

COFFEE & SERIAL:

AN EIGHT INSTALLMENT DRAMA WRITTEN BY EDWARD CAPOZZI



In our last episode, professional photographer Glenn finds a disposable camera with the word "Snapshot" written on it in a cab. As he slips the disposable camera in his pocket, he

remembers seeing two men and a woman getting out of the cab before he got in. He has just returned to his apartment where his girlfriend, Christie, is just waking up.

Christie enters looking sleepy, wearing sweatpants, a sweatshirt and has her hair in a ponytail. She's 25 years old and quite attractive, even without make-up.

CHRISTIE
Don't you ever sleep? (with her usual attitude)

GLENN
Good morning, sunshine. I see you're as cheerful as ever.

CHRISTIE
How'd your shoot go last night, Kojack? Did you win the Pulitzer Prize for photography or what?

GLENN
Very funny. It was some pretty gruesome stuff, all blood and guts.

CHRISTIE
I wish you'd get back into fashion or something.

GLENN
Really? Are you shitting me? When I was doing fashion, you hated it. You had a problem with every model I worked with.

CHRISTIE
Yeah, I did. Any woman would. Her man surrounded by 16-year-old bimbos, trying to f**k their way to the top.

GLENN
Not this again. Are you nuts or what? Gimme a break. It was strictly professional.

Christie sits at the couch in the living room and turns on the TV with the remote. She notices the disposable camera.

CHRISTIE
What's this? Did you run out of film or something?

GLENN
Nah... I found it in a cab last night. (POINTING TOWARDS THE CAMERA)

CUT TO:
INTERIOR. WAREHOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

BOO and SHORTY are small-time thugs with big aspirations. Boo is Italian, Shorty is Irish. Shorty is fiddling with a butterfly knife and Boo is reading the Sammy Gravano book. The warehouse is the headquarters of crime boss, ALBIE VISCONTI, a well-publicized gangster. The place is dimly lit: pool table, couches and photos of Frank Sinatra and Joe DiMaggio hang on the wall. Shorty snorts a line of cocaine off the rail of the pool table.

BOO
You sure your name is Shorty? They should have named you Snorty, the way you're always doing that shit. (NEVER LOOKING UP)

SHORTY
Shit? This shit keeps me going. I'm always on the move. Watch this. Never miss.

Shorty takes a pool shot. He misses.

BOO
Never, huh?

SHORTY
Pool's not my game anyway. Baseball. Now, that's a sport. You a Met fan or a Yankee fan?

BOO
Mets. (NOT LOOKING UP)

SHORTY
I thought only Jews from Long Island liked the Mets.

BOO
I got news for ya. You thought wrong. (STOPS READING) I'm from Queens, not Long Island, and I'm no Jew. The Mets got a good team now. (STANDS UP) Wait. Don't tell me... You're a Yankee fan... You f**king front runner. I didn't hear a peep out of you f**king guys til '96... now you're all coming out of the f**king woodwork.

The door swings open and ROCCO VISCONTI, son of Albie, and JOHNNY MADIGAN (his sidekick) walk in. Shorty gets up to greet them, while Boo continues to read. Rocco is a well-known gangster like John Gotti.

ROCCO
Where's the camera? That bitch said it might be here.

What mysterious secrets lurk inside the innocent-looking disposable camera?

What trouble is in store for Glenn, Christie and the unidentified young woman? Stay tuned for the next installment of Snapshot...

*Same Cap Time
Same Cap station!*

