LOCATIONS

INTERIOR

DR. MELFI'S WAITING ROOM
DR. MELFI'S OFFICE
SOPRANO HOUSE - KITCHEN
SOPRANO HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM
SOPRANO HOUSE - HALLWAY
SOPRANO HOUSE - PANTRY
SOPRANO HOUSE - MEADOW'S ROOM
SOPRANO HOUSE - BEDROOM
BUCCO'S VESUVIO
BUCCO'S VESUVIO - KITCHEN
LIVIA'S HOUSE
CHRIS' CAR
MRI CENTER - MRI MACHINE ROOM
THE PORK STORE
THE PORK STORE - BUTCHERING AREA
AIRPORT AREA TOPLESS BAR
GREEN GROVE RETIREMENT COMMUNITY

EXTERIOR

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

IL GRANAIO
CABIN CRUISER - BELOW DECKS
CABIN CRUISER - TOP DECK
APARTMENT BEDROOM

CATHEDRAL
JUNIOR'S LINCOLN
SOPRANO HOUSE - GARAGE
FADE IN:

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

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

Melfi gestures Tommy to a choice of seating.

MELFI
Have a seat.

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

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

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

MELFI
You don't agree you had a panic attack?

He laughs -- too loud.

MELFI
How are you feeling now?

TOMMY
Now? Fine. I'm back at work.

MELFI
What line of work are you in?

TOMMY
Waste management consultant.
She keeps that psychiatric poker-face. Yet there was a reaction. After silence...

TOMMY
Look...it's impossible for me to talk to a psychiatrist.
MELFI
Any thoughts at all on why you blacked out?

Tommy shrugs. Fidgets. Then --

TOMMY
I don't know. Stress, maybe?

MELFI
Stress? About what?

3 DAWN

the first rays over the post-industrial landscape.

TOMMY (V.O.)
Well, I once heard some guy use this expression, 'The sun setting over the empire...?'

4 EXT. SOPRANO HOUSE - DAWN

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 --

5 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAWN

TOMMY'S EYE

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

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

6 EXT. SOPRANO HOUSE - DAY

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.
7 EXT. SOPRANO BACKYARD - DAY

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

DUCK FAMILY

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

TOMMY
Yum. Yum.

8 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

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.

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

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

MEADOW
Get out of here with that fat.

CARMELA
Oh, have a bite.

MEADOW
Wait -- like Italian pastry is brain food?

HUNTER
Bon Jovi? Hello?

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

HUNTER
How do you stay so skinny, Mrs. Soprano?

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

CARMELA
Him. With those ducks.

9 EXT. SOPRANO BACKYARD - POOL - DAY

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

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

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

TOMMY
Kids! Come here!
10 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

TOMMY (V.O.)
Hey, kids!
The teenagers trudge dutifully to the door.

10A EXT. SOPRANO BACKYARD - POOL - DAY

TOMMY
Look! They're trying to fly.

KIDS
(bored, humorin)
Nice, dad. National Geographic. [ETC]
They go back inside.

10B INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

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

MEADOW
*Omigod.*

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

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

10D INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

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

MEADOW
(edge)
I know that.

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

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

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

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

TOMMY
I'll get home from work early.

CARMELA
I wasn't talking about work.

She moves off sullenly. As he watches her --

11 INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

MELFI
It's hard for everybody.

TOMMY
You don't understand.

MELFI
Finish telling me about the day you collapsed.

12 INT. CHRIS' CAR - DAY

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 whatisname at Triboro
Towers about the hauling contract?

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHRIS
It's that guy. Mahaffey.

TOMMY
Get out.

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

TOMMY
Back up.

ON MAHAFFEY

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

The Lexus pulls up. Tommy gets out --

14 INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

Tommy has stopped talking.

TOMMY
There was an issue of an outstanding
loan --
MELFI
Let me stop you a second.

TOMMY
Sure.

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

He waits. She smiles nervously.

MELFI
You said you were in waste management...

TOMMY
Recycle. The environment.

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

TOMMY
I get it. Yeah.

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

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

TOMMY
(long beat)
Oh.

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

TOMMY
I see.

(beat)
Nothing. We had coffee.
15 EXT. STREET - BUSINESS DISTRICT - US/HMO - DAY

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

THE PURSUIT

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

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

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

MAHAFFEY

Security!

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

16 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

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!
THE SOPRANOS          GREEN (REV. 8/07/97)          10.

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

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

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

US/HMO employees watch from windows.

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

MAHAFFEY
I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

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

MAHAFFEY
(screaming)
My leg. Ohmigod! Fuck!

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

17 INT. CHRIS' CAR - DAY

Chris drives. Tommy massages his knuckles.

CHRIS
What you thinking about?

TOMMY
HMO's.

CHRIS
Homos?
18 INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

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

MELFI
So you had coffee.

TOMMY
Right.

MELFI
Go on.

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

19 EXT. THE PORK STORE - DAY

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

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

TOMMY
So what's going on at Triboro Towers?

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

DICK BARONE
Nationwide company.

BIG PUSSY
The Kolar brothers, they're some kind of Czechoslovakian immigrants or some shit -- -- these polacks'll haul the paper, plastic and aluminum for seventy-five thousand a month less than Dick.
TOMMY
So Kolar pays you the regular forty
times the monthly for stealing your
stop.

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

TOMMY
Fucking garbage business.

BIG PUSSY
I know. It's all changing.

CHRIS
Let me see what I can do.

TOMMY
You sure? You over your stomach ache?

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

SILVIO
Gabriella sends me down here for the
gabagool.

PAULIE WALNUTS
Best in the area.

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

20 INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

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...
22 EXT. BUCCO'S VESUVIO - DAY

Chris' Lexus drives up to the restaurant.

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

23 INT. BUCCO'S VESUVIO - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

ARTHUR
Jefe.

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

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

TOMMY
Ruin his business.

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

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

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

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

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

VOICE
Who's there?

TOMMY
It's me, mom.

VOICE
Who are you?

TOMMY
Ma, open the door!

VOICE
Tommy?

TOMMY
Ma, open the door!

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

25 INT. LIVIA'S HOUSE - DAY

TOMMY
Jeez, ma, get some air in here.

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

LIVIA
Did you lock the door behind you?
TOMMY
(wearily)
Yes.

LIVIA
Somebody phoned me last night. After
dark.

TOMMY
Who?

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

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

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

TOMMY
I just ate.

She goes into the kitchen and starts filling 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 even comes to see
his sister-in-law?

TOMMY
Remember Artie Bucco? My friend in
elementary school?

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

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

TOMMY
CD player.

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

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

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

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

LIVIA
(tears up)
He was a saint.

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

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

TOMMY
I worry about you.

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

TOMMY
It is not a nursing home. How many times I have to say it? It's a 'retirement community'. You're with active seniors your own age. They do things. They go places.
LIVIA
(crying)
I've seen these women in these
nursing homes. In these wheelchairs.
Babbling like idiots. Eat your
eggplant.

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

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

TOMMY
And I don't?

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

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

He gets up. Moves toward front door.

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

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

EXT. LIVIA'S HOUSE - DAY

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.
28  EXT. SOPRANO HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

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

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

FATHER PHIL
Oh, hi, Tom. You like creme anglais?

TOMMY
You bless it, I'll eat it.

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

TOMMY
She needs a purpose in life.

CARmela
Your mother's tougher than you think.

TOMMY JR.
(bummed)
No fucking ziti now?

BOTH PARENTS
(sharply)
Hey!

VOICE
Where's everybody?

INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - HALLWAYS - DAY

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

JUNIOR
I brung fresh arugala from my garden.
29 EXT. SOPRANO BACKYARD - DAY

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

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

TOMMY

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

TOMMY (V.O.)

At first it felt like ginger ale in my skull.

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

Carmela and family rush out.

CARMELA

Oh, my God --

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

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

30-31 OMITTED

32 INT. MRI CENTER - MRI MACHINE ROOM - DAY

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.


TOMMY
Carmela...?

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

CARMELA
I thought maybe you'd want some company.

TOMMY
(surprised)
Thanks. Six-thirty in the morning? How are the kids?

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

TOMMY
Carm', you think I have a brain tumor?

CARMELA
Well, we'll find out.

TOMMY
(pissed off)
What a bedside manner. Very encouraging.

CARMELA
What are you gonna, not know?

Beat.

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

CARMELA
Here he goes now with the nostalgia.
TOMMY
What I'm saying -- no marriage is perfect.

CARMELA
But having that goomar' on the side helps.

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

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

TOMMY
We all have different needs.

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

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

TOMMY'S POV

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

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

33 INT. THE PORK STORE - NIGHT

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


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 --

OMITTED

34 AND

35

36 INT. THE PORK STORE - BUTCHERING AREA - NIGHT

Lamb's heads, pig trotters, hanging carcasses.

KOLAR

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

CHRIS

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

KOLAR

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

CHRIS

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

KOLAR

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

KOLAR
(angry)
I'm not Polish.

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

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

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

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

CHRIS
Ah, yes, the reason for the visit.

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

CHRIS
Taste the wares, Email.

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

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

37 EXT. BUCCO'S VESUVIO - DAY

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 -- ?

38 OMITTED

39 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

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.

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 -- ?

38 OMITTED

39 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

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

TOMMY (V.O.)
(sighs)
My wife and daughter aren't getting along.

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

FATHER PHIL
Darn but these laser disks are incredible.

CARMELA
Tommy watches 'Godfather 2' all the time. He says the camera work looks just as good as in the movie theater.
FATHER PHIL
Where does Tom rank 'Goodfellas'?

They hear a SOUND on the roof.

FATHER PHIL
You have raccoons?

CARMELA
Too heavy. Someone's walking!

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

FATHER PHIL
Jeez Louise...

40 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

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

41 EXT. SOPRANO BACKYARD - NIGHT

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...

---

INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

TOMMY
But, look, this shit I'm telling you,
it'll all blow over.
MELFI
Didn't you admit to Dr. Cusamano you were feeling depressed?

He doesn't want to answer.

TOMMY
Melfi. What part of The Boot, hon?

MELFI
My father's people were from Caserta.

TOMMY
(points to self)
Avellino. My mother would have loved it if you and I had hooked up.

He wonders why he said that. Clams up.

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

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

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

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

MELFI
You have strong feelings about this.

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

He stares at her.
TOMMY
Could I be a little happier. Sure.
Who couldn't?

MELFI
Do you feel depressed?

He averts his eyes. Admits.

TOMMY
Since the ducks left, I guess.

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

He simply gets up and leaves.

43 INT. AIRPORT AREA TOPLESS BAR - DAY

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.

INT. GREEN GROVE RETIREMENT COMMUNITY - DAY

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

TOMMY
Wow, look at this, mom.
DIRECTOR
(indicates library)
Our lecture series in action -- today it's someone from the university, they're discussing the novels of -- I believe -- Zora Neale Hurston.

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

Nothing. Cold freezeout.

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

LIVIA
What's going on behind there?

DIRECTOR
Those doors lead to our nursing unit.

LIVIA
This is a nursing home!

DIRECTOR
This is a residence, but just in case --

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

Residents look up. Tommy turns crimson.

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

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

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

LIVIA
(to Tommy)
People come here to die. If your father saw what you're doing...

*
Then, crash, down he goes --

45 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

The street is dark. A forty-foot roll-away trash container is labelled KOLAR SANITATION. Chris' Lexus drives up, lights off. Chris and Big Pussy get out and go to the trunk. Chris pops the lid.
They muscle Emil Kolar's body out. It's wrapped in a plastic tarp. They carry Kolar toward the roll-away container.

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

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

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

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

BIG PUSSY
(stops, holds heart)
Out of breath.

CHRIS
One...two...

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

CHRIS
...three!

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

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

BIG PUSSY
Fuck.

They pick it up again.

CHRIS
One...two...three!

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

BIG PUSSY
Let's just sit him up against it.
CHRIS
It's better if he's in it.

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

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

BIG PUSSY
Wait a minute -- this is fucked up.

CHRIS
(pissed)
What, Pussy?

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

CHRIS
'Louis Brassi sleeps with the fishes.'

BIG PUSSY
Luca Brassi. Luca.

CHRIS
Whatever.

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

CHRIS
(bored)
Whatever.

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

They start lugging the body back to the car.

CHRIS
Pussy, T. with these mental seizures or whatever. If he kept getting worse, what would you do?
BIG PUSSY
I'm gonna tell you?

Chris shrugs it off.

46 INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

MELFI
There's that 'D' word again.

He slumps back in his chair.

MELFI
Eighteen million Americans are clinically depressed.

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

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

TOMMY
Now that my father's dead? He's a saint. When he was alive?
TOMMY
(scoffs)
My dad was tough. Ran his own crew.
Guy like that and my mother wore him
down to a little nub. He was a
squeaking gerbil when he died.

MELFI
Quite a formidable maternal presence.

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

MELFI
Why?

TOMMY
Probably because of RICO.

MELFI
Is he your brother?

TOMMY
The RICO statutes.

MELFI
Oh... of course... Right.

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

MELFI
(sadly)
Do you ever have any qualms about how
you actually make your living?

TOMMY
I find I have to be the sad clown -- upbeat
on the outside, crying on the inside.
(beat)
See, things are trending downward.
Used to be, guy got pinched, he took
his prison jolt no matter what.
Everybody upheld the code of silence.
(shakes head)
Nowadays? No values. Guys today
have no room in their life for the
penal experience. So you get all
this turning government witness.
MELFI
(stymied)

I see.
TOMMY
I feel exhausted just talking about it.

MELFI
Well --
(picks up prescription pad)
-- with today's pharmacology, no one needs to suffer with feelings of exhaustion or depression.

TOMMY
Here we go... here comes the Prozac.

47 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - PANTRY - DAY

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

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

Carmela goes to a bedroom door and knocks.

CARMELA
Miss Meadow.

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

MEADOW
I'm not going.

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

MEADOW
I have too much homework.

CARMELA
(smile faltering)
Med', it's our little tradition. We always have so much fun.
MEADOW
tell you the truth, I’ve felt it was
dumb since I was eight. I just go
because you like it.

She goes to desk, pecks at computer keys.

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

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

A silence. Broken by a merry computer voice.

COMPUTER VOICE
Check your mailbox!

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

Meadow shoots her an amused cynical look.

CARMELA
What? Is there something you want to
say?

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

CARMELA
Good-bye.

MEADOW
Close my door, please.

49 INT. BUCCO’S VESUVIO – KITCHEN – DAY

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

TOMMY
Listen, Artie, I wonder if you could
help me out.
ARTHUR
(nervous smile)

What?

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

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

ARTHUR
(apprehensive)
Where are they from?

CHRIS
Comps.

ARTHUR
What does that mean, 'comps'?

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

Arthur looks longingly at the tickets.

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

50 INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

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

51 INT. BUCCO'S VESUVIO - NIGHT

Arthur and Charmaine, bone weary, are closing up.

CHARMAINE
You can't accept a gift like that
from Tommy Soprano.
ARTHUR
Don't you tell me what I can and
cannot do.

CHARMAINE
Go ahead. Wind up in jail.

ARTHUR
Charmaine, don't talk like an idiot.
(pleading)
Three weeks...all expense paid. I'm
telling you, if I have to put my hand
up the ass of one more chicken
without a break, I'm gonna go post
office.

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHARMAINE
Right. Because we just turned down
those tickets.

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

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

He rubs his face.
CHARMAINE
Somebody donated some kneecaps for
those tickets.

52 EXT. STATE PARK - DAY

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

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

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

MAHAFFEY
How do I not get caught?!

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

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

HERMAN
You on Prozac?

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

BIG PUSSY
No shit?

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

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

MAHAFFEY
I'm trying not to be cynical.
They're out over the falls now on a pedestrian bridge.

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

MAHAFFEY
(tears come)
I'm sorry I haven't paid you, Herman.

HERMAN
(consoling)
I know you are.

MAHAFFEY
And I certainly never meant to denigrate Tommy Soprano.

HERMAN
Want to walk out on the rocks?

MAHAFFEY
The -- the crutches --

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

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

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

53 EXT. PITCH 'N' PUTT - DAY

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

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

PAULIE WALNUTS (O.S.)
T.?

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

PAULIE WALNUTS
Dick's looking for you.
54 EXT. BARONE SANITATION - DAY

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

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

TOMMY
Hey, that's good anyway.

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

55 EXT. PLASTIC MOUND - DAY

Arthur waits nervously. Tommy approaches.

TOMMY
You all right, Artie?

Arthur takes the tickets, holds them out to Tommy.

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

ARTHUR
Melissa's in a dance recital.

Tommy just stares at him.

ARTHUR
I'm sorry.

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

Arthur averts his eyes.

ARTHUR
Thank you. I mean that.

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

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

Chris shrugs listlessly.
TOMMY
The fuck you sulking about?

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

TOMMY
The fuck's with him?

PAULIE WALNUTS
Probably shooting fuckin' crank again.

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

Paulie shrugs.

56 OMITTED

57 EXT. IL GRANAIO - NIGHT

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

58 INT. IL GRANAIO - NIGHT

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 bloisy, young woman, IRINA, on his arm.
OWNER
(rushes to him)
Mr. Soprano, how you doing tonight?

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

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

TOMMY
Hello, how are you?

MELFI
(cooly)
Hello.

TOMMY
Come here a lot?

MELFI
(terse)
When possible.

TOMMY
Nice to see you.

He moves off, then comes back.

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

MELFI
Good.

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

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

MELFI
You know I can't say.

NILS
'Decorating tips.' Yeah, right.

MELFI
(sharply)
Nils, shut the fuck up.
Tommy is seen speaking briefly with the owner and hostess. The hostess comes right up to Nils and Melfi.

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

Nils stares at Melfi, blown away.

**Nils**
Whoa.

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

---

**59 EXT. MARINA - NIGHT**

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

**A60 INT. CABIN CRUISER - BELOW DECKS - NIGHT**

Tommy and Irina laugh and kiss.

**IRINA**
Who was that woman tonight?

**TOMMY**
My decorator.

**IRINA**
What, you are redoing the garbage dump?

She runs off with a skipper's hat.

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

---

**60 EXT. CABIN CRUISER - TOP DECK - NIGHT**

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

**TOMMY**
Irina...Jesus...

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

**TOMMY**
Intimate? No, we talk.
As they kiss, we PAN to the water.

61 INT. IL GRANAIO - NIGHT

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

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

62 OMITTED

63 INT. IL GRANAIO - NIGHT - LATER

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

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?
INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

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.

INTERCUT - INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

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.
INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

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

MELFI
It's not the Prozac.

TOMMY
Why not?

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

TOMMY
(disappointed)
What then?

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

TOMMY
Who's got the time for it?!

She maintains that maddening shrink stare.

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

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

MELFI
What kind of bird?

TOMMY
Seagull or something.

MELFI
A water bird.
TOMMY
I saw 'The Birds' last week on cable. You think maybe that planted the idea?

MELFI
What else is a water bird?

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

MELFI
What about ducks?

He stares in amazement, feeling a little chill.

TOMMY
The ducks. Those damn ducks.

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

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

MELFI
Is that why you blacked out? Ducks and Sinatra?

TOMMY
(sheepish)
No.

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

(voice breaks)
I was sad to see them go.

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

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

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

So?

But then he stares at her in recognition.

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

MELFI
What are you afraid's going to happen?

TOMMY
(completely rattled)
I don't know! But something. I don't know!

67 EXT. PAROCHIAL SCHOOL BALL COURT - DAY

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

TOMMY AND SILVIO
Way to go, Falcons! [etc.]

SILVIO
So when would you need this by?

TOMMY
Right away. Go Meadow, yes!!!

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

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

68 EXT. INNER CITY PAROCHIAL SCHOOL - DAY

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...?

69 INT. CATHEDRAL - DAY

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
your bathtub.

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

INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

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.
THE SOPRANOS

MELFI
You can answer the question.

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

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

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

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

Tommy studies her, impressed.

71 EXT. BUCCO'S VESUVIO - NIGHT

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

HOLD on the flames of the burning restaurant.

CUT TO:

72 EXT. SOPRANO BACKYARD - DAY

BARBECUE GRILL

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

73 EXT. CATHEDRAL - DAY - SKewed LOW ANGLE

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

MEADOW
Yes! Yes!

DISSOLVE TO:
74 INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - MEADOW'S ROOM - DAY

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

CARMELA
Guests are arriving and the table isn't set.
(notes)
How many cups of coffee have you had?

MEADOW
(writing)
Be right there.

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

MEADOW
You mean I can go to Aspen?

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

MEADOW
(speeding)
I was just thinking I probably shouldn't go. So close to finals.

CARMELA
(thrown)
Excuse me?

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

CARMELA
Well...
(beat)
About what?

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

CARMELA
(beat)
It is?
MEADOW
I may become a nun. I have to look
up our family motto...I think the Web
has a genealogy bulletin board.

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

75 EXT. SOPRANO BACKYARD - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

TOMMY
There's no insurance for that.

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

Tommy puts a hand on Arthur's shoulder.

TOMMY
Know what I'm figuring out lately?
Talking helps.
(beat)
Hope comes in many forms.

Arthur breaks down sobbing. Everybody consoles him. Except
Chris. Tommy hugs Artie.
TOMMY
I'll always help you, Artie.

Tommy notes Chris off by himself brooding. He crosses.

TOMMY
Someday I'll tell him we torched the restaurant as the best solution.
(off Chris' sullenness)
Enough of this shit. What's the matter?

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

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

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

CHRIS
(still angry)
My cousin Anthony's girlfriend is what they call a developer: 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.
76 INT. JUNIOR'S LINCOLN - DAY

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.

EXT. SOPRANO BACKYARD - DAY

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