WHO LOVES YOU, BABY?

by

Steven Carinci

INT:

TONY SOPRANO is sitting on a stool with his "crew" spread out behind him on both sides. The crew are sporting angel wings on their backs and paper-mache halos on their heads—in contrast their arms are folded across their chests like "tough guys." [All explicatives are bleeped.]

Hi, I'm Tony Soprano. Not long ago, 'bout three in the mornin' I was leavin' Bada Bing when I hear footsteps behind me. I turn around...nothin'. Next thing I feel some mother (expletive) hand on my shoulder. Not ashamed to say, I almost (expletive) my pants. Thought I was gonna' get whacked.

(He stoically laughs.)

Not likely, 'cause the hand on my shoulder was the hand of Jesus Christ. "Who loves you, baby?"...he says to me. You (expletive) believe that? Jesus H. Christ laid a hand on me. And NOBODY lays a hand on Tony Soprano. Fuhgeda 'bout it!

SHOT FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE:

From high above a light shined upon me so very low down and upward did my spirit lift. 'N' it wasn't no light from no police cruiser or some FBI interrogation room neither. Rather, 'twas a heavenly light, a light that seemed to whisper so loud 'n' clear in no uncertain terminologies, "You is Love 'n' Love is You."

(THE CREW SINGS A FEW LINES FROM "YOU IS LOVE 'N' LOVE IS YOU")

Tony Soprano, the Don of Dons, has changed. TRULY! AND the boyz. No more whackin' (expletive) mamelukes who can't even pay the (expletive) vig. Fuhgeda 'bout it! 'N' no late night lap dances on my hot Italian sausage with the gumadas. It's right the (expletive) home to Carmella.

(He ironically roles his eyes.)

I'm workin' on it.

SHOT FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE:

In fact, I got so much peace a mind, I told that Malfi broad to take that psycho bull (expletive) AND those (expletive) bills 'n' shove 'em up her (expletive). When I got a beef I can't handle, I go right to Christ—the best consiglieri around. Like THERAPY that fell off the "back of the truck"...if you know what I mean.

(THE CREW BEGIN HUMMING SOFTLY AS THE SONG TITLES ROLE UPWARDS ACROSS THE SCREEN) [MELODY AND LYRICS TBD]:

"GOD IS CAPO DA TUTTI DA CAPO" "TARANTELLA TO HEAVEN" "BE A MADE MAN IN CLUB PARADISE" "MARY MAGDALENE, SHE BATA BINGS FOR THE LORD" "JUDAS, ONE RAT BASTARD" "HEY THOMAS, DOUBT THIS" "PETER, PETER, FORSAKIN' PUNK-ASS PETER" "YOU IS LOVE 'N' LOVE IS YOU" "CHRIST WAS NO CHEAP JEW" "PILATE WAS ON THE TAKE" "I WAS MADE BY THE LORD" "CHRIST, A FRIEND OF OURS" "THE HOLY SPIRIT, A NO VIG BOOKIE" "HEROD, THAT FRIGGIN' MAMELUKE" "SATAN SLEEPS WITH THE FISHES" "WHO LOVES YOU, BABY?"...etc.

That's why me the gang got together 'n' compiled "Who Loves You, Baby?"...religious songs to celebrate this THING of ours. All's YOU gotta' do to be part a crew that earns like you never (expletive) knew is sing along.

SHOT FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE:

Through these songs Jesus can touch you, the way he touched me...the way he touched that Mary Magdalene broad.

(THE CREW SINGS A FEW LINES FROM "MARY MAGDALENE, SHE BADA BINGS FOR THE LORD")

That friggin' puttana sciaffed every (expletive) Tom, Dick 'n' Harry in town...'til she ran into... Hey, on account of her, Mr. Tony don't smack no friggin' whoez no more.

SHOT FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE:

I'll tell ya' one (expletive) who deserved a good beatin'...Judas Iscariot.

(THE CREW SINGS A FEW LINES FROM "JUDAS, ONE RAT BASTARD" after which he says, angrily,)

If I ever got my hands on that (expletive) son of a bitch I'd to cut his (expletive) off 'n' shove it down his (expletive) throat. THEN chop 'em up like the miserable piece of (expletive) that he is 'n' feed 'em to my (expletive) pit bulls while he's still breathin'.

(He pounds his chest with his fist a couple of times to relieve acid reflux.)

Get agida just thinking 'bout that (expletive) rat bastard.

(A beat.)

Keep your mouth shut! Tell 'em nothin' so they got nothin'! Wanna' sing? Sing for the Lord. Be smart. Don't be stunod! Or else...

SHOT FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE:

And don't be like that miserable Peter. That stronz'! Three times that (expletive) folds under questioning.

(THE CREW SINGS A FEW LINES FROM "PETER, PETER, FORSAKIN' PUNK-ASS PETER")

Should a stood up to those (expletive) cacasotes. "Yeah, he's my friend. You got a (expletive) problem with dat?" You take a beatin' you take it for the Lord. Way I see it, everybody takes a beatin' some time!

SHOT FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE:

And let me put to rest this bull (expletive) 'bout the Jews being cheap.

(THE CREW SINGS A FEW LINES FROM "CHRIST WAS NO CHEAP JEW")

Forgot about the wedding feast when he changed the water into vino? MADON'! Dom Perignon comin' out their friggin' ears! And the time with the one (expletive) loaf of bread and the one (expletive) fish? GARLIC BREAD! SCUNGILI! CALAMARI! LINGUINI WITH CLAM SAUCE! CLAMS ON THE HALF SHELL! MUSCLES FRA DIABLO! 'Nough to choke a (expletive) horse!

(BIG SMILE!)

Who loves you, baby? MANGE!

SHOT FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE:

Imagine how it's gonna' feel when you stand before the pearly gates holdin' your (expletive) braciole 'n' wonderin' will I be made or will I sleep with the fishes—takin' it up the ass from Lucifer with the eels 'n' the crabs crawl in 'n' out your (expletive) eye balls 'n' every other (expletive) hole feastin' on your tripe for all (expletive) eternity.

(THE "CREW" SINGS A FEW LINES FROM "BE A MADE MAN IN CLUB PARADISE")

Keep your nose clean 'n' sing along with Mr. Tony 'n' the boyz—this way when the Godfather 'n' the saints have a sit down 'n' open up the books...Saint Peter welcomes you as a friend of ours!

(A beat.)

The ones you left behind 'll come to YOU for protection with the (expletive) novenas. Not bad, hey? Like runnin' your own (expletive) crew.

CUT TO A SHOT OF THE TWO CD SET AS THE ANNOUNCER'S VOICE SAYS:

"TO ORDER, NEW JERSEY RESIDENTS SEND \$24.99 FOR TWO "WHO LOVES YOU, BABY?" CDS. CONTINENTAL U.S. AND CANADA ADD TEN DOLLARS VIG. WAIT FOUR WEEKS FOR DELIVERY. OVERSEAS, EXCLUDING ITALY...DON'T HOLD YOUR BREATH. CASH ONLY...SEE VOU PLAY!"

CUT BACK TO TONY SOPRANO:

So take a hot tip 'n' put your fasuls on a fighter that don't fall down for nobody. Jesus Christ!

(Feigning anger.)

Now sing. I SAID SING!

(BIG SMILE!)

Who loves you, baby? FUHGEDA 'BOUT IT!

CUT AGAIN TO A SHOT OF THE TWO CD SET AS THE ANNOUNCER'S VOICE SAYS:

"BROUGHT TO YOU BY BADA BING RECORDS, INC. A FAMILY-RUN SUBSIDIARY OF LA COSA NOSTRA!"

THE SOUND OF MULTIPLE GUNSHOTS ARE HEARD. FADE TO BLACK. THE END!