

**EXT. SATRIALES - MORNING**

The outside tables are set up but empty, and the few sounds we hear suggest the day has yet to begin: a single passing car, a distant bird chirping.

A bell jingles as the Satriales front door opens and TONY SOPRANO steps outside. He pauses on the sidewalk and puts a cigar to his mouth. Tony lights his cigar. He pockets his lighter, takes a draw on the cigar, then exhales, enjoying a smoke in the morning calm. Offscreen a CAR WINDOW shatters. A car alarm goes off. A dog starts to bark. Tony looks down the sidewalk towards the sound, curious and perturbed but not concerned.

**INT. CAR - DAY**

A HAND reaches in through a busted car window and grabs a PURSE covered in glass-shards off the passenger seat. (The car alarm is louder).

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

A scruffy YOUNG MAN carrying a crowbar pulls the purse from the car. The young man turns towards the camera. His hair is a bit longer, and he has a goatee, but otherwise this is still JOEY LARocca.

An angry PEDESTRIAN (30s) hurries towards Joey, trying to wave him away.

PEDESTRIAN  
Get outta there!

JOEY  
F@#& off!

Joey backhands the man with his crowbar. Then hits him a second time.

ANGLE ON TONY - CONTINUOUS

Tony takes the cigar from his mouth, squinting down the sidewalk towards the action, not pleased with what he's seeing.

ANGLE ON JOEY - CONTINUOUS

Joey runs away from the man sprawled on the sidewalk behind him.

Offscreen and behind Joey, the downed pedestrian shouts for help.

PEDESTRIAN  
Someone help!

Joey looks back.

ANGLE ON TONY - CONTINUOUS

Joey crashes into Tony and falls, sprawling across the sidewalk, dropping the purse and his weapon.

JOEY  
S\*%t!

ANGLE ON JOEY

Joey rolls to his hands and knees. Tony's legs, set slightly apart and unmoving, are visible beyond Joey, blocking his way.

ANGLE ON TONY and JOEY

Joey rises into frame, face to face with Tony-- who takes another puff on his cigar, not remotely concerned, but further perturbed.

Joey finally sees who he's facing. His expression changes from one of menace to total surprise.

JOEY  
Uncle Tony?

**INT. SATRIALES - MORNING**

Joey is SLAMMED back against the wall inside of Satriales. Tony holds him with one arm, Tony's hand a fist holding Joey by the shirt under his throat.

TONY

You must be f&\*%\$^# kidding me. Pulling a stunt like that-- and on this street?

JOEY

(holding his ground)

It was just sitting there. What do you care?

TONY

Look at you. A f\*%^\$' street punk, snatching purses from old ladies? Christ, if Pussy was here to see this shit-

JOEY

Well he ain't here. And f#\$% him anyway. He took off.

TONY

I got news for you Joey. There's more than one way to shame your family.

Which hurts Joey. Tony notices. Softens. He lets go of Joey's shirt.

TONY

Whatever else he was, Pussy was a good father. He woulda hated seeing you like this. He'd be as pissed as me.

JOEY

I'm sorry Tony. It's just...

TONY

If you needed money or sumthin', you should have come to me.

Joey looks down. Nods sheepishly.

TONY (CONT.)

Go home. Quit acting like a f@#\$!& delinquent and maybe I can find something for you to do.

JOEY

You'd do that?

Tony eyes him tightly as if to say: I'll be watching you. Then he backs off and gestures further into the store.

TONY

Out the back way. Now.

Joey starts to leave. Stops. Looks down towards his feet.

ANGLE ON

The stolen purse, half open, lying on the floor nearby.

TONY (O.S.)

Forget the f@#\$%' purse, you moron! Go!