

"NEW COLOURS"  
EPISODE ONE: PILOT

**Written by**

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NEW COLOURS

OPEN ON:

EXT. "ISABELLA'S" NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The exterior of a nightclub in TriBeCa. A huge blue neon sign in script lettering sits over the door - "ISABELLA'S."

Roped off red-carpets thronged with queues of well-dressed, hopeful patrons lead up to and adorn circular steps under a leather studded set of double doors, which in turn are guarded by mean looking bouncers.

MUFFLED, PUMPING BEATS can be heard from inside. This place is on the map.

INT. "ISABELLA'S" NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The main dancefloor -- packed with people.

In the centre of the huge auditorium is a round stage with a runway, poles and drum riser. VIP booths and lounge areas surround it, on mezzanines and split-levels so complex it almost resembles an Escher painting.

High in the gods, a DJ commands all she surveys, heading off into some ecstatic musical landscape and taking her loyal followers on the journey.

There are laughs, casual drug taking and expressions of intimacy just about the right side of being publicly decent. Everyone is having a good time.

Through the revellers walks ANTHONY SOPRANO, JUNIOR, 39, dark-haired, slim but muscular, impeccably groomed without being ostentatious.

He isn't dancing or imbibing, but just slowly walking alone through the crowd like he owns the place. Which, in fact, he does.

INT. "ISABELLA'S" NIGHTCLUB/OFFICE - NIGHT

The engine room of the opulent surroundings is, by contrast, functional. A sofa, desk, filing cabinet and bank of cheap CCTV monitors. There is a small round conference table around which three men --

RAYMOND MAURIELLO, 45, greying, portly and bullish;

FREDDY SMORZANDO, 34, good-natured, built like a Miami  
linebacker, and;

PETER MASCAGNI, 28, the one you might consider taking home to  
meet mother: the slight build, thick head of dark hair and  
tracksuit make him look like a college freshman --

...share a joke. Empty beer bottles and the remnants of a  
takeout litter the table.

RAYMOND

...I mean, this girl was stunning  
- hair like Venus, a smile that  
would just break your heart,  
tennis ball tits -

(laughter)

But you know me, I'm not a  
superficial guy, so I say -  
"Honey, whatcha think about  
fixing climate change?" You know  
what she says?

(beat)

She says: "Oh, I don't worry  
about that. They service it on  
special when I take it to get the  
tyres checked."

The men erupt with laughter.

RAYMOND (cont'd.)

(as the laughter  
dissipates)

So did you talk to our friend  
about our little opportunity?

PETER

Not yet. Tonight.

FREDDY

I don't think he's gonna go for  
it. You know what he's like. He  
goes on and on about AML, RICO,  
crypto-currency intercepts,  
blockchain -- he was telling me  
about these new robots they've  
got to monitor billions of  
accounts that can tell if a

(MORE)

FREDDY (cont'd.)  
 transaction is suspicious before  
 you even make it. It's getting  
 so, when you make your  
 collections, the Feds are  
 practically inside the envelope  
 already.

He pauses. His crew ponder this for a moment.

FREDDY (cont'd.)  
 He's got this hard-on for keeping  
 this place legit. He wants to be  
 straight.

RAYMOND  
 He doesn't drink on the job,  
 doesn't have a *cumare*, keeps the  
 business legit. Self-righteous  
 prick. What is all that shit, a  
 little fuck-you to his old man's  
 legacy?

FREDDY  
 (uncomfortable)  
 He's still the boss --

RAYMOND  
 Let me tell you something. The  
 economy of this country relies on  
 the work we do. You think they  
 don't include racketeering, drugs  
 and numbers when they publish the  
 GDP each quarter?? There ain't no  
 such thing as straight.

PETER  
 Eight years in the can, you would  
 know.

More laughter. The door opens. Anthony walks in, eyeballs the  
 men. The laughter sputters to a halt, like guilty schoolboys  
 caught mid-prank.

ANTHONY  
 This is an ugly business.

Freddy stands to let his boss sit down.

ANTHONY  
 You're alright, Freddy.

He walks over to the desk and sits behind it.

ANTHONY

It's an ugly business, whichever way you slice it.

RAYMOND

If you can't beat 'em, huh, boss?  
(beat -- then, to FREDDY)  
Tell him what you told us.

FREDDY

(deep breath)  
Boss, you remember Little Joey Cacciatore?

ANTHONY

No. Should I?

FREDDY

Yeah, you met him. He made some deliveries here. About five foot nothing. With the, you know, gammy leg.

ANTHONY

Anyway.

FREDDY

(coughs)  
Anyway, he's been given a new route. Russian vodka, straight off the Siberian pipeline.

Peter and Raymond exchange glances.

FREDDY (cont'd.)

He can get us twenty cases from each delivery.

ANTHONY

How many deliveries?

FREDDY

Two a month. Offset your inventory purchase costs by twenty per cent.

ANTHONY  
I'll pay him book price.  
Wholesale value.

All three crew members exchange glances this time.

RAYMOND  
Boss --

ANTHONY  
I don't want stolen booze,  
alright?

RAYMOND  
Boss, all due respect -- You  
surround yourself with a lot of  
muscle for a legitimate  
operation.

ANTHONY  
You saying I don't pay you market  
value?

RAYMOND  
No, of course not.

ANTHONY  
Then don't bite the hand that  
feeds you. For you guys, it's  
money for old rope, as they say.

He gazes at a framed picture on the desk. We can't see what's  
in the frame.

ANTHONY  
(to himself)  
You just never know when the  
storm might hit.

EXT. "ISABELLA'S" NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Some hours later. Dawn is approaching. Revellers are tumbling  
out of the club. An old Chevy pickup sits in the mouth of an  
alleyway near the entrance. It's seen better days -- a blue  
tarp covers the contents in the back, and patches of primer  
dot the bodywork on the arches and sills. It's a working man's  
truck, incongruous to its quasi-glamorous surroundings.

INT. CHEVY PICKUP - NIGHT

The sole occupant of the pickup is BOBBY BACCALIERI JUNIOR, 34, heavysset, with a weathered jowl and calloused hands from years working in construction. He watches the entrance to the club, breathing steadily, fist pressed to his mouth. Some laconic Tom Waits number is barely audible on the stereo.

The exodus of revellers thins out. Eventually, he sees what he is waiting for. He sits up a little straighter in his seat.

Anthony leaves the club. He is alone, and walking like a sober man to his Lexus.

BOBBY SEES HIS MOMENT

and exits the truck, striding across the street, breaking into a run as Anthony opens the car door.

P.O.V. BOBBY - ANTHONY

looks up, tuning in to the sound of approaching footsteps, but doesn't quite react in time --

BANG BANG --

BOBBY gets TWO BODY SHOTS in with meaty fists like ballpeen hammers. Anthony grunts, then Bobby swings an arcing haymaker from up high that helps Anthony's journey to the sidewalk.

The bouncers grab Bobby's arms and pin him back, but he's strong, and breaks free long enough to swing a vicious kick into Anthony's midriff.

BOBBY

You motherfucker! Fight me, you motherfucker!

The bouncers get their act together and put on a restraint that holds second time around. Two others help Anthony to his feet. He wipes the blood from his mouth with the back of his hand, and stands tall, cool as the proverbial cucumber.

GINO, a bouncer, 25 and solid, yanks BOBBY upright.

GINO

You want a free shot, boss?

ANTHONY

Are you kidding? I don't fight  
(MORE)

ANTHONY (cont'd.)  
 dirty. A sucker punch is a sucker  
 punch whatever the day of the  
 week --

(off Bobby's expression)  
 ...and you don't get a shot,  
 either. We'll let New York's  
 finest handle this. Get them on  
 the phone. Tell them to get me on  
 my cell for my statement.

He leans in towards Bobby.

ANTHONY (cont'd.)  
 Or should I say, I don't often  
 fight dirty.

Bobby lurches at him. Anthony smirks, doesn't flinch.

ANTHONY (cont'd.)  
 You're a disgrace.

He straightens up.

ANTHONY (cont'd.)  
 See you in court, motherfucker.

He goes off to his car. SIRENS can be heard in the distance.  
 The bouncers frogmarch Bobby over to the kerb and sit him  
 down forcefully to await the arrival of the cops.

INT. LEXUS - NIGHT - TRAVELLING

Anthony starts the car and heads off into the night, glancing  
 at the scene in his rear-view. He digs out a huge cigar and  
 clamps it in his mouth. The bluster slips as he goes to light  
 it, and his hand begins to shake almost uncontrollably. He has  
 to remove the cheroot from his mouth to control his ragged  
 breathing.

EXT. LEXUS - NIGHT

Anthony's car disappears into the New York night.

EXT. "ISABELLA'S" NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Clamouring outside the nightclub. Three police cruisers flank  
 the kerb, their occupants canvassing the huddle of bouncers,



the whole tableau lit by the blue and red strobes of the cruisers' light bars.

Zero in on OFFICER CAITLYN O'BRIEN, 19, an athletic rookie, with a hint of softness in her otherwise steely gaze.

GINO

So, uh, he just ran up outta nowhere, starts layin' into the boss.

He gestures past O'Brien, where Bobby is being led away in handcuffs to a waiting cruiser.

O'BRIEN

(taking notes)

You saw this?

GINO

Yeah! We all did. We was all right here.

O'BRIEN

And you're all playing ball, right? You're all happy to put your signatures to sworn statements and testify?

GINO

(without hesitation)

Of course.

O'BRIEN

Because, defence lawyers have a way of digging up skeletons, you know? Skeletons that might cast a dim light on an otherwise sound testimony.

(beat)

We wouldn't want your credibility to be tainted.

Gino offers a faintly reptilian smirk.

GINO

Officer, I'm hurt by the insinuation.

O'Brien gives a sour smile back -- no teeth.

O'BRIEN

I'm just doing my due diligence.  
I wouldn't want you to be  
misinformed.

GINO

Me and the boys will do our civic  
duty, ma'am. You don't have to  
worry. It's, ah, an open-and-shut  
case.

O'BRIEN

Frankly, I'm a little surprised  
our perp there isn't in an open-  
and-shut case.

Gino's smirk doesn't falter.

O'BRIEN

And where is the victim now?

GINO

Ah, well, he had to leave.

O'BRIEN

He left the scene? Any particular  
reason?

Gino puts his hands up.

GINO

Aw, hey, you'd have to ask him.  
He's a busy man, you know?

O'Brien lowers her notebook. She looks unimpressed.

O'BRIEN

I'm gonna need to speak to him.

Gino hands over a business card. O'Brien takes it -- she holds  
Gino's gaze for a moment before looking down.

ON THE BUSINESS CARD

The "ISABELLA'S" logo is emblazoned across the top. Block-  
printed in the bottom corner is the name of the card's owner

"ANTHONY SOPRANO"

BACK TO

The light bar from her cruiser strobes over O'Brien's face. Her expression clouds. She pockets the card and notebook and walks purposefully back to the cruiser.

GINO  
(calling)  
Any time, officer.

INT. CRUISER - NIGHT - TRAVELLING

A pensive-looking O'Brien drives back to the station. Dawn is threatening to emerge over the horizon.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The SQUAD ROOM of a busy station. Functional, uninspiring, government-issue layout and décor. Patrol cops rush in and out, detectives lead perps through to booking, phones ring, radios chatter.

O'Brien walks purposefully across the open-plan office, passing wall-mounted stats boards and wanted persons bulletins, threading her way between workstations to an office at the end of the room.

INT. POLICE STATION/STANZA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

SERGEANT LEE STANZA, 27, with a cut-glass physique and uniform that matches his diligence and ambition. He is at his desk, buried in paperwork.

O'Brien TAPS LIGHTLY on the open door.

O'BRIEN  
Sarge?

Stanza looks up sharply.

STANZA  
Caitlyn. I should have clocked off an hour ago. What's up?

O'BRIEN  
It's great to see you, too.

Stanza doesn't smile, but after a beat gestures to the empty chair opposite his desk.

O'Brien slowly obliges, not breaking eye contact.

O'BRIEN

It's this assault complaint  
outside Isabella's.

STANZA

Yeah, I heard the call. Some  
disgruntled stevedore got  
ejected, blindsided the owner --

O'BRIEN

He wasn't ejected.

STANZA

No?

O'BRIEN

There's a bit more to it than  
that. I just came from the scene  
--

She gets up to close the door.

O'BRIEN (cont'd.)

...I need someone else to take it.

STANZA

Come again?

O'BRIEN

I can't get involved.

STANZA

I saw the log update. It's a two-  
bit battery -- perp arrested at  
the scene, half a dozen  
knuckledraggers lining up to be  
eyeball wits. It'll bounce in and  
out of your docket in a week. I  
start playing musical case files  
for you, I gotta do it for  
everyone. You caught it, you  
bought it. What's the problem?

O'BRIEN

I'm declaring a conflict.

STANZA

(slowly)

Oh, yes?

O'BRIEN

(deep sigh)

The victim is Anthony Soprano,  
Junior.

Stanza puts down his pen -- finally interested.

STANZA

No shit?

O'BRIEN

And the perp is a guy named Bobby  
Baccalieri, Junior.

STANZA

It's Soprano's club, right?

O'BRIEN

Seems Bobby Junior waited outside  
the club for Soprano to come out,  
then sucker-punched him.

STANZA

Under the influence?

O'BRIEN

Sober as a judge, far as we can  
tell.

STANZA

So, what's the beef?

O'BRIEN

These guys have history. Back in  
the day Soprano's old man was  
boss of the DiMeo family. New  
Jersey. Bobby Senior was his  
number three. Bobby bought it in  
the big New York cull of '06;  
Soprano got a pass. I'm gonna  
take a guess Bobby Junior has  
been nursing a grudge all these  
years.

STANZA

Why tonight?

O'BRIEN

(shrugs)

Need to ask him that.

STANZA

(half to himself)

Soprano Senior died a couple  
years ago. It was in the paper.

He fires up his computer and fiddles around on Google.

STANZA (cont'd.)

Looks like it's ten years since  
his old man bought it.

(beat)

Ten years ago tonight.

O'BRIEN

Really?

STANZA

So, what, exactly, is your  
conflict?

O'Brien looks him dead in the eye.

O'BRIEN

My old man was in Soprano's crew.  
He died when I was a baby.

Stanza stares -- a pregnant silence looms between them.

O'BRIEN (cont'd.)

You don't need to worry -- I gave  
full disclosure when I was sworn  
in. Clean bill of health.

Stanza looks relieved.

O'BRIEN (cont'd.)

This isn't confession, but I  
spent a good part of the last  
twenty years trying to bury that  
shit in a box. People don't  
forget.

STANZA

O'Brien isn't --

O'BRIEN

No, it isn't. I married a  
security consultant from Boston.

But my maiden name --

Stanza is already back on Google.

STANZA

Moltisanti.

O'BRIEN

I can't be involved.

Stanza mulls it over.

STANZA

How's the case file?

O'BRIEN

It's fine. Four eyeball wits,  
perp in custody, half a  
confession on the way to booking.

STANZA

Club CCTV?

O'BRIEN

Already burned to disc and on  
file. You believe that shit?  
Usually getting these places to  
give over their footage is like  
trying to get my husband to clean  
the bathroom.

STANZA

No shit? What about victim  
complaint?

O'BRIEN

Not done. He left the scene  
before we got there.  
(off Stanza frowning)  
He's a busy man, allegedly.

STANZA

Okay. Get the signed complaint,  
tonight. Then we can charge this  
prick and get the file out of  
your hair.

O'BRIEN

Sarge --

STANZA

You want me to give this to someone else, you'll need to gift-wrap it. And that means a signed complaint.

O'BRIEN

Sarge, come on...

STANZA

He's not gonna know it's you. He met you before?

O'BRIEN

Not since I was a baby.

STANZA

Okay. You got a different name -- he'll be none the wiser.

O'BRIEN

You want me to go to New Jersey tonight? I clock off in an hour.

STANZA

Traffic this time of night? You'll be there and back in no time.

O'Brien, with the slow reluctance of an unhappy compromise, hauls herself out of her chair and heads towards the door.

STANZA

Hey.

O'Brien turns.

STANZA (cont'd.)

How did your old man die?

O'BRIEN

(beat)

Car accident.

She looks him dead in the eye for several seconds, then leaves.

INT. BACCALIERI RESIDENCE - NIGHT



The simple lounge of a New Jersey steel worker. Hand-me-down furnishings, thrift store fittings, rented TV. There isn't an inch of space among the photographs, pictures and trinkets.

It's either very late or very early. ROBERTA BACCALIERI, 34, sits pensively in an almost-threadbare wingback chair, staring at the clock. Its INCESSANT TICKING is the only sound in the room. After a while it becomes DEAFENING.

The front door opens. FOOTSTEPS SHUFFLE IN. ROBERTA flies out of her chair, SCREECHING before BOBBY has even closed the door.

ROBERTA

Where the hell have you been? I was worried sick! You know what time it is?

BOBBY

Roberta --

ROBERTA

It's three o'clock in the fucking morning! Who is it, Bobby? That slut from the payroll office?

BOBBY

I was in jail.

ROBERTA

She'd better -- what?

The shift from righteous outrage to genuine shock quietens her right down. She backs into the lounge and perches on the edge of the wingback, waiting for an explanation.

ROBERTA

(quiet)

What -- what happened, Bobby?

Bobby remains standing. He rests one elbow on the mantelpiece and surveys the numerous trinkets that clutter it. Something occurs to him. A little half-smile crosses his face.

BOBBY

I sucker-punched AJ.

ROBERTA

You did what?

BOBBY

I got arrested. He's pressing charges.

ROBERTA  
Why would you do that?

BOBBY  
I can hold a grudge, I guess.

ROBERTA  
(voice brittle)  
Anthony Soprano? Are you -- fucking insane?

BOBBY  
Honey --

ROBERTA  
Is this what I can look forward to?  
You disappearing one night and  
somebody feeding me some bullshit  
about you running off with another  
woman?

BOBBY  
Did you hear what I said? He's  
pressing charges. He called the cops,  
Roberta. Do you think he'd have done  
that if he was gonna bury me in the  
Pine Barrens?  
(beat)  
I heard he was trying to keep  
everything straight. Seems to be  
true.

ROBERTA  
(standing)  
His surname is still Soprano.

She walks past him and heads up to bed.

BOBBY  
(calling up the stairs)  
The public defender said he thinks he  
can get it knocked back to  
misdemeanour battery.

There is no answer -- just a DOOR SLAMMING.

Bobby pours himself a stiff one and slumps into Roberta's wingback.

He sips the drink. Something catches his eye on the mantelpiece.

ON BOBBY'S EYES

as he sips the drink.

P.O.V. BOBBY - ON THE MANTELPIECE

We take in the array of junk that occupies the mantelpiece.

ON BOBBY'S EYES

as he focuses hard on the ornaments.

P.O.V. BOBBY - ON THE BLUE COMET MODEL TRAIN

that nestles amongst the other items, hidden towards the back, not on show at all.

We zero in on the train, its bodywork bent and buckled from the impact of a stray bullet years ago -- the same bullet that killed BOBBY BACCALIERI SENIOR.

ON BOBBY'S EYES

as he takes in the train

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SOPRANO RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Anthony creeps through his opulent Newark mansion. Dawn is fast approaching.

INT. SOPRANO RESIDENCE/JOHN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anthony steps into the bedroom of his four-year-old son, JOHN, and kisses him gently on the forehead, before quietly leaving.

INT. SOPRANO RESIDENCE/HEIDI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anthony moves into the bedroom of his eight-year-old stepdaughter, HEIDI, and repeats the show of affection.

INT. SOPRANO RESIDENCE/MARITAL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anthony creeps into his own bedroom and pauses in the doorway, regarding the sleeping form of his wife, DEANNA.

His reverie is broken by a GENTLE TAPPING at the front door.

INT. SOPRANO RESIDENCE/FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Anthony opens the door. A wary O'Brien stands there, cap pulled low over her eyes.

O'BRIEN

Mr. Soprano? Officer O'Brien. We spoke on the phone.

ANTHONY

Yes, come in.

O'BRIEN

I know it's late, but we need your signed statement before we can charge this clown.

ANTHONY

It's no problem. The kids may even get to school on time, for once.

O'Brien gives a humourless smile.

INT. SOPRANO RESIDENCE/FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

O'Brien follows Anthony into the lounge. He switches on some lamps.

ANTHONY

Sit down. Can I get you some tea?

O'Brien shakes her head and sits down, clearly made uneasy by the demonstrable hospitality.

ANTHONY

And I'm sorry I had to rush off. Business calls, you know? Can't let petty squabbles spoil the whole day, can we?

O'BRIEN

You two had a previous argument?

Anthony sits opposite. For the first time we get a proper look at his injuries. He has a black eye, a large gash above his eyebrow held together with Steristrips and the beginnings of a fat lip.

O'BRIEN

Whoa. He really did give you a going over.

She seems to soften a little, Maybe this is just a straightforward assault case after all.

ANTHONY

Yeah, he did. I wish I knew why.

Suspicion clouds O'Brien's face almost as quickly as it left it.

O'BRIEN

You really have no idea?

Anthony sits forward conspiratorially.

ANTHONY

I shut him in a garage once. When we were kids. I don't think he's ever forgiven me.

O'BRIEN

Seriously?

ANTHONY

Well, if I'm being totally honest --

O'BRIEN

(faintly sarcastic)  
Please.

ANTHONY

...I played kind of a mean trick on him. With a Ouija board.

O'BRIEN

A Ouija board?

ANTHONY

Yeah, it was shortly after his mother passed, and --

O'BRIEN

Okay, I get the picture.

ANTHONY

Kids, huh?

O'BRIEN

Indeed.

INT. SOPRANO RESIDENCE/FRONT ROOM - LATER

Ninety minutes later, and O'Brien is finishing up Anthony's statement. The morning sun is beginning to fill the front room.

O'Brien sits next to Anthony and hands him a pen.

O'BRIEN

Sign here, here, here and --  
here.

Something about the proximity of the two of them, the yellow sunbeams washing through the house, or the unreal atmosphere created by having been up all night, but their fingers brush as he hands the pen back.

They share a loaded look.

HEIDI (O.S.)

Daddy?

Anthony's daughter, half asleep and rubbing her eyes, staggers into the room. The tension is punctured.

O'Brien returns to the seat opposite, affidavit in hand. Heidi blunders into her father's arms. He fusses over her.

ANTHONY

Hey honey. You're up early.

HEIDI

Is it time for school already?  
I'm sleepy.

ANTHONY

I think you have a bit of time  
yet. Why don't you get some  
breakfast?

HEIDI

I heard you talking.

ANTHONY

I was just helping this nice  
police lady.

Heidi seems to realise for the first time that there is  
someone else in the room.

O'BRIEN

Hi, little lady.

Heidi blinks, and runs off.

O'BRIEN

Sweet kid.

ANTHONY

(watching Heidi go)  
Yeah. She --

He doesn't finish his sentence.

ANTHONY (cont'd.)

So, we about done? I'll show you  
out.

INT. SOPRANO RESIDENCE/FRONT DOOR - DAY

Anthony opens the door for O'Brien.

ANTHONY

Thanks for coming by.

She passes him in the doorway.

ANTHONY (cont'd.)

Hey, have we met before? You seem  
very familiar to me.

She stops on the porch. Turns. He peers again at her name  
badge.

ANTHONY (cont'd.)

O'Brien. I gotta say. You don't  
look Irish.

And with that dark hair and those big brown eyes, he's right.

O'BRIEN

That's my married name.

ANTHONY

Your old man from around here?  
Would I know him?

O'BRIEN

I doubt it. He's a security  
consultant. From Boston.

ANTHONY

I meant your father, actually.

She doesn't say anything. He persists.

ANTHONY (cont'd.)

What's your maiden name?

She snorts with a mild mixture of amusement and derision at the perceived impertinence.

ANTHONY

What's your first name?

O'BRIEN

Good night, Mr. Soprano. Thank  
you for supporting the  
investigation.

She stalks off down the steps. Anthony closes the door, an amused look on his face.

At the bottom of the steps O'Brien turns back -- we can hear the MUFFLED SOUND OF HORSEPLAY between Anthony and his kids through the closed front door.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A dank, cold-looking warehouse. Daylight is barely breathing through the tiny, dusty skylights near the top of the walls.

In one corner Raymond and Freddy sit round an old wooden table, collars pulled up. A FOURTH MAN stands off slightly, next to what appears to be an ancient bank of gym lockers. He is smoking steadily and shrouded in shadow to such an extent that we can't identify him.

Another man, EDWARD "TEDDY" LEONARDO, 21, sits between the two older men, wearing an unimpressed expression. He has a gold



cigarette lighter in one hand, which he is rhythmically playing with. He is slim, well-dressed, and despite this relatively unimposing demeanour, he carries a presence and commands both the attention and deference of the two older men, who, it has to be said, look a little nervous.

TEDDY

Tell me again.

RAYMOND

(spreading his hands)

What's there to tell? He didn't go for it.

TEDDY

Why not?

FREDDY

He wants to keep his business legitimate. He wants to play straight.

TEDDY

I wasn't asking you.

Raymond and Freddy exchange glances.

RAYMOND

But he's right. You dangle a fuckin' gold-plated carrot in front of him, he turns his nose up like it's a turd.

TEDDY

Everybody has their price. Your problem is that you think it's as simple asking him straight out and taking his first answer.

RAYMOND

Huh?

TEDDY

And then you have the balls to come back here and call a meeting to tell me something I already know. I don't want to hear about variables.

His expression is moving from unimpressed to menacing.

TEDDY

You DiMeos, you're fuckin backward.

Now Raymond bristles, but doesn't speak. FREDDY is too scared to speak.

TEDDY

Jesus, I got to spell it out for you. You want something, you make it happen. You set up the play, but you don't tell him. You bring him along so far so that when he finds out, it's too late for him to back out. He's already complicit. His business is compromised, whether he likes it or not. And once he's in, he doesn't get out.

The penny finally drops with Raymond and Freddy. They look impressed.

RAYMOND

That's pretty smart.

Teddy gives a snort of derision.

TEDDY

You hit him where it hurts. And the next time we meet, you're not telling me "if," you're telling me "when." Or the next time we meet, you end up like him.

He jerks his head to the right. Hold on, is there someone else here?

ON THE WAREHOUSE PROPER

where an unfortunate OLD MAN has been strung up in the middle of the empty concrete concourse by a series of chains. Raymond and Freddy don't react -- they have already noticed him -- but we haven't.

ON THE OLD MAN

He's in a bad way. Barely conscious, with blood dripping onto the floor. There are large chunks missing from his legs that look like bite marks.

BACK TO

Teddy scrapes his chair back. The sound grates -- Raymond and Freddy wince. The sound echoes around the warehouse.

Teddy moves around a low partition wall separating the seating area with the main warehouse and walks slowly towards his prisoner. His heels CLICK SHARPLY - ECHOING around the cavernous room.

He speaks quietly, facing his prisoner, his back to Raymond and Freddy.

TEDDY

When I was a baby -- maybe eighteen months old -- my grandparents took my sister and me out to Oyster Bay, Long Island. I remember it being a peaceful, green kinda place.

His voice becomes progressively more strained as the anger starts to surface.

TEDDY (cont'd.)

One weekend, we went out in their SUV. We stopped for gas, and my grandpa got out of the car. He was talking to my grandmother through the window when this -- fuckin' -- scumbag -- shot him in the head. Point blank.

From Teddy's monologue we infer that the wretched individual chained to the ceiling is WALDEN BELFIORE, former DiMeo footsoldier and hitman. Teddy is so mad he can barely get his words out.

TEDDY (cont'd.)

My grandma, well, naturally, she freaked. She jumps out of the car and runs to my grandpa, but she's so upset she leaves the thing in Drive, and the fuckin' two-tonne lump of metal rolls right over my grandpa's head. Burst it like a fuckin' watermelon. Even now, I remember the sound it made. I remember my grandma screaming. I remember the closed casket at the funeral.

(beat)

TEDDY (cont'd.)

(screaming)

Is that right? Is that right, you piece of shit? Is that something a baby should witness?

He starts to swing at Walden with the bat, CONNECTING VICIOUSLY with his midsection.

ON RAYMOND AND FREDDY

who are both petrified and struggling to hide it.

ON THE FOURTH MAN

who watches and smokes, completely unmoved.

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS - Raymond and Freddy undertaking a series of thefts:

- A) Holding up a waiters' card game -- and stealing all their tuxedos --
- B) Breaking into a dry cleaners' and stealing more --
- C) Breaking into a wedding planners' and stealing all the catering equipment from somebody's big day, including the dinner service, champagne flutes and napkins --
- D) Stealing bar stools from a furniture warehouse --
- E) Hijacking a truck delivering rolls and rolls of lottery scratch cards --

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The main highway leading towards the turnpike. City lights stretch out across the horizon, smudged against a wet, black sky. It's maybe two, three in the morning, and the only traffic is a large white truck rumbling along the blacktop.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Raymond and Peter wait by the side of the road. Raymond is tense -- partly because he's had to bring Peter along, not

Freddy. He TAPS THE STEERING WHEEL pensively -- Peter half-dozes in the passenger seat.

Raymond sits up a little straighter as the DISTANT RUMBLE of an approaching truck gets GRADUALLY LOUDER.

Headlights appear in the distance and fill the interior of the sedan. Raymond digs Peter in the ribs.

RAYMOND

Look sharp. We're on.

Peter slaps himself in the face while Raymond starts the car.

INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT - TRAVELLING

The driver continues his night run, in a kind of trance, rocking with the ambient motion of the truck.

He squints, suddenly awake. Something has caught his eye on the road ahead.

DRIVER

(to himself)

What the hell -- ?

P.O.V. DRIVER - THE TRUCK'S MAIN BEAMS LIGHT UP THE SEDAN

which is parked across the road, blocking both lanes. Its hazards are on, there's a warning triangle out and there's a man standing next to the car waving his arms.

BACK TO

DRIVER

Shit -- shit --

He slows the truck while rummaging frantically through the glove box with one hand, producing, after a brief search, a grubby-looking revolver. Clearly he isn't buying this.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

P.O.V. RAYMOND -- THE TRUCK BEARS DOWN ON HIM

and slows to a stop in front of him. Raymond stops waving and moves around to the driver's door and slides into a well-oiled patter as the door opens.

RAYMOND

Hey, thanks for stopping.

The driver looks from Raymond to the de facto roadblock and back again -- he didn't have much choice.

RAYMOND (cont'd.)

Think the cam belt finally fell on its sword. A hundred thousand miles -- last time it was been changed Clinton had just been impeached.

Raymond laughs a good-natured laugh. The driver steps down onto the road. He's a small, ratty-looking man who's never even looked at his own mother without a double helping of suspicion.

Raymond notices it too. He clears his throat nervously, aware his faux-jolie act is fooling no one.

RAYMOND

So, anyway, towie's on its way, but it'd be really handy if you could just use your rig to push it off the road. Save me from a ninety-mile-an-hour T-bone.

DRIVER

Why don't you just push it?

Raymond's smile vanishes.

RAYMOND

...what?

DRIVER

Push it.

Raymond struggles to maintain the good humour. His expression suggests his imagination is already dissecting this wise-ass with a rusty bradawl.

DRIVER (cont'd.)

You could push it.

RAYMOND

Well, you know, I would, but my  
hip --

The driver jerks his head towards the sedan.

DRIVER

Your buddy could help you.

ON PETER HIDING BEHIND THE SEDAN

crouched behind the front wing, gun already out, Raymond and the driver in the background. Peter screws his eyes shut in exasperation -- this isn't going to plan.

P.O.V. RAYMOND - LOOKING OVER TO THE SEDAN

and reaching inside his jacket -

ON THE DRIVER

who has got the drop on Raymond -- his revolver is out well before Raymond's.

RAYMOND

Hey, look --

DRIVER

Look, pal, this ain't my first  
rodeo. I've been jacked more  
times than you got rosary beads.  
If it ain't the guineas, it's the  
spics, and if it ain't the spics  
it's the goddam --

The side of his head suddenly ERUPTS IN A SHOWER OF RED. Suitably silenced, his lifeless body pitches sideways to the ground.

ON PETER THE EXECUTIONER

cigarette in his mouth, tucking his smoking gun into the waistband of his pants.

RAYMOND

(alarmed)

Fuck! That's not -- what the fuck  
do we do now?

PETER

Shut up and open the back.

He starts to drag the body by the ankles. Maybe you wouldn't  
take him home to meet mother after all.

EXT. HIGHWAY/THE REAR OF THE TRUCK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The rear doors are flung open. Rows of neatly stacked boxes  
fill the trailer. Peter jumps up into the back and opens one  
of the boxes with a pocket knife.

ON TEN IDENTICAL BOTTLES OF BRANDED VODKA

PETER

Mazeltov.

He climbs over the boxes and takes a cursory inventory of the  
spoils.

PETER

There's two hundred containers  
here at least. We'll have to take  
the truck.

Raymond practically licks his lips.

RAYMOND

We should -- test it.

Peter stops and stares at him.

RAYMOND

You know, make sure it ain't a  
decoy.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - LATER

The truck races towards New Jersey, piloted by a very drunk  
Raymond and Peter.



The burning sedan, containing the body of the truck driver in the trunk, is left behind on the horizon.

INT. "ISABELLA'S" NIGHTCLUB/OFFICE - NIGHT

Anthony sits at his desk, sifting through a stack of electronic storage media from hopeful acts, including CDs, USB drives, and, of all things, a cassette.

Anthony picks it up and removes a piece of paper wrapped around the tape with an elastic band.

ANTHONY

(reading aloud; muttering to himself)

"Dear Mr. Soprano, we know you appreciate tradition and history and combine it with your business acumen -- with this in mind we have enclosed our demo on a cassette, a medium which we think is about to make a comeback in a big way --"

(beat)

And how the hell am I supposed to play it?

He looks down at the spine of the tape, where the name of the band is written in black ink on a white label.

"NIPPLE HAIR??"

He screws his face up in disgust and throws the tape in the bin. Simultaneously, there is a SHARP KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

ANTHONY opens his mouth to permit entry -- but the door is already opening.

COREY JIMSON enters, 35 but looking 65 -- black suit, skin like chalk and probably two percent body fat.

If the suit was a little less immaculate and a little more dusty, he could have recently have risen from the dead. In fact, he glides rather than walks in.

Anthony cranes his neck over the edge of the desk to look at the man's feet, and can't help but give a visible swallow.

ANTHONY

It's open, come in --

The sarcasm dies on his lips, but he manages a frown of the indignation.

ANTHONY

Help you?

Jimson glides over to a display cabinet and peers at the photographic evidence of some of Heidi's various sporting achievements.

JIMSON

(still peering at the  
photographs)

My name is Corey Jimson.

He looks round at Anthony.

JIMSON

I'm from the IRS.

ANTHONY

May I see some identification?

His hands are laced in front of him -- the thumbs rise up as he speaks, as if to accentuate the fundamental failure to respect the rights of the enforcer against the enforcer.

Jimson reaches into his pocket -- a flick of the wrist, a flash of black leather and white plastic -- the ID comes and goes.

Anthony frowns and scoffs -- what the hell is going on here?

JIMSON

We're going to audit you, Mr.  
Soprano.

ANTHONY

Oh, is that all? For a moment I  
thought you were going to eat my  
soul, or something.

(beat)

Although, I'm sure some people  
would say they amount to the same  
thing.

JIMSON

We take auditing very seriously,  
Mr. Soprano.

ANTHONY

I'm sure you do.

Jimson's face tightens.

JIMSON

Tax evasion is no laughing matter, Mr. Soprano.

Anthony's eyebrows fly up.

ANTHONY

Tax evasion? Bitch, please.

JIMSON

You know what an audit is, yes?

ANTHONY

I'm a businessman.

Anthony practically rolls his eyes. Jimson acts as if he hasn't heard, and continues to mooch around the office.

Anthony's CELL PHONE VIBRATES ON THE DESK, shuffling around like a jumpy rodent. He eyes it briefly, then returns his gaze to Jimson.

JIMSON

It's fairly simple. We examine your declared income against your expenditure and liabilities, and look for irregular patterns.

ANTHONY

I know what an audit is.

JIMSON

You'd be surprised what we find. An illegally diverted energy supply, a stolen crate of liquor, undeclared kickbacks from illegal workers. It's easy to spot a fake invoice, you know. Before you know it, you're tiptoeing around the edges of capital fraud, and, well, we call in our partners. We're all one big team, really. A man in your position, ultimately, will be accountable for that -- if you'll pardon the pun.

Anthony breathes heavily.

ANTHONY

Look, I run a legitimate business. I pay my goddam taxes and declare every cent.

JIMSON

And you trust your workforce?

Anthony doesn't answer. The PHONE GOES AGAIN while he thinks about the question. Anthony ignores it.

JIMSON

Cherry-picked, no doubt.

ANTHONY

(unconvincing)  
Goddammit, why me?

JIMSON

You'd be surprised what can trigger an audit. But we have our sources. Banks, in particular, are notoriously shrewd at detecting irregular activity. And sometimes the bigger boys, the ones that have been sitting in an office for a year with your photo on a corkboard say -- "The hell with it. Send in the auditors." Just to shake the tree, so to speak.

ANTHONY

(scoffs -- still unconvincing)  
Oh, bullshit.

Jimson waves a disinterested hand. Anthony's PHONE GOES AGAIN.

JIMSON

Are you going to answer that? It might be important.

Anthony takes the phone and shoves it in a desk drawer.

JIMSON

It's funny, people fear an audit more than a search warrant. It cuts to the bone of what you hold

dear. Your country club  
 subscription, your kids' college  
 fund, your house. For most men,  
 it's like the shame of telling  
 your whole family you've been  
 cheating on them. That's where it  
 hurts. The family.

Anthony doesn't speak. Jimson heads to the door.

JIMSON

You know, we got Capone on tax  
 evasion.

Anthony finally stands.

ANTHONY

(quiet, menacing)  
 I'm not a criminal.

Jimson opens the door in a swift moment and glides out,  
 leaving Anthony standing alone in his office, breathing hard,  
 fists clenched, his mind racing with the various  
 seeds that have just been planted.

Finally, his eyes widen as he zeroes in on something in  
 particular Jimson has said. He goes sprinting out of the  
 office.

EXT. "ISABELLA'S" NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Anthony bursts out of the club into the bright sunshine. A  
 black sedan pulls away in a hurry, TYRES SQUEALING, kicking up  
 dust and grit.

Anthony makes a half-hearted to run after it, squinting at the  
 license plate, but his attention is diverted by his daughter,  
 Heidi, standing outside the club, backpack on, looking scared  
 and confused.

HEIDI

Daddy?

Anthony looks from his daughter to the departing car and back  
 again, before scooping up his daughter in his arms.

ANTHONY

Baby, why aren't you in school?

He realises this is a fatuous question. He pulls her to him  
 and strokes her hair.

ANTHONY

It's okay, baby. What happened?  
You're okay. Did they hurt  
you? It's all gonna be fine.

INT. "ISABELLA'S" NIGHTCLUB/OFFICE - NIGHT

Anthony runs back in to the office and carefully secretes  
Heidi on a chair.

ANTHONY

(muttering to himself)  
Corey Jimson, Corey Jimson.

He scribbles on a post-it pad and picks up the phone. He is  
immediately placed on hold. We can faintly hear a string of  
recorded messages -- "Thank you for calling the IRS -- Your  
call is important to us -- Your call is in a queue and will be  
answered by the next available operator -- " and similar.

While he is on hold, he wedges the phone under his chin and  
starts rifling through paperwork.

ANTHONY

They should have mailed me. They  
should have mailed me. Where's  
the letter? Where's the goddam  
letter!

HEIDI

Daddy?

After a moment or two of impotent waiting, Anthony SLAMS THE  
PHONE DOWN.

ANTHONY

Goddammit!

He breathes hard, realising he's prioritised the most  
pointless task. His eyes flit about the office as he tries to  
work out what to do next, simultaneously trying to ignore the  
increasingly tempting question of -- HOW WOULD MY FATHER  
HANDLE THIS?

His eyes settle on Heidi, and he reaches the correct decision.

ANTHONY

Come on baby, let's get you back  
to school.

INT. ANTHONY'S FORD RANGER - DAY - TRAVELLING

Anthony drives Heidi back to school. He dials another number from the car.

ANTHONY

(into phone)

Yes, good morning, Officer  
O'Brien, please?

(beat)

Well, do you know when she'll be  
back?

(beat)

I appreciate she's busy, but --

(beat)

Look, my daughter was kidnapped!

(beat)

911, okay.

He hangs up.

HEIDI

Daddy, what's happening?

Anthony suddenly realizes he's driving like a maniac. He takes a deep breath, and slows down.

ANTHONY

Sorry, honey. It's all gonna be  
okay.

(beat)

Honey, what happened?

Heidi stares at him, eyes wide, lip trembling -- then something ahead catches her eye.

HEIDI

Daddy!

He looks ahead.

HEIDI

My school.

Anthony turns to where she is looking.

ANTHONY

Christ.

P.O.V. ANTHONY -- HEIDI'S ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

is a hive of activity. Police cruisers and fire trucks litter the pavement, the lights going full-bore to create a semblance of control.

Kids are lined up with military precision, marshalled by teachers with grim expressions while headcounts are performed and witnesses canvassed. A HELICOPTER RATTLES overhead.

ON AN ASHEN-FACED DEANNA

standing on the pavement, clutching JOHN'S hand.

BACK TO

Anthony pulls up to the kerb and lifts Heidi out. A DETECTIVE -- COLLINSON, 44, is speaking to Deanna, jotting down notes in a pocketbook. He's a bear of a man in an ill-fitting suit, with dark patches at the armpits and a sheen of sweat on his enormous forehead.

Anthony and Heidi approach.

ON DEANNA - EYES WIDENING

as she spots Heidi. She runs over.

HEIDI

Mommy!

DEANNA

Baby! Oh my God!

She tumbles into her daughter, wrapping her in the tightest hug in history.

DEANNA

What happened? Are you okay?  
Where have you been?

She strokes her daughter's hair and turns to Anthony.

DEANNA

What happened? You had her?? I  
don't --

She is not accusing, just struggling to understand. Anthony's eyes are wide, his chest rising and falling with rapid, laboured breathing.

Collinson mumbles into his radio.



COLLINSON

Dispatch, missing child at Radison Elementary has been located safe and well. Call off the dogs. I'll update you in a sec.

Collinson lumbers over to Anthony, largely unmoved by the development.

COLLINSON

Mr. Soprano? I'm Bob Collinson. Seems a teacher noticed your daughter didn't make one of her classes. Called your wife, who didn't know anything about it. The school couldn't get hold of you, so reported it as an abduction.

(beat)

Seems you had her.

P.O.V. ANTHONY - HE SPIES O'BRIEN

behind Collinson's shoulder, some twenty feet away, talking to the headteacher. She regards the reunion with wary suspicion.

BACK TO

COLLINSON

Mr. Soprano?

Anthony finally registers, and turns to COLLINSON'S gaze.

ANTHONY

What? What?

COLLINSON

Your daughter was missing. We put the balloon up. An alert was about to go out on the six o'clock news. She was with you. I'm an open-minded guy -- and it's better safe than sorry -- but I'm sure there's an innocent explanation to all this. Lord knows it wouldn't be the first time.

ANTHONY

She -- she was kidnapped. There  
was -- a guy. IRS.

COLLINSON

(frowning)  
Maybe not so innocent.

He whips out his pocketbook again.

COLLINSON

Mr. Soprano -- are you okay??

Anthony certainly doesn't look it. He is pale and his  
breathing has turned shallow.

DEANNA

Honey?

HEIDI

Daddy?

WE LOSE HALF THE AMBIENT SOUND of the street -- it suddenly  
sounds like EVERYTHING IS UNDERWATER, along with a DULL  
RINGING SOUND, like we've got chronic tinnitus.

POV ANTHONY - ON O'BRIEN IN THE BACKGROUND

She cranes her head and frowns.

BACK TO

Anthony catches O'Brien's eye, then his eyes roll up into his  
head and he crashes down onto the sidewalk.

EXT. DRIVE-THRU - DAY

A sprawling food court with a network of drive-thru  
restaurants. It's extremely busy.

Bobby Baccalieri exits Burger King, a brown sack of food in  
one hand, a huge shake under the other, his cell phone wedged  
under his ear.

He has crammed his blue-collar bulk into a suit in a way that  
somehow suggests he'd have made a better impression in his  
regular work clothes.

Bobby walks to his car as he speaks.

BOBBY

(into phone)

I don't know, hon. Something to do with disclosure. The PD told me not to worry about it.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Roberta drops groceries into her trolley. Her phone is on speaker, mounted on the trolley.

ROBERTA

(into phone)

I just want this to be over, Bobby. They've adjourned it three times now.

INTERCUT with Bobby at the Drive-Thru.

BOBBY

(into phone)

I don't know what to tell you. Trial's fixed now. Could be a good thing.

ROBERTA

(into phone)

How is it a good thing?

BOBBY

(into phone)

The PD said if we string it out long enough, then make a guilty plea just before trial, lots of remorse, then I might get probation. You know, what with time served.

He arrives at his car and tries to unlock it with no free hands.

ROBERTA

(into phone)

Time served? You're on bail!

The car next to Bobby pulls out, leaving a space in the otherwise crowded food court.

BOBBY

(into phone)

It was a figure of speech.

A HYUNDAI ROARS INTO SHOT

apparently gunning for the recently-vacated space.

THERE IS A BANG AND THE TINKLE OF BROKEN GLASS

as the Hyundai driver miscues and manages to take a chunk out of the corner of Bobby's Chevy while effectively blocking in his front end at the same time.

BOBBY

What the fuck --

ROBERTA

(into phone)

Bobby? What's going on? Bobby?

BOBBY

(into phone)

I'm gonna have to call you back, hon.

He hangs up. The doors of the Hyundai fly open.

BOBBY

What the hell, fellas?

Raymond and Freddy exit the sedan -- Bobby immediately recognises the faux-remorse for the shakedown it almost invariably is.

RAYMOND

(inspects the damage with exaggerated care)

Aw, hell. I made a right mess of your machine, mister.

He looks back at his own car.

RAYMOND

Looks like mine came off worse, though. How about that?

FREDDY

American muscle versus Jap shit. Only one winner there.

RAYMOND

(laughs heartily)

You know, you're absolutely right there, Mr. Severino.

Raymond walks over to Bobby, and pulls an envelope full of cash out of his tracksuit top.

BOBBY

I should call my insurance company.

RAYMOND

Aw, sir, we don't want to inconvenience you. You know what all the red tape is like.

FREDDY

(also inching closer)

Your record is impeccable, sir. Why spoil it?

BOBBY

How'd you know my record is impeccable?

FREDDY

I'm saying, it'd be a shame to put a blot on it, is all. We'll take care of it.

RAYMOND

Take care of it, we will.

(thumbs the bills)

You never know when a man needs to make the right decision about something.

FREDDY

The right price can help focus the mind.

BOBBY

Look, fellas, I know a shakedown when I see one. I think there's laws against intimidating a witness, but not sure about intimidating a defendant.

RAYMOND

Intimidation? This is just three guys problem-solving a fender-bender.

BOBBY

I'm not the one making an assault complaint. That would be your boss. I'm the one in the dock.

RAYMOND

Complaint? Boss? What? I'm just trying to make this right.

He stuffs a bundle of screwed up bills into Bobby's meaty paw. Some flutter to the ground.

RAYMOND

All we's saying is -- doesn't matter who's sat where. We're all going to the same building, and we've all got to get home safely after it's all finished.

FREDDY

And you want to make sure your vehicle is serviceable, right? You want your ride to be in a proper roadworthy condition.

RAYMOND

In case, you know, you need to leave in a hurry.

They start to move back to their own vehicle. FREDDY pauses enroute to donkey-kick the glass out of the other headlight. IT SHATTERS.

FREDDY

Oops. Sorry. Intimidate that.

BOBBY

Very cute. You don't think I would drop the charges if I could?

(they drive off)

Fuckin' idiots.

He gets into the Chevy and dials a number on his cell as he moves off.

BOBBY (cont'd.)  
 (into phone)  
 Officer O'Brien, please.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

O'Brien sits in a pod of six hot desks, trying to annotate a stack of paperwork with a red pen.

The PHONE NEXT TO HER RINGS. She looks around, wondering if it might be for someone else, and then reluctantly answers it.

O'BRIEN  
 (into phone)  
 O'Brien.

EXT. FIELD OFFICE - DAY

The New Jersey Field Office, similar in municipal décor and atmosphere to the police station. SPECIAL AGENT CONNOR TRUEMAN, 35, once athletic and now getting a little soft in a Wal-Mart suit, carries a coffee from a vending machine back to his desk.

TRUEMAN  
 (into phone)  
 Is this Officer Caitlyn O'Brien??

INTERCUT with O'Brien's squad room.

O'BRIEN  
 (into phone)  
 Speaking.

She tucks the phone under her chin and continues marking up her papers.

TRUEMAN  
 (into phone)  
 This is Special Agent Connor  
 Trueman. New Jersey Field Office.

O'BRIEN  
 (into phone)  
 FBI?

TRUEMAN  
 (into phone)  
 I catch you at a bad time??

O'BRIEN

(into phone)

No worse than any other time.  
Just trying to squeeze in some  
study before my exam. Hey, how  
did you know where to find me?  
This is a hot desk. I've never  
sat here before in my life.

TRUEMAN

(into phone)

Er -- we're the FBI.

It's halfway between sheepish and condescending.

TRUEMAN (cont'd.)

(into phone)

Anyway, I'll get to the point. Am  
I right in thinking you're the  
officer in the case of an assault  
outside Isabella's? It's a  
nightclub in New York. Victim  
name Anthony Soprano.

O'BRIEN

(into phone)

Junior.

TRUEMAN

(into phone)

Pardon me?

O'BRIEN

(into phone)

Junior. Anthony Soprano Junior.  
Soprano Mark 1 died a couple  
years back.

TRUEMAN

(into phone)

That's him. Anyway, your name  
came up as case officer for this  
assault --

O'BRIEN

(into phone)

It got reassigned.



TRUEMAN  
 (into phone)  
 Pardon me?

O'BRIEN  
 (into phone)  
 It got reassigned. I'm no longer  
 case officer --

TRUEMAN  
 (into phone)  
 May I finish?

Firm but polite. Maybe even teasing slightly.

O'Brien shuts her eyes for moment and takes a breath.

O'BRIEN  
 (into phone)  
 Sorry. I'm sorry. Please  
 continue.

TRUEMAN  
 (into phone)  
 Well, like I say, it's just a  
 courtesy call. A car belonging to  
 one of your eyeball wits was  
 found burning out on the  
 expressway. The body inside had a  
 big hole in the side of his head  
 -- looked like it came from a  
 nine-mil. Thought you might want  
 to know.

She flicks through her notebook.

O'BRIEN  
 (into phone)  
 Who?

TRUEMAN  
 (into phone)  
 The body, we're not so sure yet.  
 But the car's registered to Mary  
 Mascagni.

O'BRIEN  
 (into phone)  
 Mascagni. My witness is Peter.

TRUEMAN

(into phone)

That's him. Mary's the mother.

O'BRIEN

(into phone)

The car's registered to him?

TRUEMAN

(into phone)

I know, right? Could he be that stupid? But, you know, that's how we catch 'em, right? At least he had the presence of mind to report it stolen afterwards.

O'BRIEN

(into phone)

Are you leading on this?

TRUEMAN

(into phone)

Nah, the mystery of the burning sucker is staying local, but Mascagni flags on the computer as linked to the DiMeo family, so we get first refusal. Plus, there's some suggestion this was a hijack that crossed state lines, but that's speculation until we find the truck.

(beat)

But we can put two and two together quicker than most. I figured you'd want to know.

O'BRIEN

(into phone)

Well, I figured my four witnesses would start tumbling like bottles of beer on the wall, just maybe not quite so soon.

TRUEMAN

(into phone)

Well, look at it this way: at least if your star witness is in lockup there's no way he can't turn up in court, right? The decision kinda gets taken out of his hands.

O'BRIEN

(into phone)

Yeah, the orange jumpsuit will go over real well with the jury.

Trueman snickers.

O'BRIEN (cont'd.)

(into phone)

Are you looking at Soprano?

TRUEMAN

(into phone)

Not so much. He's keeping his nose clean, far as we can tell.

O'BRIEN

(into phone)

You buy that? He's surrounded by hired thugs, and he presses charges on the Baccala assault? Something's hinky.

TRUEMAN

(into phone)

There's a word I haven't heard since The Fugitive.

(beat)

Let me have a look here.

He fiddles with a bundle of papers.

TRUEMAN (cont'd.)

(into phone)

So, looks like my forebears were all over Soprano Senior. Agent by the name of Harris. Got a pretty good rapport going with the family, by all accounts.

(reads; frowns)

Maybe too good.

O'BRIEN

(into phone)

He still around?

TRUEMAN

(into phone)

Nah. Poor bastard got the big "C" six months after retirement. In

any case, he spent his last ten years or so in Counter-Terrorism. Looks like they literally worked him to death.

O'BRIEN  
(into phone)  
That sucks.

TRUEMAN  
(into phone)  
Yeah it does.  
(to himself)  
Is that what I've got to look forward to?

Silence on the line.

O'BRIEN  
(into phone)  
Thanks for the call, I appreciate it.

TRUEMAN  
(into phone)  
You bet.

O'BRIEN  
(into phone)  
You guys start shaking the tree, you let me know, okay?

TRUEMAN  
(into phone)  
I don't shake anything unless I've got something in reserve. My experience, a bluff shows more than you think it does.

O'BRIEN  
(into phone)  
Well, I disagree.

TRUEMAN  
(into phone)  
You're gonna play a hand when you're holding nothing?

O'BRIEN

(into phone)

I figure, you may never see a court room, but better to see the look in their eye when you brace them, even if that's as good as it gets. Can't let the pricks think no-one's even looking.

TRUEMAN

(into phone)

The forensic psychologist in you think there might be a storm coming?

O'BRIEN

(into phone)

How did you know I'm studying forensic psychology?

TRUEMAN

(into phone)

FBI.

He hangs up.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Back to the warehouse.

ON THE BLOODIED FACE OF WALDEN BELFIORE

His body jerks. We hear REPEATED HARD, DULL IMPACT, accompanied by the LOW GRUNTING of effort.

He can't be long for this world -- if indeed he is still with us. We can't tell.

ON TEDDY LEONARDO

still smacking seven bells out of Walden's inverted, practically lifeless body.

ON THE FOURTH MAN

still smoking, still watching from the shadows near the table where Teddy held court with Raymond and Freddy not so long ago.

The half-light accentuates the deep, narrow hollows in his cheeks.

HE STEPS FORWARDS INTO THE LIGHT

revealing himself to be the man we have come to know as Corey Jimson.

JIMSON

That's enough.

He treads his cigarette underfoot. Teddy obeys almost immediately. THE BAT CLATTERS TO THE FLOOR. Teddy is sweating, panting, appearing almost grateful for the break.

JIMSON

Take the truck and get out of here.

TEDDY

It's a stolen fuckin' truck.  
Let's just torch the whole place.

JIMSON

Torch the building, if you want to. But move the truck first.

TEDDY

Where to?

JIMSON

I'll leave that detail to you. It would be good for you to use your brain to process something other than unfettered rage and bilious hate.

Teddy frowns. Jimson makes for the exit. Teddy unceremoniously CUTS DOWN WALDEN'S BODY and drags it to the mouth of a waiting truck.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ENTRANCE - DAY

Jimson emerges from the warehouse into brilliant sunshine -- our first proper look at his face. He doesn't appear to have ever seen sunlight, and his sinewy, almost gaunt appearance makes it difficult to banish thoughts of a vampire.

He slips on some large sunglasses and places a cigarette between his thin lips, long coat billowing in the breeze as he

scans the surrounding remote industrial estate. He's a pretty cool vampire.

He moves out of shot. After a brief pause, A TRUCK ENGINE FIRES UP, and the stolen truck appears from around the back of the warehouse, Teddy at the wheel. The truck moves off and out of shot, revealing YELLOW LICKS OF FLAME snaking around from the back of the building.

The truck and sedan move in convoy away from the warehouse. The vast majority of the surrounding units are empty -- the place is perfect for nefarious scheming. Plumes of black smoke start to creep into the sky.

The truck and sedan diverge at the mouth of the industrial estate -- the truck heads south on the expressway, while Jimson takes back roads.

ON THE WAREHOUSE

where the fire is starting to consume the building, but also creeping outwards, catching skeletal shrubs and dry brush, which CRACKLE AS THEY IGNITE.

THE FIRE STARTS TO SPREAD ALONG THE GROUND.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Jimson drives through wasteland, chewing something rhythmically, face impassive, eyes concealed by large mirrored aviators.

"Dirty Work" by Steely Dan is faintly audible on the car stereo.

P.O.V. JIMSON -- A LONG, LINGERING LOOK IN THE REAR-VIEW

where the truck is fading to a point on the horizon, the sun catching the bodywork.

We can't read his expression.

EXT. 7-11 PARKING LOT - DAY

Peter and Raymond exit the store, apparently in good spirits.

O'Brien, some way off her patch, pulls into the parking lot in her cruiser.

SHE DRIVES WITH GUSTO

towards Peter and Raymond as they are getting into the car.

RAYMOND

(sotto voce)

What the hell?

O'BRIEN PULLS ACROSS THE FRONT OF THE HYUNDAI

blocking it in. She pulls up just slightly too late --

THERE IS CONTACT

and the attendant CRUNCH AND TINKLE of a fender bender.

There's something quite familiar about this. Both men are startled.

PETER'S HAND FLIES TO HIS HIP --

a poorly concealed 9mm is concealed under the jacket.

RAYMOND

Easy.

O'Brien exits her vehicle, slams the door with some force, and strides over.

RAYMOND

(all smiles)

What can we do for you, officer?  
Lovely day.

SHE'S RIGHT UP IN HIS FACE

-- a true Moltisanti, without even realising it.

O'BRIEN

Murder. Kidnap. Arson. Reckless  
endangerment. Shall I go on?

Raymond steps back -- reacts with mock surprise -- his palm goes to his chest.

RAYMOND

I assumed it would be important,  
officer, or you wouldn't have  
deliberately driven into my car.  
(looking around)



But given that you seem to be on your own and your handcuffs are still on your belt, I guess you don't have anything approaching probable cause.

O'BRIEN

Not yet, maybe. But you'll never know when I might come knocking.

PETER

What's with the hard-on for us, Patrolman?

Peter practically spits the word. He is tense, jittery. Raymond, on the other hand, is Kasparov-cool.

RAYMOND

Now you know I'm well within my rights to say absolutely nothing, but seeing as how the Federal Bureau of Investigation already asked me about this with my attorney present, I see no reason not to repeat it.

PETER

Don't say anything to this bitch, Ray. She's crazy.

Peter has started to move extremely slowly to his right, attempting to flank O'Brien.

O'BRIEN

You get that one on the house. Call me crazy one more time, though, motherfucker, and I'll blow your goddam head off.

Raymond holds up a placating hand towards Peter. Peter stops moving.

RAYMOND

Freddy. It's alright.  
(to O'Brien)

As I told the Feds, my car was stolen. I was with my boss, one Anthony Soprano Junior, all night, till about four in the morning.

O'BRIEN

Doing what?

PETER

None of your goddam --

RAYMOND

(interrupts)

We run a nightclub. They tend to function best at night.

O'BRIEN

You want to kill redneck truck drivers on the highway, that's your lookout. But conspiring with ghouls to kidnap little girls, that's different.

Raymond looks genuinely perplexed, unwittingly giving O'Brien her answer.

RAYMOND

I think I might have to say you've got the wrong guys there, officer.

PETER

(incensed)

I don't mess with no kids. You sicko fuckin' goddam stuck-up bitch.

HIS HAND GOES BACK TO HIS HIP

O'BRIEN IS READY

-- HER PISTOL IS OUT A SECOND BEFORE PETER'S.

O'BRIEN

Drop it, motherfucker! Think I don't know what you're doing?

RAYMOND

(soothing)

Peter, Peter, let's keep our heads.

PETER IS PANTING HARD

rocking back and forth on his toes, like a boxer, gun held off aim, not saying anything.

O'BRIEN

You gonna draw down on a law enforcement officer? If you don't drop that weapon in two seconds, I will shoot you. Drop it, now!

RAYMOND

Peter.

Peter finally sees sense. The nine clatters to the ground. O'Brien keeps hers out. Peter assumes the position with his wrists. O'Brien ignores him, instead using a pen to scoop up his gun through the trigger guard.

She walks back to her vehicle and drops the weapon into an evidence bag.

PETER

(confused)

You're not arresting me?

O'BRIEN

(holding up the gun)

Got what I wanted. Curious to know if the slug we pulled out of the rock behind that burning car came from this weapon.

RAYMOND

You know that will never hold up.

O'BRIEN

I don't give a rat's ass.

She gets into her car.

RAYMOND

(calls)

I'll need to speak to your supervisor for my complaint about you damaging my car.

O'BRIEN

Fill your boots, motherfucker.

She drives off, CRUNCHING OVER THE BROKEN GLASS from the Hyundai's light cluster.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A small, densely packed sports bar. The atmosphere is jovial; the crowd -- mainly young men -- are by turns enraptured by the football game on the TV, the music, and each other.

Jimson sits alone at the bar, nursing a small whisky and fingering a matchbook. Still and quiet, he is incongruent to his surroundings -- in fact, compared with all the colour in the room, he looks even greyer than usual.

BILLY (O.S.)

Here in body if not spirit, huh?

BILLY, 35, appears at Jimson's shoulder. He sports the clothes and hairstyle of a college jock despite approaching his middle thirties. He smiles broadly, an honest and good-natured come-on.

Jimson looks like he is about to tell Billy where to take his come-on, then he smiles broadly and points at the whisky glass.

JIMSON

I've got the spirit.

BILLY

And the body, from where I'm sitting.

Jimson mock-grimaces at the innuendo, and then gestures to the empty bar stool.

BILLY

What is it?

JIMSON

Chivas Regal. You want?

Jimson taps the base of the glass on the bartop to get the bartender's attention, then points at his glass.

JIMSON

Two more, pal.

BILLY

You can tell a lot about a person by the way they address service staff.

Jimson eyes him for a moment.

JIMSON

(calls)

Please!

They both laugh.

JIMSON

So, what do you want to talk about?

BILLY

You know, there was this show once. I forget the name of it, but it was about the survivors of a plane crash on a desert island. You learned about the characters through all these flashbacks, and it turned out that most of the characters had met once before -- in taxis, airport bars, waiting rooms.

(beat)

What I loved about it was how chance encounters with complete strangers can sometimes be so festooned with significance. It can completely change your life. You just never know.

The drinks arrive. Jimson and Billy chink glasses. Jimson notices a wedding ring on Billy's finger. Billy sees him looking.

JIMSON

Festooned??

Billy slaps his thigh and laughs.

BILLY

Sorry, sorry. Creative writing minor. Great word though, huh? My point is, you can call it small talk if you want, but when I ask you what brings you here, I'm genuinely interested -- because I bet I couldn't guess.

JIMSON

There's no such thing as the lonely travelling salesman, huh?

BILLY

Exactly! So -- what brings you here?

JIMSON

(exaggerated; the bar noise fades)

Well, to answer that -- I guess I'd have to go right back to the beginning. My father was beaten to death when I was about ten, you see, and I kinda went off the rails a bit -- as you might expect. My mother tried to talk to me, but when that didn't work, she brought in all these friends of my father to try. Now, you have to understand that they were all wiseguys, and all I heard was "You're the man of the house now, pull yourself together, put this shit behind you." Et-fuckin-cetera.

(pauses, drinks)

So, when I told them to all go fuck themselves, my mother decided I needed tough love. She sent me off to this -- delinquent boot camp, I guess you'd call it. Out in Idaho. Three guys came to the house at four in the morning and dragged me out of bed and into a van. I didn't know anything about it. My mother was screaming "I'm sorry!" in the doorway, and my little sister, Christ alone knows what she must have thought. Never saw either of them again.

Billy's face has drained of colour -- as have ours, as we realise that Corey Jimson is actually the troubled offspring of the late VITO SPATAFORE.

JIMSON

You want me to go on?

Billy swallows -- then bursts out laughing. The BAR NOISE RESUMES ITS AMBIENT LEVEL. Billy laughs uncontrollably at having his chain jerked -- possibly because the alternative is too horrible to comprehend.

BILLY

Oh, that's good. You're so funny.  
That's funny.

(wipes tears from his  
eyes)

You're so deadpan. You should be  
on stage.

Jimson beams broadly.

JIMSON

Your turn.

BILLY gets himself under control. He leans in, his voice half  
a whisper.

BILLY

You bet. I'm very willing to  
share -- just not here.

Jimson stares intently at him. Their faces are inches apart.

JIMSON

Well, I'm no travelling salesman.  
But I do have a motel room.

BILLY

Perfect.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A nondescript, budget motel room. Jimson and Billy fool around  
on the bed, fully clothed. Billy breaks away first.

BILLY

Whoop! Let me come up for air,  
Jacques Cousteau.

Jimson stops and slides back up the bed.

JIMSON

You want a drink?

BILLY

What you got?

JIMSON

Nasty 7-11 scotch.

BILLY

Beautiful. There's nothing more romantic than -- a complete lack of romance.

They both laugh. Jimson pours into two paper cups. Billy stands and comes over to take his drink. He presses up behind Jimson.

BILLY

So, what do you do?

JIMSON

That sounds like pillow talk.

BILLY

I'm serious. This looks like a pretty lonely existence.

Jimson stares.

BILLY

If you'll pardon the insinuation.

Jimson passes Billy his cup, and tops it up with ice chunks from a metal bucket.

JIMSON

I'm an auditor. I visit small- and medium-sized enterprises, check the declared income and the documented expenditure more or less match up, and if they don't -- I enforce sanctions.

He turns so he and Billy are face-on.

BILLY

Doesn't sound like you have a much of a home life.

JIMSON

I haven't had a home life since my own mother had me kidnapped and my father was raped with a pool cue.

Billy swallows. The temperature in the room drops by a couple of degrees.



BILLY

Were -- were you being serious?

Jimson slowly, gently, places a palm flat on Billy's left breast.

JIMSON

Hand on heart.

Billy takes a moment. It isn't clear whether he is sizing up his options to make his exit, or whether he's decided he can be the salvation of this poor unfortunate creature.

BILLY

Give me one second, baby.

He absents himself to the bathroom, leaving Jimson staring at his reflection and swirling the liquid in his paper cup.

He waits patiently, then knocks back the drink and flings the cup.

He picks up the ice bucket and walks to the bathroom. He taps gently on the door, pushes it slowly open.

Billy stands in front of the sink, now just wearing a pair of black underpants. Looks like he's made his decision. He's in good shape. He smiles tenderly at Jimson's reflection.

BILLY

Patience is a virtue, young man.

JIMSON

I couldn't wait.

He quietly closes the door behind him. It clicks shut.

BILLY

(nodding towards the ice  
bucket)

Something kinky in mind?

Jimson just smiles, placing the bucket on the vanity counter. Billy turns and ambles slowly over to Jimson -- not teasingly; there's a look of serious intensity on his face.

He slides two hands up Jimson's chest and locks his arms his around his neck. Jimson reciprocates with one hand.

BILLY

(sighs)

You know, I --

Turns out the hand behind Billy's neck is for purchase rather than intimacy.

IN A SWIFT MOVEMENT

Jimson digs a hand into the bucket next to him and CRUNCHES A HANDFUL OF ICE CUBES INTO BILLY'S FACE with sufficient force for the ice to have the same destructive properties as shards of glass.

BLOOD EXPLODES

from BILLY'S mouth and nose. He screams and his hands fly to his face.

Jimson drives him backwards until Billy is wedged in the corner of the tiny bathroom.

ON JIMSON'S FACE -- CONTORTED

in a hateful grimace as he continues to drive his fistful of ice into Billy's face.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The other side of the closed bathroom door.

SLOW DOLLY BACKWARDS

towards the motel room door, as if tiptoeing away from this horrific scene -- all the while soundtracked by the MUFFLED SOUNDS OF PAIN, FEAR, GRUNTS OF EXERTION -- AND THE REPEATED THUDS OF BILLY BEING BEATEN TO DEATH.

INT. CRUISER - NIGHT

O'Brien is back on her patch, patrolling TriBeCa solo. She drives one-handed, her other hand pushed to her mouth.

She is deep in thought -- possibly pensive in anticipation of her sergeant calling her up to discuss the damage to one of the fleet. The indiscernible chatter of radio transmissions creates a kind of ambient equilibrium.

Almost as if in response to something that occurs to her, she flicks down the sun visor to take a quick look at a Polaroid of her husband and young son.

DISPATCHER

(garbled)

1-Lincoln-12, please attend Isabella's nightclub, see the caller. Reports of some kind of assault, possible crime scene.

O'BRIEN

(to herself)

Again?

(picking up receiver)

That's a roger, Control. Show me enroute. I need a loyalty card for that place.

DISPATCHER

Understood, 1-Lincoln-12.

(beat)

Stay safe.

O'Brien frowns at the receiver as she replaces it. She hits the light bar and races through the city, SIRENS ECHOING in the metropolitan canyons.

EXT. "ISABELLA'S" NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The exterior of the nightclub is dark and deserted. O'Brien cruiser pulls up and parks at forty-five degrees to the kerb, nose in.

She gets out and frowns. Checks her watch. It's still comparatively early for a nightclub, but she'd expect to see some signs of life.

O'BRIEN

(into lapel mic)

Control, show me on scene. All quiet here. Who's the caller?

DISPATCHER

Roger, ##CALLSIGN##. Incident log shows a Mr. Anthony Soprano.

O'BRIEN

(into lapel mic)

Roger. Stand by for sitrep.

P.O.V. O'BRIEN

approaching the front of the nightclub. The main door is ajar, with nothing visible beyond it but black.

BACK TO

O'Brien, clearly uncomfortable, edges forward. She pulls at the door. It yawns open, inviting her inside like some caricature Hammer horror movie.

She draws her sidearm and positions it off aim.

O'BRIEN  
 (into lapel mic)  
 Control, can you get back onto  
 the caller and tell him to make  
 himself known. And send me some  
 backup. This feels like an  
 ambush.

The DISPATCHER ANSWERS in the indiscernible affirmative.

Safety blanket in place, O'Brien goes forwards with slightly less reticence.

INT. "ISABELLA'S" NIGHTCLUB/LOBBY - NIGHT

O'BRIEN  
 (calls)  
 Hello? Someone call the cops? Mr.  
 Soprano?

P.O.V. O'BRIEN

as her eyes slowly adjust to the gloom. There is dim functional lighting dotted about the place -- fire exits, corridor floor strips, wall picture spots, that kind of thing.

BACK TO

O'Brien climbs three or four steps to a small landing that serves as a sort of foyer outside the club proper.

There is a coat check booth to the left and a corridor leading to toilets on the right.

There is another set of double doors, leading into the main auditorium.

P.O.V. O'BRIEN

zeroing in on the glow coming from this room.

BACK TO

O'Brien moves into the room.

INT. "ISABELLA'S" NIGHTCLUB/AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

O'BRIEN

(nervous now)

Police! Make yourself known!

She performs a perfunctory clearing of the immediate left and right with the sidearm as she enters.

ON O'BRIEN -- SHE FIXES ON THE SOURCE OF THE GLOW

and her peripheral awareness fades slightly.

P.O.V. O'BRIEN -- WIDE -- THERE IS SOMETHING UP AHEAD --

on the stage ahead of her, bathed in a wash from purposefully positioned spotlights.

BACK TO

O'Brien, in the half light, from a distance of about fifty feet, hasn't quite worked out what she is looking at -- other than the light, it could be anything.

She blinks, edges forwards, sidearm shaking slightly.

O'BRIEN

(shaky)

Hello?

P.O.V. O'BRIEN -- CLOSING IN ON THE THING -- IT'S A BODY

suspended from scaffolding high in the ceiling, with wires attached to its neck, ankles and wrists, causing it to dangle grotesquely.

BACK TO

the gap closing -- O'Brien realises what she is looking at.

ON O'BRIEN -- HER FACE CONTORTS IN HORROR

O'BRIEN  
Oh -- my fuckin' God.

She holsters the sidearm -- rushes forwards -- scrambles onto the stage.

P.O.V. O'BRIEN -- REGARDING THE MUTILATED BODY

of Corey Jimson's erstwhile one-night stand, Billy Becker.

The face is a mangled mess of tissue and bone, the skin pulled back to reveal a skeletal grin.

The clothing on the front of the body is saturated in blood -- particularly at the crotch.

ON O'BRIEN -- BREATHING RAPIDLY

unsure of what to do. She steps forwards on autopilot, hands out, as if to check for a pulse -- then realises this is pointless.

She then obviously realises she is something of a sitting duck in a huge, otherwise pitch black room, draws her weapon again and starts wildly into the darkness.

She rolls off the stage and into the relative safety of the shadows.

O'BRIEN  
(panting, into lapel mic)  
Control, 1-Lincoln-12. Confirmed  
crime scene. Get me a medic and a  
detective here now. And put out  
an APB on Anthony Soprano.

CLOSE-UP ON O'BRIEN'S - UNABLE TO TEAR HER EYES AWAY FROM THE BODY.

SIRENS in the distance.

INT. "ISABELLA'S" NIGHTCLUB/AUDITORIUM - NIGHT - LATER

Sometime later.

The late Billy Becker is still in situ, but the reassuring vestiges of a crime scene under control are present -- CSI photo flash, scene markers, detectives and medics milling about.

Special Agent Connor Trueman has also appeared. He stands near Becker's body, talking to O'Brien.

He looks a little green around the gills, whereas O'Brien seems to have regained some of her stoicism.

TRUEMAN

Who's the guy?

O'BRIEN

No ident, yet. There's nothing on the body, but he matches the description of one William Becker, thirty-six. Reported missing this morning by his wife -- he went out drinking and didn't come home.

TRUEMAN

That shit don't match nothing.

O'BRIEN

As well as the facial mutilation, there's major trauma to the genitalia and rectum.

TRUEMAN

Sex motive?

O'BRIEN

You tell me.

TRUEMAN

How are you retracing his movements? Card transactions?

O'BRIEN

That and trying to spot him on CCTV. He took out a chunk of cash late afternoon yesterday. That's unusual, according to his wife -- everything normally goes on the credit card.

TRUEMAN

Meaning he's got something on the side?

O'BRIEN

Or he was planning on eloping.  
Your guess is as good as mine.

(checking notebook)

Coroner put the time of death  
sometime around the early hours.  
I found him here at shortly after  
nineteen-hundred hours. That  
gives a window of about seventeen  
hours for him to get dead, get  
butchered and be put on display  
here.

TRUEMAN

Wife gonna do the ID?

O'BRIEN

She'll have to. Christ knows how.  
We can't show her this.

TRUEMAN

You got units out looking to lift  
Soprano?

O'BRIEN

(stares at him)

You think Soprano did this?

TRUEMAN

He made the call, didn't he?

O'BRIEN

No, the caller gave the name  
"Anthony Soprano." You think  
Soprano is going to butcher a  
man, cut up his face, string him  
up in his own club and then call  
us?

TRUEMAN

We'll make a Fed out of you yet.

Trueman half-smiles, then touches the back of his hand lightly  
to his mouth to suppress a gag.

O'BRIEN

The FBI gonna weigh in on this?

(off Trueman scoffing  
lightly)

So, what brings you down here?



He stares at her for a moment -- isn't it obvious?

TRUEMAN

Professional curiosity, mainly.  
 Wiseguys will pop you in public  
 if it sends a message or is  
 logistically convenient, but this  
 --

O'BRIEN

(quiet)  
 This was a ritual.

TRUEMAN

(impressed)  
 You know, I have a theory. Any  
 time a crew wants to take out a  
 rival, they pay some kid called  
 Mohammed to drive a rental into a  
 bus stop off Times Square. Then  
 when Johnny Pianissimo or  
 whoever, in solitary in Attica,  
 finally yells "Okay, I give up, I  
 can give you the whole family!"  
 the DA's office yells back "Who  
 cares?"

O'BRIEN

That's pretty cynical.  
 (beat)  
 Are you going to speak to  
 Soprano?

TRUEMAN

Like I said, it's not my case.

O'BRIEN

(indicates body)  
 And if this guy is the first of  
 many?

Trueman sighs heavily. O'Brien finally turns to face him.

O'BRIEN

Look. I think we need to consider  
 that there is a threat to  
 Soprano's life. He's trying to  
 run a legit business, but he's  
 surrounded by illegitimate button  
 men who want the run scams on the  
 (MORE)

side. They're stupid and greedy,  
and they kill people in cars  
registered in their own names,  
but this? This is something else.

(beat)

There is a shit flow of dirty  
money wanting to get put through  
that club, and Soprano is the  
bung backing up the pipe.

TRUEMAN

Nice analogy.

O'BRIEN

Just talk to him, okay?

She nearly adds "for me."

O'BRIEN (cont'd.)

Shake the tree, huh? He's giving  
the DiMeos a bad name. If his  
name started with an "O" instead  
of ending with one, he'd already  
be dead.

Trueman looks to the cavernous ceiling, fists on hips,  
capitulating silently without even realising it.

TRUEMAN

(off body)

This is some fucked up Hannibal  
Lecter shit.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Anthony walks to his car from a grocery store, eating an  
apple, a brown paper bag of groceries under his arm.

A brown sedan -- clearly government issue -- draws slowly  
alongside him. Trueman is at the wheel. We can practically see  
the promise of a naked O'Brien swimming in his imagination.

TRUEMAN

(calls)

Mr. Soprano?

Anthony turns to see Trueman flipping his ID open.

TRUEMAN (cont'd.)

Got five minutes?

Anthony doesn't change pace. He continues munching his apple.

ANTHONY  
I'm a legitimate businessman.

TRUEMAN  
I know. That's why I'm here.

Anthony mulls this over, slows as he does so.

TRUEMAN  
Get in.

Anthony obeys -- casual.

ANTHONY  
(full of bluster)  
Look, my old man got hassle from  
Fed kerb crawlers every other  
Sunday. It goes back generations  
--

TRUEMAN  
When was the last time you were  
at Isabella's?

ANTHONY  
(swallows)  
Yesterday. What --

TRUEMAN  
You know the name Billy Becker?

ANTHONY  
Should I?

Trueman turns off the road and drives into a quiet residential estate, all fountains and lush lawns.

He stops the car and kills the gas. Then starts arranging crime scene photos on the dash.

TRUEMAN  
When was the last time you were  
at Isabella's?

ANTHONY  
(trying not to look at the  
pictures)  
Yesterday.

TRUEMAN

Go ahead, take a look.

(off Anthony stifling a  
gag)

This poor soul went missing while  
out drinking in a gay bar. We're  
theorising that the killer picked  
him up, had sex with him --  
consensual or otherwise -- then  
beat him to death and violated  
his genitalia.

ANTHONY

Jesus.

TRUEMAN

Then he sliced open his face and  
carefully strung him up in the  
middle of your nightclub. Then he  
called the cops to tell them  
about it.

ANTHONY

(blathering)

How do you know he called the  
cops? I mean, how do you know it  
was the killer that called?

TRUEMAN

Well, that part's just a theory  
at present, but -- he gave your  
name.

Anthony looks quite pale. His eyes flit across the pictures  
while his mind races.

ANTHONY

"We."

TRUEMAN

Huh?

ANTHONY

You said "we." Are the FBI  
investigating this?

TRUEMAN

That's the royal "we." Although,  
besides the obvious, this has all  
the signs of a serial killer.

ANTHONY

Jesus Christ.

TRUEMAN

Mr. Soprano, your daughter was kidnapped. Your henchmen -- for want of a better word -- are turning your business interests into a grubby little racketeering operation -- whether you like it or not.

Anthony breathes heavily through his nose.

TRUEMAN (cont'd.)

And now some jack-in-the-box wants to cut up retired jocks and deposit them on your dancefloor.

(beat)

Mr. Soprano -- words of one syllable -- your life is at risk.

ANTHONY

And what exactly do you suggest I do about it?

Trueman smiles -- I thought you'd never ask.

ANTHONY

You want me to rat? I've got nothing to tell you! I run a legit --

TRUEMAN

...a legitimate business, I know.

ANTHONY

You don't believe me?

TRUEMAN

I think you'd be surprised about what you know that could help. If you really dug deep.

ANTHONY

(scoffs)

Like what?

TRUEMAN

Start by giving us the two clowns who are ripping you off by stocking your club full of hot gear.

Anthony looks genuinely surprised.

TRUEMAN

Mr. Soprano, with all due respect, wake the fuck up. They'll steal anything that moves, and they don't give two shits about the body count. They shot a truckie and set him on fire out on the expressway -- they sure as shit ain't gonna piss on you if you catch fire.

He leans across Anthony and flings the passenger door open. Change of tack.

TRUEMAN

Get the fuck out. Call me when you've grown up.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

A nonplussed Anthony stands in the road while an impatient Trueman screeches off in the car.

INT. ANTHONY'S FORD RANGER - DAY - TRAVELLING

Anthony heads out on the expressway, deep in thought. There is no sound besides the RUMBLE OF TYRES on tarmac and the INDISCERNIBLE BACKGROUND CHATTER of the radio.

EXT. SOPRANO RESIDENCE - DAY

Anthony pulls up on the drive and cuts the engine. He gets out and walks to the front door.

INT. SOPRANO RESIDENCE/HALLWAY - DAY

Anthony walks in. He is about to perform his usual routine -- keys clattering into the bowl, calling hello -- but he

suddenly and noticeably stops himself, instead padding through the house into the study.

The sound of Deanna's voice -- accompanied by TWO OR THREE OTHER FEMALE VOICES -- is audible from the kitchen. Anthony gingerly sticks his head out to see if he's been noticed -- when it seems he is safe, he resumes his quiet time.

He looks over the array of photographs on the walls, sideboards and bookshelves. Himself, Deanna, the two children. Some of people who would appear to be part of Deanna's wider family.

There are a couple of MEADOW, Anthony's older sister, but otherwise his family side is unrepresented in this gallery. His father is certainly nowhere to be seen.

A flash frame of Billy Becker's mutilated body suddenly presents itself to Anthony, and his breath starts to hitch in his chest.

Anthony clutches the back of his neck with his hands, elbows forming a pair of curtains in front of his eyes, and tries to get his breathing under control.

From initially being an indiscernible murmur, the clucking voices of the women in the kitchen become GRADUALLY LOUDER AND LOUDER.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)

Look at these flutes, Deanna. You know how much these are?

DEANNA (O.S.)

They were on special in Macy's.

WOMAN #2 (O.S.)

Bullshit.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)

Business must be good.

RAUCOUS LAUGHTER. Possibly wine is involved.

WOMAN #2 (O.S.)

That's when you need to start thinking about that rainy day.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)

Make hay while the sun shines.

DEANNA (O.S.)  
 You two. What is this, analogy  
 tennis?

More laughter.

CLOSE-UP on Anthony's face. We're not sure if he's listening  
 or not.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)  
 Sorry.

WOMAN #2 (O.S.)  
 Seriously, you need to start  
 putting something away while  
 things are good.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)  
 How are things between you and  
 Anthony?

Pregnant pause -- then Deanna makes light.

DEANNA (O.S.)  
 Great. Things are good.  
 (conspiratorial whisper)  
 You know last Tuesday? When you  
 called?

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)  
 You cancelled our badminton game.

DEANNA (O.S.)  
 He came home early --

SILENCE -- then MORE LAUGHTER.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)  
 Afternoon delight, huh?

WOMAN #2 (O.S.)  
And a booty call.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)  
 Honey -- if you're still  
 springing for afternoon delight  
 after eight years of marriage,  
 then -- well, sell me the  
 formula.



DEANNA (O.S.)

I can't deny things are pretty good right now.

(beat)

At least, they were.

SLOW ZOOM IN ON ANTHONY -- FACE-ON TO THE CAMERA -- OVER THE COURSE OF THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE

He rubs his temples with his index fingers. His eyes get wider as the women talk.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)

How's Heidi doing, Deanna?

DEANNA (O.S.)

She's doing okay, I think. She knows she was scared, but, really, she's too young to know what was going on.

WOMAN #2 (O.S.)

That poor child.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)

What do the cops say?

DEANNA (O.S.)

You know, they're looking into it.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)

(pshaws)

Please. Trump'll be re-elected before you hear back from them.

WOMAN #2 (O.S.)

The trouble with the cops is, you wait around forever and a day for them to do something. You don't hear a thing for months, but they expect you to sit around and do nothing.

DEANNA (O.S.)

We're not doing nothing --

WOMAN #2 (O.S.)

Then if -- if -- you get to a courtroom with the motherfucker

(MORE)

that kidnapped your daughter, you sit at the back while everyone talks about you.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)  
Like a cancer patient.

DEANNA (O.S.)  
Like a what?

WOMAN #2 (O.S.)  
The point is, you need to look after yourself. You need to protect your family. A man needs to protect his family.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)  
You have to help yourself. Something like this, you just leave it all to some pot-bellied narc who doesn't give a fuck about you? Your daughter was kidnapped.

DEANNA (O.S.)  
(slightly defensive)  
Anthony's a good man.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)  
Oh, honey, he is.

WOMAN #2 (O.S.)  
No-one's saying he isn't.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)  
God knows he deserves a medal for trying to turn the Soprano name into something you could publish somewhere other than the Metro crime pages.

WOMAN #2 (O.S.)  
He's got a great business mind.

WOMAN #2 (O.S.)  
He's done so much for the city.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)  
But, Deanna -- honey -- being legitimate doesn't mean  
(MORE)

entrusting the security of your family to someone who'd rather see you behind bars.

WOMAN #2 (O.S.)

(tentative)

I mean, you think his father would have stood for something like this --

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)

What would he have done in this situation?

EXTREME CLOSE-UP ON ANTHONY - CAMERA STOPS MOVING

HIS PALE, WIDE-EYED FACE FILLS THE FRAME

INT. SOPRANO RESIDENCE/KITCHEN - DAY

OFF DEANNA

as she ponders the question -- her friends just visible at the edges of the frame.

DEANNA

(quietly)

I don't know.

There is a shuffling noise from outside the kitchen. Anthony appears in the doorway -- his expression is wan.

All three women turn to stare at him.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

A dingy studio apartment in the city that looks more like a warehouse, crammed as it is with piles of contraband.

Peter and Raymond sit at a card table in the centre of the main living area, surrounded by boxes of lottery scratchcards.

They SCRATCH FRANTICALLY.

PETER

Anything?

RAYMOND

Twenty bucks so far.

PETER

Christ! I figured we'd be millionaires after the first box.

RAYMOND

We know who the real criminals are.

PETER

Jesus, I think I wore down my dime down. Give me another.

RAYMOND

Fuck yourself. I only got one.

There is a MUFFLED, ANGRY BANGING from the front door. Peter and Raymond look up, startled.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

FBI! Search warrant!

Raymond and Peter just about have time to stand up -

A FULLY-STOCKED FBI TACTICAL TEAM BURSTS IN

Ad-lib appropriate warnings.

TEAM LEADER

FBI -- don't move you motherfuckers!

Etc.

After the tactical team secure the apartment and handcuff Peter and Raymond, Trueman strolls in, regarding the piles of contraband with a vaguely smug expression.

Raymond looks indignant.

RAYMOND

Jesus Christ, what now?

TRUEMAN

Interstate robbery, arson, murder  
--

RAYMOND

Murder?

TRUEMAN

A poor dead truck driver.

PETER

Are you fuckin' retarded? I already told you my car was stolen.

Trueman's smile doesn't falter.

TRUEMAN

Yeah, but your alibi doesn't stack up.

PETER

Are you kidding? You don't think the name Anthony Soprano counts for anything?

RAYMOND

Pete, keep your fuckin' mouth shut.

(to Trueman)

Can't you Miranda him or something? Jeez, get him a lawyer?

Trueman keeps smiling. The cuffs ratchet home.

PETER

Since when do you care about some dead yokel and a torched Datsun anyway?

TRUEMAN

Since I put a nice red bow around the whole lot and called it "Racketeering."

The tac team start to frogmarch their prisoners out.

TRUEMAN

You ever wonder what stops the proceeds of your moronic enterprise ever ending up in the pocket of some homespun *jihadi* who wants flying lessons but not landing lessons?

That shuts both of them up. They are paraded silently out.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

The corridor of a drab, depressing New Jersey municipal courthouse. Bobby Baccalieri sits in one of a row of hard red plastic seats, bolted to the floor.

He is sat forward in his seat, head practically between his knees, site hard hat still clutched in his hands -- he looks like he's come straight from his lunch break.

A thin, ratty man in a too-big suit with a massive briefcase and ridiculous tie wanders over from a side office. This is PAUL KNEPP, 52, public defender. He speaks with a nasal, bored voice.

KNEPP

Mr. Baccalieri?

Bobby looks up expectantly.

KNEPP

(offers limp handshake)

My name is Paul Knepp. I'm the public defender.

BOBBY

Every time, a new guy.

KNEPP

I'm afraid you've had a wasted trip, sir.

BOBBY

What do you mean? They adjourned it again?

KNEPP

No, I mean the plaintiff withdrew his complaint. No case to answer.

BOBBY

What? Who, Soprano?

KNEPP

Mr. Soprano dropped the charges, Mr. Baccalieri. You're free to go.

BOBBY

I don't understand.

KNEPP

I'm quite sure I don't either.  
From what I've seen there's a  
prima facie case for public  
disorder, even without a willing  
complainant. But I don't look a  
gift horse in the mouth, and nor  
should you. I guess the  
prosecutor's office felt it  
didn't have the legs, public  
interest-wise.

(beat)

Have a good journey home, Mr.  
Baccalieri.

Knepp turns and shuffles off. Bobby stands and watches him go,  
question forming and dying on his lips.

He stands in the middle of the corridor. His expression goes  
from frowning puzzlement to relief to abject and sudden open-  
mouthed horror as he imagines the worst-case scenario for him  
in terms of fallout from this development.

He turns and rushes out of the building.

INT. ANTHONY'S FORD RANGER - DAY - TRAVELLING

Anthony drives out on the expressway. His CELL RINGS.

ANTHONY

(into phone)

Anthony Soprano.

O'BRIEN (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

Mr. Soprano? It's Officer  
O'Brien.

ANTHONY

(into phone)

Hey, Officer O'Brien. What can I  
do for you?

O'BRIEN (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

Everything okay?

ANTHONY

(into phone)

Well, I've been better, if I'm being totally honest. I've done everything you people have asked of me, and somehow I feel less safe than I did before.

O'BRIEN (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

Are you in the car?

ANTHONY

(into phone)

I'm driving, yes.

O'BRIEN (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

Going anywhere nice?

(beat)

You alone?

ANTHONY

(into phone)

What do you want, Officer?

O'BRIEN (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

I need you to look at something.

When will you be back?

ANTHONY

(into phone)

I don't know. What, I should have told you before leaving town? Doesn't that just apply to suspects?

O'BRIEN (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

You're leaving town?

ANTHONY

(into phone)

Never mind. What is it you need me to look at?

O'BRIEN (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

We got an ID on the body in

(MORE)



Isabella's. Traced his movements back to a bar in Borgata, just outside AC. I wanted to show you the CCTV stills of the guy he was with.

ANTHONY

(into phone)

Who -- who is he?

O'BRIEN (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

It's better if I don't say. Easier if he stays a body.

ANTHONY

(into phone)

Easier for who?

O'BRIEN (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

It'll be in the papers in a day or so. I could maybe send it to your phone?

Anthony doesn't answer.

O'BRIEN (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

Anthony? You there?

ANTHONY

(into phone; frowns)

Yes, I'm here.

HIS PHONE TRILLS. He pulls off the road onto the hard shoulder, peers at a photoboard of different CCTV stills.

ANTHONY

(into phone)

What the hell is this? A game of Tetris?

O'BRIEN (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

The image in question is secreted among eight others. So as not to compromise any later identification in court.

ANTHONY

(into phone)

Well, I'll look forward to that.

I sure as shit can't just --

His roving eyes scan the image repeatedly -- then he zeroes in on a grainy image of the back of a blond head sitting at a bar.

Opposite him, seemingly grey against the colours of the photo, is Corey Jimson.

Anthony swallows.

O'BRIEN (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

Mr. Soprano? Anthony? Anything?

ANTHONY

(into phone)

Holy Mary, Mother of God.

O'BRIEN (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

Are you --

Anthony puts the Ranger into gear and gets back onto the road.

ANTHONY

(into phone)

Fuck this shit.

O'BRIEN (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

Anthony, did you recognise anybody?

ANTHONY

(into phone)

Yes, I goddam did!

O'BRIEN (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

Mr. Soprano --

ANTHONY

(into phone)

You know it's funny -- we berate the cops for not investigating our complaints fast enough, then

(MORE)

when they get somewhere, we feel used. I swear to God, if you people have put my family in more danger --

O'BRIEN (V.O.)  
 (over phone, filtered)  
 I really don't see how that's necessary --

ANTHONY  
 (into phone)  
 Officer O'Brien, let me ask you something.

A moment's silence.

O'BRIEN (V.O.)  
 (over phone, filtered)  
 Okay.

ANTHONY  
 (into phone)  
 You know the only difference between you and me?

O'BRIEN (V.O.)  
 (over phone, filtered)  
 What?

ANTHONY  
 (into phone)  
 You changed your name.

He hangs up.

EXT. NEW JERSEY EXPRESSWAY - DAY

The Ranger pulls away into the distance.

EXT. SEABREEZE RETIREMENT COMMUNITY - DAY

Anthony pulls up outside a vast retirement complex that vaguely resembles Hogwart's, somehow managing to combine a modern design and immaculate landscaped shrubbery with vaguely Gothic overtones.

Anthony pulls up outside, and gets out. He looks up at the building with palpable trepidation.

INT. SEABREEZE RETIREMENT COMMUNITY/CORRIDOR - DAY

Anthony pads along the silent, empty, seemingly infinite network of corridors. There doesn't seem to be a soul about.

He wipes sweaty palms on his thighs, then realises he is empty-handed.

ANTHONY

Shit. I didn't bring anything.

He continues moving along the corridor, drawn somehow to the edges, practically shuffling along the walls.

INT. SEABREEZE RETIREMENT COMMUNITY/BEDROOM - DAY

The interior of a disproportionately large bedroom. If a nursing home could have a penthouse, this would be it.

ON THE SOLE OCCUPANT - THE BACK OF HER HEAD FILLS THE FOREGROUND OF THE SHOT

so all we can see is the back of a shock of thick, grey, shoulder-length hair -- in a style that doesn't appear to have changed in twenty-five years.

This is CARMELA SOPRANO. She sits perfectly still and silent. We can't quite tell if she is breathing or not.

The bedroom door is visible in the background. There is a MUFFLED KNOCK.

She doesn't answer. The door creaks slowly open.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP ON ANTHONY - HIS EYES WIDEN

as he edges in, his face partially obscured by the door.

ANTHONY

(voice strained with fear  
and anxiety)

Mom??

FADE OUT.

THE END