

THE TENDEREST CUTS

FADE IN:

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

Female hands slip into a pair of surgical gloves.

They belong to SUSANNA, 26 - straight, black hair accentuates her sharp features. In a white coat, she stands behind a brightly illuminated lab bench.

On its top, a rectangular magnifier enlarges a longish piece of skin.

Susanna picks a scalpel from a worn-out leather case.

With absolute calm, she moves the scalpel under the magnifying glass and cuts the skin.

INT. APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

SCREAMS OF A YOUNG WOMAN IN ORGASMIC PLEASURE

resonate through the modernly furnished place.

From the gap between the curtains, sunrays fall on a white double bed where a couple wildly moves under the blankets.

Only the head of, SAM, 21, blonde hair tied back, sticks out. She clutches the headboard behind. A blush of shame flushes her tender complexion as she ecstatically squeaks.

SAM

Oh, fuck. Yes. Yes.

One last scream and her moans decrease to deep breaths.

Beside the couple lies the lanky brunette ROSIE, 22, uncovered and naked as God made her. She stretches her tanned legs, strokes the nipples of her small breasts while watching Sam get her head blown away.

Crawling out from under the blanket is Susanna. Her jaded face contrasts starkly with the two baby-faced princesses.

SAM

(breathes)

Oh God. So good. So...

Susanna gives Sam a kiss on the cheek, strokes her neck while Sam, with eyes closed, still breathes hard.

INT. APARTMENT - SUSANNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A place like a monk's cell: small, dark, a single bed.

Behind a desk sits Susanna.

She works on a letter in neat handwriting. Its bold header reads "*Dear Daddy*" and is followed by few lines of text including words like *clit, wet, crotch, juice...*

Below the text, Susanna, with a pencil, draws a vulva - in full detail and with definite esthetics.

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Susanna comes out of the restroom. She catches sight of something far away at the entrance door:

Rosie in boxer shorts gives a sensual kiss to Sam who wears business attire.

SUSANNA (V.O.)

I was eighteen when I stopped eating cocks. There was a simple problem that you psychologically may understand, daddy.

With envious eyes, she watches them share another long kiss.

SUSANNA (V.O.)

How could I own somebody - I mean entirely possess him - without understanding his genital area? With women, it is different. I'm literally able to possess their crotch. And I'm sure I dominate all of Sam's.

Sam leaves through the apartment door.

Rosie recognizes Susanna. She strolls along the hallway toward her.

ROSIE

You secretly watch us?

They stand face to face.

SUSANNA

Tell me, is it you who makes Sam scream? Or am I?

Rosie smiles with all of her arrogance.

ROSIE  
Scream? I fuck her with all my  
soul, stupid. You confuse sex with  
making real love, I fear.

She turns her back on Susanna...

ROSIE  
Don't forget which side of this  
hallway is yours.

... giggling mockingly, she disappears into the master  
bedroom.

INT. APARTMENT - SUSANNA'S ROOM - DAY

Susanna writes her letter, now several pages long.

SUSANNA (V.O.)  
I'm helplessly obsessed with the  
tender skin of her tight pussy. But  
who am I to teach "you" about  
obsession.

She turns back to page one and gazes at the vulva drawing.

Beside it, she writes down "Sam".

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Susanna creeps along.

She peeps through an ajar door into the

MASTER BEDROOM

where Rosie and Sam make love on the bed.

Bathed in the dim light of a dozen candles, they slowly  
grind their genitals together while staring into each  
other's eyes as in trance.

HALLWAY

Susanna steps aside, leans back against the wall. She closes  
her eyes. Her face trembles.

LATER

Sam comes out of the master bedroom. She spots Susanna who whimpers brokenly on the floor.

SAM

Susanna?

SUSANNA

She owns you.

SAM

Haven't you -- Look, I was together with her before you came here. I thought that it's never been a problem to you... that we both--  
(softly)  
Hey...

Susanna nods with tears in her eyes. She gets up and walks to her bedroom at the other side.

INT. APARTMENT - SUSANNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Susanna opens the desk drawer, takes out the worn-out leather case.

SUSANNA

As you see, daddy, I still kept your favorite tools.

She folds it open and picks her sparkling scalpel from the set of surgical instruments.

Clutching the letter's first page, she precisely cuts out the drawing.

She holds up the vulva and licks over the pencil strokes.

INT. APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A modern interior.

At the bottom end of the long dining table, Sam, in Pajamas, relaxes with a book in hand.

Through an opening, Susanna moseys inside. She wears her knee length white coat.

SAM

Hey! You have to work the night shift?

SUSANNA

Yep.

Susanna consults her watch.

SUSANNA

I got some time left. Are you hungry? I could cook something for us if you like.

Sam looks surprised.

SAM

Yeah. Fine. That'd be great.

SUSANNA

Okay then.

As Susanna walks to the kitchen door, Sam's surprised gaze follows her. Apparently pleased, she purses her lips.

LATER

Rosie, in casual dress, comes in.

ROSIE

What's up, honey.

Sam lays down her book.

SAM

Nothing. I--Susanna prepares a snack for us.

Rosie grins from ear to ear.

ROSIE

No way.

SAM

Yes. We need to talk.

ROSIE

You need to talk? You. Both.

SUSANNA (O.S.)

(through open kitchen door)  
It's okay, Sam. I want Rosie to eat with us.

ROSIE

(mumbles to herself)  
What the fuck...

SAM

(shouts)

What are you cooking, Susanna?

Rosie takes seat beside Susanna.

SUSANNA (O.S.)

The tenderest flesh you'll ever  
eat. --- I'M READY!

Susanna storms out of the kitchen, carries three empty  
plates, two of them with cutlery on it.

While she places the two "with cutlery" in front of puzzled  
Rosie and Sam, she puts down the third one at her own place  
which is opposite to Sam.

ROSIE

(sarcastic)

So, we eat nothing today. Great,  
Susanna. Thank you.

From her coat pocket, Susanna pulls out the leather kit,  
unfolds it. The surgical instruments sparkle, just as  
Susanna's maniac eyes.

SUSANNA

And this my cutlery.

ROSIE

I don't need this shit.

(to Sam)

I told you she's crazy. I told you  
we need to get rid of her.

Rosie gets up but hasn't noticed Susanna, who already moved  
over to her.

Susanna grabs Rosie's shoulder. Pulls out a gun from her lab  
coat. Points it at Rosie's temple...

SAM

Susanna! What--

... Susanna immediately points it at Sam...

SUSANNA

Shut up, you sensible cunt!

...points it back at Rosie.

SUSANNA

Now back to you, bitch.

CLICK. She cocks the gun.

SUSANNA

Can you imagine living without your pussy? -Three-

ROSIE

What?

SUSANNA

Can you imagine living without your pussy? -Two-

ROSIE

Shit! Leave me alone!

Rosie cries, slaps her hand over her eyes.

SUSANNA

Can you imagine living without your pussy? -One-

ROSIE

NO!!! Of course, I cannot.

BANG. Blood splashes on the parquet flooring. Rosie's dead body slumps back into the chair.

Susanna smiles.

SUSANNA

Way wrong answer.

Susanna walks over to Sam.

SAM

No! No. Please, Susanna.

CLICK, gun is cocked and pointed at Sam's temple.

SUSANNA

Can you imagine living without your pussy? -Three-

SAM

Please, don't. You don't have to do this, Susanna.

SUSANNA

Can you imagine living without your pussy? -Two-

Sam's cheekbones twitch. Then her whole body trembles.

SAM

Yes! Yes. Of course, I can.

Susanna strokes Sam's face.

SUSANNA

(whispers)

That's my girl.

LATER

UNDER THE TABLE - On the parquet flooring, between the feet of dead Rosie, as well as the feet of Sam, blood drips and splashes into crimson puddles.

Susanna, in blood-soaked lab coat, scalpel in hand, remains standing opposite to Sam who submissively stares ahead.

SUSANNA

So, which cunt would you like to try, dear? Is it your own or hers?

She points at Rosie's corpse.

INT. APARTMENT - SUSANNA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Susanna writes her letter.

SUSANNA (V.O.)

Oh, daddy, I believe Sam has never had to think about such a psychological demanding question. You would have loved it. And you wouldn't believe how brave and wise her answer was...

INT. APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

... Candles flicker on the table.

Rosie dead. Sam alive but mindless. Susanna insane.

On Sam's plate: a bloody mess of raw labia majora, labia minora and a clitoris.

With her fork, Sam puts a lip into her mouth, chews on it.

SUSANNA

How does your labia taste, my dear.

Sam just nods. She's mentally gone.

Susanna looks at her own bloody dish.

She sticks her scalpel through a long piece of labia, sucks it in from the blade like spaghetti - Blood splatters around her mouth. She chomps with relish.

SUSANNA

"Yours" tastes good too.

INT. APARTMENT - SUSANNA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Susanna writes her letter.

SUSANNA (V.O.)

Now that I ate from her, I love Sam more than ever. Eventually I think that I entirely possess her. Love goes through the stomach they say. Ha. Thanks for your inspiration, dad. With all my love Susanna.

INT. APARTMENT - RESTROOM - DAY

Sam sits on the toilet, her face slightly contorted in pain. Beside her, squatting on the edge of the bathtub, Susanna lights a cigarette.

SUSANNA

Have I sewed you up properly, my princess?

With her blank, wide eyes, Sam nods.

SUSANNA

Oh, I almost forgot. In the fruit basket, there lies a letter for my dad. Would you please bring it to the post office?

With vacant look, Sam nods again. She's a zombie.

INT. APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - DAY

On the tabletop sits a beautifully decorated wicker basket. Among exotic fruits, lies a white envelope, addressed to:

Dr. Hannibal Lecter  
Maryland State Hospital  
for the Criminally Insane  
Baltimore, MD

FADE OUT.