

Script: Boardwalk Empire

ROLE: JIMMY, early/mid twenties, MALE

JIMMY DARMODY: Intense and handsome. Fought in the war and it changed him. He's a very innately smart guy. Since returning home from the war, he's been Nucky's driver and gopher but aspires to play on a bigger stage - he wants to be a player.

EXT. BYRNES' FUNERAL HOME - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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

NUCKY

What are you off your nut?

JIMMY

You didn't drink that piss, I did.

NUCKY

You're still breathing, aren't you?

JIMMY

So's he, that's the problem.

NUCKY

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

JIMMY

(Waving him off)

You don't need him.

NUCKY

(In his face)

Oh yeah? What do you know about it?

A few beats, then JIMMY backs down. NUCKY looks at him.

NUCKY (CONT'D)

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

JIMMY

Honestly? (Beat) Paddy Doyle. Do you really expect me to go work for that Mick?

(CONTINUED)

NUCKY  
You'd rather be my driver?

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

NUCKY can't believe JIMMY's arrogance.

NUCKY  
Well listen to Bonnie Prince  
Charlie.

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

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

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

NUCKY  
And the last three years?

JIMMY  
I was drafted, Nucky.

NUCKY  
I recall offering to fix that  
problem.

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

NUCKY  
And nearly got yourself killed. Did  
it ever occur to you how your wife  
might feel after that? Your little  
boy?

JIMMY  
If that was my fate, so be it.

Nucky laughs derisively.

(CONTINUED)

NUCKY

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

JIMMY

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

NUCKY

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

JIMMY

So now you're punishing me, is that it?

NUCKY

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

JIMMY sighs. A few beats, then:

JIMMY

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

NUCKY

(Mocking)

Well how we gonna keep you down on the farm?

JIMMY

I can help you. I'm serious.

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

NUCKY

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

JIMMY

I don't want your money!

NUCKY

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

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

All I want is an opportunity.

NUCKY

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