



# BESTACTOR BESTACTRESS CONTEST

EXTRACTIE

SHORT SCRIPT

Written by

Joan Philo and Galina Emmerich

© 2025 Joan Philo. All rights reserved. For 2025 BABA Contest use only.

This dramatic short script may not be sold, optioned, posted online, shared, or distributed in any form, publicly or privately, without express written consent of the author. Be sure to include

## Extractie

### Writer Notes

Extractie is a short, dramatic script. There are seven roles: Adult roles and a child's role. The script is set in Romania. The primary role can be played by either a boy or a girl. Although the role is cast as a girl, it can be played by either a boy or a girl. If your son is performing scenes from Extractie, his character's name is Vlad. Run this script and replace "Anya" with "Vlad".

If you are fluent in Romanian or have a Romanian accent, you may speak in Romanian for all roles except for David. David speaks English. It's perfectly fine to speak all roles in English.

### Logline

Extractie is a short, dramatic script about an impoverished Romanian girl or boy who is desperate to save her/his sick grandmother and trusts a dishonest humanitarian volunteer.

### Choose your character/s

Extractie is a seven-page script; If you choose this script, please also select another scene or two to include in your video contest entry. We want to ensure that everyone has enough character lines and opportunities to shine.

Choose the character/s you want to perform. Memorize the lines. Film the scenes. Consider performing one scene from a different script or scene packet as a different character to show your range (just an idea), or add a scene from another script to perform in a different story world. You are the talent; you decide!

### The Video Contest Entry

The video contest entry cannot exceed 12 minutes in length.

Please refrain from wearing any large, visible logos or trademarks on your clothing, and avoid filming anyone's artwork or paintings.

Your video contest entry can be as raw or as polished, as simple, or creative as you want. You can film this in front of a white wall, an empty stage, a set, with furniture or without, with props or without; it's your vision. (no nudity)

Please include close-ups shots in your video performance, along with other shots from various distances (sometimes people forget to film close-ups).

It's about the acting talent. We can't wait to see your video contest entry!

ANYA (GIRL) OR VLAD (BOY) DALCA (ages 7 to 11)

DAVID COLE (20's to 40's)

BABA DALCA (40's to 70's)

MALE SHOPKEEPER (40's to 70's)

VILLAGER #1 (20's to 80's)

VILLAGER #2 (20's to 80's)

MALE CUSTOMS OFFICER (20's to 60's)

NON-SPEAKING EXTRAS (18 to 80's)

FADE IN:

EXT. BABA'S VILLAGE HOUSE - DAY

A simple, small village house. A beautiful, bright sky full of sunshine. Sitting on a bucket, a grandmother, BABA, (50's to 80's), her knitting needles fly, as she stitches a perfect purl stitch into a blue blanket on her lap. She can do anything, always has.

On the bucket next to her, ANYA DALCA (7 to 12), skin and bones, dirty face, she studies Baba's face as she works her magic on the blanket. Anya holds a ball of yarn, letting it out as Baba HUMS a soulful melody.

ANYA

Baba, does it still hurt?

Baba rolls her tongue to the roof of her mouth, moving it back and forth over a tooth. She winces in pain.

BABA

Only when you ask me.

Baba laughs through her pain.

BABA

You're a good girl. I'll be okay.

Anya looks like she's gonna cry, then abruptly stands up and smiles. Too proud, just like Baba.

EXT. ROMANIAN VILLAGE ROAD - DAY

The sun beats down hot on a broken, black asphalt road. The road is long and narrow with miles to go. The sky above endless.

Anya walks, her bare feet slapping the hot asphalt, her tiny Romanian frame swallowed in an oversized adult T-shirt.

She clutches a yellow smiley-face bag stuffed with flowers and herbs.

Up ahead, a banged-up-looking metal bridge.

UNDER THE BRIDGE

ROMANIAN TEENS hold small paper bags to their mouths. They sniff glue-filled bags. A huff here, a cough there. Skinny, half dressed; eyes glazed with the chemical high.

This is poverty.

BACK AT ANYA

Her eyes downcast, she hurries past the HUFFERS who do not see her, so lost in their glue. Her hand grips her herb bag to her chest. And now she runs...

EXT. SKY - DAY

A four-seater plane streaks through the sky. It dips then straightens as...

INT. PLANE - DAY

...DAVID COLE (20's to 40's), an athlete's fit build, an adventurous heart; he white knuckles the arms of a cracked vinyl airplane seat.

The roof of the plane mere inches from his head. Two other PASSENGERS crammed into seats a cracker box's length from his elbow.

PING, a three-inch bolt hits the floor and rolls past his loafers. David whips his head toward the cockpit. Did anyone else see that?

The seated passengers across the way don't blink an eye.

David presses his face against the tiny airplane window.

OUT THE AIRPLANE WINDOW

Row upon row of green cabbages. The cabbages grow larger as the plane drops lower.

BACK ON DAVID

He catches a passenger's eye.

DAVID

Is this someone's backyard?

The passenger nods. Smiles. Clearly doesn't understand.

The airplane speaker CRACKLES to life.

PILOT (O.S.)

(broken English)

Speaking captain, you nest in  
Borsec now.

David's face floods with relief as he holds his cellphone in his hand, wiping his sweaty palms on his freshly pressed khakis. He smiles...

INT. ROMANIAN AIRPORT CUSTOMS - DAY

...his smile turns to WTF! He glances around. Empty. No People. Fluorescent ceiling lights flicker from above. Concrete floors, scratched wooden benches, and just one border customs window.

David sniffs the air. A thick stream of smoke wafts from a half-open, grimy door opposite the customs window.

Behind the door, TWO MEN pass a joint. One man points to the customs window. He slams the door.

AT THE PASSPORT WINDOW

A CUSTOMS OFFICER (30s to 60s) holds David's passport. He glances up at David; glances down at the passport picture.

INSERT PASSPORT

The passport pages flip in the officers' hands to David's visa.

BACK ON THE CUSTOMS OFFICER

CUSTOMS OFFICER  
 (Broken English)  
 You... pull teeth here two years...  
 Yes?

DAVID  
 Yes, sir, I am with the Houston  
 Humanitarian Program.

He shifts uncomfortably.

DAVID  
 I see you guys like your cabbage.

David chuckles. The officer, his face a stone.

CUSTOMS OFFICER  
 This paper... is Humanitarian. But  
 not stamped by embassy?

DAVID  
 It was... issued by the Houston  
 Program. We're fully registered.  
 (he shifts, too much?)  
 We're just here to help. Teeth  
 mostly.

CUSTOMS OFFICER  
 You want help, but your paper is  
 thin.  
 (silence)  
 If you hurt someone... No country  
 protects you. Understand?

DAVID  
 (nods slowly)  
 Understood.

The Customs Officer stamps the visa. Hard.

David exhales and reaches for his papers. He's finally  
 free...

EXT. STORE SHACK - DAY

A small one-room attachment of woven tree branches and dung,  
 snug against a tin shack. A cheap electric fan blows weakly,  
 its cable snakes across the room, tethered to the main tin  
 shack.

A SHOPKEEPER (40s to 70s) leans against the doorway, a sweaty  
 beerbelly, brute. A boombox blares ROMANIAN MUSIC.

SHOPKEEPER

Oh, not you again.

Anya jumps out of the way as the shopkeeper's foot juts forward, blocking her path.

ANYA

I have some tea herbs for you.

SHOPKEEPER

I don't want your filthy herbs.

He waves a lazy hand at Anya.

ANYA

You can sell them to people... if you want.

The shopkeeper raises his bushy black brows; greed takes over, and he turns, stomping through the doorway. Anya slips in a step behind him.

INT. STORE SHACK - DAY

An impossibly cramped counter of cigarettes, alcohol, toilet paper, and candles. The shopkeeper rummages through Anya's bag of flower herbs.

SHOPKEEPER

What do you want for it?

Anya's fingers stroke the shiny paper of a chocolate bar.

ANYA

I really need you to take my grandmother's tooth.

SHOPKEEPER

Stop touching! Your grandma is an old rag. She can just walk it off.

ANYA

But she can't. She can't even eat. Plus, you promised.

The shopkeeper tosses the bag at Anya.

SHOPKEEPER

Get lost, I don't need your weeds.

Anya's eyes fill. She fights to keep the tears.

## SHOPKEEPER

Try the next village over. I heard  
some shmuck from America came to do  
teeth.

She snuffles, brushes her nose. A tiny smile lights her face.

## EXT. CHICKEN COOP - DAY

A LINE OF PEOPLE stands in the bright sunshine outside a  
fenced-in chicken coop. CHICKENS' SQUAWK and flit about.

A wooden crate holds dental instruments, swabs, a cracked  
round mirror, a Romanian-English dictionary, and a bound  
dentistry manual.

Next to the books, tubes of toothpaste, antiseptic wash, and  
toothbrushes.

David kneels before a MAN, his mouth open wide. He scrapes  
his black teeth with a shiny metal probe and wipes it on the  
man's shirt.

He hands the man a tube of toothpaste...

## DAVID

You, okay? Brush  
(he pantomimes brushing  
his teeth)  
Just brush them. You'll be right as  
rain.

...and a toothbrush.

## JUST PAST THE LINE OF VILLAGERS

People in the distance, small as ants, they just keep coming!

A MAN rushes to David, a makeshift stretcher drags behind  
him. Anya follows closely behind the stretcher. Worry lines  
crease her forehead.

## ON THE STRETCHER

Baba, her cheekbones hollow and sunken, eyes dilated with  
pain, and a dirty, yellowed, wet cloth strip pokes from her  
mouth.

David bends over the stretcher, and his hand touches her  
cheek.

Baba MOANS. He opens her mouth, pulls out the cloth, green  
and black infected teeth, most of them missing.



He snatches a needle off the crate and plunges deep into her gum.

BACK ON THE VILLAGERS

They MUMBLE and point, push closer and closer. Anya yanks on David's shirt. He pats her head...

DAVID

Good, good, be okay.

...grabs the dentistry manual, flips pages, back and forth. Diagrams of mouths and teeth rush past. Sweat beads cling to his face. He can't find what he needs and

throws the book. Hard.

Baba GASPS, CHOKES. David cradles Baba's head. She's choking on her tongue. David, frantic now.

The VILLAGERS point at David, their eyes accusing.

David's frantic eyes search for something on the crate. He whips his eyes to Anya. Her eyes lock with his. He points at Baba's mouth, her teeth. He points at his teeth, then back at Baba's teeth.

DAVID

(to Anya)

Is she on any medication?

He grabs a pill bottle and holds it out to Anya. Frantically takes off the top, shakes out a pill.

DAVID

...the mouth--

Anya's face lights up. She points at her teeth. The villagers' voices are too loud now. It's impossible to hear over them.

ANYA

Teeth? You want teeth?

David shakes his head. Cups his ear to hear better.

DAVID

What?

Her eyes plead.

DAVID

Yes, sure. Go sit.

But she doesn't. She pushes through the villagers, crawls through their legs.

Baba claws at her throat. Her face swells, her eyes bulge. A strangled COUGH.

VILLAGER #1

She needs air! Give her air.

The villagers SHOUT. WOMEN WEEP. An ANGRY VILLAGER pushes David...

VILLAGER #2

Do something!

... he falls inches from Baba. He sits up, bends over Baba, and pumps her chest. His eyes, wild.

He leans in, cheek on face. No breath from Baba. No rise of her chest.

He breathes into her mouth.

He pumps her chest. His face pressed to her lips.

She is gone.

Dead.

David raises his hand to his mouth in shock.

The circle of villagers surges forward, then part, as Anya squeezes between their bodies.

Her mouth drips blood, her lips fat and raw -- her hands hidden behind her back. Her eyes fall to Baba, her breath comes in gulps--

Then the whole world slows down.

Anya's body moves, step by step. She stands over Baba, chin down, dirty hair forward, and her curled fists open now.

Everything speeds up as bloody teeth fall from one hand, a heavy rock from the other.

David freaks! His hand grabs her shoulders. His eyes spring tears.

DAVID

Oh my god, what happened, what did you do?

David drops to his knees. His fingers tear through his hair.

DAVID  
Why would you do that?

Anya's shoulders shake. She's shaking all over. A villager touches her hand, then holds a rag to Anya's dripping mouth.

Another villager places a cloth over Baba's face.

VILLAGER #1  
(spits on David)  
He's no dentist.

David shrinks back...

...snot streaks toward his quivering mouth.

DAVID  
I just thought...I thought I had to  
give shots, toothpaste, hand out  
aspirin.

His head swings wildly from Anya to the villagers.

DAVID  
I didn't know. I just. Just...

His chest sinks.

DAVID  
(whispers)  
...I wanted to see the world.  
You're right. I'm not a dentist.

FADE OUT.

THE END