

El Zorro's Secret

by  
Gina Surles

Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

INT. DOUBLE DIP DANCE LOUNGE - NIGHT

DON PERQUITO, in full fledged Zorro costume, eyes the dance floor, a sea of gyrating bodies. He sees,

LA MAI. Magnificent. Built like a centerfold dream, her green eyes sizzle under the cheap mirror ball lights.

Don Perquito licks the sweat from his upper lip. He saunters across the floor and circles La Mai.

She pops open a fan of blue parakeet feathers, fans herself and raises a demure eyebrow.

Don Perquito spins her, pulls her tight against his body, looks down at the glistening mounds of her breasts.

DON PERQUITO

Tell me, my fiery jewel, my chili pepper,  
from what star have you descended?

LA MAI

Sumatra. You know, like the coffee.

DON PERQUITO

(he inhales deeply)

Ah, yes. I love my women as I love my  
men -- er, I mean, my coffee. Bold, full-  
bodied, earthy. Come. Let us tango.

They glide across the floor, a pouty, steamy, passionate pas de deux, until a WALTZ plays. Don Perquito pales.

DON PERQUITO

How about we sit this one out, eh?  
Refreshments? Coffee?

LA MAI

But a waltz is my favorite.

Sweat rolls down Don Perquito's temples, he bites his lip. Someone taps his shoulder. He turns to,

ADONIS, gorgeous, swarthy, and dressed like El Zorro!

Don Perquito stares, awestruck, looks Adonis up and down.

La Mai stomps her foot and spins away in a spicy huff.

DON PERQUITO

My ravishing prince, my dream, my... evil  
twin, please, what is your name?

ADONIS

I am... Sumatra.