jax CRACKS Izzy in the face with brutal punches. Izzy lands on his back, bloody and half-conscious. Then Jax picks up the BROKEN CUE STICK, drives the SHARP SPLINTERED end into Izzy's GROIN. MOANS of agony.

Chibs pulls Jax off of Izzy --

CHIBS

Point made, brother.

Jax snaps out of his rage. Stares at the chaos. Walks out. Bobby and Chibs back out, guns drawn. Bobby smiles --

BOBBY

Enjoy your lunch.  
(re: Izzy's skewered sack)  
Shish-ka-balls are on me.

37 EXT. HAIRY DOG BAR - DAY

37

The men climb on their Harleys.

BOBBY

(concerned, to Jax)  
You okay?

JAX

(nods)  
Gonna go find Op.

As Jax ROARS off. As Bobby and Chibs head in the other direction.

A SUBURBAN pulls up nearby. ERNEST DARBY, 55, white, bulky, NORD INK, exits the truck. With him, WHISTLER, 30's, prison-buff. They take note of Sam Crow as they ride away.

38 EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY (**EXISTING SCENE**)

38

Jax sits on his Harley in a CLEARING. Sees a LUMBER CREW, hardhats, chainsaws, axes, exit the WOODS. Break time. Part of the team, OPIE WINSTON, 30, crew cut, freckles. Tall, thick, prison ink. Ron Howard on steroids. Opie breaks away from the guys, joins Jax. Private.

OPIE

Everyone's saying it was a gun factory  
blew up out by the streams last night.

JAX

Mayans hit us. Stole our M4's.

OPIE

Shit.

(CONTINUED)

JAX  
 We need you.

OPIE  
 For what?

JAX  
 Bobby's got a gig this weekend.

OPIE  
 No way --

JAX  
 We gotta get in and out fast. You're the only guy who can pull it off.

OPIE  
 Think I wanna be here, chipping wood for shit pay? I made a promise to Donna. Earning straight.

JAX  
 We all earn straight. I spend forty hours a week with a goddamn power tool in my hand --

OPIE  
 C'mon, man. When you're on Clay's payroll, everything in your hand's a power tool.

JAX  
 You saying no to the club?

OPIE  
 (a lost boy)  
 It's all turned up to shit since I got out. Debt up to my eyeballs. My kids hardly know me. I just mention Sam Crow, Donna busts out crying.

JAX  
 If you need money --

OPIE  
 I don't wanna borrow. Wanna earn.

JAX  
 Family's just gotta adjust to you being around. Kids gotta get used to how ugly their dad is.

OPIE  
 How's Wendy doing? She's what, like six, seven months now?

JAX  
 Yeah. Things always have a way of working out. Donna knows what the life is.

OPIE

Leave a woman alone for five years.  
Two kids. Only thing they know is  
they don't want it to happen again.

JAX

It won't happen again.

Opie's FOREMAN WHISTLES, waves him over. Opie's in --

OPIE

Let me know when you need me.

39 OMITTED

39

40 INT. SAMCRO CLUBHOUSE - CHAPEL - NIGHT

40

Clay at the head, Jax and Tig flank him. All the members of SAMCRO around the redwood table. Meet the last member, PINEY WINSTON, 70. Old school outlaw, attached to a SMALL OXYGEN TANK. Also meet HAPPY, intense. His bottom rocker reads: WASHINGTON. This is CHURCH. Weekly meeting of SOA. Sacred.

All the members focused and eager. Except Jax, preoccupied. They're into business --

TIG

Meeting's set with Darby. 7:00 AM, at the Cracker Barrel.

CLAY

Seems about right. What's the Nord's roster looking like these days?

BOBBY

Fifteen, sixteen guys. Few kids breakin' in. Same extreme hate shit.

JUICE

Still got their meth labs outside of Lodi. Sell mostly to truckers, some of the Mexi gangs.

JAX

Think they're stepping up?

CLAY

Only two things feel good in the joint. Jerking off and dreaming about all the shit you're gonna do when you get out. Darby was inside for three years. Wanna make sure his big shot dreams landed in his cum rag, not on his to-do list.

TIG

Aryan Nation's growing in leaps and bounds. Lotta angry white kids out there. Darby folds the Nords into the Brotherhood we got a problem.

PINEY

Brotherhood's not gonna risk pissin' us off. Sons of Anarchy are twenty six charters strong. Hundreds of members --

OPIE

We're actually at twenty eight charters now, Pop.

PINEY

Twenty eight? Shit. You know what I'm saying.

LAUGHTER. Clay smiles at the old man.

BOBBY

Nords do have a new recruitment slogan. "Securing white supremacy, one inbred at a time."

JUICE

Speaking of inbreds, Bobby, how's your second cousin ex-wife?

BOBBY

Third cousin and she's sucking the life out of me, you little Rican shithead.

Clay brings them back on point --

CLAY

Op, you see Darby cozying up to any of the Aryan kings in Chino?

OPIE

White Might didn't trust Darby. Thought he was a loose cannon. Doubt he made that hookup.

CLAY

How's his guy doing?

JUICE

Fractured cheek, broken nose, left nut swinging solo.

WHOOPS, APPLAUSE. Jax shares a look with Clay.

JAX

He's lucky to be breathing.

The reality of Jax's kid hits the crew. See the COMPASSION on their faces as the room shifts to a respectful quiet.

(CONTINUED)

CLAY

I know.

Clay pulls them back to business. Addresses Happy --

CLAY

Any luck up north?

HAPPY

Tacoma can help with the Glocks, but there's no M4's anywhere. Wash state, Oregon, NV. Nobody's got stock, man.

JAX

We'll have all the Mayan intel by morning. We'll get our guns back.

CLAY

Yeah. We will.  
(beat, to Bobby)  
Treasury?

Bobby puts on reading glasses, checks a LEDGER --

BOBBY

Bills are paid, bar's stocked. Run fund's covered for the next two months. Tig's the only one owes me dues. \*

TIG

Little light. Hit you next week. \*

HAPPY

Guess those little Thai boys are getting expensive. \*

TIG

Yeah, they are. Maybe I'll slit your eyes and have you suck my dick. \*

CHIBS

Bring it on, little Tiggy. \*

CLAY

Alright. Alright. Anything else? \*

PINEY

Yeah. Just wanna say, to Jax, on a club level, that Sons of Anarchy, Redwood Original, is here for you. Your father'd be proud of the man you've become. Every time I see you at this table, I do a double-take.

OPIE

That's just the weed, Pop.

PINEY

Yeah. Probably. Anyway. Anything you need, son. It's yours.

(CONTINUED)



They all chime in with APPLAUSE and AGREEMENTS.

JAX  
Thank you, Piney. Thanks, guys.

Clay puts a firm hand on Jax's shoulder, SLAMS the gavel.

CLAY  
Meeting closed.

41 INT. SAMCRO CLUBHOUSE - BARROOM - NIGHT

41

Jax, Clay, Bobby exit the Chapel. See Half-Sack's BOX under the pool table. Half-Sack hands the guys beers.

CLAY  
Thanks.  
(suddenly hit by the odor)  
What the hell is that smell?

BOBBY  
I smell it, too.

The guys follow the scent. Takes Clay under the pool table.

CLAY  
It's that box.

Bobby slides out Half-Sack's heavy BOX. Puts it on the table. Half-Sack, behind the bar, realizes --

HALF-SACK  
Hey, that's mine.

Bobby opens it, pulls out -- THE BLOODY DEER HEAD.

CLAY  
Oh, shit!

The club REACTS in disgust. Half-Sack takes it from Bobby.

BOBBY  
You out of your goddamn mind?

HALF-SACK  
Thought we could mount it in the club.  
Like, you know, on the wall somewhere.

JAX  
Gotta be stuffed and treated, you idiot.

HALF-SACK  
I know that.  
(beat)  
Stuffed with what?

The guys reacts with LAUGHTER. Jax and Clay share a look.

42 EXT. SAMCRO COMPOUND - DECK - NIGHT 42

Half-Sack, half-sad, carries the DEER HEAD to a DUMPSTER.

Surrounding him are dozens of FRIENDS and more CROW-EATERS. MUSIC BLARES, a GUY grills burgers, booze, joints. A surprisingly attractive, yet reasonably tawdry TOPLESS CHICK cruises around on the back of a Harley. It's a PARTY.

Jax, Clay, Bobby, Piney around the BOXING RING. Tig and Happy SLUG IT OUT. Sloppy, brutal. See a ROW OF TATTOOS down Happy's shoulder -- SEVEN HAPPY FACES. Bobby, Chibs and Piney chow down on BBQ. Jax and Clay sip beers. Small talk. \*

BOBBY

Rosen track down any real estate for the rebuild?

CLAY

There's ten acres for sale, north of 84. Stretch of industry, paint factory, container yards --

PINEY \*

Trucking in supplies'll look like business as usual. \*

CHIBS \*

That's still Trammel's jurisdiction. \*

Jax changes the course of the conversation. A hypothetical --

JAX

What would happen if we didn't rebuild?

The tenor shifts. The men share glances. Suddenly, uneasy.

CLAY

What d'ya mean?

JAX

Take the land profit, put it into something else.

Clay, Bobby share a look. Jax, sensing the shift, clarifies -- \*

JAX

Just thinking about what's best, long term. Heat with the Mayans. ATF crawlin' up our ass. Might be time to look at other ways to earn.

Tig and Happy's faces are bloody. Clay ends the chat -- \*

CLAY

Lot of shit up in the air, right now. We'll figure out the next move. (to Bobby, re: fight) Break that up.

(CONTINUED)

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42

Bobby jumps in the ring --

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY  
Hug it out, bitches.

Tig and Happy pull apart. Smile. Give each other a big hug.

43 EXT. SAMCRO COMPOUND - BACK LOT - NIGHT

43

Clay walks Jax over to the Harleys. Fatherly --

CLAY  
You doing okay?

JAX  
Yeah.

CLAY  
Your mom says you haven't been back to the hospital.  
(off his silence)  
We'll handle this Mayan business. You need to focus on your family.

JAX  
Don't push me off this.

Clay delivers a warning, in a "because I care" package --

CLAY  
Know you're spun out over Wendy and your kid. Understandable. Awful shit.  
(off his nod)  
But your father and I worked hard to create this business. We served time. Lost brothers. Spilled a lot of blood. And you're gonna need this now more than ever. A sick kid, that's an expensive burden.  
(burns this into him)  
You wanna do what's best for your family, don't you?

Jax processes Clay's threat.

JAX  
Yeah. Of course.

CLAY  
Good. Go see your son.

Embrace. Clay watches Jax ride away. Concerned.

44 INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT **(EXISTING SCENE)**

Jax walks into a hospital room. Sees Wendy. Asleep. A BIBLE on her night table. On her shoulder, the TATTOO Gemma has on her chest. Jax watches her. Guilt, disdain, pity. He pulls the hair from her mouth. Wendy wakes with a flood of remorse.

(CONTINUED)

WENDY

Didn't think you'd wanna see me.

He wants to be mad, he can only nod. She begins to CRY --

WENDY

Everyone hates me. I'm sorry, Jax.  
I'm so sorry. Please don't hate me --

JAX

You need to get help, Wendy.

WENDY

I know. I will. This time, I promise.  
I will. They told me Abel's getting  
stronger. Doctor said they're gonna  
fix his belly, maybe tomorrow morning.

JAX

They'll do everything they can.

A true junkie, she shifts from remorse to self-preservation --

WENDY

My lawyer says they could file criminal  
charges. Fetal abuse. Got some things  
at the house. In the stash drawer.

JAX

Jesus Christ.

WENDY

Just that, if they find that shit,  
they'll put me away. You own the  
house, Jax. Hate to see this blow  
back on you.

JAX

Yeah.

Once a junkie, always a junkie. Jax exits.

WENDY

Jax. Please. Please... Shit.

45 INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

45

Jax walks toward DOUBLE DOORS. The sign next to the entrance  
reads: NEONATAL INTENSIVE CARE UNIT. Jax stops in front of  
the doorway. Hesitates. He wants to enter. TWO ORDERLIES  
walks around him, PUSH OPEN the doors and enter. Jax looks  
down the corridor. Doors swing shut. He walks the other way.

46 INT. WENDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (EXISTING SCENE)

46

Jax enters, finds Gemma, dressed down, furiously CLEANING.  
We see bags of garbage. Piles of laundry.

(CONTINUED)

JAX  
It's almost midnight.

GEMMA  
Place is a goddamn pig sty.

JAX  
Clean was never her strong suit.

GEMMA  
No kidding. What're you doing here?

JAX  
It's my house.

GEMMA  
You know what I mean. You shouldn't see it this way.

She starts wiping down furniture. Jax watches her obsession.

JAX  
Mom, you don't need to do this --

GEMMA  
Just wanna get it livable. Buy you some decent carpet. Cigarette burns everywhere --

JAX  
Mom. Mom --

GEMMA  
Get you out of that dorm room. Back home. With your son.

JAX  
(snaps)  
Stop cleaning!  
(beat)  
He's not gonna make it.

GEMMA  
What'd ya mean? What happened?

JAX  
He was born with half a stomach and a hole in his heart. He's gonna die.

Gemma SLAPS him.

GEMMA  
Don't you say that. You're the only one this kid's got. If you don't believe he's gonna live, you might as well go down there, kill him yourself.

Jax has no argument. Gemma softens. Strokes his red face --

GEMMA

Sorry. You need to see him, Jax.

JAX

I can't.

GEMMA

Why? 'Cause he'll break your heart?  
It's called being a father.

JAX

For how long? A day? A week?

Beat. Gemma the matriarch, inspires --

GEMMA

You were born with the same heart  
defect your little brother had.  
(pounds his chest)  
Seem pretty sturdy to me. I came  
through hell, landed on my feet. Your  
father was hit by a goddamn semi,  
dragged a hundred seventy-eight yards  
and that bastard lived for two more  
days. Tellers do not die easy.

JAX

No. We just die bloody.

GEMMA

That's the Irish in us.

Gemma lights a JOINT. Mom and son sit and toke. Jax digs --

JAX

When you and Dad hooked up, he ever  
talk about his vision? What he wanted  
from the club?

GEMMA

His vision was, you know, what it is.  
A brotherhood. A family.

JAX

And running guns? He want that?

GEMMA

We never really talked about it. Why?

JAX

Found a box of Dad's old shit in the  
storage unit. Pictures, journals.  
Things I never knew about him.

GEMMA

What kinda things?

JAX

Guess his original idea for the MC was  
something simpler. Social rebellion.  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (3)

46

JAX (cont'd)

Living outside the box. Called it a Harley commune. It wasn't outlaw, was real hippy shit.

GEMMA

We all had a lot of bright ideas back then. We were kids. Your dad became a man. Men take care of business.

JAX

Yeah. They do. You should get home. Can finish cleaning tomorrow. I'll lock up.

GEMMA

(kisses him)  
Okay, darling. Good night.

JAX

'Night, Mom.

Jax shuts the door. Hangs for a minute. Takes a hard pull from the joint. Opens a DESK DRAWER, pulls up a FALSE BOTTOM to reveal a REVOLVER, fresh syringes and THUMB BAGS of METH. He slips the revolver in his waistband, grabs the thumb bags and crosses to the BATHROOM. We watch him drop the bags into the bowl. He stares at them, then FLUSHES.

47 INT. MORROW HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

47

Gemma stands before a mirror buttoning up her pajama top. Great rack. She unconsciously stares at a thick KELOID SCAR on her chest. Open heart surgery.

48 INT. MORROW HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

48

In a master suite, Clay sits on the edge of a king-size bed. See a large white COCKATOO in an ornate cage in the corner. Clay MASSAGES his sore hands as Gemma enters. She notices --

GEMMA

How're the hands, baby?

CLAY

It's just the damp. Where the hell were you?

GEMMA

Cleaning up at Jax's.

He smiles at her obsession.

CLAY

Of course you were.

Gemma COVERS the bird cage. Lost in thought. Clay notices her distraction. With compassion --

(CONTINUED)



CLAY

This stuff with Abel, must be pushin' some old buttons, huh?

Gemma snaps out of her inattention, now on task --

GEMMA

Not my buttons I'm worried about. Jax is going through some shit.

CLAY

Yeah. I know.

GEMMA

Not just with the kid.

CLAY

What do you mean?

Gemma joins Clay on the bed --

GEMMA

He found a box of John's stuff in storage. Was asking me about his original vision for the club. Did he want to get into running guns.

CLAY

Tonight he said that maybe we shouldn't rebuild the factory.

GEMMA

Shit. He's getting chewed up by guilt from both ends of the family tree. Father and son. Remorse is a dangerous thing. Look what Tommy's death did to John. Changed him. Made him soft. You've gotta nail Jax down. Nail him down hard, Clay. Whatever it takes. I don't want the ghost of John Teller poisoning him. Ruining everything we've built.

CLAY

He's not gonna ruin anything. Don't throw your panic into high gear --

GEMMA

They respect him. Jax is strong. When you step down --

CLAY

I'm not going anywhere!

Gemma realizes she just crossed the line. She grabs his hands. Massages them. The obedient wife --

GEMMA

I know, baby. I know. But when you can't ride anymore, my son will get voted in as president. I just want to make sure he's following in the right father's footsteps.

She kisses him, guiding him onto his back. Then she kisses his hands, his chest, his belly. As Gemma moves down to his club member, the camera moves up to Clay's face. He knows his queen speaks the truth --

49 INT. CRACKER BARREL FAMILY RESTAURANT - DAY 3

49

Jax, Clay, Bobby and Tig sit at a big booth with Darby and Whistler. See coffee cups and a half-filled GLASS OF MILK.

Clay slides a WOODEN CASE over to Darby --

CLAY

Little get-well present for your guy, Darby.

Darby opens the box. A new .357 MAGNUM.

DARBY

That's some serious iron. Izzy'll like that. Thanks.

JAX

Figured we'd give him something had some balls.

Jax and Darby burn looks. Clay looks at Jax, interjects --

CLAY

Look, I know what it's like running a crew. Sometimes your guys do shit without thinkin' things through.

DARBY

My guys are thinkin' just fine.

JAX

He "thinkin' fine" when he sold crank to my pregnant ex?

DARBY

That was unfortunate.  
(beat, smug)  
How's your little family doing?

Jax LUNGES at Darby. Whistler jumps up, INTERCEPTS Jax --

(CONTINUED)

WHISTLER

Get off --

Tig grabs Whistler, pulls him off Jax. CUSTOMERS evacuate their tables. Before guns come out, Clay calls for order --

CLAY

Everybody, contain your shit!

SOA and the Nords decompress. Clay burns a look at Jax --

CLAY

You done?

Jax nods. Clay addresses the neighboring booths --

CLAY

Sorry, folks. Go back to your corndogs. Won't happen again.

Customers nervously re-seat. Darby buys some goodwill --

DARBY

I made sure the Brotherhood had Opie's back every minute in Chino. You know that.

CLAY

I know how it works inside, Darby. Question is, do you remember how it works outside?

WHISTLER

A lot changes in three years.

CLAY

And a lot stays the same. Nothing happens in Charming we don't control or get a piece of.

BOBBY

If we wanted a meth trade, we'd have one.

JAX

We don't.

CLAY

You know the drill. You can cook all the crank you want along the border. But you do not deal in Charming.

DARBY

We ain't the only cook shop on the block. Devil wants in, he'll get in.

CLAY

Then you got your work cut out for you. Get control of the meth trade.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CLAY (cont'd)

'Cause if the devil crosses the border again, we come looking for you.

(re: magnum, ominous)

And next time, I won't be using the .357 as a get-well gift.

Beat. Darby digests the threat. All smiles --

DARBY

No need to be making threats, brother. Me and my boys've always managed to make things work with Sam Crow.

CLAY

Good.

Sam Crow exits the booth. Jax throws down a ten spot --

JAX

Milk and cookies are on us.

Sam Crow walks away. Darby looks at the Colt, ominous --

DARBY

Your guns are gonna kill ya, Mr. Crow.

50 INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA - DAY (EXISTING SCENE) 50

Gemma waits with LUANN DELANEY, 48. Sexy, well put-together. Tara joins them. Professional. Gemma stands, anxious.

TARA

Abel's stomach surgery went well, but it's putting a strain on his system. Dr. Namid doesn't want to wait. Thinks we should do the heart surgery now.

GEMMA

Okay.

LUANN

That's good, right? That they're not waiting?

TARA

It's the best choice, yes.

GEMMA

Thanks.

TARA

Can we talk a minute?

Gemma shares a look with Luann, then walks with Tara --

GEMMA

What is it?

TARA

Wendy's in really bad shape. Still detoxing. Can't stop crying.

GEMMA

And?

TARA

Was hoping maybe you could talk to her. Just let her know that she's not alone.

GEMMA

Trust me, nothing I've gotta say to that crank whore is gonna make her feel loved.

Beat. Gemma and Tara have history as well.

TARA

Forgot just how forthright you can be.

GEMMA

You forgot a lot of things, sweetheart.

TARA

If you have a problem with me assisting on Abel's case, just say so.

GEMMA

You a good doctor?

TARA

Yes.

GEMMA

Then, I don't have a problem.

TARA

Good. People change. I'm not the same girl I was ten years ago.

GEMMA

I am.

Tara, frustrated, turns, walks away. As she does, Gemma pulls up the back of her scrubs, reveals a TATTOO on her lower back. CROW shackled by a HEART. SAME one Gemma's got on her rack.

GEMMA

Guess there are some things you can't change.

With the conviction of a woman who's done work on herself --

TARA

I leave it there so I remember all that shit is behind me.

GEMMA

I forgot just how clever you can be.

TARA

You change your mind, Wendy's in 319.

Tara moves down the hall. Gemma walks the other way.

51 INT. SAMCRO COMPOUND - TELLER-MORROW GARAGE - DAY

51

In the garage, Jax, Clay, Opie, Chibs, Tig and Juice break down the retaliation. MUSIC and NOISE of the yard protects the conversation. On a work bench -- MAPS, PHOTOS, REPORTS.

JAX

(re: map)

Mayans got two shops where they cut n'bag their heroin. Twenty minutes outside of Oakland, here --

Juice shows a photo of MARCUS ALVAREZ --

JUICE

Marcus Alvarez, president of the Oakland charter, owns both buildings where they run their dope operation.

CHIBS

Local cops are on payroll, so it's a no hassle gig.

JAX

Which makes him lazy. Alvarez doesn't try too hard to cover his tracks.

TIG

He also knows we'd be onto the cutshops. Wouldn't take a chance housing the M4's there.

CLAY

Store 'em someplace off the grid.

Jax smiles, CIRCLES another location on the map --

JAX

Backtracked one of Alvarez's dummy corporations. In San Leandro, along the U-Pac rail line, here. Marcalva Industrial Storage. Way off the grid.

CLAY

Good work, kids.

As the guys gather up the intel, Clay walks to the other side of the garage. Covertly massages his hands. Tig notices --

(CONTINUED)

TIG  
 Why don't you drive the van. Could be damp out there.

CLAY  
 Juice can drive it. I'm good.

They share a respectful glance. Tig nods.

52 INT. OPIE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY (**EXISTING SCENE**) 52

On a table in the open garage, Opie loads a DUFFLE with wire, detonators, firing caps and sticks of CONSTRUCTION GRADE TNT.

He hears the door into the house OPEN and quickly zips up the bag. DONNA WINSTON, 30, pretty, no ink, joins him --

DONNA  
 What're you doing?

OPIE  
 Gotta make a run.

DONNA  
 What's in the bag?

OPIE  
 Nothing.

53 EXT. OPIE'S HOUSE - INTERCUT (**EXISTING SCENE**) 53

We see Jax walking up the driveway.

As he walks out, Donna grabs the bag. Feels the WEIGHT.

DONNA  
 You promised me you were done with this!

OPIE  
 It's got nothing to do with you.

Donna's fear turns rageful --

DONNA  
 I'm the one who gets shit on if you get caught again.

OPIE  
 That's not gonna happen.

DONNA  
 You sat in a cell for five years while Clay and the others got rich. They sold you out. You know that. You're just too weak to stand up to them!

Donna takes the bag, rushes past him. Opie grabs it back. They fight over the bag. Donna starts POUNDING HIM. Then Opie sees -- his TWINS, 6, in the doorway. Freaked out.

OPIE

Donna. Donna!

Donna turns, sees the kids. Gives Opie a last look, then takes the kids into the backyard. Opie picks up the duffle. He spots Jax as he exits --

54 EXT. OPIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS (**EXISTING SCENE**)

54

OPIE

Didn't hear you pull up.

JAX

Parked down the block. Didn't wanna tweak Donna.

OPIE

You catch all that?

JAX

Enough.

OPIE

Think she's already tweaked.

JAX

Yeah.

Beat. Jax grabs the duffle from Opie.

JAX

Stay here. I'll handle the run.

OPIE

Clay'll chop both our dicks off, I don't show up.

JAX

Soon as I leave, take your kid to the ER. Tell 'em she hit her head or something. Just get on record being there. I'll cover you with Sam Crow.

OPIE

What about the boom?

JAX

I've watched you do it before. I'll call you on the prepay if I need help.

OPIE

You sure about this?

JAX

Go fix your family.

(CONTINUED)



Beat. As Jax throws the duffle over his shoulder --

OPIE

How come you didn't tell me about your kid when I asked out at the mill?

JAX

Didn't know what to say. Still don't.

As Jax walks away, we begin our --

RIDING MONTAGE

55 INT. SAMCRO CLUBHOUSE - APARTMENT - DAY (**EXISTING SCENE**) 55

Jax stands before a mirror. He slides a KNIFE into a sheath, a 9MM into a shoulder holster, a .22 BERETTA into an ankle harness. As he zips up a KEVLAR VEST, he glances down at his FATHER'S PHOTOS spilled on the bed. Conflicted. After a moment, he pulls on his colors, grabs his helmet. To work.

56 EXT. LOCAL STREETS - DAY 56

Jax cruises through Charming. As he turns a corner, Clay sidles up next to him at a RED LIGHT --

CLAY

Where's Op?

JAX

Kid got hurt. Took her to the hospital. Got the bag. I can make it work.

Clay STARES at Jax, gauges the truth. Tense.

JAX

It's all good, brother.

Clay ROARS off. Jax blows a sigh of relief. Follows.

57 EXT. LOCAL STREETS - DAY 57

A few blocks later, Tig rolls up, joins Jax and Clay.

58 EXT. LOCAL STREETS - DAY 58

As they pass a residential area, Chibs fills out the field.

59 INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY (**EXISTING SCENE**) 59

Locals adjust as the pop of the Harleys bitch-slaps their central nervous systems. Business as usual.

60 EXT. LOCAL STREETS - DAY 60

The MC heads out of town. Clay in front. Jax behind him, flanking his right. Tig behind Jax, flanking his left. Chibs bring up the rear. Now a car length behind, we see Juice driving the BLACK CARGO VAN.

61 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY 61

Endless open road. Harleys consume the white lines. Dignity in the formation, leather-clad warriors. Car-lengths behind, the old black tank. Sons of Anarchy on a mission. Revenge.

62 INT. CASINO (LAKE TAHOE) - STAGE - NIGHT 3 62

An ASIAN ELVIS warms up in front of the RED CURTAIN.

ASIAN ELVIS

I'm all shook up. How's that level?

He sings a NONSENSICAL Elvis Medley. Happy with the sound --

ASIAN ELVIS

That's beautiful, babe.

63 INT. CASINO - LOUNGE - NIGHT (EXISTING SCENE) 63

Bobby, Half-Sack, no colors, enter the lounge. See Asian Elvis on stage. Bobby, approaches SIMON, 60's, the manager --

BOBBY

Simon, what the hell is that?

SIMON

Jesus, Bobby, what're you doing here?

BOBBY

I'm booked, tonight and tomorrow.  
Five shows.

SIMON

Oh, shit. Got a new girl in booking.  
Dumb bitch doubled up my acts. Sorry.

BOBBY

Goddamn it, Simon.

Asian Elvis walks toward them. Catches the conversation.

HALF-SACK

Tell Chun King to take a hike.

SIMON

Got six busloads of Korean tourists  
coming in. They love Asian Elvis.  
I'll get you next month, Bobby.

63 CONTINUED: 63

Bobby shakes off his frustration as Asian Elvis walks past.

ASIAN ELVIS  
Better luck next time, Bubba.

Off Half-Sack, is this guy fucking kidding me --

64 INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - NEONATAL SURGICAL ROOM - NIGHT 64  
(EXISTING SCENE)

A team of NURSES prep Abel for surgery. Hooked up to hoses and wires, they wipe him down with antibacterials. He's got a row of sutures across his tiny belly.

65 EXT. STORAGE WAREHOUSE (OUTSIDE OAKLAND) - NIGHT 65

Jax, Clay, Chibs, Tig and Juice. Dark clothes. No colors. No Harleys. DUFFLE, wire cutters, flashlights. They move to the back of two storage structures. Yard is brightly lit, protected by SECURITY CAMERAS and surrounded by barbed-wire. They CUT THROUGH the BACK FENCE and enter the yard.

66 EXT. STORAGE WAREHOUSE - YARD - CONTINUOUS 66

Tig cleaves the thick power cable with an AXE. BLACKOUT.

Juice PICKS THE LOCK on the back door. Taking forever. Jax and Chibs share a look, rush the door, slam their SHOULDERS into it. CRACKS, flies open. Jax, Chibs, Juice tumble inside. Others LAUGH.

67 INT. STORAGE WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 67

Rows of INDUSTRIAL CRATES and a tricked-out, 1964 RANCHERO. Freshly painted on the hood: MI NOVIA. Next to the vehicle, PAINT THINNER and WAX. MARIACHI MUSIC plays from a radio.

68 INT. CASINO - DRESSING AREA - NIGHT (EXISTING SCENE) 68

Half-Sack knocks on a door. From inside --

ASIAN ELVIS (O.S.)  
Who is it?

HALF-SACK  
The Colonel.

Asian Elvis opens the door, before he can say anything, Half-Sack throws a RIGHT CROSS. Elvis drops to the floor. The prospect enters. As he BEATS the living Presley out of Asian Elvis, the battered entertainer never breaks character --

ASIAN ELVIS  
Sweet Jesus. Lord, almighty. Help  
me, Mama. Help me...

69 INT. STORAGE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 69

Clay and Jax stand over three CRATES of Mexican RELIGIOUS  
CANDLES. Jax removes the top row of the ornate candles, to  
reveal a DOZEN M4's. Holds one up to the light --

CLAY  
Praise Jesus. It's a miracle.

Chibs and Juice open two other crates. More M4's.

CHIBS  
Got the rest here.

CLAY  
Get the guns in the van.  
(to Jax)  
Wire up this shithole.

Jax nods as he picks up Opie's duffle.

70 INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - NEONATAL SURGICAL ROOM - NIGHT 70  
(EXISTING SCENE)

We see a TEAM of SURGEONS operating on Abel. Tara and the  
SURGICAL NURSES attend. Intense.

71 INT. STORAGE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 71

Clay and the others watch Jax. Pace. Anxious. Jax stares  
at several six-packs of CONSTRUCTION-GRADE TNT. A DETONATOR  
and YARDS OF WIRE lay at his feet. Unsure of the hookup.

CLAY  
What the hell's the problem?

Jax, out of his depth, takes out his prepay phone --

JAX  
Gotta check something with Op --

Tig, standing watch by the door, spots HEADLIGHTS.

TIG  
We got company.

Clay and the others join Tig. Spot a BEATER PICKUP TRUCK at  
the gate.

CLAY  
Gotta be Mayans.  
(to the others)  
Get the van out of sight. Lay low.  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

CLAY (cont'd)  
 (at Jax)  
 You, with me.

72 EXT. STORAGE WAREHOUSE - YARD - NIGHT

72

A MAN wearing a GRAY HOODIE (same one driving the truck in the opening sequence), let's call him HOODIE GUY, opens the gate. The truck pulls inside. The other three MEN (Mayans we saw in the first scene, but not Alvarez) wear colors.

Mayan 3 hops out of the back, joins Hoodie Guy. Mayan 1, driving, instructs Mayan 3, in Spanish --

MAYAN 1  
 Have the vato check the electrical panel, then do a walkthrough. We'll go in the other way, meet you in the yard.

Mayan 1 and Mayan 2 drive the truck into the yard. Hoodie Guy and Mayan 3 enter the OTHER STRUCTURE.

We see an old wooden sign on the side of the warehouse that reads: MARCALVA INDUSTRIAL STORAGE.

Jax and Clay reach a STACK OF PALLETS. They see Mayan 1 and 2 park the truck. They DID NOT SEE Hoodie Guy or Mayan 3.

CLAY  
 Shit.  
 (burns this at Jax)  
 We should've been long gone by now.

JAX  
 We got the iron, let's just get the hell out.

CLAY  
 I came to send a message.

Clay sees the two Mayans exit the truck.

CLAY  
 These two wetbacks see that busted back door, they'll call for backup.

Clay checks the clip on his Browning, starts to move --

CLAY  
 One for each of us.

Jax stops him --

JAX  
 Blowing shit up's one thing. We off these guys, could trigger something runs out of control.

CLAY

The cost of your mistake. Got a problem making that right?

It's a test. Loyalty. The Mayans head for the back door --

JAX

I'll draw 'em to the dumpster.

Jax wraps himself in a CARGO BLANKET, sings a DRUNKEN TUNE (in English) as he stumbles to a DUMPSTER. The Mayans spot Jax, the homeless white guy. Head toward him. In English --

MAYAN 2

Hey! The hell you doing?

MAYAN 1

This look like some kinda Holiday Inn to you, man?

The two Mayans don't see Clay moving up behind them.

MAYAN 2

Tell your dirtbag buddies, they camp out here, they get some of this --

Mayan 2 SMASHES Jax in the face. Splits his CHEEK. Jax pulls out his 9MM, CRACKS Mayan 2 in the face. Mayan 1 reaches for his weapon, but Clay is on him, 9MM to his head --

CLAY

No bang bang, por favor.

Jax disarms Mayan 2, Clay rips the gun from Mayan 1's hand --

CLAY

Tell your dirtbag buddies, they steal from Sam Crow, they get some of this --

Clay SHOOTS Mayan 1 in the THROAT. GURGLING DEATH. Mayan 2 watches in fear.

Mayan 3 exits the other structure, seeing the scene, he bitch-runs to the truck, STARTS IT. Tig appears from the back, now carrying an M4 --

TIG

Got 'em.

As the Mayan drives away, Tig jumps in the bed. FIRES a TRIPLE BURST through the back window. Mayan 3 slumps at the wheel. Tig HOWLS. Loving the kill.

Chibs and Juice rush out the side exit. See the carnage --

CHIBS

You okay, brother?

TB

"Sons of Anarchy"

Pilot

GREEN Revision

06/16/08

45A

72 CONTINUED: (2)

72

JAX

Yeah. Check the back, make sure  
that's all of them.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (3)

72

Chibs, Tig, Juice head to the back. Tig HANDS OFF the M4 to his boss. Jax, Clay alone.

CLAY

He's all yours.

Jax SHOVES Mayan 2 against the warehouse. Under the MARCALVA SIGN. The Mexican slides down the wall, terrified.

73 INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - NEONATAL SURGICAL ROOM - NIGHT 73  
(EXISTING SCENE)

Mid-surgery. Abel CRASHES. His heart seizes. Flatlines. Nurses rush over with neonatal DEFIBRILLATORS. Tara watches helplessly. Hear a tiny ZAP. Nothing. Doctor ZAPS again --

74 EXT. STORAGE WAREHOUSE - YARD - NIGHT 74

Jax has his 9MM pointed at the Mayan's head. The man begs --

MAYAN 2

Please. Please, I got four kids...

Jax HESITATES, can't kill him. Catches Clay's concerned eye. Suddenly, SHOTS ring out, Jax catches two bullets in the BACK. Jax rolls to the ground, RIPS THREE SHOTS at the source -- Hoodie Guy, from a BACK DOORWAY of the other structure. He takes the bullets in the belly. Drops to the ground.

In an instant, seeing Jax's back to him, Mayan 2 pulls a BLADE from his boot, LUNGES at Jax. Before the blade cuts, a TRIPLE BURST blows Mayan 2 against the wall. Dead. Clay holds the M4. Jax is SPRAYED with the Mayan's blood.

Clay helps Jax up. No blood, but he's sore.

CLAY

Easy.

JAX

I'm okay. They hit the vest.

Hoodie Guy, not yet dead, MOANS as he crawls to his gun. Jax and Clay share an intense look --

CLAY

Finish it.

Jax points his 9MM at Hoodie Guy, squeezes the trigger. Before he fires, the man collapses. Dead. Jax lowers his gun --

JAX

It's finished.

Father-son intensity is interrupted by the others returning --

(CONTINUED)



CHIBS

Mary, mother of Christ. Step away from you bad boys for two goddamn minutes and it all turns to shite.

JAX

We're all good.

Beat.

CLAY

Let's get the hell out of here.

TIG

Clay.

All the guys join Tig. He's propped up Hoodie Guy against the wall near Mayan 2, the hood off, we see it's WHISTLER.

JAX

That's Darby's guy.

CLAY

Looks like Darby did make some new friends in Chino.

TIG

White boy must've sucked lots of brown dick.

JAX

If the Nords crew up with the Mayans, it gives 'em numbers, access to guns --

CLAY

And a common enemy. Us.

JAX

Darby wants Charming.

Clay looks at the dead Mayan and Nord, brutally BLASTS the men. FULL AUTO. BLOOD, FLESH, fly --

CLAY

There goes the neighborhood.

Then Clay looks up at the MARCALVA SIGN, BLASTS the shit out of it. WOOD CHIPS fly. A call back, fuck you.

75 INT. STORAGE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

75

The guys finish spilling CANS of PAINT THINNER. A puddle of thinner engulfs a row of HOLY CANDLES with STICKS OF DYNAMITE propped up in each. Chibs, giddy, exits with the rest --

CHIBS

Candle's in the cake.

Clay, in the doorway, lights a HOLY CANDLE, rolls it towards the row of TNT.

(CONTINUED)

CLAY

Let's go home.

As the flames SPREAD, the CAMERA PANS to reveal in the front seat of the Rancho, three DEAD MAYANS. In the back bed, Whistler, his pants down to his ankles, a single stick of TNT STUFFED IN HIS ASS -- fuse side out. Candle in the cake.

76 EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD - NIGHT (**EXISTING SCENE**) 76

Our guys run out the back. Night is kicked in the balls by a flash of ORANGE. MULTIPLE EXPLOSIONS. Ass-blowing loud.

77 EXT. STORAGE WAREHOUSE - YARD - NIGHT 77

Bodies are gone, but the MARCALVA sign still hangs. Shot to shit, SPLATTERED WITH BRAINS AND BLOOD. Sam Crow was here.

78 INT. BLACK CARGO VAN - NIGHT 78

As they pull away, the guys are LAUGHING, jubilant. Clay, the regal look of a gratified king. But the prince is not laughing, not gratified. Jax, exhausted, closes his eyes.

79 INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - SURGICAL AREA - NIGHT 79

We see Tara exit a surgical room. Still in scrubs. The look on her face -- exhaustion. Then, a HALF-SMILE. She walks toward DOUBLE DOORS. Sign reads: WAITING/RECEPTION.

80 INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA - NIGHT (**EXISTING SCENE**)

We hear the double doors swing open. Gemma waits with Luann, Piney, Sam Crow family. Spots Tara walking towards them --

TARA

The surgeons repaired the damage to Abel's heart. He's stable. The next twenty-four hours are gonna be tough. But if he gets through it, he's got a pretty good shot at being a kid.

Sighs of relief. Gemma fights to match Tara's caution --

GEMMA

Thank you.

TARA

Where's Jax?

GEMMA

He's on his way.

TARA

Okay. I'm gonna go tell Wendy.

GEMMA

I'll tell her.

Tara realizing maybe Gemma has changed. Smiles and nods.

81 INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT **(EXISTING SCENE)**

Gemma enters. Finds Wendy, open Bible on her chest, staring into space. Gemma takes note of the good book.

GEMMA

Looks like the boy might actually see his first birthday.

WENDY

He made it? Abel. Thank you. Thank you, god.

GEMMA

Yes, thank you, god. Maybe we should say a little prayer.

Wendy's taken aback, but under the circumstances --

WENDY

Okay. That'd be good.

Gemma places her hand on the Bible.

GEMMA

Dear god, thank you for saving this boy from his murderous junkie mom, who cared more about a forty dollar rush than she did her own flesh and blood --

WENDY

Don't you dare --

Gemma rips the Bible from her --

GEMMA

Don't I dare? You pathetic skank. Guess the DA was impressed by your Bible studies. Hear they're not pressing charges.

WENDY

Checking into Promises when I get out.

GEMMA

Another round of rehab. Let's just throw money at those 12-step freaks.

Gemma crosses to the other bed. Her back to Wendy and the camera, she fishes something from her bag as she continues --

(CONTINUED)

GEMMA

How long's it gonna last this time?  
Six months, three? Couple weeks?

WENDY

It'll be different now. This time.  
Have my baby to live for.

Gemma checks herself in the mirror, joins Wendy, with Bible.

GEMMA

That's where you're wrong.

Gemma reaches out and GRABS Wendy by the throat. Death grip --

GEMMA

You have no baby. You lost that  
privilege.

(off her GASPS)

You so much as cast a shadow on this  
kid. Try to turn some legal screw and  
get custody, I will finish this job.

(beat)

He will never call you Mommy.

She lets go of her throat. Drops the Bible on her chest.

GEMMA

I suggest you turn to Jesus.

Wendy recovers as Gemma exits. Sees something is propped  
inside the Bible. Opens it to reveal a FULL 10 ML SYRINGE  
tucked in the BOOK OF JOHN. Wendy stares at it. Begins to  
CRY. Then WHIPS the Bible across the room. NOT the syringe.

82 INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - NICU - NIGHT (**EXISTING SCENE**)

82

Jax rushes into the NICU. Tara greets him.

JAX

He's gonna be okay?

TARA

It looks good.

Jax EMBRACES Tara. What starts out as emotional relief,  
turns into something intimate. Familiar. Sensual. They  
hold the embrace for a long moment, then Tara breaks out of  
it. Sees blood on her white lab coat. Unzips Jax's cut,  
sees the Mayan BLOOD all over his shirt. Historical pain --

TARA

Clean yourself up, Jax.

Jax weighs her meaning, then walks away. Tara watches him as  
we hear Elvis' I CAN'T HELP FALLING IN LOVE. We begin our --

MUSIC MONTAGE

83 INT. CASINO - LOUNGE - NIGHT (**EXISTING SCENE**) 83

The lounge is full of ASIAN TOURISTS. Bobby on stage, WHITE JUMPSUIT, porkchop sideburns -- he's ELVIS. He is the one singing "I Can't Help Falling in Love".

84 INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - BATHROOM - NIGHT (**EXISTING SCENE**) 84

Jax, bloody shirt off, SCRUBS his hands. Studies himself in the mirror. Sees something unfamiliar. Scrubs harder.

85 INT. STORAGE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (**EXISTING SCENE**) 85

A FIRE rages. The Rancho and the Mayans, CHARRED beyond recognition. All that's left of Whistler -- a LEG IN A BOOT.

86 INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - NURSERY - NIGHT (**EXISTING SCENE**) 86

Tara looks through the window at the NEWBORNS. A longing.

87 INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT 87

Wendy's monitor FLATLINES. ALARMS signal. NURSES rush in with a CRASH CART. See the EMPTY SYRINGE on her belly --

88 EXT. SAMCRO COMPOUND - NIGHT (**EXISTING SCENE**) 88

We see HANDS pull the DEER HEAD out of the dumpster. Young buck, rescued.

89 INT. CASINO - LOUNGE - NIGHT (**EXISTING SCENE**) 89

Bobby sings. Audience captivated. Half-Sack nurses a drink.

90 INT. SAMCRO CLUBHOUSE - APARTMENT - NIGHT 90

The contents of the box is spilled on the bed. PHOTOS, the lid that says: JOHN MISC. Ghost of John Teller. Undeniable.

91 INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - NICU INCUBATION CHAMBER - NIGHT 91

Jax enters, sees Abel inside the INCUBATION UNIT. Jax is awed by the sight of him. Tiny, fragile. He places his gloved hand on the unit. As close to a touch as possible. For the first and perhaps the last time, we see Jackson Teller shed TEARS. The emotionality catches him off-guard. He checks himself, containing the overwhelm, just as --

A HAND caresses his shoulder. Gemma, in sterile gear, behind him --

GEMMA

He's perfect.

Jackson stares at his perfect child. A son of anarchy.

Trough the WINDOW behind them, Clay steps into frame. We witness, the royal family. King, Queen, Prince.

Then, Tara enters behind Clay. The threat to the throne.

Clay and Tara watch the three generations of Tellers. Neither one knowing the path that the family will take.

Above Tara's head, barely in frame, is a red EXIT SIGN.

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END