

ANGLE - STATUE OF LIBERTY

SUPER: NEW YORK, 1911 B/W ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE of the Statue seen through a ship's porthole.

INT. ITALIAN STEAMSHIP- STEERAGE- DAY

Two teenage boys, one seasick, make their way to a porthole.

BOY 1
(subtitled Italian)
Soprano. Look!

CORRADO SOPRANO (15, Johnny and Junior Soprano's ancestor) wipes sick off his mouth with his shirt sleeve, looks through the porthole.

POV: several black stevedores work the ropes on the pier.

SOPRANO
We're in Africa!

BOY 1
Santa Maria, the ship must have gone off course.

EXT. STREET- DAY

SUPER: NEWARK, JUNE 1967

A pair of running feet. The sound of labored breath. One shoe flies off a foot. The feet keep churning--

WIDEN TO SEE -- a panicked, young black man, LEON OVERALL, being chased by another black man, HAROLD McBRAYER (30). Leon wears a gang jacket, BLACK SATANS. He leaps off the curb, is grazed by a speeding car. He steps on a crumpled hubcap with his bare foot. Falls down in intense pain.

We are in the CENTRAL WARD, a ghetto.

Harold picks up the hubcap. Beats Leon with it.

HAROLD
Lying motherfucker, Leon.

The sharp vanes of the hubcap bloody Leon's face.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
I'ma kill you.

Harold smacks him again with the hubcap.

LEON
I swear I didn't boost the shit!

HAROLD
(in cadence to continued
hubcap beating)
You and your little gang
motherfuckers japped my runner and
took his kip. And don't fucking lie
to me!

Harold pauses. Tears through Leon's pocket. Finds a few dollars, pockets it.

LEON
(crying)
Where my shoe at?

ANGLE -- Leon's shoe is crushed by an arriving car.

ANGLE UP TO -- a white-on-white IMPALA convertible.

Behind the wheel is DICKIE MOLTISANTI (30s, an impeccably-dressed wise guy). He pulls the car over. Harold keeps pounding on Leon.

DICKIE
Harold. Alright, already.

Harold finally stops, drops the hubcap. Dickie gets out of the car. As Dickie moves toward Leon, Leon tries to scramble under a parked car for shelter. Dickie pulls on his bare foot, pulls him back out.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
(pats Leon's cheek)
I want the full bag tomorrow.

LEON
Who the fuck are you?

DICKIE
(playful)
The guy who one time put out
somebody's eye for talking to me
that way.

Leon keeps crying, crawls off toward his busted shoe.

HAROLD
(winded, brushing himself
off)
My papa always told me the numbers
racket was the easy one.

DICKIE

Not if you work for me. You want
easy, go buy an easy chair.

They get in Dickie's car, drive off.

EXT. SOPRANO HOUSE- NEWARK, NEW JERSEY- DAY

The North Ward. The Italian section, comprised of two-story brick or wooden homes. We see American flags and banners in anticipation of the July 4th holiday.

LIVIA SOPRANO (30s) is rocking a baby carriage. She is the mother of TONY SOPRANO (9), dressed in suit and tie and wearing a Yankees cap. He is playing football nearby with his father JOHNNY SOPRANO (30s). JANICE SOPRANO (12) reads a Rolling Stones fanzine, HEADLINE: IS KEITH A GOOD KISSER?

ANGLE -- TONY SOPRANO reaches for a pass from his father, fumbles the ball and falls to the ground.

JOHNNY

You shoulda had that one.

TONY

These good shoes are too slippery.

LIVIA

Johnny, look what you did to his
suit.

JOHNNY

Oo-fah, Livia. I'll buy him another
one.

LIVIA

He's gotta go meet the liner from
Italy today.

JOHNNY

So he'll have a scuff.

LIVIA

These kids need to learn to behave
appropriately. You don't put on a
suit to play football. You put on a
football suit.

JANICE

Uniform, ma.

LIVIA

You see how they talk back to me?
They butt into adult's business and
you say nothing.

JOHNNY

(bored)

Your mother's right, Janice. Mind
your business.

LIVIA

Wonderful. You could care less.

EXT. DICKIE AND ALDO'S DUPLEX- DAY

Dickie backs his Impala out of his driveway and drives.

MONTAGE

Dickie drives around the block to the Soprano house.

Dickie pulls up.

Johnny walks to the car as Dickie gets out. They hug.

JOHNNY

About time. This kid is so excited
about this trip to the docks he's
gonna pee his pants.

TONY

Hi, Uncle Dickie. And I'm not gonna
pee my pants, dad.

DICKIE

Hey, Anthony.

Livia comes over.

LIVIA

Hi Dickie.

She gives him a smooch, mooches a cigarette.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

This girl you're gonna pick up,
she's what, third cousin to your
people?

DICKIE

Once removed. I don't know.

JANICE
Hope she's not as boring as the
people around here.

LIVIA
I hope she doesn't make any
trouble. The things I hear.

JANICE
(sparks)
What did she do?

LIVIA
Go defrost the freezer.

JANICE
Why can't I listen to your
conversation?

LIVIA
And put the cutlets out on the
counter.

Janice stomps off angrily.

JOHNNY
(sotto)
How's the situation with the book
down Central Ward?

DICKIE
These colored kids, still attacking
my runners.

JOHNNY
You believe these people? They boil
each other in pots.

Livia comes up to them.

DICKIE
We gotta head for the city.

LIVIA
Excuse me for saying this Dickie,
but this girl from Ariano... I
worry about your father, I don't
want to see him get hurt.

JOHNNY
You and your gossip, Lee. You don't
know if any of what they say about
her is true.

LIVIA

That she had a stillborn when she was fifteen?

JOHNNY

Early marriage is the culture over there.

LIVIA

Did anybody say she was married?

DICKIE

My old man is happy for the first time since my mother died. If he found himself a young wife over there, *a salut*.

LIVIA

For my money, it's *disgraziad'* at his age.

JOHNNY

You think Daisy Duck is a *putan'*.

Tony and Dickie get in the car.

LIVIA

Don't drive like a lunatic, going through that tunnel!

Dickie drives off.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

He's a sweetie pie.

JOHNNY

Imagine, huh? With an old man like his? Miserable bastard. With that fucking temper.

LIVIA

You should talk.

EXT. PIER 49- NEW YORK CITY- DAY

Italian steamship, SS LEONARDO DA VINCI, is docked. People disembark, greeted by family and friends. Dickie and Tony sweat the heat and survey the crowds, looking for someone.

DICKIE

Five dollars says I spot them first.

TONY
I don't got five dollars.

DICKIE
Then you better win.

Dickie sucker-punches Tony in the stomach. Tony starts swinging back, but Dickie keeps him at bay by holding his head, both laughing.

TONY
I don't see any yellow hat.

DICKIE
Well my old man said she'd have a yellow hat and he'd have a seer sucker jacket on, so keep looking.

At the same time they see a round woman in her 60s with a yellow hat on.

TONY
There she is. Pay up.

DICKIE
(slaps the back of Tony's head)
My old man's wife is twenty years old, *baciagalup'*. And when you meet her, you can't be a goof ball. You gotta be a little man right now.

Dickie loves the kid and vice versa.

ANGLE -- TOP OF GANG PLANK. Dickie sees his father ALDO MOLTISANTI (65, an elegant wise guy) with a beautiful 24 year old Italian woman with a yellow hat. This is GIUSEPPINA BRUNO. Dickie waits for Tony to spot them, letting him win.

TONY
There! Yellow hat! Yay! Pay up.

DICKIE
We have a winner, ladies and gents.

Dickie hands Tony a five from his fat roll. Aldo and Giuseppina walk down the gang plank, a porter carries their luggage. Dickie and Tony approach --

DICKIE (CONT'D)
Pop!

ALDO
Ho, there he is.

They embrace tight. Aldo presents Giuseppina.

ALDO (CONT'D)
 (puffed up, to Dickie)
 Not bad, huh?
 (in Italian)
*Cara mia, let me present my son,
 Ricardo.*

DICKIE
 Dick.
 (kissing her hand)
 Welcome to America. *Benvenuta.*

GIUSEPPINA
 America.

DICKIE
 Right. We're gonna take you home.
 You must be tired, get you some
 food, a good night's rest.

GIUSEPPINA
Cosa?

TONY
 I don't think she understands you,
 Uncle Dick.

ALDO
 But she's learning though. Right,
cara mia? She's clever as a fox.

Dickie looks at Giuseppina. She smiles. He is taken with her.
 As is Tony. Giuseppina reaches down, pats Tony's cheek.

ALDO (CONT'D)
 (commanding)
 Say, "*Bon giorno.*"

TONY
Bon giorno.

ALDO
 Let's just go. Anthony, grab some
 bags.

Tony struggles under the weight of the bags. Dickie tips the
 porter. Dickie takes the heavier one, walks Giuseppina to his
 parked Impala -- under a TOW-AWAY ZONE, ABSOLUTELY NO PARKING
 ANYTIME sign.

They get in the car. Giuseppina runs her hand over the
 leather, smiles.

GIUSEPPINA

America.

EXT. QUEEN IZOLA'S HOUSE- NEWARK- DAY

A thriving business. Black prostitutes service both ghetto residents and white johns from nearby office buildings. A 10 year old African-American boy, LANDERS, climbs the stairs of the well-kept two-story house carrying a paper bag. Two prostitutes sit smoking on the front stoop.

INT. QUEEN IZOLA'S HOUSE- NEWARK- DAY

Landers crosses the foyer. Two prostitutes and their johns lounge around. Landers's MOTHER (28, a prostitute) sees him climbing the stairs.

LANDERS'S MOTHER

Landers, when you're done with the Queen, save some Posner's for me.

LANDERS

Yes, mama.

INT. QUEEN IZOLA'S HOUSE- BATHROOM- DAY

Landers has on big rubber gloves. He's massaging the lye mixture into QUEEN IZOLA's hair, giving her a straightening treatment. Queen, late 30s, is the owner and madame of the house. We see Harold behind them, stretched out on the bed in his underpants.

QUEEN

(shouts)

Hey Harold, this boy say he gonna be Hank Aaron when he grows up.

(sharp)

Watch my eyes, Landers.

LANDERS

I'm gonna hit 318 like Hammerin' Hank.

QUEEN

318's your lucky number, boy. Play it.

LANDERS

I'll tell my mama. She always says, "When we hit the number, we moving outta Newark."

QUEEN

There you go. The numbers is the only chance poor folks got to get out of this shithole.

LANDERS

I asked mama to teach me that numbers game but she wouldn't.

QUEEN

You pick a long number got three numbers in it -- like for you 3-1-8. You bet a quarter, or a dime -- maybe even a dollar. Every day the newspaper prints the total over at the race track. If the last three numbers come up 3-1-8? For a quarter, you get one hundred twenty five dollars.

LANDERS

For a *quarter*?!

QUEEN

And if you'd bet a dollar, you get five hundred dollars.

LANDERS

What if my number ain't in the paper?

QUEEN

You don't get shit. Harold over here keeps your dollar. And everybody's dollars. How you think he keeps himself in fancy cufflinks?

LANDERS

He keeps all that money from the bets people make?

QUEEN

Well, he's got to give some to his boss. A white man. That boss gotta give some to *his* boss. Another white man. Up at the top, it comes to millions of dollars.

LANDERS

Fuck baseball.

EXT. ALDO AND DICKIE'S DUPLEX, NORTH WARD- NIGHT

Side-by-side brick duplex, again in Newark's Italian section. Aldo lives on one side, Dickie lives in the other. Dickie pulls his car into the driveway next to Aldo's Lincoln. Tony is no longer there.

Everyone gets out. They start unloading the luggage.

GIUSEPPINA
(in Italian)
I have to pee so bad, Aldo.

ALDO
(in Italian)
That first door --

Dickie's wife JOANNE (28, attractive) comes out of the first floor back door.

JOANNE
Benvenuti! Hi, everybody! Hi, Giuseppina. Welcome to New Jersey.

DICKIE
Joanne, honey, show her where the toilet is.

Joanne presses a hug on Giuseppina, takes her inside.

ALDO
Boy, she's something to look at, isn't she? I would eat her shit.

DICKIE
Pop. Respect. You were talking that kind of crap the whole time, with little Tony in the back seat. He didn't know what to say.

ALDO
Come on. He had the Washington Monument in his pants.

Dickie claps him on the back, grins.

DICKIE
My father. Most guys sixty-five go to Europe on vacation, they come back with the gout. He comes back with a Miss Rigatoni 1967.

Aldo puffs up.

INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE- KITCHEN TABLE- NIGHT

Dickie and Joanne, and Aldo and Giuseppina, are seated at dinner. We notice wedding rings on both their fingers.

GIUSEPPINA

(halting, to Joanne)

Thanks you much for to having me.
You lasagna e *squisita*.

JOANNE

I'm embarrassed, with you coming
from the other side. You're all
such better cooks than we are.

(to Aldo)

Can you translate for me?

ALDO

Forget it. She understands enough.

Dickie has been staring at Giuseppina. He gets up, refills her wine glass. Joanne comes last. Aldo raps his glass on the table for more.

JOANNE

Giuseppina, what does your family
do over there?

Aldo translates for Joanne.

GIUSEPPINA

Mio padre...

She continues in Italian. Aldo cuts her off.

ALDO

Here's what happened. The Fascists
killed her father. Her mother never
recovered.

(beat)

Fucking Mussolini.

DICKIE

I don't get it. When I was a kid,
you and Charlie Lucky and Vito
Genovese, you always praised Muss--

ALDO

(cuts him off)

Let's not talk politics at the
dinner table. But I tell you,
Dickie. It's paradise over there.
On the one hand, you can't believe
the beauty.

(MORE)

ALDO (CONT'D)

On the other hand, they don't even have toilets. They're still so fucking poor. I told Giuseppina, you're gonna live the life of a proud American woman. There's not gonna be nothing that you lack. And I'm gonna have my second set of children with you and they'll be deluged with a life they could never even imagine over there. Like you were, Dick, as a child. These'll be your brothers and sisters.

Dickie nods. But that turns him off. Joanne chirps --

JOANNE

So Giuseppina is your step-mother, Dickie.

INT. JOANNE AND DICKIE'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

Dark. Joanne is asleep. But Dickie is wide awake. Agitated by the sound of rutting next door. Aldo, fucking, sounds like an old basset hound. There are mere occasional squeaks from Giuseppina.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING- DAY

The North Ward (Italian) section of Newark. Harold pulls his raggedy-ass Caddie around back, parks next to the white Impala. With him is his lieutenant, CYRIL (20s, African-American, 6'5", muscular).

Harold sees Giuseppina sunning herself in the passenger seat of the Impala. He approaches the car --

HAROLD

Nice car. You a friend of Dickie's?

GIUSEPPINA

No English.

Harold and Cyril enter the building.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING- BASEMENT- DAY

This is Dickie's POLICY BANK for his numbers operation (i.e. the office where all the bets and pay-outs are tabulated). Several CLERKS tally numbers slips. Everyone is eating a take-out hero sandwich.

PUSSY BONPENSIERO (25, chubby) works an adding machine.
 PAULIE WALNUTS (25, cut) stands close by. BUDDHA 40, is the
 fattest guy in the room.

PUSSY

So Sinatra says to the guy, right
 on the casino floor, "Double down,
 you chink."

The guys laugh.

BUDDHA

My mother met his mother once.
 Frank.

(beat)

Fuck, they never get it right. I
 order veal parm with no cheese. I
 always get fucking cheese.

DICKIE

Without cheese, it's not veal parm.
 The parm in veal parm, is the
 cheese.

PAULIE

Buddha, everybody knows veal
 without the cheese is bad luck.

PUSSY

Who told you that?

PAULIE

After lunch one time, my
 grandfather fell down the stairs.
 Never walked again.

Harold enters. Cyril waits by the door.

DICKIE

Ho, Hopalong Cass-a-deech.

Harold crosses to Dickie, hands him an envelope of money.
 Dickie thumbs through the cash.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

Seems a little light.

HAROLD

I got it from most of the runners,
 but that fucking Overall, he's
 still holding out on us with that
 bag from the other day.

BUDDHA

Who the fuck is Overall?

HAROLD

That's the gang leader's name. Leon Overall.

PAULIE

How'd you like to have that for your name? "Let me introduce myself, I'm Leon Overall. This is my friend, "William Bermuda Shorts."

HAROLD

I think this kid, Overall, he's from East Orange.

PAULIE

My cousin's the place kicker over there.

DICKIE

When me and Harold played East Orange, Thanksgiving game, we beat 'em every fucking year.

HAROLD

You shoulda seen this man run.
(puts an arm around
Dickie)
You sure you don't got any negro blood?

DICKIE

That's the Sicilians, I'm *napolitan*.

BUDDHA

Why do they call a town Orange, anyway?

They all stare at him.

PAULIE

Who --
(beat)
The fuck --
(beat)
-- cares.

INT. STAIRWELL- APARTMENT BUILDING- DAY

Harold and Cyril come up the stairs. They reach the ground floor. They push open the door, find -- GIUSEPPINA, framed in sunlight, leaning against the Impala smoking. A vision.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT- NIGHT

A class of immigrants learning English. We find Giuseppina with an open notebook. A TEACHER holds a drawing of a dog.

TEACHER

"This is my dog."

CLASS

(heavy accents)

"This is my dog."

The teacher hands the drawing to a student.

TEACHER

"This is your dog."

CLASS

"This is your dog."

EXT. CHURCH- NIGHT

Aldo is parked outside the church in his Lincoln Continental. Giuseppina comes out of the church carrying her books, crosses to the car. Aldo forces a big kiss.

ALDO

What did you learn to say?

GIUSEPPINA

(doesn't understand)

No capisc'.

ALDO

English. English.

GIUSEPPINA

"This is his bowl."

ALDO

(confused)

Whose bowl?

GIUSEPPINA

Spot.

Aldo gives up. Starts up the car.

ALDO

I don't think you study enough.
You're just burning through my
money with these language lessons.

EXT. DE MEO MANSION- NEW JERSEY- DAY

A stone castle. In a grotto, statues of The Boot's four children, numerous grandchildren and The Boot himself.

Orderlies carry a stretcher down stairs. On the stretcher is ECKLEY "THE BOOT" DE MEO (60s, boss of the De Meo crime family). He's in a lot of pain. His wife and daughters look on as he's loaded into an ambulance, agitated and moaning. His driver, SILVIO DANTE (25, bald), tries to comfort.

WIFE

Eckley, you want me to ride with you?

THE BOOT

Aw, fuck, don't ask me questions now. Silvio, you come.

SILVIO

I'm coming, skipper.

EXT. NEWARK POLICE HEADQUARTERS- NIGHT

Dickie drives, listening to the radio. He stops. He has driven into the periphery of a heated protest. The crowd is entirely African-American. The cops, faced off against them, are white. Protestors shout and throw rocks.

Dickie gets out of his car, spots a uniformed officer. The man wears a helmet, his gun is drawn. Dickie goes up to him.

DICKIE

Why aren't they home sleeping til noon?

COP

Two brother officers picked up some colored taxi driver. Had to rough him up a little.

(points to demonstrators)

These morons think we killed him. It spread around the Central Ward that way.

DICKIE
Jungle drums, huh?

COP
They broke windows up and down
Belmont Avenue. They're throwing
bricks and bottles at us. We got a
couple officers sent to the
hospital.

Dickie turns back for his car, singing Motown --

DICKIE
*There'll be records playing and
people swaying, dancing in the
street.*

COP
You think it's funny?

INT. IMPALA- NIGHT

Dickie backs down fast, swerving. Protestors jump out of the way. The car's top is down -- a brick comes flying, bouncing off the windshield frame, bounces off his temple. He bleeds.

Dickie jumps out of the car, starts to chase the brick-thrower. But meanwhile five rioters try to overturn his car. Dickie draws a gun, they back off. He jumps into the car. He backs down the street full speed.

EXT. CLUB SILHOUETTE- NIGHT

This is Dickie's nightclub. Small, vaguely glamorous. The Impala pulls up.

INT. CLUB SILHOUETTE- NIGHT

Mostly well-dressed Italian-American couples seated at booths and tables. A double act on stage -- drummer and guitarist. They both sing. Right now it's *Michelle, Ma Belle*.

Dickie storms past the Drummer toward the back room, holding a handkerchief to his bloody forehead. The duo stops playing. Drumroll --

DRUMMER
Ladies and gentlemen, let's hear it
for our host tonight and every
night, Mr. Dick Moltisanti.

Applause. Dickie continues on into the back room.

INT. CLUB SILHOUETTE- BACK ROOM- NIGHT- CONTINUOUS

Seated around are Paulie Walnuts, Johnny, Silvio, Buddha, Aldo and JUNIOR SOPRANO (40, also a wise-guy, Johnny Soprano's brother). Paulie and two other truly dapper wise guys are applying clear polish to their nails.

PAULIE

What'd the doctor say, Syl'? How long's The Boot in the hospital?

SILVIO

Depends on his colon, Paulie. He's got diver-fucking-ticulitis.

JUNIOR

Aldo, get me a 'bucca while you're up.

Dickie enters, holding a handkerchief to his head.

ALDO

Jesus, the fuck happened to you?

DICKIE

Moulinyan threw a brick at my car.

This provokes an outcry.

JOHNNY

You catch the black bastard?

ALDO

(re Dickie's cut)
Let me look at that.

DICKIE

No it's alright Pop.

JUNIOR

(sighs)
Those people.

JOHNNY

My brother's right, they're mau-
maus.

DICKIE

(to the group)
There's something you gotta see.

Dickie heads for the rear exit. They open the door --

JOHNNY

What the fuck?

There's flame in the sky, above the rooftops.

JUNIOR

That's Belmont Avenue!

INT. ALDO AND GIUSEPPINA'S BEDROOM- DAY

11am. Giuseppina sleeps. A meaty hand grabs her wrist, pulls her onto the floor. They speak ITALIAN.

ALDO

*I told you not to leave your
douchebag hanging in the shower. We
don't live like that in my house.*

GIUSEPPINA

*It's a part of life. What's the
matter with you?*

ALDO

*It's unsightly. Does the Venus de
Milo have a douchebag?*

GIUSEPPINA

*She can't use a douchebag. She's
handicapped.*

ALDO

*(raises his hand against
her)*

You're gonna get smart now?

GIUSEPPINA

Va fangool.

He comes striding toward her furiously and she scrambles along the floor, runs out of the bedroom.

LANDING -- Giuseppina scurries down the stairs. Aldo crosses the landing, kicks her hard in the ass. She hits the stairs, tumbles down them and lands in a heap at the bottom, crying. He stops, half way down the stairs. Goes back up, muttering and cursing.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK- DAY

Two Newark police cars race down the street, sirens blaring. They pull up to an amusement park, alongside additional parked cop cars and a paddy wagon. Police are hustling Johnny Soprano, other hoods including a circus clown, in handcuffs out of the amusement park into a paddy wagon.

ANGLE -- FENCE LINE, TONY peers from behind the rear fender of a large sedan where he's hiding. He is stunned by what he's seeing -- his father hauled off by the police.

ANGLE -- JANICE, 100 feet away inside the amusement park, watching. She's not aware of Tony.

JANICE
(crying)
Daddy!

JOHNNY
(to the cops)
Why don't you go after the *ditzoon*?
They're the ones burning the city
down.

The cop shoves Johnny into the paddy wagon.

CHICKIE SASSO, tries to make a run for it. The cop aims, shoots him in the back. Sasso goes down screaming.

Another of Johnny's crew comes out of a PORTA-POTTY, sees what's going on -- ducks back into the porta-potty.

ANGLE -- TONY, terrified, taking it all in.

The paddy wagon rolls away. Janice spots Tony at the fence.

JANICE
That's my brother over there!

EXT. SOPRANO HOUSE- DAY

Police car rolls up to the house. Livia comes down the steps to meet it. A cop opens the rear door. Janice and Tony get out, Janice still crying.

LIVIA
My God, what did they do?

COP

Nothin'. We raided a card game but we got lucky, picked up your husband on an outstanding warrant. We had to take them somewhere.

LIVIA

Warrant? For what?

COP

Assault with a deadly weapon.

LIVIA

The Stonecrab restaurant? He didn't do that, that wasn't him. Where is he?

COP

Downtown.

LIVIA

(re Janice's crying)

Janice shut up with that. What were the two of you doing at that card game?

TONY

Dad took Janice down to ride the rides while he played cards but he wouldn't take me cause he was mad I passed gas while he was eating lunch. So I took the bus.

LIVIA

Get in the house. Both of you.

JANICE

We already know everything about dad's business, Ma.

She goes into the house. Tony runs away.

LIVIA

Anthony!

He runs and runs. And when he stops, he is crying.

EXT. ALDO AND DICKIE'S DUPLEX- BACKYARD- DAY

Giuseppina sits smoking. She is crying, her eyes red and puffy. The back door of Dickie's duplex opens and he comes over. She quickly puts on sunglasses.

DICKIE
What are you up to?

GIUSEPPINA
No capisc'.

DICKIE
"What are you up to?" Means, what's going on?

GIUSEPPINA
Niente. Nothing...

DICKIE
I thought I heard somebody fall last night.

GIUSEPPINA
I trip over the tub.

DICKIE
Well don't wear sunglasses in the bathroom.

He reaches for her hand.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
He's got a temper -- *arrabiata*, Aldo. That's a fact.

GIUSEPPINA
I can't say nothing. He start to yell.

DICKIE
You didn't see this about him in Italy?

She shakes her head.

GIUSEPPINA
I should have stayed there.

DICKIE
Nah.

GIUSEPPINA
But then never we meet.

They stare at each other.

GIUSEPPINA (CONT'D)
Maybe I was lie to myself.

DICKIE

How?

GIUSEPPINA

Maybe I come to America for America money. But I love him so much at first. But here in America he become...

(searches for the word)

... *figlio di putana*.

DICKIE

I think maybe you still love him.

After a silence --

GIUSEPPINA

You are nice man.

She stretches. Kisses him on the lips.

DICKIE

What's the matter with you?? My wife's right inside!

She says nothing, just meets his gaze.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

You're my father's wife!

GIUSEPPINA

You no want me?

He storms off.

EXT. NEWARK STREET- DOWNTOWN AREA- NIGHT

CLOSE ON: a HAND readying a Molotov cocktail.

WIDEN - HAROLD lights the gasoline-soaked rag, hurls it at a police car. The bottle smashes and the cab of the car bursts into flame. Around Harold, the riot has grown in intensity; gun fire in the air, fires and looting.

Two men carry a Magnavox console TV through a broken store window. Alarms are ringing everywhere.

Police beat looters with nightsticks.

A police car rolls slowly down the street. Behind a National Guard tank.

A woman hurries out of a store with a lamp base. Her 7 year old child hurries behind her with the shade.

DOWN THE STREET, cops shoot a kid running from a store with a case of Jack Daniels. The kid falls, liquor bottles smash.

EXT. ALDO AND DICKIE'S DUPLEX, NEWARK- NIGHT

Aldo goes from the house to the garage. Gets into his car and starts it up. The car idles, Aldo is startled by a face peering at him from outside his driver's side window. Aldo powers down the window.

DICKIE

Where you going?

ALDO

I gotta go down to Rexall. Doc switched my blood thinner.

DICKIE

I'll ride down with you.

Dickie walks around the back of the car, gets in the passenger side. Aldo looks at him.

ALDO

What?

DICKIE

How high did she bounce?

ALDO

What're you talking about?

DICKIE

When you threw her down the stairs.

ALDO

Fuck's it to you?

DICKIE

I'll tell you what the fuck it is to me, you used to throw my mother down the stairs. Didn't like it then. I don't like it now.

ALDO

It's none of your business.

DICKIE

I'm making it my--

ALDO

Some women like that rough stuff.
All that scratching and physical
combat shit. Don't ask me why.
Something fucked up --
(he points to his head)
Up here.

DICKIE

Funny how they're all attracted to
Aldo Moltisanti.

ALDO

Listen. Let's get something
straight between us. You've wanted
to get in her fucking pants since
the day I brought her over here.
Why don't you just skip the Sir
Galahad and go jerk off. I give you
permission to picture her while
you're whacking it.

DICKIE

I promise you, you hurt her again,
I'm gonna take you apart.

ALDO

(turns to him)
You little prick. Who the fuck you
think you're talking to?

DICKIE

You got away with it once. With
mom. But I was a little kid. You're
not gonna get away with it again.

ALDO

I marry sluts. What do I know?

DICKIE PUNCHES ALDO. Aldo's leg jams the accelerator. The car
revs in PARK, going nowhere. Aldo tries to block Dickie from
hitting him again, but Dickie is stronger. As they struggle,
Aldo knocks the shift lever into DRIVE. The car leaps
forward, crashing into the cinder block wall ahead. Aldo's
face slams the steering wheel. The horn SOUNDS.

Dickie smashes Aldo's face again and again against the
steering wheel. The horn TOOTS with each blow. Dickie finally
stops.

Aldo is dead. His face half collapsed. Blood pours from his
nose and his orbital cavity. He slumps over the wheel. Dickie
stares at his father. Feels for a pulse. He was not expecting
this.

We HEAR a far off basketball bouncing.

EXT. ALDO AND DICKIE'S DUPLEX - NIGHT

Tony walks down the sidewalk dribbling the basketball.

INTERCUT - DICKIE

He gets out of the car, comes around to the driver's side, tries to push the body into the passenger seat.

INTERCUT - TONY. He looks up the driveway. Sees a light in the garage. He starts up the driveway, bouncing the ball.

INTERCUT - DICKIE feeling Aldo's heart. Hears the bouncing ball.

TONY (O.S.)
Uncle Dickie?

Dickie panics, shoves Aldo over onto the seat so he's not visible from behind the car. He jumps out.

TONY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Uncle Dick?

Dickie turns out the overhead light.

He exits the garage and pulls down the door; gets it half way shut. He looks straight at Tony, standing right there.

DICKIE
Anthony, what the fuck you doing?

TONY
(shrugs)
Walking home.

JOANNE (O.S.)
Dickie, who blew the horn?

ANGLE - Joanne in the window, in a house dress.

DICKIE (O.S.)
Working on the car.

JOANNE
You want pork chops tonight?

DICKIE
Yeah, that's fine.

TONY
Can I watch you work on the car?

JOANNE
With the apple sauce?

DICKIE
I don't know what sauce! I gotta go
out for a while.

TONY
Can I?

DICKIE
Can you what??

TONY
Watch.

DICKIE
The fuck did I just say, goddamit?
Now go home!

Tony is hurt. Joanne has gone back into the house. Tony watches curiously as Dickie opens the garage door and goes back inside. Tony shrugs and heads home.

INT. ALDO'S CAR- NIGHT

Dickie drives. His father's body lies slumped over in the passenger seat. We hear rattling from the damaged front end.

We are close to the rioting. Fires. National Guard tanks. Mayhem. He pulls up behind a store, sign says "ALDO PLUMBING SUPPLY". The shop is closed.

EXT. ALDO PLUMBING SUPPLY- NIGHT

Dickie gets out of the car. He unlocks the door of the shop. With great difficulty, he hauls Aldo onto the ground and into the shop.

INT. ALDO PLUMBING SUPPLY- NIGHT

Dickie grabs a gasoline can and splashes gasoline around the store and over Aldo. Dickie flicks the wheel of a lighter, tosses it onto the gasoline. He runs out as the building combusts.

EXT. ALDO PLUMBING SUPPLY- NIGHT

Through the doorway, he stares at his father, aflame. His eyes well up. He is filled with horror and disbelief at what he has done.

He disappears down an alley. The shop is consumed in fire.

EXT. NEWARK STREET- NIGHT

A pair of headlights approach. Paulie is driving. The car jerks to a stop, backs up to an appliance store. Paulie and Pussy get out of the car.

SHOP WINDOW. The Lovin' Spoonful is on ten TVs in the window. They walk to the window. Paulie hurls a rock through the window. He and Pussy grab a Motorola portable TV, lug it to the trunk of Paulie's car.

PAULIE

Three guesses who they blame this on.

PUSSY

Uncle Ben's rice.

They think it's funny.

INT. LO MONICO FUNERAL HOME- NEWARK- NIGHT

Aldo's wake in progress. The viewing room is nearly full. Children are there, including Tony and Janice. Tony stares at the coffin.

JANICE

(whispers)

The casket is closed. That means he was all burned up.

TONY

He was always burned up, Uncle Aldo.

JANICE

I dare you to say that louder, moron.

They look over at Dickie who is seated front row at the coffin, staring at it. Next to him is Joanne. And next to Joanne -- the widow, Giuseppina, and an elderly fireplug of a woman dressed in black, AUNT CONCETTA.

ANGLE -- THE BACK DOOR OPENS.

Paulie and Pussy enter with the stolen TV. Some guys are smoking out in the hall, including CARMINE COTUSO, 50.

CARMINE

I gotta talk to Johnny Soprano. The putrescible trash routes.

WISEGUY 1

The Pucillo brothers are making a grab.

WISEGUY 2

You didn't hear?

BUDDHA

Johnny's a guest of the government.

Junior comes over.

JUNIOR

While my brother's away, everything goes through me.

BUDDHA

What do you got, diarrhea?

JUNIOR

What are you, a comedian? This is a wake.

Paulie walks up to Buddha, leaves the TV at his feet.

PAULIE

The three C's I owe you.

BUDDHA

What the fuck? It's supposed to be cash.

PAULIE

That's a Motorola.

He and Pussy head for Aldo's viewing room.

ALDO'S VIEWING ROOM -- Paulie and Pussy go to the casket and cross themselves.

ANGLE -- DICKIE smoking. Joanne next to him.

JOANNE

I still can't believe it.

Dickie is only paying half attention -- we note an exchange of glances between Dickie and Giuseppina.

Dickie stands, crosses to the casket and takes a mass card. Livia approaches him.

LIVIA

Is the widow going back to the old country?

DICKIE

Don't know. For the time being she's moving in with our Aunt Concetta over on Clifton Avenue.

Livia pats him, moves on. Junior has made his way over to Dickie, he hugs him.

JUNIOR

What a blow.

DICKIE

I'm an orphan now.

JUNIOR

You're gonna come through this, kid. I know it seems impossible.

DICKIE

(wiping his eyes)
How did you lose your old msn?

JUNIOR

Three packs a day.

DICKIE

At least you still got your brother. I got nobody.

JUNIOR

Dickie. Consider me your brother from now on.

They hug.

ANGLE -- LIVIA. She sits with Giuseppina and Joanne. She keeps her voice low, shakes her head.

LIVIA

Your father-in-law goes downtown, in the middle of the colored people rioting.

JOANNE

He went down there to board up one of his businesses, Livia. The poor soul.

LIVIA

(to Giuseppina,
sympathetic)

I remember when I first got married, my Johnny got sick with double pneumonia. He lived. But all I could think about was who's gonna take care of me if he dies.

Joanne sighs irritably. Guiseppina doesn't know what Livia is talking about.

ADJOINING VIEWING ROOM -- an old woman's body lies in a casket. A funeral director sets up flowers. Silvio and friends mess with the antenna of the snow-filled TV set.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

(scandalized)

You can't watch television in here.

SILVIO

Vincent, it's the news.

The picture comes in. (ACTUAL HISTORICAL RIOT FOOTAGE).

NEWSCASTER

In Newark tonight, the National Guard and State Troopers appear to be in control and the curfew is being obeyed. President Lyndon Johnson is said to be monitoring the situation closely...

ALDO'S VIEWING ROOM -- Janice passes Junior.

JUNIOR

Where's my, "Hello, Uncle Jun?"

JANICE

Hello, Uncle Jun.

JUNIOR

Where's your brother?

JANICE

He went to see if he can sneak into the room where they do the bodies.

Dickie is talking to an elderly man.

DICKIE

They're never gonna catch those bastards. I told the cop --

TV (O.S.)

"If you like it light with a big taste too, there's only one brew that will do/ When you're out of Schlitz -- you're out of beer."

DICKIE

The fuck?

ADJOINING VIEWING ROOM -- the guys stand around, watching the commercial. Dickie enters in a rage. He kicks the TV in. Glass goes everywhere.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

Fuck's the matter with you? You got no respect for my father? For me? You fucking animals. I wish the niggers had killed you all instead.

CARMINE

(sheepish)

Looks like the riots are ending though, Dick. Least that's good news.

Dickie punches him in the face. Carmine goes down.

GUYS

Dickie! What the fuck! He's a made man. Take it easy!

DICKIE

Anybody else think there's any good news tonight? Cause I don't.

All are in silent shock. Tony has slipped in among the group.

FADE OUT SLOWLY:

EXT. SPRINGFIELD AVENUE- DAY

SUPER: OCTOBER 1967

Several months later. Where the riots occurred. Buildings are charred, windows are boarded up. The place is desolate and depressed.

A black numbers runner takes a bet. Strolls down the sidewalk. BLACK SATANS led by Leon Overall appear and beat him mercilessly, take his money.

INT. COURT ROOM- DAY

Johnny stands before the judge's bench.

JUDGE

John Francis Soprano, I hereby sentence you to no more than five and no less than two years in Rahway State Prison.

The gavel sounds. As Livia begins to loudly cry --

EXT. SOPRANO HOUSE- NEWARK- DAY

Janice and Tony are on the front porch watching a parade.

ANGLE: PROCESSION. ANTHONY IMPERIALE, "The White Knight", leader of an Italian brownshirt organization. (Historic figure). He rides a white stallion, microphone in hand. We also see a BANNER, "NORTH WARD FIRST AID SQUAD". He is followed by several cars and twenty or so white men on foot carrying bats and a few guns. (Actual speech).

ANTHONY IMPERIALE

Citizens of the North Ward, from now on, when the black panther comes, the white hunter will be waiting.

(amid cheering)

Martin Luther Coon would have you believe that the negro has gotten a bad deal, but in fact, he has devoured our resources and has dragged down our beautiful city of Newark. Loyal Americans, are you for law and order?

We see Junior and Buddha marching along, cheering.

INT. RAHWAY STATE PRISON- VISITING ROOM- DAY

Dickie sits waiting. He is nervous, smoking, unshaven, looks like crap. Prison GUARD brings in an elderly lifer with a buzz cut. This is Aldo's brother, SALVATORE "SALLY" MOLTISANTI. He has a little of the affect of a Zen master.

DICKIE
 Uncle Sally, I'm Dickie. Aldo's
 boy.

No response.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
 How are you ?

No response.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry, I know I never came to
 visit you before. My father
 wouldn't allow it.

Still no response.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
 I came to tell you -- your brother,
 my dad, he passed. In the riots.

Nothing from Sally.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
 I brought you some *shfooyadel'*.

Sally slides it back to Dickie.

SALLY
 I don't eat dairy.

DICKIE
 Oh.

SALLY
 What do you want?

DICKIE
 You being out here isolated, out of
 contact with the family. My old man
 said you deserved to be shunned.
 But I want to do whatever I can to
 help you from now on. It wasn't
 right.

SALLY
 When I was twenty-five, I murdered
 a made man. In our own family. So
 it is right I'm in here, pally. You
 don't need to help me.

(beat)
 What do you want, Richard?

DICKIE

I'll be honest with you, I want to do a good deed.

SALLY

Miles. Birth Of The Cool.

DICKIE

What?

SALLY

A record. I'm a jazz nut. Bring me a copy next time you come. If you come.

Sally rises, walks out with the guard.

INT. EMPTY APARTMENT- ITALIAN SECTION- DAY

Dickie and Giuseppina are being shown a bare apartment by a BUILDING MANAGER (female, 40s).

BUILDING MANAGER

Heat and water are included. You pay electric and phone.

GIUSEPPINA

Como si bello.
(corrects herself)
Is so beautiful.

DICKIE

Good girl.
(to the manager)
Can you give us a few minutes?

Manager exits. Dickie sits on the bare wood floor, motions for Giuseppina to join. She cuddles next to him.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

So: you've been a bad Giuseppina.

GIUSEPPINA

Giuseppina is a good girl.

DICKIE

Concetta says you've been looking for a job.

GIUSEPPINA

(beams)
I find one.

(MORE)

GIUSEPPINA (CONT'D)
At Maniscalco brothers' beauty
parlor. I cut hair in Ariano.

DICKIE
You don't need that. I'm gonna keep
taking care of you.

GIUSEPPINA
But I like to work, Dickie. And
America has so many work. Some day
I want to have my own salon.

DICKIE
Well you're not gonna work for
those two fags, the Maniscalcos.

She looks at him, confused.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
Finooks. How's that make me look,
you sweeping up hair?

She kisses him. It's prolonged and loving.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
Let's go down to Bamberger's, get
some furniture. Whatever you like.

She doesn't understand. He gestures --

DICKIE (CONT'D)
Couch. Tables. Chairs.

Giuseppina gets it, smiles.

GIUSEPPINA
Pots and pan, too?

DICKIE
Soup to nuts.

GIUSEPPINA
Sure, I make-a soup.

DICKIE
Chico Marx over here.

GIUSEPPINA
What's that?

DICKIE
That, is a man. He-a speak-a like-a
you.

She socks him.

GIUSEPPINA
He's Italian?

DICKIE
No. Jewish.

GIUSEPPINA
I see Jewish on the bus here. With
the -- (pats her head)

DICKIE
Hats. Yeah, that's America. We got
everything here. Even the Africans
come along with the load. All
types.

GIUSEPPINA
Aunt Concetta she say, when she was
una ragazza -- sorry, little girl.
The blacks and Italians both live
very poor.

DICKIE
Yeah, but we raised ourselves up
out of it. They don't.

GIUSEPPINA
I never go back. I happy in
America.

A quiet moment. Both lost in their thoughts.

She kisses him. Pushes him back down onto the floor. Climbs
on top to straddle him as she lowers her underwear beneath
her skirt. The building manager KNOCKS on the door.

DICKIE
Motherfucker.

Giuseppina chuckles.

GIUSEPPINA
I like that word. Motherfucker.

EXT. CATHOLIC SCHOOL- DAY

Tony Soprano stands on the steps, ARTIE BUCCO (9) by his
side. A lintel above them reads "ST. AGATHA ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL". A girl approaches. Hands Tony a quarter.

Artie takes down her bet in a black & white Composition book.

GIRL
18. Paul's birthday.

ARTIE
We don't take Beatle birthdays.

TONY
We'd go broke.

GIRL
Make it 8. Mickey Dolenz.

BOY
(hands over a quarter)
I dreamed about Whitey Ford last
night. He wears number sixteen.

INT. BAND PRACTICE- NEXT DAY

INTERCOM ANNOUNCEMENTS. Students tune their instruments.

INTERCOM
-- the boys' basketball team is
playing St. Stephens this
afternoon. Come on out and show
your support for your Bobcats. The
high temperature today will be 53
degrees. The total number of
absentees is sixteen.

BOY
Sixteen! I hit the number!

INT. SOPRANO HOUSE- STAIRCASE- DAY

Dickie and Livia are talking in hushed tones.

LIVIA
You gotta talk to him, you're the
only one he listens to.

DICKIE
Johnny should do it. You're gonna
see him Sunday.

LIVIA
Johnny's just gonna want to hit
him, and he can't because of the
partition and he's just gonna get
frustrated.

INT. TONY'S BEDROOM- DAY

Tony lies on his bed in his PJs, reading Classic Comics', IVANHOE. Above him on the wall are side-by-side pictures -- Frank Gifford, as well as Alfred E. Neuman on the cover of Mad Magazine.

Dickie enters without knocking.

DICKIE
What're you reading?

Tony holds up the Classic Comic.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
Can't you read a regular comic book?

TONY
(shrugs)
It's about some Jewish girl and a knight and Robin Hood's in it.

DICKIE
I didn't know they had Jews back then.

TONY
Well, the Bible...

DICKIE
Listen, your mother asked me to talk to you.

TONY
What? About getting suspended from school?

Tony picks up Ivanhoe again.

DICKIE
Put that down.

TONY
Sor-ree.

DICKIE
Look, you and I are partners. You know I don't like to lean on you about stuff, but you can't start a gambling operation at school.

TONY
I know that, now.

DICKIE

Don't bullshit me. You always knew it. And it's not just the gambling, it's everything. The cherry bombs at the YMCA, letting the air out of Mrs. Russo's tires --

TONY

I apologized to her!

DICKIE

You want to be on the football team in high school and you're smoking already? You gotta have a better attitude. And with your father gone, your mother's got a lot on her plate. You got to be good. I don't wanna have to go through this again.

TONY

I try to be good.

DICKIE

I don't think so. Try harder.

Dickie's moods lightens. He extends his little finger --

DICKIE (CONT'D)

Pinkie swear?

TONY

(rolls his eyes)
Jesus, man.

DICKIE

You don't talk to me like that. You see? You're not listening.

TONY

Fine. Pinkie swear.

They link pinkies. Dickie turns to leave --

TONY (CONT'D)

My dad doesn't try very hard to be good.

DICKIE

You'd be surprised.

TONY

One time when my dad was getting arrested, I saw the cops shoot a friend of his right in the back.

DICKIE

Chickie Sasso.

TONY

I don't want that to happen to me.

DICKIE

You gotta use your head. You gotta see that it don't.

INT. BAR- DAY

A shithole. CAMERA moves toward a sign -- MENS ROOM.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Harold stomps a Black Satan, LEWIS. Harold's wingman, Cyril, holds him down.

HAROLD

Where the fuck is Leon Overall?

LEWIS

Fuck you, man.

HAROLD

(out of breath)

Fuck me?

Harold points at a toilet brush.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Cyril, gimme that thing.

Harold grabs the spindly, filthy toilet brush, dips it in the fetid water, moves it to Lewis's face.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

You didn't brush your teeth this morning.

LEWIS

No! Wait --

HAROLD

Where's Leon?

Lewis doesn't know what to do. Harold brings the dripping toilet brush closer.... closer... closer...

LEWIS

No!

... into Lewis's mouth.

INT. LIQUOR STORE- DAY

Harold, in a raincoat, enters, goes up to the clerk. Cyril stands behind him.

HAROLD

Leon?

The clerk points with his chin to the back room. Harold moves toward it. Takes a sawed-off shotgun from under the raincoat.

Cyril pulls a gun on the clerk to keep him in place.

INT. LIQUOR STORE- BACK ROOM- DAY

Harold bursts into the room -- Leon and two other Black Satans are getting high. Harold fires a blast, but Leon is already darting for the rear exit. Harold's round hits one of the other gang members. Leon darts out the back, Harold fires at him but only splinters the doorframe.

EXT. REAR OF LIQUOR STORE- CONTINUOUS

Leon runs down the alley.

EXT. FRONT OF LIQUOR STORE- CONTINUOUS

Cyril runs for the car. Another gang member comes fleeing from the rear of the building. Cyril sees him, aims a pistol and shoots him down.

EXT. REAR OF LIQUOR STORE- CONTINUOUS

Cyril screeches up in Harold's car. Leon has vanished. Harold piles into the car.

INT. HAROLD'S CAR- DAY

Harold sits passenger as Cyril drives, both scoping the neighborhood.

ANGLE -- STREET

HAROLD'S POV: a black kid swaggers down the street. Harold raises his shotgun -- is about to pull the trigger.

CYRIL
That ain't him!

EXT. ARMY RECRUITING STATION- DAY

Leon, panting, spots a young man coming out. He gets an idea, slips inside.

INT. ARMY RECRUITING STATION- DAY

Leon enters out of breath. The RECRUITER sees him, waves him over.

RECRUITER
Come on in, son. Sit down.

Leon complies, looking nervously at the door.

INT. HAROLD'S CAR- DAY

Harold spots the recruiting station. Thinks he sees Leon in the window.

HAROLD
Hold on, back up a second.

Cyril backs the car up. Harold gets out of the car. He strides to the door, shotgun at his side.

INT. ARMY RECRUITING STATION- DAY

LEON
(vamping)
Would I for sure go to Vietnam?
Like my dream?

RECRUITER
Have you heard about the GI Bill?

LEON
Yeah. College. Sure.

He looks nervously at the door.

LEON (CONT'D)
I'm thinking about being a
scientist.

Harold enters. Leon wheels around --

RECRUITER
(to Harold)
Wait over there, son.

At the same time Leon dives to the floor, the shotgun BLASTS.
Leon is hit in the face. Blood splatters witnesses. Harold
turns the shotgun on the recruiter --

RECRUITER (CONT'D)
(hands raised)
Please! This war wasn't my idea.

Harold is already out the door.

EXT. ARMY RECRUITING STATION- DAY

Harold piles in the car, it screeches off.

INT. RAHWAY STATE PRISON- VISITING ROOM- DAY

Dickie waits, his fingers drumming on some brand new vinyl. A
GUARD brings in Uncle Sally. He sits facing.

DICKIE
I brought you that record you
wanted, plus a couple others I
picked out.

Sally sorts through. Studies an album.

SALLY
What's this?

DICKIE
Al Hirt. Trumpet. He's on Carson
all the time.

SALLY
Take it back. These too.

Sally keeps the Miles Davis record. Dickie lights a smoke.
Sally declines.

SALLY (CONT'D)
So. You did your good deed.

DICKIE

Don't put it like that. I plan to do a lot more.

Silence. Then Sally sighs philosophically.

SALLY

Your poor father, eh? He goes down to board up that legit business he had -- and he dies in that horrible way.

(beat)

Odd though.

DICKIE

What 'odd'?

SALLY

His hands were pink and soft. Like a baby's *pisciadeel*'. Always with the manicures.

DICKIE

What's your point?

SALLY

He never touched a hammer or a nail or a board in his life.

Sally gives Dickie a penetrating stare. Dickie shifts around uncomfortably.

DICKIE

You think somebody else killed him, besides those fucking rioters?

SALLY

I didn't say that.

Sally shrugs deeply, comically. Dickie stares.

SALLY (CONT'D)

What's your problem today?

After a beat.

DICKIE

Huh? My wife. She can't get pregnant. It takes a toll. I want a son so bad.

SALLY

How old is she?

DICKIE

Thirty.

(beat)

What would you do?

SALLY

It's the wanting.

DICKIE

Huh?

SALLY

The Buddhists'll tell you. All life is pain. Pain comes from always wanting things.

DICKIE

A son is not a thing.

SALLY

It's the wanting.

INT. QUEEN IZOLA'S BROTHEL- BEDROOM- NIGHT

BLACKNESS. A light goes on. FIND HAROLD, asleep. Queen Izola comes in with a bottle of liquor.

HAROLD

Izola, turn that light off. I'm trying to sleep.

QUEEN

That's why I got you a drink, baby.

Harold twists and turns in the bed.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

What is the matter with you?

HAROLD

Fucking Dickie Moltisanti. Always has me do the nasty work.

QUEEN

Usual ofay bullshit. He's made you his house nigger.

Queen Izola picks up a well-worn magazine. On the cover is a young black soldier in combat gear. CAPTION "THE NEGRO IN VIETNAM" (a real Time Magazine cover, May 1967). Queen Izola lights a cigarette and reads.

Harold snatches the magazine, stares at it a moment, tosses it back at her.

HAROLD

Put it away and turn off the light.

She turns off the light. They lie in darkness. After a long silence --

HAROLD (CONT'D)

The army won't take me. I was gonna join up, but I got two felony convictions.

QUEEN

Take you?

HAROLD

I went by the recruiting station today and it made me think.

QUEEN

Have you lost your mind?

HAROLD

I always wanted to enlist.

QUEEN

Brothers doing all the dying over there. We don't need no more.

Harold reaches out and Izola cringes, thinking he was going to hit her. But all he does is turn the light on.

HAROLD

Somebody's gonna win the Medal of Honor.

She starts to laugh.

QUEEN

Not a black man. Please. Baby you are a riot tonight.

HAROLD

War. That's what creates a man.

She turns the light back off. After awhile she hears a sound.

QUEEN

You crying, baby?

INT. CLUB SILHOUETTE- NIGHT

Goomah night. Room is filled with wise guys and their mistresses. On stage, the guitarist-and-drum-combo finishes playing. Applause from the crowd.

Dickie is in a booth with his arm around Giuseppina. Also there are Paulie Walnuts and his girlfriend, and Pussy, solo.

PAULIE

Pussy, where's Marion tonight?

PUSSY

Migraine.

DICKIE

Again with the migraine?

PAULIE

Keep a close eye on that one. She keeps disappearing, she's probably fucking some Tom, Dick & Harry. Found a new gravy train.

GUITARIST

Guy checks into a hotel, calls up the front desk. "I gotta leak in the sink." Clerk says, "Go ahead, customer's always right."

Big laugh now from the crowd.

PAULIE

(shouting)

That was funnier when Henny Youngman told it!

PUSSY

Why do they call it a gravy train?

DICKIE

Puss', guy tells you your girlfriend's fucking somebody else and you're thinking about the meaning of gravy train?

PAULIE

They named it after the dog food.

Harold and Cyril enter the club. Cyril heads to the bar. Harold joins the group at the booth.

PUSSY

Ho it's Hopalong Cass-a-deech.

HAROLD
Whatever the fuck that means.

PAULIE
Your language. There's ladies here.

Paulie is interrupted by a waiter coming over.

WAITER
What can I get you?

HAROLD
Courvoisier and coke, water back.

PUSSY
Oof. That what they drink on the
plantation?

HAROLD
You didn't hear? We're off the
plantation. We got wops digging our
ditches since the 1920s.

Pussy glowers. Dickie motions for Harold to follow him.

DICKIE
Come here.

Harold follows Dickie to a quiet corner of the bar.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
The fuck you doing, man? There's a
murder warrant out for you.

HAROLD
I'm gonna head down to North
Carolina.

DICKIE
So where's your mule? Get going.

HAROLD
I just wanted to give you the last
envelope. And set you up with my
man Cyril here. He's gonna be
taking over for me --

DICKIE
So why didn't you send him with the
money? Cops're all over this.

HAROLD
Maybe I wanted to say goodbye.

Harold stares at Giuseppina over in the booth. She reciprocates.

DICKIE
I'm touched. Goodbye.

Dickie clocks the by-play between Giuseppina and Harold. Harold and Cyril leave. We follow Dickie back over to his booth. He stands over Giuseppina, tilts her face toward him, slightly threatening.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
You can't stare at those people.
They don't like it.

EXT. STREET- BLOOMFIELD, NEW JERSEY- DAY

Artie and Tony hang out in front of an ice cream parlor. Artie smokes. He offers Tony a cigarette. Tony waves it away.

ARTIE
You know, Ton', we can still run that numbers game at the fucking CYO.

TONY
I got fucking suspended. I can't get in fucking trouble again.

ARTIE
Fucking school would never know.

TONY
I want to make it to the NFL. Fucking Giants. But first I gotta go to college. I gotta watch my ass.

ARTIE
My old man told me I'm gonna fucking run his restaurant when I grow up. What does your old man say?

TONY
He says we're gonna fucking rob your old man's restaurant.

They laugh.

TONY (CONT'D)
He don't fucking talk about the future.

ARTIE

I was you, I'd wanna be like him.
Or your Uncle Dickie. He's fucking
cooler than shit that guy. How he
fucking dresses.

TONY

He said he'd give me five hundred
fucking dollars if I graduate high
school.

Artie offers him a draw on his cigarette. Tony takes a drag,
inhales deeply. He broods.

ARTIE

(laughs)

Look at you, you don't know what to
do with your fucking life.

They move off into the ice cream parlor. CAMERA MOVES BACK --

Reveals that it is HOLSTEN'S (the series' audience will
recognize this as the last place Tony Soprano was ever seen).

EXT. HIGHWAY- DAWN

A Trailways bus rolls through the pinewoods of North
Carolina. Harold sleeps, head against the window.

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA BUS STOP- DAY

A wheeze of air brakes. Harold gets off the bus. His wife,
WYNETTA, is there with five children ages 3-12. They burst
with excitement.

KIDS

Daddy! Daddy!

He picks up one in each arm, crosses to Wynetta, gives her a
kiss.

HAROLD

I missed you, baby.

He hands his wife a wad of bills.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

No need to wire it this week, you
got me in the flesh.

WYNETTA

You are my handsome man.

EXT. ALDO AND DICKIE'S DUPLEX, NEWARK- DAY

A light snow falls. Dickie stands on his front lawn without a coat, smoking. He stares at a truck parked in the driveway with the sign, "WE BUY USED FURNITURE". Movers carry Aldo's furniture out of what used to be Aldo's house.

CLOSE ON - DICKIE. Grim, haunted.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. SOPRANO HOUSE- NEWARK- DAY

SUPER: SEPTEMBER 1971, FOUR YEARS LATER

Find Dickie alone smoking on the Soprano lawn. He wears the same expression when we last saw him four years ago.

ANGLE - TONY, now 13, a linebacker with longish hair and bellbottoms, coming out the front door.

TONY

Uncle Dickie -- come on, they're almost here. You gotta get in and hide.

Dickie turns to head inside. Grabs Tony in a headlock as they climb the stairs.

DICKIE

Anthony, you go see *Dirty Harry*, like I told you?

TONY

"You gotta ask yourself, do you feel lucky?"

DICKIE

"Well do you, punk?"

INT. JUNIOR'S CAR- DAY

Johnny Soprano, looking older, is in the passenger seat as they drive through Johnny's neighborhood. Johnny looks at fig trees clothed in burlap to protect from the frost.

JOHNNY

Madonn', I missed these fig trees.

JUNIOR
Nothing changes.

Johnny spots something ahead, a black family, newly moved-in on the Soprano block.

JOHNNY
Nothing changes? What the fuck is this?

INT. SOPRANO HOUSE- DAY

Jammed with family and friends, hiding behind couches etc. The dining table laden with food, and a banner -- WELCOME HOME JOHNNY.

Johnny and Junior come in the front door.

CROWD
Welcome home!

JOHNNY
(sotto; to Junior)
Jesus Christ, all I want to do is bang my old lady and go to sleep.

He is quickly surrounded by people shaking his hand and back-slapping. He musters a lackluster smile.

PAULIE
Let 'm through.

He's making a path for Livia who is trailed by Janice (now a 17 year old hippie), Tony and 4 year old Barbara. Livia kisses Johnny.

LIVIA
Johnny. Did the surprise work?

JOHNNY
I'll tell you what surprised me. There's shines on the block.

LIVIA
(trying hard, pats his stomach)
Look. Not a pound. A regular Charlton Heston.

JOHNNY
You come visit me, you don't tell me there's spooks moved in? On my street.

LIVIA
He's a doctor.

PAULIE
He's not operating on me. Heh, heh.

LIVIA
(sotto, to Johnny)
Do you have to berate me in front
of everybody? Just like always.

JOHNNY
(waves her away)
A va Napola.

She runs off. Janice approaches Johnny, gives him a hug.

JANICE
Hi, dad.

JOHNNY
The hell you got on? You go
upstairs right now, put on some
decent clothes.

JOANNE
Johnny. It's what they're wearing
nowadays.

JOHNNY
Go do what I said.
(picks up Barbara)
You recognize your daddy, punkin?

Tony and Dickie, standing close together.

TONY
Hey, dad.

Dickie play-punches Tony on the chin.

DICKIE
What's the matter with you? Go give
your father a proper hello,
baciagalup.

Tony crosses to Johnny, they embrace warmly.

TONY
I missed you, dad.

Livia is back in the room, crying.

LIVIA

I made your favorite *pizza gain'* even though it's not Easter! I got everybody together, dressed up, and you spit on it all, on me. I didn't invite the coloreds onto the block.

JOHNNY

Here we go...

DICKIE

Livia, give him a break. He just did five years.

INT. DINING ROOM- SOPRANO HOUSE- DAY

LATER. People finish dinner. The mood has somewhat improved.

JOHNNY

(to Livia)

I missed your gravy, baby.

LIVIA

It's the veal bones.

JOHNNY

(to Tony)

And you, chooch, you're gonna be a linebacker.

TONY

Coach says I'm gonna be starting.

JOHNNY

(tousles his hair, to the others)

Starting. And he's only a freshman.

This makes Tony feel great. Joanne comes out carrying a smiling, bouncing infant, CHRISTOPHER MOLTISANTI.

JOANNE

Here he is. Fresh from his nap.

The women coo.

DICKIE

Joanne honey, he hasn't met Johnny.

Joanne carries the baby over.

JOANNE

Johnny, this is our Christopher.

JOHNNY
 (shakes his little hand)
 Hello, Christopher. Nice to meet
 you. I'm your Uncle Johnny. I'm
 back from England.

DICKIE
 Finally, huh, John? I got myself a
 son.

JOHNNY
 (turns to the crowd)
 Look how good-looking. Didn't get
 that from his old man.

Tony comes toward the baby, jiggles his fingers.

TONY
 Hi, Christopher. Hello.

Baby Christopher breaks out crying.

TONY (CONT'D)
 What's the matter? Don't cry. It's
 only me. Coo-chee-coo.

The baby squalls louder.

JOANNE
 Every time you get near him he
 cries like this.

TONY
 I didn't do anything!

The baby is shaking, kicking his feet. Screaming
 uncontrollably. Joanne walks a few steps away from Tony. The
 baby immediately quiets. IRIS, Junior's girlfriend, leans in.

IRIS
 Look at that.

TONY
 I don't know what it is. It's like
 I scare him or something.

OLD AUNT
 They say some babies when they come
 into the world, know all kinds of
 things. From the other side.

PAULIE
 Yeah, like what?

OLD AUNT
The future.

Tony stares at baby Christopher.

INT. SOPRANO HOUSE- KITCHEN- LATER

The women do dishes, clean up.

LIVIA
Don't get me wrong, I'm glad their
father's back. I can't control
them. They don't listen to me.
Especially Janice.

IRIS
She's just at that age.

LIVIA
No, there's something wrong with
that daughter of mine.

Junior enters the room.

JUNIOR
Come on, Iris, let's hit the road.
Tom Jones on Hollywood Palace.

JOANNE
I love, *It's Not Unusual*.

Junior exits. ANOTHER WOMAN sings the song.

WOMAN
*It's not unusual to be loved by
anyone --*

IRIS
Except in my case.

The women all laugh.

LIVIA
What are you talking about? Junior
loves you.

IRIS
(whispers to Livia)
Yeah well, he never sticks anything
in, he just plays around -- you
know, down there.

LIVIA
With his hands?

IRIS
With his tongue, too.

LIVIA
(wishfully)
Johnny never does that.

IRIS
You think it's great but Junior --
just doesn't like to screw.

INT. SOPRANO HOUSE- LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Junior walks toward the coat closet. A small group of kids and adults watch an old gangster movie on Million Dollar Movie -- KEY LARGO.

HUMPHREY BOGART
He knows what he wants, don't you Rocco?

EDWARD G. ROBINSON
Well I want, uh...

HUMPHREY BOGART
He wants more... don't you, Rocco?

EDWARD G. ROBINSON
Yeah, that's it! More! That's right, I want more.

INT. NUTLEY HAIR SALON- DAY

A small beauty parlor in an Italian neighborhood. Giuseppina, Dickie and ANGIE DE CARLO (the owner) sit around a small table examining the books. Dickie points to a column.

DICKIE
And this is the Net-Net for the last quarter? Pretty good.

ANGIE
So why am I selling, you're gonna ask --

DICKIE
No, I'm not. You have your reasons.

GIUSEPPINA

It's good, right, Dickie? Cash business.

DICKIE

Sure, and Nutley's a happening town. What's the deal on the lease?

GIUSEPPINA

I read it. There is six and a half years still, only 2 *per cento* increase every year.

DICKIE

(to Giuseppina, taps his temple)

Good girl. At the end of six years, you'll be doing gangbusters here.

(to Angie)

I like what I see. Let me take the contracts, have my lawyer look 'em over. I'll get back to you.

EXT. TABERNACLE- CENTRAL WARD- NIGHT

Poster "TONITE -- AMIRI BARAKA -- BLACK ART AND OTHER POEMS"

INT. TABERNACLE- CENTRAL WARD- DAY

ON STAGE, is AMIRI BARAKA (*a real figure, formerly LeRoi Jones*), radical black poet and playwright, speaking to a black audience. FIND Harold and Cyril listening.

AMIRI BARAKA

(actual quote)

"And it's not only that poor woman on the street deciding whether she should go for that prostitution or not. But also ALL of us, ALL the black people have to be aware of that, there's always some white man getting ready to make a prostitute out of you, you see. To fuck you, you know. So you always watching out for THAT. Because the only thing they want to do is USE your energy, that's all, to keep their thing going, that's what they want. That's all. No matter what they say."

EXT. "FLATS FIXED"- DAY

A rag-tag used tire store and yard. A small beat up trailer serves as the office. There are stacks of tires around.

An employee is jacking up a car, changing a tire. Harold is shooting craps up against a wall with Cyril and some other friends. They all have afro hair cuts. Cyril sports beads and a Dashiki. Cyril's turn, he rolls.

CYRIL

Hi lo yo.
(he craps out)
Motherfucker!

It's Harold's turn. He picks up the dice -- A HORN BLOWS. He looks up, sees Dickie's coral pink, late model Cadillac convertible roaring into the lot. Giuseppina in the passenger seat. Tony and Artie in the back seat.

DICKIE

Hopalong Cass-a-deech!

HAROLD

(mutters)
Fuck.

He walks over to the convertible. Leans in the passenger side, close to Giuseppina. Dickie sings --

DICKIE

*In Dixieland I'll take my stand/
To live and die in Dixie/*

GIUSEPPINA

There's a song about you?

DICKIE

Dixie. Not Dickie.
(beat)
How's it going, Harold? Cyril,
how's your ass? Taking my nephew to
the Yankee game.

Artie surreptitiously mimes an ample set of breasts, looking at Giuseppina, and acts like he's passing out. Tony laughs.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

(sharply)
Something funny back there?

ARTIE

Sorry, Uncle Dick.

Dickie whirls around, slaps Artie in the face, frightening him.

ARTIE (CONT'D)
No really, I am sorry.

Tony gives Artie an angry elbow.

TONY
(sotto voce)
Fucking douchebag.

ARTIE
Me? You laughed, douchebag.

DICKIE
(to Harold)
I heard your ass was back here. But you still got that murder warrant over your head?

HAROLD
Lead detective died. Nobody gives a shit. Now if Leon Overall had been a white boy, whole different story.

During this, Harold's eyes have been paying too much attention to Giuseppina. Her eyes are straying back at him, too. Dickie catches the glances.

DICKIE
Harold, how about you come around, talk to me over here.

Harold struts around to the driver's side.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
When you gonna come back and work for me?

HAROLD
I got a few things of my own percolating.

DICKIE
(re craps)
Yeah, I can see.

Dickie pulls out his wad of cash, takes a \$100 bill --

DICKIE (CONT'D)
While you're waiting for that Maxwell House to boil...

Palms it to Harold. Dickie drives off --

Harold and Giuseppina exchange quick glances as the Caddy speeds away. Cyril comes up to Harold.

CYRIL

How much he give you?

HAROLD

(holds up the bill)

Like I'm a fucking Pullman porter.

CYRIL

Man, that's a hundred dollars!

HAROLD

You were at the meeting. You heard what the brother said. Always some white man ready to make a ho out of you. This fucking guinea, that's always what he's up to.

GAMBLER

Preach.

HAROLD

He wants me to come back to work for him.

(re the \$100 bill)

But this decides me. I'll tell you what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna start my own book.

CYRIL

You're gonna do what?

HAROLD

We're gonna start the first black numbers game. The Queen be my banker. We put all those nickels, dimes and quarters in our own black motherfucking pockets. In time there's millions. I worked out every single angle on it while I was down home.

CYRIL

Nigga, you talking about facing down the motherfucking mafia.

HAROLD

What's the matter, you're not a soldier?

CYRIL

I never thought about myself that way.

HAROLD

Well think about it. This gonna be like a war -- and it's passed due. Like brother Baraka said.

INT. GIUSEPPINA'S APARTMENT- KITCHEN/ LIVING ROOM- DAY

The same apartment that was empty back in '67. Now sweetly decorated. Dickie is at the table in a robe, eating sausage and peppers that Giuseppina serves him. She's in lingerie, high-heeled shoes. He's reading contracts.

GIUSEPPINA

There's just one thing I want to make better, Dickie. New sinks. Those are disgust.

DICKIE

We can do that. Sure.

(beat)

This is some excellent *salsich'*.

(beat)

I am worried about the fucking boiler though. Looked like hell.

GIUSEPPINA

We have to get a new one.

DICKIE

Well that's the thing about remodeling. You start with one thing, then you go, "We might as well do this other thing while we're at it." It spins outta control.

GIUSEPPINA

Oh. OK. I keep the sinks.

DICKIE

(mouth full)

We don't want to be pouring good money after bad.

GIUSEPPINA

Can you stop eating for one minute.

(in Italian, subtitled)

So we can talk without your mouth stuffed?

He puts his knife and fork down.

DICKIE
I'm all fucking ears.

GIUSEPPINA
So we not gonna buy it for me, the
beauty parlor?

DICKIE
All I'm saying, I don't want us
walking into a stupid situation.

GIUSEPPINA
You think I'm stupid?

DICKIE
Let me ask you, what are you, on
the rag?

GIUSEPPINA
Every time I say something you
don't like, you ask me if I am
mestruazion'.
(beat)
First you tell me to find a store I
can turn into beauty parlor. I do
that. You say it looks good. Then
you say, "No, let's buy a place
already a beauty parlor." So I find
this place. Now, the boiler.

DICKIE
Sweetheart, why are we arguing over
fucking plumbing? I always want to
do right by you. I love you.

GIUSEPPINA
(in Italian)
*You don't love me as much as I love
you.*

DICKIE
You know I don't speak Italian.

GIUSEPPINA
Maybe you could learn.

She gets up and heads to her bedroom.

DICKIE
Where are you going?

GIUSEPPINA

To put on a robe, I'm cold.

Dickie watches after her. Bites more sausage. Gets up.

INT. BEDROOM- DAY

Dickie enters. Giuseppina is on the bed smoking. He picks up his pants, starts to dress.

GIUSEPPINA

Better hurry up. Pot roast night.

DICKIE

Right. You know Wednesdays I gotta go home.

(she doesn't answer)

What are you getting so pissy about?

GIUSEPPINA

Why did I make the sausage?

DICKIE

To make me happy? Because I love it?

GIUSEPPINA

But it's not as delicious as fucking Joanne's goddamn pot roast.

DICKIE

Digging at Joanne again.

GIUSEPPINA

I hate her.

DICKIE

Of course you do. And vice versa. It's only natural.

GIUSEPPINA

Go home and eat. I don't want the beauty salon.

DICKIE

Va fangool.

GIUSEPPINA

Motherfucker.

He just leaves.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD- DAY

Tony on defense. Opposing team has possession. SNAP. Hand off to half back, he passes one defender, then another. As Tony gets close to tackle him, an offensive lineman knocks Tony down, allowing the runner to pass him.

Tony gets up off the ground, chases the runner all the way down the field, tackles him on the 3 yard line. CROWD goes crazy.

His eyes fall on a young blonde girl in the stands, wearing a West Orange varsity jacket. He stares. She smiles.

HER GIRLFRIEND

He's looking at you, Carmela.

CARMELA

I know.

Tony smiles at the crowd. Glorifying in his accomplishment.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL- DAY

Dickie and Tony leave the game in Dickie's convertible.

DICKIE

Hell of a game, partner. Nobody scored on you.

TONY

Yeah. Wish my dad had been here to see it.

DICKIE

Not his fault he's spending the weekend in jail. That lady cut him off.

TONY

Did your dad come to your games and stuff?

DICKIE

You kidding? He was too exhausted from beating the shit out of me.

TONY

(laughs)

Uncle Aldo did that?

DICKIE

Oof.

(beat)

Everybody hits their kids? But you--
you don't do that when you get
married.

TONY

(takes it in)

I'll remember that.

DICKIE

And you never lay a hand on your
wife.

TONY

OK.

(beat)

My cousin Tony Blundetto? Him and
his old man got in an actual fight,
and he took his dad!

DICKIE

(somber)

Oh yeah?

TONY

Yeah, huh?

EXT. SOPRANO HOUSE- WEST ORANGE- DAY

Dickie's car pulls up to a nice ranch house in the suburbs.

DICKIE

Nice place.

TONY

I miss my friends from Clifton
Avenue.

Dickie takes out an envelope.

DICKIE

I gotta go meet your old man in
Aruba. Do me a favor, give this
envelope to a guy named Pee Wee De
Curtis at Bowlmore Lanes. In
Belleville.

TONY

OK. But why don't you just do it?

DICKIE

Don't ask me questions. Just bring
it.

Tony gets out. Dickie drives off.

INT. HOLIDAY INN- BAR- DAY

Harold and Giuseppina sits in a dark corner. There is nothing
but silence. And trucks roaring by on the highway outside.

HAROLD

All that google eyes we doing, it's
amazing we got nothing to say to
each other.

GIUSEPPINA

I no can believe I'm here.

HAROLD

(caresses her hand)
You're nervous.

GIUSEPPINA

I'm going to leave.

HAROLD

I booked a room.

More silence.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Nothing to talk about. That's not
like me.

(beat)

Usually I can talk all day.

GIUSEPPINA

(beat)

Let's go to the room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM- DAY

Harold and Giuseppina are having sex. They finish.

GIUSEPPINA

I thought it would be different.

HAROLD

What?

GIUSEPPINA
Make love with a black man.

HAROLD
Is it?

GIUSEPPINA
No.

HAROLD
(scorn)
What about Italian men? You always hear all this stuff about Dean Martin, Rossano Brazzi, how they're great lovers.

GIUSEPPINA
If you feed them.

HAROLD
Gotta give Dickie his meatballs and noodles, huh?

GIUSEPPINA
I'm Dickie's *goomar*. Dickie and his friends, they like their women to stay at home, don't go out. Wait on them hand and feets.

HAROLD
I got plans. When I make my stash, my wife wants to have a beauty parlor, go ahead. Knock yourself out. I back it.

GIUSEPPINA
You want your woman to work?

HAROLD
No but I'd be real proud of her for owning a business. My momma always had to work. Even just cleaning other people's toilets. I respected her for that.

GIUSEPPINA
Dickie says colored men don't have no head for making money.

HAROLD
Well that's what we're gonna find out.

INT. BOWLMORE LANES- DAY

Tony and Artie are at the counter, standing opposite PEE WEE DE CURTIS, the owner of Bowlmore Lanes.

TONY
My uncle, Dickie Moltisanti, said
to give this to you.

PEE WEE
Tell him, "Thank you."

Pee Wee looks around, pockets the envelope. The boys start to leave.

PEE WEE (CONT'D)
Woah, boys. Have a beer. Bowl a
couple games.

TONY
We don't have any money.

PEE WEE
On the house.

ARTIE
O-K!

They follow him over. He starts drawing the beer.

PEE WEE
What's your shoe size?

TIME CUT.

Artie throws a gutter ball.

ARTIE
Fuck me.
(he raises his glass)
But it's fine to be your friend.
This is the life, man.

They drink.

INT. ATLAS VENDING MACHINE COMPANY- SHOWROOM- DAY

Juke boxes, pinball and cigarette machines and bumper pool tables. This is one of Dickie's businesses. Dickie's assistant, RUDY, fixes an arcade claw machine.

Dickie looks out the window, sees Johnny's Cadillac pull into the parking lot.

DICKIE

Ah, shit.

RUDY

What?

DICKIE

Johnny S.. Probably wants a juke box. He just got a new fucking house up in West Orange. Make sure you send him home with a Seeburg.

RUDY

More profit margin on the Wurlitzers.

DICKIE

He never pays for anything. And if he's gonna rob me, I'd rather he walk away with the cheap crap --

(opens the door)

Hey, Johnny!

(they hug)

So, juke for the West Orange chateau?

(to Tony)

You're gonna be the most popular kid in the neighborhood, partner.

SEEN THROUGH THE WINDOW, a parade goes by. Again, led by Anthony Imperiale, this time in a Gladiator outfit, steering a chariot. A sign reads "IMPERIALE FOR GENERAL ASSEMBLY". We hear muffled music and Imperiale's muffled voice --

IMPERIALE (O.S.)

-- they intend to build another housing project with our tax dollars!

JOHNNY

I'm gonna pick up a bumper pool, too. Want to set up a whole rec room in the basement. Keep the kids at home, outta trouble.

DICKIE

I'm gonna let Rudy help you. He's my top man juke box-wise.

TONY

Bumper pool? Cool. Let's go look at them.

JOHNNY

You're gonna stay right here. I don't need your fucking opinion. I'll pick out what I want.

Johnny and Rudy walk off. Tony is humiliated and furious.

DICKIE
You want half my egg salad sandwich
Aunt Joanne made?

TONY
No.
(re Johnny)
Asshole...

DICKIE
(changing the subject)
So you got a girlfriend?

TONY
Maybe.

DICKIE
Don't bullshit a bullshitter.

TONY
There's this girl in my Hygiene
class, Carmela, we made out once.

DICKIE
Hygiene class! Yabba dabba doo!

TONY
He treats me like a baby. I swear
to God, I could fucking kill him.

Suddenly, WHAM. Dickie smacks him hard across the face.

TONY (CONT'D)
What??

DICKIE
Don't ever say that. God could hear
you.

TONY
You know I'm not really gonna kill
him. It's just something you say.

DICKIE
Well don't let me ever hear you say
it again.

TONY
Nobody ever really kills their
father, except in those retarded
Greek plays in school.

SMACK. Dickie whacks him again. This time, Tony fights back. A vicious shoving match. Tony holds his own.

Johnny comes running back in.

JOHNNY

The fuck is going on here?

TONY

He hit me! For no reason.

DICKIE

He said something that pissed me off. It's over now.

JOHNNY

What's the matter with you, hitting a kid? It's like everybody says. You got this hair trigger. You used to be a mild-mannered reporter.

(beat)

I was in the joint, the news I got back; everybody says you changed, ever since your old man died.

DICKIE

Fuck you.

JOHNNY

I got news for you, Dick. Everybody's father passes, that's God's way. So stop with the "poor me".

Dickie storms off. Johnny turns to Tony.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

What did you say to him?

INT. MERCURY- NIGHT

A Mercury rides along with Harold in the passenger seat. He is shoving 12-gauge shells into the breach of a sawed-off shotgun. With him is Cyril and a DRIVER.

HAROLD

Cut the lights.

EXT. CLUB SILHOUETTE- ENTRANCE- NIGHT

Closing time. Dickie, Buddha and The Guitarist come out the front entrance.

DICKIE

You're supposed to do an hour on,
ten minutes off.

The Mercury goes by, at a somewhat leisurely pace.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

All of a sudden you two are only
"on" forty minutes, then you
disappear. I don't know where the
fuck you are.

GUITARIST

We're off somewhere thinking, "What
more can we do for Dickie
Moltisanti?"

BUDDHA

Don't get cute.

GUITARIST

Where's Giuseppina tonight?

DICKIE

The movies with her girlfriends.

GUITARIST

Every time I see her, I get hard.
Can I have her when you're done
with her?

BUDDHA

Ho!

BAM. Dickie punches the Guitarist in the stomach. The
Guitarist doubles up, drops to his knees.

The Mercury has turned around, coming back in their
direction.

DICKIE

You don't talk about her that way.
In fact, you don't talk about her
at all.

(he breaks Guitarist's
nose)

She's not just some *goomar*. I love
her. And if I wasn't trapped by
this fucking life of mine, I'd
marry her.

Dickie grabs him by the collar, pulls him up. As The
Guitarist's face comes INTO FRAME --

It is suddenly shredded by a shotgun blast.

The windows of the Mercury are belching gunfire. Harold works the pump-action shotgun from the passenger seat and Cyril fires from the back.

Buddha and Dickie split off, Dickie hiding behind his car, fires back. Hits Harold's driver.

Buddha crosses behind another parked car, returning fire. Passers-by trapped in the crossfire begin to scream. Dickie's Cadillac is chewed up by buckshot.

ANGLE -- HAROLD, reloading, clambering out of the car.

Buddha is outgunned, flees down the sidewalk -- but Cyril chases him down. Takes aim --

DICKIE (CONT'D)

Buddha!

Buddha turns -- Cyril's shot takes the top of his head off.

ANGLE -- PASSING VW BUS, hit by one of Dickie's bullets.

ANGLE -- DICKIE, clicking on an empty chamber.

Harold sees this and strides toward Dickie, shotgun raised. The VW bus that was hit veers toward Harold, causing him to lose his sightline on Dickie. Harold picks himself up off the ground. Dickie recovers, escapes back into the club.

The out-of-control bus rolls over several times, explodes.

Harold jumps back in the Mercury, peels out through the flames.

INT. RAHWAY STATE PRISON- VISITING ROOM- DAY

Dickie sits across from Sally. There's a Coleman Hawkins LP on the table.

DICKIE

He's gone under.

SALLY

Your people can't find him? Even Johnny, with all his contacts?

DICKIE

I was thinking, maybe you could ask around in here -- the Muslims, and talk to Alonzo Grier... see if any of them knows anything.

SALLY

That's not my bailiwick anymore. I mostly read all day.

They fall silent.

SALLY (CONT'D)

So what else is going on in the outside world?

DICKIE

Let's see...

(beat)

I'm coaching a beep baseball team.

SALLY

A who?

DICKIE

Baseball. For blind kids.

SALLY

Get the fuck out of here.

DICKIE

No. For real.

CLOSE ON: SOFTBALL. An electronic noise-maker inside it, comes flying toward the plate. Hearing the beep, the VISUALLY-IMPAIRED BATTER connects, hits a grounder. Runs toward first base, which is also beeping.

DICKIE (CONT'D)

(calls out)

Short stop! Left.

The visually-impaired short stop secures the ball before the runner gets to first. UMPIRE calls.

UMPIRE

Out!

Parents cheer. Game's over. Dickie's team has won. A PARENT claps Dickie on the back --

PARENT

Way to go, Coach. Our boys look sterling out there today.

Dickie smiles shyly. His team has gathered around him.

TEAM
2-4-6-8, who do we appreciate?
(chanting)
Coach Moltisanti, Coach
Moltisanti...!

EXT. "FLATS FIXED"- NIGHT

A car pulls into the lot with its headlights off. Dickie, Pussy, Paulie and VITO.

INT. "FLATS FIXED"- TRAILER- NIGHT

Cyril is asleep on a cot in his underpants. There's a loud thud. Bodies hitting the door. But the door holds. Cyril bolts up, fumbles for a gun but the foursome make it into the trailer. They pile in and Vito and Paulie commence to beat and stomp Cyril while Dickie looks around..

DICKIE
Where's Harold?

CYRIL
In your mother's ass.

VITO
Take that back.

He prolongs the beating. Dickie stands over Cyril.

DICKIE
Who put him up to it?

Silence.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
Angelo Salerno?

Silence.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
Salvatore Fieri? His brother
Pasquale?

CYRIL
Chef Boyardee.

DICKIE
Put him on the desk.

They stretch Cyril on his stomach over the desk.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
 Pussy, Vito hold him down.
 Paulie, go get the air hose.

Paulie goes out. We hear a compressor. Dickie breaks a wooden match in half. Paulie comes back in, dragging the air hose.

CYRIL
 A fucking air hose? That's your big
 play?

Dickie jams the air hose ON with the end of the match. Air hisses out.

DICKIE
 We're gonna make a Macy's
 Thanksgiving balloon here.

As Paulie draws close with the air hose, Cyril musters attitude. Vito pulls Cyril's underpants down. Now Cyril is starting to show fear. Paulie makes a face.

PAULIE
 Dickie, I just got this shirt.

DICKIE
You want the twenty eight pounds?

Paulie inserts the air hose in Cyril's rectum, gives it a blast.

CYRIL
 You motherfuckers!

Cyril writhes and screams.

DICKIE
 Stop for a minute.

Paulie takes his finger off the button, halting the flow of air. But now air expels back out of Cyril in a colossal fart.

VITO
 (jumps back)
 Ho, fuck me!

Paulie inserts the hose again, pushes the button. We hear the compressor. Cyril starts screaming.

DICKIE
 (to Cyril)
 Really? This is the way you want to die?

CYRIL
 Harold! Harold McBrayer!

DICKIE
 I know he was there. I asked you whose idea it was.

CYRIL
 I told you. Harold!

Paulie keeps pressing the air button 'til Cyril is flopping around on the desk like a fish, despite the men holding him.

CYRIL (CONT'D)
 Motherfuckers! My insides!

Suddenly he goes rigid. His eyes are staring, dead.

DICKIE
 (stunned)
 Harold McBrayer? He acted on his own?

Paulie gets Dickie moving. They all run out.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET- DAY

A Mister Softee truck at the curb. The DRIVER makes cones for kids. The familiar Mister Softie jingle plays. We find Tony, Artie and TONY BLUNDETTO as they enter the truck from the driver's side door. They come up behind the driver, grab and wrestle him to the floor.

TONY
 Artie, you drive stick, right?

ARTIE
 Fuckin-A.

Artie gets behind the wheel. They take off down the street.

DRIVER
 You fucking punks!

Tony goes to work on the driver, punching.

TONY B.
 Cuz, that's enough.

But Tony kicks and hits the driver who is down on his knees.

TONY B. (CONT'D)
Ton'! What the fuck you doing?!

Tony stops.

WIDER -- 50 YARDS DOWN THE ROAD. Turns out Artie CAN drive stick, but not well. He never gets out of first gear. The van bucks along. Back door opens. We see the driver thrown out.

IN THE TRUCK --

The boys laugh and whistle. They turn a corner, pull up near a playground. Tony Soprano puts on the driver's Softee hat.

TONY
Crank that.

Tony B. boosts the volume.

Tony and Artie scoop ice cream for the kids. Start a food fight.

INT. JOHNNY'S CAR- NIGHT

Johnny drives. Livia in the passenger seat. In the backseat are Dickie and Joanne. The women wear furs. They've all been out to dinner.

LIVIA
He's just lucky he didn't get caught. Him and all those boys.

JOHNNY
He's smart, my son.

LIVIA
Then why do you always call him stupid?

JOHNNY
Discipline.

JOANNE
I'm so bloated. That *managott'* at Vesuvio is so rich.

DICKIE
How'd you hear about the Mister Softee thing?

LIVIA

His cousin Tony Blundetto told
Janice. Bragging about it.

JOHNNY

I don't know how he's going to wind
up that kid, our Tony.

LIVIA

He thinks he's gonna be a football
player.

JOHNNY

He's good. But he's not pro
material. Whatcha think, Dick?

DICKIE

Probably not. But who knows? He
puts on some pounds... four years
of college ball...

LIVIA

He should go work for my cousin
Frank in the patio furniture
business.

JOHNNY

Here we go with that tune.

DICKIE

So maybe he's not a ball player.
But Lee, you don't want to step on
the kid's dreams.

LIVIA

You always take his side.

DICKIE

If my Christopher grew up to be
like Tony, I'd be goddamn proud of
him.

JOHNNY

He's right. We all do things like
that when we're kids, beat up the
Mister Softee man.

LIVIA

I warned him the other day, "You
play football for a career, it
doesn't last long. And it's
dangerous.

DICKIE

True. It is dangerous.

LIVIA

And you wind up with your body a wreck." Bobby Piocosta? He's a junior. On Anthony's team. He fractured his shoulder last week! The mother was hysterical. They had to take him to a specialist at Saint Barnabus. You think the school's gonna pay for that? And he missed a week of classes. And they say he'll be in a cast til Christmas. That's some Christmas present, huh? Having your kid laid up and he can't help hang the decorations --

BLAM -- Johnny has placed his gun against her 10" beehive hairdo -- blows a hole in the coif. Livia holds her ear, gapes in shock at Johnny.

JOHNNY

Don't gimme that look.

A deathly silence in the car.

EXT. NEWARK STREET, CENTRAL WARD- DAY

Harold crosses the street. He sees something in the distance.

INTERCUT -- a block away, Vito takes a numbers bet from a middle-aged African-american NURSE in uniform. She hands Vito a dollar.

NURSE

4-2-7. Box it for me.

VITO

(as he writes the bet in
his book)

Another nurse hit the number last night. Big time.

NURSE

Shit. Who was it?

VITO

What do I know? From St. Michael's.

NURSE

That jinxes me. What's the chance
of two nurses, from Newark
hospitals, hitting one day apart?

ANGLE -- HAROLD striding purposefully closer to Vito.

VITO

It's the law of averages. You got
the same chance of hitting as any
two people.

NURSE

Yeah but two people at a specific
time don't have the same chance of
winning. That's the law of
averages.

ANGLE -- HAROLD, coming closer.

VITO

That's a fallacy, doll. It's all
random.

NURSE

You don't understand fate.

Vito turns, Harold is right there. He shoots Vito in the eye.
Vito drops. Harold looks at the trembling nurse.

HAROLD

On this corner tomorrow, there'll
be a black man with a notebook and
a pen. He'll take your bet. You
ever place a bet with a white man
again...

(indicates Vito)

You'll be down with him on the
pavement.

Harold strides off at a measured pace as people gather around
the shooting.

INT. DE MEO MANSION- PARLOR- NIGHT

People eating after Vito's funeral, paying their respects to
his family. Prominent is a portrait of Vito surrounded by
flowers. Women including Livia are passing antipasto and
baked ziti.

Livia hands a plate to another woman.

LIVIA
 (whispers)
 I didn't make this. Tessie did.

WOMAN
 I figured it wasn't your handiwork.
 (beat)
 She puts sugar in her gravy.

LIVIA
 (makes a face)
 Ooh. Isn't that awful?

VITO'S MOTHER
 Sundays were my Vito's favorite
 day. Because of Sunday gravy.

Junior passes, sees Tony sitting bored and miserable.

JUNIOR
 Kid, don't look so blue. You and
 me'll cut out of here, go play
 catch.

He winks, heads into the library.

INT. DE MEO MANSION- LIBRARY- NIGHT- CONTINUOUS

Junior takes a seat. Gathered are Dickie, Silvio, Johnny,
 Carmine, Paulie, some others. The Boot addresses the group.

THE BOOT
 -- this problem with the blacks,
 it's affecting all our businesses.
 How'd the Feds know the parking
 garage collapse was caused by bad
 concrete?

CARMINE
 We don't know who ratted, Boot.

THE BOOT
 Exactly. We're paying too much
 attention to shit like the numbers.
 We're losing far too much time and
 money. And now on top of that, we
 got people dying.

CHILDREN'S VOICES (O.S.)
 (muffled doorbell)
 Trick or treat!

THE BOOT

Anyway, I wanna give the coloreds
their fucking neighborhood.

The guys listen, Dickie especially stone-faced.

THE BOOT (CONT'D)

They'll run the numbers in the
Central Ward. But only in Central
Ward. Their neighborhood. They
don't never take bets from whites.

JOHNNY

Is this a joke? These are niggers
we're talking about here.

CHILDREN'S VOICES (O.S.)

(another DOOR BELL)

Trick or treat!

DICKIE

(clenched)

Are we done?

He gets up and leaves.

EXT. DE MEO MANSION- NIGHT

Dickie and Silvio get into Silvio's car.

IN THE BACKGROUND, TRICK OR TREATERS go in and out of the
house.

DICKIE

Fuck the old man. I'm gonna do
whatever I need to Harold, to hold
onto Central Ward.

SILVIO

Boot's not gonna like that.

DICKIE

That's alright. In the mean time,
have somebody call Overbrook
Hospital. Reserve a bed. He's
losing his fucking marbles, Boot.

INT. SOPRANO HOUSE- TONY'S ROOM- DAY

Livia is cleaning Tony's room, straightening the closet. She
sees something -- a box of cherry bombs hidden beneath some
sweaters. She gets an idea, grabs a handful of cherry bombs.

INT. SOPRANO HOUSE- MASTER BEDROOM- DAY

Livia hurries to her dresser, hides the cherry bombs in among her lingerie.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. HIPPIE APARTMENT- NIGHT

A Christmas party. TRAFFIC's "The Dealer" plays. Janice kneels on the floor sobbing in front of a cheesy, psychedelic cut-out of Santa Claus. Her girlfriend tries to comfort her, yells above the music --

GIRLFRIEND

Maybe we should give her another tab. I heard that helps.

EXT. DICKIE'S DUPLEX- NIGHT

Dickie drives through the neighborhood, a Christmas tree roped to the roof of his car. He pulls into his driveway.

He gets out, starts to untie the tree. But out of the corner of his eye, he sees a shadow near the porch. He pulls his gun.

JANICE

Uncle Dickie?

She steps out of the shadows barefoot without a winter coat, shivering. Make-up runs down her face.

DICKIE

Janice, what the hell you doing?
Where's your boots in weather like this?

JANICE

I need to talk to Aunt Jo. But she's not here.

Dickie takes off his coat, drapes it around Janice.

DICKIE

She took the baby to her sister's.
Come on, get in the house and dry off.

He opens the door and Janice shivers her way in.

INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE- NIGHT

DICKIE
I'll drive you home.

JANICE
Shit, no. I can't go home. I was at
a party. I dropped acid.

DICKIE
What acid? LSD?

JANICE
When's she gonna be home?

DICKIE
I have no idea. Later. You want
some coffee or something?

Janice begins to weep.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
Let me get you one of Joanne's
robes--

JANICE
No, don't leave me!

DICKIE
Let me go make you some coffee.

JANICE
(sobs)
Do you have any cocoa?

INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE- KITCHEN- DAY

Both seated at the kitchen table, Janice in a robe.

JANICE
For a while, I was having a really
groovy time. The party was at my
cousin Dominic's house. Dominic had
this huge glowing head. Kind of
like a halo.

DICKIE
Yeah, well...

JANICE
But then I saw Santa Claus and it
turned kinda grey and I started to
see other things.

DICKIE
See things? What are you talking
about?

JANICE
It started with Santa.

DICKIE
Janice. You're losing me.

JANICE
Memories, from when I was little.
Uncle Junior used to play Santa.

DICKIE
Those're some good times we had,
huh? You kids thought he was the
real thing.

Janice sobs.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
Janice, what is it for Christ's
sake?

JANICE
I can't tell you. I need to talk to
Aunt Jo, she's a woman.

DICKIE
Why don't you tell your mother?

JANICE
I told her once when I was little
but she smacked me across the face,
told me I was imagining things.

DICKIE
OK, that was then. Did somebody do
something bad to you tonight?

She nods.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
One of those punks at the party?

JANICE
No, a long time ago.

DICKIE
Who, Janice? What?

JANICE
 "The tree of life is a burdensome
 thing for those who live a lie."

DICKIE
 What the fuck is that?

JANICE
 Moby Grape.

He suddenly grabs her wrist and twists it.

DICKIE
 That's it. If somebody did
 something bad to you, you gotta
 tell me. I need to know who it was
 and what they did.

JANICE
 I can't -- if my father found out--

He pinches her mouth between his thumb and fingers.

JANICE (CONT'D)
 Uncle Junior!

DICKIE
 (warns)
 Don't fuck around, Janice.

JANICE
 He said he'd kill me, slice my
 throat, if I ever told anyone.

Dickie takes a moment to process this.

DICKIE
 Junior? He touched you?

She nods again.

DICKIE (CONT'D)
 Where?

JANICE
 You know.

DICKIE
 No I don't know.

JANICE
 Please. Uncle Dick. Don't tell me
 that. It happened.

Dickie falls silent.

EXT. JUNIOR'S HOUSE- NIGHT

The rain has stopped. Dickie's car bounces over the curb, skids onto Junior's lawn. Dickie hurries out of the car, goes to Junior's front door. Rings the bell.

Third try, Junior answers the door.

INT. JUNIOR'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Junior carries a cup of tea. Dickie swats it out of his hand.

JUNIOR

The fuck?

DICKIE

What did you do to Janice?

JUNIOR

Janice? Who, my niece Janice?

DICKIE

Yeah your niece Janice. Did you finger fuck her?

JUNIOR

Get the fuck out of my house. What are you, drunk, you prick?

CRASH. Dickie punches him in the face so hard Junior hurtles back against the hutch, dishes flying everywhere. Junior's glasses have fallen off. Dickie steps on them, crushing them. He kicks Junior.

DICKIE

You fucking scumbag. Your brother's child.

Dickie takes out his gun, puts it to Junior's head.

JUNIOR

That Janice, that kid's no good.

DICKIE

The only chance to survive this is to tell me the truth, Junior.

JUNIOR

She's got a screw loose. Comes from the mother.

DICKIE
Alright, let's go see the father.

Dickie grabs Junior by the collar, starts to drag him across the floor. Junior scrabbles and claws the rug.

JUNIOR
I don't know what you're talking about! You're going to rile him up about something over nothin'.

DICKIE
You call having sex with an 8 year old nothing?

JUNIOR
I never had sex with her.

Dickie slaps him.

DICKIE
What did you do to her?

JUNIOR
Nothing!
(beat)
All I did was touch her. Just a little.

Dickie hits him on the side of the head with the gun.

DICKIE
You're an animal.

JUNIOR
(crying, begging)
I never hurt Janice, Dickie. I've been to priests about it. I never hurt any of them.

DICKIE
Them? It wasn't just Johnny's kid?

JUNIOR
You can't understand it. This has been my burden, all my life. Kill me, Dickie. Go ahead. You'd be doing me a favor. I went to the priests, they told me to stop. All I wanted to do was stop! Are you people crazy?

DICKIE

I don't know you, Junior. You're not the Junior I knew.

JUNIOR

(crying)

My sex life is all fucked up, Dick. Please don't tell anybody. I don't like intercourse. It scares me. Since I was a little boy.

DICKIE

You're sick.

JUNIOR

In my late twenties I found a priest, Father Di Filippo. He helped me. I would kiss his feet, God rest his soul. I stopped putting my hands on little girls since then.

DICKIE

I should tell Johnny but I do that, Johnny's life is over. I don't want to be the one to break his heart.

JUNIOR

I know, Dickie. I know. I'm sorry.

It falls silent except for Junior's crying.

DICKIE

Here's what's gonna happen, Junior, I'm gonna keep watch on you. I even see you glance at a kid, I'll tell Johnny.

JUNIOR

He'll kill me.

DICKIE

Yes he will. And you're gonna go back to the priest --

JUNIOR

He died!

(beat)

This is why I never got married, Dickie. What if I had had a daughter?

EXT. STREET- CENTRAL WARD, NEWARK- DAY

The heart of the black neighborhood. Junior parks and walks up to a large stone building, Our Lady, Queen of The Angels Church. He has a hat pulled low over his eyes. Junior enters.

MONTAGE

Junior waits in line at a confessional. Over half an hour, three or four people go into the booth. Junior grows antsy, checking his watch. He's about to leave when the confessional door opens. His turn.

INT. CONFSSIONAL- DAY

Junior kneels nervously, makes the sign of the cross. Awaiting his confession is FATHER ALUKO, Nigerian.

JUNIOR

Forgive me Father, for I have sinned.

FATHER ALUKO

How long has it been since your last confession?

JUNIOR

Last Easter.

(beat)

That's not true. I never go.

FATHER ALUKO

You must tell me what wrong you've done.

JUNIOR

(making the sign of the cross)

I had sex out of wedlock.

FATHER ALUKO

A mortal sin.

JUNIOR

Right, right. But you can forgive me, right?

FATHER ALUKO

If you are truly penitent. Fornication is lust, a sin of the flesh, which we share with the animals --

JUNIOR
I'm not an animal.

FATHER ALUKO
Let me finish. Your sin is not as black as a spiritual sin like not believing.

Junior mulls it.

JUNIOR
Nobody ever told me that. A weight has been lifted.

FATHER ALUKO
In addition to your penitence, you must make a promise to God you will not repeat this sin.

JUNIOR
I'll promise that to him.

FATHER ALUKO
Pray your Rosary three times a day for a week and read St. Paul's Letter to the Corinthians.

JUNIOR
Consider that done.

Junior gets up. Father Aluko senses something.

FATHER ALUKO
My son, I know why white people come to this church. They think they can tell me things they cannot tell their parish priest for fear it would get around their neighborhood.
(beat)
What are you holding back?

Junior's smile fades.

FATHER ALUKO (CONT'D)
Tell me.

JUNIOR
She was my niece.

FATHER ALUKO
How old was she?

Tears fill Junior's eyes.

JUNIOR

Eight.

(beat)

And there were others.

FATHER ALUKO

Oh, my poor son.

JUNIOR

I know.

Junior cries again.

INT. DICKIE'S CAR - DAY

Speeding along Shore Road. Giuseppina is enjoying it.

INT. CATHOLIC STORE- DAY

Junior is buying a rosary, and a statue of the Virgin Mary. A NUN in full habit tallies his purchases.

JUNIOR

Maybe I need a candle, Sister.

NUN

You don't need anything to pray.
Just your heart.

JUNIOR

(thinks about it)

Gimme a Saint Francis. Just to be
sure.

She brings a statue of St. Francis down. ANGLE ON: the saint.

EXT. OCEANSIDE ITALIAN RESTAURANT- DAY

Perched above the sand. The heavy, rhythmic sound of crashing waves TRANSMUTES into heavy breathing.

INT. OCEANSIDE ITALIAN RESTAURANT- LADIES ROOM- DAY

FIND Dickie and Giuseppina, final moments of love-making. They finish. They end up standing at side-by-side sinks, putting themselves back together. They talk to each other's reflections in the mirrors.

GIUSEPPINA

I'm so hungry.

DICKIE
I'm leaving Joanne.

She stares at him, stunned.

GIUSEPPINA
You said that would never happen. I
would have to accept being your
goomara.

DICKIE
My friends don't get divorced.
That's true. They lead split lives.
Like my father.

GIUSEPPINA
But Dickie you can't get a divorce.

DICKIE
I know a cardinal. Gambling
addiction. He can get me an
annulment.

GIUSEPPINA
I need to sit down.

Dickie pulls a chair up. She plops into it.

GIUSEPPINA (CONT'D)
Madonna mi.

INT. DINING ROOM- OCEANSIDE ITALIAN RESTAURANT- DAY

Candlelight. Crystal. Christmas decorations. Giuseppina and Dickie eating fra Diavolo. She looks to Dickie, begins laughing. She can't stop. Dickie reaches across the table, takes her hand.

EXT. BEACH, JERSEY SHORE- NIGHT

Fog coming in from the ocean. Dickie and Giuseppina walk along, huddled up together in big coats. Her mood has changed, she seems distant.

DICKIE
What did the bartender say when the
horse came in?

GIUSEPPINA
"Why the long face." You told me
that a million times.

DICKIE
Yeah. So? Why the long face?

GIUSEPPINA
I'm all *muschiada*.

DICKIE
You're mixed up about what?

GIUSEPPINA
So many things.

DICKIE
(squeezes her)
Ten minutes ago you were laughing
like an idiot. What'd I do?

GIUSEPPINA
Maybe you shouldn't leave your
wife.

DICKIE
(stops walking, confused)
I thought that's what you wanted.

GIUSEPPINA
More than anything. But I don't
deserve.

DICKIE
What are you talking about,
'deserve'?

GIUSEPPINA
I've been bad.

DICKIE
Bad? What bad?

GIUSEPPINA
You will forgive me if I tell you?

DICKIE
I can forgive you anything.

GIUSEPPINA
I am alone so much. I get lonely.
You didn't love me anymore.

DICKIE
Why would you think that?

GIUSEPPINA

We were fighting all the time. You said no beauty shop. You were so... cold.

DICKIE

But we had beautiful sex darling, you knew that.

GIUSEPPINA

(shrugs)

I don't know. I thought you didn't love me anymore.

DICKIE

If I don't love you anymore, you won't mistake it for a maybe.

A long silence.

GIUSEPPINA

Someone else came along. I said, "Yes."

DICKIE

"Yes" to what?

GIUSEPPINA

Don't make me say it.

His whole face changes.

DICKIE

You said, "Yes? Yes, come fuck me?" Is that what you're trying to say? Yes, come ram your cock down my throat?" What else, "Yes"?

GIUSEPPINA

It didn't mean anything, Dickie. I love you.

He clamps his hand around her throat.

DICKIE

How many times?

GIUSEPPINA

I don't know.

DICKIE

(anger rising)

So many times you can't remember? Who was he?

GIUSEPPINA
It doesn't matter. It's over.

DICKIE
(squeezing tighter)
Who was he?

GIUSEPPINA
I can't.

DICKIE
Tell me. Fucking tell me!

GIUSEPPINA
Promise you won't hurt him.

DICKIE
I don't promise anything. But it'll
be worse if you don't tell me.

GIUSEPPINA
Harold.

The wind goes out of him. He doubles over, hands on his knees, breathing heavily.

DICKIE
You fucked that murdering nigger?

GIUSEPPINA
I don't love him, Dickie. I don't
love him.

Dickie takes out his gun -- shoots her in the throat.

She flies back, her eyes staring at him, arterial blood spraying him. She lands in the sand. The tides laps in and out, mixing with the blood from her body.

It takes a few beats for Dickie to focus. He looks around, his mouth hanging open. He grabs Giuseppina by the collar and drags her body into the weeds.

INT. OUR LADY, QUEEN OF THE ANGELS CHURCH- DAY

A line outside the confession booth. Junior comes down the aisle, very agitated, cuts everyone off as a parishioner exits the booth --

JUNIOR
I'm sorry, this is really
important.

INT. CONFESSIONAL- DAY

Junior enters.

JUNIOR
Father, that you?

FATHER ALUKO
How long has it been since your
last confession?

JUNIOR
Just last week! I was here. With
you! I been hoping you'd remember
what we talked over last time,
Father, without me going over it.

FATHER ALUKO
I do remember.

JUNIOR
Here's the thing. I did everything
you told me. But last night I had
this horrible dream.

FATHER ALUKO
What was it?

JUNIOR
Look Father, I did like you said. I
prayed my rosary every day. I went
by the home for orphans and donated
a carload of children's shoes.

FATHER ALUKO
Go on.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB SILHOUETTE- DAY

EMPTY. Just a shadowy figure cleaning the bar. Johnny is seated alone a table. Writing something on a pad with a pencil. Dickie enters. He whispers something in Johnny's ear.

INT. SUBWAY- DAY

Junior waits for a train. LIGHTS appear. A D train comes out of the tunnel, clattering toward the platform.

Johnny appears out of nowhere. Pushes Junior in front of the train. Junior hits the tracks. His legs are severed. And he is screaming.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CONFSSIONAL- DAY

JUNIOR

The train was a D train. You think that means anything?

FATHER ALUKO

What do you hope to get by coming here, my son?

JUNIOR

Protection. After all these things I've done for God, I'm worried He may not come through on his end.

FATHER ALUKO

You should go and tell the girl's father. Make a clean breast of it.

JUNIOR

Oh sweet Jesus. He's my brother.

FATHER ALUKO

All the more reason you should be able to talk to him.

JUNIOR

My brother will kill me.

FATHER ALUKO

If your prayers are sincere, God will hear and will touch your brother's heart.

JUNIOR

You don't know him.

(beat)

I found out I'm not that good at praying, Father. That rosary, I can't concentrate.

FATHER ALUKO

I will pray for you too, my son.

Junior looks at him, now really filled with doubt.

INT. RAHWAY STATE PRISON- VISITING ROOM- DAY

Sally and Dickie seated at a table. Dickie is somber.

SALLY

So you're probably doing something special for Christmas?

DICKIE

Nah.

SALLY

The seven fishes?

DICKIE

Oh that, yeah. Joanne's been cooking it up for days, house stinks.

SALLY

Your goomar, what's she do on Christmas Eve, all by herself?

DICKIE

What makes you ask?

SALLY

I remember with my girlfriend it was always a big argument.

There's a long silence.

DICKIE

She died. Her name was Giuseppina.

SALLY

My god. So young. What happened?

DICKIE

Pneumonia.

Another silence.

SALLY

So much tragedy in your life. Your father. Your mistress...

DICKIE

(wells up)

I've tried so hard since my old man died.

SALLY

(beat)

What kinda God, huh?

DICKIE

I go to church when Joanne wants, I volunteer, I come see you, I do all kinds of good things.

SALLY

You know that Christmas song, My Favorite Things?

DICKIE

Yeah.

SALLY

Maybe the things you choose to do aren't God's favorite things.

DICKIE

What are you trying to say?

(beat)

Some of the blame is on me.

Sally is silent a while.

SALLY

Some, huh?

Dickie looks at him.

SALLY (CONT'D)

(shrugs)

What do I know? I'm a murderer.

INT. SOPRANO HOUSE- WEST ORANGE- DAY

Livia is in the hallway, vacuuming. We hear --

TONY (O.S.)

Alright, I'll see you later! I gotta stay for detention.

We hear the door slam as he leaves. Livia kills the vacuum cleaner, listens carefully and hears someone showering. She goes into her bedroom.

She retrieves a cherry bomb hidden under her lingerie.

EXT. SOPRANO HOUSE- WEST ORANGE- BACK YARD- DAY

Livia steps quietly to a closed window. We again hear showering and Johnny singing *Non Dimenticar*.

JOHNNY (O.S.)
*Non dimenticar means don't forget
you are my darling/ Don't forget to
be/ All you mean to me...*

Livia takes a cherry bomb, places it in the window sill, lights it with a Bic. She withdraws.

INT. SOPRANO HOUSE- MASTER BATH- DAY

Johnny is showering in the glass shower stall. The cherry bomb goes off, blowing the window glass in, and filling the bathroom with gunpowder smoke. At the detonation, Johnny thinks he's being shot at. He dives for cover, breaking the glass shower door, falling through it.

Terrified, scrabbles along the bedroom carpet on his elbows, naked and wet. He reaches his jacket hung on a knob, takes out his gun. He hears the vacuum cleaner start in the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY- DAY

Livia is vacuuming, smirking.

The master bedroom door rips open, Johnny steps out with the gun trained, two-handed. Still naked and wet, his elbows bleeding from the cut glass. Livia sees him.

JOHNNY
Get down!

Johnny runs naked down the hallway and out the front door. Livia resumes smirking.

INT. JUNIOR'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

Junior sits on the edge of his bed in his pajamas staring at St. Francis. He knocks back a jigger of scotch. It doesn't help. He gets up, stares out the window. He paces around the bedroom. Finally, he gets an idea, throws on his overcoat and slippers. Goes out.

EXT. JUNIOR'S STREET- NIGHT

Junior walks through the fallen snow in his slippers, to a payphone at the corner. He takes a tiny notebook from his pocket, looks up a number. He dials.

INT. AVERNA SOCIAL CLUB- NORTH WARD- NIGHT

Some men sit around sipping cappuccinos and Sambuca. A phone inside the club starts ringing. A teenage boy answers.

INTERCUT --

TEENAGE BOY

Hello?

JUNIOR

Let me speak to Jilly.

TEENAGE BOY

Which one?

JUNIOR

Jilly Ruffalo.

TEENAGE BOY

(waves)

Jilly. Telephone.

JILLY RUFFALO (50, overweight) comes to the phone.

INTERCUT --

JILLY

Yeah?

JUNIOR

Jilly, it's me, Junior.

JILLY

Which one?

JUNIOR

Soprano.

JILLY

You're not supposed to call here.

JUNIOR

I'm on a pay phone. I gotta problem. And you owe me.

INT. WAREHOUSE- NIGHT

The big door rolls up. It's snowing outside. A truck backs in. Dickie, Tony, Paulie and three guys wait. The truck stops. BEANSIE GAETA (30s) gets out of the passenger side of the truck.

DICKIE

Beans, so what do you got for me?

BEANSIE

What I told you. Furniture -- Ethan Allen. Dinette sets. TV trays. Also some stereos.

DICKIE

TV trays?

BEANSIE

I didn't argue.

DICKIE

(to the men)

This truck's not gonna unload itself.

The men start unloading the truck.

BEANSIE

Dick, you all right? You seem a little... not in the Christmas spirit.

No answer. Silvio enters.

SILVIO

There they are, Santa's elves.

DICKIE

(to Beansie)

Put some of the TV trays in my car.

PAULIE

Did I hear you saying something about TV trays? Put some in my trunk. Ma loves to eat and watch TV. She likes those El Patio Mexican dinners.

Tony and the men have been unloading the truck. Dickie notices Tony looking longingly at a pair of three-foot-high speakers. He crosses.

DICKIE
You like those, huh?

TONY
Bitchin'.

DICKIE
Take them home.

TONY
Nah, I don't want to get caught.

DICKIE
How are you gonna get caught?
They're gonna live up in your
bedroom. You think one of your
friends will dime you? Then you
need new friends. But come on, just
take them. You'll love them.

TONY
I want to go to college, Uncle
Dick.

DICKIE
Anthony, let's talk seriously about
all this. I know you don't want to
end up like your old man...

TONY
You said that, I didn't.

DICKIE
Or like me. You want to be a
civilian. I appreciate it, I
approve, and I have to say, I'm all
for it.

TONY
You take the speakers.

DICKIE
No, listen to me, here's what you
do. You take the speakers home. And
you enjoy them. You listen to your
crazy music.

TONY
Ten inch woofers. Fucking amazing.

DICKIE
So pay attention to me, for once.
You take the speakers, right?

(MORE)

DICKIE (CONT'D)

At the same time, you promise yourself these speakers are it. You say to yourself, "This is the last thing I'm ever gonna steal."

Dickie claps Tony on the shoulder, moves off. Tony picks up a speaker, starts to carry it out. He considers it all. He doesn't know what to do. He puts the speaker back, leaves the back of the truck, carrying a chair.

Silvio meets Dickie near the front of the truck.

SILVIO

My guy found Harold. He's hiding at The Rodeo Motel down on 46, room 7.

DICKIE

Tomorrow morning. We do it. I'll pick you up at 10 at the Shell station.

EXT. BENDIX DINER- PARKING LOT- NIGHT

Jilly gets in Junior's car.

JILLY

It's fucking freezing.

JUNIOR

That cop of yours. From Irvington. He still do piece work for you?

JILLY

If I need him bad enough. He's not cheap.

JUNIOR

Did I ask?

JILLY

(shrugs)

I know you're always concerned about money.

EXT. CEMETERY- NIGHT

EXTREME LONG SHOT -- snow falling, a lone, small figure crosses the cemetery, moves through the gravestones.

ANGLE -- DICKIE, huddled in an overcoat, seated on a stone bench. He faces a recently-filled grave, a mound of icy earth.

DICKIE

I don't even have a picture of you.

Dickie is disconsolate. He gets up, brushes snow off the mound of earth.

EXT. DICKIE'S HOUSE- NIGHT

His car enters the driveway. Parks. Dickie gets out, goes around to the trunk, unlocks it. As he hoists out several TV trays, a figure comes up behind him. Raises a gun --

BLASTS him in the back of the head. Dickie flies forward almost into the trunk and slips to the ground in the snow.

EXT. SHELL STATION- DAY

Silvio stands in the snow, leans against his car. Checks his watch. Checks his gun. Anxiously waiting for Dickie... who will never come.

INT. LO MONICO FUNERAL HOME- NEWARK- NIGHT

The entire family gathered for Dickie's wake. An exit wound on Dickie's temple has been noticeably covered up by the mortician. Tony is standing at the coffin. Janice comes over, looks down.

JANICE

God, he was my favorite uncle.

TONY

Mine too.

JANICE

Remember when he used to take us to the movies? The ones Mom wouldn't let us go to.

TONY

Valley Of The Dolls.

JANICE

Yeah.

(elbows him)

Those boobs.

TONY

I was thinking back to Uncle Dickie when he was looking down at his own father's coffin.

JANICE

Yeah. Uncle Aldo. He creeped me out. All that cologne.

A beat.

TONY

I was thinking some day, we'll be looking down at our father.

JANICE

You're weird.

Tony goes and sits down. He stares at the large photo portrait of Dickie. Hears laughter. He looks over, Johnny is leaning back, joking with the guy seated behind him. Tony looks back at the portrait of Dickie. Tears form in his eyes.

Junior comes, sits next to him. Pats him on the knee.

JUNIOR

Take it easy, kid. It's all gonna be alright.

Tony says nothing.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

What're you thinking?

TONY

Some day I'm gonna find who did this and kill the motherfucker.

JUNIOR

Don't hold a grudge.

INT. IRVING'S CUSTOM SUIT STORE- CENTRAL WARD- DAY

FIND Harold and Wynetta and their children. Harold wears a bespoke pin-striped suit and carries a silver-handled cane.

Their oldest son, KEVIN, is being fitted for his first grown-up suit, in a fabric that matches Harold's. IRVING is on his knees, pinning the cuffs.

HAROLD

I don't like the way it breaks. Give him a half inch.

WYNETTA

Kevin, stand up straight.

KEVIN

This numbers game treats us pretty good, daddy.

Harold stares at his son, grows thoughtful.

HAROLD

I ever tell you about '69, Rocky Marciano? Eh, but you don't know who he was.

KEVIN

Sure I do. The heavyweight champ.

HAROLD

1969, private plane went down with Marciano in it. New York Post had a picture of the crash on the front-page, with the plane's number right there on the tail for all to see. 1-4-9. Next day every mother's son played that number. 1-4-9. And that number hit. I'll never forget it. Bookies had to pay off millions. And they didn't have that kinda money. So what do you think happened?

KEVIN

I don't know.

HAROLD

People were hurt. Lives were lost. Over nickels, dimes and quarters.

EXT. WEST ORANGE MOVIE THEATER- NIGHT

SUPER: MARCH 24th, 1972

MARQUEE: "OPENING! THE GODFATHER"

Doors open and a full house empties out. We find Tony Soprano, Artie Bucco and Tony Blundetto and some other guys in a state of high excitement. They come out the doors.

CLOSE ON - TONY SOPRANO. Intense. His friends fuck around. But he is deep in thought, staring at the movie's poster.

Tony Blundetto holds a finger-gun to Artie's head.

TONY BLUNDETTO
'Luca Brasi held a gun to his head,
and said, "Sign the fucking
thing!"'

BOYS
Yeah! Far fucking out!

Tony keeps thinking. A small smile forms.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END