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COFFEE & SERIAL

AN EIGHT INSTALLMENT DRAMA WRITTEN BY EDWARD CAPOZZI

Episode Five: *In our last episode, Glenn made the shocking discovery that the mysterious camera held photos of a beautiful young woman with a knife held to her throat. Certainly, she is in serious danger! Let's join our characters for another startling episode of "Snapshot."*

DISSOLVE TO: INTERIOR. DARK ROOM. LATER.

Glenn checks his watch. He hears his boss's voice.

BOSS'S VOICE: You better have those pictures here by noon. You hear me?

Glenn starts looking at the photos again.

DISSOLVE TO: INTERIOR. GLENN'S APT. FANTASY

Glenn is making a cup of coffee and the woman from the photo walks out of the bedroom, wearing a nightgown. She lets it fall off her shoulders and walks toward him naked.

WOMAN: Good morning, sweetheart.

GLENN: Good morning, sunshine.

WOMAN: How was work last night?

GLENN: It sucked. How was your night?

WOMAN: It was lonely. I missed you soooo much.

She comes over to him and starts kissing him.

GLENN: You know I'm doing this for you.

WOMAN: I know you are.

GLENN: I couldn't wait to get home and see you, baby.

WOMAN: And I couldn't wait for you to get home. But now I've got you at last.

They kiss.

DISSOLVE TO: INTERIOR. DARK ROOM. LATER.

Glenn's face in a daze. Outside the dark room, he hears Christie calling him.

CHRISTIE: Glenn . . . Glenn!

He snaps out of it and checks his watch again.

GLENN: F#@k it!

Glenn takes the photos of the woman off the line and places them in a large manilla envelope. He takes them and exits the dark room. The camera zooms in on the crime scene photos still hanging on the line. The clock reads 8 a.m.

CUT TO: INTERIOR. GLENN'S APT. LATER.

Glenn enters the living room, grabs his coat and starts for the door. Christie looks up from her television show.

CHRISTIE: Now where are you going?

GLENN: I'm going out. I'll be back later.

CHRISTIE: Asshole.

GLENN: Yeah, whatever you say.

Glenn exits the apartment and slams the door. Christie slams down the remote.

CUT TO: INTERIOR. WAREHOUSE. LATER.

Shorty continues to play with his butterfly knife.

BOO: Will you stop that shit already, I'm trying to concentrate over here.

SHORTY: Well don't hurt yourself.

BOO: You're the one who's going to get hurt. If we don't find that camera, Rocco's gonna have you whacked, and I'm going to enjoy doing it too. Now, I'm trying to remember that spic's name from last night.

SHORTY: What spic?

BOO: The f#@king cab driver.

SHORTY: That wacky f*#k? It was Eduardo or something.

BOO: Gee, that's a great help. You know how many spics there are named Eduardo?

SHORTY: How many can there be that drive a cab? Most cabbies are f#@king dot-heads.

BOO: You know we are f#@ked if we don't find that camera.

SHORTY: You got the lotto numbers from last night or what?

BOO: Lotto numbers? Have you lost your mind?

Shorty is emptying his pockets on the table.

SHORTY: What the f*#k. I might as well find out if I'm a millionaire.

BOO: Too bad you won't be able to enjoy it. You'll be dead.

Shorty looks at him.

SHORTY: Holy sh*t! You'll never believe what I have here. Holy sh*t! This is our lucky day.

Shorty holds up a piece of paper.

BOO: What?

SHORTY: Am I the man or what?

BOO: What the f*#k is it?

SHORTY: The receipt from the cab. Yeah, baby.

Boo looks at it.

BOO: You sick f*@k. When the hell did you get that?

SHORTY: The recording . . . You know when Joe Torre says, "And don't forget your receipt" . . . I told you the Yankees rule.

BOO: Let's go find that f@#ker.

They grab their coats and head for the door.

SHORTY: Let's go Yankees . . . Let's go Yankees.

The conversation fades as they exit the building.

Gadzooks Cap Times Readers! Glenn and the bad guys seem ready to collide head on. Is violence imminent? Will Glenn survive the encounter? Don't miss the next issue . . . Same Cap Times! Same Cap Station!