

Sex and the SOPRANOS  
"Underworlds Collide"

by  
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INT.TRENDY MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE BAR - AFTERNOON.

TONY SOPRANO and his crew: CHRISTOPHER, SILVIO and PAULIE are standing around a tall cocktail table, surrounded by well-dressed, Happy-Hour Manhattanites.

PAULIE

What's with these New York joints, no freakin' chairs.

SILVIO

It keeps people movin', keeps 'em drinkin'. It's smart.

PAULIE

Fuck smart. My feet are killing me. These are new shoes.

Christopher looks down at Paulie's somewhat dainty Italian tassel loafers.

CHRISTOPHER

Always with the tassles--

PAULIE

Hey, don't start with me about that.

TONY

Knock it off, the both of you.

Tony cases the joint, looking anxious, as always.

TONY (cont'd)

I don't like this.

PAULIE

Yeah, no chairs--

TONY

It's not the chairs, it's it's this--

Tony vaguely waves his arm, indicating the entire room.

CHRISTOPHER

Seriously, T, just lighten up and have a drink. How often do we all get to come into The City together?

TONY

Since when does Johnny Sack call a sit-down and we're the ones gotta do the driving?

(CONTINUED)

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SILVIO

In all fairness, he's made the past couple a trips in our direction.

TONY

Fuck fair.

Christopher scans the crowd and sees three hot women walk into the bar and encircle a cocktail table several feet away.

CHRISTOPHER

(nodding toward the girls)

I might have ta fuck something. Marone'

Tony, Sil and Paulie look across the bar at the three women and we see:

CARRIE BRADSHAW and her friends CHARLOTTE and SAMANTHA. And suddenly, we're in THEIR world.

CARRIE

All drinks are on me tonight ladies.

CHARLOTTE

What's the occasion?

SAMANTHA

Who cares?

Samantha waves her practiced hand in the air.

SAMANTHA (cont'd)

Oh waiter, break out your big glasses.

A hot, obviously gay, WAITER (25) approaches and takes their order as Carrie slips into one of her voice-over reveries.

CARRIE (VO)

Ahhh, that happiest of hours; Happy Hour. And no one is happier than a published author who has just received the biggest royalty check she's ever seen. Yes, things are looking up.

The waiter moves off to fill the order.

CHARLOTTE

So what's the good news?

CARRIE

Let's just say, I won't have to worry about my credit card bills any more--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLOTTE

You're getting married !?!?!?

Samantha rolls her eyes.

SAMANTHA

There are other quick ways to, ahem, blow off a debt. So spill.

CARRIE

Your friend, the humble and hard-working Carrie Bradshaw, just received a royalty check for...

Carrie leans in conspiratorially.

CARRIE (cont'd)

twenty-nine THOUSAND dollars.

Charlotte and Samantha ERUPT in cheers and shrieked congratulations.

Their noise gets noticed by the Soprano crew.

SILVIO

What the fuck?

PAULIE

What are they so happy about?

CHRISTOPHER

Who the fuck knows? Maybe they just realized that I'm here.

Christopher keeps staring over at the girls. He makes SUSTAINED EYE CONTACT with Charlotte.

TONY

Hey...HEY!

CHRISTOPHER

What? What?

TONY

Don't let your eye start wanderin' because when it does, your mind follows.

PAULIE

Yeah, so does his dick, heh heh

Paulie pulls out a cigar and proceeds to light it as Tony leans in and glowers at Christopher.

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CONTINUED: (3)

TONY

We gotta be alert. We don't know where the fuck we are here, or who might be around.

Paulie lets out a big blast of cigar smoke just as the same waiter is passing with a tray full of the girls' drinks.

WAITER

Sir? I'm sorry, but, this is a non-smoking establishment.

PAULIE

Don't be sorry, just buzz off.

WAITER

Sir. If you must smoke, you'll have to do it out on the roof deck.

The waiter nods his head toward the roof deck. Paulie puffs out his chest.

PAULIE

Listen pal, no one tells me where--

The waiter rolls his eyes and pats Paulie's shoulder.

WAITER

Oh please, Mary. Just take it outside, before I have to get rough with you.

With a wave of his free hand the waiter dismisses Paulie's threat and walks off.

PAULIE

Mary? Believe 'dis guy? What the fuck?

Christopher, still making eye contact with Charlotte, watches the waiter delivering the ladies' drinks. Charlotte is flirting back, big time.

CHRISTOPHER

(to Paulie) Just take it outside. It smells like a goat fart anyway.

PAULIE

Oh yeah?

TONY

You two knock it off. Paulie, put it out.

PAULIE

Tony, this thing cost me thirty bucks--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SILVIO

I suggest you take it outside. I fear we're drawing unnecessary attention to ourselves over this... issue.

TONY

No. I don't want us splitting up--

But Paulie has already stalked off toward the roofdeck. His shoes obviously causing him some pain.

TONY (cont'd)

The fuck??--

SILVIO

He'll stay sharp Tony--

Silvio nods toward Christopher, who has locked eyes with Charlotte.

SILVIO (cont'd)

--but THIS one.

Tony notices that Christopher is digging on Charlotte.

TONY

Hey, Rome-freakin-o, what did I tell you?

Tony cuffs Christopher in the back of the head.

CHRISTOPHER

Hey !

Back at the GIRLS table, Carrie and Samantha have been needling Charlotte for her staring too.

SAMANTHA

(referring to Christopher) --but why is he here with those old men? Can't you stare at someone with cute friends?

CHARLOTTE

That must be his father. I bet they're in some family business together. That's always nice.

Carrie leers suggestively at Charlotte, as the waiter finally delivers the drinks.

CARRIE

And that biiiig nose of his... always a promising sign.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CHARLOTTE

Eeeew...(pause) ...Hmmm, do you really think so--

SAMANTHA

That's just a myth. Nose size does not determine cock size.

CARRIE

And you know she's got the statistical data to back her up.

Charlotte continues her blatant eye-games with Christopher. Samantha notices this and winks at Carrie.

SAMANTHA

If I didn't know better, I would swear our Charlotte is 'on the hunt'

CARRIE

Yeah. What did you order sweetie? A pheromone martini?

Charlotte shakes her head at Carrie without breaking eye contact with Christopher. She covers her mouth to speak.

CHARLOTTE

He just looks like...you know...

CARRIE

What?

CHARLOTTE

Like he knows what he wants. All I'm meeting these days are 'nice' New York guys who can't...who won't...

Samantha's grin widens.

SAMANTHA

I'm with you honey. What is with this plague of sensitive guys lately? What's the point in having a cock if you're afraid to use it?

CARRIE

Well now!

SAMANTHA

Sometimes a girl just wants to get bent over by a guy who knows what he's doing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

CARRIE

I can never remember who said that...  
Was it Betty Friedan, or Anais Nin?

SAMANTHA

It was me.

CHARLOTTE

I'm not saying I want to be 'bent  
over'...necessarily--

Samantha grows oddly quiet, nods toward Tony and leans in.

SAMANTHA

I swear I've seen him somewhere before.

CARRIE

Yeah, me too. Like in a commercial for  
sausage or something.

Charlotte is still in constant eye contact with Christopher. All three girls watch as he backs away from the table and heads toward the bar, alone. Charlotte squirms a little in her seat.

SAMANTHA

That is one nice suit he's wearing.

Christopher gets an elbow on the crowded bar and then turns around to look at Charlotte, who is already getting up.

CHARLOTTE

I think I'll um, go to, I--

CARRIE

Go! Just go! Before one of these models-  
slash-yoga instructors scoops him up.

Charlotte is gone. Samantha and Carrie 'clink' glasses.

SAMANTHA

Here's to happy hour.

Meanwhile over at the other table, it's just Tony and Silvio.

TONY

I don't like this Sil.

SILVIO

Tony, if I may, perhaps Christopher has a  
point. I've been scanning the place since  
we got here. This doesn't strike me as a  
crowd we gotta worry so much about--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

The two of them look around at the fresh-faced and on-the-make stockbrokers, model-wannabe's and swishy fashion editors, who are far toooo drunk and clueless to give even a pack of Girl Scouts much trouble.

SILVIO (cont'd)

I say we relax a little, take it down to  
(pause) "Defcon Two" maybe. If any one of  
these yo-yos is a wiseguy, frankly, I'd  
be more than a little stunned.

Tony chuckles a little at this.

TONY

Yeah, maybe you're right... salude'

They lift glasses, just as Tony's cellphone rings.

TONY (cont'd)

ahh--

He checks the readout. Then looks around the room.

TONY (cont'd)

Johnny fuckin' Sack. About time. Damn  
it's noisy.

Tony stands to leave for the quiet of the patio.

TONY (cont'd)

You ok?

SILVIO

Without a doubt.

Tony gets up and moves toward the patio, the phone to his ear.

EXT.THE SMOKING PATIO - MOMENTS LATER.

As the sun is setting over Jersey, Tony walks out onto the patio, and finds a safe corner to back into (so no one can sneak up behind him, of course). He speaks into his phone.

TONY

Yeah?

EXT. CLUBHOUSE/BAR OF AN EXPENSIVE GOLF COUNTRY CLUB.

Johnny Sack has obviously just finished a round of golf with 'friends' and is enjoying a cocktail.

JOHNNY SACK

Tony, how are you?

EXT.THE SMOKING PATIO

INTERCUT the rest of their phone conversation as appropriate.

TONY

Great, great, up to my tits in clover here...Where are you? We've been sitting in this bar for a fuckin' hour waitin--

JOHNNY SACK

Tony, Tony, slow down. My apologies. It's my wife.

Johnny motions for the waiter to bring him another drink. He motions for his friends to quiet down a little. He smirks.

TONY

Your wife.

JOHNNY SACK

Yeah, with her teeth. Emergency root canal, I'm standin' here in the hallway at the dentist's office, waiting for her.

Tony is silently seething.

TONY

Oh? Root Canal huh?

JOHNNY SACK

What can I tell you? Weak teeth run in her family. It's all genetics.

Tony is rubbing his forehead, clearly angry. Paulie notices Tony on the patio and walks over to him.

PAULIE

What's up, T?

Tony waves Paulie into silence.

TONY

Genetics? So what are we supposed to do? You dragged us out here--

JOHNNY SACK

Tony, Tony, how many ways can a man apologize? (pause) I'll tell you what, I'll send one of my limos around for you, gratis, and the driver can take you to any number of New York's finest eating or drinking establishments... All carte blanche, on me tonight, by way of apology.

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TONY

A fuckin' limo? What do you think this is? Prom night?

PAULIE

Prom? what the fuck--

Paulie is again waved into silence, but Tony is starting to lighten up a little, in his usual, angry way.

TONY

Yeah, ok you fucker, but after the long drive from Jersey, we're all plenty thirsty... You'll regret this.

JOHNNY SACK

Yeah Tony. We all got regrets...

Johnny Sack hangs up his cellphone, and stares coldly into the distance.

PAULIE

What's up T?

TONY

Fuck it, lets get some drinks.

Tony and Paulie walk back into the bar. When they get to their table, they see that Christopher and Sil have been joined by Carrie, Samantha and Charlotte.

Christopher and Charlotte are getting along very well.

TONY (cont'd)

What is this?

CHRISTOPHER

Tony, let me introduce umm, ahhh...

CARRIE

Carrie.

CHRISTOPHER

Right, yeah Carrie. Like the movie.

Tony chuckles at this, as do Paulie and Sil. Carrie doesn't.

CARRIE

Never heard that one before.

CHRISTOPHER

..and this is, Samantha--

(CONTINUED)

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Paulie tries to get in on the name game...

PAULIE

Like... like... The fuck? That chick who played the witch on TV.

SAMANTHA

(purring in Tony's direction) Some men say I have magic powers.

TONY

Yeah, I bet.

CHRISTOPHER

And this, this here is Charlotte.

Now Tony finally joins in.

TONY

Yeah. Like the spider.

PAULIE

What fuckin' spider?

TONY

Charlotte's Web, I read it to Meadow when she was a kid.

CHARLOTTE

How sweet.

Suddenly MIRANDA ARRIVES at the table. The three girls shout their greetings. Carrie tries her hand at the 'name game'.

CARRIE

And this tardy lady is our friend Miranda... Like the warning?

There is a sudden, awkward silence from the men at the table. They all look down at their drinks.

Miranda gets her first good look at Tony and the guys. A wave of recognition washes over her face.

MIRANDA

Oh...My...God. I ummm, I just came in to say I can't stay.

CARRIE

But you must! You must! I got a royalty check for almost thirty thousand dollars today!

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At the mention of such money, Tony and the guys exchange darting glances.

MIRANDA

No, no, my ummm, baby-sitter cancelled.

CARRIE

Can't you just call up Steve--

MIRANDA

No. no. Carrie, can I talk to you for a second?

Miranda jerks Carrie away from the table.

SAMANTHA

(filling the void) More drinks everyone?

Miranda drags Carrie into a quiet corner.

MIRANDA

Carrie, do you know who that IS?

CARRIE

Yeah, Tony from Jersey. Ok, I know he's not cute, but Charlotte is reeeeeeally working his son--

Miranda waves her arms in disbelief.

MIRANDA

Son? Tony's not his father. He's probably his GODfather.

CARRIE

What are you talking about?

MIRANDA

What did he say he did for a living?

CARRIE

They're all in the waste management business or something. Who cares? I mean--

MIRANDA

Carrie, he's in the shoe business. The CEMENT shoe business.

CARRIE

Wow, can you imagine how heavy the matching purse would be?

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MIRANDA

I'm not kidding.

CARRIE

They're just a couple of guys from Jersey, sure, they're a little "Goombah" but come on... Mafia? ha!

They look back at the table and see Paulie checking his hair in the reflection of the glossy black wine list.

MIRANDA

I could get disbarred just for being seen with them.

CARRIE

I don't believe you. We're celebrating tonight--

Suddenly Tony & the guys and Charlotte and Samantha are standing around them. Tony is again hanging up his cellphone.

TONY

I've just been informed that our limo is waiting downstairs. Is your redheaded friend going to take a ride with us?

MIRANDA

Where, in the trunk?

Tony and the guys didn't quite hear the comment, but Samantha did, and she registers a very faint glimmer of beginning understanding.

TONY

What did she say?

CARRIE

Nothing! Miranda can't join us tonight.

MIRANDA

Nope. sorry. I, umm, have to work in the morning.

The rest of the group moves into the waiting elevator.

MIRANDA (cont'd)

Have fun, "Goodfellas"

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET. - MOMENTS LATER.

The CAUCASIAN LIMO DRIVER (40) jumps out and opens the car door as the group starts to pile in, ladies first.

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PAULIE

See that Tony? A white limo driver. Say what you will about Johnny Sack, but that's class.

INT. THE BACK OF THE LIMO - MOMENTS LATER.

Drinks have been poured. Charlotte and Christopher are in their own flirty world, while the others have more-or-less paired off.

Samantha leans flirtatiously against Tony.

SAMANTHA

I bet you're a real killer--

TONY

What?

SAMANTHA

(kittenish) With the ladies.

TONY

Oh yeah, sure.

Carrie is sitting near Silvio, admiring his hair.

CARRIE

It looks so soft. What conditioner do you use?

She reaches for his hair, but Sil brushes her hand away and quickly changes the subject.

SILVIO

Yes, so, um...What is it that your friend Miranda does?

CARRIE

Oh, her? She's a lawyer.

Silvio nods and ponders this.

SILVIO

Yeah. Always good to have a lawyer handy.

Carrie and Silvio look away from each other and sip their drinks. Paulie sits alone, sulking and looking out the window.

PAULIE

(quietly) Ahhh, fuck it.

Paulie downs his drink in a gulp.

EXT. "BRIGHTER BLU' RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A typical scene in front of a too-trendy restaurant/bar. The velvet rope keeps the commoners at bay, while The Beautiful People glide in, as if on magic carpets.

Guarding the door is a tall, lean, swishy DOORMAN (28). Behind him stands a shaved-headed, mostly silent BOUNCER (30s).

Our odd little group has just exited the limo. Tony is disoriented and uncomfortable with suddenly being jostled into a crowd of loud, drunk, trend-chasers.

CARRIE

You shoulda seen this place when it was popular.

It's a lame joke and no one laughs. Paulie and Sil exchange silent shrugs as they all fight their way to the front door.

CARRIE (V.O.) (cont'd)

A new low. I can't even score points with guys I'm not interested in. And this place... ugh. Who even knows what Butanian Cuisine is? Gotta remember I'm doing this for Charlotte, who seems to have acquired a sudden taste--

Carrie sees Christopher and Charlotte stealing kisses

CARRIE AND SAMANTHA (V.O.)

--for Italian.

Paulie steps up to the doorman.

DOORMAN

You're not expected.

PAULIE

Oh yeah? Johnny Sack says we are.

DOORMAN

Whooooom?

PAULIE

Johnny Sack. You tryin' to tell me you don't know who Johnny Sack is?

The doorman pats Paulie's cheek.

DOORMAN

Aren't we fierce? Sweetie, if there's a guy in New York named "Johnny Sack" I would know.

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Paulie squares off on the Doorman

PAULIE

You listen to me you--

Silvio calmly pulls Paulie away as Samantha coolly breezes past them and approaches the doorman.

SAMANTHA

Hi handsome. Gettin' any?

DOORMAN

Samantha! Hellooo. Oh, I do alright (winks). These mooks are with you?

SAMANTHA

Yes they are. And if you could see your way clear to getting us all a nice table, your name might magically appear on the VIP list to Friday's Calvin Klein "CK TWO" roll-out party.

The doorman turns theatrically to the silent bouncer.

DOORMAN

You heard the lady. Open that door! These guys are.... Friends of Ours.

Tony, Christopher, Sil and Paulie all wince at the "Friends of Ours" comment as they enter the dinner club.

INT. BRIGHTER BLU' RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

The group is seated in a small, private dining alcove, separated from the throngs of diners by very heavy, very tasteful curtains.

Paulie fidgets with the silverware, carefully wiping off each piece with his cloth napkin.

TONY

Knock that off.

PAULIE

You don't know who they got workin' back there. Spics... and worse.

Silvio is busy checking the maker's stamp on the underside of his plate. He gives an approving nod.

SILVIO

Mmmm. Classy all the way.

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Christopher hoists his plate too.

CHRISTOPHER  
Yeah, and fuckin' heavy too. Waiter trips  
carryin' one of these, he'll cave some  
poor schmuck's head in.

Paulie and Silvio laugh. Carrie and Charlotte exchange looks.

CHARLOTTE  
Let's order, shall we?

INT. BRIGHTER BLU' RESTAURANT - LATER

The wine is flowing, and Carrie is trying to explain what she does for a living.

TONY  
--So you write for a newspaper, but  
you're not a reporter?

CARRIE  
Right. It's a column, a small column.

SAMANTHA  
Don't be so modest. My friend here is a  
published author and one of the most  
widely read newspaper *personalities* in  
the city.

Christopher finally takes his eyes off of Charlotte.

CHRISTOPHER  
Hold up. You're the one? Writes that sex  
stuff in the paper?

SAMANTHA  
And magazines.

PAULIE  
You mean porn?

CHRISTOPHER  
No, --the fuck. Like about gettin' laid  
and stuff. Adrianna was always makin' me  
read it.

CARRIE  
"Making you" ...how flattering.

Paulie shrugs.

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PAULIE

Sounds like porn to me.

Tony kills the bottle of wine. Looks at Samantha and grins.

TONY

You 'City' folks. Don't know how to keep  
a man's glass full.

SAMANTHA

My specialty is draining a man's glass, but  
I'll flag down the waiter on my way to the  
Ladies's room. Who's joining me?

CARRIE

Me.

CHARLOTTE

Me too.

The girls get up from the table and exit together.

INT. THE LADIES REST ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Samantha is in a stall with the door closed. Charlotte is  
touching up her lipstick. Carrie is drying her hands.

CARRIE

--Where do you see this going?

CHARLOTTE

I don't know. He's just so, ugh, manly. I  
feel like, if he wanted to, he would just  
scoop me up and--

CARRIE

There's something fishy about them.  
Miranda even seemed to think--

CHARLOTTE

Fishy? No they're just different. I want  
some "different."

Samantha exits the stall.

SAMANTHA

How many times have I told you ladies?  
There's a time and place for sensitive  
guys? I personally don't know where or  
when that is--

Samantha washes her hands and checks her make-up.

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SAMANTHA (cont'd)

--but when you want hot action, you can't go wrong with a well-dressed jerk. There's a reason they call it "cock sure"

CARRIE

Miranda thought they might be dangerous.

SAMANTHA

Oh I can't believe this. He's a little rough around the edges sure, but they're from New Jersey for god's sake. What could they possibly do that's so dangerous here in Manhattan?

CHARLOTTE

Come on Carrie--

SAMANTHA

Yeah, come on. Our Charlotte wants to be ridden hard and put away wet.

CHARLOTTE

I didn't say that.

SAMANTHA

Your eyes did sweetie.

CARRIE

Ok, Ok. Fine. What's the worst that could happen?

As the ladies prepare to exit the rest room, Samantha adjusts Charlotte's blouse, exposing more cleavage.

INT. "BRIGHTER BLU' RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

The ladies are now back at the table, sipping drinks, putting napkins on laps etc. Just then, the privacy curtains finally part and THREE LARGE WAITERS (30s) walk in carrying large covered platters.

SAMANTHA

Well, it's about time--

One of the waiters places a platter in front of Tony.

WAITER #1

Compliments of Johnny Sack.

He lifts the lid, and on the platter is a DEAD CAT on a bed of angel hair pasta.

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Immediately the other two waiters pull 9mm auto-pistols (outfitted with silencers) out from under their platters...

\* \* \* Several things happen all at once \* \* \*

- Tony and Sil, reacting on instinct, Jump on Waiter #1 and fall behind the table, just as a bullet strikes the back of Tony's chair... where his head was.

- Christopher uses his empty plate to cave in the skull of Waiter #2 before he can get a second shot at Tony (or anyone else.)

- Paulie wrestles with Waiter #3 for control of his gun, which goes off twice more... one bullet striking the back of Carrie's chair, an inch from her head.

- Samantha, Charlotte and Carrie all dive under the table

CARRIE

You sure know how to pick 'em.

CHARLOTTE

I had no idea the waste management business was so dangerous.

Tony, Sil and Waiter #1 roll under the table and crash into the girls.

CARRIE/CHARLOTTE/SAMANTHA

Oh my god! / Help! / Do something !

They watch, up close, as Sil puts a sleeper hold around the waiter's neck, and the guy's lights go out.

Immediately afterward, we hear the bodies of the other two waiters hitting the floor beside the table.

CHRISTOPHER

Fuckin' Fucks!

Tony, Sil and the girls crawl out from under the table.

TONY

Quiet down. Are they dead?

CHRISTOPHER

Not yet, but--

PAULIE

I say we cut out their fuckin' eyes and--

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CONTINUED: (2)

TONY

Shut the fuck up. Everyone calm down.

Tony scans the area then points at Paulie and Christopher.

TONY (cont'd)

You two, get your guys under the table.

Paulie and Christopher shove the the bodies of the inert waiters under the table and flap down the long tablecloth.

SILVIO

Tony, I suggest we make our exit--

CHRISTOPHER

We don't know who else is out there.

TONY

There's no one else. We'd be dead already if there was.

Paulie chambers a round in one of the waiter's pistols and tosses the other gun to Christopher.

PAULIE

We're takin' their guns.

TONY

Fine, keep 'em outta sight.

CHARLOTTE

Christopher, whats this all about?

CHRISTOPHER

Ummm, competitors and--

Tony starts shoving people into motion.

TONY

Explain it when we get outside. If we get outside.

INT. BRIGHTER BLU' RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

We see the curtains of their alcove part, then the group makes it's way calmly, but quickly, across the dining room. Tony sees waiters going in and out of a nearby door.

TONY

This way.

Tony leads them all into the kitchen. He grabs a busboy.

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TONY (cont'd)  
You. Is there a back way?

The busboy points toward a door in the back of the kitchen.

EXT. BACK OF THE RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER.

The back door bursts open and the group spills into the parking lot, startling their limo driver who was sitting on the hood of the car, smoking a cigarette.

When the driver sees Tony and the crew, his eyes immediately go wide with horror. Before he can move, Paulie drops him with a shot between the eyes.

CARRIE  
Jesus Christ.

CHARLOTTE  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

SAMANTHA  
Sorry nothing. We're never getting back into that restaurant.

TONY  
Get that son of a bitch in the trunk and let's get outta here.

Silvio gallantly helps the ladies into the back of the limo then circles around to the driver's seat as Paulie and Christopher carry the driver's body around to the back of the car.

Tony whips out his cellphone, then angrily slams it shut.

TONY (cont'd)  
No coverage? son-of-a--

Paulie and Christopher have the trunk open and are staring into it.

PAULIE  
ahhh, T?

TONY  
What?

CHRISTOPHER  
There's already a stiff back here.

Tony circles to the back of the car, and sure enough there is already a dead body in the trunk.

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CONTINUED:

TONY

Shit. Well, throw the fucker in there with him. It's not like they need fuckin' breathing room.

Silvio has put on the limo driver's hat and sticks his head out the car window.

SILVIO

Marone' Let's GO!!

Tony, Paulie & Christopher toss the body in the trunk, then climb into the car. Silvio peels out of the parking lot.

INT. LIMO - MOMENTS LATER.

There is a deafening silence in the car. Carrie, Charlotte and Samantha sit at one end of it, while Tony, Christopher and Paulie sit at the other.

Samantha pours herself a drink from the minibar.

CARRIE

So, you guys don't exactly spend your days managing waste, do you?

TONY

We, we have numerous interests in the private sector.

CHARLOTTE

(to Christopher) I don't know what to say--

CHRISTOPHER

Come on Charlotte, Christ, it wasn't our fault. You saw. It was a freakin' set-up.

Paulie stares at Charlotte, dead-eyed.

PAULIE

Yeah, and how do we know you three weren't in on it?

Samantha holds up her purse. There is a huge bullet hole in it.

SAMANTHA

This purse cost \$1200, and now it's ruined. Does that sound like part of a 'plan' to you?

PAULIE

Tony, I'm just saying that these three--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The window divider powers down and Silvio, driving, tips his head to talk to everyone in back.

SILVIO

If they was in on it, the ladies would have stayed at the restaurant. That much is obvious, my real concern is--

PAULIE

Obvious my ass--

SILVIO

--Tony, If I may continue?

TONY

Go on, Sil.

SILVIO

If this was a hit, orchestrated by Johnny Sack, and all indications are that it was, then he certainly has been informed by now that it was unsuccessful. So what do we--

CHRISTOPHER

We drive back to fuckin' Jersey, get some troops, come back here and shove--

TONY

Calm down.

SAMANTHA

You'll have to shoot me before you'll drag me to New Jersey...

PAULIE

Don't think we won't, you Manhattan tight--

TONY

Shut up all'a you.

More silence as Tony looks out a side window, thinking...

TONY (cont'd)

He'll have a back-up plan, or at least he should have. He might have someone waiting for us back in--

Sil suddenly notices FLASHING POLICE LIGHTS in his mirror.

SILVIO

T, we have more pressing concerns at the moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TONY

How many?

Silvio checks his side view mirror again.

SILVIO

Two motorcycle cops.

More silence in the back of the limo.

PAULIE

Fuckin' great. With what we got in the trunk.

CHRISTOPHER

Hey, only one of those bodies is ours.

TONY

You think that's gonna fuckin' matter?

SILVIO

Tony? Tony? Whatdaya want I should do?

Samantha finishes her drink. Starts unbuttoning her top.

SAMANTHA

Pull over.

EXT. ROADSIDE - MOMENTS LATER.

The limo pulls to the curb. TWO MOTORCYCLE COPS (30s) pull up behind the car. The cops dismount their bikes and start walking toward the limo.

The sunroof whirrrrs open and a topless Samantha stands up through the opening.

SAMANTHA

Oh! Hello officers.

The cops share confused looks with each other.

MOTORCYCLE COP #1

I'm going to have to ask you to step out of the car ma 'am.

SAMANTHA

Of course officer, can I have a minute to get decent?

MOTORCYCLE COP #2

Are you alone in there ma' am?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Samantha grins devilishly.

SAMANTHA

Now what would be the fun of THAT?

Samantha smiles wider...

SAMANTHA (cont'd)

Would you perhaps care to join us inside?  
It might be a little... tight.

INT. LIMO - SIMULTANEOUSLY

As Samantha continues her seductive small talk with the cops,  
Christopher turns to Charlotte.

CHRISTOPHER

Here, take these.

He puts the two pistols in Charlotte's purse.

CHARLOTTE

I'm not going to be your, your Gun Moll!

CARRIE

Didn't they prepare you for this sort of  
thing in the Junior League?

Again silence, as no one laughs at Carrie's lame joke.

SILVIO

Your humor, it's inappropriate, given the  
gravity of our situation.

CHRISTOPHER

It'll be fine. They'll search us men  
first anyway.

TONY

Alright, shut the fuck up everyone.

Tony thinks, then points out the tinted window at the cops.

TONY (cont'd)

For all those humps know, we're just a  
couple of guys, enjoying a night out. So  
we're gonna get outta the car and play it  
straight.

PAULIE

Straight?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONY

Let's see if we can talk our way outta this. No guns.

Tony looks around the limo at everyone. Christopher raises his hands in a "see? no guns" gesture.

EXT. ROADSIDE - MOMENTS LATER.

Samantha is suddenly pulled down into the limo.

SAMANTHA

ohhhhhhh!!!!

TONY

Nice effort. Nice tits too, but get your shirt on.

Tony opens the door and turns on the charm.

TONY (cont'd)

We're comin' out officers. No trouble.

The cops are getting unusually nervous, for cops. They exchange quick glances. They unsnap their holsters, putting their palms on their guns. One of the cops is surprisingly sweaty.

Tony continues to smile as everyone exits the car.

TONY (cont'd)

What seems to be the problem officers? We were just having some fun with our dates--

MOTORCYCLE COP #1

Quiet down. I'll, ummm, I'll need to see some ID from everyone.

Paulie and Christopher reach for their pockets. The cops pull their guns out and level them at the group.

MOTORCYCLE COP #2

Sloooowly.

SILVIO

(whispering to Christopher) They ain't callin' for no backup--

Christopher registers the truth.

CHRISTOPHER

T! these guys ain't cops!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tony, Sil, Christopher and Paulie all exchange glances. Then look at the cops more closely. Tony zeros in on their badges, which, on closer inspection look obviously fake.

Tony gets steely-eyed.

TONY

Ok, listen you fucks. I don't know what Johnny Sack is trying to prove here, but the shitstorm that is gonna rain down on this city because of--

The (fake) cops are not swayed, but they are still nervous.

MOTORCYCLE COP #1

Sure sure. We're the ones with the guns Soprano, so all of ya...ummm, step over that way.

He directs them off the pavement and onto the roadside.

MOTORCYCLE COP #2

What about the whores?

Carrie, Samantha and Charlotte share indignant looks.

MOTORCYCLE COP #1

Fuck 'em. Just keep 'em outta the way.

TONY

You shit-heads shoulda pulled the trigger as soon as we were outta the car. Otherwise you run the risk of... losing your nerve.

Tony stares hard at them. The fake cops look at each again.

MOTORCYCLE COP #2

What are we gonna do Carmine?

MOTORCYCLE COP #1

Shut up. Shut fuck up Angelo! Shit!

MOTORCYCLE COP #2

But thats Tony fuckin' Soprano. You said we wouldn't have to actually--

MOTORCYCLE COP #1

Shut up! Shut up!

TONY

Where did Johnny Sack find you two? Jesus Christ. This is almost insulting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The fake cops realize they're losing control of the situation now, and the atmosphere is getting frantic.

MOTORCYCLE COP #1  
Now kneel down, all of ya, face away from me. Do it. NOW!

Silvio and Paulie kneel.

SILVIO  
Motherfuckers--

PAULIE  
So this? This is how it ends?

The other (fake) cop turns to Tony and Christopher.

MOTORCYCLE COP #2  
He said kneel you, you... fucks.

CHRISTOPHER  
No fuckin' way.

Christopher points his finger between his own fuckin' eyes.

CHRISTOPHER (cont'd)  
You're the shit with the gun? Go ahead.  
Shoot me, right here! Right here! You  
motherless son of a boneless fuck.

Tony is an ocean of calm. His eyes focused on something distant. A slight smile plays across his face. Peace at last?

Both (fake) cops are now staring at Christopher as he continues his rant.

CHRISTOPHER (cont'd)  
I ain't afraid of you. Do you know how  
many times I've been shot? Why I--

The tiny "PHSSSST" of a silenced gunshot is heard.

We hear Charlotte SHRIEK with surprise, followed by the sound of her falling over.

Thinking he's been shot, Paulie falls over face-first into the muddy ground.

PAULIE  
Oh no no, Sweet Jesus, have mercy--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

But we see MOTORCYCLE COP #1, a surprised look on his face, grab his neck. Seconds later, gouts of bright red arterial blood shoot out from the fresh new bullet hole in his neck.

Using the distraction, Tony jumps MOTORCYCLE COP #2 and gets him in a stranglehold.

Silvio and Christopher turn around to see Charlotte sprawled on the ground, having been knocked over by the recoil when she fired the shot.

Paulie jumps up and assists Tony with MOTORCYCLE COP #2. Together they slowly, noisily strangle the guy to death.

PAULIE (cont'd)

Die you whore-faced--

In the aftermath, our group exchanges glances and looks at the bodies of the two fake cops, laying at their feet.

SAMANTHA

Now I really need a drink.

CARRIE

I'll pour.

TONY

Ok, get these guys in the trunk.

Christopher hugs Charlotte.

CHRISTOPHER

Nice work. Jesus, you're a natural.

He turns to the other guys.

CHRISTOPHER (cont'd)

Didja see that shit? Clean through the neck. Fuckin' dead before he hit the dirt.

Charlotte immediately turns to vomit. Carrie reaches out to hold Charlotte's hair while she pukes.

CARRIE

Oh honey...

SILVIO

Some definite talent there. Yes.

TONY

We can discuss this in the car. Let's get the fuck outta here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Moments later, we see the four bodies crowded into the trunk, just as Tony is slamming it shut.

The limo drives off into the night.

EXT. DESERTED PIER ON MANHATTAN'S EAST SIDE - DAWN

The sun is coming up over Riker's Island (the prison, of course) as the group stands at the end of a deserted pier. The only person missing is Christopher.

We then see Christopher driving the limo, which is now FILLED with rocks and cinderblocks.

Christopher passes the group and speeds toward the end of the pier. At the last second he opens the door and jumps out. The car flies off the end of the pier and immediately starts to sink in the murky water. Everyone stares down at it.

PAULIE

Ask me? That's better than they deserve.

TONY

Fuck it, it's done.

Christopher walks up and joins them. He is limping a little and examining the torn elbow of his suit jacket.

CHRISTOPHER

Son of a bitch. This was a new suit.

Paulie, still mud-caked from his earlier collapse is unsympathetic.

PAULIE

You wanna talk about a ruined suit?

TONY

Calm down. Both of ya.

Tony scans the area. In spite of the surrounding industrial decay, it is a fine sunrise.

TONY (cont'd)

We've lived to fight another day.

SILVIO

Well said.

The guys stare off in quiet contemplation. All this time, the girls have been silent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAMANTHA

Um, fellas?

The guys turn to face the ladies. There is a silent tension.

SAMANTHA (cont'd)

We can't thank you enough for such an interesting evening--

CARRIE

And thanks for letting us out of the car before you, umm, parked it, the way you just did.

SAMANTHA

--but we should really be going.

Samantha puts her arm around Charlotte who is silent and seems to have mentally cashed it in after the long night.

SAMANTHA (cont'd)

We need to walk her home, get her into a nice, warm bed--

CARRIE

And into some nice, warm therapy.

Again, no one laughs at Carrie's weak joke.

TONY

You're not walking anywhere.

The girls share terrified looks...

Tony reaches into his jacket pocket...

...and pulls out his cellphone.

TONY (cont'd)

I'm gonna call you a cab. Never let it be said we don't know how to treat some fine Manhattan ladies such as yourselves.

CARRIE

You're too kind.

Tony dials his phone.

TONY

Yeah. I need two cabs. Pier forty-six. Yeah, the end of the pier.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Christopher approaches Charlotte. Carrie and Samantha peel away to give them a moment.

CHRISTOPHER  
You saved our asses.

CHARLOTTE  
I, I suppose I did--

Christopher hands her a piece of paper.

CHRISTOPHER  
You're ever in Jersey, and you need anything. ANYthing. I'll expect a call... just ahh, if a chick answers, hang up.

Charlotte remains flummoxed by the charming sociopath who is now kissing her goodbye.

The cabs arrive. Silvio opens the cab door and bows deeply.

SILVIO  
Ladies...

Samantha, Charlotte and Carrie get in the cab and drive away.

INT. THE BACK OF THE GIRL'S CAB.- MOMENTS LATER

Carrie, Samantha and Charlotte all sit in the backseat, as the cab drives off the pier and back towards town. Not surprisingly, a shell-shocked silence pervades. Samantha puts her arm around Charlotte.

SAMANTHA  
Come on sweetie. It wouldn't have worked out anyway.

CARRIE  
Right, what were you going to do? Convert again and become a Catholic? Your soul might get whiplash.

SAMANTHA  
If anyone asks we'll just tell them--

CHARLOTTE  
We'll never talk about this again.

CARRIE AND SAMANTHA  
Yeah / OK / Agreed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAMANTHA

Well, we have to eat. I'm starving.  
Driver! There's a big tip in it for you  
if I can get something hot in my stomach  
in the next ten minutes.

The CAB DRIVER (50) leers into his rearview mirror.

CAB DRIVER

Whatever you say, lady.

More silence as the girls look off in different directions.  
What is that we see in Charlotte's face? A faint, faint  
glimmer of a smile as Carrie starts her final voice-over?

CARRIE (V.O.)

Where else but New York could an innocent  
Happy Hour lead to a night of car chases,  
gun battles and assorted major felonies?  
After a night like this, any girl would  
kill for a simple JambaJuice-and-a-Movie  
date with a nice, boring tax accountant.  
Did I say "kill?" I didn't mean it. Not  
literally... At least I think I didn't.

We see a troubled Carrie peering out the cab window as it  
drives away, into the misty morning.

EXT. DESERTED PIER ON MANHATTAN'S EAST SIDE - MOMENTS LATER

The guys watch the girl's cab pull off the pier.

PAULIE

I say we shoulda killed 'em.

TONY

No. That Charlotte chick put in some work  
for us... We owed her.

SILVIO

Yeah, who'd a featured that? Someone like her  
really steppin' up when things got dicey?

CHRISTOPHER

Still wish I'd had the chance to fuck her.

They all take a moment to look around, inhaling deeply.

SILVIO

I must say you're taking this all in  
stride Tony.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONY  
Yeah, fuck it.

Paulie is incredulous.

PAULIE  
You're not gonna let this thing with  
Johnny Sack slide, are you?

TONY  
Oh no. That fucker is dead. He wants a  
war, he's got it. But what a nice  
morning, huh?

Silvio, Paulie and Christopher share puzzled looks as Tony  
calmly lights up a morning cigar.

TONY (cont'd)  
Seems a shame to be this close to Rikers  
and not stop in to visit someone.

CHRISTOPHER  
Who we got in there?

SILVIO  
Isn't Sal Toomba still in there waiting  
on his court date?

CHRISTOPHER  
Nah, he got sent upstate.

PAULIE  
Well I say fuck 'em, and fuck New York.

The RASTAFARIAN CAB DRIVER (30) gets out of his cab.

RASTAFARIAN CAB DRIVER  
Where we all goin' this fine mornin'?

PAULIE  
To Jersey. You got a problem with that?

RASTAFARIAN CAB DRIVER  
No Mon. Take you steppin' razors anywhere  
you want to go.

Silvio and Christopher start walking toward the cab. Tony  
isn't moving. He's just staring at the sunrise over Riker's.

PAULIE  
Come on you guys. Hey! Breakfast on me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SILVIO & CHRISTOPHER

Now yer talkin'/'Marone' I could eat.

They pile in the cab. We see Tony, alone on the pier. He flicks his cigar ash, takes another deep puff and tosses the cigar butt into the brackish water.

Tony finally climbs into the cab. As we watch it drive away, down the pier, we hear the haunting bass line of the WHITE STRIPES' "Seven Nation Army" slowly fading up, and as the song kicks into full volume we...

FADE TO BLACK.