

Sam Cookies: Sleuth Tales

A Senior Honors Thesis

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Graduation in the College Honors Program

By

Kiefer Schenk

Journalism/Broadcasting Major with Focus in Media Production

The College at Brockport

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Cast of Characters

<u>Kurt Schenk:</u>	Introductory Announcer
<u>Stephen Clark:</u>	Barkley Brassical
<u>Kiefer Schenk:</u>	Voice, Spud Doyle, Al Garlicos
<u>John Karpowicz:</u>	Sam Cookies
<u>Jay O'Leary:</u>	Lacy
<u>Sarah Del Favero:</u>	Celine Brassical
<u>James St. Jean:</u>	Worker

Scene

5 Scenes

Time

Approximately 25 minutes

SAM COOKIES: SLEUTH TALES

Scene: 1

ANNOUNCER (V.O.):

This broadcast of *Sam Cookies: Sleuth Tales* is brought to you by Candice Hershel's Flanhattan pastry candles. no candle is better at brightening up your fritter friends than Candice candles.

MUSIC

ANNOUNCER 2 (V.O.):

The following story is based on the case files of a private detective in the San Serrano area. All persons and events represented in this program have been altered to protect the innocent. Without further ado, get ready for Sam Cookies in: *The Garlicos Gangbust*.

MUSIC

SOUND: A DOOR SLAMS AS MUFFLED POLICE SIRENS WHIZZ BY, LEAVING ONLY THE SOUNDS OF HEAVY BREATHING. THEN, A TELEPHONE RINGS.

BARKLEY (GASPING):

Oh, no no, gotta keep quiet. Now who could it even-

VOICE:

Hello, Barkley-

BARKLEY:

No, no! (hysterical)

VOICE:

Yes, Barkley. We don't need the cops to tell us where you ran off to in such a hurry. It's a shame you don't want to play fair with us. This was your last chance and you tossed it up more than that wilted salad of a family you have.

BARKLEY:

Now wait a minute! What do you people know about my family?

VOICE:

What do you think, Barkley? We know you don't love them enough to protect them from us. Anyway, you'll be well done before you find out what'll happen to them. Sleep tight, chum. Oh, and you might have enough time for a phone call before it gets too hot. (He laughs before hanging up)

(CONTINUED)

BARKLEY: (BEAT)

It can't end like this, it can't...(picks up the phone, dials)

SOUND: THE DOOR IS SHOVED OPEN.

BARKLEY:

Wait, no! Please, I'll call everything off! Just let me talk t...(stammers before he lets out a horrible scream)

MUSIC

Scene: 2

(INT. LACY'S LATTE BAR. AFTERNOON)

SOUND: LIGHT BAR COMMOTION UNDERNEATH

SAM (V.O.):

It had started as a quiet day in downtown Serrano, and an even quieter one over at Lacy's Latte Bar, my last resort for leads when my work is skim. The place is smaller than a bread box and it's run by an old piece of meat, but I'd had luck with cases here before. It's a cozy joint, and quiet if Lacy isn't chatting me up too hard. I had just finished my second buttermilk and was waiting on my third, sure that my luck had run out. And depending on your definition of "luck", I may have been right.

LACY:

Not that I'm complainin' about bringing your business here, Sam, but don't you think you'd do better by cutting down on the buttermilk?

SAM:

No.

LACY:

That stuff could kill a cookie like-

SAM:

It's Cookies.

LACY:

Yeah, right. The point is that I like ya but I think you're looking less like a sandy lately and more like a macaroon.

SAM:

Cut it out unless you have a prime cut of info. Without a little direction, all I've got is a sour mood.

(CONTINUED)

LACY:

Can't say I was tight-lipped, Mr. Cookies.

SAM:

I wish I could.

LACY:

See here, this is my bar and you're one of my customers, my foods. Since you don't look to be watching out for yourself, I guess I'll have to. Get yourself home, for what it's worth.

SAM:

You're too kind, Lacy, but all I need to look after myself is a job. I haven't had a call in weeks now.

LACY:

As far as I'm concerned, calls don't get you work. People do, Sam. All of this hopin' for calls could get you in some serious trouble.

SAM:

Bah, what do you know?

LACY:

I happen to know a whole lot.

SAM:

This is getting nowhere fast. I'm going home.

LACY:

Told you.

SAM (V.O.):

Just when I thought it might be time to pack it all in a sleeve and head home, I turned toward the door and found a dame more gorgeous than finding out that that oatmeal raisin was actually a peanut butter chocolate chip, staring right back at me. Her eyes were greener than her leaves, and her stalks looked as strong as they were stringy. She was 100 percent celery, but she made me the vegetable. After a moment I knew she was going to serve me up something worth chewing.

CELINE (WALKING IN):

Excuse me, is there a Sam Cookie here?

SAM:

It's Cookies, kid, and you've got him right here. On a slow day, no less.

CELINE:

Could you help me with something, Mr. Cookies? I've heard through the grapevine that you'll help any good foods in trouble. I think that I'm in a great deal of trouble, myself.

SAM:

I'm pretty hungry for work. Alright, let's hear it.

CELINE:

My father's been cooked. Steamed.

SAM:

I'm sorry, but I don't fix those sorts of accidents-

CELINE:

It wasn't an accident, Mr. Cookies. I knew my pop had been in with some bad foods before but some gang got to him. I'm sure of it!

SAM:

Then why me? Go to the police.

CELINE:

I wouldn't dare. If I went to the police I'd be arrested and twist-tied on the spot.

SAM:

What are you talking about? You're not making any sense, kid.

CELINE:

No, you don't understand. I need protection from everyone. Count this as "crucial evidence", Mr. Cookies.

SOUND: SHE PULLS OUT A PIECE OF PAPER.

SAM:

What's this? A letter?

CELINE:

More of a note, really. I found it this morning, slipped through the door of my apartment East of town. No doubt that it's from my father.

SAM:

Yeah? How do you figure that?

CELINE:

I know his handwriting. It's not like any other Brassical I know.

SAM:

Now wait just a minute, sister. Brassical? As in Barkley Brassical.

CELINE:

Yes.

SOUND: SAM TAKES THE NOTE

SAM:

You can't be-
(SILENCE)
What's your name, kid?

CELINE:

I'm Celine Brassical. Are you going to take this job for me, Mr. Cookies? Please tell me you are. I don't know what would happen to me if I don't get your help. I would rather fry right here!

SAM:

Lacy, put all this on my tab! I've got a job to do for Miss Brassical here.

LACY:

You got it, Sam! Come on back when you're feeling less spongy!

SAM:

Celine, you've got yourself the best private eye in Serrano. I'll find the grease spot himself and put him on ice. Oh, and call me Sam.

MUSIC

Scene: 3

(INT. SAM'S OFFICE. HALF AN HOUR LATER.)

SAM (V.O.):

Celine and I took a ride in my Cornet to my office downtown. When we got there, she seemed relieved for a minute, but it didn't take her long to start bouncing around like an egg timer. Once I had her cooled down, we got to chatting about Barkley Brassical. He's a judge, famous all over Serrano's apple court for his more-than-charitable rulings, especially for hardened gangs. Word around town was that he had his flowers in gang dealings in and outside San Serrano. The mystery of it all was that he also gave quite a bit of his income to the city. Whatever the case, he was steamed broccoli now and I was left with none other than his daughter to help me track down some rotten egg.

(CONTINUED)

SAM:

And you're sure that this note is from your father?

CELINE:

Sure as I can be, Sam. I would have tried to figure it out myself but I have no idea what any of it means.

SAM:

Yeah, it is strange. Looks like a series of letters and numbers: SD 0130, BC 0545, JB 1430, SC 2300, CB 2315. It's a bunch of organized chaos. A few of these are crossed out. Maybe some sort of list?

CELINE:

I wouldn't know.

SAM:

Hm...yeah, maybe they're states and zip codes. But that's not right. Not all of these can be state initials. That's it!

CELINE:

What? What is it?

SAM:

Celine, this is a hit list. These are the initials of foods. And I figure these numbers are times, see?

CELINE:

I see, but how do you know it's a hit list? This came from my father, after all. I hardly think that he wrote this just so he could kill someone. I mean, he would never...would he?

SAM:

Kid, there's no doubt that we're dealing with a chef, someone who isn't afraid to roast a few important foods to get a point across. If this list wasn't about eradication before, your father's death proves that it certainly is now. Maybe he had to chop down a few of his old associates-

CELINE:

Oh! Oh, no.

SAM:

Or maybe he found out who was gonna be smoked and wrote it down. Either way, we need to figure out who these foods are. SD? Celine, do you know anyone with those initials? Maybe your father knew someone. C'mon, Celine, I ain't foulin' around!

CELINE:

Could you please not scold me, Sam?! I don't know.

SAM:

My apologies.

(HE PREPARES AND LIGHTS WHAT SOUNDS LIKE A MATCH.)
It's just that you're giving me half of the pie when I want the whole thing. Any name could help, Celine. You've got to think.

CELINE:

Alright.

SAM:

Licorette?

CELINE:

Sure, thanks. I can't be even close to sure about this but maybe it's Spud Doyle.

SAM:

Doesn't sound like anydish I know. Who is he?

CELINE:

Well that's just it. I don't think he's anyone special. He runs carton shipments at the shipping yard. Erm, over to the east. It's huge. You know, by Boil street?

SAM:

Yeah, I know the place. Not very well. Sounds like we'll be following a dead trail. Don't pull a fast one on me with this.

CELINE:

No, you have to trust me, Sam. My father knew him very well. I mean, he might know something about this whole mess. Or at least a slice of info that will lead us someplace else. He's a stubborn old root, but I'm sure he has something. Please, Sam.

SAM:

Alright, alright. Don't split yourself over it. You know what he looks like?

CELINE:

Sorry, no. Looks like any other potato does, I suppose. Oh, I know I'm not giving you much to go on, Sam, but it's all I can get without involving the police. They would take this note away from me and let that moldy snack go, first thing! I want him to pay for my pop.

(CONTINUED)

SAM:

Simmer down, kid. You look steamier than a cup of lousy ramen. I can tell what you're feeling has spice to it. Tell you what. Hop in the car and I'll meet you outside in a few minutes.

CELINE:

What are you doing?

SAM:

I'm gonna make a phone call.

CELINE:

And then?

SAM:

And then we're going to pay Spud a visit.

MUSICScene: 4

(EXT. SHIPPING YARD. ALMOST AN HOUR LATER.)

SAM (V.O.):

Even though Celine and I had more time to chat during this ride, we both seemed too caught up in our thoughts to bother with it. She looked determined, almost nutty by how unbreakable she looked. I figured that Barkley was still on her mind, but this job was just too much. There were only crumbs, little morsels I could turn to. At the time, Celine's suggestion was the only one I had. And whether I wanted to or not, I had to follow that trail of crumbs to the source. Whatever that source was.

SOUND: CAR PULLS IN, TURNS OFF

SAM (SPOKEN AS IF IN V.O.):

I told Celine to stay by the car. She made a stink about it, but I freezer-sealed it. We didn't know how hot of a potato this guy could be so I wasn't about to risk putting her on the stove top until I got the scoop on this situation. The shipping yard itself was busy, but it had an odd silence to it. It was the kind of silence you hear when the refrigerator fan doesn't sound like it's on, but you swear that it's still as cold as it usually is, so you try moving a few things around to find out if you can hear something in there, and then your wife asks what you're doing, but you didn't realize that she had gotten home early that day so you pull your head out of the refrigerator, bump your head and stare at her for a second. It was that kind of silence.

(CONTINUED)

WORKER:

Hey pal, you all right?

SAM(CONTINUING):

Anyway, this place was so full of potatoes I could swear I was in a casserole. Finding Spud looked to be tougher than I thought.

WORKER:

Hey! Buddy! Ya can't stand around here! Whaddya doin'?

SAM(STILL CONTINUING):

I thought this would take hours. But out of nowhere, I started to hear something. It was a voice in the silence, maybe a voice of reason, or my own conscience. It told me-

WORKER:

Hey, Cookie!

SAM(HAVING SNAPPED OUT OF IT, MUSIC ENDS):

That's "Cookies" to you, you pathetic-wait, who are you?

WORKER:

I'm the head of lettuce who's trying to tell ya that standing around is gonna get you crushed! There are some hefty cartons here that'll flatten you faster than a pancake straight outta the box.

SAM:

Look, I'm sorry I snapped at ya. I'm in a bit of a pickle right now, y'see.

WORKER:

A pickle, huh?

SAM:

Yeah, a pickle about finding a potato. You know a dish named Spud? Spud Doyle?

WORKER:

Spud? Yeah, I know him. Why are you looking for him? You're not PD, are you?

SAM:

No, I'm the one they go to when the police isn't doing their job right. I'm not looking to arrest him or anything, but I do need to talk to him.

(CONTINUED)

WORKER:

You're sour in the noggin, but yeah, I believe you ain't police. Spud's run into trouble before, see, and the cops are always talking to him.

SAM:

S'that right?

WORKER:

Yeah, I've heard talk about lousy shipments. Spud handles a lot of deals and records outside of the city. He never seems to be carried off, though. Can't actually tell if he gets in trouble, but it sure looks like it since the cops are involved.

SAM:

Could you show me where Spud is? I may not have much time.

WORKER:

You're the first one to talk to me about anything here, so why not? He should be filing some things this time of day, so he'll be right in that office behind ya.

SAM:

Thanks, mack.

WORKER:

That's Mache.

SAM:

I don't get it.

(SAM WALKS AWAY, OPENS A DOOR TO FIND SPUD ON THE PHONE. NOW INT. OFFICE. SPUD HAS AN INSULTING IRISH ACCENT.)

SPUD:

I'm tellin' ye, Eclair, there isn't any way I'm goin' to that ridiculous house party. Ye know how I feel about those sorts o' things. All I want to do after work is hit a pub and put some half-spoiled milk in me, none o' that suit-wearin' social nonsense. Aye, and I wish you weren't a chocolate-filled dessert but we can't have everything we want in this world, can we? Listen, I've some very important work to do here, so we can yell at each other about it later. Please? Bye.

(HE HANGS UP, DOESN'T NOTICE SAM. SAM KNOCKS ON THE WALL.)

(CONTINUED)

SAM:

Afternoon.

SPUD:

Oh, criminy and chimichangas! You scared the starch out o' me.

SAM:

Sorry about that. Who was that?

SPUD:

What? Oh, on the phone? M'lady back home. She's sweet but she's not something you can have every day, y'know?

SAM:

No, not really. Say, you seem pretty dissolved in your work.

SPUD:

No kiddin'? Next thing you're gonna tell me that I look like I have two tricycles and a root stickin' out o' me behind. See here, mister...

SAM:

Cookies. Sam Cookies.

SPUD:

Alright, Mr. Cookies. Y'here for a reason? A real one? Or are you here to stand around telling me about me life while I pore over this stack o' shipping requests?

SAM:

Actually, those records are just the things I came here to ask about.

SPUD:

What're you gettin' at?

SAM:

I came here to ask some questions. There's word that you might be in over your head on some of your shipments.

SPUD:

No, no, Sam. I'm not doing this dance again, no sir. You're just another detective looking to put me over a spit. You're PD, aren't ye?

SAM:

I'm not a cop, Spud.

(CONTINUED)

SPUD:

How do you know my name?

SAM:

Take it easy. I only want to ask about what's been going on between you and-

SPUD:

I've had enough of this. Stay back and let me out of here!

SAM:

Spud, put that tenderizer down. You don't want a mess of cookie dough for the police to find, do you?

SPUD:

No more! I know they're after me, I know you're after me! Just tell him I'm done. I don't want to do this anymore!

(THERE IS A VIOLENT STRUGGLE. THE WEAPON FALLS AFTER A FEW MOMENTS AND THEY CONTINUE TO SPEAK.)

SAM:

What's the matter with you?!

SPUD (NEARLY SOBBING):

You're here to cook me like ye cooked Brussel and Carver!

SAM:

Now you listen to me! You need to get a hold of yourself. I'm not here to cook you and I'm not here to turn you in or arrest you. I need to find the scum who cooked Barkley Brassical.

SPUD:

They, they served up Barkley too?

SAM:

With some sides, sounds like.

SPUD:

I'm as good as mashed.

SAM:

Are you going to help me or not, Spud? This could mean your life.

SPUD (SCOFFING):

Yer jokin', right? The guy yer lookin' for? He's untouchable. Why d'ya think I'm trying to hide? Do yourself and me a favor and get out o' my sight.

(CONTINUED)

(SAM REVEALS THE NOTE.)

SAM:

And how do you think I found you?

SPUD:

What the...no way. Where did you get this?

SAM:

From someone interested in tracking down this sun of a bun. Can you confirm that these are your initials here?

SPUD:

Yeah, I even see Brussel and Carver on here, too. This is a list of foods, aye. They have to be mixed in Garlicos deals.

SAM:

Garlicos?

SPUD:

Yeah, he goes by the name of Al Garlicos.

SAM:

I've heard of him. Barkley was mixed with Garlicos? He's one of the biggest players in underground crime syndicates. He's a real boss. Why would he want to cook someone like Brassical?

SPUD:

I dunno. Maybe Barkley knew something and was going to let it out. All I know is if he's cracking his eggs like this, all at once, he must be afraid of something spillin' all over the city.

SAM:

Are you worried that your initials are on here?

SPUD:

Not any more than I was before. I'm expecting Al to cook me anytime, not just today. He's done a lot for me but I think my favors have run out. Sam, was it?

SAM:

Mhm.

SPUD:

I'll owe ye my life if you can stop Garlicos from turning me into a baked potato. So here's what I'm going to do for ye.

(HE PULLS OUT A FILE AND BEGINS TO WRITE.)

(CONTINUED)

SPUD:

Hang onto this. They're the best morsels I've got on Garlicos and his operation. I just hope it'll be enough to keep him from makin' a stew out o' me and everyone else.

SAM:

Thank you, Spud. I'll see to it that he won't be fresh for another day in this town.

SPUD:

Good.

(THE PHONE RINGS.)

SPUD:

There she is again. Ye'd best be on your way, Mr. Cookie.

SAM:

That's Cookies. And thanks.

MUSICScene: 5

SAM (V.O.):

After leafing through Spud's records with Celine, I felt as though I'd been dipped. Garlicos was our clove of interest, all right. I knew that he deserved justice, but I didn't have the spice to tell Celine that we may have acted too late. Garlicos wasn't just a food with a food group. He had a whole city-wide pyramid working for him, ready to roast anyfood stupid enough to try to dice him. And if I decided to help this kid, we'd be stuck in the middle of the chaos. We'd be cooked in no time. But I'd taken the job and I'm not the kind of baked good to go back on his word.

(IT IS NOW 10:30 P.M. THE CAR IS HEARD SQUEAKING TO A STOP.)

SAM:

Here we are: the old Tupper library.

CELINE:

Why, it doesn't look bad at all for being abandoned.

SAM:

Criminal syndicates keep their operations surprisingly clean. Let's hope that we can get the jump on 'em. Celine?

(CONTINUED)

CELINE:

Yes, Sam, what is it?

SAM:

I want you to know that this is it. I accepted this job of yours because I could tell you really wanted this guy canned. But now that we know that we're dealing with Al Garlicos himself, are you sure that this is what you want? Would it have been what your father wanted?

CELINE:

It is, Sam. I know that I was afraid of what might happen to me before, when I was looking for you, but it doesn't matter anymore. Garlicos is going to answer for what he did to my father...or I'll die trying to get it from him. You're still going to help me, right?

SAM:

You're tougher than I thought, kid. Of course I'll help you. What kind of cookie would I be if I stopped being sweet?

CELINE:

You're too much, Sam. But thanks.

SAM:

Just doing my job, Celine. Now stay behind me and let's head in. It's time to make leftovers out of old Garlicos.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS, THE AIR IS OPEN BUT FADES ON V.O.

SAM (V.O.):

We crept around back and opened the double doors. The place reeked of smelly spices, onion, and of course garlic. But there wasn't any sign of Garlicos or his gang. As we made our way to the offices upstairs, I knew that something had curdled. The hallways had become darker and less welcoming. I was sure that we were walking into a trap. Things might have played out different if I had thought about it a little more. But that's the way the cookie crumbles.

SAM (SOFTLY):

Easy now, easy.

CELINE (SOFTLY):

Sorry. It's just that I can't see a foot in front of me. Nevermind I don't have feet.

(CONTINUED)

SAM:

It'll be all right, Celine. All we have to do is get the jump on this bulb and call it a day, no matter how long it-

(THERE IS A DISTURBANCE.)

SAM:

Hang on! I heard something. Stay back for a second.

CELINE:

Are you sure it wasn't me, Sam? I do rustle some when I-

SAM:

No, it's not you. Stay where you are. Can you see through that office door's window? The one ahead of you.

CELINE:

Why, I think I might be able to. Oh, my! Sam, it's him!

SAM:

Alright, get down! How can you tell it's him?

CELINE:

It has to be. I've never seen anything less edible in my entire life.

SAM:

I guess we don't really have the time to wonder anyhow. We're going in there.

CELINE:

But he'll notice us for sure.

SAM:

He won't cook both of us at first sight. If that really is Garlicos then he'll be smarter than that. Besides, I've got my grease gun right by my side in case things get rare. Stay behind me and I promise you'll make it out of here fresh as a fish.

CELINE:

Well...alright. I'll be right behind you.

SAM:

Good. Let's go.

(THEY MOVE UP TO THE DOOR. IT CREAKS OPEN. THE INDIVIDUAL INSIDE IS GARLICOS. HE SOUNDS AS IF HE IS IN A COUGHING FIT.)

(CONTINUED)

GARLICOS:

Ha! Looks like you made it. Welcome to Tupper Library. You must be one tough cookie to make your way here, thinkin' that you won't turn into a pile of crumbs.

SAM:

The name's Cookies, Al. And I don't care about your threats. I'm here to take you in, one way or the other.

GARLICOS:

Sure, sure. But first, let's talk, huh? In my line of work, talk gets things done.

SAM:

Why should we? Look here, you're nothing but a sick seed who's about to get what's coming to him.

GARLICOS:

Please, Mr. Cookies, please. There must be something you want to talk about.

CELINE (ABRUPTLY):

Why did you kill my father you, you stinking, hairy chive?!

(GARLICOS STARTS LAUGHING, COUGHING, AND SPUTTERING.)

SAM:

Stay back, Celine! Don't get between us!

GARLICOS (STILL LAUGHING):

Looks like you've got a few fangs under those leaves of yours. So let me ask you something: will you really feel better by taking me down after your precious Judge Brassical and so many others went back on their word? After all I did for them, the moment that I tell them I have the rot, they betray me. Like I'm practically disposal food already!

SAM:

Wait a minute. Judge...Brassical...JB. Celine, that list of yours was a dud!

CELINE:

What?

SAM:

Remember when I said those numbers were times? The number "1430" was listed next to JB. JB stands for Judge Brassical. But 1430 is 2:30 in the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAM: (cont'd)
afternoon. Celine, you came to me hours before that time.

GARLICOS (LAUGHING ONCE MORE):
You must be referring to the little note I sent out. I can guarantee that it's quite real. Ol' Barkley just had to be taken care of a little early. Spud went a little later than intended, no thanks to you.

CELINE:
Oh no...

GARLICOS:
But it's all right. I'll be on my way to the great dinner plate in the sky soon and my loose ends are right on time. Isn't that right, Sam Cookies? Celine Brassical?

SAM:
Sam...S. SC. SC, 2300. CB, 2315. The clock says two minutes to 11:00.

(A BEAT.)

GARLICOS:
I do hope you've thought this through.

SAM:
As much as I could have.

GARLICOS:
I wasn't talking to you.

(A LOUD CLICK. CELINE'S VOICE IS HEARD, STRONGER AND MORE STERN.)

CELINE:
Don't move.

SAM:
Celine, you took my grease gun.

CELINE:
Thanks for telling me where it was. You've been a good snack, Sam, and I'm sorry, but this is the only way.

SAM:
I don't understand.

GARLICOS (COUGHING):
You see, Mr. Cookies, we were destined to meet tonight. Celine's list was a way to hook you into
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GARLICOS (COUGHING): (cont'd)
taking the long, noodly road here. And she knew it
before she even met you.

SAM:

But why me? What do I have to do with this?

GARLICOS:

I'm rotting, Mr. Cookies. I'm rotting and I need a
better legacy than a few spice deals, cooked cops, and
corrupt officials. I need a trophy for people to live
up to by invoking the name Al Garlicos.

SAM:

So you decide to cook a private detective? A sleuth?

CELINE:

Not just any sleuth. THE Sam Cookies.

GARLICOS:

And that's all I want. A final confrontation where you
are so close to having one of the biggest crime hogs in
the country, but you fall. You burn to a crisp. Who
will be remembered, I wonder?

SAM:

Celine, I've tried to help you out. This is your only
chance to show what it is you really want.

CELINE (HESITATING)

You know I can't just let you go. Someone has to cook
you.

GARLICOS:

And how great it will be! My business will continue
under my next best food and he will owe you
forever. Protection. Safety. Money. Anything you
want, dear.

CELINE:

You could?

SAM:

I can't argue with what he's saying, Celine, but
please. Think about this. The gun doesn't have to be
fired.

CELINE:

Sam, I just don't know!

GARLICOS:

It's past eleven, Celine. Keep to the recipe.

CELINE:

Stop!

(A SHOT RINGS OUT. CELINE BEGINS SOBBING.)

CELINE (INBETWEEN SOBS):

You can't give me my father!

SAM (V.O.):

It took me a moment to swallow what had just happened. I was alive and unscathed. My gun lay on the floor and Celine crouched down, stunned. A crumpled paper had fallen out of her hand. I picked it up, unfolded it, and noticed that it was the very same list that started this mess. Except, there was a new entry on the back.
AG, 2305.

MUSIC

End.