

Unmasking Stella

Written by
Fausto Lucignani

Copyright (c) 2017

fauluc@hotmail.com

INT. NEW YORK CITY - PUB - NIGHT

An ordinary, neighborhood pick-up joint populated by SINGLE men and BOINKABLE women.

Some customers stand shoulder-to-shoulder, others sit at the bar talking with their glasses and occasionally with inebriated women.

A PA system streams undefinable music. Noise is high.

ANTHONY, a disconsolate thirty-something sits at the end of the long drinking bar sipping a beer.

A couple of stools away, STELLA, a very attractive brunette in her 20s, looks at him with an inviting glance. She has no drinks in front of her.

She sports a red blouse that appears overfilled with her bursting breast. Her long legs are scantily covered by a short skirt.

She's definitely HOT.

He notices her and attempts a pusillanimous smile.

A long silence, then...

ANTHONY

Hi, I'm Anthony.

THE WOMAN

(friendly)

I'm Stella. Nice meeting you.

ANTHONY

Stella eh, you've a beautiful name.

STELLA

Thanks, it's Italian for star.

ANTHONY

Are you Italian?

STELLA

My parents are...I was born in Brooklyn.

ANTHONY

I love Italian women.

STELLA

Why?

ANTHONY

They are romantic, you know.

STELLA

Are you a romantic man?

ANTHONY

I guess I am, I watch all the soaps on TV.

STELLA

A real romantic. Do you find them sexy? I mean, the Italian women.

ANTHONY

Oh, yes, they are the best.

STELLA

Have you had sex with Italian women?

ANTHONY

No, only a Colombian who spoke some Italian.

STELLA

So, how you know they are sexy?

ANTHONY

I look at their pictures in the Italian magazines, they are all gorgeous.

STELLA

Maybe, some aren't even Italian.

ANTHONY

They look Italian to me.

STELLA

What you mean?

ANTHONY

You know, dark hair, beautiful eyes, like you.

STELLA

You're so sweet.

She smiles while staring at his eyes.

STELLA (cont'd)

Do you live in the City?

ANTHONY
No, in New Jersey.

STELLA
Far from here?

ANTHONY
No, twenty minutes, in Paterson.

Anthony keeps his eyes fixed on her cleavage.

ANTHONY (cont'd)
You remind me of a girl I saw on TV.

STELLA
On TV, oh my, which program?

ANTHONY
General Hospital.

STELLA
I guess it's a compliment.

ANTHONY
Yes, I mean, you're like CARLY.

STELLA
You're very handsome yourself.

A long beat.

STELLA (cont'd)
What you do in Jersey?

ANTHONY
I work for my Dad.

STELLA
What kind of work?

ANTHONY
I bring messages to his business associates.

STELLA
Interesting job. What kind of messages?

ANTHONY
You know, ...my Dad tells them when they have to take care of somebody.

STELLA
It must be exciting.

ANTHONY
I make good money.

Anthony smiles. Stella reciprocates staring at his eyes.

STELLA
Do you come often to this club?

ANTHONY
A couple of nights a week.

STELLA
It's a nice place.

ANTHONY
Yes, I like it a lot.

STELLA
Are you always by yourself?

She looks at him with sweet eyes.

ANTHONY
Yes.

STELLA
A solitary, romantic man in search
of--

ANTHONY
Love, I guess.

STELLA
Don't you have a girlfriend?

ANTHONY
I'm with somebody on and off. Nothing
special.

STELLA
Where is she now?

ANTHONY
I don't know, we don't ask these
questions to each other.

STELLA
I see, an open relationship.

ANTHONY
You can say that. And you?

STELLA
Free as a bird. Do you have your own
place?

ANTHONY
I live in the basement of my Dad's
house but I have a separate entrance.
Would you like to come over?

STELLA
And your girlfriend?

ANTHONY
She doesn't stay with me.

STELLA
Smart. OK. Let's go.

INT. APARTMENT - ROOM - NIGHT

The room is small and decorated with a mishmash of
ridiculously cheap furniture and awful imitation of famous
paintings.

A small, wall-mounted loudspeaker provides a distorted
string music. The light from a floor lamp creates an eerie
atmosphere.

Stella stands in the middle of the room flashing her eye-
popping body while Anthony stares at her.

STELLA
You have a nice place, very cozy,
elegant.

ANTHONY
Thank you, I decorated it myself.

STELLA
You have a refined taste.

ANTHONY
It comes natural to me, you know, I
mean, I love art.

STELLA
A sensitive heart.

A beat.

STELLA (cont'd)
Excuse me, I need to brush up.

ANTHONY
The bathroom is after the kitchen,
it's a little small--

STELLA
Don't worry, it's fine.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Anthony has two glasses of wine in his hands.

Stella enters the kitchen.

She is stunning. Her blouse is slightly open and shows a tantalizing cleavage. Her gorgeous smile accentuates her retouched make-up.

ANTHONY
My God, you're so nice.

STELLA
Just nice?

ANTHONY
I mean, you're awesome.

Anthony offers a glass to her.

ANTHONY (cont'd)
It's Italian wine.

STELLA
What a treat, thank you.

Anthony glances at her and raises his glass to toast.

ANTHONY
To a sexy Italian woman.

STELLA
To a romantic lover.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

She moves seductively towards him until her lustful body reaches Anthony's welcoming arms. They start kissing passionately.

Anthony eagerly caresses her legs. His fingers smoothly begin EXPLORING under her short skirt, when...

He frantically PULLS his hand away from under the skirt.

ANTHONY
YOU HAVE A D--!

STELLA
I'm sorry baby, I thought you knew
it.

Anthony appears discombobulated.

ANTHONY
You seemed so real.

STELLA
But I AM real, baby. We can have an
unforgettable night.

ANTHONY
I don't--

STELLA
A sexy ITALIAN night?

A long beat.

ANTHONY
What the heck, OK.

The End