

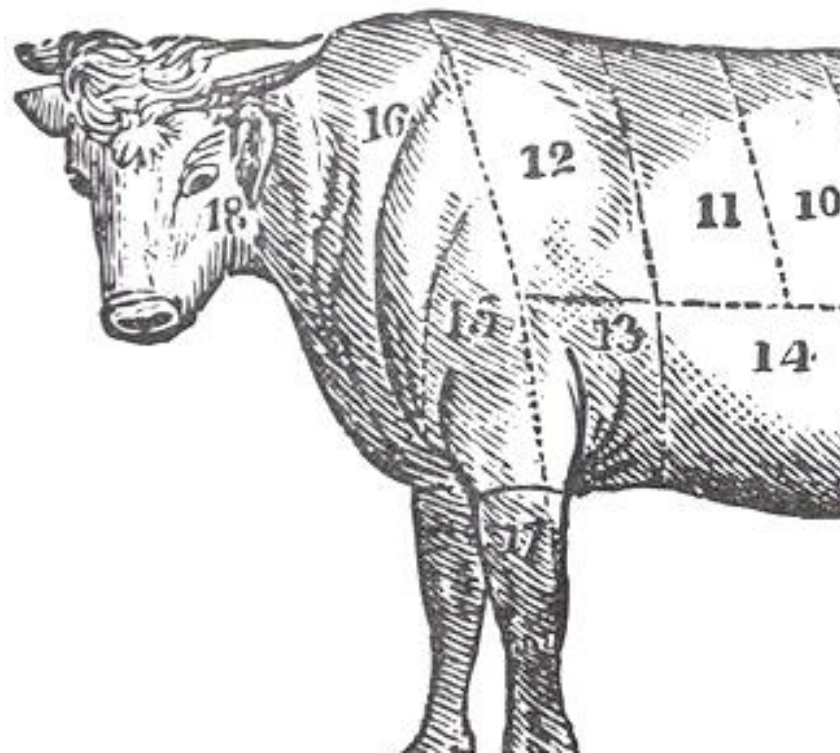
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image \ text
by Kristy Bowen

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dancing girl press & studio, 2018



for all the final girls

1 MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE

1 OPEN on a black screen. SUPERIMPOSE in dark red letters:

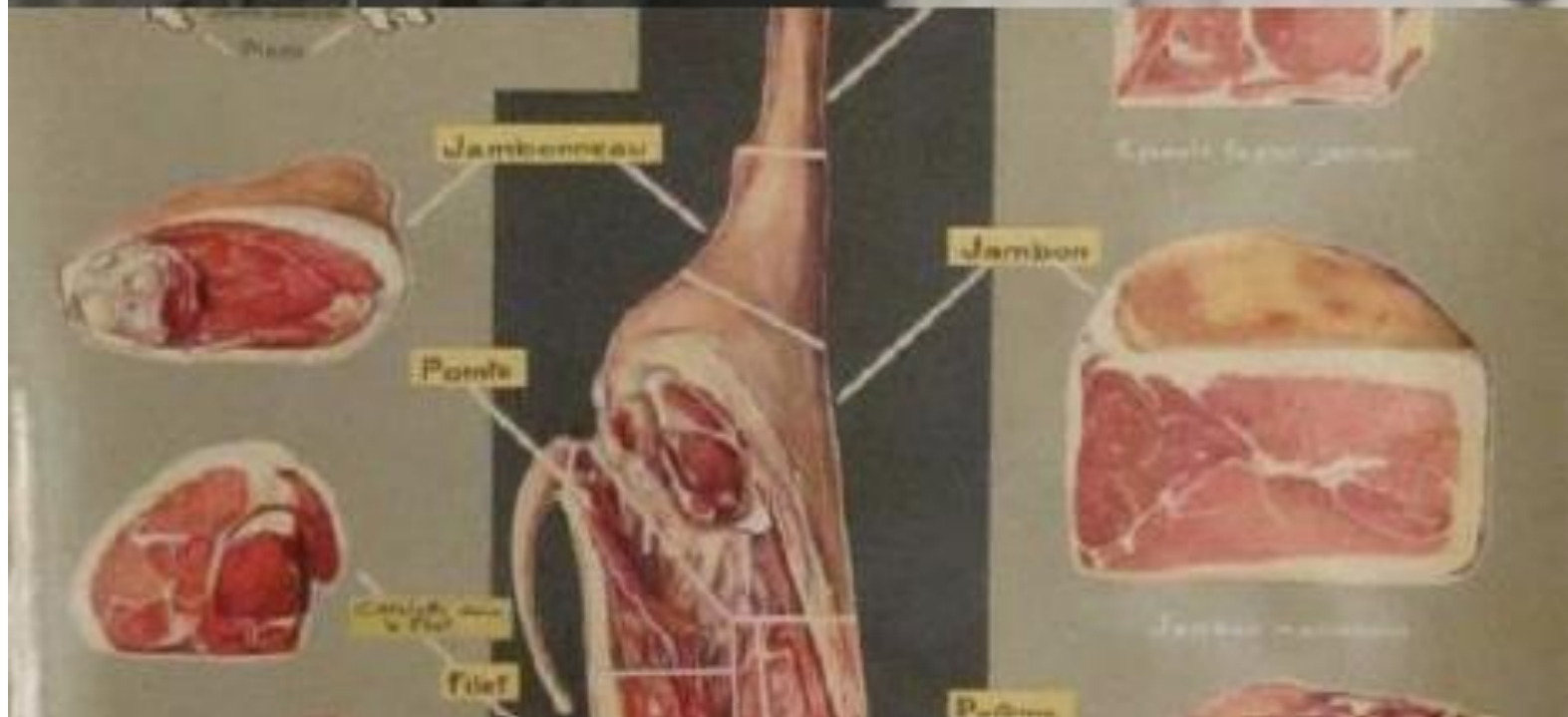
SLASH

Then we slowly: FADE IN TO: Darkness, with a small shape in the center of the screen. As MAIN TITLES CONTINUE OVER, CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES IN on the shape. We get closer and closer until we see that the shape is a girl. It is a large, full-head of hair, not a monster or ghoul but the pale, neutral features of a girl weirdly distorted by the girl. Distorted by her girlness, pink panties and loveworn locket. By the girlness of her sighs and pink bedspreads fluttering in the breeze. The girl, a jackolantern on the window sill, curtains moving in the still air. We move toward the rear of a house, voices inside.

Then LAUGHTER. 2. CONTINUED: (CONTINUED) The POV moves from the Jack-o'-lantern down to another window and peers inside. We see the sister sistering her hair. Sistering the silence. Into the bedroom comes the SISTER, 18, very pretty. We're all alone, aren't we? They sister again, this time with more passion. The boyfriend begins to unbutton the sister's blouse.

The POV swings away from the window and begins to restlessly pace back and forth, agitated, disturbed. We HEAR THE SOUNDS of the sister and boyfriend inside the bedroom growing more sistered.

The sister sits at the night table, brushing her hair. Sits at the table, all her girl holes open. The mask holes, gaping, as the knife plunges again and again. As the holes open again and again. So many holes full of knives and bleeding, opening and opening. So fast we cannot see them. She looks down incredulously as the blood forming at her hands. She begins to scream.



What's Inside a Girl?

plastic ponies

mock oranges

rusty nails

tissue paper

tennis shoes

wet towels

birthday candles

rubber cement

strawberry shampoo

driftwood

short shorts

seaweed

curling iron

hot rod

sycamore trees



Dear Murderer—

I see you your knife and raise you a hatchet. I've been watching soap operas and I'm as clean as ivory soap, pure as a thousand blondes in terrycloth shorts spreading their thighs just enough to see the slit that excites you. Their white light, their tight tits. In the movie theatre, I am rubbing my hand over you in the flickering dark waiting for the final gasp and gush. Each bloody footprint leading you to the money shot, the exquisite quiver.

EXTRA
5 cents

The Sutton News

A Progressive Newspaper In a Progressive Town

WEDNESDAY, VOL. 46, NO. 10

SUTTON, NEBRASKA, TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1945

PAGE 11, NO. 11

State and County Officials Get Confession In

Brutal Rape-Murder

Sgt. Joseph P. MacAvey
Harvard Base Confessed
To Brutal Attack

Occurred At Scene Where Body
Following Two Day Disappearance
On Bond Following Attack

Saturday Shopping at 'The Corners'



What To Do
At a Fire

LOCAL FIREMEN SUGGEST
ALL RULES BE OBEYED

Recent editions of a large number of villages when the fire station doors had brought children, especially those having children, to the fire station. This newspaper has told that a street out of order should be left alone and adhered to.

Not being a true red-headed stepchild in every sense of the word, a few other children in the



Sutton News

Published by the Sutton News Association, Inc.

Subscription Rates: \$5.00 per year in advance

Vol. 11 No. 22

Lesson In

Pe-Murder

Shopping at 'The Corners'



What To Do At a Fire

For the 1961-62 season, the fire department has issued a booklet on what to do in case of a fire.

The booklet, which is free of charge, contains information on how to use a fire extinguisher, how to escape from a burning building, and how to help others escape. It is available from the fire department or from the local fire station.



30 Must See Places Before You Die

Rotting Basement
Car Trunk
River's Edge
Dumpster
Bedroom Closet
Gas Station Bathroom
Hotel Room
Backseat
Hallway Closet
Laundry Room
Movie Theatre
Dressing Room at the Mall
Rest Stop
Back Alley
Bedroom
Janitor's Closet
Suburban Garage
Locker Room
Quarry
Classroom
Gravel Road
Car Park
Bar Bathroom
Bus Station
Breakroom
Public Park
Roadside Ditch
Warehouse
Living Room
Stairwell

Pitch # 1

Girl becomes monster
becomes merry-go-round
becomes record player
becomes living room rug
becomes open door
becomes bathroom light
becomes roadside suicide
becomes drafty window
becomes Chevrolet
becomes optical illusion
becomes ossory
becomes sorry
becomes soft with use.



Dear Murderer--

The saddest thing I ever saw in a horror movie was the prom queen's dress catching fire and burning her to a crisp. Not the blood and the running and death, come three times over and fat with dark. But in the car park, you watched me throw up a box of twinkies, wipe my mouth, and smile. Don't think this means you know me. I am working on holding down the universe in the pit of my stomach, but it's hard sometimes. Yesterday, the football team ran a train on me in my mother's basement, my hands flat against the floor and the universe eating me from the inside out. Believe me, I am not afraid.



What's inside a girl?

watch parts

witch hazel

hardware

hi-fi

fire extinguisher

fine china

charm bracelets

lace curtains

crochet hooks

tiny taxidermied mice





22 Ways to Die

- Bullet through the head
- Axe through the chest
- Accidental drowning
- Arrow through the chest
- Bear trap
- Strangling
- Hatchet to the head
- Intentional drowning
- Crowbar through the chest
- Fork in the eye
- Heart ripped out
- Head ripped off
- Car accident
- Hanging (accidental)
- Hanging (intentional)
- Caught in fire
- On fire (spontaneous combustion)
- Broken neck
- Broken heart
- Strangulation
- Suffocation
- Disarticulation

Pitch # 2

Boy meets girl

Meets engine

Meets heat

Meets abandoned quarry

Meets summer

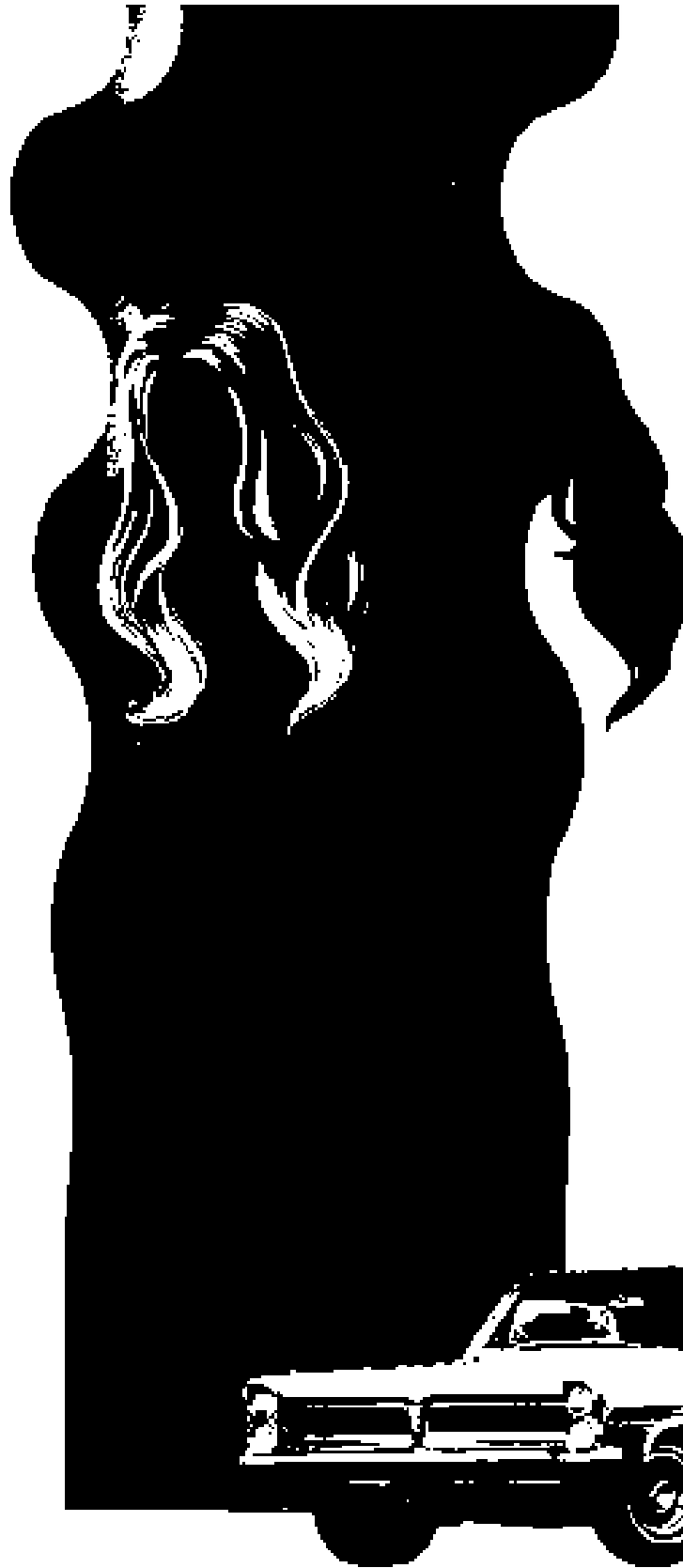
Meets crossroads

Meets girl behind the gas station

Meets girl behind the girl

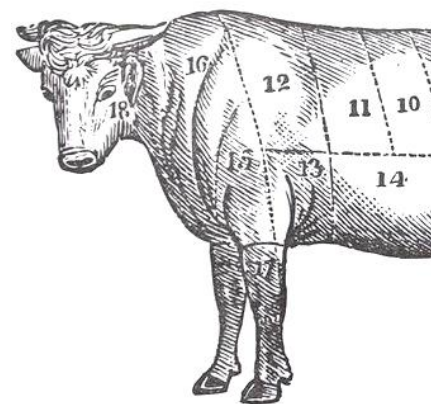
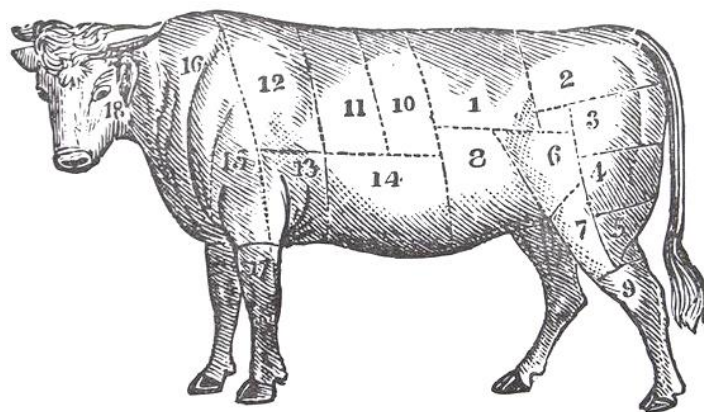
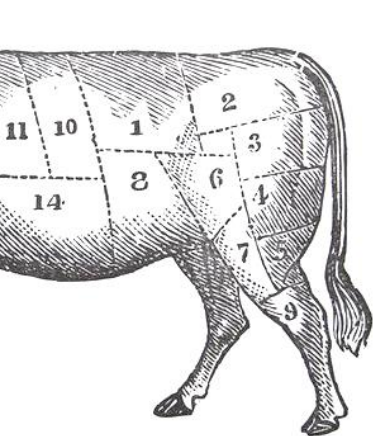
Meets girl things

Meets girl meat



Dear Murderer—

I am so small here beneath this bed, beneath this dead silence, beneath this science book. So small you have to get down on all fours, down on the floors and scooch around just a little to find me. Find me scooching just a little further back, knife in my hand, pen in my hand, ready to strike. Ready to write you a love letter in my sweat and blood right here beneath this bed where I dream about sex but not about sex really but more about being small enough to blend into the dust ruffle that burns black with my breath.



What's inside a girl?

Rice cakes

Math problems

Pears

Roadside flares

Rope

Weather vanes

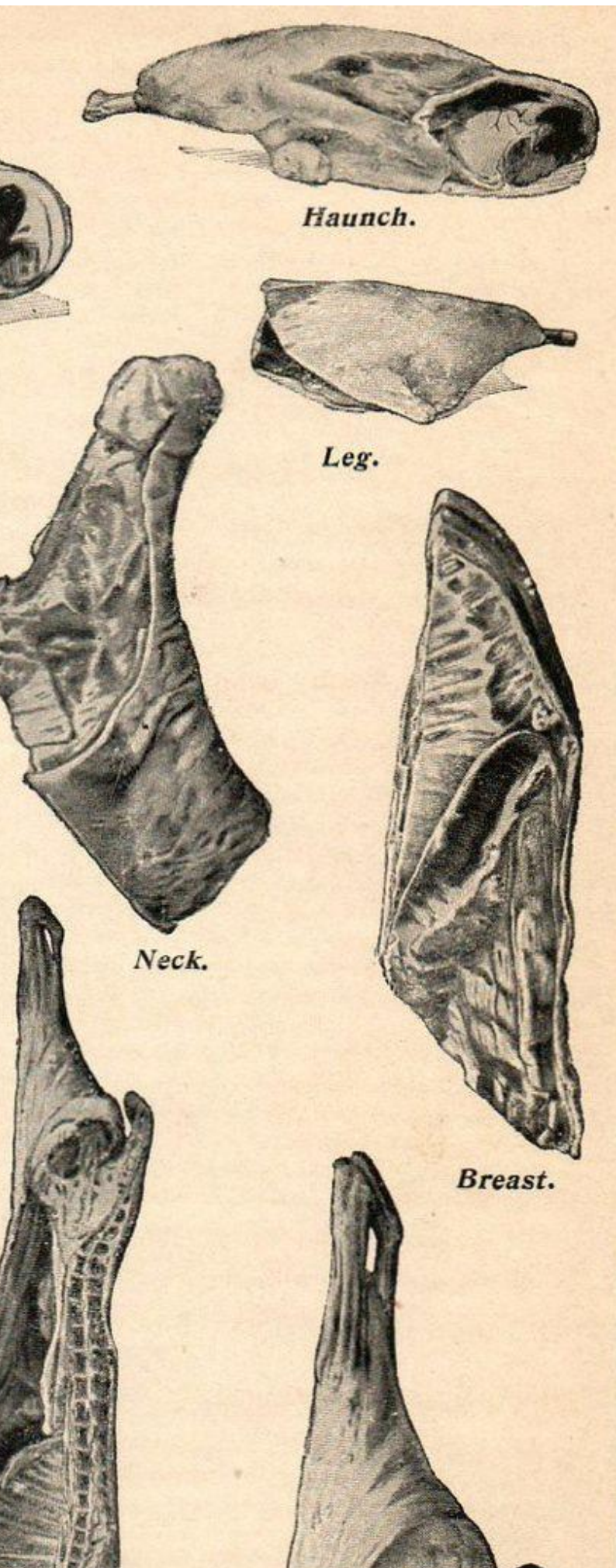
Vicodin

Dinner napkins

Nightlight

Northern lights

Night



Acknowledgements

The first piece of this project is a reworking of the original movie script of John Carpenter's *Halloween*.

