

COFFEE & SERIAL: AN EIGHT INSTALLMENT DRAMA WRITTEN BY EDWARD CAPOZZI



EXTERIOR. NEW YORK CITY- TRIBECA - DAY-BREAK

GLENN WRIGHT, a man in his mid-20s, exits a warehouse. He's a crime scene photographer for The Daily News, and has his equipment strapped over his shoulder. He's wearing a white collared shirt, tie blowing in the morning breeze. Two policemen are standing at the bottom of the stairs, roped off by yellow crime-scene tape. Glenn ducks under the barrier and acknowledges them.

Glenn walks down the street, trying to hail a cab, but none are in sight. The

cobblestoned streets are deserted in this neighborhood of empty warehouses and converted lofts. A couple, obviously drunk stumble across the street laughing. The streets are silent, so their laughter echoes down the wide avenue bouncing off the buildings. They disappear into a doorway. Glenn's been waiting for a while and just when it appears he's going to give up, a yellow cab with the "TAXI" light off turns the corner in the distance. Three people get out, two men and a woman. They seem to have her by each arm, and are hurrying her into a building. The "TAXI" light goes on and the cab pulls ahead. Glenn flags it down. The cab pulls over and he climbs inside.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR. TAXI - LATER

He settles into his seat and tells the CAB DRIVER his destination. Spanish music is playing.

GLENN WRIGHT

West Broadway and Houston.

CAB DRIVER(off camera)

West Broadway and Houston. You got it, my man.

Glenn notices he's sitting on something.

GLENN WRIGHT

What the f*ck??

He pulls the object out from under him. It's a disposable camera, with the word "SNAPSHOT" written on it.

CAB DRIVER

You just getting home, or just going out. (laughs) It's only a few blocks.

Glenn looks at the cabbie's hack license and notices his name is Eduardo Sanchez. A picture of the driver is next to it.

GLENN WRIGHT

Working. . . (he glances at the license again). . .Eduardo . . . I'm just really tired, and don't feel like carrying all my equipment.

CAB DRIVER

What are you, a photographer?

GLENN WRIGHT

Yes. Yes, I am. Hey, not for nothing, but it's kinda nice to actually talk to a cabbie, you know, who speaks English.

Eduardo laughs.

CAB DRIVER

Yeah, I know what you mean . . . I'm a dying breed, the last of the Mohicans.

GLENN WRIGHT

I hear ya

Glenn examines the camera and flashes back to the three people getting out of the cab.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR. TRIBECA STREET - FLASHBACK

A cab pulls up and two men drag a woman from the car.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR. TAXI - LATER

He thinks a moment then puts the camera into his coat pocket. Spanish music fades.

FADE TO BLACK:

INTERIOR. GLENN WRIGHT'S APT. - LATER

The door opens and Glenn enters. He's trying to be quiet. He throws his stuff on the couch and takes the camera out of his pocket and places it on the coffee table. The clock shows 6 a.m. Glenn's girlfriend CHRISTIE calls from the bedroom.

CHRISTIE (off camera)

You decided to come home?

GLENN

F*ck. (to himself) Yeah, it's me. (aloud) Unfortunately. (he mutters to himself sarcastically)

CHRISTIE (off camera)

Well try to keep it down, some people sleep around here.

GLENN

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Glenn lights a cigarette and grabs the remote turning on the TV. He switches through the channels, the volume is kind of loud.

CHRISTIE (off camera)

Can you lower the goddamn television? How many times do I have to tell you?

He puts his head in his hands. He turns off the TV.

Glenn walks into the kitchen and pours himself a cup of coffee. He sits down at the table. As he sips his coffee, he looks up and notices the disposable camera lying on the coffee table in the distance. He thinks to himself, his index finger across his lip.

GLENN

Hmmmm!

to be continued. . .

