

KOURTNEY

By

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Based on a true story

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1A. EXT. STREET. DAY

Early morning in a shitty neighborhood--Parkdale, Toronto. In a soiled pink dress and a blond wig, a fucked up crackwhore drags her scabbed legs through the streets. If there's a world record for cock munching, Kourtney's got the crown--well, she did, but she passed out on the subway and now a hobo's wearing it. She got an invisible stamp on her forehead reading: "the city's dirtiest dopeskank".

A car cruises and pulls up alongside her.

KOURNTEY

Hey baby, you goin' out?

Kourtney bends over the side window. She has a conversation with the driver, swagging her butt in the air, looking horny, like a bitch in heat.

She gets into the car and an argument builds inside, escalating to a struggle over Kourtney's purse. The driver throws Kourtney out of the car. Her purse and its nefarious contents spill onto the street.

DRIVER

Fuckin' crack-whore! Your cunt reeks. Like puke!

KOURTNEY

Blow me, you fucking queer!

The car peels away in burnt rubber. Kourtney collects all her shit, including her pepper spray and CRACK PIPE, and shoves it back into her torn purse.

1B. EXT. PARKDALE. DAY - MONTAGE/CREDITS

2. EXT. STOOP. DAY

Kourtney ambles down the street, dejected. She approaches a run-down fleapit of a building; BROOKLYN, Kourtney's sister from another mother, is relaxing on its stoop, wrapped in a parka. Brooklyn's full lips are painted white--or it's dried cum. She looks down at Kourtney, smiling, her face radiating with genuine concern.

BROOKLYN

Baby, baby, why you frownin'?

(CONTINUED)

KOURTNEY

My life, Brook--it's shit. Girl, I ain't slept all night. First trick of the day, he rips off--and didn't even get his load! Why's this happenin' to me?

BROOKLYN

Awww, my baby.

Kourtney is sobbing, a big runner of snot swings from her nose; she has slobber all over her face. Brooklyn produces a tissue for Kourtney from her bra.

KOURTNEY

I need a hit, girlfriend. Gimme a lil' hit, will ya? I'm hurting.

Brooklyn reaches into her crotch and pulls out a baggie. It's flecked with menstrual blood. She shakes it off, speckling Kourtney's face. She takes out a rock and hands it to Kourtney.

KOURTNEY (SNIFFLING)

Thanks, momma; the way you love me, gurl. Mmmm, just smellin' it...

She takes a big hit. You can hear the crystals crack between her teeth; she inhales fast and suddenly everything about her changes. Kourtney seems to be having a dialogue with some omniscient force, but nothing can be heard clearly. Vapours and smokey transcendental clouds bracket her swaying head. Muttering and whispers consume the soundtrack.

KOURTNEY

Fuck this business. Fucking assholes! I'd rather be rippin' and runnin' than using myself up out here every night. This life's a nightmare--a wakin' fuckin' nightmare. I just wanna be normal. I know I can get out. I ain't addicted; ain't addicted to crack, just ciggarettes!

Fuck, Brook: Shorty's gonna kill me if I don't gotta get his paper.

BROOKLYN

(crossing her arms, heard enough of Kourtney's ranting)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BROOKLYN (cont'd)  
 ...Then c'mon, bitch. What are you  
 cryin' about? It ain't even  
 lunchtime! Lets make some money.

CUT TO:

## 3. EXT. CITY PARK. DAY - MONTAGE

The girls prepare for their day's work. They put on lipstick and sloppy-ass makeup, dry-shave the day-old stubble on their legs; shitloads of hairspray, nylons rolled up. The tramps are now strutting through a public park, stopping to douche at the public fountain in glorious slo-mo, droplets of airborne water glittering like diamonds, grins splitting their fuck-ready faces.

CUT TO:

## 4. EXT. THE CORNER. DAY

It's still early but the sidewalk is littered with human garbage. All of them out for business, their pussies primed for penetration, lube, spit at the ready; desperation for a hard fuck permeates the air.

Kourtney and Brooklyn are the most resplendent, disgusting hoes on the planet. They alternate between popping mints and sucking cigs. They lick their dry, cracked lips, hungry for money--and cock.

BROOKLYN  
 ...coz they're bigger than the  
 white ones.

KOURTNEY  
 Girl, they ain't. I've held some  
 hefty white ones! Fuckin' albino  
 python lookin' dick meat. Shit,  
 you see these cracked teeth?  
 (Kourtney points into her  
 putrid, gaping maw)  
 These don't break on beer bottles,  
 baby--choking back fat, white dick  
 done that.

BROOKLYN  
 Yeah, but the black ones are  
 juicier, perma-hard, and shit--they  
 just taste better!

(CONTINUED)

KOURNTEY

Perma-what?

BROOKLYN

Look bitch, black cock just has more oomph than honky-hog do. They always big--and them veins! Like the bottom of a gawdamn redwood!

KOURNTEY

Gurl, you are more twisted than my corkscrewed clit.

BROOKLYN

If it takes me stuffin' every hole in my body with black cock, white cock, yella cock, red cock--hell, fucking green-ass, motherfuckin' ET dick, then I'll do it.

(singsong, melodious)

The juicier, the better, the bigger--

(Brooklyn slaps her bulging camel toe)

--the wetter! I'm gonna ride me some cock all the way to Hollywood, baby. You know I ain't workin' the corner forever. I got plans: I'm gonna be center-stage at the Apollo, making Diana Ross swoon. So don't count on me flippin' quarters off my twat for the rest of my days.

KOURNTEY

I know gurl, I know. You're still young, you can beat this shit; you're better than it. Me, I've been deep in the poop for a long time now. Hell, I might as well been pushed, brown and wet, outta my Momma's ass, I been in the poo-poo so long ...I ain't getting out anytime soon.

(BEAT)

BROOKLYN

So, have you talked to SIMON?

Kourtney's face tightens. She does well to keep anything other than money, drugs and sex out of her head; this line of conversation's fucked that up. She takes a long, serious drag from her cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

KOURTNEY

He's supposed to call me today.

BROOKLYN

Why don't you call him?

KOURTNEY

That's not how it works,  
Brook. How we been, I let him make  
the moves-- cause I ain't earned  
the right to make 'em myself  
yet. Soon, he'll be mine  
again. No one takes him from  
me! They're gonna fuck with  
Kourtney? Kourtney knows how to  
fuck! I can fuck...like a pro! I  
make my living--

BROOKLYN

(interrupts)

Take it easy; you need to hit that  
pipe, girl.

Kourtney grinds her teeth.

KOURTNEY

Well, where's your hookup? Let's  
go get it.

BROOKLYN

We gotta find someone new,  
baby. He done with the chop: he  
found GOD.

KOURTNEY

No shit.

KOURTNEY EYES A CHURCH ACROSS THE STREET.

RACK FOCUS: THE CHURCH CRYSTALLIZES

(Mumbles to herself)

God can suck my tits.

5A. EXT. STREET. DAY

CLOSE UP: KOURT'S TEETH CHOMPING DOWN ON A TOPPING-LOADED  
HOTDOG

Kourt and Brook are loitering in an alley, sharing a  
hotdog. Kourtney passes the hotdog to Brook and pulls out  
her pipe.

(CONTINUED)

BROOKLYN

Take it easy, gurl! We ain't got nothing left, you just be smokin' glass--that shit will fuck you up.

Kourt nods, rejecting the advice. She lights up and twirls the pipe, burning the resin and sucking deep. The shit kicks in and she's trippin'.

BROOKLYN

Kourt? Gurl, come back to me.

Brook waves her hand in front of Kourt's glassy eyes. She's gone. Kourt slowly turns her cross-eyed gaze down the alley. She spies a young boy, no older than six, walking hand-in-hand with his mother. A look crosses Kourtney's face: recollection, nostalgia--mourning? The CHILD catches her gaze and speaks.

CHILD

You got my money, bitch?

Kourtney's agape, unsure if she's hallucinating; her eyes narrow--the left one twitches slightly.

CHILD

I said, BITCH, you got my money?

Kourtney's reels--until a sobering shoe slams into her head. She sees SHORTY, one bare foot flat to the pave.

Covered up in tats and simmering with rage, SHORTY marches over, looking like an aborted gremlin dressed in blue. Today is Blueday for Shorty. You know its Blueday because he's got his blue swag on: blue shoes, blue pants, blue shirt, plus a cute little blue hat on the side of his head he picked up from a baby. Yep, it's Blueday.

Approaching Kourtney, Shorty drags his gimped bare foot like it weights ten pounds more than it should.

SHORTY

Bitch, you trippin'? Shit, if you sucked as much cock as you daydream 'bout, Shorty'd be a millionaire. Speakin' of: where's my money!

Brooklyn steps in.

BROOKLYN

Leave her alone, Shorty! She got japped--she don't have it.

(CONTINUED)

SHORTY

(with menace)

Shut it, Jungle Trouble! Shorty'll  
fist-fuck your cunt, send you back  
to the Congo screamin'.

BROOKLYN

You know what? You got a disease:  
you afflicted with I.C.A.S:  
ignorant cracker asshole syndrome.

Shorty grimaces, hesitates, then cuffs Kourtney upside the  
head.

SHORTY

Do you know what day it is today?  
(Shorty struggles to get his  
shoe back on.)

It is Bluesday. My favourite day.  
And on Bluesday, Shorty gets  
paid--and he gets laid. Now gimme  
my money, hoe.

(threatening)

And then, you can suck my dick.

KOURTNEY

Well, I don't got it yet! But I'll  
get you the money, just lemme get  
back to work.

SHORTY

Lookit this shit: y'all should be  
taking turns on some customer  
sausage, not double-ending street  
meat with those dirty-ass grills.

(beat)

Talkin about work, Shorty's  
standing around here with a  
half-chub, lookin' to squirt.

Kourtney raises her little finger and wags it, grinning at  
Brook, who smiles back knowingly. They crack up.

Shorty catches on and grabs Kourtney's extended pinky and  
twists it; she buckles, grimacing.

Shorty belts her with his open hand.

KOURTNEY

Don't fuck up my face!

(CONTINUED)



SHORTY

Yer face ain't worth  
shit. Shorty's fucked better  
lookin' gloryholes!

Shorty's anger begins to melt. His eyes twitch then roll back. He looks down and seems Brooklyn on her knees, with his "Shorty" in her mouth.

BROOKLYN

(Seductive)

C'mon baby, let's go somewhere,  
I'll finish you off.  
(She winks.)

Shorty hesitates, then smiles and shoves Kourtney away.

SHORTY

Alright. But until Shorty gets his  
money--

(Shorty snatches Kourtney's  
purse and from within, her  
cellphone)

Shorty's taking all your calls!

KOURTNEY

Shorty, you blueberry-lookin'  
prick! Give it back! Simon's  
callin' today!

Shorty dumps the purse, drops it, and grabs Brooklyn by the arm.

SHORTY

We off--

(from the fist wrapped around  
the cellphone, he extends a  
beringed finger at Kourtney)

--and 'til you got the guap, I **keep  
this**. Get busy; put that skanky  
slit to work, hoe!

Shorty struts off laughing, with Brooklyn dangling from his side. Brooklyn, over-shoulder, issues a comforting smile and mouths:

BROOKLYN

(wordlessly)

I got this.

Back in character, Brooklyn hooks her arm around Shorty's waist. Kourtney, slumps over, defeated. She looks to her purse spilled out all over the curb and cries.

5B. EXT. STREET. DUSK

An expensive Mercedes pulls up in front of Kourtney. The passenger window slides down: from across the seat, a mustachioed youth with slicked hair eyes our hooker. This is PUMPKIN. He's rich and he looks it. His teeth are lined-up perfect, all glossy alabaster. It's past dusk, yet he's wearing jet-black wayfarers. If you could see his dick, it's drizzling trust-fund pre-cum.

PUMPKIN

(to Kourtney)

What kind of whore are you,  
baby? You sure are pretty.

Kourtney is dumbfounded. She's fucked plenty weird in her time, but there's something **WEIRD** about this guy. Still, the teeth, the hair, the car--the cash.

PUMPKIN

You wanna get fucked? Come ride  
with me, Pretty-Pretty.

The back door, by command, pops open. Kourtney approaches and peers in; she spies the plush interior.

KOURTNEY

Velour? That a bottle of Henessey?

Kourtney is suspicious of this rich boy and his plush, luxuriously appointed car.

PUMPKIN

Come on, Beautiful. Hnnnn.  
(Pumpkin is writhing in his  
seat, it appears to be  
pleasure. Is he tripping?)  
You look hungry. You need a hit?

Kourtney's eyes brighten. It's been hours since her last hit. Drug-hunger supersedes her reluctance and the money, the money. She climbs in.

5C. INT. LUXURIOUS CAR. EVENING

Pumpkin steps into a velvet-lined womb. There are lines of lights running across the ceiling. Strange ornaments hang from wires, dancing at every bump. Pumpkin produces his outstretched hand--there's a bump on it; he snorts it and rolls his head, moaning.

Pumpkin peers back from the driver's seat.

(CONTINUED)

PUMPKIN

So you fuck, huh? How's your  
rod-work, Pretty Girl? HNNNNNNN.

(Pumpkin experiences another  
wave of writhing  
pleasure. Another surge of  
drug splendour? He continues  
speaking, through laboured  
panting)

You good at greasin' the pole? I'm  
hoping you're fucking  
EXTRATERRESTRIAL!--but my  
HONEYBUNNY, she's the best.

A girl pops up from Pumpkin's lap. HONEYBUNNY has finished blowing Pumpkin, the source of his groaning and stirring; her lips are sperm-slicked. She's exotic: sickly-thin and glamorous, but betraying that is just enough makeup to look like a mannequin bedecked in the refuse from a cosmetics fire; her blond hair is shaved at the sides and slicked up into a pompadour. Honeybunny speaks with all the intelligence of a suddenly-sentient dog:

HONEYBUNNY

You're hot.

PUMPKIN

She is, isn't she? We like them  
ugly, don't we, Honeybunny?

HONEYBUNNY

So ugly, baby.

(With a rare burst of  
intelligence--and culture--she  
pushes out a bit of sultry  
Francais)

Tri-so-mique.

PUMPKIN

Mmmmmm.

Pumpkin and Honeybunny engage in a lurid, sloppy display of tongue-kissing. They whisper to each other between kisses:

PUMPKIN

We'll fuck this tard--

HONEYBUNNY

--and clean up the mess--

PUMPKIN

--before Mom gets back--

(CONTINUED)

HONEYBUNNY

--twin--

PUMPKIN

--fuck--

HONEYBUNNY

--lovers.

Pumpkin and Honeybunny finish their sloppy kiss with a complicated intertwining tongue handshake. Honeybunny trills with glee and embraces him, tongue-kissing his ear, then once more, returns to his lap. Kourtney's is unnerved and her hands calmly, casually, find the door handle. It's locked and there's no visible trigger to unlock it. Pumpkin turns to Kourtney and produces a sinister wink.

5D. EXT. STREET. NIGHT

The car speeds away, into the depths of the night.

6A. INT. LUXURY CONDOMINIUM ELEVATOR. NIGHT

The doors to an elevator slide away. Kourtney is thrown into frame, by Pumpkin, slamming into the wall of the elevator car. Pumpkin and Honeybunny, locked in a frenzied, groping embrace, hit the wall next to her. Kourtney smiles, picking herself up, watching the couple make-out with nervous suspicion. She's seen worse than these two, but her guard remains up.

PUMPKIN

You smell that Honeybunny?  
 (He pulls himself away from  
 her, slaps her  
 lightly. Sniffing the air,  
 devouring it:)  
 It's the sweet shtank of some  
 salacious pussy.

As he says this (Kourtney's POV), he brings his hands together, cupping his mouth, revealing the words \$ALACIOUS and PU\$\$AY tattooed on the lateral sides of his hands. He sniffs the invisible hand-pussy, simulating cunnilingus noisily.

Kourtney's so not into this, but quickly covers and dirty talks her client, so she can get her cash and bolt.

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KOURTNEY

Yeah, just show me the money,  
baby. I can be shtanky--I'm always  
shtanky. I can be whatever you want  
me to be.

6B. INT. CONDO. NIGHT

A needle drops on a record and begins to play the strange  
tunes of Yma Sumac's *Bo Mambo*. A champagne bottle pops.

Pumpkin dances off-beat in one spot, dressed in a snakeskin  
thong and an untied kimono, gripping a glass of  
bubbly. He's positioned next to the centre-piece of their  
impossibly opulent condo: a shinning black, arcane-looking  
glass-topped coffee table. The rest of the condo is  
decorated exclusively in black and red; the walls are  
decorated with bizarre sexual imagery. Pumpkin's eyes are  
closed. His nose is white. He is entranced by the music and  
is visibly aroused: he's tugging at the crotch of his pants.

Kourtney stands awkwardly with a glass in her hand, watching  
Pumpkin gyrate.

The music ends, but Pumpkin continues to dance, murmuring to  
himself.

KOURTNEY

(dragging nervously from her  
cigarette)

Well, this is plenty fucking  
romantic, but are we gonna fuck  
already? I'm on the clock--and the  
rag. About now, I'm dripping bloody  
wet.

Pumpkin slows and opens his eyes, smiling. Honeybunny  
appears in the doorway, dressed in a dark, sheer bathrobe,  
her leg strapped into a brace and wearing a goggle-eyed,  
feathery crow's head mask; the open robe appears as  
wings. She calls across the room:

HONEYBUNNY

Love you, Pumpkin.

PUMPKIN

I love you, Honeybunny.

The couple are locked onto each other and don't  
respond. Kourtney spies the coffee table. Is it  
moving? Trembling? She narrows her eyes and the close-up  
reveals and leather-bound human figure, contorted painfully,

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holding the glass table-top aloft. Only a mouth is visible from the strapped leather; it's drawn tight, flecked with spittle, but is it--grinning? Kourtney reels, looking like she's either curious enough to kick it over or simply scream, but her attention snaps back to the entwined couple:

Honeybunny drops her robe, exposing black lace lingerie. The robe's fall stops at her waist, hanging over an obviously massive crotch protrusion. A network of scars crisscross her torso: these two are into some sick shit. The Table gurgles.

The camera captures Pumpkin's face in extreme close-up: he's sweaty and his eyes are bulging.

PUMPKIN

Let's fuck this bitch RAW!

HONEYBUNNY

(removing the crow's head)

Love you Pumpkin!

PUMPKIN

I love you Honeybunny!

Pumpkin rubs his cock viciously through his pants. He is definitely super-aroused, the bulge visible through his tightening snakeskin undies.

PUMPKIN

Suck the snake, fuck the snake! Suck the snake--**FUCK THE SNAKE!**

The Table gurgles along with Pumpkin, repeating the chant, sexually--and physically--strained.

Honeybunny starts rubbing whatever lurks beneath her silken robe; her face splits wide, grinning like a mentally disturbed child gone dick-deep in an extra-mushy cake. The lovers stare at each other, their pure, incestuous romance pounding through their sick, visible proclivities.

Pumpkin snaps open a SWITCHBLADE; he licks it like a cock.

PUMPKIN

I'm gonna have me a clitorous cocktail--extra bloody.

HONEYBUNNY

(trilling like before)

Save the clit for me, baby. I wanna eat it like it's the fucking **CHERRY.**

Pumpkin advances on Kourtney with the knife. The Table shudders, his head craning towards the direction of the potential violence; he's panting. Pumpkin stops to kick the underside of the Table.

PUMPKIN

Not yet, Morton--you get the leftovers.

He corners Kourtney and forces the blade against her neck.

PUMPKIN

You ready for what you got comin',  
Pretty-pretty?

Kourtney headbutts Pumpkin, drawing a slash of wet scarlet into the air. She quickly finds her pepper spray--

INSERT OF KOURTNEY'S HAND TRAVELING BETWEEN HER LEGS, PULLING A TUBE OF PEPPER SPRAY (WITH AN AUDIBLE "SCRITCH" OF STUBBLE) FREE FROM A GARTER ON HER INNER THIGH.

--and maces Pumpkin in the face. He screams and topples over, writhing in pain and, as his visibly wet crotch indicates, ecstasy.

Furious, Honeybunny jumps Kourtney from behind.

PUMPKIN

The fucking cunt blinded me--and I'm fucking cumming!

HONEYBUNNY

Nobody makes my brother cum but me! I'm gonna scalp your pussy with my bare teeth, cunt.

They twirl and whirl, smashing shit all over. Kourtney throws her assailant off her back, and Honeybunny bounces off the Morton table, knocking the tabletop over, loosing the leather-bound beast from his s&m enslavement.

Kourtney quickly picks up the switchblade and steers backwards towards the door.

KOURTNEY

Back off or I'll slice off your rack and shit in the tit-holes!

Kourtney sees the opportunity for an escape. Scanning the room for valuables, she grabs a stupid-looking, but presumably expensive lamp, flips it over and reads the base: "Night's Convocation of Velvet Desire" and beneath that an

(CONTINUED)

auction pricetag: "\$11,00". She licks the base and grins, then rushes out the door. The last look at the room reveals a still-writhing Pumpkin and the now-freed Morton, mounting Honeybunny and beginning to cause her violent, painful, catastrophic harm.

6C. INT. ELEVATOR. NIGHT

Kourtney sags against the interior wall. She is streaked with blood, clutching the bizarre lamp and on the verge of tears. She lights a cigarette and exhales loudly, shuddering. A female scream is heard, followed by fevered grunts from a male voice. The doors close, darkening the frame.

7. EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Kourtney approaches a scummy looking dude. She peels off a few bills and hands them into the darkness. It's CRACK TIME.

8. EXT. ALLEYWAY. NIGHT

Kourtney packs up a pipe and smokes some crack, filling her mouth with smoke. Her eyes roll back and the weird omniscient sounds return.

Suddenly, from above, a brilliant light appears, blinding her. A glittering starship pushes through the clouds. It radiates light, casting Kourtney's face in kalideoscopic colour. She stares into the intergalactic glow, transfixed.

The light, as quickly as it appeared, snaps off; the ship disappears into the night sky. Kourtney staggers: she's in ecstasy. She slumps against a dumpster like she's just been fucked real good. Her eyes are wide; she is speechless and also really, really high.

FADE OUT:

(FADE IN:)

9. INT. SHORTY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Shorty fills a recliner, drinking beer, eating nuts and laughing obnoxiously at a dumb tv program. He's wearing white underwear and a white wifebeater--white socks, too. At home, Shorty wears no colour.

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There is a knock on the door.

He looks through the peephole. It's Kourtney.

SHORTY

Shorty knew he smelt something. It's either shitty diapers from down the hall or it's my ugliest, stupidest ho, Kourtney. You best be here with my money, Bitch!

KOURTNEY

I got it, Shorty. I been through some kind of Hell, but I got it.

Shorty opens the door and lets Courtney in. She enters the apartment.

SHORTY

Damn, you was half-right: you LOOK like Hell--still, don't mean shit to me what you did, bitch--just that you got my scroll'.

KOURTNEY

(fed up, ready to be finished of this)

I got it, I got it.

Kourtney fishes out the rest of the pawn wad and hands it to Shorty.

SHORTY

Good girl. Now Shorty gonna show you why you shouldn't keep him waiting, 'specially when he's in the middle of his program.

He hits her across the face, hard. Kourtney staggers and before dropping, Shorty catches her with a jab to the stomach. She doubles over and falls onto her knees, vomiting through choked, breathless sobs. Shorty looks satisfied, but hauls back and kicks Kourtney in the face. Her teeth crack and blood runs out from her mouth. Shorty mounts Kourtney.

SHORTY

Way y' got me feeling now, you dog-faced slut, Shorty might just get a piece while he's down here.

(CONTINUED)

Shorty reaches down to undo his pants. Kourtney's dazed and her lips tremble, but she narrows her eyes and her hand finds the inside of her splayed open purse. Shorty licks his lips, holding his cock below frame; he uses his other hand to spread Kourtney's legs.

A steely snap is heard off-camera.

Kourtney drives the switchblade, in two quick jabs, into Shorty's neck and face. Shorty grabs his neck, sealing the wounds. For once, Shorty's scared. He reels back, howling. Blood is pumping out from beneath his hand. Kourtney pulls herself up and sways in silence, watching Shorty's kinetic agony.

Desperately, Shorty crawls and reaches for his beer. He takes a swig and tries to gain his footing. Shorty realizes he doesn't have the strength to stand and slumps over like an overweight baby unexpectedly falling into slumber. He dies next to the table.

Kourtney searches the apartment and finds a stash of rolled bills and her cellphone.

With bloodied hands she picks up the phone. The display reads : MISSED CALL FROM SIMON

She clicks over to the voice mail and puts the phone to her ear. She lights a cigarette and sucks it deep.

SIMON

(V.O)

Mommy, you still coming  
tomorrow? It's my birthday...

Kourtney listens to the message, facing the window. Looking out to the city, we see only the back of her head.

THE END