

The Final Girl
By Marnie Azzarelli

Written in memory of Betsy Palmer

Characters:

FRANKIE GOODE: A young woman who is relatively calm considering the fact that all her friends are dead, and that she's talking to her would-be killer. She has a bit of an identity crisis as she thinks on her feet to try and convince Slasher as to why she should be left alive. Frankie is wily, and over dramatic. You can't really trust anything she says, but she is still entertaining to watch.

SLASHER: Slasher's real name is Pam, and she is a taller and older woman who pretends to be a male killer until the end of the play. Pam is enacting revenge on all camp counselors because her son died at camp while he was having a nightmare after he killed his sister on Halloween night, and no camp counselor tried to help him. She enjoys what she does, but can be a little bumbling at times, especially when distracted by Frankie.

NIKKI: A young woman who is the true Final Girl. She tries her best to save all of her friends, including her boyfriend before he dies in her arms. She is hurt badly by Slasher, and has to drag her body through the camp's surrounding woods while looking for help. She has a sweet, calm voice, and a trusting face.

SISTER EUNICE: She is a nun of whatever age, and she just wants to save the blind camp children that she teaches before the Slasher can get to them. She is pure innocence to the extreme with a high voice, and a kind face.

Act 1, Scene 1

A chorus of screams, and possibly the sound of a chainsaw can be heard offstage as a YOUNG WOMAN barrels onto the stage. She looks a little worse for wear in ripped shorts (or jeans) and a tee shirt, covered in fake blood and dirt, carrying some kind of small weapon like a knife or a hammer. When she stops at center stage, she screams, drops her weapon and falls to her knees, crying. This is FRANKIE.

FRANKIE: They're all dead! All of em! My boyfriend, Josh; my best friend, Nikki; Nikki's boyfriend who slept with Angela behind Nikki's back; Angela. Oh, and that drunk, idiot -

FRANKIE stops sobbing as she blanks on that "drunk idiot's" name.

FRANKIE: Crap, what the hell was his name? You know, I just had it on the tip of my tongue. I literally just screamed it as that psycho killer cut his head off like right in front of me! Ugh, I think it starts with an "N," maybe? I know it starts with an "N." Ned, Nick, Nando, no. Dammit!

FRANKIE starts to mumble under her breath as she grabs her cellphone out of her pocket. As she does this, a tall person wearing a mask, a jumpsuit, and wielding a large knife and or chainsaw slinks onto the stage, and sneaks up behind FRANKIE. This is SLASHER.

FRANKIE: I'll just look the freak up on Facebook. It's beyond me why any of us have him as a friend, he was a total creep. *(She scans through her phone as she babbles on.)* He was the kind of kid who used to eat bugs in Kindergarten, and now drinks the bong water because he thinks it's funny. He also had this really weird relationship with his mom, and was super into taxidermy.

There is a solid few seconds of quiet as FRANKIE continues to scan through her phone, and SLASHER starts to raise their weapon, going in for the kill. Just when it looks like SLASHER is going to strike, FRANKIE screams.

FRANKIE: Oh!

SLASHER jumps, startled by FRANKIE's outburst, and doubles over, grasping their chest in shock.

FRANKIE: No way! His name was Norman! How could I forget that name?...what a jerk. But yeah, he's dead too. And the cops came by the camp at one point, but they're all disemboweled now. That was after our kind-of-pervy camp owner got chopped up in a wood pile, which was really -

By this time, SLASHER is upright again, and alerts FRANKIE of their presence by a chainsaw rip, or just a loud yell. FRANKIE screams and jumps away from SLASHER who tries to strike her. They then start a screaming match to see who can go the longest until FRANKIE puts up her hands, out of breath.

FRANKIE: Damn, you got some strong lungs.

SLASHER nods. All of SLASHER's dialogue consists of grunted or muffled words that are low in pitch like a man's voice. It's imperative that the audience cannot understand what SLASHER is saying. Each sentence is written here in full for clarity, and should be accompanied with appropriate hand gestures and body language.

SLASHER: Thank you.

FRANKIE: No problem.

They both look at each other in confusion for a beat until SLASHER starts to wave around their weapon, and runs towards FRANKIE.

FRANKIE: Woah, woah, woah, dude. Timeout. Timeout. We've been running through these woods for what like a half an hour now?

SLASHER: More or less.

FRANKIE: Yeah, well, I only do like fifteen minutes on the treadmill weekly, and I usually set it a "brisk walk," so this running around thing is not going to keep happening, okay?

SLASHER: But...I want to kill you.

FRANKIE: Oh, I totally understand that you want to kill me, but you already killed everyone I know and love so -

SLASHER: Even Norman?

FRANKIE: Besides Norman! But that's not the point. You just can't kill me. You're not allowed to.

SLASHER: And why is that?

FRANKIE: Uh, duh, look around you. No one else on this campground is alive. You have brained, gored, slashed and decapitated anyone within a 10 mile radius of this place, so since I'm the **ONLY** one left, and I'm female, I get to be the Final Girl, which means I'm going to make it out of here alive.

SLASHER points at FRANKIE, unconvinced.

SLASHER: You? You're the Final Girl?

FRANKIE: Yes, me! Isn't it obvi that I have all of the morals and innocence of your typical Final Girl?

***SLASHER** waits a beat and then starts to laugh hysterically.*

FRANKIE: Hey! That is NOT funny. I am so a Final Girl!

***SLASHER** continues to laugh, while **FRANKIE** stamps her foot, and crosses her arms. After a few seconds **SLASHER** calms down enough to talk.*

SLASHER: Okay, okay. Humor me, how in the hell are you a Final Girl?

FRANKIE: How am I a Final Girl? Well, um, I'm a virgin for one.

***SLASHER** starts the laugh again before answering.*

SLASHER: No, you're not! I saw you and Josh doing....you know (*indicating sex*), out behind the woodshed.

FRANKIE: Excuse you, we did not! We both still had our jeans on, thank you very much. Anyways, I'm also a Final Girl because I don't do drugs, or drink.

SLASHER: What are talking about?! You're drunk right now! (***SLASHER** waves their hand in front of their mask*). I can smell your breath from here!

FRANKIE: I am not drunk! I just, uh, well -

***SLASHER** looks at **FRANKIE**, tapping their foot, looking as if they were waiting for her to tell the truth.*

FRANKIE: Oh alright, I'm a little drunk. Sue me! And technically it's not my fault. Norman spiked my lovingly made punch, which I TOTALLY told him not to. I mean it tasted great and I drank like half the bowl, but I would have liked a warning beforehand. (***FRANKIE** pauses to think up something else*). Alright smart guy, so how about the fact that I didn't take off any of my clothes during the strip poker game? That's totally something a Final Girl would do, so there! (***FRANKIE** sticks out her tongue*).

***SLASHER** pulls out a bra that was hidden in one of their pockets, and swings it on one finger in front of **FRANKIE**'s face. **FRANKIE** is taken aback by this.*

FRANKIE: Oh, uh, no, no doesn't count! You see I took that bra off UNDER my shirt, so I'm not a hoe, I'm just a tease! (***FRANKIE** makes a face at **SLASHER***).

***SLASHER** throws down the bra in anger.*

FRANKIE: Also, my name is Frankie Goode, so my initials literally spell out F.G. BOOM.
(*FRANKIE makes a mic drop motion*).

Screaming can be heard from offstage again, and suddenly a young woman limps onto the stage. She is also in shorts and a tee shirt like FRANKIE, and is a mess of blood and dirt. She continues to drag herself because of an injury to her leg that leaves her with little movement. This is NIKKI.

NIKKI: Oh, Frankie, thank God. I thought I'd never find anyone alive. I just dragged myself through the forest for a mile after watching my boyfriend die in my arms as I desperately tried to tie up his wounds to save him. It was terrible! Although he did whisper Angela's name before he died, but it was still terrible! Frankie, Frankie, I -

NIKKI pauses as she takes in the scene of FRANKIE and SLASHER having a conversation with one another.

NIKKI: Uh, Frankie? What are you doing?

SLASHER looks at FRANKIE.

SLASHER: You want me to?

FRANKIE: Yeah, go for it.

SLASHER trumps over and grabs NIKKI by her legs and drags her backstage. SLASHER is making grunting noises while NIKKI screams, chokes, and then stops. As this is going on FRANKIE puts her head down, and nervously shakes her leg, only to look shamefaced at the audience when NIKKI is dead.

FRANKIE: What?! Don't judge me! There can only be one Final Girl!

SLASHER reappears on the stage, clapping their hands like it was a job well done, and then starts to clean their nails with a bloodied knife.

SLASHER: So. You wanna talk about what just happened there?

FRANKIE: No! I do not want to talk about what just happened there.

As SLASHER continues to clean their nails, Frankie turns with her back towards SLASHER, arms crossed and head down again. This goes on for a few long seconds.

FRANKIE: Alright!

SLASHER is startled again by FRANKIE's sudden outburst, and cuts their finger. They jump up and look around (and towards FRANKIE) before shoving their finger under the mask, and whimpering a little.

Frankie continues to speak as SLASHER tends to their finger.

FRANKIE: So maybe that wasn't cool. But she was already hurt, and it's not like you needed a whole lot of prompting from me to kill her. (*She pauses*). And there is no way that she was the Final Girl. I mean besides the fact that she hadn't slept with her boyfriend yet, or that she refused to drink any of the, obviously, spiked punch, and, and she didn't take off ANY of her clothes during strip poker and – dammit my initials are F.G.!

SLASHER finally looks up at FRANKIE in surprise, forgetting about their hurt finger.

SLASHER: Wait a damn minute here.

SLASHER walks around to face FRANKIE.

SLASHER: I just killed the actual Final Girl, didn't I?

FRANKIE: No! Aren't you listening?! I am the Final Girl!

FRANKIE twaps SLASHER on their mask and SLASHER immediately grabs FRANKIE's wrist, and starts to bend her arm to the side at a painful angle while FRANKIE screams and repeatedly says "Uncle! Uncle! Uncle!" Suddenly a woman in a nun's habit, or dressed in an extremely conservative outfit, comes running onto the stage without taking notice of FRANKIE or SLASHER. This is SISTER EUNICE.

SISTER EUNICE: Oh, won't somebody help me! A horrible person killed our bus driver, God rest his soul, and I have to save that bus full of those poor, blind children who just wanted to go to camp! Please, someone, anyone help me before it's too late!

FRANKIE and SLASHER look at one another for a beat, before FRANKIE rips her hand away from SLASHER, and runs offstage screaming at the top of her lungs. SLASHER waits for FRANKIE to leave and then starts to laugh, but this time in a higher pitched voice. SLASHER then removes the mask to reveal that she was a woman the entire time.

SLASHER: Oh boy, these girls sure get stupider and stupider every year. Hey, Sister. The name's Pam, how the hell are ya?

SLASHER goes over to SISTER EUNICE and extends her hand. SISTER EUNICE looks at SLASHER in shock.

SISTER EUNICE: (*In a deeper voice and with an attitude*) Unh-uh, I am out of here!

SLASHER: Hey! It's not like I'm going to kill you or anything, I'm not THAT bad. (***SLASHER** shakes her head and addresses the audience*). Psh, ah well. My dead son, whose voice is in my head, is telling me that I have to kill again, and that other group of camp counselors should be here any second, so I guess it's back to the old grind.

***SLASHER** puts her mask back on and wields her knife to the sounds of a Psycho-esque slashing music, and then runs offstage as the sounds of screams can be heard again.*

The End