

LOCATIONS

INTERIOR

EXTERIOR

DR. MELFI'S WAITING ROOM  
 DR. MELFI'S OFFICE  
 SOPRANO HOUSE - KITCHEN  
 SOPRANO HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM  
 SOPRANO HOUSE - HALLWAY  
 SOPRANO HOUSE - PANTRY  
 SOPRANO HOUSE - MEADOW'S ROOM  
 SOPRANO HOUSE - BEDROOM  
 BUCCO'S VESUVIO  
 BUCCO'S VESUVIO - KITCHEN  
 LIVIA'S HOUSE  
 CHRIS' CAR  
 MRI CENTER - MRI MACHINE ROOM  
 THE PORK STORE  
 THE PORK STORE - BUTCHERING AREA  
 AIRPORT AREA TOPLESS BAR  
 GREEN GROVE RETIREMENT COMMUNITY \*  
  
 IL GRANAIO  
 CABIN CRUISER - BELOW DECKS  
 CABIN CRUISER - TOP DECK  
 APARTMENT BEDROOM  
  
 CATHEDRAL  
 JUNIOR'S LINCOLN  
 SOPRANO HOUSE - GARAGE \*

SOPRANO HOUSE  
 SOPRANO BACKYARD  
 SOPRANO BACKYARD - POOL  
 STREET - US/HMO \*  
 PARKING LOT  
 THE PORK STORE  
 BUCCO'S VESUVIO  
 ELM PARKWAY/LIVIA'S HOUSE  
  
 CONSTRUCTION SITE  
 STATE PARK  
 PITCH 'N' PUTT  
 BARONE SANITATION  
 MANHATTAN  
 IL GRANAIO  
 MARINA  
 INNER CITY PAROCHIAL SCHOOL  
 CATHEDRAL  
 PLASTIC MOUND  
 PAROCHIAL SCH. BALL COURT \*

\*

\*

?

THE SOPRANOS

FADE IN:

1 INT. DR. MELFI'S WAITING ROOM - DAY 1

THOMAS SOPRANO, 40, sits and waits. Uneasily. Staring confusedly at a vaguely erotic Klimpt reproduction. Inner door opens. DR. JENNIFER MELFI (attractive, 35) appears.

MELFI

Mr. Soprano?

2 INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY 2

Melfi gestures Tommy to a choice of seating. \*

MELFI \*

Have a seat. \*

She seats herself in a facing armchair. She looks at him with a polite, expectant gaze. He stares back, waiting. There is utter silence. Nothing happens. Such is psychotherapy. Finally.-- \*

MELFI

My understanding from your family physician, Dr. Cusamano, is you collapsed? Were unable to breathe? Possibly a panic attack?

TOMMY

They said it was a panic attack -- because all the neurological work and blood came back negative. They sent me here.

MELFI

You don't agree you had a panic attack?

He laughs -- too loud.

MELFI

How are you feeling now?

TOMMY

Now? Fine. I'm back at work.

MELFI

What line of work are you in?

TOMMY

Waste management consultant.

She keeps that psychiatric poker-face. Yet there was a reaction.  
After silence...

TOMMY

Look...it's impossible for me to talk  
to a psychiatrist.

MELFI

Any thoughts at all on why you  
blacked out?

Tommy shrugs. Fidgets. Then --

TOMMY

I don't know. Stress, maybe?

MELFI

Stress? About what?

3 DAWN

3

the first rays over the post-industrial landscape.

TOMMY (V.O.)

Well, I once heard some guy use this  
expression, 'The sun setting over the  
empire...?'

4 EXT. SOPRANO HOUSE - DAWN

4

split-level. New Jersey. The only thing distinguishing it from  
its neighbors is high security fencing and mercury vapor lamps  
that make the lawn bright enough for night baseball. A sensor  
feels the dawn's rays and the lamps switch off and --

5 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAWN

5

TOMMY'S EYE

slams open from sleep. He stares soberly up at the ceiling.

TOMMY (V.O.)

That morning of the day I got sick?  
I'd been thinking: it's good to be  
in a thing from the ground floor. I  
came too late for that, I know. But  
lately I'm getting the feeling I  
might be in at the end. That the  
best is over.

6 EXT. SOPRANO HOUSE - DAY

6

Bathrobed Tommy reads his morning paper in the gated driveway:  
CLINTON WARNS MEDICARE COULD BE BANKRUPT BY YEAR 2000. Tommy  
goes to the Sports, ambles down the driveway.

MELFI (V.O.)

Many Americans, I think, feel this.

TOMMY (V.O.)

Take my father. He never reached the heights like me. But in ways he had it better. He had his people -- they had their standards. They had pride. Today what do we got?

MELFI (V.O.)

Did you have this feeling of loss more acutely in the hours before you collapsed?

\*  
\*  
\*

7 EXT. SOPRANO BACKYARD - DAY

7

An expanse of lawn, then a pool with Tropitone furniture. Tommy gathers speed, excited. But reaching the pool, he looks around, worried. The water is like glass. The morning is too still.

TOMMY (V.O.)

I dunno. Couple months before all this these two wild ducks had landed in my pool. Amazing. From Canada or someplace, I don't know. It was mating season.

\*  
\*

DUCK FAMILY

wild mallards, mother and babies, comes waddling from the bushes, QUACKING. Tommy beams, takes feed from a bin and drops down on both knees. He feeds them.

TOMMY

Yum. Yum.

8 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

8

CARMELA SOPRANO (mid 30's), in bathrobe, makes breakfast for her kids. She is a dark-eyed, dark-haired, pretty woman with blonde hi-lites. Hi-lites and nails are a priority. At the table are MEADOW SOPRANO, 15, and her friend, HUNTER SCANGARELO.

TOMMY (V.O.)

My daughter's friend was there to drive my daughter, Meadow, to school.

HUNTER

(staring out window)

Meadow, your father with those ducks.

CARMELA

Have something more than just cran-apple juice, ladies. You need brain food for school.

TOMMY JR. enters. He's thirteen. He sits, starts spooning cereal in. Carmela smooches him. Everyone ad-libs happy birthdays. He acknowledges, his mouth crammed with food.

HUNTER

The male and female duck just made a home in your pool and 'did it'?  
Weird.

CARMELA

(crosses with pastry)

Girls, you want some of last night's sfogliatell'?

MEADOW

Get out of here with that fat.

CARMELA

Oh, have a bite.

MEADOW

Wait -- like Italian pastry is brain food?

HUNTER

Bon Jovi? Hello?

They laugh. Tommy Jr.'s hand goes in the box; he dunks the Italian pastry in his cereal milk and eats. The girls 'ee-ew'.

HUNTER

How do you stay so skinny, Mrs. Soprano?

Carmela isn't listening. She is staring out somberly.

CARMELA

Him. With those ducks.

9 EXT. SOPRANO BACKYARD - POOL - DAY

9

Tommy has waded into the pool to adjust a plywood launching ramp he has constructed for the ducks. His robe floats on the water; he doesn't care. He talks to the ducks.

TOMMY

Don't you worry. I'll make you a better ramp.

The ducklings suddenly furiously flap their wings in proto-flight, following their mother's lead.

TOMMY

Kids! Come here!

10 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 10

TOMMY (V.O.)

Hey, kids!

The teenagers trudge dutifully to the door.

10A EXT. SOPRANO BACKYARD - POOL - DAY 10A

TOMMY

Look! They're trying to fly.

KIDS

(bored, humoring)

Nice, dad. National Geographic. [ETC]

They go back inside.

10B INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 10B

HUNTER

It is so cool you're going to be able to come to Aspen with my family at Christmas. Last year at Aspen? I saw Skeet Ulrich. As close as from where you're sitting.

MEADOW

Omigod.

10C INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY 10C

TOMMY

My wife feels this friend of Meadow's is a bad influence. \*

\*  
\*

10D INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 10D

CARMELA

Miss Meadow, we made a deal -- you keep your school grades up and you keep your curfew between now and Christmas -- then you get to go.

MEADOW

(edge)

I know that.

Tommy enters, robe gone, his lower torso wrapped in a beach towel. He claps Tommy Jr. on the back.

TOMMY

Happy birthday, son.

He runs his hand on Carmela's butt, but she seems not to notice. So he starts slap fighting with Tommy Jr.

CARMELA

You're going to be home tonight for Tommy Jr.'s party, right?

(to his grunt)

Birdman. Hello?

Tommy is reaching for The Audubon Society "Master Guide to Birding" and getting engrossed.

TOMMY

I'll get home from work early.

CARMELA

I wasn't talking about work.

She moves off sullenly. As he watches her --

11 INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

11

Tommy -- in the present -- a strained silence. She stares.

TOMMY

This isn't going to work. I can't talk about my personal life.

MELFI

It's hard for everybody.

TOMMY

You don't understand.

MELFI

Finish telling me about the day you collapsed.

12 INT. CHRIS' CAR - DAY

12

Back to the past. Brand new Lexus 400.

TOMMY (V.O.)

I rode to work with my nephew, Christopher...he's learning the business.

CHRIS MOLTISANTI (25) is in cool-ass cruise mode. Good looking -- almost pretty -- wears an earring, a Jersey Shark's ball cap. He is chuckling at Howard Stern on the radio. Tommy rides passenger, engrossed in his Audubon book.



Rust-belt New Jersey floats by: the Meadowlands -- mile after mile of marsh, iron bridges, and raw honking trucking. The skyline of Manhattan beckons from the distance.

TOMMY (V.O.)

He's an example of what I was saying  
before --

TOMMY

You call whatsisname at Triboro Towers about the hauling contract?

CHRIS

I got home too late last night. I didn't want to wake the man up.

TOMMY

You get up early this morning and call? He's always in the office at six.

CHRIS

I was nauseous this morning. My mom told me I shouldn't even go in today.

TOMMY (V.O.)

Bear in mind, this is a kid who just bought himself a 60,000 dollar Lexus.

They are now in a business district. Chris' head whips around.

13 EXT. STREET - BUSINESS DISTRICT - US/HMO - DAY

13 \*

CHRIS

It's that guy. Mahaffey.

TOMMY

Get out.

CHRIS

Back there. See? With the boo-boo in red?

TOMMY

Back up.

\*

ON MAHAFFEY

a forty-four-year-old executive, walking with a YOUNG WOMAN, a secretary. They carry lattes and bagels.

The Lexus pulls up. Tommy gets out --

14 INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

14

Tommy has stopped talking.

TOMMY

There was an issue of an outstanding loan --

MELFI

Let me stop you a second.

TOMMY

Sure.

MELFI

I have no idea where this story is going...but there are a few ethical ground rules we should quickly get out of the way.

He waits. She smiles nervously.

MELFI

You said you were in waste management...

TOMMY

Recycle. The environment.

MELFI

Dr. Cusamano, besides being your family physician, is also your next door neighbor. See what I'm saying? \*

TOMMY

I get it. Yeah. \*

MELFI

(dry mouth)

What you tell me in here falls under doctor/patient confidentiality. Except -- if I was, for example, to hear that a...say a...murder?...was about to take place --

(quickly)

-- not that I'm saying -- but, if. Well, anything like that...where a patient tells me someone is going to be hurt? I'm supposed to go to the authorities. Technically.

TOMMY

(long beat)

Oh.

MELFI

I don't know what happened with this Mahaffey fellow. I'm just saying.

TOMMY

I see.

(beat)

Nothing. We had coffee.

15 EXT. STREET - BUSINESS DISTRICT - US/HMO - DAY

15 \*

When Mahaffey sees Tommy, his latte spatters the sidewalk as he takes off running! Chris takes after him.

## THE PURSUIT

Chris and Mahaffey burn up the sidewalk. Bystanders peer curiously.

Tommy calmly gets behind the Lexus wheel, makes a U-turn.

Mahaffey runs toward a sleek five story office building, US/HMO. He cuts across the lawn making for the front entrance.

MAHAFFEY

Security!

Chris closes, grabs him by his neck, tries to swing him to the ground. Chris loses his footing on the slippery grass and Mahaffey twirls free. But Chris is now between him and the door; Mahaffey cuts for the parking lot, panting, full out, grabbing in his pocket for his car keys. Chris runs after him into the lot.

16 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

16

Tommy suddenly draws abreast of Chris in the Lex, gives a cheerful TOOT, then accelerates down the parking aisle.

Mahaffey's legs churning.

## THE LEXUS

deliberately clips Mahaffey. He hurtles over the car about thirty feet, crashes to the ground. Tommy calmly gets out.

MAHAFFEY

My leg! It's broken! Oh fuck, oh fuck, the bone's coming through!

Tommy starts punching him in the face briskly and efficiently.

TOMMY

(punching)

I'll give you a fuckin' bone.  
Where's my money?

The secretary comes up, watches in horror. One of the Lexus' headlights hangs by its wires and Chris broken-heartedly tries to put it back in.

MAHAFFEY

I'll get the money!

TOMMY  
(punching, but tiring)  
I know you'll get the --  
(sees Chris fussing  
over the car)  
The fuck you doing? Get over here.

Chris crosses, takes over the physical labor -- kicking Mahaffey in chest and stomach while Tommy catches his breath and picks up where he left off --

TOMMY  
I know you'll get the money. What you ought to fuckin' get is a fuckin' cork to put in your mouth.

US/HMO employees watch from windows. \*

TOMMY  
(as he and Chris kick  
in Mahaffey's ribs)  
Huh? You tell people I'm nothin' to worry about compared to who used to run things?

MAHAFFEY  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

Tommy heads back to the car. Chris' eyes rest on the eyes of Mahaffey's young, horrified secretary. Chris gets in the car.

MAHAFFEY  
(screaming)  
My leg. Ohmigod! Fuck!

TOMMY  
(sees US/HMO sign) \*  
HMO. What are you fuckin' crying about? At least you're covered.

17 INT. CHRIS' CAR - DAY

17

Chris drives. Tommy massages his knuckles.

CHRIS  
What you thinking about?

TOMMY  
HMO's.

CHRIS  
Homos?

TOMMY

HMO! HMO! It's a medical care provider. Read a fuckin' paper once in a while, Christopher.

18 INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

18

Tommy and Melfi are looking at each other in the psychiatric silence.

MELFI

So you had coffee.

TOMMY

Right.

MELFI

Go on.

TOMMY

Next? Let's see, I had a breakfast meeting.

19 EXT. THE PORK STORE - DAY

19

Italian-American inner city neighborhood; an Italian butcher shop with a plaster pig on top. At a little table out front under the Stella D'Oro umbrella sit Tommy, Chris, a large man, BIG PUSSY BONPENSIERO, PAT "PAULIE WALNUTS" GUALTIERI and trash hauling company owner DICK BARONE. A young butcher in a blood-stained apron serves espresso.

**BIG PUSSY BONPENSIERO should not be confused with LITTLE PUSSY MALANGA, of whom we shall learn more shortly.**

TOMMY

So what's going on at Triboro Towers?

BIG PUSSY

The site manager wants to renew his contract with Dick. But this Kolar Sanitation...

DICK BARONE

Nationwide company.

BIG PUSSY

The Kolar brothers, they're some kind of Czechoslovakian immigrants or some shit --  
-- these polacks'll haul the paper, plastic and aluminum for seventy-five thousand a month less than Dick.

TOMMY

So Kolar pays you the regular forty times the monthly for stealing your stop.

BIG PUSSY

That's the thing -- he won't. Says if he could tell the Commie bosses back in Czechoslovakia to go fuck themselves, he can fuckin' tell us.

TOMMY

Fucking garbage business.

\*  
\*

BIG PUSSY

I know. It's all changing.

\*  
\*

CHRIS

Let me see what I can do.

TOMMY

You sure? You over your stomach ache?

A black STS has pulled up and nattily dressed SILVIO DANTE heads for the Pork Store. Tommy spots him. All ad lib hellos all around.

SILVIO

Gabriella sends me down here for the gabagool.

PAULIE WALNUTS

Best in the area.

SILVIO

Tom, I'm thinking: did you go to elementary school with a guy named Artie Bucco?

\*

20 INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

20

TOMMY

So this situation came up. It involves my uncle. I can't go into detail on this one.

MELFI

(relieved)

That's fine.

TOMMY

But I'll say this -- my uncle adds to my general stress level.

\*  
\*

21 BACK TO THE PORK STORE

21

SILVIO

Probably none of my business, but  
down at the club, the word is your  
Uncle Junior is going to whack Little  
Pussy Malanga...



22 EXT. BUCCO'S VESUVIO - DAY

22

Chris' Lexus drives up to the restaurant.

SILVIO (V.O.)  
...in your friend Artie Bucco's  
restaurant.

23 INT. BUCCO'S VESUVIO - DAY

23

A cozy Italian eatery for politicians, wise-guys. Tommy and Chris stop at a booth ruled by Tommy's uncle, CORRADO "JUNIOR" SOPRANO, and other geriatric mobsters in cheap cardigan sweaters. Junior is smallish with coke-bottle lenses. His muscle, BEPPY, sits beside him.

TOMMY  
(pats his neck)  
Uncle Jun', how you doing?

JUNIOR  
(warm hug)  
I was just talking about you. Tommy  
Jr.'s birthday dinner tonight, right?

TOMMY  
Don't buy him anything big. We  
overindulge him.

Tommy and Chris move on to ARTHUR BUCCO -- an affable restaurateur Tommy's age. They hug.

TOMMY  
Arthur! What's the word at land of  
a thousand clams?

ARTHUR  
Jefe.

CHARMAINE, Arthur's wife, watches sourly from the cash register. Tommy blows her a big kiss. He and Chris sit at a prime booth.

CHRIS  
You know what that means for Arthur  
one of these old mutts gets wet in  
here?

TOMMY  
Ruin his business.

CHRIS  
You better sit down with your uncle.

TOMMY (V.O.)

Uncle Junior is my father's brother.  
A good guy, but old now and crabby.  
He used to take me to Yankee games  
when I was a kid. I love my uncle.

24 EXT. ELM PARKWAY/LIVIA'S HOUSE - DAY

24

A middle-class street of three-story clapboard homes.

TOMMY (V.O.)

At the same time, Uncle Junior also  
told our girl cousins I would never  
be a varsity athlete. I found out  
he'd said that and, frankly, it was  
a tremendous blow to my self-esteem.

Chris waits in the Lexus as Tommy carries a Bose carton to a  
large three-story home, pats himself down for a key, RINGS bell.  
Presently...

VOICE

Who's there?

TOMMY

It's me, mom.

VOICE

Who are you?

TOMMY

Ma, open the door!

VOICE

Tommy?

TOMMY

Ma, open the door!

Four locks operate, the door squeaks open a crack and Tommy's  
mother, LIVIA SOPRANO, warily peers out. Tommy enters.

25 INT. LIVIA'S HOUSE - DAY

25

TOMMY

Jeez, ma, get some air in here.

He flings open a window. Livia looks older than her sixty-nine  
years. She's wearing a housecoat and slippers.

LIVIA

Did you lock the door behind you?

TOMMY  
(wearily)

Yes.

LIVIA  
Somebody phoned me last night. After dark.

TOMMY  
Who?

LIVIA  
You think I'd answer the phone? It was dark out.

TOMMY  
Ma, that I will never get. The phone is an auditory thing. Dark is an eye thing. Some people won't go out after dark -- okay -- get jumped from the shadows -- but not answer the phone after dark?

LIVIA  
Listen to him. He knows everything. You want some lunch? I got eggplant.

TOMMY  
I just ate.

She goes into the kitchen and starts fixing him food anyway. Tommy takes a new table-top CD player from the carton.

TOMMY  
Know who I just saw? Uncle Junior.

LIVIA  
That one. Think he ever comes to see his sister-in-law?

TOMMY  
Remember Artie Bucco? My friend in elementary school?

LIVIA  
I still see his mother. She tells me he calls her every day.

TOMMY  
(doesn't rise to the bait)  
Thing is...Uncle Junior...he's gonna make a problem for Arthur. It would impact on Arthur's livelihood.

LIVIA  
(eyes CD player)  
What's that?

TOMMY  
CD player.

LIVIA  
(put upon)  
For who? For me? I don't want it.

TOMMY  
You love music. All the old stuff's  
being reissued on CD, your favorites.  
(shows CDs)  
Look...Connie Francis...'Pajama  
Game'...

He puts a CD on. Steam Heat from 'Pajama Game' fills the room.  
He tries to waltz her around.

TOMMY  
Ma, you need something to occupy your  
mind. When dad died you were going  
to do all kinds of things --

LIVIA  
(tears up)  
He was a saint.

TOMMY  
I know, but he's gone. You were  
going to do volunteer work, travel.  
You've done nothing.

LIVIA  
Don't you tell me how to live. You  
shut up.

TOMMY  
I worry about you.

LIVIA  
Don't you start with that nursing  
home again!

TOMMY  
It is not a nursing home. How many  
times I have to say it? It's a  
'retirement community'. You're with  
active seniors your own age. They do  
things. They go places.

LIVIA

(crying)

I've seen these women in these nursing homes. In these wheelchairs. Babbling like idiots. Eat your eggplant.

TOMMY

I told you I just ate lunch! Maybe you could talk to Uncle Jun' about Artie Bucco. He respects you...

LIVIA

If your uncle has business with Arthur -- then he knows what he's doing.

TOMMY

And I don't?

LIVIA

All I know is girls take better care of their mothers than sons.

TOMMY

I bought CDs for the broken record lady. I didn't drive my sisters out of state.

He gets up. Moves toward front door.

TOMMY

I expect to see you at Tommy Jr.'s dinner tonight with the baked ziti.

LIVIA

Only if someone picks me up and drives me home. I don't drive when they're predicting rain.

A28 EXT. LIVIA'S HOUSE - DAY

A28

TOMMY

You're a healthy girl. It's good for you to drive. Use it or lose it.

(kisses her on cheek)

I have to get back to work.

LIVIA

Sure. Run off.

27 OMITTED

27

28 EXT. SOPRANO HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

28

Carmela has generated an astounding array of food, yet she still looks, as Chris once remarked, "eminently fuckable." Tommy is taking off his jacket, she hands him a platter of steaks and sausage.

TOMMY (V.O.)

That night it was my son's birthday party.

\*

TOMMY

Maybe I should go get my mother.

CARMELA

No way. She's jerking your chain.

She lets him kiss her. Just then --

FATHER PHIL

You had a recipe for creme anglais  
all the time, Carmela. Right here in  
'Julia Child'.

FATHER PHIL, thirtysomething priest, wanders out of the house  
carrying a cookbook, wearing an apron. Tommy immediately chills.

FATHER PHIL

Oh, hi, Tom. You like creme anglais?

TOMMY

You bless it, I'll eat it.

TOMMY JR.

(enters with portable  
phone)

Grandma's not coming. She started  
crying and hung up.

TOMMY

She needs a purpose in life.

CARMELA

Your mother's tougher than you think.

TOMMY JR.

(bummed)

No fucking ziti now?

BOTH PARENTS

(sharply)

Hey!

VOICE

Where's everybody?

A29 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - HALLWAYS - DAY

A29

Uncle Junior wanders, his eyes swimming in the thick lenses. He  
carries a huge birthday present and a wrinkled paper bag.

JUNIOR

I brung fresh arugala from my garden.

29 EXT. SOPRANO BACKYARD - DAY

29

Tommy stands at a top-of-the-line barbeque kettle, lights fluid-soaked charcoal. Whoosh. He is moving the lighter fluid out of the way to make room when --

The duck family are all beating their wings in the pool. CAMERA slows to dreamlike slo-mo as the mother levitates. The first duckling becomes airborne...then the second...then the others...they follow their mother up into the air.

TOMMY

watches with both joy and horror as they circle his yard once, then fly off forever, their QUACKS receding.

TOMMY (V.O.)

At first it felt like ginger ale in my skull.

Suddenly Tommy's eyes roll, he clutches his head, crashes into the kettle. The lighter fluid can drops from his hand onto the coals. He falls to the grass.

Carmela and family rush out.

CARMELA

Oh, my God --

Silvio Dante and family, just arriving, react in alarm.

Carmela is moving toward Tommy. Is driven back as the can of lighter fluid explodes -- a ball of orange flame that completely destroys the kettle. Tommy, unconscious, has no awareness. Silvio grabs a fire extinguisher and starts shooting hot coals that have blown out of the grille.

30-31 OMITTED

30-31

32 INT. MRI CENTER - MRI MACHINE ROOM - DAY

32

The magnetic oracle hums. Tommy lies alone and naked on a tray, about to be served to the machine.

TOMMY (V.O.)

Dr. Cusamano put me in the hospital.  
I had every kind of test.

A speaker in the room clicks on.



VOICE

When you're in the machine, there's a microphone by your head if you get claustrophobia and have to come out. Only we suggest that you don't do that 'cause we'll only have to start over again from the beginning.

TOMMY

Okay.

No answer. Moments pass. Nothing happens. A door opens.

TOMMY

Carmela...?

She brings a chair over from the wall. Sits beside him.

CARMELA

I thought maybe you'd want some company.

TOMMY

(surprised)

Thanks. Six-thirty in the morning?  
How are the kids?

CARMELA

Worried about you -- I told Tommy Jr. we'd rain check his birthday.

TOMMY

Carm', you think I have a brain tumor?

CARMELA

Well, we'll find out.

TOMMY

(pissed off)

What a bedside manner. Very encouraging.

CARMELA

What are you gonna, not know?

Beat.

TOMMY

We've had some good times, some good years.

CARMELA

Here he goes now with the nostalgia.

TOMMY

What I'm saying -- no marriage is perfect.

CARMELA

But having that goomar' on the side helps.

TOMMY

I don't see her anymore, I told you. How do you think I like it, having that priest in my house all the time?

CARMELA

(eyes narrow)

Don't even go there. Father is a spiritual mentor -- he's helping me to be a better Catholic.

TOMMY

We all have different needs.

CARMELA

What's different between you and me is you're going to Hell when you die.

That about kills the conversation. The machine hums. A technician enters and Tommy tenses up. Carmela unhesitatingly takes his hand. The technician gives Carmela prism eyeglasses which she places on Tommy.

TOMMY'S POV

a weird prism look ninety degrees past his own head that allows him to keep tenuous visual contact with Carmela as he goes into the machine.

Carmela smooths his hair, says something loving. But the MRI machine makes its hellish hammering which drowns everything out and continues into --

33 INT. THE PORK STORE - NIGHT

33

Chris, alone, does a Kung Fu dance in the glow of the meat cases.

TOMMY (V.O.)

My nephew, Christopher, was handling the garbage contract problem while I was in the hospital. On this here also you don't need to know the details.

A Ford van with KOLAR SANITATION on its door pulls up outside. EMIL KOLAR, 24, gets out. He comes to the Pork Store, knocks. The door is opened a crack by Chris.

CHRIS

Yeah?

KOLAR

Emil. Kolar.

Chris lets him in. The two cross to a door toward the rear --

CHRIS

Money, hope this don't give you indigestion. It's private here like we need. To talk.

This as they go into --

34 OMITTED  
AND  
35

34  
AND  
35

36 INT. THE PORK STORE - BUTCHERING AREA - NIGHT

36

Lamb's heads, pig trotters, hanging carcasses.

KOLAR

In the Czech Republic, too, we love pork. You ever have our sausages?

CHRIS

I thought the only sausages were italian and Jimmy Deans. See what you learn when you cross cultures and shit?

KOLAR

My Uncle Evzen doesn't know I came. But if we make any progress here tonight I will have to tell him.

CHRIS

We have to make progress, Email. We must stop the madness. The garbage business is changing. We're the younger generation. We have issues in common.

KOLAR

Emil.

CHRIS

Where'd you go to high school?  
Poland.

KOLAR

(angry)

I'm not Polish.

CHRIS

Well, what's Czechoslovakian? Isn't  
that a type of polack?

KOLAR

We came to this country when I was  
nine. I went to West Essex.

CHRIS

Yo, money. My cousin Anthony's  
school used to play you in football.  
He went to Boonton.

KOLAR

(impatient)

Where's the...?

CHRIS

Ah, yes, the reason for the visit.

He beckons Kolar to a table where lines of coke are arranged on  
a cleaver blade.

CHRIS

Taste the wares, Email.

Kolar takes the straw, leans over to dose. Chris places a Glock  
9mm to the back of his head and fires. Kolar sprawls forward  
onto the butcher block. Chris fires three more times. One of  
the severed lamb's heads appears to be watching. Chris addresses  
it.

CHRIS

Can you see him yet? Has he arrived  
where you are?

37 EXT. BUCCO'S VESUVIO - DAY

37

Couple of days later. Tommy, Uncle Junior and his bodyguard, and  
Beppy, a crony, emerge from the restaurant laughing, kidding.

TOMMY (V.O.)

The doctors kept me hanging about the  
neurological tests. My Uncle Junior  
and I played a round of golf and then  
had lunch.

MELFI (V.O.)

In what way is your uncle a problem for you?

JUNIOR

Who do you think you are?

TOMMY

The guy who says how things go is who I think I am. Artie's dinner business is nice upscale people from the suburbs. Don't ruin his life.

BEPPI

Vesuvio is where Pussy feels safe! He's been eating there for years.

TOMMY

Kill him someplace else.

JUNIOR

You may run North Jersey, but you don't run your Uncle Junior -- how many fuckin' hours did I spend playing catch with you -- ?

38 OMITTED

38

39 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

39

MELFI

Why don't we...move off your uncle and onto your more significant others.

\*  
\*  
\*

TOMMY (V.O.)

My wife and my daughter were also not getting along and somehow this always trickles down to me.

\*

Father Phil is sunk deep in the cushions with his feet up, wiggling his toes. "Field of Dreams" is on TV. Carmela enters with buttered popcorn.

FATHER PHIL

Darn but these laser disks are incredible.

CARMELA

Tommy watches 'Godfather 2' all the time. He says the camera work looks just as good as in the movie theater.

MELFI (V.O.)

In what way is your uncle a problem for you?

JUNIOR

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TOMMY

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JUNIOR

You may run North Jersey, but you don't run your Uncle Junior -- how many fuckin' hours did I spend playing catch with you -- ?

38 OMITTED

38

39 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

39

MELFI (V.O.)

You keep bringing up this uncle. What about your immediate family? They're more important to the work here.

TOMMY (V.O.)

(sighs)

My wife and daughter aren't getting along.

Father Phil is sunk deep in the cushions with his feet up, wiggling his toes. "Field of Dreams" is on TV. Carmela enters with buttered popcorn.

FATHER PHIL

Darn but these laser disks are incredible.

CARMELA

Tommy watches 'Godfather 2' all the time. He says the camera work looks just as good as in the movie theater.

FATHER PHIL

Where does Tom rank 'Goodfellas'?

They hear a SOUND on the roof.

FATHER PHIL

You have raccoons?

CARMELA

Too heavy. Someone's walking!

She looks out the window. The lawn is empty and iridescent green in the mercury lamps. The NOISE happens again. Carmela reaches up into a closet, comes out with an AK-47. Loads and locks.

FATHER PHIL

Jeez Louise...

40 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

40 \*

Carmela comes downstairs into garage. Father pads behind in Birkenstocks. Carmela, gun ready, sees back door ajar. She tiptoes warily, edges along. Rounds corner and aims up at an intruder.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

41 EXT. SOPRANO BACKYARD - NIGHT

41

CARMELA

Hold it!

Someone trying to jimmy a window -- turns in fear.

CARMELA

Meadow...?

A glaring security lamp behind Meadow makes Carmela shield her eyes.

CARMELA

What are you doing?

Meadow is also squinting into a bright light.

MEADOW

I noticed this glass rattles every time I walk to the laundry room. Do we have any...what do you call, putty?

\*

CARMELA

(to Meadow)

Don't give me that. You snuck out.

TOMMY JR.

(appears, casual)

What's going on?

MEADOW

You locked my bedroom window on purpose so I'd get caught!

CARMELA

Normal people thought you were upstairs doing your homework. You're becoming a master of lying and conniving.

TOMMY JR.

Right in front of Father.

She lunges for Tommy Jr.

FATHER PHIL

Guys. Let's dial down the casting stones a few notches.

\*  
\*

MEADOW

(to Carmela)

You're so strict about curfew I have to sneak out.

\*  
\*

CARMELA

Don't start with me with what other parents allow. You're in the Soprano household.

MEADOW

I know I'm grounded. But Patrick's swim meet is tomorrow and he needed me.

CARMELA

For this? Grounded? Oh, no. You're not going to Aspen with Hunter Scangarelo -- that's where you're not going.

Meadow's whole face falls in disbelief. She glares.

MEADOW

Okay, mom.

(sobs; runs inside)

If this is the way you want it...

TOMMY

But, look, this shit I'm telling you, it'll all blow over.



MELFI

Didn't you admit to Dr. Cusamano you were feeling depressed?

He doesn't want to answer.

TOMMY

Melfi. What part of The Boot, hon?

MELFI

My father's people were from Caserta.

TOMMY

(points to self)

Avellino. My mother would have loved it if you and I had hooked up.

He wonders why he said that. Clams up.

MELFI

Anxiety attacks are a legitimate psychiatric emergency. Suppose you were driving and passed out.

TOMMY

Let me tell you something -- today everybody goes to shrinks and counselors. Everybody goes on Sally Jesse Raphael and talks about their problems.

(building anger)

Whatever happened to Gary Cooper? The strong silent type. That was an American. He wasn't in touch with his feelings. He just did what he had to do!

(almost yelling)

Unfortunately, what they didn't know was once they got Gary Cooper in touch with his feelings, they wouldn't be able to shut him up! Dysfunction this! Dysfunction that! Dysfunction va fan cul!

MELFI

You have strong feelings about this.

TOMMY

Let me tell you something -- I understand Freud. I had a semester and a half of college. So, sure, I get therapy as a concept. But in my world it doesn't go down.

He stares at her.

TOMMY

Could I be a little happier. Sure.  
Who couldn't?

MELFI

Do you feel depressed?

He averts his eyes. Admits.

TOMMY

Since the ducks left, I guess.

MELFI

The ducks that preceded your losing  
consciousness. Let's talk about them.

He simply gets up and leaves.

43 INT. AIRPORT AREA TOPLESS BAR - DAY

43

Two NAKED DANCERS grind away on a small stage/riser to the beat of En Vogue. Men hunch over draft beers watching the women with expressionless eyes. Tommy and Chris are at a back booth having drinks with HERMAN "HESH" RABKIN, 70, whose bulk is swaddled in Filawear.

HERMAN

Mahaffey does not have the money.

CHRIS

What do you mean Mahaffey does not  
have the money?

HERMAN

Mahaffey does not have the money.

CHRIS

How could he not have the money?

HERMAN

The man does not have the money.

CHRIS

We ran over him with the car. T.  
himself --

HERMAN

(shrugs)

The man has no wiggle room. He is  
bled dry.

A waitress sets down a round of drinks.

HERMAN

So I hear Junior wants to whack Pussy  
Bonpensiero?

TOMMY

Pussy Malanga.

HERMAN

Oh, Little Pussy...

TOMMY

Yeah, Little Pussy. You think he's  
going to fuck with Big Pussy? My  
Pussy?

Silvio Dante appears.

SILVIO

Sandrine, this table, drinks on the  
house, all night. \*

HERMAN

Your uncle resents that you are boss.

SILVIO

The sadness accrues. \*

HERMAN

Junior's had a hard-on all his  
life -- first, that your father, his  
younger brother, was a made guy  
before him? Now you? So, sure, he  
can't stomach you telling him what to  
do. \*

TOMMY

Yet I love him. \*

HERMAN

The man is driven in toto by his  
insecurities. He register the beef  
with New York? \*

TOMMY

He's got their okay on the hit. \*

SILVIO

(moving off)

I feel bad I was the messenger.

HERMAN

Your friend with the restaurant --  
send his sinuses to Arizona.

(off Tommy's look)

Get him out of town for three weeks.  
This way the restaurant closes. The  
hit has to go down somewhere else.

TOMMY

No wonder my old man relied on you,  
you fuckin' Jew.

HERMAN

What about the fuckin' Jew's two  
fifty on Mahaffey's hundred.

TOMMY

Mahaffey now has a business partner.  
You. Every day these HMOs pay out  
millions in claims. Doctors,  
hospitals...a fuckin' MRI costs a  
grand a pop. We give Mahaffey a  
choice -- he either has his company  
start paying out on phoney claims --  
to fake clinics we set up -- or he  
pays Hesh the two hundred and fifty  
thousand he owes -- which we know he  
cannot do -- or it's a fuckin' rainy  
night in Lyndhurst.

HERMAN

That's very smart. This could be  
major.

TOMMY

Could be as good as garbage.

CHRIS

(emotional)

Garbage is our bread and butter.

TOMMY

Was.

44 INT. GREEN GROVE RETIREMENT COMMUNITY - DAY

44

Tommy, Carmela, the kids and Livia tour the facility. It  
resembles a hotel on Cap Ferrat. Well-dressed seniors read or  
hurry to various activities. Livia keeps knotting her hands.

TOMMY

Wow, look at this, mom.

DIRECTOR

(indicates library)

Our lecture series in action -- today it's someone from the university, they're discussing the novels of -- I believe -- Zora Neale Hurston.

CARMELA

Didn't you just read her in school, Med'?

Nothing. Cold freezeout.

TOMMY JR.

This place is neat, grandma. You should really think about this.

LIVIA

What's going on behind there?

DIRECTOR

Those doors lead to our nursing unit.

LIVIA

This is a nursing home!

DIRECTOR

This is a residence, but just in case --

LIVIA

You're not putting me in a nursing home! I've seen these women in these nursing homes, babbling like idiots!

Residents look up. Tommy turns crimson.

TOMMY

You're not listening -- what the lady said was --

LIVIA

(to director)

You think you're pretty high and mighty here, don't you, with your fancy authors!

Tommy squints...blinks...can't breathe...steadies himself on a table.

LIVIA

(to Tommy)

People come here to die. If your father saw what you're doing...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Then, crash, down he goes --

45 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

45

The street is dark. A forty-foot roll-away trash container is labelled KOLAR SANITATION. Chris' Lexus drives up, lights off. Chris and Big Pussy get out and go to the trunk. Chris pops the lid.

They muscle Emil Kolar's body out. It's wrapped in a plastic tarp. They carry Kolar toward the roll-away container.

BIG PUSSY

You can't blame T. for being pissed you whacked this kid. You should have waited for me, Christopher.

CHRIS

Last time I show any fuckin' initiative. And then -- can you imagine, Pussy, how I felt when T. runs down the garbage business. And I just fuckin' wet a guy to help hold on to one of our stops. \*

BIG PUSSY

He's not running it down. It's just gettin' harder in New York. Sure T. wants to keep any contracts we got. \*

CHRIS

So. Kolar Sanitation'll finally get the message. Ready? \*

BIG PUSSY

(stops, holds heart)  
Out of breath. \*

CHRIS

One...two...

They start to swing the corpse by its hands and feet.

CHRIS

...three!

They let the body go, but it doesn't achieve the twelve vertical feet needed to go into the open-topped container.

Instead it goes CONK against the metal sidewall and flops to the street.

BIG PUSSY

Fuck.

They pick it up again.

CHRIS

One...two...three!

Up, up...CLONG. The head hits. It falls back into the street.

BIG PUSSY

Let's just sit him up against it.

CHRIS

It's better if he's in it.

BIG PUSSY

What are you, fuckin' Michelangelo?  
Sit him up against it or I'm gonna  
get really pissed off here now.

As they haul Kolar upright and try to prop him up --

BIG PUSSY

Wait a minute -- this is fucked up.

CHRIS

(pissed)

What, Pussy?

BIG PUSSY

The uncle's gonna find the kid dead  
on one of his bins and get out of our  
fuckin' business?

CHRIS

'Louis Brassi sleeps with the fishes.'

BIG PUSSY

Luca Brassi. Luca.

CHRIS

Whatever. \*

BIG PUSSY

There's differences, Christopher,  
okay? From situation to situation.  
The Kolars know the kid is dead, it  
hardens their position. Plus, now  
the cops are looking for a fuckin'  
murderer. \*

CHRIS

(bored)

Whatever. \*

BIG PUSSY

The kid disappears, never comes home,  
they know but they don't know. They  
hope maybe he'll turn up. IF.

They start lugging the body back to the car.

CHRIS

Pussy, T. with these mental seizures  
or whatever. If he kept getting  
worse, what would you do? \*



BIG PUSSY  
I'm gonna tell you?

Chris shrugs it off.

46 INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

46

Tommy sits with his face in his hands, unable to speak.

MELFI  
So you've come back for help. Don't  
look at that as a defeat.

TOMMY  
You can't imagine the humiliation.  
Beautiful retirement center I'm gonna  
spend five thousand a month on and  
she's yelling and screaming like a  
cafone.

MELFI  
For us baby boomers, dealing with our  
parents' aging is extremely painful.

TOMMY  
She's part of that generation raised  
in the Depression. But for her the  
Depression was a trip to Six Flags.

MELFI  
There's that 'D' word again.

He slumps back in his chair.

MELFI  
Eighteen million Americans are  
clinically depressed.

TOMMY  
What's happened to society?  
Everything's broken down.

MELFI  
We're not here to talk about society.  
We're here to talk about you. Stay  
with your mother.

TOMMY  
Now that my father's dead? He's a  
saint. When he was alive?

TOMMY

(scoffs)

My dad was tough. Ran his own crew.  
Guy like that and my mother wore him  
down to a little nub. He was a  
squeaking gerbil when he died.

MELFI

Quite a formidable maternal presence.

TOMMY

I might as well be honest -- I'm  
finding much of the satisfaction gone  
from my work, too.

MELFI

Why?

TOMMY

Probably because of RICO.

MELFI

Is he your brother?

TOMMY

The RICO statutes.

MELFI

Oh...of course... Right.

TOMMY

You read the papers. How the Justice  
Department is using RICO and these  
legal strategies and electronic  
technology to squeeze our business.

MELFI

(sadly)

Do you ever have any qualms about how  
you actually make your living?

TOMMY

I find I have to be the sad clown -- upbeat  
on the outside, crying on the inside.

(beat)

See, things are trending downward.  
Used to be, guy got pinched, he took  
his prison jolt no matter what.  
Everybody upheld the code of silence.

(shakes head)

Nowadays? No values. Guys today  
have no room in their life for the  
penal experience. So you get all  
this turning government witness.

MELFI  
(stymied)

I see.

TOMMY

I feel exhausted just talking about it.

MELFI

Well --

(picks up  
prescription pad)

-- with today's pharmacology, no one needs to suffer with feelings of exhaustion or depression. \*

TOMMY

Here we go...here comes the Prozac.

47 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - PANTRY - DAY

47

Carmela, in gold and diamond bracelets and white gloves, opens the door, goes to a row of B&B Baked Beans cans. She unscrews the bottom of one -- removes a wad of cash five inches thick, peels off what she needs.

48 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - HALLWAY/MEADOW'S ROOM - DAY

48

Carmela goes to a bedroom door and knocks.

CARMELA

Miss Meadow.

No response. Carmela pokes her head in revealing Meadow on her bed.

MEADOW

I'm not going.

CARMELA

Every year on this date since you were itty-bitty, Mom and Meadow get all dolled up and drive to the Plaza for tea under Eloise's portrait. Look --

(waves white gloves)

Where's yours?

MEADOW

I have too much homework.

CARMELA

(smile faltering)

Med', it's our little tradition. We always have so much fun.

MEADOW

Tell you the truth, I've felt it was dumb since I was eight. I just go because you like it.

She goes to desk, pecks at computer keys.

CARMELA

(hiding hurt)

And here I thought it was something we'd do long after you were married. With girls of your own.

MEADOW

Hopefully, I won't be living anywhere around here by then.

A silence. Broken by a merry computer voice.

COMPUTER VOICE

Check your mailbox!

CARMELA

Meadow, you can't lie and cheat and just break the rules you don't like.

Meadow shoots her an amused cynical look.

CARMELA

What? Is there something you want to say?

MEADOW

Look, mom, do you have any idea how much it means to actually go skiing in Aspen? You think that's going to happen every year? Like lame tea and scones at the Plaza Hotel?

CARMELA

Good-bye.

MEADOW

Close my door, please.

49 INT. BUCCO'S VESUVIO - KITCHEN - DAY

49

Kitchen staff sweating over vats of pasta at the boil. Toiling hardest is Arthur Bucco. Tommy enters. Chris follows.

TOMMY

Listen, Artie, I wonder if you could help me out.

ARTHUR  
(nervous smile)

What?

Tommy takes a packet from his pocket. Chris has helped himself to two meatballs and now sits eating daintily off a small plate.

TOMMY  
Cruise -- Caribbean -- S.S.  
Sagafjord, 11th through the 29th.  
Pair of tickets...I can't use them.  
Can you take them off my hands?

ARTHUR  
(apprehensive)  
Where are they from?

CHRIS  
Comps.

ARTHUR  
What does that mean, 'comps?'

TOMMY  
In my position as business agent for the Kitchen and Restaurant Workers Union, it's my responsibility to administer the dental plan. The dentists awarded us these in appreciation. Problem is, I can't get away those dates.

Arthur looks longingly at the tickets.

TOMMY  
When's the last time you closed up and got away for a couple weeks?

50 INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

50

Melfi sits in her chair, waiting, in slatted light. The door to the waiting room is open. There's nobody there. The clock says 1:20. Melfi stares grimly out the window.

51 INT. BUCCO'S VESUVIO - NIGHT

51

Arthur and Charmaine, bone weary, are closing up.

CHARMAINE  
You can't accept a gift like that from Tommy Soprano.

ARTHUR

Don't you tell me what I can and cannot do.

CHARMAINE

Go ahead. Wind up in jail.

ARTHUR

Charmaine, don't talk like an idiot.  
(pleading)

Three weeks...all expense paid. I'm telling you, if I have to put my hand up the ass of one more chicken without a break, I'm gonna go post office.

CHARMAINE

I don't wish to talk about it, Arthur.

She goes to a booth where their two kids have fallen asleep over their homework.

CHARMAINE

Art...Melissa...time to go home.

ARTHUR

Honey, you have to get away -- we have to. For our marriage.

CHARMAINE

No. It's bad enough these mobsters still patronize the place.

ARTHUR

Yeah, but so what? We're not connected.

CHARMAINE

Right. Because we just turned down those tickets.

ARTHUR

(whining)

Tom's a labor leader. The tickets were comps.

CHARMAINE

Oh, Arthur, grow up. Does not the mind rebel at any possible scenario under which dentists send the don of New Jersey first class on a Norwegian steamship?

He rubs his face.

CHARMAINE

Somebody donated some kneecaps for those tickets.

52 EXT. STATE PARK - DAY

52

A haggard, miserable Alex Mahaffey labors to crutch his way up concrete steps. His leg is in a full hip-to-toe cast. Flanking Mahaffey are Herman Rabkin and Big Pussy. They stroll (at least the two able-bodied ones stroll) away from an ice cream stand toward a picturesque roaring waterfall. It's a fine day.

MAHAFFEY

Herman. There is no way I can subvert my fucking company... Have them pay claims for MRI's that never happened.

BIG PUSSY

We'll set up MRI clinics that are just shells. The paperwork will look fantastic.

MAHAFFEY

How do I not get caught?!

HERMAN

(sharply)

Alex, I don't like to see you knocking yourself like that. You're a smart guy.

MAHAFFEY

I'm depressed...I'm so fucking depressed...I can't eat, sleep...

HERMAN

You on Prozac?

MAHAFFEY

Zoloft. Similar. It's supposed to help with the gambling, too.

BIG PUSSY

No shit?

MAHAFFEY

These new serotonin reuptake inhibitor anti-depressants are useful against compulsive behaviors.

BIG PUSSY

That's a shame. A medication comes along after your gambling gets your fucking hip-busted to shit.

MAHAFFEY

I'm trying not to be cynical.



They're out over the falls now on a pedestrian bridge.

HERMAN

You're going to have a chance to make good. Because, Alex, your debt and the feelings accompanying it are the source of all these problems. You know it, I know it.

MAHAFFEY

(tears come)

I'm sorry I haven't paid you, Herman.

HERMAN

(consoling)

I know you are.

MAHAFFEY

And I certainly never meant to denigrate Tommy Soprano.

\*  
\*  
\*

HERMAN

Want to walk out on the rocks?

\*

MAHAFFEY

The -- the crutches --

HERMAN

We'll help you...it's beautiful out there. I go there to think.

Mahaffey looks behind him. The ice cream stand and humanity are a long way off. Big Pussy tosses his cone into the abyss.

MAHAFFEY

(scared)

It's okay...no, look...let's...let's try it...what you were saying before.

53 EXT. PITCH 'N' PUTT - DAY

53

In the Meadowlands, under the Turnpike. Tommy practices his wedge. Looks at his watch, remembering something.

He takes Prozac bottle from his pocket. He makes sure no one is watching, takes two capsules.

PAULIE WALNUTS (O.S.)

T.?

Tommy looks up. Paulie Walnuts is waving and calling to him.

PAULIE WALNUTS

Dick's looking for you.

54 EXT. BARONE SANITATION - DAY

54

Tommy and Paulie walk back from the pitch 'n' putt next door.  
Dick Barone drives up in his car.

DICK BARONE

I just heard from Triboro Towers.  
Kolar withdrew the bid.

TOMMY

Hey, that's good anyway. \*

DICK BARONE

(driving off)

Artie Bucco's here to see you. \*

55 EXT. PLASTIC MOUND - DAY

55

Arthur waits nervously. Tommy approaches.

TOMMY

You all right, Artie?

Arthur takes the tickets, holds them out to Tommy.

TOMMY

What are you talking about? You need  
to leave town. We discussed this.

ARTHUR

Melissa's in a dance recital.

Tommy just stares at him.

ARTHUR

I'm sorry.

TOMMY

Hey, you can't go, you can't go.  
You're making a big mistake.

Arthur averts his eyes.

ARTHUR

Thank you. I mean that.

He skulks off. Chris has been watching sullenly. Tommy stares  
at the tickets in frustration.

TOMMY

This fuckin' thing again. How do I  
help my friend? Huh? \*

Chris shrugs listlessly.

TOMMY

The fuck you sulking about?

Tears fill Chris' eyes. He storms out, kicking stuff.

TOMMY

The fuck's with him?

PAULIE WALNUTS

Probably shooting fuckin' crank again.

TOMMY

Where's the maturity? That's what I  
want to know.

\*  
\*

Paulie shrugs.

56 OMITTED

56 \*

57 EXT. IL GRANAIO - NIGHT

57

A smallish, discreet restaurant, hardly recognizable as a restaurant. On a side-street in the Village, curtained storefront window, no sign.

58 INT. IL GRANAIO - NIGHT

58

Total zoo. Toney patrons jammed five deep at the bar waiting for tables. Waiters slither through with hundred dollar lobsters. Crushed in the crowd of hopefuls is Dr. Melfi. She watches her date, NILS, whimper to the hostess.

NILS

This is outrageous. I had an eight o'clock reservation I made a month ago.

HOSTESS

(Roman shrug)

Sir, as I explained, people are not leaving their tables and there's five parties ahead of you.

He folds up meekly, struggles back to Jennifer.

NILS

I tore her a new one.

The front door, barely visible in the crush, has opened and Tommy has entered with an attractive, if blowsy, young woman, IRINA, on his arm.

OWNER

(rushes to him)

Mr. Soprano, how you doing tonight?

Melfi's head snaps over. The owner snow-plows for Tommy, the crowd squeezing to let him by.

Melfi is uncomfortable. Their eyes meet. Tommy is all charm.

TOMMY

Hello, how are you?

MELFI

(cooly)

Hello.

TOMMY

Come here a lot?

MELFI

(terse)

When possible.

TOMMY

Nice to see you.

He moves off, then comes back.

TOMMY

I owe you an apology for not showing up the other day.

Turned out to be not so urgent.

Those decorating tips you gave me worked.

MELFI

Good.

He waves and goes with the hostess and is seated immediately. Melfi meets Nil's gaze, flustered.

NILS

Do you know who that was!? Well, obviously, you do. Is he a patient?

MELFI

You know I can't say.

NILS

'Decorating tips.' Yeah, right.

MELFI

(sharply)

Nils, shut the fuck up.

Tommy is seen speaking briefly with the owner and hostess. The hostess comes right up to Nils and Melfi.

HOSTESS

Mr. Borglund, they're setting up your table right now.

Nils stares at Melfi, blown away.

NILS

Whoa.

Melfi looks to where Tommy is in conversation with the Woman. She nods a 'thank you.' He winks.

59 EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

59

In the Hackensack River. A 35 foot cabin cruiser, The Stugots.

A60 INT. CABIN CRUISER - BELOW DECKS - NIGHT

A60

Tommy and Irina laugh and kiss.

IRINA

Who was that woman tonight?

TOMMY

My decorator.

IRINA

What, you are redoing the garbage dump?

She runs off with a skipper's hat.

TOMMY

(following)

You mess that hat up...

60 EXT. CABIN CRUISER - TOP DECK - NIGHT

60 \*

She scurries up into open air, uses the hat to cover between her pubic area.

TOMMY

Irina...Jesus...

IRINA

I know there's something intimate with you and her.

TOMMY

Intimate? No, we talk.

As they kiss, we PAN to the water. \*

61 INT. IL GRANAIO - NIGHT

61

Different crowd, different night, but the same crush. Door opens. Tommy enters. With Carmela. Owner runs over.

OWNER

Mr. Soprano, bona sera. Months we don't see you. Where you been?

(busses Carmela)

Signora.

62 OMITTED

62

63 INT. IL GRANAIO - NIGHT - LATER

63

Carmela and Tommy in the afterglow of a superb meal.

TOMMY

Sometimes life is good.

CARMELA

Life is often good.

TOMMY

This Regaliali for example.

CARMELA

You've been in good spirits the last couple days.

He smiles, mulls this.

TOMMY

Carmela...

(with difficulty)

...there's something I should confess.

Her smile fades, she fingers her glass.

TOMMY

What are you doing?

CARMELA

Getting my wine in position to throw in your damn face.

TOMMY

Always with the drama.

CARMELA

(upset)

Confess will you, please? Get it over with.

TOMMY

I'm on Prozac.

She almost spit-takes.

CARMELA

Oh, my God...

TOMMY

I'm seeing a therapist.

She almost jumps in his lap, clutches his hand.

CARMELA

I think that's great! I think that's so wonderful. I think that's so gutsy.

TOMMY

(taken aback)

Take it easy, will you?

CARMELA

I just think that's very wonderful --

TOMMY

You'd think I was Hannibal Lecture.

CARMELA

Psychology doesn't address the soul, but it's something, it's a start -- okay, I'll shut up.

She shuts up, but is glowing. He drops his voice.

TOMMY

Let me tell you something -- you're the only person who knows. I'm telling you because you're my wife, you're the only person in my life I'm completely honest with.

She rolls her eyes. He grabs her wrist -- hard. \*

TOMMY

Hey. I'm serious. The wrong people knew about this I'd get the steeljacket anti-depressant right in the back of the head.

It gets quiet.

CARMELA

I didn't realize you were that unhappy.

TOMMY

I dunno...my mother...I dunno...

CARMELA

You told him about your father?

TOMMY

Told who? My therapist? Yeah, I told him.

CARMELA

Good. But your mother's the one.

TOMMY

(scared)

Lately, I feel like my life is out of balance. I feel disconnected... It's...

CARMELA

Our existence on earth is a puzzle. My own daughter hates me.

TOMMY

She doesn't hate you, Carm.

CARMELA

She broke my heart, Tommy. We were best friends.

TOMMY

Girls and their mothers. She'll come back to you.

CARMELA

But who knows if she'll ever get to go to Aspen again.

TOMMY

(hard)

She should have thought about that before she stiffed us on the money --

(shakes cobwebs)

-- I mean before she broke curfew.

(beat)

See? What's happening to my mind?



64 OMITTED

64

65 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

65

Meadow eats cereal and milk. Phone rings.

MEADOW

Hello?

CHRIS (V.O.)

Jesus, I got through?! No social life?

MEADOW

Blow me. Dad -- !

\*

Tommy and Carmela enter, Meadow holds out the phone.

CARMELA

Here, I brought you my primavera.  
Your favorite.

Meadow coldly walks out.

TOMMY

(into phone)

Yeah?

CHRIS (V.O.)

A friend of ours just got back in town.

\*

A66 INTERCUT - INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

A66

The Young Secretary who witnessed Alex Mahaffey's beating and Chris are post-coital and looking at the TV where aged PUSSY MALANGA is taken away by wheelchair, jacket pulled over his head.

ANNOUNCER VOICE

Malanga...also known as Little Pussy,  
was released after questioning, but  
not before an ugly scene at Newark  
Airport...

\*

\*

\*

YOUNG WOMAN

(whispering)

Are you gonna break somebody's leg?

CHRIS

(shushing her)

So it's gonna go down soon.

TOMMY

I think I figured a way to put this  
to bed.

\*

\*

\*

66 INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

66

Tommy is in the patient chair, she in her chair.

MELFI

It's not the Prozac.

TOMMY

Why not?

MELFI

You said you're thinking clearer and your wife told you you seemed better. It's not the medication. Prozac takes several weeks to build up effective levels in the blood.

TOMMY

(disappointed)

What then?

MELFI

Coming here -- talking. Hope comes in many forms.

TOMMY

Who's got the time for it?!

She maintains that maddening shrink stare.

MELFI

What is it you really want to say to me?

TOMMY

I had a dream last night. My belly button was a philips-head screw. And I was working unscrewing it. And when I got it all the way unscrewed my...my penis fell off. And I'm running around with it yelling, trying to find this mechanic used to work on my Lincoln when I drove Lincolns and he was supposed to screw it back on, only this bird swooped down and took it in its beak and flew off with it and I woke up.

MELFI

What kind of bird?

TOMMY

Seagull or something.

MELFI

A water bird.

TOMMY

I saw 'The Birds' last week on cable.  
You think maybe that planted the idea?

MELFI

What else is a water bird?

TOMMY

(thinks)

Pelican...flamingo -- my father used  
to say, 'I'll do the flamingo on your  
head...'...but he meant flamenco --  
the dance.

MELFI

What about ducks?

He stares in amazement, feeling a little chill.

TOMMY

The ducks. Those damn ducks.

MELFI

What was it about those ducks that  
meant so much to you?

TOMMY

Did you know the word for duck in  
Italian is 'anatra'? So Sinatra  
probably means 'without ducks'.

MELFI

Is that why you blacked out? Ducks  
and Sinatra?

TOMMY

(sheepish)

No.

(stares off)

I don't know, it was just a trip  
having those wild creatures come to  
my pool to have their babies.

(voice breaks)

I was sad to see them go.

He hides his face behind his hand. Reaches for a Kleenex. Dabs  
tears.

TOMMY

Look at this. Oh, fuck. Now he's  
crying.

MELFI

Once those ducks had their babies,  
they became a family.

TOMMY

So?

But then he stares at her in recognition.

TOMMY

You're right -- that's what I'm full of dread about, that I'm going to lose my family. Just like I lost the ducks. It's always with me --

MELFI

What are you afraid's going to happen?

TOMMY

(completely rattled)

I don't know! But something. I don't know!

67 EXT. PAROCHIAL SCHOOL BALL COURT - DAY

67 \*

A heated girls volleyball game in progress. Meadow makes a save. Tommy, in the stands with other parents, claps. The home team is African-American. Meadow's team is Visitors. With Tommy is Silvio Dante. They cheer.

TOMMY AND SILVIO

Way to go, Falcons! [etc.]

SILVIO

So when would you need this by?

TOMMY

Right away. Go Meadow, yes!!!

SILVIO

I think I can get a party like that together. Side-out! Side-put!

TOMMY

(furious at ref)

Hey. Ref! Oh-oo!

\*  
\*

68 EXT. INNER CITY PAROCHIAL SCHOOL - DAY

68

Tommy waits. Meadow comes out, changed into street clothes.

MEADOW

Mom didn't come?

(sees Silvio with daughter)

Hi, Mr. Dante!

Silvio gives a friendly wave.

TOMMY

Mom didn't think you wanted her to.  
Car's this way.

Meadow tries not to have a reaction. They walk.

TOMMY

You guys played a good game. That  
Heather Dante -- where'd she get that  
spike?

MEADOW

Dad, don't you think it's totally  
unfair what mom is doing? And now,  
like, making this little movie scene  
out of it -- the sad mom who, like,  
can't even come to her daughter's  
sports event?

Tommy is staring off. The cathedral has caught his attention.

MEADOW

Dad...?

69 INT. CATHEDRAL - DAY

69

Vast. Empty. Candles flicker. Built a hundred years ago, it  
now slumbers in the heart of a ghetto. Tommy and Meadow enter.

MEADOW

Don't you think it's totally out  
there? I mean, my Aspen trip? What  
is she thinking?

TOMMY

It's been years since I been here.

MEADOW

Dad, please talk to her, please!  
This is so stupid.  
(realizes)  
Why are we sitting here?

They are sitting in the pews. The vaulted ceiling soars above,  
shafts of light pierce the gloom.

TOMMY

Your mother feels you have the  
capacity to be a top student. That  
you're special. I agree.

MEADOW

(tears)

What do you guys want? Perfection?

(notes his  
distraction)

What are you looking at?

TOMMY

Your great-grandfather and his  
brother Frank? They built this place.

MEADOW

(cares less)

Big whoop.

TOMMY

Stone and marble workers. Came over  
from Italy. They built this.

MEADOW

Yeah, right -- two guys.

TOMMY

(patiently)

No, they were just two guys on a crew  
of...I don't know. Laborers. They  
didn't design it. But they knew how  
to build it.

She follows his look up and around to the faded somnolent beauty  
and burnished gold. She feels it.

TOMMY

Go out now and find me two guys who  
can even put decent grout around your  
bathtub.

Meadow takes in the cathedral with new eyes, her mind racing.

70 INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

70

Tommy in therapy, seated in the chair, facing Melfi.

TOMMY

-- like during Gotti's trial a couple  
years ago, I said to my mother --

\*  
\*

MELFI

Could I interrupt you a second?

(shifts weight  
nervously)

Am I, y'know, 'okay'? Hearing this?

TOMMY

What? Oh -- Gotti? It worries you?

MELFI

Yes, but I'm a doctor. It's my job to treat. \*

TOMMY

Us being compare.

MELFI

Being Italian is irrelevant. I run a psychiatric practice, not a zeppola stand at the feast of San Gennaro. \*

He shrugs.

MELFI

You were telling me how when John Gotti was sent to prison you went into a profound feeling of despair and you said something to your mother.

TOMMY

I don't think so. I don't think I was talking about my mother. I was talking about that cock-suck motherfucker Rudy Giuliani and how he's ruined things for lots of people. \*

MELFI

Is there someone in your early life who raises the same fear and control issues as Mayor Giuliani? \*

He doesn't want to answer.

TOMMY

Well, look at the clock. Hour's up.

MELFI

You can answer the question. \*

Suddenly he stands. He goes to her, leans down, moves her hair aside and softly kisses her neck.

MELFI

That's outside the boundaries of what we do here.

TOMMY

You're the most fantastic woman I've ever seen.

MELFI

I'm not going to kick you out of therapy so stop trying.

Tommy studies her, impressed.

71 EXT. BUCCO'S VESUVIO - NIGHT

71

The street is deserted. Silvio Dante, newspaper under his arm, calmly walks from the direction of the restaurant and away. There's a BLINDING FLASH and ROAR as the restaurant blows out in the rear.

HOLD on the flames of the burning restaurant.

CUT TO:

72 EXT. SOPRANO BACKYARD - DAY

72

BARBECUE GRILL

steaks and sausages HISS and SIZZLE. Tommy sips a beer, tends steaks. He looks toward the house where guests are starting to arrive. The fire belches smoke and --

73 EXT. CATHEDRAL - DAY - SKEWED LOW ANGLE

73

More smoke. The church's twin spires jab at a lowering sky. Meadow is being burned at the stake, hooded medieval figures toss wood on the fire. She shouts at the leaden sky with a crazed smile, the wind and flames lashing her face.

MEADOW

Yes! Yes!

DISSOLVE TO:



74 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - MEADOW'S ROOM - DAY

74

Meadow's face aglow with fantasy. She swigs coffee, writes furiously in her journal. KNOCK. Carmela peeks in.

CARMELA

Guests are arriving and the table isn't set.

(notes)

How many cups of coffee have you had?

MEADOW

(writing)

Be right there.

Carmela hesitates a second, then holds out new ski boots.

MEADOW

You mean I can go to Aspen?

CARMELA

Christmas break is just that. A break. When you get back to school, you'll really apply yourself.

MEADOW

(speeding)

I was just thinking I probably shouldn't go. So close to finals.

CARMELA

(thrown)

Excuse me?

MEADOW

(urgent)

I was just writing in my journal -- how somebody in this family has to do something.

CARMELA

Well...

(beat)

About what?

MEADOW

Perfection. Earthly perfection. It's a Soprano tradition.

CARMELA

(beat)

It is?

## MEADOW

I may become a nun. I have to look up our family motto...I think the Web has a genealogy bulletin board.

She starts scribbling again. Carmela stares, pole-axed. She leaves the room in a fog.

75 EXT. SOPRANO BACKYARD - DAY

75

Father Phil munches appetizers and chats with Mrs. Dante. The sun sets; family and friends chat. Chris, Paulie Walnuts, Big Pussy, Silvio and a dazed and haggard Arthur Bucco stand around the brand new Weber with beers in hand as Tommy cooks.

\*  
\*

## ARTHUR

You work and work so damn hard and then to have your life's dream burn down.

\*  
\*

## TOMMY

Look at it this way -- at least you collect the insurance.

## PAULIE WALNUTS

You got to say to yourself, 'It could have been worse.'

\*

## ARTHUR

How? How could it be worse? Fucking faulty stove!

## CHRIS

Suppose people stopped coming to the restaurant. Suppose...I dunno.

## TOMMY

There's no insurance for that.

## ARTHUR

Why would people stop coming to the restaurant? It's just starting to catch on.

Tommy puts a hand on Arthur's shoulder.

## TOMMY

Know what I'm figuring out lately? Talking helps.

(beat)

Hope comes in many forms.

Arthur breaks down sobbing. Everybody consoles him. Except Chris. Tommy hugs Artie.

TOMMY

I'll always help you, Artie.

Tommy notes Chris off by himself brooding. He crosses.

TOMMY

Someday I'll tell him we torched the restaurant as the best solution.

(off Chris' sullenness)

Enough of this shit. What's the matter?

CHRIS

A simple, 'way to go, Chris' on the Triboro Towers contract would have been nice.

Tommy stares silently. We don't know what's going to happen.

TOMMY

You're right. I have no defense. It's from how I was parented. Never complimented or supported.

CHRIS

(still angry)

My cousin Anthony's girlfriend is what they call a development girl out in Hollywood. She said I could sell my life story for fuckin' millions. But I didn't. I stuck with you.

TOMMY

Hey.

(smacks his face)

I'll fuckin' kill you. You gonna go Henry Hill on me now? Too many wiseguys are making book deals and causing all kinds of shit.

CHRIS

She said maybe I could even play myself.

TOMMY

(grabs and shakes him)

Forget Hollywood screenplays. Forget those distractions. You think I haven't had offers?

(beat)

Hear me? We got work to do. New avenues.

(calming down)

Everything's gonna be fine from here on. If we don't lose who we are. Look. It's a beautiful day.

\*  
\*

\*

\*  
\*  
\*

76 INT. JUNIOR'S LINCOLN - DAY

76

Junior drives. Livia breaks the silence.

LIVIA:

It was nice of you to pick me up for the party, Junior. At least somebody cares about me.

JUNIOR

These kids today.

LIVIA

I suppose he thinks once he's got me locked away in a nursing home I'll die faster, then he won't have to drive me anywhere.

Junior shakes his head in sympathy.

LIVIA

If his father was still around you can bet your boots he'd show decency and respect for his mother.

JUNIOR

Well, my brother John was a man among men.

LIVIA

(dabbing tears)

He was a saint.

JUNIOR

(winks)

Hey, if he could steal you away from me he musta been something.

(somberly)

...anyway, lots of things are different now from Johnny's and my day.

LIVIA

(looks over)

What do you mean?

JUNIOR

I'm not free to run my business like I want.

LIVIA

Isn't that awful.

JUNIOR

...just this week your son stuck his hand in -- 'course, I can't prove it was him -- made it a hundred times more difficult for me. Plus, he thumbs his nose at New York.

She looks over horrified. He nods.

JUNIOR

What are you gonna do? He's part of a whole generation. Remember the crazy hair? And the dope? Now it's fags in the military.

LIVIA

(could go off)

Stop it, Junior, you're making me very upset!

JUNIOR

I don't like to, Livia, but I'm all agita all the time. And I'll tell you something else. Things are down. All across the board.

She looks at him.

JUNIOR

A lot of friends of ours are complaining. We used to be recession-proof? No more. You can't blame it all on the Justice Department.

("casually")

Our friends say to me, 'Junior, why don't you take a larger hand in things?'

Livia gazes out the side like maybe he isn't even saying anything. He sizes her up, emboldened.

JUNIOR

Something may have to be done, Livia, about Tom. I don't know.

She says nothing! Junior smiles ever so slightly to himself. He has her blessing. He steers the car through the open gate into Tommy's driveway.

77 EXT. SOPRANO BACKYARD - DAY

77

Tommy waves in his BBQ apron. Junior and Livia get out of the car.

TOMMY

There they are! Hi, ma!

LIVIA

What, you're using that mesquite? It makes the sausage taste peculiar.

TOMMY JR.

Hi, grandma!

LIVIA

(painfully pinches  
Jr.'s cheek)

Hello, my big boy.

TOMMY

Carmela, my mother's here.

CARMELA

Okay, let's eat everybody!

Tommy Sr. and Jr. carry platters of meat to the house. The Soprano family and friends drift pleasantly toward the house.

PAN to the still and silent pool.

FADE OUT:

THE END