

THERESA MARIA MASTROPICCHO
(version 01)

by
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FADE IN:

INT. THERESA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

CAMERA: STATIONARY POV FROM MIRROR ON THERESA'S VANITY TABLE

THERESA MARIA MASTROPICCHO is seated in the chair of her Vanity Table gazing dreamily into the mirror.

She is a fifteen year old girl. Slightly dumpy, no fashion sense, braces, horn rimmed glasses and wiry hair.

THERESA
(to an imaginary date
in the mirror)
Oh, Lance ... you say the funniest things.

She brings her hand to her mouth in a coquettish gesture. She laughs.

THERESA
What was that? Oh, this old thing ... just something I threw on ... how nice of you to say so.

She pretends to eat. Trying to be very dainty and mannered ... she exaggerates her movements.

THERESA
No! I can't ... not in front of all these people ... well, if it means that much to you ...

Theresa puckers up as if to deliver a kiss. She stares directly into the mirror. She closes her eyes and begins to lean in ... her breathing quickening.

The phone rings.

MRS MASTROPICCHO (O.C.)
(shrilly yelling)
Theresa Maria! Answer the phone. I'm right in the middle of lancing the boil on Uncle Louie's back.

The spell is broken.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

THERESA

Ma-a-a-a! I'm doing something!

The phone rings.

MRS MASTROPICCHO (O.C.)

(yelling)

So am I! Oh the Holy Family,
Saints and all the angels, what is
coming out of that?

Theresa tries to continue, but on hearing the comment
makes a face.

UNCLE LOUIE (O.C.)

(yelling)

Whaddaya doin'? You're deep
enough to cut out my kidneys.

Theresa looks left toward her bedroom door.

MRS MASTROPICCHO (O.C.)

If you weren't so cheap and went
to the doctor like I told you ...

The phone rings.

THERESA

Ma-a-a-a-a!

MRS MASTROPICCHO (O.C.)

Theresa ... just answer the phone
... I'm up to my elbows in fluid
here!

Theresa, indignant, rises and walks toward the night
table next to the bed where the phone is.

She answers it.

THERESA

(stiffly)

Hello.

SOUND FX: Garbled words filtered through telephone.

She turns, smiles blissfully and sits at the foot of the
bed, looking toward the vanity mirror.

THERESA

(in shock)

Brad? Brad Williams!

(CONTINUED)

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She holds the receiver to her chest and looks upward.
She crosses herself repeatedly during the dialogue.

THERESA
(intoning)
Oh, thank you, thank you, and I
will be in church every Sunday
from now on, and respect my Mom,
and not covet my neighbor's goods,
and not take your name in vain
ANYMORE. Forever. Thank you.
Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.
Thank you.

She takes a deep breath and bring the receiver back to
her ear.

THERESA
To what do I owe the pleasure of
this call.

Theresa listens.

SOUND FX: Garbled words filtered through telephone.

As she listens, she fixes her hair, and primps.

Suddenly ...

UNCLE LOUIE (O.C.)
Angie!! Whatda Hell are you usin'
... a fricking chainsaw!?!!

MRS MASTROPICCHO
Shaddup, you cheap cafone!

Theresa is distracted.

THERESA
... what was that, Brad? Sorry,
Mother and Uncle Louie popped in
to ask me about ... the opera.

Theresa listens.

SOUND FX: Garbled words filtered through telephone.

THERESA
You're asking ME to go out? Oh
... well ... I love to ...

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly ...

UNCLE LOUIE (O.C.)
SANTA MADRE DI DIO!!

MRS MASTROPICCHO (O.C.)
HOLD STILL ... I've never seen
fluid of that color coming out of
a human before!!

Theresa covers the mouthpiece.

THERESA
Ma-a-a-a-! I'm on the phone
here!!

Back to the phone.

THERESA
(excited)
.. Sorry. I'd love to go out with
you. Where are we going?

SOUND FX: Garbled words filtered through telephone.

THERESA
The 4H Fair? I don't unders-

SOUND FX: Garbled words filtered through telephone. With
laughter from a group of voices.

THERESA
'As your entry' ... that's cruel
Brad Williams. That's a cruel,
rotten thing to say.

SOUND FX: Garbled words filtered through telephone. With
laughter from a group of voices.

Theresa slowly hangs up the phone. There are tears in
her eyes.

MRS MASTROPICCHO (O.C.)
Hold still, damn it. Theresa
Maria!! Who was that on the
phone?

THERESA
(calling back)
Nobody, Ma. Just a wrong number.

Theresa rises and sits back down at the Vanity Table.

(CONTINUED)

She wipes her eyes and stares into the mirror.

THERESA
(holding back the
pain)
I am sorry, Lance dear. The
phone? Oh that was nobody.
Nobody at all ...

FADE TO BLACK.