

FACELESS WHORE

Written by

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INT. SOFIA'S HOUSE - SOFIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Pretty and pink. On one wall it's covered in close up photographs of SOFIA, 15 from lots of different angles. On her desk in the corner there's a fortune in makeup and beauty supplies.

The rest of the floor space is seemingly taken over by a mountain of clothes.

Sofia lays on her bed and FaceTimes with FRANCISCO, 56. She giggles.

SOFIA

I want this so badly.

He smiles back at her.

FRANCISCO

And I want to make this happen for you.

SOFIA

You know how old I am right?

FRANCISCO

It doesn't matter. I can get you modelling work today. You're naturally beautiful. There's serious money to be made from that. Trust me. I know.

SOFIA

My parents are away on vacation for their anniversary. Don't I need to get them to sign a consent form? I mean I don't even have a bank account.

FRANCISCO

These are all boring questions for another time. Because the only thing that needs answering babe is, are you ready to be a celebrity. Because babe, I could make you a star.

Sofia can't help but let out an excited squeal. So happy and excited she simply can't contain it.

INT. SOFIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Sofia makes her way through the modern sleek kitchen. An old small black DOG looks up at her and whimpers.

She reaches into a cupboard and fetches him a treat before rolling him onto his back and rubbing his stomach.

The dog wags his tail happy.

INT. SOFIA'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

GRETA, 29, sits on the sofa in front of the fireplace with a pair of glasses on her head. She works on her laptop.

Sofia appears behind her.

SOFIA
I need a ride.

Greta turns to face her.

GRETA
It's late and you've got school tomorrow. Where could you possibly want to go?

SOFIA
I've got an interview. Some people want to offer me a modelling contract.

GRETA
A scam.

SOFIA
I knew you'd say that.

GRETA
The answer is no.

Sofia frowns.

SOFIA
Then I'll walk.

GRETA
No, you're staying right here. Mom and dad put me in charge. Alright. And that's the end of it.

SOFIA
You're jealous. I'm going to quit school and be a famous model. And you'll be stuck still working a job you hate.

GRETA
Just because you're pretty doesn't mean you get to talk to me like shit.

SOFIA
I'm not giving up this chance. I want to be a model. I'm ready.
(MORE)

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Schools no good for me. I don't need it. I don't need anyone. As long as I've got my face I'll get anything I want. Help me now and I might even hire you as an assistant or something. Stand in my way and I'll never speak to you again because I won't need you.

GRETA

Do you even hear yourself?

SOFIA

There are successful models working now who are downright ugly compared to me.

GRETA

Go to bed, I'm not taking you anywhere.

INT. SOFIA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Sofia quickly puts on her shoes and coat. She sneaks out the front door.

INT. SOFIA'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Greta hears the front door slamming shut. She leaps up and hurries out of the room.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A busy road with a long row of dirty worn down buildings on either side of it.

Francisco stands beside an expensive sports car wearing a huge oversized fur coat.

Sofia comes up to him and they hug.

SOFIA

I'm here and I'm ready.

She then goes to open the front passenger door of the sports car but Francisco stops her, takes her by the wrist and leads her away.

INT. GRETA'S CAR - NIGHT

Greta drives from street to street, hunched over the top of her steering wheel she's searching desperately.

INT. FRANCISCO'S BUILDING - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Rundown, dirty and with the lights flickering on and off. Francisco leads the way down a long winding staircase. Sofia follows, suddenly gripped with nerves.

INT. FRANCISCO'S BUILDING - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Francisco pushes Sofia into the dark, windowless room. Inside there's a row of pretty teenage girls down on the floor. Each one with a gag in their mouth with their wrists and ankles tied together. Sobbing terrified.

In front of them stand an equal number of wealthily dressed elderly women. Seventy years and up.

Sofia is stunned, confused.

Francisco takes out a gun and places it to the back of her head.

INT. FRANCISCO'S BUILDING - STORE ROOM - NIGHT

Another dark windowless room. Sofia is gaged and tied to a steel chair.

Francisco stands in front of her with another elderly woman, dressed in expensive clothes and covered in beautiful jewelry.

Francisco places what appears to be an average looking dish cloth over Sofia's face. He then sprays it with a mystery liquid. Sofia's whole body shakes violently.

When Francisco removes the dish cloth from Sofia, her face is now missing. Completely blank, like an egg with ears and hair.

Francisco then drapes the dish cloth over the excited elderly woman's face. Sprays it a few more times and once he removes it the elderly woman now has Sofia's face.

She takes out a small portable mirror to inspect herself and squeals with delight.

ELDERLY WOMAN

I love it, it's the best one you've given me yet.

Francisco places a hand to his chest and bows, honoured to receive the complement.

INT. FRANCISCO'S BUILDING - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Francisco returns to the other old women and tied up young girls. He goes to another of the elderly women and places a hand gently onto her back.

FRANCISCO

And which one would you like?

The elderly woman places a finger to her chin, it's an important decision to make.

INT. FRANCISCO'S BUILDING - STORE ROOM - NIGHT

Sofia wriggles and struggles in the chair. Manages to get her arms and legs free.

She staggers towards the door and is able to get out.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Faceless, Sofia staggers along the street. Lost and confused. Greta's car pulls up to a sudden stop. Greta runs out and over to Sofia. Shocked and horrified at what she sees.

GRETA

Sofia.

Sofia, hearing her sisters voice stops, turns and runs towards her. Greta meets her and they wrap their arms around each other.

GRETA (CONT'D)

Oh my god. What's happened to you.

Can't answer.

Greta raises her voice.

GRETA (CONT'D)

I'm here. I'm going to keep you safe.

Sofia buried her faceless face into Greta's chest. Her shoulders lift up and down as she silently sobs.

Greta guides Sofia to the car.

GRETA (CONT'D)

Let's get out of here.

INT. GRETA'S CAR - NIGHT

Greta drives with Sofia in the middle of the backseat.

Greta uses the rear view mirror to look back and sees Sofia head with the missing face.

Greta shakes her head, horrified and disturbed.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END