

ANGEL OF ANYWHERE

by

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

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OVER BLACK.

The repetitive THUD of a muffled beat. It's MUSIC, coming from somewhere in the distance.

The BASS continues as we find ourselves in --

1 **EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

1

We stare at a MAN as he leans against the hood of a CHERRY RED CAMARO. He wears a TRENCH COAT and eats CARROTS from a small plastic bag. His product-heavy hair glistens from the overhead glow of a neon street lamp. This is ANGEL.

Angel watches a WOMAN giving a TED TALK on his phone.

WOMAN ON PHONE

And it's the interest in the human condition, that keeps bringing us back to the need to improve --

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP. The video is interrupted by the phone's alarm. Angel shuts it off. He eats one last carrot, then carefully rolls the bag up, sealing it with a clothespin.

He puts the bag in his coat pocket, and makes his way across the parking lot. We follow behind him as he approaches --

2 **EXT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

2

The BEAT grows louder as Angel walks towards an open back entrance, of what appears to be some kind of NIGHTCLUB. The music's coming from in there.

A LIGHT BULB FLICKERS above the doorway.

Angel stops and stares at the convulsing light for a moment. Finally, he reaches up and tightens the bulb. It returns to its normal, dull glow.

We go with Angel as he heads into --

3 **INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

3

Angel moves down a dim corridor, removing his jacket as he walks. We stay TIGHT on the back of his head, as the MUSIC continues to build. He reaches another door and pushes it open. Entering a --

4 **DARK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

4

Angel takes off his shirt as he passes through the HUBBUB of a small, poorly lit area.

{REVISION} 2.

The activity around him suggests people are getting ready for something. But his surroundings remain unclear, because we're still so focused on him.

The chaos finally subsides, and Angel is left alone once again. Then... *The music stops*. APPLAUSE follows.

Angel cracks his neck, rolling it back and forth... back and forth. He ducks out of frame to remove his pants. Then, cutting through the quiet --

A few scattered CHUCKLES and CLAPS from the crowd. CLOSE ON Angel, as he waits patiently behind a blue, velvet curtain.

A new song ERUPTS from the speakers as Angel tears open the curtain, and leaps onto the --

5 **STAGE - CONTINUOUS**

5

He slides across the hardwood floor on his knees, RIPPING his shirt off in the process. He springs to his feet and begins to dance in front of what we now realize is a packed, rowdy... *STRIP CLUB*.

A crowd of PATRONS SCREAM for this shirtless hunk as we --

SMASH TO TITLE:

ANGEL OF ANYWHERE

6 **INT. ANYWHERE BAR - NIGHT**

6

The chaos has subsided. Angel roams through the bar, now clad in tight jeans and a backwards baseball cap. Still shirtless.

He walks past the DJ Booth where the club's resident spinner stands. A black guy in his 30s. ALEXXX IN WONDERLAND.

ALEXXX IN WONDERLAND

Yo. These speakers are all staticky
and shit again. Can you fix 'em?

ANGEL

I'll try.

Angel walks behind the booth. He grabs two wires, moving them away from the speakers. He fixed it.

ALEXXX IN WONDERLAND

How you do *always* do that?

{REVISION} 3.

ANGEL

It was just electrical failure. Too much power applied to the subwoofers, causing the voice coils to burn. So I --

Alexxx waves him off.

ALEXXX IN WONDERLAND

Alright, alright. Sorry I asked.

Angel shrugs.

CUT TO:

8

LATER

8

CLOSE ON A BLONDE WOMAN. Middle-aged. SCREAMING at the top of her lungs.

PULLING BACK we see that she's one of a GROUP OF SCREAMING WOMEN. All in their 40s, all holding ONE DOLLAR BILLS, all drunk as shit.

They're staring at PHOENIX, a ripped Latino guy. He moves sensually around the stage, wearing a GOLD SPEEDO and HUGE FEATHERED WINGS on his back. The ladies are eating it up.

Across the room, D.C. sits in a corner booth by himself. He stares into space, pouting. Angel approaches. He takes a seat beside him, empathetic and concerned. Mentor-esque.

ANGEL

D.C... Why aren't you working the floor?

D.C.

Fuck this, man. I made no money up there tonight. Being up there, man... with everyone screaming. It's --

ANGEL

I know, it's a trip... but it doesn't *mean* anything. It's just a feeling. You can't pay rent with feelings.

D.C.

Whatever, man. I'm like... *hot*. Senior year, I got voted most likely to bang a celebrity. I'm not gonna let people walk over me...

(MORE)

{REVISION} 4.

D.C. (CONT'D)
Be their little dancing...
fucking... slave boy.

Angel just looks at him. Finally, D.C. softens.

D.C. (CONT'D)
It just sucks being the new guy.

Angel pats him on the shoulder. Gets up.

ANGEL
Listen, man... People come here for
refuge. For escape. No one wants to
get a lap dance from an asshole.
Understand?

Before D.C. can respond, we --

CUT TO:

9

LATER

9

Angel leans against the bar by the service station. The
BARTENDER, a short tomboy in her late 20s, gives him a wave.

The Bartender slides the drink over to Angel, who throws a
few bills on the counter. Probably too much.

Angel takes a glance around the room, and notices a WOMAN
staring at him from the other end of the bar. She's mid-30s,
sweet. Looks out of place in this seedy establishment.

The two lock eyes, but the woman quickly looks away.
Embarrassed. Angel continues staring at her, undeterred.

The Bartender notices. Leans over to whisper --

BARTENDER
She's a good tipper.

We watch as the Woman steals glances in Angel's direction.
Finally, she gets off her stool and slowly walks over to him.

CUT TO:

10

INT. VIP ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

10

A small room with wall to wall couches. Dim lighting with a
bluish hue. Angel's phone rests on one of the couch cushions.
It shows a TIMER counting down. Five minutes remain.

Angel dances directly in front of the Woman, who sits
nervously, watching him. Still as a statue.

{REVISION} 5.

WOMAN

How's your night...? Sorry, I didn't get your name...

ANGEL

Angel.

WOMAN

I'm Michelle... So do I just sit here?

ANGEL

Yeah, if you want... Or you can move around. Whatever you want.

She laughs and relaxes a bit. Angel starts to dance again.

MICHELLE

How long have you been strip-dancing...?

She frowns and shakes her head. *I'm an idiot.*

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

(laughing)

I don't know what to talk to you about. I didn't even... I don't like... *know* what I'm doing here.

Angel keeps dancing, but listens. Attentive.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

This is so lame. This is so, "*I never do this! I'm not this kind of girl!*" But honestly, I was walking by this place and thought, like... maybe I *can* be this kind of girl. At least for a night. Maybe I'll try it on and it'll fit.

ANGEL

Does it fit?

Michelle thinks for a moment.

MICHELLE

I don't know.

She falls quiet. Zoning out on Angel's gyrating hips.

ANGEL

You don't have to know everything.

{REVISION} 6.

MICHELLE

Really? God I hope that's true.

(beat)

Do you like Fruity Pops?

ANGEL

The cereal? Yeah, I guess so.

MICHELLE

They're my favorite. But I never buy them.

ANGEL

Why not?

MICHELLE

My husband has high cholesterol, he never lets me get them... Oh, Jesus... I wasn't going to tell you I had a husband.

ANGEL

You can have a husband.

MICHELLE

You don't think that's wrong? Me being married and coming here? I'm a mom, too.

ANGEL

I think you seem like a nice person.

Michelle shakes her head. Quietly laughs. She stares at Angel, something like PITY on her face.

MICHELLE

Why'd you start dancing?

ANGEL

You don't have to feel sorry for me.

MICHELLE

No! I wasn't --

ANGEL

People ask me that almost every night. And there's always that same look in their eyes. They don't know it's because I want to be here. I choose to be right here... I get to meet people like you.

MICHELLE

That's... great.

{REVISION} 7.

ANGEL

I won't be here forever.

MICHELLE

What will you do?

ANGEL

I don't know.

They fall silent for a beat. Angel mulls something over.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Maybe I'll be a therapist or something.

(beat)

Therapy tends to have a stigma...

He gives Michelle a wink. As if to say... *Like stripping doesn't?*

MICHELLE

You're actually cheaper than most therapists. At least the ones I've been to.

Angel takes this in. He smiles warmly. After a moment --

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

They're a waste of money for me. I always find myself talking about the same thing. I'm not a good enough wife or mother or daughter or whatever. But what I actually want to tell them is... My husband married me when I was the best version of myself... You're always the best version of yourself when you're falling in love. But now I think... I was just pretending. It was fake... I never let the cracks show. I thought... I'll act like this now. This doting, outgoing, confident girl. And then I can let my guard down one day. But now I'm like... *pissed*. Because he married this other person... And I have to stay that person or he might leave. And as distant as he is these days, I'm not even sure he likes *her*.

(beat)

So I try to think to myself... it's okay. Maybe it's never going to be any different than this.

(MORE)

{REVISION} 8.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Maybe I'll just have to keep
pretending to be this person
forever, and that's... that's just
the way it'll be. That'll be who I
am... The woman pretending to be
the woman she was when she fell in
love.

A beat.

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP. They look over at the phone. Time is up.

ANGEL
You want more time?

Michelle shakes her head.

MICHELLE
That's okay.

ANGEL
You can have a few more minutes if
you want. No charge.

MICHELLE
Thank you.

She smiles. Then rises. But... hesitates.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Can I... touch you?

Angel looks at her a moment. Then nods. Michelle gently
places her hand against his cheek.

11 **INT. ANYWHERE BAR - LATER**

11

CLOSE on a STACK OF TWENTIES. A hand deals them out. It
belongs to --

Angel. He's tipping out Alexxx In Wonderland at the bar.

D.C. approaches. Sits on a stool beside them.

D.C.
Yo, Angel! You want one?

He holds up a palm of WHITE PILLS. Angel shakes his head. A
little disappointed in the kid. Alexxx elbows D.C.

ALEXXX IN WONDERLAND
Are you kidding me? This dude won't
even take a Viagra.

{REVISION} 9.

ANGEL
(shrugs)
It's not the real thing.

He gives a wave.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
G'night, fellas.

Angel gives a nod to the Bartender. We follow him as he walks away, down the hallway, and out the back entrance of the club. He pushes open the door and walks into the BLINDING WHITE LIGHT OF DAY.

OVER WHITE.

The repetitive THUD of a muffled beat. It's music, coming from somewhere in the distance. The BASS continues as we find ourselves BACK in --

12 **EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

12

A familiar scene. Angel sits against the hood of his car, eating carrots from the bag. He watches a WOMAN giving a TED TALK on his phone.

WOMAN ON PHONE
...And the children of tomorrow
will be writing *apps* instead of
poetry...

LAUGHTER from her audience --

His ALARM goes off. He folds up the carrot bag, sticks it in his pocket, and heads across the lot. Towards *Anywhere...*

The light by the door is on the fritz again. Angel reaches up and screws it back in. The flickering stops, and the light returns to its steady glow. He walks into the club.

13 **INT. ANYWHERE BAR - NIGHT**

13

A MAN stands alone, at a high top bar table. Everything about him is average. His looks, his suit, his choice of bourbon... Which he seems to have had a lot of this evening.

Angel walks by. The Man gives him a nod.

MAN
Hey... You work here?

ANGEL
Yeah.

{REVISION} 10.

The Man extends his hand. Angel shakes it.

MAN

Brian.

ANGEL

Angel.

Brian gestures to a NEON VIP SIGN above one of the doorways.

BRIAN

So what happens in the rooms?

ANGEL

Well, nothing too crazy. But it's definitely a lot more private.

Brian gives a quick glance around the bar.

14

INT. VIP ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

14

Brian yaps away, as Angel gives him a lap dance.

BRIAN

...I'm so sick of all these calls for unity and togetherness. The main reason this country has turned into a bunch of pussies who can't handle any kind of... *adversity*, is 'cause people are constantly running over to console them every time something shitty happens. As if it's possible to protect them from... goddamn daily life.

They share a smile. Then --

Brian puts his hands on Angel's hips, yanks him closer. A little aggressive. Angel stands up fast.

ANGEL

It's not that kind of party.

Brian removes a small baggie of COCAINE from his pocket.

BRIAN

What about this? Can it be this kind of party?

ANGEL

That's fine.

Brian uses a CAR KEY to scoop out a little bit of powder. He takes a bump. Then offers some to Angel. Angel hesitates, staring at the coke like he wants it. But --

ANGEL (CONT'D)

No thanks.

Brian wipes at his nose.

BRIAN

Good man. This stuff's bad news. I just... I only do it when I'm drinking. I guess you could say that about a lot of things. Although, it really helps before a meeting when I gotta pull a sale. That's what drives my wife nuts. She's always saying, "*You don't need that stuff! You'll be great. Just be yourself...*"

Angel has moved away from Brian, but continues to listen.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

But who is that? I don't know who that is. Is there some cool, confident version of myself that I don't know about? I mean... it's *bullshit*. I'm a different guy, with everyone I meet. And I think everyone is to a degree... I'm not special. I don't have a secret person locked inside that's suddenly gonna be unleashed when I decide to be my fucking self. So fuck her... I love her though. Fuck. It's just hard.

ANGEL

Does she know that?

BRIAN

What?

ANGEL

All that... What you just said.

BRIAN

I don't know what she knows.

ANGEL

Well, you're not being honest with her. "*Better to be honest than impressive.*"

{REVISION} 12.

BRIAN
(through laughter)
Fuck that shit.

Angel won't let him off the hook.

ANGEL
You just gotta... *suck it up*.

Brian laughs again. Holds his hands up in surrender.

BRIAN
Hey. You got me.

Brian looks Angel up and down. Suddenly, a little shy:

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Hey... Can I... touch you?

He glances down to Angel's crotch. Angel gives him a long look. Then --

ANGEL
Okay.

15

INT. ANYWHERE BAR - NIGHT

15

Angel sits on a stool, smiling and introspective, considering the work that he has done tonight. Alexxx stands nearby, watching as Angel tips him out.

ALEXXX IN WONDERLAND
...You hear we got new speakers?
Yeah, finally getting rid of those
piece of shitters you're always
having to mess with. Yeah... 'Bout
had to throw down to get 'em.
Management said hell no, but I was
like, "*Bitch. Some things you just
can't fix.*"

ANGEL
So you just tossed them?

ALEXXX IN WONDERLAND
Yeah. Just got sick of --

ANGEL
(sharply)
Dude, I fixed those. You can't
just... give up on something
because it doesn't work perfectly.

ALEXXX IN WONDERLAND

Aw, man. Don't give me that therapist shit again. I know what you're going to say.

Alexxx recounts the bills Angel just gave him. Double checking his work.

ALEXXX IN WONDERLAND (CONT'D)

I don't know, man... Seems like you're looking to matter in the wrong goddamn place.

OFF ANGEL. Something like doubt on his face.

16 **EXT. ANYWHERE BAR - LATER**

16

Angel exits the club. The sun is just beginning to rise. He zips up his jacket, and takes in the morning. Then --

He notices the LIGHT BULB. It's completely burnt out. He taps it. Tries to screw it back in. But no use. It's a goner.

17 **INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY**

17

A BAG OF CARROTS is thrown into a shopping cart. The cart moves down an aisle. The tile floor of the supermarket whizzes by beneath it. It suddenly stops.

PAN UP to see Angel standing in front of an enormous LIGHT BULB DISPLAY. He mulls over which one to choose. Reads a few labels. Finally, he places two in his cart and continues on.

Angel rounds the corner. Makes his way down the cereal aisle. He looks up to see --

MICHELLE. Angel stops, startled. He watches as Michelle grabs a box of FRUITY POPS off the shelf and puts them in her cart. Angel smiles.

Then behind her, from around the corner appears --

BRIAN. A BABY strapped to his chest.

Michelle hesitates. She's about to argue, but forces a smile.

She removes the Fruity Pops from the cart. Starts to put them back, but notices... ANGEL. Standing in front of her in the aisle. Their eyes meet. Michelle FREEZES.

Brian turns to his wife. She seems flustered. He follows her gaze and finally notices Angel. Brian takes a step back, surprised.

{REVISION} 14.

A loaded silence as Angel and the couple stare at each other.

They're not in the back room anymore. No blue hue. No thumping music. No fifteen minute limit. This is real life... happening in the cereal aisle of the grocery store.

Angel's demeanor changes entirely. And we see it in his eyes. The disappointment. *He didn't fix these folks. Some things are just broken.*

We go CLOSE ON Michelle. She looks from Angel to the box of cereal in her hand. And we --

CUT TO BLACK.