

**Pichitawno Players
Eric G. Lambert School
Churchill Falls
present**

“The Cappuccino Legends”

Cast

Godfather.....	Shane Morgan
Katherine (Godfather’s Wife).....	Cara Diamond
Sam (Best Friend).....	Scott Shears
Samson (Son).....	Stephen Wells
Chafe (Number 1 Hitman).....	Stephen Chaisson
Wedgie (Hitman Wannabe).....	Ryan Acreman
Isabella (A maid who hears all, knows all).....	Samantha Kent
Sylvia (Good Cop, Bad Cop).....	Alexandria Sheppard
Police Chief.....	Danielle Martin
Bartender/Policeman.....	Charli Philpott

Technical

Typist/Stage Hand/Makeup.....	Brandy Down
Lights & Sound.....	Melissa Jacobs
	Adam Young

Teacher Advisor

Rosemary Vigeant

In the time when crime rates soar and violence rules society, one woman is dreaming of power in the world’s largest Mafia family: the Cappuccino’s. Her influence runs through all levels of society, from the cop on the beat to the top level of the family hierarchy. How far will she go to attain ultimate power? Who will help her along the way? The events of these episodes will come to life in this violent and impassioned chronicle of: The Cappuccino Legends.

Living Room Scene

Chafe and Sam are sitting around the table. Katherine is sitting on a chair at the side of the table. Maid is shuffling around cleaning up, serving coffee, etc. She does not leave the room.)

Chafe: So..... (as if waiting for an answer)

Sam: So what?

Chafe: What's your tally?

Sam: (*Looking at his gun*) Well, see (*showing him the gun*) my gun says we made seven hits.

Chafe: (*Sulkily*) Man, that's not fair! I've only shot three.

Gfather: Enough you two! (*Looks towards Sam*) So what's the status on the mission I gave you?

Sam: It would have gone perfect if Chafe here hadn't messed things up again!

Chafe: But.....

Gfather: Not again Chafe. (*Annoyed*) That's ten and a half times this month. And I only sent you on five missions! (*Shaking his head*) At least I still have Sam here. Good, honest, loyal, trustworthy Sam. (*Looks towards his wife*) Right Honey?

Kat: Oh yes! Mr. Dunkleman is such a loyal man.

Gfather: Yes. You're right as always my little pudding cheeks. He is so very trustworthy, and such a good friend, that he could be like a second father to my son - or at least like a very close uncle..... (*looks admiringly towards his wife and leans over to pat her stomach*) I sure hope he has my eyes..... Now then, getting back to business, Chafe, I have a very important mission I need you to complete. It's vital that you not mess this one up.

Chafe: A mission? Just for me? I won't mess it up boss! I promise!

Gfather: That's good then. Now, go get me some chicken.

Chafe: (*Looking excited*) Crispy or original?

Gfather: Crispy, and you know my preference for breast. (*Chafe nods*) Hmmm, go down to

that new place in town, down on Fifth Avenue. I heard that they have the best breasts in town.

Chafe: Would you like fries with that?

Gfather: Yes, and don't forget the coleslaw.

Chafe: *(Prepares to leave, excited and in a big rush. He looks around)* Where's that little dude who's always following me around?

Wedgie: *(Rushes out onto stage)* Me. Me? You called for me? Here I am. Here I am! What can I do? What can I do?

Chafe: *(Signals for him to be quiet, makes several attempts)* Come on then, Wedgie. *(Picks him up, giving him a wedgie and walks off stage.)*

Gfather: *(walks over to Sam)* Sam, you know how very important family is to me. *(Sam nods)* An how I would do anything in my power to protect them. Especially my darling wife. *(Looks lovingly at his wife)* If anyone was to ever touch her I would personally see to it that he would never lay his hands on another woman again! *(Godfather gets worked up, then calms himself down.)* But on a happier note, my wife and I have decided to name our baby Samson, after you, since you've been so loyal and supportive of us.

Sam: Oh, no,no.....*(cut off)*

Gfather: Shhh, let me finish.

Sam: But there is something I have to tell you.

Gfather: *(Raises hands as if to silence him)* Now, now, I'm sure that can wait. There are far more important matters at hand. I want you to be the Godfather of my child. *(Said matter-of-factly)*

Sam: OH, I couldn't!

Gfather: Of course you can!

Sam: I really have to tell you something.

Gfather: Whatever you have to say can wait. I have some business to attend to. *(Gets up and gives Sam a friendly pat on the back, embrace then leaves.)*

Sam: *(Sitting on the corner of the desk, rakes his hands through his hair)* Katherine.....

Kat: Oh Sam *(goes over to him and grabs on to his arm affectionately)*

Sam: No, don't. *(Shakes her off)* We can't do this.

Kat: The Don won't be back for another while. *(Tugs sexily on his shirt)*

Sam: No, I don't mean that. We can't continue on with this relationship.

Kat: But.....What do you mean? *(Sulkily)*

Sam: You heard him Kat. *(Sternly, pointing to where The Don left)*he trusts me. He trusts me Kat! I have to tell him.

Kat: You can't! What about the baby? *(Sam looks confused)* Sam, it's yours! It's your Baby!

Sam: *(Grabs her shoulders)* What? *(Astonished)*

Kat: *(Almost crying)* It's yours.

Sam: Are you sure?

Kat: Well, it's either yours, or the milkman's..... or the mailman's..... and there was that one time with my yoga instructor. *(Sam looks horrified. Kat gives him a little shove)* Of course it's yours! You know you're the only one for me!

Sam: *(Covers his face)* Oh God! *(After pondering a bit)* Kat I have to tell him. He has a right to know the truth.

Kat: Oh no Sam! *(Almost crying, tugging at him, pleading)*

Sam: Oh Kat, please understand.....

Kat: *(Looking deep into his eyes and sighs)* Fine but please, let me be the one to tell him.

Sam: *(Grabs her hands)* Are you sure?

Kat: Yes Sam. I'm his wife. He may take it better hearing it from me. Let me tell him. *(Reassuringly)* I know how to handle him.

Sam: Well, if you're sure. *(Nods, goes in for a kiss, but decides not to. Turns and leaves)*

Kat: *(Ponders a bit)* Now.....we can't have this now can we.....*(thoughtfully and confidently)*

Gfather: *(enters startling Kat)* What did you say darling?

Kat: Oh, ummm, nothing. *(Flustered, looking at the floor as if she was upset)*

Gfather: What is it? You look upset. Sam just left, was it something he said?

Kat: *(Reluctant, somewhat flustered)* Oh ummm, I don't know how to tell you this....

Gfather: What is it dear? You know you can tell me anything.

Kat: There really isn't any good way to say this. I wish I didn't have to tell you, but you know I must always be truthful and loyal to you.

Gfather: It has something to do with Sam doesn't it?

Kat: For the past few months while you've been away on business Sam has been trying to how would I put this....take advantage of me. I didn't make a scene, because I know you wouldn't have approved of it and Sam is your trusted friend.

Gfather: *(Goes behind and sits in his desk, pauses to think)* Could you leave me alone for a moment Katherine? I've got some thinking to do.

Kat: You're not mad at me are you?

Gfather: Of course not darling. How could I be mad at the mother of my child?

(Kat goes over and kisses his cheek, leaves the room. Isabella, the maid comes over by the Godfather with flowers/drinks)

Isabella: Don Cappuccino, can I get you anything sir?

Gfather: *(startled out of deep thought)* No. Thank you. *(Distractedly)* oh wait a minute. There is something. Have you noticed anything peculiar going on between my wife and Sam?

Isabella: *(hesitantly)* Well.....now that you mention it.....I did notice that Sam has been spending a lot of time around here and he does seem very interested in your wife.

However, it's all very one sided. I mean I'm sure it's not any fault of your dear wife.

Gfather: Ummm.....I see.....Thank you Isabella. That will be all. *(Isabella leaves)*

Chafe: *(Runs in with the chicken)* I got the chicken boss!

Wedgie: Me too! Me too! I got the chicken! I got the chicken! *(Pulls out fake chicken. Is stifled by Chafe, looks dejected)* Gotta go! Gotta go! *(Runs off)*

Gfather: I'm not hungry any more, just put it over there..... You're just the person I never thought I'd want to see.....

Chafe: Okay boss, I'll be going.

Gfather: No, no, come back here you moron.

Chafe: Whatever you say boss!

Gfather: I have a mission for you.....

Black out.

Park Bench Scene

A park bench with Sam sitting on it reading a newspaper. Chafe walks up, sees the newspaper and gets excited)

Chafe: Oooh! I wants the comics!

Sam: Eh Chafe, *(holding the comics out of reach)* what did you want to see me for?

Chafe: I wanted to see you? Oh ya! The Godfather wanted me to give you some papers or something. *(Reaches into coat slowly and pulls out the wrong object)* Uh, just a moment, I knows I put it in here somewhere. *(Looks inside jacket, pulls out a knife)*

Sam: What are you doing now, Chafe? Stop messing around.

Chafe: Boss gave me an important job! A special one! Don't think you'll like it much though..... *(stabs a surprised Sam then grabs the newspaper and pulls out the comics, running away giggling)*

Black out

Living Rom Scene : reminiscing

Sign indicates twenty-one years later. Katherine is sitting alone, thinking aloud about her son, the plans for the party, and her son's real birth father - Sam. Maid is in the background busily working.

Kat: *(Looks at pictures)* I can't believe he's twenty-one years old already. Where has the time gone? I never thought it would be like this. It's so hard living a lie all these years. What wouldn't I give to have Sam back at a special time like this. He would be so proud and happy to see what a handsome young man his son has turned out to be. Oh why did it have to be this way? *(Flipping through an old photo album. Her son enters in a happy mood. She greets him with a kiss and invites him to look at the album)* Oh what a darling baby you were! *(Starts to get teary eyed)*

Samson: Oh mama, please don't start this.

Kat: I'm sorry darling, you're just growing up so fast! Look here *(pointing at a picture)* Here are all our friends at your christening and here you are riding your first bike.

Samson: *(turns a page, looks closely at a photo)* I don't remember this guy, but somehow he looks like someone I know. Who is he?

Kat: *(Quickly grabs the book from him and puts it away)* Oh you never mind that. Come with me and we'll check on the decorations. *(Mother and son exit)*

Chafe: *(Rises from chair in the corner that was back on and unseen)* What was that all about? Why was she talking about Sam? Sam's son? I never knew Sam had a son. *(Walks off shaking his head)*

Black out

Living Room: Birthday Party Scene

Samson's twenty-first birthday and his welcome into the family business. Friends and family spread around the room eating cake, talking. Samson enters and they say Happy Birthday and he does a little dance step)

Chafe: Hey! Look at that! He does the two step just like Sam used to!

Kat: *(Trying to cover up what Chafe just said)* I can't believe my little baby boy is

twenty-one already and ready to join the family business.

Chafe: *(Proudly)* I'm going to have to show you a few tricks of the trade.

Wedgie: *(runs on stage)* tricks, tricks! Did someone say tricks? I can do tricks! I can do tricks! *(He pulls a trick from his sleeve. Chafe zips him into silence. He looks around at the bored reaction of theirs and then leaves dejected)*

Gfather: I'll have to think about that one. *(Drags son off to the side)* Father and son working side by side.

Samson: Yes, Father, so when do I get my first job, now that I'm twenty-one and all?

Gfather: Oh my son, there's a lot to learn in this business and you really don't know enough to be sent out on a job yet.

Samson: Oh but Dad!

Gfather: Now, now, there's a lot to know about how to kill someone. I remember the first hit I made...it took me two weeks of planning.... and a hot poker.....it wasn't pretty.

Samson: Well, what can I do to prove to you that I'm ready?

Gfather: In order for you to prove that you're ready to be a skilled hitman, you must kill two pigeons with one stone.

Samson: Is that even possible?

Gfather: You should be thankful. I had to kill three. If I were you, I'd start researching the best pigeon killers.

Samson: How would I find out about that?

Gfather: Try our family research library. Look under Cappuccino legends. But first you can look through this.*(pulls out a large file from his desk drawer and hands it to son)*

Samson: Thanks Pop! *(Hurries out)*

Black out

POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE SCENE

Chief is sitting behind a desk, feet up, going through a file. Sylvia walks in.

Sylvia: Hi Chief!

Chief: Hello Sylvia, I've been waiting for you. *(Sylvia sits)*

Sylvia: Yes, I got your message. What's this all about?

Chief: *(Thinks a bit)* Can I trust you Sylvia?

Sylvia: Depends on what you trust me with.

Chief: Business of course, important police business.

Sylvia: You can always trust me with that. Police business is my job.

Chief: Good. This is a very important case and it's imperative that it not be taken lightly.

Sylvia: Whatever it is Chief, I'm your girl. *(Chief hands her a file, she opens it, flipping through the pages)* The Cappuccino's. The largest mafia group in the country. Suspected to be involved in well over a hundred murders in fifteen states. This is quite a case, Chief.

Chief: *(Walks to side, coffee cup in hand)* Do you realize how much publicity this case will get?

Sylvia: This case has been open for years. If we bust them, we'll be heroes in the eyes of every good Samaritan and law abiding citizen out there.

Chief: Not only will we be heroes, Sylvia, there'll be a nice raise involved. *(Both smirk)*

Sylvia: What do you want me to do?

Chief: I need you undercover. Get inside. We've had no luck busting them from the outside. We need someone sneaky, clever, someone who can think on their feet.....unfortunately both Lynda and Maria are out on vacation so you'll have to do. Rumor has it that the Godfather and his hitman will be at the Oasis tonight at seven. It's the Wednesday night local talent show. Get your vocals warmed up, you're on tonight.

Sylvia: But I can't sing!!!!

Chief: Well, you're going to learn fast. Because, not only are you going to have to sing, you're going to have to sing good. Good enough to impress Don Cappuccino. I want him to like you so much that he'll be wanting to set you up with his son, who just happens to be single.

Sylvia: I don't think I.....

Chief: Suck it up and get over there. Report back to me, and only me at twenty-one hundred hours. By then you better be dating the son of the Mafia.

Black out

BAR SCENE

Godfather and Chafe sit at a table, across the stage is a platform with a microphone. Sylvia sits at the bar with the bartender.

Sylvia: So Charlie, who are those guys over there?

Bartender: *(Shocked)* You mean you don't know those guys? I thought everyone knew the Cappuccinos!

Sylvia: *(vaguely)* I may have heard something about them, but tell me, what really makes them so well known?

Bartender: *(looks around suspiciously. Leans forward and whispers)* I probably shouldn't be talking about this, but you know that headline about the string of murders. Well, the way I hear it, The Cappuccino family knows a lot more than they're telling.

Sylvia: And may I ask how you know this?

Bartender: I have my way of overhearing things. Anyways, are you ready for your song?

Sylvia: Not yet. *(Turns away, talking to herself)* I wish the Chief would have given me a different way to nail the Cappuccino's.

Bartender: Oh yes, I just got off the phone a while ago with your boss and she clued me in on the situation. But personally, I think that you'll do a great! You have nothing to worry about!

Sylvia: Well, I'd do just about anything for a little bit of money.

Bartender: Anything? *(Sylvia gives bartender a blah look)* Well, anyways you're on. Are you

ready?

Sylvia: Just give me a minute, would you.

Gfather: Oh Chafe, I wish that Samson had a better judgement in women. Some like I had when I was his age.

Chafe: You? Women? Oh yes, you had the best judgement in women when you were his age. I mean Kat was “perfect” for you. Loyal, faithful, honest.....

Gfather: of course she is perfect. I’m sure she’d love for her son to find a good girl. That’s why I’m going to help him get a decent one.

Chafe: Yeah? Where on earth you gonna find a decent girl ‘round here, boss?

Gfather: Well now, let me see.....

Bartender: I’m now proud to introduce our special guest for the night, Miss Sylvia!
(Everyone claps and she makes her way to the stage in front of the mic, she sings her song)

Chafe: WOW! She sings like an angel.

Gfather: What luck! She’s perfect for Samson. *(Chafe stares, drooling and nods approvingly)* I didn’t know your name was Samson. And anyways, aren’t you married?

Chafe: Yeah, I guess so. So how are you planning to hook the two of them up?

Gfather: You mean, how are you going to hook them up. That’ll be your job and don’t, and I repeat, DO NOT mess this up!

Chafe: Yes ma’am! Oh um, I mean Sir! *(Chafe stands up)* Well here goes nothing. *(He walks over to Sylvia who has retired to a bar stool sipping her bottle of water)*

Sylvia: Hello, who are you?

Chafe: The name’s Chafe, James Chafe.

Sylvia: *(giggles a bit)* That’s cute. Shaken or stirred?

Chafe: Wha.....?

Sylvia: Your martini, do you take it shaken or stirred. (*Bartender preparing his drink*)

Chafe: Shaken. (*Bartender hands him the drink, he nods in thanks*) Anyways, on more important matters on behalf of my boss, Don Cappuccino, I'm here to give you an invitation to the Cappuccino's tomorrow at 17 Inn Ocent Crescent at 6 o'clock PM.

Sylvia: What's in it for me? (*Sexily smirking*)

Chafe: Um....how about a date with Samson, Don Cappuccino's son, who I might add, is a very attractive person. (*Sees her look a bit disappointed*) and maybe some dough too?

Sylvia: Well, I guess a little date wouldn't hurt.

Chafe: (*Smiles, proud of himself*) great! See you then! Need a good-looking man to escort you to your car? *Holds out his arm for her to take it*)

Sylvia: Thank you, I'd like that. But, you go on and I'll catch right up. (*Chafe shrugs his shoulders and walks out. Both say together:*)Boss is going to be so happy!

Black out

LIVING ROOM: RESEARCH - TRUTH REVEALED

Samson: Man I hate research! It's too much like school. (*Chafe walks in*)

Chafe: You ain't the only one. Samson?

Samson: Yeah? The only good thing about school was the hot chicks.

Chafe: Ooooh yeah! Speaking of the "respectable members of the opposite sex" (*winks at the audience*) you're old man hooked you up with a hot one for this weekend.

Samson: Awwwww, man! I hate it when he does that! The last one he set me up with was a hillbilly freak with six toes!

Chafe: Shut up man! That's my wife you're talking about. (*Sylvia enters on the arm of the Godfather. Samson looks at her and goes all ga ga.*)

Gfather: Samson, I'd like you to meet this sweet young thing. Not only is she a looker, but she's got talent too. Come on Chafe, let's give these two a chance to get acquainted. (*Chafe and Godfather leave them in an awkward silence*)

Sylvia: So, what are you doing?

Samson: *(snaps out of his daze and redirects his attention to a file)* Oh, I'm doing some research and I've come across a lot of stuff in these files. There's a bunch of photos.

Sylvia: *(leans in and looks at the photo)* Who's that guy there?

Samson: I'm not sure. He's in a lot of pictures back when my mom was pregnant with me. I can't figure out who he is, yet something about him looks real familiar.

Sylvia: So, what are you doing all the research for? *(Interestingly)*

Samson: *(sighs as if in love)* Nothing much really.....just some little thing my father has me doing. *(Isabella enters the room)* Oh Isabella! Can you come here for a second and look at this? *(Isabella walks over to them. Sylvia acts very interested)* Can you tell me who this guy is?

Isabella: Oh! That's just some guy who used to work for your father. Come to think of it, he and your mother were very close. His name was Sam I think. Maybe you should ask your mama.

Samson: Close! How so?

Isabella: Well, it just seemed like they were always together. It was like there was always something special between them. Your mother always seemed so happy around him. He always made her laugh. *(Smiling)* Oh well, I have to get back to work.

Sylvia: *(looks at her watch)* Samson, I really must be going. It's been great to know you. You know, *(goes over, picks up picture, looks from the picture to Samson)* he kind of looks like you. *(Puts the picture down)*

Samson: Yah, ummm *(awkwardly scuffing his feet)* how would you like to join my family and me for supper tomorrow?

Sylvia: I'd love that! *(Blows him a kiss as she leaves. He blushes)*

Samson: Great! I'll see you at six! *(Sylvia walks to leave, sees Kat enter and stays around to eavesdrop. Samson looks confusingly at the picture)* Mama, can I ask you a question?

Kat: *(Looks almost worried)* Who told you about Sam?

Samson: I asked Isabella about it. What is it Mom, you look pale.....wait a minute, Isabella said you two were close....and Sylvia was right, I do look like him. (*As if coming to a conclusion*)

Kat: I'm so sorry Samson! I never meant to keep anything from you. I just didn't know how to tell you, and the Don would never have wanted you to know.

Samson: (*interrupting her*) What is it? What are you talking about?

Kat: I won't beat around the bush Samson.....Sam was your father.

Samson: What? Are you crazy? The Don will have your head if he ever finds out you're even thinking he's not my father!

Kat: But it's true!

Samson: How can that be true? The Don's been my father ever since..... since I was born!

Kat: (*Goes over and touches his cheek*) No Samson, Sam is your real father.

Samson: If he is my real dad, what happened to him?

Kat: When the Don found out I was having an affair, he had Sam killed. He knew I loved Sam, and he got greedy. He wanted all my love, but I could never love him as much as I loved your father.

Samson: Wow, I don't know what to say. How old was I when he was killed?

Kat: It happened before you were born.

Samson: So you mean I haven't even met my real father?

Kat: (*Starting to sob*) No sweetheart, you never had a chance to. I'm so sorry. Sam was a great man. I wanted you to know your father so much! I wanted to tell you, but after what the Don did to him I couldn't take the risk of telling you. I couldn't let you lose me too Samson. You forgive me, right?

Samson: (*taking his mother in his arms*) It's okay Mama. It's not your fault. There's only one person to blame for this and I'm going to make sure he pays. (*Looking sternly and clenches his fists*)

Black out

POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE

Sylvia walks into the police office, dropping a folder on the desk. Chief picks up the folder and leafs through it.

Sylvia: I got some of the info you wanted.

Chief: Perfect! What is it? It better be good!

Sylvia: Well, the Godfather isn't really Samson's father. In fact, he was the one who had Samson's father, Sam the hitman, killed. At least that's what I think I overheard.

Chief: Wait now, let me get this straight. The Godfather isn't Samson's father and he had Samson's father, one of his hitmen, killed? Man, these people are more complicated than I thought!

Sylvia: Maybe I should go back and try to get some more dirt on the Cappuccino's.

Chief: *(As someone interrupted her pondering, dismissingly)* Yeah, yeah, okay. But don't be too long. I want to crack this case ASAP.

Black out

LIVING ROOM SCENE

Gfather: Welcome Sylvia! How nice of you to join us.

Sylvia: Thank you Mr. Cappuccino. I appreciate the invitation.

Chafe: hey boss, I gotcha some information on that business you gave me earlier. You know, the one where..... *(Kat cuts him off and glares at him)*

Kat: Chafe, where are your manners? Can't you see we have a guest! *(As if to warn him to be quiet)*

Gfather: *(pats Kat's hand)* It's okay sweetheart! Sylvia's a good girl! I picked her out myself, and as you know I have amazing taste in women. *(Winks at her)* So how's the planning going on that job?

Chafe: So far so good! But I still need to figure out a time and a place.

Gfather: *(nods approvingly. Isabella leaves the room)* very good then. And how about you boy? How's the research going? Son? You haven't spoken a word all night. Is

something wrong?

Samson: Um, yah, speaking of research, Father, I've been doing some reading on the pigeon research. I've got some questions about some of the files I've been looking at. Can I see you in the other room?

Gfather; *(he and Samson rise to leave)* It's about that task you have to complete isn't it?
(Follows Samson into the other room where Isabella is cleaning)

Samson: *(goes over to the desk, hauling out a book)* Yeah, it's about a person in this book.
(Godfather goes over to him. Samson pulls out a gun and shoots him. As he goes down all the others rush into the room and maid rushes out to the phone in the other room)

Isabella: *(picks up phone and calls the police)* I'm at 17 Inn Ocent Crescent and I've just witnessed a murder! Don Cappuccino is dead and it was.....

Black out

LIVING ROOM: ARREST

Police enter the office where everyone has spread around talking

Isabella: It was him, it was him! *(Pointing to Chafe)*

Chafe: Yah, it was him, it was him! *(Pointing to Samson, but then realizes that Isabella is pointing the finger at him)*

Chief: You're sure that's him, lady?

Isabella: Yes, I'm sure. He's the one!

Chief: Arrest that man!

(Policeman moves forward to put cuffs on Chafe and lead him away)

Wedgie: *(comes running out with hands held out)* Me too! Me too! Take me too!
(Policeman hauls him off too)

Chief: Great job Sylvia! You really cracked this case wide open! Now with the head honcho gone, this is finally all over! You can be looking forward to one big raise! Good work! *(Pats Sylvia on the back)*

Sylvia: *(guiltily)* Yeah, sure boss.

Black out

LIVING ROOM - SAMSON'S DEPARTURE

Kat turns around in chair and looks at audience with an evil grin

Kat: Don't you just love it when everything works out the way you plan! Twenty-one years of scheming and finally I've gotten exactly what I've always wanted.....power. *(Smirks. Samson interrupts)*

Samson: What's that Mom? *(Enters carrying a suitcase and coat)*

Kat: Oh nothing dear, just talking to myself.

Samson: *(a little hesitant)* Are you sure me leaving is for the best?

Kat: Yes, I'm sure of it. Sending you to Sicily is the for the best right now, at least until this whole situation blows over. Now don't you worry, our family over there has always been so good to us any time we've needed them. You'll have so much fun catching up with all your cousins and friends over there. They'll take care of you. Now you enjoy yourself.

Samson: Okay, Mom, if you insist. *(Walks over to his mother who hands him airline tickets, gives him a little kiss and sends him off)*

Kat: Now don't you get into too much trouble!

Sylvia: *(enters room)* Excuse me?

Kat: Yes, oh Sylvia, how great to see you dear. I'd like to thank you for your services. *(Hands her an envelope. Sylvia opens it looking through it)* I think you'll find it's all there. And I'm hoping this little arrangement will stay between the two of us?

Sylvia: Of course. Thank you. It's been a pleasure doing business with you. *(Walks over, shakes her hand and leaves)*

Isabella: *(enters room carrying a tray with wine glasses and wine)* Well, I always knew we'd get our way! It's been a pleasure to work with you Kat. *(Drinks a toast)* It's been difficult but we pulled it off. It's not easy to hide a secret for twenty-one years.

Kat: Oh yes, it's been a long time. But a lot has been accomplished.

Isabella: There have been lots of obstacles, but we managed to eliminate them, one by one. First there was Sam, then the Godfather, followed by Chafe. Now with Samson sent off to Sicily, he's safely out of the picture.

Kat: And don't forget about that nosey little detective Sylvia. All it took to keep her quiet was a bit of money. Paying her off was one of my more ingenious plans.

Isabella: I can't believe we're finally the ones in control.

Kat: *(Stands and speaks in Italian)* Serll'ascesa a permissa assoluto d'alimentazione nessuna condizione dell aceson.

Isabella: Kat, you know my Italian is very rusty. Run that by me again, in English.

Kat: On the ascent to absolute power leave no man standing, or in this case, woman. *(Kat pulls out a gun. Isabella is shocked. She gets up from her chair and backs away)*

Isabella: But Kat. Kat. What are you doing? I thought we were a team. I thought we were in this together.

Kat: You thought wrong, you silly little pigeon. *(Shoots Isabella. Stuffs gun)* The next chronicle of the Cappuccino Legend will begin with me. Now I'm the one in control! Who's next?