

THE SOPRANOS - PILOT EPISODE



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by

David Chase

March 17, 1997

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FADE IN:

INT. DR. MELFI'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

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

MELFI

Mr. Soprano?

INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

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

MELFI

My understanding is you suffered a panic attack? Collapsed? Were unable to breathe?

TOMMY

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

MELFI

You don't agree you had a panic attack?

He laughs -- too loud.

MELFI

Have you had psychotherapy before?

TOMMY

No way.

MELFI

How are you feeling now?

TOMMY

(in denial)

Now? Fine. I'm back at work.

MELFI

What line of work are you in?

TOMMY
Waste management.

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

TOMMY
Look, it's impossible for me to talk about myself.

MELFI
You have any thoughts about why you passed out?

Tommy shrugs. He fidgets. But then --

TOMMY
I don't know. Stress, maybe?

DAWN

the first rays over the East Coast suburbs --

TOMMY (V.O.)
That morning I'd been thinking: it's good to be in something from the start. Ride it into the peak years. Okay, I came too late for that. But lately...lately I'm getting the feeling I might be in at the end.

SOPRANO HOUSE

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

TOMMY'S EYE

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

TOMMY (V.O.)
What's it they say? 'The sun setting over the empire...?'

EXT. SOPRANO HOUSE - DAY

Bathrobed Tommy reads his morning paper in the gated driveway:
CLINTON WARNS MEDICARE COULD BE BANKRUPT IN YEAR 2000.

MELFI (V.O.)
That's what you feel?

Tommy retreats to the Sports, ambles down the driveway.

TOMMY (V.O.)
Take my father. He never reached the heights like me. But in lots of ways he had it better. He had his people -- they had their standards. They had pride. Today...

A sound of disgust.

MELFI (V.O.)
You have children of your own?

TOMMY (V.O.)
Wife. Two kids.

MELFI (V.O.)
Tell me about the day you became ill.

EXT. 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.)
Couple months before 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.

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, ASHLEY SCANGARELO.

TOMMY (V.O.)

Typical day. My daughter's friend was there to drive my daughter to school.

ASHLEY

(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. Quite big. He sits, starts spooning cereal in. Carmela smooches him. Girls ad-lib happy birthdays.

CARMELA

Happy birthday, handsome.

He acknowledges, his mouth crammed with food.

ASHLEY

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 and sugar.

CARMELA

Oh, have a bite.

MEADOW

No, mom.

(laughs)

Wait -- like Italian pastry is brain food?

ASHLEY

Tommy LaSorda? 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'.

ASHLEY

How do you stay so skinny, Mrs. Soprano?

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

CARMELA

Him. With those ducks.

EXT. 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

Plywood's coming unlaminated. I'll get a new piece.

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

TOMMY

Kids! Come here!

INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The teenagers trudge dutifully to the door.

TOMMY

Look! They're trying to fly.

KIDS

(bored, humoring)

Nice, dad. National Geographic. [ETC]

They go back inside and sit.

ASHLEY

So you're going to be able to come to Aspen with my family at Christmas. That is so cool.

Tommy enters. He claps Tommy Jr. on the back.

TOMMY

(claps him on back)

Happy Birthday, Tommy Jr.

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

ASHLEY

Last year at Aspen? I saw Skeet Ulrich. From like five feet away.

MEADOW

Omigod.

Tommy has picked up The Audubon Society "Master Guide to Birding" and become totally engrossed.

CARMELA

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

MEADOW

(edge)

I know that.

TOMMY (V.O.)

They're great kids, my kids. I love them. But raising children is another thing that's not like the old days.

CARMELA

(to Tommy Sr.)

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

(to his grunt)

Birdman. Hello?

TOMMY

Yeah, I'll get home from work early.

CARMELA

(moves off coldly)

I wasn't talking about work.

He looks at her.

MELFI (V.O.)

What did your wife mean by that?

INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

Tommy -- in the present -- meets her question head on.

TOMMY

Sorry to say, I have -- in the past -- strayed beyond the bounds of matrimony.

A strained silence. She stares.

TOMMY

This isn't going to work. I can't talk about myself.

MELFI

It's hard for everybody.

TOMMY
No way am I everybody.

MELFI
Of course you are.

INT. DEAN'S CAR - DAY

Back to the past. Brand new Lexus 400.

TOMMY (V.O.)
My nephew, Dean...he works for me.

DEAN MOLTOSANTI (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 in Caldwell about the hauling contract?

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

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

DEAN
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. Dean's head suddenly whips around.

DEAN
It's that guy. Mahaffey.

TOMMY

Where?

DEAN

Back there. See? With the girl in red?

TOMMY

(looks)

Turn around.

EXT. STREET - ON MAHAFFEY

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

MAHAFFEY

It is confusing. If I compliment you or one of the other girls on your pretty short red skirt, is that sexual harassment?

The woman laughs uncomfortably. The Lexus pulls up. Tommy gets out --

INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

Tommy has stopped talking.

MELFI

You look very pensive.

TOMMY

Physical exertion.

MELFI

What about it?

TOMMY

I was just remembering -- that morning I really physically exerted myself. Maybe that's why I collapsed later. Some kind of sugar deficit.. .

No comment from Melfi. Just the psychiatric stare.

TOMMY

You never talk to anybody about what's said in here, right?

MELFI

Correct. You can tell me anything.

TOMMY
Well...what happened was...

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mahaffey sees Tommy. His latte spatters the sidewalk and he takes off running! Dean takes after him.

THE PURSUIT

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

TOMMY

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

MAHAFFEY

running toward a sleek five story office building, UNIMED. He cuts across the lawn making for the front entrance.

MAHAFFEY
Security!

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

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

MAHAFFEY

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.

Tommy bends at the waist, starts punching him in the face briskly and efficiently.

TOMMY
Where's my money?

The secretary comes up, watches in horror.

MAHAFFEY
Oh, fuck, ohmigod, the bone's coming through.

TOMMY
(punching away)
I'll give you a fuckin' bone.

One of the Lexus' headlights hangs by its wires and Dean broken-heartedly tries to put it back in.

MAHAFFEY
I'll get the money. I'll get the money!

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

Dean 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
(winded)
I know you'll get the money. While you're at it get a fuckin' cork to put in your mouth when you're in the men's grill at the country club.

UniMed employees watch from windows. A SECURITY GUARD arrives half-heartedly. He looks at Tommy, does nothing.

TOMMY
(as he and Dean kick in Mahaffey's ribs)
You hear me, Harvard? Are you listening?

MAHAFFEY
Yes!! Yes!!

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

MAHAFFEY
(screaming)
My leg. Ohmigod! Fuck!

TOMMY
(sees UniMed sign)
HMC. What are you fuckin' crying
about? At least you're covered.

They back out at 70mph. UniMed employees now gather.

TOMMY (V.O.)
Ordinarily I wouldn't get involved on
that low level -- a standard loanshark
situation: degenerate gambler into
one of the shylocks I'm bank for to
the tune of 60K.

INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

TOMMY
But this particular guy, he'd told a
judge I know that I was not a problem
compared to who used to run things.

Melfi is the color of halibut.

TOMMY
You okay?

MELFI
(dry-mouthed; sips
water)
Yes.

EXT. UNIMED - DAY

Execs try to minister to their agonized comrade. The Young
Woman stares in horror.

TOMMY (V.O.)
If those people on the street saw me
go hands-on so much the better. It's
always been a business of perceptions.
Now it's even more important.

BYSTANDER
Holy shit, that was Tommy Soprano
himself.

SECURITY GUARD
Word up. No fucking way they pay me
to point my gun at that motherfucker.

INT. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

TOMMY
Should I keep going?

MELFI
Y-yes.

TOMMY
I had a breakfast meeting.

INT. LEXUS - DAY

Dean drives. Tommy massages his knuckles.

DEAN
What you thinking about?

TOMMY
HMO's.

DEAN
Homos?

TOMMY
HMO! HMO! It's a medical care provider. It wouldn't hurt you to read a fuckin' paper once in a while, Dean.

DEAN
I got it now.

Dean pulls up to --

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, Dean, and a large man, PUSSY BOMPENSIERO*. KEVIN BUCCO, 20, in a butcher apron, serves espresso.

TOMMY
The guy out Caldwell?

PUSSY BOMP
He wanted to give our guy the hauling contract. But these Kolar brothers --

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

DEAN

Kolar Sanitation. Competitor.

PUSSY BOMP

The Kolar brothers, they're some kind of Czechoslovakian immigrants or some shit -- these polacks refuse to go away. The older brother made a speech at the Caldwell borough council meeting. He what-do-you-call... denounced the bidding as being rigged. Said he didn't come to the land of the free for this kind of shit, etcetera, etcetera.

DEAN

We'd torched a couple of their roll-away containers, but they're hangin' in.

TOMMY

All these commissions over in Manhattan. It's gonna start happening here now? Fucking garbage hauling business is getting to be more trouble than it's worth.

PUSSY BOMP

When I think how much we used to take down.

TOMMY

Try again to give this polack the Steven Hawkings on how that part of the universe runs out there. Pussy, you listening?

DEAN

I'll go with you, Puss.

TOMMY

You sure? You over your stomach ache?

DEAN

Hey. We didn't lose this contract 'cause I didn't make a phone call.

Eager Kevin has been waiting for an opening.

KEVIN

Mr. Soprano, Kevin Bucco, my brother is Larry? There's a situation coming down I think you should know about. Did you go to high school with a guy named Arthur Pasquale?

INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

TOMMY

So this situation came up. I can't tell you the details on this one.

MELFI

(so relieved)

That's fine. An overabundance of detail can obfuscate the session.

TOMMY

Let's just call this the Uncle Situation.

INT. VESUVIO - DAY

A cozy Italian eatery for businessmen, wise-guys and cops. Tommy and Dean enter.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Word is your Uncle Junior is going to whack Pussy Malanga in Artie Pasquale's restaurant.

Tommy and Dean stop at a booth ruled by Tommy's uncle, JOSEPH "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 Dean move on to ARTHUR PASQUALE -- an affable restaurateur Tommy's age.

TOMMY

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

ARTHUR

(hugs him)

Hey, T.S.

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

DEAN -

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

TOMMY

Ruin his business.

DEAN

You better conversate with your uncle.

TOMMY (V.O.)

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

EXT. ELM PARKWAY - 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.

Dean waits in the car 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.

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 -- that's understandable -- but not answer the phone after dark?

LIVIA

Listen to him. He knows everything.

Livia follows him through the dining room.

LIVIA

You want some lunch? I got some 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 Arthur Pasquale? My friend
in elementary school till we moved.

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...'Pajama Game', Verdi's 'Aida'...

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

LIVIA

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

TOMMY

Frankly? Your mind is going.

LIVIA

Listen to him talk to his mother.

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. Sabbling like idiots. Eat your eggplant.

TOMMY

I told you I just ate lunch!

LIVIA

What's this about Arthur Pasquale?

TOMMY

Maybe you could talk to Uncle Junior. He respects you...I don't want to make it into a big thing...ask him not to make a problem for Artie.

LIVIA

If your uncle has business with Arthur -- and I don't even want to know what it is -- 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 (V.O.)

-- what my mother is trying to say here is my sister Rosemarie, who married this guy who I liked and tried to help --

INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

TOMMY

-- And who repaid me by diming me to the IRS. So now my sister and him and the kids are in the Witness Protection Program and not around to wait on my mother hand and foot.

Melfi nods blankly, her mind reeling.

LIVIA'S HOUSE

Tommy stands to leave, takes a firm tone.

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'm not driving at night.

TOMMY

You're a healthy girl, you have a car. 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.

She follows him to the front door. She waves.

CUT TO:

SUBURBAN MAILBOX

inscribed BRUCE CUSAMANO, M.D. "DR. BRUCE" steers a sporty ride'm mower around his immaculate lawn.

TOMMY (V.O.)

That night it was time for my son's birthday party.

Dean's Lex comes down the street, Tommy calls out the window.

TOMMY

Put on the feed bag, medicine man.

Cusamano waves. Dean stops the car at Tommy's house which is next door to Cusamano's. Tommy gets out, keypads the electric gate, goes inside. Dean drives off.

INT. SOPRANO HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Carmela has generated an astounding array of food, yet she still looks, as Dean once remarked, "eminently fuckable." Tommy enters.

CARMELA

I'm so glad you're home. I'm drowning. What time's your mother coming with the baked ziti?

TOMMY

Half hour? If she comes.

CARMELA

No designated driver slash slave?

He laughs. Gets platter of steaks and Italian sausage from fridge. He's worried.

TOMMY

Maybe I should go get her.

CARMELA

No way. This is a power play.

O.S. phone RINGS.

TOMMY JR. (V.O.)

I'll get it!

CARMELA

You have to deal with her like you would a kid.

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 in from the den carrying a cookbook, wearing an apron. Tommy immediately chills.

FATHER PHIL

Oh, hi, Tommy. Carmela was kind enough to invite me to Tom Jr.'s party -- you like creme anglais?

TOMMY

You bless it, I'll eat it.

Tommy Jr. enters.

TOMMY JR.

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

CARMELA

She's a piece of work, that one.

TOMMY

She needs something to occupy her mind. A purpose in life.

CARMELA

You always fall for her crap. Your mother's tougher than you think.

TOMMY JR.

(bummed)

No fucking ziti now.

BOTH PARENTS

(stern)

Hey!

CARMELA

I'm also extremely peeved with our daughter. She promised she'd be home by five-thirty to help.

VOICE

Where's everybody?

Uncle Junior peers in, 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.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Tommy stands at a top-of-the-line Weber kettle, lights fluid-soaked charcoal. Whoosh. He counts the steaks, then --

HIS POV

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 Weber, knocking it over. He falls to the grass. The lighter fluid can drops from his hand onto scattered coals.

ANGLE

Carmela and family rush out.

CARMELA

Oh, my God -- Dr. Bruce! Dr. Bruce!

EXT. CUSAMANO HOUSE - DAY

Cusamano and his wife and kids are on their way over to the Sopranos with a birthday present and a bottle of chardonnay --

SOPRANO YARD

The can of lighter fluid explodes -- a ball of orange flame that completely destroys the Weber kettle. Tommy, unconscious, has no awareness.

The Cusamanos react. Dr. Bruce starts to run toward the fire.

WIFE

Bruce, no! Who knows what's going on with them?!

DR. BRUCE

It's okay for us to go over and eat his stuffed shells, but now that there's trouble I'm supposed to hide? I'm a doctor.

CUT TO:

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

Some patients find the MRI disturbing. There's a microphone near your head if you need to come out. However, we urge that you complete the session or we'll only have to start 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)

Yeah. I mean...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

I'm glad you're here, Carm.

(off silence)

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 --

EXT. PORK STORE - NIGHT

TOMMY (V.O.)

My nephew, Dean, was handling the garbage contract problem while I was in the hospital. Again, you don't need to know the details.

Closed. A Ford van with KOLAR SANITATION on its side parks. EMIL KOLAR, 24, gets out. He goes to the Pork Store, knocks. A faint light goes on. The door is opened a crack by Dean.

DEAN

Yeah?

KOLAR

(Czech accent)

I'm Emil Kolar.

Dean lets him in.

INT. PORK STORE - NIGHT

Butcher cases emptied for the night. Shelves all around with canned and packaged provisions. The two men cross to a door toward the rear --

DEAN

Money, hope this doesn't freak you out. It's private here like we need. To talk.

This as they go into --

BUTCHERING AREA

Lamb's heads, pig trotters, hanging carcasses.

KOLAR

(unfriendly)

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

DEAN

I thought the only sausages were italian and Jimmy Dean. 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.

DEAN

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

KOLAR

Well...

DEAN

Where'd you go to high school? Not Poland.

KOLAR

(angry)

I'm not Polish.

DEAN

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.

Dean takes a knife, slices capocola ham, pops it in his mouth.

DEAN

Yo, money. My cousin Anthony's school used to play you in football. He went to Passaic Valley. Want some gabagool?

KOLAR

What?

DEAN

Ham, it's good -- you like pork...

Dean hands Kolar the knife. Kolar leans over to sniff the capocola. Dean places a Glock 9mm to the back of Kolar's head and fires. Kolar sprawls forward onto the butcher block. Dean fires three more times. One of the severed lamb's heads appears to be watching. Dean addresses it.

DEAN

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

EXT. PACKANACK COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Tommy and Uncle Junior and his bodyguard, Beppy, play golf. Junior and Tommy are laughing, kidding.

TOMMY (V.O.)

The doctors kept me hanging about the blood and neurological work. I met with my Uncle Junior at Packanack Country Club.

MELFI (V.O.)

The 'Uncle Situation' again...

TOMMY

Arthur Pasquale's dinner business is nice upscale people from the suburbs. Don't ruin his life. Have Pussy whacked somewhere else.

Junior starts screaming and beating the ball-washer with a nine iron.

JUNIOR

Who do you think you are?!

BEPPI

Vesuvio Restaurant 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 -- ?

INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

MELFI

If I could interrupt for a second --
 (nervous; sips Evian)
 You talk -- rather elliptically -- about business...but what's more important to us are your feelings about your personal life. Your wife. Your children.

TOMMY

Oh. Okay.
 (beat)
 My wife and my daughter were not getting along.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Father Phil is sunk deep in the cushions with his feet up, wiggling his toes. Gary Oldman, as Beethoven, 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

(stuffing his face
with popcorn)

Tom likes '2', not '1'?

CARMELA

He likes the part where Vito goes back to Sicily.

FATHER PHIL

What's Tommy's opinion of 'Goodfellas'?

They hear a SOUND on the roof.

FATHER PHIL

You have raccoons?

CARMELA

(darkly)

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.

FATHER PHIL

(goes white)

Jeez Louise...

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Carmela kills the lights. Father pads behind in stocking feet. Carmela, gun ready, cautiously opens the kitchen door.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

She tiptoes warily into a fine, misting rain.

FATHER PHIL

For gosh sake -- be careful...

CARMELA

(aims AK-47 at roof)

Hold it!

TO INCLUDE DORMER WINDOW

Someone trying to break in -- turns in fear.

CARMELA

Meadow...?

MEADOW

Mommy, I can't hold on!

CARMELA

What are you doing up there?

Meadow is holding on to the sill, her feet unable to find purchase on the wet pitched roof. Green Day is pumping from inside the house.

MEADOW

(shoe falls off)

Tommy locked the window, Mommy!

(screams)

You idiot!

Her shoe slides down the roof, falls into the shrubs.

CARMELA

Father, stay in case she falls...

(runs back inside)

I'm coming, Med'!

FATHER PHIL

And do what?

Meadow loses her grip, slides down the pitched roof screaming. Father half-heartedly tries to break Meadow's fall. She lands on him hard. He yelps. They tumble into the bushes. Branches CRACK and SNAP.

CARMELA

Oh, my God...

She runs back outside. To Meadow.

CARMELA

Are you all right?

Father grimaces, flexing his rotator cuff. Tommy Jr. appears in the doorway.

TOMMY JR.

(smirks)

I didn't lock the window on purpose.

CARMELA

(to Meadow)

You snuck out.

MEADOW

Where's my shoe?

CARMELA

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

MEADOW

(tears)

Because you're too strict.

CARMELA

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

MEADOW

I know I'm grounded -- you have every right. But Patrick's soccer game is tomorrow and he needed me. So just tell me how long I'm grounded and I'll go upstairs.

CARMELA

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

Meadow's whole face falls in disbelief.

CARMELA

We had an agreement. You went back on it.

MEADOW

(glaring)

Okay, mom.

(sobs; runs inside)

If this is the way you want it...

INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

Tommy has stopped talking.

TOMMY

You know what? All this shit I've told 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

(beat; grins)

Melfi. What part of The Boot, hon?

MELFI

(disinterested)

My father's people were from Avelino.

TOMMY

(points to self)

Caserta. Not too far. My mother would have loved it if you and I had hooked up.

She sidesteps this.

MELFI

Anxiety attacks are a legitimate psychiatric emergency. Suppose you were driving a car...with one of your children?

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)

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!!

The eruption scares her. But she tries to hide it.

MELFI

You've given it a lot of thought.

TOMMY

Let me tell you something -- I understand Freud. I had a half semester 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.

TOMMY

Since the ducks left, I guess.

MELFI

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

TOMMY

Look -- I'm sure you're a highly qualified practitioner and you are a very pleasant interlude and a beautiful woman to boot. And I mean no disrespect. But I'm outta here.

He gets up and leaves.

EXT. NEWARK CENTRAL PRODUCE MARKET - DAY

An open-air ancient Roman agglomeration of wholesalers of produce, poultry, etc. serving the northern part of New Jersey. A major trucking and loading depot, and though we can't see it on the surface, if we are over ten years old, we know that every kind of scam, illicit traffic and union hijink known to man is going on 24-7. Tommy steers his massive, immaculate Infiniti Q45 past the stalls, through wet cobbled streets. Dean rides shotgun.

They park across from a trucker's bar/sandwich shop under a sign: PARKING FOR TRUCKS ONLY, AUTOMOBILES PROHIBITED.

INT. TRUCKER'S BAR/SANDWICH SHOP - DAY

A guy machine-slices deli meats while 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 Dean are at a back booth with HERMAN "HESH" RABKIN, 70, whose bulk is swaddled in Filawear.

HERMAN

Mahaffey does not have the vig.

DEAN

What do you mean Mahaffey does not have the vig?

HERMAN

Mahaffey does not have the vig.

DEAN

How could he not have the vig?

HERMAN

The man does not have the vig.

DEAN

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

HERMAN

(shrugs)

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

TOMMY

I got an idea on how we can put him to work.

The deli guy brings over sandwiches. Dean and Herman eat. Tommy doesn't.

HERMAN

Deano was just mentioning Junior and his mishegas.

DEAN

As if T.S. doesn't have enough real business problems to worry about.

HERMAN

Why's he want to whack Pussy Bompensiero?

TOMMY

Not Pussy Bomp, Pussy Malanga.

HERMAN

Oh, Little Pussy...

TOMMY

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

HERMAN

Your uncle resents you. Junior resents that you are boss. Look, he'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

I know, Hesh, and it fuckin' bums me right out. I love the man.

HERMAN

The man is driven by his insecurities.

TOMMY

This hit's going to wreck my friend Artie. He's not a guy who can cope.

HERMAN

Junior's got the okay from New York to clip Pussy Malanga?

DEAN

Oh, yeah, he registered the beef. He's not that fuckin' senile.

TOMMY

Hey. That's not necessary. Least my uncle didn't try to enter a drug treatment center by walking through the plate glass window 'cause he was so whacked on animal tranquilizers.

Dean looks sheepish.

HERMAN

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

TOMMY

What?

HERMAN

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

Tommy smiles, pats Herman's shoulder.

TOMMY

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

HERMAN

What about the fuckin' Jew's one fifty
on sixty.

TOMMY

Mahaffey now has a business partner.
You.

DEAN

How do you bust out a fuckin' health
insurance company? Sell the desks and
computers and shit?

TOMMY

We don't bust it out. We get into the
managed medical care business.

Herman thinks, intrigued.

DEAN

How do we get into a white collar
business like that?

TOMMY

Every day these HMOs pay out millions
in claims. To doctors, hospitals,
whatever the fuck. Mahaffey's choice
is easy -- he either starts paying out
on phoney claims -- to shell clinics
we set up -- or he pays Hesh the money
he owes -- which we know he cannot
do -- or he's fuckin' Dinty Moore.

HERMAN

That's genius. This could be major.

TOMMY

Could be better than garbage.

DEAN

(emotional)
Garbage is our bread and butter.

HERMAN

Was. Sadly.

TOMMY -

Garbage is the past. Garbage is going onto the trash bin of history. I'm trying to look forward, see new opportunities.

INT. GREEN MANOR 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

In the library you see our lecture series in action -- today I believe it's someone from the university, they're discussing the novels of 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

(points to double doors)

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

(starts screaming)

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-shmancy authors!

Tommy squints...blinks...can't breathe...steadies himself on a table. Then, crash, down he goes --

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

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

They muscle Emil Kolar's body out. It's wrapped in an uninflated plastic kid's swimming pool. They carry Kolar toward the roll-away container.

PUSSY BOMP

You should have waited for me, Dean. T.S. didn't say anything about whacking this kid.

DEAN

(hurt)

Last time I show any fuckin' initiative. Can you imagine, Pussy, how it cut into any feelings of self-worth I had left when T.S. suddenly goes, 'the garbage business is now over'? And I just fuckin' wet a guy to help nail down a hauling contract.

PUSSY BOMP

It's not 'suddenly' over, it's been coming. And Tommy wants to hang onto any contracts we can.

DEAN

So, good. Kolar Sanitation'll finally
get the message.

PUSSY BOMP

If you don't bring the cops up our ass.

DEAN

Ready?

PUSSY BOMP

(stops, holds heart)

Out of breath.

DEAN

One...two...

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

DEAN

...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.

PUSSY BOMP

Fuck.

They pick it up again.

DEAN

One...two...three!

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

PUSSY BOMP

Let's just sit him up against it.

DEAN

It's better if he's in it.

PUSSY BOMP

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

As they haul Kolar to the container and try to prop him up --

DEAN

Pussy, if T.S. got real sick -- what
would you do?

PUSSY BOMP
 (careful answer)
 Don't know. What would you do?

DEAN
 (also careful)
 It's a good fucking question.

PUSSY BOMP
 I assume it's a good fucking question.
 You spend time and effort asking bad
 fucking questions?

INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

He can't speak.

MELFI
 (gently)
 Do you want to talk about her?

TOMMY
 You can't imagine the humiliation.
 Beautiful place like that and she's
 yelling and screaming like a cafone
 or...or...a crazy woman.

MELFI
 For those of us in the baby boom
 generation, dealing with our parents'
 aging is extremely painful.
 (no response)
 Does she have short term memory loss?

TOMMY
 Actually, it's improved her. She
 can't remember who she hates.

MELFI
 She's a bitter woman?

He laughs grimly. Then --

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

MELFI

There's that 'D' word again.

TOMMY

(admits)

I'm filled with a sense of dread.
Always.

MELFI

Well, having a depressed mother...

He slumps back in his chair.

MELFI

Eighteen million Americans are
clinically depressed.

TOMMY

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

MELFI

All I'm saying is you shouldn't look
at therapy as an admission of failure.

TOMMY

Passing out in public isn't a failure?
If I don't get rid of this the sharks
are gonna start circling.

MELFI

Let's go back to your mother.

TOMMY

Now that my father's dead? He's a
saint. When he was alive? She never
gave him an iota of credit.

(beat)

My father was a tough son-of-a-bitch.
Ran his own crew. Twenty three
soldiers. This is what I mean -- 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

She takes the zest out of life. But
my work? I might as well be honest --
I'm finding much of the satisfaction
gone there, too.

MELFI

Why?

TOMMY

Probably because of RICO.

MELFI

Is he your brother?

TOMMY

The RICO statutes.

MELFI

Of course...right...

TOMMY

You read the papers. You've heard how the Justice Department is using these legal strategies and computer technology to put a lot of our business on ice.

MELFI

(nervous)

Mr. Soprano...

TOMMY

Tom.

MELFI

(somberly)

Do you have any qualms about how you actually make your money?

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 flipping and 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
depression and exhaustion.

She takes a needed sip of water. Writes on the pad.

TOMMY

(deep sigh)

Here we go...here comes the Prozac.

INT. CARMELA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Carmela slips on several gold and diamond bracelets, admires
them in the mirror. She takes her purse and a pair of white
gloves.

INT. PANTRY - DAY

Carmela 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.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Carmela goes to a bedroom door and knocks.

CARMELA

Miss Meadow.

No response. She pokes her head in revealing Meadow on her bed,
looking up at the ceiling.

MEADOW

I'm not going.

CARMELA

(smiles)

Every year on this date since you were
itty-bitty, Mom and Meadow get all
dolloed 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

(enticing)

Scones, devon cream...

MEADOW

Too much homework.

CARMELA

(an edge)

Why didn't you say that last night
when we said we would be driving in?

MEADOW

You said. I didn't say.

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 ten. 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

You have mail!

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?

(beat)

I bet dad would let me go if you didn't keep poisoning him against me.

CARMELA

Good-bye.

MEADOW

(reading E-mail)

Close my door, please.

INT. VESUVIO RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - DAY

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

TOMMY

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

ARTHUR

(nervous smile)

What?

Tommy takes a packet from his pocket. Dean 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?

DEAN

Comps.

ARTHUR

What does that mean?

TOMMY

In my post as business agent for the Waiters and Bartenders Union, one of my responsibilities is administering the dental plan. The dentists awarded us these in appreciation. Problem is, I can't get away those dates.

ARTHUR

(wary)

Dean, why don't you?

DEAN

Melanoma. In my family. Can't sit out on deck.

Arthur looks longingly at the tickets.

TOMMY

You could use a vacation, you and Rebecca. When's the last time you closed up and got away for a couple weeks?

Arthur is touched; they hug.

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.

INT. VESUVIO - NIGHT

Arthur and Rebecca, bone weary, are closing up.

REBECCA

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

ARTHUR

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

REBECCA

Go ahead. Wind up in jail.

ARTHUR

Rebecca, don't talk like an idiot.

(pleading)

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

REBECCA

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

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

REBECCA

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

ARTHUR

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

REBECCA

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

ARTHUR

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

REBECCA

Right. Because we just turned down those tickets.

ARTHUR

(whining)

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

REBECCA

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.

REBECCA

Somebody donated some kneecaps for those tickets.

EXT. BOARDWALK - JERSEY SHORE - DAY

A haggard, miserable Alex Mahaffey labors to crutch his way up concrete steps to a sea jetty. His leg is in a full hip-to-toe cast. Flanking Mahaffey are Herman Rabkin and Pussy Bomp. They stroll (at least the two able-bodied ones stroll) on the jetty, the Atlantic crashing on either side. It's a fine day.

MAHAFFEY

(distraught)

Herman. There is no way I can subvert my fucking job like that.

PUSSY BOMP

We'll put qualified people in there to help you.

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.

PUSSY BOMP

No shit?

MAHAFFEY

These new Serotonin Reuptake Inhibitor anti-depressants are useful against compulsive behaviors.

PUSSY BOMP

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

MAHAFFEY

I feel like I'm at the bottom of a well.

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.

They've come to where concrete gives over to huge irregular boulders. The sea pounds, sending spray into the sky.

HERMAN

Want to walk out on the rocks?

MAHAFFEY

The -- the crutches --

HERMAN

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

Mahaffey looks behind him. The boardwalk and humanity are a long way off.

MAHAFFEY

(scared)

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

EXT. BARONE SANITATION - DAY

In the Jersey meadowlands, under the Turnpike. Roll-aways and garbage trucks behind concertina-wire. Parked in an exec slot is Tommy's Infiniti.

INT. BARONE SANITATION - BATHROOM - DAY

Tommy takes Prozac bottle from his pocket. He makes sure door is locked, fills glass with water. KNOCK.

PAULIE WALNUTS (O.S.)

T.S.?

Tommy cracks the door, peers out at PAUL "PAULIE WALNUTS" GUALTIERI.

PAULIE WALNUTS
Arthur Pasquale's here to see you.

TOMMY
Here...?

PAULIE WALNUTS
Also, I just heard from Caldwell. We
got the hauling contract.

TOMMY
Okay.

He closes the door, takes Prozac.

INT. BARONE SANITATION - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Arthur fidgets nervously. Tommy comes out, concerned.

TOMMY
(concerned)
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
(evading)
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.
(flashes)
Melissa and Art can stay with us.
Carm and Meadow would love that.

ARTHUR
Nah...the recital...

Arthur averts his eyes.

ARTHUR
Thank you. I mean that.

He skulks out. Dean has been watching sullenly. Tommy stares at the tickets in frustration.

TOMMY
How do I help my friend? Huh?

Dean shrugs listlessly.

TOMMY
The fuck you sulking about?

Tears fill Dean's eyes. He storms out, kicking open the door.

TOMMY
The fuck's with him?

PAULIE WALNUTS
Probably shooting crank again.

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

EXT. MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Clear cold nights were created just to see the city like this.

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.

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
...outrageous. I had an eight o'clock reservation I made three weeks ago.

HOSTESS
(Roman shrug)
Sir, as I already explained, people are not leaving their tables and there're 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 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

completely flummoxed. Their eyes meet.

TOMMY

(all charm; shaking hands)

Hello, how are you? Caught in the act.

Who? Him? Her? Cutting therapy? Adultery? Nils is staring at Tommy, star-struck.

MELFI

(fuddled)

Hello.

TOMMY

Come here a lot?

MELFI

As often as I --

TOMMY

(moving on)

Nice to see you.

Then he stops. Comes back.

TOMMY

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

MELFI

Well, it's not --

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

My God, Jennifer, you're blushing!

MELFI

Nils, don't be a schmuck, I am not.

NILS

(scoffs)

'Decorating tips.'

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, your table is ready.

Nils stares at Melfi, blown away.

NILS

Whoa.

Nils and Melfi follow the hostess to a nice table. Melfi looks
to where Tommy is in conversation with the Woman. He winks at
Melfi.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Tommy sips a Haagen-Dazs milkshake through a straw as the Woman,
IRINA, takes his pants off.

TOMMY

(patiently)

Irina, I'm going to spill something.

Irina has a Russian accent.

IRINA

Who was that woman tonight?

TOMMY

My decorator.

IRINA

What, you are redoing the garbage dump? Don't treat me like a child. I know there's something more intimate.

TOMMY

Intimate? No. We talk.

IRINA

To a decorator?

TOMMY

(finality)

Irina, she's not my type.

IRINA

Why no? She has that Wonder Bread look you seem to be so hung on.

TOMMY

She thinks she shits ice cream.

IRINA

Such way of talking.

TOMMY

(pensive)

Something about her makes me uncomfortable.

He kisses Irina.

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.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

A couple in driving staccato intercourse. Dean is on top. We see the woman's slim legs squeezing his torso, her nails digging into his back. The TV News is on in b.g.

WOMAN

moves her head to stare into Dean's eyes and we see it's the Young Secretary who witnessed Alex Mahaffey's beating. She and Dean drink in each other's eyes as they thrust -- she starts to yell with climax.

ANNOUNCER VOICE

...closer to home, Newark Police today arrested reputed underworld figure Salvatore "Little Pussy" Malanga as he deplaned from the Mayo Clinic at Newark International Airport...

Dean keeps thrusting as aged PUSSY MALANGA is taken away by wheelchair, jacket pulled over his head.

ANNOUNCER VOICE

Malanga was wanted for questioning about a scheme uncovered by Federal authorities to allegedly manufacture bootleg telephone calling cards and market them to Haitians and other immigrant groups.

The woman comes. Dean pulls out.

DEAN

I'm not gonna to tell him. Fuck him.

YOUNG WOMAN

(panting)

Huh? What? Tell who?

DEAN

Artie Pasquale's not my friend. The fuck I care what happens to his restaurant?

ANNOUNCER VOICE

Malanga was released within several hours.

INT. IL GRANAIO - NIGHT

Carmela and Tommy in the afterglow of a superb meal.

TOMMY

(sips wine)

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

Christ, 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 I'm completely
honest with.

She rolls her eyes. He grabs her wrist.

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

(sighs)

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

CARMELA

You told him about your father?

TOMMY

Who? My therapist? Sure, I told him.

CARMELA

Good. But your mother's the one.

TOMMY

Lately, sometimes I feel like I'm
leading a life out of balance.

CARMELA

You do?

TOMMY

I don't know why.

CARMELA

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

TOMMY

She doesn't hate you, Carm.

CARMELA

(voice breaks)

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

TOMMY

(takes her hand)

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

CARMELA

Father Phil says maybe we should let
her go on the trip to Aspen.

TOMMY

Father Phil. The Jughead of the
Jesuit brothers. Go back on what you
said? You don't do things that way.

CARMELA

But she probably won't get another
chance to ski this year.

TOMMY

(hard)

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

(shakes cobwebs)

-- I mean before she broke curfew.

(nervous laugh)

What's happening to my mind?

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

The nude young woman brings Evian water for herself and Dean.
Dean is lost in thought.

DEAN

But if I don't tell him and he finds
out...

He punches numbers into phone. The young woman starts kissing
him all over, turned on.

YOUNG WOMAN

Are you going to break somebody's legs?

DEAN
 (smiles)
 You are one wack boo-boo. The truth
 is my whole life is about 'Increase
 The Peace.'

INTERCUT: MEADOW

in the Soprano Kitchen eating cereal and milk. Phone rings.

MEADOW
 Hello?

DEAN
 Jesus, I got through?! What's the
 matter, no social life?

MEADOW
 Don't even.

TOMMY
 Let me talk to The Touch of Gray.

MEADOW
 I think I just heard them pulling
 in -- Dad!!

Tommy and Carmela enter, Meadow holds out the phone.

CARMELA
 (hands foil-wrapped
 dish to Meadow)
 Here, I brought you my primavera. I
 know it's your favorite.

TOMMY
 (into phone)
 Yeah?

MEADOW
 You just don't get it, do you, mom?

She coldly walks out.

DEAN
 A friend of ours just got back in
 town. So it's probably going to
 happen soon.

TOMMY
 I was driving back from the city
 tonight and I got an idea how I can
 help Arthur on this.

INT. DR. MELFI'S OFFICE - DAY

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

MELFI

It's not the Prozac.

TOMMY

What?

MELFI

Your wife said 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

Yak, yak, yak.

MELFI

You understand you're going to be
charged full fee for that missed
appointment.

He tries to give her an intimidating look. It doesn't work.
She maintains that maddening shrink stare.

TOMMY

Bad joke.

(squirms)

I had a stupid dream last night.

The ever-patient waiting stare.

TOMMY

My navel 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? Because
of the etymology of the name 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

(dabbing tears)

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!

INT. PAROCHIAL SCHOOL GYM - 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 SERGEI, a Russian mobster.

TOMMY

Way to go, Med'!

SERGEI

And when do you need this done?

TOMMY

Right away. Go Falcons, yes!!!

SERGEI

Okay, I see you.

TOMMY

Thanks for coming out, Sergei.

Sergei leaves. The final BUZZER. Meadow's team loses.

EXT. INNER CITY PAROCHIAL SCHOOL - DAY

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

MEADOW
Mom didn't come?

TOMMY
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 Corigliano -- where'd she get
that spike?

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

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

MEADOW
Really, dad, don't you think?
(he suddenly heads
for cathedral)
Dad? What are you doing...?

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
(fixed on cathedral)
Yeah...

MEADOW
You'd let me go, right? If she hadn't
taken a big position.

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

I'm getting B's and C's!

TOMMY

Top student.

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

They were 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

...so in the meantime I'm probably
looking at a jury-tampering charge and
my lawyer tells me --

MELFI

Could I interrupt you a second?

TOMMY

Sure.

She shifts her weight nervously.

MELFI

Tom...am I, y'know, 'okay'? Hearing
this stuff?

TOMMY

I arrive here defensively. Watching
my back. Nobody knows.

She swallows.

TOMMY

It worries you, huh?

MELFI

I am a doctor. It's my job to treat.

TOMMY

Us both being goombah.

MELFI

(insulted)

Being Italian has nothing to do with
it. I run a medical practice, not a
cannoli stand at the feast of San
Gennaro.

TOMMY

(shrugs)

Whatever.

Melfi recrosses her legs in the silence. Tommy sweeps his eyes up and down her body.

MELFI

You were telling me how when John Gotti was sent to prison you went into a profound feeling of despair, yet couldn't confide in anyone.

TOMMY

Those were dark days.

MELFI

You were fond of him?

TOMMY

Who? John? Fuck him. I always used to want to say to him, 'John, don't try so hard. Be yourself'.

MELFI

So the despair was caused by -- ?

TOMMY

Rudolf Giuliani, that cock-sucker mother-fuck. We'd still control the Fulton Street Market, it wasn't for him.

MELFI

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

He doesn't want to answer.

TOMMY

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

MELFI

You can answer the question. Was there?

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 one of the most gorgeous women I've ever seen.

MELFI

I'm not going to kick you out of therapy, so you can stop trying to goad me.

Tommy studies her, impressed. He laughs.

TOMMY

It was pleasant, though, wasn't it?
(smiles)
You're blushing.

EXT. VESUVIO RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The street is deserted. Sergei, Tommy's Russian friend, newspaper under his arm, briskly 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:

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 --

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:

MEADOW

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

CARMELA

People are starting to arrive 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 you'll
 really apply yourself to school.

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

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.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Father Phil munches appetizers and chats with Dr. Cusamano. The
 sun sets; family and friends chat.

Dean, Herman, Pussy Bomp and a dazed and naggard Arthur Pasquale stand around the Weber with beers in hand as Tommy cooks.

ARTHUR

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

TOMMY

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

DEAN

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

ARTHUR

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

DEAN

Suppose people stopped coming to the restaurant. Suppose...I dunno. There's no insurance for that.

ARTHUR

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

Tommy puts a hand on Arthur's shoulder.

TOMMY

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

(beat)

Hope comes in many forms.

Everyone gets philosophical and mutters agreement.

TOMMY

What's important is: you have friends. Who care about you. Who want to help you.

Arthur breaks down sobbing. Everybody consoles him. Except Dean. Tommy notes him off by himself brooding pensively. He crosses.

TOMMY

Sometime I'll tell Arthur we torched the restaurant as the best solution.

(off Dean's
sullenness)

Enough of this shit. What's the matter?

DEAN

A simple, 'way to go, Dean,' on the Caldwell 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.

DEAN

(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)

What are you, fuckin' crazy? You gonna go Henry Hill on me now? Too many wise guys are making book deals and causing all kinds of shit.

DEAN

She said maybe I could even play myself.

TOMMY

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

(beat)

Hear me? We got work to do. New avenues. Everything's gonna be fine from here on.

(gestures)

Look. It's a beautiful day.

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.

(somerly)

...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. The money isn't
 there. Things don't pan out. You
 can't blame it all on the FBI.
 ("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.

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 funny.

TOMMY JR.
 Hi, grandma!

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