

Sons of Anarchy

"Pilot"

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Sons of Anarchy - "Pilot" - Opening Credit Sequence

Johnny Cash's cover of RUSTY CAGE plays, as we witness the HISTORY OF THE SONS OF ANARCHY MOTORCYCLE CLUB --

EXT. CA INTERSTATE 580 - SUPER 8 FOOTAGE - CIRCA 1966

JOHN TELLER, 25, tall, strong, long hair, climbs on a HARLEY. Strapped to the bike is a bedroll, backpack, life stuff. He gives an uncomfortable nod to the camera. FIRES up the bike. As he rides away we see the back of his sleeveless leather jacket, BLUE letters on a WHITE background -- upper rocker reads: SONS OF ANARCHY, lower rocker reads: REDWOOD. In the center, the logo: ANARCHIST SKULL, with two M-16 CROSSBONES.

CLAY MORROW, 21, PINEY WINSTON, 32, six other BIKERS, same hippy-vibe, same jacket, follow in line. A few of them, CLEARLY STONED. The original nine. They disappear down the highway. The history begins --

EXT. REDWOOD PARK, NORTHERN CA - SUPER 8 FOOTAGE - 1975

John Teller, 34, sits at a picnic table. A huge BBQ goes on around him. Music, dancing, Harleys. Cuddling up next to John is GEMMA, 18, very PREGNANT. The camera pulls back to reveal over 50 BIKERS. These guys are not hippies. They have a harder, outlaw vibe. They all wear their colors. The upper rockers read: SONS OF ANARCHY. Now, the lower rockers reveal other charters in addition to Redwood: CHINO, SONOMA, PHOENIX. A prominent "MC" now sits next to the skull.

EXT. WOODED AREA, NORTHERN CA - CHP VIDEO - MAY 5, 1981

Outside a REMOTE CABIN, an unseen law officer documents the crime scene. We see dozens of CHPS and SAN JOAQUIN COUNTY SHERIFFS standing over a cache of GUNS, DRUGS, CASH. Next to the evidence, 11 SONS OF ANARCHY, from different charters, lie face down in the dirt, handcuffed. John Teller, 40, among them. On the back of John's colors, next to REDWOOD, is a patch that reads: ORIGINAL.

INT. TELLER HOUSE - HOME VIDEO - DECEMBER 25TH, 1985

John, 44, Gemma, 28, JACKSON, 9 and TOMMY, 5, open presents around a tree. Tommy looks pale, feeble. John helps him open a package. Something about John seems different -- older, wiser, gentler. Jax plays with a Star Wars Toy. Hans Solo.

Sons of Anarchy - "Pilot" - Opening Credit Sequence

EXT. CA INTERSTATE - CHP VEHICLE VIDEO - NOVEMBER 11, 1991

Through the windshield of the cruiser we see a jack-knifed SEMI on the side of the road. A long skid mark, black and red, stretches across east and westbound lanes. At the end of it, a mangled HARLEY. An ambulance slowly pulls away.

EXT. CHARMING CEMETERY - HOME VIDEO - NOVEMBER 17, 1991

The Teller family plot. We see an ornate mahogany casket raised above a freshly dug grave. Not yet in the hole. At the grave site next to the hole is a HEADSTONE, adorned with a ceramic ETCHED PHOTO of an eight-year-old Tommy. It reads: IN LOVING MEMORY OF OUR LITTLE BOY. THOMAS WAYNE TELLER. BORN APRIL 8th, 1980. DIED APRIL 4th, 1988.

The camera WHIPS around to reveal a veiled Gemma, 34, fighting back tears. At her side, Jax, 15. They are surrounded by hundreds of MEN wearing SAMC colors. A huge funeral. The narrow street is lined with HARLEYS.

There are STICKERS on the side of the casket. One reads: **SONS OF ANARCHY MOTORCYCLE CLUB REDWOOD ORIGINAL**. The other reads: LIVE SONS OF ANARCHY, DIE SONS OF ANARCHY.

Gemma holds John Teller's leather vest, his SAMCRO colors. She kisses the vest and drapes it over the coffin.

The Camera PUSHES TIGHT on John Teller's colors, his PRESIDENT's patch fills the screen. Then --

The President's patch MORPHS into a VICE PRESIDENT'S PATCH. The camera pulls out to reveal the patch is on the jacket of --

EXT. CA INTERSTATE - TODAY

Jax Teller, 33. On a Harley. In formation behind him, five other SAMCRO MEMBERS.

They pass a sun-beaten wooden road sign that reads: WELCOME TO CHARMING. OUR NAME SAYS IT ALL.

The young buck leads his troops. They disappear down the highway. The history continues --

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE MOTORCYCLE CLUB

Sons of Anarchy Motorcycle Club Redwood Original (SAMCRO)

Sons of Anarchy Motorcycle Club was founded in 1968 by John Teller and Piney Winston. Ex-Paratroopers who returned from Vietnam feeling displaced, unwanted and unappreciated. Heroes who never got a parade. The original charter was simply called "Redwood", because they had no home. Nine men, six of them vets, began their rebellious quest for freedom and individuality on the open roads of Northern Cali.

THE WORLD

Charming, California. Rural, primarily middle-class. Redwood country. Big Lumber. Oakland, San Jose fifty miles in either direction. Most members live in a quaint, suburban area they call Sam Crow's Corner. It's idyllic, incestuous and oddly Americana.

THE COLORS

The uniform of Sam Crow. A sleeveless leather or denim jacket. On the back, BLUE letters on a WHITE background, the upper rocker reads: SONS OF ANARCHY, lower rocker reads: REDWOOD. In the center, the logo: An angry SKULL, with an anarchist's "A" in the middle of its forehead. Two M-16s as its CROSSBONES. Next to the skull, a prominent MC. Below Redwood, a blue patch that reads: ORIGINAL. Other patches and pins of merit are proudly displayed. Signifying their renegade status among motorcyclists. Colors are only worn by club members, it's an outlaw's identity. They are sacred.

THE MOTORCYCLES

Harleys. Dynas and Road Kings. No imports, choppers or softails.

THE CLUBHOUSE

Homebase for the Sons of Anarchy. The doors are thick and heavy. Bulletproof. The windows, tinted and barred. SECURITY CAMERAS watch every entrance and exit. It's half fortress, half adult arcade.

In the main room, a long redwood CONFERENCE TABLE fills half the space. Leather chairs all around; some labeled: PRESIDENT, VICE PRESIDENT, TREASURER, etc. Against the wall, a fully-stocked BAR. In clear view, a bank of SECURITY MONITORS.

In the back room, a piano on a small STAGE. To the left, a full KITCHEN, to the right, a one-room APARTMENT. Upstairs, pool tables, pinball machines, X-box and a WEIGHT ROOM.

On the walls, hundreds of PHOTOS of Sons of Anarchy members. The history of the club. We also see PAINTINGS and other gifts of ART, interpreting the Sons of Anarchy logo and colors.

One wall is filled with MUGSHOTS of club members.

And there are plaques with slogans everywhere:

- YOU DON'T RIDE, YOU DON'T VOTE.
- NO JUNKIES ALLOWED.
- TREAT ME GOOD, I TREAT YOU BETTER. TREAT ME BAD, I TREAT YOU WORSE.
- DON'T LET YOUR OLD LADY FIND OUT ABOUT YOUR MAMA.
- A CHILD IS "BORN" INTO A FAMILY. A MAN "EARNs" HIS.
- LIVE SONS OF ANARCHY, DIE SONS OF ANARCHY.

THE PLAYERS

SONS OF ANARCHY MOTORCYCLE CLUB. REDWOOD. THE ORIGINAL CHARTER

Jackson (Jax) Teller - 33. White. SAMCRO Vice President. Son of John Teller, the founder of the Sons of Anarchy. The MC life is all he's ever known. He's a paradox on two wheels -- intelligent, sensitive and reflective, yet quick-tempered and dangerously reactive.

Clarence (Clay) Morrow - 63. White. SAMCRO President. Jax's stepfather. Clay was one of the "Redwood First 9" founding members of the club. Ruthless, deadly, driven. Suffers from degenerative arthritis. He's losing his grip.

Robert (Bobby Keys) Munson - 45. White. SAMCRO Secretary. Big man, with a big voice. Sang lead for a "Metallica" cover band. Now does an upscale Elvis act in Tahoe. Only Jewish member of the club.

Harry (Opie) Lerner - 33. White. Wiry, boyish, fierce. Works at the sawmill. Recently did a nickel at Chino for arson. Has a wife and two kids. Jax's best friend. Known each other since they were five.

Kip (Half-Sack) Epps - 23. 1/2 Mexican. Prospect. More heart than brains. Had his right testicle blown off in the Iraq War.

Eddy (Hawk) Shaw - 48. 1/2 Cherokee. SAMCRO Sergeant at Arms. Fears nothing, no one. Clay's best friend. Incredibly dangerous.

Michael (Dublin) Lowe - 35. White. From Ireland, still has a hint of brogue. Scrapper.

Piermont (Piney) Winston - 73. White. SAMCRO Elder. Cofounder of the Sons of Anarchy. Suffers from Emphysema. Rides with an oxygen tank. Piney is the oldest living SAMC. Consigliere.

George (Rosco) Roskowski - 38. White. SAMCRO Intelligence Officer. Skinny. Computer whiz. Hacker. Smart as hell.

Hang-Arounds. Men who want to prospect the club.

Crow-Eaters. Women who love bad boys and big bikes. Biker groupies.

FAMILY AND FRIENDS

Gemma Teller - 52. White. Jax's mother. She's the true matriarch, keeping all her men happy and within reach. She's got a closet full of dark secrets. A mother who is as ruthless as she is nurturing.

Tick Whalen - 56. Black. Mechanic at Teller-Morrow since they opened thirty years ago. A recovering alcoholic, he rides with the "Sober Prophets", a recovery-based MC. He's Jax's spiritual touchstone.

Wendy Case - 33. White. Jax's ex-wife. She has a drug and alcohol problem. It ruined their marriage.

Donna Lerner - 30. White. Opie's wife. She wishes Opie would get out of this life. Resents Sam Crow. Wants her family far away.

Luann Delaney - 43. White. Big Gary's wife. Since his incarceration, she's making ends meet doing mature porn movies. Gemma's best friend.

OTHERS

Tara Knowles - 30. White. Doctor. Pediatric Intern. Jax's high school sweetheart. The only woman he's ever loved. She left Charming, wanted more out of life.

Assistant Chief David Hale - 30's. White. Charming PD. Went to high school with Jax. Has a new law enforcement vision for Charming.

Sheriff Vic Trammel - 40's. Black. San Joaquin County Sheriff. Facilitates SAMCRO's gun trade to gangs in Oakland and San Jose.

Ernest Darby - 50's. White. Prison-hard. Runs the local chapter of the Nords, an offshoot of the Aryan brotherhood. Meth-running crew.

Sons of Anarchy
"Pilot" TEASER

SMASH UP ON:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT 1

A YOUNG BUCK drinks from a tame brook. A near-full moon. Lush. Peaceful. We soak in the tranquility. Then --

We hear a huge EXPLOSION. In the distance, see a FLASH of ORANGE LIGHT. Fireworks. The buck BOLTS. Moments later, debris rains down from above. Cinder, ash, tin and a POLYMER GUN STOCK. The stock, still on fire, burns like a broken torch. We PUSH TIGHT on the RED FLAME as it MORPHS into --

A BLUE FLAME. Hear THE WHITE STRIPES. PULL BACK to reveal, the flame is a BLOW TORCH and we are inside --

EXT. TELLER-MORROW AUTOMOTIVE YARD - GARAGE - DAY 2

The bearer of the torch, JAX TELLER, 33. Handsome, in a broken cowboy kind of way. He wears a cut-off gray work shirt, "Jax" on one pocket, TELLER-MORROW on the other. On his arms, lots of ink and scars. Goggles on, music blaring from a BOOMBOX, he works the BLOW TORCH on the frame of a MOTORCYCLE. Shaping the steel. Bending it to his will.

In the bay next to him, TICK WHALEN, 56. Mechanic. His arms too, covered in scars and ink. A CROSS around his neck.

EXT. TELLER-MORROW AUTOMOTIVE YARD - CONTINUOUS

The CAMERA DISCOVERS Teller-Morrow, a full service automotive facility. An OFFICE, four-bay GARAGE. Mechanical, autobody, custom Harley work. Lot is nearly full. Business ain't bad.

On the same lot there's a two-story, nondescript, brick building. The Sons of Anarchy MC, Redwood CLUBHOUSE. All the property is surrounded by stay-the-fuck-out barbed-wire.

A TOW TRUCK pulls in with a white LEXUS. 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.

Out of the tow truck hops DUBLIN LOWE, 35, and HALF-SACK EPPS, 23. Both wear grey mechanic shirts with the T-M logo. Over the work shirt, their SAMCRO colors. Half-Sack only has a bottom rocker: REDWOOD. He hasn't earned the rest.

DUBLIN

Ask Jax what we should do with Bambi.

Half-Sack sees Jax is focused on the bike. Hesitates, then heads over to his open bay. Jax's back is to him --

CONTINUED:

HALF-SACK

Jax. Jax.
(shouts)
Hey, Jax! Yo, dude.

Between the automotive din, the music and the blow torch, Jax can't hear anyone. Half-Sack looks to Dublin for direction --

DUBLIN

What're you, retarded? Just tap him.

Tick, Dublin share a look. Tick shakes his head. Bad idea. Half-Sack reaches into Jax's bay and TAPS his shoulder. Jax JUMPS out of his skin. With his free hand, he instinctively SLAMS Half-Sack against a pillar. Tick TURNS DOWN the music.

JAX

Hell's a matter with you?

Half-Sack, clearly spooked, tries to stay hard. Jax sees Dublin LAUGHING, WHIPS a wrench at him. To Half-Sack --

JAX

Don't listen to everything your sponsor tells you, prospect. Some shit'll get you killed.

Biker philosophy 101 --

DUBLIN

And some shit'll save your ass. Figuring out which is which, that's the fun part.

Jax sees the Lexus, can't help but smile at the irony --

JAX

Never know. Some days you're the Lexus, some days you're the goddamn deer.

DUBLIN

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 Dublin. Opens a TOOL BIN on the tow truck, pulls out a CHAIN SAW. Hands it to Half-Sack.

HALF-SACK

Oh, Christ...

JAX

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

CONTINUED: (2)

HALF-SACK
I don't eat meat, man.

JAX
Do the best you can.

Half-Sack nods, hops into the truck. Jax and Dublin watch --

JAX
Don't know if your boy's gonna make it.

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

(beat)
Hear anything more 'bout last night?

THREE HARLEYS roar into the lot, the riders also have the
Teller-Morrow work shirts under SAMCRO colors.

JAX
We will now.

CLAY MORROW, 63. Tall, wiry. Elaborate CELTIC TATTOOS on
his neck and forearms. Old school. He MASSAGES his hands as
he climbs off the bike. Wears an expensive ROLEX.

With him, BOBBY MUNSON, 45. Big boy, big smile. A diamond
STAR OF DAVID around his neck. HAWK SHAW, 40. No smile. A
thick red scar around his neck. Hawk stays on the bike,
watches the street. The men exchange hearty embraces --

JAX
What's the word from the woods?

CLAY
Waiting for the call.

BOBBY
Dark Knight's on the scene.

CLAY
Got a problem at Ridge Road. Neeta
called. Something's up with Lowell.

BOBBY
When you gonna cut that junkie loose?

CLAY
His old man was a friend of mine. I
owe him.

We see a WOMAN waving at Clay from the doorway of the office.

CLAY
(to Dublin)
Tell Margaret I'll sign checks later.

They hear the loud BUZZ of the chain saw --

CONTINUED: (3)

CLAY
What's that?

JAX
Don't ask.

Clay and Bobby head to their Harleys. Dublin walks to the office. As Jax heads to his bay, he makes a CELL CALL --

INT. WENDY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

We see WENDY CASE, 33, SEVEN MONTHS PREGNANT, pretty, sexy in a fragile way. She enters from the Living Room carrying a SMALL PURSE. She looks frazzled. IGNORES the RINGING PHONE.

She opens a KITCHEN DRAWER, searches for a spoon. None. She moves to the sink. Full of DIRTY DISHES. Spoons are gnarly. She has a thought. Opens the FREEZER, a SPOON sticks out of a quart of Häagen-Dazs. She yanks it out, licks it clean.

The CAMERA STAYS on the front of the Amana. Covered with PHOTOS. Jax and Wendy. Wendy with Sam Crow. There's a "One Day at a Time" sticker in the center of the life collage.

The CAMERA MOVES back toward Wendy, we see the kitchen is a MESS. Empty pizza boxes, half-filled glasses, clutter. We find Wendy at the STOVE. She holds the SPOON over a low GAS FLAME. In it, CRYSTALLINE ROCKS melt in a splash of water. With her other hand, she pulls a clean DISPOSABLE SYRINGE from the small purse. She DRAWS the cooked mixture into the syringe and drops in a chair at the kitchen table.

She anxiously searches her hand for a clean place to pop. Then, she places the same hand on her belly. Hesitates. Before the remorse can well up, she JAMS the needle between her middle and ring finger.

EXT. RIDGE ROAD APARTMENTS - DAY

Jax, Clay, Bobby and Hawk roll up. Harleys, colors. Small apartment building on a quiet street. Hawk keeps watch.

INT. RIDGE ROAD APARTMENTS - HALLWAY - DAY

Jax, Clay and Bobby knock on a door with a MANAGER sign. NEETA, black, 60's, opens the door. They enter --

INT. NEETA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clay and Bobby give her a hug and a kiss --

CLAY
Hey, beautiful.

JAX
Neeta, baby.

CONTINUED:

NEETA

So glad you're here, boys. Wasn't sure what to do.

CLAY

Has he been clean?

NEETA

He was. Haven't seen him in over a week. His kid's been crying in there all morning. I knock, no one answers.

She hands Clay a set of KEYS. Clay notices the CEILING FAN --

CLAY

How're the new ceiling fans working?

NEETA

Almost too good. I like to sleep in the buff.

Jax cozies up behind her, playfully grabs her --

JAX

Don't tease me, sister. I'm only human.

NEETA

I'll wear you out, son.

JAX

No doubt.

They share a LAUGH as the Sons of Anarchy head out --

INT. RIDGE ROAD APARTMENTS - HALLWAY - DAY

Jax KNOCKS on Lowell's door. No answer. No noise. Clay uses the key to open it. Jax and Bobby enter --

INT. LOWELL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

An old couch. DJ EQUIPMENT -- turntables, mixers, vinyl. There's an amplifier in a THOUSAND PIECES on the floor.

JAX

Tweaker repairman strikes again.

CLAY

Shit.

Bobby sticks his head into the kitchen, sees --

INT. LOWELL'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sitting under a filthy table, eating Sugar Smacks out of a box, is a five-year-old BOY. He's dirty, tired and scared.

CONTINUED:

BOBBY
Jesus Christ.

Jax and Clay join Bobby, see the kid.

BOBBY
Hey, how you doing, pal? Where's your
daddy? You all alone?
(off his silence)
What's his name?

JAX
Think it's Moby.

CLAY
He named his kid Moby? Should shoot
him just for that. Take him to Neeta.

Bobby picks up the kid, carries him into --

INT. LOWELL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The boy struggles and CRIES, clearly overtired and scared.
He kicks Bobby as he carries him out --

BOBBY
Hey. Don't be a dick, Moby.

JAX
Clever.

BOBBY
I do what I --

Suddenly, GUNSHOTS. Bullets WHIZ by Sam Crow. Bobby, Jax
and Clay hit the floor. Pull 9MM's. Bobby shields the kid.

CLAY
Where?

JAX
Bathroom.

CLAY
Get the kid out.

Bobby crawls out with the kid. Jax and Clay move on the
floor toward the bathroom. Jax dives behind the couch, Clay
behind a bookshelf. Jax peeks into the bathroom, the door
opens, a .45 peeks out. Two more SHOTS whiz by Jax's head.

JAX
Shit.

Clay now sees the shooter -- LOWELL, 20's, white, skinny.
All he wears is a pair of dirty white briefs.

CONTINUED:

CLAY
Goddamn it. Lowell! It's Clay and
Jax. Put down the gun, you idiot!

Lowell stumbles out of the bathroom. Sweaty, delirious --

LOWELL
I've seen you here, man. Come in with
the smoke. Can't breathe in it. I --

Jax rushes him, grabs his gun hand and SMASHES it against the
wall. .45 drops. Clay levels Lowell with a right hook.
Lowell hits the floor, bleeding. Starts CRYING.

JAX
I'd say our boy's on the jones.

Bobby and Hawk rush inside.

BOBBY
Everyone whole?

JAX
Everyone, except Lowell.

Jax pokes around the apartment. Clay SLAPS Lowell coherent --

CLAY
Lowell. Lowell. Hey. Look at me.
Where'd you get the crank?

LOWELL
Just here and there, man.

Jax finds a few empty THUMB BAGS and a pack of MATCHES that
read: HAIRY DOG. He tosses them to Clay --

JAX
Clay.

Clay reads the matches, takes in Lowell's delirium --

CLAY
Don't give a shit about there, it's
the here I'm worried about.

JAX
Nords. Dealing out of the Dog.

BOBBY
Darby got out of Chino three weeks ago.

CLAY
(to Hawk)
Call him. I want a sit down.

BOBBY
(re: Lowell)
What do we do with Captain Underpants?

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAY
Get me some of that speaker wire.
Let's get him in the tub.

Jax grabs the wire, Clay and Bobby carry Lowell into --

INT. LOWELL'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

They lay Lowell down in the bathtub. Jax's cell RINGS.
Checks the ID: MOM CELL. Answers --

JAX
Hey, Ma.

INT. BLACK BMW 760 - DRIVING - INTERCUT

GEMMA TELLER, 52. Sexy. Muscular. Her edge, just below her well-preserved surface. She lives somewhere between Rodeo Drive and Go-Fuck-Yourself Blvd. Speeding, 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
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 Dublin and the new kid.

JAX
New kid doesn't eat meat.

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

JAX
You heard from my crazy ex-wife at all? Never answers her goddamn phone.

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

CONTINUED:

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.

Jax ends the call. Clay has Lowell's wrists bound to the faucets with speaker wire. Lowell, now semi-coherent --

LOWELL

What is this? Why am I --

CLAY

Sam Crow rehab.

(beat)

When you're on your feet, I'll be back to break your legs. Shithead.

INT. LOWELL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clay sees the BULLET-RIDDEN wall and a DESTROYED THERMOSTAT.

CLAY

Gonna cost me a grand to fix that wall.

Bobby sees the box of DJ equipment --

BOBBY

Got Tahoe this weekend, should be able to sell this shit to the audio guys.

CLAY

Good.

Bobby takes Lowell's only assets. They exit.

INT. RIDGE ROAD APARTMENTS - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jax, Clay and Bobby pass Neeta, who is holding Moby.

JAX

Lowell's in detox lockdown. Check in on him, hose him down a few times. Should be through it by tomorrow.

BOBBY

Call us if it goes South.

CONTINUED:

Hawk finishes up a cell call. Clay hands Neeta some CASH.

CLAY

Get Moby some food and clothes.
(another bill)

Buy him a new name while you're at it.

HAWK

Trammel called. Campfire's out.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - (OUTSIDE CHARMING) DAY

Clay and Hawk ride on a desolate road, engulfed in thick trees. Reach a clearing, sealed off by high barbed-wire. Inside the fencing is a large WAREHOUSE. Roof blown off, half-burnt to the ground. YELLOW TAPE. FIRE CREW finishes up. Uniformed San Joaquin County SHERIFFS mill about.

Clay and Hawk dismount. Walking toward them is SHERIFF VIC TRAMMEL, 40's. Black. Plain clothes, Rasta vibe. Badass.

CLAY

What the hell was it?

TRAMMEL

Propane tanks caught fire. Ammo inside, place just blew.

CLAY

The iron?

TRAMMEL

The MP-5's, some of the handguns are gone. Rest of it cooked.

CLAY

Jesus --

TRAMMEL

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

CLAY

Cowboy boots?

TRAMMEL

Yeah. Think so.

HAWK

Shit-eatin' Mayans.
(informs Trammel)
Only wear snake skin.

TRAMMEL

No bike tracks.

CLAY

Wouldn't use two-wheels to do the job.

CONTINUED:

HAWK
Where the hell was Rodrigo?

TRAMMEL
No sign of your watchman.

CLAY
What's the exposure?

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

CLAY
Unofficially?

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

Clay PUNCHES a hole in the side of the burnt building. Reins
in his rage. Pulls out a wad of CASH, peels off a chunk --

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

TRAMMEL
Gotta see something else.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The men walk through the wet wreckage. Thousands of bullet
SHELLS, crates, work tables, tools, remnants of gun parts --
what's left of a MUNITIONS FACTORY. Trammel moves some
carefully-placed debris, opens a hatch in the floor. Inside
a CRAWL SPACE, filled with hoses and wires -- two young
MEXICAN WOMEN, 20's. Baked and suffocated. Very dead.

CLAY
Shit.

TRAMMEL
Found them before FD went through.

HAWK
Illegals. Part of the assembly crew.

TRAMMEL
Must've crawled in here to hide.

CLAY
This just keeps getting better.

Clay hands Trammel more CASH from the roll --

CLAY
Fill in the hole.

CONTINUED:

The Sheriff gives an uncomfortable nod. As they walk away --

TRAMMEL

What do I tell our friends in Oaktown?
I'm supposed to deliver four cases on
Sunday.

CLAY

I'll let you know.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - DAY

As Clay and Hawk pull onto the highway, an old JEEP, top off, passes them. Police CHERRY on the dash. Behind the wheel, in uniform, ASSISTANT CHIEF DAVID HALE. 30's. Charming PD. Looks like a baseball player. Notices SAMCRO riding away.

EXT./INT. STORAGE LOCKER - DAY

Jax steps through a crowded 8X10 storage unit. Filled with old baby furniture, boxes, typewriter, memory-charged junk. Jax lights up when he sees a DAISY AIR RIFLE. Turns boy. Takes the rifle, sticks the end in the muddy gravel outside the space and PUMPS the gun. Takes aim and FIRES at some BOXES. Dirt and gravel fly. Jax laughs.

As he makes his way to the baby stuff, he sees the box that he hit with the mud bullet, it's a LARGE CARDBOARD BOX sitting 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 and PHOTOS: John in Vietnam, Gemma and John's wedding. History. As Jax digs through the contents, some of the HARLEY BINDERS fall to the floor. From inside of one of them, a thick MANILA ENVELOPE slides out. Labeled: ORIGINAL. 3/15/1991.

Jax picks it up. Breaks the seal and slides out a MANUSCRIPT. Typewritten. The title page reads:

**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.

SMASH TO:

OPENING CREDITS

ACT ONE

SMASH UP ON:

EXT. WENDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Part of town they call Sam Crow's Corner. Nice, middle-class homes. Americana. Gemma walks to the front door. Sees the overgrown lawn, several days of newspapers and mail stacked on the porch. Concerned, she RINGS the bell. No answer.

Gemma heads to the backyard. Passes a WINDOW. SEES inside --

INT. WENDY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - INTERCUT

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

Gemma, freaked out, takes out her cell, dials 911 --

GEMMA
Stupid junkie bitch.

INT. SAMCRO CLUBHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Half-Sack and a HANG-AROUND, 20's enter. Half-Sack carries a large CARDBOARD BOX. Bobby, at the piano, rehearsing, IN THE GHETTO, sees the prospect --

BOBBY
Half-Sack! We're low on tonic and
Lite beer.

HALF-SACK
Alright, big man.

Half-Sack looks around for a place to put the box. Rests it on the floor, next to the stairwell.

HANG-AROUND
Where'd you get the name, Half-Sack?

Proudly, without hesitation, Half-Sack drops his pants. Facing away from us, all we see is his ass.

HALF-SACK
Had my left nut blown off by an aper
frag in Kuwait.

Before the guy can respond, Clay, Dublin and Hawk enter --

CLAY
Jesus Christ, put that deformed
package away.

HALF-SACK
Sorry, man.

CONTINUED:

CLAY
Somebody give me a beer so I can wash
that image out of my head.

HAWK
Go watch the front.

Half-Sack and the Hang-Around exit without the box. Hawk
hands Clay a Bud. Dublin heads toward the back.

INT. SAMCRO CLUBHOUSE - APARTMENT - DAY

We see Jax's colors draped over a chair. This is where he's
been living. The contents of his father's box is spilled
onto his bed. We see PHOTOS of a twenty-one-year-old Jax
with a pretty YOUNG WOMAN. She's on the back of his Harley.

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

DUBLIN (O.S.)
Jax. We're at the table.

JAX
Okay.

Jax waits a moment. Then exits --

INT. SAMCRO CLUBHOUSE - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jax walks away, then decides to LOCK the apartment door.

As he passes the wall of MUGSHOTS, he glances up at JOHN
TELLER'S POLICE PHOTO. His dad was a bad-ass looking dude.

INT. SAMCRO CLUBHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Jax, Clay, Bobby, Hawk, Dublin, around the table. Clay takes
two cell phones from his pocket. An iPhone and a cheap
PREPAID. Tosses both into a CIGAR BOX, passes it around.
All phones go in the box. Dublin takes the box out back.

BOBBY
Swept this morning. We're cool.

CLAY
Mayans torched the shop, stole the MP-
5's, all four cases.

JAX
Shit. So much for that time of peace.

DUBLIN
What the hell happened to Rodrigo?

CONTINUED:

CLAY

He's buried in the woods or on the run. Either way, dead to us.

The guys process the bad news --

BOBBY

Niners paid up-front for those SMG's. We don't deliver, we'll lose our pipeline to the black gangs.

JAX

And if the Mayans start ripping clips into brothers, trying to take a bite out of the H-trade, Niners are gonna think we double-crossed 'em. That's gonna open up a whole other pipeline. Filled with angry black shit.

CLAY

That's not gonna happen. These assholes came into our territory, stole from us, shit on our livelihood.
(beat)
I want those goddamn guns back.

JAX

The ten mill cartridges those gats need won't be easy to find. Buys us a minute.

CLAY

I plan on delivering those weapons to Laroy and his crew Sunday night. Means we got till end of day tomorrow to track 'em down.

JAX

I'll get with Rosco, pull together everything we've got on the Mayans.

HAWK

Trammel can search Sanwa's database. Get addresses on recent Mayan busts.

CLAY

Good. Wherever we find those guns --
(at Bobby)
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.

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

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAY

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

BOBBY

Who's gonna handle the pyro?

DUBLIN

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.

The men stand, head to the bar. Clay and Bobby --

CLAY

Take the prospect with you this weekend. I'm gonna need most of the crew.

BOBBY

No problem. I'll get him half-laid.

Then Clay notices --

CLAY

What's that smell?

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

EXT. SAMCRO CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Jax and Clay exit. Gemma, panicked --

GEMMA

Tried calling.

JAX

What is it?

INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - ICU - DAY

Jax, Gemma, Clay, Bobby and Dublin power down a long hallway. Waiting outside an ICU unit is TARA KNOWLES, 30. Athletic, bright eyes. Pediatric Surgical Resident. She's the young woman we saw in the photos from the box.

Inside the room we see Wendy, hooked up to monitors, Sedated. No longer pregnant. Jax sees Wendy --

JAX

Oh, shit. What the hell happened?

CONTINUED:

TARA
When was the last time you saw her?

JAX
Couple weeks.

Jax, Gemma and Clay follow Tara inside --

INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - ICU ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

JAX
Jesus Christ. What's that mean for --
(realizes)
The baby.

TARA
We had to do an emergency c-section.

JAX
But, he's only --

TARA
He's ten weeks premature.

JAX
Holy shit.

TARA
C'mon, let's sit down, I'll --

JAX
Just tell me.

Tara leads them back into --

INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - ICU - CONTINUOUS

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
A family flaw. You can say it.

TARA
Yes. It's most likely genetic.
(beat)
Either one would be serious, but not
life-threatening. However, the two of
them together...
(more)

CONTINUED:

TARA (cont'd)

Dr. Namid gives him a twenty percent chance. And I'm afraid that's being optimistic.

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. Dr. Namid wants to fix his belly first, then if he stabilizes, we'll go in and try to repair the heart. I'm sorry, Jax.
(to all of them)

You can see him if you want.

Tara walks toward a large door that reads: Pediatric Intensive Care Unit (PICU). Jax doesn't move.

JAX

His name is Abel.

TARA

That's a good name.

Then Jax slowly backs away --

GEMMA

Jackson.

Jax looks in at his pathetic ex-wife. To his mother --

JAX

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

Jax heads in the other direction. Gemma and Tara share a look. Gemma starts to go after her son, Clay stops her --

CLAY

Let him go.

Clay leans into Bobby and Dublin, 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 his HAND PUSHES OPEN the hospital door --

INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - PICU - DAY

A GLOVED-HAND PUSHES OPEN the door of a high-tech INCUBATION UNIT. We meet ABEL TELLER, 53 minutes old, 2 lbs, 13 ozs. Size of a Nerf football. Tubes, wires coming and going from nearly every orifice. As the hand attaches an IV, his tiny pink face contorts, a mix of fear, rage, determination --

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jax KICK STARTS his Harley. Bobby and Dublin do the same. The RUMBLE is undeniable. The men peel out of the lot.

INT. HAIRY DOG BAR - DAY

Jax walks into the bar. Bobby and Dublin trail behind. Local joint. Day drinkers and barflies.

In the back room, three large WHITE GUYS eat, drink, shoot pool. INK on their arms -- NORDS. Offshoot of the Aryans.

Jax SPOTS the one he's looking for. Grabs a CUE STICK from a rack, and enters --

INT. POOL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lining up a shot, one of the Nords, IZZY, 30's, prison-buff. Without saying a word 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

(livid)
Sell crank to my pregnant ex-wife.
You stupid peckerwood shithead.

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

BOBBY

Easy.

Jax KICKS Izzy in the chest, knocks him flat on his back. He picks up the BROKEN CUE STICK, drives the SHARP SPLINTERED end into Izzy's GROIN. The man MOANS in agony. Dublin and Bobby wince, then smile. Dublin advises his brother --

DUBLIN

Jax. Point made.

Jax snaps out of his rage. Nods. Stares at the chaos he's created. Walks out.

Bobby and Dublin back out, guns drawn. Bobby smiles --

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

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

EXT. LOCAL STREETS - DAY

Jax rides. Alone. The wind whipping through his colors. Blowing off the rage. He slows to a stop at an intersection. Lets an elderly COUPLE cross. AC Hale pulls up next to him in the Jeep.

HALE

How ya doing, Jax?
(off his nod)
Heard about Wendy and the baby.
Sorry.

JAX

Thanks.

Intersection clear, Jax roars off. Hale stays with him. Outlaw and cop ride in tandem, the interrogation continues --

HALE

Took a ride out to streams today. Saw that warehouse that burned down.

JAX

Outside your jurisdiction, ain't it?

HALE

Something blows up that close to your town, be bad law enforcement not to look into it.

JAX

What'd you find?

HALE

Not much. Sanwa Sheriff shooed me off.

JAX

Guess it be "bad law enforcement" for him not to.

HALE

Saw Clay and Hawk riding out of the woods. Guess they were curious, too.

JAX

Between you and me, I think they're a little too curious, those two disappear into the woods together all the time.

RED LIGHT. Idling. No love between Sam Crow and John Law.

CONTINUED:

HALE

Ever hear of a Blue Bird Industries?
Apparently they hold the title on that
parcel.

JAX

Never heard of them.

HALE

No one has. Gotta be some kinda shell
corporation. That whole area was
littered with casings and gun parts.
Had to be some kind weapons factory.

JAX

No kidding.

Beat. Dance over --

HALE

Chief Unser's retiring in two months.
I'll be stepping into those shoes.

JAX

So I've heard.

HALE

Unser's always had a "look the other
way" policy with the Sons of Anarchy.

JAX

Unser's a lazy drunk.

HALE

Yeah. He is.

(beat)

I'm not. I won't be looking the other
way, Jax. Just a friendly heads up.

JAX

We're all free men, protected by the
constitution.

(smiles)

You look any way you want. Chief.

Jax ROARS off the line as the light turns green.

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

Jax sits on his Harley in a CLEARING. Sees a LUMBER CREW,
hardhats, chain saws, axes, exit the WOODS. Break time.
Part of the team, OPIE LERNER, 31, crew cut, freckles. Lean,
prison ink. If Ron Howard ended up like most child actors.

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.

CONTINUED:

JAX
They saying whose it was?

OPIE
Not around me they don't.

JAX
Mayans hit us. Stole our auto SMG's.

OPIE
Shit.

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 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's lost --

OPIE
It's all turned to shit since I got out. Debt up to my eyeballs. My goddamn 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.

CONTINUED: (2)

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

Opie realizes --

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

Jax doesn't have the energy or desire to reveal the truth --

JAX
Yeah.
(shifts focus back)
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 waves him over. Opie's in --

OPIE
Let me know when you need me.

They embrace.

EXT. SAMCRO CLUBHOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT 2

The front is lined with Harleys. We see Half-Sack with three
HANG-AROUNDS watching the front. Sentries.

INT. SAMCRO CLUBHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Beer and home-cooked food on the bar. We see Half-Sack's
CARDBOARD BOX still on the floor near the stairwell.

The eight members of Sons of Anarchy Redwood Original charter
sit around the redwood table. Clay at the head, Jax and Hawk
to his left and right. This is CHURCH. The weekly meeting
of SAMCRO. Sacred and intense.

We meet the two other members of SAMCRO. PINEY WINSTON, 73.
Bearded, old school outlaw. Zen. He's attached to a small
oxygen tank. ROSCO ROSKOWSKI, 38. Thin, geeky, brains.

They're into club business --

CONTINUED:

HAWK

Meeting's set with Darby. Tomorrow morning.

CLAY

Anything we should be worried about with these Nazi pricks?

DUBLIN

Five or six guys. Few young kids breakin' in. Same extreme hate shit.

ROSCO

Running two meth labs. Medium-size operation. Sell mostly to truckers, some of the Mexi gangs.

JAX

You think they might be stepping up?

CLAY

There are only two things that feel good in the joint. Jerking off and dreaming about all the shit you're gonna do when you get out.

(beat)

Darby's been locked up for three years. Wanna make sure his big shot dreams landed in his cum rag, not on his to-do list.

OPIE

That fat white boy's been trying to tap into the Aryan network for years. Brotherhood thinks the Nords are a joke. That hook-up ain't gonna happen.

PINEY

Darby's not a fool. Sons of Anarchy are twenty six charters strong. Hundreds of members --

DUBLIN

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

PINEY

Twenty eight?

(off all their nods)

Shit. You know what I'm saying.

CLAY

Yeah, I do.

BOBBY

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

They all WHIP shit at Bobby. Clay checks his agenda --

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAY
Alright. We'll sidebar the rest.
Anything else?

Piney lifts his hand. Takes a hit of oxygen --

PINEY
I know we've all talked to you, Jax.
Just wanna say, on a club level, that
Sons of Anarchy, Redwood Original, is
here for you.
(beat)
Your old man be proud of how strong
you're being. Every time I see you at
this table, I do a double-take.

OPIE
That's just the weed, Piney.

PINEY
Yeah. Probably. Anyway. Anything
you need. It's yours.

They all chime in with APPLAUSE and AGREEMENTS.

JAX
Thank you, Piney. Thanks, guys.

Clay puts a supportive hand on his stepson's shoulder. Then,
he SLAMS the gavel.

CLAY
Meeting closed.

The members stand, walk to the bar. The doors open, Half-
Sack and several HANG-AROUNDS enter. Clay joins Bobby.
Bobby notices that he's MASSAGING his hands, concerned --

BOBBY
How're the mitts?

CLAY
It's the damp. Got anything?

BOBBY
We're still collecting intel on the
Mayans. No news on the guns yet.

CLAY
Okay. Gather up the guys.

Bobby nods. As Clay walks away, he's hit with the odor --

CLAY
What the hell is that smell?

DUBLIN
Yeah. I smell it, too.

The guys look around. Clay follows it to the stairwell.

CONTINUED: (3)

CLAY

The box.

Dublin picks up Half-Sack's CARDBOARD BOX. Heavy. Puts it on the bar, opens it -- THE DEER HEAD, antlers and all.

CLAY

Oh, shit!

The club REACTS in disgust. Half-Sack sees it, realizes --

HALF-SACK

Hey, that's mine.

The members stare at the prospect.

JAX

You out of your goddamn mind?

HALF-SACK

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

DUBLIN

Gotta be stuffed and treated, you idiot.

HALF-SACK

I know. Got busy, forgot about it.

Clay shoots Dublin a look.

EXT. SAMCRO CLUBHOUSE - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

We see Half-Sack, half-sad, carrying the deer head to a full DUMPSTER. ANTLERS stick out. Jax and Dublin watch --

JAX

Good thing he's got a lot of heart.

In front of the clubhouse we now see club members with FRIENDS and CROW EATERS. Music blares from a car stereo. Booze, joints. It's a party. Several members do WHEELIES up and down the block. LOCALS look on, enjoying the fun.

Opie helps Piney hook his oxygen to a makeshift tank holder on his handlebars. Motherfucker still rides.

Clay, Hawk and Bobby exit the clubhouse, join Jax and Dublin. Clay passes around a thick JOINT.

CLAY

Talked to Sonoma, they'll be able to satellite us, cover some of our manufacturing needs until we rebuild.

CONTINUED:

JAX

Hale grilled me about Blue Bird.
Pissing in my ear 'bout how things are
gonna change when he's Chief.

CLAY

Hale's a half-bright clerk with a
Wyatt Earp complex. And the info on
Blue Bird Industries is public domain.
Rosen's got us protected.

HAWK

(with a smile)
And Mr. Gately knows how to keep a
secret.

BOBBY

Rosen turn up any real estate yet?

CLAY

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

BOBBY

Trucking in supplies will look like
business as usual.

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

JAX

What would happen if we didn't
rebuild?

The tenor shifts. Suddenly, the air is uneasy --

CLAY

What d'ya mean?

JAX

Take the land profit, get into
something legit. Custom bike shop,
another apartment building --

Silence. Clay shares a look with Hawk and Bobby. Jax
clarifies --

JAX

Just thinking 'bout what's best, long
term. Heat with the Mayans. ATF
crawlin' up our ass. Might be time to
move in a different direction.

Clay puts out the joint. Decides to sidebar the sidebar --

CLAY

We'll figure out the right move.

Meeting breaks. Clay walks Jax over to his bike. Fatherly --

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAY
You doing okay?
(off his nod)
Your mom says you haven't been back to
the hospital.

Jax has no excuse.

CLAY
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
I know you're spun out over Wendy and
your kid. Understandable. Goddamn
awful thing.
(beat)
But your father and I worked hard to
create this business. Served time.
Spilled blood. And you're gonna need
it now more than ever. A sick kid's
an expensive burden.
(beat)
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.

INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA - NIGHT

Tick, wearing his SOBER PROPHETS jacket, exits a CHAPEL. Jax
intercepts him as he enters, shoots a look at the crucifix --

JAX
How's my long-haired friend?

TICK
Very patient.

JAX
Dude's hanging on a cross, what else
is he gonna be?

TICK
Nice.

CONTINUED:

The men sit.

TICK
Saw Wendy. She's a mess.

JAX
Status quo.

TICK
How's your boy doing?

JAX
Haven't seen him yet.

TICK
Shit. They should let you see him --

JAX
They'll let me. I just haven't.

Silence. Jax has known Tick since he was a boy. He's a safe room, who provides a spiritual back door.

JAX
I didn't want a kid, Tick. Certainly didn't want one that's half dead.
(beat)
I know how that sounds.

TICK
Sounds honest.

JAX
When Wendy put together six months, we tried to reconcile. Told me she was still on the pill.

TICK
That didn't work out too well.

JAX
No, it didn't.
(beat)
What, no god shit? Isn't there some kinda lesson m'supposed to learn here?

TICK
Next time use a condom.

JAX
Right.

Appreciates the lack of lecture. Tick pats him on the leg --

TICK
You already learned the lesson, son.

Tick walks away.

INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Jax enters. Wendy's room. A BIBLE on her night table. She's asleep. Jax watches her. He wishes he could be angry, but she's so fragile, so sad. He moves her greasy hair from her eyes, strokes her face. At one time, he loved her.

Wendy tosses, wakes, sees him. A flood of remorse --

WENDY
Didn't think you'd wanna see me.

He can only nod. She begins to CRY --

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

JAX
You need to get help, Wendy.

WENDY
I know. I will. This time, I will.
(beat)
Told me Abel's getting stronger.
Doctor said they're gonna fix his
belly, maybe tomorrow morning. That
goes okay, then they'll do his heart.

This is news to Jax. He nods --

JAX
They'll do everything they can.
(beat)
You should get some sleep.

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

WENDY
My lawyer says they could file
criminal charges. Fetal abuse.
(beat)
I got some things at the house. In
the stash drawer.

JAX
Jesus Christ.

WENDY
They find that shit, they'll put me
away. You own the house --
(faux concern)
Hate to see this blow back on you.

Jax exits.

WENDY
Jax. Please. Please...

The manipulation done, she shifts back to remorse, SOBS --

EXT. WENDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jax approaches the house. Doors and windows are all open. Gemma's 760 in the driveway. Jax enters to find --

INT. WENDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

JAX
It's almost midnight.

GEMMA
Place is a goddamn pig sty.

JAX
Clean was never her strong suit.

GEMMA
No kidding.

Jax takes in his home. Gemma notices his distraction --

GEMMA
What're you doing here?

JAX
It's my house.

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

Gemma finds an empty THUMB BAG under the couch --

GEMMA
I swear to god, they better lock her lying junkie ass up.

She starts wiping down furniture. Jax watches her obsessive need to sterilize --

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 --

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

CONTINUED:

JAX
Don't --

Gemma ignores him. Jax grabs the rag from her hand --

JAX
Stop cleaning.

He looks her in the eyes --

JAX
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.
(beat)
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.
(off his nod)
You need to see him, Jax.

Beat. The truth --

JAX
I can't.

GEMMA
Why? 'Cause he'll break your heart?

Gemma sees the look on her son's face -- yes.

GEMMA
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 on his chest)
Seem pretty sturdy to me.
(more)

CONTINUED: (2)

GEMMA (cont'd)

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.

(beat)

Tellers do not die easy.

Jax is moved by his mother's devotion.

JAX

No. We just die painfully.

GEMMA

That's the Irish in us.

Jax drops onto the dirty couch, digs deeper --

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

He 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

Little I read, seems his original idea for Sons of Anarchy was something simpler. Social rebellion. Living outside the box. Called it a Harley commune. 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.

(back to business)

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

CONTINUED: (3)

GEMMA
Okay, darling.

Gemma embraces her son. Kisses him. Deep love.

GEMMA
Good night.

JAX
'Night, Mom.

Jax shuts the door. Hangs for a minute. Then he opens a DESK DRAWER, pulls up a FALSE BOTTOM to reveal a REVOLVER, fresh syringes and THUMB BAGS of METH.

Jax slips the revolver in his back waistband, grabs the thumb bags and crosses into --

INT. WENDY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jax shuts the door. Empties the bags into the toilet. He watches them dissolve for a moment. Then FLUSHES.

INT. MORROW HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

In a large master suite, Clay reclines in a king-size bed. Gemma exits the bathroom, buttoning up a pajama top. Great rack. On her chest, a long VERTICAL SCAR. Open heart surgery. Has to conceal it with makeup. She climbs into bed.

CLAY
Where the hell were you?

GEMMA
Cleaning up at Jax's.

Kisses her, dismisses her --

CLAY
Of course you were.

GEMMA
He's going through some shit.

CLAY
I know.

GEMMA
Not just with the kid.

CLAY
What do you mean?

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

CONTINUED:

Beat.

CLAY

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

Gemma sits up. The wise matriarch --

GEMMA

He's getting chewed up by guilt from both ends of the family tree. Father and son.

(beat)

Remorse is a powerful thing. Look what Tommy's death did to John. Changed him. Made him soft.

Clay takes in that truth. Gemma spins doom --

GEMMA

You have to nail Jax down. Nail him down hard, Clay. 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

(snaps)

I'm not going anywhere!

Gemma realizes she just crossed the line. The obedient wife --

GEMMA

I know, baby. I know.

She grabs his hands. Massages them. Gentle --

GEMMA

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 his hands, his chest, then his belly. As she moves down to his club member, the camera moves up to Clay's face. He knows his queen speaks the truth --

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SMASH UP ON:

INT. CRACKER BARREL FAMILY RESTAURANT - DAY 3

Jax, Clay, Bobby and Hawk walk through the eatery. CUSTOMERS take notice. Some smile, nod respectfully, others avoid eye contact.

Sitting at a back booth is ERNEST DARBY, 50's, white, bulky, NORD INK, well put-together. Next to him, WHISTLER, 30's, prison-buff. Ice teas and a cheese platter on the table.

DARBY
Good to see ya, Clay.

CLAY
Darby.

DARBY
You know my guy, Whistler.

Uneasy handshakes as Sam Crow sits. Clay takes a WOODEN CASE out of the paper bag, slides it over to Darby --

CLAY
Little welcome home gift.

Darby opens the box. A silver-plated COLT REVOLVER.

DARBY
That's some pretty iron. Thanks.

CLAY
I know what it's like looking at that bean slot day after day. Can't wait to get out, make up for lost time.

DARBY
Got that right.

Clay makes his point --

CLAY
But sometimes, you rush into shit without thinking it through.

Beat.

DARBY
I'm thinkin' just fine.

JAX
You "thinkin' fine" when you let your guy sell crank to my pregnant ex?

CONTINUED:

DARBY
That was unfortunate.
(beat, borderline smug)
How's the family doing?

Jax LUNGES at Darby. Whistler jumps up, INTERCEPTS Jax, Hawk grabs Whistler SLAMS him against the back of the booth. Before guns come out, Clay, pissed off, calls for order --

CLAY
Everybody, contain your shit!

Nearby CUSTOMERS evacuate their table. The Sons of Anarchy and the Nords settle back into their seats. Decompress.

Clay address the neighboring booth --

CLAY
Sorry, folks. Won't happen again.

The Customers nervously re-seat themselves. Darby tries to buy some good will --

DARBY
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?

DARBY
A lot changes in three years.

CLAY
And a lot stays the same.
(beat)
Nothing happens in Charming we don't control or get a piece of. If we wanted a meth trade, we'd have one.

JAX
We don't.

BOBBY
Don't want the shit it attracts either.

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 crank trade. 'Cause if the devil crosses the border again. We come looking for you.
(re: Colt, ominous)
(more)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAY (cont'd)

And next time, I won't be using the
Colt as welcome home 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.

JAX

You heard about our complication with
the Mayans?

DARBY

Yeah. Stole your SMG's. Goddamn
wetbacks.

Darby realizes Hawk is at the table --

DARBY

No offense.

HAWK

I'm Cherokee, asshole.

DARBY

Right.

CLAY

Just put it through the Nord pipeline,
Wanna know of any chatter about MP-5's.

DARBY

You're my first phone call.

CLAY

Can't wait.

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

DARBY

Your guns are gonna kill ya, Mr. Crow.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

AC David Hale crouches over the BLOODY BODY of a LATINO MAN.
Two CHARMING UNIFORM OFFICERS (UNIS) with him. The dead man
wears an empty shoulder HOLSTER and cell phone SHEATH. Hale,
wearing latex gloves, carefully checks the body.

HALE

Looks like three shots to the back.
Small caliber. This guy definitely
took it on the run.

CONTINUED:

UNI 1
Didn't finish the race.

Hale removes a WALLET from a back pocket. Checks the ID.

HALE
Rodrigo Carpio. Green card looks legit.

Hale slides out a BUSINESS CARD: BLUE BIRD INDUSTRIES.

HALE
He was part of the gun crew.

UNI 2
Should I call the Sanwa Sheriffs?

HALE
Hell no. Thanks to Rodrigo going the extra mile, this is a Charming murder.

Hale puts the card and wallet in an EVIDENCE BAG. To Uni 1 --

HALE
Get the CSTs out here. Backtrack his steps. Need that gun and cell phone.
(to Uni 2)
Call the San Joaquin DA, want a warrant to search that warehouse. It's now part of a murder investigation.

INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA - DAY

Gemma waits with LUANN DELANEY, 43. Sexy, well put-together. Tara joins them. Officious. Gemma stands, anxious.

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

GEMMA
Okay. So what happens --

TARA
A specialist is on his way from San Francisco. One of the best pediatric cardiovascular surgeons in the country. Soon as he gets here, we'll begin the procedure on Abel's heart.

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

TARA
It's the best choice, yes.

CONTINUED:

GEMMA
Okay. Thank you.

TARA
(shifts gears, to Gemma)
Can we take a walk?

Gemma shares a concerned look with Luann --

LUANN
I'll be right here, baby.

Gemma goes with Tara. They head down a long hallway

GEMMA
What is it?

TARA
Wendy's in bad shape. Feeling all
alone. Can't stop crying.

GEMMA
And?

TARA
I was hoping maybe you could talk to
her.

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

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 stops, waits for a few ORDERLIES to pass, then --

TARA
If you have a problem with me
assisting on Abel's case, just say so.
Don't wanna cause your family any more
grief.

GEMMA
You a good doctor?

TARA
Yes.

GEMMA
Then I don't have a problem.

CONTINUED: (2)

TARA

Okay.

They continue to walk --

TARA

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

GEMMA

I am.

Gemma lets Tara get a few steps ahead, then pulls up the back of her scrubs. Reveals a TATTOO across her lower back. A CROW with a HEART in the center of it.

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 stops at a door.

TARA

If you change your mind, Wendy's in there.

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

INT. TELLER-MORROW AUTOMOTIVE YARD - GARAGE - DAY

In a far corner of the garage, Jax, Clay, Opie, Dublin, Hawk and Rosco break down the retaliation. NOISE of the yard protects the conversation. They reference the intel laid out on a work bench -- MAPS, PHOTOS, REPORTS.

ROSCO

Mayans got two shops where they cut n'bag their heroin. 'Bout twenty minutes outside of Oakland, along the U-Pac rail line, here and here. Local cops are on their payroll, so it's a no-hassle operation.

JAX

Which makes them lazy. Don't try real hard to cover their tracks.

CONTINUED:

ROSCO

Marcus Alvarez, founding member of the Mayans, owns the parcels of land along the railroad.

JAX

He also owns another, closer to Oakland, here.

HAWK

We know the cut shops are well protected.

DUBLIN

They also wouldn't take a chance housing the guns there.

CLAY

Means they'd store them somewhere else, 'til the heat was off.

Jax throws down a DOCUMENT, with a smile --

JAX

Alvarez's other parcel, one closer to Oaktown -- commercial storage units.

The men nod, satisfied. They have a plan --

INT. SAMCRO CLUBHOUSE - APARTMENT - DAY

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 MANUSCRIPT on the bed. Conflicted. After a long moment, he pulls a denim jacket and his colors over the kevlar. Slips on gloves, grabs his helmet. To work.

INT. OPIE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

On a work bench in the open garage, Opie loads a large DUFFLE with detonators, wire, firing caps and sticks of construction grade TNT. We see his Harley in the driveway.

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

DONNA

What're you doing?

OPIE

Gotta make a run.

DONNA

What kinda run? You didn't mention --

OPIE

Just came up. I'll be back tonight.

CONTINUED:

DONNA
Where you going, Op?

OPIE
Not important.

DONNA
What's in the bag?

OPIE
Nothing.

EXT. OPIE'S HOUSE - INTERCUT

We see Jax walking up the driveway.

Opie grabs the duffle. As he walks out, Donna grabs the bag. Feels the WEIGHT. Opie rips it from her hand.

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!

Opie SLAMS her up against the wall. Donna SLAPS him. They hear CRYING. Opie's girls, SASHA, 9 and ELLIE, 6, are in the doorway. Traumatized. Balling.

OPIE
Shit.

Donna runs inside, grabs the kids. SLAMS the door. Opie PUNCHES his fist through the drywall.

Opie turns sees Jax standing in the driveway. Watching. Opie decompresses. Picks up the duffle. Joins him --

EXT. OPIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

OPIE
Didn't hear you pull up.

CONTINUED:

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

OPIE
Think she's already tweaked.

JAX
Yeah.

OPIE
You catch all that?

JAX
Enough.

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 youngest 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.

Opie watches 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.
(beat)
Still don't.

Jax walks away. Sasha watches from the window. As the
camera PUSHES IN on the child's frightened face, we begin --

RIDING MONTAGE

EXT. LOCAL STREETS - DAY

Jax, on his Harley, the duffle strapped down to the back of his bike, takes in his small town. A pack of high school GIRLS see him. Watch in awe. Jax smiles.

As he turns a corner, he's joined by Clay and Hawk on their Harleys. Clay sidles up next to him at a RED LIGHT --

CLAY

Where's Op?

JAX

Kid got hurt. Rushed her to the ER.
(re: duffle)
Got the kit. I can make it work.
It's all good.

Clay stares at Jax. Gauging the truth. GREEN LIGHT. The men roar off.

A few blocks later, Dublin pulls out of a side street, joins the formation.

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

Locals have no choice but to take notice of Sam Crow as the pop of the Harleys bitch-slap their central nervous systems.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The MC heads out of town. Clay in front. Jax behind him, flanking his right. Hawk behind Jax, flanking his left. Dublin and Rosco bring up the rear. There's dignity in the formation. Leather-clad warriors.

Sons of Anarchy MC, Redwood Original, on a mission. Revenge.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

SMASH UP ON:

INT. CASINO (LAKE TAHOE) - LOUNGE - NIGHT 3

Bobby and Half-Sack enter a near-empty performance lounge. On stage, an ASIAN ELVIS IMPERSONATOR finishes a sound check. Bobby, agitated, approaches SIMON, 60's, the manager.

BOBBY
Simon, who the hell's that?

SIMON
Jesus, Bobby, what're you doing here?

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

Simon reaches behind the bar and grabs a booking JOURNAL.

SIMON
Oh, shit. Got a new girl in booking.
Bitch doubled up my Elvises. 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.

Asian Elvis walks past, gives Bobby a pat on the back --

ASIAN ELVIS
Better luck next time, killer.

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

INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - PEDIATRIC SURGICAL ROOM - DAY

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.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD (OUTSIDE OAKLAND) - NIGHT

An old beater VAN cruises a quiet stretch of industrial road. The only thing in sight is a COMMERCIAL STORAGE FACILITY. Three long buildings, each with four large storage units.

EXT. COMMERCIAL STORAGE FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Jax, Clay, Hawk, Dublin and Rosco slip out of the van. Everyone in dark clothes. No colors. Hustle over to the storage units. No guard, but the yard is brightly lit, protected by SECURITY CAMERAS and surrounded by barbed-wire.

Jax, with BOLTCUTTERS, Hawk with an AXE, head to a power SUB-STATION. Jax CUTS the padlock on the gate. Hawk CLEAVES a thick cable in two. Lights, cameras, alarms BLACKOUT. Hawk flashes a rare SMILE as they head back. Clay and the others have CUT THROUGH the fence and are inside --

EXT. COMMERCIAL STORAGE FACILITY - YARD - CONTINUOUS

Clay signals them into action. They pair up and stealthily move to the buildings. CUTTING the padlocks that secure the large roll-up doors. The men search the units.

INT. CASINO - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Asian Elvis sits in front of a vanity, applying his porkchop sideburns. A KNOCK. He stays in character --

ASIAN ELVIS

Who is it?

VOICE (O.S.)

The Colonel.

Elvis, curious, opens the door -- Half-Sack. Before he can ask, the prospect answers. Brutal RIGHT CROSS. Asian Elvis goes down. Half-Sack locks the door. Elvis, sans sneer --

ASIAN ELVIS

What d'hell's the matter with you?

HALF-SACK

I'm all shook up.

Half-Sack BEATS the living Presley out of the Asian.

INT. COMMERCIAL STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT

Clay and Jax enter to find the others standing over FOUR CRATES of Mexican RELIGIOUS CANDLES -- Bleeding Heart of Jesus. Under the top row of the ornate glass candles, are a dozen brand new MP-5's. Clay smiles --

CLAY

Praise Jesus. It's a miracle.

(to Jax)

Wire it up.

Dublin and Hawk carry out the crates. Jax unzips the duffel.

INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - PEDIATRIC SURGICAL ROOM - NIGHT

We see a TEAM of SURGEONS operating on Abel. Tara and the surgical nurses attend. Abel's heart is the size of a golf ball. They desperately try to heal this tiny human.

EXT. COMMERCIAL STORAGE FACILITY - YARD - NIGHT

Jax has several six-packs of construction-grade TNT laid out. Slow going. Unsure what wires to attach to the firing caps. Pulls out a PREPAY CELL. Tries to dial out -- NO RECEPTION.

JAX

Shit.

Clay anxiously checks his watch. Walks over to Jax --

CLAY

You said you could make this work.

JAX

Just double-checking. Almost got it.

Hawk, standing watch, spots HEADLIGHTS approaching --

HAWK

We got company.

CLAY

Goddamn it.

Jax scoops up the TNT. They rush back into the storage unit.

INT. COMMERCIAL STORAGE UNIT - CONTINUOUS

Clay pulls the door shut. The men arm up. To the others --

CLAY

Wait here.

Jax and Clay slip out a back door.

EXT. COMMERCIAL STORAGE FACILITY - YARD - CONTINUOUS

A MAN wearing a gray HOODIE, call him THE SENTRY, opens the front gate, letting a PICKUP TRUCK pull inside. The Sentry checks out an ELECTRICAL PANEL as four other MEN hop out of the truck. No urgency. Three of them wear SNAKESKIN boots and colors -- MAYANS MC, OAKLAND. The fourth man wears a knit cap and a denim shirt, call him DENIM SHIRT GUY.

Jax and Clay watch from the shadows. DID NOT SEE The Sentry.

CLAY

We should've been long gone by now.

CONTINUED:

JAX

I know.

CLAY

They see those clipped padlocks,
they'll call for backup.

JAX

We got the iron, let's get out.

CLAY

Came here to send a message.

Beat. Jax takes in Clay's ominous meaning --

JAX

Blowing shit up's one thing. We off
these guys, could trigger something
runs out of control. Bodies'll drop
on both sides.

CLAY

Cost of doing business.

(beat)

You have a problem with that?

Jax knows this is a test. Leadership, loyalty. Then --

JAX

I'll draw 'em to the middle.

Clay heads inside. Jax takes off his boots, wraps himself in
a CARGO BLANKET, grabs a bag of garbage from a trash can. He
walks into the yard. MUMBLING. Before the Mayans can
investigate the units, they see Jax, the crazy homeless guy.

MAYAN 1

Look at this shit.

Mayan 1 and 2 head over to Jax, as Denim Shirt Guy and Mayan
3 join The Sentry at the electrical panel.

MAYAN 1

Hey, cabron. This is private
property.

Jax, mumbles LOUDER as he crosses to the center of the yard.
He pulls out his dick, starts PEEING, oblivious to the men.

MAYAN 2

Probably took a shit on the
transformer, knocked out the power.

Mayan 1 spins Jax around. Jax cowers, playing the role --

MAYAN 1

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

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

CONTINUED: (2)

MAYAN 2

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

He SMASHES Jax in the face. Splits his eyebrow. Before he gets a second punch, Jax pulls out his 9MM and PISTOL WHIPS Mayan 2 across the face. Mayan 1 reaches for his weapon, but Clay and the others are on them, GUNS out. 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. Point blank. Instant death. Mayan 2 watches the execution. Fear and loathing.

The Sentry is out of sight, but Mayan 3 and Denim Shirt Guy hear the attack. They run over and open FIRE. Sam Crow takes cover. Returns FIRE. Denim Shirt Guy takes a BULLET in the head. Dead. Mayan 3, outnumbered, RUNS to the truck.

HAWK

Got 'em.

Hawk bolts. Mayan 3 hops in the pickup. As it pulls away, Hawk jumps in the bed, FIRES four shots through the back window. The Mayan slumps at the wheel, the vehicle swerves wildly. Hawk DIVES OUT, as the truck CRASHES into a wall.

Clay stares at Mayan 2. Deep hatred between these MCs.

MAYAN 2

Conky bitches ain't shit. Sons gonna
be wiped off the MC map.

CLAY

Too bad you're not gonna be around to
enjoy that.
(to Jax)
He's all yours.

Jax, 9MM out, shoves the Latino toward the open storage unit. Clay watches Jax. After a moment, he follows his stepson.

Sam Crow is still unaware that The Sentry is on the property. We see the hooded man hide behind one of the units. Armed.

INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - PEDIATRIC SURGICAL ROOM - NIGHT

Mid-surgery. Abel CRASHES. His heart seizes. Flatlines. Nurses rush over with pediatric DEFIBRILLATORS. Place the tiny paddles on his open heart. ZAP. Nothing. ZAP again --

INT. COMMERCIAL STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT

Jax pushes the Mayan to his knees. Raises his 9MM to the man's head. Terrified, the Latino looks Jax in the eyes --

CONTINUED:

MAYAN 2

Please.

Jax hesitates. UNABLE to pull the trigger. Suddenly, a SHOT rings out, Jax catches a bullet in the BACK. STARTLED, Jax HOWLS, then rips TWO SHOTS at the source -- The Sentry, in a back doorway. The Sentry takes both bullets in the belly.

In an instant, Mayan 2 pulls a BLADE from his boot, LUNGES at Jax's throat. Before the blade cuts, a SHOT blows the back of Mayan 2's head off. Clay in the big doorway. Smoking gun.

Jax is SPRAYED in blood. Clay studies his stepson. Jax realizes that Clay saw his hesitation.

The Sentry, not yet dead, struggles as he crawls to his gun.

CLAY

Finish it.

Jax raises his gun, points it at the back of The Sentry's head. Slowly squeezes the trigger. Before he fires, The Sentry collapses. Dead. Jax lowers his gun --

JAX

It's finished.

Father-son intensity is interrupted by the others rushing in --

DUBLIN

Shit. You okay?

Jax nods as he adjusts his KEVLAR vest. Clay barks to Hawk --

CLAY

Check his phone.
(to the others)
Don't have time to blow it all up.
Load the bodies into the truck.

Hawk looks for the phone, turns over The Sentry --

HAWK

Shit. Clay.

Hawk rips off the hoodie. They see -- it's WHISTLER.

JAX

Darby's guy.

CLAY

Check the others.

Dublin runs to Denim Shirt Guy. Rosco checks the others.

DUBLIN

This guy, too. Nord.

ROSCO

Rest are all Mayans.

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAY

Guess Darby was doing more than jerking off in Chino. Gave up the white bread, started sharing tacos with some new brown buddies.

All the guys now gather around Jax and Clay.

JAX

If the Nords are crewing up with the Mayans, it'll give 'em numbers, access to weapons, a cross-country network --

HAWK

Darby wants Charming.

Clay BLASTS four more rounds into Whistler's chest --

CLAY

There goes the neighborhood.

INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - PEDIATRIC SURGICAL ROOM - NIGHT

The surgeons finish sewing up Abel's chest. He's alive. The monitors are stable. Tara, doctors and nurses, relieved.

EXT. COMMERCIAL STORAGE FACILITY - YARD - NIGHT

The guys in the yard empty GAS CANS all over the property.

Clay lights a HOLY CANDLE, throws it into the OPEN STORAGE UNIT. WHOOSH. Place

CLAY

Let's go home.

INT. COMMERCIAL STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT

The fire SPREADS. The PICKUP is parked inside the unit. Flames lick the sides of the truck. In the bed, three DEAD MAYANS, two dead NORDS.

Whistler, his pants down to his ankles, has a six-pack of TNT STUFFED IN HIS ASS -- fuse side out.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD - NIGHT

The beater van heads down the quiet road. The ORANGE GLOW of a fire in the distance. An EXPLOSION. Ass-blowing loud.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

SMASH UP ON:

INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA - NIGHT

Gemma is there with Luann, the Sons of Anarchy MC and their respective MATES. Big family. Tara, surgical gear still on, joins them. Her update is cautiously optimistic --

TARA

The surgeons repaired the damage to Abel's heart. He's stable. The next twenty-four hours are gonna be tough. 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.

INT. CASINO - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Bobby and Half-Sack at the bar. Bobby on his cell --

BOBBY

Can't get through to them.

Simon joins them, upset, very cautious --

SIMON

Looks like Lee took a nasty fall, you're my act, kid.

They see Asian Elvis, BEATEN and BRUISED, wardrobe in hand, slip out a side exit. Bobby burns a look at Half-Sack --

INT. CASINO - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Bobby SLAMS Half-Sack against a wall. Prospect MOANS.

CONTINUED:

BOBBY
The hell you thinkin'?

HALF-SACK
Getting your gig back. The guy was a dick.

BOBBY
Did I ask for your help?

HALF-SACK
You're my brother, I wanted --

BOBBY
Any thug can crack heads. You wanna be Sam Crow, you gotta be smart.

HALF-SACK
Sorry. I --

BOBBY
You think Simon's gonna book me again? He was shittin' himself. Word gets out, I could lose all my gigs out here. You gonna pay my alimonies? Put my kids through school?

Silence. Then, Half-Sack, remorseful --

HALF-SACK
Should I leave? Am I out?

BOBBY
That's a club decision.
(beat)
Get my shit out of the car.

INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

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 --
(sobbing)
Thank you. Thank you, god.

GEMMA
Yes, thank you, god.
(beat)
Maybe we should say a little prayer.

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

CONTINUED:

WENDY

Okay. That'd be good.

Gemma places her hand on the Bible. Shuts her eyes. Wendy does the same --

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 whore.
(beat)

Guess the DA was impressed by your Bible studies. Hear they're not gonna press 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 into the BATHROOM. Her back to Wendy and the camera, she fishes something from her bag as she continues --

GEMMA

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

WENDY

It'll be different now. I 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.

WENDY

You're... choking... me...

GEMMA

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

CONTINUED: (2)

GEMMA (cont'd)

(beat)

He will never call you Mommy.

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

GEMMA

I suggest you turn to Jesus.

Wendy recovers as Gemma exits.

Wendy sees that something is propped inside the Bible. Opens it to reveal a FULL SYRINGE tucked in the BOOK OF JOHN. Wendy stares at it. Begins to CRY. Then WHIPS the Bible across the room. NOT the syringe.

INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - PICU - NIGHT

Jax rushes into the PICU. Tara greets him.

JAX

He's gonna be okay?

TARA

(smiles)

It looks good.

Jax EMBRACES Tara. Starts out as emotional relief, turns into something intimate. Familiar. Almost sensual. They hold the embrace for a long moment. Tara breaks out of it --

TARA

Abel's a fighter.

(re: his EYE CUT)

Like his dad.

JAX

I'm fine. Where is he?

TARA

Recovery Two. End of the hall.

She hands him some surgical scrubs --

TARA

Put these on.

Jax unzips his colors. Tara sees the Mayan BLOOD splattered all over his shirt. They share an uncomfortable look.

TARA

Clean yourself up, Jax.

Jax weighs her meaning. Takes the scrubs. Tara walks away.

INT. CHARMING POLICE DEPARTMENT - HALE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

David burns the midnight oil. On his desk, crime scene PHOTOS of Rodrigo and an EVIDENCE BAG.

CONTINUED:

In the bag, a REVOLVER and a MUDDY CELL PHONE. David pulls out the phone, scrolls CONTACTS. One reads: SAM. He dials.

INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA - NIGHT

Clay walks past the Chapel on his way to the ICU. His pocket BUZZES. Takes out his iPhone, no call. Removes his PREPAID, incoming call, the ID reads: ROD. Thinks about answering. Hits IGNORE.

INT. CASINO - LOUNGE - NIGHT

The lounge is full of Asian TOURISTS. Bobby on stage, black velvet tuxedo, porkchop sideburns, thick Elvis. It works. The crowd APPLAUDS as he finishes a song.

BOBBY

Thank you. Thank you, very much.

(introspective Elvis)

You know, sometimes we're quick to judge strangers. Just because they look a little different. Dress a bit odd. But the good book tells us, before you criticize a man, you should always walk a mile in his shoes.

(beat)

That way, he can't hear you when you trash talk 'im -- and now you got his shoes.

(into the song)

One, two, three, four --

Bobby sings WALK A MILE IN MY SHOES, as we begin our --

MUSIC MONTAGE

INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jax is SCRUBBING his hands. Studies himself in the mirror. Sees something unfamiliar.

INT. COMMERCIAL STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT

A FIRE rages. The roof has been blown off. See the CHARRED BODIES of Mayans and Nords cooking in the back of the truck.

INT. OPIE'S HOUSE - KID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Opie reads to a sleepy Sasha. Donna, in the doorway, gives him a relieved smile. His family fixed, for now.

INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - PEDIATRICS - NURSERY - NIGHT

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

INT. LOWELL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lowell, dressed, cleaned up, rocks anxiously on the couch.
TV on, he just stares at his kid, sleeping at the other end.

EXT. SAMCRO CLUBHOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

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

INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Wendy's hand drops limp, the EMPTY syringe hits the floor.
Her monitor FLATLINES. ALARMS signal.

INT. CASINO - LOUNGE - NIGHT

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

INT. SAMCRO CLUBHOUSE - APARTMENT - NIGHT

We see the MANUSCRIPT and PHOTOS of Jax's father on his bed.
Ghost of John Teller. Undeniable.

INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - PICU RECOVERY ROOM - NIGHT

Jax enters the post-surgical room. Abel is inside the
INCUBATION UNIT, hooked up to monitors and tubes. 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 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.

The camera SLOWLY PANS to reveal, through the WINDOW behind
them, Clay and Tara, watching 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