

Angel
by
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INT. ATTIC. DAY.

ANGEL and TRISHA, both 15, are rummaging through boxes of old clothes.

Angel holds up a tweed blazer.

ANGEL
Is this hipster?

Trisha looks it over with some disgust.

TRISHA
(sarcastic)
Sexy.

Angel drops it back into the box, defeated.

ANGEL
There's nothing here.

Trisha holds up a pair of dirty old '50s golf shoes.

TRISHA
Your Granny must have been a real
dick magnet.

Angel takes a breath. Then notices a mildewy cigar box, tied up with a silk ribbon.

She picks it up.

ANGEL
This is jewellery!

She leaps across the roof slats to sit on an old TV.

TRISHA
Serious?

ANGEL
(opening the box)
She was so interesting. You know,
she lived in this house all her
life with all these different
women. Like, a different woman
every decade.

TRISHA
Ew.

Angel looks at her and frowns, but doesn't push it.

The box is open.

ANGEL

Wow.

Trisha grabs up a handful of tortoiseshell costume earrings and sparkling silver chains.

TRISHA

This stuff is alright.

Angel's found a purple velvet ring box. Inside is a golden signet ring.

TRISHA (CONT'D)

(in awe)

What's that?

She grabs it.

ANGEL

That's my Granny's signet ring.
She used to wear it like this.

Angel reaches for the ring, but Trisha pulls it away.

TRISHA

How?

ANGEL

Let me show you.

TRISHA

Show me.

Angel stands up and takes the big step over to Trisha's floor slat.

She gently takes the ring, and Trisha's little finger.

Carefully, with a sort of romantic tension in the air, Trisha looking curiously into Angel's softly distant eyes, the ring is glided onto Trisha's little finger.

She holds her hand up to a ray of dusty light.

Both girls are taken in by the beauty of the piece, shining in the shadows of the dank attic.

TRISHA (CONT'D)

Shit.

She bends over, searching around the slatted floor.

ANGEL

What?!

TRISHA
I dropped it.

ANGEL
How?!

They scramble around, lifting up the yellow insulator and running fingers under the wooden slats.

A voice calls from downstairs.

ANGEL'S MUM
(from downstairs)
Angel, are you in that attic again?

The girls look at each other, panicked.

TRISHA
(whispering)
Don't tell her it was me, I don't want her to hate me.

ANGEL'S MUM
(from downstairs)
You are gonna break a leg up there. Get down.

ANGEL
(whispering)
What about me?

TRISHA
(whispering)
Don't say anything.

INT. ANGEL'S KITCHEN. DAY.

Angel's mum is cooking.

The girls edge into the kitchen, looking nervous.

ANGEL'S MUM
Oh, Trisha! Do you want dinner?

TRISHA
(sidling to the door)
No, thankyou, Mrs. S. I have to tidy my room before the party tonight.

ANGEL'S MUM
Such a good girl.

TRISHA

Bye!

Angel stares petrified daggers at the escapee.

Angel's mum drops her ladle into the pot and turns like a tyrannical gatekeeper.

ANGELS' MUM

You need to be more like Trisha.

ANGEL

(holding her breath)

Okay.

She backs out of the kitchen.

ANGEL'S MUM

(surprised)

Okay then.

She goes back to her cooking, impressed at her own fantastic parenting.

EXT. BRIDGE. EVENING.

Angel is standing alone at the midpoint of a stern bridge with waist-high railings, over a rushing brooke.

She shivers.

A pair of hands slap over her eyes.

TRISHA

Guess who!

ANGEL

You'll ruin my makeup!

They face each other.

TRISHA

You ready?

Angel brushes uncomfortably at her short dress.

ANGEL

D'you think Ryan's gonna think I'm a poser?

Trisha shrugs and leads the way over the bridge.

EXT. SKATE PARK. EVENING.

Angel and Trisha wallflower with three other nicely dressed girls, facing seven boys doing their flips and ollies and whatever.

Trisha locks eyes with one of the competition. The battle of wills doesn't last long. Trisha wins and the other girl shrinks into herself.

Angel smiles apologetically at the girl's friend.

They all watch the boys.

BOY 1
Ryan! Watch this!

The boy jumps off one skateboard on a platform onto another one on the ground, skids and lands on his arse.

All the boys fall about laughing.

Next to Angel, Trisha slowly raises a hand to brush her hair elegantly out of her eyes.

Angel stares at the hand.

Trisha's wearing her Granny's signet ring.

Angel can't believe what she's looking at.

Without returning her gaze, Trisha stands up and makes a beeline for Ryan.

They laugh at some joke Trisha's told for a moment, before she loops her arms delicately around his neck and pulls him into a kiss.

THE BOYS
Ryaaaaannnnnn. Lad, lad, lad-

EXT. BRIDGE. NIGHT.

The boys punch each other and laugh as they come to a natural loitering pause at the apex of the bridge.

Angel and Trisha walk behind them, silently, Trisha's eyes sparkling with some kind of secret magical glee.

ANGEL
I'm going to need that ring back.

Trisha holds up her blank hands.

TRISHA
What ring?

ANGEL
(reaching her limit)
Stop fucking with me, Trisha.

BOY 2
Trisha! Is Ryan a good kisser?

She laughs back.

ANGEL
Give me my Granny's ring.

TRISHA
(smiling)
I don't have it, babe.

ANGEL
Argh!

BOY 1
Ooh. Angel's got her knickers in a
twist.

ANGEL
(snapping)
I thought hipster boys were
supposed to be feminists?

The boys all laugh, except Ryan.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Give it back to me.

Trisha shoves Angel.

TRISHA
Fuck off, spoilt brat.

ANGEL
You don't know anything.

The girls are bringing all their energy, the fury between
them seething in their tone.

TRISHA
I know you're a prissy rich girl
and you're obsessed with me.

BOY 2
Oof!

BOY 1
What's up?

BOY 2
Trisha just called Angel a dyke.

Angel takes in a calming breath.

ANGEL
There's something seriously up
with you, Trish. You're my friend,
It's not like I'm gonna walk away
from you. But you treat me like
shit.

TRISHA
Do it. Walk away from me.

ANGEL
Yeah? Like your mum. Is that
what's wrong with you?

Trisha stops. Yeah, it kind of is.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
You miss your mum.

Trisha looks back at her friend, tears about to spill.

BOY 2
Oh my God, Trisha, did your mum
abandon you?

BOY 1
That's so bad.

On the bridge, in the cold, in the dark, it seems to Trisha
that she's on one side of a losing battle.

The boys and Angel, versus her.

She's completely humiliated.

Trisha grabs Angel and throws her over the railing.

THE BOYS
Woah! Shit!

On the way down, Angel's hit her head.

Smashed it on a concrete block.

There's blood everywhere. Angel's eyes are glassy.

The steam from her final breath evaporates into the night.

RYAN
Shit. Fuck. Run!

Whimpering, the boys leg it, leaving Trisha alone- leaning against the railing, staring into the night.

EXT. BRIDGE. NIGHT. HOURS LATER.

Trisha stands on the bridge, looking back towards the skate park and breathing shallow.

A pair of hands slap over her eyes.

The world goes black.

ANGEL
Guess who.

EXT. BRIDGE. NIGHT.

Trisha stares at her friend, completely reborn.

Not only is Angel clean, without any trace of blood or injury, but she's sort of glowing. Like an-

ANGEL
That really fucking hurt, Trisha.

TRISHA
I'm- You're-

ANGEL
You can't do stuff like that to me any more. Okay?

TRISHA
(breaking down)
I don't know why I'm like this.

ANGEL
(pulling Trisha into a tight hug)
Oh, you fucking bitch.

Pulling back from the hug, and wiping away a stream of snot, Trisha hands over the golden ring.

Angel takes it. Looks at it. And hands it back.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
You keep it. To remember what you're messing with.

Trisha, confused and awed, takes the ring.

As she does, Angel's deafening glow shines on her, lifts her up.

They walk hand in hand into the dark night.

Angel's blood still sits, pooled on the concrete block under the bridge.

THE END