

Shattered

Characters

Munchie (Munch) about 16 years of age, homeless

Group of kids, Mingling about

Shop workers

Customers in Pizza shop

Mr. Cardoza, Pizza shop owner

Mrs. Cardoza

Constance, about sixteen years old, waitress

The entire play takes place in Thomas Mckinley, MA 1987.

Scene

The one story brick Pizza shop with the glass front sat at the corner of Raymond and Kern ave. Patrons were quietly having an afternoon lunch of Pizza, seafood and whatnot, when the brick sailed through the air across the street, bounced against one of the plate glass windows and immediately shattered it to pieces. The group of kids at the front of the three-story brick apartment building across from the pizza shop immediately dispersed and scattered in different directions. At that very instant, the pizza shop owner, Mr. Cardoza, a portly, short man of balding head, was just unloading his truck when the incident took place. Mr. Cardoza was a polite man with a good heart but when his lively hood was threatened in any manner, he usually jumped into action. He ambled from the other side of the truck with his arms wide open but he was not greeting, he was grabbing, such is what he did with one of the kids in the group, grabbed him by the back of his shirt collar.

The pizza shop had served the community for years while Mr. Cardoza was at its helm and not one time has something like this happened, now one of his windows was shattered and someone must own up to his responsibility of paying for its repair.

Mr. Cardoza: (*frowning, shaking the teen*). You swear to me right now that brick you threw into my window was not a hate crime, kid. Why did you do it?

Kid: (*crying*) I don't know. I didn't do anything.

Mr. Cardoza: Yeah, sure you're right, kid. As soon as one of you kids get caught the first words that come out of your mouth is that you didn't do it. It's never you kids who does anything and you don't even know why you do it, just do things and think you can get away with it. (*Hustle Munchie over and*

stand him in front of the shattered glass). Take a gander at his mess kid because, not only are you going to clean it up, you'll be working for me for a long time paying it off. Don't turn your head until I say you can do so because this is also how your life can turn out if you continue to let it get out of hand the way it is, shattered.

Kid: You don't know anything about my life.

Mr. Cardoza: Yeah well, I doubt if you know anything about your life.

Kid: But I didn't do anything sir.

Mr. Cardoza: That's right. As soon as you youngsters get caught all of a sudden it's sir this, sir that; just like your parents when they get stopped by the law for speeding. Get in there.

(Hustle kid inside of shop. Three female customers at table on left side of shop, two men on right, waitress clutching serving tray to chest, cook frowning, fist pressed to hips, right hand clutching a spatula, wearing stained white T-shirt, stained white apron, staring at kid).

Kid: Are you gonna call the cops on me sir?

Mr. Cardoza: I should but oh no, that'll be way too lenient for you. I'm calling your parents. *(shoved the kid down in a chair in the back office, pulled him up took the seat himself, holding the kids arm, pick up phone receiver)* what's the number to your parents home and don't try giving me the wrong number either because I can tell if you're lying to me. what is it?

Kid: I don't have a...I don't know. *(mood changes to sorrow)*.

Mr. Cardoza: Stop stalling kid. The longer you wait the worse off you'll be now, what is that number? Otherwise, I will be forced to call the police and inform them of the bad decision you made when you decided my plate glass window needed to be shattered to pieces; the one you cannot afford to pay to have restored.

Kid: I didn't break your window mister.

Mr. Cardoza: Oh yeah then, who did?

Kid: *(glance back at door)* I don't know.

Mr. Cardoza: *(glance at door)* Thinking about running, huh? Well, don't try. You've already tried that and it was useless then and it'll be useless now. *(tighten grip on kids arm)*.

Kid: I'm not running.

Mr. Cardoza: Good because I got a good grip on you.

Kid: The only reason I tried to run the first time was because everybody else ran. Why should I have stayed there and...

Mr. Cardoza: *(frown, slam phone down)* What, got caught? You caught because you were slower than the other kids and stupid for shattering my window. You need to learn to stop following others. You'll never get anywhere in life otherwise.

(Tears roll down kids' face. He felt defeated on the outside as well as on the inside. His clothes were shabby looking, hair matted and unkept)

Kid: *Mister, I swear I didn't...*

Mr. Cardoza: Yeah, yeah, you told me that lie already. Get over that one, it's not Working. Do you know you can get yourself tossed in jail for what you did, kid, this racial hatred?

Kid: *(Frown)* I don't hate you mister and I'm not a racist

Mr. Cardoza: *(stands, shove kid down on chair, looks down on him)* I never said you are a racist. I said that was a racial incident. You're not from around these parts, are you?

Kid: *(lips poked out)* No and I can't give you my parents number on account of I don't know it or them anymore...

Mr. Cardoza: *(raised eyebrows)* is that so?

Kid: Yeah. It is. I was staying in a boys group home up until two weeks ago but they were way too strict so, I left.

Mr. Cardoza: And tell me, just where have you been staying for the past two weeks?

Kid: On the streets...in alleyways, abandon buildings, behind your shop. The reason you caught me running slow was because I stumbled out of a building across the street because this mean old lady kicked me out of the building, just when I was finally getting some good sleep and wasn't cold for once.

Mr. Cardoza: *(squints eyes)* Really? And just what did that mean old lady look like?

Kid: I don't know, mean, gray hair like the old lady from one hundred and one Dalmatians, stuffy brown coat, glasses. She was carrying a plastic shopping bag. She was so mean to me that I started to rob her mean old butt.

Mr. Cardoza: *(snatch up phone)* That...was my loving and beautiful wife of thirty five years, Mrs. Cardoza and had I thought you robbed my wife, I certainly would have gotten my gun and shot you.

Kid: yeah but I didn't rob her and I didn't shatter your glass window either. Make sure you tell the police that.

Mr. Cardoza: *(speaking through phone)* Are you sure dear? He's sitting right here in my office if you would like to come over and suplex him. What's that dear? yes, I know you retired from the ring thirty years ago but you can still put this culprit in a...yes dear. I'll see you in a few *(slams receiver down)*.

Kid: Well, I guess that does it, huh? No cops and your wife doesn't want to suplex me on my neck. So, does that mean I can go now?

Mr. Cardoza: No. You may not go now. Perhaps later, Mrs. Cardoza may very well change her mind and wish to suplex you. I shall speak to her in private about it later in the evening. As for you, after you've cleaned up that broken glass, you will accompany me across the street to my apartment and you can begin cleaning it *(sarcastic smile)*.

Kid: *(Raise eyebrows)* Your apartment?

Mr. Cardoza: Yes, my apartment and the rest of the building you were rightfully kicked out of by Mrs. Cardoza, the one we own.

Kid: *(Frown)* Now, that right there is racist.

Mr. Cardoza: *(Shake head)* There is absolutely nothing racist about a man or boy making a living cleaning. Besides, you have nowhere to go.

Kid: And I aint making a living cleaning up your apartment for free, either.

Mr. Cardoza: Sure you are. You're paying for my shattered glass through labor, which is your debt to me. Besides, you haven't eaten in a while...

Kid: How do you know that?

Mr. Cardoza: Because, my boy, your stomach has been making a terrible sound ever since you stepped in my pizza shop

Kid: (Rub stomach, scan around office) well, I am kind of a little hungry.

Mr. Cardoza: (Open office door) I'll tell you what. You seem like a decent enough kid and I believe in second chances. Say, what is your name anyway? *(scratch head)*.

Kid: *(Look up, thinking, back down)* Well I...

Mr. Cardoza: *(Hands on hips)* Just give me a name. I'd like to call you something other than what you tell me but the wife wouldn't like my bringing that home. Besides, I wouldn't want you to think I was racist if I called you out of your name.

Munchie: *(Step over by door)* Munchie but you can call me Munch. It's shorter.

Mr. Cardoza *(Sideways glance)*. Is that on account of you being a little fella?

Munchie: *(Lowers head)* No, well, yeah but I don't make a loud fuss over it.

Mr. Cardoza: *(Slap Munchie on shoulder)* don't sweat it kid. I'm short too. *(Spread arms out to sides)*. See?

Munchie: yeah but you're old and bald.

Mr. Cardoza: *(Feel head)*. Watch it kid, I'm not completely bald.

(Mr. Cardoza help Munchie and one of the cooks clean up glass, frame opening with plywood, escort Munchie to apartment)

(The first floor apartment held a sofa in middle of room, rug, doors to left and right, Kitchen, table, chairs, sink, stove, refrigerator at right)

Mr. Cardoza: *(push open door, step inside)*. Martha, this is...

Mrs. Cardoza: *(Scream, cover mouth)*. Thief Richard. Get your gun! *(Step back)*.

Mr. Cardoza: Where?

Mrs. Cardoza: There. Behind you. Thief. *(Point)*.

Mr. Cardoza: *(Snatch head around, laugh, turn back)* Calm down Martha. This is Munch...

Munchie: *(Fully step in apartment, smiling)* Hello.

Constance: *(Run in from bedroom)* What is it? What's going on out here? Why are you screaming like that? *(Apron clinched in right hand, wearing uniform, black shirt, white shirt)*.

Mrs. Cardoza: Stay back Connie. There is a mugger and a thief in our apartment. He's come to rob us. Get your gun Rick, quickly.

Constance: *(Cross room, take Munchie's hand)* Oh stop it mama. Munchie is not a mugger. He's cute.

Munchie: *(Wide eyed, gaze from Constance to Mr. Cardoza)* Hi.

(Mrs. Cardoza cross over, try to pry her daughter away from Munchie).

Constance: (*Fling both arms around Munchies neck, apron tossed to floor, smile*).Hi.

(*Mr. and Mrs. Cardoza draw back, he twist to sideways glance, she cover mouth*).

Mr. Cardoza: Now, young lady, that'll be enough of that. Munch is our guest...

Mrs. Cardoza: (*Frowning*) Our guest? Richard, do you know this kid?

Mr. Cardoza: Yes dear. He shattered our window over at the Pizza...

Munchie: No I didn't...

Constance: Great. It's about time we have some new blood in this apartment. I was afraid I would die lonely and heartbroken...

Mr. Cardoza: (*Raised eyebrows*) Constance! (*Pull the two apart*). Freshen that mouth of yours young lady. As I've said, Martha, Munch is a temporary guess...

Munchie: (*Smile, raise hand*) Who can use something to eat. You promised. (*Looking at Mr. Cardoza*).

Mr. Cardoza: (*Nod head*) Yes I did. Constance?

Constance: (*Raise eyebrows*) Dad?

Mr. Cardoza: Come now Constance. Fix the boy something to eat. Do not act like a stubborn mule about it.

Constance: (*Look at Mrs. Cardoza*) Mom?

Mrs. Cardoza: Richard, you mustn't call Constance names. You know how she takes to fresh name calling. It is not proper. (*Step closer, put arm around Constance's shoulder*).

Mr. Cardoza: (*Lower shoulders*) Fine. Forgive me. Please make the boy a sandwich.

Munchie: (*Frowns*) A sandwich? One single sandwich? After I cleaned up all that glass out there? (*Pointing*). The boy's home feeds better than that.

Mr. Cardoza: You are no longer at the boy's home. Besides, you broke it, you clean it.

Constance: Good for you dad. You brought him, you feed him (*Hug her mom, step over, pick up apron, leave area*).

Mr. Cardoza: One of these days Martha...

Mrs. Cardoza: Shush your mouth Richard. Constance is growing up and becoming more and more independent. (*Put hands on hips, look at Munch, drop shoulders*) Well, you may as well have a seat if you're gonna stay a spell (*Point at table at right, go off to the stove*).

(*Munch sit at far end, Mr. Cardoza pull him up, usher him to another chair, Munch pull out chair, nervously sit, watch Mr. Cardoza*)

Munchie: (*Look around*) So, what am I supposed to do around here?

Mr. Cardoza: (*Thanks his wife for bowl of soup she sit on table in front of him, kiss her on cheek, glance up at Munchie*). There is no need to rush. You haven't anywhere to be.

Munchie: (*Frowns down at bowl of soup*) This is it? What about all of that good food you make at your Pizza shop? (*Looking at Mr. Cardoza*).

Mr. Cardoza: (*Places spoon in bowl, sit up straight, look at Munch*) That food, young man, is prepared and served only to paying customers of my establishment which you are neither. Enjoy your homemade soup...Munch. (*Giggled*).

(Munchie thanked Mrs. Cardoza for the soup. After she walks off, he then complains to Mr. Cardoza about the poor quality of service.

Mr. Cardoza: *(Lean forward on table)* When you fully become a paying customer at my restaurant, who I might add, does not make poor choices and destroy my property, leaving shards of shattered glass everywhere, pays his own way, then you shall notice the difference in quality of service and in what you wish to receive because then, you will have a choice as to what you shall be served but until then...enjoy your soup.

(Munchie close eyes, spoon soup, grab piece of bread. Afterwards, Munchie was instructed to wash the dishes by hand then sweep and mop the entire floor. Munch was about to protest but then he saw Constance walk across the Kitchen door thinking she was headed toward her bedroom, wearing her plaid pink and white house robe.)

(Car horn heard in the background. After Mr. Cardoza walk off and Munchie was done with those chores, he stepped in the livingroom only to find Constance sitting on the sofa. He walked over).

Constance: *(Look up at Munchie, legs crossed, feet on sofa)* What?

Munchie: *(Quickly look away, turn his back, start sweeping livingroom floor).* Nothing.

Constance: *(Cross arms over chest, cock head to side).* Obviously, you wanted something or you wouldn't have come over here when you're supposed to be cleaning the Kitchen.

Munchie: *(Look at floor)* I did already. The kitchen is clean.

Constance: *(Drop feet on floor)* I'm sorry, what? I can't hear you with your back to me.

Munchie: I said I cleaned your kitchen already.

Constance: Wow, you're fast but that's not my kitchen. It belongs to the Cardoza's.

Munchie: Oh, I thought...

Constance: *(Leap off sofa, spin Munchie around facing her)* You thought what, that I liked you just because I put my arms around your neck? I can see you thinking that but no, I just did that to upset Mr. Cardoza.

Munchie: Why would you want to do that? *(Looking from her lips to her face)*

(Constance breaks out into a song as her answer:

He stifles my movements/ he stifles my dreams

Leaving me worried if I'll ever see them

Oh, oh, ooh, oh, oh

He stifles my movements/ he stifles my dreams

Leaving me worried/ will they ever come true

Can I have just a moment to be all alone/with all of my dreams

Will they ever come to me

Oh, oh, shoop, be, do, be, do, be doo

Day and night he stifles my movements/follows me wherever I go

*Chase all my dreams far away
Leaving me worried/will I ever see the day when my star comes along)*

(Constance snatches the broom away from Munchie, flings it across the floor, pulls him in a close embrace, prods him to follow her lead in dance as she continues to sing, afterward, Munchie stood stunned and would have stayed that way had Constance not shoved him to the floor)

Munchie: Wow. You have an amazingly beautiful voice.

Constance: Did you make that up?

Munchie: No. It's true.

Constance: In that case, tell that to Mr. Cardoza. He doesn't think I can sing, says I sound streetie and sassy. *(Take same position back on sofa)*. Maybe he may think you sound better. He seems to like you a lot.

Munchie: *(get to his feet)*. Really? I doubt that. I can't sing a lick. He must be mad if he doesn't think you can sing. You sound as pretty as a yellow butterfly.

Constance: Don't try buttering me up.

(Mr. Cardoza walk in, Munchie hustle over, snatch up broom, sweep floor. Constance smiles sneakily. Mr. Cardoza checks over Munchies work in the kitchen, comes back, glance at Maria then exits again).

Constance: *(Leaps from sofa, race over to Munchie)* Did you really mean what you said about my singing, Munchie? Don't lie to me. Do I really sound like a butterfly?

Munchie: Yep. Just like a yellow butterfly.

Constance: *(Frowns)* Why does the butterfly have to be yellow?

Munchie: Because yellow butterflies are the most beautiful and purist butterflies there are.

Constance: *(Looking amazed)* I never knew that.

Munchie: You should follow your dreams...

Constance: Oh bullshit. You should talk about following dreams. You don't even have a place to sleep.

Munchie: *(Laugh)* Sure I do. Your dad says I can sleep right here in this apartment.

Constance: Well, so what. You still don't have your own place.

Munchie: Oh, I'll get one soon enough. I'm too young for it right now but what I am going to do is follow my dreams and you should do the same.

Constance: Tell me about it. Following your dreams consist of you living on the streets, huh?

Munchie: Yep. The streets is where everything begins. Even the prettiest yellow butterflies hang out in the streets.

Constance: Yeah but, Mr. and Mrs. Cardoza aren't my real parents and they try to keep too much of an eye on me for me to hit the streets like that. They watch my every move, stifling my dreams.

Munchie: *(raise eyebrows)* Really? I would have definitely thought they were your Parents...

Constance: Yeah well, everyone thinks that same way, that I'm their only child. Well,

Constance: Yeah well, everyone thinks that same way, that I'm their only child. Well, I got news for you Munchie, all Hispanics aren't related. Besides, Mr. Cardoza brought me here about two years ago; plucked me right off the Streets just like he did with you and no, I wasn't a hooker. I'll tell you something else, I'm tired of slaving in that stupid Pizza shop day in and day out and if you don't be careful, you'll be doing the same shit as me. *(Flaps her arms)* He's always with the Connie, do this, Connie, do that. He doesn't ask anybody else to do as much as he ask me. I never have enough time for myself to follow any dreams, not even when I sleep.

Munchie: Well, have you ever thought about it this way, maybe he's grooming you to take over his business one day and he wants to make sure you know what you're doing before he does.

Constance: *(Frown)* Yeah right. Un uh, no. I never had a dream of running a grease pit that's not what I want to do.

(Mr. Cardoza was standing off to the side, hidden in a corner listening. He gave credit to the kid for actually seeing what Constance could not see at face value but he was not prepared to turn his business over to the kid, who very well may run the business better than him and has now decided Constance would never put her head into running it profitably. Tears streamed down his face as he backed away, taking his decision with him)

Munchie: Well, what is it that you want to do with your life? I think the restaurant is a given, especially since it's already there for you. You can take it and do as you please.

Constance: *(Matter-of-factly)* I told you, I don't want any stinking restaurant. I want to sing.

Munchie: Fine, What's stopping you?

Constance: *(Twist up corner of mouth)* Are you trying to be funny, because I'm not laughing?

Munchie: *(raise eyebrows, shrug shoulders)* No. I'm being totally serious. *(Raise hand, extend two fingers)* What's keeping you from doing what you like?

Constance: Who am I supposed to sing to, the mozzarella cheese?

Munchie: No, well, you can sing to me *(hold hands out to sides)*.

Constance: *(Crinkle up mouth, take a step back)* Yeah, you wish. I knew you thought I liked you...not! *(Turn to walk off)*.

Munchie: *(Grab her by the wrist, pull her back to him, sing)*

This is the time you must let go

Find your way to have it all

Seek your dreams they're not too far

Call them near

They will obey your cry

Dreams are for you and I

Dream a la, a la, a la

Dream a la, a la, a la

(Munchie prance Constance around the stage floor, twirling her here and there, lifting her in the air)

Constance: *(completes last piece of the chorus)* Dreams are made to come true/dreams are made for you and me.

(Munchie smiled as they brought their head to rest on one another's shoulder, locked in an embrace, Constance kiss Munchie on lips, pull away, step back)

Constance: You lied to me Munch. You said you couldn't sing. Well, you can. You sing better than me.

Munchie: *(Waved her off)* That wasn't considered singing. At least that's what I've been told.

Constance: *(Stepped closer)* Who told you that? They're lying.

Munchie: *(Nods head toward bedroom door)* Mrs. Cardoza said so just before she ran me out of the building. I was in a nice little crevice of a corner and she shouted some lyrical formation that I couldn't understand, except the part about her calling the cops on me and her charging at me like a mad woman.

Constance: *(Glance over toward door)* Well, she doesn't know what she's talking about. You would think with her being a music teacher, she would have a fine ear for such a beautiful voice. *(Lean in closer)* Perhaps she's just going deaf.

Munchie: *(Excited, whispers)* She's a music teacher? I never would have guessed that.

Constance: *(Boringly)* Was. She's retired now and I doubt if she was a good one or that she knows how to play the piano anymore.

Munchie: *(Smirk, nods his head)* Well, sounds like to me Mr. Cardoza's shop window wasn't the only thing that was shattered. We all seem to have a little of that in our lives. Everything always look different but deep down, it's all the same.

Constance: *(Sit on sofa)* I agree. We tend to live close together yet so far apart. Who would have thought that you and I both came from the streets, would end up in the same apartment with the same dream? I never saw that coming.

Munchie: *(Lay broom on floor, sit on sofa next to Constance)* It doesn't have to stay that way.

Constance: *(Frown a bit, scoot closer)* What do you mean?

Munchie: We can sing together. I think we sound great together. We already proved it.

Constance: *(Draw back, frown more)* No. I mean, Mr. Cardoza. He'll never allow it. Besides, I'm sure he'll have you working at the restaurant harder than me. You did shatter his window, after all and he'll be sure to make sure you won't have time to do anything else, let alone sing. He'll make sure you're nice and tired when you leave there every night.

Munchie: Let's get one thing straight. I wasn't the one who shattered his window. That wasn't me.

Constance: It's ok, Munch, you don't have to convince me. Maybe I should have shattered his window myself, if that were the only way I can get a

break from that place.

Munchie: (*shook head*) Whatever. Quincy Jones never let anything stop him from pursuing his dreams of becoming a musical genius and he never even sang and he didn't take a break even after his dreams came true.

Constance: Who is Quincy Jones?

Munchie: What? Are you for real? You don't know who Quincy Jones is?

Constance: No.

Munchie: What about Marvin Gaye, Stevie Wonder and Smokie Robinson? I know you know who Michael Jackson is.

Constance: (*Shaking head vigorously*) Yeah, him. I know Michael Jackson. Everybody knows him.

Munchie: Well, Quincy Jones produced Michael Jackson's biggest album ever, Thriller

Constance: Ok, and? That still doesn't make me know who he is.

Munchie: What about R. Kelly? You do know who he is, don't you?

Constance: Yeah, of course I do. Who doesn't?

Munchie: Ok. R. Kelly is the Quincy Jones of today. Quincy may be a little old but he's still putting down tracks, just like R. Kelly.

Constance: Ok so, what does this have to do with anything? I haven't been dreaming about Quincy Jones or R. Kelly, even though I could have stood to dream about Rick James.

Munchie: That's crazy. You know about Rick James but not Quincy Jones?

Constance: No, 'Just said I wanted to dream about him.

Munchie: (*Shook head*) well, what I'm referring to has everything to do with what we're talking about. None of those guys, even Rick James, let the pitfalls of a shattered life keep them from accomplishing their dreams and you shouldn't either.

Constance: (*Shrug shoulders*) Well, what am I supposed to do? I don't know Quincy Jones or R. Kelly and I never had a dream about Rick James so, how am I supposed to know what accomplishing my dreams are like?

Munchie: Yeah but you know me and I know somebody who knows somebody who knows Quincy Jones.

Constance: Why not R. Kelly? Ok, I'm just kidding. What should we do?

Munchie: (*stretch neck to keep an eye out for Mr. Cardoza, lower his voice to a whisper*) I haven't actually thought about that I mean, the part where I would bring someone with me because I never thought I'd be kicked out of a place only to be brought back to live in that same place. I suppose we can put together a tape and send it in to see if Quincy likes it.

Constance: (*Look around*) Where are we supposed to practice, here? Mr. Cardoza will hear us.

Munchie: No, not here. We can practice in the restaurant when it closes at night. We can have the whole place to ourselves and I doubt if anybody hear us. Better yet, how about we do it tomorrow? The shop is not open and the Cardoza's will be at church.

Constance: (*Put finger to lips*) Shh. We certainly can't tell them, especially when we're supposed to be in church with them.

Munchie: We'll just have to stay behind and do it...

Constance: (*Looking curiously uneasy*) Do what?

Munchie: You know, sing.

Stage Manager: (*Takes center stage*) Sadly, that day would never come full circle folks.

You see, this entire business with the Pizza shop, apartment building and particularly, its owner, were shattered and misplaced from the start.

(*Walks to front of Pizza shop*) This old building once belonged to the mob I believe it was the Gambino family who once had ties to this plot at one point and time, long ago but I couldn't be sure how, in what fashion or even if what I told you is totally true but what I do know is, Mr. Cardoza once washed his hands in the same sink as the mob back in those days and it was said that he'd received this plot ill-gottenly.

And so, as Mr. Cardoza returned to the Pizza shop that Sunday morning, for something he had supposedly forgotten.

(*Mr. Cardoza go to Pizza shop*)

Stage Manager: (*Watch Mr. Cardoza go to back of shop*) Not knowing the two kids were inside, preparing for their future filled with happiness.

(*Kids inside singing, dark inside*)

Stage Manager: Some would make the argument that the old man went to the shop that morning before church to pay his tides to the ones he owed for his past indiscretions. When he heard the noise inside, he rushed inside believing he was being robbed. He located his gun and went in shooting. The sounds of the kids voices stopped but the gun never did. Mr. Cardoza himself was also gunned down to his end.

The shop was burned to the ground and his put together family were dealt the same hand. As Mrs. Cardoza sat in the car in front of the apartment building, a grenade was thrown in the drivers side window. The car was blown to pieces, as well as the apartment building beside it.

The end