

ANGELO'S

Written by

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EXT. BACK ALLEY TO RESTAURANT - EARLY EVENING

AMY, 33, with a well groomed black bob and a slim figure, stands alone wearing a spring coat, black pants, and red heels. Uncomfortable and anxious, she's buried in her phone reading an email as she waits at the back door entrance to the restaurant under a single exterior light. A car drives by as she shifts awkwardly standing from leg to leg looking around. We hear the car turn off and two car doors slam quickly and the approaching of two people. CARMEN, 29, voluptuous young woman in a tight red dress with a leather jacket and heeled black boots and a black shoulder bag approaches pulling out a cigarette. EDDIE, 50, shorter man partly balding with a small beer belly dressed in an ill fitting black suit, black shirt, black tie, and cheap black shoes, walks quickly behind her carrying a duffle bag.

CARMEN

You Amy?

AMY

Yes!

Carmen puts a cigarette in her mouth and lights it.

AMY (CONT'D)

Are you -

EDDIE

Don't smoke, CARMEN!

He pulls the cigarette out of her mouth.

CARMEN

What the hell, EDDIE! You're not my Dad.

EDDIE

You sure?

She glares at him. He turns to Amy.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Hi, I'm Eddie, that chick filet's Carmen.

CARMEN

And he's a pig-in-a-blanket.

EDDIE

You get the email from MIKE?

AMY

Yeah... I've got a couple questions maybe you could help clear up for me-

CARMEN

Biggest thing's to not get in Mike's way. He wants to be the "star" and the only one in charge. So let him and you'll be fine.

AMY

The "star"? Copy that. But what about -

EDDIE

The "briefing"? Yeah... you can basically think of that as a loose plan for when it all goes down. Mike just goes with the "energy in the room" so all plans are pretty much meaningless. Don't even read that shit. These jobs are all the same. There's a target. We're in, we're out. Boom. Done. Pay attention and your fine. Super easy gig.

AMY

I didn't train for easy.

EDDIE

Ok. Ok. We're all professionals, honey. That's why we're here.

CARMEN

You get a free dinner when it starts if that changes anything for you.

AMY

Not really. Kind of makes me wonder what wrong turn I took to end up here.

EDDIE

Oh... the FBI turned you down?

CARMEN

Take it how you want it. There's no small jobs in my book. It's all still art. This place has great food. I think of it as a perk.

(MORE)

CARMEN (CONT'D)
It's Mike's ex-father in law's place. When were we last here, Eddie?

AMY
Wait. Mike's got an ex-wife?

EDDIE
Yeah, why?

AMY
And she's got a family connection here? Seems like a stupid place to return to.

EDDIE
Ha. Yep! You'd think so. The ex Angela - her family's a shit show. Her father actually left this place to Mike in the will.

AMY
Wait, wait, wait... Mike owns this place?

EDDIE
Yep. And the ex, Angela, total bitch, still waitresses here. I been doing jobs with Mike for 17 years. I know all the history.

AMY
You two been loving on each other a long time, huh?

EDDIE
Some shit just makes you stick with someone. Mike and I've seen too much together. We met through Fairbanks.

AMY
Fairbanks Alaska or the federal penitentiary?

EDDIE
You play tough but you're pretty green, huh?

EDDIE shrugs as the door opens to the restaurant behind them. MIKE, 62, fit older man with grey speckled hair slightly balding steps out dressed in all black with a black bag over his shoulder and holding a manila folder.

MIKE

Let's go. Room's ready. Here.

He hands out a gun to each of them as they step through the doorway.

AMY

Wow... well you're briefing didn't say-

MIKE

Everyone gets a gun. It's protocol. Put it in your handbag and keep it on you. People love guns. They try to steal them all the time.

Amy nods her head and the group steps inside.

INT. HALLWAY TO KITCHEN OF ANGELO'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT

Mike walks while talking back to the group as they follow behind him through the hallway, through a working kitchen into another hallway.

MIKE

Ok. Let's go over the plan again so everyone's up to speed. Except for Eddie, who never confirms emails.

EDDIE

I don't think you sent it to me.

MIKE

Yeah, I did, AOL.com.

EDDIE

I get other emails just fine.

MIKE

Yeah... keep telling yourself that and then take a minute to think about where your fuckin' careers at. Like your suit. You shrink it in the laundry? Or you finally hit that grow spurt, ya fuckin' adolescent?

Mike chuckles as he turns away from Eddie who scoffs at him from behind while pulling on the sleeves of his suit. Eddie continues following along as the group walks through the back end of the restaurant.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Now, Carmen, sweetheart, you're "Erica". EDDIE, your "Brad", her husband. Tonight is Erica's "parents" anniversary party, Frank and Laura Apuzzo. Here's your "parents". They've already been briefed earlier today on the plan.

He pulls two poorly color printed photos that were printed on regular paper out of his folder. The photos are very difficult to determine who the people are.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Now, their code names are "Frank" and "Laura".

He starts to laugh. Amy tries to register the joke. EDDIE catches her glance. He darts his eyes back to Mike and starts laughing forcibly in an awkward manner.

EDDIE

That's a good one, Mike.

MIKE

I know... You're pretty pathetic, Eddie. Took you a second to compute that one, huh? You're a lovable moron. Playing that card's probably the only way you get laid, eh?

Eddie quickly drops his forced happiness and just sullenly stares back at Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Ah... there he is! Misery looks a lot better on you, Edward.

Mike starts to chuckle and punches Eddie in the arm very hard. Eddie slouches from the pain.

EDDIE

Mike, you're a -

MIKE

Relax, Eddie. I'm just screwing with an old pal. Right? Now, Amy, you're "Carol". You're best friends with "Erica", but you're having a secret affair for some reason - possibly low self esteem - with "Brad".

Amy glances again at EDDIE who is smiling broadly with hungry eyes. He's easily 7" shorter than her.

MIKE (CONT'D)

When the guests arrive mingle with them. Blend in, get as much intel on everyone as you can. I'm gonna make an announcement that I've been called in as security detail to the restaurant because there's been an anonymous phone call about trouble about to go down. Therefore providing my alibi as I'm on hand to monitor. Then during appetizers, "Erica's",

Mike points to Carmen.

MIKE (CONT'D)

...gonna work the room. Flirt, wink, wiggle. Get the info about who's with who, all that kinda shit. Now, Amy, she's a pro. Just watch her and do what she does.

Amy nods.

CARMEN

It's real easy. All these guys are married to their high school girlfriends so just lookin' at 'em give's them a heart attack. And the wives are super lonely so they're just an open book.

Mike smacks Carmen on the ass.

MIKE

That's right you, smart little tart.

Mike looks her up and down, pulls her closer to him. She softly laughs and pushes him away. Eddie glares angrily watching them. Amy looks down to see Eddie gripping his hands into tight fists trying to control his inner rage.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Ok. Then there's the "attempted murder". Gunshot. Rooms on lockdown.

CARMEN

I die first!?

MIKE

No. Then comes the main course.
Amy, "Carol", you're then on. Work
it like Carmen. Try to throw them
off what's going on. Then the three
of you's tussle.

AMY

Tussle?

MIKE

The agency recommended you because
they said you're a trained
professional. I trust the agency.
You can do this. Just ya' know...
improvise! Knee him in the balls
and pull her hair.

AMY

Sure. Yeah, ok.

INT. ANGELO'S PARTY ROOM

Mike has pushed open the door to the small private dining
room and the group steps in as their conversation continues.
Two waiters, ANGELA, 73, Mike's ex-wife with the face and
demeanor of an evil witch, and NEETOL, 22, young
Indian/American man who's only working this job to help pay
for college, are placing salads at table settings. Three long
tables are set up in an open horseshoe with long table
cloths, table settings, and glasses on each. A microphone
stand and a small side table with flowers and a speaker
system are at the front of the room. Cheap and low fitting
flower arrangements with tea light candles are at each table.

MIKE

Finally dessert comes and Eddie's on. Black
out. Scream. Shots. Lights on. Finale
standoff. Shots again. We're out. Ya got it?

CARMEN AND EDDIE

Yes!

AMY

I think -

MIKE

Great!

BLACK TITLE
SCREEN COMES UP
SAYING
"APPETIZERS"

INT. ANGELO'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT PARTY ROOM - 10 MINUTES
LATER

A group of guests are now sitting eating their first course salads. A group of nurses, already very rowdy and drunk sit at the end of one of the tables. They are out celebrating the retirement of their friend and fellow nurse, GRANDMA HEIDI, who's wearing a white feather boa and a crown. Amy is seated at the nurses table. The women are laughing, clearly incredibly drunk and grilling Amy for "clues". FRANK and LAURA APUZZO, a middle aged African American couple, sit at the head of front table. They are wearing Mardi Gras beads and drinking Manhattans. A paper name holder saying GUESTS OF HONOR sit in front of them both. They are surrounded by other friends laughing and drinking. They also have notepads and pencils in front of them to "take notes" of the evenings events that could be clues. EDDIE and CARMEN are seated together at this table and are working their seated audience with smiles and somewhat crude jokes. Mike heads to the microphone at the head of the room with a fake detective badge around his neck. He eyes the crowd and steps into his "spot light".

MIKE

Good evening, folks, it's me again
Detective Patrick O'Sullivan still
on the grounds for your protection.
Frank and Laura, your daughter
"Erica", would like to get up and
say a few words to congratulate you
at this very happy anniversary
party.

CARMEN and EDDIE look at each other and roll their eyes. She stands and takes the microphone from MIKE.

CARMEN

Thank you, "Officer O'Sullivan".

Mike quickly grabs back the mic.

MIKE

DETECTIVE O'Sullivan.

She grabs the mic back and walks over to the couple, whom she looks absolutely nothing like, and affectionately puts her arms around them as music starts to play.

CARMEN

Mom and Dad, happy anniversary. You
found a great man in my father,
Mom. I only wish my husband was
half of who he is.

EDDIE jumps to his feet.

EDDIE

Hey!

The group of Nurses, already tipsy, stare confused. One of the younger women, NURSE 1, leans in to the group and whispers.

NURSE 1

Maybe she's adopted?

Carmen starts to sing. She works the room, playing with different men's hair and sitting in one man's lap.

CARMEN

Good men, are hard to find. Even
harder to keep. Bad men who you
should've left behind. Will haunt
you in your sleep. I want a real
man, to hold me tight. A real man,
to love me through the night. A
real man, so hard to find. Gonna
leave the bad men far behind.

The song ends and EDDIE jumps up. The lights go out and the sound of a recorded gun shot plays. Lights up, EDDIE is holding his arm, his sleeve dripping in fake blood.

EDDIE

Someone just tried to shoot me!

MIKE

Ah-ha! A killer is on the loose!

The crowd all laughs and starts writing notes onto their pads.

GRANDMA HEIDI

It's the wife! She don't look
satisfied!

MIKE

Ok... ok. Let's not jump to any
quick conclusions. Just cause he
looks like a wimp, don't mean he
can't deliver. But... it probably
does.

He gives her a wink. The restaurant bursts into laughter.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I'm gonna question her quickly in
the kitchen.

INT. ANGELO'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT KITCHEN

MIKE
Why'd you stand me up last night,
baby?

CARMEN
I'm not you're baby, Mike.

MIKE
You say that all the time, but then
your rents due or you can't book
anything and you come right back to
me.

CARMEN
I'm only here because of my
professional standards.

MIKE
Ha! That like your scholastic
standards as a college drop out?

CARMEN
Fuck you, Mike.

BLACK TITLE
SCREEN COMES UP
SAYING "MAIN
COURSE"

INT. ANGELO'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT PARTY ROOM - 5 MINUTES LATER

Main courses are served. Neetol and Angela refill wine
glasses. Angela looks annoyed. Neetol has a strained smile on
his face. He passes Amy.

NEETOL
You're new right?

AMY
Yeah... is it that obvious?

NEETOL
You just look like you actually
care. Why you here?

AMY

Well... I keep asking myself that.

NEETOL

Just think about it. It'll come to you. Everyone in this room is here for something. I'm here for extra school cash. Those people are here to get black out drunk. And these people are here because they honestly have nothing better to do. Kind of like that guy up there. But he's really here to pretend to be king.

Neetol points to Mike who's walking back up to the front of the room.

NEETOL (CONT'D)

He probably can't get any other line of work. He's such a jerk. He treats Angela, who's his ex by the way, like total shit. Look at her over there. If looks could kill, that guy would've been dead a loooooooooong time ago.

Mikes grabs the front microphone and starts back up the show.

MIKE

Woooooweeee!! What a whirlwind folks, right?!?! But we won't let some "attempted murder" ruin the evening. He's fine.

He pats Eddie on the shoulder. He winces in fake pain.

MIKE (CONT'D)

"Carol", the childhood best friend of "Erica", would like to make a toast.

Amy steps up as the nurses as her table start to whoop and cheer.

GRANDMA HEIDI

You go get it, Carol!

She bursts into laughter.

GRANDMA HEIDI (CONT'D)

Hey! I need another Cosmo! Pronto!

Amy takes the microphone.

AMY

Mr. and Mrs. Apuzzo it's such an honor being here for your anniversary party.

Music starts to play.

AMY (CONT'D)

I just hope one day I'll be able to find a love as lasting as yours.

She starts to sing.

AMY (CONT'D)

Seems like a dream to find.
Something so endearing. One of a kind. A life long pairing. I've searched from town to town. But never found a love so true. Once I was close but lost, and I still search. The ghost of lovers lost, a passing fancy. I call to angels now with one prayer only... For lasting love... My one and only. Lasting love...

Walking around the crowd awkwardly trying to flirt with the men, ending the song, swings her arm around EDDIE and looks him in the eyes. Carmen jumps up and throws her arm off him.

CARMEN

Carol! You snake! Get off! He's not much, but that half pint's mine!

CARMEN gives Amy a fake stage slap. The crowd boos and cheers. EDDIE jumps up.

EDDIE

Erica, you've got anger management issues. Nothing has been going on between us.

CARMEN

My ass, that's true!

GRANDMA HEIDI

Oooooooo!!!! That bitch don't play!

AMY

You witch! You witch!

Amy gives Carmen a stage slap. The crowd goes wild. MIKE stands between the women.

MIKE

Wow... let's cool this cat fight!

Mike gives Amy a wink. She turns back to Eddie and knees him in the nuts. He falls to the floor in real pain. She bends down next to him apologizing profusely. CARMEN sitting at her table takes a sip of water from her glass and begins to fake choke.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Hey! What's happening here?

He steps over Eddie writhing in pain and pulls Amy up and back towards her seat.

MIKE (CONT'D)

A poisoning?

CARMEN lies face first onto the ground pretending to wiggle and then flips over with a fake blood capsule broken in her mouth. She continues to over dramatically fake cough and gag.

CARMEN

I've been poisoned! It was.. It was...

MIKE

Who was it? Who was it??

She "dies". Micheal bends down next to her and grabs her wrist to take her pulse but he's just holding her wrist awkwardly. He drops her hand to the floor. Some of the guests are scribbling clues on their notepads.

MIKE (CONT'D)

She's dead! You're all witnesses here. Was it the best friend? The cheating ugly husband?

He points to Eddie and then swings his arm over to Neetol.

MIKE (CONT'D)

HEY You! Busboy. Get the cart. We can't have this body just lying around here.

Neetol deeply sighs and rolls over an empty food cart.

NEETOL

I'm not a bus boy. I'm a waiter.

MIKE

Yeah, whatever. Just get the cart and grab that body.

Neetol and EDDIE lift CARMEN on and Neetol rolls her away. She's peek open her eyes and winks at Amy. The crowd is laughing. Amy follows Mike near the front of the room where he puts back the microphone and moves towards a table of props. She taps him on the shoulder and they begin to speak in hushed tones.

AMY

Jesus Christ, Dad. What the fuck is this? You think this is acting? Is this your fucking 'summer stock' that you shipped off to after Fairbanks and ditched Mom and I for 20 years ago?

MIKE

Don't call me, "Dad".

AMY

No problem there - since you've never really been one.

MIKE

Act like a professional, Amy. Lean on your training. God knows I paid your mother a fuck ton of alimony for your schooling.

AMY

Got ya. Won't make the mistake again of trying to have a human connection with my "father". I'll start treating you like a real person, "Officer Sullivan".

MIKE

"Detective O'Sullivan". Can't you remember your lines? Guess that's why you never made it into grad school, huh?

AMY

Guess that's why wife number two - the wonderful Angela Fairbanks - left your ass. Is that why we're here? For you to be a super asshole and taunt her?

MIKE

It's just a show. It's not personal.

AMY

And that's where you're wrong.
Because it's always personal. Dad.

BLACK TITLE
SCREEN COMES UP
SAYING "DESSERT"

INT. ANGELO'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT COAT CLOSET - 1 MINUTE LATER

Carmen sits surrounded by coats eating a Twizzler playing Candy Crush on her phone. She has her gun in her lap.

INT. ANGELO'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT PARTY ROOM - 3 MINUTES LATER

Slices of cake sit at every table with coffee and tea. Neetol and Angela circle the room filling the cups with coffee. MIKE once again goes to the center microphone.

MIKE

Wow.. What an anniversary party,
huh? Laura, Frank, I'm sorry about
the poisoning of your daughter by
that scum bucket over there.

Mike points to Eddie who looks incredibly offended.

EDDIE

Me? You can't prove that.

LAURA

It's ok. We have other kids.

The crowd bursts into laughter.

FRANK

Who we like better!

The crowd's laughter grows even louder.

MIKE

Well, your son in law, "Brad" wants
to say some words. Not suspicious
at all...

EDDIE comes forward and gets the microphone.

EDDIE

Frank, Laura, I loved your daughter
very much.

Disco music starts to play similar to "Macho Man" in tempo and beat.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
But I'm a single man now!

He steps away from the mic and starts stripper dancing around the room. Moving his butt up in the air. The drunk nurses start to scream in delight. He starts to unbutton his button up shirt, taking it off and swinging it around his head. He makes his way around the room. Suddenly the lights are off again, a scream fills the room, and the sound of a gun shots ring. The lights come back on revealing CARMEN standing in the doorway with a real gun pointed towards the center of the room at Mike. Amy stands with her fake gun pointed at Eddie. Eddie standing with a real gun pointed at the center of the room at Mike. And waitress Angela standing with a real gun pointed at the center of the room at Mike. Mike's lying in the center of the room in a pool of blood that continues to grow larger from the actual gun shots.

AMY
OH, MY GOD! Dad!!!

She runs over to MIKE who's bleeding out on the floor.

AMY (CONT'D)
Someone call 911! He's dying! He's really dying!

The crowd explodes with laughter and hoots. Amy bursts into a song that's part of her inner experience. No longer playing from the monitor but part of her inner journey in this room of madness. The song is shot like an over the top 80's video.

AMY (CONT'D)
*This is REAL! This is real! Can any
of you here me?????*

Pulls her wig off revealing blond hair. Song ends and the sounds of laughter and hooting continue to fill the space.

GRANDMA HEIDI
BEST MURDAH' DINNAH' EVAH!

She cheers with the other nurses. Carmen, Eddie, and Angela have all left quickly, leaving Amy alone in the madness. The crowd continues to jeer and laugh. Amy wipes her face with her bloody hands as she screams to the crowd in despair for help. Neetol stands behind the table with water pitcher in hand.

NEETOL
This bitch is going for a Tony
award!

END OF FILM