

[REDACTED]

The Sopranos

"46 Long"

S102-P102

Written by David Chase

Directed by Dan Attias

**Soprano Productions, Inc.
Silvercup Studios
42-22 22nd Street
Long Island City, NY 11101
(718) 433-4325**

**Production Draft 5/28/98
1st Rev. (Blue) 6/11/98
2nd Rev. (Pink) 6/15/98
3rd Rev. (Yellow) 6/17/98
4th Rev. (Green) 6/19/98**

The Sopranos

"46 Long"

CAST LIST

TONY SOPRANO
CARMELA SOPRANO
DR. JENNIFER MELFI
CHRIS MOLTISANTI
ANTHONY SOPRANO JR.
MEADOW SOPRANO
LIVIA SOPRANO
CORRADO "JUNIOR" SOPRANO
PUSSY BOMPENSIERO
SILVIO DANTE
PAULIE WALNUTS
GIACOMO "JACKIE" APRILE (formerly Pat Aprile) *

Brendan Filone
Driver
Perrilyn
Bouncer
Arnaz
DiCaprio
Larry King
Georgie
Counterperson
Former Wiseguy guest
Jerome
Mr. Miller
Joe
Gia
Special K
Adriana
Mikey Palmice
Guest
Antjuan
Fanny
Teacher
Dancer
Trucker 2

The Sopranos"46 Long"SetsINTERIORS

Pork Store	D
Back Room	D
Butchering Area	D
Truck	N
Soprano Kitchen	D
Bada Bing - Dance Floor/Bar	D *
Bada Bing - Back Room	D *
Livia's House (kitchen)	D
Melfi's Office	D
Surveillance Van	D
Body Shop	N
Great Seattle Roastery #1	D
Great Seattle Roastery #2	
Club	N
Chris' back Porch/Rear Stairs	D
Apartment Hallway	N
Apartment	N
Green Grove Retirement Home - Office	D
Barone Sanitation	D
Soprano House	D
Soprano Master Bedroom	D *

EXTERIORS

Street	N
Soprano House	D
Street	D
Livia's House	D
Pork Store	D
Bada Bing - Parking Lot	D *
Street	D
No-Name Club	N
Highway	D
Rear of Chop Shop	N
Suburban Gas Station	D
Barone Sanitation	D
Verbum Dei High School	D
Fanny's House	D

FADE IN:

1 INT. BADA BING - BACK ROOM - COLD OPENING

1

Close on TV, volume 10 -- somebody channel surfing hits on "LARRY KING." Larry addresses a guest.

LARRY KING

John Gotti: life in prison, no chance
of parole. Arrests and prosecutions in
Florida and elsewhere of top figures --

The person with the remote clicks past to next channel.

TONY

Whoa -- put that back.

PAULIE

Oo, fa.

LARRY KING

-- what's the situation on the ground
today -- right now -- in the mob?

GUEST

Confusion. Instability. Vacuum at
the top.

Wider angle shows the Soprano crew in the back room.
Couple of cheap desks and chairs, two filing cabinets,
one with a massive locking bar, a safe (open), a Mr.
Coffee, a bed. Tony, Silvio, and Paulie, at the desks,
eat peppers & egg sandwiches and count out stacks of cash
from loose bills in brown paper bags. Christopher does
bicep reps with a single weight.

LARRY KING

What caused the decline?

PAULIE

Your ass.

GUEST

An aggressive governmental policy over
two decades to behead the crime
families.

LARRY KING

Wasn't it also in part, a disregard
within the mob itself, for the rules
that served the old dons so well?

(CONTINUED)

TONY

(sadly)

If the shoe fits. Sil. Cheer me up,
babe.

SILVIO

(clenches fist)

'Every time I get out, dey try to pull
me back.'

PAULIE

Huh? Is that Pacino or is that
Pacino? Fucking spittin' image.

TONY

Speaking of which, these recent movies
-- when did Pacino become Durante?

Pussy enters with another cash-stuffed shopping bag which
he puts on the desk.

LARRY KING

(to 2nd guest)

Vincent Rizzo, former soldier in the
Genovese family, government witness
turned best selling author -- you
agree with U.S. Attorney Braun?

FORMER WISEGUY GUEST

The party is over.

PUSSY

(browses newspaper)

Cloning.

CHRISTOPHER

Mexicans are huge in that.

PUSSY

(spooked)

It's fascinating. Gotta admit it.

CHRISTOPHER

On account of they work as parking
valets.

FORMER WISEGUY GUEST

Now, do I mean that organized crime is
gonna just pack its bags voluntarily
and go the way of the dodo bird?

PUSSY

The fuck you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER
Mexicans.

PUSSY
What about them?

CHRISTOPHER
(annoyed)
Cell phones.

PUSSY
I'm not talking about cloning cell
phones. Jesus. I'm fucking talking
about fucking sheep. Science.

LARRY KING
We'll always have organized crime?

PUSSY
Raises some big questions.

TONY
Only God can make a life.

PUSSY
(taps paper)
Guy here asks: what if they had cloned
Princess Di?

FORMER WISEGUY GUEST
-- the hey-dey? The Golden Age or
whatever of the mob? That's gone. And
it's not coming back. And they got
only themselves to blame.

PAULIE
(off TV)
A va napola'. They pay this
chiachiadon' by the word?

FORMER WISEGUY GUEST
Drug trafficking ruined the mob.
Robbery's what, a five year stretch?
But who can face a mandatory 35 to
life on a drug conviction? Guys
started ratting out their bosses to
avoid prosecution.

SILVIO
You think the royal family had Di
whacked?

(CONTINUED)

PAULIE

(chuckles)

Last time I take a fuckin' limo in Paris.

PUSSY

I got a list of people long as my leg
I wouldn't want cloned.

CHRISTOPHER

Like you were ever in Paris.

PAULIE

I went over for a blow job. Your mother was working the bon-bon concession at the Eiffel tower. Sil, you hear what I told him? I told him 'I went over for a blow job. Your mother was working the bon-bon concession at the Eiffel Tower.'

TONY

Fuckin' Mayor of New York City -- Guy Least Likely to Be Cloned.

FORMER WISEGUY GUEST

But sure -- we'll always have organized crime. As long as the human being, has certain appetites -- gambling, pornography, whatever -- someone will surface to serve those needs.

SILVIO

'Every time I get out, dey try to pull me back.'

Main titles:

FADE IN:

2 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

2

A loaded semi leaves the freight arrivals area at Newark airport. Sign on truck's side reads COMLEY TRUCKING.

*

3 INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

3

The DRIVER muscles the behemoth along, turns off a highway connector road onto industrial two-lane in the meadowlands.

(CONTINUED)

He passes thru an area of brightly lit moonscape of oil tanks. Suddenly, up ahead, two cars have collided and are blocking both lanes of the road. A VICTIM is down and two MEN are ministering to him. The driver stands on the brakes.

DRIVER

Cabron.

No sooner has the truck shuddered to a stop than there's a thud on the running board, the door is whipped open and there's a gun in his face?

CHRISTOPHER

You got DVD players in back?

DRIVER

Don't hurt me!

CHRISTOPHER

(wired)

Only people get hurt are the ones who try to be fuckin' jerkoffs. Now step down. Move, move, move!

The "injured" man (Brendan Filone, Chris's age, a hotty) is up off the pavement now and alongside Chris.

BRENDAN

Stop quiverin', nobody wants to hurt your ass.

DRIVER

Okay, but you gotta tie me up.

CHRISTOPHER

You gonna be a jerkoff now?

DRIVER

Or my employers'll think I was in on it.

CHRISTOPHER

We look like we're going for a knot merit badge, we travel around with rope?

DRIVER

I got some cord in the cab...please...I need this job...

CHRISTOPHER

Jesus Chri...all right, hurry up.

(CONTINUED)

The driver grabs cord from the cab. Brendan starts tying.

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER

I don't know who in the company gave
up the route. But there's no way I
could walk away unscathed and not be
fired.

*
*

CHRISTOPHER

(laughs)

You want to be scathed?

DRIVER

So's it looks like I didn't give up
without a little struggle...?

Brendan takes a stance. Punches the guy in the face.

DRIVER

(it hurt more than he
thought)

Okay, cool--

*

BRENDAN

No, wait.

Brendan slams him across the nose with the trigger guard
of the gun.

DRIVER

Aaa!

The guy sinks to his knees, blood spewing from nostrils.

DRIVER

No, mo --

Chris kicks him in the stomach.

4 INT. SOPRANO KITCHEN - DAY

4

Breakfast.

ANTHONY JR.

Mr. Miller? My science teacher? Had
his car stolen.

CARMELA

You're kidding? From where? His
house?

ANTHONY JR.

No, from right in his parking space at
school.

(CONTINUED)

Carmela's jaw drops.

ANTHONY JR.

A Saturn. He only had it like a year.

MEADOW

Those security people at the school
are a joke.

Tony enters in bathrobe, sleepy, stubble-faced.

CARMELA

You hear what Anthony Jr. just said?
Mr. Miller's car got stolen.

TONY

(pouring coffee)

Refresh my memory. Who's he again?

CARMELA

Your son's science teacher.

TONY

(sings)

'While the Miller told his tale.'

MEADOW

You're up early, dad.

TONY

(looks at Jr.)

I could hear sounds of eating through
six fucking layers of sheet rock.

CARMELA

He just bought the car a year ago.

TONY

So insurance'll pay. He's white.

CARMELA

But they never give full value. These
poor teachers, they don't make a lot.
And the poor man just had twins...

TONY

He can work his summer vacation.

Anthony Jr. Laughs. He likes this. Tony hulas.

CARMELA

Maybe you could help find it.

(CONTINUED)

TONY

Funny, I could swear I told you I'd had my name legally changed from Lo Jack to Anthony Soprano.

CARMELA

Laugh, I thought I'd pee my pants. Seriously, hon', Pussy's got a body shop. He couldn't ask around? Mr. Miller was so nice to Anthony when he missed all those sick days.

MEADOW

(jumps up)
I'm late.

TONY

AJ, what you getting in science?

ANTHONY JR.

D plus.

TONY

I'll see what I can do.'

CARMELA

That's not what I meant. He should work for his grades!

TONY

(dances romantically) with her)
'That her face at first just ghostly, turned a whiter...'

She hits him playfully. Tony yawns, stretches.

TONY

Okay, I'm going back to bed.

FAMILY

See you later. Bye, dad, etc.

4A INT. SOPRANO MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

4A *

Tony takes his Prozac, washes it down with coffee. He flops back in bed, reads the paper.

*
*

5 INT. BADA BING - DANCE FLOOR/BAR - DAY

5 *

The place is just opening, three nude dancers take the stage. Pussy is at the bar reading the paper.

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

Paulie goes inside the bar, gets himself a beer. Chris comes in through the front entrance.

CHRISTOPHER
Technology comes to the Bing.

*

(CONTINUED)

5

Paulie, Pussy, Silvio and Chris head for outside. Tony comes from the back office.

TONY
The load here?

Leaving with them, he shouts back to a mook named GEORGIE who is mopping behind the bar.

TONY
Guy named Serge calls, tell him I'll be right back.

GEORGIE
This new phone system, I always get confused.

TONY
How complicated is it -- you take down the fucking message. The fucking automated voicemail only comes on if you let the fuckin' phone ring --
(goes out)
Jesus Christ.

6 EXT. BADA BING - PARKING LOT - DAY

6

*

In the rear. Chris' trunk is open. Everyone is helping himself to a boxed DVD. Brendan leans against the car, smoking. Tony comes up.

TONY
I hear there's not as many titles available as on laser.

BRENDAN
There's more coming though.

PAULIE
My internist told me the picture's not that different from laser either.

BRENDAN
The sound is way improved.

TONY
Good. Nothing beats popping up some Orville Redenbackers and listening to "Men in Black".

CHRISTOPHER
(trying to take Tony's back)
Awright, -- fuck it --

(CONTINUED)

6

6

TONY
(keeps ahold)
Nah, I'll try it. Goddamn wires and
shit...

BRENDAN
Be glad to hook you up, Ton'. I used
to be an installer.

Tony doesn't answer, crosses and pops his trunk, puts DVD
inside. We see Paulie et al stowing theirs in their
cars.

CHRISTOPHER
Why can't you be nice to Brendan?

TONY
(closes trunk)
We've discussed that.

7 INT. BADA BING - DAY

7

*

They enter. Georgie holds up phone.

GEORGIE
I was just gonna come looking. It's
the guy. For you.

TONY
(hurries off)
I'll take it over here.
(grabs phone)
Serge?

Loud dial tone.

TONY
Goddamit. Push hold before you
transfer a call!!

GEORGIE
Sorry, Ton'.

TONY
(waits)
See? He's not calling back now. Shit!

CHRISTOPHER
Bren's a good earner, T. This jack was
his plan.

(CONTINUED)

TONY

He's a nice kid but I don't like that
menthamphetamine.

He huffs at the silent phone, remembers something.

TONY

Shit.

(dials phone; waits)

Hello, ma?

Intercut - Livia in her house.

LIVIA

Oh. Look who calls.

TONY

How's it going?

LIVIA

I was wondering when you were going to
call.

TONY

Well, you don't have to wonder
anymore. This is it. I'm calling now.
I called yesterday and you were gonna
call me back. You don't remember?

LIVIA

I phoned your house and some operator
answered. I couldn't understand a
word she was saying.

TONY

How many times I gotta tell you that's
an answering machine.

LIVIA

Fancy. Let me turn off the heat under
these mushrooms.

Her receiver clatters on the tabletop.

TONY

Always with the mushrooms.

(calls to Georgie)

You and my mother -- two fucking peas
in a pod. She can't master the
telephone either but she's seventy
years old. What's your excuse?

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED: (2)

7

He drums his fingers, waiting. Livia has started for the kitchen but has gotten distracted by a noise. She moves carefully to the front room, peers out cautiously. The African-American MAIL CARRIER, a woman, is trying to fit something large in the mailbox across the street.

LIVIA

(suspicious)

What's she doing now?

TONY

(sees Chris sulking)

Let me tell you something. You're always bitching, 'When am I gonna get made'. You don't rise up in the world by hanging with fucking guys there's no governor on the motor. Where is she?

Livia is still hawkeye-ing the mail carrier, then something gets her attention. She sniffs. Gasps. She hurries to --

8

INT. LIVIA'S KITCHEN

8

*

The mushrooms are on fire in their pan.

LIVIA

Oh, my God.

She hurries to sink, fills a pan with water, pours it on the mushrooms. A billow of steam erupts but the fire does not go out.

LIVIA

Oh, my God.

TONY

(hears commotion)

Ma? Ma!

LIVIA

(rushes to phone)

Who's this?

TONY

Anthony!

LIVIA

The mushrooms, they're on fire!

(CONTINUED)

TONY

Where's the fire extinguisher I gave you!?

LIVIA

-- oh, my God the wall's getting all black.

TONY

Ma, hang up and call 911!

GEORGIE

Ton'! The guy's on the second line.

Paulie, Silvio and a topless DANCER have gathered round Tony.

LIVIA

Aren't you coming over!?

TONY

(to Georgie)

Press hold, Goddamit --- yeah ma, but I'm forty minutes away. Call 911 and leave the house!

LIVIA

(crying)

Look at how I live.

TONY

Ma, call 911!

She hangs up, searches keypad. Tony punches number.

TONY

Carm', my mother's got a fire in the kitchen.

CARMELA

Oh, my God --

TONY

She's calling 911. Can -- ?

CARMELA

(sighs)

I'm on my way.

TONY

Thanks, I know you're really busy.

(hits buttons)

Serge?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TONY (cont'd)

No, not on this phone -- give me your number, I'll call you back from an outside line.

DANCER

(worried)

Is your mom okay?

*

*

TONY

(hurrying out)

This can't go on like this.

PUSSY

Hey, T -- this teacher they stole his car, you got a plate number?

TONY

Call my wife.

Carmela escorts out the firemen. All the windows are open, but there's still a hanging smoke. A shaken Livia stares into the kitchen kneading her ever-present wadded Kleenex.

CARMELA

(crosses)

Ma, I wish you'd let me get somebody in here to help you. You shouldn't be alone.

LIVIA

Help me what?

CARMELA

(delicately)

With the housework.

LIVIA

I have my ways. A stranger could care less about doing it right.

CARMELA

But can I tell you something though, ma? You need company.

LIVIA

Don't start with that nursing home business again. I've seen these women in these nursing homes, babbling like idiots.

(CONTINUED)

CARMELA

It's not a nursing home, it's a
retirement commun --

(bites tongue;) pointless
fight)

You want me to make you a little
pastin'? Have something in your
stomach?

Livia shakes her head. Carmela weighs something.

CARMELA

Ma, I've told Tony and I've told you
many times -- you could always come
live with us.

*
*

LIVIA

I know when I'm not wanted.

CARMELA

(checks anger)

I just invited you to share my home.
If you want me to beg, that's
different.

LIVIA

(tears)

And leave this place? That my husband
and I shared?

*
*

CARMELA

Change can be a positive.

LIVIA

He was a saint.

(beat)

You're very nice to offer, but I'm not
an Alzheimers case yet.

(beat)

You haven't told me how's that son of
mine? Still having those fits?

*
*
*

CARMELA

They're not 'fits', ma. They're
anxiety attacks. He's on medication.

Livia shrugs.

10 INT. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

10

TONY

So she finally agreed to have someone
come days.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TONY (cont'd)

My wife called an agency, they sent over a Trinidadian woman. But no matter what I do I feel guilty.

MELFI

Why?

He shrugs Then --

TONY

(sighs)

I guess the real reason is because I know I can't let her live with us.

MELFI

Doesn't sound too practical, given her personality.

TONY

Oh, my wife won't allow it. No way. All that upset all the time?

MELFI

Where are your sisters in all this?

TONY

Whoo, they cut if off with my mother a long time ago. No way she's bunkin' with them. One's upstate New York, Annette -- husband, four kids. The other one's out in California living in an ashram.

MELFI

You're carrying all this guilt when your mother is clearly someone who has great difficulty maintaining relationships with anyone.

TONY

But she's my mother. You're supposed to look after your mother. She's a little old lady!

MELFI

Not to you. She's very powerful.

TONY

Bullshit.

MELFI

You accord this 'little old lady' an almost mystical ability to wreak havoc.

(CONTINUED)

TONY

(considers this)

Yeah, boy, you definitely don't want
to get her started.

(scratches head)

What's the story on her?

*
*

MELFI

Well, I'd be reluctant to make a
diagnosis from this distance. But she
seems dystymic --

(off his look)

-- incapable of experiencing joy.
Could be age. But then -- not every
person is an ideal candidate for
parenthood.

TONY

Nah, she's an old sweetie pie.

MELFI

(smiles)

Really? Well, that's different. What
were some of the good experiences you
remember as a child? The loving, warm
ones?

TONY

Well...

(beat)

When I was about twelve -- y'know how
weird you are with money when you're a
kid? Well, it was Christmas? I
bought her this Smoke On the Water
album. But obviously it was for me.

(voice breaks)

She didn't get that pissed at all.

MELFI

(smiles, nods)

What else?

He looks off, thinking. It takes a long time.

TONY

One summer down the shore, '68? '69?
We had a ball. The whole family. One
night my father tripped, fell down the
stairs and we all laughed our asses
off, my mom was laughing, geez...

He chuckles sadly. Silence.

(CONTINUED)

MELFI

Any other loving experiences?

Awkward silence. Then --

TONY

(eyes misting)

Look, she's a good woman. She put food on the table every night.

MELFI

What about emotional nourishment? Love? Support?

TONY

These old guineas, you know how they are. Not demonstrative.

(agitated)

I'm the ungrateful fuck. I come here, complain about her, let my wife exclude her from my home.

11 EXT. LIVIA'S - DAY

11

Tony hurries from his car with a huge bouquet of flowers, rings the bell. The door is opened briskly by a business-like, take-charge afro-caribbean woman, Perrilynn.

TONY

Oh. You Perrilyn? I'm here to see my mom.

(shakes her hand; brushing past)

Tony Soprano.

PERRILYNN

Hello.

(calls)

Olivia, your son is here and isn't he a handsome ting? And look what he's brought.

(smiles)

Rosie O'Donell's about to come on, but I guess we can let you stay till then.

TONY

Oh, listen --

(goes back; sotto)

One thing straight -- the hours you're here taking care of my mother? No ganja.

(goes in)

Hey, ma!

(CONTINUED)

Quietly offended, the woman closes the door. Tony enters with the flowers.

11A INT. LIVIA'S HOUSE - DAY

11A

LIVIA

I'm not dead. Unfortunately for some.

TONY

Those tall ones they're flowering cherry, the girl said. Frankie Valli when he comes back to visit Jersey? This is the florist he uses.

PERRILYNN

Aren't they beautiful? You want me to put them on the dining room table, Olivia?

LIVIA

You make sure the bottom of the vase isn't wet.

PERRILYNN

Mister Tony, would you like some tea or something?

TONY

No -- yeah -- Coke -- thanks.

He wants her to leave. When she's out of earshot --

TONY

So how's it going today?

LIVIA

(whispers)

She's stealing.

TONY

Who?

LIVIA

The ditsoon... 'who'.

He sighs.

LIVIA

The beautiful plate Aunt Settimia took from that restaurant in Rome? Gone.

(CONTINUED)

TONY

I dunno, ma, she seems like a really nice person.

(sees bible)

Who's is that? Not yours...

LIVIA

She doesn't fool me for a second.

PERRILYNN (O.S.)

(singing a jazzy/bluesy version)

'Let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you... Let me hear you whisper that you love me, too... '

*
*
*
*
*

TONY

You sure she stole it? You sure you didn't give it to one of the relatives? You keep forcing your possessions on people 'cause you're so sure you're gonna die.

LIVIA

I wish it was tomorrow.

Tony hangs his head down to his chest.

LIVIA

She's so forward too. Who does she think she is?

TONY

(almost pleading)

She's happy. She's singin'.

LIVIA

Anthony, I don't want her around here. I'll manage somehow --

TONY

No. I'm not cavin' to you this time. She's staying.

They lock eyes. Livia looks off.

LIVIA

Your uncle called here looking for you --

TONY

(puzzled)

Uncle Jun'?

(CONTINUED)

LIVIA
-- although why call here, I don't
know, you're never here -- he sounded
agitated.

12 EXT. PORK STORE - DAY

12

Tony crosses street, sits at a table where two men wait --
Junior and GIACOMO "JACKIE" APRILE, acting boss of the
family, who clearly seems to be ill with cancer.
Everyone is pissed off. They get right to it.

TONY
I didn't know it was a Comley truck.

JUNIOR
Twenty one fuckin' years Comley's been
putting food on my table, protection
money.

TONY
Christopher didn't know going in.

JUNIOR
Bullshit.

TONY
You want my DVD player? You can watch
'Gone With The Wind'.

JACKIE
(amused)
Whoa-ho.

JUNIOR
(to Tony)
You gonna be a fuckin' funny boy too
now?

JACKIE
Hey, Sopranos, huh?

TONY
Yeah, but Jackie, you go around hoping
you and your uncle could settle a
thing just the two of you, not be
called to a fuckin' sit down.

JUNIOR
You got fucking chirakowas working for
you! And you don't control them!

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED:

12

TONY

Here we go.

Junior looks at pat for a ruling. Jackie has his eyes
half shut, trying to conserve strength.

*

(CONTINUED)

JUNIOR
Jackie? You got a ruling?

JACKIE
The kids who hit the truck, they make
restitution to Junior.

TONY
(deferential)
Done.

JUNIOR
Christopher Moltisanti is a fucking
loose cannon. And that Filone kid, if
I --

TONY
All right, I heard you. You get a man
out of his sick bed?

JACKIE
Fuck that shit. We're done here.

Awkward beat. Tony, with true affection --

TONY
Giacomin', how you feeling?

JACKIE
I may be acting boss while the old
man's a guest of the Government but I
wish somebody would tell my bowels.
They don't obey.

Sad laughter. Tony squeezes Jackie's hand.

JACKIE
Fuckin chemo. Maybe I should name a
successor.

TONY
You kidding? This day and age? Nobody
wants the fucking job.

They all laugh. Junior becomes friendlier.

JUNIOR
You're a young man, you lucky son-of-a
bitch.
(Beat, to Tony)
Your mom tells me you got a girl
coming in to help? That's good.

(CONTINUED)

TONY

Worth a shot. See you later.

(CONTINUED)

Kisses Junior. They embrace. Tony leaves.

JUNIOR

A smoke he hires for his own mother.

13 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

13

Parked across from the pork store. Two Feds undercover observe the store, one thru a Nikon.

14 STREET - TRACKING TONY

14

Tony crosses the street, peeks in Junior's town car. MIKEY PALMICE is behind the wheel -- late '30's, movie-star handsome, and a total sociopath. Though both men are smiling they hate each other.

TONY

Mikey! How's the boy?

MIKEY

What boy, Ton'?

TONY

My uncle keeping you busy?

*

MIKEY

We're covering our nut. That nephew of yours, though. What's he retarded, he still likes to play with trucks?

TONY

Imagine if Jerry Lewis heard you talk that way.

MIKEY

That's muscular dystrophy.

TONY

Too bad they don't have a telethon for fuckface-itis. They close to a cure yet, Mikey?

Mikey levels a dead stare. Tony pumps his hand.

TONY

You're all right, you're a good kid. Good sport. See y'around.

Tony walks toward his suburban where Paulie waits behind the wheel. Tony raps on the unmarked van.

(CONTINUED)

TONY

I saw the van rocking, guys. You
having a taffy-pull in there?

15 INT. BODY SHOP - NIGHT

15 *

Pussy is in the office behind the big desk. Across is
JOE, shop foreman, on the phone. Pussy browses invoices.

PUSSY

What BMW is charging us for paint, oo
trippa di zia.

JOE

(hanging up)

Been that way for six months.

PUSSY

When was I last here?

JOE

Maybe caught a break here, boss. Shop
on Watchung Avenue says some guys
brought in a Saturn, these plates,
trying to unload it for parts.

Pussy blows dust from his accumulated papers.

PUSSY

What do you mean 'maybe' a break?

JOE

My friend passed -- but somebody else
may have chopped it already.

PUSSY

You telling everybody this fucking car
is for Tony Soprano and leave it in
one piece?

JOE

Sure. My guy says one of these
goofballs had a uniform from
Buttfuck's.

(off Pussy's) confusion)

Whatever, the coffee place. I guess
the guy works there.

PUSSY

Watchung Avenue and what?

Joe hands him note from his phone call.

(CONTINUED)

PUSSY
I'm fucking Rockford over here.

16 INT. PORK STORE - DAY

16

Tony walks past the meat cases with Christopher (carrying a Lancome tote) and Brendan in tow.

TONY
You had your goddamn marching orders yesterday. Why didn't you give the man the tribute?

BRENDAN
Tribute, okay. But you know how much he wants, your uncle? Fifteen dollars.

TONY
(unlocking door)
You jack the wrong Fruehauf, this is what happens.

17 INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

17

They enter the private office. Tony goes behind the desk.

CHRISTOPHER
I didn't notice you rushing to give back your fucking DVD player.

TONY
As a matter of fact I'm enjoying it very much. I screened The Bank Dick last night.
(W.C. Fields)
'Did you warble, my little wren'?

CHRISTOPHER
I'm not going to pay it.
(silence)
No, I'm serious.

TONY
Serious is what happens to you when you don't pay. By my own hand.

CHRISTOPHER
In my thoughts I use the technique of positive visualization. How come I always feel undermined?
(MORE)

*

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER (cont'd)

By what I did on the Triboro Towers situation alone, I should have been made. Right then. Boom.

(to Tony's sigh)

No, I'm fuckin' serious.

TONY

One more time: the books are closed.

CHRISTOPHER

Did you talk to Jackie about me? *

TONY

They're not taking new members. Period! And no, I most fucking certainly did not talk to Jackie, because he still remembers you massaged that Triboro situation by clipping a guy nobody asked you to clip and for which you didn't get the okay. *

CHRISTOPHER

The proof is in the pudding.

TONY

You got a reputation for immaturity. And it's not gonna be improved by not paying tributes the acting boss demands of you.

BRENDAN

Acting boss, my ass, Ton'. Everybody knows you really run things since Jackie went with the waif look. *

Tony is up out of his chair and across the room like a shot. He grabs Brendan by back of the neck.

TONY

Open that fucking door! *

Chris opens the door. Tony hurls Brendan into the butchering area. Butchers watch him flounder around in a pile of meat. Tony slams the door. Chris sighs. *

CHRISTOPHER

All right. Fuck. But fifteen grand is too much.

TONY

I'll see what I can do but I'm not optimistic.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TONY (cont'd)
Give me the fifteen K and I'll talk
to Uncle Jun' personally, see if I can
get it down to under ten.

Christopher knows what this means. He glumly hands Tony
the Lancome bag and heads out.

TONY
And you leave Comley Trucking and
every other fucking item on this earth
belongs to my uncle, including his
hemorrhoid donut, the fuck alone. Hear
me?

Door closes. Tony opens the Lancome bag, takes packets
of bills, and puts them in his jacket pocket.

18 INT. BUTCHERING AREA - DAY

18

A female butcher's helper puts ice on a cut over
Brendan's eye.

BRENDAN
He gonna do it?

CHRISTOPHER
(glum)
Yeah.

BRENDAN
What do you think his commission'll
be?

CHRISTOPHER
Two, three grand. Ten to Junior.
We'll get five hundred bucks back.

19 INT. LIVIA'S - DAY

19

Livia and Perrilyn have just finishing lunch and are
carrying their dishes to the kitchen.

PERRILYNN
I said, 'You kids behave.' My little
grandson -- that's Gladys's boy I told
you about, he says, 'We're being
haive.'

This actually brings a small smile to Livia's lips.
Perrilyn washes dishes, Livia dries.

PERRILYNN
Say, Olivia, I thought maybe round
three o'clock we could go for a walk.

(CONTINUED)

LIVIA

Livia.

PERRILYNN

Sorry...I keep thinking about my baby
sister Olivia that died.

LIVIA

(softened)

Some fresh air would be nice.

PERRILYNN

It would be good for you.

Livia nods. She leaves the kitchen for the glasses. She
stops, turns, stares at Perrilyn's back, chooses exactly
what she wants to say --

LIVIA

By the way --

20 EXT. LIVIA'S - DAY

20

Carmela has parked her Benz and is coming up the walk
when Perrilyn flies out, putting on her coat. She storms
past a startled Carmela. *

PERRILYNN

That's it.

CARMELA

What? What hap --

21 INT. LIVIA'S - DAY

21

CARMELA

Ma? What happened?

LIVIA

(deep shrug)

Beats me.

CARMELA

Did you say something to her?

LIVIA

I know how to talk to people.

(shrugs)

These blacks, who knows what they'll
take the wrong way.

Carmela sits wearily. Livia waves it off.

(CONTINUED)

LIVIA
I can take care of myself.

22 INT. GREAT SEATTLE & TACOMA ROASTERY COMPANY - DAY 22

One of a chain of high-end coffee purveyors. Yuppified customers and university students sit at European bistro tables sipping lattes, smoking, reading papers. Pussy and Paulie enter. They get in line. Counterperson yells to drink-maker.

COUNTERPERSON
Decaf cappuccino Primo, a non-fat
Magnifico, and a double Espresso
Regulare.
(looks over)
I'll take you over here, sir.

*
*

Pussy and Paulie cross. Paulie keeps looking around.

PUSSY
Think I'll get an espresso. Paulie,
you want anything?

PAULIE
They got any just, coffee?

COUNTERPERSON
(points)
Our cafe du jour is New Zealand
Peaberry.

PAULIE
Madonn'. Whatever.

COUNTERPERSON
That's four twenty, pick it up over
there. One medium du jour! One single
espresso regolare!

*
*

PUSSY
Hon', let me ask you -- my wife was in
the body shop around the corner on
Watchung Avenue other day. Guy in
front of her was buying a chamois. He
leaves, she sees he dropped his money
clip.
(shows clipped bills)
He was already gone...she said he was
wearing that uniform there.

(CONTINUED)

COUNTERPERSON

(announces to staff)

Anybody lose money in a body shop over
on Watchung Avenue?

(all raise hands)

Funny.

PUSSY

Real black hair, she said, tall,
little earring.

COUNTERPERSON

Sorry. But these stores are all
around.

PUSSY

Tell me about it.

They go pick up their coffees.

PAULIE

The fucking Italian people. How did
we miss out on this?

PUSSY

What?

PAULIE

Fucking espresso, cappuccino. We
invented the shit and all these other
cocksuckers are gettin' rich off it.

PUSSY

Isn't it amazing?

PAULIE

(glaring)

And it's not just the money. It's a
pride thing. All our food -- pizza,
calzone, buffalo mozzarella, olive oil.
These fucks had nothing. They ate
pootsie until we gave them the gift of
our cuisine. But this is the worst,
this espresso shit.

PUSSY

Take it easy.

PAULIE

No, it fucking depresses me.

23 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - DAY

23

Tony stands staring out at the pool. He looks pensive.
Meadow is setting the dining room table.

MEADOW

On the lookout for ducks, dad?

TONY

Know the old man pretty good, huh?

MEADOW

Don't look so sad. They were cute but
remember how pissed you were about the
pool filter?

TONY

It was... unique them coming here,
don't you think?

MEADOW

I really wasn't into it.

TONY

(beat)

What time's Grandma getting here?

CARMELA

(comes out with) dishes)

She had to drive Fanny to the
doctor's, then she's picking up my
mother and father and they're coming
here. They're each bringing some
antipast'.

TONY

Y'know -- I complain about my mother.
That she just sits around feeling
sorry for herself. But she's always
ready to drive these oldster friends
of hers who can't drive anymore. I'm
proud of her. It gives me hope.

24 EXT. FANNY'S HOUSE - STREET - DAY

24

An '80s vintage Chrysler New Yorker moves incredibly
slowly. It turns into the driveway of a plain two-story
house and we see Livia gripping the wheel like she is
piloting the Queen Mary. Fanny, gets out.

(CONTINUED)

LIVIA

Make plenty of noise opening your
front door. You never know who's in
there.

(CONTINUED)

FANNY

There's my Star Ledger. Thanks.

LIVIA

(craning behind in prep for
backing up)

This street. Another pain in the ass.

She waits for whizzing cars, picks DRIVE instead of REVERSE and gives it gas. The car lurches forward hitting Fanny, who is retrieving her paper. Fanny is thrown over the hood.

25 INT. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

25

TONY

She broke her wrist from the steering column, minor concussion...

MELFI

What about the other woman?

TONY

Hip.

Melfi winces, Tony nods glumly.

TONY

We were down at the hospital till two in the morning, talking to my mother's doctor, the staff gerontologist...

(beat)

The things these guys were saying, They're gonna test for this, what's it called --? Infarc dementia? But they don't know.

(quietly)

They're saying, though, she shouldn't live by herself anymore.

MELFI

That's a hard one isn't it? To accept that about the one's who once took care of us?

TONY

Yeah.

(beat)

She can't manage the telephone. I get so mad.

(CONTINUED)

MELFI

And yet....you say she's very healthy and alert.

TONY

Like a bull. Why?

MELFI

Well, I'm just thinking -- and of course these other doctors are right there -- but you know from your own life how depression can cause accidents, poor performance.

TONY

What are you saying? She tried unconsciously to whack her best friend?

MELFI

Not at all. It's interesting you would take that from what I said.

She watches his reaction -- a dismissive scowl.

MELFI

But now that you mention it... I'm recalling a remark you said your mom made recently, 'I'm tired of people taking advantage of my good nature'. Something like that.

*
*

TONY

Umm...

MELFI

What is depression? Anger not acted out. Depression is very common in the elderly. Either way, she could need a change in her living situation. Being around people.

TONY

We were looking at Green Grove.

MELFI

That's a beautiful facility. More like a hotel at Cap d'Antibes.

TONY

(beat)

Yeah. To her it's a nursing home.

(CONTINUED)

MELFI

She needs to be made to see the distinction. That in fact she's embarking on a rewarding chapter. I know seniors who are inspired. And inspiring.

(glances at clock)

But I have to stop you.

TONY

(as they stand)

Almost forgot -- I got your bill in the mail...

He pulls out a horse-choke wad of cash starts ticking off hundreds and dropping them on her desk. It makes her vaguely queasy.

MELFI

Aren't you...on a health plan or something where you could mail it?

TONY

I'm covered by the plumber's union. But I don't want to submit shrink bills.

He tosses bills. She sees him to the door.

TONY

Cash is better for you anyway.

She nods, 'smiles', closes the door behind him.

26 EXT. NO-NAME CLUB - NIGHT

26

Downtown manhattan. An Ellis Island line of Prada-heads await selection by the gate-keeper bouncer. In line are Chris and Adriana, a Jersey tomato, plus Brendan and Nicole. They don't look like the lit agents around them. The bouncer points to a few of those.

CHRISTOPHER

(offers a hundred)

You're not forgetting about us, right?

BOUNCER

(ignores Chris; to) models)

Ladies.

Three 16 yr. old giraffes flounce inside.

(CONTINUED)

BRENDAN

We're the ones Kenny Portugal said say
hello.

*

BOUNCER

Ah, yes. Kenny.

*

The bouncer kills time counting names on his clipboard.
A car deposits MARTIN SCORSESE and some friends.

BOUNCER

Mr. Scorsese...good evening.

Gate-keepers open doors, help the women with the steps,
etc. Chris & co. Go wide-eyed.

CHRISTOPHER

Whoa!

BRENDAN

Wow!

CHRISTOPHER

Wow!

BRENDAN

Fuck!

CHRISTOPHER

Marty!!

Scorsese smiles and waves, disappearing into the club --

CHRISTOPHER

'Kundun'! I liked it!

ADRIANA

My feet hurt.

*

CHRISTOPHER

(embarrassed)

We're next. He's got to work the
crowd.

BOUNCER

(to others)

You. You.

ADRIANA

I'm feeling humiliated here.

*

*

CHRISTOPHER

Hey, asshole. The fuck, huh?

(CONTINUED)

BOUNCER
Excuse me, sir?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER
You know who we are?

BOUNCER
You can watch your language is who you are.

BRENDAN
Ho! You watch your tone of fucking voice.

BOUNCER
Ma'm, go on in --

BRENDAN
'Hey! Hey! You never heard of the Sopranos? You know who picks up the trash on this street and every other fucking street between here and Wall.

BOUNCER
You?

Brendan has taken something out of his pocket. Chris sees it.

CHRISTOPHER
Yo, Bren', chill.

BRENDAN
No. Fuck that.

It's throwin'-down time. Fortunately, a beeper.

ADRIANA
Brendan, answer your beeper.

BRENDAN
Hunh? Shit.

He checks beeper.

BRENDAN
(to Chris)
It's our friend. The guy.
(points at bouncer)
I'll be back.

Putting the object (a knife?) back in his pocket, Brendan rushes to a pay phone

27 INT. CLUB - NIGHT

27

Crammed, sweaty. Adriana and Nicole dance together while Chris and Bren boot meth off the backs of their hands.

BRENDAN

My boy at Comley says there's a
truckload of Italian suits.

*

CHRISTOPHER

(thumbs up)
Those unload fast. Mario'll take the
whole load.

BRENDAN

He says the shipment moves Thursday, 6
A.M.

A pause. Chris mulls things.

*

CHRISTOPHER

Gimme one good reason I should not
jack this truck.

BRENDAN

Don't feel bad. It's Junior's own
fault. He gives us no choice except
do it again.

CHRISTOPHER

Taking that outrageous fucking
tribute.

BRENDAN

He's throwing down the gimlet. It's
like, not only does he shit on our
heads, we're supposed to say 'Thanks
for the hat.'

CHRISTOPHER

It's not like I'm getting somewhere
playing by the rules. Fuck Tony.

BRENDAN

'The books are closed'. Blow me.

CHRISTOPHER

No, that's some true shit.

BRENDAN

Come on. They're not confirming any
new made guys? How come?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER

Fucking chaos. Nobody really knows who's running things. Guys, they don't even know who to make payments up the ladder to in some cases.

They fall silent.

CHRISTOPHER

The old greats, Charlie Lucky, Vito, Neil Dellacrocce -- you think they felt like this when they were just starting out?

BRENDAN

Are you asking me... did they feel like jerk-offs?

CHRISTOPHER

(angry)

I didn't say that!

*
*

BRENDAN

Chill out, for Christ sake.

CHRISTOPHER

I'm not talking about some fucking problem at the door of a club.

BRENDAN

Nah, that's nothing. That could happen to anybody.

CHRISTOPHER

I'm talking about the year 2000. The millennium. Where do we go from here?

*

BRENDAN

I heard where we're the first generation of Americans who's not gonna do as good as their parents.

They fall silent.

28 INT. LIVIA'S - DAY

28

Livia lies on the couch, under a blanket, her wrist in a cast. Tony is in a lounge facing her, finishing a plate of food, approving.

*

TONY

This Virginia ham.

(CONTINUED)

LIVIA
Smithfield. Have more.

*

(CONTINUED)

TONY

No. That was good though. Ma --

LIVIA

You never let me feed you. I suppose I should feel honored today.

TONY

Getting back to what we were --

LIVIA

(gets up)

You want that lamp?

TONY

Ma, lie down.

LIVIA

This lamp. It's real ormlu. You know what it cost new?

TONY

No, ma, thanks. We're fixed good lampwise.

LIVIA

(kneading Kleenex)

Take it. And the Barcalounger. Somebody should take all this before I die. Or it's all gonna be left here for the junkman to haul to the dump.

TONY

(pained)

Ma, you're not ready to die.

LIVIA

Listen to him. God speaks right to him.

TONY

You're not gonna die, your stuff's not gonna be hauled to the dump. But you should start planning for the future. You got the most rewarding chapter of your life coming up.

LIVIA

You know my good jewelry?

(CONTINUED)

TONY

The stuff from dad. Some of those pieces came right out of Cartier's window. Carm doesn't want it. Not now. What we all want is for you to live long and wear your sparklers to your grandchildren's graduations.

LIVIA

I gave it all to your cousin Josephine.

TONY

What?! The jewelry?!

LIVIA

She always admired it. They don't have much money.

TONY

A goddamn cousin gets the Cartier dinner rings and I get a vibrating chair?!

LIVIA

Your wife never expressed any interest in my jewels. She never complimented me on any of it that I remember.

TONY

(cuts through)

Listen to me -- before you do any more serious damage to yourself or your grandchildren's inheritance, you're gonna have to give up living by yourself. That's it. Basta.

LIVIA

(tearing up)

I'm not going to that nursing home.

TONY

Green Grove is a retirement community. It's more like a hotel at Captain Teeb's.

LIVIA

Who's he?

TONY

The Captain owns luxury hotels or something.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TONY (cont'd)

The point is I talked to Mrs. DiCaprio over there and they have a corner suite with a woods view available now, but it'll go fast --

LIVIA

Sure they have a suite available. Somebody died.

TONY

Ma, stop. Stop! I can't take it anymore. This black poison cloud!

LIVIA

Oh. Poor you.

TONY

You know what, mom? I got problems at home, problems at work, a friend of mine's been diagnosed with cancer -- lots of parents would be grateful their yuppie children put as much thought into all this as I do.

LIVIA

(tearing)

I'm not going! I'm not going to that place!

TONY

Then I'll go to court, get a durable power of attorney over you and place you there.

LIVIA

Kill me now. Go into the ham and get that carving knife and stab me. Please. That would hurt less than what you just said!

TONY

(blows his stack)

I know seniors who are inspired!

29 INT. GREAT SEATTLE AND TACOMA ROASTERY CO. # 2 - DAY 29

Another of the franchise chain. Pussy is at the counter talking to a Staffer while Paulie glares at patrons. Pussy breaks off talking, crosses. Paulie ganders at shelves full of coffee paraphernalia for sale.

(CONTINUED)

*
*

(CONTINUED)

PUSSY (cont'd)
 Him and his gay lover both work here.
 I got an address.
 (beat)
 Oh! You listening to me?

PAULIE
 Yeah.

PUSSY
 Again with the rape of the culture?
 Can we go find these Spice Girls
 already and get this over with?

Pussy leaves. Paulie stands there. Then he puts a
 chrome Krups under his jacket and walks out.

30 EXT. REAR STAIRS OF APARTMENT HOUSE - DAWN 30

Dawn. Brendan climbs rickety stairs. Reaching the rear
 porch he sees Chris slouched in an aluminum beach chair
 smoking a joint. He wears a slick bathrobe.

BRENDAN
 Yo, money, we said meet. out front.
 You're not even dressed.

CHRISTOPHER
 I'm taking a pass.

Brendan raises his hands in a questioning gesture.

CHRISTOPHER
 There was a time in my life when being
 with the Tony Soprano crew was all I
 ever dreamed of. So what am I doing?

BRENDAN
 This is some fucking note here.

CHRISTOPHER
 (indicates apartment)
 Don't wake her up.

BRENDAN
 (off watch; worried)
 It's fucking five fifteen.

CHRISTOPHER
 Maybe one reason things are so fucked
 up in the organization these days is
 guys going off, not listening to
 middle management.

(CONTINUED)

BRENDAN

'Fuck Tony'. That's a quote.

CHRISTOPHER

We got to stick together. Why be in a crew? Why be a gangster?

BRENDAN

Hey, Coach? Suck my dick..

Brendan leaves.

31 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

31

Brendan hunkers in the weeds in the Meadowlands alongside route 7. It's cold. He snarbles some crystal meth off his hand. Looks up as a Comley semi approaches. Two cars have "crashed". A black kid, SPECIAL K is tending to an "injured" second black kid, ANTJUAN. The trucker hits his air brakes.

ANGLE -- WIDER

The truck comes to a shuddering stop. Brendan runs from the roadside ditch, gun aimed.

BRENDAN

Let's be very cool, yo. Come down out of that cab.

SPECIAL K and Antjuan are up and moving. K comes forward, gun aimed.

SPECIAL K

You heard the motherfucker. Hurry up.

The driver opens the door, hands raised.

TRUCKER 2

I'm a friend of Billy, your friend on the inside.

BRENDAN

Good. No probs here. Increase the peace, that's our motto.

TRUCKER 2

I'm gonna take my lunch box, okay?

Brendan nods impatiently. The driver jumps down. Antjuan starts to get in but Special K brushes him aside.

(CONTINUED)

SPECIAL K
Nigga, you can't drive a Fisher Price.

He sticks his gun in his waistband and hauls himself up behind the wheel.

BRENDAN
Hurry up.
(to Antjuan)
What's with this gun pointed sideways
shit?

The door still open, K tries to get it in gear. It grinds and bucks. He tries again. Worse. Yrrrh-yrrrh-yrrrh.

ANTJUAN
Heh-heh.

BRENDAN
(wired)
Get out. Down.
(to driver)
Drive. I'll direct you..

Special K turns to jump down. As he jumps, his gun falls from his waistband --

SPECIAL K
Shit --

CLOSE

The gun hits the ground -- BLAM -- spits fire.

QUICK CUTS

Brendan and company -- cringing, ducking.

BRENDAN
Jesus --

They slowly straighten, unhurt. K lowers down from the cab.

WIDER

the four men, Brendan and Antjuan glaring at K.

ANTJUAN
Control your shit, fool.

(CONTINUED)

Beat. The driver slowly tips forward, felled like a tree.
He falls to the ground, dead, a small caliber entrance
wound in his head, his eyes open. Brendan and company
stare numbly.

*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

BRENDAN

Fuckin Junior Soprano is gonna go ape
shit!

K and Antjuan are already leaving, heading for one of the
cars.

32 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

32

Pussy and Paulie walk a dingy corridor. Pussy carries a
shopping bag. They stop at a charred apartment door.
Pussy takes out silenced pistols, gives one to Paulie,
throws the bag away. Paulie knocks. Beat.

(CONTINUED)

ARNAZ (O.S.)
Who is it?

PAULIE
Hamanamana in your framishtan.

ARNAZ (O.S.)
What?!

33 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

33

Edgardo Arnaz, dressed in banana republic shorts and sandals is readying suitcases for a trip.

PAULIE (V.O.)
Framis [coughs] gehockstahagen.

It's deliberately too faint to hear. Arnaz impatiently crosses to the door, opens it to chain length.

ARNAZ
Wha'd'you want?

PUSSY
Mr. Arnaz, you seen a school teacher's
Saturn around here?

Three things happen at once: 1) Arnaz' face gives it up. 2) he tries to slam the door. 3) Pussy's huge shoe slams the door, smashing Arnaz in the face and snapping the chain. Arnaz flies backward into the bathroom, banging his head on the toilet. Paulie and Pussy enter guns first.

PUSSY
(puts .45 to Arnaz head)
Anybody else here, Desi?

Paulie walks down the hall. Jerome (early 30's, also dressed in vacation attire) comes from a back room with a tote bag.

PAULIE
Yep -- here comes Lucy now.

JEROME
You people at Airport Shuttle are
always late --
(sees)
Eddie...?!

Pussy throws Arnaz on the livingroom floor, gun to his head.

(CONTINUED)

PUSSY

You boys drove off in the wrong car
couple days ago.

JEROME

Oh, my Christ...

ARNAZ

(on his knees; nose-) bleed)
I'm not saying shit without an
attorney present.

PUSSY

(laughs)
What?

Then his laughter cuts off, he shoves the .45 in Arnaz'
mouth.

PUSSY

Go ahead, make a statement -- I got
fucking Johnnie Cochran right here for
you.

JEROME

Y-you're not cops...who -- ?

ARNAZ

The car's gone. We sold it.

34 EXT. REAR OF CHOP SHOP - NIGHT

34

Pussy's car pulls to a stop in a real bad section. Pussy
and Paulie get out, haul Arnaz and Jerome from the back
seat. Arnaz indicates Bunuel Bros. Auto body. Pussy goes
to the door. Locked. Place is closed. Paulie squints
thru dirty glass.

PAULIE

This place even in business?

PUSSY

Y'know, you two have put a real crimp
in my week.

JEROME

We didn't know the owner of the car
was connected. You think we're
insane?

PAULIE

(looking thru fence)
Ah, manuge -- Puss'?

(CONTINUED)

PUSSY

What?

They peer through the fence. Amid other junk there's a picked apart Saturn skeleton.

ARNAZ

That's not it.

PUSSY

It's not?

(puts on his glasses)

Then why is that truck inside there -- see it, the Toyota? ---why is that mother fucker wearing the fucking plate number I been carrying in my shirt all week?

Takes it out shows them.

PAULIE

That's a major fucking coinkydink.

PUSSY

Fucking car's been chopped. Fucking useless now!

JEROME

Please -- don't hurt him -- let it be me --

PUSSY

Let me tell you what's gonna happen here. First, you're both climbing over that fence and shagging those plates.

ARNAZ

But the razor wire --

PUSSY

Hey, one can't always choose what goes up one's asshole. Then, one of youse stays with us while other gets out in the street and boosts another maroon Saturn.

*
*

ARNAZ

Just like that?

*

(CONTINUED)

PUSSY

Leno comes on eleven thirty. If I'm
not watching it you're in a world of
pain.

*
*
*

35 INT. GREEN GROVE RETIREMENT COMMUNITY - OFFICE - DAY 35

Tony, Carmela, and a silent withdrawn Livia are in the finely appointed office of administrator BONNY DICAPRIO. Tony is filling out forms. Carmela squeezes Livia's hand.

DICAPRIO
You excited about coming to live with us, hon'?

No response.

DICAPRIO
You will be. Trust me.

CARMELA
Look, ma, here's your stuff.
(too upbeat)
They made good time.

Beyond the window movers are taking a bed, dresser, TV, pictures off a truck.

CARMELA
Your own bed, dresser. When my grandmother went to live...elsewhere? They weren't allowed to bring personal effects.

No response. Tony, still writing --

TONY
Ma, there's a few things you gotta sign here.

No response. The others trade looks. Dicaprio gives a reassuring wink to Tony and Carm. PHONE breaks the awful silence.

DICAPRIO
Yes...?
(beat)
Mr. Soprano, do you have an Uncle Junior?

TONY
(confused)
He tracked me down here?

DICAPRIO
Line 2.

(CONTINUED)

TONY
(reading contracts)
Tell him I'll call him back.

DICAPRIO
He'll return the call.
(listens)
He did?
(to tony)
Apparently, it's urgent, she said he
sounded upset --

Tony tries to think what it could possibly be, waves it
off.

DICAPRIO
He'll have to call back.

Hangs up. Studies livia.

DICAPRIO
Livia, do you know the old Italian
saying -- my aunts used to go, 'Col
tempo la foglia di gelso diventa
seta.'

No response. Carm plays stooge.

CARMELA
What does that mean, Bonny?

DICAPRIO
Time and patience change the mulberry
leaf to satin.

Livia's eyes burn into DiCaprio's till DiCaprio looks
away.

36 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - DAY

36

Tony and Carmela come up from the garage. Tony heads
right to the fridge, takes out lunch fixings, ignoring
the ringing phone.

CARMELA
(comforting hand)
You be all right?

TONY
Yeah. Sure. Thanks for your help.
(squeezes her)
I'll make us a nice lunch

(CONTINUED)

CARMELA

I got some fantastic prozhoot in
there.

(CONTINUED)

TONY
Somebody gonna answer that phone?

CARMELA
(goes for it)
Meadow -- !!

The phone stops ringing before she gets there. Anthony Jr. enters from out back with a large can of charcoal lighter, some highway flares, and a box of wooden matches.

CARMELA
What you doing with that?

ANTHONY JR.
Science project.

CARMELA
You're not gonna light any fires in this house.

ANTHONY JR.
It's a volcano!

TONY
Hey, googoots. You and me'll cut up some shotgun shells, take the powder out.

CARMELA
(as Anthony trudges out)
Daddy recovered Mr. Miller's car, by the way.

ANTHONY JR.
Whoa! No kiddin'?

TONY
Just remember to thank Uncle Pussy when you see him.

ANTHONY JR.
Definitely.

Anthony Jr. Leaves. Tony fixes lunch, Carmela sorts mail.

CARMELA
(in stride)
Ton'? For you.

(CONTINUED)

She hands him an envelope. He takes out a sad basset hound greeting card: "MISSING YOU." It is signed. "Your friends in the 3rd Federal Judicial District." Tony smirks. Phone again.

CARMELA

Hello?

(beat; to Tony)

Christopher.

TONY

(takes phone)

Hey.

Intercut -- Chris on the pay phone inside the big warehouse at Barone Sanitation. The Comley truck is parked. Brendan is sitting on the running board, his face in his hands. *

CHRISTOPHER

Christ, I been calling for hours. Call me back from an outside line.

TONY

It's fucking Saturday afternoon...

37 EXT. SUBURBAN GAS STATION - DAY

37

Tony marches to a pay phone and shoves coins in. Dials. Chris answers.

CHRISTOPHER

T, don't get mad -- there's some shit - I had nothing to do with it, just so you --

TONY

Spit it out.

CHRISTOPHER

Brendan hit Comley again. *

TONY

What?!

CHRISTOPHER

Umm--the driver, y' know -- ?

TONY

No, I don't know!

CHRISTOPHER

I don't know, he caught some friendly fire or something -- he's gone. *

(CONTINUED)

TONY
Fuck. Jesus Fuck.

CHRISTOPHER
What should we do, T? Brendan didn't
fence the load 'cause he's thinking
now maybe it was Mario who dined us to
Junior last time.

*
*

38 EXT. BARONE SANITATION - DAY 38

Tony's Suburban raises dust as he speeds to a stop
outside the main building. Silvio waits, having a smoke.

39 INT. BARONE SANITATION - DAY 39

The truck has been backed up to a dock, it's back doors
thrown open. Tony strolls the racks of mens' suits, a
few racks of which have been rolled out onto the dock.
Brendan and Christopher look on miserably.

TONY
(shaking his head)
You boys, you boys...
(feels suit material)
Beautiful stuff, though.

BRENDAN
Tony, I'm sorry.

TONY
(scary)
Shut up.

It goes quiet. Sil grinds out his cigarette. Paulie and
Pussy gander the racks of suits.

CHRISTOPHER
Just so long as you realize I had
nothing to do with it.

BRENDAN
It's true, he stood home --

TONY
Shut up!
(to Chris)
So you stayed home. Did you do
anything to stop it? Did you offer
guidance? No. What do we mean when we
say 'leadership'?

(CONTINUED)

BRENDAN

Part of it's the fuckin' crank, Ton!
I'm goin' into detox.

Tony looks at Chris.

CHRISTOPHER

(somber)

Shut the fuck up, Brendan. You'll get
me clipped. *

Tony returns to browsing the suits.

CHRISTOPHER

So what are we gonna do?

TONY

What are you gonna do? You're gonna
put all these suits back in the truck,
drive it over to Comley's main yard in
Kearny, and give it back. *

CHRISTOPHER

What?! Fuck.

TONY

Then call my uncle, tell him it's been
done.

CHRISTOPHER

What about the dead guy?

TONY

Keep prodding him with a stick. Light
a candle to St. Anthony. I think
you're fucked though.

Paulie chuckles. Silvio is trying on a coat.

SILVIO

What if this didn't go back? Would
that be a problem? *

Pussy is also trying on a jacket. Chris and Brendan look
up, waiting for Tony's answer.

TONY

I don't see you assholes rolling this
rack and this rack and this rack back
in the truck.

(CONTINUED)

I.E., leave this one rack out. Chris and Brendan get to work as ordered. Silvio looks at his reflection in the jacket.

SILVIO
(Pacino impression)
'Every time I think I'm out, they pull me back in.'

They chuckle. Tony pulls a beautiful blue pin stripe off the "lost" rack.

TONY
Ooh. 46 long. My size. That is gorgeous. Brioni.

PAULIE
Ton', you own that exact suit. I remember you wore it to Ginger's confirmation.

TONY
(beat)
I know.

He sees Pussy eyeing it. He goes to a work bench, finds a pair of metal shears. He goes back to the blue Brioni. He cuts the sleeves off, cuts it up, ruins it.

40 INT. LIVIA'S - DAY 40

Deserted living room. A dusty rectangle where the sofa used to be. Tony wanders the house, hands in pockets. It's so quiet. He stops at the mantel where some family photos remain. A younger Tony. Younger Livia. Father. Sisters. He picks up a packing carton, starts putting the photos in. Suddenly, his eyes fill with tears. He puts a hand on his chest. He's finding it hard to breathe.

41 INT. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY 41

Tony is subdued.

MELFI
Did you actually lose consciousness like with the ducks?

TONY
No. Just the shortness of breath. White spots in my field of vision.

MELFI
Improvement.

(CONTINUED)

TONY

Because I'm sad to put my mother away?

MELFI

Sad is good. Unconscious isn't. It's a period of your life that's ended too. Not just hers.

(when he doesn't look) up)

You've done the best for her.

TONY

She won't speak to me.

MELFI

That is sad. But whose choice is that?

TONY

It doesn't make it any better for some reason.

MELFI

Can you admit it to yourself -- yes, you're sad. But you're also very angry. Full of rage.

TONY

I'm sad.

Silence.

MELFI

It's hard to admit you might have feelings of hatred for your own mother, isn't it?

TONY

(stands)

You're out of your tree.

MELFI

Listen to me carefully. Of course you love her too. What I'm trying to say is: own that anger instead of displacing it. Otherwise, there's no way to move beyond it, if it's not acknowledged.

TONY

Ten minutes left. I don't want to talk anymore. 'Hate your mother.'

He leaves.

42

(CONTINUED)

ANTHONY JR.
My dad's a hero.

43 INT. BADA BING - BAR - DAY

43 *

On his dad. Tony sips a drink and reads the paper. Couple of dancers are grinding through the motions. Georgie, tending bar, wipes his hands, picks up phone and punches in a call. Tony half watches as --

GEORGIE
Shit. A what-do-you-call-it? Menu?
(listening to phone)
'press 2 if you know your party's
extension'...? Let's see --
(finger circling above the
keypad)
No, wait -- press 0? Hello? Hello?

Tony puts his drink down, walks over. He takes the phone from Georgie's hand, bops him on the head with it. Georgie goes down and Tony hits him with the receiver. Everything but the music stops. Everyone watches. Georgie tries to cover his head as Tony whacks him repeatedly. Finally, Tony straightens his clothes, catches his breath, walks off. Haunted. Leaving Georgie on the floor. The dancers start undulating again.

FADE OUT:

THE END