

THE SOPRANOS

"A Hit Is A Hit"

S108-P110

**Written by
Joe Bosso**

**Directed by
Matthew Penn**

9/11/98

THE SOPRANOS

"A Hit Is A Hit"

CAST

TONY SOPRANO
CARMELA SOPRANO
DR. JENNIFER MELFI
CHRIS MOLTISANTI
MEADOW SOPRANO
HESH RABKIN
ANTHONY JR. (DELETE) *
PAULIE WALNUTS
ADRIANA
PUSSY BOMBENSIERO
SILVIO DANTE

Irina
Dr. Cusamano
Jean Cusamano
Randy Wagner * (was Jerry)
Squid
Manager
Vito
Barb Wagner
Marlene Rabkin
Richie Santini
Jack Krim
Massive Genius
Minister of Information
Bass Player
Rita
Eric
Gallegos
Black Cop
Audience Mullethead

THE SOPRANOS

"A Hit Is A Hit"

SETS

INTERIORS

Upper East Side Apt. Bldg. - Hallway	D
Upper East Side Apt.	D
Soprano House - Basement	D
Soprano Kitchen	D
Soprano Master Bedroom (OMIT)	D *
Soprano House	D
Plaza Hotel Suite	D
White Castle	N
Massive Genius' Living Room	N/D *
Massive Genius' Private Office	N
Christopher's Apt. - Bedroom	D
Christopher's Apt.	D/N
Il Granaio Restaurant	N
Cusamano House - Dining Room	N
Cusamano Living Room	N
Cusamano Kitchen	D
Cusamano Bathroom	N
Wreckers Club - Paramus	N *
Melfi's Office	D
Melfi's Vestibule (OMIT)	D *
Hesh's Estate - Office	N
Hesh's Estate - Den	D
Recording Studio	D
Bada Bing - Back Room (OMIT)	D *
Bada Bing - Office	D *

EXTERIORS

Soprano House	Dusk
Soprano Back Yard	D
Soprano House - Poolside	Dusk
Phone Booth	D
White Castle	N
Massive Genius's Patio	N
Hesh's Estate	D
Hesh's Patio	D
Wagner's House - Backyard	D
Country Club Golf Course	D

1 INT. UPPER EAST SIDE APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY 1

A young Ivy League Colombian man with briefcase, GASPAR GALLEGOS, comes off the elevator, fishing for his keys, passing two workmen in 'Navesink Appliance' coveralls fighting with a boxed Sub Zero fridge on a dolly. As he passes they reveal themselves as PAULIE and CHRISTOPHER. What happens is a text-book "push in" robbery. P&C produce silenced pistols, rush Gallegos, guns to his head, slapping duct tape over his mouth.

PAULIE

Open up 15B. Any hinky shit, you'll be be refrying beans with Pablo Escobar again.

Gallegos does as told. They enter the apartment. The Sub Zero carton is being dollied toward them by a third appliance guy, Pussy, who, with the cigar in his mouth looks not unlike the appliance guy in the Dire Straits video, "Money for Nothing".

2 INT. APARTMENT - DAY 2

Pussy and the box are the last in. The place is sparsely furnished, impersonal, no one lives here. They hurtle Gallegos onto a couch. Chris and Pussy have already started searching the place. Paulie goes to Gallegos.

PAULIE

This is all a message to your friends. Stay away from Port Newark. Stay out of suburban Essex. Don't drive out to Jersey, not even on Sundays.

GALLEGOS

Ire tell erm.

PAULIE

They been told. Twice. Now I'll tell 'em.

He shoots Gallegos in the head.

CHRISTOPHER

He came to pick up the allowance.

Christopher has popped the briefcase and shows the insides -- which completely empty. He has opened several closets.

PUSSY (O.S.)

Here.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

BEDROOM

P&C enter. In closet and under the bed are neatly stacked fifteen medium-sized Samsonite suitcases. Pussy has pulled-out and opened a few and are they overflowing with loose five and ten and twenty dollar bills. The guys are more than happy. Pussy easily drags in the Sub Zero carton which is obviously empty.

CHRISTOPHER

We can't get all this shit in our carton.

But they start trying.

PUSSY

Fuckin crackheads and their small bills.

3

INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

3

Tony is holding a water heater duct while his neighbor, BRUCE CUSAMANO, up on a ladder, solders it with a Coleman torch.

CUSAMANO

-- the kid was what we call 'locked in.' Not in a coma, but not conscious. A strange in-between state.

TONY

Sounds like Anthony.

They both laugh.

TONY

Fascinating, though, what you do for a living.

CUSAMANO

Think this got it.

Tony takes his hand off the duct. Cusamano tests for solidity, descends the ladder. They sip beers.

TONY

Thanks, Bruce.

CUSAMANO

What the hell, the old man taught me good -- and you saved my ass lending me that lawn sprayer. I'll get it back to you.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

TONY

You're next door, it's not like I
can't find you.

(remembering)

Which reminds me --

4 INT. SOPRANO KITCHEN - DAY

4

They enter, Tony goes to a drawer.

TONY

Where'd those fuckin' things go?

He pulls out a cigar box, hands it to Cusamano. He
puzzles.

TONY

Open it. Just a little thank you, you
know...for recommending Dr. Melfi.

CUSAMANO

What? You didn't have to --
Montecristos...these are Cuban?

TONY

They're the best, right?

CUSAMANO

These are illegal, aren't they?

TONY

(shrugs)

They're cigars.

CUSAMANO

(whiffs the box)

Hmmm, that's dreamy! I don't know
what to say.

(ill at ease)

You know, doctors make referrals all
the time. I don't really need a...

TONY

Bruce, no biggie.

Emboldened, Cusamano tries a little "Tony-speak,"
fishing.

CUSAMANO

Bet these motherfuckers are hard to
come by.

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

TONY

They fell off a truck.

Which delights Cusamano. PHONE.

TONY

'Scusi. Expecting a call.
(answering)

Ya?

5

**INTERCUT -- EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

5

PAULIE

It's done and it's the biggest fuckin'
refrigerator you ever seen.

TONY

It was the place we said, right over
by the place?

PAULIE

Yeah.

TONY

And the other thing?

PAULIE

Juan Valdez has been separated from
his donkey.

Tony hangs up. Cusamano watches, fascinated.

CUSAMANO

You know T, I've been meanin' to say.
I see you out back with your putter.
You ever play the club?

TONY

Nah, I play Minnisink, the public
course. And once a year, the garbage
carting association takes over Essex
Fells for the annual shotgun.

CUSAMANO

You gotta come to the club and play
sometime.

TONY

(suddenly shy)

Ah, you know.

(CONTINUED)

CUSAMANO

C'mon. How long you been living in the nabe? Some of the members, I think you'd really like 'em.

6 INT. PLAZA HOTEL - SUITE - DAY 6

"Clementine" by Bobby Darin fills the air. A champagne cork flies off. PULL BACK TO REVEAL -- Tony, Irina, Paulie and his sexy sometimes girlfriend RITA and Christopher. Chris is dressed up. Paulie pours.

PAULIE

Drink up. We got four more on ice.

TONY

(to Irina)

Drink up baby. It's a celebration.

RITA

You know what I say? Never say no to champagne or a guy with a ten inch cock.

PAULIE

(as all laugh)

What I tell ya. Is she a pisser?

IRINA

What are we celebrating anyway?

TONY

Let's just say it's bigger then a sub-zero.

(nuzzles her)

Baby, did you notice this joint has jacuzzi.

IRINA

Speaking of joints.

Irina takes one out and lights it. Passes it to Chris who hits. Passes it to Paulie. He takes a hit, passes it to Tony. Tony takes a hit, sees Paulie grinning ear to ear.

TONY

What?

Paulie still smiles at Tony. Finally, as if through telepathy Paulie has communicated his thought to Tony. And now Christopher is smiling and nodding. Suddenly, the three men are laughing and HUGGING each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IRINA

You guys want to be alone?

PAULIE

Yeah...yeah. As a matter of fact why don't you girls go get in that tub.

The girls go out. Tony and Paulie pull a SUITCASE from the closet and open it. It's overflowing with TENS, TWENTIES, AND FIFTIES.

PAULIE

I love a mixed salad.

CHRISTOPHER

I could look at it for hours.

TONY

Ship like this comes into port once in a lifetime. We gotta make this work for us. Find a sweet IPO, keep it spinnin', live off the juice.

PAULIE

I P who?

IRINA (O.S.)

Tony!

TONY

(Paulie hides case)

Intital Public Offering of a stock, Paulie. I might be meeting some new guys with better insider market shit.

IRINA (O.S.)

Tony!

She comes in wrapped in a terry Plaza robe. Tony grabs her.

CHRISTOPHER

I'm taking off.

(to their looks; somewhat shy)

Gonna celebrate just me and Adriana.

PAULIE

'Mother of mercy, is this the end of Rico'?

CHRISTOPHER

(abashed)

May be. Just may be.

7 INT. WHITE CASTLE - RT. 17, E. RUTHERFORD - NIGHT 7

Almost a late night party atmosphere as the crowd, mostly African-American, orders burgers from the COUNTER CREW (African-American). At the back of the press of people stand CHRISTOPHER and ADRIANA, who've been partying all night and wound up, as so many do, here. Adriana looks gorgeous in a Versace dress. She's barefoot, holding her shoes. Chris is wearing a suit, tie undone. Late-night boulevardiers.

ADRIANA

That song "My Candle," I love it! Will you light my cand-le? *

CHRISTOPHER

That fuckin 'Rent' -- we're supposed to get all fuckin weepy eyed 'cause they turn off the heat in some guy's loft? *

ADRIANA

I'm humming the scenery!

(kisses him)

Fifth row center. Yeeow. And Le Cirque! My God. I'm embarrassed to be hungry again.

(kisses him again)

Thank you. *

He gives her a squeeze.

ADRIANA

What it all must have cost. Can't you just tell me -- ?

CHRISTOPHER

(raises finger)

Eh. Let's just say after how many years with the Tony Soprano crew some shit has finally worked out. When I was starting to wonder if...you know. *

(looking forward; to Adriana)

Whose welfare check you gotta cash to get a burger around here?

ADRIANA

Wouldn't it be cool to own a restaurant like Le Cirque?

CHRISTOPHER

Madonn', with the careers.

(CONTINUED)

ADRIANA

I been hostessing a year at Granaio.
I've picked up alot.

(sees a fly-vined powerful
black MAN looking at her)

That black guy over there. He look
familiar?

CHRISTOPHER

Why don't you just forget working and
be with me?

ADRIANA

Oh, yeah. Be one of those wives like
Carmela Soprano...breast feed a bunch
of rug rats, then spend the rest of
your life at the gym just you and your
stretch marks.

CHRISTOPHER

Yeah. My cousin's always had a brain
but what does she use it for?

ADRIANA

With a husband --
(elbows him)

-- who can't even tell you where the
money comes from. I'm a different
generation.

CHRISTOPHER

So who invited you?

She socks him playfully.

CHRISTOPHER

(calling)

Hey, fuckin hairnet central. What am I
back here, Mark Fuhrman?

Everybody stops, turns around and looks at the two white
people.

ADRIANA

Chris. Would you chill?

CHRISTOPHER

(not backing down)

Fuckin' discrimination already.

It's a tense moment. Shit could definitely go down.
Finally, the White Castle MANAGER, an African-American,
motions from the last register to Chris and Adriana.

(CONTINUED)

MANAGER

Take you over here.

As Chris and Ad start towards the register, the crowd parts like the Red Sea, and out steps the very large black man Adriana had pointed out, MASSIVE GENIUS. He wears a custom-tailored Italian suit that hugs his frame like rubber. On his fingers is about \$300,000 worth of gold jewelry.

MASSIVE GENIUS

Bold men make bold statements.

CHRISTOPHER

What'd they send you for? I'm looking for burgers, not converted rice.

Massive and Chris regard each other. Manager waves.

MANAGER

Come on, I'll take your order.

CHRISTOPHER

(step up)

Give us eight regular burgers...

Massive Genius is cool and stone faced. He isn't used to being wise-cracked. Something about him causes Ad to sneak a look over her shoulder. They lock eyes. An older BLACK COP in uniform, who has been hanging in the crowd, leans in close to Genius' aide de camp, MINISTER, and whispers:

BLACK COP

Might pay to be cool. You know who that is? He hooked up with the Tony Soprano crew.

Minister looks semi-impressed.

8 EXT. WHITE CASTLE - NIGHT

8

Chris and Adriana exit the building and head for Chris' car.

ADRIANA

Jesus, Christopher. That was kinda heavy.

They are stopped dead in their tracks by something truly beautiful: A yellow Bentley. It practically glows.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER

Whoa...

ADRIANA

Ooh.

And then, from behind them --

MINISTER

Yo, Valachi Papers!

They turn. Minister is coming toward them with two other muscled posse members/bodyguards.

CHRISTOPHER

Yeah?

MINISTER

My name is Minister. I report to Massive Genius.

ADRIANA

That's who it was...the gangsta rap guy.

(worried)

Oh, Jesus...

MINISTER

We havin' a little party at G's crib. Englewood Cliffs. Interested?

CHRISTOPHER

Right, and I get served with black-eyed peas tomorrow. Yo, I know what time it is.

MINISTER

(small smile)

There's business to be done.

9 INT. MASSIVE GENIUS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 9

Spectacular. New money, no expense spared. RAP MUSIC PLAYS from the incredible sound system. Full-on, making-out partying is underway. A CROWD OF PEOPLE, roughly fifty or so (mostly black but there are a few young white girls), drink champagne and live very large. GANGSTAS in a GAME ROOM play poker and roulette. Chris and Adriana enter, take it all in. They talk to a guy and follow his directions up a sweeping staircase.

*
*
*
*

10 INT. MASSIVE'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

10

Oak-paneled walls are covered by platinum records. Massive is showing Chris and Ad the place. They all sip champagne. Even though Chris is enjoying the first-class treatment, he keeps his guard up.

ADRIANA

This is a beautiful, beautiful home.

MASSIVE GENIUS

Smaller than my Hamptons crib. But that's bigger than Steven's.

CHRISTOPHER

Italian contractors, obviously.

ADRIANA

Chrissy, lookit all these gold records.

MASSIVE GENIUS

I got more hits than Gotti.

She and Massive smile. Chris looks at weapons in a case.

CHRISTOPHER

Whoa, what have we there?

Massive goes to the locked case door near the bookcase. Minister comes over, unlocks it.

MASSIVE GENIUS

I dig your flavor. We definitely got some business to discuss. *

Massive Genius opens the cabinet door, pulls out a Desert Eagle .50 cal Automatic equipped with laser-sight. A very impressive weapon. He displays it for Chris and Adriana.

MASSIVE GENIUS

Ain't that a sight to behold? I do love a good firearm in my hand.

He's got it pointed vaguely at Chris. Chris stands there cool as a cucumber. His face gives nothing away. Ad is both slightly uncomfortable and above this whole boy shit. The Genius laughs and puts the gun away.

MASSIVE GENIUS

You people alright. Godfather -- I checked that flick two hundred times.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MASSIVE GENIUS (cont'd)
Godfather II, that shit was definitely
tight. The third one, people don't
like it but I say it was
misunderstood.

CHRISTOPHER
So what business did you wanna
discuss?

ADRIANA
(Meaning leave)
Want me to...?

MASSIVE GENIUS
Hell, no.

He smiles. This pleases her. He gestures them out onto --

11 EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

11

MASSIVE GENIUS
Mr. Herman Rabkin. I don't personally
know him but I know his history. Late
fifties, early sixties he owned Four
Jacks Records.

CHRISTOPHER
I don't know what it was fuckin
called, but yeah, he was in the music
business.

MASSIVE GENIUS
Little situation here. A distant but
deceased quasi-cousin on my mother's
side -- Little Jimmie Willis, '50's
legend.

Chris and Adriana have the same look on their faces:
"Who?"

MASSIVE GENIUS
Two seminal hit records was his
legacy. Drug tragedy. 'Such A Fool'.
And --

ADRIANA
I love that! They play it on all the
time on Oldies Radio!

MASSIVE GENIUS
Four Jacks did well by Mr. Herman
Rabkin but not necessarily his
artists.

*
*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MASSIVE GENIUS (cont'd)
 Ol' Herman's just another in a long line of white motherfuckers stealin' royalties from the black man that made them money in the first place. Now, what compounds this situation is that Jimmie's mother out in San Bernardino, who I'm content to call my aunt, badly needs money. Liver dialysis. My own mother is very upset.

CHRISTOPHER
 So Hesh kept the fuckin' money. That's sad for the guy's old lady but you could call that being a smart businessman.

MASSIVE GENIUS
 Or evil bloodsuckin'. I'm past that shit myself. On the other hand, reparations need be made.

CHRISTOPHER
 Hesh is the world's sweetest guy. But I've heard his opinions on giving back pieces of Israel. I can only imagine what he's gonna say about this shit.

MASSIVE GENIUS
 I thought I'd ask for help. If you don't wanna help, that's cool.
 (slowly rises)
 Feel free to help yourself to the food and any other enjoyments.

He goes out and is immediately joined by TWO STUNNING GIRLS. Chris and Adriana are entranced. WAITER tops their glasses.

12 INT. CHRISTOPHER'S APT. - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

12

Chris and Adriana come in. She tipsily starts getting out of her dress. He sits heavily on the bed. His whole mood shot.

CHRISTOPHER
 This whole place depresses me. The furniture's ugly. Why'd I buy that fuckin' Lexus?

ADRIANA
 Wait -- is this because of that Bentley?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER

That guy's a gangster? I'm a gangster.
I'm an O.C., not him. That fat fuckin'
lawn jockey...

Chris, getting progressively worked up --

CHRISTOPHER

But he's got the fly Hamptons house.
Alec Baldwin comes over. Whitney
Houston. What do I got? I sit in a
fuckin' pork store for Christ's sake.
But the mooleys, they got it goin' on.
And they're on TV.

ADRIANA

They don't take no shit.

CHRISTOPHER

Soprano crew it's always secret this,
omerta that. Fuckin' gets on my
nerves. Junior with his moldy ol
sweaters -- and he's the fuckin boss!

ADRIANA

You were just feeling so good about
yourself.

CHRISTOPHER

Our Thing once ruled the music
business. Did you know that?

ADRIANA

No...

CHRISTOPHER

We bankrolled acts. Blacks, everybody.
Paid the DJ's or busted heads to get
'em airplay.

ADRIANA

There were some great Italian singers.

CHRISTOPHER

Fuckin' A. Frankie Valli, Dion, The
Rascals. That whole Philly thing. My
dad used to talk about those guys.

(beat)

Now? Fuckin drum machine and some
ignorant poetry and any fuckin fourth-
grade dropout ditsoon is Chairman of
the Board.

(CONTINUED)

ADRIANA
(turning on FM)
Frankly, I love it all.

CHRISTOPHER
(pensive)
'Gangsta'.

Adriana has turned on FM. Happens to be Springsteen's
'I'm On Fire'.

ADRIANA
Talk about Paisan Pride! Go, Boss!

She straddles Chris, unbuttoning his shirt, singing
along.

13 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 13

Carmela is seated at the breakfast table, drinking coffee
and looking over COLLEGE BROCHURES. Tony slips in. Sees
her there. Comes in anyway, nonchalant, testing the
waters.

TONY
Hey.

CARMELA
Hey. Gloria Wagner called. You
remember her from the fundraiser?

Tony pours a cup of coffee.

TONY
Wagner...those mayonaissers up the
street?

CARMELA
They invited us to a barbecue up at
their house.

He drinks some water, preparing an answer.

CARMELA
Yeah, I didn't think so.

TONY
More of those brochures, huh?

CARMELA
Do you believe how much it costs for a
college education? For four years?

(CONTINUED)

TONY
Talk about a racket.

CARMELA
I'm serious, Tony. This is a big lump
sum of money.

TONY
We got enough.

CARMELA
I know we got enough. But how much is
enough? I mean, what if something
happened -- god forbid.

TONY
You dig out my blue suit and make sure
old man Renzulli doesn't put too much
make-up on me.

CARMELA
Don't joke around about this.

TONY
You'll be taken care of.

CARMELA
You always say the same thing. Don't
worry. You'll be taken care of. By
who?

(silence)
I know how much we have, Tony. I mean,
I have a rough idea. And it's alot
but...

Tony tries not to smile.

CARMELA
What?

TONY
Nothing.

CARMELA
That dufus look. You just make a
score?

TONY
Nah. I wish.

CARMELA
You know, Tony, it's multiple choice
with you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CARMELA (cont'd)
I can't tell if you're old fashioned,
paranoid, or a fucking asshole.

He chuckles.

CARMELA
What should I tell the Wagners? About
the barbecue?

TONY
Y'know...sure. Lawyers, doctors,
stockbrokers. Could be stimulating.

14 INT. IL GRANAIO RESTAURANT - BAR - NIGHT

14

Christopher eats at the bar. Adriana, hostess, slips onto
a stool.

ADRIANA
That prick new maitre'd. He's really
on the rag tonight.

CHRISTOPHER
I'll talk to him.

ADRIANA
Remember Richie Santini?

CHRISTOPHER
You used to fuck him.

ADRIANA
That really sums it up. I knew him
since we were three. He lived next
door. Yeah, we had our little 'phase'.

CHRISTOPHER
What about him?

ADRIANA
You've heard his band.

CHRISTOPHER
Defiler. I'm not into that head bangin
shit.

ADRIANA
Well, you were talking about the
Sixties. And here's Ritchie, this
musician who you know -- they're not a
hair band anymore and they're really
good. And, like, you said yourself how
much money there is in this thing...

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER
You mean like... Ritchie Santini?

ADRIANA
You think Massive Genius'd be interested?

CHRISTOPHER
Whole different thing. Black.

ADRIANA
But he's got a company. Massive Productions. Shit, they make movies even. *

CHRISTOPHER
Massive owes me one. I arranged a sit-down for him with Hesh.

ADRIANA
I was thinking about -- okay, I know it sounds kind of funny -- music management.

CHRISTOPHER
Huh?

ADRIANA
A lot of it was what you said. But also working here -- I've met people, important people, learned people skills -- how to deal with big egos -- solve problems -- and with my love of all kinds of music...

He's staring. She laughs self-consciously.

ADRIANA
Maybe Alec Baldwin will come over to our house.

15 INT. CHRISTOPHER'S APARTMENT - DAY

15

On CD case -- DEFILER. Four head-banger Jersey guys. We hear their song "Defiler Comes to Town". Widen to Chris and Adriana listening. The song ends. It goes quiet, Chris thoughtful

CHRISTOPHER
No, you know what? Fuck it. Let's set you up.

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

ADRIANA
(stunned)
What?

CHRISTOPHER
I got money now. You're right. With
how much you listen to the radio,
you'd be good.

ADRIANA
(speechless)
I...I...can't believe...

CHRISTOPHER
But I got to pick what you wear. Dress
you up. I like that.

She leaps on him, hugging.

16

EXT. SOPRANO HOUSE - POOLSIDE - DUSK

16

Paulie and Tony finish a conversation we can't quite
hear. Paulie nods his understanding and the two get up,
walk to the house. TRACKING them, we STAY with the
CUSAMANO'S HOUSE in b.g., then slightly PUSH IN...

17

INT. CUSAMANO HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

17

A small dinner party. Jean and Bruce Cusamano, Melfi and
her date ERIC (a professional-looking guy), and the
Wagners, RANDY & BARB.

ERIC
Delicious, Jean.

BARB
So, how's your neighbor?

JEAN
Oh, there's a new car in the driveway
every other week, but besides that...

CUSAMANO
Hey, really, what does it even mean
anymore, a gangster?

RANDY
It's true. Some of the shit I see in
the boardroom? I don't know if I'd
make a distinction.

(CONTINUED)

18 INT. THE WRECKERS CLUB - PARAMUS - NIGHT

18

*

Music from the unseen band onstage. The crowd here tonight is a guided tour through The Land That Time Forgot: Guidos and Guidettes trying to catch up on alternative a year two late. It's not going that easily. Fried ROCK DUDES in wife-beater tee-shirts, stone-washed jeans and mullethead haircuts, ROCK CHICKS with big mall hair, rhinestone bustiers and white fringe boots. Everyone drinks long-neck beer. A couple of guys arm-wrestle. This is a crowd that came to rock, fight and fuck.

ANGLE ON

TABLE crowded with BEER BOTTLES. Seated at the table are Christopher, Adriana and sticking out like Mike Tyson at a John Tesh concert is Massive Genius. They talk into each other's ears to be heard over the music.

CHRISTOPHER

I know it ain't your type of music,
but...

MASSIVE GENIUS

I usually like music if it turns shit
green.

ADRIANA

Richie's been through alot. It's
deepened his writing. As a metal band
they were fuckin great, but this as
far as I'm concerned? Blows away
Matchbox 20.

MASSIVE GENIUS

Awright. What they call themselves?

ADRIANA

Used to be Defiler. Then some
personnel changes -- bass and drums --
but Richie and Vito are still the core
of the band. They're called Duck
Blind.

MASSIVE GENIUS

This is some loud shit.

The band has gone from a introverted sensitive-guy verse
to a blasting instrumental Radiohead-type transition.

(CONTINUED)

The music gets to Adriana. She lets out a white girl shriek...

ADRIANA

Yeeow!

She turns and makes eye contact with Massive. He's too cool to give it away. A bit uncomfortable she smiles.

ANGLE ON

the band onstage: four dudes, late-20's, stalled between metal and grunge. VITO, 28, leads the instrumental thrash bridge.

ADRIANA

That's Vito...and that's Richie!

Good looking guy, former metaloid, now suffering like Adam Gurvitz, resumes vocal.

RICHIE

'I've lost my only child/hope he ain't been defiled -- '

AUDIENCE MULLETHEAD

Fuck you!

ADRIANA

This isn't the right place for them.

MASSIVE GENIUS

(professional)

You could help these boys out with the right management.

The band is enthusiastic, holy, but nothing we haven't heard before.

CHRISTOPHER

You interested?

MASSIVE GENIUS

Yes.

But though Chris is looking at the stage, Massive is looking at Adriana. *

19 INT. CUSAMANO HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

19 *

The after-dinner drinks portion of the evening. The guys smoke cigars with gusto.

(CONTINUED)

CUSAMANO

...That scene where Pesci puts the
guy's head in the vice and fuckin pops
his eye out -- I thought I was gonna
die!

MELFI

(to Eric)

Be right back.

WE FOLLOW Melfi as she leaves the room.

20 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 20

Melfi locks the door, goes purposefully to the window.

POV - THE SOPRANO HOUSE

Quiet, still. A few windows lit. The pool glows.

MELFI

spying her ass off, a guilty pleasure. Suddenly, from the
house -- a terrible sound -- part groan, part scream.
Melfi freezes. Again the sound -- a wrenching human pain-
sound.

21 INT. CHRISTOPHER'S APT. - DAWN 21

Christopher and Adriana getting into bed.

CHRISTOPHER

I dunno -- Richie -- guy's 30, still
lives with his parents --

ADRIANA

It's because of the accident. Richie
had third degree burns from trying to
grill that trout with a downed power
line. But at the same time being
electrocuted turned his life around.

CHRISTOPHER

You did some good fuckin selling.

ADRIANA

(thrilled)

You think?

CHRISTOPHER

(worried)

Thing is...music...it's not something
you can hold in your hand, y'know?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER (cont'd)
Like football betting cards or...
coke...

ADRIANA
It's art.
(beat)
Berry Gordy or whatever, he had to see
it in the Supremes. It's an instinct.
I see it in Richie.

CHRISTOPHER
Vito's a good guitar player -- I'll
say that.

ADRIANA
I'm really fuckin doing it!

CHRISTOPHER
Yep.

ADRIANA
And it's all thanks to you. I make a
demo CD like Massive advised, and
then....yaaggggh!

She screams with excitement. They make love.

22 INT. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY 22

MELFI and Tony, as usual.

TONY
My wife thinks I need to meet new
people. You know branch out a bit.
(beat)
You know, different people.

MELFI
Different in what way?

TONY
You're Italian, you know what I mean.
Guys like me are brought up to think
that 'meddigan' are fuckin' bores. And
the truth is...the white man's no more
boring than the millionth discussion
of who would've won, Marciano or Ali.

Melfi smiles, then --

MELFI
Am I to understand you don't consider
yourself white?

(CONTINUED)

TONY

No, I don't mean "white" like, you know, 'Caucasian'... I mean like our friend Cusamano. He's an Italian, but he's 'meddigan'. He's what my old man used to call a wonderbread wop. You know them. Italians who eat Sunday gravy out of a jar.

Melfi can't help but laugh.

TONY

Actually, a friend of Cusamano's invited me and the wife to this barbecue.

MELFI

How do you think your current friends would feel if you started hanging out with "meddigans"?

TONY

Fuck 'em. I mean those days are gone. They're living in the past. I know a lot of people knocked Big Paul because he wanted to live a different life but I'm starting to think he was right.

MELFI

Big Paul?

TONY

Castellano.

MELFI

Isn't he the man that was killed in front of a restaurant?

TONY

I told her she could tell 'em we'd come to the barbecue. Cusamano asked me to play golf at his club. Maybe I'll do that, too. Why not, right?

Tony gets up. She walks him to the door.

MELFI

I was in your neighborhood last night. At the Cusamano's.

TONY

Oh, yeah?

(CONTINUED)

MELFI
Dinner party.

He immediately becomes suspicious and ill at ease. She, for her part, is dying to ask about what she heard.

TONY
You should've stopped in. It's right next door.

MELFI
(equally false)
Well...
(blurts)
Did you happen to hear any...strange noises last night? Up in your neighborhood?

TONY
Noises?

MELFI
Like someone screaming. In pain.

TONY
No.

MELFI
(deflecting)
Probably a television set.

TONY
(bothered)
You saw my house, huh?

He leaves. Melfi goes to her desk, jots note to herself -- "Sat. 3/21/98 -- screaming noises heard vic. home of Patient S.

23 S C E N E O M I T T E D

23

24 EXT. HESH'S ESTATE - DAY

24

Follow a new silver Cad STS with gold trim and wheels and dealer sticker up the drive. Paulie gets out, buffs a smudge. He walks toward horses grazing. FOUR CARS sit parked in the wrap-around driveway, including the YELLOW BENTLEY. Paulie looks at the Bentley but it doesn't compute. He wrinkles his nose, keeps walking with a bounce to his step.

AT CORRAL FENCE

(CONTINUED)

HESH, Tony, Silvio, Christopher, Paulie. Also, Massive, Minister, three posse. Massive watches horses.

MASSIVE GENIUS

This place has the flavor.

HESH

The gelding, that's Sidney.

MASSIVE GENIUS

How come you never wrote a song about him?

(off Hesh's look)

When you and Little Jimmy were writing partners on all his hits, did you handle the music and him the lyrics or was it the other way around?

HESH

We had our own process.

MASSIVE GENIUS

So that, 'ooh-wack-adoo, wack-a-dooley, I'm so blue,' was that you or the little brother?

Hesh keeps smiling out at the horses.

HESH

One could write a song about a horse. But in order to hit with your target audience, he'd have to have a mounted cop on him and be ripped up the ass by a Mac 10, no?

*
*
*

MASSIVE GENIUS

So you bought horses off your royalties and Little Jimmy's royalties, what became of those?

SILVIO

He bought horse.

HESH

Look, the business back then, we were breakin' rules. Makin 'em and breakin 'em as we went along.

MINISTER

You mean rapin' and pillagin'.

HESH

Things haven't changed. Were we hard nosed? Yeah. At least we gave a lotta kids their start. Lotta Negro youths. We took kids from the ghettos, talented kids, and put them on stage.

MINISTER

Just 'cause you turn a bitch out, you still a pimp.

HESH

If that's what you think of them then shame on you. To me they were talent.

MASSIVE GENIUS

Herman, ordinarily I'd be more than happy to stroll down memory lane with you but it's reparations I seek.

TONY

Let's call it what it is. A shakedown.

HESH

What, you think we can't look into your dealings, find out who you're screwing?

SILVIO

Twenty years I'm owning clubs. Here, down the shore. You ain't fuckin somebody, you ain't in the music business.

MASSIVE GENIUS

(to Tony)

Your father used to get Four, Jacks records airplay, that right?

TONY

(beat; to Hesh)

I heard enough. Whaddaya wanna do here?

Before Hesh can answer --

CHRISTOPHER

Hesh has gotta do the right thing.

TONY

(exploding)

Hey!

(CONTINUED)

Massive carefully studies this byplay. Hesh is angry.

HESH

You're out of line, kid. Let's get you some fuckin cold fizzy water on your head.

25 EXT. PATIO - DAY

25

A maid serves drinks.

HESH

I'll tell you what, Crispus -- Crispus Johnston. Oh don't worry, I know more about you than your own mother.

MASSIVE GENIUS

(unimpressed)

Public record.

HESH

So let's get to the point here. What's in this for you?

An attractive, well-dressed, light-skinned black woman in her early 50's passes along a walkway from the driveway carrying shopping bags from Armani. She is MARLENE, Hesh's wife. She waves to Hesh.

HESH

Hi, sweetie. We're just wrapping up, I won't be long.

MARLENE

Hey, Tony.

TONY

How ya doin', baby?

They watch her move off into the house. Silence.

HESH

Don't let me interrupt you.

MASSIVE GENIUS

If you read Chuck D's book, you know that he advises reparations be made by the Jewish studio moguls in Hollywood. On account of the way they portrayed black folks in movies. Now that's only germane to this argument in as much as I feel the grievances in the music business are worse.

*
*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MASSIVE GENIUS (cont'd)

The music black artists created changed the face of modern entertainment. But these pioneers got motherfuckin carmel corn. *

HESH

You're talking to the wrong white man my friend. My people were the white man's nigger when yours were still painting their faces and chasing zebras. *

Tony shows surprise at Hesh's aggressiveness. The Genius is cool as a cucumber.

HESH

And as far as Louis B. Mayer goes, what are you, fuckin nuts? You want to serve Huey Newton's jail time?

Massive extends his hand; Minister hands him a paper.

MASSIVE GENIUS

My lawyers did a little research. We'll forget about the interest for the moment. I think the fair figure is somewhere around two-hundred thousand dollars. I leave it to your sense of "right".

(as he gathers himself to leave)

A cashiers check to Mrs. Idella Willis will set the record straight.

You could hear a pin drop.

PAULIE

Or what?

MASSIVE GENIUS

We go to contingency B.
(nods)
Gentlemen. *

As they are leaving Tony wants to do or say something. *

TONY

Hesh?

Hesh just puts up his hand and shakes his head "no". *

26 EXT. WAGNER'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

26

The barbecue at the Wagners. Randy Wagner, Molson in hand, stands over his expensive gas grill, playing the weekend chef. Tony is there and Bruce Cusamano and Wall Streeter JACK KRIM. Everybody's on their third Molson. Easy male camaraderie. *

CUSAMANO

Where'd you go for the sausage, that little place in Garfield?

RANDY

(calls out)

Honey! Where'd we get the sausage? *

Randy spears and displays a two-foot long section of sausage. *

CUSAMANO

Only thing better than salsicc' is a pair a' tits.

JACK KRIM

Well, I don't know about that, but it's a helluva piece of meat!

TONY

You're a stockbroker, huh, Jack? Any changes in the market comin'?

JACK KRIM

It's always fucking changing, Tony.

RANDY

That's what keeps us coming back. *

TONY

(points)

I like your statuary.

JACK KRIM

By the way, Rand', you hear from Ross on Dexplex? *

RANDY

Not yet. But the buy out is definitely going down. *

JACK KRIM

Give me a little warning. I need to call the Islands. *

(CONTINUED)

TONY

Dexplex?

They realize who they're talking in front of.

JACK KRIM

Nothing. Little company that's going public maybe.

CUSAMANO

(out of concern for Tony)

It's a beautiful day. The sun is shining. Let's not talk business for once, huh?

Cusamano claps Tony on the shoulder.

TONY

Randy, your kids go to Verbum Dei, I hear. What's with that tuition? *

ANGLE ON PICNIC TABLE

Carmela is sitting with Barb Wagner, Jean Cusamano and WENDY KRIM. Barb is arranging bowls of potato salad, macaroni salad, etc.

BARB

American Biotics.

JEAN

(to Carmela)

Barb, our stock guru. She says American Biotics may be a good investment. They're supposed to be close to a side-effect-free anti-impotence drug...better than Viagra. *

CARMELA

You guys play the stock market? *

BARB

We don't just play, we win. *

27 INT. HESH'S ESTATE - OFFICE - NIGHT

A dozen or so gold records on the walls. The old-school kind from the late-50's and 60's, with vinyl singles instead of CD's. On the STEREO a vinyl single(!) PLAYS -- early 60's, scratchy but catchy, upbeat, the youthful lead vocal sounding almost androgynous: "I'm such a fool to fall in love with you."

(CONTINUED)

HESH

alone, sipping scotch. He is listening to the song and staring at --

PHOTOS ON THE WALLS

Hesh in his 20's, posing with young music stars of the day in the studio and at gold-record celebrations. Hesh with Little Jimmy. We linger on another photo in particular: a younger Hesh arm and arm with a teenage Marlene. They look very much in love. Marlene enters, sits, listens.

HESH

The music business, who knew it would last? No one did. Get in, get out, make a buck...

MARLENE

Baby, you didn't stick that needle in his arm.

The record ends, the needle CLICKS...CLICKS...CLICKS. Hesh is deeply moved.

28 EXT. COUNTRY CLUB GOLF COURSE - MORNING 28

It's a beautiful sky-blue morning. Tony THWACKS a perfect tee-shot on the first hole -- the ball flies 300 yards.

CUSAMANO (O.S.)

Now that's a shot!

Bruce Cusamano stands by with a most impressed Randy Wagner and Jack Krim. Tony proudly leaves the tee and joins the guys. *

TONY

(W.C. Fields)

Mere bag of shells.

The guys laugh. They grab their handcars and start walking.

TONY

I gotta tell ya. This is a nice place.

RANDY

We oughta see about making Tony a member. *

(CONTINUED)

CUSAMANO
We should.

RANDY
Tony, you ever play at that place in Orlando?

TONY
Orlando? No, I've never been down there. Well...Disney World...

RANDY
You know -- Al's place.

Tony has no idea.

RANDY
Mount Plymouth. Al Capone built it.

TONY
No shit.

JACK KRIM
Capone was a golf fanatic, that's right.

Tony glances at Cusamano for relief.

TONY
I can see you guys watch A&E.

JACK KRIM
(goes for broke)
Hey, Tony, let me ask you a question -- and if I'm stepping on toes, tell me -- how real was the Godfather? I mean in your opinion.

TONY
What do you mean, real?

JACK KRIM
Authentic or not?

TONY
I...I dunno. I mean -- what do I know? That was the Fifties, wasn't it?

JACK KRIM
No, it wasn't. Nineteen seventy-two.

CUSAMANO

He means the story took place in the fifties.

RANDY

So was it? *

JACK KRIM

Forget that. I want to know if you really have to cut your finger and take an oath.

Tony is lost for words.

CUSAMANO

(to Jack and Randy) *

Hey, c'mon. No talking about...movies. Remember? *

Tony's grateful to Cusamano. *

29 INT. STUDIO - DAY

29

Duck Blind lays down vocal tracks to their pre-recorded instrumental tracks. Richie is lead vocal.

BOOTH

SQUID, an engineer, sits behind the console and stubs out a cigarette in an overflowing ashtray. Adriana watches intently. Chris enters. Takes off his jacket. Adriana blows a preoccupied hello kiss. Chris sprawls. They watch and listen to Richie sing, the band adding harmonies. Chris eyes --

ADRIANA

caught up, mouthing along, body moving, trying to will the magic. Richie finishes singing. Squid looks at Ad.

SQUID

That's Take three-hundred. We oughta just bag it.

(she nods; into mic)

Okay! We're baggin' it.

Richie, who sits in the glass-enclosed vocal booth, wearily removes his headphones. Thru speakers --

RICHIE

Shoulda bagged it two days ago when it was perfect.

(CONTINUED)

SQUID
(after clicking off)
Fuck it was.
(to Ad and Chris)
Good. Not bad. I think this is as good
as it's gonna get.

ADRIANA
Wasn't too bad. It was kinda good.

SQUID
(shrugs)
Hey.

CHRISTOPHER
What are you saying? There's something
wrong?

SQUID
I'm sure we're all trying our best
here. I just think we hit a wall.
Maybe some R&R.

CHRISTOPHER
Fuck that. I paid for three days of
studio time already. It's only gonna
cost me more to pack up, then come
back in again, isn't it?

ADRIANA
I don't get it. We got through the
instrumental tracks with no problem.

Chris enters the studio. Adriana drifts in.

RICHIE
I'm beat.

CHRISTOPHER
Whatd'ya say we finish this shit?
Three fuckin days now we been slamming
our ham.

RICHIE
Kinkos gave me five days off. It's not
the end of the world.

CHRISTOPHER
Kinkos. This is costing me three
hundred bucks an hour.
(tosses bag of speed)
Here. Try this.

(CONTINUED)

RICHIE
(incensed)
I don't do drugs anymore.

CHRISTOPHER
Hat's off. But for all the dynamic excitement in these songs, maybe we should get another downed power line in here, let you suck on it.

ADRIANA
Christopher --

RICHIE
What you just heard was our most balls-out introspective song. It's not supposed to rock.

VITO
Probably be our first single.

BASS PLAYER
No, dude, second. "Sharon's Chair" 'll be the one busts out. *

ADRIANA
I like "Melt".

CHRISTOPHER
(with finality)
Come on. Go shoot the crank and let's wrap this up.

RICHIE
What?!

CHRISTOPHER
You heard me. Spike up.

RICHIE
No fuckin' way.

ADRIANA
Christopher -- I'm producing these sessions.

CHRISTOPHER
Go take the fuckin drugs. I'm not fuckin around now.

(CONTINUED)

RICHIE

The problem you're hearing --
Christopher -- is the drum and bass
tracks were miked wrong from the
fuckin beginning.

SQUID

(over speakers; tight smile)
Whoa, hey -- King of Rock -- you're
out of your depth.

RICHIE

Lemme tell you something, dude --
thank you, but I've recorded in
Denmark.

SQUID

(comes out of booth)
Okay -- you want to know what the
problem is?
(had it; blows)
Where's the fuckin chorus? All your
songs -- you got no choruses. Your
choruses are basically just another
verse! What happened to 'She Loves
You', huh?

ADRIANA

(thrown)
'She Loves You'?

SQUID

Yeah! Started with the fucking chorus!
There's structure! There's how to
build a song.

RICHIE

(dismissive)
Oh, George Fucking Martin.

CHRISTOPHER

Hey, when you can suck the dick of
Paul's collie, then you can talk.

ADRIANA

Christopher --

CHRISTOPHER

Well, what is he, nuts?

RICHIE

(starts out)
Fuck this.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER
Where you goin'?

RICHIE
(shouting)
AA, you fucking jerkoff. Hope you're
happy!

CHRISTOPHER
Get back to work.

He grabs an acoustic guitar and menaces Richie with it.
The band steps back, Richie cowering.

ADRIANA
Christopher!

CHRISTOPHER
(advancing on Richie; guitar
raised)
Huh? Huh? Come on.

RICHIE
Big man!

CHRISTOPHER
I'll fuckin --

He charges him, swings the guitar. Richie turns and the
blow catches his back. The guitar splinters. Richie
staggers into the drums, the whole thing does down with a
crash. There's a dreadful silence. The band members help
Richie. Adriana is staring at Chris.

CHRISTOPHER
What? Sid down!

All are staring at him. He senses he's gone a little out
there.

CHRISTOPHER
(guilty laugh)
Let's take it from the top. We'll use
a ukelele.

ADRIANA
I can't believe you.

Tearful, she leaves.

30 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

30

Chipper, Carmela is on the phone. A notebook and calculator are before her.

CARMELA

Five thousand shares. American Biotics. Can you place the order today? Uh-huh. I'll have the money to you by tomorrow. OK, bye-bye!

She hangs up the phone and freezes -- Meadow is standing there, having overheard the entire conversation.

CARMELA

Meadow! What, you spying on people now?

MEADOW

I live here. What, you playing Wall Street now?

CARMELA

(sneaky smile)

Women are better savers than men. We're nurturers.

MEADOW

What do you know about the stock market?

CARMELA

I keep my ears open. And CNBC, that's a very interesting channel.

(off her look)

I'm starting a cruise fund. Listen, your father -- God bless him -- he does very well. But who knows? If something unforeseen should happen, if he gets hit by a truck, then what? I've got you kids to think of.

MEADOW

I don't know, mom...

CARMELA

When you get married, you'll know. A woman has to keep her sense of individuality. This is a life lesson.

Meadow just keeps looking at her.

(CONTINUED)

CARMELA
I know -- let's go to Georgette
Klingers. Massage. Facial. Jour De
Beau-tay. On me.

MEADOW
Sure!

31 EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

31

Same foursome -- Tony, Cusamano, Krim, Randy wait. *

RANDY
So, tell me Tony, you got a lot of
friends in New York? *

TONY
Too many.

JACK KRIM
You ever go down to Mulberry Street?

TONY
Only for San Gennaro. You know, the
Feast. With the kids.

RANDY
(to Jack and Cus)
Tell the truth. What's the first thing
you think of when you hear Mulberry
Street? *

JACK/CUSAMANO
Umbertos.

They HIGH FIVE.

JACK KRIM
(to Tony)
You ever see that picture of Gallante,
dead, with the cigar hanging out of
his mouth.

Tony looks at Cusamano for relief but Cusamano's too into
the subject to notice. *

TONY
No. *

CUSAMANO
Fucking beautiful hit.
(off Tony's surprise)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CUSAMANO (cont'd)
Oh, jeez, I'm sorry. You probably knew
the guy.

TONY
How the fuck old you think I am?

JACK KRIM
You don't have to answer this if you
don't want but I gotta know. You ever
meet John Gotti?

That's it. He's had enough.

TONY
John Gotti.
(long beat, the guys wait
salivating)
Yeah, sure. I knew him well.

RANDY
Whoa, fuck. *

CUSAMANO
What's he really like?

TONY
I remember I was playin intermural
ball, and I hit this pop-up foul --
ball took off like a fuckin' rocket,
straight at this bishops's head. He
was visiting from France. Now that
coulda really been bad. Anyway, this
guy caught it. Everyone was cheering
cause you know, he saved a bishop. The
man was John Gotti. I never forgot
that. *

Looks of disappointment on the guys' faces. That wasn't
exactly the John Gotti story they were blood-thirsting
for.

CUSAMANO
A bishop, huh? From France. Wow.
(beat)
Did you know Gotti later in life?

TONY
Well, sure. Remember Bungalow Bar?

RANDY
The ice cream trucks? *

(CONTINUED)

CUSAMANO

Like Good Humor, except the trucks had little bungalow roofs on 'em.

JACK KRIM

(amazed)

Was Gotti a silent partner in that whole thing?

TONY

I don't know. I just remember, after the company folded, the last Bungalow Bar truck --

(to Cusamano)

-- with the peaked roof, you're right, Cooze --

(to all)

-- the last Bungalow Bar truck was up for auction. I wanted it for a souvenir. John outbid me. I drove home with him. He rang that bell the whole way.

They nod slowly.

TONY

After that we lost touch.

(points)

Hey, they're waving to us.

32 INT. MASSIVE GENIUS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

32

Massive sits in his casual, silk, AFRICAN GARB listening to the Duck Blind demo. Adriana grooves to it. Chris is impassive.

ADRIANA

Oh, I love this part --

(mouthes along)

'I have lost my only child...'

Massive is concentrating on the undulating Adriana.

MASSIVE GENIUS

(to Adriana)

Yeah, this is good, baby.

Christopher takes note. Adriana hand-punches the build, build, build to the...non-chorus.

CHRISTOPHER

Good fucking guitar, though. Listen to that shit.

*

(CONTINUED)

Massive appears to be listening.

ADRIANA
They got it goin' on.

MASSIVE GENIUS
Yeah.

Massive smiles at Adriana. Christopher's eyes are opening up.

33 INT. HESH'S HOUSE - DEN - DAY 33

Hesh smokes a cigar and listens to Defiler as Chris looks on. The SONG ENDS. Christopher gets up, shuts the tape off and POPS it out.

CHRISTOPHER
So?

HESH
I think it's...not good.

CHRISTOPHER
Wanna be a little more specific?

HESH
There's good. And there's not good.
This is not good.

CHRISTOPHER
Okay, maybe it's not your era -- no offense, but --

HESH
Kid, music is music, talent is talent, I don't care who you are. I seen it all. I seen heavy metal invented by Hendrix at the Bottom Line, he just got out of the army. I told him, "Kid, I don't know what you call it -- talent, charisma, magic -- whatever it is, you got it." These guys...
(gestures to the cassette)
...I'm sorry, they don't.

CHRISTOPHER
You're just pissed off I went against you at the sit down.

HESH

(fed up)

Get the fuck out of here. Stop taking up my time.

CHRISTOPHER

This Vito is a great fuckin guitar player, Hesh.

HESH

Good, fine, he's a great guitar player. However, there's one constant in the music business -- a hit is a hit. And this, my friend, is not a hit.

CHRISTOPHER

But why?!

HESH

Christ. Reasons we can never comprehend or codify, you pitiful schlepper.

CHRISTOPHER

Fuckin Massive is a Genius. So what the fuck was he talkin' about?

34 INT. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

34

TONY

I remember when I was a kid. There was this guy we called 'Jimmy Smash'. He wasn't a retard really but we thought he was 'cause he had one of those whatiya callits...You know where the person talks like...

(cleft palate)

Hey, Tony, how the fuck are ya?

MELFI

(evenly)

A cleft palette.

TONY

Yeh, anyway, what the hell did we know as kids. When he talked we would piss ourselves. But Jimmy Smash didn't mind us laughing cause he got to hang out with a popular crew. Even though we only called him when we were bored. We'd tell him " Hey, Jimmy, sing Mack The Knife'.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TONY (cont'd)

And of course being only to happy to be with us, he'd belt it out. Aw Jeez, we would fall down laughing till we ached, and that was it. When the laughs got old we'd stop calling him. It wasn't till years later did I find out that the poor prick was going home ev'ry night and crying himself to sleep.

Melfi is moved.

TONY

Anyway, when I found out, y'know, about how he would cry, I felt bad. But I never really understood how used he must've felt. To be made to act like a fuckin' dancing bear. That is until I played golf with those guys.

MELFI

You thought Cusamano was your friend.

He's too hurt, embarrassed to respond.

MELFI

That must've been an awful feeling.

TONY

Ya live, ya learn.

MELFI

What are you going to do?

He looks at her. No answer.

MELFI

Do you mind if I asked you what happened to Jimmy?

TONY

Who, Smash? He's doin' twenty for armed robbery. I mean, it was to difficult for the law to figure it out when they heard that the guy wore a mask but said
(like Jimmy)
Hey, "stick'em up".

35 INT. MASSIVE GENIUS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 35 *
Massive is WATCHING big screen TV with a beautiful woman *
when Minister comes in with a cell phone. *

(CONTINUED)

Minister and other large men sit and listen. Massive smiles and hits the button that puts Hesh on SPEAKER. The woman leaves. *

MASSIVE GENIUS
Good morning, Herman. I'm listening.

HESH (ON SPEAKER)
Good. I wouldn't want you to miss anything I say. I've thought about it a long time.

MASSIVE GENIUS
Go on.

HESH (ON SPEAKER)
You're gonna have to find some other schmuck to have your altruistic moment with.

MASSIVE GENIUS
You know what this means, Herman?

HESH (ON SPEAKER)
If you're stupid enough to say it on the phone, let me hear it.

36 INT. BADA BING - OFFICE - DAY

36 *

***Intercut as needed -- Tony, Silvio, Paulie in the Bing office.

MASSIVE GENIUS
I don't threaten, Herman. I act.

TONY
Gene? You're getting yourself way over your head with this shit. Think about backing off. Let sleeping dogs lie.

MASSIVE GENIUS
Mr. Soprano.

TONY
Lemme share with you what I always suspected about this 'gangsta shit. I figure probably you actually have a degree in sociology from City College. *

MASSIVE GENIUS
(chuckles)
I grew up in the projects. Dealt at thirteen. Killed a man.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MASSIVE GENIUS (cont'd)

Later I got a degree -- but Urban Planning -- you were close. Now, when it comes to which is mightier, the pen or the motherfuckin sword, I'm willing to let the situation dictate.

TONY

Don't press it.

MASSIVE GENIUS

I'm gonna do my part to keep Mr. Rabkin's people working.

HESH (ON SPEAKER)

What's that supposed to mean?

MASSIVE GENIUS

Expect to hear from Goldstein, Baum, and Woronov. They'll be representing Mrs. Willis in the lawsuit.

There's a silence. A kind of disappointment.

TONY

You gonna sue?

MASSIVE GENIUS

With what I pay in retainers? Fuck yeah.

TONY

(beat)

Yeah. I know how that is.

MASSIVE GENIUS

Yeah, well...

HESH

Listen, tatelleluh -- I thought you might say that. So be advised that on your artist Scratch's last single? You sampled the backing vocal from the Chablis' 1968 song, "Riff Wit It". For which Four Jacks retains the publishing.

MASSIVE GENIUS

(beat)

No shit.

HESH

Yes, shit. I would of course, have to countersue.

(CONTINUED)

MASSIVE GENIUS

(long beat)

See you in court.

Massive hits the button, hanging up. In the Bing room, there's a sour flatness.

PAULIE

What kind of moolinyan are these? They call themselves gangsters. *

TONY

Gangstas. *

SILVIO

It's a new day, my friend. A new fuckin' day. *

PAULIE

(putting gun back in the closet)

Fuckin depressing. *

37 INT. CHRISTOPHER'S APT. - NIGHT

37

Christopher is sprawled, preoccupied, Annie Lennox playing in b.g. Adriana makes an entrance from bedroom in a \$2400 tight, gorgeous dress, pricetags hanging. She models.

ADRIANA

Okay, now this is the Alaia.

CHRISTOPHER

Nice.

ADRIANA

You like it better than the Mugler?

CHRISTOPHER

(checks pricetag)

Keep 'em both.

ADRIANA

Christopher! Twenty four hundred dollars!

(beat)

I don't think you really like it.

CHRISTOPHER

I like it, I like it.

(CONTINUED)

ADRIANA
(runs out, runs back in,
stepping into heels)
Huh? MTV Awards?
(off his uneasy smile)
What?

CHRISTOPHER
Nothing.

ADRIANA
(strokes his hair)
I thought we put that fight behind us.
You want me to take all this back? I
will, no problem.

CHRISTOPHER
No. Fuck. I want you to have it.

ADRIANA
(sits; nuzzles him)
Then che cosa, ragazzo?

CHRISTOPHER
You know how I use the technique of
positive visualization?

ADRIANA
I know you talk about it...you're
fairly negative alot of the time.

CHRISTOPHER
I think you should mentally prepare
for the fuckin possibility that --
Duck Blind sucks.

Long silence.

ADRIANA
What?

CHRISTOPHER
I think that...the only reason you
gotten this far with Massive is...he
wants to be in your pants.

ADRIANA
(pulls back)
Boy, oh, boy.

CHRISTOPHER
Look, I let some experts listen to the
demo -- they shit all over it. Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

ADRIANA

Experts. Who? Hesh, that old fucking synagogue cantor?

CHRISTOPHER

Silvio. Hey, he owned rock clubs in Asbury. You heard what Squid said. A professional engineer.

ADRIANA

What about my opinion? That it's good.
That it's special.

*
*

No answer. She hurriedly leaves the room. He follows her into bedroom.

CHRISTOPHER

His eyes are on your ass, Adriana. Ninety eight percent of the time. You know that. If he was Stevie Wonder I'd say, okay, maybe I'm wrong.

ADRIANA

This is just a way for you to keep me down.

CHRISTOPHER

That ain't fair.

ADRIANA

I don't want these clothes.

He doesn't move. Unzipping dress, she stops, fights tears.

ADRIANA

What's wrong with it, huh? What's wrong with Duck Blind?

CHRISTOPHER

I don't know...but it's a problem that you don't know. Richie, he'll sing anything.

ADRIANA

You just don't want to believe I could have a relationship with a man -- like Massive -- that wasn't based on fucking. That was based on intelligence, respect...talent.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER
(quiet; seriously)
I'll shut up.

ADRIANA
You saying I don't have talent?
(beat)
I branched out. Found new friends. New
horizons. And you can't stand that.
(silence)
Yeah. Go silent. That's you -- either
screaming your head off or fucking
dead.
(beat)
I don't think I can stay here anymore.

CHRISTOPHER
I love you.

ADRIANA
That is such a lie.

She takes the dress off, throws on a raincoat, leaves.

38 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

38 *

On Business News story -- 'American Biotics Tumescant,
Splits 4-1'. Carmela reads the piece, smiles, extremely
pleased. *

TONY (O.C.)
Carm? *

CARMELA
In here! *

She quickly turns the newspaper face down. Tony comes in
with a small square box wrapped in brown paper and
string. *

TONY
I need a finger. *

He puts the box down. She puts her finger on the string.
Tony ties the knot. *

CARMELA
What's in here? *

TONY
Sand. I'm fuckin with Cusamano next
door. *

(CONTINUED)

CARMELA
(amused, warning)
Ton'...

Tony admires his work. *

TONY
There, that's beautiful. *

CARMELA
(mussing his hair)
You're kinda cute when you're being a
bad boy. *

TONY
(kisses her hand)
You're chipper today.

CARMELA
What're you gonna do with the box?

TONY
Ask him to hold it for a while.

CARMELA
(laughing)
Oh, God, Tony that's so evil

TONY
Yeah. That's what's so fun.

40 EXT. SOPRANO BACK YARD - DAY

40

Tony leans over the fence and watches Cusamano do yard work.

TONY
Yo, Cooze!
(no answer)
Hey! Cooze!

Cusamano embarrassedly to the direction of the voice, then looks to see if others have heard this.

TONY
Hey, Cooze! Come here.

CUSAMANO
Oh hey, Ton'.
(crosses)
How you doing?

(CONTINUED)

TONY

Good, you?

CUSAMANO

Listen, that nickname --

TONY

What? Cusamano.

CUSAMANO

Yeah, but, y'know, it's got that other

--

TONY

Oh! Nah. Listen...pal...I need a
little solid.

(hands him parcel)

Couldja hang onto this for me a while?

CUSAMANO

Uh, yeah, sure...

On reflex Cusamano takes the box. At the same time a
thousand paranoid thoughts run through his head.

TONY

If you could just hold on to it. I'll
let you know when I need it.

CUSAMANO

How long?

TONY

Month. Maybe less. I dunno. That okay?
(off tepid nod)

I meant to ask, any word on the club?

CUSAMANO

Oh, the club! Um...I'm sorry, I
was...membership is closed.

TONY

Closed?

CUSAMANO

(vamping)

Yeah. You know. New members only get
in when old members die?

TONY

Nobody's dying?

For a split second, Cusamano has a horrible thought.

(CONTINUED)

CUSAMANO

Yeah, fuckin logjam or something. Nothing anybody could do anything about. No new members. Sorry.

TONY

That's okay, Cooze. No biggie.

CUSAMANO

You sure? I know I got your hopes up...

Tony waves it off, walks away, leaving Cusamano standing there with the box.

41 INT: SOPRANO HOUSE - DAY 41

Tony walks in, chuckling to himself. Tony lays down on his bench press and starts power-lifting. Really going at it. He lets out a familiar cry...the one Melfi heard.

42 SCENE OMITTED 42 *

43 INT. CUSAMANO HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 43 *

Bruce and his wife Jean sit on opposite sides of the table. They stare intently at the small box, which sits between them.

JEAN

What is it, heroin?

CUSAMANO

Shit, Jean, I don't know. A weapon? I don't know.

(beat)

Could be anything.

Jean goes to poke it with a fork.

CUSAMANO

No! Don't touch it!

They stand there, stymied, fretting. We hear "that sound" from next door.

FADE OUT:

THE END