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# COFFEE & SERIAL

AN EIGHT INSTALLMENT DRAMA WRITTEN BY EDWARD CAPOZZI

**E**pisode Six: *Hang on Cap Times Readers! Our nasty villians are closing in on Glenn and the incriminating photos. The receipt from their fateful cab ride is leading them right to the cabbie that gave Glenn a ride home.*

EXTERIOR. WAREHOUSE-LATER

*The same location the story began, up the street from where Glenn caught his taxi. The building he believes the men took the woman. It's approximately 9 a.m. Glenn is walking up the street.*

GLENN: This must be the place. (to himself)

*Glenn is looking all around. He passes the doorway a couple of times. He stops and starts peering into the windows. We zoom in on his back. The music gets more intense. The camera is moving toward him. A hand reaches out toward him and taps his shoulder. Glenn almost jumps out of his skin.*

GLENN: Ahhhhh!

*As he turns around, a MAN standing in front of him says:*

MAN: I'm sorry to startle you. Do you know where Chantarelle is?

*A look of relief comes over Glenn's face.*

GLENN: Yeah . . . it's right around the corner . . . you can't miss it.

*Glenn points in that direction.*

MAN: Thank you. And again, I'm sorry to have frightened you.

*The man walks around the corner. The camera zooms in on Glenn. A long wide shot reveals the whole building. Glenn starts walking to the right, and just as he disappears around the corner, the warehouse door opens and Boo and Shorty walk out.*

CUT TO: INTERIOR. WAREHOUSE - LATER

*Rocco and Johnny are waiting inside the warehouse. Johnny is eating a bucket of Kentucky Fried Chicken.*

ROCCO: How can you eat that soul food?

*Johnny's mouth is full.*

JOHNNY: What do you mean . . . soul food? This is some good sh\*t.

ROCCO: You Irish, will eat anything. *(laughing)* I talked to my dad last night. He said to say "hello."

JOHNNY: Oh yeah . . . When's he getting out?

ROCCO: A couple more months. They're sending him to Elmira to finish his bid.

JOHNNY: Gladiator school?

ROCCO: What?

JOHNNY: Gladiator School . . . that's what they call Elmira . . . a lot of fighting . . . young f\*#ks.

ROCCO: Oh great. Just what the old man needs.

JOHNNY: I wouldn't worry about him.

*They smile.*

*ROCCO walks toward the photo of Joe DiMaggio.*

ROCCO: You see this baby? *(pointing at the picture)* This is my most prized possession . . . Joltin Joe . . . My father used to take me and my brother to Cooperstown every year . . . you know for the Hall of Fame game . . . You know . . . every year an American League team plays a National League team. This particular year it was the Yankees and the Dodgers. Bobby Valentine was playing for the Dodgers then. Early seventies . . . And my dad knew some guard there or something. As each Hall of Famer came out of their limo . . . we'd get their autographs . . . I got 'em all. Koufax, Feller, Musial. But the one I always

wanted to be like was DiMaggio . . . and I never even seen 'em play. But the way people talked about him . . . Was like he was a god . . . My dad thought he was . . . he must have been the greatest.

JOHNNY: That's what they say. Yeah, me and your dad have been through a lot. You know when you spend as much time together as me and your dad did. You get to really know a person. He's a great man.

*The door opens and Boo and Shorty enter with the cab driver. Rocco and Johnny get up and walk toward them.*

ROCCO: Is this the c#\*ksucker who has our camera?

BOO: This is the cab driver from last night.

*They place him in front of Rocco. He's petrified.*

ROCCO: You remember these guys from last night?

CAB DRIVER: Yeah. I picked them up in my cab. What the f\*@k is going on?

ROCCO: You know me? *(very calmly)*

CAB DRIVER: I've seen your picture in the paper.

ROCCO: Then you know this is serious.

CAB DRIVER: Listen . . . I've got a family . . .

ROCCO: *(cuts him off)* You tell me what I want to know . . . You walk away. Now again . . . you remember these guys from last night . . .

CAB DRIVER: Yes.

ROCCO: And you didn't find a camera like this in the car after they got out?

*Rocco takes a disposable camera out of his pocket and shows him.*

CAB DRIVER: No, I didn't even look. I swear. A guy got in the cab right after they got out . . . A photographer.

*They react.*

ROCCO: You remember where you dropped this guy off?

CAB DRIVER: Yeah

JOHNNY: Where motherf\*&ker?

CAB DRIVER: West Broadway and Houston

ROCCO: What did he look like?

*Boo presses the gun into his temple.*

CAB DRIVER: Look , I don't want no trouble . . . He was a young dude.

*Rocco is getting pissed. Boo puts the gun in his mouth.*

BOO: You better start getting more specific, asshole.

CAB DRIVER: A good looking young guy, like . . . like Ricky Martin . . . you know on MTV. *(barely understood with the gun in his mouth)*

*Rocco smiles.*

ROCCO: Go find this . . . Ricky Martin.

*Everyone smiles, except the cabbie.*

FADE TO BLACK.

*Holy music video! Glenn looks like Ricky Martin?  
The bad guys know where Glenn's apartment is . . .  
and they have a description.  
Don't change that dial, er, newspaper.*