

## ANGEL FEET

EXT. STREET - DAY

TAN (40), Asian and homeless appearance, sleeps on a path outside a city department store. He is dressed in worn military fatigues and uses an old rucksack as a pillow.

The feet of passers-by avoid TAN as they scurry past.

A peacock feather tickles TAN'S nose. TAN twitches, involuntarily rubs his nose, but the feather has disappeared. TAN continues sleeping.

The feather again tickles TAN'S nose. TAN is on the verge of sneezing when the feather disappears.

ANGEL (8), demonic and cherubic, giggles behind the peacock plume.

A beeping sound, similar to a backing truck, is heard. ANGEL freezes, her eyes saucer-like.

Suddenly TAN wakes, eyes wide.

TAN rolls over, attempts to grab ANGEL'S feet but she quickly moves to avoid him.

TAN jumps up, turns. Bright sunlight greets him from all directions. He squints.

ANGEL'S shadow covers his face. He suddenly sucks air deeply, startling ANGEL who gasps.

TAN  
Don't move.

ANGEL giggles, goes to move backwards.

TAN  
(screaming)  
I said don't move!

TAN grips her shoulders, forcing her to remain rigid. ANGEL is confused.

TAN  
Don't move your legs.

ANGEL looks downwards. She is standing in a barren square of soil that has recently been cut in the concrete footpath for a tree to be planted.

TAN slowly squats as he runs his hands down ANGEL'S legs. When he reaches her shoes he carefully runs his hands over her shoes until his fingers touch the soil on either side. With his thumbs still on her shoes, his fingers penetrate the soil. Touching something TAN lets out a cry of anguish.

ANGEL gently places a hand on his head, lightly strokes his hair. TAN looks up. ANGEL smiles, attempting to placate his anguish.

TAN)  
You mustn't move. Promise me?

ANGEL nods.

TAN  
Not one muscle.

ANGEL'S smile is frozen.

A pair of feet approach, stop.

TAN lowers himself removing his head from ANGEL'S hand which also remains frozen.

A coin lands in the soil and the feet move on.

TAN takes his hands from ANGEL'S shoes and, still squatting, backs towards his rucksack.

Feet scurry past.

Without taking his eyes from ANGEL'S feet TAN reaches into his rucksack.

Another pair of feet approach, stop.

TAN produces a WW2 bayonet. ANGEL gasps. The feet hurriedly depart.

TAN, bayonet in mouth, crawls towards ANGEL, now terrified.

TAN)  
Don't be scared.

ANGEL grits her teeth, squeezes her eyes closed.

TAN moves the bayonet to ANGEL'S feet. ANGEL, slightly opens her eyes, looks down, horrified. Her hand is still in the frozen position.

TAN indicates for ANGEL to look away which she does.

TAN prods the soil around ANGEL'S feet. The bayonet strikes something metallic. The sound causes ANGEL to look down. Her knees tremble.

TAN  
Keep still!

ANGEL holds her thighs. The trembling ceases.

Large BLACK SHOES appear, slowly moving around TAN and ANGEL.

TAN'S bayonet scrapes soil from the metallic object revealing ANGEL is standing on a landmine the diameter of a dinner plate.

ANGEL  
What is it?

TAN  
Shush!

ANGEL  
I wanta go home.

TAN bends for a closer inspection. Sweat drips from his forehead onto the landmine washing away soil and revealing a US trademark.

More feet appear. The BLACK SHOES continue circling.

ANGEL loses balance, almost falling off the landmine. But TAN holds her maintaining her position on the landmine. Gasps from the ONLOOKERS are heard.

BLACK SHOES  
Do you have a permit?

TAN ignores BLACK SHOES and uncovers more of the landmine.

BLACK SHOES

If you don't have a permit I must ask  
you to leave.

ANGEL

You won't hurt us, will you, Mister?

TAN carefully moves one of ANGEL'S feet off the edge of  
landmine and puts his hand where her foot was to keep  
pressure on the landmine.

Coins land in the soil.

BLACK SHOES

Show's over, everyone, move along, please.

More coins land in the soil. One coin falls in slow  
motion changing to a petal just before it lands in the  
soil. ANGEL'S hand reaches for the petal causing her to  
lift the back of her foot from the landmine.

TAN

(screaming)

No!

ANGEL'S hand stops short of the petal. The landmine  
starts ticking. TAN'S eyes reveal the immediate danger.

BLACK FEET

I won't warn you two again!

The feet of the ONLOOKERS disappear, but are immediately  
replaced by the numerous feet of children.

The ticking quickens. TAN'S despondent gaze meets  
ANGEL'S.

BLACK FEET

You're under arrest!

An arm jerks ANGEL away and as her foot lifts from the  
landmine petals fall in slow motion. The ticking of the  
landmine increases in intensity. Still in slow motion TAN  
desperately places both hands on the landmine to maintain  
the pressure. He succeeds, however, the peacock plume  
appears tickling his nose.

TAN sneezes.

The screen erupts into a picturesque mushroom of awesome  
beauty and symmetry of a nuclear explosion in the Pacific

Ocean superimposed over the exquisite angelic smile of ANGEL.

TITLE:

*Our Government recognises a universal ban on landmines may not be achievable in the short-term, as a number of key landmine producing nations, namely the United States, have made it clear they will not commit to universal banning.*

**THE END**