

Untitled

Written by

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

ANDREA, a forty-year-old woman with delicate, attractive facial features and a well-delineated sexy, plump body, stands a few feet from a small, rectangular table.

She looks in the direction of the farther side of the table with an enraged expression.

Her voice is trembling.

ANDREA
Is this your final decision?

A deep silence answers her question.

ANDREA (cont'd)
Okay, you're not answering me...I know what you have in your mind. My friend was right...you've a lover, a young woman...I'm too old, fat, no longer sexy for you, right?...Tell me the truth, talk to me dammit!

Not a word from the other side.

ANDREA (cont'd)
(desperate)
You're a despicable person....a miserable cheater...

Silence.

ANDREA (cont'd)
You don't have anything to say eh... you should be ashamed of yourself.

Andrea begins to sob.

ANDREA (cont'd)
Do I deserve this?...After fifteen years...I took care of you...remember when you had that terrible motorcycle accident?...Answer me, do you remember it?

Again no answer.

Andrea kneels near the table. Copious tears slide down her cheeks. She is the portrait of desperation.

ANDREA (cont'd)
 (hysterically)
 I still love you...why you don't
 understand...I love you, I love
 you...

Her eyes are wide open. Her face is distorted by a sinister
 grimace.

Suddenly, she stands up and steps towards the knives block
 lain on the marble counter.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

She grabs a long KNIFE and moves closer to the table.

She has a transfixed, menacing expression

ANDREA
 You don't want to talk now...okay,
 you'll never talk again...if I can't
 have you,nobody will...nobody...

She raises her arm ready to use the knife when...

The telephone on the wall RINGS.

Still with the knife in her hand, she answers.

ANDREA (cont'd)
 Hi...

VOICE (V.O.)
 Everything OK?

ANDREA
 Yes.

VOICE (V.O.)
 Good...are you ready?

ANDREA
 Why you ask?

VOICE (V.O.)
 There's a little change in the plan.

ANDREA
 What you mean?

VOICE (V.O.)

A new investor is on board. He has what we need.

ANDREA

Who's he?

VOICE (V.O.)

You'll meet him.

ANDREA

So, when I have to come?

VOICE (V.O.)

We start shooting at nine...be here by seven. Any problems with the script?

ANDREA

No...I've been rehearsing my part for days...it wasn't difficult for me...

VOICE (V.O.)

Okay, great. See you tomorrow.

ANDREA

Wait...have you decided about--

VOICE (V.O.)

Listen, we're not Hollywood...you know, the most we can give you is five thousand dollars.

ANDREA

...And another movie?

VOICE (V.O.)

You're in for a short.

ANDREA

Thanks....see you tomorrow.

VOICE (V.O.)

Wait...did you hear from him?

ANDREA

No, since he left me...after the fight in the kitchen he disappeared.

The End

