SONS OF ANARCHY

"Skin In The Game"

Written by

The Derrick Brothers

636 N. Plymouth Blvd. #108
Los Angeles, CA 90004
213-220-7701
www.shadowboxercinema.net

SONS of ANARCHY
"Skin in the Game"

TEASER

SMASH UP ON:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Quiet. Under the moonlight of a hot, breezy night. You've got that feeling in your gut... something is about to go down.

A suave ARAB, mid 30s, opens the rear doors to a gray CHEVY TAHOE, inside are four WOODEN CRATES. The Arab pulls the lid off of one and shows the contents -- UZIs and other Israeli ASSAULT RIFLES, plus boxes of AMMUNITION. The Arab presents the crates to two CHINESE THUGS.

ARAB
My friend, tell me that does not make you horny.

Chinese Thug #1 nods to his partner, who unzips a DUFFEL BAG full of hundred dollar bills. The Arab spot-checks a few stacks, nods. Arab trades the keys to the Tahoe for the duffel bag. Done deal.

EXT. CA TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Tahoe cruises along the back-road highway.

INT. CHEVY TAHOE - NIGHT

Chinese Thug #2 drives. He is always amused by the way Chinese Thug #1 tells theatrical stories.

CHINESE THUG #1
--Rule #1, never have sex with your teacher.

CHINESE THUG #2
(glances at Thug #1)
Your kung fu teacher?

CHINESE THUG #1
When you came in and I was on the floor? That's why I was crying.

CHINESE THUG #2
She kicked you? I thought she dumped you?

CHINESE THUG #1
In the balls, man. She had on heels.

CHINESE THUG #2
She didn't dump you, then?

CHINESE THUG #1
-- we're still together-- OH SHIT!

A HITCHHIKER is standing in the middle of the highway!

Chinese Thug #2 swerves the Tahoe!

CHINESE THUG #1 (CONT'D)
(looking in the rearview)
Crazy-ass fool!

EXT. CA TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Tahoe rights itself, keeps going. Goes up an incline. On the way down -- UP AHEAD -- a WRECKED TOYOTA blocks the road.

A pretty young WOMAN climbs from the smoking-wreckage. The Tahoe slows down to negotiate the scene.

The Chinese Thugs curiously rubber-neck at the injured woman -- <u>suddenly she straightens up with a 9mm in hand</u>!

CHINESE THUG #1
Shit!

The Chinese don't see TWO BIKERS in rubber GOBLIN MASKS, gloves, long-sleeve shirts and leather Motorcycle Club vests ("Cuts") jump out from behind the Toyota -- pointing 12-GAUGE SHOTGUNS AT THE TAHOE.

BOOM! Tahoe's front WINDSHIELD <u>shatters</u>!

INT. CHEVY TAHOE - CONTINUOUS

Chinese Thug #2, dead, slumps forward on the wheel, his foot drops down on the gas and --

EXT. CA TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

-- the Tahoe careens off the road into a DITCH!

Chinese Thug #1, shaken up by the crash, jabs his 9mm out of the window -- fires!

The Masked Bikers open fire, bullets eat into the Tahoe --

CUT TO:

THE TWO CHINESE THUGS

land in the ditch on the side of the road. One dead, one dying... Masked Biker #1 kicks at him. Chinese Thug #1 groans.

MASKED BIKER #2
Leave him, Jax. Let's go!

Masked Biker #1 ("Jax") runs past the Young Woman who hops in the Tahoe, starts the engine and reverses it back up on to the two-lane blacktop.

The two Masked Bikers push the Toyota Decoy-Car off the road, then torch it. They hop on Road King motorcycles (parked in the bushes) on the other side of the highway.

KA-BOOM! The wrecked Toyota explodes!

The blinding FIRE FLASH illuminates the night -- we now see an emblem on the back of the Bikers' Jackets -- the **Sons of Anarchy logo** -- as the Biker hijackers peel off their masks, discard them and drive off under the cover of darkness. The Tahoe follows.

CAMERA SWINGS AROUND -- the Hitchhiker, mouth agape, approaches the scene. Picks up one of the goblin masks. How much did he see?

CUT TO:

EXT. MORROW HOUSE - DAY

CLAY Morrow, President of the Sons of Anarchy Motorcycle Club steps out the front door. GEMMA Teller Morrow, in a robe with a post-sex glow, lingers behind him.

GEMMA
The Irish are lucky, they get to live in castles. I'm so glad to be back home to our normal, boring life.

CLAY
(kisses Gemma)
I'll be back as soon as I can for some more of that normal-boring.

Clay jumps on his Harley, kick-starts the engine, takes off.

EXT. CHARMING STREETS - DAY

Clay races up the block on his growling Harley.

WHOOP-WHOOP! Police cruiser. CHARMING POLICE CHIEF WAYNE UNSER is at the wheel. Clay pulls over. Unser drives up along side, stops. Gets out.

UNSER
Clay.

CLAY
Don't tell me you're stopping me for changing lanes?

UNSER
No... Seems we have a problem. There was a highjacking last night. One dead, one in the hospital in critical condition.

CLAY
I'm all broken up about that, but it's not on us. I gave you my word that Samcro wouldn't be involved in anymore shit in or around Charming.

UNSER
Yes, you did say that, but an eyeball witness puts the Sons on the scene as the responsible party.

Clay almost smiles.

CLAY
What eyeball witness?

UNSER
Like I was saying, we have a problem, because on top of the eyeball witness, the victim ID'd the Sons, too.

CLAY
(face darkens)
Where are these witnesses?

UNSER
San Joaquin Sheriffs have the witness, a young kid not from around here, Oregon I think; he was hitchhiking and saw it all. The victim...

CLAY
I don't like my chain being jerked, Wayne.

UNSER
I don't have to be here giving you a head's up, Clay!
(beat)
As I was saying the survivor, one of Henry Lin's is plugged up to life support at St. Thomas. I don't know if he's conscious... I stopped you because the Sheriffs are putting together arrest warrants as we speak. You've got a day, maybe two at the most.

Clay is at a loss for words.

CLAY
(frustrated)
Okay, Wayne, thanks.

Clay starts his engine, launches off in a cloud of dust.

EXT. STREETS OF CHARMING - DAY

JAX Teller, the Sons' VP, rides his Harley up the street. He turns on to a new road. After a beat, a silver ESCALADE SUV appears... follows him. At the wheel TWO CHINESE. The SUV picks up the pace.

As Jax rips up the street, a Ford PICK-UP comes this way -- SUDDENLY TURNS, blocks the street -- the SUV blocks the rear. Guns come out, point at Jax.

JAX
(hands up)
Shit.

EXT. SAMCRO CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Sons of Anarchy members TIG Trager, JUICE Ortiz, and Irishman CHIBS Telford are mulling around talking shit out front.

TIG
All bodily fluids have a specific and unique taste, and it's just a question of you developing a taste for it.

JUICE
So you've developed a taste for body sauce?

Tig kicks back in his chair, throws his hands behind his head with a content smile on his face. Juice and Chibs share a telling look of mutual disgust.

CHIBS
Brutha, yuir one nasty piece a' work.

TIG
When you plan on taking it to the next level with your old lady, or whoever you're banging, how else are you really going to be "in the moment" and let everything go?

Before Juice and Chibs can answer, Clay drives up on his bike, aggressively dismounts.

CLAY
Some serious bullshit just landed in our lap like you wouldn't believe. Are there any nomads in Cali stepping out and doing hijackings?

TIG
Doubt it, any non-charter guys would've called before making a move and they'da cut us in with whatever the score. Why?

CLAY
Apparently --

A silver Escalade, a Ford Pick-up and two black Camaros race into the PARKING LOT skidding on the gravel. HENRY LIN, the Chinese gang leader, steps out flanked by EIGHT CHINESE THUGS; their GUNS out, trigger fingers trembling.

Tig, Chibs and Juice pull their guns, but the Chinese have the drop on Clay and the Sons. Henry Lin and Clay step forward, anxious and heated.

CLAY (CONT'D)
Henry... I was just about to come see you.

Henry Lin sneers at Clay.

SMASH TO:

OPENING CREDITS

ACT ONE

SMASH UP ON:

EXT. SAMCRO CLUBHOUSE - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Clay, Chibs, Juice and Tig face off against Henry Lin and his Eight Chinese Thugs. The tension is more than palpable, each side suspiciously eyes the other.

CLAY
I heard about what happened and all I can say is "my heart goes out to ya," but what's all this?

From across the way at MORROW-TELLER AUTOMOTIVE, OPIE Winston and BOBBY Munson see the combustible situation brewing and stride over.

HENRY LIN
I have a man in the hospital who puts Jax on the scene as one of the triggermen.

Clay glances around for Jax, doesn't see him, but without hesitation.

CLAY
Wasn't him.

HENRY LIN
And I'm supposed to take your word for it?

CLAY
That's exactly what you're going to do.

HENRY LIN
Clay, you seem --

CLAY
Here's what I know, your guns are from your new Arab connect, right?
(Henry Lin nods)
We wanted to be in on that, so why would we step on our dicks and screw that up? It wasn't us.

Henry Lin simmers for a calculating beat.

HENRY LIN
Assume you weren't behind this unprovoked attack --

CLAY
We weren't.

HENRY LIN
Right... you're going to sit back and let whoever these are chumps wear your colors, fit you with goat horns and measure you for the drop? That's not the Samcro that I know, maybe age has made you weak.

Clay mercilessly smiles.

CLAY
I could show you just how weak I am, but what’s that going to prove? You’re thinking we were framed, otherwise you wouldn’t have come all nice like.

HENRY LIN
This isn’t nice, it’s a courtesy before I do take action.

TIG
This is bullshit! How many times has this Club came through for you?

HENRY LIN
(points to Opie)
Like the time he “offered” his porn star girlfriend, and cried when he saw her choking on cocks? Like that time?

Opie starts forward, but Clay restrains him with a gesture. Clay stares steel-hard at Henry Lin for a contemplative beat, then glances off for a calming moment.

CLAY
This can go two ways, nasty... real nasty, the other not so nice, but acceptable.

HENRY LIN
Neither of us needs any more unexpected shit, and that’s why I’m telling you now that I need my guns or replacements within 48 hours.

CLAY
We’re not in any position to front you guns. Is this a pride or money issue?

HENRY LIN
There's a significant drug deal in Stockton we're doing that the Mayans will try to disrupt, and I can't have that.

OPIE
Alvarez is making a power move?

HENRY LIN
Not if I have something to say about it. You find the guns, and my guy in the hospital wakes up with amnesia. You don't and... unfortunately, everyone hears that Samcro double-crosses their friends and we'll sing to the D.A.

Opie and the others GRUMBLE.

CLAY
Say we agree to recover your guns, what's in it for us? Besides dodging a murder rap?

HENRY LIN
Isn't that enough?
(off Tig's look)
We'd be very grateful and we will make the introduction to the Arabs.

CLAY
And we get a third of whatever we recover.
(Henry Lin bristles)
Call it a finder's fee, the whole MC is going to be on this. It's the smart play.

HENRY LIN
...Fine.

Clay and Henry Lin shake hands. Henry Lin and his muscle back off, get in their vehicles, start to drive off...

HENRY LIN (CONT'D)
And Clay... if you're putting everyone on this, you're gonna need to be at full strength.

The Escalade's rear hatch opens and Lin's men KICK OUT Jax (he's gagged and tied up).

TIG
What the hell?

Lin's cars gun it the hell out of there. The Sons surge toward Jax. Opie and Bobby untie Jax, take off his gag.

TIG (CONT'D)
You okay, brother?

JAX
Yeah! What the hell is all that about?

CLAY
Lin's gun shipment got hit by some assholes wearing our cuts.

JAX
You gotta be shittin' me? And he thinks it was us?

CLAY
It's bullshit, but Unser claims the San Juoaq Sheriff's have a witness.

Jax and Tig react.

JAX
I'll go talk with Trammell, see what intel he can give us.

CLAY
We don't have a lot of time. Find out if he can get us close to that witness.

JAX
(to Opie)
I need a ride to get my bike.

Opie nods, Jax and Opie races over to his bike. Opie kick-starts the engine and fishtails out of the driveway.

TIG
This could get real ugly. We don't need to give ATF or the FBI another reason to crawl up our ass.

BOBBY
Lin should be working with us on this, not putting the whole weight of this on us.

CLAY
It is what it is. I want who ever did this to eat my boots from the grave for wearing our cuts.

A twisted, revenge-fueled smile reshapes Tig's face.

EXT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - DAY

TARA KNOWLES' MUSTANG drives into the parking lot.

ACROSS THE STREET in a nondescript green Chrysler, a coffee loving woman with insomnia, REGEN, mid 30s, jet black hair. REGEN is watching TARA get out of her car, enter the hospital.

Regen jots down the time in a NOTEBOOK that has a PHOTO of Tara clipped to it. She gets out, enters the hospital.

INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - MAIN WAITING ROOM - DAY

Regen sits in the lounge, holding a magazine, but she's reading the SURGERY BOARD. She takes note of Tara's PATIENT ROTATION SCHEDULE.

EXT. CA INTERSTATE 90 (OUTSIDE CHARMING) - DAY

Jax is leaning against his bike on the highway's shoulder. A SAN JOAQUIN SHERIFF'S CAR drives up, stops in front of Jax. VIC TRAMMELL (the Sons' inside man in the Sheriff department) is at the wheel.

TRAMMELL
I had a feeling you'd be wanting to talk.

JAX
Ya think? What all do you know?

TRAMMELL
Only that we're holding the witness in round-the-clock protective custody.
(off Jax's look)
You gotta know Samcro's rep hasn't won you friends with the Sheriffs.

JAX
So us getting him to take back his statement is out. Did he speak on any details that can tell us who's behind this frame?

TRAMMELL
You're not going to believe this, he's changed his story but at first he said it was two brothers wearing the Cuts.

JAX
Brothers? ...Black guys?
(beat)
Laroy and the One-Niners are making a play?

TRAMMELL
Does Laroy have any beef with Samcro?

JAX
As far as I know, no; it doesn't make it any sense.

TRAMMELL
They've got a lot of static in LA that's messing up their cashflow, and no doubt needed the guns at a discount rate that the Sons, or anyone else, wouldn't go for.

JAX
But is that enough reason to frame the Club?

TRAMMELL
Desperate times desperate crimes.

JAX
Desperation makes you sloppy.

Jax gives Trammell a fist-pound, then takes off on his Harley.

EXT. BITCHES BREW NIGHTCLUB - ALLEY - DAY

A RANGE ROVER pulls in BUMPING the latest Rick Ross song. At the wheel is One-Niner foot solider, NORRIS and LAROY Wayne, head of the One-Niners (a Black crime syndicate).

Laroy and Norris get out of the Range Rover, and before they can even close their doors a BEAT-UP FORD TEMPO <u>smashes</u> into the back of the SUV.

LAROY
What the hell!?!

Laroy and Norris sprint over to the driver --

LAROY (CONT'D)
Yo! Yo! Are you drunk, asshole!?
(Juice is at the wheel)
You!

And that's when Jax and Opie swoop in from behind -- guns out -- and ambush Laroy and Norris!

JAX
Ah-ah! Hands.

Pissed, Laroy and Norris reluctantly raise their hands.

NORRIS
This is bullshit. Get that gun out my face, goldilocks!

Without hesitation Jax PISTOL-WHIPS Norris.

JAX
I'm the one talking.

Norris stumbles backwards, down to one knee. Norris is quickly back up, charging forward! Laroy gestures to Norris to CALM THE FUCK DOWN.

LAROY
What's good, Jax?!

JAX
I don't know, you tell me?! Why are the One-Niners disrespecting the Sons? You wore our cuts to hijack guns from the Chinese and framed me for it.

Laroy and Norris share an incredulous look.

LAROY
Yo, I don't know what the hell you're talking about.

OPIE
That's a pretty convenient thing to say.

Jax waivers for second, then skepticism overtakes him and he JABS his gun barrel HARD into Laroy's cheek.

LAROY
I could lie to you --

JAX
-- and if I found out, I'd shoot you in the street like a dog.

LAROY
You buggin'. We tryin' to get in good with the Chinese for a new drug connect. Jackin' them don't make no sense.

NORRIS
That's the truth, white boy.

JAX
(to Laroy)
Keep him quiet. I thought you were getting your "H" from Alvarez and the Mayans.

LAROY
Had to put that on pause, found out he's getting supplied by those Aryan fucks. His shit is suspect, I sell bad junk to my customers, what that say 'bout me?

JAX
That you peddle poison with a conscience.
(Laroy smiles)
Look, someone's playing you and playing us. Care to take a shot in the dark on who that is?

NORRIS
(to Laroy)
What's up with your man..?

Laroy's eyes bore into Norris.

JAX
What's he talking about?
(raises his gun)
What is he talking about!?!

LAROY
A little drama in my set at the moment, but it's cool.

JUICE
Doesn't sound like it.

LAROY
Let me check into a couple'a things and I'll holla back.
(off Jax's look)
You can at least give me that; you know where the hell I stay, it's not like I can hide.

OPIE
I'd find you if you did.

LAROY
Yo man, my neck's in the noose here too.

JAX
When do we talk again?

LAROY
Be back here in an hour or two.

Jax nods; he, Juice and Opie walk off.

INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Tara, weary, pushes through the door in surgical scrubs. Pulling off her mask, she leans against the wall. Chirp -- her PAGER. Right when Tara checks it --

REGEN (O.S.)
Weren't you a friend of Scott's?

TARA
-- Excuse me?

Regen walks up on Tara.

REGEN
Scott Kohn, you dated him in Chicago? I knew I recognized you.

Hearing her abusive ex-boyfriend's name stings Tara the same way a pimp's backhand would. She suppresses it.

TARA
(looking around)
How --? What are you doing back here?

REGEN
Just saying hello to a friendly face.

TARA
Okay, “hi.” You can’t be back here.

REGEN
Have you seen him?

TARA
... Not since Chicago.

REGEN
Really? Because he told me he was coming out to California to be with you.

Tara holds Regen’s eyes, how much does this woman know?

TARA
Do I know you?

REGEN
We must have met back in Chicago at least once or twice...

Just then Hospital Administrator MARGARET MURPHY darts around the corner.

MARGARET
There you are! Didn’t you get the page?

TARA
I -- Yes...

MARGARET
(grabs her)
I need you to assist with a little girl going into surgery - now.

Tara hurries after Margaret.

REGEN
I’m sure I’ll see you around.

WE FOLLOW TARA around the corner. Deep-seated concern in her eyes. Tara steals a glance over her shoulder -- Regen is still there watching her! Regen’s slow, crooked smile would chill a vampire.

INT. BITCHES BREW NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Jax, Opie and Juice enter and walk across the empty club to the booth where Laroy and Norris are eating a fancy Middle Eastern dish for lunch.

LAROY
(checking his watch)
Right on time. I hate people who aren't punctual.

Jax sits down across from Laroy.

LAROY (CONT'D)
I got a lead on who jacked the guns -- his name is Samson.

JAX
Who is he?

LAROY
A young buck comin' up fast on the scene in the LA.

JAX
You know for sure he has the Chinese's guns?

LAROY
He knows if the Sons and the Niners are barkin', then I'd be caught up smoothin' things with y'all and not be on the lookout for his creep move.

OPIE
I thought you said you can take of your own backyard?

LAROY
This ain't my problem, you're the one 'bout to catch a murder charge. Samson ain't no problem, we got him.

JAX
Why does it sound like there are strings attached?

LAROY
Who does anything fo' free or out of the goodness of their heart in The Game?

Jax knows the answer to that question and hates surprises.

JAX
What is it you need done?

LAROY
A State’s Witness needs to disappear.

Jax, Opie and Juice react.

JAX
Hold on, we’re not killing --

LAROY
Whoa! Who said anything about killin’? I don’t need that kinda heat. I’m talkin’ about time off for a sick day to miss a grand jury hearing.

JAX
That only delays the hammer, doesn't save you from it.

LAROY
This witness fails to testify, then the charges get dismissed or someone eats a lesser charge and does two or three inside; ain’t no thing, you know.

JAX
A State’s Witness?

Jax’s eyes find Opie, whose stoic look betrays nothing, yet tells Jax all he needs to know.

JAX (CONT’D)
Yeah... We’ll get back with you.

Jax, Opie and Juice head out.

INT. SAMCRO’S CLUBHOUSE - MAIN - AFTERNOON

Clay (smoking a CIGAR), Jax, Chibs, Juice, Opie, Bobby and Tig sit around the meticulously carved Sons of Anarchy Original Charter table.

JAX
That’s Laroy’s play.

CLAY
Sucks for us, but it’s not like we can’t handle it if we decide to do it.

TIG
Why can't we track down this Samson cocksucker ourselves?

JAX
He's waiting for the One-Niners to strike, he'd never suspect us to hit him.

Juice and Bobby nod in agreement.

CLAY
Maybe, but it sounds like this Samson guy is itching for a fight with Laroy, and he no doubt has everybody in his crew amped and ready to throw blows.

CHIBS
Aye, brutha, and if we go stickin' our nose inta One-Niner business, we don't know what the blowback will be.

BOBBY
Snatching a State's Witness is like robbing a post office, not much to gain and a lot to lose. Did Laroy say what the grand jury hearing was over?

JAX
He didn't.

CLAY
Who ever wore our Cuts isn't going to be walking the earth too much longer. If we work together with Laroy, we have a better chance seeing that happen.

JAX
This goes down wrong in any way and the Feds are going to come down hard. We've slipped that knot a few times too many.

TIG
What about the murder? Can we get at the kid who witnessed the hijacking?

JAX
Trammell said that's a dead end, we gotta protect this Club;
(MORE)

JAX (CONT'D)
right now we're playing a game with someone else's rules, we need to start making our own.

Jax looks to Clay for a co-sign. Clay blows a smoke ring.

CLAY
Priority number one is clearing the Club's name - our way. I'll talk with Unser about trying to get any leverage on the little shit who thinks he's going to finger us.

JAX
In the meantime, we tell Laroy what?

Clay's cellphone rings.

CLAY
It's our favorite Chinamen again.
(answers)
What is it, Henry?

EXT. INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE (OUTSIDE OAKLAND) - AFTERNOON

In the b.g. FOUR MAYANS fleeing on their Harleys.

Two Chinese gangsters fire their PISTOLS at the fleeing Mayans, but the cycles are out of range in seconds. Henry Lin stands up from behind a BULLET-PUNCTURED LEXUS. His barely-contained anger colors his tone.

HENRY LIN
I just got hit by the Mayans, Clay! Guess how easy it would have been to take those wetbacks down if I had my guns? I want my guns this time tomorrow.

INT. SAMCRO'S CLUBHOUSE - MAIN - AFTERNOON

Clay closes his eyes in frustration.

CLAY
(hangs up)
Our window with Lin just got shut.

And the Best Laid Plans... just got dumped into the gutter.

SMASH TO BLACK:

<u>END OF ACT ONE</u>

ACT TWO

SMASH UP ON:

EXT. SAMCRO CLUBHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Jax, Tig and Opie charge out of the Clubhouse, jump on to their bikes. Clay and Bobby march up.

JAX
(to Clay)
I'll call once I have the name and address of Laroy's witness.

CLAY
Chibs and Juice will be ready to meet you. And put in a call to Tara... see if we can get access to Lin's man in the hospital.

Jax nods and the cycles peel out, just as Gemma drives up. Clay and Bobby cross from the Clubhouse to meet Gemma.

GEMMA
Hey, babe, where's everyone going?

CLAY
(kisses Gemma)
Damage control, drama we don't need. I gotta find Unser and see what kind of favor my name still pulls. Bobby will fill you in.

Clay hops on his cycle and rides off. Gemma turns to Bobby.

GEMMA
What the hell is going on, Bobby?

BOBBY
Through circumstances beyond our sphere of influence, we have to stick our necks out to clean up someone else's mess.

GEMMA
That's how you get your ass handed to you, and it doesn't sound good. What's the plan?

BOBBY
We're working on an angle.

Bobby and Gemma head over to the Automotive Shop's Office.

INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - NURSES' STATION - AFTERNOON

Tara comes around the corner, keeping a watchful eye on her surroundings. She stops at the Nurse's Station.

TARA
Hey, there was a woman in here earlier for... for... she was from Chicago, did you get her name?

NURSE
(checking her logs)
I've been here most of the day, and I don't remember checking in anyone from out of state.

TARA
Could I take a loo--

Tara's phone RINGS. She answers.

TARA (CONT'D)
Hey...

INTERCUT WITH JAX RIDING his motor cycle.

JAX
I need a favor. A Chinese guy came in last night with gunshot wounds.

TARA
I heard. He's still in intensive care.

JAX
The Club needs to get access to him.

A more than exasperating request at a bad time!

TARA
That's not going to happen...

JAX
I wouldn't ask, unless it was very important.

TARA
Jax...

JAX
What's wrong?

Tara casually drifts away from the Nurse's Station for more privacy.

TARA
(soft)
Some woman was here asking about Kohn.

That's a name Jax never wanted to hear again.

JAX
Jesus! About what?

TARA
If I knew where he was. I said I didn't.

JAX
Do you know who she is?

TARA
No, she knows that Scott and I dated in Chicago, and he apparently told her that he was coming out here to stay with me.

JAX
Is she still lurking around?

TARA
I haven't seen her. I think she might be FBI.

JAX
She has to tell you if she is. I'll be there later. Avoid her 'til I get there.

TARA
Can you come now?

JAX
Can't. Club business, I'll have my Mom stop by, only tell her what she needs to know.

TARA
Jax... she has to know what I'm dealing with.

Jax considers if that's wise or not.

JAX
Okay, but no details about how we cancelled Kohn. Talk to you later.

He hangs up. Revs his engine, vexed that this thing with Kohn is floating back to the surface.

RESUME ON TARA

pockets her phone. Walks off, still unsettled.

END OF HALLWAY

CAMERA PUSHES IN... until Regen peeks around the corner, surreptitiously watching Tara.

INT. CHARMING POLICE DEPARTMENT - UNSER'S OFFICE - DAY

Unser is going over paperwork. There's a KNOCK at the door. It's OFFICER CANDY EGLEE.

UNSER
Yeah?

OFFICER EGLEE
Clay's out back...

UNSER
Why didn't he come in?

OFFICER EGLEE
He said it would be better to meet outside.

Unser follows Eglee out.

EXT. CHARMING POLICE DEPARTMENT - REAR ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

Unser steps out the service door, sees Clay in the distance sitting on his Harley. Unser heads over.

UNSER
You sneakin' around now?

CLAY
It's not too smart to be seen with me.

UNSER
No argument here... what can I do for you?

CLAY
This eyeball witness...

UNSER
I already told you, the Sheriffs put a round-the-clock guard on him. And they're not going to take kindly to me wandering around whistling with no clear cut business.

CLAY
I'm putting you in a spot, I wouldn't be here asking unless I felt there was something you could do.

UNSER
(at the end of his rope)
Like what, Clay?

Clay has a dozen ideas, but all would be too compromising.

CLAY
The Club is looking for a little insurance.

UNSER
I looked the other way when Samcro went AWOL to Belfast, anything I do now jeopardizes my credibility completely.

CLAY
Whatever you can do is most appreciated.

UNSER
... There might be a way...

Clay smiles. Unser shrugs noncommittally, heads back inside. Clay drives off.

CAMERA PANS to a 2011 Cadillac STS slowing down in front of the police station. At the wheel is JACOB HALE, potential Charming mayoral candidate and real estate millionaire. Next to him is ETHAN ZOBELLE, the calm and dapper leader of a WHITE SUPREMACIST GROUP.

JACOB HALE
Samcro is back, and Unser is still Clay's stooge.

ZOBELLE
Don't go in to see our friend the Sheriff just yet. Let's see where he goes and what he does.

INT. MORROW-TELLER AUTOMOTIVE - OFFICE - EVENING

Gemma sits at the desk, on the phone.

GEMMA
Jaxon, why can't you just tell me?... Fine, I'll talk to her... I'm headed over there right now.

She hangs up, turns to Bobby.

BOBBY
Did Jax say Tara was going to help?

GEMMA
He wasn't exactly sure... for some reason.

BOBBY
That's doesn't leave us with too many options.

GEMMA
I know; the bitch needs to learn what takes priority in her life. Let's go.

Gemma and Bobby head out.

INT. BITCHES BREW NIGHTCLUB - BACKROOM - EVENING

The door opens and a ONE-NINER SOLDIER motions for Jax, Opie and Tig. Laroy, Norris and two other ONE-NINERS are putting on **Caucasian skin-colored face paint** around their eyes while loading 9mm PISTOLS.

JAX
Whoa, what the hell is all this?

TIG
(picks up a make-up tin)
You gone fairy on us, Laroy?

LAROY
Gotta get a little creative creepin' up on Samson.

JAX
... You had this planned all along?

LAROY
Figured you didn't want to waste no time.

JAX
What if we said “no”?

LAROY
Can you afford to say “no”? Word is Henry Lin and his dim-sum boys got you by the balls.

Jax glances at Opie and Tig, news travels fast in the criminal fringe.

JAX
Where can we find your witness?

Laroy hands Jax a folded piece of paper. Jax reads it, hands it to Tig.

JAX (CONT’D)
Frankie Sullivan?

LAROY
Yep; anything else?

JAX
Besides two of ours are going with you? No.

LAROY
Don’t trust me?

JAX
Would you trust me with your old lady?

Laroy holds his stare on Jax for a beat, then salaciously laughs, shaking his head “not on your life.”

LAROY
Who’s rollin’?

OPIE
(steps forward)
Me.

JAX
And me.

LAROY
(to Norris)
Hook ‘em up.

Norris tosses Opie and Jax each a PLASTIC BAG with a white cloth inside.

LAROY (CONT'D)
A little shock 'n awe tactics for Samson. Gonna send a message. This is what we do to snitches.

TIG
Brother, that's all on you.

JAX
I'll call when this is done and let you know where to get the guns.

Tig nods, walks out.

INT. FRANKIE SULLIVAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

FRANKIE SULLIVAN, early 30s, hears a puzzling sound, like scratching. Frankie goes to the door, looks out the PEEP HOLE. Tiny whimpering, Frankie opens the door.

An adorable LABRADOR PUPPY with a leash around its neck is scratching the door.

FRANKIE
(gushing with love)
Hello there, are you lost? Are you hungry?

The puppy bolts! Frankie's eyes follow -- see a MAN laying on the sidewalk clutching his knee in excruciating pain.

EXT. FRANKIE SULLIVAN'S HOUSE - EVENING

FRANKIE
(runs to the man)
Oh my God, what happened?

TIG
My knee, I heard it snap. Feels like I'm gonna pass out, call an ambulance. Please!

Frankie bolts back into her house.

INT. FRANKIE SULLIVAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

She picks up the PHONE - before she can dial, a heavy hand CLAMPS her mouth shut. She drops the phone. Juice, wearing a BANDANA MASK, DUCT-TAPES Frankie's mouth.

Tig walks in with the puppy.

TIG
Shhh. You're coming with us.

Juice pulls a SLEEPING BAG over her entire kicking and screaming body and picks her up.

EXT. LOS ANGELES APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A lowrider '65 THUNDERBIRD turns into the apartment's garage. Driving is a burly, light-skinned African-American -- SAMSON Little, mid 30s and his young, bouncy GIRLFRIEND (who we recognize as the Decoy Woman from the opening hijacking).

CAMERA PANS AROUND to DOWN THE STREET where a CARGO VAN sits out of reach of the nearest streetlight.

INT. CARGO VAN - NIGHT

We're spying on the Thunderbird, looking out through the van's windshield, so we can't see who is in the van. But we recognizes the VOICES.

LAROY (O.C.)
There go Samson now.

JAX (O.C.)
Let's go light him up.

INT. LOS ANGELES APARTMENT BUILDING - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

The Thunderbird is parked kind of out of the way... to avoid prying eyes.

INT. THUNDERBIRD - NIGHT

The driver seat is reclined all the way back. Samson's Girl STRADDLES him, grinding away. He yanks her bra off. Sprinkles then sniffs COKE off her perky fake tits. Samson's Girl giggles.

SAMSON
Go get your girl, see if she's down.

The Girl seductively gets off Samson. Passionately/savagely kisses him, then jumps out... with HIS PANTS.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
Hey?

SAMSON'S GIRL
Who wears the pants in this relationship?

SAMSON
You stoopid. Bring my shit back.

SAMSON'S GIRL
See you in five minutes.

Samson's Girl runs off. Beat. Samson reaches for his boxers --

Just then an ORANGE GLOW appears in Samson's window reflection. It's... FLAMES... TORCHES...

Samson shoots forward in his seat, sees: four KU KLUX KLANSMEN with TORCHES and BASEBALL BATS!

Samson reaches for his 9mm -- not fast enough. The Klansmen rip open the door, CLUB Samson with the bats. They viciously yank Samson out of the Thunderbird, drag him across the garage floor and toss him into the waiting CARGO VAN.

We see one of the Klansman's eyes... it's Jax!

CUT TO:

INT. WINNEBEGO - SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Frankie's vision returns as the sleeping bag is pulled off. She is HANDCUFFED and mouth taped shut in a Winnebego. Tig appears, pulls the tape off.

TIG
Scream. I want you to scream as loud as you can. I'm serious, scream.

EXT. WINNEBEGO - NIGHT

From 100 yards away we barely hear the blood-curdling SCREAMS OF TERROR.

INT. CHARMING PD - UNSER'S OFFICE - EVENING

Unser packs things up for the night. There's a KNOCK at the door. It's Jacob Hale.

JACOB HALE
Wayne? Hope I'm not interrupting.

UNSER
Course not, Jacob, what can I do for you?

JACOB HALE
I met with some of my constituents and they've again expressed concerns, which is also my concern, over what you're doing, or rather not doing, about Samcro.

UNSER
I’ve made it clear to you and every one in Charming that they don’t have anything to worry about from the Sons. I have Clay and Alvarez’s word.

Jacob Hale contemptuously snorts at Unser. Sits on Unser’s desk.

JACOB HALE
Do you think I’m stupid, Wayne? I know you where at the San Joaquin Sheriff’s station earlier sniffing around to find out what that witness knows... for Clay.

UNSER
The Sheriffs report to you now?

JACOB HALE
I have many sources who want peace, who want to see the right thing done.

UNSER
Are these people on your payroll?

JACOB HALE
Like you’re on Clay’s!?

Unser shoots a “fuck you” sneer at Jacob Hale.

JACOB HALE (CONT’D)
The Sons are going down, and so are you. I thought we could come to an understanding during the transition as the San Joaq Sheriffs assume jurisdiction over Charming, but you’re telling me to shove any possible endorsement up my ass. Okay then... I’ll make sure you burn.

UNSER
Don’t burn yourself lighting that match.

Jacob Hale heads out. Unser plops down in his chair. No way of escaping Samcro’s taint.

CUT TO:

SPLASH!!! Bacardi 151 splatters Samson's face. We're in...

INT. SAMSON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Laroy (still dressed as a Klansman) slaps Samson, who is HANDCUFFED to a BEDPOST. Norris (also still in his white sheet) marauds thru the CLOSET chucking things out. Laroy grabs Samson by the chin.

SAMSON
Hey, you don't have to do this?
Come on, we can work this out!

LAROY
Where them guns at?

SAMSON
(recognizing the voice)
Laroy!?!? KISS MY ASS, NIGGA! I don't know nuthin' 'bout nobody's guns!

Laroy takes off his hood, punishes Samson with brutal slaps to the face. Forehand-backhand, forehand-backhand.

LAROY
(to Jax)
See? Told ya he'd play dumb.
(to Samson)
I'm not the one askin', fool. They are!

Laroy twists Samson's head around to show him Jax and Opie. Jax grips one <u>seriously scary-looking KNIFE</u>. Opie holds a burning TORCH in the apartment!

JAX
(approaching)
Hello, friend.

Samson immediately struggles against his handcuffs.

SAMSON
Back up off me! I ain't gonna say it again.

Jax grabs Samson's lip, digs the blade into the flesh.

JAX
Keep talking shit and I'll give you a permanent shit-eating grin.

Samson relaxes... as best he can considering he's about to get disfigured.

JAX (CONT'D)
You dicking over your competition is not my business, but why'd you even possibly think it was cool to dick over my MC and hang a murder on me!?

Samson is smug and defiant in his silence.

LAROY
(swatting Samson's nose)
He's talking to you.

SAMSON
Figured I get you two squabbin' and I'd --

JAX
No! You could have done that any old way. But you wore our cuts, our colors that you didn't earn! And for that...

Jax savagely <u>slices off</u> Samson's EAR. Samson HOWLS!

JAX (CONT'D)
If we have to ask again where the guns are, something you might need is coming off next.

Jax points the knife down toward Samson's groin.

SAMSON
You a pussy, Laroy, gettin' these white boys to handle your --!

Laroy viciously knees Samson in the stomach. Jax glances at Opie, what's going on here?

Norris, now in the KITCHENETTE, is throwing things out from the under the SINK. Pops his head out:

NORRIS
Nada.

LAROY
Where's the stash box at, light skin!?!

SAMSON
Ain't none.
(to Jax)
(MORE)

SAMSON (CONT'D)
Yo white boy, I don’t know what that fool told you, but he lyin’! He mad ‘cause I’m takin’ his --

Laroy slugs Samson in the mouth.

LAROY
Punk-ass bitch’ll say anything to get outta gettin’ skinned. Cut his dick off! That’ll make ’em talk!

Jax finds Opie’s eyes... “do we need to go that far?” Opie subtly shakes his head. Jax uncaps the 151, forces it into Samson's mouth, clamps his jaw shut to hold it in! Samson snorts the searing alcohol through his nose.

JAX
I'm gonna ask you one more time...

SAMSON
(coughing)
I’m-- tellin’-- you...

Norris is rifling through the FREEZER. Tosses a 2-gallon ICE CREAM DRUM on the floor. The lid pops off -- cash, bundles of Meth, coke, E tabs and a <u>SET OF KEYS</u> spill out.

NORRIS
Jackpot!

Norris holds up a key with a red, plastic HEXAGON TAG on it.

NORRIS (CONT’D)
What do these open?

SAMSON
(to Jax)
Let us fight; me and him! After I beat this bitch’s ass, I’ll tell you what he afraid to.

JAX
You think you’re in a position to negotiate?

Jax kicks Samson, sending him into a fetal position.

OPIE
Screw him, that’s the key they give you at the 5-Star Self-Storage in Sun Valley.

Laroy splashes the 151 over Samson's BED, CLOTHES and SOFA.

LAROY
(to Norris)
Show this sun tan-needin'
muthafucka our close and personal
friend, Mr. Godzilla.

Norris grabs Opie's torch, chugs the 151 --
-- SPITS THE 151 THRU THE TORCH'S FLAME --!
-- Samson ducks as a PLUME OF FIRE ignites the bed!

Opie, Jax, Laroy and Norris race out, leaving Samson struggling for his life -- yanking at the handcuff -- still fastened to the bed!

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Norris drives the CARGO VAN backward down the ramps. Jax glances out the rear window, sees --

SAMSON'S APARTMENT WINDOW spiting out FLAMES!

Beat.

Samson, still handcuffed to a flaming piece of the bedpost, crashes thru the window and leaps off the THIRD FLOOR BALCONY to the POOL below. He misses! Slams into the pooldeck!

INT. CARGO VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

Laroy cranks up the stereo -- *"Stick-up Kids"* by GANGSTARR nearly blows out the speakers.

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT

ACT THREE

SMASH UP ON:

INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - CHAPEL - NIGHT

The door opens, Gemma, Bobby and Chibs enter. Gemma looks around exasperated until she spots Tara in a dark corner, smoking a cigarette.

GEMMA
Doc, you're holed up in here?

TARA
Gemma! Thanks for coming.

GEMMA
And smoking a cigarette. Isn't that against hospital rules or something?

TARA
Like you have a problem breaking the rules.

GEMMA
I do it when there's damn good reason.

TARA
Did Jax tell you what's going on?

GEMMA
He said you'd give me the details.

That's not what Tara wanted to hear.

TARA
Okay... where do I begin?

GEMMA
Later, right now the Club and Jax need you to help with getting past the guard to see the gunshot victim from Lin's gang.

TARA
Gemma... it's... now is not --

GEMMA
Not what? A good time? Don't want to hear it, the Club needs you to do this.
(MORE)

GEMMA (CONT'D)
If you're really Jax's old lady instead of playing around, you wouldn't even hesitate.

Tara glances at Bobby and Chibs. They shrug, "you are his old lady, right?"

TARA
... What's the plan?

CHIBS
Well, now that yer askin', this is what we were thinkin'...

INT. WINNEBEGO - SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Frankie lies on the mattress, tied up, but no longer gagged. Tig and Juice whisper in the FRONT of the Winnebego.

FRANKIE
(angry fear)
What do you want?

Tig and Juice glance at each other, but don't respond to Frankie and continue whispering.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Whatever you're thinking, it wasn't me.

Tig nods to Juice, "let me handle this." He steps into the sleeping compartment.

TIG
You're not gettin' killed, raped or sold, lady.

FRANKIE
Who are you?

TIG
All you need to know is we don't need you for long.

FRANKIE
I have to be somewhere first thing tomorrow morning.

Tig gives her a telling look. "You'll miss that."

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Is that what this is about? Elliot hired you so I won't testify against him?

TIG
(walks off)
I don’t know nothing, lady.

Tig joins Juice.

FRANKIE
I don’t know what anyone’s told you about what happened or if you even care, but --

TIG
I don’t.

FRANKIE
You’re an asshole, a real asshole!

JUICE
You got that wrong, he’s a fucking asshole!

Juice and Tig laugh. Frankie cannot find ANY humor in this situation. She starts to CRY.

EXT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - SECURED HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tara walks past the SECURITY GUARD in front of an IN-PATIENT ROOM where Chinese Thug #1 is under sedation.

TARA
Evening.

Security Guard nods. Tara turns the corner, passes a JANITORIAL CLOSET with its door slightly ajar... inside are Gemma and Bobby. Tara nods at them, keeps going up the hall, turns again.

Tara approaches an IN-PATIENT ROOM DOOR, knocks, enters.

INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - IN-PATIENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tara sees Chibs, dressed only in a hospital gown, lowering himself out of the window.

CHIBS
Alright darlin’, I’m ready.

Tara nods. Steps out.

INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tara takes a step, then senses someone behind her. She spins around... Regen.

REGEN
(backs Tara up)
We didn't get a chance to finish talking.

TARA
Yes, we did. I told you I haven't seen Scott in months. We broke up.

REGEN
Then why isn't he back with me in Chicago? He never came back.

TARA
I wish I knew. If I did, I'd tell you, but I don't.

REGEN
Don't you care about him?

Tara begins to see what's going on here.

TARA
Not anymore, I don't.

REGEN
(steps closer)
You were the reason he left me.

JANITORIAL CLOSET

Gemma expectantly looks at Bobby, who shakes his head.

HALLWAY

REGEN (CONT'D)
He's still crazy about me. You were a mistake, I'm here to forgive him tell him it's alright and take him back.
(beat)
Did he talk about me? 'Cause he sure as hell told me about you. I know everything.

Tara is sick of back-peddling and stops.

TARA
How many times did Scott hit you?

REGEN
What? Scott would <u>never</u> do that. You're trying to make me hate him.

TARA
You're wrong.

REGEN
You know what I think? That you do know where he is and how to reach him, you whore!

Tara snaps. She lunges out -- snatches REGEN'S HAIR with her left hand, pulls her in and punches her jaw with her right -- then shoves Regan into a defibrillator cart! Tipping it over, it CRASHES to the ground!

SECURED HALLWAY

The Security Guard reacts to the CRASH. Then hears a SCREAM ("bitch!"). He grabs his radio, hurries toward the commotion.

JANITORIAL CLOSET

Gemma and Bobby see the Security Guard move past them.

HALLWAY

The Security Guard, standing so he can keep an eye on the Secured Hallways, sees the two women punch, scratch and kick at each other.

SECURITY GUARD
(into radio)
I've got a civilian assaulting a doctor on --

He's moving to break-up the cat fight, when sees Gemma and Bobby slip out of the closet.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
Whoa, whoa! You two, where are you going?!

Gemma stares at the ceiling, pissed.

GEMMA
Great.

EXT. WINNEBEGO - NIGHT

Tig and Juice stand outside smoking, shivering from a cold wind. They can hear Frankie STILL crying.

TIG
This is bullshit, why are we outside?

JUICE
I was wondering that question myself.

Tig flings open the Winnebego's door, storms in.

INT. WINNEBEGO - SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Frankie wipes her tears. Tig marches up.

TIG
Quit with the sob routine! We're not going to hurt you.

Frankie cowers back, pulls herself together. Tig goes back to the front, reaches for the door and...

FRANKIE
Wait. I know you're just the help but--
(Tig stops)
--how much did they pay you?

TIG
They didn't.

FRANKIE
I don't understand, why are you doing this?

TIG
Sometimes you do favors you don't like, because your word's on the line.

FRANKIE
That's exactly why I'm handcuffed in a camper for doing someone a favor. I stuck my neck out.

Tig turns to face her, giving her license to continue.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
My boss, Elliot, was an inspector for the railroad and he was dealing with that gang.

TIG
The One-Niners.

FRANKIE
They made a lot of money. They were smuggling cocaine and Ecstacy in the medical marijuana shipments from Humbolt County to LA.

TIG
Nobody's gonna search the weed for drugs; why didn't we think of that?!

FRANKIE
Elliot was getting 70/30 and wasn't taking any of the risk. So someone got greedy and started snitching.

TIG
Where do you fit into this?

FRANKIE
I was in love with Elliot; we were seeing each other for two years. He was married.

TIG
(almost amused)
And he said he was going to leave her?

FRANKIE
Elliot said she had cancer. "Honey, you love me, right? Do you have any idea how much I love you? I can't leave her like this, she's got less than a year to live. Wait till she's gone and we'll retire in Australia." I've never left LA, and I've always wanted to go to Australia. So week after week, I kept signing off on the shipping manifests --

TIG
--forging the difference in weight. Why did you decide to snitch?

FRANKIE
Elliot promised me nothing would happen as long as I kept my mouth shut.

TIG
And he gave you up?

FRANKIE
He didn't have to; the police had my signature on every document, had me on video, but they knew I wasn't the brains and that I could connect Elliot to the One-Niners.

TIG
They offered you a deal to flip on your old man?

FRANKIE
Yes; I only took it when I found out Elliot's wife... never had cancer!

TIG
He never planned on leaving her?

FRANKIE
Oh no, he filed for divorce, after he hid all of his money.

TIG
(confused)
Then you two are--?

FRANKIE
Hell no! He was feeding the same lines verbatim to some 26 year old bitch with fake boobs he met online-

TIG
--so he could get her down under.

Frankie does not like the pun. Juice SNICKERS and GIGGLES.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. THOMAS HOSPITAL - ER - NIGHT

A DOCTOR sutures a CUT over Tara's eye.

DOCTOR
... broke her jaw. Probably won't be able to talk for a month.
(finishes suturing)
Okay, you're good to go.

Hospital Administrator Margaret Murphy strides by, shoots a "you know you fucked up!" scowl at Tara.

TARA
(to Doctor)
Thanks.

The Doctor moves on to another patient. Gemma appears.

GEMMA
Nice to see you can take a punch.

TARA
I'm glad you approve.

Gemma steps closer, shuts the curtain for privacy.

GEMMA
Now, you want to tell me what the hell is going on? Who was that cunt? And don't hold back.

Tara takes a deep breath, juggling exactly how much to say.

TARA
Do you remember my ex, the FBI agent?

GEMMA
(searching)
... Kohn? That idiot, what about him?

TARA
That woman was his ex in Chicago and she showed up here looking for him, hoping to get him back.

GEMMA
And did you tell her he was a real son of a bitch, that he beats women and that you sent him packing?

TARA
I tried. It's not that easy.

GEMMA
Yes, it is... unless you know where he is.

Tara almost imperceptibly flinches, then:

TARA
I don't.

Gemma studies Tara for a penetrating moment.

GEMMA
We both know that's not true, is it?

Tara flicks her eyes away from Gemma, when she looks back, Gemma's demanding eyes bore deep into Tara.

TARA
...no... He's dead.

Gemma isn't surprised.

GEMMA
Was Jax responsible?

Tara looks away, angered that she's revealing the secret.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ, Tara! Jesus Christ!
(beat)
Sometimes I don't know if you're stupid or pretend to be naïve, either way you need to quit.

TARA
How is this my fault? Jax and the Club being in trouble wasn't --

GEMMA
Save it, will ya? When the Club becomes part of your life, you are going to be asked to do things you don't like and when you don't want to, but you have to do them. And the one thing you know is that you never have to be weak in <u>any</u> situation, you can always get what you want if you ask for it the right way.

TARA
That's easy for you to say.

GEMMA
It is now, but it wasn't always the case. Time for you to step up.

Tara's nod is nearly a salute.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
I'm going to pay a little visit to that bitch and set her straight. You might want to take notes.

Tara doesn't appreciate the condescension. Gemma walks off.

EXT. 5-STAR SELF-STORAGE - MAIN GATE - MORNING

An ATTENDANT opens the gate for today's business. Behind him, a vast self-storage lot with ROWS AND ROWS of various sized units. The One-Niner CARGO VAN enters the gates, pauses, takes a left then drives up the third row.

EXT. 5-STAR SELF-STORAGE - SAMSON'S STORAGE UNIT - MORNING

The Cargo Van pulls to a stop in front of a 20 x 10 STORAGE UNIT. Norris checks the number on SAMSON'S KEYRING against the UNIT NUMBER stenciled above the door. They match.

Norris jumps out. Tries Samson's key in the PADLOCK. It opens. Laroy, Opie and Jax get out of the van. Norris hefts up the storage unit's GARAGE-STYLE DOOR. Norris is the first to go inside.

INT. SAMSON'S STORAGE UNIT - CONTINUOUS

It's dark in here, but the sunlight spills in and <u>outlines</u> the Chinese's HIJACKED VAN.

The CRATES OF ARMS are in the van, stacked next to it. One box is open. Laroy inspects the weapons caché, whistling at the impressive hardware. Norris checks to see what else Samson has in here.

LAROY
(to Jax and Opie)
Do I deliver or do I deliver?

JAX
We never doubted you.

NORRIS
Check this here out.

Norris holds up two wide PLASTIC STORAGE BINS with coke, weed and crystal meth <u>filled to the brim</u>.

LAROY
A bonus for our troubles. I love it when a plan comes together.

Laroy takes a quick samples of the coke, grabs a wad of weed and starts patting his pockets for some rolling papers.

JAX
You need to be more original with your catch-phrases, and it's more like a bonus for <u>our</u> troubles.

CAMERA FINDS the fake SACMRO MC VESTS Samson had made up for the hijacking. Opie snarls as he grabs them.

LAROY
Whatchu sayin? I don't get none of this?

CLAY (O.S.)
Hard to say, Laroy.

Surreptitiously sliding into view from the edges of the storage unit's entrance is -- Clay, Piney, Chibs, Bobby, Kozik, and Happy all with WEAPONS DRAWN and trained on Norris and Laroy.

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT

ACT FOUR

SMASH UP ON:

INT. SAMSON'S STORAGE UNIT - DAY

The Sons face-off against Laroy and Norris.

LAROY
Oh hell no! What's this?

CLAY
Are you that dumb? What does it look like?

LAROY
You're jackin' me now?

Kozik rudely snatches the storage tubs of drugs from Norris.

LAROY (CONT'D)
We had a deal --

CLAY
Which we held up. Tig is babysitting your witness now. As for all of this... this is to teach you a lesson.

Piney keeps his guns on Norris and Laroy as the other Sons load the weapons and drugs into the One-Niners' van.

LAROY
Okay, Dad, you gonna ground me?
(Clay smiles)
You know this is some bullsheeyat.

JAX
What's bullshit is that you can't keep your dogs leashed, even the dumb-asses you kick out of your little group.

LAROY
I don't know what you talk--

JAX
Samson wanted your top spot in the One-Niners, and you weren't having it. You used the Sons to kneecap your competition.
(Laroy starts to speak)
It's cool;
(MORE)

JAX (CONT'D)
we had fun, but we get paid for shit like this, so the split is 80-20... in our favor.

Laroy is about to protest, but sees no legitimate reason to.

CLAY
Next time you have an itch, scratch it with a blow torch. That way you know it's never coming back.

Opie comes over with the fake MC vests, sticks out his hand.

OPIE
Keys.

LAROY
What?

OPIE
To the van. You thought we were going to carry these guns home on our bikes?

Laroy looks to Clay, who nods, "do what the man says."

LAROY
You're a cold blooded son of a bitch, Clay.

CLAY
Wouldn't have it known any other way.

The Sons finish loading up. Jax slams the van doors shut. Hops in the passenger seat. Opie, in the driver's seat, starts the engine. The van drives off.

Clay mounts his Harley, kick-starts the engine, gives Laroy a "fuck-you" salute and leads the Sons roaring off.

EXT. 5-STAR SELF-STORAGE - MAIN GATE - CONTINUOUS

The One-Niner's van rolls out first, followed by the Sons of Anarchy on their Harleys. They speed off down the road.

INT. WINNEBEGO - MORNING

Frankie wakes up in her bed, sees the handcuff key on the table next to the bed. Frankie looks around... Tig and Juice are NOWHERE to be seen. She grabs the key, uncuffs herself, opens the door, steps out and <u>runs for her life</u>.

EXT. HENRY LIN'S CLUB - REAR ENTRANCE - DAY

The One-Niner's van is parked in the loading area. Clay, Jax and Opie impudently stand in front of Henry Lin. Two of Lin's MEN inspect the weapons.

They give Henry Lin the "this shit is legit" nod.

CLAY
No need to thank us. No, really. It was our pleasure.

HENRY LIN
If the situation was reversed, you'd do the same.

CLAY
We don't treat friends like the shit we scrape off our boots.

HENRY LIN
Hey --

JAX
Make it up to us with the Arabs. Get us a deal that's at least as good as yours and we'll forget the whole thing.

Henry Lin smolders for a second.

HENRY LIN
I'll be in touch.

He heads over to the van. Clay and Opie get on their bikes

JAX
Oh... and Henry?

Henry Lin turns. POW! Jax cold-cocks him in the mouth.

JAX (CONT'D)
Don't say you didn't know it was coming.

Jax gets on his bike. Clay, Jax and Opie drive off.

INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY HOSPITAL - ICU - DAY

NURSES and ON-CALL PHYSICIANS scurry about.

INT. PATIENT'S ROOM - DAY

A NURSE swaps in a new MORPHINE I.V. DRIP. In the bed, Samson is badly burned, covered in BANDAGES and with a BROKEN LEG IN A SLING.

NURSE
You're all set. Just buzz if you need anything.

Samson weakly nods. The Nurse exits. Samson closes his eyes.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Yes, just "buzz" if you need anything.

Samson's eyes snap open. Entering the room and closing the door is White Supremacist Leader ETHAN ZOBELLE. He casually and with an avuncular air sits down next to Samson.

ZOBELLE
How are you this fine morning, Mr. Little?

Samson GRUNTS out an answer from behind his bandages, his jaw is wired shut.

ZOBELLE (CONT'D)
Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. I'll try not to keep you. It seems that you were unable to perform the way you were paid to.

Samson argumentatively GRUNTS back at Zobelle.

ZOBELLE (CONT'D)
Do tell? You led me to believe that you could handle that white trash scum Clay Morrow... and then there's your nigger friends... well, I'd say you misrepresented your capabilities all around.

Samson's eyes indignantly flash at Zobelle, he BARKS OUT an unintelligible protest.

ZOBELLE (CONT'D)
What's that? I didn't quite hear that? Oh, you were saying you're terribly sorry that you failed? That's commendable of you, but who can honestly tolerate failure these days?

Zobelle calmly unplugs the Nurse Caller from the wall.

ZOBELLE (CONT'D)
It was my fault in thinking that your kind was capable of doing something simple, let alone remarkable.

Zobelle produces a SYRINGE from his jacket. Inside is a **urine colored liquid.** Samson feebly attempts to lunge at Zobelle, with that broken leg in traction, he gets nowhere fast.

Zobelle gingerly inserts the syringe into Samson's pain killer I.V. drip. Samson tries to SHOUT, but all he can do is GROAN through his clenched and surgically-shut jaw.

ZOBELLE (CONT'D)
(pressing the plunger)
An unkept promise is a lie. Which someone could possibly take personal.

Samson -- CRYING and THRASHING -- agonizingly watches the urine-colored liquid INTERMIX with contents of the I.V.

ZOBELLE (CONT'D)
You see, when you promise something, unless you can perfectly control the outcome, you lose power.

Zobelle suddenly snatches the PAIN MEDICATION TRIGGER from Samson, <u>rapidly presses it over a dozen times</u>! Overloading Samson with a dose of the newly mixed pain drip from the I.V.

ZOBELLE (CONT'D)
Not that you niggers had any power to begin with.

Zobelle opens the door.

ZOBELLE (CONT'D)
(ducking out)
Try to remember that in the future.

Samson's eyes, infected with pain and a sense of his impending mortality, roll back in his head.

INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR - DAY

Zobelle presses the "G" button. Right before the door is about to close, a hand juts in. The doors part and Jacob Hale walks in.

JACOB HALE
Ethan.

ZOBELLE
Jacob.

They're both silent for a beat as the elevator starts down.

JACOB HALE
So where do we stand now?

ZOBELLE
Back at square one, unfortunately.

JACOB HALE
And there's no tracing anything back to us?

ZOBELLE
Unless you know of a way for a dead man to talk? Then no, we're fine. Charming, however, is still infected by the Samcro virus.

JACOB HALE
Then we move on to Plan B.

The elevator comes to a stop. The doors open.

ZOBELLE
It's funny, I never thought Clay's whore would become galvanized by the journey we took her on. Remarkable actually, so this time we'll have to be more permanent with our solution.

Zobelle's cavalier and near-pleasant reference to the gang raping of Gemma that he orchestrated shocks Jacob Hale.

ZOBELLE (CONT'D)
Contact me when you have things in place.

Zobelle strolls out. Jacob Hale, a little wary, watches him go. When you sign a deal with the devil, nothing should surprise you.

The elevator doors close.

MUSIC MONTAGE

EXT. MORROW-TELLER AUTOMOTIVE - AFTERNOON

Jax tosses Samson's FAKE SAMCRO VESTS into a barrel. Douses them with gasoline. Strikes a match. Tosses it in. FLAMES surge up. He watches them burn for a second, then walks off.

INT. SAMCRO CLUBHOUSE - BAR - DAY

Bobby pours SHOTS OF WHISKEY for Juice, Chibs, Kozik and Piney.

Opie and LYLA, his hot porn star girlfriend, stand by the jukebox. She playfully selects mushy love songs and starts slow dancing with him; he hates dancing.

Gemma brings two DOUBLE SHOTS of Scotch to Tara. Tara downs one, looks at Gemma with appreciative smile, downs the other.

INT. JAX TELLER'S HOUSE - ABEL'S ROOM - DAY

Jax enters the room and peeks in on his son Abel. The infant sleeps. Jax stares at his son, a great deal went into getting him back and this is just the calm before the storm.

It's about to get real ugly, and does Jax want that energy around Abel... even he doesn't know.

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END