

FADE IN:

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

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

MELFI

Mr. Soprano?

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

Melfi gestures Tommy to a choice of seating.

MELFI

Have a seat.

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

MELFI

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

TOMMY

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

MELFI

You don't agree you had a panic attack?

He laughs — too loud.

MELFI

How are you feeling now?

TOMMY

Now? Fine. I'm back at work.

MELFI

What line of work are you in?

TOMMY

Waste management consultant.

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

After silence...

TOMMY

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

MELFI

Any thoughts at all on why you blacked out?

Tommy shrugs. Fidgets. Then —

TOMMY

I don't know. Stress, maybe?

MELFI

Stress? About what?

DAWN

the first rays over the post-industrial landscape.

TOMMY (V.O.)

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

3 EXT. SOPRANO HOUSE - DAWN

3

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

4 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAWN

4

TOMMY'S EYE

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

TOMMY (V.O.)

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

5 EXT. SOPRANO HOUSE - DAY

5

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

MELFI (V.O.)

Many Americans, I think, feel this.

TOMMY (V.O.)

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

MELFI (V.O.)

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

6 EXT. SOPRANO BACKYARD - DAY

6

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

TOMMY (V.O.)

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

DUCK FAMILY

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

TOMMY

Yum. Yum.

7 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

7

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

TOMMY (V.O.)

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

HUNTER

(staring out window)
Meadow, your father with those
ducks.

CARMELA

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

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

HUNTER.

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

CARMELA

(crosses with pastry)
Girls, you want some of last
night's sfogliatell'?

MEADOW

Get out of here with that fat.

CARMELA

Oh, have a bite.

MEADOW

Wait — like Italian pastry is brain
food?

HUNTER

Bon Jovi? Hello?

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

HUNTER

How do you stay so skinny, Mrs.
Soprano?

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

CARMELA

Him. With those ducks.

8 EXT. SOPRANO BACKYARD - POOL - DAY**8**

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

TOMMY

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

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

TOMMY

Kids! Come here!

9 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**9**

TOMMY (V.O.)

Hey, kids!

The teenagers trudge dutifully to the door.

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

TOMMY

Look! They're trying to fly.

KIDS

(bored, humoring)

Nice, dad. National Geographic.

They go back inside.

11 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**11**

HUNTER

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

MEADOW

Omigod.

12 INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY**12**

TOMMY

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

13 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

13

CARMELA

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

MEADOW

(edge)

I know that.

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

TOMMY

Happy birthday, son.

He runs his hand on Carmela's butt, but she seems not to
notice.

So he starts slap fighting with Tommy Jr.

CARMELA

You're going to be home tonight for
Tommy Jr.'s party, right?
(to his grunt)
Birdman. Hello?

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

TOMMY

I'll get home from work early.

CARMELA

I wasn't talking about work.

She moves off sullenly. As he watches her —

14 INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

14

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

TOMMY

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

MELFI

It's hard for everybody.

TOMMY
You don't understand.

MELFI
Finish telling me about the day you collapsed.

15 INT. CHRIS' CAR - DAY

15

Back to the past. Brand new Lexus 400.

TOMMY (V.O.)
I rode to work with my nephew,
Christopher ...he's learning the
business.

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

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

TOMMY (V.O.)
He's an example of what I was
saying before -

TOMMY
You call whatsisname at Triboro
Towers about the hauling contract?

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

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

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

TOMMY (V.O.)
Bear in mind, this is a kid who
just bought himself a 60,000 dollar
Lexus.

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

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

16

CHRIS
It's that guy. Mahaffey.

TOMMY
Get out.

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

TOMMY
Back up.

ON MAHAFFEY

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

The Lexus pulls up. Tommy gets out -

17 INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

17

Tommy has stopped talking.

TOMMY
There was an issue of an
outstanding loan -

MELFI
Let me stop you a second.

TOMMY
Sure.

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

He waits. She smiles nervously.

MELFI
You said you were in waste
management...

TOMMY

Recycle. The environment.

MELFI

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

TOMMY

I get it. Yeah.

MELFI

(dry mouth)

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

(quickly)

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

TOMMY

(long beat)

Oh.

MELFI

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

TOMMY

I see.

(beat)

Nothing. We had coffee.

18 EXT. STREET - BUSINESS DISTRICT - US/HMQ - DAY

18

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

THE PURSUIT

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

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

Mahaffey runs toward a sleek five story office building, US/HMO.

He cuts across the lawn making for the front entrance.

MAHAFFEY

Security!

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

19 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

19

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

Mahaffey's legs churning.

THE LEXUS

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

MAHAFFEY

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

Tommy starts punching him in the face briskly and efficiently.

TOMMY

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

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

— MAHAFFEY

I'll get the money!

TOMMY

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

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

TOMMY

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

US/HMO employees watch from windows.

TOMMY

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

MAHAFFEY

I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

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

MAHAFFEY

(SCREAMING)
My leg. Ohmigod! Fuck!

TOMMY

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

20 INT. CHRIS' CAR - DAY

20

Chris drives. Tommy massages his knuckles.

CHRIS

What you thinking about?

TOMMY

HMO's.

CHRIS

Homos?

TOMMY

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

21 INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

21

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

MELFI
So you had coffee.

TOMMY
Right.

MELFI
Go on.

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

22 EXT. THE PORK STORE - DAY

22

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

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

TOMMY
So what's going on at Triboro Towers?

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

DICK BARONE
Nationwide company.

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

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

BIG PUSSY

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

TOMMY
Fucking garbage business.

BIG PUSSY
I know. It's all changing.

CHRIS
Let me see what I can do.

TOMMY
You sure? You over your stomach
ache?

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

SILVIO
Gabriella sends me down here for
the gabagool.

PAULIE WALNUTS
Best in the area.

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

23 INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

23

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

MELFI
(relieved)
That's fine.

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

BACK TO THE PORK STORE

SILVIO

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

24 EXT. BUCCO'S VESUVIO - DAY

24

Chris' Lexus drives up to the restaurant.

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

25 INT. BUCCO'S VESUVIO - DAY

25

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

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

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

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

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

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

ARTHUR
Jefe.

CHARMAINE, Arthur's wife, watches sourly from the cash register.

Tommy blows her a big kiss. He and Chris sit at a prime booth.

CHRIS

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

TOMMY
Ruin his business.

CHRIS
You better sit down with your
uncle.

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

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

26

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

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

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

Presently...

VOICE
Who's there?

TOMMY
It's me, mom.

VOICE
Who are you?

TOMMY
Ma, open the door!

VOICE
Tommy?

TOMMY
Ma, open the door!

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

27 INT. LIVIA'S HOUSE - DAY

27

TOMMY

Jeez, ma, get some air in here.

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

LIVIA

Did you lock the door behind you?

TOMMY

(wearily)

Yes.

LIVIA

Somebody phoned me last night.
After dark.

TOMMY

Who?

LIVIA

You think I'd answer the ph[^]ne? It
was dark out.

TOMMY

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

LIVIA

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

TOMMY

I just ate.

She goes into the kitchen and starts fixing him food anyway.

Tommy takes a new table-top CD player from the carton.

TOMMY

Know who I just saw? Uncle Junior.

LIVIA

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

TOMMY

Remember Artie Bucco? My friend in elementary school?

LIVIA

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

TOMMY

(doesn't rise to the bait)

Thing is...Uncle Junior...he's gonna make a problem for Arthur. It would impact on Arthur's livelihood.

LIVIA

(eyes CD player)

What's that?

TOMMY

CD player.

LIVIA

(put upon)

For who? For me? I don't want it.

TOMMY

You love music. All the old stuff's being reissued on CD, your favorites.

(shows CDs)

Look...Connie Francis...'Pajama Game'...

He puts a CD on. Steam Heat from 'Pajama Game' fills the room.

He tries to waltz her around.

TOMMY

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

LIVIA

(tears up)

He was a saint.

TOMMY

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

LIVIA

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

TOMMY

I worry about you.

LIVIA

Don't you start with that nursing home again!

TOMMY

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

LIVIA

(crying)

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

TOMMY

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

LIVIA

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

TOMMY

And I don't?

LIVIA

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

TOMMY

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

He gets up. Moves toward front door.

TOMMY

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

LIVIA

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

28 EXT. LIVIA'S HOUSE - DAY

28

TOMMY

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

(kisses her on cheek)

I have to get back to work.

LIVIA

Sure. Run off.

29 EXT. SOPRANO HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

29

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

TOMMY (V.O.)

That night it was my son's birthday party.

TOMMY

Maybe I should go get my mother.

CARMELA

No way. She's jerking your chain.

She lets him kiss her. Just then -

FATHER PHIL

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

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

FATHER PHIL

Oh, hi, Tom. You like creme anglais?

TOMMY
You bless it, I'll eat it.

TOMMY JR.
(enters with portable
phone)
Grandma's not coming. She started
crying and hung up.

TOMMY
She needs a purpose in life.

CARMELA
Your mother's tougher than you
think.

TOMMY JR.
(bummed)
No fucking ziti now?

BOTH PARENTS
(sharply)
Hey I

VOICE
Where's everybody?

30 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - HALLWAYS - DAY

30

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

JUNIOR
I brung fresh arugala from my
garden.

31 EXT. SOPRANO BACKYARD - DAY

31

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

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

TOMMY

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

TOMMY (V.O.)
At first it felt like ginger ale in
my skull.

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

Carmela and family rush out.

CARMELA
Oh, my God —

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

Carmela is moving toward Tommy. Is driven back as the can of lighter fluid explodes — a ball of orange flame that completely destroys the kettle. Tommy, unconscious, has no awareness.

Silvio grabs a fire extinguisher and starts shooting hot coals that have blown out of the grille.

32 INT. MRI CENTER - MRI MACHINE ROOM - DAY

32

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

TOMMY (V.O.)
Dr. Cusamano put me in the
hospital. I had every kind of test.

A speaker in the room clicks on.

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

TOMMY
Okay.

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

TOMMY
Carmela...?

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

CARMELA

I thought maybe you'd want some company.

TOMMY

(surprised)

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

CARMELA

Worried about you — I tola Tommy Jr. we'd rain check his birthday.

TOMMY

Carm', you think I have a brain tumor?

CARMELA

Well, we'll find out.

TOMMY

(pissed off)

What a bedside manner. Very encouraging.

CARMELA

What are you gonna, not know?

Beat.

TOMMY

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

CARMELA

Here he goes now with the nostalgia.

TOMMY

What I'm saying — no marriage is perfect.

CARMELA

But having that godmar' on the side helps.

TOMMY

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

CARMELA

(eyes narrow)

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

TOMMY

We all have different needs.

CARMELA

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

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

TOMMY'S POV

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

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

33 INT. THE PORK STORE - NIGHT

33

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

TOMMY (V.O.)

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

A Ford van with KOLAR SANITATION on its door pulls up outside.

EMIL KOLAR, 24, gets out. He comes to the Pork Store, knocks.

The door is opened a crack by Chris.

CHRIS

Yeah?

KOLAR

Emil. Kolar.

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

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

This as they go into -

34 INT. THE PORK STORE - BUTCHERING AREA - NIGHT

34

Lamb's heads, pig trotters, hanging carcasses.

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

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

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

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

KOLAR
 Emil.

CHRIS
 Where'd you go to high school?
 Poland.

KOLAR
 (ANGRY)
 I'm not Polish.

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

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

CHRIS

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

KOLAR
(impatient)
Where's the...?

CHRIS
Ah, yes, the reason for the visit.

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

CHRIS
Taste the wares, Email.

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

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

35 EXT. BUCCO'S VESUVIO - DAY

35

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

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

MELFI (V.O.)
In what way is your uncle a problem for you?

JUNIOR
Who do you think you are?

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

BEPPY

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

TOMMY

Kill him someplace else.

JUNIOR

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

36 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

36

MELFI

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

TOMMY (V.O.)

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

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

FATHER PHIL

Darn but these laser disks are
incredible.

CARMELA

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

MELFI (V.O.)

In what way is your uncle a problem
for you?

JUNIOR

Who do you think ;you are?

TOMMY

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

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

TOMMY

Kill him someplace else.

JUNIOR

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

37 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

37

MELFI (V.O.)

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

TOMMY (V.O.)

(sighs)

My wife and daughter aren't getting
along.

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

FATHER PHIL

Darn but these laser disks are
incredible.

CARMELA

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

FATHER PHIL

Where does Tom rank 'Goodfellas'?

They hear a SOUND on the roof.

FATHER PHIL

You have raccoons?

CARMELA

Too heavy. Someone's walking!

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

FATHER PHIL
Jeez Louise...

38 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

38

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

39 EXT. SOPRANO BACKYARD - NIGHT

39

CARMELA
Hold it!

Someone trying to jimmy a window — turns in fear.

CARMELA
Meadow...?

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

CARMELA
What are you doing?

Meadow is also squinting into a bright light.

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

CARMELA
(to Meadow)
Don't give me that. You snuck out.

TOMMY JR.
(appears, casual)
What's going on?

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

CARMELA

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

TOMMY JR.
Right in front of Father.

She lunges for Tommy Jr.

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

MEADOW
(to Carmela)
You're so strict about curfew I have to sneak out.

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

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

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

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

MEADOW
Okay, mom.
(sobs; runs inside)
If this is the way you want it...

40 INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

40

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

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

He doesn't want to answer.

TOMMY

Melfi. What part of The Boot, hon?

MELFI

My father's people were from Caserta.

TOMMY

(points to self)

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

He wonders why he said that. Clams up.

MELFI

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

TOMMY

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

(building anger)

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

(almost yelling)

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

MELFI

You have strong feelings about this.

TOMMY

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

He stares at her.

TOMMY

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

MELFL
Do you feel depressed?

He averts his eyes. Admits.

TOMMY
Since the ducks left, I guess.

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

He simply gets up and leaves.

41 INT. AIRPORT AREA TOPLESS BAR - DAY

41

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

HERMAN
Mahaffey does not have the money.

CHRIS
What do you mean Mahaffey does not
have the money?

HERMAN
Mahaffey does not have the money.

CHRIS
How could he not have the money?

HERMAN
The man does not have the money.

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

HERMAN
(shrugs)
The man has no wiggle room. He is
bled dry.

A waitress sets down a round of drinks.

HERMAN

So I hear Junior wants to whack
Pussy Bonpensiero?

TOMMY

Pussy Malanga.

HERMAN

Oh, Little Pussy...

TOMMY

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

Silvio Dante appears.

SILVIO

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

HERMAN

Your uncle resents that you are
boss.

SILVIO

The sadness accrues.

HERMAN

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

TOMMY

Yet I love him.

HERMAN

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

TOMMY

He's got their okay on the hit.

SILVIO

(moving off)

I feel bad I was the messenger.

HERMAN

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

(off Tommy's look)
Get him out of town for three weeks. This way the restaurant closes. The hit has to go down somewhere else.

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

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

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

HERMAN
That's very smart. This could be major.

TOMMY
Could be as good as garbage.

CHRIS
(emotional)
Garbage is our bread and butter..

TOMMY
Was.

42 INT. GREEN GROVE RETIREMENT COMMUNITY - DAY

42

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

TOMMY
Wow, look at this, mom.

DIRECTOR

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

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

Nothing. Gold freezeout.

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

LIVIA
 What's going on behind there?

DIRECTOR
 Those doors lead to our nursing
 unit.

LIVIA
 This is a nursing home!

DIRECTOR
 This is a residence, but just in
 case –

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

Residents look up. Tommy turns crimson.

TOMMY
 You're not listening – what the
 lady said was –

LIVIA
 (to director)
 You think you're pretty high and
 mighty here, don't you, with your
 fancy authors!

Tommy squints—blinks – can't breathe steadies himself oh a
 table.

LIVIA
 (to Tommy)

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

Then, crash, down he goes -

43 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

43

The street is dark. A forty-foot roll-away trash container is labelled KOLAR SANITATION. Chris' Lexus drives up, lights off.

Chris and Big Pussy get out and go to the trunk. Chris pops the lid.

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

BIG PUSSY

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

CHRIS

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

BIG PUSSY

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

CHRIS

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

BIG PUSSY

(stops, holds heart)
Out of breath.

CHRIS

One...two...

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

CHRIS

...three!

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

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

BIG PUSSY

Fuck.

They pick it up again.

CHRIS

One...two...three!

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

BIG PUSSY

Let's just sit him up against it.

CHRIS

It's better if he's in it.

BIG PUSSY

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

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

BIG PUSSY

Wait a minute - this is fucked up.

CHRIS

(pissed)

What, Pussy?

BIG PUSSY

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

CHRIS

'Louis Brassi sleeps with the
fishes.'

BIG PUSSY

Luca Brassi. Luca.

CHRIS

Whatever.

BIG PUSSY

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

CHRIS
(bored)
Whatever.

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

They start lugging the body back to the car.

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

BIG PUSSY
I'm gonna tell you?

Chris shrugs it off.

44 INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

44

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

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

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

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

TOMMY

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

MELFI

There's that 'D' word again.

He slumps back in his chair.

MELFI

Eighteen million Americans are clinically depressed.

TOMMY

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

MELFI

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

TOMMY

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

(scoffs)

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

MELFI

Quite a formidable maternal presence.

TOMMY

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

MELFI

Why?

TOMMY

Probably because of RICO.

MELFI

Is he your brother?

TOMMY

The RICO statutes.

MELFI

Oh... of course... Right.

TOMMY

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

MELFI

(sadly)

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

TOMMY

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

(beat)

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

(shakes head)

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

MELFI

(stymied)

I see.

TOMMY

I feel exhausted just talking about it.

MELFI

Well —

(picks up prescription pad)

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

TOMMY

Here we go...here comes the Prozac.

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

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

46

Carmela goes to a bedroom door and knocks.

CARMELA
Miss Meadow.

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

MEADOW
I'm not going.

CARMELA
Every year on this date since you were itty-bitty, Mom and Meadow get all dolled up and drive to the Plaza for tea under Eloise's portrait. Look —
(waves white gloves)
Where's yours?

MEADOW
I have too much homework.

CARMELA
(smile faltering)
Med', it's our little tradition. We always have so much fun.

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

She goes to desk, pecks at computer keys.

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

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

A silence. Broken by a merry computer voice.

COMPUTER VOICE
Check your mailbox!

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

Meadow shoots her an amused cynical look.

CARMELA
What? Is there something you want
to say?

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

CARMELA
Good-bye.

MEADOW
Close my door, please.

47 INT. BUCCO'S VESUVIO - KITCHEN - DAY

47

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

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

ARTHUR
(nervous smile)
What?

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

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

ARTHUR
(apprehensive)
Where are they from?

CHRIS

Comps.

ARTHUR

What does that mean, 'comps?'

TOMMY

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

Arthur looks longingly at the tickets.

TOMMY

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

48 INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

48

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

49 INT. BUCCO'S VESUVIO - NIGHT

49

Arthur and Charmaine, bone weary, are closing up.

CHARMAINE

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

ARTHUR

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

CHARMAINE

Go ahead. Wind up in jail.

ARTHUR

Charmaine, don't talk like an idiot.

(pleading)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHARMAINE
Right. Because we just turned down
those tickets.

ARTHUR
(whining)
Tom's a labor leader. The tickets
were comps.

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

He rubs his face.

CHARMAINE
Somebody donated some kneecaps for
those tickets.

50 EXT. STATE PARK - DAY

50

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

MAHAFFEY

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

BIG PUSSY.

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

MAHAFFEY

How do I not get caught?!

HERMAN

(sharply)

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

MAHAFFEY

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

HERMAN

You on Prozac?

MAHAFFEY

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

BIG PUSSY

No shit?

MAHAFFEY

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

BIG PUSSY

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

MAHAFFEY

I'm trying not to be cynical.

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

HERMAN

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

MAHAFFEY

(tears come)

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

HERMAN

(consoling)

I know you are.

MAHAFFEY

And I certainly never meant to denigrate Tommy Soprano.

HERMAN

Want to walk out on the rocks?

MAHAFFEY

The -- the crutches --

HERMAN

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

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

MAHAFFEY

(scared)

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

51 EXT. PITCH 'N' PUTT - DAY

51

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

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

PAULIE WALNUTS (O.S.)

T.?

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

PAULIE WALNUTS

Dick's looking for you.

52 EXT. BARONE SANITATION - DAY**52**

Tommy and Paulie walk back from the pitch 'n' putt next door.

Dick Barone drives up in his car.

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

TOMMY
Hey, that's good anyway.

DICK BARONE
(driving off)
Artie Bucco's here to see you.

53 EXT. PLASTIC MOUND - DAY**53**

Arthur waits nervously. Tommy approaches.

TOMMY
You all right, Artie?

Arthur takes the tickets, holds them out to Tommy.

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

ARTHUR
Melissa's in a dance recital.

Tommy just stares at him.

ARTHUR
I'm sorry.

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

Arthur averts his eyes.

ARTHUR
Thank you. I mean that.

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

TOMMY

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

Chris shrugs listlessly.

TOMMY
The fuck you sulking about?

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

TOMMY
The fuck's with him?

PAULIE WALNUTS
Probably shooting fuckin' crank
again.

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

Paulie shrugs.

54 EXT. IL GRANAIO - NIGHT

54

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

55 INT. IL GRANAIO - NIGHT

55

Total zoo. Toney patrons jammed five deep at the bar waiting
for tables. Waiters slither through with hundred dollar
lobsters.

Crushed in the crowd of hopefuls is Dr. Melfi. She watches
her date, NILS, whimper to the hostess.

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

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

He folds up meekly, struggles back to Jennifer.

NILS

I tore her a new one.

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

OWNER

(rushes to him)

Mr. Soprano, how you doing tonight?

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

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

TOMMY

Hello, how are you?

MELFI

(cooly)

Hello.

TOMMY

Come here a lot?

MELFI

(terse)

When possible.

TOMMY

Nice to see you.

He moves off, then comes back.

TOMMY

I owe you an apology for not showing up the other day. Turned out to be not so urgent. Those decorating tips you gave me worked.

MELFI

Good.

He waves and goes with the hostess and is seated immediately.

Melfi meets Nil's gaze, flustered.

NILS

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

MELFI

You know I can't say.

NILS
'Decorating tips.' Yeah, right.

MELFI
(sharply)
Nils, shut the fuck up.

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

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

Nils stares at Melfi, blown away.

NILS
Whoa.

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

56 EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

56

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

57 INT. CABIN CRUISER - BELOW DECKS - NIGHT

57

Tommy and Irina laugh and kiss.

IRINA
Who was that woman tonight?

TOMMY
My decorator.

IRINA
What, you are redoing the garbage
dump?

She runs off with a skipper's hat.

TOMMY
(following)
You mess that hat up...

58 EXT. CABIN CRUISER - TOP DECK - NIGHT

58

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

TOMMY
Irina...Jesus...

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

TOMMY
Intimate? No, we talk.

As they kiss, we PAN to the water.

59 INT. IL GRANAIO - NIGHT

59

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

OWNER
Mr. Soprano, bona sera. Months we
don't see you. Where you been?
(busses Carmela)
Signora.

60 INT. IL GRANAIO - NIGHT - LATER

60

Carmela and Tommy in the afterglow of a superb meal.

TOMMY
Sometimes life is good.

CARMELA
Life is often good.

TOMMY
This Regaliali for example.

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

He smiles, mulls this.

TOMMY
Carmela...
(with difficulty)
...there's something I should
confess.

Her smile fades, she fingers her glass.

TOMMY
What are you doing?

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

TOMMY
...Always with the drama.

CARMELA
(upset)
Confess will you, please? Get it
over with.

TOMMY
I'm on Prozac.

She almost spit-takes.

CARMELA
Oh, my God...

TOMMY
I'm seeing a therapist.

She almost jumps in his lap, clutches his hand.

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

TOMMY
(taken aback)
Take it easy, will you?

CARMELA
I just think that's very wonderful
—

TOMMY
You'd think I was Hannibal Lecture.

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

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

TOMMY

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

She rolls her eyes. He grabs her wrist — hard.

TOMMY

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

It gets quiet.

CARMELA

I didn't realize you were that unhappy.

TOMMY

I dunno...my mother...I dunno —

CARMELA

You told him about your father?

TOMMY

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

CARMELA

Good. But your mother's the one.

TOMMY

(scared)

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

CARMELA

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

TOMMY

She doesn't hate you, Carm.

CARMELA

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

TOMMY

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

CARMELA

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

TOMMY

(hard)

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

—

(shakes cobwebs)

— I mean before she broke curfew,

(beat)

See? What's happening to my mind?

61 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

61

Meadow eats cereal and milk. Phone rings.

MEADOW

Hello?

CHRIS (V.O.)

Jesus, I got through? No social life?

MEADOW

Blow me. Dad — !

Tommy and Carmela enter, Meadow holds out the phone.

CARMELA

Here, I brought you my primavera. Your favorite.

Meadow coldly walks out.

TOMMY

(into phone)

Yeah?

CHRIS (V.O.)

A friend of ours just got back in town.

62 INTERCUT - INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

62

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

ANNOUNCER VOICE

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

YOUNG WOMAN
(whispering)
Are you gonna break somebody's leg?

CHRIS
(shushing her)
So it's gonna go down soon.

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

63 INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

63

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

MELFI
It's not the Prozac.

TOMMY
Why not?

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

TOMMY
(disappointed)
What then?

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

TOMMY
Who's got the time for it?!

She maintains that maddening shrink stare.

MELFI
What is it you really want to say to me?

TOMMY

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

MELFI

What kind of bird?

TOMMY

Seagull or something.

MELFI

A water bird.

TOMMY

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

MELFI

What else is a water bird?

TOMMY

(thinks)

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

MELFI

What about ducks?

He stares in amazement, feeling a little chill.

TOMMY

The ducks. Those damn ducks.

MELFI

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

TOMMY

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

MELFI

Is that why you blacked out? Ducks
and Sinatra?

TOMMY

(sheepish)

No.

(stares off)

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

(voice breaks)

I was sad to see them go.

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

TOMMY

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

MELFI

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

TOMMY

So?

But then he's stares at her in recognition.

TOMMY

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

MELFI

What are you afraid's going to
happen?

TOMMY

(completely rattled)

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

64 EXT. PAROCHIAL SCHOOL BALL COURT - DAY

64

A heated girls volleyball game in progress. Meadow makes a
save.

Tommy, in the stands with other parents, claps. The home team
is African-American. Meadow's team is Visitors. With Tommy is
Silvio Dante. They cheer.

TOMMY AND SILVIO
Way to go, Falcons!

SILVIO
So when would you need this by?

TOMMY
Right away. Go Meadow, yes!!!

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

TOMMY
(furious at ref)
Hey. Ref! Oh-oo!

65 EXT. INNER CITY PAROCHIAL SCHOOL - DAY

65

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

MEADOW
Mom didn't come?
(sees Silvio with
daughter)
Hi, Mr. Dante!

Silvio gives a friendly wave.

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

Meadow tries not to have a reaction. They walk.

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

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

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

MEADOW
Dad...?

66 INT. CATHEDRAL - DAY

66

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

MEADOW

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

TOMMY

It's been years since I been here.

MEADOW

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

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

TOMMY

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

MEADOW

(tears)
What do you guys want? Perfection?
(notes his distraction)
What are you looking at?

TOMMY

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

MEADOW

(cares less)
Big whoop.

TOMMY

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

MEADOW

Yeah, right - two guys.

TOMMY

(patiently)

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

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

TOMMY

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

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

67 INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

67

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

TOMMY

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

MELFI

Could I interrupt you a second?
(shifts weight nervously)
Am I, y'know, 'okay'? Hearing this?

TOMMY

What? Oh — Gotti? It worries you?

MELFI

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

TOMMY

Us being compare.

MELFI

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

He shrugs.

MELFI

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

TOMMY

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

MELFI

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

He doesn't want to answer.

TOMMY

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

MELFI

You can answer the question.

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

MELFI

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

TOMMY

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

MELFI

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

Tommy studies her, impressed.

68 EXT. BUCCO'S VESUVIO - NIGHT

68

The street is deserted. Silvio Dante, newspaper under his arm, calmly walks from the direction of the restaurant and away.

There's a BLINDING FLASH and ROAR as the restaurant blows out in the rear.

HOLD on the flames of the burning restaurant.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. SOPRANO BACKYARD - DAY

69

BARBECUE GRILL

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

70 EXT. CATHEDRAL - DAY - SKEWED LOW ANGLE

70

More smoke. The church's twin spires jab at a lowering sky.

Meadow is being burned at the stake, hooded medieval figures toss wood on the fire. She shouts at the leaden sky with a crazed smile, the wind and flames lashing her face.

MEADOW

Yes! Yes!

DISSOLVE TO:

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

71

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

CARMELA

Guests are arriving and the table isn't set.

(notes)

How many cups of coffee have you had?

MEADOW

(writing)

Be right there.

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

MEADOW

You mean I can go to Aspen?

CARMELA

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

MEADOW

(speeding)

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

CARMELA

(thrown)

Excuse me?

MEADOW

(urgent)

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

CARMELA

Well...

(beat)

About what?

MEADOW

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

CARMELA

(beat)

It is?

MEADOW

I may become a nun. I have no look
up our family motto...! think the
Web has a genealogy bulletin board.

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

72 EXT. SOPRANO BACKYARD – DAY

72

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

ARTHUR

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

TOMMY

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

PAULIE WALNUTS

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

ARTHUR

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

CHRIS

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

TOMMY

There's no insurance for that.

ARTHUR

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

Tommy puts a hand on Arthur's shoulder.

TOMMY

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

(beat)

Hope comes in many forms.

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

TOMMY

I'll always help you, Artie.

Tommy notes Chris off by himself brooding. He crosses.

TOMMY.

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

(off Chris' sullenness)

Enough of this shit. What's the
matter?

CHRIS

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

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

TOMMY

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

CHRIS

(still angry)

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

TOMMY

Hey.

(smacks his face)

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

CHRIS

She said maybe I could even play myself.

TOMMY

(grabs and shakes him)

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

(beat)

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

(calming down)

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

73 INT. JUNIOR'S LINCOLN - DAY

73

Junior drives. Livia breaks the silence.

LIVIA

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

JUNIOR

These kids today.

LIVIA

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

Junior shakes his head in sympathy.

LIVIA

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

JUNIOR
Well, my brother John was a man
among men.

LIVIA
(dabbing tears)
He was a saint.

JUNIOR
(winks)
Hey, if he could steal you away
from me he musta been something.
(somberly)
...anyway, lots of things are
different now from Johnny's and my
day.

LIVIA
(looks over)
What do you mean?

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

LIVIA
Isn't that awful.

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

She looks over horrified. He nods.

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

LIVIA
(could go off)
Stop it, Junior, you're making me
very upset!

JUNIOR

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

She looks at him.

JUNIOR

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

("casually")

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

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

JUNIOR

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

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

74 EXT. SOPRANO BACKYARD - DAY

74

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

TOMMY

There they are! Hi, ma!

LIVIA

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

TOMMY JR.

Hi, grandma!

LIVIA

(painfully pinches Jr.'s cheek)
Hello, my big boy.

TOMMY

Carmela, my mother's here.

CARMELA

Okay, let's eat everybody!

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

PAN to the still and silent pool.

FADE OUT:

THE END