

THE SOPRANOS
"TIME TO KILL"
SPEC SCRIPT

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INT. BADA BING - BACK OFFICE - EVENING

A single overhead bulb swings slightly, casting shadows across the cluttered office. TONY, PAULIE, CHRISTOPHER, and SILVIO are gathered around several wooden crates stamped with foreign shipping labels. Muffled music from the main floor thumps faintly through the walls.

Christopher pries open a crate with a crowbar. Inside, bottles of liquor clink together, packed tightly in straw. He grins.

CHRISTOPHER

Look at this haul, T. High-end
booze, Cubans... real primo stuff.

Christopher reaches into another crate and pulls out a strange, glowing device the size of a briefcase. It hums faintly, covered in odd dials, metal ridges, and lights that pulse with no obvious pattern. He holds it up, confused.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

But what the hell's this?

Paulie leans in, squinting at the device.

PAULIE

Looks like one of them fancy
European coffee machines.

Tony takes the device from Christopher. His face is skeptical, but he is intrigued.

TONY

Coffee machine? This thing looks
like somethin' outta Flash Gordon.

Tony turns it over in his hands, examining the glowing lights and strange dials. Silvio crosses his arms and leans casually against the desk.

SILVIO

Maybe it's a prototype. We unload
it quick. Highest bidder, no
questions asked.

Tony sets the device down on the desk, still eyeing it.

TONY

Nah. This thing's got potential.
We're keepin' it... for now.

Paulie throws up his hands in frustration.

PAULIE

You're playin' with fire, T. Last time we kept somethin' weird, you remember how that turned out?

TONY

Relax, Paulie. This ain't some cursed artifact. It's just a gadget. I'll take it home, see what Carm thinks.

Tony gives the crate one last glance, then motions for the group to continue unpacking.

TONY (CONT'D)

Now quit bitchin' and finish the job.

The men grumble but return to unloading. The camera lingers on the device. Its hum grows slightly louder, and the light intensifies for a moment before dimming.

INT. BADA BING - MAIN FLOOR - EVENING

The music is louder here. Dancers move under neon lights while customers drink and laugh. The place is alive and chaotic, completely unaware of the strange discovery sitting in the back office.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tony walks through the front door carrying the glowing device awkwardly in his arms. The living room is dimly lit, with the faint sound of a television coming from another room. Carmela is on the couch, flipping through a magazine.

CARMELA

Oh, great. What now?

Tony sets the device on the coffee table with a grunt, then straightens his jacket.

TONY

It's a business opportunity. Might be worth somethin'.

Carmela leans forward, eyeing the glowing contraption with immediate suspicion.

CARMELA

That thing looks like it's from a science fiction movie.

(MORE)

CARMELA (CONT'D)
What kind of business are we
talking about here, Tony?

Tony shrugs, brushing it off.

TONY
Could be a prototype. Something
valuable. You don't just toss this
kind of thing out.

Carmela stands and walks around the coffee table, keeping a
careful distance from the device as if it might explode.

CARMELA
You're always bringing this junk
home. Half the time, it's stolen,
or it gets us into trouble. I don't
want it here.

TONY
Trouble? It's just a gadget, Carm.
What do you think it's gonna do,
grow legs and walk out the door?

CARMELA
I don't care what it does. I don't
want whatever the hell that is
sitting in my living room.

Tony sighs, grabs the device off the table, and heads for the
door.

TONY
Fine. I'll take it back to the
Bing. You happy now?

Carmela crosses her arms and glares at him.

CARMELA
I'll be happy when you stop
treating this house like a storage
locker for your garbage.

Tony pauses at the door and turns back with a smirk.

TONY
It's not garbage. It's potential.

Carmela rolls her eyes and sits back down. Tony exits the
house, leaving her to mutter under her breath as she picks up
her magazine again.

EXT. TONY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tony places the device in the trunk of his car. He slams the trunk shut and mutters to himself.

TONY
Potential, my ass.

He gets into the car, starts the engine, and drives off toward the Bing.

INT. BADA BING - BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

The office door creaks open and Tony walks in carrying the device. The room is quieter now, with only the faint bass from the club audible through the walls. Paulie sits in a chair nursing a drink. Silvio is behind the desk looking over papers. Christopher leans near the crates, holding a beer.

Tony sets the device down on the desk.

PAULIE
Back so soon? What'd Carm say?

TONY
Oh, she loved it. Thought it was the perfect centerpiece for the living room.

Paulie chuckles and shakes his head.

PAULIE
Told you she wasn't gonna go for it.

TONY
Yeah, well, now it's here. So quit breakin' my balls and help me figure out what this thing is.

Tony sits at the desk and flips the device around, trying to make sense of it.

PAULIE
You think it's worth somethin'?

TONY
I don't know yet. But if it ain't, it's goin' out with the garbage.

Christopher steps closer, his curiosity overpowering his better judgment.

CHRISTOPHER
What's the plan with this thing?

TONY

The plan is, you stop drinkin' my beer and start earnin' your keep. Try to figure out what this thing does.

CHRISTOPHER
What, you think it's like a James Bond gadget? Shoots lasers or somethin'?

Christopher sets his beer down and leans over the device. He starts fiddling with the dials, twisting one and pressing a button before Tony can stop him.

PAULIE
What the hell are you doin'?

CHRISTOPHER
It was makin' noise. I figured...

TONY
You figured? You figured nothin'.
Stop touchin' it.

The device hums loudly and flashes. The lights in the room flicker. The men back away as the glow grows stronger and begins pulsing across the walls.

SILVIO
Okay, that's new.

Tony smacks Christopher on the back of the head.

TONY
Now look what you did.

CHRISTOPHER
I didn't do nothin'. It's just...

The device emits a sudden blinding flash. The room shakes violently, loose papers fly off the desk, and everything goes silent. When the light fades, the back office is empty.

EXT. WAR-TORN ROME - COBBLESTONE ALLEY - NIGHT

Tony, Paulie, Christopher, and Silvio appear sprawled on the ground in a narrow cobblestone alley. The air is cold. Smoke rises in the distance.

Shouting in Italian echoes through the streets. The device lies nearby, no longer glowing but humming faintly.

Christopher coughs and rolls onto his back.

CHRISTOPHER
Where the hell are we?

Paulie gets up slowly and looks around.

PAULIE
T, this don't look like Jersey to me.

Tony stands, brushing himself off. His eyes move from the alley walls to the smoke in the distance, then back to Christopher.

TONY
I don't know where we are. But I know one thing. You don't touch nothin' else.

EXT. WAR-TORN ROME - COBBLESTONE ALLEY - NIGHT

The gang remains in the narrow alley. Smoke rises in the distance, and faint sounds of soldiers shouting in Italian echo through the air. The device sits on the ground between them, no longer glowing. Tony is the first to fully collect himself.

TONY
Everybody in one piece?

PAULIE

One piece? I don't even know what piece I'm in. What the hell just happened?

CHRISTOPHER
That thing. You know, the thing. It did somethin'.

SILVIO
Brilliant deduction, Einstein. You figure that out on your own?

Christopher picks up the device and inspects it nervously. The glow is gone, and the machine looks inert.

CHRISTOPHER
Uh, boss... it's not workin'.

TONY

What do you mean, not workin'?

CHRISTOPHER

It's dead. No lights, no buzzin',
nothin'.

PAULIE

So what, now we're stuck wherever
the hell this is?

TONY

Shut up, Paulie. Let me think.

Tony grabs the device from Christopher and examines it. Silvio looks around the alley, taking in the architecture, the rubble, and the noise from the street beyond.

SILVIO

This ain't Jersey.

CHRISTOPHER

You think we're still in the U.S.?

SILVIO

Take a look around, genius. You
ever see streets like this back
home?

Paulie notices a nearby street sign in Italian. He points to it, wide-eyed.

PAULIE

T, I'm tellin' ya, this is Italy.
Look at that.

Tony stands and clutches the device tightly.

TONY

All right. So we're in Italy. Big deal. The question is...
when?

CHRISTOPHER

What do you mean, when?

Silvio nods toward the distance.

SILVIO

You hear that? Soldiers. And not
the modern kind.

A group of Italian soldiers marches down a nearby street, their uniforms distinctly from the World War II era. Tony quickly pulls the gang back into the shadows of the alley as the soldiers pass.

PAULIE

T, this don't look good.

TONY

Just stay quiet and keep your heads down.

The soldiers pass without noticing them. The gang cautiously emerges from the alley, still shaken. Christopher glances nervously at the device.

CHRISTOPHER

Boss, what do we do?

TONY

We find a way to charge this thing and get the hell outta here.

SILVIO

And how do you suggest we do that? It's not like they got outlets here.

TONY

I don't know yet. But we stick together, we lay low, and we don't touch nothin' else. Got it?

As the gang starts moving cautiously down the street, a well-dressed VENDOR approaches. He eyes their modern suits, their shoes, and the strange device in Tony's hand. He smiles warmly and speaks rapidly in Italian, gesturing toward them and then toward the soldiers in the distance.

VENDOR

Signori, benvenuti! Siete qui per l'evento speciale?

PAULIE

What is he sayin'? He knows we don't belong here, don't he?

SILVIO

Relax. He probably thinks we're VIPs or somethin'.

The vendor keeps talking, gesturing excitedly toward the soldiers in the distance. Tony realizes they have already attracted attention and decides to play along.

TONY

Uh... sì.

The vendor beams and gestures for them to follow. The gang hesitates, exchanging uneasy looks.

PAULIE

You think this guy knows somethin'?

TONY

I think we don't have a choice.
Move.

The gang follows the vendor toward the square, where soldiers and locals have gathered. The camera lingers on the drained device in Tony's hand as its faint hum barely registers beneath the noise of the street.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

A war-damaged square is illuminated by dim lanterns, scattered fires, and military vehicle headlights. Soldiers mill about while locals keep their heads down and move quickly to avoid attention. The vendor leads Tony, Paulie, Silvio, and Christopher toward a group of high-ranking Italian officers standing near a military vehicle.

Tony clutches the drained device tightly. The gang is visibly out of place but doing their best to blend in.

VENDOR

Signori, gli ufficiali vi aspettano. È un onore avervi qui.

PAULIE

T, I don't like this. This guy's talkin' like we're somebody important.

TONY

Good. Let him think that. It buys us time.

CHRISTOPHER

Time for what? The thing's dead.

SILVIO

Until we figure out how to fix it, we keep playin' along.

One of the Italian officers steps forward, eyeing the gang with respect and urgency. He speaks in Italian and bows slightly.

OFFICER

Benvenuti. Il vostro arrivo è un segno di speranza per tutti noi.

Tony forces a polite smile.

TONY

Uh... grazie.

The officer gestures toward the waiting military vehicle.

OFFICER

Vi porteremo al vostro prossimo appuntamento a Berlino.

The gang exchanges confused looks.

PAULIE

Berlino? Did he just say Berlin?

CHRISTOPHER

I thought we were in Rome. How the hell are we supposed to get to Berlin?

TONY

We don't argue. We get in the car, we play along, and we figure it out later.

SILVIO

Hope later ain't us in a Nazi jail cell.

The gang reluctantly climbs into the military vehicle. Soldiers stand at attention as they pass, saluting the supposed dignitaries.

INT. MILITARY TRUCK - NIGHT

The gang sits on wooden benches as the truck rumbles through the dark streets. The drained device rests on the floor between them, humming faintly.

CHRISTOPHER

Boss, this thing ain't gettin' us outta here. What's the plan?

TONY

We keep our heads down, we don't piss anybody off, and we stay alive long enough to figure out how to get this thing working.

PAULIE

What if we don't? You wanna stay here? You see the uniforms these guys are wearin'? We are in the middle of freakin' World War Two.

SILVIO

Yeah, no kidding, Paulie. You wanna remind them we're from Jersey while you're at it?

Tony picks up the device and turns it over in his hands. His expression is grim.

TONY

This thing got us into this mess. It's gettin' us out.

The truck comes to a sudden stop. The gang exchanges nervous looks as the doors swing open, revealing a German officer standing stiffly outside. He speaks in German and motions for them to exit.

GERMAN OFFICER

Kommen Sie. Schnell.

CHRISTOPHER

What's he sayin'?

TONY

He's sayin' move your ass.

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM - NIGHT

The gang is led to a sleek, ominous-looking train. Soldiers patrol the platform. The German officer hands Tony a small box and gestures for him to open it. Tony does, revealing an ornate pistol inside.

The officer speaks in broken Italian.

GERMAN OFFICER

Un regalo... per il Führer.

Tony stares at the gun.

TONY

Great. A freakin' gun.

PAULIE

They're givin' us a gift for the guy? T, this just keeps gettin' worse.

The gang is ushered onto the train. Tony holds the pistol in one hand and the drained device in the other as the doors shut. The train pulls away into the night.

INT. LUXURY TRAIN - PRIVATE COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

The train rumbles through the dark countryside. The gang sits in a lavish private compartment with ornate furnishings, polished wood, and plush seating. Tony has the drained device and the ornate pistol on the table in front of him. Paulie nervously taps his foot while Christopher fidgets with a cigarette he cannot light. Silvio sits back, watching everyone carefully.

CHRISTOPHER

Boss, you ever think we're in way over our heads?

TONY

No, Chris. I think this is exactly where I planned to be.

CHRISTOPHER

Right. Yeah, makes sense.

SILVIO

So, anyone wanna take a guess how long till this whole thing blows up in our faces?

PAULIE

We're already in it, Sil. You think there's a worse place to end up than on a train full of Nazis?

Tony holds up the pistol and inspects it closely. The gang falls silent.

PAULIE (CONT'D)

What's with the fancy piece?

TONY

They gave it to me. Said it's a gift for the big guy himself.

CHRISTOPHER

You mean Hitler? Jeez, T, you're movin' up in the world.

Tony shoots Christopher a look.

TONY

You wanna keep crackin' jokes, or
you wanna figure out how we're
gettin' outta this alive?

Tony sets the pistol back on the table next to the drained
device. Silvio picks up the device and examines it.

SILVIO

Still dead, huh?

TONY

Yeah, and it's stayin' that way
unless we figure out how to juice
it.

PAULIE

Juice it? With what, T? You see any
power lines out the window?

CHRISTOPHER

Maybe it's gotta charge on its own,
like a battery. You know, like
those portable radios.

SILVIO

Yeah, and maybe we'll get lucky and
it's solar-powered. Perfect for
nighttime.

TONY

Enough. We lay low, we play along,
and we figure it out when we get to
Berlin.

There is a knock at the compartment door. Everyone tenses.
Tony gestures for Silvio to answer it.

SILVIO

Yeah?

The door opens and a German attendant bows slightly, speaking
in polite but firm German. He holds a tray of food and
drinks.

ATTENDANT

Willkommen, Herren. Abendessen.

SILVIO

Uh... danke.

The attendant sets the tray down on the table. His gaze lingers on the ornate pistol for a moment before he bows again and exits. As soon as the door closes, the gang exhales.

PAULIE

I swear, every guy in a uniform here looks like he's about to put us up against a wall.

CHRISTOPHER

Well, might as well eat while we can, right?

Tony picks at the food absently, still focused on the pistol and the device. Silvio watches him carefully.

SILVIO

You got a plan, T?

TONY

Yeah. Don't die.

Christopher laughs nervously, but the others stay serious. The tension hangs heavy as the train continues through the night. The drained device hums faintly on the table.

INT. LUXURY TRAIN - PRIVATE COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

The ornate pistol lies on the table next to the drained device. The low hum of the train fills the compartment. Tony sits with his arms crossed, staring into space. Paulie paces the small room. Silvio leans back in his seat. Christopher taps his fingers nervously against his knee.

CHRISTOPHER

You think Berlin's gonna look like this? All bombed out and gloomy?

PAULIE

What do you think it's gonna look like, Chris? Freakin' Disneyland?

SILVIO

Knock it off. We don't need to be drawin' attention to ourselves when we get there.

TONY

He's right. Keep your mouths shut, do what they expect, and don't screw this up.

PAULIE

Yeah, real simple, T. Just pretend we're VIPs, hand deliver a gun to Hitler, and hope nobody notices we ain't supposed to be here.

Tony leans forward, eyes narrowing.

TONY

You got a better idea, Paulie?

Before Paulie can respond, the train slows. The brakes screech as it comes to a stop. Silvio peeks out the window and sees a small station illuminated by dim lights. Soldiers stand along the platform.

SILVIO

Looks like a checkpoint.

PAULIE

You think they're gonna check us?

TONY

We're dignitaries, remember? Play the part.

The compartment door swings open abruptly. A high-ranking German officer steps inside, flanked by two soldiers. He looks over the gang, pausing at the pistol and the device before speaking in stern German.

GERMAN OFFICER

Papiere, bitte.

CHRISTOPHER

What'd he say?

SILVIO

He wants papers.

The gang exchanges panicked glances. Tony maintains his composure, slowly stands, and gestures to the device.

TONY

Italienische Diplomaten. Ein Geschenk für den Führer.

Paulie leans toward Silvio.

PAULIE

What's he sayin'?

SILVIO

Shut up. I think he's bullshittin'.

The German officer narrows his eyes but nods. He motions for the soldiers to leave, gives the gang a curt salute, and exits. The compartment door shuts, leaving the gang in stunned silence.

CHRISTOPHER

Holy shit, T. You speak German now?

TONY

No. I speak don't get shot.

Paulie grabs his drink, downs it, and sits heavily in his seat.

PAULIE

I can't take this, T. Every time the door opens, I'm thinkin' that's it. Game over.

SILVIO

Well, if we screw this up, it's not just game over for us. You think the Nazis are gonna stop at us? They'll rip that thing apart.

Tony picks up the drained device.

TONY

They touch this, we're done. So keep your heads straight and let me do the talkin'.

The train lurches forward again, resuming its journey. The gang settles back, visibly tense but trying to appear calm. Tony looks from the pistol to the device, his face hardening as the pressure builds.

INT. LUXURY TRAIN - LOUNGE CAR - NIGHT

The gang has been escorted to the lounge car, which is lavishly decorated with dark wood panels, velvet drapes, and crystal chandeliers. German officers and soldiers mingle, sipping drinks and smoking cigars as the train hums steadily beneath them. Tony, Paulie, Silvio, and Christopher are seated at a small table near the back, trying to remain inconspicuous.

PAULIE

T, what the hell are we doin' here?
This is a room full of freakin'
Nazis.

TONY

We're here because they told us to
be. So shut up and act like you
belong.

SILVIO

Tony's right. The more we sit
quiet, the less attention we draw.

Christopher fidgets nervously and pulls at his tie. He reaches for a drink from a passing waiter but hesitates.

CHRISTOPHER

You think this stuff's poisoned or
somethin'?

SILVIO

Chris, they don't need poison.
They've got guns.

A high-ranking Nazi officer approaches their table, a cigar clamped between his teeth. He speaks in broken Italian, smiling as he gestures toward the gang.

NAZI OFFICER

Italiani. Un grande onore avervi
qui. Il Führer è molto...
impressionato.

Tony nods slowly, forcing a polite smile.

TONY

Uh... grazie.

NAZI OFFICER

Alla nostra vittoria.
Tony, Paulie, Silvio, and
Christopher reluctantly raise their
glasses, mimicking the officer's
enthusiasm. After a long, awkward
moment, the officer walks away,
leaving the gang visibly relieved.

PAULIE

Victory? You believe this guy? He's
toast and he don't even know it.

TONY

Keep your voice down. Last thing we
need is for them to figure out
we're not who they think we are.

Christopher has placed the drained device under the table. It hums faintly, drawing the attention of a passing waiter who peers curiously under the tablecloth. Tony quickly kicks the table leg, startling the waiter, who straightens and moves on.

CHRISTOPHER

You think it's startin' to work
again?

TONY

Not yet. It's still dead, but it's
makin' noise. That's somethin'.

Silvio looks around the room, spotting another officer speaking with several men in formal military attire. He gestures subtly toward them.

SILVIO

Hey, T. You see that?

TONY

Yeah. What about it?

SILVIO

Those guys. They're movin' like
they're part of somethin' big. You
think this whole train's headin'
somewhere more important than
Berlin?

PAULIE

Oh, great. What's worse than
Berlin?

Before anyone can answer, a German aide approaches and bows slightly. He speaks in German, motioning toward the gang's table.

GERMAN AIDE

Kommen Sie. Der Führer möchte Sie
treffen.

Christopher glances nervously at the others.

CHRISTOPHER

What'd he say?

SILVIO

He wants us to meet the big guy.

PAULIE

T, we can't go through with this.
We walk in there, he'll know we're
fakes.

Tony stands and adjusts his jacket. His voice is calm but firm.

TONY

We don't got a choice. We play
along, we get close, and we figure
it out as we go.

The gang reluctantly stands and follows the aide out of the lounge car. Christopher keeps the drained device under his arm. Its hum grows faintly louder as the door closes behind them.

EXT. BERLIN TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

The train screeches to a halt at a grand but damaged train station in Berlin. Nazi banners hang from partially destroyed walls. Soldiers move briskly, unloading supplies and overseeing passengers. Searchlights sweep the platform. Smoke drifts through the fractured roof.

Tony, Paulie, Silvio, and Christopher are ushered off the train by German officers. Christopher holds the drained device tightly under his arm, while Tony keeps the ornate pistol box close.

CHRISTOPHER

You ever seen so many uniforms in
one place?

PAULIE

Yeah. My nephew's parade last
Thanksgiving. Except these guys
don't look like they're marchin'
for the mayor.

TONY

Keep it down, both of you.

As the gang steps onto the platform, they are greeted by a stern Nazi commander. He salutes sharply before speaking in German.

NAZI COMMANDER
Willkommen in Berlin. Sie werden
sofort in den Führerbunker
gebracht.

CHRISTOPHER
What is he sayin'?

SILVIO
We're goin' underground.

Tony nods curtly, playing along. The commander gestures toward a waiting military vehicle. The gang hesitates for a moment before climbing in.

INT. MILITARY VEHICLE - NIGHT

The vehicle bumps along the dark streets of Berlin. Outside, the city is in ruins. Bombed-out buildings line the roads, smoke rises in the distance, and civilians scramble for shelter under the watch of exhausted soldiers.

The gang sits in tense silence, occasionally exchanging glances.

PAULIE
T, you see this place? It's a
freakin' wasteland.

TONY
Yeah, Paulie, I see it. What's your
point?

PAULIE
My point is, what the hell are we
supposed to do when we get there?

SILVIO
Maybe we can trade that thing for a
one-way ticket outta here.

Christopher fidgets with the drained device. It hums faintly, catching Tony's attention.

TONY
Stop screwin' around with it.

CHRISTOPHER
I ain't doin' nothin'. It's makin'
noise on its own.

TONY

Yeah? Well, let's keep it quiet.
Last thing we need is these guys
gettin' curious.

The vehicle slows and stops outside a heavily guarded bunker entrance. Soldiers snap to attention as the gang is escorted out. The faint hum of the device grows slightly louder as they approach the doors.

INT. FÜHRERBUNKER ENTRANCE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The heavy steel doors swing shut behind Tony, Silvio, Christopher, and Paulie with a deep metallic thud that echoes through the concrete halls.

German soldiers move with purpose in every direction. Officers bark orders. Secretaries carry stacks of papers. Telephones ring constantly. Cigarette smoke hangs in the air like fog. The gang stands frozen for a beat, surrounded by a level of military chaos none of them fully understands.

PAULIE

Jesus Christ.

TONY

What now?

PAULIE

I dunno. It's just... look at this place. Everybody's walkin' around like they're in a panic and nobody's sayin' shit.

SILVIO

It's a bunker during a war, Paulie.

PAULIE

Yeah but still. You could cut the tension in here with a knife.

Christopher adjusts his tie and watches a nearby officer frantically moving papers from one room to another.

CHRISTOPHER

You think they know they're losin'?

SILVIO

Chris...

CHRISTOPHER

What?

SILVIO
You don't ask that question while
surrounded by Nazis.

Tony shoots Christopher a look.

TONY
You gotta narrate every thought
that enters your head?

CHRISTOPHER
I'm just sayin'.

A sharply dressed German officer approaches. He speaks rapidly in German while gesturing toward the drained device under Christopher's arm. The gang stares blankly.

TONY
Yeah.

The officer smiles enthusiastically and points at the device.

GERMAN OFFICER
Das Geschenk für den Führer.

Christopher quietly leans toward Silvio.

CHRISTOPHER
What'd he say?

SILVIO
I think he said gift for Hitler.

Christopher looks down at the device.

CHRISTOPHER
This thing?

PAULIE
We're dead.

TONY
Would you stop?

The officer motions for them to follow, leading them deeper into the bunker. As they walk, Paulie notices a nearby map room where German officers stand around a giant military map covered in colored pins and red arrows pointing toward Berlin.

PAULIE

T...

TONY

What?

PAULIE

I don't think things are goin' too good for these guys.

Tony glances quickly toward the room. He sees exhausted officers arguing and pointing at the maps. Even without understanding the language, he understands the situation.

TONY

Keep moving.

The device hums. Very faintly. Christopher immediately looks down.

CHRISTOPHER

Boss.

TONY

What now?

Christopher lifts the device slightly. A tiny light flickers for half a second, then disappears. The gang freezes.

CHRISTOPHER

You saw that, right?

Silvio leans in.

SILVIO

I saw it.

Paulie widens his eyes.

PAULIE

Oh my God.

TONY

Keep your voice down.

PAULIE

T, it's charging.

Tony stares at the device, thinking and calculating. For the first time since arriving, a little relief crosses his face.

TONY

Good.

Tony looks around the corridor, then back at the crew.

TONY (CONT'D)
We keep playin' along.

CHRISTOPHER
Until when?

Tony turns toward him.

TONY
Until we don't gotta anymore.

The German officer opens another large steel door and motions them inside.

GERMAN OFFICER
Bitte.

The gang exchanges nervous looks. Tony straightens his jacket.

TONY
Let's go.

They step through.

INT. FÜHRERBUNKER RECEPTION ROOM - NIGHT

The gang enters a dim concrete room that has been softened by expensive furniture and decorations that now feel wildly out of place. Paintings hang crooked on the walls. A chandelier flickers occasionally from inconsistent power. Several high-ranking officers stand around smoking cigarettes and speaking in hushed tones, their expressions ranging from exhausted to terrified.

The atmosphere feels less like military headquarters and more like a funeral home where nobody wants to say who died.

Tony and the crew enter behind the German officer. Conversations stop as everyone turns to look at them. The gang freezes under the attention.

Paulie forces an awkward smile.

PAULIE
How ya doin'.

Nobody responds. Silvio slowly closes his eyes.

SILVIO
Jesus Christ.

Tony subtly elbows Paulie.

TONY

Don't talk.

A younger officer approaches and begins speaking excitedly in German while gesturing toward Christopher and the device. Christopher looks at Tony. Tony looks at Silvio. Silvio shrugs. None of them have a clue.

The younger officer suddenly reaches toward the device. Christopher immediately pulls it back. The room notices. Christopher forces a smile.

CHRISTOPHER

Uh... very delicate.

Tony immediately jumps in.

TONY

Yeah. Delicate.

The younger officer pauses, nods slowly, then smiles.

YOUNGER OFFICER

Ahhh.

The younger officer turns and excitedly says something to the others. The room suddenly becomes impressed. Several officers nod with approval.

PAULIE

What the hell just happened?

SILVIO

I think Chris accidentally sold it.

PAULIE

Sold what?

SILVIO

I don't know. Whatever this thing is.

Tony notices a nearby table with drinks and food. He casually moves over and grabs a glass. Silvio follows. Paulie immediately grabs two. Christopher still clutches the device tightly.

TONY

Nobody touches this thing except us. You understand?

Everyone nods.

CHRISTOPHER

Boss...

Tony looks over. Christopher glances down at the device. Another tiny light flickers, longer this time. A soft electronic sound comes from inside the machine.

DEVICE

Beep.
Tony's eyes narrow.

TONY

How long was that?

CHRISTOPHER

Couple seconds.

SILVIO

It's charging.

PAULIE

Thank God.

The room suddenly changes. Conversations die out as officers straighten themselves and stand at attention. Cigarettes are quickly extinguished and uniforms adjusted. Across the room, a pair of heavy steel doors slowly swing open with a metallic groan.

The gang turns toward the sound. Paulie's face drops.

PAULIE (CONT'D)

T...

Tony doesn't answer. His eyes stay fixed on the doorway.

Two SS guards emerge first, followed by an officer. Behind them, movement becomes visible in the doorway.

Christopher swallows hard.

CHRISTOPHER

Oh shit.

PAULIE

Oh no.

Tony exhales slowly and straightens his jacket.

TONY

Nobody say anything stupid.

INT. FÜHRERBUNKER RECEPTION ROOM - NIGHT

The heavy doors finish opening. The entire reception room holds itself in rigid silence as HITLER enters, flanked by SS guards and several aides who seem terrified of breathing too loudly in his presence.

Tony, Paulie, Silvio, and Christopher stand near the table with the drinks. Christopher keeps the device tucked tightly against his side. Tony watches Hitler enter with the same expression he might wear when sizing up a dangerous man at a sit-down.

Hitler moves slowly but with theatrical purpose. He looks pale, exhausted, and agitated, a man surrounded by collapsing walls and people too frightened to tell him the truth. His eyes move across the room until they land on the gang.

The German officer who brought them in steps forward and speaks formally in German, gesturing toward Tony and the crew. Hitler listens, then looks directly at Tony.

PAULIE

T...

TONY

Not now.

Hitler says something in German. The younger officer quickly steps closer to Tony, nervous but eager to translate.

YOUNGER OFFICER

The Führer welcomes the Italian delegation. He is honored by this sign of loyalty.

Tony gives a small nod, trying to look diplomatic.

TONY

Tell him the honor is ours.

The younger officer translates. Hitler smiles faintly, though the smile does not reach his eyes. His attention shifts to the device under Christopher's arm.

HITLER

Das Geschenk.

The younger officer turns to the gang.

YOUNGER OFFICER

The gift.

Christopher looks down at the device and then at Tony.

CHRISTOPHER

Boss?

TONY

Give it here.

Christopher reluctantly hands Tony the device. Tony holds it with both hands and steps forward, careful to make the movement look ceremonial rather than desperate. Hitler watches the machine with intense fascination.

TONY (CONT'D)

This is very advanced. Very delicate.

The younger officer translates. Hitler leans forward slightly, intrigued by the faint hum. A small light flickers on the device and disappears. The effect is enough to impress the room.

A murmur passes through the officers.

Hitler raises a hand. The room immediately goes silent again.

He circles the device, studying it like it might reverse the entire war by itself. Tony keeps his grip on it firm, not letting Hitler get too close.

HITLER

Italienische Technik.

The younger officer smiles nervously.

YOUNGER OFFICER

He says Italian technology.

SILVIO

That's generous.

Tony shoots Silvio a look.

TONY

Not a word.

Hitler snaps an order to one of his aides. The aide hurries to a nearby table and retrieves the small presentation box that had been transported with the gang from the train. He opens it and presents it to Hitler, who takes out the ornate pistol and examines it.

Tony watches the pistol carefully.

Hitler speaks in German while admiring the weapon. The younger officer turns to Tony.

YOUNGER OFFICER

The Führer wishes to honor your service. This ceremonial sidearm is a gift to you, for carrying this instrument safely to Berlin.

Paulie leans toward Silvio.

PAULIE
They're givin' him a gun?

SILVIO
Apparently.

PAULIE

In here?

SILVIO
I'm aware.

Hitler steps toward Tony and offers him the pistol grip-first. The entire room watches. Tony hesitates for only a fraction of a second before accepting it.

TONY
Danke.

The younger officer beams, relieved that the exchange has gone smoothly. Tony holds the pistol with careful respect, but his eyes briefly sharpen. He understands the irony before anyone else does.

Christopher leans in slightly.

CHRISTOPHER
Boss, you seein' this?

TONY
Yeah. I'm seein' it.

Hitler gestures toward the device and speaks again, this time with impatience. The younger officer listens and turns to Tony.

YOUNGER OFFICER

The Führer requests a demonstration.

The gang stiffens.

TONY

A demonstration.

YOUNGER OFFICER

Yes. He wishes to see what the device can do.

Tony looks down at the machine. The device gives another faint hum. A second light flickers, stays lit for a moment, then fades.

Tony looks at Silvio. Silvio gives him nothing but a tight expression that says they are out of road.

TONY

Tell him it needs preparation. Calibration. We cannot do it in this room.

The younger officer translates. Hitler listens, visibly annoyed at first. Tony holds steady, keeping his face calm and serious.

TONY (CONT'D)

It is unstable around too many people.

The younger officer translates again, choosing his words carefully. Hitler's expression changes from annoyance to curiosity. He looks around the crowded reception room, then back at the device.

Hitler barks an order.

Several officers immediately straighten. The younger officer turns to Tony.

YOUNGER OFFICER

The Führer will receive the demonstration privately in his study.

Paulie's face tightens.

PAULIE

Privately?

CHRISTOPHER

That's bad, right?

SILVIO

Usually.

Tony keeps his eyes on Hitler.

TONY
Good. Private is good.

Paulie stares at him.

PAULIE
How is private good?

TONY
Because fewer people can shoot us.

Hitler turns and begins walking back toward the heavy doors. The SS guards move with him. The younger officer gestures for the gang to follow.

Tony hands the device back to Christopher, then tucks the ornate pistol carefully into his jacket. Christopher notices the move and says nothing.

Silvio falls in beside Tony as they cross the room.

SILVIO
You got a plan?

Tony looks ahead toward the doors Hitler just passed through.

TONY
I'm workin' on it.

The gang follows the German officers out of the reception room and deeper into the bunker.

INT. FÜHRERBUNKER CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Tony, Silvio, Christopher, and Paulie follow several German officers through a narrow concrete corridor deeper inside the bunker. The walls feel too close. The air is stale with smoke, sweat, and panic. Behind them, the reception room noise fades into a low, muffled murmur.

Christopher carries the device under his arm, holding it carefully but not gracefully. Tony walks beside him with the ornate pistol tucked inside his jacket. Paulie keeps looking over his shoulder. Silvio watches every door they pass, silently counting exits that do not feel like exits at all.

PAULIE
T, I don't like this.

TONY
You said that already.

PAULIE

Yeah, well, I meant it then and I mean it more now.

CHRISTOPHER

This place is like a tomb.

SILVIO

Don't give him ideas.

Tony glances ahead. Hitler walks with theatrical stiffness several paces in front of them, flanked by guards and aides. The younger officer stays near Tony, ready to translate.

TONY

How's the thing?

Christopher looks down. The device gives a faint pulse, barely visible through his fingers.

CHRISTOPHER

It's doin' somethin'.

TONY

Somethin' good or somethin' bad?

CHRISTOPHER

How the hell would I know?

Tony stops just long enough to shoot him a look.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

I mean, good. Maybe. It's warmer than before. Paulie's eyes widen.

PAULIE

Warmer? What do you mean warmer?

CHRISTOPHER

I mean warmer. Like it has heat.

PAULIE

That's not comforting, Christopher.

SILVIO

Nothing about this is comforting.

They arrive outside another heavy door guarded by two SS men. Hitler stops and turns toward the gang. He speaks sharply in German, gesturing toward the device. The younger officer listens, nods, then turns to Tony.

YOUNGER OFFICER

The Führer asks if the preparation requires privacy.

Tony takes half a beat, sensing opportunity.

TONY

Yes. Absolutely. Privacy is essential.

The younger officer translates. Hitler nods as if this confirms something he already believed. He says more in German, and the guards open the door.

YOUNGER OFFICER

The Führer will permit only essential personnel inside.

Tony looks at Silvio, Paulie, and Christopher.

TONY

That's us.

The younger officer hesitates, unsure whether to challenge him. Tony holds the man's gaze with calm authority.

TONY (CONT'D)

Essential.

The younger officer translates. Hitler studies Tony for a moment, then gives a dismissive wave to the guards and aides. The SS men remain outside the door. The younger officer looks uneasy, but Hitler motions for him to stay near the entrance.

Tony, Silvio, Christopher, and Paulie enter with Hitler.

INT. HITLER'S PRIVATE STUDY - NIGHT

The private study is small, low-ceilinged, and oppressive. A large desk dominates the room, covered with maps, documents, ashtrays, and half-burned candles. A portrait hangs on one wall. A telephone sits on a side table. The room carries the strange feeling of power collapsing in real time.

Hitler moves behind the desk and gestures impatiently for the device. Christopher looks at Tony before placing it carefully on the desk. The device hums louder now. A small light flickers, stays on for several seconds, then dims but does not go out completely.

Hitler leans close, fascinated.

HITLER

Wunderbar.

The younger officer translates from the doorway.

YOUNGER OFFICER

He says it is wonderful.

PAULIE

Yeah, wonderful. Terrific.

Tony silences Paulie with a look, then steps closer to the desk and puts a hand near the device, subtly keeping Hitler from touching it.

TONY

No touching yet.

The younger officer translates. Hitler straightens, irritated. Tony immediately softens the refusal into a technical explanation.

TONY (CONT'D)

It has to stabilize. You touch it too early, you ruin the process.

The younger officer translates carefully. Hitler absorbs this, then nods. He begins pacing around the desk, speaking in German with rising intensity. He points to maps, to the ceiling, to nothing in particular, ranting about enemies, betrayal, and impossible victory. The younger officer translates only pieces of it, visibly uncomfortable.

YOUNGER OFFICER

The Führer says loyalty will decide the fate of Europe. He says there are traitors everywhere. He says true allies reveal themselves at the final hour.

SILVIO

Charming guy.

TONY

Sil.

Hitler turns suddenly and stares at Silvio. The room tightens. Silvio gives a faint, polite smile.

SILVIO

Compliment.

The younger officer looks terrified but translates something brief and flattering. Hitler accepts it and resumes pacing. Christopher exhales quietly.

CHRISTOPHER

That was close.

PAULIE

I can feel my heart in my throat.

Tony keeps his attention on the device. Its faint light pulses again, stronger this time. He sees it. Silvio sees Tony see it.

SILVIO

T.

TONY

I know.

CHRISTOPHER

You think it's almost ready?

Tony studies the machine, then glances at Hitler, who is still pacing and muttering to himself.

TONY

Not yet.

Hitler snaps another question. The younger officer turns to Tony.

YOUNGER OFFICER

He asks how long until the demonstration.

Tony looks down at the device, then at the pistol hidden under his jacket. He gives no sign that the thought has crossed his mind, but Silvio catches the glance.

TONY

Tell him not long.

The younger officer translates. Hitler seems pleased, almost childlike for a moment in his fascination with the machine. He circles back toward the desk and leans close again, studying the glow.

Christopher edges toward Tony.

CHRISTOPHER

Boss, once this thing works, we hit the button and we go, right?

TONY
That's the idea.

CHRISTOPHER
Good. Great. Love that idea.

Paulie looks toward the closed door, where the shadows of the SS guards are visible through the frosted glass panel.

PAULIE
And if it don't work?

Tony does not answer right away. Hitler starts another rant, this one louder, sharper, aimed toward the bunker beyond the study. The younger officer pales as he translates only a fraction of it.

YOUNGER OFFICER
He says the world will remember who was loyal.

Tony watches Hitler, and something hard settles behind his eyes. The device hums again, now steady enough to be unmistakable.

SILVIO
T, what are you thinkin'?

Tony keeps his voice low, barely moving his mouth.

TONY
I'm thinkin' we may not get another room like this.

Silvio absorbs that. Christopher looks between them, slowly realizing what Tony means. Paulie notices last, then goes pale.

PAULIE
No. No, no, no. T.

TONY
Keep your voice down.

PAULIE
You're talkin' about history here.

TONY
History says he dies in this bunker.

Tony looks toward the desk, where Hitler is once again hypnotized by the strange machine.

TONY (CONT'D)

Maybe history just left out who was
in the room.

The device emits a soft, rising tone. Its central light comes on and stays on. Christopher stares at it, terrified and hopeful at the same time.

CHRISTOPHER

Boss...

Tony glances down. The device is not fully charged, but it is getting there.

TONY

We wait.

SILVIO

For the device?

Tony's eyes move from the device to Hitler.

TONY

For the moment.

The camera holds on Tony's face as Hitler continues pacing behind the desk, unaware that the room has turned against him.

INT. HITLER'S PRIVATE STUDY - NIGHT

The device sits on Hitler's desk, humming with a steady mechanical pulse that seems too clean and too modern for the dying room around it. Its central light glows faintly now, not fully alive, but no longer dead.

Tony stands near the desk, close enough to reach the machine and close enough to reach Hitler. Silvio lingers near the side table, carefully watching the door. Christopher hovers over the device, pretending to understand its controls. Paulie stands stiffly by a bookcase, trying to look important and failing to hide the panic in his face.

Hitler paces behind the desk, speaking in sharp bursts of German. The younger officer remains near the door, translating only what he seems comfortable repeating.

YOUNGER OFFICER

The Führer says the new weapon must be prepared at once. Berlin requires every advantage.

Tony nods solemnly, like he understands both the science and the strategy.

TONY

Tell him we are preparing it now.

The younger officer translates. Hitler stops pacing and studies Tony with suspicion.

HITLER

Warum dauert es so lange?

The younger officer turns to Tony.

YOUNGER OFFICER

He asks why it takes so long.

Tony looks down at the device, then gently taps one of the inactive dials as if checking a gauge.

TONY

Because if this is rushed,
everybody in this room dies.

The younger officer freezes for half a second.

TONY (CONT'D)

Translate it.

The younger officer translates, trying to soften the warning without losing the point. Hitler listens, then seems almost pleased by the danger. He steps closer to the desk and leans over the device.

HITLER

Gut.

YOUNGER OFFICER

He says good.

CHRISTOPHER

Of course he does.

Tony cuts his eyes toward Christopher.

TONY

Calibration.

Christopher blinks.

CHRISTOPHER

What?

TONY
Do calibration.

Christopher understands the assignment and immediately starts twisting inactive knobs and pressing small panels at random. The device gives a soft electronic chirp. Christopher freezes, terrified that he broke it.

The light brightens for a moment.

Tony notices. So does Silvio.

SILVIO
That do anything?

CHRISTOPHER
I dunno. I touched it and it beeped.

PAULIE
Don't just touch things and make it beep. That's how we got here.

Tony steps closer to Christopher, keeping his voice low.

TONY
Can you tell if it's ready?

Christopher studies the device like a child asked to land an airplane.

CHRISTOPHER
There's no screen, T. No percentage. No little battery thing. It's just... glowin'.

TONY
Glowin' more or glowin' less?

CHRISTOPHER
More.

Tony absorbs that. Hitler speaks again, louder this time, irritated by their private exchange.

HITLER
Was sagen sie?

The younger officer turns to Tony, nervous.

YOUNGER OFFICER

The Führer asks what you are discussing.

Tony smiles politely.

TONY

Safety.

The younger officer translates. Hitler nods but keeps watching them, his paranoia sharpening.

Silvio shifts slightly toward Tony, speaking without looking at him.

SILVIO

We got a problem.

TONY

Which one?

SILVIO

Door.

Tony glances toward the door. Through the frosted glass panel, the silhouettes of the guards remain visible. One of them moves closer, trying to see inside.

TONY

Paulie.

Paulie looks over.

PAULIE

What?

TONY

Go stand by the door.

Paulie stares at him.

PAULIE

Why me?

TONY

Because I asked nice.

Paulie swallows his objection and moves to the door. He plants himself in front of it, arms folded, attempting a stern diplomatic posture. The guard's shadow shifts away slightly.

PAULIE

Yeah. That's right. Private demonstration.

SILVIO

He can't hear you.

PAULIE

I know that.

Hitler resumes pacing, ranting again. His voice rises and falls unpredictably. He gestures to maps, to the ceiling, then to the telephone, as if the entire world has personally failed him. The younger officer stops translating, too embarrassed or too frightened to keep up.

Tony watches Hitler carefully. His jaw tightens. The ornate pistol remains tucked inside his jacket.

Christopher continues pretending to adjust the device. Another light comes on, this one blue-white and steady. A low rising tone begins to build beneath the hum.

CHRISTOPHER

T.

Tony does not take his eyes off Hitler.

TONY

Yeah.

CHRISTOPHER

I think it's close.

TONY

How close?

CHRISTOPHER

Close close.

Silvio glances toward the device, then toward Hitler, then back to Tony. He understands the timing problem immediately.

SILVIO

Once this thing is ready, we gotta move.

TONY

I know.

SILVIO

I mean immediately.

TONY

I said I know.

Hitler suddenly stops near the desk. His attention locks onto the device. The rising tone has caught him. He steps closer, eyes wide with fascination.

HITLER
Es funktioniert.

The younger officer leans in, excited despite himself.

YOUNGER OFFICER

He says it works.

TONY
Not yet.

The younger officer translates. Hitler ignores him and reaches toward the device.

Tony catches his wrist before he touches it.

The room goes still. Paulie slowly turns from the door. Christopher stops breathing. Silvio's hand moves slightly toward his jacket, not drawing attention, just preparing for the worst.

Hitler looks down at Tony's hand gripping his wrist. Then he looks up at Tony with cold fury.

The younger officer pales.

YOUNGER OFFICER
Signore...

Tony releases Hitler's wrist slowly, then smooths his own expression into controlled respect.

TONY
Too early.

The younger officer translates quickly, frantically. Hitler glares at Tony for a long beat. The only sound in the room is the device humming on the desk.

Finally, Hitler pulls his hand back and says something clipped and venomous.

YOUNGER OFFICER

The Führer says you are bold.

Tony gives a small nod.

TONY

Yeah. I get that a lot.

The younger officer does not translate that.

Hitler circles the desk again, agitated now. The private demonstration has stopped feeling ceremonial. Everyone in the room senses the danger growing. Paulie watches the door. Silvio watches Tony. Christopher watches the device.

The machine gives a louder tone. Its lights now pulse in a pattern, slow and rhythmic.

CHRISTOPHER

Boss, this thing's really doin'
somethin' now.

Hitler hears the urgency in Christopher's voice and turns sharply. He points to the device and barks an order.

HITLER

Jetzt. Zeigen Sie es mir jetzt.

The younger officer turns to Tony.

YOUNGER OFFICER

He says now. Show him now.

Tony looks at the device. The central light has almost reached full brightness. He looks at Hitler, who has moved to the front of the desk, close enough that the distance between them is now only a few steps.

TONY

Tell him he needs to stand right
there.

Tony points to a spot near the desk, beside the device.

The younger officer translates. Hitler, intrigued and impatient, steps exactly where Tony indicated. Christopher slowly backs away from the desk, giving Tony space without making the movement obvious.

Silvio notices and begins talking, aiming his words at the younger officer but loud enough for Hitler to hear.

SILVIO

Tell him the alignment is critical.
Very advanced. Very precise.

The younger officer translates, his voice shaking slightly. Hitler straightens proudly, as if his own discipline is part of the machine's operation. Paulie watches from the door, sweating. Christopher's eyes flick toward Tony's hand.

Tony's hand closes around the pistol.

The device hums louder.

Hitler leans toward the machine, transfixed by the light. Tony slowly draws the pistol inside the shelter of his jacket, keeping it low and hidden from the younger officer's angle.

Paulie sees it and goes pale.

PAULIE

T...

Tony does not look at him.

TONY

Quiet.

The machine emits a sharp chime. One final light comes on. Christopher stares at it.

CHRISTOPHER

I think it's ready.

Hitler turns at the sound of Christopher's voice. His eyes move from Christopher to Tony.

Tony steps forward.

TONY

Time's up.

Tony begins raising the pistol, but before he can clear the weapon from his jacket, the device lets out a violent mechanical shriek. It is not a beep or a hum anymore. It is loud enough to rattle the glasses on the desk and make everyone in the room flinch.

Tony immediately aborts the move, shoving the pistol back inside his jacket as Hitler recoils from the device. Christopher grabs the machine with both hands, panicked, trying to look like this is part of the process rather than a disaster.

CHRISTOPHER

Normal. That's normal.

PAULIE

Normal? That sounded like a goddamn
air raid siren.

SILVIO

Shut up.

Hitler snaps toward the younger officer and barks a string of German that comes out furious and terrified. The younger officer stammers, unsure whether to translate the question or pretend he did not hear it.

YOUNGER OFFICER

The Führer asks if the device is damaged.

Tony steps forward before Christopher can answer. He smooths his jacket with one hand, making sure the pistol is hidden again, and speaks with the controlled irritation of a man blaming the room rather than the machine.

TONY

Not damaged. Interference.

The younger officer translates.

Hitler narrows his eyes.

TONY (CONT'D)

Too many people. Too many wires.
Too much noise. You want a
demonstration, it needs a
controlled room.

The younger officer translates carefully. Hitler listens, suspicious but still fascinated. The device continues to pulse on the desk, the loud shriek now replaced by a lower, unstable tone. Its light flickers in a rhythm that makes the entire room feel unsafe.

Silvio sees Hitler's interest returning and steps in smoothly.

SILVIO

The instrument is sensitive. The smaller the room, the better the result.

The younger officer translates. Hitler absorbs that, then looks around the study with contempt, as if the room itself has betrayed him. He says something sharply and gestures toward the door.

The younger officer turns to Tony.

YOUNGER OFFICER

The Führer says this room is unsuitable. He will continue the demonstration in his private sitting room.

Tony's eyes shift to Silvio.

Silvio understands immediately. This is not just another room. This is the room they need.

TONY

Private sitting room.

YOUNGER OFFICER

Yes.

Paulie leans toward Christopher, whispering.

PAULIE

Is that good or bad?

CHRISTOPHER

I don't know anymore.

Hitler moves toward the door with sudden purpose. The younger officer opens it quickly, and the guards outside straighten as Hitler steps into the corridor. Tony picks up the device from the desk before anyone else can touch it, then hands it to Christopher.

TONY

Careful.

Christopher takes the machine and holds it tight against his chest.

CHRISTOPHER

Believe me, I am done experimenting.

Tony adjusts his jacket one more time, feeling the pistol hidden beneath it. He glances toward Silvio.

SILVIO

You still workin' on that plan?

Tony looks after Hitler as the group is led out.

TONY

Yeah.

The device hums in Christopher's arms, unstable but alive, as they follow Hitler toward the private sitting room.

INT. FÜHRERBUNKER CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The corridor outside Hitler's study is narrower than the last one, lower and more suffocating, with exposed pipes running along the concrete ceiling. The air feels stale and sour. The distant telephones, shouting officers, and frantic movement of the bunker fade behind them as Tony, Silvio, Christopher, and Paulie follow Hitler deeper into his private quarters.

Christopher carries the device against his chest. It hums unevenly now, the sound rising and falling like something trying to breathe. Tony walks a step behind Hitler, his jacket closed over the ornate pistol. Silvio stays close enough to Tony to read his face. Paulie trails behind, staring at every shadow like it might turn into a firing squad.

PAULIE

T, how much deeper does this place go?

TONY

You want me to ask for a map?

PAULIE

I'm just sayin'. Every hallway looks like the last hallway.

CHRISTOPHER

That's how bunkers work, Paulie.

PAULIE

Oh, now he's an architect.

Silvio keeps his voice low.

SILVIO

Enough. We are ten feet from Hitler.

Paulie looks ahead. Hitler is muttering to himself in German, too consumed by his own rage to notice the argument behind him. The younger officer follows near the group, pale and nervous, translating only when absolutely necessary.

Hitler turns suddenly and begins speaking at Tony, his hands cutting through the air. The younger officer steps in quickly.

YOUNGER OFFICER

The Führer says the demonstration must prove the loyalty of Italy. He says the Reich will endure beyond this betrayal.

Tony nods, giving Hitler the serious expression of a man hearing important business.

TONY

Tell him we understand.

The younger officer translates. Hitler accepts the answer and continues walking, but the rant does not stop. His voice grows more animated as he gestures down the corridor, toward the earth above them, toward armies that are no longer coming.

YOUNGER OFFICER

He says enemies surround Berlin, but history will not remember this as defeat. He says the Reich was built for a thousand years.

Paulie leans toward Christopher.

PAULIE

A thousand years? This guy's got two days, tops.

CHRISTOPHER

Two days? Paulie, look around. He might have twenty minutes.

Tony glances back and silences them with a look.

The device suddenly gives a low electronic groan. Christopher tightens his grip as the central light flickers again.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Boss.

TONY

I hear it.

CHRISTOPHER

It's getting louder.

TONY

Then hold it steady.

CHRISTOPHER

What happens if I don't?

SILVIO

Let's not workshop that right now.

Hitler stops at the end of the corridor in front of a plain door guarded by two SS men. Unlike the reception rooms, there is no ceremony here.

No chandelier, no polished table, no attempt to make the bunker look like anything other than what it is. The guards stand aside immediately.

Hitler speaks sharply to the younger officer.

YOUNGER OFFICER

The Führer says only the Italian delegation will enter. No guards. No aides. No interruption.

The younger officer hesitates on the last word, aware of how strange the order is. Tony hears it and keeps his face neutral.

TONY

Good. No interruption.

The younger officer does not translate that.

Hitler reaches for the door handle, then pauses. He turns back toward the gang, his eyes settling on the device in Christopher's arms. For a moment his rage fades into fascination again. He says something quieter in German, almost reverent.

YOUNGER OFFICER

He says this will be remembered.

Tony looks at the door, then at Silvio.

TONY

Yeah. I bet.

Hitler opens the door.

INT. HITLER'S PRIVATE SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door swings inward on a room that feels more like a sealed chamber than a living space. The light is dim. The air is heavy with smoke, chemicals, and something bitter beneath it.

Eva Braun lies motionless on a couch near the wall, recently dead, her body arranged with a stillness that makes the room feel even colder. Nearby, Hitler's dog lies dead on the floor, its body partially covered by a blanket that does nothing to hide what happened. A small glass vial rests on a side table.

The gang sees it all at once.

Christopher stops breathing. Paulie's face drains of color. Silvio's expression tightens. Tony looks from Eva to the dog, then to Hitler, then back to the room. The calculation lands on him.

CHRISTOPHER

Oh my God.

PAULIE

Is that...

SILVIO

Yeah.

Tony keeps his voice barely above a whisper.

TONY

Today.

Paulie slowly turns toward him.

PAULIE

What?

Tony's eyes stay on the room.

TONY

It's today.

Christopher looks down at the device as it hums in his arms.

CHRISTOPHER

You mean...

Tony nods once.

TONY

Yeah.

Hitler steps into the room as if the bodies are part of the furniture. He is past grief, past panic, past anything recognizable. He turns back toward the gang and begins ranting in German, his voice rising as he gestures toward the device, toward Eva, toward the ceiling, toward the imaginary future still burning in his head.

The younger officer remains outside the threshold, too frightened to enter. He translates from the doorway in a shaking voice.

YOUNGER OFFICER

The Führer says sacrifice is required for the eternal Reich. He says the world will kneel before what was built here. He says the hundred year Reich will be remembered.

SILVIO
Hundred? I thought he said
thousand.

CHRISTOPHER
Maybe he's negotiating.

Paulie stares at the dead dog, horrified.

PAULIE
They killed the dog too?

TONY
Paulie.

PAULIE
What kind of sick son of a bitch
kills the dog?

Hitler hears the tone, if not the words, and snaps toward
Paulie.

HITLER
Was?

The room tightens. Paulie freezes. Tony steps in immediately,
blocking Hitler's attention with his body.

TONY
Technical concern. He is concerned
about the device.

The younger officer translates quickly from the doorway.
Hitler studies Paulie for a long beat, then dismisses him and
points toward the center of the room.

YOUNGER OFFICER
He says begin.

Christopher looks at Tony. The device pulses brighter in his
arms.

CHRISTOPHER
Boss, this thing is almost there.

Tony looks at the room again. Eva. The dog. The vial. Hitler.
The private sitting room. The door. The pistol under his
jacket.

Everything has narrowed into one terrible, absurd line.

Silvio leans close to Tony, speaking softly enough that only he can hear.

SILVIO

This is it.

Tony does not answer right away. He watches Hitler continue ranting, his hands slicing through the air as he talks about destiny, betrayal, and the Reich that will supposedly outlive all of them.

TONY

Yeah.

The younger officer steps back into the corridor. One of the SS guards reaches for the door.

YOUNGER OFFICER

The Führer has ordered privacy.

Tony, Silvio, Christopher, and Paulie stand inside the room with Hitler. The device hums in Christopher's arms, alive and unstable.

The door shuts behind them with a hard metallic click.

INT. HITLER'S PRIVATE SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

The door has barely finished shutting before the room seems to get smaller.

Tony, Silvio, Christopher, and Paulie stand with Hitler in the private sitting room. Eva Braun lies dead on the couch. The dog lies near the wall beneath the partial cover of a blanket. The bitter chemical smell hangs in the stale bunker air.

Christopher holds the device against his chest. It hums with a steady, rising power now, its central light bright enough to cast pale reflections across his face.

Hitler continues ranting in German, pacing between the desk and the couch as if the dead in the room are witnesses to his greatness instead of evidence of his collapse. He points at the device, then to the ceiling, then to the maps scattered across a small table.

PAULIE

T, I can't be in here with the dog like this.

TONY

Focus.

PAULIE

I am focused. I'm focused on the
dead dog.

SILVIO

Paulie.

PAULIE

What? You seein' this?

Hitler turns sharply toward them, irritated by the side conversation. He barks something in German and gestures at Christopher.

Christopher stiffens.

CHRISTOPHER

He wants the thing, don't he?

TONY

Don't give him anything.

Hitler steps toward Christopher and reaches for the device. Tony cuts in front of him, blocking the movement with his body. He does it smoothly, almost politely, but there is no mistaking the boundary.

TONY (CONT'D)

Not yet.

Hitler stares at Tony. The two men stand inches apart. Hitler speaks in a lower voice now, venomous and suspicious, his eyes moving from Tony's face to the bulge beneath Tony's jacket.

Tony knows he has seen it.

Silvio notices too.

SILVIO

T.

Tony does not look away from Hitler.

TONY

Chris. Is it ready?

Christopher looks down at the device. Several lights pulse together in a slow pattern. The machine emits a soft chime, then a deeper tone that continues underneath the hum.

CHRISTOPHER

I think so.

TONY

You think so or you know so?

CHRISTOPHER

There ain't a manual, T.

Hitler reaches past Tony again, faster this time, grabbing at the device. Christopher pulls back instinctively. The device lets out a sharp electronic whine. Hitler shouts, furious.

Tony's patience ends.

He reaches into his jacket and draws the ornate pistol.

Paulie sees the gun and freezes.

PAULIE

Oh God.

Hitler sees the pistol. For a fraction of a second, confusion crosses his face. Not fear. Offense. As if the rules of the room have been violated by someone beneath him.

Tony raises the pistol.

HITLER

Verräter.

Tony does not understand the word, but he understands the tone.

TONY

Yeah. Same to you.

Tony fires.

The shot cracks through the sitting room, deafening in the enclosed space. Hitler drops hard beside the small table, his body falling half toward the couch and half toward the floor.

For a second, nobody moves.

The device keeps humming.

Paulie stares at Hitler's body.

PAULIE

T...

CHRISTOPHER

Holy shit.

SILVIO

Move. We gotta move.

Outside the room, muffled voices react to the gunshot. Someone shouts in German. Footsteps rush toward the door.

Tony lowers the pistol, breathing hard but controlled. His eyes go to Eva, then the dog, then Hitler. The historical pieces are already in place. He understands what the room is supposed to look like.

TONY

We were never here.

CHRISTOPHER

What?

Tony turns on him.

TONY

We were never here. You understand me?

Christopher nods quickly.

CHRISTOPHER

Yeah. Yeah, I understand.

Silvio looks toward the door as the voices outside get louder.

SILVIO

Tony.

Tony wipes the pistol quickly with a handkerchief from his pocket, then places it near Hitler's hand. He positions it just enough to suggest the story history already wants to tell, not enough to waste time.

Paulie watches, shaken.

PAULIE

This is sick.

TONY

History says he did it himself.

Tony steps back from the body.

TONY (CONT'D)
So he did.

A fist pounds against the door.

GERMAN VOICE (O.S.)
Mein Führer?

The gang freezes.

Another harder knock.

GERMAN VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Mein Führer?

Christopher clutches the device. Its central light is now fully bright, the entire machine vibrating in his hands.

CHRISTOPHER
Boss, it is ready. It is definitely ready.

Tony turns toward him.

TONY
Then hit it.

Christopher looks at the controls, panicked.

CHRISTOPHER
Hit what?

TONY

The thing you hit the first time.

CHRISTOPHER
I don't know what I hit the first time.

The door handle rattles.

PAULIE
Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER
I'm tryin'.

Silvio moves beside Christopher, scanning the device with him. The machine gives another sharp chime. Silvio points to a recessed switch near the side.

SILVIO

There.

Christopher presses it.

Nothing happens.

The door rattles harder. More German voices gather outside. The SS guards are arguing with someone in the corridor.

Tony steps toward Christopher, grabbing the front of his jacket.

TONY

Chris.

CHRISTOPHER

I know, I know.

Christopher slaps another button. The device suddenly opens along its seams, spilling white-blue light across the room.

The voices outside stop.

The gang stares at the impossible light.

PAULIE

Oh thank God.

SILVIO

Don't thank anybody yet.

Tony looks once more at the room. Eva. The dog. Hitler. The pistol. The closed door. The story history will tell because nobody in that bunker is going to understand what actually happened.

Tony backs toward the device.

TONY

Nobody says a word about this. Not here. Not home. Nowhere.

The door begins to open.

Christopher hits the control again.

A blinding flash fills the room, swallowing Tony, Silvio, Christopher, and Paulie in an instant.

The door swings inward just as the light vanishes.

The room is left behind exactly as history expects it to be: Eva on the couch, the dog dead nearby, Hitler on the floor beside the pistol, and no sign that four men from New Jersey were ever there.

INT. BADA BING - BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

A blinding white-blue flash fills the back office of the Bada Bing, exploding outward from the center of the room without sound. Papers fly off the desk. A lamp tips over. The overhead light flickers violently.

Tony, Silvio, Christopher, and Paulie crash back into the room exactly where they disappeared from, stumbling over each other and knocking into the furniture. Christopher lands hard against the desk, still clutching the device. Paulie hits the floor on his side. Silvio catches himself against the wall. Tony stays on his feet, barely, breathing hard with the pistol smoke and bunker air still in his head.

The club music thumps through the walls like nothing happened.

For a long moment, nobody speaks.

PAULIE

Oh my God.

Paulie pushes himself up and looks around the office. The posters are modern. The liquor bottles are modern. The muffled music from the main floor is modern. A half-eaten sandwich sits on the desk exactly where it was before they vanished.

PAULIE (CONT'D)

We're back.

Christopher looks at the device. Its light fades from bright white to weak blue, then dies completely with a sad mechanical whir.

CHRISTOPHER

We're back.

He laughs once, half relieved and half hysterical.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Holy shit, we're back.

Silvio straightens his jacket and looks through the blinds into the main room. Dancers move under the lights. Customers sit at the bar. Nobody is running, screaming, or speaking German.

SILVIO
Looks like the same night.

Tony slowly turns toward him.

TONY
What do you mean, looks like?

Silvio checks his watch.

SILVIO
Same time. Maybe a couple minutes
later.

Paulie stares at him.

PAULIE

A couple minutes? We were gone for hours.

SILVIO
Apparently not here.

Christopher looks down at his hands like he expects them to
be transparent.

CHRISTOPHER
So what is that, like relativity?

Tony looks at him.

TONY
Don't start.

Christopher sets the dead device on the desk as if putting
down a bomb. He backs away from it.

CHRISTOPHER
I ain't touchin' that thing again.

PAULIE
You shouldn't have touched it the
first time, you stunad.

CHRISTOPHER
I didn't know it was a time
machine.

PAULIE
What did you think it was?

CHRISTOPHER
I don't know. A gadget.

PAULIE

A gadget. He says a gadget.

Paulie turns to Tony, still charged with panic.

PAULIE (CONT'D)

T, we gotta destroy it. Right now.
Burn it, smash it, throw it in the
ocean, something.

Tony walks to the desk and stares at the device. It is dead now, nothing more than a strange black-metal box with useless dials and seams that no longer glow. He nudges it slightly with two fingers, testing whether it reacts. It does not.

TONY

Nobody does anything with it until I say.

PAULIE

Tony, with all due respect, that
thing took us to Nazi Germany.

TONY

Yeah, Paulie. I was there.

Silvio moves closer to the desk, studying the device with the wary look of a man who has seen enough to know he does not want to understand more.

SILVIO

Maybe we put it somewhere safe.

CHRISTOPHER

Where's safe for that?

SILVIO

I don't know. Somewhere Christopher
can't reach.

Tony turns toward Christopher, who throws his hands out.

CHRISTOPHER

Oh, come on.

TONY

You got somethin' to say?

CHRISTOPHER

No. I got nothin' to say.

TONY

Good.

The office door opens.

All four men jump.

GEORGIE stands in the doorway, holding a clipboard and looking confused.

GEORGIE

You guys all right? I heard a noise.
Tony's face instantly resets into normal authority.

TONY

What noise?
Georgie looks into the room. Papers are scattered everywhere. The lamp is knocked sideways. Paulie is still half-covered in dust from a bunker that no longer exists in this room.

GEORGIE

Like a boom.

TONY

Speaker blew.
Georgie looks toward the main room, then back to Tony.

GEORGIE

Music sounds fine.

Tony stares at him.

TONY

Then what are you askin' me for?
Georgie absorbs the danger in the tone and nods quickly.

GEORGIE

Right. Yeah. Speaker blew.

TONY

Close the door.
Georgie closes the door.

Paulie exhales.

PAULIE

I thought that was it. I thought they followed us.

SILVIO
Who, the Nazis?

PAULIE
I don't know, Sil. I don't know the
rules with this stuff.

Tony walks to the small television mounted in the corner of the office and turns it on. A late-night infomercial fills the screen. He flips channels until he reaches a cable history program. The narrator speaks over black-and-white footage of bombed-out Berlin.

Tony stops.

The gang slowly turns toward the TV.

TV NARRATOR
By April 30, 1945, Adolf Hitler had retreated into the Führerbunker beneath Berlin. With the Red Army closing in, Hitler and Eva Braun died in his private quarters, ending the final chapter of the Third Reich.

Christopher looks at Tony.

CHRISTOPHER
Private quarters.
Silvio's eyes stay on the screen.

SILVIO
Same story.

The footage changes to a diagram of the bunker, then to archival images of soldiers and ruined streets.

TV NARRATOR
The exact details remained clouded by chaos, destruction, and conflicting witness accounts, but the official account held that Hitler died by his own hand as the Nazi regime collapsed around him.

Paulie sits down slowly.

PAULIE
Official account.

Tony watches the screen without blinking.

TONY

There you go.

CHRISTOPHER
So we didn't change anything.

SILVIO
Or we changed exactly what already
happened.

Christopher thinks about that and immediately regrets it.

CHRISTOPHER
That hurts my head.

Tony shuts off the television.

TONY
Enough.

He turns back to the room. The authority in his voice cuts
through the lingering shock.

TONY (CONT'D)

Nobody talks about this. Nobody jokes about it. Nobody tells
a girl, a priest, a shrink, a bartender, nobody.

Paulie nods immediately.

PAULIE
You don't gotta tell me.

TONY
I'm tellin' all of you.

Tony looks at Christopher.

TONY (CONT'D)
Especially you.

CHRISTOPHER
Why especially me?

Tony gives him a long look.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)
Fine. Nobody.

Silvio points to the device.

SILVIO
What about that?

Tony picks up an old towel from behind the desk and throws it over the device, covering it completely.

TONY

For tonight, it stays here.

PAULIE

Here?

TONY

You want to take it home?

Paulie immediately shakes his head.

PAULIE

No.

TONY

Then it stays here.

Tony moves toward the door, then stops. He looks back at the covered device, the only physical evidence that anything happened besides dust on their clothes and fear in their faces.

TONY (CONT'D)

And if anybody asks, we were in the office countin' receipts.

CHRISTOPHER

What about the noise?

TONY

Speaker blew.

SILVIO

Speaker blew.

PAULIE

Speaker blew.

Christopher nods.

CHRISTOPHER

Speaker blew.

Tony opens the door. The music from the club spills into the office, loud, trashy, familiar, and safe. He steps out first. Silvio follows. Christopher hesitates near the desk, glancing at the covered device.

Paulie grabs him by the jacket and pulls him toward the door.

PAULIE

Leave it.

Christopher goes.

The office empties. The covered device sits on the desk beneath the towel, silent and dead.

INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE NIGHT

Tony enters through the back door, moving quietly for a man his size. His suit is still dusty in places, his shirt collar slightly wilted, his face carrying the aftershock of something too large to explain and too dangerous to remember out loud.

The house is calm. Normal. Refrigerator hum. Distant television. The kind of quiet that should feel comforting but instead feels suspicious.

Tony pauses at the kitchen sink and looks at his hands. He turns on the faucet and washes them longer than necessary.

Carmela enters in a robe, half awake but alert enough to know when something is wrong.

CARMELA

Where were you?

Tony keeps washing his hands.

TONY

Bing.

CARMELA

This late?

TONY

Had a thing.

Carmela looks him over, noticing the dust on his jacket and the strange distance in his face.

CARMELA

What kind of thing?

Tony shuts off the water and reaches for a towel.

TONY

Speaker blew.

Carmela stares at him.

CARMELA

A speaker blew.

TONY

Yeah.

CARMELA

And that got all over your suit?

Tony looks down at himself as if seeing the dust for the first time.

TONY

Old ceiling tiles. Place is fallin' apart.

Carmela does not buy it, but she is too tired to launch a full investigation. She crosses to the counter and picks up a glass of water.

CARMELA

Maybe if you spent more time fixing that place and less time bringing strange garbage into my living room, things like that wouldn't happen.

Tony looks up at her.

The device. The flash. The bunker. Eva. The dog. Hitler dropping beside the table.

He forces the memory down.

TONY

Yeah. Maybe.

Carmela notices the unusual lack of pushback.

CARMELA

You all right?

TONY

I'm fine.

CARMELA

You don't look fine.

Tony dries his hands and tosses the towel on the counter.

TONY

I'm tired.

Carmela studies him for another moment, then gestures toward the family room.

CARMELA

I couldn't sleep. There's some documentary on. World War Two again. Every channel, it's either Hitler or people selling knives. Tony's face shifts slightly at the name.

Carmela catches it.

CARMELA (CONT'D)

What?

TONY

Nothin'.

INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tony follows Carmela into the family room. The television flickers with black-and-white footage of Berlin in ruins. The volume is low, but the narrator's voice is clear enough.

Tony sits heavily in his chair. Carmela sits on the couch, still watching him more than the television.

TV NARRATOR

By April 30, 1945, Adolf Hitler's inner circle had collapsed into fear and confusion inside the Führerbunker. Witness accounts from the final hours were inconsistent, shaped by panic, destruction, and the rapid advance of Soviet forces. Tony's eyes lock on the screen. Archival photographs of the bunker appear, followed by a diagram of the private quarters. A highlighted room appears on the image.

TV NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The accepted account holds that Hitler died by gunshot in his private sitting room after Eva Braun had already taken poison. His dog, Blondi, had also been killed shortly before the end.

Carmela grimaces.

CARMELA

God. They killed the dog too?

Tony says nothing.

On the television, the documentary shows a reenactment shot of a closed bunker door, then a hand-drawn map of Hitler's rooms.

TV NARRATOR

In the chaos that followed, the bodies were removed and burned outside the Reich Chancellery. The exact sequence of events inside the room remains the subject of debate, but the broader historical account has remained largely unchanged.

Tony leans back slightly.

There it is.

Unchanged.

Carmela watches the screen, disturbed in the ordinary way a person is disturbed by history from a safe distance.

CARMELA

Can you imagine being in a room
with someone like that?
Tony's face remains still.

TONY

No.

CARMELA

No?

TONY

I mean, what's there to imagine?
Guy was a monster. End of story.

CARMELA

Still. To be there at the end like
that. Knowing everything was
falling apart.

Tony looks toward the television, where footage of shattered Berlin continues playing.

TONY

People like that, they always think
it ain't over until somebody makes
it over.

Carmela turns that over, surprised by the seriousness in his voice.

CARMELA

That's very philosophical for a speaker problem.

Tony looks at her, then gives a small tired smile.

TONY

What can I tell you? Long night.

The documentary cuts to footage of cheering crowds after the war. Carmela softens a little and pulls her robe tighter around herself.

CARMELA

I'm going to bed.

She stands, then pauses.

CARMELA (CONT'D)

Please don't bring any more weird junk into this house.

Tony looks at her.

TONY

Believe me, that policy's already in effect.

Carmela gives him one last puzzled look, then exits toward the hallway.

Tony remains alone in the family room. The television light plays across his face as the narrator continues.

TV NARRATOR

In the end, the Führerbunker became both a grave and a myth, a place where history closed a door and left only fragments behind.

Tony watches the bunker diagram fade into archival footage. He sits with the strange satisfaction of a man who got away with something impossible because history itself became the alibi.

After a long moment, he reaches for the remote and turns the television off.

The room goes dark except for the faint light from the kitchen.

Tony sits there in silence.

EXT. THE STUGOTS - OPEN WATER - DAY

The Stugots sits alone on calm water under a gray afternoon sky. The shoreline is distant enough to feel unimportant. The engine idles low, rocking the boat with a steady vibration that feels almost peaceful after everything that happened.

Tony stands near the stern with the device wrapped in an old towel on the deck beside him. Silvio leans against the rail, smoking and watching the water. Christopher sits nearby with his arms folded, still trying to act like he is not afraid of the thing. Paulie stands as far from the device as the boat allows, gripping the rail with both hands.

PAULIE

We shoulda brought a priest.

TONY

A priest?

PAULIE

I'm serious, T. You don't know what kind of evil this thing's got attached to it.

CHRISTOPHER

It's not evil. It's technology.

PAULIE

Technology? It took us to Hitler.

CHRISTOPHER

Yeah, but that don't mean it's evil. That's like sayin' a car is evil because you drive it to Newark.

SILVIO

Not your best argument.

Tony looks down at the towel-covered device. It has not moved, hummed, glowed, or made a sound since the night at the Bing. Somehow that makes it worse.

TONY

We are not bringin' a priest into this.

PAULIE

Then what are we doin'?

TONY

What does it look like we're doin'?

Paulie looks out at the water.

PAULIE
I don't like it.

TONY
You don't like anything.

PAULIE
Because I got instincts.

SILVIO
You got anxiety with shoes.

Christopher leans forward, looking at the device with the same stupid curiosity that started the whole problem.

CHRISTOPHER
I'm just sayin', before we throw it away, maybe we think about what it's worth.

Tony turns slowly toward him.

TONY
What it's worth.

CHRISTOPHER
Not to us. I mean to somebody else. The government. Scientists. Rich weirdos. You don't think some guy in Silicon Valley pays big money for a time machine?

PAULIE
Listen to him. One trip to Nazi Germany and he's already makin' a pitch deck.

CHRISTOPHER
I'm talkin' practical.

TONY
Practical was not pushin' buttons on a thing we didn't understand.

Christopher sits back, stung but unable to argue.

CHRISTOPHER
I said I was sorry.

SILVIO
You did not say that.

CHRISTOPHER

Well, I'm sayin' it now.

Tony crouches and pulls the towel away. The device sits there in the daylight, dead and ugly, no longer mysterious enough to feel magical and still too impossible to feel like junk.

TONY

Nobody buys it. Nobody studies it. Nobody stores it. Nobody keeps it in a back room because maybe someday it comes in handy.

SILVIO

I'm with Tony. Whatever this is, it ain't a score. It's a liability.

PAULIE

Liability? It's a curse with a handle.

Tony picks up the device with both hands. Christopher instinctively rises from his seat.

CHRISTOPHER

Careful.

Tony freezes and looks at him.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

I mean, you know. Just careful.

Tony steps to the edge of the boat. The others watch him in tense silence. The sea rolls beneath them, dark and indifferent.

PAULIE

Wait.

Tony exhales through his nose.

TONY

What now?

PAULIE

What if throwin' it in the ocean does somethin'? What if it opens a hole or somethin'?

SILVIO

A hole in the ocean?

PAULIE

I don't know, Sil. I don't know the physics of time travel.

CHRISTOPHER

None of us do, obviously.

Tony looks at the device, then at the water.

TONY

That's why it goes.

Paulie crosses himself.

TONY (CONT'D)

Don't do that.

PAULIE

I'm not doin' it for you.

Tony raises the device over the rail. For half a second, nobody breathes. Christopher watches like part of him still wants to stop it. Silvio watches Tony. Paulie watches the sky.

Tony throws the device.

It leaves his hands and arcs out over the water. It should splash down a few feet from the boat.

Instead, halfway through the air, the device vanishes.

No flash. No explosion. No sound.

It is simply there, then not there.

The four men stare at the empty space above the water.

A few small waves roll beneath where the device should have landed.

There is no splash.

Christopher slowly steps closer to the rail.

CHRISTOPHER

Where'd it go?

Nobody answers.

Paulie backs away from the rail.

PAULIE

Oh no.

SILVIO

That was new.

Tony keeps staring at the water, his face unreadable.

CHRISTOPHER

T?

Tony turns from the rail and walks back toward the cabin.

TONY

We're done here.

PAULIE

Done? It disappeared in midair.

TONY

Then it ain't on the boat.

PAULIE

That's your answer?

Tony stops at the cabin door and looks back at them.

TONY

My answer is nobody saw nothin'.
Nobody heard nothin'. And there is
nothin' to talk about.

Christopher looks once more at the empty patch of air over
the water.

CHRISTOPHER

But what if it went somewhere?

Tony opens the cabin door.

TONY

Then it's somebody else's problem.

Silvio flicks his cigarette into the water and follows Tony
inside. Christopher hesitates, then goes after them. Paulie
remains at the rail for a moment, staring at the ocean like
it might stare back.

From somewhere far off, barely audible beneath the engine and
the water, there is the faintest mechanical hum.

Paulie hears it.

His face tightens.

PAULIE

I knew it.

Before anyone can ask what he means, he hurries into the cabin after the others.

The Stugots drifts on the gray water, alone again.

CUT TO BLACK.