

"Angel"  
by  
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EXT. CORNFIELD - DAWN

A BEAUTIFUL ANGEL runs through a young cornfield as morning light warms her natural-looking skin. Her hair is pulled back revealing her perfect bone structure and deep eyes. As she brushes past stalks of corn, she looks back, smiling seductively. Dramatic classical music plays.

She stops at the edge of the field. There are hundreds more fields rolling in the distance. She faces the camera.

ANGEL  
Beauty. Passion. Elegance.

She raises her arms and falls backward as though diving into a pool. Before she lands, she transforms into a flock of gorgeous white doves, and everything goes white.

SUPER: The word "**ANGEL**" and a bottle of white perfume.

ANGEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
(in a French accent)  
"Angel." Pure light, available at  
Macy's.

EXT. CORNFIELD - FILM SET - DAWN

MICHELLE, 28, the model portraying the ANGEL, lays on a stunt pad at the edge of the cornfield as CREW MEMBERS hover around her to help her up. She looks angry.

Michelle's IDENTICAL TWIN SISTER TARA, 28, rushes to her assistance with a make-up box. She is more shy than her sister and uses her poofy long hair to cover as much of her face as she can get away with. She hastily applies powder to her sister's face, her oversized sweater getting in the way.

MICHELLE  
God, can we get more stuffing in  
that mattress? Jesus.

Michelle yanks Tara by her sweater and whispers in her ear.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)  
Did they like it? Did Buzz like it?

TARA  
Um... As always...

Michelle struggles to stand up on the mattress as her skinny body wavers. A PRODUCTION ASSISTANT approaches with a clipboard as the two women head to Michelle's trailer.

(CONTINUED)

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ASSISTANT

Miss Benson, he said the spinach is not organic.

MICHELLE

What the fuck.

Tara gives the assistant an apologetic smile.

TARA

(to Michelle)

Maybe you want some goldfish?

MICHELLE

Yeah like when I was eleven. Do you have a time-machine, Tara?

TARA

(to Assistant)

She doesn't want anything.

MICHELLE

Stop apologizing.

TARA

I didn't!

MICHELLE

It's in your body. You're like the only person I know who can apologize with her spine, it's pathetic.

Tara puts Michelle in a silk robe.

TARA

Maybe you should eat something, you look really skinny --

MICHELLE

I'm a model, models are skinny.

There's a little bit of blood on Michelle's teeth. She slides her tongue along her teeth and tastes it.

INT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Michelle enters and sits at a mirror as Tara follows behind.

MICHELLE

Oh my God.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TARA

What?

More blood covers Michelle's teeth. Michelle reaches in her mouth and tugs on one of her back molars.

TARA (CONT'D)

Ew, Michelle -- are you okay?

Michelle rips out a long and twisted tooth.

TARA (CONT'D)

Oh my God, Michelle!

Tara wads up a paper towel from her make-up kit and shoves it in Michelle's mouth. She whispers in Michelle's ear.

TARA (CONT'D)

You can't keep going like this.

Michelle hisses back in Tara's ear.

MICHELLE

Oh I'm sure it has nothing to do with hitting my face on a mattress four hundred times so I can turn into a flock of fucking doves. I know what's going on. You're trying to destroy me.

Tara backs away. But when Michelle sees Tara in fear, she snaps out of it, startled for having gone overboard.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Woah. It's the pressure. Sorry.

Tara smiles reluctantly.

TARA

It's okay.

INT. PALATIAL HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Light creeps into the dim and dreary room. Michelle lays in a hospital bed. She's extremely skinny. Tara enters with a platter carrying a small bowl of vegetable broth.

Michelle groans and turns over.

TARA

You knew this was coming.

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Tara places the tray in front of her. Michelle dips her spoon in the broth, then sucks on it.

MICHELLE

Did Buzz call? Does he want to do reshoots with me?

Tara clenches her teeth, but hides it from Michelle.

TARA

Not yet.

MICHELLE

That new girl's gonna screw up.

Tara turns on the TV for Michelle. Nick Jr. plays. She turns it off, and paces for a moment. Michelle notices and stops sucking her spoon. Tara stops and takes a deep breath.

TARA

I have something I want to show you.

Tara takes out a few IN-PATIENT TREATMENT FACILITY BROCHURES.

MICHELLE

Is this another one of your fucking interventions? Is Mom hiding in the chimney or something? Is my fucking second grade teacher about to walk through the door and tell me he cares about me too much to see me like this because honestly Tara I'm fucking sick of it.

TARA

I'm sick of your negativity in my house.

MICHELLE

Well I wonder how you *paid* for this beautiful house. It wasn't your face, was it? Your body?

Tara straightens up her spine, nervous.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Oh stop trying so goddamn hard, you have bad posture, live with it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TARA

Either be nicer to me or try to get better. If you don't, I'm checking you into one of these facilities.

Tara exhales. Michelle laughs. Tara's anger intensifies.

TARA (CONT'D)

Take me seriously.

Michelle laughs more. Tara picks up one of the brochures and in the blink of an eye slices it across Michelle's arm. She gives Michelle an intense paper cut. It bleeds a little.

MICHELLE

As if that hurt.

Michelle pushes her food away and turns over.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I'll take my nap now.

Tara looks down. She opens her make-up kit, anoints a cotton ball with rubbing alcohol, and cleans Michelle's wound.

INT. PALATIAL HOME - LONG HALLWAY - NIGHT

Moonlight reflects off the hardwood floor of the long chilling hallway. Michelle's skeletal body creeps through, dragging along a rolling IV. She wears underwear and a tank-top and her bones press through her skin.

MICHELLE

Tara? Tara!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Michelle opens the refrigerator door. She looks frightening when only lit by the fridge light. Tara comes rushing in, pulling on her bathrobe, expecting the worst.

MICHELLE

Tara.

Michelle smiles at Tara with self-importance.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I'm hungry again!

Tara nods and ties her robe.

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CONTINUED:

TARA

What should I fix you?

INT. PALATIAL HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The dining room is bright and festive. A long table is covered with food. Tara enters holding a turkey and sets it in front of Michelle. Tara looks exhausted, while Michelle looks perfectly rejuvenated. She is now plump and happy.

MICHELLE

Doesn't this feel like *The Tudors*?  
This so reminds me of *The Tudors*.

Michelle rips off a turkey leg.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You know, how they're always  
feeding the king --

Tara noisily takes away Michelle's used plates.

TARA

I get the comparison, it's amazing.

MICHELLE

It's just so great to feel like  
myself again, Tara. I think I'll do  
a little more modeling.

Tara hesitates. She'd like to avoid the subject.

TARA

Oh?

She continues moving the dirty plates into the kitchen.

MICHELLE

Stop.

Tara stops. She refuses to look Michelle in the eye.

TARA

What?

MICHELLE

Why did you hesitate when I said I  
wanted to go back to modeling?

A TEA KETTLE whistles off screen. Tara doesn't move.

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TARA  
I didn't.

MICHELLE  
Don't lie to me.

The tea kettle whistles louder.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)  
You think my career is over.

Tara stares at her. She can't think of anything to say. The tea kettle hisses. Tara pretends like she's noticing it for the first time.

TARA  
Oh, the tea!

Tara rushes into the kitchen and stops the tea. Michelle drops her silverware and clenches her jaw. Tara yells from the kitchen.

TARA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
So Michelle, I was thinking that we could go check out some of the in-patient treatment facilities!

Michelle is silent and doesn't look at Tara when she re-enters with tea. Tara nervously places the tea in front of Michelle, practically spilling it as she waits for a response.

MICHELLE  
Why the hell would I need that?

TARA  
To be in an environment where people can help you.

MICHELLE  
So just because I'm eating again you think I can go outside?

TARA  
What are you talking about, we went to Whole Foods yesterday, you had a great time.

MICHELLE  
You're just going to kick out your own identical twin sister when you know she has agoraphobia?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

TARA

This is the first I've heard you say anything about agoraphobia!

MICHELLE

Well I'm telling you now bitch. It's a crippling disease, I don't know when I'll recover. So no. I'm not leaving. I'm not going anywhere.

Tara jumps as Michelle slams a bagel on her plate.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Where the fuck is my cream cheese?

Tara's anger intensifies. She shakes, barely able to keep it in as she glares at calm and unmoving Michelle.

INT. TARA'S PALATIAL HOME - NIGHT

The darkness and silence of midnight. The house looks like a gloomy cave.

LIBRARY

A half-sized knight statue sits in the grim, unused library. It holds a large mace, glistening in the moonlight.

LONG HALLWAY

A small mouse creeps along the edge of the long, cold hallway. Close up, the hardwood floors look dirty and old.

KITCHEN

Tara sits at the bar in her kitchen drinking a vodka tonic. There is a half-empty bottle of Kettle One next to her. A small desk lamp lights the space before her. She looks at an old photo album.

There are pictures of the twins together as little girls. They are GAP ADS. She leafs through pages and pages of ad campaigns featuring the two girls, hugging and laughing.

Tara looks at her beautiful young face in the picture and strokes it delicately. Tara begins to feel her own face. She pulls her hair back behind her ears to reveal her whole face for the first time. There is a LARGE SCAR that runs next to her ear. She touches the scar, and her deep shame bubbles to the surface.

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The next page she turns is Michelle, alone. She is 16 and poses seductively in white. There is something ethereal yet evil about her. It's the "ANGEL" campaign. Tara turns the page. Another picture of Michelle alone. And another. She turns and turns the pages, her shame becoming anger.

INT. PALATIAL HOME - MICHELLE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Michelle sleeps on her hospital bed as a drunk Tara wobbles in. She unties her shoes, then rips out her shoelaces. Tara approaches Michelle, laces dangling from her fists.

Tara delicately lifts Michelle's sleeping arm and ties her wrist to the railing of the bed. She does the same with Michelle's other wrist

INT. PALATIAL HOME - LONG HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tara wheels Michelle down the long dark hallway. Their shadows creep along the moonlit wall.

Michelle stirs. Tara wheels her faster. Michelle wakes up.

They reach the front door and Tara throws it open.

MICHELLE

What the fuck?

Michelle struggles to get out, fighting her body's disorientation.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Tara?! Tara!

Tara shoves Michelle's hospital bed out the door with all her might as Michelle screams, horrified. The bed begins to roll.

DRIVEWAY

Michelle rolls down Tara's long driveway. She screams as she goes faster and faster.

MICHELLE

TARA!!!

LIVING ROOM

Tara locks the windows, stumbling with her vodka tonic.

## DRIVEWAY

As the driveway curves, the bed CRASHES into a cement wall and falls over, Michelle first. She face-plants onto a rosebush and the bed slams down on her back.

## KITCHEN

Tara stumbles around the kitchen waving her vodka tonic, eating chicken legs, and humming happily to herself.

## DRIVEWAY

Michelle squirms under the bed. There's cuts all over her body. She struggles to pull her hands loose. She finally gets one hand free. She pulls at the other hand, but it's tied too tight. She uses her free hand to pull herself out from under. Her bloody eyelids squint at the full moon as she emerges.

## MICHELLE'S ROOM

Tara breezes into Michelle's room, her silk robe flowing behind her like a witch. She rips open Michelle's closet door and pulls out dresses, blouses, and scarves.

## DRIVEWAY

Michelle's severely discheveled body finally reaches the front door, but it's locked. She bangs on it and rings the doorbell.

## BATHROOM

Tara ignores the ringing doorbell as she drinks her vodka tonic and examines her face in the mirror. She pulls her hair back and winces when she sees the scar. She uses foundation from her make-up kit to cover up her scar.

Time has passed and more make-up covers her face. Her once dull complexion is now glowing like her sister's, but her scar still won't go away. She piles on more make-up.

She ties her hair in a tight, long, pony tail like her sister had in the "Angel" campaign. She looks freakish.

## LIVING ROOM

Tara sweeps into the living room wearing the elegant white dress her sister wore in the Angel commercial. Her make-up is absurd, piled on to cover her scar. She goes straight to the sound system, still holding her vodka, and plays a record. It's the dramatic classical music from the cornfield.

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BACK YARD

Michelle hears the loud classical music coming from the living room. She crosses the lawn, her nightgown dotted with blood and dirt, and sees Tara through the large windows. The living room is bright, and Michelle watches as Tara impersonates her. Michelle's gaze narrows as Tara swishes about the room.

LIVING ROOM

Tara runs through the living room as though she is an angel running through a corn field. She looks behind her seductively and sees Michelle's bedraggled outline watching her. Tara approaches the window. She looks straight out as though she doesn't see Michelle.

BACK YARD

Michelle shakes her head as she watches Tara.

TARA  
(inaudible behind window)  
Beauty. Passion. Elegance.

Michelle notices her own reflection in the window. Her face is bloody. She goes in for a closer look and feels her face. It's shredded. There's cuts all over.

Michelle screams, picks up a lawn chair and HEAVES IT THROUGH THE WINDOW, shattering it to a million pieces.

Tara SCREAMS! and runs out of the room into the hallway.

Michelle steps through the glass and goes straight for the

KITCHEN

Michelle sees the knife block and pulls out A LONG KITCHEN KNIFE. She sneers, picks the glass from her feet, and throws on Tara's clogs which sit at the doorway.

LIBRARY

Tara struggles and grunts pathetically as she tries to pull the mace out of the knight's clutched hands.

MICHELLE (O.S.)  
What are you afraid of bitch?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tara frightens, her nerves getting in the way of the task at hand. She takes a deep breath and attempts to pull the mace from the knight's hands.

LONG HALLWAY

Michelle stalks down the hall, bloodied, bruised, and holding a large kitchen knife in front of her.

LIBRARY

Tara finally frees the heavy mace and drags it out to the

LONG HALLWAY

Tara cowers under the unwieldy mace when she sees the horrifying Michelle.

MICHELLE

What are you going to do? Kill me?

Tara swings the mace downwards and hits Michelle's knee. Michelle falls and her knife clanks to the ground. Tara stands over her.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You're so jealous! Don't you get sick of it?!

Tara raises the mace.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

What do you think you're gonna do without me? Your job? This house? It's all because of me!

Tara swings the mace down at Michelle, but she rolls out of the way. Tara's mace sticks into the hardwood floor. Michelle crawls down the hallway toward the kitchen, blood trickling from her knee.

Tara struggles to yank the mace from the hardwood floor.

Michelle grabs the knife back.

KITCHEN

Michelle lifts herself up to reach the phone on the wall.

LONG HALLWAY

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tara finally yanks the mace from the floor. She runs toward the kitchen.

KITCHEN

As Tara enters the kitchen wielding the mace, Michelle swings the knife in front of her.

MICHELLE

Don't come any closer.

Tara swings the mace but has little control, and Michelle avoids it easily.

FLASHBACK

The girls in the kitchen as 16-year-olds.

Young Michelle moves toward Young Tara pointing a knife at her face. Young Tara shakes. Young Michelle is now right in her face.

YOUNG MICHELLE

Don't you get sick of looking exactly alike?

YOUNG TARA

No...

YOUNG MICHELLE

We can't both be models. We'll get jealous.

YOUNG TARA

You're just saying that because Buzz said I was prettier than you.

YOUNG MICHELLE

You stupid idiot. He was kidding.

YOUNG TARA

I know Michelle. I know he was kidding.

Young Michelle wraps her hand around Young Tara's neck and presses her to the ground. She puts the knife against the side of Young Tara's face.

YOUNG TARA (CONT'D)

You are prettier than me Michelle, everyone knows that!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

YOUNG MICHELLE  
Hold still, bitch.

END FLASHBACK

Tara touches her scar as she stares down at Michelle.

MICHELLE  
I said I was sorry.

TARA  
No you didn't.

MICHELLE  
Well look at me. Look at me now.

Michelle's face is bloody and broken.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)  
I mean... I look like... you.

Tara swings the mace again, hitting the knife out of Michelle's hand. Michelle grabs her hand and winces.

Memories flutter in uncontrollably in Tara's mind.

FLASHBACK

Young Tara wails on the floor, holding her bleeding face. Michelle stands back; she can't believe what she's done.

YOUNG MICHELLE  
It was an accident! We were playing  
a game. I didn't mean to. Tara!!

BACK TO REALITY

Tara is lost in the memory as her name echoes in the distant past. In a sort of trance, Tara lifts the mace above her head.

Michelle screams "PLEASE!" as Tara heaves the mace down onto her. The depth of Tara's rage surfaces as she destroys her twin with the mace.

She gives Michelle one last look, and for a moment is satisfied with what she's done. She smiles slightly.

We go into her mind as the kitchen goes dark and becomes...

EXT. SCORCHED CORN FIELD - DUSK

Tara runs over the charred, barren Earth as a softer classical song plays. Dusty gray light fills the space. Tara wears Michelle's Angel dress and looks back seductively. Part of her hair covers her face, but it is styled beautifully. She looks perfect. She runs and runs until she comes to the edge of the scorched corn field. An infinite charred wasteland awaits her.

She lifts her arms as though she is about to dive into a pool. When she falls backward, she instantly transforms into a flock of BLACK CROWS. They flutter away, squawking viciously as everything goes black.

THE END