

The Slovenian Girl  
(Sample Pages)

by  
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(Based on, the award winning feature; "Slovenka: A Call Girl")

EXT. MODEST SUBURBAN HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

A tired, aging home. Porch light flickers. Wind rattle loose shingles. Old hound dog lies still on the deck.

A GIRL'S VOICE whisper-sings softly from inside - soothing, calming amongst the storm that is about to approach. A train whistle is hear off in the distance.

I/E. TRAIN - DUSK

They're about to cross the border from Italy to Slovenia - the town of Gorizia.

At the checkpoint, a bus line. Guards check passports.

Bianca accidentally drops hers. It slides under the metal barrier.

She kneels, reaches under-

TEGAN  
(cheerfully)  
Bianca! Come on!

Bianca grabs the passport, stands, trots forward-

A black van screeches up, blocks her path. Before Bianca can react -

Two MEN hops out. Subdue her. Place a white strong aroma cloth over her mouth. Her feet drag in the rock covered gravel. Her passport falls to the ground, again. She stuffed into the van as it speeds off.

INT. MODEST SUBURBAN HOUSE - FATHER'S ROOM

BIANCA NELSON (17.5), tomboyish but attractive - potentially beautiful young lady, wakes up abruptly from a weird dream. Gets up, shakes it off and sits besides her father's death bed. Sleepless eyes. Messy bun-up-hair. A girl who carries the weight of a mother of three.

Her FATHER (40s) - pale, frail, lungs rattling - struggles to breathe.

Bianca gently raises him up. Places a pillow behind his neck. Sets him back down gently. Strokes his hair as she continues to sing for him.

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BIANCA

(whispering)

Dad... hey, hey, breathe slowly,  
and as deep as you can go. I'm  
right here.

FATHER

You're always... right here.

A brutal coughing fit explodes. Bianca grabs a basin.  
Holds it right underneath his chin, eases him through it.

When is eases, he looks at her, bloody-chin-grin -  
apologetic.

BIANCA

Don't give me that look, father.

FATHER

(fragilely)

You shouldn't... have to do this.

BIANCA

You did it for me first, remember?

He nods as it's too strenuous to speak.

She wipes his mouth with a partial blood stained towel.  
He reaches for her hand, his shaky.

FATHER

You... promise me... something.

Bianca swallows hard as she already knows what he's about  
to say.

FATHER

... Just live... Before you...  
forget how to.

He gives her a frail thumbs up. It's their thing. She  
reluctantly reciprocates.

Bianca also forces a smile for him. Her eyes say  
something entirely different.

KITCHEN - MORNING

Organized chaos. School lunch boxes atop the counter -  
half made up. Two younger SIBLINGS - Lucy (12) and  
Michael (10) - eat their cereal like tiny tornados.

Bianca, exhausted. Signs homework. Checks backpacks.

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BIANCA  
C'mon! Inspection time, open them up...

She inspects the contents of her siblings' backpacks. She removes make-up from Lucy's and some hot wheels from Michael's.

BIANCA  
... You're still to young for make-up, Lucy--

LUCY  
--All the other girls my age do it.

BIANCA  
And if all the girls your age wanted to jump off a bridge, would you do it...

Lucy scoffs at her, grabs her backpack and lunch box, flies out the back door in a hissy-fit.

BIANCA  
... And you buster, play time is when you get home, do your homework and chores. You're not in kindergarten anymore. K?

She smirks, nods, grabs his lunch box, slings his backpack over his shoulder, hesitates at the back door, looks back at her.

MICHAEL  
Sis, when are you gonna take some time for yourself? We're not six and four anymore.

She holds up his hot wheels.

BIANCA  
Really?

He smirks, nods, exits the house.

BIANCA  
... Have a good day!

She SIGHS deeply, sits at the kitchen table, places her head in her folded arms on top of the table.

After a moment, she bursts up, realizes she too has to get to school.

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No lunch box or backpack, just a tote bag with a few books - make-up bag - thermos for water.

She too flies out the back door, just as a HOSPICE NURSE arrives.

BIANCA  
... He's resting. Gotta run!

The Hospice Nurse, smirks, nods enter their home.

EXT. MODEST SUBURBAN HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

She gets into their 1980's version of a car. It runs, but barely.

She pulls out and speeds down the street.

Down the street a bit, she sees Lucy and Michael get onto the bus. Michael sees her, waves. Lucy ignores her.

EXT. LOCAL HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Bianca arrives to her High School. Gets out. Walks up towards the entrance.

An tall skinny African American boy waits for her. They kiss, run inside the school.

INT. LOCAL HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

They run as they hold hands. When they reach a T-hallway intersection, they part ways.

BIANCA  
Fourth period--

JAMAL RIVERS (18), lets go of her hand reluctantly.

JAMAL  
--Be there or be square!

All doors shut as the final bell RINGS.

EXT. LOCAL DINER - EVENING

A neon sign buzzes. Customers trickle inside. Bianca has a faded apron draped over her shoulder. Jamal follows her inside for their dinner shift. 50's music bellows through the open doors.

INT. LOCAL DINER - CONTINUOUS

Bianca and Jamal work at the local diner in town. Bianca is the waitress and Jamal is the busboy and dish washer. Together they work hard to keep the diner operating smoothly. It's owner SKIP (50s), stout, brassy, but fair, likes and appreciates their dedication and hard work.

SKIP

Jamal, table four need busing  
buddy!

JAMAL

On it, Skip! Just had to get a  
clean rag!

BIANCA

He's on it, Skip! How about that  
order for table two, how's it  
cooking?!

SKIP

Just about up!

He slides the plate of food underneath the warmer, as Bianca scoops it up, delivers it to a family of four in a double wide booth.

Some high school friends enter, as Bianca motions for them to take a booth in the corner.

TEGAN (18), CORA (17) and AIDAN (18) take the corner booth.

Tegan stands to talk with Bianca with both arms balancing plates of hot food.

TEGAN

Girl, you need to breathe. We're  
heading to Europe next week - you  
should come.

She initially shakes her head no.

BIANCA

I c-can't, Tegan. I've got--

TEGAN

--You've got one life, B. Don't  
wait until it's to late to live  
it.

Jamal is bussing the table next to them, hears their conversation.

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JAMAL

He's right, Bianca. You should go.

Bianca is surprised of his constant support for her to live beyond the diner, school and her home.

TEGAN

We graduate in three days, then another three days, we're in Europe - Paris, Rome, that capital of Slovenia and I could never pronounce--

JAMAL

--That would be Ljubljana.

Bianca smirks at him.

TEGAN

Yeah, thanks Kareem Abdul Einstein!

He sits down with the others.

Bianca's wall crumbles just a little as she considers it.

She does love camping and hiking.

EXT. LOCAL STREETS - NIGHT

Bianca and Jamal walk home together.

BIANCA

So, you're okay with me going on this trip?

JAMAL

Well, not okay, per say, but always supportive of your needs. If you feel you need this, then go for it.

BIANCA

But you can't afford to come with me, right?

JAMAL

Yeah. My mom needs all my checks too to make ends meet.

BIANCA

I get it. I'm so sorry. You need a break too, babe.

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JAMAL

I will, when we're off to college  
in a years time. Then it's just  
you and me and small community  
college, with no friends and no  
family. Then I'm off to wall  
street and you a hot shot lawyer,  
both careers in the big apple!

BIANCA

Wow! You got our future all  
planned out, huh?

JAMAL

With you, it's easy.

BIANCA

And kids?

JAMAL

Not at first, we get grounded with  
our career first. Then, we'll see.

She smirks, nods in agreement.

A PICK-POCKETER (20) tries to nab Bianca's apron with her  
tips still in one pocket.

But Jamal notices him last second from his peripheral,  
and does a spin move, retrieving the apron, knocking the  
kid on his ass. Jamal isn't beefy, but his tall presence  
is enough for the Pick-pocketer to run off.

BIANCA

My hero.

JAMAL

We busted out butts to get those  
tips. All be damned--

BIANCA

--He's probably just trying to  
feed himself or someone else...  
But thanks.

JAMAL

You never need to thank me,  
sweetheart.

They kiss, then walk on in silence.

INT. SOCIAL SERVICES OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Fluorescent lights buzz annoyingly overhead. A caseworker, MS. RUSSO (40s), stout, Italian, short hair with glasses, reviews some paperwork.

Bianca sits across from her at her desk - still, anxious.

MS. RUSSO

Bianca... we need to discuss a contingency plan. For when your father passes... and he will, unfortunately sooner than later.

The air goes ice cold.

BIANCA

Okay, so plan.

MS. RUSSO

Your siblings...

She looks at the file.

BIANCA

... Lucy and Michael.

MS. RUSSO

Yes, Lucy and Michael... will only have one adult relative for them to stay with and you come of age. Your grandfather - Gregor.

Bianca's breath stops. Her hands tremble under the desk hangover on her side.

BIANCA

No-No-NO! You can't! He can't have them!

MS. RUSSO

Legally, unless there are documented concerns, which you refused to give when you were 16, there isn't anything we can do about it. You Turn 18 in six months, so we can revisit their living arrangements then.

Bianca stands so suddenly that her chair screeches, almost falls over.

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BIANCA  
(panicky)  
He's NOT safe!

Ms. Russo leans in - concerned but bound by "the system".

MS. RUSSO  
Honey, you never pressed charges  
against him. I'm so sorry. My  
hands are tied.

BIANCA  
You can't find a nicer family to  
take them to?

MS. RUSSO  
Not with a relative still alive.  
Now, if he refuses to take them  
in, then yes, it's possible to get  
a foster family involved.

Bianca can't say anything else that would matter. Shame  
clogs her throat. Her eyes burn.

INT. BIANCA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bianca folds her passport into her backpack. Packs cheap  
jeans, a hoodie, worn sneakers. And some necessary  
undergarments and accompaniments.

She pauses as she lifts a picture of her mother - smiling  
in a field - breast cancer awareness ribbon stuck on the  
corner of the frame.

Bianca touches her image, weeps slightly.

BIANCA  
I'm sorry Mom. I have to go. Just  
for a week. I need this. Hopefully  
Dad will make it for six more  
months. I promise HE won't keep  
them!

She sets the picture down, tosses some socks into the  
backpack. Then some granola bars and a few bottles of  
water.

FATHER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She sits beside her father's bedside again. Holds his  
hand while he struggles to sleep.

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CONTINUED:

BIANCA  
 (whispering)  
 I'll be back soon, daddy. I  
 promise.

He manages to smile, nod his head slightly, as he heard her.

She kisses him on the forehead - lingering like it's the last kiss between them.

The house feels like it's holding its breath.

EXT. LOCAL HIGH SCHOOL - FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

SUPER: Graduation Day

Bianca sits apart from Jamal as they seated alphabetically. She winks to him, blows him a kiss.

Her name is called.

PRINCIPAL (O.C.)  
 Bianca Nelson!

She gets up, walks through her peers, walks up the state steps, to her Principal, who smiles and hands her diploma to her.

She holds it up like a trophy, as Lucy and Michael stand and cheer for her.

Moments later... Jamal goes up to get his. This time his mother and Bianca stand and cheer for him.

PRINCIPAL (O.C.)  
 Ladies and gentlemen... I'm proud  
 to introduce the class of twenty-  
 twenty eight!

The Student Body stands, toss up their caps and hug and cheer.

Tegan, Cora and Aidan approach Bianca.

TEGAN  
 We gotta roll! Flight is in three  
 hours.

Bianca nods, spots Jamal who bull-rushes his way to her.

JAMAL  
 I'm here, let's go!

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The five of them get into Tegan's SUV.

EXT. LOCAL AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

Backpack slung over each shoulder. Fear and excitement in her eyes. But beneath it - a spark of life, for the first time in a long time.

Jamal holds her hand.

Bianca turns to him outside the security checkpoint, the point of no return and where Jamal can't follow her ever since 9/11.

JAMAL

Okie Dokie!

BIANCA

You're such a nerd.

JAMAL

Thought you loved that about me.

BIANCA

I do. Okay, you k now I hate long sappy good-byes. Take care of my rust-bucket and check in on my little sister and brother.

She kisses him one last time.

JAMAL

I will. Have fun, but don't forget about me here, back home... all alone.

She hugs him.

BIANCA

I'll be home before you know it.

JAMAL

I know. Bye babe.

She blows him a kiss.

She goes through security and meets up with Tegan, Cora and Aidan. She turns back one last time, waves to Jamal, who waves back.

He turns to exit the airport.

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On the other side of the security checkpoint... Tegan, Cora and Aidan wait for Bianca.

TEGAN

Europe baby! Fresh air and bad decisions... and no drinking age limit!

They all do a high fist bump where all their hands meet in the center.

Bianca smiles and laughs, which she's hasn't done in a very long time.

I/E. AIRPLANE - MIDAIR - NIGHT

They're about to land in Paris, France. The city below twinkles like Christmas lights and the grand Eiffel Tower sparkles as well with a search light rotating around the city.

BIANCA

Wow!

TEGAN

I know, right?

CORA

I can't wait to up that!

She points to the Eiffel Tower.

AIDAN

Just don't fall of it babe!

They all laugh.

EXT. EIFFEL TOWER - NEXT DAY

They're at the ground level of the Eiffel Tower. They all look up.

BIANCA

Wow!

TEGAN

That's all you can say about Paris, B?

BIANCA

Yup.

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AIDAN  
A woman of few words... Honey,  
take notes.

Cora flips him off and smiles.

CORA  
Well, it's time to literally get a  
bird's eye view!

Tegan hands them their tickets.

They get into the first of a few elevators.

I/E. EIFFEL TOWER - OBSERVATION DECK - CONTINUOUS

They reach the Observation deck, look out at the vast  
landscape of Paris.

TEGAN  
Let me guess, wow, right, B?

BIANCA  
Took the words right out of my  
mouth.

TEGAN  
I'd like to put something more  
meaningful back in your mouth.

BIANCA  
You had your chance stud.

AIDAN  
Smooth move Exlax!

CORA  
Diarrhea straight from the mouth!

He uses his middle finger to push his sunglasses up more  
on his nose.

EXT. LOCAL CAFE - LATER

They're at a local cafe having crepes and expressos.

BIANCA  
I can get used to this life.

TEGAN  
You deserve a better one, B.  
Truly. Honestly.

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BIANCA  
Thanks, maybe some day.

Aidan and Cora just shake their heads at Tegan at his many attempts to win Bianca over, again.

TEGAN  
I thought we had a good thing going, B. I'm trying here.

BIANCA  
I know. And we did... until you slept... or let Suzanne Bruxley suck your cock.

TEGAN  
We were drunk. I did NOT ask for that.

BIANCA  
But you didn't refuse her either. She wanted you ever since junior high.

TEGAN  
Hence the alcohol. Do you honestly think she measures up to you?

AIDAN  
Hell no she doesn't!

Cora elbows Aidan in his side.

BIANCA  
But somehow, her mouth still found its way to--

TEGAN  
--I get it.

It's an awkward silence as they just enjoy the Paris atmosphere.

MONTAGE - EURPOEAN TRAVEL

- Dancing in the streets of Barcelona.
- Swimming in the Adriatic.
- Train rides. Hostels. New foreign friends.
- Visiting the Colosseum in Rome.

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- Each moment, she captures it on her phone and sends it to Jamal.

- Bianca laughing like she hadn't in years.

For the first time... she's living.

I/E. TRAIN - NIGHT

Bianca is in a car with Tegan. Cora and Aidan have gone to the bar car.

TEGAN

Aidan could never resist a free drink. So, we're all alone. How about it, like old times?

He makes a move on her, as Bianca knees him in the groin. Tegan buckles over in pain.

BIANCA

I did tell you, you had your chance, Tegan.

TEGAN

You bitch! That hurt!

BIANCA

Maybe it will be a reminder of what could have been. Why don't you hobble over to the bar car and join them.

Tegan looks sadistic at her, exits the car.

She texts Jamal;

"Hey babe! Having a good time. Miss you terribly. We'll get our own vacay some day! Love, B."

INT. JAMAL'S HOME - DAY

He receives her text. Reads it, smiles.

I/E. TRAIN - DUSK

They're about to cross the border from Italy to Slovenia - the town of Gorizia.

At the checkpoint, a bus line. Guards check passports.

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CONTINUED:

Bianca accidentally drops hers. It slides under the metal barrier.

She kneels, reaches under-

TEGAN  
(cheerfully)  
Bianca! Come on!

Bianca grabs the passport, stands, trots forward-

A black van screeches up, blocks her path. Before Bianca can react-

Two MEN hops out. Subdue her. Place a white strong aroma cloth over her mouth. Her feet drag in the rock covered gravel. Her passport falls to the ground, again. She stuffed into the van as it speeds off.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

Silence. A slowed heartbeat.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

Aidan and Cora look for Bianca.

AIDAN  
Bianca?

CORA  
Bianca?!

TEGAN  
Come on guys! The bus awaits! She probably got on ahead of us.

They're reluctant but follow Tegan to the bus.

They don't see Bianca's passport partially underneath some gravel.

INT. LOCAL HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Tegan, Cora and Aidan checked into the local hotel. Still no Bianca.

CORA  
Guys, I'm worried. She wasn't on the bus--

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CONTINUED:

AIDAN

--And is not here.

TEGAN

Guys, relax. You know she's a loner. She'll probably turn up in a day or two. Let her live a little!

He gets his coat on.

CORA

Where are you going?

TEGAN

I gotta meet up with one of Dad's business partners. Who knows. Don't wait up kids! And if you do something that I wouldn't please video it!

He exits the room. Aidan and Cora stand stunned, confused, no Bianca.

INT. LUXURIOUS HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - UNKNOWN TIME

In and out of consciousness, Bianca is gang raped. Man after man, sampling the merchandise.

Tegan takes his turn. It appears Bianca wakes up long enough to see him, but falls back unconscious.

Tegan finishes, pays a Madame.

TEGAN

Thanks, I needed that.

MADAME

Thanks for the tip, she's a gem.

TEGAN

My father sends his love.

MADAME

Awe, please send it back to him from me. I adore him.

They kiss cheek to cheek.

TEGAN

Have fun with her!

He exits the room before Bianca wakes up.

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Two men put on her clothes to make it look like she was never touched.

The door closes...

Bianca GAPS-SCREAMS awake. Looks confused and dazed at her unknown location.

The room is beautiful. Gold-trimmed. Velvet curtains. A gilded cage.

The Madame, aka SLOVENKA (40s), dark hair, semi-attractive, petite, enters the bedroom. She's stylish, dead eyed and terrifyingly calm.

SLOVENKA

Welcome, Bianca. You tested perfectly. You're safe now...

A cold smile and devious twinkle in her eyes.

Bianca is still trying to get her bearing.

SLOVENKA

...You belong to us now.

Bianca stands, wobbles as Slovenka approaches her, Bianca steps back, still unsure what is really going on.

SLOVENKA

Don't waste your breath screaming.  
No one can hear you here.

Bianca's world collapses around her in a beautiful instant.

BIANCA

Where am I and who are you people?

Slovenka just smiles at her like she's her mother.

Her nightmares have followed her across continents.

A Chauffeur/ Bodyguard, MIRO (40s) stands beside Bianca while she regains her strength.

SLOVENKA

Get her ready. She can join the others later.

MIRO

Why don't you take a shower,  
Bianca, get cleaned up.

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CONTINUED: (2)

Bianca reluctantly goes into the bathroom.

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bianca gets undressed, already feels like she's been violated.

She gets into the shower. As she rinses down there, male discharge oozes out. She's mortified.

She cries and squats down in the corner of the shower.

After her shower, she dries off, puts on the outfit she was provided.

She peaks out the window in the bathroom. Bars on the outside, too high for an escape.

A NURSE (40s) walks in unannounced. She's escorted to a medical room.

MEDICAL ROOM.

Bianca is placed up on a metal table, naked. She's examined by a Nurse. The nurse douches her to clean her insides out.

After the exam, she's cleared.

NURSE  
She's good to go.

Miro brings in an outfit for Bianca to wear.

She puts on the outfit which is very sexy and very expensive.

MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She is pampered by a STYLIST (50s) and a MAKE-UP ARTIST (30s).

STYLIST  
I see we got her size right. Good.

MAKE-UP ARTIST  
She has great skin, won't take much.

They pamper her, but expedite the process.