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 ecstactically 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.