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# COFFEE & SERIAL

AN EIGHT INSTALLMENT DRAMA WRITTEN BY EDWARD CAPOZZI

**E**pisode Seven: *The plot thickens!! Rocco is on a rampage to find this mysterious photographer. Missing cameras? Ricky Martin look-alikes? Looks like we're "Livin la Vida Loca" once again!!*

INTERIOR: GLENN'S APT. - LATER  
*Christie's on the couch doing her nails. Glenn is making a cup of coffee.*

CHRISTIE: So, did you develop that film or what?

GLENN: What film?

CHRISTIE: You know . . . the disposable camera.

GLENN: Oh . . . yeah it was bullsh\*t . . . like I said . . . some foreigner's vacation.

CHRISTIE: So . . . what are we going to do tonight? Maybe you can take me out for dinner. There's a new restaurant on 9th Street that we could try.

GLENN: I guess we could do that.

*The phone RINGS.*

CHRISTIE: Good-bye Glenn . . . there goes that f\*\*king idea.

GLENN: You don't even know who it is.

*Christie gets up and heads for the bedroom.*

CHRISTIE: Sure I do. It's that f\*\*king job of yours.

*Glenn answers the phone.*

GLENN: Hello . . . Right now? . . . of course I want to keep my job . . . it's just . . . nothing . . . what's the address? . . . OK . . . I'll be right there.

*Christie comes into the room.*

GLENN: I'm sorry . . . You think I want to do this?

CHRISTIE: Well you don't want to do me . . . I'm sick of this sh\*t.

GLENN: This sh\*t pays the f\*\*king bills.

CHRISTIE: Maybe I should f\*\*k a Bill.

GLENN: Fine. And while you're at it, f\*\*k yourself.

*Glenn grabs his coat and splits.*

EXTERIOR: WEST BROADWAY AND HOUSTON - LATER  
*Glenn walks out of the building. In the distance, the black sedan with Boo and Shorty inside goes unnoticed.*

INTERIOR: WAREHOUSE - LATER  
*Rocco and Johnny are sitting in the warehouse smoking cigars and having cocktails.*

ROCCO: Those cocks\*ckers better find that camera. If Theresa [his wife] ever found out, I'd have to whack her [laughing]. No seriously, that nut will divorce me. She'll laugh all the way to the bank.

JOHNNY: You know . . . that guy is a photographer. He may get curious.

ROCCO: Yeah . . . well you know what curiosity did to the cat, right?

JOHNNY: Right.

*Johnny makes the motion of a knife going across his throat with his finger. The door opens and Shorty and Boo enter.*

ROCCO: You better have some good news.

*Rocco and Johnny get up and start heading toward them.*

BOO: We have good news and bad news.

ROCCO: I don't want to hear any bad news . . . Did you find my f\*\*king camera?

BOO: No . . . but hold on.

*Boo holds up both hands as if to stop from being hit.*

JOHNNY: This better be good.

SHORTY: We turned that f\*\*king place inside out. There was no camera. We got something else though. Check this out.

*Boo and Shorty start heading for the door. Rocco and Johnny exchange glances then follow.*

ROCCO: I'm afraid to look. Jesus Christ only know's what these a\*\*holes did now.

JOHNNY: Hey! What did you a\*\*holes do now?  
*Yells ahead to Boo and Shorty as they exit the warehouse.*

INTERIOR: COFFEE SHOP - LATER  
*Glenn is sitting at a table. EDDIE enters.*

EDDIE: Hey.

GLENN: What's up? (*sounding depressed*)

EDDIE: Now . . . what's the matter?

GLENN: I don't know man . . . I'm f\*\*king hating life. I pump myself full of coffee all day . . . just to keep running around for that prick, Dannenberg . . . for what? I hate that f\*\*king job . . . I was working with the most beautiful girls in the world . . . now I'm working with a bunch of stiffs.

EDDIE: Why the f\*\*k would you quit that job in the first place? I mean . . . traveling to exotic locations . . . taking pictures of half-naked models. Oh yeah, that was bright.

GLENN: If you only knew what Christie put me through . . . She tortured me. (*thinks a moment*) The f\*\*ked up thing is . . . she's even worse now.

EDDIE: Let me ask you a question. Do you love this woman?

GLENN: (*Ponders*) I must . . . I mean I guess so.

EDDIE: You guess so! What the f\*\*k kind of answer is that? Love is something special. You have to know. Listen Glenn, you're my best friend in the world and I hate to see you so f\*\*ked up. You only live once. You've got to make it as great as humanly possible, and you have to start with the woman you're going to be with. Let me give you an example . . . take Paul McCartney. I mean I always admired this guy, but recently I heard something that put him at the top of my list. Now here's a guy who could get any woman he wants, I mean he was a Beatle for Christ's sake, but he stays with Linda. I mean she's not the best-looking head in the world, but she's decent. They were together for twenty-nine years and they spent only one night apart . . . one night, in twenty-nine years. That's love . . . when I heard that I was just blown away. I was so jealous, and he's a busy dude. Not like he was just laying around the house for twenty years watching TV.

GLENN: I don't know what to do about this b\*tch. She's driving me f\*\*king nuts. Everytime I come home, we have these knock-down, drag-out fights . . . it's f\*\*ked up.

EDDIE: Dump her ass.

GLENN: To tell you the truth . . . I should. But I can't figure out a way to do it.

EDDIE: Well then stop f\*\*king crying about it.  
*They look at each other and exchange glances. Then they smile and start laughing. Glenn's face suddenly becomes serious. The woman from the photos enters the coffee shop.*

GLENN: Holy sh\*t! It's her.

EDDIE: Who? (*looking around*)

GLENN: This chick I know from here.

EDDIE: Her? She's fine. Did you hit it, or what?

GLENN: Only in my mind.

*In his mind? This guy is so pathetic. Relationship problems? Beautiful women? The bad guys are closing in. Only one episode left! Don't miss it! Same Cap Times . . . Same Cap Station.*