

Strawberry Letters

A Screenplay
Written by

Andrew Cucci

Andrew Cucci
PO Box 1103
NY, NY 10013
212-539-6753
646-486-0078
914-589-4229

FADE IN:

Darkness. Night. A void. Nothing, but a small tinkling sound as if a piano key is being struck. A song, such as *Strawberry Letter 23* by the Brothers Johnson, plays as we begin to see a fluttering object wafting down on a slight puff of air.

The object stops, lying alone. Pink, crumpled paper, crinkled and cracked like an autumn leaf. Images of strawberries dot the pink leaf.

A drop of red falls. It lands on the leaf. Plop. Plop. We pull slowly back revealing a platform shoe, a foot, and more till we see the form, the shape of a female. A young woman, beautiful, yet strangely still. Her eyes are cold. Her throat is cut, the red blood streaking her pink outfit as the red plops spotted the strawberry letter.

SLOW FADE TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Nondescript. Anywhere in any suburbia. Quiet, lonely. Streaks of amber street lamplight plop brightness in seemingly indiscriminate patterns.

We move slowly through the darkness, threading our way. In front of us, a FIGURE, just beyond the reach of a street light's gleam.

We slow as we approach the figure, female, sexy even in the half-light. Short skirt, heavily made up, cleavage in abundance, and the eyes, those eyes, like cat's cutting through the thick darkness.

But we don't stop at her, we pass her moving forward, inexorably. Our gaze shifts up and we see the sign, MOTEL.

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The music continues its magic as we pass windows in the night. Shades drawn, curtains closed, mostly darkness. Occasionally, there is light, a glimpse, COUPLES copulating, A MAN alone, reading, A WOMAN watching TV. A LONELY SOUL masturbating in the bluish glow of the television.

We slowly pass this evidence of humanity, and move up toward the second floor, and a window, open, curtains ruffling in a soft summer breeze.

We move in closer for a look. A MAN sits in a chair, his back to us. We can only see the top of his head. It almost bobs in time to the music. We move in for a closer look.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We see the man, not too old, yet not young, his hair thinning, a bit gray maybe. The music seems softer here, as we try to move around for a better look at this person.

His face looks almost beatific in the soft lamplight.

We step back for a better look and see that there is someone else in the room. We can almost smell her scent. There is a woman here.

The man reclines in the chair, his head back, his pants to his ankles, A WOMAN kneels between his legs, her head in his lap, bobbing up and down.

Suddenly, the man looks up, and grabs the woman's head pulling her off of him. She kneels back.

Her eyes look up at him with that vacant look of one who has seen and done too much in too many motel rooms. Then, a flash, as her blue eyes radiate a knowingness seemingly impossible for this woman to have.

The woman, KATLYN, shifts to get comfortable. Her skin glistens white. It shines, shimmers, the smoothness almost too perfect.

Her lipstick is slightly smeared and she rises, turning toward the mirror in the room. She picks up her purse and finds her lipstick, fixing it as she talks.

KATLYN

You O.K., baby?

The man looks at her and frowns slightly.

MAN

Fine. I'm fine.

He rises, his pants still down around his ankles. Katlyn stares at the sight and can't help but force out a little giggle. The man scowls.

KATLYN

I'm sorry, baby. Come on, you want some help with that?

She walks over to him and grabs his crotch. He backs away and pulls up his pants.

Katlyn backs away and surveys the scene. Her eyes wander around the room. She takes it all in. On the dresser, she sees a small piece of pink paper. It seems to be dotted with something. Strawberries?

She turns from that and quickly looks through her purse, rifling its contents looking for something very specific.

Across the room, the man has opened up his briefcase and looks inside.

On the other side of the room, the woman has found her cell phone.

KATLYN

(continuing)

Look, baby, if we're done here. I mean, I can go now, if you want. You have me for another ten, fifteen, minutes, but you know, if you're busy. If you're tired, ...

The man moves toward her, blocking her exit from the room. He grabs at her. Her purse falls.

MAN

(cutting her off)

Don't go.

Katlyn jumps back.

KATLYN
Son of a bitch.

The man ignores the fallen purse. He stares down, almost unaware of her presence, except for the brief words he has spoken to her.

Katlyn pauses, hesitates. She spies the door, mere steps from where she is, yet blocked by the man. She clutches her phone. She looks down at the purse and its spilled contents.

KATLYN
O.K. Baby. I'm here.
I'm here for whatever you
want. O.K.?

She begins picking up the contents of her purse. The man reaches down and grabs a picture that has fallen.

INSERT

Of picture. It is a picture of a young pretty girl.

BACK TO SCENE

As Katlyn grabs the picture back from the man.

MAN
Pretty girl.

KATLYN
My niece. Desy. She's
dead.

MAN
Sorry.

KATLYN
Dead a while. Forget it.
We all die sometime.

The man nods. He walks back toward the bed and his briefcase.

There is a long uncomfortable pause.

KATLYN
(continuing)

So, what do you want me to do, baby? What can I do for you? You want me to finish what I started? It was good, wasn't it baby? I give the best fucking head in town.

The man glares at her. Suddenly, his eyes go cold, hard, the grayish tint in them now betrays no emotion.

Her eyes meet his, but this time there is steel and metal in her gaze back at him.

MAN
I don't want your mouth.
I want all of you.

She pulls off her dress, standing there in her bra and panties.

KATLYN
You want to fuck me?

The man's gaze penetrates her. She stares back.

MAN
Not just yet.

KATLYN
What do you want?

It is almost a challenge. The woman fingers the cell phone.

MAN
Waiting for a call?

The man smiles for the first time.

MAN
(continuing)
What's your name?

KATLYN
Katlyn. What's your, ...
what should I call you?

MAN

You can call me, John.

Katlyn smiles.

KATLYN

John. How original.
Well, John, what do you
want me to do for you?
Time is running out.

JOHN

Yes, isn't it though?

John pulls out some hundred-dollar bills. He places them on the bed. Katlyn eyes them hungrily.

JOHN

(continuing)

For you. For tonight.
The whole night.

KATLYN

A lot of money. For one
girl. Maybe I should
share it. You think I
should share it?

John looks puzzled for a moment, unsure what to do.

JOHN

What do you mean?

Katlyn slowly walks to him. He slams his briefcase shut and backs away from her. She stops moving. They stand opposite each other.

KATLYN

Well, John, I mean, would
you like two girls? I'd
like to share my good
fortune. Share it with a
friend. Would you like
that? Like to see me and
another girl? Like to see
me between the legs of
another girl.

John pulls his money up off of the bed.

JOHN

No.

Katlyn throws caution to the wind as she breaks toward him, almost throwing herself into his arms.

KATLYN

Hey, John, don't be so hasty. Where are you going with the money?

John pushes her back.

JOHN

Fucking whore.

Katlyn grabs her dress and puts it back on.

KATLYN

Yeah, I'm a whore. But, you're a fucking nut. Fuck you. Nobody talks to me like that. Go fuck yourself.

JOHN

What time is it?

KATLYN

Fuck you.

She grabs her purse and heads for the door.

JOHN

Wait. Don't go.

KATLYN

Don't pull that innocent shit on me now.

Katlyn gazes at him. Long and hard. He stumbles, trips, paces in place. He looks at the clock. It says 4:00 AM.

JOHN

I'm sorry. Two girls. It's just. Two girls was not in my plans.

KATLYN

So, just say so.

JOHN

I've never done two girls.
Two at once. That is.

Katlyn eyes him. She smiles to herself. She knows this man. She knows him, understands him, and is ready for him.

John has been moving from one persona to another. He bobs from one foot to the other as if he is the naughty boy caught in the act in sixth grade.

His eyes flit around the room, never stopping on one thing for any length of time.

KATLYN

So, John, you've never
done two girls. Well,
tonight you will, ...

(Pause.)

Baby.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

The figure we saw during the opening scene bends over the hood of a car. We can see she is beautiful, sexy, maybe a bit overly made up, but still sexy and beautiful. Her skin has the same porcelain sheen that Katlyn has.

A MAN is behind her pounding away. She casually files a very sharp nail.

WOMAN

Oh, baby, oui, oui.

MAN

I love it in French, baby.
Yeah.

They continue like this for a few moments till the man comes. He pulls out, zips up and races off. The woman casually pulls her panties up and smoothes her skirt down.

She fixes herself up for her next client, as her cell phone rings.

She reaches into her purse to answer it.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Katlyn stands in front of the mirror in her bra and panties. She preens slightly, checking out her own body.

KATLYN
(into phone)
Hello, Angelique. It's
Katlyn.

EXT. MOTEL - SAME TIME

The woman, Angelique, listens. The conversation concluded, she flips off the phone.

Her green cat's eyes sparkle in the darkness and she smiles, her white teeth shining like little knives.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Katlyn flips off her cell phone and turns to face John.

KATLYN
It's all set.

JOHN
How long?

The room seems to swirl into a foggy mist around John. He staggers back and clutches at the curtains for balance. He reaches toward his briefcase, almost as if there is something there that he cannot do without.

Suddenly, a figure almost appears in the bathroom doorway.

ANGELIQUE
Not very long.

John looks at her in shock and lust. Shock because he wonders where she came from. Did he drink something? Lust because her body spills out from her outfit.

Angelique saunters past John letting him catch a whiff of her scent. It brings him back to life and he grabs for his briefcase once again.

Angelique stands next to Katlyn.

KATLYN

Like this, John?

JOHN

Very much.

KATLYN

Want to watch?

JOHN

Yes.

KATLYN

Pull up a chair.

Katlyn moves the chair into position and pushes John back into it. He has a perfect view of the bed.

Katlyn climbs onto the bed and beckons for Angelique to join her. Angelique throws off her dress and crawls onto the bed.

John watches with fascination as the two woman touch gently, stroking each other softly.

Katlyn's mouth parts slightly as she moves in to kiss Angelique. They kiss fervently, tongues moving, teeth glistening. A lip is bitten and a small amount of blood flows from the wound. Katlyn licks it up.

KATLYN

Hmm, blood.

She looks at John, who sits mesmerized with his briefcase on his lap.

KATLYN

(continuing)

You don't have to just sit there. Get comfortable. Enjoy the show.

JOHN

I am comfortable.

John looks into the case. For the first time, we see the glint of steel in the case. But, he bypasses the steel and pulls out some nylon rope.

KATLYN

Mmm, you like bondage?
Want to tie us up?

ANGELIQUE

No. No rope.

KATLYN

Relax. Relax. It's all a
game, right?

John rises. He stretches out the rope.

JOHN

Yes, a game.

His eyes peruse the two women, and he makes his decision. He steps toward Angelique. He roughly grabs her.

ANGELIQUE

Easy. Easy.

Katlyn gently strokes Angelique's hair.

KATLYN

It'll be fine. Right,
John?

She looks up at John. Her eyes stare at his. His eyes emotionlessly stare back at her.

The room seems to swirl and speed up and John's hands move with speed and dexterity tying up Angelique. She squeals as if she were a stuck pig.

Speed, swirl. Motion, as Katlyn suddenly sees the knives in John's hands. Her gaze widens and she bolts, racing toward the door, but John catches her. They struggle. He throws her to the bed. John pulls out the large knife.

Angelique tries to cry out, but the sound is muffled when the blade crosses her throat and slits her vocal cords. Blood spills from her wound onto the bed.

John jumps on top of Katlyn.

JOHN

I told you. Told you, I
wanted all of you.

The blade glints in the dim light and comes down,
again and again. Screams into gurgles, then silence,
except for John's heavy breathing.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

John reclines in the chair admiring his handy work.
The clock says 5:00 AM.

JOHN

It's almost over. Almost.
Just a few more things
that I have to do. Don't
worry, Katlyn. You won't
be found ten years from
now in some ditch, all
bones and dust. It has to
be seen. A few more
hours. Aren't we all
happy?

He laughs briefly, then his demeanor changes.

JOHN

(continuing)

You fucking whores.
Fucking goddam whores.
Had it coming. Had it
fucking coming.

He reaches into his bag to pull out a large cleaver.

The room swirls as if the foggy night is invading the
interior of the motel.

John turns toward the bed. The bodies are gone. He
stands, his feet transfixed. He looks. There is no
blood. Nothing. It's as if nothing happened. Then,
he sees the figure in the corner of the room.

The face is in shadows. Katlyn's voice is heard from the figure.

KATLYN

Hello, John.

John cannot speak.

KATLYN

(continuing)

Thought you could kill me.
Did you?

The figure walks out of the shadows. It is Katlyn. She appears as she did earlier, no blood, no wound. She wears her dress.

KATLYN

(continuing)

You tried. Oh, you tried.
But this time you didn't
succeed. No, not this
time. Not like that time
in Utah. Remember Utah,
John. A young girl.
About 16. Just out
looking for a ride. I
remember her. She was my
descendant. Yes, my
descendant. See, I've
been looking for you for a
while. And I had all the
time in the world on my
side. I'm a bit older
than I look John.

She laughs at this and we see the fangs, the incisors, sharp and deadly.

Suddenly, Angelique jumps up from behind the chair, a piece of wire in her hands. She leaps and garrotes John, pulling him back into the chair by the wire.

The wire tightens. John's eyes bulge. His tongue sticks out and turns blue.

His life fades, but it will not go quietly and easily. Angelique tightens her grip.

Katlyn leaps, a feral growl escaping her lips. Her fangs find the flesh of John's neck and rip into it, sending blood spurting out of the open wound. Katlyn drinks deeply.

John struggles, sputters, gurgles and dies. Angelique releases the wire. She growls along with Katlyn. They kiss, sharing the blood of their prey.

Mists swirl within the room.

Katlyn and Angelique are gone.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Two figures appear in the mists. They saunter away from the motel and seem to disappear into the night.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

John's body lies dead in the chair. On the bed, evidence of his serial killing is lain out. It is very neat and methodical.

On John's body, a small piece of pink paper dotted with strawberries lays.

TWO DETECTIVES stand over the body.

DETECTIVE ONE

What a fucking mess.

The other detective thumbs through the evidence.

The first detective stares at the strawberry letter.

DETECTIVE ONE

The strawberry letter.
The strawberry letter
killer. Christ, I hate
fucking killers with
nicknames. Such a fucking
cliché.

The detective reads the letter.

DETECTIVE TWO

What's it say?

DETECTIVE ONE

Usual shit. Obviously
didn't turn out the way he
planned, huh? Oh, well,
fuck him.

The detective tosses the letter toward the body. It
floats down gently on a current of air.

Music such as *Strawberry Letter 23* by the Brother's
Johnson plays as we

FADE TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAWN

Angelique and Katlyn dance in the woods, fading into
the mists as if they were two ghosts, leaving the
woods cold and empty.

FADE TO BLACK