

but i will own them

A poetry film written by

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Based on the poem "*but i will own them*";
from the book "*good girl*" by Angela Innes

Version 1.1

Bristol, BS2
06:30 pm, 6/12/2023

This screenplay is planned to be filmed with a single master tracking shot with additional cutaways for certain lines.

INT. CLUB/BAR. NIGHT

ANGELA is leant on a wall-mounted bar. There is people around her, but she appears to be there alone. There's a neon light that says "bar" hanging on the wall beside her.

She slowly turns to look into the room.

ANGELA
(gentle)
*my skin is up for grabs, yours to
stick and poke names into.
...
if you wanted.*

Someone bumps into her as they move across the frame. Angela reacts.

ANGELA (CONT'D)	CLUB PATRON
	(soft)
woman	woman!

Angela steps away from the bar. She brings her arm up to her face and caresses her elbow as she speaks. Another quite TOUCHY MAN tries to *squeeze past*, touching Angela's waist in the process.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
*above my elbow for every man i wish
i'd shoved, sidling behind me,*

QUICK CUT TO:

CU: SOMEWHERE ELSE

Someone's crotch pushed against and moving across someone's bottom. We hear the friction of the clothes touching.

ANGELA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*... hands holding the soft measure
of my insides*

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CLUB/BAR. NIGHT

Rightfully annoyed, taps on the shoulder of the touchy man. He spins to face her and spits out:

liar	ANGELA	TOUCHY MAN
		<i>Liar!</i>

The Touchy Man moves away. Angela touches her throat and starts walking further away from the bar, where two girls are revealed, drinking and laughing together.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
*across my throat for every lipstick
 colour complimented in sweat
 stained mirrors and squawked ...*

CUT TO:

CU: BAR/CLUB

A deep red lipstick print on the side of a person's neck.

*... conversations between toilet
 stalls of consciousness you didn't
 want to hear*

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CLUB/BAR. NIGHT

Angela continues forward. She begins to anticipate what's next. Everyone in the club, for a brief moment, turn to her with a STOMP and shout:

EVERYONE
QUEER!

Angela mimics one of them as they say it together. Everyone turns away from her, she's seemingly more isolated than before. Angela continues, initially a little shaken.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
*... inside my mouth for every slur
 i curl my lip at, for every
 conversation with friends*

CUT TO:

CU: SOMEWHERE ELSE - OUTSIDE (?)

The mouths of two women laughing and smiling. Their lipstick on their lips are different colours.

*... who grew into all the images
 that make the worst people wince,*

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CLUB/BAR. NIGHT

A WOMAN attracts Angela's attention. As she walks past they maintain eye contact.

*... words layered louder than
fairies ever should - we've got
time to make up for.*

On the other side of Ang, a couple's argument is reaching its conclusion.

<p>ANGELA (mimicking) <i>bitch</i></p>	<p>MAN (ARGUING COUPLE) (hurtful) <i>BITCH!</i></p>
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Ang is unsure if she should look away.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
... scrawled behind my ear and ...

MAN (ARGUING COUPLE)
cold hearted

The woman moves away from him and walks past Ang - exiting towards stage left.

ANGELA
*... added when i don't grieve
an actress' exit stage left.*

QUICK CUT TO:

CU: DOMESTIC SETTING

A male hand tightening it's hold on long hair.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
don't pull my hair,

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CLUB/BAR. NIGHT

Angela begins to centre herself while thinking about the past.

ANGELA
the skin's still sensitive.

She looks at her dress, at her body, then up at a new couple kissing passionately.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
 (read slowly)
survivor

*... inside my thigh so partners
 find out...*

QUICK CUT TO:

CU: DOMESTIC SETTING

The bottom half of a man's face as he raises his head between from a woman's thighs. He smiles a wide grin.

ANGELA
...only when they kiss me there.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CLUB/BAR. NIGHT

The couple leave frame, hand-in-hand.

Ang takes a moment to contemplate: *is she ready?*

ANGELA
 (building)
*you will read these worst parts of
 me and i have learnt it is easier
 for you to see them*
 (gesturing with her hands)
*left to right rather than stuttered
 conversations in the dark.*
 (the club lights flicker)
*i'll call myself these names, a
 flash sheet for each year i have
 learnt what they mean*

Beat.

Ready?: Angela addresses the camera.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
*there's something i need to tell
 you...*

*i didn't choose this ink
 i didn't want all of these names*

She stands still as the club patrons continue behind her.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: but i will own them - a poem

ROLL CREDITS as Angela moves back towards the bar.

THE END