

KILLER BABE

BY

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Bathed in sunlight, modestly appointed. Fastidiously neat.

JUNIOR, 20s, tons of style, but no class, slouches in his chair, poring through the newspaper, personal ads... finds what he's looking for.

He scans the article intently for a long beat.

Knocking at the door. LORINA, a trashy yet indisputably hot young secretary, short skirt molded to her ass, sets down a foamy cappuccino.

LORINA
Morning boss.

JUNIOR
Good morning, sexy.

LORINA
Don't make me call my lawyer.

She notes the newspaper clipping, goes to take it, but Junior snatches it back.

LORINA
Break up with that tramp already.

JUNIOR
She's not a tramp, she's my fiancée.

LORINA
When are you going to tell her?

JUNIOR
It's a bad time. Her mother's real sick. I'll tell her soon.

She smiles ruefully and thrusts a file at him. Dashes off. He grabs his cell, dials a number.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Sleazy, fleabag suite. It's a fucking mess in here, too. Empty beer bottles, cartons of Chinese take-out -

- passed out on the bed, a naked woman, damp mussy hair, face hidden, sheet barely covers her dancer's ass. The PHONE ringing on the night-stand -

KIMBER, mid-20's, attractive in a cold way, and a toxic case of attitude, ruses from her sleep - gropes for it...

KIMBER
 (groggily)
 I bet the ink hasn't even dried yet.

She clears the cobwebs, answers the beckoning call.

INTERCUT as needed:

JUNIOR
 You're the broad who placed the ad
 in the personals?

She picks up a folded newspaper, eyes the CIRCLED ARTICLE.

KIMBER
 Yes.

JUNIOR
 How much?

KIMBER
 Nothing. I just want to have some
 fun without the hassle of a
 relationship.

JUNIOR
 All right. Say I don't believe you.
 What's the snag in it?

Kimber slides out of the bed, wrapping the sheet around her.

KIMBER
 None. No money, no obligations.
 Just one night we'll never forget.

JUNIOR
 So you're not a hooker?

She lights a joint, paces the soiled carpet. There's a weird
 calm to her demeanor now.

KIMBER
 Call me that again and I'll hang up.

JUNIOR
 Sorry. When are you free?

KIMBER
 I'm in town for one night only.

JUNIOR
 You're a hot bitch I bet.

KIMBER
 And a body to die for too.

JUNIOR
The straight stuff?

KIMBER
I would prefer that, but... if you know some tricks we can talk about it. However, no S&M or filthy things such as peeing.

He hesitates. Kimber picks up on this right away, kills her joint in an ashtray.

KIMBER
Anal is available. Only if you're not hung like a freakin' horse.

END INTERCUT.

SHORT TIME LATER... a timid KNOCK-KNOCK. A towel-clad Kimber, half-wet, peers into the fish-eye. A salacious smile.

Junior slips inside, flashy suit, looking her up and down.

JUNIOR
You're so freakin' hot.

KIMBER
Would you like refreshments? Or maybe you'd prefer to skip the formalities.

JUNIOR
Depends on how much you're asking.

KIMBER
I told you. Nothing. Now get comfortable while I freshen up.

She disappears inside the bathroom. Junior strips down to his boxers, flops down on the bed, all horned up.

KIMBER (O.S.)
I'm going to bring you to seventh heaven.

And into the bathroom doorway steps - Kimber, hair in a ponytail, racy SCHOOL GIRL costume, sucking on a lollipop; mock sexual gesture.

He drools in sexual hunger. She straddles him on the bed.

KIMBER
What do you want your little girlie to do, huh? Sniff my pussy, or maybe mouth-to-cock resuscitation?

JUNIOR

No. Fuck me baby. And do it nice and slow.

KIMBER

Mmmmm. I prefer it hard and fast.

Junior shuts his eyes. Kimber unbuttons her top, just enough.

KIMBER

(hushed)

Oh, this is too easy.

JUNIOR

C'mon on baby, let's get to...

She reaches under the mattress, a flash of steel, a HUNTING KNIFE in hand. Tests the tip of the blade with her finger.

KIMBER

(softly)

Oww.

She shrieks, plunges the blade into his chest. Again and again. Blood splattering everywhere; the walls, headboard, her clothes.

She gets up, breathless, sweaty, dots of blood on her face.

KIMBER (V.O.)

There's some things in this world that everyone should try just once.

Mops her face with a towel, admiring her handiwork.

KIMBER (V.O.)

Murder is one of them. People just don't understand. The thrill, worry, and lust of death until they've tried it.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Full of steam. Shower running. Before the mirror, she stares at her reflection - exhaling smoke.

KIMBER (V.O.)

Until they've had blood on their hands -- in their mouth -- soaking into their clothes. Staining them forever with the sin they have just committed.

Kimber runs her hands through her hair, practically purrs.

KIMBER (V.O.)

The pleasure in the foreplay and act
itself, it's enough of a heat to
cause wet dreams for days beforehand.

A burst of laughter.

KIMBER (V.O.)

It's an addiction in ways. The chase.
The capture. The torment. The kill
and the secret knowledge that you
alone did it.

Behind frosted glass, Kimber's STEAMY SHOWERING SILHOUETTE.
She scrubs hard - a daunting task.

KIMBER (V.O.)

(giggles)

This is the worst part.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Kimber, in a wig, kid gloves, on her cheap cell. She eyes
Junior's limp arm hanging off the bed.

KIMBER

Hello. I'm coming to your town.
I'd like to place an ad in the
personals... sure, I'll hold.

She rummages through Junior's pants pocket. Grabs his keys...

...yanks open a closet door --

-- another MAN, throat slit, his bloody corpse, half sprawled
across the floor.

KIMBER

Now I have to find some sucker to
pay for a cheap motel room.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Alone at a table, Kimber studies the menu. Removes her
sunglasses with a flourish, eyes a newspaper. Pen in hand,
circles a small article. Smiling...

KIMBER

...the ultimate one-nightstand. Do
you need to get laid? Then call
this killer babe.

Off her NAUGHTY CHUCKLE.

FADE OUT: